The Satires of Juvenal

by Juvenal

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Title: The Satires of Juvenal, Persius, Sulpicia, and Lucilius

Author: Juvenal

Gaius Lucilius

Persius

Sulpicia

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Release date: December 10, 2015 [eBook #50657] Most recently updated: October 22, 2024

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/50657

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THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL, PERSIUS, SULPICIA, AND LUCILIUS, Literally Translated into English Prose, WITH NOTES, CHRONOLOGICAL TABLES, ARGUMENTS, &c.

BY

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TO WHICH IS ADDED THE

METRICAL VERSION OF JUVENAL AND PERSIUS,

BY THE LATE

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS FRANKLIN SQUARE. 1881.

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PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

While the poetical versions of Juvenal deservedly hold a very high place in the literature of this country, it is a curious fact that there exists no single prose translation which can stand the test of even ordinary criticism. Whether it be that the temptation to a metrical version of a poetical writer is too great with some, or whether the labor of faithfully representing the genius of confessedly the most difficult writer in the Latin language has deterred others, the fact is undeniable, that there is no prose version from which the unclassical reader can form any adequate idea of the writings of the greatest of Satirists.

Madan, though faithful, is utterly unintelligible to any one who has not the Latin before him. Sheridan is far too free, in every sense of the word, to be either a fair expositor of his original, or to suit the taste of the present day; and without any disparagement of the labors of Sterling, Nuttall, Smart, or Wallace, it was found impossible to adopt any one of them even as the basis of a version which should be worthy of a place in the present series.

The accompanying translation, therefore, is entirely original; and the translator is not aware of having copied a single line from any previous version. How far he has succeeded in giving a faithful transcript of the author, and in, at the same time, infusing some spark of the fire and spirit of the original, must be for others to determine; all that he dares venture to assert is, that he has brought to the task an enthusiastic admiration of his author, and a careful study of many years. The same

remarks apply to the translation of Persius.

The notes are to a considerable extent original, and the English, perhaps even the classical, reader may not be displeased at the occasional introduction of passages from metrical versions in which the sense appeared to be the most forcibly given.

A Chronological Table has been added, which the labors of Mr. Clinton have enabled the Translator to present in a far more correct form than heretofore.

The poetical version by Gifford has been annexed, as having the greatest hold on the public favor, and as being perhaps the best, because the most equal; though, unquestionably, in all the Satires which Dryden translated, he has immeasurably surpassed Gifford in fire and spirit, as Hodgson has in elegance and poetic genius, and Badham in taste, scholarship, and terse and vigorous rendering. But Gifford is always equal, and generally faithful.

The remains of Sulpicia and Lucilius appear now for the first time in English. Of the value of the latter, and of the propriety of appending his Fragments to a translation of the great Roman Satirists, no scholar-like reader of Juvenal and Horace can entertain a doubt. The recent labors of foreign scholars have presented us with the text in a purer form than almost any collection of Fragments of the older Latin writers. In the Arguments prefixed to the several Books, and in the notes, will be found the essence of the criticisms of Jan. Dousa, Van Heusde, Corpet, Schoenbeck, Schmidt, Petermann, and especially of Gerlach, whose readings have in general been preferred.

L. E.

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THE LIFE OF JUVENAL, BY WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

Decimus Junius Juvenalis,[1] the author of the following Satires, was born at Aquinum, an inconsiderable town of the Volsci, about the year of Christ 38.[2] He was either the son, or the foster-son, of a wealthy freedman, who gave him a liberal education. From the period of his birth, till he had attained the age of forty, nothing more is known of him than that he continued to perfect himself in the study of eloquence, by declaiming, according to the practice of those days; yet more for his own amusement, than from any intention to prepare himself either for the schools or the courts of law. About this time he seems to have discovered his true bent, and betaken himself to poetry. Domitian was now at the head of the government, and showed symptoms of reviving that system of favoritism which had nearly ruined the empire under Claudius, by his unbounded partiality for a young pantomime dancer of the name of Paris. Against this minion, Juvenal seems to have directed the first shafts of that satire which was destined to make the most powerful vices tremble, and shake the masters of the world on their thrones. He composed a few lines[3] on the influence of Paris, with considerable success, which encouraged him to cultivate this kind of poetry: he had the prudence, however, not to trust himself to an auditory, in a reign which swarmed with informers; and his compositions were, therefore, secretly handed about among his friends.[4] By degrees he grew bolder; and, having made many large additions to his first sketch, or perhaps re-cast it, produced what is now called his Seventh Satire, which he recited to a numerous assemblage. The consequences were such as he had probably anticipated: Paris, informed of the part which he bore in it, was seriously offended, and complained to the emperor, who, as

the old account has it,[5] sent the author, by an easy kind of punishment, into Egypt with a military command. To remove such a man from his court must undoubtedly have been desirable to Domitian; and, as he was spoken of with kindness in the same Satire, which is entirely free from political allusions, the "facetiousness" of the punishment (though Domitian's was not a facetious reign) renders the fact not altogether improbable. Yet, when we consider that these reflections on Paris could scarcely have been published before LXXXIV., and that the favorite was disgraced and put to death almost immediately after, we shall be inclined to doubt whether his banishment actually took place; or, if it did, whether it was of any long duration. That Juvenal was in Egypt is certain; but he might have gone there from motives of personal safety, or, as Salmasius has it, of curiosity. However this may be, it does not appear that he was ever long absent from Rome, where a thousand internal marks clearly show that all his Satires were written. But whatever punishment might have followed the complaint of Paris,[6] it had no other effect on our author, than that of increasing his hatred of tyranny, and turning his indignation upon the emperor himself, whose hypocrisy, cruelty, and licentiousness, became, from that period, the object of his keenest reprobation. He profited, indeed, so far by his danger or his punishment, as to recite no more in public; but he continued to write during the remainder of Domitian's reign, in which he finished, as I conceive, his second, third,[7] fifth, sixth,[8] and perhaps thirteenth[9] Satires; the eighth[10] I have always looked upon as his first.

In XCV., when Juvenal was in his 54th year, Domitian banished the philosophers from Rome, and soon after from Italy, with many circumstances of cruelty; an action, for which, I am sorry to observe, he is covertly praised by Quintilian. Though Juvenal, strictly speaking, did not come under the description of a philosopher, yet, like the hare in the fable, he might not unreasonably entertain some apprehensions for his safety, and, with many other persons eminent for learning and virtue, judge it prudent to withdraw from the city. To this period I have always inclined to fix his

journey to Egypt. Two years afterward the world was happily relieved from the tyranny of Domitian; and Nerva, who succeeded him, recalled the exiles. From this time there remains little doubt of Juvenal's being at Rome, where he continued his studies in tranquillity.

His first Satire after the death of Domitian, seems to have been what is now called the fourth. About this time, too, he probably thought of revising and publishing those which he had already written; and composed or completed that introductory piece,[11] which now stands at the head of his works. As the order is every where broken in upon, it is utterly impossible to arrange them chronologically; but I am inclined to think that the eleventh Satire closed his poetical career. All else is conjecture; but in this he speaks of himself as an old man,

"Nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula solem;"

and indeed he had now passed his grand climacteric.

This is all that can be collected of the life of Juvenal; and how much of this is built upon uncertainties! I hope, however, that it bears the stamp of probability; which is all I contend for; and which, indeed, if I do not deceive myself, is somewhat more than can be affirmed of what has been hitherto delivered on the subject.

Little is known of Juvenal's circumstances; but, happily, that little is authentic, as it comes from himself. He had a competence. The dignity of poetry is never disgraced in him, as it is in some of his contemporaries, by fretful complaints of poverty, or clamorous whinings for meat and clothes: the little patrimony which his fosterfather left him, he never diminished, and probably never increased. It seems to have equaled all his wants, and, as far as appears, all his wishes. Once only he regrets the narrowness of his fortune; but the occasion does him honor; it is solely because he can not afford a more costly sacrifice to express his pious gratitude for the preservation of his friend: yet "two lambs and a youthful steer" bespeak the affluence of a philosopher; which is not belied by the entertainment provided for his

friend Persicus, in that beautiful Satire which is here called the last of his works. Farther it is useless to seek: from pride or modesty, he has left no other notices of himself; or they have perished. Horace and Persius, his immediate predecessors, are never weary of speaking of themselves. The life of the former might be written, from his own materials, with all the minuteness of a contemporary history: and the latter, who attained to little more than a third of Juvenal's age, has left nothing to be desired on the only topics which could interest posterity—his parent, his preceptor, and his course of studies.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] "Junius Juvenalis liberti locupletis incertum filius an alumnus, ad mediam ætatem declamavit, animi magis causa, quam quod scholæ aut foro se præpararet." The learned reader knows that this is taken from the brief account of Juvenal, commonly attributed to Suetonius; but which is probably posterior to his time; as it bears very few marks of being written by a contemporary author: it is, however, the earliest extant. The old critics, struck with its deficiencies, have attempted to render it more complete by variations, which take from its authenticity, without adding to its probability.

[2] I have adopted Dodwell's chronology. "Sic autem (he says) se rem illam totam habuisse censeo. Exul erat Juv. cum Satiram scriberet xv. Hoc confirmat etiam in v. 27, scholiastes. 'De se Juv. dicit, quia in Ægypto militem tenuit, et ea promittit se relaturum quæ ipse vidit.'" Had not Dodwell been predisposed to believe this, he would have seen that the scholium "confirmed" nothing: for Juvenal makes no such promise. "Proinde rixæ illi ipse adfuit quam describit." So error is built up! How does it appear that Juvenal was present at the quarrel which he describes? He was in Egypt, we know; he had passed through the Ombite nome, and he speaks of the face of the country as falling under his own inspection: but this is all; and he might have heard of the quarrel at Rome, or elsewhere. "Tempus autem ipse designavit rixæ

illius cum et 'nuper'[12] illam contigisse dicit, et quidem 'Consule Junio.' Jun. duplicem habent fasti, alium Domit. in x. Consulatu collegam App. Junium Sabinum A.D. lxxxiv.; alium Hadriani in suo itidem consulatu III. collegam Q. Junium Rusticum. Quo minus prior intelligi possit, obstant illa omnia quæ in his ipsis Satiris occurrunt Domitiani temporibus recentiora." Yet, such is the capricious nature of criticism! Dodwell's chief argument to prove the late period at which Juvenal was banished, is a passage confessedly written under Domitian, and foisted into a satire published, as he himself maintains, many years after that emperor's death! "Posteriorem ergo intellexerit oportet. Hoc ergo anno (CXIX.) erat in exilio. Sed vero Roma illum ejicere non potuit Trajanus, qui ab anno usque CXII. Romæ ipse non adfuit; nec etiam ante CXVIII. quo Romam venit imperator Hadrianus. Sic ante anni CXVIII. finem, aut CXIX. initium, mitti vix potuit in exilium Juvenalis: erat autem cum relegaretur, octogenarius. Proinde natus fuerit vel anni XXXVIII. fine, vel XXXIX. initio." Annal. 157-159.

I have made this copious extract from Dodwell, because it contains a summary of the chief arguments which induced Pithæus, Henninius, Lipsius, Salmasius, etc., to attribute the banishment of the author to Hadrian. To me they appear any thing but conclusive; for, to omit other objections for the present, why may not the Junius of the fifteenth Satire be the one who was Consul with Domitian in 84, when Juvenal, by Dodwell's own calculation, was in his 47th instead of his 80th year.

[3] "Deinde paucorum versuum satira non absurde composita in Paridem pantomimum, poetamque Claudii Neronis" (the writer seems, in this and the following clause, to have referred to Juvenal's words; it is, therefore probable that we should read Calvi Neronis, i. e. Domitian; otherwise the phrase must be given up as an absurd interpolation), "ejus semestribus militiolis tumentem: genus scripturæ industriose excoluit." Suet.

[4] "Et tamen diu, ne modico quidem auditorio quicquam committere ausus est."

Suet. On this Dodwell observes: "Tam longe aberant illa a Paridis ira concitanda, si vel superstite Paride fuissent scripta, eum irritare non possent, cum nondum emanassent in publicum," 161. He then adds that "Martial knew nothing of his poetical studies,[13] who boasted that he was as familiar with Juvenal as Pylades with Orestes!" It appears, indeed, that they were acquainted; but I suspect, notwithstanding the vehemence of Martial's assertions, that there was no great cordiality between minds so very dissimilar. Some one, it seems, had accused the epigrammatist to the satirist, not improbably, of making too free with his thoughts and expressions. He was seriously offended; and Martial, instead of justifying himself (whatever the charge might be), imprecates shame on his accuser in a strain of idle rant not much above the level of a schoolboy. Lib. vii. 24.

But if he had been acquainted with his friend's poetry, he would certainly have spoken of it. Not quite so certainly. These learned critics seem to think that Juvenal, like the poets he ridicules, wrote nothing but trite fooleries on the Argonauts and the Lapithæ. Were the Satires of Juvenal to be mentioned with approbation? and, if they were, was Martial the person to do it? Martial, the most devoted sycophant of the age, who was always begging, and sometimes receiving, favors from the man whose castigation was, in general, the express object of them. Is it not more consonant to his character to suppose that he would conceal his knowledge of them with the most scrupulous care?

But when Domitian was dead, and Martial removed from Rome, when, in short, there was no danger of speaking out, he still appears, continue they, to be ignorant of his friend's poetic talents. I am almost ashamed to repeat what the critics so constantly forget—that Juvenal was not only satirist, but a republican, who looked upon Trajan as a usurper, no less than Domitian. And how was it "safe to speak out," when they all assert that he was driven into banishment by a milder prince than Trajan, for a passage "suspected of being a figurative allusion to the times?" What inconsistencies are these!

[5] "Mox magna frequentia, magnoque successu bis ac ter auditus est; ut ea quoque quæ prima fecerat, inferciret novis scriptis,

'Quod non dant proceres dabit histrio,' etc. Sat. vii., 90-92.

Erat tum in delitiis aulæ histrio, multique fautorum ejus quotidie provehebantur. Venit ergo in suspicionem quasi tempora figurate notasset; ac statim per honorem militiolæ, quanquam octogenarius, urbe summotus, missusque ad præfecturam cohortis in extrema parte tendentis Ægypti. Id supplicii genus placuit, ut levi atque joculari delicto par esset. Verum intra brevissimum tempus angore et tædio periit." Suet. Passing by the interpolations of the old grammarians, I shall, as before, have recourse to Dodwell. "Recitavit, ni fallor, omnia, emisitque in publicum CXVIII. (Juvenal was now fourscore!) postquam Romam venissit Hadrianus quem ille principem à benevolo ejus in hæc studia animo, in hac ipsa satira in qua occurrunt verba illa de Paride commendat." 161. Salmasius supposed that the last of his Satires only were published under Hadrian; Dodwell goes farther, and maintains that the whole, with the exception of the 15th and 16th[14] ("si tamen vere et illa Juvenalis fuerit"), were then first produced! "Illa in Paridem dicteria histrionem, in suum (cujus nomen non prodidit auctor) histrionem dicta interpretabatur Hadrianus. Inde exilii causa. Scripsit ergo in exilio Sat. XV. Sed cum 'nuper Consulem Junium' fuisse dicat, ante annum ad minimum CXX. scribere illam non potuit Juv. Nec vero postea scripsisse, exinde colligimus, quod 'intra brevissimum tempus' perierit." 164. Such is the manner in which Dodwell accommodates Suetonius to his own ideas: which seem, also, to have been those of a much higher name, Salmasius; and, while I am now writing, to be sanctioned by the adoption of the learned Ruperti. I never affected singularity; yet I find myself constrained to differ from them all: but I will state my reasons. In his 7th Satire, after speaking of Quintilian, Juvenal adds,

"Si fortuna volet, fies de rhetore consul: Si volet hæc eadem fies de consule rhetor."

Which, taking it for a proverbial expression, I have loosely rendered, Fortune can

make kings of pedants and pedants of kings. Dodwell, however, understands it literally. "Hæc sane cum Quintiliani causa dicat, vix est quin Q. talem ostendant è rhetore nimirum 'nobilem, senatorium, consularem,' et quidem illis divitiis instructum, quæ essent etiam ad censum senatorium necessariæ." 152. Now, as Pliny, who probably died before Trajan, observes that Quintilian was a man of moderate fortune, it follows that he must have acquired the wealth and honors of which Juvenal speaks at a later period. Dodwell fixes this to the time when Hadrian entered Rome, CXVIII., which he states to be also that of the author's banishment. It must be confessed that Juvenal lost no time in exerting himself: he had remained silent fourscore years; he now bursts forth at once, as Dodwell expresses it, recites all his Satires without intermission ("unis continuisque recitationibus"), celebrates Quintilian, attacks the emperor, and is immediately dispatched to Egypt! 162. Here is a great deal of business crowded into the compass of a few weeks, or perhaps days; but let us examine it a little more closely. Rigaltius, with several of the commentators, sees in the lines above quoted a sneer at Quintilian, and he accounts for the rhetor's silence respecting our author, by the resentment which he supposes him to have felt at it. As this militates strongly against Dodwell's ideas, he will not allow that any thing severe was intended by the passage in question; and adds that Quintilian could not mention Juvenal as a satirist, because he had not then written any satires. 160. I believe that both are wrong. In speaking of the satirists, Quintilian says that Persius had justly acquired no inconsiderable degree of reputation by the little he had written. Lib. x., c. 1. He then adds, "sunt clari hodieque, et qui olim nominabuntur." There are yet some excellent ones, some who will be better known hereafter. It always appeared to me, that this last phrase alluded to our author, with whose extraordinary merits Quintilian was probably acquainted, but whom he did not choose, or, perhaps, did not dare to mention in a work composed under a prince whose crimes this unnamed satirist persecuted with a severity as unmitigated as it was just. Quintilian had no political courage. Either from a sense of kindness or fear,

he flatters Domitian almost as grossly as Martial does: but his life was a life of innocence and integrity; I will therefore say no more on this subject; but leave it to the reader to consider whether such a man was likely to startle the "god of his idolatry" by celebrating the Satires of Juvenal.

Nor do I agree with the commentators whom Dodwell has followed, in the literal interpretation of those famous lines. "Unde igitur tot," etc. Sat. vii., v. 188-194. Quintilian was rich, when the rest of his profession were in the utmost want. Here then was an instance of good fortune. He was lucky; and with luck a man may be any thing; handsome, and witty, and wise, and noble, and high-born, and a member of the senate. Who does not see in this a satirical exaggeration? Wisdom, beauty, and high birth luck can not give: why then should the remainder of this passage be so strictly interpreted, and referred to the actual history of Quintilian? The lines, "Si fortuna volet," etc., are still more lax: a reflection thrown out at random, and expressing the greatest possible extremes of fortune. Yet on these authorities principally (for the passage of Ausonius,[15] written more than two centuries later, is of no great weight) has Quintilian been advanced to consular honors; while Dodwell, who, as we have seen, has taken immense pains to prove that they could only be conferred on him by Hadrian, has hence deduced his strongest arguments for the late date of our author's Satires; which he thus brings down to the period of mental imbecility! Hence, too, he accounts for the different ideas of Quintilian's wealth in Juvenal and Pliny. When the latter wrote, he thinks Quintilian had not acquired much property, he was "modicus facultatibus:" when the former, "he had been enriched by the imperial bounty, and was capable of senatorial honors." Yet Pliny might not think his old master rich enough to give a fortune with his daughter adequate to the expectations of a man of considerable rank (lib. vi., 32), though Juvenal, writing at the same instant, might term him wealthy, in comparison of the rhetoricians who were starving around him; and count him a peculiar favorite of fortune. Let us bear in mind, too, that Juvenal is a satirist, and a poet: in the latter

capacity, the minute accuracy of an annalist can not be expected at his hands; and in the former—as his object was to show the general discouragement of literature, he could not, consistently with his plan, attribute the solitary good fortune of Quintilian to any thing but luck.

But why was Quintilian made consul? Because, replies Dodwell (164), when Hadrian first entered Rome he was desirous of gaining the affections of the people; which could be done no way so effectually as by conciliating the esteem of the literati; and he therefore conferred this extraordinary mark of favor on the rhetorician. How did it escape this learned man, that he was likely to do himself more injury in their opinion by the banishment of Juvenal at that same instant? an old man of fourscore, who, by his own testimony, had spoken of him with kindness, in a poem which did more honor to his reign than any thing produced in it! and whose only crime was an allusion to the influence of a favorite player! Indeed, the informers of Hadrian's reign must have had more sagacious noses than those of Domitian's, to smell out his fault. What Statius, in his time, was celebrated for the recitation of a Thebaid, or what Paris, for the purchase of an untouched Agave? And where, might we ask Dodwell, was the "jest" of sending a man on the verge of the grave, in a military capacity, into Egypt? Could the most supple of Hadrian's courtiers look on it as any thing but a wanton exercise of cruelty? At eighty, the business of satirizing, either in prose or verse, is nearly over: what had the emperor then to fear? And to sum up all in a word, can any rational being seriously persuade himself that the Satires of Juvenal were produced, for the first time, by a man turned of fourscore?

[6] But why should he complain at all? Was he ashamed of being known to possess an influence at the imperial court? Those were not very modest times, nor is modesty, in general, the crying vice of the "quality." He was more likely to have gloried in it. If Bareas, or Camerinus, or any of the old nobility, had complained of the author, I should have thought it more reasonable: but Domitian cared nearly as

little for them as Paris himself did.

[7] I hold, in opposition to the commentators, that Juvenal was known in Domitian's time, not only as a poet, but as a keen and vigorous satirist. He himself, though he did not choose to commit his safety to a promiscuous audience, appears to make no great secret of his peculiar talents. In this Satire, certainly prior to many of the others, he tells us that he accompanied Umbritius, then on his way to Cumæ, out of the gates of Rome. Umbritius predicted, as Tacitus says, the death of Galba, at which time he was looked upon as the most skillful aruspex of the age. He could not then be a young man; yet, at quitting the capital, he still talks of himself as in the first stage of old age, "nova canities, et prima et recta senectus." His voluntary exile, therefore, could not possibly have taken place long after the commencement of Domitian's reign; when he speaks of Juvenal as already celebrated for his Satires, and modestly doubts whether the assistance of so able a coadjutor as himself would be accepted.

This, at least, serves to prove in what light the author wished to be considered: for the rest, there can, I think, exclusively of what I have urged, be little doubt that this Satire was produced under Domitian. It is known, from other authorities, that he revived the law of Otho in all its severity, that he introduced a number of low and vicious characters, "pinnirapi cultos juvenes, juvenesque lanistæ," into the Equestrian Order, that he was immoderately attached to building, etc., circumstances much dwelt on in this Satire, and applicable to him alone.

[8] The following line, "Dacicus et scripto radiat Germanicus auro," seems to militate against the early date of this Satire. Catanæus and Arntzenius say that Juvenal could not mean Domitian here, because "he did not think well enough of him to do him such honor; whereas he was fond of commending Trajan." I see no marks of this fondness; nor were the titles, if meant of Domitian, intended to do him honor, but to reprove his vanity.

Whether medals were ever struck with the inscription of Dacicus and Germanicus in honor of Domitian, I am not qualified to determine. Certain it is, however, that he assumed both these titles; the latter, indeed, in common with his predecessors from the time of Germ. Cæsar; and the former, in consequence of his pretended success in the Dacian war, for which he is bitterly sneered at by Pliny, as well as Dio. It is given to him, among others, by Martial, who dedicates his eighth book, "Imper. Domit. Cæs. Augusto Germanico Dacico." Dodwell appropriates (as I do) the line to Domitian—a little inconsistently, it must be confessed; but that is his concern. If, however, it be adjudged to Trajan, I should not for that bring down the date of the Satire to a later period. Juvenal revised and enlarged all his works, when he gave them to the public: this under consideration, in particular, has all the marks of having received considerable additions; and one of them might be the line in question.

[9] This satire has contributed as much perhaps as the seventh to persuade Lipsius, Salmasius, and others, that Juvenal wrote his best pieces when he was turned of fourscore.

"——Stupet hæc, qui jam post terga reliquit Sexaginta annos, Fonteio Consule natus!"

There were four consuls of this name. The first is out of the question; the second was consul A.D. 13, the third in 59, and the fourth in 68. If we take the second, and add any intermediate number of years between sixty and seventy, for Calvinus had passed his sixtieth year, it will just bring us down to the early part of Domitian's reign, which I suppose to be the true date of this Satire; for I can not believe, as I have already observed, that this, or indeed any part of Juvenal's works, was produced when he was trembling on the verge of ninety, as must be the case if either of the latter periods be adopted. But he observes, "Hæc quota pars scelerum quæ custos Gallicus urbis," etc. Now Rutilius Gallicus was præfect of Rome from the end

of 85 to 88 (Domitian succeeded his brother in 81), in which year he died. There seems to be no necessity for mentioning a magistrate as sitting, who was not then in existence; nor can any reason be assigned, if the Satire was written under Hadrian, for the author's recurring to the times of Domitian for a name, when that of the "custos urbis" of the day would have better answered his purpose. It is probable that Gallicus succeeded Pegasus, who was præfect when the ridiculous farce of the turbot took place (Sat. iv.); this would fix it to 85, the year before Fuscus, who was present at it, was sent into Dacia.

[10] This Satire is referred by the critics to the reign of Trajan, because Marius, whose trial took place under that prince, is mentioned in it. I have attributed it to an earlier period; principally moved by the consideration that it presents a faithful copy of the state of Rome and the conquered provinces under Nero, and which could scarcely have been given in such vivid colors after the original had ceased to affect the mind. What Rome was under Domitian, may be seen in the second Satire, and the difference, which has not been sufficiently attended to, is striking in the extreme. I would observe too, that Juvenal speaks here of the crimes of Marius—they might be, and probably were, committed long before his condemnation; but under Domitian it was scarcely safe to attempt bringing such gigantic peculators to justice. Add to this, that the other culprits mentioned in it are all of them prior to that prince; nay, one of them, Capito, was tried so early as the beginning of Nero's reign. The insertion of Marius, however (which might be an after-thought), forms a main argument with Dodwell for the very late date of this Satire; he observes that it had escaped Lipsius and Salmasius; and boasts of it as "longe certissimum," etc. 156.

[11] I have often wondered at the stress which Dodwell and others lay on the concluding lines of this Satire: "Experiar quid concedatur," etc. They fancy that the engagement was seriously made, and religiously observed. Nothing was ever farther from the mind of Juvenal. It is merely a poetical, or, if you will, a satirical, flourish; since there is not a single Satire, I am well persuaded, in which the names of many

who were alive at the time are not introduced. Had Dodwell forgotten Quintilian? or, that he had allowed one of his Satires, at least, to be prior to this?

[12] This "nuper" is a very convenient word. Here, we see, it signifies lately; but when it is necessary to bring the works of our author down to a late period, it means, as Britannicus explains it, "de longo tempore," long ago.

[13] But how to this ascertained? Very easily; he calls him "fecundus Juvenalis." Here the question is finally left; for none of the commentators suppose it possible that the epithet can be applied to any but a rhetorician. Yet it is applied by the same writer to a poet of no ordinary kind;

"Accipe, facundi Culicem, studiose. Maronis Ne, nugis positis, arma virumque canas." Lib. xiv., 185.

And, by the author himself, to one who had grown old in the art:

"————tunc seque suamque Terpsichoren odit facunda et nuda senectus."

Let it be remembered, too, that Martial, as is evident from the frequent allusions to Domitian's expedition against the Catti, wrote this epigram (lib. vii., 91) in the commencement of that prince's reign, when it is acknowledged that Juvenal had produced but one or two of his Satires.

[14] The former of these, Dodwell says, was written in exile, after the author was turned of eighty. Salmasius, more rationally, conceives it to have been produced at Rome. Giving full credit, however, to the story of his late banishment, he is driven into a very awkward supposition. "An non alio tempore, atque alia de causa Ægyptum lustrare juvenis potuit Juvenalis? animi nempe gratia, και της ἱστοριας χαριν, ut urbes regionis illius, populorumque mores cognosceret?" Would it not be more simple to attribute his exile at once to Domitian?

With respect to the 16th Satire, Dodwell, we see, hesitates to attribute it to Juvenal; and, indeed, the old Scholiast says, that, in his time, many thought it to be the work of a different hand. So it always appeared to me. It is unworthy of the author's best

days, and seems but little suited to his worst. He was at least eighty-one, they say, when he wrote it, yet it begins—

"——Nam si—— Me pavidum excipiet tyronem porta secundo Sidere," etc.

Surely, at this age, the writer resembled Priam, the tremulus miles, more than the timid tyro! Nor do I believe that Juvenal would have been much inclined to amuse himself with the fancied advantages of a profession to which he was so unworthily driven. But the Satire must have been as ill-timed for the army as for himself, since it was probably, at this period, in a better state of subjection than it had been for many reigns. I suppose it to be written in professed imitation of our author's manner, about the age of Commodus. It has considerable merit, though the first and last paragraphs are feeble and tautological; and the execution of the whole is much inferior to the design.

[15] "Q. consularia per Clementem ornamenta sortitus, honestamenta potius videtur quam insignia potestatis habuisse. In gratiar. act." Quintilian, then, was not actually consul: but this is no great matter—it is of more consequence to ascertain the Clemens by whom he was so honored. In the preface to his fourth book, he says, "Cum vero mihi Dom. Augustus sororis suæ nepotum delegavit curam," etc. Vespasian had a daughter, Domitilla, who married, and died long before her father: she left a daughter, who was given to Flavius Clemens, by whom she had two sons. These were the grandchildren of Domitian's sister, of whom Quintilian speaks; and to their father, Clemens, according to Ausonius, he was indebted for the show, though not the reality, of power. There is nothing incongruous in all this; yet so possessed are Dodwell and his numerous followers (among whom I am sorry to rank Dusaulx) of the late period at which it happened, that they will needs have Hadrian to be meant by Domitianus Augustus, though the detestable flattery which follows the words I have quoted most indisputably proves it to be Domitian; and though Dodwell himself is forced to confess that he can find no Clemens under Hadrian to

whom the passage applies: "Quis autem fuerit Clemens ille qui Q. ornamenta illa sub Hadriano impetraverit, me sane fateor ignorare!" 165. Another circumstance which has escaped all the commentators, and which is of considerable importance in determining the question, remains to be noticed. At the very period of which Dodwell treats, the boundaries of the empire were politically contracted, while Juvenal, whenever he has occasion to speak on the subject, invariably dwells on extending or securing them.

AN ESSAY ON THE ROMAN SATIRISTS, BY WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

It will now be expected from me, perhaps, to say something on the nature and design of Satire; but in truth this has so frequently been done, that it seems, at present, to have as little of novelty as of utility to recommend it.

Dryden, who had diligently studied the French critics, drew up from their remarks, assisted by a cursory perusal of what Casaubon, Heinsius, Rigaltius, and Scaliger had written on the subject, an account of the rise and progress of dramatic and satiric poetry among the Romans; which he prefixed to his translation of Juvenal. What Dryden knew, he told in a manner that renders every attempt to recount it after him equally hopeless and vain; but his acquaintance with works of literature was not very extensive, while his reliance on his own powers sometimes betrayed him into inaccuracies, to which the influence of his name gives a dangerous importance.

"The comparison of Horace with Juvenal and Persius," which makes a principal part of his Essay, is not formed with much niceness of discrimination, or accuracy of judgment. To speak my mind, I do not think that he clearly perceived or fully understood the characters of the first two: of Persius indeed he had an intimate knowledge; for, though he certainly deemed too humbly of his poetry, he yet speaks of his beauties and defects in a manner which evinces a more than common

acquaintance with both.

What Dryden left imperfect has been filled up in a great measure by Dusaulx, in the preliminary discourse to his translation of Juvenal, and by Ruperti, in his critical Essay "De diversa Satirarum Lucil. Horat. Pers. et Juvenalis indole." With the assistance of the former of these I shall endeavor to give a more extended view of the characteristic excellencies and defects of the rival Satirists than has yet appeared in our language; little solicitous for the praise of originality, if I may be allowed to aspire to that of candor and truth. Previously to this, however, it will be necessary to say something on the supposed origin of Satire: and, as this is a very beaten subject, I shall discuss it as briefly as possible.

It is probable that the first metrical compositions of the Romans, like those of every other people, were pious effusions for favors received or expected from the gods: of these, the earliest, according to Varro, were the hymns to Mars, which, though used by the Salii in the Augustan age, were no longer intelligible. To these succeeded the Fescennine verses, which were sung, or rather recited, after the vintage and harvest, and appear to have been little more than rude praises of the tutelar divinities of the country, intermixed with clownish jeers and sarcasms, extemporally poured out by the rustics in some kind of measure, and indifferently directed at the audience, or at one another. These, by degrees, assumed the form of a dialogue; of which, as nature is every where the same, and the progress of refinement but little varied, some resemblance may perhaps be found in the grosser eclogues of Theocritus.

Thus improved (if the word may be allowed of such barbarous amusements), they formed, for near three centuries, the delight of that nation: popular favor, however, had a dangerous effect on the performers, whose licentiousness degenerated at length into such wild invective, that it was found necessary to restrain it by a positive law: "Si qui populo occentassit, carmenve condisit, quod infamiam faxit flagitiumve alteri, fuste ferito." From this time we hear no farther complaints of the

Fescennine verses, which continued to charm the Romans; until, about a century afterward, and during the ravages of a dreadful pestilence, the senate, as the historians say, in order to propitiate the gods, called a troop of players from Tuscany, to assist at the celebration of their ancient festivals. This was a wise and a salutary measure: the plague had spread dejection through the city, which was thus rendered more obnoxious to its fury; and it therefore became necessary, by novel and extraordinary amusements, to divert the attention of the people from the melancholy objects around them.

As the Romans were unacquainted with the language of Tuscany, the players, Livy tells us, omitted the modulation and the words, and confined themselves solely to gestures, which were accompanied by the flute. This imperfect exhibition, however, was so superior to their own, that the Romans eagerly strove to attain the art; and, as soon as they could imitate what they admired, graced their rustic measures with music and dancing. By degrees they dropped the Fescennine verses for something of a more regular kind, which now took the name of Satire.[16]

These Satires (for as yet they had but little claim to the title of dramas) continued, without much alteration, to the year 514, when Livius Andronicus, a Greek by birth, and a freedman of L. Salinator, who was undoubtedly acquainted with the old comedy of his country, produced a regular play. That it pleased can not be doubted, for it surpassed the Satires, even in their improved state; and, indeed, banished them for some time from the scene. They had, however, taken too strong a hold of the affections of the people to be easily forgotten, and it was therefore found necessary to reproduce and join them to the plays of Andronicus (the superiority of which could not be contested), under the name of Exodia or After-pieces. These partook, in a certain degree, of the general amelioration of the stage; something like a story was now introduced into them, which, though frequently indecent and always extravagant, created a greater degree of interest than the reciprocation of gross humor and scurrility in unconnected dialogues.

Whether any of the old people still regretted this sophistication of their early amusements, it is not easy to say; but Ennius, who came to Rome about twenty years after this period, and who was more than half a Grecian, conceived that he should perform an acceptable service by reviving the ancient Satires.[17] He did not pretend to restore them to the stage, for which indeed the new pieces were infinitely better calculated, but endeavored to adapt them to the closet, by refining their grossness and softening their asperity. Success justified the attempt. Satire, thus freed from action, and formed into a poem, became a favorite pursuit, and was cultivated by several writers of eminence. In imitation of his model, Ennius confined himself to no particular species of verse, nor indeed of language, for he mingled Greek expressions with his Latin at pleasure. It is solely with a reference to this new attempt that Horace and Quintilian are to be understood, when they claim for the Romans the invention[18] of this kind of poetry; and certainly they had opportunities of judging which we have not, for little of Ennius, and nothing of the old Satire, remains.

It is not necessary to pursue the history of Satire farther in this place, or to speak of another species of it, the Varronian, or, as Varro himself called it, the Menippean, which branched out from the former, and was a medley of prose and verse; it will be a more pleasing, as well as a more useful employ, to enter a little into what Dryden, I know not for what reason, calls the most difficult part of his undertaking—"a comparative view of the Satirists;" not certainly with the design of depressing one at the expense of another (for, though I have translated Juvenal, I have no quarrel with Horace and Persius), but for the purpose of pointing out the characteristic excellencies and defects of them all. To do this the more effectually, it will be previously necessary to take a cursory view of the times in which their respective works were produced.

Lucilius, to whom Horace, forgetting what he had said in another place, attributes the invention of Satire, flourished in the interval between the siege of Carthage and

the defeat of the Cimbri and Teutons, by Marius. He lived therefore in an age in which the struggle between the old and new manners, though daily becoming more equal, or rather inclining to the worse side, was still far from being decided. The freedom of speaking and writing was yet unchecked by fear, or by any law more precise than that which, as has been already mentioned, was introduced to restrain the coarse ebullitions of rustic malignity. Add to this, that Lucilius was of a most respectable family (he was great-uncle to Pompey), and lived in habits of intimacy with the chiefs of the republic, with Lælius, Scipio, and others, who were well able to protect him from the Lupi and Mutii of the day, had they attempted, which they probably did not, to silence or molest him. Hence that boldness of satirizing the vicious by name, which startled Horace, and on which Juvenal and Persius delight to felicitate him.

Too little remains of Lucilius, to enable us to judge of his manner: his style seems, however, to bear fewer marks of delicacy than of strength, and his strictures appear harsh and violent. With all this, he must have been an extraordinary man; since Horace, who is evidently hurt by his reputation, can say nothing worse of his compositions than that they are careless and hasty, and that if he had lived at a more refined period, he would have partaken of the general amelioration. I do not remember to have heard it observed, but I suspect that there was something of political spleen in the excessive popularity of Lucilius under Augustus, and something of courtly complacency in the attempt of Horace to counteract it. Augustus enlarged the law of the twelve tables respecting libels; and the people, who found themselves thus abridged of the liberty of satirizing the great by name, might not improbably seek to avenge themselves by an overstrained attachment to the works of a man who, living, as they would insinuate, in better times, practiced without fear, what he enjoyed without restraint.

The space between Horace and his predecessor, was a dreadful interval "filled up with horror all, and big with death." Luxury and a long train of vices, which

followed the immense wealth incessantly poured in from the conquered provinces, sapped the foundations of the republic, which were finally shaken to pieces by the civil wars, the perpetual dictatorship of Cæsar, and the second triumvirate, which threw the Roman world, without a hope of escape, into the power of an individual.

Augustus, whose sword was yet reeking with the best blood of the state, now that submission left him no excuse for farther cruelty, was desirous of enjoying in tranquillity the fruits of his guilt. He displayed, therefore, a magnificence hitherto unknown; and his example, which was followed by his ministers, quickly spread among the people, who were not very unwilling to exchange the agitation and terror of successive proscriptions, for the security and quiet of undisputed despotism.

Tiberius had other views, and other methods of accomplishing them. He did not indeed put an actual stop to the elegant institutions of his predecessor, but he surveyed them with silent contempt, and they rapidly degenerated. The race of informers multiplied with dreadful celerity; and danger, which could only be averted by complying with a caprice not always easy to discover, created an abject disposition, fitted for the reception of the grossest vices, and eminently favorable to the designs of the emperor; which were to procure, by universal depravation, that submission which Augustus sought to obtain by the blandishments of luxury and the arts.

From this gloomy and suspicious tyrant, the empire was transferred to a profligate madman. It can scarcely be told without indignation, that when the sword of Chærea had freed the earth from his disgraceful sway, the senate had not sufficient virtue to resume the rights of which they had been deprived; but, after a timid debate, delivered up the state to a pedantic dotard, incapable of governing himself.

To the vices of his predecessors, Nero added a frivolity which rendered his reign at once odious and contemptible. Depravity could reach no farther, but misery might yet be extended. This was fully experienced through the turbulent and murderous

usurpations of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius; when the accession of Vespasian and Titus gave the groaning world a temporary respite.

To these succeeded Domitian, whose crimes form the subject of many a melancholy page in the ensuing work, and need not therefore be dwelt on here. Under him, every trace of ancient manners was obliterated; liberty was unknown, law openly trampled upon, and, while the national rites were either neglected or contemned, a base and blind superstition took possession of the enfeebled and distempered mind.

Better times followed. Nerva, and Trajan, and Hadrian, and the Antonines, restored the Romans to safety and tranquillity; but they could do no more; liberty and virtue were gone forever; and after a short period of comparative happiness, which they scarcely appear to have deserved, and which brought with it no amelioration of mind, no return of the ancient modesty and frugality, they were finally resigned to destruction.

I now proceed to the "comparative view" of which I have already spoken: as the subject has been so often treated, little of novelty can be expected from it; to read, compare, and judge, is almost all that remains.

Horace, who was gay, and lively, and gentle, and affectionate, seems fitted for the period in which he wrote. He had seen the worst times of the republic, and might therefore, with no great suspicion of his integrity, be allowed to acquiesce in the infant monarchy, which brought with it stability, peace, and pleasure. How he reconciled himself to his political tergiversation it is useless to inquire.[19] What was so general, we may suppose, brought with it but little obloquy; and it should be remembered, to his praise, that he took no active part in the government which he had once opposed.[20]

If he celebrates the master of the world, it is not until he is asked by him whether he is ashamed that posterity should know them to be friends; and he declines a post, which few of his detractors have merit to deserve, or virtue to refuse.

His choice of privacy, however, was in some measure constitutional; for he had an easiness of temper which bordered on indolence; hence he never rises to the dignity of a decided character. Zeno and Epicurus share his homage and undergo his ridicule by turns: he passes without difficulty from one school to another, and he thinks it a sufficient excuse for his versatility, that he continues, amid every change, the zealous defender of virtue. Virtue, however, abstractedly considered, has few obligations to his zeal.

But though, as an ethical writer, Horace has not many claims to the esteem of posterity; as a critic, he is entitled to all our veneration. Such is the soundness of his judgment, the correctness of his taste, and the extent and variety of his knowledge, that a body of criticism might be selected from his works, more perfect in its kind than any thing which antiquity has bequeathed us.

As he had little warmth of temper, he reproves his contemporaries without harshness. He is content to "dwell in decencies," and, like Pope's courtly dean, "never mentions hell to ears polite." Persius, who was infinitely better acquainted with him than we can pretend to be, describes him, I think, with great happiness:

"Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit, Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso."

"He, with a sly insinuating grace, Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face: Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found, And tickle, while he gently probed the wound: With seeming innocence the crowd beguiled; But made the desperate passes when he smiled."

These beautiful lines have a defect under which Dryden's translations frequently labor; they do not give the true sense of the original. Horace "raised no blush" (at least Persius does not insinuate any such thing), and certainly "made no desperate passes."[21] His aim rather seems to be, to keep the objects of his satire in good humor with himself, and with one another.

To raise a laugh at vice, however (supposing it feasible), is not the legitimate office of Satire, which is to hold up the vicious, as objects of reprobation and scorn, for the example of others, who may be deterred by their sufferings. But it is time to be explicit. To laugh even at fools is superfluous; if they understand you, they will join in the merriment; but more commonly, they will sit with vacant unconcern, and gaze at their own pictures: to laugh at the vicious, is to encourage them; for there is in such men a willfulness of disposition, which prompts them to bear up against shame, and to show how little they regard slight reproof, by becoming more audacious in guilt. Goodness, of which the characteristic is modesty, may, I fear, be shamed; but vice, like folly, to be restrained, must be overawed. Labeo, says Hall, with great energy and beauty—

"Labeo is whipt, and laughs me in the face; Why? for I smite, and hide the galled place. Gird but the Cynic's helmet on his head, Cares he for Talus, or his flayle of lead?"

Persius, who borrowed so much of Horace's language, has little of his manner. The immediate object of his imitation seems to be Lucilius; and if he lashes vice with less severity than his great prototype, the cause must not be sought in any desire to spare what he so evidently condemned. But he was thrown "on evil times;" he was, besides, of a rank distinguished enough to make his freedom dangerous, and of an age when life had yet lost little of its novelty; to write, therefore, even as he has written, proves him to be a person of very singular courage and virtue.

In the interval between Horace and Persius, despotism had changed its nature: the chains which the policy of Augustus concealed in flowers, were now displayed in all their hideousness. The arts were neglected, literature of every kind discouraged or disgraced, and terror and suspicion substituted in the place of the former ease and security. Stoicism, which Cicero accuses of having infected poetry, even in his days, and of which the professors, as Quintilian observes, always disregarded the graces

and elegancies of composition, spread with amazing rapidity.[22] In this school Persius was educated, under the care of one of its most learned and respectable masters.

Satire was not his first pursuit; indeed, he seems to have somewhat mistaken his talents when he applied to it. The true end of this species of writing, as Dusaulx justly says, is the improvement of society; but for this, much knowledge of mankind ("quicquid agunt homines") is previously necessary. Whoever is deficient in that, may be an excellent moral and philosophical poet; but can not, with propriety, lay claim to the honors of a satirist.

And Persius was moral and philosophical in a high degree: he was also a poet of no mean order. But while he grew pale over the page of Zeno, and Cleanthes, and Chrysippus; while he imbibed, with all the ardor of a youthful mind, the paradoxes of those great masters, together with their principles, the foundations of civil society were crumbling around him, and soliciting his attention in vain. To judge from what he has left us, it might almost be affirmed that he was a stranger in his own country. The degradation of Rome was now complete; yet he felt, at least he expresses, no indignation at the means by which it was effected: a sanguinary buffoon was lording it over the prostrate world; yet he continued to waste his most elaborate efforts on the miserable pretensions of pedants in prose and verse! If this savor of the impassibility of Stoicism, it is entitled to no great praise on the score of outraged humanity, which has stronger claims on a well-regulated mind, than criticism, or even philosophy.

Dryden gives that praise to the dogmas of Persius, which he denies to his poetry. "His verse," he says, "is scabrous and hobbling, and his measures beneath those of Horace." This is too severe; for Persius has many exquisite passages, which nothing in Horace will be found to equal or approach. The charge of obscurity has been urged against him with more justice; though this, perhaps, is not so great as it is

usually represented. Casaubon could, without question, have defended him more successfully than he has done; but he was overawed by the brutal violence of the elder Scaliger; for I can scarcely persuade myself that he really believed this obscurity to be owing to "the fear of Nero, or the advice of Cornutus." The cause of it should be rather sought in his natural disposition, and in his habits of thinking. Generally speaking, however, it springs from a too frequent use of tropes, approaching in almost every instance to a catachresis, an anxiety of compression, and a quick and unexpected transition from one overstrained figure to another. After all, with the exception of the sixth Satire, which, from its abruptness, does not appear to have received the author's last touches, I do not think there is much to confound an attentive reader: some acquaintance, indeed, with the porch "braccatis illita Medis," is previously necessary. His life may be contemplated with unabated pleasure: the virtue he recommends, he practiced in the fullest extent; and at an age when few have acquired a determinate character, he left behind him an established reputation for genius, learning, and worth.

Juvenal wrote at a period still more detestable than that of Persius. Domitian, who now governed the empire, seems to have inherited the bad qualities of all his predecessors. Tiberius was not more hypocritical, nor Caligula more bloody, nor Claudius more sottish, nor Nero more mischievous, than this ferocious despot; who, as Theodorus Gadareus indignantly declared of Tiberius, was truly πηλον αἱματι πεφυραμενον· a lump of clay kneaded up with blood!

Juvenal, like Persius, professes to follow Lucilius; but what was in one a simple attempt, is in the other a real imitation, of his manner.[23] Fluent and witty as Horace, grave and sublime as Persius; of a more decided character than the former, better acquainted with mankind than the latter; he did not confine himself to the mode of regulating an intercourse with the great, or to abstract disquisitions on the nature of scholastic liberty; but, disregarding the claims of a vain urbanity, and fixing all his soul on the eternal distinctions of moral good and evil, he labored, with

a magnificence of language peculiar to himself, to set forth the loveliness of virtue, and the deformity and horror of vice, in full and perfect display.

Dusaulx, who is somewhat prejudiced against Horace, does ample justice to Juvenal. There is great force in what he says; and, as I do not know that it ever appeared in English, I shall take the liberty of laying a part of it before the reader, at the hazard of a few repetitions.

"The bloody revolution which smothered the last sighs of liberty,[24] had not yet found time to debase the minds of a people, among whom the traditionary remains of the old manners still subsisted. The cruel but politic Octavius scattered flowers over the paths he was secretly tracing toward despotism: the arts of Greece, transplanted to the Capitol, flourished beneath his auspices; and the remembrance of so many civil dissensions, succeeding each other with increasing rapidity, excited a degree of reverence for the author of this unprecedented tranquillity. The Romans felicitated themselves at not lying down, as before, with an apprehension of finding themselves included, when they awoke, in the list of proscription: and neglected, amid the amusements of the circus and the theatre, those civil rights of which their fathers had been so jealous.

"Profiting of these circumstances, Horace forgot that he had combated on the side of liberty. A better courtier than a soldier, he clearly saw how far the refinement, the graces, and the cultivated state of his genius (qualities not much considered or regarded till his time[25]), were capable of advancing him without any extraordinary effort.

"Indifferent to the future, and not daring to recall the past, he thought of nothing but securing himself from all that could sadden the mind, and disturb the system which he had skillfully arranged on the credit of those then in power. It is on this account, that, of all his contemporaries, he has celebrated none but the friends of his master, or, at least, those whom he could praise without fear of compromising his favor.

"In what I have said of Horace, my chief design has been to show that this Proteus, who counted among his friends and admirers even those whose conduct he censured, chose rather to capitulate than contend; that he attached no great importance to his own rules, and adhered to his principles no longer than they favored his views.

"Juvenal began his satiric career where the other finished, that is to say, he did that for morals and liberty, which Horace had done for decorum and taste. Disdaining artifice of every kind, he boldly raised his voice against the usurpation of power; and incessantly recalled the memory of the glorious æra of independence to those degenerate Romans, who had substituted suicide in the place of their ancient courage; and from the days of Augustus to those of Domitian, only avenged their slavery by an epigram or a bonmot.

"The characteristics of Juvenal were energy, passion, and indignation: it is, nevertheless, easy to discover that he is sometimes more afflicted than exasperated. His great aim was to alarm the vicious, and, if possible, to exterminate vice, which had, as it were, acquired a legal establishment. A noble enterprise! but he wrote in a detestable age, when the laws of nature were publicly violated, and the love of their country so completely eradicated from the breasts of his fellow-citizens, that, brutified as they were by slavery and voluptuousness, by luxury and avarice, they merited rather the severity of the executioner than the censor.

"Meanwhile the empire, shaken to its foundations, was rapidly crumbling to dust. Despotism was consecrated by the senate; liberty, of which a few slaves were still sensible, was nothing but an unmeaning word for the rest, which, unmeaning as it was, they did not dare to pronounce in public. Men of rank were declared enemies to the state for having praised their equals; historians were condemned to the cross, philosophy was proscribed, and its professors banished. Individuals felt only for their own danger, which they too often averted by accusing others; and there were instances of children who denounced their own parents, and appeared as witnesses

against them! It was not possible to weep for the proscribed, for tears themselves became the object of proscription; and when the tyrant of the day had condemned the accused to banishment or death, the senate decreed that he should be thanked for it, as for an act of singular favor.

"Juvenal, who looked upon the alliance of the agreeable with the odious as utterly incompatible, contemned the feeble weapon of ridicule, so familiar to his predecessor: he therefore seized the sword of Satire, or, to speak more properly, fabricated one for himself, and rushing from the palace to the tavern, and from the gates of Rome to the boundaries of the empire, struck, without distinction, whoever deviated from the course of nature, or from the paths of honor. It is no longer a poet like Horace, fickle, pliant, and fortified with that indifference so falsely called philosophical, who amused himself with bantering vice, or, at most, with upbraiding a few errors of little consequence, in a style, which, scarcely raised above the language of conversation, flowed as indolence and pleasure directed; but a stern and incorruptible censor, an inflamed and impetuous poet, who sometimes rises with his subject to the noblest heights of tragedy."

From this declamatory applause, which even La Harpe allows to be worthy of the translator of Juvenal, the most rigid censor of our author can not detract much; nor can much perhaps be added to it by his warmest admirer. I could, indeed, have wished that he had not exalted him at the expense of Horace; but something must be allowed for the partiality of long acquaintance; and Casaubon, when he preferred Persius, with whom he had taken great, and indeed successful pains, to Horace and Juvenal, sufficiently exposed, while he tacitly accounted for, the prejudices of commentators and translators. With respect to Horace, if he falls beneath Juvenal (and who does not?) in eloquence, in energy, and in a vivid and glowing imagination, he evidently surpasses him in taste and critical judgment. I could pursue the parallel through a thousand ramifications, but the reader who does me the honor to peruse the following sheets, will see that I have incidentally touched upon

some of them in the notes: and, indeed, I preferred scattering my observations through the work, as they arose from the subject, to bringing them together in this place; where they must evidently have lost something of their pertinency, without much certainty of gaining in their effect.

Juvenal is accused of being too sparing of praise. But are his critics well assured that praise from Juvenal could be accepted with safety? I do not know that a private station was "the post of honor" in those days; it was, however, that of security. Martial, Statius, V. Flaccus, and other parasites of Domitian, might indeed venture to celebrate their friends, who were also those of the emperor. Juvenal's, it is probable, were of another kind; and he might have been influenced no less by humanity than prudence, in the sacred silence which he has observed respecting them. Let it not be forgotten, however, that this intrepid champion of virtue, who, under the twelfth despot, persisted, as Dusaulx observes, in recognizing no sovereign but the senate, while he passes by those whose safety his applause might endanger, has generously celebrated the ancient assertors of liberty, in strains that Tyrtæus might have wished his own.

He is also charged with being too rhetorical in his language. The critics have discovered that he practiced at the bar, and they will therefore have it that his Satires smack of his profession, "redolent declamatorem."[26] That he is luxuriant, or, if it must be so, redundant, may be safely granted; but I doubt whether the passages which are cited for proofs of this fault, were not reckoned among his beauties by his contemporaries. The enumeration of deities in the thirteenth Satire is well defended by Rigaltius, who admits, at the same time, that if the author had inserted it any where but in a Satire, he should have accounted him a babbler; "faterer Juv. hic περιλαλον fuisse et verborum prodigum." He appears to me equally successful, in justifying the list of oaths in the same Satire, which Creech, it appears, had not the courage to translate.

The other passages adduced in support of this charge, are either metaphorical exaggerations, or long traits of indirect Satire, of which Juvenal was as great a master as Horace. I do not say that these are interesting to us; but they were eminently so to those for whom they were written; and by their pertinency at the time, should they, by every rule of fair criticism, be estimated. The version of such passages is one of the miseries of translation.

I have also heard it objected to Juvenal, that there is in many of his Satires a want of arrangement; this is particularly observed of the sixth and tenth. I scarcely know what to reply to this. Those who are inclined to object, would not be better satisfied, perhaps, if the form of both were changed; for I suspect that there is no natural gradation in the innumerable passions which agitate the human breast. Some must precede, and others follow; but the order of march is not, nor ever was, invariable. While I acquit him of this, however, I readily acknowledge a want of care in many places, unless it be rather attributable to a want of taste. On some occasions, too, when he changed or enlarged his first sketch, he forgot to strike out the unnecessary verses: to this are owing the repetitions to be found in his longer works, as well as the transpositions, which have so often perplexed the critics and translators.

Now I am upon this subject, I must not pass over a slovenliness in some of his lines, for which he has been justly reproached by Jortin and others, as it would have cost him no great pains to improve them. Why he should voluntarily debase his poetry, it is difficult to say: if he thought that he was imitating Horace in his laxity, his judgment must suffer considerably. The verses of Horace are indeed akin to prose; but as he seldom rises, he has the art of making his low flights, in which all his motions are easy and graceful, appear the effect of choice. Juvenal was qualified to "sit where he dared not soar." His element was that of the eagle, "descent and fall to him were adverse," and, indeed, he never appears more awkward than when he flutters, or rather waddles, along the ground.

I have observed in the course of the translation, that he embraced no sect with warmth. In a man of such lively passions, the retention with which he speaks of them all, is to be admired. From his attachment to the writings of Seneca, I should incline to think that he leaned toward Stoicism; his predilection for the school, however, was not very strong: perhaps it is to be wished that he had entered a little more deeply into it, as he seems not to have those distinct ideas of the nature of virtue and vice, which were entertained by many of the ancient philosophers, and indeed, by his immediate predecessor, Persius. As a general champion for virtue, he is commonly successful, but he sometimes misses his aim; and, in more than one instance, confounds the nature of the several vices in his mode of attacking them: he confounds too the very essence of virtue, which, in his hands, has often "no local habitation and name," but varies with the ever-varying passions and caprices of mankind. I know not whether it be worth while to add, that he is accused of holding a different language at different times respecting the gods, since in this he differs little from the Greek and Roman poets in general; who, as often as they introduce their divinities, state, as Juvenal does, the mythological circumstances coupled with their names, without regard to the existing system of physic or morals. When they speak from themselves, indeed, they give us exalted sentiments of virtue and sound philosophy; when they indulge in poetic recollections, they present us with the fables of antiquity. Hence the gods are alternately, and as the subject requires, venerable or contemptible; and this could not but happen through the want of some acknowledged religious standard, to which all might with confidence refer.

I come now to a more serious charge against Juvenal, that of indecency. To hear the clamor raised against him, it might be supposed, by one unacquainted with the times, that he was the only indelicate writer of his age and country. Yet Horace and Persius wrote with equal grossness: yet the rigid Stoicism of Seneca did not deter him from the use of expressions, which Juvenal perhaps would have rejected: yet the courtly Pliny poured out gratuitous indecencies in his frigid hendecasyllables, which

he attempts to justify by the example of a writer to whose freedom the licentiousness of Juvenal is purity! It seems as if there was something of pique in the singular severity with which he is censured. His pure and sublime morality operates as a tacit reproach on the generality of mankind, who seek to indemnify themselves by questioning the sanctity which they can not but respect; and find a secret pleasure in persuading one another that "this dreaded satirist" was at heart no inveterate enemy to the licentiousness which he so vehemently reprehends.

When we consider the unnatural vices at which Juvenal directs his indignation, and reflect, at the same time, on the peculiar qualities of his mind, we shall not find much cause, perhaps, for wonder at the strength of his expressions. I should resign him in silence to the hatred of mankind, if his aim, like that of too many others, whose works are read with delight, had been to render vice amiable, to fling his seducing colors over impurity, and inflame the passions by meretricious hints at what is only innoxious when exposed in native deformity: but when I find that his views are to render depravity loathsome; that every thing which can alarm and disgust is directed at her in his terrible page, I forget the grossness of the execution in the excellence of the design; and pay my involuntary homage to that integrity, which fearlessly calling in strong description to the aid of virtue, attempts to purify the passions, at the hazard of wounding delicacy and offending taste. This is due to Juvenal: in justice to myself, let me add, that I could have been better pleased to have had no occasion to speak at all on the subject.

Whether any considerations of this or a similar nature deterred our literati from turning these Satires into English, I can not say; but, though partial versions might be made, it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that a complete translation was thought of; when two men, of celebrity in their days, undertook it about the same time; these were Barten Holyday and Sir Robert Stapylton. Who entered first upon the task, can not well be told. There appears somewhat of a querulousness on both sides; a jealousy that their versions had been communicated

in manuscript to each other: Stapylton's, however, was first published, though that of Holyday seems to have been first finished.

Of this ingenious man it is not easy to speak with too much respect. His learning, industry, judgment, and taste are every where conspicuous: nor is he without a very considerable portion of shrewdness to season his observations. His poetry indeed, or rather his ill-measured prose, is intolerable; no human patience can toil through a single page of it;[27] but his notes will always be consulted with pleasure. His work has been of considerable use to the subsequent editors of Juvenal, both at home and abroad; and indeed, such is its general accuracy, that little excuse remains for any notorious deviation from the sense of the original.

Stapylton had equal industry, and more poetry; but he wanted his learning, judgment, and ingenuity. His notes, though numerous, are trite, and scarcely beyond the reach of a schoolboy. He is besides scandalously indecent on many occasions, where his excellent rival was innocently unfaithful, or silent.

With these translations, such as they were, the public was satisfied until the end of the seventeenth century, when the necessity of something more poetical becoming apparent, the booksellers, as Johnson says, "proposed a new version to the poets of that time, which was undertaken by Dryden, whose reputation was such, that no man was unwilling to serve the Muses under him."

Dryden's account of this translation is given with such candor, in the exquisite dedication which precedes it, that I shall lay it before the reader in his own words.

"The common way which we have taken, is not a literal translation, but a kind of paraphrase, or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase and a translation. Thus much may be said for us, that if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it: we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are sufficient to make us intelligible: we make our author at least appear in a poetic dress. We have actually made him more sounding, and more

elegant, than he was before in English: and have endeavored to make him speak that kind of English, which he would have spoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and it is but seldom) make him express the customs and manners of his native country rather than of Rome, it is, either when there was some kind of analogy betwixt their customs and ours, or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we gave him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuse it. For to speak sincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded."[28]

This is, surely, sufficiently modest. Johnson's description of it is somewhat more favorable: "The general character of this translation will be given, when it is said to preserve the wit, but to want the dignity, of the original." Is this correct? Dryden frequently degrades the author into a jester; but Juvenal has few moments of levity. Wit, indeed, he possesses in an eminent degree, but it is tinctured with his peculiarities; "rarò jocos," as Lipsius well observes, "sæpius acerbos sales miscet." Dignity is the predominant quality of his mind: he can, and does, relax with grace, but he never forgets himself; he smiles, indeed; but his smile is more terrible than his frown, for it is never excited but when his indignation is mingled with contempt; "ridet et odit!" Where his dignity, therefore, is wanting, his wit will be imperfectly preserved.[29]

On the whole, there is nothing in this quotation to deter succeeding writers from attempting, at least, to supply the deficiencies of Dryden and his fellow-laborers; and, perhaps, I could point out several circumstances which might make it laudable, if not necessary: but this would be to trifle with the reader, who is already apprised that, as far as relates to myself, no motives but those of obedience determined me to the task for which I now solicit the indulgence of the public.

When I took up this author, I knew not of any other translator; nor was it until the scheme of publishing him was started, that I began to reflect seriously on the nature

of what I had undertaken, to consider by what exertions I could render that useful which was originally meant to amuse, and justify, in some measure, the partiality of my benefactors.

My first object was to become as familiar as possible with my author, of whom I collected every edition that my own interest, or that of my friends, could procure; together with such translations as I could discover either here or abroad; from a careful examination of all these, I formed the plan, to which, while I adapted my former labors, I anxiously strove to accommodate my succeeding ones.

Dryden has said, "if we give not the whole, yet we give the most considerable part of it." My determination was to give the whole, and really make the work what it professed to be, a translation of Juvenal. I had seen enough of castrated editions, to observe that little was gained by them on the score of propriety; since, when the author was reduced to half his bulk, at the expense of his spirit and design, sufficient remained to alarm the delicacy for which the sacrifice had been made. Chaucer observes with great naiveté,

"Whoso shall tell a tale after a man, He moste reherse as neighe as ever he can Everich word, if it be in his charge, All speke he never so rudely and so large."

And indeed the age of Chaucer, like that of Juvenal, allowed of such liberties. Other times, other manners. Many words were in common use with our ancestors, which raised no improper ideas, though they would not, and indeed could not, at this time be tolerated. With the Greeks and Romans it was still worse: their dress, which left many parts of the body exposed, gave a boldness to their language, which was not perhaps lessened by the infrequency of women at those social conversations, of which they now constitute the refinement and the delight. Add to this that their mythology, and sacred rites, which took their rise in very remote periods, abounded in the undisguised phrases of a rude and simple age, and being religiously handed down from generation to generation, gave a currency to many terms, which offered

no violence to modesty, though abstractedly considered by people of a different language and manners, they appear pregnant with turpitude and guilt.

When we observe this licentiousness (for I should wrong many of the ancient writers to call it libertinism) in the pages of their historians and philosophers, we may be pretty confident that it raised no blush on the cheek of their readers. It was the language of the times—"hæc illis natura est omnibus una:" and if it be considered as venial in those, surely a little farther indulgence will not be misapplied to the satirist, whose object is the exposure of what the former have only to notice.

Thus much may suffice for Juvenal: but shame and sorrow on the head of him who presumes to transfer his grossness into the vernacular tongues! "Legimus aliqua ne legantur," was said of old, by one of a pure and zealous mind. Without pretending to his high motives, I have felt the influence of his example, and in his apology must therefore hope to find my own. Though the poet be given entire, I have endeavored to make him speak as he would probably have spoken if he had lived among us; when, refined with the age, he would have fulminated against impurity in terms, to which, though delicacy might disavow them, manly decency might listen without offense.

I have said above, that "the whole of Juvenal" is here given; this, however, must be understood with a few restrictions. Where vice, of whatever nature, formed the immediate object of reprobation, it has not been spared in the translation; but I have sometimes taken the liberty of omitting an exceptionable line, when it had no apparent connection with the subject of the Satire. Some acquaintance with the original will be necessary to discover these lacunæ, which do not, in all, amount to half a page: for the rest, I have no apologies to make. Here are no allusions, covert or open, to the follies and vices of modern times; nor has the dignity of the original been prostituted, in a single instance, to the gratification of private spleen.

I have attempted to follow, as far as I judged it feasible, the style of my author,

which is more various than is usually supposed. It is not necessary to descend to particulars; but my meaning will be understood by those who carefully compare the original of the thirteenth and fourteenth Satires with the translation. In the twelfth, and in that alone, I have perhaps raised it a little; but it really appears so contemptible a performance in the doggerel of Dryden's coadjutor, that I thought somewhat more attention than ordinary was in justice due to it. It is not a chef-d'œuvre by any means; but it is a pretty and a pleasing little poem, deserving more notice than it has usually received.

I could have been sagacious and obscure on many occasions, with very little difficulty; but I strenuously combated every inclination to find out more than my author meant. The general character of this translation, if I do not deceive myself, will be found to be plainness; and, indeed, the highest praise to which I aspire, is that of having left the original more intelligible to the English reader than I found it.

On numbering the lines, I find that my translation contains a few less than Dryden's. Had it been otherwise, I should not have thought an apology necessary, nor would it perhaps appear extraordinary, when it is considered that I have introduced an infinite number of circumstances from the text, which he thought himself justified in omitting; and that, with the trifling exceptions already mentioned, nothing has been passed; whereas he and his assistants overlooked whole sections, and sometimes very considerable ones.[30] Every where, too, I have endeavored to render the transitions less abrupt, and to obviate or disguise the difficulties which a difference of manners, habits, etc., necessarily creates: all this calls for an additional number of lines; which the English reader, at least, will seldom have occasion to regret.

Of the "borrowed learning of notes," which Dryden says he avoided as much as possible, I have amply availed myself. During the long period in which my thoughts were fixed on Juvenal, it was usual with me, whenever I found a passage that related to him, to impress it on my memory, or to note it down. These, on the revision of the

work for publication, were added to such reflections as arose in my own mind, and arranged in the manner in which they now appear. I confess that this was not an unpleasant task to me, and I will venture to hope, that if my own suggestions fail to please, yet the frequent recurrence of some of the most striking and beautiful passages of ancient and modern poetry, history, etc., will render it neither unamusing nor uninstructive to the general reader. The information insinuated into the mind by miscellaneous collections of this nature, is much greater than is usually imagined; and I have been frequently encouraged to proceed by recollecting the benefits which I formerly derived from casual notices scattered over the margin, or dropped at the bottom of a page.

In this compilation, I proceeded on no regular plan, farther than considering what, if I had been a mere English reader, I should wish to have had explained: it is therefore extremely probable, as every rule of this nature must be imperfect, that I have frequently erred; have spoken where I should be silent and been prolix where I should be brief: on the whole, however, I chose to offend on the safer side; and to leave nothing unsaid, at the hazard of sometimes saying too much. Tedious, perhaps, I may be; but, I trust, not dull; and with this negative commendation I must be satisfied. The passages produced are not always translated; but the English reader needs not for that be discouraged in proceeding, as he will frequently find sufficient in the context to give him a general idea of the meaning. In many places I have copied the words, together with the sentiments of the writer; for this, if it call for an apology, I shall take that of Macrobius, who had somewhat more occasion for it than I shall be found to have: "Nec mihi vitio vertas, si res quas ex lectione varia mutuabor, ipsis sæpè verbis quibus ab ipsis auctoribus enarratæ sunt explicabo, quia præsens opus non eloquentiæ ostentationem, sed noscendorum congeriem pollicetur," etc. Saturn., lib. i., c. 1.

I have now said all that occurs to me on this subject: a more pleasing one remains. I can not, indeed, like Dryden, boast of my poetical coadjutors. No Congreves and

Creeches have abridged, while they adorned, my labors; yet have I not been without assistance, and of the most valuable kind.

Whoever is acquainted with the habits of intimacy in which I have lived from early youth with the Rev. Dr. Ireland,[31] will not want to be informed of his share in the following pages. To those who are not, it is proper to say, that besides the passages in which he is introduced by name, every other part of the work has been submitted to his inspection. Nor would his affectionate anxiety for the reputation of his friend suffer any part of the translation to appear, without undergoing the strictest revision. His uncommon accuracy, judgment, and learning have been uniformly exerted on it, not less, I am confident, to the advantage of the reader, than to my own satisfaction. It will be seen that we sometimes differ in opinion; but as I usually distrust my own judgment in those cases, the decision is submitted to the reader.

I have also to express my obligations to Abraham Moore, Esq., barrister at law, a gentleman whose taste and learning are well known to be only surpassed by his readiness to oblige: of which I have the most convincing proofs; since the hours dedicated to the following sheets (which I lament that he only saw in their progress through the press) were snatched from avocations as urgent as they were important.

Nor must I overlook the friendly assistance of William Porden, Esq.,[32] which, like that of the former gentleman, was given to me, amid the distraction of more immediate concerns, with a readiness that enhanced the worth of what was, in itself, highly valuable.

A paper was put into my hand by Mr. George Nicol, the promoter of every literary work, from R. P. Knight, Esq., containing subjects for engravings illustrative of Juvenal, and, with singular generosity, offering me the use of his marbles, gems, etc. As these did not fall within my plan, I can only here return him my thanks for a kindness as extraordinary as it was unexpected. But I have other and greater obligations to Mr. Nicol. In conjunction with his son, Mr. William Nicol, he has

watched the progress of this work through the press with unwearied solicitude. During my occasional absences from town, the correction of it (for which, indeed, the state of my eyes renders me at all times rather unfit) rested almost solely on him; and it is but justice to add, that his habitual accuracy in this ungrateful employ is not the only quality to which I am bound to confess my obligations.

FOOTNOTES:

[16] The origin of this word is now acknowledged to be Roman. Scaliger derived it from σατυρος (satyrus), but Casaubon, Dacier, and others, more reasonably, from satura (fem. of satur), rich, abounding, full of variety. In this sense it was applied to the lanx or charger, in which the various productions of the soil were offered up to the gods; and thus came to be used for any miscellaneous collection in general. Satura olla, a hotch-potch; saturæ leges, laws comprehending a multitude of regulations, etc. This deduction of the name may serve to explain, in some measure, the nature of the first Satires, which treated of various subjects, and were full of various matters: but enough on this trite topic.

[17] It should be observed, however, that the idea was obvious, and the work itself highly necessary. The old Satire, amid much coarse ribaldry, frequently attacked the follies and vices of the day. This could not be done by the comedy which superseded it, and which, by a strange perversity of taste, was never rendered national. Its customs, manners, nay, its very plots, were Grecian; and scarcely more applicable to the Romans than to us.

[18] To extend this to Lucilius, as is sometimes done, is absurd, since he evidently had in view the old comedy of the Greeks, of which his Satires, according to Horace, were rigid imitations:

"Eupolis atque Cratinus, Aristophanesque poëtæ Atque alii, quorum comœdia prisca virorum est; Si quia erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur, Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui Famosus, multa cum libertate notabant. Hinc omnis pendet

Lucilius, hosce secutus, Mutatis tantum pedibus, numerisque."

Here the matter would seem to be at once determined by a very competent judge. Strip the old Greek comedy of its action, and change the metre from Iambic to Heroic, and you have the Roman Satire! It is evident from this, that, unless two things be granted, first, that the actors in those ancient Satires were ignorant of the existence of the Greek comedy; and, secondly, that Ennius, who knew it well, passed it by for a ruder model; the Romans can have no pretensions to the honor they claim.

And even if this be granted, the honor appears to be scarcely worth the claiming; for the Greeks had not only Dramatic, but Lyric and Heroic Satire. To pass by the Margites, what were the Iambics of Archilochus, and the Scazons of Hipponax, but Satires? nay, what were the Silli? Casaubon derives them απο του σιλλαινειν, to scoff, to treat petulantly; and there is no doubt of the justness of his derivation. These little pieces were made up of passages from various poems, which by slight alterations were humorously or satirically applied at will. The Satires of Ennius were probably little more; indeed, we have the express authority of Diomedes the grammarian for it. After speaking of Lucilius, whose writings he derives, with Horace, from the old comedy, he adds, "et olim carmen, quod ex variis poematibus constabat, satira vocabatur; quale scripserunt Pacuvius et Ennius." Modern critics agree in understanding "ex variis poematibus," of various kinds of metre; but I do not see why it may not mean, as I have rendered it, "of various poems;" unless we choose to compliment the Romans, by supposing that what was in the Greeks a mere cento, was in them an original composition.

It would scarcely be doing justice, however, to Ennius, to suppose that he did not surpass his models, for, to say the truth, the Greek Silli appear to have been no very extraordinary performances. A few short specimens of them may be seen in Diogenes Laertius, and a longer one, which has escaped the writers on this subject,

in Dio Chrysostom. As this is, perhaps, the only Greek Satire extant, it may be regarded as a curiosity; and as such, for as a literary effort it is worth nothing, a short extract from it may not be uninteresting. Sneering at the people of Alexandria, for their mad attachment to chariot-races, etc., he says, this folly of theirs is not ill exposed by one of those scurrilous writers of (Silli, or) parodies: ου κακως τις παρεποιησε των σαπρων τουτων ποιητων·

Ἁρματα δ' αλλοτε μεν χθονι πιλνατο πουλυβοτειρῃ, Αλλοτε δ' αεξασκε μετηορα· τοι δε θεαται Θωκοις εν σφετεροις, ουθ' ἑστασαν, ουδ' εκαθηντο, Χλωροι ὑπαι δειους πεφοβημενοι, ουδ' ὑπο νικες Αλληλοισι τε κεκλομενοι, και πασι θεοισι Χειρας ανισχοντες, μεγαλ' ευχετοωντο ἑκαστοι. Ἠυτε περ κλαγγη γερανων πελει, ηε κολοιων, Ἀι τ' επει ουν ζυθον τ' επιον, και αθεσπατον οινον, Κλαγγῃ ται γε πετονται απο σταδιοιο κελευθου. κ. τ. λ. Ad Alexand. Orat. xxxii.

[19] I doubt whether he was ever a good royalist at heart; he frequently, perhaps unconsciously, betrays a lurking dissatisfaction; but having, as Johnson says of a much greater man, "tasted the honey of favor," he did not choose to return to hunger and philosophy. Indeed, he was not happy; in the country he sighs for the town, in town for the country; and he is always restless, and straining after something which he never obtains. To float, like Aristippus, with the stream, is a bad recipe for felicity; there must be some fixed principle, by which the passions and desires may be regulated.

[20] He is careful to disclaim all participation in public affairs. He accompanies Mæcenas in his carriage; but their chat, he wishes it to be believed, is on the common topics of the day, the weather, amusements, etc. Though this may not be strictly true, it is yet probable that politics furnished but a small part of their conversation. That both Augustus and his minister were warmly attached to him, can not be denied; but then it was as to a plaything. In a word, Horace seems to have been the "enfant gaté," of the palace, and was viewed, I believe, with more

tenderness than respect.

[21] Mr. Drummond has given this passage with equal elegance and truth:

"With greater art sly Horace gain'd his end, But spared no failing of his smiling friend; Sportive and pleasant round the heart he play'd, And wrapt in jests the censure he convey'd; With such address his willing victims seized, That tickled fools were rallied, and were pleased."

[22] Dusaulx accounts for this by the general consternation. Most of those, he says, distinguished for talents or rank, took refuge in the school of Zeno; not so much to learn in it how to live, as how to die. I think, on the contrary, that this would rather have driven them into the arms of Epicurus. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," will generally be found, I believe, to be the maxim of dangerous times. It would not be difficult to show, if this were the place for it, that the prevalency of Stoicism was due to the increase of profligacy, for which it furnished a convenient cloak. This, however, does not apply to Persius.

[23] I believe that Juvenal meant to describe himself in the following spirited picture of Lucilius:

"Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa."

[24] This is an error which has been so often repeated, that it is believed. What liberty was destroyed by the usurpation of Augustus? For more than half a century, Rome had been a prey to ambitious chiefs, while five or six civil wars, each more bloody than the other, had successively delivered up the franchises of the empire to the conqueror of the day. The Gracchi first opened the career to ambition, and wanted nothing but the means of corruption, which the East afterward supplied, to effect what Marius, Sylla, and the two triumvirates brought about with sufficient ease.

[25] This is a very strange observation. It looks as if Dusaulx had leaped from the

times of old Metellus to those of Augustus, without casting a glance at the interval. The chef d'œuvres of Roman literature were in every hand, when he supposed them to be neglected: and, indeed, if Horace had left us nothing, the qualities of which Dusaulx speaks might still be found in many works produced before he was known.

[26] I have often wished that we had some of the pleadings of Juvenal. It can not be affirmed, I think, that there is any natural connection between prose and verse in the same mind, though it may be observed, that most of our celebrated poets have written admirably "solutâ oratione:" yet if Juvenal's oratory bore any resemblance to his poetry, he yielded to few of the best ornaments of the bar. The "torrens dicendi copia" was his, in an eminent degree; nay, so full, so rich, so strong, and so magnificent is his eloquence, that I have heard one well qualified to judge, frequently declare that Cicero himself, in his estimation, could hardly be said to surpass him.

[27] With all my respect for the learning of the good old man, it is impossible, now and then, to suppress a smile at his simplicity. In apologizing for his translation, he says: "As for publishing poetry, it needs no defense; there being, if my Lord of Verulam's judgment shall be admitted, 'a divine rapture in it!'"

[28] He evidently alludes to the versions of the second and eighth Satires by Tate and Stepney, but principally to the latter, in which Juvenal illustrates his argument by the practice of Smithfield and Newmarket! Indeed, Dryden himself, though confessedly aware of its impropriety, is not altogether free from "innovation;" he talks of the Park, and the Mall, and the Opera, and of many other objects, familiar to the translator, but which the original writer could only know by the spirit of prophecy.

I am sensible how difficult it is to keep the manners of different ages perfectly distinct in a work like this: I have never knowingly confounded them, and, I trust, not often inadvertently; yet more occasions perhaps of exercising the reader's candor

will appear, after all, than are desirable.

[29] Yet Johnson knew him well. The peculiarity of Juvenal, he says (vol. ix., p. 424), "is a mixture of gayety and stateliness, of pointed sentences, and declamatory grandeur." A good idea of it may be formed from his own beautiful imitation of the third Satire. His imitation of the tenth (still more beautiful as a poem) has scarcely a trait of the author's manner—that is to say, of that "mixture of gayety and stateliness," which, according to his own definition, constitutes the "peculiarity of Juvenal." "The Vanity of Human Wishes" is uniformly stately and severe, and without those light and popular strokes of sarcasm which abound so much in his "London."

[30] In the fourteenth Satire, for example, there is an omission of fifteen lines, and this, too, in a passage of singular importance.

[31] Sub-Dean and Prebendary of Westminster, and Vicar of Croydon, in Surrey.

[32] The architect of Eton Hall, Cheshire, a structure which even now stands pre-eminent among the works which embellish the nation, and which future times will contemplate with equal wonder and delight.

CHRONOLOGY OF JUVENAL, PERSIUS, AND SULPICIA.

A.D. 14-138. OL. A.D. A.U.C. L. E. 14 767 Death of Augustus, August 19th. Accession of Tiberius, anno ætat. 55. 16 769 Rise of Sejanus. Cf. A.D. 31. Tac. Ann. vi. 8. 18 771 Death of Ovid and Livy. Strabo still writing. 19 772 Death of Germanicus. Jews banished from Italy (alluded to, Sat. iii. 14; vi. 543). 200 21 774 Tiberius, on the plea of ill health, goes in the spring into Campania. 23 776 Influence of Sejanus. Cf. Tac. Ann. iv. 6. (Vid. Niebuhr's Lectures, vol. iii. p. 181.) 24 777 Cassius Severus, an exile in Seriphos. Tac. Ann. iv. 21. [Cf. Sat. i. 73; vi.

563, 564; x. 170; xiii. 246.] C. Plinius Secundus, of Verona, born. 26 779 Consulship of Cn. Lentulus Gætulicus. (Cf. ad viii. 26.) 27 780 Tiberius retires to Capreæ. Tac. Ann. iv. 67. Sat. x. 90-95, and 72. 28 781 Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus, married to Domitius. [Nero is the issue of this marriage, born A.D. 37.] Sat. viii. 228; vi. 615. 202 29 782 Death of Livia, mother of Tiberius. (Cf. Niebuhr's Lectures, vol. iii. p. 180.) 31 784 Tiberius consul with Sejanus. Suet. Tib. 26, 65. Fall of Sejanus, Oct. 18. He had been in favor now 16 years. The day of his death was consecrated to Jove. Sat. x. 56-107. Cf. Tac. Ann. vi. 25. 32 785 Birth of Otho. 34 787 A. Persius Flaccus, born at Volaterræ in Etruria. 36 789 Death of Thrasyllus. Sat. vi. 576. [Cf. Fast. Hellen. iii. p. 277.] 204 37 790 Death of Tiberius, in March. Caligula succeeds, a. æt. 25. Birth of Nero in December. He and Caligula were both born at Antium. 38 791 Potion of Cæsonia? Sat. vi. 616, seq. [Birth of Josephus, the historian.] 39 792 Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee, deposed and banished by Caligula, and his dominions given to Agrippa the father of Agrippa, Berenice, and Drusilla. Sat. vi. 156. 40 793 Caligula at Lyons, on his way to the ocean, institutes the "Certamen Græcæ Latinæque facundiæ." Suet. Calig. 20. Sat. i. 44, "Aut Lugdunensem Rhetor dicturus ad aram." Cf. xv. 111. Pers. Sat. vi. 43. [M. Annæus Lucanus brought to Rome in his eighth month.] 205 41 794 Caligula slain, Jan. 24. Claudius succeeds, a. æt. 50. Birth of Titus, Dec. 30. [Exile of Seneca.] Agrippa receives from Claudius Judæa and Samaria. 42 795 Deaths of Pætus and Arria. 43 796 First campaign of A. Plautius in Britain. Influence of Narcissus (Suet. Claud. 28; Dio, lx. p. 688. Sat. xiv. 329, "Divitiæ Narcissi Indulsit Cæsar cui Claudius omnia"), and of Posides. Suet. u. s. Sat. xiv. 91. [Birth of Martial.] 44 797 [Death of Agrippa, Cf. Acts xii. 21-23.] 206 45 798 [His son Agrippa at Rome intercedes for the Jews.] 46 799 Excesses of Messalina. Sat. vi. 114-132. 48 801 Death of Messalina (and C. Silius, whom she had openly married), Tac. Ann. xi. 26; Suet. Claud. 26, 36, 39, through the influence of Narcissus. Sat. xiv. 331; x. 329-345. Pallas the Arcadian, Claudius' freedman and secretary. Sat. i. 109. Cf. an. 62. The

younger Agrippa succeeds his uncle Herod. Remmius Palæmon, the grammarian, Quintilian's master, flourishes. Suet. clar. Gram. 23. Sat. vi. 451, "Volvitque Palæmonis artem;" vii. 215, "docti Palæmonis;" and l. 219. 207 49 802 Marriage of Claudius and Agrippina (widow of Domitius, cf. an. 28). Seneca, through Agrippina's influence, recalled from exile. (Cf. A.D. 41. Schol. ad Sat. v. 109.) Tac. Ann. xii. 8. Nero (a. æt. 11) placed under Seneca's care. Suet. Ner. 7. 50 803 Eighth campaign in Britain under Ostorius. Caractacus captured. [Persius places himself under Cornutus' care. Pers. v. 36.] 51 804 Birth of Domitian, while his father is consul suffectus. Nero receives the Toga Virilis. 52 805 Felix, brother of Pallas, made procurator of Judæa. 208 53 806 Nero marries Octavia. Agrippa the younger appointed to Philip's tetrarchy, and Trachonitis, and Abilene. 54 807 Claudius poisoned by Agrippina's mushroom. Sat. v. 147, "Boletum domino: sed qualem Claudius edit, Ante illum uxoris post quem nil amplius edit." (Cf. Mart. Ep. xiii. 48; I. xxi. 4.) Sat. vi. 620, "Minus ergo nocens erit Agrippinæ Boletus." The poison was procured from Locusta. Sat. i. 71, 72. Nero succeeds, Oct. 13, a. æt. 17. Domitius Corbulo appointed to Armenia. Sat. iii. 251, "Corbulo vix ferret tot vasa ingentia." Cf. Tac. Ann. xiii. 8. 55 808 Death of Britannicus, who is poisoned by Nero, through the agency of Locusta. 58 811 Successful campaign of Corbulo in Armenia. Cf. Sat. viii. Sabina Poppæa. Sat. vi. 462. Her husband Otho sent into Lusitania, where he remains ten years. Cf. Tac. Ann. xiii. 45. The Parthian war is perhaps alluded to in Persius, Sat. v. 4. Vid. D'Achaintre in loc. 59 812 Death of Agrippina (Tac. Ann. xiv. 4; Suet. Ner. 34), during the Quinquatrus (xiv.-x. Kal. April). Sat. viii. 215. Consulship of L. Fonteius Capito. (Cf. an. 118.) Sat. xiii. 17, "Fonteio Consule natus." 60 813 Institution of the Neronia. "Certamen triplex Quinquennale: Musicum, Gymnicum, Equestre." Corbulo's successful campaign in Syria. 210 61 814 Boadicea's victory. Victory of Suetonius Paulinus. Galba in Spain. [Birth of Pliny the younger, a few years after Tacitus.] 62 815 Death of Burrus. Sofonius Tigellinus succeeds as "Præfectus Cohortibus Prætoriis." Cf. Tac. Ann. xiv. 57; xv.

37, 72. Sat. i. 155, "Pone Tigellinum," etc. Nero marries Poppæa. Death of Octavia. Tac. Ann. xiv. 60, 64. Pallas put to death for his money. Tac. Ann. xiv. 65. Cf. A.D. 48. Death of Persius, in his 28th year. 64 817 Nero in the theatre. Fires at Rome. Only four regions remaining entire. Tac. Ann. xv. 40. Persecution of Christians (c. 44), on whom the blame of the fire was laid, and who were punished with the "Tunica Molesta." Sat. i. 156; viii. 235. Suet. Ner. 16. 211 65 818 Piso's conspiracy. Death of Seneca. Tac. Ann. xv. 60. Sat. viii. 211, "Libera si dentur populo suffragia, quis tam Perditus ut dubitet Senecam præferre Neroni." Sat. x. 15, "Temporibus diris igitur jussuque Neronis Longinum, et magnos Senecæ prædivitis hortos clausit," et seq. Death of Lucan, in his 26th year. Sat. vii. 79. Tac. Ann. xv. 70. Suet. Ner. 35. Death of Poppæa. Tac. Ann. xvi. 6. Sat. viii. 218, "Sed nec Electræ jugulo se polluit, aut Spartani Sanguine conjugii." 66 819 Death of Thrasea Pætus. Tac. Ann. xvi. 21-35. Martial comes to Rome, æt. 23. Nero sets out for Greece: meets Vatinius ("Sutrinæ tabernæ alumnus," Tac. Ann. xv. 34) at Beneventum. Sat. v. 47, "Tu Beneventani Sutoris nomen habentem Siccabis calicem nasorum quatuor." Lubinus places the banishment of Annæus Cornutus in this year. Cf. ad Pers. v. 5. 67 820 Death of Corbulo. Nero in Greece, celebrates the 211th Olympiad (the Olympiad having been deferred for him, Suet. Ner. 19-22), and adds a musical contest. Sat. viii. 225, "Gaudentis fœdo peregrina ad pulpita cantu Prostitui, Graiæque apium meruisse coronæ." [Jewish war committed by Nero to Vespasian.] 68 821 Nero returns to Rome. Sat. viii. 230, "Et de marmoreo citharam suspende Colosso." Vindex revolts and proclaims Galba. Ib. 221, "Quid enim Verginius armis Debeat ulcisci magis aut cum Vindice Galba." Galba accepts the empire in April. Death of Nero in June, in his 31st year. [Quintilian comes to Rome with Galba, and remains 20 years.] 212 69 822 Vitellius proclaimed, Jan. 2. Tac. Hist. i. 56, 57. Galba killed, Jan. 15, in his 73d year. Sat. vi. 559, "Magnus civis obit et formidatus Othoni." Otho acknowledged. Battle of Bedriacum. Death of Otho at Brixellum in April, in his 37th year. Sat. ii. 106, "Bedriaci in campo spolium affectare Palati." Vitellius enters

Rome in July, and is killed Dec. 21. Vespasian proclaimed July 1st, æt. 60. 70 823 Vespasian enters Rome. Titus takes Jerusalem. 71 824 Triumph of Titus and Vespasian. They passed through the "Porta Idumæa." Sat. viii. 160. Temple of Peace begun. Sat. ix. 22; i. 115. Temple of Janus closed for the sixth time. 72 825 Commagene reduced to a province. Sat. vi. 550, "Commagenus Aruspex." 74 827 Expulsion of Philosophers by Vespasian. 75 828 Temple of Peace concluded. Suet. Vesp. 9. 76 829 Birth of Hadrian. Cf. A.D. 138. 78 831 Agricola in Britain. Tac. Agric. xviii. Sat. ii. 160. 79 832 Death of Vespasian, June 23, in his 70th year. Titus succeeds. [Eruption of Vesuvius. Death of Pliny the elder. Cf. Plin. vi. Epist. 16, 20.] 80 833 Fire at Rome. Temple of Isis, and Capitol, burnt. 215 81 834 Death of Titus, Sept. 13. Domitian succeeds. Sat. iv. 37, "Flavius Ultimus, et calvo serviret Roma Neroni." 82 835 Domitian rebuilds the Capitol (Suet. Dom. 5), and patronizes learning. Sat. vii. 1, "Et spes, et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum." 83 836 Domitian's expedition against the Catti and Sarmatæ. Three Vestal virgins punished. Sat. iv. 10, "Sanguine adhuc vivo terram subitura Sacerdos." 84 837 Domitian takes the name of "Germanicus." Receives the censorship for life. Sat. iv. 12; ii. 121. Defeat of Galgacus in Britain. Sat. ii. 160, 161, "Domitianus nobiles multos relegavit et optimates occidit." Chron. Euseb. Cf. Sat. iv. 151, seq. 86 839 Domitian institutes the Capitoline Games. Suet. Dom. 4, "Certamen quinquennale triplex, Musicum, Equestre, Gymnicum." [Cf. A.D. 60.] Sat. vi. 387, "An Capitolinam deberet Pollio quercum Sperare et fidibus promittere." Cf. ad Sulpic. 41. Dacian war. Sat. iv. 111, cum Schol. [Birth of Antoninus Pius.] 217 89 842 Quintilian teaches at Rome ("Publicam Scholam et Salarium è fisco accepit," Hieron.), Domitian's nephews, among others. Some think Juvenal attended his lectures. Sat. vi. 75, 280; vii. 186, 189. 90 843 Domitian expels the philosophers (cf. A.D. 74). Tac. Agr. 2. (Sat. iii. may perhaps refer to this, "omni bonâ arte in exsilium actâ," cf. l. 21.) Senecio put to death for writing a book in praise of Helvidius Priscus. Cf. Sat. v. 36. Sulpicia's Satire. [Pliny prætor in his 29th year.] 91 844 Domitian's triumphs

over Dacians and Germans. [Sat. vi. 205, "Dacicus et scripto radiat Germanicus auro:" but cf. A.D. 110.] Cornelia, a Vestal virgin, buried alive. (Vid. Suet. Dom. 8. Plin. iv. Ep. 11. Cf. A.D. 83.) This happened after the death of Julia. Sat. ii. 32. 218 98 846 Sarmatian war. (Sat. ii. 1.) Death of Agricola. Massa and Carus (i. 35, 36) referred by some to this date. Influence of Paris. Sat. vi. 87, "Ludos Paridemque reliquit." Sat. vii. 87, "Paridi nisi vendat Agaven;" and 90, seq. Palfurius Sura, Armillatus, Pegasus, Vibius Crispus Placentinus, Acilius Glabrio, Fabricius Veiento, Catullus Messalinus, Curtius Montanus, and Crispinus flourish. Sat. iv. 50-150; vi. 82; i. 26; xi. 34. 94 847 Lateranus consul. viii. 146, seq., "Prætor majorum cineres atque ossa volucri Carpento rapitur pinguis Damasippus, et ipse, Ipse rotam stringit multo sufflamine consul;" where some read "Lateranus;" others say Lateranus is intended by Damasippus. This is probably the date of the event recorded in Sat. iv., "Illa tempora sævitiæ claras quibus abstulit Urbi Illustresque animas impune et vindice nullo," l. 151. Cf. Tac. Agric. 44, who says that after the death of Agricola (A.D. 93) "Domitianus non jam per intervalla ac spiramenta temporum sed continuo et velut uno ictu Rempublicam exhausit," et seq. 95 848 Death of Clemens, the consul. [Persecution of Christians. St. John at Patmos.] Flavia Domitilla exiled to Pontia. [Cf. xiii. 246, "Aut maris Ægæi rupem, scopulosque frequentes Exulibus magnis."] The fourth book of the Sylvæ of Statius written. In the third book written A.D. 94, he mentions the close of the Thebais. Cf. Sat. vii. 82, "Curritur ad vocem jucundam et carmen amicæ Thebaidos, lætam fecit quum Statius Urbem Promisitque diem." The Thebaid had employed twelve years. 96 849 Domitian killed in September, in his 45th year. Sat. iv. 153, "Sed periit postquam cerdonibus esse timendus Cœperat, hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti." Nerva succeeds. 219 97 850 Nerva adopts Trajan. [Tacitus "Consul Suffectus."] 98 851 Death of Nerva, Jan. 25th, in his 63d year. Trajan (then at Cologne) succeeds. [Plutarch flourishes. Pliny, Præf. Ærarii Saturni.] 99 852 Trajan enters Rome. [Martial, 10th book, 2d edition. Silius Italicus still living.] 100 853 Consulship of M. Cornelius Fronto with Trajan.

Sat. i. 12, "Frontonis platani, convulsaque marmora clamant Semper et assiduo ruptæ lectore columnæ." Pliny and Tacitus impeach Marius Priscus, proconsul of Africa. Fronto Catius defends him. Cf. Plin. ii. Epist. xi. The case was tried before Trajan in person. Cf. Sat. i. 47, "Et hic damnatus inani Judicio; quid enim salvis infamia nummis? Exul ab octavâ Marius bibit, et fruitur Diis iratis." And viii. 120, "Quum tenues nuper Marius discinxerit Afros." Pliny's Panegyric, in his consulship. Death of S. John. [Martial returns to Bilbilis. Twelfth book of Epigrams.] 220 101 854 First Dacian war. "Trajanus primus aut solus etiam vires Romanas trans Istrum propagavit," Victor, p. 319; perhaps alluded to, Sat. viii. 169, "Syriæque tuendis Amnibus et Rheno atque Istro." Isæus flourishes. "Magna Isæum fama præcesserat: major inventus est. Summa est facultas, copia, ubertas." Plin. ii. Epist. 3. Cf. Sat. iii. 73 (with the Scholiasts), "Sermo promptus et Isæo torrentior." 103 856 Victories in Dacia. Peace granted to Decebalus. Trajan triumphs, and takes the name of "Dacicus." (Cf. 110.) [Pliny arrives at Bithynia.] 104 857 Second Dacian war. Trajan takes the command. Hadrian serves. "Primæ legioni Minerviæ præpositus." Spartian. Hadr. 3. [Martial sends his 12th book to Rome. Vid. Ep. 18. Pliny's letter about the Christians.] 221 105 858 Stone bridge over the Danube, by which Trajan conquers the Dacians. 106 859 Death of Decebalus. Dacia becomes a Roman province. Conquest of Arabia Petræa. 2d triumph of Trajan. 107 860 Trajan's public works. Vid. Dio, lxviii. 15, τά τε ἕλη τὰ Πόντινα ὠδοποίησε λίθῳ. κ. τ. λ. Cf. iii. 307, "Armato quoties tutæ custode tenentur Et Pomptina palus et Gallinaria pinus." 110 863 This road is finished. [Plutarch's Lives.] The coins of Trajan of this year bear the words, "Germanicus, Dacicus." vi. 205, "Dacicus, et scripto radiat Germanicus auro." 112 865 Hadrian Archon at Athens. 223 113 866 The column of Trajan erected (cf. Dio, lxviii. 16), to which some think there is an allusion in the line, x. 136, "Summo tristis captivus in arcu." 114 867 Trajan's expedition to the East, against the Armenians and Parthians. He proceeds in the autumn through Athens and Seleucia to Antioch. 115 868 Earthquake at Antioch, in January or February, in

which the consul, M. Vergilianus Pedo, perished. Dio, lxviii. 24, 25. In the spring Trajan marches to Armenia. Sat. vi. 411, "Nutare urbes, subsidere terram." [Martyrdom of S. Ignatius.] 116 869 Trajan enters Ctesiphon, and takes the title of "Parthicus." Sat. vi. 407, "Instantem regi Armenio Parthoque." 224 117 870 Trajan reaches Selinus in Cilicia, and dies in August, in his 63d year. Hadrian, at Antioch, succeeds, in consequence of a fictitious adoption managed by Plotina. Cf. Gibbon, vol. i. p. 130. To this there is supposed to be an allusion in Sat. i. 40, "Optima summi Nunc via processus vetulæ vesica beatæ." 118 871 Hadrian comes to Rome. This is sixty years after the consulship of Fonteius. Cf. A.D. 59. The thirteenth Satire was therefore probably written this year. l. 17, "Stupet hæc qui jam post terga reliquit Sexaginta annos, Fonteio consule natus." The common story is, that Calvinus, to whom this Satire is addressed, was three years Juvenal's senior. Probably the lines in Satire iii., from 60-113, are an interpolation at a period subsequent to the first composition of the Satire, and refer to this period. Hadrian brought with him from Antioch to Rome many foreigners of all professions. Cf. iii. 62, "Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes." Among these he particularly favored Epictetus of Hierapolis in Phrygia, Favorinus of Arelate in Gaul, and Dionysius of Miletus. To one of these Juvenal may refer in Sat. iii. 75, "Quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes, Augur, Schœnobates, Medicus, Magus, omnia novit, Ad summum non Maurus erat nec Sarmata nec Thrax," et seq. Cf. Spartian. Hadrian, c. 5, and especially c. 16, where he says, "In summâ familiaritate Epictetum et Heliodorum, philosophos, et grammaticos, Rhetores, musicos, Geometras, pictores, astrologos habuit: præ cæteris eminente Favorino," where the order is rather remarkable. Dionysius of Miletus, moreover, was a disciple of Isæus (cf. A.D. 101), l. 73, "Ingenium velox audacia perdita, sermo Promptus et Isæo torrentior." Hadrian, after a four months' consulship, proceeded to Campania, and thence to Gaul, Germany, and Britain: Juvenal therefore might safely publish this in the emperor's absence. 119 872

Hadrian consul with Junius Rusticus. This is most probably the Junius mentioned Sat. xv. 27, "Nuper Consule Junio gesta." Cf. Salmas., Plin. Exercit. p. 320. 120 873 Hadrian's progress through the provinces. He builds the wall in Britain: "Compositis in Britanniâ rebus, transgressus in Galliam." Spartian. c. 10. This may be alluded to, Sat. ii. 160, 161. Cf. Sat. xv. 111. [Plutarch, æt. 74.] 225 121 874 Birth of M. Aurelius. 122 875 Hadrian at Athens. Artemidorus Capito, the physician, in great repute with Hadrian. It is not impossible that he may be alluded to under the name of "Heliodorus." Cf. Sat. vi. 373. 124 877 The eleventh Satire may perhaps be assigned to about this date. It was written when Juvenal was advanced in years. l. 203, "Nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula solem." The excitement about the games in the circus (cf. Gibbon, chap. xl.) was as great as in the days of Domitian; and the "green" appears at this time to have been a victorious color. Compare Sat. xi. 195, "Totam hodie Romam circus capit, et fragor aurem Percutit, eventum viridis quo colligo panni;" with the inscription in Gruter, quoted in Clinton (in ann.), "Primum agitavit in factione prasinâ." [Cf. Mart. xiv. Ep. cxxxi., written long after Domitian's time.] 126 879 Birth of Pertinax. [Dionysius of Halicarnassus flourishes.] 128 881 Hadrian takes the title of "Pater Patriæ." 227 129 882 Julius Fronto mentioned, as commanding the "Classis Prætoria Misenensis." Cf. A.D. 100. 130 883 In the autumn of this year Hadrian is in Egypt. [Compare the Greek inscription quoted by Clinton from Eckhel with Sat. xv. 5.] While on the Nile he lost his favorite Antinous, and built a city to his memory, which he called after him. It is very probable that the lines, Sat. i. 60, seq., referring primarily to Nero and Sporus, may have a secondary allusion to Hadrian and Antinous. [Appian flourished. Galen born.] 138 891 Death of Hadrian in his 63d year.

APPENDIX, ON THE DATE OF JUVENAL'S SATIRES.

The first Satire appears, from internal evidence, to have been written subsequently to

at least the larger portion of the other Satires. But in this, as probably in many others, lines were interpolated here and there, at a period long after the original composition of the main body of the Satire; the cycle of events reproducing such a combination of circumstances, that the Satirist could make his shafts come home with two-fold pungency. For instance, the lines 60 et seq., which probably were in the first edition of the Satire directed against Nero and his favorite Sporus, would tell with equal effect against Hadrian and Antinous.

It is impossible, therefore, from any one given passage, to assign a date to any of the Satires of Juvenal. All that can be done, is to point out the allusion probably intended in the particular passages, and by that means fix a date prior to which we may reasonably conclude that portion could not have been written.

In those Satires whose subject is less complicated and extensive, a nearer approximation may be obtained to the date of the composition; as e. g. in the case of the second and eleventh Satires, and we may add the thirteenth and fifteenth.

But in the first Satire, the allusions extend over so wide a period, that unless we may suppose, as in the case just cited, that other persons are intended under the names known to history, to whom his readers would apply immediately the covert sarcasm, we can hardly imagine that they could all at any one given time serve to give point to the shaft of the Satirist. Thus Crispinus, mentioned l. 27, was made a senator by Nero, and lived probably under Domitian also. The barber alluded to in l. 25 (if, as the commentators suppose, Cinnamus is the person), must have lost all his wealth, and been reduced to poverty, somewhere about A.D. 93, the date of Martial's seventh book of Epigrams (who mentions the fact, and advises him to recur to his old trade, Ep. VII. lxiv.). Massa and Carus (l. 35, 36) are mentioned by Martial as apparently flourishing when he wrote his twelfth book, which was sent to Rome A.D. 104. Again, line 49 seems to refer to the condemnation of Marius as a recent event; but this took place in A.D. 100. And in that same year M. Cornelius Fronto

was consul with Trajan; and may have been the proprietor of the plane-groves, mentioned l. 12. But then, again, we hear of Julius Fronto in A.D. 129, and Hadrian's conduct toward Antinous in that and the following year, might well have given occasion to the 60th and following lines; and if we are right in applying line 40 to Plotina's manœuvring to secure the succession to Hadrian, it will furnish an additional argument for supposing these passages to have been added some time after. We may therefore offer the conjecture, that the first Satire was written shortly after the year A.D. 100, as a preface or introduction to the book, and that a few additions were made to it, even so late as thirty years subsequently.

The second Satire was, in all probability, the first written. The allusion in the first line to the Sarmatæ, may perhaps be connected with the Sarmatian war, which took place A.D. 93, and in which Domitian engaged in person. And this date will correspond with the other references in the Satire by which an approximation to the time of its composition may be obtained. In A.D. 84 Domitian received the censorship for life (l. 121), at the same time that he was carrying on an incestuous intercourse with his own niece Julia. This connection was continued for some years. Shortly after the death of Julia, the Vestal virgin Cornelia was buried alive, A.D. 91. These are alluded to as recent events (l. 29, "nuper"). Agricola, too, the conqueror of Britain, died A.D. 93 (cf. l. 160), whose campaigns are spoken of as recent occurrences, "modo captas Orcadas." The mention of Gracchus also connects this with the eighth Satire, part of which at least was probably written soon after the consulship of Lateranus in A.D. 94. We may therefore conjecture that the Satire was composed between the years A.D. 93 and 95.

The third Satire may perhaps have been written in the reign of Domitian, and may refer to the general departure of men of worth from Rome, when Domitian expelled the philosophers, A.D. 90. Umbritius, who predicted the murder of Galba, A.D. 69, might have been alive at that time; and, from his political views, would have been a friend of Juvenal, who was a bitter enemy of Otho. The nightly deeds of violence

perpetrated by Nero would have been still fresh in men's memories (l. 278, seq.; cf. Pers., Sat., iv., 49); as would the judicial murder of Barea Soranus, and the arrogance of Fabricius Veiento (l. 116, 185). Still there are other parts of the Satire that seem to bear evidence of a later date. The name of Isæus would hardly have been so familiar in Rome till ten years after this date, l. 74. It was not till A.D. 107 that Trajan undertook the draining of the Pontine marshes; to which there is most probably an allusion in l. 32 and 307; to which nothing of importance had been done since the days of Augustus. The great influx of foreigners into Rome, in the train of Hadrian, at a still later date, A.D. 118, probably gave rise to the spirited episode from l. 58-125. (See Chronology.) We may therefore consider it probable that the main body of the Satire was written toward the close of the reign of Domitian, and received additions in the commencement of the reign of Hadrian.

The fourth Satire in all probability describes a real event; and would have possessed but little interest after any great lapse of time, subsequent to the fact described. We may therefore fairly assign it to the early part of Nerva's reign, very shortly after the death of Domitian, which is mentioned at the close of the Satire.

The fifth Satire contains nothing by which we can determine the date. From Juvenal's hatred of Domitian, we may suppose that l. 36 was suggested by the condemnation of Senecio, who was put to death for writing a panegyric on Helvidius Priscus, A.D. 90. If the Aurelia (l. 98) be the lady mentioned by Pliny (Epist., ii., 20), this would strengthen the conjecture, as Pliny's second book of Epistles was probably written very shortly before that date.

There is little doubt that considerable portions of the sixth Satire were written in the reign of Trajan. 1. The lines 407-411 describe exactly the events which took place at Antioch, in A.D. 115, when Trajan was entering on his Armenian and Parthian campaigns. 2. The coins of Trajan of the year A.D. 110, have the legend Dacicus and Germanicus, cf. l. 205; and although Domitian triumphed over the Dacians and

Germans, none of his extant coins bear that inscription; the general title being Augustus Germanicus simply. 3. Again, l. 502 describes a kind of headdress, very common on the coins of the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian, representing Plotina the wife of Trajan, Marciana his sister, and Sabina the wife of Hadrian, and others: and this fashion was a very short-lived one. Beginning with the court, it probably soon descended to the ladies of inferior rank; but like its unnatural antitype, the towering, powdered, and plastered rolls of our own countrywomen, in the degraded days of the two first Georges, it was too unnatural and disfiguring to remain long in vogue with that sex, to whom "tanta est quærendi cura decoris tanquam famæ discrimen agatur aut animæ." 4. The subject itself also affords an additional reason for supposing that the Satire was composed when the poet was advanced in life. The vices of women are hardly a topic for a young writer to select; but the vigorous manner in which he handles the lash, rather marks the state of mind of the man who has outgrown the passions of early manhood, and from "the high heaven of his philosophy" looks down with cold austerity on the desires, and with bitter indignation at the vices, of those whose feelings he has long since ceased to share. Juvenal was, as Hodgson says, "an impenetrable bachelor," and if, as he conjectures, he was jilted in his early youth, this fact would give additional bitterness to the rancor which in old age he would feel toward the sex by whom his personal happiness had been embittered, as well as the ruin of his native country precipitated. 5. If we are right in supposing that by Heliodorus, Juvenal meant Artemidorus Capito (and the change in the name is both simple and readily suggested), this would also bring down the date of this Satire to Juvenal's later years, as about A.D. 122 was the time when this court-physician of Hadrian had attained his greatest reputation. 6. In line 320, Saufeia is spoken of in similar terms to those employed in the eleventh Satire, which was confessedly the work of his later years. 7. Compare also the mention of Archigenes (l. 236) with the 98th line of the thirteenth Satire, written A.D. 118. 8. The allusions to the importation of foreigners, with their exotic vices, would also

refer to the same date. See Chron., A.D. 118.

The date of the seventh Satire will depend mainly on the question, Whom does Juvenal intend to panegyrize in his 1st line?

"Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum."

Gifford pronounces unhesitatingly in favor of Domitian, and his argument is very plausible. "The Satire," he says, "would appear to have been written in the early part of Domitian's reign; and Juvenal, by giving the emperor 'one honest line' of praise, probably meant to stimulate him to extend his patronage. He did not think very ill of him at the time, and augured happily for the future." Juvenal's subsequent hatred of Domitian was caused, he thinks, by his bitter mortification at finding, in a few years, this "sole patron of literature" changed into a ferocious and bloody persecutor of all the arts. This opinion he supports by some references to contemporary writers, and by the evidence of coins of Domitian existing with a head of Pallas on the reverse, to symbolize his royal patronage of poetry and literary pursuits. But in almost every instance Gifford errs in assigning too early a date to the Satires; and one or two points in this clearly show that we must bring it down to a much later period. Domitian succeeded to the throne A.D. 81, and it could only have been in the earlier years of his reign that even his most servile flatterers could have complimented him upon his patronage of learning. Now, 1. It was not till about ten years after this that the actor Paris acquired his influence and his wealth; and even allowing the very problematical story of the banishment of Juvenal having been caused by the offense given to the favorite by the famous lines (85-92) to be true, this would bring it down to a time subsequent to the banishment of philosophers from Rome; after which act Juvenal, certainly, would not have written the first line on Domitian. 2. Again, in A.D. 90, Quintilian was teaching in a public school at Rome, and receiving a salary from the imperial treasury; it could hardly therefore be so early as this date that he had acquired the fortune and estates alluded to in l. 189. 3. In l. 82, the Thebaid of

Statius is mentioned. This poem was finished A.D. 94; and though it is true that Statius might, most probably, have publicly recited portions of it during its progress, it would have hardly earned the great reputation implied in Juvenal's lines, at a sufficiently early date to allow us to assign it to the first two or three years of Domitian's reign.

I should, therefore, rather suppose that by Cæsar we are to understand Nerva. The praise of Domitian is incompatible with Juvenal's universal hatred and execration of him. The opening of the reign of the mild and excellent Nerva might well inspire hopes of the revival of a taste for literature and the arts; and I would conjecture the close of A.D. 96 as the date of the Satire. Before the end of the year Statius was dead; but Juvenal's words seem to imply that he was still living. Again, Matho the lawyer has failed, and is in great poverty (l. 129), to which Martial alludes in lib. xi., Ep., part of which book was evidently written shortly before A.D. 97. But if we are right in supposing the first Satire to have been written about A.D. 100, the intervening years will have given Matho ample time to retrieve his fortune by his infamous trade of informing, and reappear as the luxurious character described Sat., i., 32.

Of the eighth Satire, if "Lateranus" be the true reading (l. 147), or if he be intended by "Damasippus," as I believe, we may assume the year A.D. 101 or 102 as the probable date: Lateranus had been consul A.D. 94, and in the year A.D. 101 Trajan for the first time extended the arms of Rome beyond the Danube. Cf. l. 169.

The plunder of his province of Africa, by Marius Priscus, was a recent event (l. 120 "nuper"); but, as we have said above, he was impeached by Pliny and Tacitus in the year A.D. 100. Ponticus, to whom the Satire is addressed, may be the person to whom Martial refers in his twelfth book, which was written A.D. 104.

There are two allusions by which we may form a conjecture as to the date of the ninth Satire. Crepereius Pollio is mentioned as nearly in the same circumstances of

profligate poverty (l. 6, 7) as is described in the eleventh Satire (l. 43), which was undoubtedly written in Juvenal's later years; and he alludes (l. 117) to Saufeia, in very much the same terms in which he speaks of her in the sixth Satire (l. 320), which we suppose to have been written in his old age.

The internal evidence, supplied by the sustained majesty and dignified flow of language of the tenth (as well as of the fourteenth) Satire, without taking into consideration the philosophical nature of the subject of both, is quite sufficient to prove that they must have been the finished productions of a late period of a thoughtful life. We are therefore quite prepared to admit the conjecture that the allusion in line 136 is to the column of Trajan, erected in the year A.D. 113. The repetition of the line (226) also connects this with the first Satire, which it probably preceded only by a short interval.

The 203d line of the eleventh Satire fixes its date to the later years of Juvenal's life. It breathes, besides, throughout the spirit of a calm and philosophic enjoyment of the blessings of life, that tells of declining age; cheered by a chastened appreciation of the comforts by which it is surrounded, but far removed from all extraneous or meretricious excitement, and utterly abhorrent of all noisy or exuberant hilarity. An additional argument is mentioned in the Chronology for referring it to the date A.D. 124.

The twelfth Satire contains nothing by which we can fix its date with any certainty. If, however, as the commentators suppose, the wife of Fuscus, in the 45th line, be Saufeia, it will be connected with the sixth, ninth, and eleventh Satires, and may probably be considered the work of his advanced age.

The thirteenth Satire is fixed by line 17 to the year A.D. 118, the 60th after the consulship of L. Fonteius Capito. This is the only Satire to which Mr. Clinton has assigned a date.

The argument applied to the tenth Satire will apply with nearly equal force to the

fourteenth. We are therefore prepared to admit the plausibility of the conjecture, that l. 196 refers to the progress of Hadrian through Britain, which would fix the date to A.D. 120; a very short time previous to the composition of the following Satire.

The event recorded in the fifteenth Satire occurred shortly after the consulship of Junius, l. 27, "nuper consule Junio gesta." This was, in all probability, Junius Rusticus, who was consul with Hadrian A.D. 119. The 110th line also probably refers to the influx of Greeks and other foreigners into Rome, in the train of Hadrian (to which we have alluded in discussing the date of the third Satire), which took place in the preceding year.

The sixteenth Satire may have either been the draft of a longer poem, commenced in early life (as l. 3 may imply), which the poet never cared to finish; or an outline for a more perfect composition, which he never lived to elaborate. The mention of Fucus may connect it with the twelfth Satire. But though there is quite enough remaining to warrant us in unhesitatingly ascribing the authorship to Juvenal, there is too little left to enable us to form even a probable conjecture as to the date of its composition.

It is hardly necessary to add, that, after a careful examination of the foregoing Chronology, it must be evident to every novice in scholarship, that the whole life of Juvenal, as usually given, is a mere myth, to which one can not even apply, as in many legendary biographies, the epithet of poetical.

L. E.

ARGUMENTS OF THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL.

SATIRE I.

This Satire seems, from several incidental circumstances to have been produced subsequently to most of them; and was probably drawn up after the author had determined to collect and publish his works, as a kind of Introduction.

He abruptly breaks silence with an impassioned complaint of the importunity of bad writers, and a resolution of retaliating upon them; and after ridiculing their frivolous taste in the choice of their subjects, declares his own intention to devote himself to Satire. After exposing the corruption of men, the profligacy of women, the luxury of courtiers, the baseness of informers and fortune-hunters, the treachery of guardians, and the peculation of officers of state, he censures the general passion for gambling, the servile rapacity of the patricians, the avarice and gluttony of the rich, and the miserable poverty and subjection of their dependents; and after some bitter reflections on the danger of satirizing living villainy, concludes with a resolution to attack it under the mask of departed names.

SATIRE II.

This Satire contains an animated attack upon the hypocrisy of the philosophers and reformers of the day, whose ignorance, profligacy, and impiety it exposes with just severity.

Domitian is here the object; his vices are alluded to under every different name; and it gives us a high opinion of the intrepid spirit of the man who could venture to circulate, even in private, so faithful a representation of that blood-thirsty tyrant.

SATIRE III.

Umbritius, an Aruspex and friend of the author, disgusted at the prevalence of vice and the disregard of unassuming virtue, is on the point of quitting Rome; and when a little way from the city stops short to acquaint the poet, who has accompanied him, with the causes of his retirement. These may be arranged under the following heads: That Flattery and Vice are the only thriving arts at Rome; in these, especially the first, foreigners have a manifest superiority over the natives, and consequently engross all favor—that the poor are universally exposed to scorn and insult—that the general habits of extravagance render it difficult for them to subsist—that the want

of a well-regulated police subjects them to numberless miseries and inconveniences, aggravated by the crowded state of the capital, from all which a country life is happily free: on the tranquillity and security of which he dilates with great beauty.

SATIRE IV.

In this Satire Juvenal indulges his honest spleen against Crispinus, already noticed, and Domitian, the constant object of his scorn and abhorrence. The introduction of the tyrant is excellent; the mock solemnity with which the anecdote of the Turbot is introduced, the procession of the affrighted counselors to the palace, and the ridiculous debate which terminates in as ridiculous a decision, show a masterly hand. The whole concludes with an indignant and high-spirited apostrophe.

SATIRE V.

Under pretense of advising one Trebius to abstain from the table of Virro, a man of rank and fortune, Juvenal takes occasion to give a spirited detail of the insults and mortifications to which the poor were subjected by the rich, at those entertainments to which, on account of the political connection subsisting between patrons and clients, it was sometimes thought necessary to invite them.

SATIRE VI.

The whole of this Satire, not only the longest, but the most complete of the author's works, is directed against the female sex. It may be distributed under the following heads: Lust variously modified, imperiousness of disposition, fickleness, gallantry, attachment to improper pursuits, litigiousness, drunkenness, unnatural passions, fondness for singers, dancers, etc.; gossiping, cruelty, ill manners; outrageous pretensions to criticism, grammar, and philosophy; superstitious and unbounded credulity in diviners and fortune-tellers; introducing supposititious children; poisoning their step-sons to possess their fortunes; and, lastly, murdering their

husbands.

SATIRE VII.

This Satire contains an animated account of the general discouragement under which literature labored at Rome. Beginning with poetry, it proceeds through the various departments of history, law, oratory, rhetoric, and grammar; interspersing many curious anecdotes, and enlivening each different head with such satirical, humorous, and sentimental remarks as naturally flow from the subject.

SATIRE VIII.

Juvenal demonstrates, in this Satire, that distinction is merely personal; that though we may derive rank and titles from our ancestors, yet if we degenerate from the virtues by which they obtained them, we can not be considered truly noble. This is the main object of the Satire; which, however, branches out into many collateral topics—the profligacy of the young nobility; the miserable state of the provinces, which they plundered and harassed without mercy; the contrast between the state of debasement to which the descendants of the best families had sunk, and the opposite virtues to be found in persons of the lowest station and humblest descent.

SATIRE IX.

The Satire consists of a dialogue between the poet and one Nævolus, a dependent of some wealthy debauchee, who, after making him subservient to his unnatural passions, in return starved, insulted, hated, and discarded him. The whole object seems to be, to inculcate the grand moral lesson, that, under any circumstances, a life of sin is a life of slavery.

SATIRE X.

The subject of this inimitable Satire is the vanity of human wishes. From the principal events of the lives of the most illustrious characters of all ages, the poet

shows how little happiness is promoted by the attainment of what our indistinct and limited views represent as the greatest of earthly blessings. Of these he instances wealth, power, eloquence, military glory, longevity, and personal accomplishments; all of which, he shows, have proved dangerous or destructive to their respective possessors. Hence he argues the wisdom of acquiescing in the dispensations of Heaven; and concludes with a form of prayer, in which he points out with great force and beauty the objects for which a rational being may presume to approach the Almighty.

SATIRE XI.

Under the form of an invitation to his friend Persicus, Juvenal takes occasion to enunciate many admirable maxims for the due regulation of life. After ridiculing the miserable state to which a profligate patrician had reduced himself by his extravagance, he introduces the picture of his own domestic economy, which he follows by a pleasing view of the simplicity of ancient manners, artfully contrasted with the extravagance and luxury of the current times. After describing with great beauty the entertainment he proposes to give his friend, he concludes with an earnest recommendation to him to enjoy the present with content, and await the future with calmness and moderation.

SATIRE XII.

Catullus, a valued friend of the poet, had narrowly escaped shipwreck. In a letter of rejoicing to their common friend, Corvinus, Juvenal describes the danger that his friend had incurred, and his own hearty and disinterested delight at his preservation, contrasting his own sacrifices of thanksgiving at the event, with those offered by the designing legacy-hunters, by which the rich and childless were attempted to be insnared.

SATIRE XIII.

Calvinus had left a sum of money in the hands of a confidential person, who, when he came to re-demand it, forswore the deposit. The indignation and fury expressed by Calvinus at this breach of trust, reached the ears of his friend Juvenal, who endeavors to soothe and comfort him under his loss. The different topics of consolation follow one another naturally and forcibly, and the horrors of a troubled conscience were perhaps never depicted with such impressive solemnity as in this Satire.

SATIRE XIV.

The whole of this Satire is directed to the one great end of self-improvement. By showing the dreadful facility with which children copy the vices of their parents, the poet points out the necessity as well as the sacred duty of giving them examples of domestic purity and virtue. After briefly enumerating the several vices, gluttony, cruelty, debauchery, etc., which youth imperceptibly imbibe from their seniors, he enters more at large into that of avarice; of which he shows the fatal and inevitable consequences. Nothing can surpass the exquisiteness of this division of the Satire, in which he traces the progress of that passion in the youthful mind from the paltry tricks of saving a broken meal to the daring violation of every principle, human and divine. Having placed the absurdity as well as the danger of immoderate desires in every point of view, he concludes with a solemn admonition to rest satisfied with those comforts and conveniences which nature and wisdom require, and which a decent competence is easily calculated to supply.

SATIRE XV.

After enumerating with great humor the animal and vegetable gods of the Egyptians, the author directs his powerful ridicule at their sottish and ferocious bigotry; of which he gives an atrocious and loathsome example. The conclusion of the Satire,

which is a just and beautiful description of the origin of civil society (infinitely superior to any thing that Lucretius or Horace has delivered on the subject), founded not on natural instinct, but on principles of mutual benevolence implanted by God in the breast of man, and of man alone, does honor to the genius, good sense, and enlightened morality of the author.

SATIRE XVI.

Under a pretense of pointing out to his friend Gallus the advantages of a military life, Juvenal attacks with considerable spirit the exclusive privileges which the army had acquired or usurped, to the manifest injury of the civil part of the community.

JUVENAL'S SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

Must I always be a hearer only? Shall I never retaliate,[33] though plagued so often with the Theseid of Codrus,[34] hoarse with reciting it? Shall one man, then, recite[35] to me his Comedies, and another his Elegies, with impunity? Shall huge "Telephus" waste a whole day for me, or "Orestes," with the margin of the manuscript full to the very edge, and written on the back too,[36] and yet not finished, and I not retort?

No one knows his own house better than I do the grove of Mars, and Vulcan's cave close to the Æolian rocks. The agency of the winds,[37] what ghosts Æacus is torturing, whence another bears off the gold[38] of the stolen fleece, what huge mountain-ashes Monychus hurls, all this the plane-groves of Fronto,[39] and the statues shaken and the columns split by the eternal reciter, are for ever re-echoing. You may look for the same themes from the greatest poet and the least.

And yet I too have shirked my hand away from the rod.[40] I too have given advice to Sylla, that he should enjoy a sound sleep by returning to a private station.[41]

When at every turn you meet so many poetasters, it were a foolish clemency to spare paper that is sure to be wasted. Yet why I rather choose to trace my course over that plain through which the great foster-son of Aurunca[42] urged his steeds, I will, if you are at leisure, and with favorable ear listen to reason, tell you. When a soft eunuch[43] marries a wife; when Mævia[44] transfixes the Tuscan boar, and, with breasts exposed, grasps the hunting-spears; when one man singly vies in wealth with the whole body of patricians, under whose razor my beard, grown exuberant, sounded while I was in my prime;[45] when Crispinus, one of the dregs of the mob of the Nile, a born-slave of Canopus, (while his shoulder hitches up his Tyrian cloak,)[46] airs his summer ring from his sweating fingers, and can not support the weight of his heavier gem;—it is difficult not to write satire. For who can be so tolerant of this iniquitous city, who so case-hardened,[47] as to contain himself! When there comes up the bran-new litter of Matho[48] the lawyer, filled with himself; and after him, he that informed upon his powerful friend; and will soon plunder the nobility, already close-shorn, of the little that remains to them; one whom even Massa fears, whom Carus soothes with a bribe; or a Thymele suborned by some trembling Latinus.[49] When fellows supplant you, who earn their legacies by night-work, lifted up to heaven[50] by what is now the surest road to the highest advancement, the lust of some ancient harridan. Proculeius gets one poor twelfth; but Gillo has eleven twelfths. Each gets the share proportioned to his powers. Well! let him take the purchase-money of his blood, and be as pale as one that has trodden on a snake with naked heel, or a rhetorician about to declaim at the altar at Lyons.[51]

Why need I tell with what indignation my parched liver boils, when here, the plunderer of his ward (reduced by him to the vilest gains) presses on the people with his crowds of menials, and there, he that was condemned by a powerless sentence. (For what cares he for infamy while he retains the plunder?) Marius,[52] though an exile, drinks from the eighth hour, and laughs at the angry gods, while thou, O

Province, victorious in the suit, art in tears! Shall I not deem these themes worthy of the lamp of Venusium?[53] Shall I not lash these? Why rather sing tales of Hercules or Diomede, or the bellowing of the Labyrinth, and the sea struck by the boy Icarus, and the winged artificer?[54] When the pander inherits the wealth of the adulterer (since the wife has lost the right of receiving it),[55] taught to gaze at the ceiling, and snore over his cups with well-feigned sleep. When he considers himself privileged to expect the command of a cohort, who has squandered his money on his stables, and has run through all his ancestors' estate, while he flies with rapid wheel along the Flaminian road;[56] for while yet a youth, like Automedon, he held the reins, while the great man showed himself off to his "mistress-in-his-cloak."[57] Do you not long to fill your capacious tablets, even in the middle of the cross-ways, when there comes borne on the shoulders of six slaves, exposed to view on either side, with palanquin almost uncurtained, and aping the luxurious Mæcenas, the forger, who made himself a man of splendor and wealth by a few short lines, and a moistened seal?[58] Next comes the powerful matron, who when her husband thirsts, mingles the toad's-poison in the mellow wine of Cales which she is herself about to hand him, and with skill superior even to Locusta,[59] initiates her neighbors, too simple before, in the art of burying their husbands, livid from the poison, in despite of infamy and the public gaze.[60]

Dare some deed to merit scanty Gyarus[61] and the jail, if you wish to be somebody. Honesty is commended, and starves. It is to their crimes they are indebted for their gardens, their palaces, their tables, their fine old plate, and the goat standing in high relief from the cup. Whom does the seducer of his own daughter-in-law, greedy for gold, suffer to sleep? Or the unnatural brides, or the adulterer not out of his teens?[62] If nature denies the power, indignation would give birth to verses, such as it could produce, like mine and Cluvienus'.

From the time that Deucalion ascended the mountain in his boat, while the storm upheaved the sea,[63] and consulted the oracle, and the softening stones by degrees

grew warm with life, and Pyrrha displayed to the males the virgins unrobed; all that men are engaged in, their wishes, fears, anger, pleasures, joys, and varied pursuits, form the hotch-potch of my book.

And when was the crop of vices more abundant? When were the sails of avarice more widely spread? When had gambling its present spirits? For now men go to the hazard of the gaming-table not simply with their purses, but play with their whole chest[64] staked. What fierce battles will you see there, while the steward supplies the weapons for the contest! Is it then mere common madness to lose a hundred sestertia, and not leave enough for a tunic for your shivering slave![65] Which of our grandsires erected so many villas? Which of them ever dined by himself[66] on seven courses? In our days the diminished sportula is set outside the threshold, ready to be seized upon by the toga-clad crowd.[67] Yet he (that dispenses it), before giving, scans your features, and dreads lest you should come with counterfeit pretense and under a false name. When recognized you will receive your dole. He bids the crier summon the very Trojugenæ themselves. For even they assail the door with us. "Give the prætor his! Then to the tribune." But the freedman must first be served! "I was before him!" he says. "Why should I fear or hesitate to stand up for my turn, though I was born on the banks of Euphrates, which the soft windows[68] in my ears would attest, though I myself were to deny the fact. But my five shops bring me in four hundred sestertia. What does the Laticlave[69] bestow that's worth a wish, since Corvinus keeps sheep for hire in the Laurentine fields? I own more than Pallas[70] and the Licini. Let the tribunes wait then!" Let Riches carry the day, and let not him give place even to the sacrosanct magistrate, who came but the other day to this city with chalked feet.[71] Since with us the most revered majesty is that of riches; even though as yet, pernicious money, thou dwellest in no temple, nor have we as yet reared altars to coin, as we worship Peace and Faith, Victory and Virtue, and Concord, whose temple resounds with the noise of storks returning to their nests.[72] But when a magistrate of the highest rank reckons up at the end of

the year, what the sportula brings him in, how much it adds to his revenue, what shall the poor retainers do, who look to this for their toga, for their shoes, their bread and fire at home? A closely-wedged crowd of litters is clamorous for the hundred quadrantes, and his wife, though sick or pregnant, accompanies and goes the rounds with her husband. One practicing a crafty trick now worn threadbare, asks for his wife though really absent, displaying in her stead an empty and closed palanquin: "My Galla is inside," he says, "dispatch us with all speed. Why hesitate?" "Put out your head, Galla!" "O don't disturb her! she's asleep!"

The day is portioned out with a fine routine of engagements. First the sportula; then the Forum,[73] and Apollo[74] learned in the law; and the triumphal statues, among which some unknown Egyptian or Arabarch has dared set up his titles, whose image, as though sacred, one dare not venture to defile.[75] At length, the old and wearied-out clients quit the vestibule and give up all their hopes;[76] although their expectation of a dinner has been full-long protracted: the poor wretches must buy their cabbage and fire. Meanwhile their patron-lord will devour the best that the forest and ocean can supply, and will recline in solitary state with none but himself on his couches. For out of so many fair, and broad, and such ancient dishes, they gorge whole patrimonies at a single course. In our days there will not be even a parasite! Yet who could tolerate such sordid luxury! How gross must that appetite be, which sets before itself whole boars, an animal created to feast a whole company! Yet thy punishment is hard at hand, when distended with food thou layest aside thy garments, and bearest to the bath the peacock undigested! Hence sudden death, and old age without a will. The news[77] travels to all the dinner-tables, but calls forth no grief, and thy funeral procession advances, exulted over by disgusted friends![78] There is nothing farther that future times can add to our immorality. Our posterity must have the same desires, perpetrate the same acts. Every vice has reached its climax. Then set sail! spread all your canvas! Yet here perchance you may object, whence can talent be elicited able to cope with the subject? Whence that

blunt freedom of our ancestors, whose very name I dare not utter, of writing whatever was dictated by their kindling soul. What matter, whether Mucius forgive the libel, or not? But take Tigellinus for your theme, and you will shine in that tunic, in which they blaze standing,[79] who smoke with throat transfixed, and you will draw a broad furrow in the middle of the sand. "Must he then, who has given[80] aconite to his three uncles, be borne on down cushions, suspended aloft, and from thence look down on us?" Yes! when he meets you press your finger to your lip! There will be some informer standing by to whisper in his ear, That's he! Without fear for the consequences you may match[81] Æneas and the fierce Rutulian. The death of Achilles breeds ill-will in no one; or the tale of the long-sought Hylas, who followed his pitcher. But whensoever Lucilius, fired with rage, has brandished as it were his drawn sword, his hearer, whose conscience chills with the remembrance of crime, grows red. His heart sweats with the pressure of guilt concealed. Then bursts forth rage and tears! Ponder well, therefore, these things in your mind, before you sound the signal blast. The soldier when helmeted repents too late of the fight. I will try then what I may be allowed to vent on those whose ashes are covered by the Flaminian[82] or Latin road.

FOOTNOTES:

[33] Reponam, "repay in kind." A metaphor taken from the payment of debts.

[34] Codrus; a poor poet in every sense, if, as some think, he is the same as the Codrus mentioned iii., 203.

[35] Recitaverit. For the custom of Roman writers to recite their compositions in public, cf. Sat. vii., 40, 83; iii., 9. Plin., 1, Ep. xiii., "queritur se diem perdidisse." Togata is a comedy on a Roman subject; Prætexta, a tragedy on the same; Elegi, trifling love-songs.

[36] In tergo. The ancients usually wrote only on one side of the parchment: when otherwise, the works were called "Opisthographi," and said to be written "aversa

charta."

[37] Venti; cf. xii., 23, where he uses "Poëtica tempestas" as a proverbial expression.

[38] Aurum; probably a hit at Valerius Flaccus, his contemporary.

[39] Julius Fronto was a munificent patron of literature, thrice consul, and once colleague of Trajan, A.D. 97. Cassiod.

[40] "Jam a grammaticis eruditi recessimus." Brit.; and so Dryden.

[41] "That to sleep soundly, he must cease to rule." Badham.

[42] Lucilius was born at Aurunca, anciently called Suessa.

[43] Spado, for the reason, vid. Sat. vi., 365.

[44] Mævia. The passion of the Roman women for fighting with wild beasts in the amphitheatre was encouraged by Domitian, but afterward restrained by an edict of Severus.

[45] "Who reap'd my manly chin's resounding field." Hodgson. Either Licinus, the freedman of Augustus, is referred to (Hor., A. P., 301), or more probably Cinnamus. Cf. Sat. x., 225. Mart., vii., Ep. 64.

[46] This is the most probable meaning, and adopted by Madan and Browne; but there are various other interpretations: e. g., "Cumbered with his purple vest." Badham. "With cloak of Tyrian dye, Changed oft a day for needless luxury." Dryden. "While he gathers now, now flings his purple open." Gifford. "O'er his back displays." Hodgson.

[47] Ferreus, "so steel'd."

[48] "Fat Matho plunged in cushions at his ease." Badham.

[49] Cf. Mart., i., v., 5, "Quâ Thymelen spectas derisoremque Latinum."

[50] Cœlum. There is probably a covert allusion here to Adrian, who gained the empire through the partiality of Plotina, in spite of the will of her dying husband Trajan.

[51] Lugdunensem. There was a temple erected in honor of Augustus at Lyons, A.U.C. 744, and from the very first games were celebrated there, but the contest here alluded to was instituted by Caligula. Cf. Suet., Calig., xx. It was a "certamen Græcæ Latinæque facundiæ," in which the vanquished were compelled to give prizes to the victors, and to write their praises. While those who "maximè displicuissent" had to obliterate their own compositions with a sponge or their tongues, unless they preferred being beaten with ferules, or ducked in the nearest river. Caligula was at Lyons, A.D. 40, on his way to the ocean.

[52] Marius Priscus, proconsul of Africa, was condemned for extortion, A.D. 100. Vid. Clinton in a. Pliny the Younger was his accuser, 2 Ep., xi. (Cf. Sat. viii., 120, "Cum tenues nuper Marius discinxerit Afros.") Though condemned, he saved his money; and was, as Gifford renders it, "by a juggling sentence damn'd in vain." The ninth hour (three o'clock) was the earliest hour at which the temperate dined. Cf. Mart., iv., Ep. 8, "Imperat exstructos frangere nona toros." Cf. Hor., i., Od. i., 20.

[53] Venusium, or Venusia, the birthplace of Horace.

[54] "Vitreo daturus nomina Ponto." Hor., iv., Od. ii., 3.

[55] Jus nullum uxori. Cf. Suet., Dom., viii. "Probrosis fœminis ademit jus capiendi legata hæreditatesque."

[56] The Flaminian road ran the whole length of the Campus Martius, and was therefore the most conspicuous thoroughfare in Rome. It is now the Corso.

[57] Lacernatæ. The Lacerna was a male garment: the allusion is probably to Nero and his "eunuch-love" Sporus. Vid. Suet., Nero, 28.

[58] "Signator-falso," sc. testamento. Cf. Sat. xii., 125, and Bekker's Charicles. "Fram'd a short will and gave himself the whole." Hodgson.

"A few short lines authentic made, By a forged seal the inheritance convey'd." Badham.

[59] Locusta. Vid. Tac., Ann., xii., 66, 67. She was employed by Agrippina to poison Claudius, and by Nero to destroy Germanicus. On the accession of Galba she was executed. Cf. Suet., Nero, 33.

[60]

"Reckless of whispering mobs that hover near." Badham. "Nor heed the curse of the indignant throng." Gifford.

[61] Gyarus, a barren island in the Ægean. Vid. Tac., Ann., iii, 68, 69. "Insulam Gyarum immitem et sine cultu hominum esse." Cf. Sat. x., 170; vi., 563.

[62] "The raw noble in his boyish gown." Hodgson. "Stripling debauchee." Gifford. The sons of the nobility wore the toga prætexta till the age of seventeen.

[63] "While whelming torrents swell'd the floods below." Badham.

[64] Arcâ. Cf. Sat. x., 24.

[65] Reddere. Probably "to pay what has been long due."

[66] Secreto, "without their clients," opposed to the "in propatulo" of Val. Max., ii., 5. ἔῤῥ' ἐς κόρακας μονόφαγε. Alex.

[67] In former days the Romans entertained their clients, after the day's officium was over, at supper, which was called "cœna recta." In later times, the clients, instead of this, received their portion of the supper, which they carried away in a small basket, "sportula," or a kind of portable kitchen. Cf. iii., 249. This was again changed, and an equivalent in money (centum quadrantes, about twenty pence English) given instead. Domitian restored the "cœna recta." Cf. Suet., Dom., vii.; Nero, xvi.

[68] Fenestræ. Cf. Xen., Anab., III., i., 31. Exod., xxi., 6.

[69]

"Shall I then yield, though born perchance a slave, To the proud beggar in his laticlave?" Hodgson.

[70] Pallas, the freedman of Claudius, was enormously rich. The wealth and

splendor of Licinus is again alluded to, Sat. xiv., 305.

[71] Pedibus albis. The feet of imported slaves were marked with chalk. Cf. Sat. vii., 16. Plin., H. N., xxxv., 17.

[72] Salutato crepitat. It refers either to the chattering of the young birds, when the old birds who have been in quest of food return to their nests (the whole temple being deserted by men, serves, as the Schol. says, for a nidus to birds); or, to the noise made by the old birds striking their beaks to announce their return. Cf. Ov., Met., vi., 97.

[73] Ordine rerum. Cf. Mart., iv., Ep. 8. The Forum is the old Forum Romanum.

[74] Apollo, i. e., the Forum Augusti on the Palatine Hill. In the court where pleas were held stood an ivory statue of Apollo. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. ix., 78.

[75] "And none must venture to pollute the place." Hodgson. Tantum, i. e., tantummodo. Cf. Pers., i. Sat., 114, Sacer est locus, ite profani, Extra meiete!

[76] To all these places the client attends his patron; then, on his return, the rich man's door is closed, and he is at liberty to return home, without any invitation to remain to dinner.

"The day's attendance closed, and evening come, The uninvited client hies him home." Badham.

[77] Nova. "By witty spleen increased." Gifford.

[78]

"Friends, unenrich'd, shall revel o'er your bier, Tell the sad news, nor grace it with a tear." Hodgson.

[79] Tædâ. Cf. viii., 235, "Ausi quod libeat tunica punire molestâ." Tac., Ann., xv., 44, "Aut crucibus adfixi, aut flammandi, atque ubi defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur." Sen., de Ira, iii., 3, "Circumdati defixis corporibus ignes."

[80] Qui dedit, i. e., Tigellinus.

[81] Committas, a metaphor from pairing or matching gladiators in the arena.

"Achilles may in epic verse be slain, And none of all his myrmidons complain; Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry, Not if he drown himself for company." Dryden.

[82] Flaminiâ. The laws of the xii. tables forbade all burials within the city. The road-sides, therefore, were lined with tombs. Hence the common beginning of epitaphs, "Siste gradum viator." The peculiar propriety of the selection of these two roads is the fact that Domitian was buried by the Flaminian, and Paris, the mime, Juvenal's personal enemy, by the Latin road.

SATIRE II.

I long to escape from hence beyond the Sarmatians, and the frozen sea, whenever those fellows who pretend to be Curii and live like Bacchanals presume to read a lecture on morality. First of all, they are utterly unlearned, though you may find all their quarters full of busts of Chrysippus. For the most finished scholar among them is he that has bought an image of Aristotle or Pittacus, or bids his shelves retain originals of Cleanthes. There is no trusting to the outside! For what street is there that does not overflow with debauchees of demure exterior? Dost thou reprove abominations, that art thyself the most notorious sink among catamites who pretend to follow Socrates? Thy rough limbs indeed, and the stiff bristles on thy arms, seem to promise a vigorous mind within; but on thy smooth behind, the surgeon with a smile lances the swelling piles. These fellows affect a paucity of words, and a wonderful taciturnity, and the fashion of cutting their hair shorter than their eyebrows. There is therefore more frankness and sincerity in Peribomius; the man that by his very look and gait makes no secret of his depravity, I look upon as the victim of destiny. The plain-dealing of the latter class excites our pity; their very madness pleads for our forgiveness. Far worse are they who in Hercules' vein practice similar atrocities, and preaching up virtue, perpetrate the foulest vice. "Shall

I feel any dread for thee, Sextus, unnatural thyself?" says the infamous Varillus. "How am I worse than thou? Let the straight-limbed, if you please, mock the bandy-legged; the fair European sneer at the Ethiop. But who could tolerate the Gracchi if they railed at sedition? Who would not confound heaven with earth, and sea with sky,[83] if a thief were odious to Verres, or a murderer to Milo? If Clodius were to impeach adulterers, or Catiline Cethegus? If Sylla's three pupils were to declaim against Sylla's proscriptions? Such was the case of the adulterer recently[84] defiled by incest, such as might be found in Greek tragedy, who then set himself to revive those bitter laws which all might tremble at, ay, even Venus and Mars, at the same time that Julia was relieving her fruitful womb by so many abortives,[85] and gave birth to shapeless masses, the image of her uncle! Might not then, with all reason and justice, even the very worst of vices look with contempt on these counterfeit Scauri, and if censured turn and bite again?"

Lauronia could not endure some fierce reformer of this class so often exclaiming, "Where is now the Julian law? is it slumbering?" and thus silenced him with a sneer: "Blest days indeed! that set thee up as a censor of morals! Rome now must needs retrieve her honor! A third Cato has dropped from the clouds. But tell me, pray, where do you buy these perfumes that exhale from your neck, all hairy though it be! Do not be ashamed to tell the shopman's name. But if old laws and statutes are to be raked up,[86] before all others the Scatinian ought to be revived. First scrutinize and look into the conduct of the men. They commit the greater atrocities; but it is their number protects them, and their phalanxes close serried with their shields. There is a wonderful unanimity among these effeminates. You will not find one single instance of such execrable conduct in our sex.[87] Tædia does not caress Cluvia, nor Flora Catulla. Hispo acts both sex's parts, and is pale with two-handed lust. Do we ever plead causes? Do we study civil law? or disturb your courts with any clamor of our tongues? A few of us perhaps may wrestle, or diet themselves on the trainer's food; but only a few. You men, you spin wool, and carry home in women's baskets your

finished tasks. You men twist the spindle big with its fine-drawn thread more deftly than Penelope, more nimbly than Arachne; work, such as the dirty drab does that sits crouching on her log. Every one knows why Hister at his death made his freedman his sole heir, while, when alive, he gave his maiden wife[88] so many presents. She will be rich without a doubt, who will submit to lie third in the wide bed. Get married then, and hold your tongue, and earrings[89] will be the guerdon of your silence! And after all this, forsooth, a heavy sentence is to be passed on us women! Censure acquits the raven, but falls foul of the dove!"

From this rebuke so true and undeniable, the counterfeit Stoics recoiled in confusion, For what grain of untruth was there in Lauronia's words? Yet, what will not others do, when thou, Creticus, adoptest muslin robes, and to the amazement of the people, inveighest in such a dress against Procula or Pollinea?

Fabulla, thou sayest, is an adulteress. Then let her be condemned, if you will have it so, and Carfinia also. Yet though condemned, she would not put on such a dress as that. "But it is July, it is raging hot, I am on fire!" Then plead stark naked![90] To be thought mad would be a less disgrace! Is that a dress to propound laws and statutes in, in the ears of the people when flushed with victory, with their wounds yet green, or that noble race, fresh from their plows? What an outcry would you make, if you saw such a dress on the person of a Judex! I ask, would such a robe be suitable even in a witness? Creticus! the implacable, the indomitable, the champion of liberty, is transparent! Contagion has caused this plague-spot, and will extend it to many more, just as a whole flock perishes, in the fields from the scab of one sheep, or pigs from mange, and the grape contracts the taint from the grape it comes in contact with. Ere long you will venture on something more disgraceful even than this dress. No one ever reached the climax of vice at one step. You will by degrees enter the band of those who wear at home long fillets round their brows, and cover their necks with jewels, and propitiate Bona Dea with the belly of a young sow and a huge bowl of wine; but by an inversion of the old custom women, kept far aloof, dare not cross the

threshold. The altar of the goddess is accessible to males alone. "Withdraw, profane females!" is the cry. No minstrel here may make her cornet sound! Such were the orgies by the secret torch-light which the Baptæ celebrated, who used to weary out even the Athenian Cotytto.[91] One with needle held oblique adds length to his eyebrows touched with moistened soot, and raising the lids paints his quivering eyes. Another drains a Priapus-shaped glass, and confines his long thick hair with a caul of gold thread, clothed in sky-blue checks, or close-piled yellow stuffs; while his attendant also swears by Juno, the patron deity of his master. Another holds a mirror, the weapon wielded by the pathic Otho, "the spoil of Auruncan Actor,"[92] in which he surveyed himself when fully armed, before he gave the signal to engage—a thing worthy to be recorded in the latest annals and history of the day. A mirror! fit baggage for a civil war! O yes, forsooth! to kill old Galba shows the consummate general, to pamper one's complexion is the consistent occupation of the first citizen of Rome; to aspire to the empire as the prize on Bebriacum's[93] plains, and then spread over his face a poultice applied with his fingers! Such an act as neither the quivered Semiramis perpetrated in the Assyrian realms, or Cleopatra flying dejected in her Actian galley. Among this crew there is neither decency of language, nor respect for the proprieties of the table. Here is the foul license that Cybele enjoins, the lisping speech, the aged priest with hoary hair, like one possessed, a prodigy of boundless appetite, open to hire. Yet why do they delay? since long ago they ought after the Phrygian custom to have removed with their knives the superfluous flesh.

Gracchus[94] gave four hundred sestertia as his dowry, with himself, to a bugler, or else one that blew the straight trumpet. The marriage deeds were duly signed, the blessing invoked, a great dinner provided, the he-bride lay in the bridegroom's arms. O nobles! is it a censor we need, or an aruspex? You would without doubt be horrified, and deem it a prodigy of portentous import, if a woman gave birth to a calf, or a cow to a lamb. The same Gracchus puts on flounces, the long robe and

flame-colored[95] veil, who, when bearing the sacred shields swinging with mysterious thong, sweated beneath the Ancilia! Oh! father of our city! whence came such heinous guilt to the shepherds of Latium? Whence, O Gradivus, came this unnatural lust that has tainted thy race? See! a man illustrious in birth and rank is made over to a man! Dost thou neither shake thy helmet, nor smite the earth with thy lance? Dost thou not even appeal to thy father Jove? Begone then! and quit the acres of the Campus once so severe, which thou ceasest to care for! "I have some duty-work to perform to-morrow at break of day in the Quirinal valley." "What is the occasion?" "Why ask? my friend is going to be married; only a few are invited!" If we only live to see it, these things will be done in the broad light of day, and claim to be registered in the public acts. Meanwhile, there is one grievous source of pain that clings to these male-brides, that they are incapable of bearing, and retaining their lords' affections by bringing them children. No! better is it that nature in this case gives their minds no power over their bodies! They must die barren! Vain, in their case, is fat Lyde with her medicated box; vain the holding out their hands to the nimble Luperci.

Yet even this prodigy of crime is surpassed by the trident of Gracchus in his gladiator's tunic,[96] when in full flight he traverses the middle of the arena. Gracchus! more nobly born than the Manlii, and Marcelli, and Catulus' and Paulus' race, and the Fabii, and all the spectators in the front row. Ay, even though you add to these the very man himself, at whose expense he cast his net as Retiarius.

That there are departed spirits, and realms beneath the earth—that Charon's pole exists, and the foul frogs in the Stygian whirlpool—and that so many thousand souls cross its waters in a single bark, not even boys believe, save those as yet too young to be charged for their bath.[97] But do thou believe them true! What does Curius feel, and the two Scipios, what Fabricius and the shades of Camillus, what the legion cut off at Cremera, and the flower of Roman youth slaughtered at Cannæ—so many martial spirits—what do they feel when such a shade as this passes from us to them?

They would long to be cleansed from the pollution of the contact, could any sulphur and pine-torches be supplied to them, or could there be a bay-tree to sprinkle them with water.

To such a pitch of degradation are we come![98] We have, indeed, advanced our arms beyond Juverna's shore, and the Orcades[99] recently subdued, and the Britons content with night contracted to its briefest span. But those abominations which are committed in the victorious people's city are unknown to those barbarians whom we have conquered. "Yet there is a story told of one, an Armenian Zalates, who, more effeminate than the rest of his young countrymen, is reported to have yielded to the tribune's lust." See the result of intercourse with Rome! He came a hostage! Here they learn to be men! For if a longer tarry in the city be granted to these youths, they will never lack a lover. Their plaids, and knives, and bits, and whips, will soon be discarded. Thus it is the vices of our young nobles are aped even at Artaxata.[100]

FOOTNOTES:

[83] Alluding to the comic exclamation, "O Cœlum, O Terra, O Maria Neptuni." Vid. Ter., Adelph., v., i., 4. Cf. Sat. vi., 283.

[84] Nuper. The allusion is to Domitian and his niece Julia, who died from the use of abortives (cf. Plin., iv., Epist. xi.: "Vidua abortu periit"), cir. A.D. 91. This, therefore, fixes the date of the Satire, which was probably one of Juvenal's earliest, and written when he was about thirty. Cf. Sat. xiii., 17.

[85] Cf. vi., 368.

[86] Vexantur. E somno excitantur, alluding to "Lex Julia Dormis?" Cf. i., 126.

[87] The whole of this ironical defense contains the bitterest satire upon the women of Rome, as all these crimes he proves in the 6th Satire to be of every-day occurrence.

[88] Puellæ. Cf. Sat. ix., 70, seq.

[89] Cylindros, called, vi., 459, "Elenchos." Cf. Arist., Fr., 300, ἐλικτῆρες.

[90] Nudus, i. e., in the Roman sense, without the toga.

[91] Cotytto herself, the goddess of licentiousness, was wearied with their impurities.

[92] Actoris. Æn., xii., 94.

[93] Bebriacum, between Verona and Cremona, where the deciding battle was fought between Otho and Vitellius.

[94] Gracchus. In the same manner Nero was married to one Pythagoras, "in modum solennium conjugiorum denupsisset." Tac., Ann., xv., 37. He repeated the same act with Sporus.

[95] Flammea. Vid. Tac., u. s. "Inditum imperatori flammeum, visi auspices, dos, et genialis torus et faces nuptiales: cuncta denique spectata, quæ etiam in feminâ nox operit."

[96] Tunicati. Vid. Sat. vi., 256; viii., 203. Movet ecce tridentem. Credamus tunicæ, etc.

[97] Nondum ære lavantur. The fee was a quadrans: vi., 447.

[98] Traducimur. Cf. viii., 17. Squalentes traducit avos.

[99] Modo captas Orcadas. A.D. 78, Clinton, F. R. "Insulas quas Orcadas vocant, invenit domuitque." Tac., Agric., c. x.; cf. c. xii. "Dierum spatia ultra nostri orbis mensuram: nox clara, et extremâ Britanniæ parte brevis, ut finem atque initium lucis exiguo discrimine internoscas."

[100] Referunt. Cf. i., 41. "Multum referens de Mæcenate supino." The fashion is not only carried back to Armenia, but copied there. Prætextatus. Cf. i., 78. Artaxata, the capital of Armenia, was taken by Corbulo, A.D. 58.

SATIRE III.

Although troubled at the departure of my old friend, yet I can not but commend his intention of fixing his abode at Cumæ, now desolate, and giving the Sibyl one citizen at least. It is the high road to Baiæ, and has a pleasant shore; a delightful retreat. I prefer even Prochyta[101] to the Suburra. For what have we ever looked on so wretched or so lonely, that you would not deem it worse to be in constant dread of fires, the perpetual falling-in of houses, and the thousand dangers of the cruel city,[102] and poets spouting in the month of August.[103] But while his whole household is being stowed in a single wagon, my friend Umbritius halted at the ancient triumphal arches[104] and the moist Capena. Here, where Numa used to make assignations with his nocturnal mistress, the grove of the once-hallowed fountain and the temples are in our days let out to Jews, whose whole furniture is a basket and bundle of hay.[105] For every single tree is bid to pay a rent to the people, and the Camenæ having been ejected, the wood is one mass of beggars. We descended into the valley of Egeria and the grottoes, so altered from what nature made them. How much more should we feel the influence of the presiding genius of the spring,[106] if turf inclosed the waters with its margin of green, and no marble profaned the native tufo. Here then Umbritius began:[107]

"Since at Rome there is no place for honest pursuits, no profit to be got by honest toil—my fortune is less to-day than it was yesterday, and to-morrow must again make that little less—we purpose emigrating to the spot where Dædalus put off his wearied wings, while my gray hairs are still but few, my old age green and erect; while something yet remains for Lachesis to spin, and I can bear myself on my own legs, without a staff to support my right hand. Let us leave our native land. There let Arturius and Catulus live. Let those continue in it who turn black to white; for whom it is an easy matter to get contracts for building temples, clearing rivers, constructing harbors,[108] cleansing the sewers, the furnishing a funeral,[109] and under the mistress-spear set up the slave to sale."[110]

These fellows, who in former days were horn-blowers, and constant attendants on

the municipal amphitheatres, and whose puffed cheeks were well known through all the towns, now themselves exhibit gladiatorial shows, and when the thumbs of the rabble are turned up, let any man be killed to court the mob. Returned from thence, they farm the public jakes.

And why not every thing? Since these are the men whom Fortune, whenever she is in a sportive mood, raises from the dust to the highest pinnacle of greatness.[111]

What shall I do at Rome? I can not lie; if a book is bad, I can not praise it and beg a copy. I know not the motions of the stars. I neither will nor can promise a man to secure his father's death. I never inspected the entrails of a toad.[112]

Let others understand how to bear to a bride the messages and presents of the adulterer; no one shall be a thief by my co-operation; and therefore I go forth, a companion to no man,[113] as though I were crippled, and a trunk useless from its right hand being disabled.[114]

Who, now-a-days, is beloved except the confidant of crime, and he whose raging mind[115] is boiling with things concealed, and that must never be divulged? He that has made you the partaker of an honest secret, thinks that he owes you nothing, and nothing will he ever pay. He will be Verres' dear friend, who can accuse Verres at any time he pleases. Yet set not thou so high a price on all the sands of shady Tagus,[116] and the gold rolled down to the sea, as to lose your sleep, and to your sorrow take bribes that ought to be spurned,[117] and be always dreaded by your powerful friend.

What class of men is now most welcome to our rich men, and whom I would especially shun, I will soon tell you; nor shall shame prevent me.[118] It is that the city is become Greek, Quirites, that I can not tolerate; and yet how small the proportion even of the dregs of Greece! Syrian Orontes has long since flowed into the Tiber, and brought with it its language, morals, and the crooked harps with the flute-player, and its national tambourines, and girls made to stand for hire at the

Circus. Go thither, ye who fancy a barbarian harlot with embroidered turban. That rustic of thine, Quirinus, takes his Greek supper-cloak, and wears Greek prizes on his neck besmeared with Ceroma.[119] One forsaking steep Sicyon, another Amydon, a third from Andros, another from Samos, another again from Tralles, or Alabanda,[120] swarm to Esquiliæ, and the hill called from its osiers, destined to be the very vitals, and future lords of great houses.[121] These have a quick wit, desperate impudence, a ready speech, more rapidly fluent even than Isæus.[122] Tell me what you fancy he is? He has brought with him whatever character you wish—grammarian, rhetorician, geometer, painter, trainer,[123] soothsayer, rope-dancer, physician, wizard—he knows every thing. Bid the hungry Greekling go to heaven! He'll go.[124] In short, it was neither Moor, nor Sarmatian, nor Thracian, that took wings, but one born in the heart of Athens.[125] Shall I not shun these men's purple robes? Shall this fellow take precedence of me in signing his name, and recline pillowed on a more honorable couch than I, though imported to Rome by the same wind that brought the plums and figs?[126] Does it then go so utterly for nothing, that my infancy inhaled the air of Aventine, nourished on the Sabine berry? Why add that this nation, most deeply versed in flattery, praises the conversation of an ignorant, the face of a hideously ugly friend, and compares some weak fellow's crane-like neck to the brawny shoulders of Hercules, holding Antæus far from his mother Earth: and is in raptures at the squeaking voice,[127] not a whit superior in sound to that of the cock as he bites the hen. We may, it is true, praise the same things, if we choose. But they are believed. Can he be reckoned a better actor,[128] when he takes the part of Thais, or acts the wife in the play, or Doris[129] without her robe. It is surely a woman in reality that seems to speak, and not a man personifying one. You would swear it was a woman, perfect in all respects. In their country, neither Antiochus, nor Stratocles, or Demetrius and the effeminate Hæmus, would call forth admiration. For there every man's an actor. Do you smile? He is convulsed with a laugh far more hearty. If he spies a tear in his friend's eye, he

bursts into a flood of weeping; though in reality he feels no grief. If at the winter solstice you ask for a little fire, he calls for his thick coat. If you say, I am hot! he breaks into a sweat. Therefore we are not fairly matched; he has the best of it, who can at any time, either by night or day, assume a fictitious face; kiss his hands in ecstasy, quite ready, to praise his patron's grossest acts; if the golden cup has emitted a sound, when its bottom is inverted.

Besides, there is nothing that is held sacred by these fellows, or that is safe from their lust. Neither the mistress of the house, nor your virgin daughter, nor her suitor, unbearded as yet, nor your son, heretofore chaste. If none of these are to be found, he assails his friend's grandmother. They aim at learning the secrets of the house, and from that knowledge be feared.

And since we have begun to make mention of the Greeks, pass on to their schools of philosophy, and hear the foul crime of the more dignified cloak.[130] It was a Stoic that killed Bareas—the informer, his personal friend—the old man, his own pupil—bred on that shore[131] on which the pinion of the Gorgonean horse lighted. There is no room for any Roman here, where some Protogenes, or Diphilus, or Erimanthus reigns supreme; who, with the common vice of his race, never shares a friend, but engrosses him entirely to himself. For when he has infused into his patron's too ready ear one little drop of the venom of his nature and his country, I am ejected from the door; all my long-protracted service goes for naught. Nowhere is the loss of a client of less account. Besides (not to flatter ourselves) what service can the poor man render, what merit can he plead, even though he be zealous enough to hasten in his toga[132] before break of day, when the very prætor himself urges on his lictor, and bids him hurry on with headlong speed, since the childless matrons have been long awake, lest his colleague[133] be beforehand with him in paying his respects to Albina and Modia. Here, by the side of a slave, if only rich, walks the son of the free-born;[134] for the other gives to Calvina, or Catiena (that he may enjoy her once or twice), as much as the tribunes in the legion receive;[135] whereas

you, when the face of a well-dressed harlot takes your fancy, hesitate to hand Chione from her exalted seat.

Produce me at Rome a witness of as blameless integrity as the host of the Idæan deity;[136] let Numa stand forth, or he that rescued Minerva when in jeopardy from her temple all in flames: the question first put would be as to his income, that about his moral character would come last of all. "How many slaves does he keep? How many acres of public land does he occupy?[137] With how many and what expensive dishes is his table spread?" In exact proportion to the sum of money a man keeps in his chest, is the credit given to his oath. Though you were to swear by all the altars of the Samothracian and our own gods, the poor man is believed to despise the thunderbolts and the gods, even with the sanction of the gods themselves. Why add that this same poor man furnishes material and grounds for ridicule to all, if his cloak is dirty and torn, if his toga is a little soiled, and one shoe gapes with its upper leather burst; or if more than one patch displays the coarse fresh darning thread, where a rent has been sewn up. Poverty, bitter though it be, has no sharper pang than this, that it makes men ridiculous. "Let him retire, if he has any shame left, and quit the cushions of the knights, that has not the income required by the law, and let these seats be taken by"—the sons of pimps, in whatever brothel born![138] Here let the son of the sleek crier applaud among the spruce youths of the gladiator, and the scions of the fencing-school. Such is the will of the vain Otho, who made the distinction between us.

Who was ever allowed at Rome to become a son-in-law if his estate was inferior, and not a match for the portion of the young lady?[139] What poor man's name appears in any will? When is he summoned to a consultation even by an ædile? All Quirites that are poor, ought long ago to have emigrated in a body.[140] Difficult indeed is it for those to emerge from obscurity whose noble qualities are cramped by narrow means at home; but at Rome, for men like these, the attempt is still more hopeless; it is only at an exorbitant price they can get a wretched lodging, keep for

their servants, and a frugal meal.[141] A man is ashamed here to dine off pottery ware,[142] which, were he suddenly transported to the Marsi and a Sabine board, contented there with a coarse bowl of blue earthenware, he would no longer deem discreditable. There is a large portion of Italy (if we allow the fact), where no one puts on the toga, except the dead.[143] Even when the very majesty of festival days is celebrated in a theatre reared of turf,[144] and the well-known farce at length returns to the stage,[145] when the rustic infant on its mother's lap is terrified at the wide mouth of the ghastly mask, there you will see all costumes equal and alike, both orchestra and common people. White tunics are quite sufficient as the robe of distinction for the highest personages there, even the very ædiles. Here, in Rome, the splendor of dress is carried beyond men's means; here, something more than is enough, is taken occasionally from another's chest. In this fault all participate. Here we all live with a poverty that apes our betters. Why should I detain you? Every thing at Rome is coupled with high price. What have you to give, that you may occasionally pay your respects to Cossus? that Veiento may give you a passing glance, though without deigning to open his mouth? One shaves the beard, another deposits the hair of a favorite; the house is full of venal cakes.[146] Now learn this fact, and keep it to work within your breast. We clients are forced to pay tribute and increase the private income of these pampered slaves.

Who dreads, or ever did dread, the falling of a house at cool Præneste, or at Volsinii seated among the well-wooded hills, or simple Gabii,[147] or the heights of sloping Tibur. We, in Rome, inhabit a city propped in great measure on a slender shore.[148] For so the steward props up the falling walls,[149] and when he has plastered over the old and gaping crack, bids us sleep without sense of danger while ruin hangs over our heads![150] I must live in a place, where there are no fires, no nightly alarms. Already is Ucalegon shouting for water, already is he removing his chattels: the third story in the house you live in is already in a blaze. You are unconscious! For if the alarm begin from the bottom of the stairs, he will be the last

to be burned whom a single tile protects from the rain, where the tame pigeons lay their eggs. Codrus had a bed too small for his Procula, six little jugs the ornament of his sideboard, and a little can besides beneath it, and a Chiron reclining under the same marble; and a chest now grown old in the service contained his Greek books, and opic[151] mice-gnawed poems of divine inspiration. Codrus possessed nothing at all; who denies the fact? and yet all that little nothing that he had, he lost. But the climax that crowns his misery is the fact, that though he is stark naked and begging for a few scraps, no one will lend a hand to help him to bed and board. But, if the great mansion of Asturius has fallen, the matrons appear in weeds,[152] the senators in mourning robes, the prætor adjourns the courts. Then it is we groan for the accidents of the city; then we loathe the very name of fire. The fire is still raging, and already there runs up to him one who offers to present him with marble, and contribute toward the rebuilding. Another will present him with naked statues of Parian marble,[153] another with a chef-d'œuvre of Euphranor or Polycletus.[154] Some lady will contribute some ancient ornaments of gods taken in our Asiatic victories; another, books and cases[155] and a bust of Minerva; another, a whole bushel of silver. Persicus, the most splendid of childless men, replaces all he has lost by things more numerous and more valuable, and might with reason be suspected of having himself set his own house on fire.[156]

If you can tear yourself away from the games in the circus,[157] you can buy a capital house at Sora, or Fabrateria, or Frusino, for the price at which you are now hiring your dark hole for one year. There you will have your little garden, a well so shallow as to require no rope and bucket, whence with easy draught you may water your sprouting plants. Live there, enamored of the pitchfork, and the dresser of your trim garden,[158] from which you could supply a feast to a hundred Pythagoreans. It is something to be able in any spot, in any retreat whatever, to have made one's self proprietor even of a single lizard.

Here full many a patient dies from want of sleep; but that exhaustion is produced by

the undigested food that loads the fevered stomach. For what lodging-houses allow of sleep? None but the very wealthy can sleep at Rome.[159] Hence is the source of the disease. The passing of wagons in the narrow curves of the streets, and the mutual revilings of the teamdrivers[160] brought to a stand-still, would banish sleep even from Drusus and sea-calves.[161]

If duty calls him,[162] the rich man will be borne through the yielding crowd, and pass rapidly over their heads on the shoulders of his tall Liburnian, and, as he goes, will read or write, or even sleep inside his litter,[163] for his sedan with windows closed entices sleep. And still he will arrive before us. In front of us, as we hurry on, a tide of human beings stops the way; the mass that follows behind presses on our loins in dense concourse; one man pokes me with his elbow, another with a hard pole;[164] one knocks a beam against my head, another a ten-gallon cask. My legs are coated thick with mud; then, anon, I am trampled upon by great heels all round me, and the hob-nail of the soldier's caliga remains imprinted on my toe.

Do you not see with what a smoke the sportula is frequented? A hundred guests! and each followed by his portable kitchen.[165] Even Corbulo[166] himself could scarcely carry such a number of huge vessels, so many things piled upon his head, which, without bending his neck, the wretched little slave supports, and keeps fanning his fire as he runs along.[167]

Tunics that have been patched together are torn asunder again. Presently, as the tug approaches, the long fir-tree quivers, other wagons are conveying pine-trees; they totter from their height, and threaten ruin to the crowd. For if that wain, that is transporting blocks of Ligustican stone, is upset, and pours its mountain-load upon the masses below, what is there left of their bodies? Who can find their limbs or bones? Every single carcass of the mob is crushed to minute atoms as impalpable as their souls. While, all this while, the family at home, in happy ignorance of their master's fate, are washing up the dishes, and blowing up the fire with their mouths,

and making a clatter with the well-oiled strigils, and arranging the bathing towels with the full oilflask. Such are the various occupations of the bustling slaves. But the master himself is at this moment seated[168] on the banks of Styx, and, being a novice, is horrified at the grim ferry-man, and dares not hope for the boat to cross the murky stream; nor has he, poor wretch, the obol in his mouth to hand to Charon.

Now revert to other perils of the night distinct from these. What a height it is from the lofty roofs, from which a potsherd tumbles on your brains. How often cracked and chipped earthenware falls from the windows! with what a weight they dint and damage the flint pavement where they strike it! You may well be accounted remiss and improvident against unforeseen accident, if you go out to supper without having made your will. It is clear that there are just so many chances of death, as there are open windows where the inmates are awake inside, as you pass by. Pray, therefore, and bear about with you this miserable wish, that they may be contented with throwing down only what the broad basins have held. One that is drunk, and quarrelsome in his cups, if he has chanced to give no one a beating, suffers the penalty by loss of sleep; he passes such a night as Achilles bewailing the loss, of his friend;[169] lies now on his face, then again on his back. Under other circumstances, he can not sleep. In some persons, sleep is the result of quarrels; but though daring from his years, and flushed with unmixed wine, he cautiously avoids him whom a scarlet cloak, and a very long train of attendants, with plenty of flambeaux and a bronzed candelabrum, warns him to steer clear of. As for me, whose only attendant home[170] is the moon, or the glimmering light of a rushlight, whose wick I husband and eke out—he utterly despises me! Mark the prelude of this wretched fray, if fray it can be called, where he does all the beating, and I am only beaten.[171] He stands right in front of you, and bids you stand! Obey you must. For what can you do, when he that gives the command is mad with drink, and at the same time stronger than you. "Where do you come from?" he thunders out: "With whose vinegar and beans are you blown out? What cobbler has been feasting on

chopped leek[172] or boiled sheep's head with you? Don't you answer? Speak, or be kicked! Say where do you hang out? In what Jew's begging-stand shall I look for you?" Whether you attempt to say a word or retire in silence, is all one; they beat you just the same, and then, in a passion, force you to give bail to answer for the assault. This is a poor man's liberty! When thrashed he humbly begs, and pummeled with fisticuffs supplicates, to be allowed to quit the spot with a few teeth left in his head. Nor is this yet all that you have to fear, for there will not be wanting one to rob you, when all the houses are shut up, and all the fastenings of the shops chained, are fixed and silent.

Sometimes too a footpad does your business with his knife, whenever the Pontine marshes and the Gallinarian wood are kept safe by an armed guard. Consequently they all flock thence to Rome as to a great preserve.

What forge or anvil is not weighed down with chains? The greatest amount of iron used is employed in forging fetters; so that you may well fear that enough may not be left for plowshares, and that mattocks and hoes may run short. Well may you call our great-grandsires[173] happy, and the ages blest in which they lived, which, under kings and tribunes long ago, saw Rome contented with a single jail.[174]

To these I could subjoin other reasons for leaving Rome, and more numerous than these; but my cattle summon me to be moving, and the sun is getting low. I must go. For long ago the muleteer gave me a hint by shaking his whip. Farewell then, and forget me not! and whenever Rome shall restore you to your native Aquinum, eager to refresh your strength, then you may tear me away too from Cumæ to Helvine Ceres,[175] and your patron deity Diana. Then, equipped with my caligæ,[176] I will visit your chilly regions, to help you in your satires—unless they scorn my poor assistance.

FOOTNOTES:

[101] Prochyta. An island in the Bay of Naples, now called Procida.

[102] Sævæ, "from the ceaseless alarms it causes." "Sævus est qui terret." Donat. in Ter., Adelp., v. s. iv.

[103] Augusto. Cf. Plin., 1, Epist. xiii. "Magnum proventum poëtarum annus hic attulit; toto mense Aprili nullus ferè dies quo non recitaret aliquis."

[104] Either those of Romulus, or the aqueduct; and "moist Capena," either from the constant dripping of the aqueduct (hence arcus stillans), or from the springs near it, hence called Fontinalis; now St. Sebastian's gate. It opens on the Via Appia.

[105] Cf. vi., 542.

[106]

"O how much more devoutly should we cling To thoughts that hover round the sacred spring!" Badham.

Read præsentius: cf. Plin., Ep. viii., 8, the description of the Clitumnus, and Ov., Met., iii., 155, seq.

[107] Umbritius (aruspicum in nostro ævo peritissimus, Plin., x., c. iii.) is said to have predicted Galba's death, and probably therefore, with Juvenal, cordially hated Otho.

[108] Portus may mean, "constructing" or "repairing" harbors; or "farming the harbor-dues," portoria.

[109] Scipio's was performed by contract. Plin., H. N., xxxi., 3.

[110] The spear was set up in the forum to show that an auction was going on there. Hence things so sold were said to be sold sub hastâ. Domina, implies "the right of disposal" of all things and persons there put up. This may mean, therefore, to buy a drove of slaves on speculation, and sell them again by auction; or, when they have squandered their all, put themselves up to sale. So Britann. Dryden, "For gain they sell their very head." "Salable as slaves." Hodgson. So Browne, who reads "præbere caput domino."

[111] "From abject meanness lifts to wealth and power." Badham. Cf. vi., 608.

[112] "Though a soothsayer, I am no astrologer." "I never examined the entrails of a toad."

[113] "Therefore (because I will lend myself to no peculation) no great man will take me in his suite when he goes to his province." Cf. Sat. viii., 127, "Si tibi sancta cohors comitum." This is better than, "Therefore I leave Rome alone!" Markland proposes, extinctâ dextrâ.

[114]

"Like a dead member from the body rent, Maim'd and unuseful to the government." Dryden.

"No man's confederate, here alone I stand, Like the maim'd owner of a palsied hand." Badham.

"Lopp'd from the trunk, a dead, unuseful hand." Hodgson.

[115] Isa., lvii., 20.

[116] Opaci, Lubin. interprets as equivalent to turbulenti, "turbid with gold." On this Grangæus remarks, "Apage Germani haud germanam interpretationem! opaci enim est umbris arborum obscuri." Cf. Mart., i., Ep. 50, "*Æ*stus serenos aureo franges Tago obscurus umbris arborum."

[117]

"Grasp thou no boon with sadness on thy brow, Spurn the base bribe that binds a guilty vow." Badham.

[118]

"Shame for Rome that harbors such a crew."

[119] The Roman hind, once so renowned for rough and manly virtues, now wears the costume of effeminate Greeks: or all these Greek terms, used to show the poet's supreme contempt, may refer to the games: the Trechedipna, not the thin

supper-robe, but the same as the Endromis. The Ceroma, an ointment made of oil, wax, and clay, with which they bedaubed themselves.

[120] Amydon in Pœonia, Tralles in Lydia, Alabanda in Caria.

[121]

"Work themselves inward, and their patrons out." Dryden.

"Deep in their patron's heart, and fix'd as fate, The future lords of all his vast estate." Hodgson.

[122]

"Torrents of words that might Isæus drown." Badham.

[123] Aliptes, one who anoints (ἀλείφει), and therefore trains, athletes.

[124] So Johnson.

"All sciences the hungry Monsieur knows, And bid him go to hell—to hell he goes!"

[125] Some think there is an allusion here to a man who attempted to repeat Icarus' experiment before Nero. Vid. Suet., Nero, 13.

[126] Cottana, "ficorum genus." Plin., xiii., 5.

[127] "As if squeezed in the passage by the narrowness of the throat."

[128] His powers of flattery show his ability of assuming a fictitious character as much as his skill in acting.

[129] Or the "Dorian maid." They were scantily dressed. Hence the φαινομηρίδες of Ibycus.

[130] Major abolla, seems to be a proverbial expression; it may either be the "Stoic's cloak," which was more ample than the scanty robe of the Cynic; or "the philosopher's cloak," which has therefore more dignity and weight with it than the soldier's or civilian's. The allusion is to P. Egnatius Celer, the Stoic, who was bribed to give the false testimony on which Bareas Soranus was convicted. V. Tac., Ann.,

xvi., 21, seq., and 32.

[131] Ripa. Commentators are divided between Tarsus, Thebes, and Corinth.

[132] Togatus. Gifford quotes Martial, x., Ep. 10.

"Quid faciet pauper cui non licet esse clienti? Dimisit nostras purpura vestra togas."

[133] Collega; alluding to the two prætors, "Urbanus" and "Peregrinus."

[134] Claudit latus. This is the order Britannicus takes. "Claudere latus" means not only to accompany, as a mark of respect, but to give the inner place; to become his "comes exterior." Horace, ii., Sat. v., 18. So Gifford, "And if they walk beside him yield the wall."

[135]

"For one cold kiss a tribune's yearly pay." Hodgson.

i. e., forty-eight pieces of gold. Cf. Suet., Vesp., xxiii.

[136] P. Scipio Nasica (vid. Liv., xxix., 10) and L. Cæcilius Metellus. Cf. Ov., Fasti, vi., 437.

[137] Possidet. Vid. Niebuhr.

[138] Cf. Mart., v., Ep. 8 and 25, who speaks of one Lectius as an officious keeper of the seats.

[139] Sat. x., 323.

[140]

"Long, long ago, in one despairing band, The poor, self-exiled, should have left the land." Hodgson.

[141]

"A menial board and parsimonious fare." Hodgson.

[142] "Negavit." Some commentators imagine Curius Dentatus to be here alluded to. It seems better to take it as a general remark. Read "culullo," not "cucullo," with

Browne.

[143] Cf. Mart., ix., 588.

[144] Herboso, the first permanent theatre even in Rome itself, was built by Pompey. Cf. In gradibus sedit populus de cæspite factis. Ov., Art. Am., i., 107. Cf. Virg., Æn., v., 286.

[145]

"In the state show repeated now for years." Hodgson.

[146] Libis. So many of these "complimentary cakes" are sent in honor of this event, that they are actually "sold" to get rid of them.

"Good client, quickly to the mansion send Cakes bought by thee for rascal slaves to vend." Badham.

[147] Gabii, renowned for the ease with which Sex. Tarquin duped the inhabitants.

[148] Pronum, i. e., supinum. Hor., iii., Od. iv., 23, on a steep acclivity.

[149]

"And 'tis the village mason's daily calling, To keep the world's metropolis from falling." Dryden.

[150]

"Then bid the tenant sleep secure from dread, While the loose pile hangs trembling o'er his head." Gifford.

[151] Opici. Cf. vi., 455. Opicæ castigat amicæ verba; i. e., barbarous, rude, unlearned, "the Goths of mice;" from the Opici or Osci, an Ausonian tribe on the Liris, from whom many barbarous innovations were introduced into Roman manners and language. "Divina" may either refer to Homer's poems, or to Codrus' own, which in his own estimation were "divine." Cf. Sat. i., 2, "rauci Theseide Codri."

[152] Horrida. In all public misfortunes, the Roman matrons took their part in the common mourning, by appearing without ornaments, in weeds, and with disheveled

hair. Cf. viii., 267. Liv., ii., 7. Luc., Phars., ii., 28, seq.

[153] Candida. Cf. Plin., xxxiv., 5. The Parian marble was the whitest, hence Virg., Æn., iii., 126, "Niveamque Paron."

[154] Polycletus. Cf. viii., 103. His master-piece was the Persian body-guard (cf. Ælian., V. H., xiv., 8), called the "Canon." Vid. Müller's Archæol. of Art, § 120. Euphranor the painter belonged, like Polycletus, to the Sicyonic school.

[155] Foruli or plutei, cases for holding MSS. Cf. ii., 7. Suet., Aug., xxxi.

[156] Cf. Mart., iii., Ep. 52.

[157] Circus. Cf. x., 81, duas tantum res anxius optat Panem et Circenses.

[158] Cf. Milton.

"And add to these retired leisure, That in trim gardens takes his pleasure."

[159] i. e., "Only the very rich can afford to buy 'Insulæ,' in the quiet part of the city, where their rest will not be broken by the noise of their neighbors, or the street."

[160] Mandra; properly "a pen for pigs or cattle," then "a team or drove of cattle, mules," etc.; as Martial, v., Ep. xxii., 7, "Mulorum vincere mandras." Here "the drovers" themselves are meant.

[161] Drusum. Cf. Suet., Claud., v., "super veterem segnitiæ notam." Seals are proverbially sluggish. Cf. Plin., ix., 13. Virg., Georg., iv., 432.

[162] Officium; attendance on the levees of the great.

[163] Cf. i., 64; v., 83; vi., 477, 351. Plin., Pan., 24.

[164] i. e., of a litter. Cf. vii., 132.

[165] Culina, "a double-celled chafing-dish, with a fire below, to keep the 'dole' warm." The custom is still retained in Italy.

[166] Domitius Corbulo, a man of uncommon strength, appointed by Nero to command in Armenia. Vid. Tac., Ann., xiii., 8.

[167] "The pace creates the draught."

[168] Sedet; because, being unburied, he must wait a hundred years. Cf. Virg., Æn., vi., 313-330.

[169] Hom., Il., xxiv., 12, "ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε ὕπτιος ἄλλοτε δὲ πρηνής."

[170] Deducere; "the technical word for the clients' attendance on their patrons;" so "forum attingere; in forum deduci."

[171]

"He only cudgels, and I only bear." Dryden.

[172] Sectile, or the inferior kind of leek; the better sort being called "capitatum." Plin., xx., 6. Cf. Sat. xiv., 133, sectivi porri.

[173] The order is "Pater, avus, proavus, abavus, atavas, tritavus." He means, therefore, eight generations back at least.

[174] Ancus Martius built the prison. Liv., i., 33. The dungeon was added by Servius Tullius, and called from him Tullianum. The next was built by Ap. Claudius the decemvir.

[175] Ceres was worshiped under this epithet at Aquinum. Its origin is variously given.

[176] Caligatus may mean, "with rustic boots," so that you may not be reminded of Rome; or "with soldier's boots," as armed for our campaign against the vices of the city.

SATIRE IV.

Once more behold Crispinus![177] and often shall I have to call him on the stage. A monster! without one virtue to redeem his vices—of feeble powers, save only in his lust. It is only a widow's charms this adulterer scorns.

What matters it then in what large porticoes he wearies out his steeds—through what

vast shady groves his rides extend[178]—how many acres close to the forum, or what palaces he has bought? No bad man is ever happy. Least of all he that has added incest to his adultery, and lately seduced the filleted priestess,[179] that with her life-blood still warm must descend into the earth.

But now we have to deal with more venial acts. Yet if any other man had committed the same, he would have come under the sentence of our imperial censor.[180] For what would be infamous in men of worth, a Titius or Seius, was becoming to Crispinus. What can you do when no crime can be so foul and loathsome as the perpetrator himself? He gave six sestertia for a mullet.[181] A thousand sesterces, forsooth! for every pound of weight, as they allege, who exaggerate stories already beyond belief. I should commend the act as a master-stroke of policy, if by so noble a present he had got himself named chief heir[182] in the will of some childless old man. A better plea still would be that he had sent it to some mistress of rank, that rides in her close chair with its wide glasses. Nothing of the sort! He bought it for himself! We see many things which even Apicius[183] (mean and thrifty compared with him) never was guilty of. Did you do this in days of yore, Crispinus, when girt about with your native papyrus?[184] What! pay this price for fish-scales? Perchance you might have bought the fisherman cheaper than the fish! You might have bought a whole estate for the money in some of our provinces. In Apulia, a still larger one.[185] What kind of luxuries, then, may we suppose were gorged by the emperor himself, when so many sestertia, that furnished forth but a small portion, a mere side-dish of a very ordinary dinner, were devoured by this court buffoon, now clothed in purple. Chief of the equestrian order now is he who was wont to hawk about the streets shads from the same borough[186] with himself.

Begin, Calliope! here may we take our seats! This is no poetic fiction; we are dealing with facts! Relate it, Pierian maids! and grant me grace for having called you maids.

When the last of the Flavii was mangling the world, lying at its last gasp, and Rome was enslaved by a Nero,[187] ay, and a bald one too, an Adriatic turbot of wonderful size fell into the net, and filled its ample folds, off the temple of Venus which Doric Ancona[188] sustains. No less in bulk was it than those which the ice of the Mæotis incloses, and when melted at length by the sun's rays, discharges at the outlets of the sluggish Euxine, unwieldly from their long sloth, and fattened by the long-protracted cold.

This prodigy of a fish the owner of the boat and nets designs for the chief pontiff. For who would dare to put up such a fish to sale, or to buy it? Since the shores too would be crowded with informers; these inspectors of sea-weed, prowling in every nook, would straightway contest the point[189] with the naked fisherman, and would not scruple to allege that the fish was a "stray," and that having made its escape from the emperor's ponds, where it had long reveled in plenty, ought of course to revert to its ancient lord. If we place any faith in Palfurius or Armillatus, whatever is pre-eminently fine in the whole sea, is the property of the exchequer, wherever it swims. So, that it may not be utterly lost, it will be made a present of, though now sickly autumn was giving place to winter, and sick men were already expecting[190] their fits of ague, though the rude tempest whistled and kept the fish fresh, yet the fisherman hurries on as though a mild south wind were blowing. And when the lakes were near at hand, where, though in ruins, Alba[191] still preserves the Trojan fire, and her Lesser Vesta,[192] the wondering crowd for a short space impeded his entrance; as they made way for him, the folding-doors flew open on ready-turning hinge. The senators, shut out themselves, watch the dainty admitted. He stands in the royal presence. Then he of Picenum begins, "Deign to accept what is too great for any private kitchen: let this day be celebrated as the festival of your genius, haste to relieve your stomach of its burden, and devour a turbot reserved to honor your reign.[193] It insisted on being caught." What could be more fulsome? and yet the great man's crest rose. What flattery is there that it is not prepared to

believe, when power is praised as equal to the gods. But there was no dish of sufficient size for the fish. Therefore the senators are summoned to a council—men whom he hated! men on whose faces sat the paleness engendered by the wretched friendship with the great! At the loud summons of the Liburnian slave, "Run! the emperor is already seated!" the first to snatch up his cloak and hurry to the place was Pegasus, lately set as bailiff over the amazed city;[194] for what else were the præfects of Rome in those days? of whom he was the best and most conscientious dispenser of the laws, though in those days of terror he thought all things ought to be administered by justice unarmed. Crispus[195] came too, that facetious old man, with high character equal to his eloquence and mild disposition. Who could have been a more serviceable minister to one that ruled seas, and lands, and peoples, if, under that bane and pest of mankind, he had been allowed to reprobate his savage nature and give honest advice? But what is more ticklish than a tyrant's ear, with whom the life even of a favorite was at stake, though he might be talking of showers or heat, or a rainy spring? He, therefore, never attempted to swim against the stream, nor was he a citizen who dared give vent to the free sentiments of his soul, and devote his life to the cause of truth: and so it was that he saw many winters and eighty summers; safe, by such weapons, even in a court like that. Next to him hurried Acilius, a man of the same time of life; with a youth[196] that ill deserved so cruel a death as that which awaited him, so prematurely inflicted by the tyrant's swords; but nobility coupled with old age, has long since been a miracle. Consequently, for myself, I should prefer being a younger brother of the giants.[197] It was of no avail therefore to the wretched man, that as a naked huntsman in the amphitheatre of Alba, he fought hand to hand with Numidian bears. For who, in our days, is not up to the artifices of the patricians? Who would now admire that primitive cunning of thine, Brutus? It is an easy thing to impose on a king that wears a beard![198]. Then came Rubrius not a whit less pale, though he was no noble, one accused of an ancient and nameless crime, and yet more lost to shame than the

pathic satirist.[199] There too is to be seen Montanus' paunch, unwieldy from its size, and Crispus reeking with unguent though so early in the day, more than enough to furnish forth two funerals; and Pompeius, still more ruthless even than he at cutting men's throats by his insinuating whisper; and he that kept his entrails only to fatten the Dacian vultures, Fuscus, that studied the art of war in his marble palace; and the shrewd Veiento with the deadly Catullus,[200] who raged with lust for a girl he could not see, a monster and prodigy of guilt even in our days, the blind flatterer, a common bridge-beggar[201] invested with this hateful power, whose worthiest fate would be to run begging by the carriages on the road to Aricia, and blow his fawning kisses to the chariot as it descends the hill. No one showed more astonishment at the turbot, for he was profuse in his wonder, turning toward the left, but unfortunately the fish lay on the other side. This was just the way he used to praise the combat and fencing of the Cilician gladiator, and the stage machinery, and the boys caught up by it to the awning. Veiento is not to be outdone by him; but, like one inspired by the maddening influence of Bellona, begins to divine. "A mighty omen this you have received of some great and noble triumph. Some captive king you'll take, or Arviragus will be hurled from his British car. For the monster is a foreign one. Do you see the sharp fins bristling on his back like spears?" In one point only Fabricius was at fault, he could not tell the turbot's country or age. "What then is your opinion? Is it to be cut up?" "Heaven forefend so great dishonor to the noble fish!" says Montanus. "Let a deep dish be provided, whose thin sides may inclose its huge circumference. Some cunning Prometheus to act on this sudden emergency is required. Quick with the clay and potter's wheel! But henceforth, Cæsar, let potters always attend your armies!" This opinion, worthy of the author, carried the day. He was well versed in the old luxury of the imperial court, and Nero's nights,[202] and a second appetite when the stomach was fired with the Falernian.[203] No one in my day was a greater connoisseur in good eating; he could detect at the first bite whether the oysters were natives from Circeii, or the

Lucrine rocks, or whether they came from the Rutupian beds, and told the shore an Echinus came from at the first glance.

They rise; and the cabinet being dismissed, the great chief bids the nobles depart whom he had dragged to the Alban height, amazed and forced to hurry, as though he were about to announce some tidings of the Catti and fierce Sicambri; as though from diverse parts of the world some alarming express had arrived on hurried wing. And would that he had devoted to such trifles as these those days of horror and cruelty, in which he removed from the city those glorious and illustrious spirits, with none to punish or avenge the deed! But he perished as soon as he began to be an object of alarm to cobblers. This was what proved fatal to one that was reeking with the blood of the Lamiæ!

FOOTNOTES:

[177] Iterum. Cf. i., 27, "Pars Niliacæ plebis, verna Canopi, Crispinus."

[178] Cf. vii., 179.

[179] The vestal escaped her punishment, through Crispinus' interest with Domitian.

[180] Cf. Sat. ii., 29. Suet., Domit., c. 8. Plin., iv., Epist xi.

[181] Sex millibus, about £44 7s. 6d. of English money. The value of the sestertium was reduced after the reign of Augustus. A mullet even of three pounds' weight was esteemed a great rarity. Vid. Hor., Sat., II., ii., 33, "Mullum laudas trilibrem."

[182] The chief heir was named in the second line of the first table. Cf. Horace, ii., Sat. v., 53. Suet., Cæs., 83; Nero, 17.

[183] Cf. Sat. xi., 3.

[184] Papyrus. Garments were made of papyrus even in Anacreon's days. iv., Od. 4. It is still used for the same purpose.

[185] Land would be probably cheap in Apulia, from its barrenness, and bad air, and the prevalence of the wind Atabulus. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. v., Montes Apulia notos quos

torret Atabulus.

[186] i. e., Alexandria. Of the various readings of this line, "pactâ mercede" seems to be the best. Even the fish Crispinus sold were not his own, he was only hired to sell them for others.

[187] Nero, i. e., Domitian, who was as much disgusted at his own baldness as Cæsar.

[188] Founded by a colony of Syracusans, who fled from the tyranny of Dionysius.

[189] Agerunt cum; perhaps, "be ready to go to law with."

[190] Sperare sometimes means to fear. Cf. Virg., Æn., iv., 419.

[191] Alba was Domitian's favorite residence. Vid. Suet., Dom., iv., 19. Plin., iv., Ep. xi., "Non in regiam sed in Albanam villam convocavit."

[192] The "Lesser" Vesta, compared with the splendor of her "Cultus" at Rome, which had been established by Numa. The temples were spared at the time of the destruction of Alba by Tullus Hostilius. Vid. Liv., i.

[193] "Sæculum" is repeatedly used in this sense by Pliny, and other writers of this age.

[194] As though Rome had now so far lost her privileges and her liberty, as to be no better than a country vicus, to be governed by a bailiff.

[195] Vibius Crispus Placentinus, the author of the witticism about "Domitian and the flies." Vid. Suet., Dom., 3.

[196] Juvene. Probably a son of this M. Acilius Glabrio, who was murdered by Domitian out of envy at the applause he received when fighting in the arena at the emperor's own command.

[197] i. e., "Terræ filius," Pers., vi., 57, one of the meanest origin.

[198] It was 444 years before barbers were introduced into the city from Sicily.

[199] Alluding to Nero's satire on Quintianus. Vid. Tac., Ann., xv., 49. Quintianus

mollitie corporis infamis, et a Nerone probroso carmine diffamatus.

[200] Catullus Messalinus. Vid. Plin., Ep., iv., 22. Fabricius Veiento wrote some satirical pieces, for which Nero banished him, and ordered his books to be burnt. Vid. Tac., Ann., xiv., 50. He was probably the husband of Hippia, mentioned in the 6th Satire, l. 82.

[201] "Pons." Cf. Sat. v., 8; xiv., 134.

[202] Cf. Suet., Nero, 27.

[203] Cf. vi., 430.

SATIRE V.

If you are not yet ashamed of your course of life,[204] and your feeling is still the same, that you consider living at another man's table to be the chief good; if you can put up with such things as not even Sarmentus or Galba, contemptible as he was, would have submitted to even at the unequal[205] board of Cæsar himself; I should be afraid to believe your evidence though you were on oath. I know nothing more easily satisfied than the cravings of nature. Yet even suppose this little that is needed to be wanting, is there no quay vacant? is there no where a bridge, and a piece of mat, somewhat less than half, to beg upon? Is the loss of a supper so great a matter? is your craving so fierce? when, in faith, it were much more reputable[206] to shiver there, and munch mouldy fragments of dog-biscuit. In the first place, bear in mind, that when invited to dinner, you receive payment in full of your long-standing account of service. The sole result of your friendship with the great man is—a meal! This your patron sets down to your account, and, rare though it be, still takes it into the calculation. Therefore, if after the lapse of two months he deigns to send for his long-neglected client, only that the third place may not be unoccupied in one couch of his triclinium[207]—"Let us sup together," he says; the very summit of your wishes! What more can you desire? Trebius has that for which he ought to break his

rest, and hurry away with latchet all untied, in his alarm lest the whole crowd at his patron's levee shall have already gone their round of compliments, when the stars are fading, or at the hour when the chill wain of sluggish Bootes wheels slowly round.[208]

But what sort of a supper is it after all? Wine, such as wool just shorn would not imbibe.[209] You will see the guests become frantic as the priests of Cybele. Wranglings are the prelude of the fray: but soon you begin to hurl cups as well in retaliation; and wipe your wounds with your napkin stained with blood; as often as a pitched battle, begun with pitchers of Saguntine ware, rages between you and the regiment of freedmen. The great man himself drinks wine racked from the wood under some consul with long hair,[210] and sips[211] the juice of the grape pressed in the Social war; never likely, however, to send even a small glass to a friend, though sick at heart. To-morrow, he will drink the produce of the mountains of Alba or Setia,[212] whose country and date age has obliterated by the accumulated mould on the ancient amphora; such wine as, with chaplets on their heads, Thrasea and Helvidius used to drink on the birthdays of the Bruti and Cassius. Virro himself holds capacious cups formed of the tears of the Heliades[213] and phialæ incrusted with beryl. You are not trusted with gold: or even if it is ever handed to you, a servant is set as a guard over you at the same time, to count the gems and watch your sharp nails. Forgive the precaution: the jasper so much admired there is indeed a noble one: for, like many others, Virro transfers to his cups the gems from off his fingers, which the youth, preferred to the jealous Hiarbas,[214] used to set on the front of his scabbard. You will drain a cup with four noses, that bears the name of the cobbler of Beneventum,[215] already cracked, and fit to be exchanged, as broken glass, for brimstone.[216]

If your patron's stomach is overheated with wine and food, he calls for water cooled by being boiled and then iced in Scythian snow.[217] Did I complain just now that the wine set before you was not the same as Virro's? Why, the very water you drink

is different. Your cups will be handed you by a running footman from Gætulia, or the bony hand of some Moor, so black that you would rather not meet him at midnight, while riding through the tombs on the steep Latin way. Before Virro himself stands the flower of Asia, purchased at a greater sum than formed the whole revenue of the warlike Tullus, or Ancus—and, not to detain you, the whole fortunes[218] of all the kings of Rome. And so, when you are thirsty, look behind you for your black Ganymede that comes from Africa. A boy that costs so many thousands deigns not to mix wine for the poor. Nay, his very beauty and bloom of youth justify his sneer. When does he come near you? When would he come, even if you called him, to serve you with hot or cold water? He scorns, forsooth, the idea of obeying an old client, and that you should call for any thing from his hand; and that you should recline at table, while he has to stand. Every great house is proportionably full of saucy menials.

See, too, with what grumbling another of these rascals hands you bread that can scarce be broken; the mouldy fragments of impenetrable crust, which would make your jaws ache, and give you no chance of a bite. But delicate bread, as white as snow, made of the finest flower, is reserved for the great man. Mind you keep your hands off! Maintain the respect due to the cutter of the bread![219] Imagine, however, that you have been rather too forward; there stands over you one ready to make you put it down. "Be so good, audacious guest, as to help yourself from the bread-basket you have been used to, and know the color of your own particular bread." "So then![220] it was for this, forsooth, that I so often quitted my wife, and hurried up the steep ascent of the bleak Esquiline, when the vernal sky rattled with the pelting of the pitiless hail, and my great coat dripped whole showers of rain!"

See! with how vast a body the lobster which is served to your patron fills the dish, and with what fine asparagus it is garnished all round; with what a tail he seems to look down in scorn on the assembled guests, when he comes in raised on high by the hands of the tall slave. But to you is served a common crab, scantily hedged in[221]

with half an egg sliced, a meal fit only for the dead,[222] and in a dish too small to hold it. Virro himself drowns his fish in oil from Venafrum; but the pale cabbage set before you, poor wretch, will stink of the lamp. For in the sauceboats you are allowed, there is served oil such as the canoe of the Micipsæ has imported in its sharp prow; for which reason no one at Rome would bathe in the same bath with Bocchor; which makes the blackamoors safe even from the attacks of serpents.

Your patron will have a barbel furnished by Corsica, or the rocks of Tauromenium, when all our own waters have been ransacked and failed; while gluttony is raging, and the market is plying its unwearied nets in the neighboring seas, and we do not allow the Tyrrhene fish to reach their full growth. The provinces, therefore, have to supply our kitchen; and thence we are furnished with what Lenas the legacy-hunter may buy, and Aurelia sell again.[223] Virro is presented with a lamprey of the largest size from the Sicilian whirlpool. For while Auster keeps himself close, while he seats himself and dries his wet pinions in prison, the nets,[224] grown venturesome, despise the dangers even of the middle of Charybdis. An eel awaits you—first-cousin to the long snake—or a coarse pike[225] from the Tiber, spotted from the winter's ice, a native of the bank-side, fattened on the filth of the rushing sewer, and used to penetrate the drain even of the middle of Suburra.

"I should like to have a word with Virro, if he would lend an attentive ear. No one now expects from you such presents as used to be sent by Seneca to his friends of humble station, or the munificent gifts which the bountiful Piso or Cotta used to dispense; for in days of old the glory of giving was esteemed a higher honor than fasces or inscriptions. All we ask is that you would treat us at supper like fellow-citizens. Do this, and then, if you please, be, as many now-a-days are, luxurious when alone, parsimonious to your guests."

Before Virro himself is the liver of a huge goose; a fat capon, as big as a goose; and a wild boar, worthy of the spear of the yellow-haired Meleager, smokes. Then will

be served up truffles, if it happen to be spring, and the thunder, devoutly wished for by the epicure, shall augment the supper. "Keep your corn, O Libya," says Alledius, "unyoke your oxen; provided only you send us truffles!" Meanwhile, that no single source of vexation may be wanting, you will see the carver[226] capering and gesticulating with nimble knife, till he has gone through all the directions of his instructor in the art. Nor is it in truth a matter of trifling import with what an air a leveret or a hen is carved. You would be dragged by the heels, like Cacus[227] when conquered by Hercules, and turned out of doors, if you were ever to attempt to open your mouth, as though you had three names.[228] When does Virro pass the cup to you, or take one that your lips have contaminated? Which of you would be so rash, so lost to all sense of shame, as to say, "Drink, sir!" to your patron lord? There are very many things which men with coats worn threadbare dare not say. If any god, or godlike hero, kinder to you than the fates have been, were to give you a knight's estate, what a great man would you, small mortal, become all at once from nothing at all! What a dear friend of Virro's! "Give this to Trebius![229] Set this before Trebius! My dear brother, will you take some of this sweet-bread?"

O money! it is to thee he pays this honor! it is thou and he are the brothers! But if you wish to be my lord, and my lord's lord, let no little Æneas sport in your hall,[230] or a daughter more endearing than he. It is the barrenness of the wife that makes a friend really agreeable and beloved. But even suppose your Mycale should be confined, though she should even present you three boys at a birth, he will be the very one to be delighted with the twittering nest; will order his green stomacher[231] to be brought, and the filberts,[232] and the begged-for penny, whenever the infant parasite shall come to dine with him.

Before his friends whom he holds so vile will be set some very questionable toadstools—before the great man himself, a mushroom[233]—but such an one as Claudius ate, before that furnished by his wife, after which he ate nothing more. Virro will order to be served to himself and his brother Virros such noble apples, on

whose fragrance alone you are allowed to revel; such as the eternal autumn of the Phæacians produced; or such as you might fancy purloined from the African sisters. You feast upon some shriveled windfall, such as is munched at the ramparts by him that is armed with buckler and helmet: and, in dread of the lash, learns to hurl his javelin from the shaggy goat's[234] back.

You may imagine, perhaps, that Virro does all this from stinginess. No! his very object is to vex you. For what play, what mime is better than disappointed gluttony? All this, therefore, is done, if you don't know it, that you may be forced to give vent to your bile by your tears, and gnash long your compressed teeth. You fancy yourself a freeman—the great man's welcome guest! He looks upon you as one caught by the savor of his kitchen. Nor does he conjecture amiss. For who is so utterly destitute as twice to bear with his insolence, if it has been his good fortune, when a boy, to wear the Tuscan gold,[235] or even the boss, the badge of leather, that emblem of poverty.

The hope of a good dinner deludes you. "See! sure he'll send us now a half-eaten hare, or a slice of that wild-boar haunch.[236] Now we shall get that capon, as he has helped himself!" Consequently you all sit in silent expectation, with bread in hand, untouched and ready for action. And he that uses you thus shows his wisdom—if you can submit to all these things, then you ought to bear them. Some day or other, you will present your head with shaven crown, to be beaten: nor hesitate to submit to the harsh lash—well worthy of such a banquet and such a friend as this!

FOOTNOTES:

[204] Propositi. So ix., 20, flexisse videris propositum.

[205] Iniquas. From the marked difference in the treatment of the different guests.

[206] Quum Pol sit honestius. Rupertis' conjecture.

[207] Trebius is put in the lowest place in the triclinium, the third culcitra, or

cushion, on the lowest (tertia) bed, and only because there was no one else to occupy it.

[208] "What is the night? Almost at odds with morning, which is which." Macbeth, Act iii., 4. Cf. Anacreon, iii., 1; Theocr., xxiv., 11. i. e., a little after midnight.

[209] "Tonsursæ tempus inter æquinoctium vernum et solstitium, quum sudare inceperunt oves: a quo sudore recens lana tonsa sucida appellata est. Tonsus recentes eodem die perungunt vino et oleo." Varro, R. R., II., xi., 6.

[210] Cf. iv., 103.

[211] "Tenet," or "keeps to himself," or "holds up to the light."

[212] Setine was the favorite wine of Augustus. Alban. Cf. Hor., ii., Sat. viii., 16.

[213] Amber was fabled to be produced by the tears of the sisters of Phaeton, the daughters of the Sun, shed for his loss, on the banks of the Eridanus, where they were metamorphosed into poplars or alders.

[214] Cf. Virg., Æn., iv., 261.

[215] Nero, on his way to Greece, fell in at Beneventum with one Vatinius, "Sutrinæ tabernæ alumnus," whom he took first as his buffoon, and afterward as his confidant. Tac., Ann., xv., 34. Cf. Martial, xiv., Ep. 96.

[216] Sulphura. Cf. Mart., i., Ep. 43, Qui pallentia sulphurata fractis permutat vitreis. Vid. x., 3, Quæ sulphurata nolit empta ramento Vatiniorum proxeneta fractorum. Compare the "Bellarmines" of mediæval pottery and the Flemish "Graybeards."

[217] Pruinis. "Neronis principis inventum est decoquere aquam, vitroque demissam in nives refrigerare." Plin., xxxi., 3.

[218] Frivola; properly "goods and chattels." Cf. iii., 198.

[219] Artocopi. Cf. Xen., An., IV., iv., 21. Some read Artoptæ.

[220] This is the indignant exclamation of Trebius.

[221] Constrictus, or, "shrunk from having been so long out of the sea."

[222] Cœna; the Silicernium; served on the ninth day to appease the dead. Cf. Plaut., Pseud., III., ii., 7; Aul., II., iv., 45.

[223] Vendat. Cf. iii., 187. Aurelia. See Plin., ii., Ep. 20.

[224] Lina. Cf. Virg., Georg., i., 142.

[225] The pike (Lupus Tiberinus) was esteemed in exact proportion to the distance it was caught from the common sewers of Rome. Hor., ii., Sat. ii., 31.

[226] Structor. Cf. xi., 136.

[227] Cacus. Virg., Æn., viii., 264.

[228] Free Roman citizens had three names, prænomen, nomen, and cognomen. Slaves had no prænomen. Cf. Pers., Sat. v., 76-82. He means to imply that, by turning parasite, Trebius had virtually forfeited the privileges of a free Roman.

[229] Da Trebio. Cf. Suet., Dom., xi., "partibus de cœnâ dignatus est." Xen., Anab., I., ix., 26.

[230] Virg., Æn., iv., 327.

[231] Viridem thoraca. Heinrich supposes this to be a mimic piece of armor, to be worn by children playing at soldiers.

[232] Nuces, "walnuts;" minimas nuces, nuts.

[233] Cf. Tac., Ann., xii., 66, 7, "Infusum cibo boletorum venenum;" it was prepared by Locusta. Cf. Sat. i., 71. Martial, Ep., I., xxi., 4, "Boletum qualem Claudius edit, edas." Cf. Suet., Nero, 33.

[234] Probably alluding to a monkey exhibited riding on a goat, and equipped as a soldier, to amuse the Prætorian guards at their barrack gate; or, as some think, the "recruit" himself is intended, and then Capella is taken as a proper name.

[235] The golden bulla, hollow, and in the shape of a heart, was borrowed from the Etruscans, and at first confined to the children of nobles. It was afterward borne, like

the "tria nomina," by all who were free-born, till they were fifteen. The poorer citizens had it made of leather, or some cheap material. Cf. xiv., 5, hæres bullatus.

[236] Cf. Xen., Anab., I., ix., 26.

SATIRE VI.

I believe that while Saturn still was king, chastity lingered upon earth, and was long seen there: when a chill cavern furnished a scanty dwelling, and inclosed in one common shade the fire and household gods, the cattle, and their owners. When a wife, bred on the mountains, prepared a rustic bed with leaves and straw and the skins of the wild beasts their neighbors; not like thee, Cynthia[237]—or thee whose beaming eyes the death of a sparrow dimmed with tears—but bearing breasts from which her huge infants might drink, not suck, and often more uncivilized even than her acorn-belching husband. Since men lived very differently then, when the world was new, and the sky but freshly created, who, born out of the riven oak, or moulded out of clay, had no parents.

Many traces of primæval chastity, perhaps, or some few at least, may have existed, even under Jove; but then it was before Jove's beard was grown; before the Greeks were yet ready to swear by another's head; when no one feared a thief for his cabbages or apples, but lived with garden uninclosed. Then by degrees Astræa retired to the realms above, with chastity for her companion, and the two sisters fled together.

To violate the marriage-bed, and laugh to scorn the genius that presides over the nuptial couch, is an ancient and a hackneyed vice, Postumus. Every other species of iniquity the age of iron soon produced. The silver age witnessed the first adulterers.

And yet are you preparing your marriage covenant, and the settlement,[238] and betrothal, in our days, and are already under the hands of the master barber, and perhaps have already given the pledge for her finger! Well! you used to be sane, at

all events! You, Postumus, going to marry! Say, what Tisiphone, what snakes are driving you mad? Can you submit to be the slave of any woman, while so many halters are to be had? so long as high and dizzy windows are open for you, and the Æmilian bridge presents itself so near at hand? Or if, out of so many ways of quitting life, none pleases you, do you not think your present plan better, of having a stripling to sleep with you, who lying there, reads you no curtain lectures, exacts no little presents from you, and never complains that you are too sparing in your efforts to please him?

But Ursidius is delighted with the Julian law[239]—he thinks of bringing up a darling heir, nor cares to lose the fine turtledove and bearded mullets,[240] and all the baits for legacies in the dainties of the market. What will you believe to be impossible, if Ursidius takes a wife? If he, of yore the most notorious of adulterers, whom the chest of Latinus in peril of his life has so often concealed, is now going to insert his idiot head in the nuptial halter; nay, and more than this, is looking out for a wife possessed of the virtues of ancient days! Haste, physicians, bore through the middle vein! What a nice man! Fall prostrate at the threshold of Tarpeian Jove, and sacrifice to Juno a heifer with gilded horns, if you have the rare good fortune to find a matron with unsullied chastity. So few are there worthy to handle the fillets of Ceres; so few, whose kisses their own fathers might not dread. Wreathe chaplets for the door-posts, stretch thick clusters of ivy over the threshold. Is one husband enough for Iberina? Sooner will you prevail on her to be content with one eye. "Yet there is a great talk of a certain damsel, living at her father's country-house!" Let her live at Gabii as she lived in the country, or even at Fidenæ, and I grant what you say of the influence of the paternal country-seat. Yet who will dare assert that nothing has been achieved on mountains or in caves? Are Jupiter and Mars grown so old. In all the public walks can a woman be pointed out to you, that is worthy of your wish. On all their benches do the public shows hold one that you could love without misgivings; or one you could pick out from the rest? While the effeminate Bathyllus

is acting Leda in the ballet, Tuccia can not contain herself, Appula whines as in the feat of love, Thymele is all attention to the quick, the gentler, and the slow; and so Thymele, rustic as she was before, becomes a proficient in the art. But others, whenever the stage ornaments, packed away, get a respite, and the courts alone are vocal (since the theatres are closed and empty, and the Megalesian games come a long time after the plebeian), in their melancholy handle the mask and thyrsus and drawers of Accius. Urbicus provokes a laugh by his personification of Autonoe in the Atellan farce. Ælia, being poor, is in love with him. For others, the fibula of the comic actor is unbuckled for a large sum. Some women prevent Chrysogonus from having voice to sing. Hispulla delights in a tragic actor. Do you expect then that the worthy Quintilianus will be the object of their love? You take a wife by whom Echion the harper, or Glaphyrus, or Ambrosius the choral flute-player, will become a father. Let us erect long lines of scaffolding along the narrow streets. Let the door-posts and the gate be decorated with a huge bay, that beneath the canopy inlaid with tortoise-shell,[241] thy infant, Lentulus, supposed to be sprung from a noble sire, may be the counterpart of the Mirmillo Euryalus.

Hippia, though wife to a senator, accompanied a gladiator to Pharos and the Nile, and the infamous walls of Lagos.[242] Even Canopus itself reprobated the immorality of the imperial city. She, forgetful of her home, her husband, and her sister, showed no concern for her native land, or, vile wretch as she was, her weeping children, and, to amaze you even more, quitted the shows and Paris. But though when a babe she had been pillowed in great luxury, in the down of her father's mansion, and a cradle of richest workmanship, she despised the perils of the sea. Her good name she had long before despised—the loss of which, among the soft cushions of ladies, is very cheaply held. Therefore with undaunted breast she faced the Tuscan waves and wide-resounding Ionian Sea, though the sea was so often to be changed. If the cause of the peril be reasonable and creditable, then they are alarmed—their coward hearts are chilled with icy fear—they can not support

themselves on their trembling feet. They show a dauntless spirit in those things which they basely dare. If it is their husband that bids them, it is a great hardship to go on board ship. Then the bilgewater is insufferable! the skies spin round them! She that follows her adulterer has no qualms. The one is sick all over her husband. The other dines among the sailors and walks the quarter-deck, and delights in handling the hard ropes. And yet what was the beauty that inflamed, what the prime of life that captivated Hippia? What was it she saw in him to compensate her for being nicknamed the fencer's whore? For the darling Sergius had now begun to shave his throat; and badly wounded in the arm to anticipate his discharge. Besides, he had many things to disfigure his face, as for instance—he was galled with his helmet, and had a huge wen between his nostrils, and acrid rheum forever trickling from his eye. But then he was a gladiator! It is this that makes them beautiful as Hyacinthus! It was this she preferred to her children and her native land, her sister and her husband. It is the steel they are enamored of. This very same Sergius, if discharged from the arena, would begin to be Veiento in her eyes.

Do you feel an interest in a private house, in a Hippia's acts? Turn your eyes to the rivals of the gods! Hear what Claudius had to endure. As soon as his wife perceived he was asleep, this imperial harlot, that dared prefer a coarse mattress to the royal bed, took her hood she wore by nights, quitted the palace with but a single attendant, but with a yellow tire concealing her black hair; entered the brothel warm with the old patchwork quilt, and the cell vacant and appropriated to herself. Then took her stand with naked breasts and gilded nipples, assuming the name of Lycisca, and displayed the person of the mother of the princely Britannicus, received all comers with caresses and asked her compliment, and submitted to often-repeated embraces. Then when the owner dismissed his denizens, sadly she took her leave, and (all she could do) lingered to the last before she closed her cell; and still raging with unsatisfied desire, tired with the toil but yet unsated, she retired with sullied cheeks defiled, and, foul from the smoke of lamps, bore back the odor of the stews to the

pillow of the emperor.

Shall I speak of the love-philters, the incantations, the poison mingled with the food and given to the step-son? The acts which they commit, to which they are impelled by the imperative suggestions of their sex,[243] are still more atrocious: those they commit through lust are the least of their crimes. "Then, how can it be that even by her husband's showing Cesennia is the best of wives?" She brought him a thousand sestertia! that is the price at which he calls her chaste. It is not with Venus' quiver that he grows thin, or with her torch he burns; it is from that his fires are fed; from her dowry that the arrows emanate. She has purchased her liberty: therefore, even in her husband's presence, she may exchange signals, and answer her love-letters. A rich wife, with a covetous husband, has all a widow's privileges. "Why then does Sertorius burn with passion for Bibula?" If you sift the truth, it is not the wife he is in love with, but the face. Let a wrinkle or two make their appearance, and the shriveled skin grow flaccid, her teeth get black, or her eyes smaller—"Pack up your baggage," the freedman will say, "and march. You are become offensive. You blow your nose too frequently. March! and be quick about it! Another is coming whose nose is not so moist." Meanwhile she is hot and imperious, and demands of her husband shepherds and sheep from Canusium, and elms[244] from Falernum. What a trifle is this? Then every boy she fancies, whole droves of slaves, and whatever she has not in her house, and her neighbor has, must be bought.

Nay, in the mid-winter month, when now the merchant Jason is shut up, and the cottage[245] white with hoar frost detains the sailors all equipped for their voyage, she takes huge crystalline vases,[246] and then again myrrhine of immense size; then an adamant whose history is well known, and whose value is enhanced by having been on Berenice's finger. This in days of yore a barbarian king gave his incestuous love—Agrippa to his own sister! where barefoot kings observe festal sabbaths, and a long-established clemency grants long life to pigs.

"Is there not one, then, out of such large herds of women, that seems to you a worthy match?" Let her be beautiful, graceful, rich, fruitful; marshal along her porticoes her rows of ancestral statues; let her be more chaste than any single Sabine that, with hair disheveled, brought the war to a close; be a very phœnix upon earth, rare as a black swan; who could tolerate a wife in whom all excellencies are concentrated! I would rather, far rather, have a country maiden from Venusia, than you, O Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, if along with your exalted virtues you bring as portion of your dower a haughty and disdainful brow, and reckon as part of your fortune the triumphs of your house! Away, I beg, with your Hannibal and Syphax conquered in his camp, and tramp with all your Carthage!

"Spare, I pray thee, Pæan! and thou, O goddess, lay down thine arrows! The children are innocent. Transfix the mother herself!" So prays Amphion. Yet Pæan bends his bow. Therefore she had to bury her herds of children, together with their sire, while Niobe seems to herself to be more noble than Latona's race, and moreover more fruitful even than the white sow. What dignity of deportment, what beauty, can compensate for your wife's always throwing her own worth in your teeth? For all the satisfaction of this rare and chief good is destroyed, if, entirely spoilt by haughtiness of soul, it entails more bitter than sweet. But who is so devotedly uxorious, as not to feel a dread of her whom he praises to the skies, and hate her seven hours out of every twelve? There are some things, trifling indeed, and yet such as no husband can tolerate. For what can be more sickening than the fact that no one woman considers herself beautiful, unless instead of Tuscan she has become a little Greek—metamorphosed from a maid of Sulmo to a "maid of Athens." Every thing is in Greek. (While surely it is more disgraceful for our countrywomen not to know their mother tongue.) In this language they give vent to their fears, their anger, their joys and cares, and all the inmost workings of their soul. Nay more, they kiss à la Grecque! This in young girls you may excuse. But must thou, forsooth, speak Greek, that hast had the wear and tear of six and eighty years? In an old woman this

language becomes immodest, when interspersed with the wanton Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχή. You are employing in public, expressions one might think you had just used under the counterpane. For whose passion would not be excited by these enticing and wanton words? It has all the force of actual touching. Yet though you pronounce them all in more insinuating tones than even Hæmus or Carpophorus, your face, the tell-tale of your years, makes all the feathers droop.

If you are not likely to love her that is contracted and united to you in lawful wedlock, there seems no single reason why you should marry, nor why you should waste the wedding dinner and bride cakes[247] which you must dispense, when their complimentary attendance is over, to your bridal guests already well crammed; nor the present given for the first nuptial night, when, in the well-stored dish, Dacicus[248] and Germanicus glitters with its golden legend. If you are possessed of such simplicity of character as to be enamored of your wife, and your whole soul is devoted to her alone, then bow your head with neck prepared to bear the yoke. You will find none that will spare a man that loves her. Though she be enamored herself, she delights in tormenting and fleecing her lover. Consequently a wife is far more disastrous to him that is likely to prove a kind and eligible husband. You will never be allowed to make a present without your wife's consent. If she opposes it, you must not sell a single thing, or buy one, against her will. She will give away your affections. That good old friend of many long years will be shut out from that gate that saw his first sprouting beard.[249] While pimps and trainers have free liberty to make their own wills, and even gladiators enjoy the same amount of privilege, you will have your will dictated to you, and find more than one rival named as your heirs.

"Crucify that slave." "What is the charge, to call for such a punishment? What witness can you produce? Who gave the information? Listen! Where man's life is at stake no deliberation can be too long." "Idiot! so a slave is a man then! Granted he has done nothing. I will it, I insist on it! Let my will stand instead of reason!"

Therefore she lords it over her husband:—but soon she quits these realms, and seeks new empires and wears out her bridal veil. Then she flies back, and seeks again the traces of the bed she scorned.[250] She leaves the doors so recently adorned, the tapestry still hanging on the house, and the branches still green upon the threshold. Thus the number grows: thus she has her eight[251] husbands in five years. A notable fact to record upon her tomb!

All chance of domestic happiness is hopeless while your wife's mother is alive. She bids her exult in despoiling her husband to the utmost. She teaches her how to write back nothing savoring of discourtesy or inexperience to the missives of the seducer. She either balks or bribes your spies; then, though your daughter is in rude health, calls in Archigenes, and tosses off the bedclothes as too oppressive. Meanwhile the adulterer, concealed apart, stands trembling with impatient expectation. Do you expect, forsooth, that the mother will inculcate virtuous principles, or other than she cherishes herself? It is right profitable too for a depraved old hag to train her daughter to the same depravity.

There is scarcely a single cause in which a woman is not engaged in some way in fomenting the suit. If Manilia is not defendant, she will be plaintiff. They draw up and frame bills of indictment unassisted,[252] quite prepared to dictate even to Celsus[253] the exordium and topics he should use.

The Tyrian Endromides[254] and the Ceroma for women who is ignorant of? Or who has not seen the wounds of the Plastron,[255] which she dints with unwearied foil, and attacks with her shield, and goes with precision through her exercise? A matron most pre-eminently worthy of the trumpet of the Floralia. Unless indeed in that breast of hers she is plotting something deeper, and training in real earnest for the amphitheatre.[256] What modesty can a woman show that wears a helmet, and eschews her sex, and delights in feats of strength? And yet, in spite of all, this virago would not wish to become a man. For how small is our pleasure compared to theirs!

Yet what a goodly array would there be, if there were an auction of your wife's goods: belt and gauntlets[257] and crest, and the half-armor for the left leg! Or if she shall engage in a different way of fighting,[258] you will be lucky indeed when your young wife sells her greaves. Yet these very same women perspire even in their muslin; whose delicate frames even a slip of sarcenet oppresses. See! with what a noise she makes the home-thrusts taught her by the trainer, and what a weight of helmet bows her down, how firmly she plants herself on her haunches, in what a thick mass is the roll of clothes. Then smile when, laying aside her arms, she takes her oblong vessel. Tell me, ye granddaughters of Lepidus or blind Metellus, or Fabius Gurges, what actress ever wore a dress like this? When would Asylus' wife cry Hah! at the Plastron?

The bed in which a wife lies is the constant scene of quarrels and mutual recriminations. There is little chance of sleep there. Then is she indeed bitter toward her husband, fiercer than tigress robbed of her whelps; when, conscious of her secret guilt, she counterfeits groans, or hates the servants, or upbraids you with some rival of her own creation, with tears ever fruitful, ever ready at their post, and only waiting her command in what way to flow. You believe it genuine love. You, poor hedge-sparrow, plume yourself, and kiss off the tears! Ah! what amorous lays, what letters would you read, if you were but to examine the writing-case of that adulteress that counterfeits jealousy so well!

But suppose her actually caught in the arms of a slave or knight. "Pray suggest in this case some colorable excuse, Quintilian!" "We are at fault! Let the lady herself speak!" "It was formerly agreed," she says, "that you should do what you pleased, and that I also might have full power to gratify myself. In spite of your outcry and confounding heaven and sea, I am mortal." Nothing is more audacious than these women when detected. They affect resentment, and borrow courage from their very guilt itself.

Yet should you ask whence are these unnatural prodigies, or from what source they spring; it was their humble fortune that made the Latin women chaste in days of yore, nor did hard toil and short nights' rest, and hands galled and hardened[259] with the Tuscan fleece, and Hannibal close to the city, and their husbands mounting guard at the Colline tower, suffer their lowly roofs to be contaminated by vice. Now we are suffering all the evils of long-continued peace. Luxury, more ruthless than war, broods over Rome, and exacts vengeance for a conquered world. No guilt or deed of lust is wanting, since Roman poverty has disappeared. This was the source whence Sybaris flowed to these seven hills, and Rhodes too, and Miletus, and Tarentum crowned with garlands, insolent and flushed with wine!

Money, the nurse of debauchery, was the first that introduced foreign manners, and enervating riches sapped the sinews of the age with foul luxury. For what cares Venus in her cups? All difference of head or tail is alike to her who at very midnight devours huge oysters, when unguents mixed with neat Falernian foam, when she drains the conch,[260] when from her dizziness the roof seems to reel, and the table to rise up with the lights doubled in number.[261] Go then, and knowing all this, doubt, if you can, with what a snort of scorn Tullia snuffs up the air when she passes the ancient altar of Chastity; or what Collatia says to her accomplice Maura. Here they set down their litters at night, and bedew the very image of the goddess with copious irrigations, while the chaste moon witnesses their abominations,[262] over which, when morn returns, you pass on your way to visit your great friends.

The secrets of Bona Dea are well known. When the pipe excites them, and inflamed alike with the horn and wine, these Mænads of Priapus rush wildly round, and whirl their locks and howl! Then, as their passions rise, how burning is their lust, how frantic their words, when all power of restraining their desires is lost! A prize is proposed, and Saufeia[263] challenges the vilest of her sex, and bears off the prize. In these games nothing is counterfeit, all is acted to the life; so that even the aged Priam, effete from years, or Nestor himself, might be inflamed at the sight. Then

their lust admits of no delay. Then the woman appears in all her native depravity; and by all alike is the shout re-echoed from the whole den—"Now is the proper time. Let in the men!" But the adulterer still sleeps; so she bids the youth put on a female hood, and speed to the spot. If none can be found, they have recourse to slaves. If there is no hope of slaves, they will hire some water-carrier to come. If this fails too, and no men can be found, she would not hesitate to descend still lower in the scale of creation. Oh, would that our ancient rites and public worship could at least be celebrated, uncontaminated by such pollutions as these! But even the Moors and Indians know what singing wench produced his wares equal in bulk to Cæsar's two Anticatos, in a place whence even a mouse, conscious of his sex, would flee, and every picture is veiled over that represents the other sex. Yet, even in those days, what man despised the deity? or who had dared to ridicule Numa's earthen bowl and black dish, and the brittle vessels from Mount Vatican. But now what altars are there that a Clodius does not assail?

I hear the advice that my good friends of ancient days would give—"Put on a lock! keep her in confinement!" But who is to guard the guards themselves? Your wife is as cunning as you, and begins with them. And, in our days, the highest and the lowest are fired with the same lust. Nor is she that wears out the black pavement with her feet, better than she who is borne on the shoulders of her tall Syrian slaves.

Ogulnia, in order that she may go in due state to the games, hires a dress, and attendants, and a sedan, and pillow, and female friends; and a nurse, and yellow-haired girl[264] to whom she may issue her commands. Yet all that remains of her family plate, and even the very last remnants of it,[265] she gives to well-oiled Athletes. Many women are in straitened circumstances at home; yet none of them has the modest selfrestraint that should accompany poverty, or limits herself within that measure which her poverty has allotted and assigned to her. Yet men do sometimes look forward to what may be to their interest hereafter, and, with the ant for their instructress, some have at last felt a dread of cold and hunger. Yet woman,

in her prodigality, perceives not that her fortune is fast coming to naught; and as though money, with vegetative power, would bloom afresh[266] from the drained chest, and the heap from which she takes would be ever full, she never reflects how great a sum her pleasures cost her. Some women ever take delight in unwarlike eunuchs, and soft kisses, and the loss of all hope of beard, that precludes the necessity of abortives. Yet the summit of their pleasure is when this operation has been performed in the heat and prime of manhood, and the only loss sustained is that the surgeon Heliodorus cheats the barber of his fees. Such is his mistress' will: and, conspicuous from afar, and attracting the eyes of all, he enters the baths, and vies even with the god that guards our vines and gardens. Let him sleep with his mistress! But, Postumus, suffer not the youthful Bromius to enter the lists with him.

If she takes delight in singing, the fibula of none of these fellows that sells his voice to the prætor holds out: the instruments are forever in her hands; the whole lyre sparkles with the jewels thickly set. She runs over the strings with the vibrating quill,[267] with which the soft Hedymeles performed: this she holds in her hands; with this she consoles herself, and lavishes kisses on the plectrum, dear for its owner's sake. One of the clan of the Lamiæ,[268] a lady of lofty rank, inquired with meal-cake and wine of Janus and Vesta, whether Pollio might venture to hope for the oaken crown at the Capitoline games,[269] and promise it to his lyre. What more could she do were her husband sick? What, if the physicians had despaired of her infant son? She stood before the altar, and thought no shame to veil her head for a harper: and went through in due form the words prescribed,[270] and grew pale as the lamb was opened. Tell me now, I pray, tell me, thou ancientest of gods, father Janus! dost thou return answer to these? Great must be indeed the leisure[271] of heaven! There can be no business there, as far as I see, stirring among you. One woman consults you about comic actors; another would fain commend a tragedian to your notice: the soothsayer will become varicose.[272]

But let her rather be musical than fly through the whole city, with bold bearing; and

encounter the assemblies of men, and in her husband's presence herself converse with generals in their scarlet cloaks,[273] with unabashed face and breasts exposed. She too knows all that is going on in the whole world—what the Seres[274] or Thracians are engaged in—the secrets of the step-mother and her son—what adulterer is in love, or is in great request. She will tell you who made the widow pregnant—in what month it was—in what language and manner each act of love takes place. She is the first[275] to see the comet that menaces the Armenian and Parthian king; and she intercepts[276] at the gates the reports and freshest news. Some she invents as well. That Niphates[277] has overwhelmed whole nations, and that the whole country is there laid under water by a great deluge; that cities are tottering, the earth sinking down—this she tells in every place of resort to every one she meets.

And yet that vice is not more intolerable, than that, though earnestly entreated,[278] she will seize upon her poor neighbors, and have them cut in two with lashes. For if her sound slumbers are disturbed by the barking of a dog, "Bring the clubs[279] here at once!" she cries: and orders the owner first to be beaten with them, and then the dog. Terrible to encounter, most awful in visage, she enters the baths by night—by night she orders her bathing vessels and camp to be set in motion. She delights in perspiring with great tumult; when her arms have sunk down wearied with the heavy dumb-bells; and the sly anointer has omitted to rub down no part of her body. Her poor wretches of guests meanwhile are overcome with drowsiness and hunger. At last the lady comes; flushed, and thirsty enough for a whole flagon,[280] which is placed at her feet and filled from a huge pitcher: of which a second pint is drained before she tastes food, to make her appetite[281] quite ravenous. Then having rinsed out her stomach, the wine returns in a cascade on the floor—rivers gush over the marble pavement,[282] or the broad vessel reeks of Falernian—for thus, just as when a long snake has glided into a deep cask, she drinks and vomits. Therefore her husband turns sick; and with eyes closed smothers his rising bile.

And yet that woman is more offensive still, who, as soon as she has taken her place at table, praises Virgil, and excuses the suicide of Dido: matches and compares poets together: in one scale weighs Maro in the balance, and Homer in the other. The grammarians yield; rhetoricians are confuted; the whole company is silenced; neither lawyer nor crier[283] can put in a word, nor even another woman. Such a torrent of words pours forth, you would say so many basins or bells were all being struck at once. Henceforth let no one trouble trumpets or brazen vessels; she will be able singly to relieve the moon when suffering[284] an eclipse. The philosopher sets a limit even to those things which are good in themselves. For she that desires to appear too learned and eloquent, ought to wear a tunic reaching only to the middle of the leg, to sacrifice a pig to Sylvanus,[285] and bathe for a quadrans. Let not the matron that shares your marriage-bed possess a set style of eloquence, or hurl in well-rounded sentence the enthymeme curtailed[286] of its premiss; nor be acquainted with all histories. But let there be some things in books which she does not understand. I hate her who is forever poring over and studying Palæmon's[287] treatise; who never violates the rules and principles of grammar; and skilled in antiquarian lore, quotes verses I never knew; and corrects the phrases of her friend as old-fashioned,[288] which men would never heed. A husband should have the privilege of committing a solecism.

There is nothing a woman will not allow herself, nothing she holds disgraceful, when she has encircled her neck with emeralds, and inserted earrings of great size in her ears, stretched with their weight. Nothing is more unbearable than a rich woman!

Meanwhile her face, shocking to look at, or ridiculous from the large poultice, is all swollen; or is redolent of rich Poppæan unguents,[289] with which the lips of her wretched husband are glued up. She will present herself to her adulterer with skin washed clean. When does she choose to appear beautiful at home? It is for the adulterers her perfumes are prepared. It is for these she purchases all that the slender Indians send us. At length she uncases her face and removes the first layer. She

begins to be herself again; and bathes in that milk,[290] for which she carries in her train she-asses, even if sent an exile to Hyperborean climes. But that which is overlaid and fomented with so many and oft-changed cosmetics, and receives poultices of boiled and damp flour, shall we call it a face,[291] or a sore?

It is worth while to find out exactly what their occupations and pursuits are through the livelong day. If her husband has gone to sleep with his back toward her, the housekeeper is half killed—the tire-women are stripped to be whipped—the Liburnian slave is accused of having come behind his time, and is forced to pay the penalty of another's sleep; one has rods broken[292] about him, another bleeds from the whips, a third from the cowhide. Some women pay a regular salary to their torturers. While he lashes she is employed in enameling her face. She listens to her friend's chat, or examines the broad gold of an embroidered robe. Still he lashes. She pores over the items in her long diary.[293] Still he lashes. Until at length, when the torturers are exhausted, "Begone!" she thunders out in awful voice, the inquisition being now complete.

The government of her house is no more merciful than the court of a Sicilian tyrant. For if she has made an assignation, and is anxious to be dressed out more becomingly than usual, and is in a hurry, and has been some time already waited for in the gardens, or rather near the chapels of the Isiac[294] procuress; poor Psecas arranges her hair, herself with disheveled locks and naked shoulders and naked breasts. "Why is this curl too high?" Instantly the cowhide avenges the heinous crime of the misplacing of a hair. What has poor Psecas done? What crime is it of the poor girl's if your own nose has displeased you?

Another, on the left hand, draws out and combs her curls and rolls them into a band. The aged matron assists at the council, who, having served her due period[295] at the needle, now presides over weighing out the tasks of wool. Her opinion will be first taken. Then those who are her inferiors in years and skill will vote in order, as

though their mistress's good name or life were at stake. So great is the anxiety of getting beauty! Into so many tiers she forms her curls, so many stages high she builds[296] her head; in front you will look upon an Andromache, behind she is a dwarf—you would imagine her another person. Excuse her, pray, if nature has assigned her but a short back, and if, without the aid of high-heeled buskins, she looks shorter than a Pigmy[297] maiden; and must spring lightly up on tip-toe for a kiss. No thought meanwhile about her husband! not a word of her ruinous expenditure! She lives as though she were merely a neighbor[298] of her husband's, and in this respect alone is nearer to him—that she hates her husband's friends and slaves, and makes grievous inroads on his purse.

But see! the chorus of the maddened Bellona and the mother of the gods enters the house! and the huge eunuch (a face to be revered by his obscene inferior) who long ago emasculated himself with a broken shell; to whom his hoarse troop and the plebeian drummers give place, and whose cheek is covered with his Phrygian tiara. With voice grandiloquent he bids her dread the approach of September and the autumn blasts, unless she purifies herself with a hecatomb of eggs, and makes a present to him of her cast-off murrey-colored[299] robes: that whatever unforeseen or mighty peril may be impending over her may pass into the tunics, and at once expiate the whole year. She will break the ice and plunge into the river in the depth of winter, or dip three times in Tiber at early dawn, and bathe her timid head in its very eddies, and thence emerging will crawl on bleeding knees, naked and shivering, over the whole field of the haughty king.[300] If white Io command, she will go to the extremity of Egypt, and bring back water fetched from scorching Meroë, to sprinkle on the temple of Isis, that rears itself hard by the ancient sheepfold.[301] For she believes that the warning is given her by the voice of the goddess herself. And this, forsooth, is a fit soul and mind[302] for the gods to hold converse with by night! He therefore gains the chief and highest honor, who, surrounded by his linen-robed flock,[303] and a bald-headed throng of people uttering lamentations,

runs to and fro personating the grinning Anubis. He it is that supplicates for pardon whenever the wife does not refrain from nuptial joys on days to be observed as sacred, and a heavy penalty is incurred from the violation of the snowy sheeting. And the silver serpent was seen to nod his head! His are the tears, and his the studied mumblings, that prevail on Osiris not to withhold pardon for her fault, when bribed by a fat goose and a thin cake. When he has withdrawn, some trembling Jewess, having quitted her basket and hay, begs in her secret ear, the interpretess of the laws of Solyma, the potent priestess of the tree—the trusty go-between from highest heaven![304] And she crosses her hand with money, but sparingly enough: for Jews will sell you any dreams you please for the minutest coin. The soothsayer of Armenia or Commagene,[305] handling the liver of the dove still reeking, engages that her lover shall be devoted, or promises the rich inheritance of some childless rich man; he pries into the breasts of chickens and the entrails of a puppy; sometimes too even of a child—he does acts of which he will himself turn informer![306]

But their confidence in Chaldæans will be greater still: whatever the astrologer tells them, they will believe reported straight from the fountain of Ammon; since at Delphi the oracles are dumb, and darkness as to the future is the punishment of the human race. However, of these he is in the highest repute who has been often banished; by whose friendship and venal[307] tablets it came to pass that a citizen of high rank[308] died, and one dreaded by Otho. Hence arises confidence in his art, if both his hands have clanked with chains, and he has been long an inmate of the camp-prison. No astrologer that has never been condemned will have any reputation for genius; but he that has hardly escaped with his life, and scarcely had good fortune enough to be sent to one of the Cyclades,[309] and at length to be set free from the confined Seriphos, he it is whom your Tanaquil[310] consults about the death of her jaundiced mother, for which she has been long impatient; but first, about yourself! when she may hope to follow to the grave her sister and her uncles;

whether her adulterer will survive her, for what greater boon than this have the gods in their power to bestow?

And yet she is ignorant what the ill-omened planet of Saturn forebodes; with what star Venus presents herself in fortunate conjunction; what is the month for ill-luck; what seasons are assigned to profit.

Remember to shun even a casual meeting with her in whose hands you see, like the unctuous amber,[311] their calendars well thumbed; who instead of consulting others is now herself consulted; who when her husband is going to join his camp or revisit his home, will refuse to accompany him if restrained by the calculations of Thrasyllus.[312] When it is her fancy to ride as far as the first mile-stone, the lucky hour is taken from her book; if the corner of her eye itches when she rubs it, she calls for ointment after a due inspection of her horoscope: though she lies sick in bed no hour appears suited to taking food, save that which Petosiris[313] has directed. If she be of moderate means, she will traverse the space on both sides of the pillars of the circus, and draw lots, and present her forehead and her hand to the fortune-teller that asks for the frequent palming. The rich will obtain answers from some soothsayer of Phrygia or India hired for the purpose, from some one skilled in the stars and heavens, or one advanced in years who expiates the public places which the lightning[314] has struck. The destiny of the plebeians is learnt in the circus, and at Tarquin's rampart.[315] She that has no long necklace of gold to display, inquires in front of the obelisks and the dolphin-columns,[316] whether she shall jilt the tapster and marry the old-clothes man.

Yet these, when circumstances so require, are ready to encounter the perils of childbirth, and endure all the irksome toils of nursing. But rarely does a gilded bed contain a woman lying-in: so potent are the arts and drugs of her that can insure barrenness, and for bribes kill men while yet unborn. Yet grieve not at this, poor wretch! and with thine own hand give thy wife the potion, whatever it be: for did she

choose to bear her leaping children in her womb, thou wouldst perchance become the sire of an Æthiop; a blackamoor would soon be your sole heir, one whom you would not see of a morning.[317]

I say nothing of supposititious children, and all a husband's joys and fond hopes baffled at the dirty pools;[318] and the Pontifices and Salii selected thence, who are to bear in their counterfeit persons the noble name of Scauri. Fortune, that delights in mischief, takes her stand by night and smiles upon the naked babes. All these she cherishes and fosters in her bosom: then proffers them to the houses of the great, and prepares in secret a rich sport for herself. These she dotes on:[319] on these she forces her favors; and smiling, leads them on to advancement as her own foster-children.

One fellow offers a wife magical incantations. Another sells her love potions from Thessaly, to give her power to disturb her husband's intellects, and punish him with the indignity of the slipper. To these it is owing that you are reduced to dotage: hence comes that dizziness of brain, that strange forgetfulness of things that you have but just now done. Yet even this is endurable, if you do not go raving mad as well, like that uncle of Nero for whom his Cæsonia infused the whole forehead of a foal new dropped. Who will not follow where the empress leads? All things were wrapped in flames and with joints disruptured were tottering to their fall, exactly as if Juno had driven her spouse to madness. Therefore the mushroom[320] of Agrippina had far less of guilt: since that stopped the breath but of a single old man, and bade his trembling head descend to heaven,[321] and his lips that slavered with dribbling saliva. Whereas this potion of Cæsonia[322] calls aloud for fire and sword and tortures, and mangles in one bloody mass both senators and knights. So potent is a mare's offspring! Such mighty ruin can one sorceress work!

Women hate their husbands' spurious issue. No one would object to or forbid that. But now it is thought allowable to kill even their husbands' sons by a former

marriage.

Take my warning, ye that are under age and have a large estate, keep watch over your lives! trust not a single dish! The rich meats steam, livid with poison of your mother's mixing. Let some one take a bite before you of whatever she that bore you hands you; let your pedagogue, in terror of his life, be taster of your cups.

All this is our invention! and Satire is borrowing the tragic buskin, forsooth; and transgressing the limits prescribed by those who trod the path before us, we are wildly declaiming in the deep-mouthed tones of Sophocles[323] a strain of awful grandeur, unknown to the Rutulian hills and Latin sky. Would that it were but fable! But Pontia[324] with loud voice exclaims, "I did the deed. I avow it! and prepared for my own children the aconite, which bears palpable evidence against me. Still[325] the act was mine!" "What, cruelest of vipers! didst thou kill two at one meal! Two, didst thou slay?" "Ay, seven, had there haply been seven!"

Then let us believe to be true all that tragedians say of the fierce Colchian or of Progne. I attempt not to gainsay it. Yet they perpetrated atrocities that were monstrous even in their days—but not for the sake of money. Less amazement is excited even by the greatest enormities, whenever rage incites this sex to crime, and with fury burning up their very liver, they are carried away headlong; like rocks torn away from cliffs, from which the mountain-height is reft away, and the side recedes from the impending mass.

I can not endure the woman that makes her calculations, and in cold blood perpetrates a heinous crime. They sit and see Alcestis[326] on the stage encountering death for her husband, and were a similar exchange allowed to them, would gladly purchase a lapdog's life by the sacrifice of their husband's! You will meet any morning with Danaides and Eriphylæ in plenty; not a street but will possess its Clytæmnestra. This is the only difference, that that famed daughter of Tyndarus grasped in both hands a bungling, senseless axe.[327] But now the

business is dispatched with the insinuating venom of a toad. But yet with the steel too; if her Atrides has been cautious enough to fortify himself with the Pontic antidotes of the thrice-conquered[328] king.

FOOTNOTES:

[237] Cynthia is Propertius' mistress; the other is Lesbia, the mistress of Catullus. V. Catull., Carm. iii. "Lugete O Veneres," etc.

[238] Conventum. Three law terms. Conventum, "the first overture." Pactum, "the contract." Sponsalia, "the betrothing." Hence virgins were said to be speratæ; pactæ; sponsæ.

[239] Lex Julia, against adultery, recently revived by Domitian.

[240] Jubis. Mullets being a bearded fish. Plin., ix., 17.

[241] Testudineo. Cf. xi., 94. The allusion is to the story told by Pliny, vii., 12, of the consuls Lentulus and Metellus, who were observed by all present to be wonderfully like two gladiators then exhibiting before them. Cf. Val. Max., ix., 14.

[242] Lagi. Alexandria, the royal city of Ptolemy, son of Lagos, and his successors.

[243] Imperio Sexûs. Cf. xv., 138, Naturæ imperio.

[244] Ulmos. Elms, to which the vines were to be "wedded," therefore put for the vines themselves. Cf. Virg., Georg., i., 2, "Ulmisque adjungere vites." Cf. Sat. viii., 78, Stratus humi palmes viduas desiderat ulmos. Hence Platanus Cælebs evincet ulmos. Cf. Hor., Epod., i., 9.

[245] Casa. There is another fanciful interpretation of this passage. The casa candida is said to mean the "white booths" so erected as to hide the picture of the "Argonautic" expedition, at the time of the Sigillaria, a kind of fair following the Saturnalia, when gems, etc., were exposed for sale. Cf. Suet., Nero, 28.

[246] Crystallina are most probably vessels of pure white glass, which from the ignorance of the use of metallic oxydes were very rare among the Romans, though

they possessed the art of coloring glass with many varieties of hue.

[247] Mustacea (the Greek σησαμῆ, Arist., Pax., 869), a mixture of meal and anise, moistened with new wine.

[248] Dacicus, i. e., gold coins of Domitian—the first from his Dacian, the second from his German wars. It was customary to present a plate full of these to the bride on the wedding night. Domitian assumed the title of Germanicus A.D. 84, and of Dacicus, A.D. 91.

[249]

"She tells thee where to love and where to hate, Shuts out the ancient friend, whose beard thy gate Knew from its downy to its hoary state." Gifford.

[250] Cf. Æsch., Ag., 411, ἰὼ λέχος καὶ στίβοι φιλάνορες.

[251] Octo. Eight divorces were allowed by law.

[252]

"They meet in private and prepare the bill, Draw up the instructions with a lawyer's skill." Gifford. "And teach the toothless lawyer how to bite." Dryden.

[253] Celsus. There were two famous lawyers of this name; A. Cornelius Celsus, the well-known physician in Tiberius' reign, who wrote seven books of Institutes, and P. Juventius Celsus, who lived under Trajan and Hadrian, and wrote Digests and Commentaries.

[254] Endromis. Cf. iii., 103. "A thick shaggy coat," to prevent cold after the violent exertions in the arena. Ceroma. Cf. iii., 68. The gladiator's ointment, made of oil, wax, and clay. "Nec injecto ceromate brachia tendis." Mart., vii., Ep. xxxii., 9.

[255] Palus; a wooden post or figure on which young recruits used to practice their sword exercise, armed with shields and wooden swords double the regulation weight.

[256] Veræ. Cf. ad i., 22.

[257] Manicæ. If the proper reading is not "tunicæ" (as tunicati fuscina Gracchi, ii., 117. Cedamus tunicæ, viii., 207), the manicæ are probably "the sleeves of the tunic." Cf. Liv., ix., 40.

[258] Diversa. i. e., as a Retiarius instead of a Mirmillo.

[259] Duræ. "Pallade placata lanam mollite puellæ!" The process of softening the wool hardened the hands. Ov., Fast., iii., 817.

[260] Concha, a large drinking-cup, shaped like a shell; or, not improbably, some large shell mounted in gold for a cup, like the Nautilus of Middle Ages.

[261] Compare the well-known epigram on Pitt and Henry Dundas:

"I can't see the Speaker, Hal, can you?" "Not see the Speaker? I see two!"

[262] Cf. Shaksp., Othello, Act iii., sc. iii. "In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks they dare not show their husbands!"

[263] Cf. ix., 117.

[264] Amicas. Lubinus explains it, "Quas tanquam dives habeat loco clientarum." In Greece and Italy blonde hair was as much prized as dark hair was among northern nations. Hence Helen, Achilles, Menelaus, Meleager, etc., are all ξανθοὶ. The ladies, therefore, prided themselves as much as the men on the personal beauty of their attendants. Cf. v., 56, "Flos Asiæ ante ipsum," etc. The nutrix is the intriguing confidante who manages the amours. The flava puella, the messenger.

"A trim girl with golden hair to slip her billets." Gifford.

[265] Novissima. Cf. xi., 42, "Post cuncta novissimus exit annulus."

"She who before had mortgaged her estate, And pawn'd the last remaining piece of plate." Dryden.

[266] Pullulet.

"As if the source of this exhausted store Would reproduce its everlasting ore." Hodgson.

[267] Crispo, actively, "Crispante chordas." The pecten was made of ivory. Vid. Virg., Æn., vi., 646, seq.

"Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum, Jamque eadem digitis jam pectine pulsat eburno." "Decks it with gems, and plays the lessons o'er, Her loved Hedymeles has play'd before." Hodgson.

[268] Lamiarum. Cf. iv., 154.

[269] Capitolinum. This festival was instituted by Domitian (Suet., Domit., 4), and was celebrated every fifth year in honor of Jove.

[270] Dictata. The repeating the exact formula of words (carmen) after the officiating priest was a most important part of the sacrifice.

[271] Otia.

"Is your attention to such suppliants given? If so, there is not much to do in heaven." Gifford.

[272] Varicosus. His legs will swell (like Cicero's and Marius's) from standing so long praying.

"The poor Aruspex that stands there to tell All woman asks, must find his ankles swell." Badham.

[273] Paludatis. Cf. Cic., Sext., 33.

[274] Seres. What country these inhabited is uncertain, probably Bocharia. It was the country from which the "Sericæ vestes" or "multitia" (ii., 66) came.

[275] Instantem. Cf. Hor., iii., Od. iii., 3, "vultus instantis tyranni." Trajan made an expedition against the Armenians and Parthians A.D. 106; and about the same time there was an earthquake in the neighborhood of Antioch (A.D. 115), when mountains subsided and rivers burst forth. Dio Cass., lxviii., 24. Trajan himself narrowly escaped perishing in it. The consul, M. Verginianus Pedo, was killed. Trajan was passing the winter there, and set out in the spring for

Armenia.—Cometem. Cf. Suet., Ner., 36, "Stella crinita quæ summis potestatibus exitium portendere vulgo putatur."

[276] Excipit.

"Hear at the city's gate the recent tale, Or coin a lie herself when rumors fail." Hodgson.

[277] Niphates. Properly a mountain in Armenia, from which Tigris takes its rise, and which, in the earlier part of its course, may have borne the name of Niphates. Lucan, iii., 245, and Sil. Ital., xiii., 765, also speak of it as a river. Gifford thinks it is a sly hit at the lady, who converts a mountain into a river.

[278] Exorata implies that their prayers were heard, otherwise their punishment would have been still more cruel.

[279] Fastes.

"Ho whips! she cries; and flay that cur accurst, But flay the rascal there that owns him first!" Gifford.

[280] Œnophorum. A vessel of any size. The Urna is a determinate measure, holding 24 sextarii, or about 3 gallons, i. e., half the amphora. Cf. xii., 45, "Urnæ cratera capacem, et dignum sitiente Pholo, vel conjuge Fusci."

[281] Orexim; cf. iv., 67, 138. This draught was called the "Trope." Mart., xii., Ep. 83. Cf. Cic. pro Deiotaro, 7, "Vomunt ut edant: edunt ut vomant."

[282] Marmoribus. Cf. xi., 173, "Lacedæmonium pytismate lubricat orbem." Hor., ii., Od. xxiv., 26, "Mero tinguet pavimentum superbum."

[283] Præco.

"Dumfounders e'en the crier, and, most strange! No other woman can a word exchange." Hodgson.

[284] Laboranti. The ancients believed that eclipses of the moon were caused by magic, and that loud noises broke the charm.

"Strike not your brazen kettles! She alone Can break th' enchantment of the spell-bound moon." Hodgson.

[285] "Sylvano mulieres non licet sacrificare." Vet. Schol. Women sacrificed to Ceres and Juno. Vid. Dennis' Etruria, ii., 65-68. Cf. Hor., ii., Ep. i., 143.—Quadrans. Philosophers used to go to the commonest baths, either from modesty or poverty. Seneca calls the bath "Res Quadrantaria." Cf. Hor., i., Sat. iii., 147. Cic. pro Cœl. "Quadrantaria permutatio."

[286] Torqueat. Cf. vii., 156, "Quæ venient diversæ forte sagittæ," Quint., vi., 3, "Jaculatio verborum." So Plato uses the term δεινὸς ἀκοντιστής, of a Spartan orator.

[287] Palæmon. Cf. vii., 215," Docti Palæmonis." "Insignis Grammaticus." Hieron. "Remmius Palæmon," Vicentinus, owed his first acquaintance with literature to taking his mistress' son to school as his "custos angustæ vernula capsæ" (x., 117). Manumitted afterward, he taught at Rome in the reigns of Tiberius and Claudius, and "principem locum inter grammaticos tenuit." Vid. Suet., Gram. Illust., 23, who says he kept a very profitable school, and gives many curious instances of his vanity and luxuriousness. He was Quintilian's master. Cf. Vet. Schol., and Clinton, Fasti Rom. in anno, A.D. 48.

[288] Opicæ. Cf. iii., 207, "Opici mures." Opizein Græci dicunt de iis qui imperitè loquuntur. Vet. Schol.

[289] Poppæana. "Cosmetics used or invented by Poppæa Sabina," of whom Tacitus says, "Huic mulieri cuncta alia fuere præter honestum animum," Ann., xiii., 45. She was of surpassing beauty and insatiable ambition: married first to Rufus Crispinus, a knight whom she quitted for Otho. Nero became enamored of her, and sent Otho into Lusitania, where he remained ten years. (Cf. Suet., Otho, 3. Clinton, F. R., a. 58.) Four years after he put away Octavia, banished her to Pandataria, and forced her to make away with herself, and her head was brought to Rome to be gazed upon by Poppæa, whom he had now married, A.D. 62. Cf. Tac., Ann., xiv., 64. Poppæa bore

him a child next year, whom he called Augusta, but she died before she was four months old, to his excessive grief. Cf. xv., 23. Three years after, "Poppæa mortem obiit, fortuitâ mariti iracundiâ, à quo gravida ictu calcis adflicta est." Nero, it is remarkable, died on the same day of the month as the unfortunate Octavia.

[290] Lacte. The old Schol. says Poppæa was banished, and took with her fifty she-asses to furnish milk for her bath. The story of her exile is very problematical, as Heinrich shows, and is probably only an ordinary hyperbole. Pliny says (xxviii., 12; xi., 41) that asses' milk is supposed to make the face tender, and delicately white, and to prevent wrinkles. "Unde Poppæa uxor Neronis, quocunque ire contigisset secum sexcentas asellas ducebat." ὄνους πεντακοσίας ἀρτιτόκους. Xiph., lxii., 28.

[291] Facies.

"Can it be call'd a face, so poulticed o'er? By heavens, an ulcer it resembles more!" Hodgson. "But tell me yet, this thing thus daub'd and oil'd, Thus poulticed, plaster'd, baked by turns and boil'd; Thus with pomatums, ointments, lackered o'er, Is it a face, Ursidius, or a sore?" Gifford.

[292] Frangit. Cf. viii., 247, "Nodosam post hæc frangebat vertice vitem." The climax here is not correctly observed, according to Horace. "Ne scuticâ dignum horribili sectere flagello: Nam, ut ferula cædas meritum majora subire Verbera non vereor." I., Sat. iii., 119. The scutica was probably like the "taurea:" the "cowskin" of the American slave States.

[293] Diurnum. "The diary of the household expenses." Relegit marks the deliberate cruelty of the lady.

"Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown, Casts up the day's accounts, and still beats on." Dryden.

[294] Isiacæ. Cf. ix., 22, "Fanum Isidis.... Notior Aufidio mœchus celebrare solebas."

[295] Emerita. From the soldier who has served his time and become "emeritus."

[296] Ædificat.

"So high she builds her head, she seems to be, View her in front, a tall Andromache; But walk all round her, and you'll quickly find She's not so great a personage behind!" Hodgson.

[297] Pygmæâ.

"Yet not a pigmy—were she, she'd be right To wear the buskin and increase her height; To gain from art what nature's stint denies, Nor lightly to the kiss on tip-toes rise." Hodgson.

[298] Vicina.

"And save that daily she insults his friends, Provokes his servants, and his fortune spends, As a mere neighbor she might pass through life, And ne'er be once mistaken for his wife." Badham.

[299] Xerampelinas. The Schol. describes this color as "inter coccinum et muricem medius," from ξηρὸς, siccus, ἄμπελος, vitis, "the color of vine leaves in autumn;" the "morte feuille" of French dyers.

[300] Superbi. The Campus Martius, as having belonged originally to Tarquinius Superbus.

[301] Ovile, more commonly ovilia or septa, stood in the Campus Martius, where the elections were held.

[302] Animam, "the moral," mentem, "the intellectual part" of the soul. Cf. Virg., Æn., vi., 11, "Cui mentem animamque Delius inspirat Vates." When opposed to animus, anima is simply "the principle of vitality." "Anima, quâ vivimus; mens qua cogitamus." Lactant. So Sat., xv., 148, "Indulsit communis conditor illis tantum animas nobis animum quoque."

"Doubtless such kindred minds th' immortals seek, And such the souls with whom by night they speak." Badham.

[303] Linigero. Cf. Mart., xii., Ep. xxix., 19, "Linigeri fugiunt calvi sistrataque turba." Isis is said to have been a queen of Egypt, and to have taught her subjects the use of linen, for which reason the inferior priests were all clothed in it. All who were about to celebrate her sacred rites had their heads shaved. Isis married Osiris, who was killed by his brother Typhon, and his body thrown into a well, where Isis and her son Anubis, by the assistance of dogs, found it. Osiris was thenceforth deified under the form of an ox, and called Apis: Anubis, under the form of a dog. (Hence Virg., Æn., viii., 698, "Latrator Anubis.") An ox, therefore, with particular marks (vid. Strab., xvii.; Herod., iii., 28), was kept in great state, which Osiris was supposed to animate; but when it had reached a certain age (non est fas eum certos vitæ excedere annos, Plin., viii., 46), it was drowned in a well (mersum in sacerdotum fonte enecant) with much ceremonious sorrow, and the priests, attended by an immense concourse of people, dispersed themselves over the country, wailing and lamenting, in quest of another with the prescribed marks (quæsituri luctu alium quem substituant; et donec invenerint mærent, derasis etiam capitibus. Plin., ii., 3). When they had found one, their lamentations were exchanged for songs of joy and shouts of εὑρήκαμεν (cf. viii., 29, Exclamare libet populus quod clamat Osiri invento), and the ox was led back to the shrine of his predecessor. These gloomy processions lasted some days; and generally during these (or nine days at least) women abstained from intercourse with their husbands. These rites were introduced at Rome, the chief priest personating Anubis, and wearing a dog's head. Hence derisor. Cf. xv., 8, "Oppida tota canem venerantur."

[304]

"Her internuntial office none deny, Between us peccant mortals and the sky." Badham.

[305] Commagene was reduced to a province A.D. 72.

[306] Deferat.

"Or bid, at times, the human victim bleed, And then inform against you for the deed." Hodgson.

[307] Conducenda.

"By whose hired tablet and concurring spell, The noble Roman, Otho's terror, fell." Hodgson.

[308] Magnus civis. Cf. Suet., Otho, 4, "Spem majorem cepit ex affirmatione Seleuci Mathematici, qui cum eum olim superstitem Neroni fore spopondisset, tunc ultro inopinatus advenerat, imperaturum quoque brevi repromittens." Cf. Tac., Hist., i., 22, who says one Ptolemæus promised Otho the same when with him in Spain. Ptolemy helped to fulfill his own predictions, "Nec deerat Ptolemæus, jam et sceleris instinctor, ad quod facillimè ab ejusmodi voto transitur."

[309] Cyclada. Cf. i., 73, "Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum." x., 170, "Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis parvaque Seripho."

[310] Tanaquil. Cf. Liv., i, 34, "perita cœlestium prodigiorum mulier."

"To him thy Tanaquil applies, in doubt How long her jaundiced mother may hold out." Gifford.

[311] Pinguia sucina. The Roman women used to hold or rub amber in their hands for its scent. Mart., iii., Ep. lxv., 5, "redolent quod sucina trita." xi., Ep. viii., 6, "spirant, succina virgineâ quod regelata manu." Cf. v., Ep. xxxviii., II. (Cf. ix., 50.)

"By whom a greasy almanac is borne, With often handling, like chafed amber worn." Dryden.

[312] Thrasyllus was the astrologer under whom Tiberius studied the "Chaldean art" at Rhodes (Tac., Ann., vi., 20), and accompanied his patron to Rome. (Cf. Suet., Aug., 98.) Cf. Suet., Tib., 14, 62, and Calig., 19, for a curious prediction belied by Caligula.

[313] Petosiris, another famous astrologer and physician. Plin., ii., 23; vii., 49.

[314] Fulgura. When a place was struck by lightning, a priest was sent for to purify it, a two-year-old sheep was then sacrificed, and the ground, hence called bidental, fenced in.

[315] Agger. The mound to the east of Rome, thrown up by Tarquinius Superbus. Cf. viii., 43, "ventoso conducta sub aggere texit." Hor., i., Sat. viii., 15, "Aggere in aprico spatiari."

[316] Phalas. The Circensian games were originally consecrated to Neptunus Equestris, or Consus. Hence the dolphins on the columns in the Circus Maximus. The circus was divided along the middle by the Spina, at each extremity of which stood three pillars (metæ) round which the chariots turned: along this spine were seven movable towers or obelisks, called from their oval form ova, or phalæ; one was taken down at the end of each course. There were four factions in the circus, Blue, Green (xi., 196). White, and Red, xii., 114; to which Domitian added the Golden and the Purple. Suet., Domit., 7. The egg was the badge of the Green faction (which was the general favorite), the dolphin of the Blue or sea party. For the form of these, see the Florentine gem in Milman's Horace, p. 3. Böttiger has a curious theory, that the four colors symbolize the four elements, the green being the earth. The circus was the resort of prostitutes (iii., 65) and itinerant fortune-tellers. (Hence "fallax," Hor., i., Sat., vi., 113.) Cf. Suet., Jul., 39, and Claud., 21.

[317] Mane. "The first thing seen" in the morning was a most important omen of the good or bad luck of the whole day. This is well turned by Hodgson:

"The sooty embryo, had he sprung to light, Had heir'd thy will and petrified thy sight; Each morn with horror hadst thou turn'd away, Lest the dark omen should o'ercloud the day."

[318] Spurcos lacus. Infants were exposed by the Milk-pillar in the Herb-market: the low ground on which this stood, at the base of Aventine, Palatine, and Capitoline, was often flooded and covered with stagnant pools. "Hoc ubi nunc fora sunt udæ

tenuere paludes," Ov., Fast., vi., 401. The "Velabri regio" of Tibull., ii., v., 33.

"The beggars' bantlings spawn'd in open air, And left by some pond-side to perish there; From hence your Flamens, hence your Salii come, Your Scauri chiefs and magistrates of Rome." Gifford.

[319] Mimum. Cf. iii., 40, "Quoties voluit Fortuna jocari."

[320] Boletus. Cf. v., 147. Nero used to call mushrooms "the food of the gods" after this. Cf. Suet., Nero, 33. Tac., Ann., xii., 66, 7. Mart., i., Ep. xxi.

[321]

"That only closed the driveling dotard's eyes, And sent his godhead downward to the skies." Dryden.

[322] Cæsonia. Cf. Suet., Calig., 50, "Creditur potionatus a Cæsonia uxore, amatorio quidem medicamento, sed quod in furorem verterit."

[323] Grande Sophocleo.

"Are these then fictions? and would satire's rage Sweep in Iambic pomp the tragic stage With stately Sophocles, and sing of deeds Strange to Rutulian skies and Latian meads?" Badham.

[324] Pontia, daughter of Titus Pontius, and wife of Drymis, poisoned her two children, and afterward committed suicide. The fact was duly inscribed on her tomb. Cf. Mart., vi., Ep. 75.

[325] Tamen. Heinrich proposes to read "tantum."

[326] Alcestim.

"Alcestis, lo! in love's calm courage flies To yonder tomb where, else, Admetus dies, While those that view the scene, a lapdog's breath Would cheaply purchase by a husband's death." Badham.

[327] Insulsam.

"But here the difference lies—those bungling wives With a blunt axe hack'd out

their husbands' lives." Gifford.

[328] Ter victi, by Sylla, Lucullus, and Pompey. Cf. xiv., 452, "Eme quod Mithridates Composuit si vis aliam decerpere ficum Atque alias tractare rosas."

SATIRE VII.

All our hope and inducement to study[329] rests on Cæsar[330] alone. For he alone casts a favoring eye[331] on the Muses, who in our days are in a forlorn state. When poets, now become famous and men of renown, would fain try and hire a little bath at Gabii, or a public oven at Rome. While others, again, would esteem it neither shocking nor degrading to turn public criers: since Clio herself, if starving, would quit the vales of Aganippe, and emigrate to courts.[332] For if not a single farthing is offered you in the Pierian shades, be content with the name and calling of Machæra:[333] and sooner sell what the auction duly set[334] sells to those that stand around; wine-flagons, trivets, book-cases, chests; the "Alcyone" of Paccius, or the "Thebes" and "Tereus" of Faustus. This is preferable to asserting before the judge that you are a witness of what you never did see.[335] Even though Asiatic,[336] and Cappadocian, and Bithynian knights stoop to this: fellows whom Gallo-Græcia transports hither with chalked feet.[337] Hereafter, however, no one will be compelled to submit to an employment derogatory to his studies, who unites loftiness of expression to tuneful numbers, and has chewed the bay.[338] Set vigorously to work then, young men! The kindness[339] of the emperor is looking all around, and stimulates your exertions, while he is seeking worthy objects of his patronage. If you think that from any other quarter you may look for encouragement in your pursuits, and with that view fill the parchment of your yellow[340] tablet; call with all speed for a fagot, and make a present of all your compositions, Telesinus, to Venus' husband:[341] or lock them up, and let the bookworm[342] bore them through as they lie stowed away. Destroy your pens, poor wretch! Blot out your battles that have lost you your nights' rest, you that write sublime poetry in

your narrow garret,[343] that you may come forth worthy of an ivy-crown and meagre image. You have nothing farther to hope for. The stingy patron of our days has learned only to admire and praise the eloquent as boys do Juno's peacock.[344] But your prime of life is ebbing away; that is able to bear the fatigue of the sea, the helmet, or the spade. Then weariness creeps over the spirits: and an old age, that is indeed learned but in rags,[345] curses itself and the Muses that it courted. Now learn the devices of the great man you pay court to, to avoid laying out any money upon you: quitting the temple of the Muses, and Apollo, he composes verses himself, and only yields the palm to Homer himself on the score of his priority by a thousand years. But if inflamed by the charms of fame you recite your poetry, he kindly lends you a dirty mansion, and places at your service one that has been long barred up, whose front gate emulates those of a city in a state of siege. He knows how to place his freedmen in seats at the farther end of the audience, and how to arrange his clients who are to cheer you lustily.[346] None of these great lords will give you as much as would pay for the benches,[347] or the seats that rise one above another on the platform you have to hire; or your orchestra of chairs, which must be returned when your recitation is over. Yet still we ply our tasks, and draw furrows in the profitless dust, and keep turning up the sea-shore with sterile plow. For even if you try to abandon the pursuit, the long habit[348] of indulging in this vain-glorious trifling,[349] holds you fast in its fetters. An inveterate itch of writing, now incurable, clings to many, and grows old in their distempered body. But the poet that is above his fellows, whose vein is not that of the common herd; that is wont to spin out no stale or vulgar subject, and stamps no hackneyed verse from a die that all may use; such an one as I can not embody in words, and can only feel in my soul, is the offspring of a mind free from solicitude, exempt from all that can embitter life, that courts the quiet of the woods, and loves to drink the fountains of the Aonides. Nor can it be that poverty should sing in the Pierian cave, or handle the thyrsus, if forced to sobriety, and lacking that vile pelf the body needs both day and night. Well

plied with food and wine is Horace when he shouts out his Evoe![350] What scope is there for fancy, save when our breasts are harassed by no thoughts but verse alone; and are hurried along[351] under the influence of the lords of Cirrha and Nysa, admitting of no divided[352] solicitude. It is the privilege of an exalted soul, and not of one bewildered how to get enough to buy a blanket, to gaze on chariots and horses and the forms of divinities, and in what dread shapes Erinnys[353] appalls the Rutulian. For had Virgil lacked a slave and comfortable lodging, all the serpents would have vanished from Alecto's hair: his trumpet, starved to silence, would have blazed no note of terror. Is it fair to expect that Rubrenus Lappa should not fall short of the buskin of the ancients, while his Atreus[354] forces him to pawn his very sauceboats and his cloak?

Poor Numitor is so unfortunate as to have nothing he can afford to send his protégé! Yet he can find something to give Quintilla—he managed to pay for a tame lion, that must have pounds of flesh to feed him. No doubt the huge beast is kept at far less expense; and a poet's stomach is far more capacious! Let Lucan recline at his ease in his gardens among his marble statues, satisfied with fame alone. But to poor Serranus, and starving Saleius, of what avail will glory be, however great, if it be glory only? All flock in crowds to hear his sweet voice, and the tuneful strains of the Thebais, when Statius[355] has gladdened the city, and fixed the day for reciting it. So great is the charm with which he captivates their souls; such the eager delight with which he is listened to by the multitude. But when the very benches are broken down by the ecstasies with which his verses are applauded, he may starve, unless he sells[356] his unpublished "Agave"[357] to Paris. It is he that bestows on many the honors due to military service, and encircles the fingers of poets with the ring that marks their six months' command.[358] What nobles will not give, a player will! And dost thou, then, still pay court to the Camerini and Bareæ, and the spacious halls of nobles? It is "Pelopea" that makes prefects, "Philomela" tribunes. Yet envy not the bard whom the stage maintains. Who is your Mæcenas now, or Proculeius,

or Fabius? Who will act Cotta's part again, or be a second Lentulus? In those days talent had its meet reward: then it was profitable to many to become pale, and abstain from wine[359] the whole of December.

Your toil, forsooth, ye writers of histories! is more profitable, it requires more time and more oil. For regardless of all limit, it rises to the thousandth page; and grows in bulk, expensive from the mass of paper used. This the vast press of matter requires, and the laws of composition. Yet what is the crop that springs from it? what the profit from the soil upturned? Who will give an historian as much as he would a notary?[360] "But they are an idle race, that delight in sofas and the cool shade." Well, tell me then, what do the services rendered their fellow-citizens, and their briefs they carry about with them in a big bundle, bring in to the lawyers? Even of themselves they talk grandly enough, but especially when their creditor is one of their hearers; or if one still more pressing nudges their side, that comes with his great account-book to sue for a doubtful debt. Then the hollow bellows of their lungs breathe forth amazing lies; they foam at the mouth till their breast is covered. But if you like to calculate the actual harvest they reap, set in one scale the estate of a hundred lawyers, and you may balance it on the other side with the single fortune of Lacerna, the charioteer of the Red.[361]

The chiefs have taken their seats![362] You, like Ajax, rise with pallid cheek, and plead in behalf of liberty that has been called in question, before a neat-herd[363] for a juryman! Burst your strained lungs, poor wretch! that, when exhausted, the green palm-branches[364] may be affixed to crown your staircase with honor! Yet what is the reward of your eloquence? A rusty ham, or a dish of sprats; or some shriveled onions, the monthly provender of the Africans;[365] or wine brought down the Tiber. Five bottles[366] for pleading four times! If you have been lucky enough to get a single gold piece,[367] even from that you must deduct the stipulated shares of the attorneys.[368] Æmilius will get as much as the law allows;[369] although we pleaded better than he. For he has in his court-yard a chariot of bronze with four tall

horses[370] yoked to it; and he himself, seated on his fierce charger, brandishes aloft his bending spear, and meditates battles with his one eye closed. So it is that Pedo gets involved, Matho fails. This is the end of Tongillus, who usually bathes with a huge rhinoceros' horn of oil, and annoys the baths with his draggled train; and weighs heavily in his ponderous sedan on his sturdy Median slaves, as he presses through the forum to bid for[371] slaves, and plate, and myrrhine vases, and villas. For it is his foreign[372] purple with its Tyrian tissue that gets him credit. And yet this answers their purpose. It is the purple robe that gets the lawyer custom—his violet cloaks that attract clients. It suits their interest to live with all the bustle and outward show of an income greater then they really have. But prodigal Rome observes no bounds to her extravagance. If the old orators were to come to life again, no one now would give even Cicero himself two hundred sesterces, unless a huge ring sparkled on his finger. This is the first point he that goes to law looks to—whether you have eight slaves, ten attendants, a sedan to follow you, and friends in toga to go before. Paulus, consequently, used to plead in a sardonyx, hired for the occasion: and hence it was that Cossus' fees were higher than those of Basilus. Eloquence is a rare quality in a threadbare coat!

When is Basilus allowed to produce in court a weeping mother? Who could endure Basilus, however well he were to plead? Let Gaul become your home, or better still that foster-nurse of pleaders, Africa, if you are determined to let your tongue for hire.

Do you teach declamation? Oh what a heart of steel must Vectius have, when his numerous class kills cruel tyrants! For all that the boy has just conned over at his seat, he will then stand up and spout—the same stale theme in the same sing-song. It is the reproduction of the cabbage[373] that wears out the master's life. What is the plea to be urged: what the character of the cause; where the main point of the case hinges; what shafts may issue from the opposing party;—this all are anxious to know; but not one is anxious to pay! "Pay do you ask for? why, what do I know?"

The blame, forsooth, is laid at the teacher's door, because there is not a spark of energy in the breast of this scion of Arcadia,[374] who dins his awful Hannibal into my ears regularly every sixth day. Whatever the theme be that is to be the subject of his deliberation; whether he shall march at once from Cannæ on Rome; or whether, rendered circumspect after the storms and thunderbolts, he shall lead his cohorts, drenched with the tempest, by a circuitous route. Bargain[375] for any sum you please, and I will at once place it in your hands, on condition that his father should hear him his lesson as often as I have to do it! But six or more sophists are all giving tongue at once; and, debating in good earnest, have abandoned all fictitious declamations about the ravisher. No more is heard of the poison infused, or the vile ungrateful husband,[376] or the drugs that can restore the aged blind to youth. He therefore that quits the shadowy conflicts of rhetoric for the arena of real debate, will superannuate himself, if my advice has any weight with him, and enter on a different path of life; that he may not lose even the paltry sum that will purchase the miserable ticket[377] for corn. Since this is the most splendid reward you can expect. Just inquire what Chrysogonus receives, or Pollio, for teaching the sons of these fine gentlemen, and going into all the details[378] of Theodorus' treatise.

The baths will cost six hundred sestertia, and the colonnade still more, in which the great man rides whenever it rains. Is he to wait, forsooth, for fair weather? or bespatter his horses with fresh mud? Nay, far better here! for here the mule's hoof shines unsullied.[379] On the other side must rise a spacious dining-room, supported on stately columns of Numidian marble, and catch the cool[380] sun. However much the house may have cost, he will have besides an artiste who can arrange his table scientifically; another, who can season made-dishes. Yet amid all this lavish expenditure, two poor sestertia will be deemed an ample remuneration for Quintilian. Nothing will cost a father less than his son's education.

"Then where did Quintilian get the money to pay for so many estates?" Pass by the instances of good fortune that are but rare indeed. It is good luck that makes a man

handsome and active; good luck that makes him wise, and noble, and well-bred, and attaches the crescent[381] of the senator to his black shoe. Good luck too that makes him the best of orators and debaters, and, though he has a vile cold, sing well! For it makes all the difference what planets welcome you when you first begin to utter your infant cry, and are still red from your mother. If fortune so wills it, you will become consul instead of rhetorician; or, if she will, instead of rhetorician, consul! What was Ventidius[382] or Tullius aught else than a lucky planet, and the strange potency of hidden fate? Fate, that gives kingdoms to slaves, and triumphs to captives. Yes! Quintilian was indeed lucky, but he is a greater rarity even than a white crow. But many a man has repented of this fruitless and barren employment, as the sad end of Thrasymachus[383] proves, and that of Secundus Carrinas.[384] And you, too, Athens, were witness to the poverty of him on whom you had the heart to bestow nothing save the hemlock that chilled[385] his life-blood!

Light be the earth, ye gods![386] and void of weight, that presses on our grandsires' shades, and round their urn bloom fragrant crocus and eternal spring, who maintained that a tutor should hold the place and honor of a revered parent. Achilles sang on his paternal hills, in terror of the lash, though now grown up; and yet in whom even then would not the tail of his master, the harper, provoke a smile? But now Rufus[387] and others are beaten each by their own pupils; Rufus! who so often called Cicero "the Allobrogian!" Who casts into Enceladus'[388] lap, or that of the learned Palæmon,[389] as much as their grammarian labors have merited! And yet even from the wretched sum, however small (and it is smaller than the rhetorician's pay), Acænonoëtus, his pupil's pedagogue, first takes his slice; and then the steward who pays you deducts his fragment. Dispute it not, Palæmon! and suffer some abatement to be made, just as the peddler does that deals in winter rugs and snow-white sheetings.[390] Only let not all be lost,[391] for which you have sat from the midnight hour, when no smith would sit, nor even he that teaches how to draw out wool with the oblique iron. Lose not your whole reward for having smelled

as many lamps as there were boys standing round you; while Horace was altogether discolored, and the foul smut clave to the well-thumbed Maro. Yet rare too is the pay that does not require enforcing by the Tribune's court.[392]

But do you, parents, impose severe exactions on him that is to teach your boys; that he be perfect in the rules of grammar for each word—read all histories[393]—know all authors as well as his own finger-ends; that if questioned at hazard, while on his way to the Thermæ or the baths of Phœbus, he should be able to tell the name of Anchises' nurse,[394] and the name and native land of the step-mother of Anchemolus—tell off-hand how many years Acestes lived—how many flagons of wine the Sicilian king gave to the Phrygians. Require of him that he mould their youthful morals as one models a face in wax. Require of him that he be the reverend father of the company, and check every approach to immorality.

It is no light task to keep watch over so many boyish hands, so many little twinkling eyes. "This," says the father, "be the object of your care!"—and when the year comes round again, Receive for your pay as much gold[395] as the people demand for the victorious Charioteer!

FOOTNOTES:

[329] Ratio studiorum. Cf. Tac., Ann., xi., 7, "Sublatis studiorum pretiis etiam studia peritura."

[330] Cæsare. Which Cæsar is intended is a matter of discussion among the commentators; whether Nero, Titus, Trajan, Hadrian, Nerva, or Domitian. Probably the last is meant: as in the beginning of his reign he affected the character of a patron of literature.

[331] Respexit. "To view with favor or pity," as a deity: so Virg., Ecl., i., 28, "Libertas, quæ sera tamen respexit inertem."

[332] Atria. Either "the antechambers of rich patrons," or to "the Licinian and other courts," near the forum, where auctions were held; the atria auctionaria of Cicero: cf.

pro Quint., 12, 25, i. in Rull., 7.

[333] Machæra, a famous Præco of his time. Lubin.

[334] Commissa. Either from the goods being "intrusted" to the auctioneer by the owner or the magistrate; or from the parties that bid being as it were "pitted," commissi, against each other, like gladiators.

[335] Vidi. So xvi., 29, "Audeat ille Nescio quis, pugnos qui vidit, dicere vidi."

[336] Asiani. "Jam equites, olim servi Asiatici." Lub. The next line is in all probability interpolated, being only a gloss. Heinrich.

[337] Nudo talo. Vid. ad i., 111. Or, it may be "barefooted" simply. Galatia in Asia Minor, so called from the colony of Gauls who settled there, A.D. 278, at the invitation of Nicomedes. Liv., xxxviii., 16. Cf. Paus., Phoc., xxiii. Cramer's Asia Minor, ii., 79. Clinton, Fast. Hell. in an.

"Sent from Bithynia's realms with shoeless feet." Badham.

[338] Laurumque momordit. So δαφνηφάγοι. The chewing of the bay, as being sacred to Apollo, was supposed to convey divine inspiration. Grang. Cf. Lycoph., 6.

[339]

Indulgentia. "Lo! the imperial eye Looks round attentive on each rising bard, For worth to praise, for genius to reward." Gifford.

[340] Croceæ. Because parchment is always yellow on the side where the hair grew. Others think the parchment itself was dyed yellow. Cf. Pers., iii., 10.

[341] Veneris marito, a burlesque phrase for "the fire."

[342] Tinea. Cf. Hor., Ep., I., xx., 12, "Tineas pasces taciturnus inertes."

[343] Cellâ. So Ben Jonson:

"I that spend half my nights and half my days Here in a cell, to get a dark pale face, To come forth worth the ivy or the bays, And in this age can hope no other grace."

[344] Junonis avem.

"To praise and only praise the high-wrought strain. As boys the bird of Juno's glittering train." Gifford.

[345] Facunda et unda.

"Till gray-haired, helpless, humbled genius see Its fault too late, and curse Terpsichore." Badham.

[346] Comitum voces. Cf. xiii., 32, "Vocalis sportula."

[347] Anabathra, the seats rising one above another in the form of a theatre. Subsellia, those in the body of the room. Orchestra, the hired chairs in front of all, for his knightly guests. Holyday quaintly says no patron cared

"What the orchestra cost raised for chief friends, And chairs recarried when the reading ends."

[348] Laqueo.

"And would we quit at length th' ambitious ill, The noose of habit implicates us still." Badham.

[349] Vatem egregium. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. iv., 43, "Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem." How immeasurably finer of the two is Juvenal's description of a poet!

"But he, the bard of every age and clime, Of genius fruitful, and of soul sublime, Who from the glowing mint of fancy pours No spurious metal, fused from common ores, But gold to matchless purity refined, And stamp'd with all the godhead in his mind: He whom I feel, but want the power to paint, Must boast a soul impatient of restraint, And free from every care—a soul that loves The Muses' haunts, clear springs and shady groves." Gifford.

Of this passage, Hodgson says, Gifford has drawn the prize in the lottery of translation, all others must be blanks after it.

[350] Evoe! Vid. Hor., ii., Od. xix., 5. Cf. Milman's Life.

[351] Feruntur.

"Be hurried with resistless force along By the two kindred powers of wine and song." Gifford.

[352] Duas.

"Nor wrestlings with the world will Genius own, Destined to strive with song, and song alone." Badham.

[353] Erinnys. The splendid passage in the seventh Æneid, 445, seq., "Talibus Alecto dictis exarsit in iras. At juveni oranti subitus tremor occupat artus: Deriguere oculi: tot Erinnys sibilat hydris, Tantaque se facies aperit." Cf. Æn., ii., 602, seq.; xii., 326.

[354] Atreus. Some take Atreus to be the person who lends the money. Grangæus interprets it, "Qui dum componit tragædiam de Atreo, ut vitam sustentare possit pignori opponit alveolos."

"Who writes his Atreus, as his friends allege, With half his household goods and cloak in pledge." Badham.

[355] Statius employed twelve years upon his Thebais. (Cf. xii., 811.) It was not completed till after the Dacian war, but was written before the 1st book of the Silvæ, the date of the 4th book of which is known to be A.D. 95. We may therefore assume the date of the Thebais to be about 94.

[356] Vendat. Holyday quotes from Brodæus the price given to Terence for his Eunuchus, viz., eight sestertia, about sixty-five pounds.

[357] Agave. Probably a pantomimic ballet on a tragic subject; for, as Heinrich says, what had Paris, the mime, to do with a new tragedy? These and the following lines are said to have been the cause of Juvenal's banishment.

[358] Semestri is said to refer to an honorary military commission, conferred on

favorites, even though not in the army, and called "Semestris tribunatus militum." It lasted for six months only, but conferred the privilege of wearing the equestrian ring, with perhaps others. It is alluded to in Pliny, iv., Epist. 4, who begs of Sossius the consul in behalf of a friend, "Hunc rogo semestri tribunatu splendidiorem facias." There are divers other interpretations, but this appears the simplest and most probable. To confound it with the "æstivum aurum" (i., 28), is a palpable absurdity.

[359] Vinum nescire. Cf. Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 5, "At ipsis Saturnalibus huc fugisti Sobrius." Stat., Sylv., I., vi., 4, "Saturnus mihi compede exsolutâ, et multo gravidus mero December."

"Then all December's revelries refuse, And give the festive moments to the Muse." Gifford.

[360] Acta legenti. Either the "notary public," or "keeper of the public records," or the historian's reader, who collected facts for the author, or "any one who read aloud the history itself."

[361] Russati. Cf. ad vi., 589. So the charioteer of "the white" was called Albatus. Lacerna, or Lacerta, was a charioteer in the reign of Domitian, some say of Domitian himself. One commentator takes Lacerna to be "any soldier wearing a red cloak;" as Paludatus is "one wearing the general's cloak." Cf. Mart., xiii., Ep. 78, "Prasinus Porphyrion."

[362] Consedere. Cf. Ov., Met., xiii., 1, "Consedere duces; et, vulgi stante corona, Surgit ad hos clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax." Cf. ad xi., 30.

[363] Bubulco." Before some clod-pate judge thy vitals strain." Badham.

[364] Palmæ. Cf. ad ix., 85.

"So shall the verdant palm be duly tied To the dark staircase where such powers reside." Badham.

[365] Afrorum Epimenia. Most probably alluding to the "monthly rations of onions"

allowed to African slaves, who were accustomed to plenty of them in their own country (cf. Herod., ii., 125. Numb., xi., 5), where they grew in great abundance. Martial, ix., Ep. xlvi., 11, enumerates "bulbi" among the presents sent at the Saturnalia to the causidicus Sabellus.

[366] Lagenæ. Mart., u. s. "Five jars of meagre down-the-Tiber wine." Badham.

[367] Aureus. About sixteen shillings English at this time.

[368] Pragmaticorum. Cicero describes their occupation, de Orat., i., 45, "Ut apud Græcos infimi homines, mercedula adducti, ministros se præbent judiciis oratoribus ii qui apud illos πραγματικοὶ vocantur." Cf. c. 59. Quintil., iii., 6; xii., 3. Mart., xii., Ep. 72. They appear afterward to have been introduced at Rome, and are sometimes called "Tabelliones."

[369] Licet. The Lex Cincia de Muneribus, as amended by Augustus, forbade the receipt of any fees. A law of Nero fixed the fee at 100 aurei at most. Vid. Tac., Ann., xi., 5 (Ruperti's note). Suet., Ner., 17. Plin., v., Ep. iv., 21.

[370] Quadrijuges. It appears to have been an extraordinary fancy with lawyers of this age to be represented in this manner; cf. Mart., ix., Ep. lxix., 5, seq.; but the details of the picture have puzzled the commentators. "Curvatum" is supposed to mean that "the spear actually seems quivering in his hand," or that it is "bent with age," or that the arm is "bent back," as if in the act of throwing. Cf. Xen., Anab., V., ii., 12, διηγκυλωμένους. "Luscâ" may imply that the statue imitated to the life the personal defect of Æmilius; or simply the absence of the pupil (ὀμμάτων ἀχηνία), inseparable from statuary; or that Æmilius is represented as closing one eye to take better aim.

"Lifts his poised javelin o'er the crowd below, And from his blinking statue threats the blow." Hodgson.

[371] Cf. Mart., ix., Ep. 60.

[372] Stlataria. Stlata is said to be an old form of lata, as stlis for lis, stlocus for

locus. Therefore Stlataria is the same as the "Latus Clavus," according to some commentators; or a "broad-beamed" merchant ship; and therefore means simply "imported." Others say it is a "piratical ship," such as the Illyrians used, and the word is then taken to imply "deceitful." Facciolati explains, it by "peregrina et pretiosa: longè navi advecta."

[373] Crambe. The old Schol. quotes a proverb—δὶς κράμβε θάνατος, Grangæus another, which forcibly expresses a schoolmaster's drudgery—οἰ αὐτοὶ περὶ τῶν αὐτῶν τοῖς αὐτοῖς τὰ ἀυτά.

"Till, like hash'd cabbage, served for each repast, The repetition kills the wretch at last." Gifford.

[374] Arcadia was celebrated for its breed of asses. Cf. Pers., Sat. iii., 9, "Arcadiæ pecuaria rudere credas." Auson., Epigr. 76, "Asinos quoque rudere dicas, cum vis Arcadium fingere, Marce, pecus."

[375] Stipulare.

"Get me his father but to hear his task For one short week, I'll give you all you ask." Bad.

[376] Maritus.

"The faithless husband and abandon'd wife, And Æson coddled to new light and life." Gifford.

[377] Tessera. The poorer Romans received every month tickets, which appear to have been transferable, entitling them to a certain quantity of corn from the public granaries. These tesseræ or symbola were made, Lubinus says, of wood or lead, and distributed by the "Frumentorum Curatores." In the latter days, bread thus distributed was called "Panis Gradilis," quia gradibus distribuebatur. The Congiarium consisted of wine, or oil only. The Donativum was only given to soldiers. Several of these tickets of wood and lead are preserved in the museum at Portici.

[378] Scindens. "Præcepta ejus artis minutatim dividens." Lubin. On the principle, perhaps, that "Qui benè dividit benè docet." Britannicus, whom Heinrich follows, explains it by "deridet." Theodorus of Gadara was a professor of rhetoric in the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius. Vid. Suet., Tib., 57. It was he who so well described the character of the latter; calling him πήλον αἵματι πεφύρμενον. Chrysogonus, in vi., 74, is a singer, and Pollio, vi., 387, a musician (cf. Mart., iv., Ep. lxi., 9); but, as Lubinus says, the persons mentioned here are professors of rhetoric, and probably therefore not the same.

[379] Mundæ.

"He splash his fav'rite mule in filthy roads! With ample space at his command, to tire The well-groom'd beast, with hoof unstain'd by mire." Badham.

[380] Algentem. They had dining-rooms facing different quarters, according to the season of the year, with a southern aspect for the winter, and an eastern for the summer. Cf. Plin., ii., Ep. 17. Rapiat rather seems to imply the former case. So Badham—

"Courts the brief radiance of the winter's noon."

"Algentem" favors the other view—

"Front the cool east, when now the averted sun Through the mid ardors of his course has run." Hodgson.

[381] Lunam. Senators wore black shoes of tanned leather: they were a kind of short boot reaching to the middle of the leg (hence, "Nigris medium impediit crus pellibus," Hor., I., Sat. vi., 27), with a crescent or the letter C in front, because the original number of senators was a hundred.—Aluta, "steeped in alum," to soften the skin.

[382] Ventidius Bassus, son of a slave; first a carman, then a muleteer; afterward made in one year prætor and consul. Being appointed to command against the Parthians, he was allowed a triumph; having been himself, in his youth, led as a

captive in the triumphal procession of Pompey's father. Cf. Val. Max., vi., 10.

[383] Thrasymachus of Chalcedon, the pupil of Plato and Isocrates, wrote a treatise on Rhetoric, and set up as a teacher of it at Athens; but, meeting with no encouragement, shut up his school and hanged himself.

[384] Secundus Carrinas is said to have been driven by poverty from Athens to Rome; and was banished by Caligula for a declamation against tyrants. He is mentioned, Tac., Ann., xv., 45.

[385] Gelidas. "Cicutæ refrigeratoria vis: quos enecat incipiunt algere ab extremitatibus corporis." Plin., xxv., 13. Plat., Phædo, fin. Pers., iv., 1.

[386] Dii Majorum, etc.

"Shades of our sires! O sacred be your rest, And lightly lie the turf upon your breast; Flowers round your urns breathe sweets beyond compare, And spring eternal bloom and flourish there! Your honor'd tutors, now a slighted race, And gave them all a parent's power and place!" Gifford.

[387] Rufus, according to the old Schol., was a native of Gaul. Grangæus calls him Q. Curtius Rufus, and says nothing more is known of him than that he was an eminent rhetorician. He is here represented as charging Cicero with barbarisms or provincialisms, such as a Savoyard would use.

[388] Enceladus. Nothing is known of him.

[389] Palæmon. Vid. ad vi., 451.

[390] Cadurci. Cf. vi., 537.

[391] Non pereat.

"Yes, suffer this! while something's left to pay Your rising, hours before the dawn of day; When e'en the lab'ring poor their slumbers take, And not a weaver, not a smith's awake." Gifford.

[392] Cognitione Tribuni. Not a tribune of the people, but one of the Tribuni Ærarii,

to whom the cognizance of such complaints belonged.

[393] Historias. Tiberius was exceedingly fond of propounding to grammarians, a class of men whom he particularly affected (quod genus hominum præcipuè appetebat), questions of this nature, to sound their "notitia historiæ usque ad ineptias atque derisum." Cf. Suet., Tib., 70, 57.

[394] Nutricem. The names of these two persons are said to have been Casperia and Tisiphone.

[395] Aurum. i. e., 5 aurei, the highest reward allowed to be given. The aureus, which varied in value, was at this time worth 25 denarii; a little more than 16 shillings English. Cf. Mart., x., Ep. lxxiv., 5.

SATIRE VIII.

What is the use of pedigrees?[396] What boots it, Ponticus, to be accounted of an ancient line, and to display the painted faces[397] of your ancestors, and the Æmiliani standing in their cars, and the Curii diminished to one half their bulk, and Corvinus deficient of a shoulder, and Galba that has lost his ears and nose[4]—what profit is it to vaunt in your capacious genealogy of Corvinus, and in many a collateral line[398] to trace dictators and masters of the horse begrimed with smoke, if before the very faces of the Lepidi you lead an evil life! To what purpose are the images of so many warriors, if the dice-box rattles all night long in the presence of the Numantini:[399] if you retire to rest at the rising of that star[400] at whose dawning those generals set their standards and camps in motion? Why does Fabius[401] plume himself on the Allobrogici and the "Great Altar," as one born in Hercules' own household, if he is covetous, empty-headed, and ever so much more effeminate than the soft lamb of Euganea.[402] If with tender limbs made sleek by the pumice[403] of Catana he shames his rugged sires, and, a purchaser of poison, disgraces his dishonored race by his image that ought to be broken up.[404]

Though your long line of ancient statues adorn your ample halls on every side, the sole and only real nobility is virtue. Be a Paulus,[405] or Cossus, or Drusus, in moral character. Set that before the images of your ancestors. Let that, when you are consul, take precedence of the fasces themselves. What I claim from you first is the noble qualities of the mind. If you deserve indeed to be accounted a man of blameless integrity, and stanch love of justice, both in word and deed, then I recognize the real nobleman. All hail, Gætulicus![406] or thou, Silanus,[407] or from whatever other blood descended, a rare and illustrious citizen, thou fallest to the lot of thy rejoicing country. Then we may exultingly shout out what the people exclaim when Osiris is found.[408]

For who would call him noble that is unworthy of his race, and distinguished only for his illustrious name? We call some one's dwarf,[409] Atlas; a negro, swan; a diminutive and deformed wench, Europa. Lazy curs scabbed[410] with inveterate mange, that lick the edges of the lamp now dry, will get the name of Leopard, Tiger, Lion, or whatever other beast there is on earth that roars with fiercer throat. Therefore you will take care and begin to fear lest it is upon the same principle you are a Creticus[411] or Camerinus.

Whom have I admonished in these words? To you my words are addressed, Rubellius[412] Plautus! You are puffed up with your descent from the Drusi, just as though you had yourself achieved something to deserve being ennobled; and she that gave you birth should be of the brilliant blood of Iulus, and not the drudge that weaves for hire beneath the shelter of the windy rampart.[413] "You are the lower orders!" he says; "the very dregs of our populace! Not a man of you could tell where his father was born! But I am a Cecropid!" Long may you live![414] and long revel in the joys of such a descent! Yet from the lowest of this common herd you will find one that is indeed an eloquent Roman. It is he that usually pleads the cause of the ignorant noble.[415] From the toga'd crowd will come one that can solve the knotty points of law, and the enigmas of the statutes. He it is that in his prime carves out his

fortune with his sword, and goes to Euphrates, and the legions that keep guard over the conquered Batavi. While you are nothing but a Cecropid, and most like the shapeless pillar crowned with Hermes' head. Since in no other point of difference have you the advantage save in this—that his head is of marble,[416] and your image is endowed with life! Tell me, descendant of the Teucri, who considers dumb animals highly bred, unless strong and courageous? Surely it is on this score we praise the fleet horse—to grace whose speed full many a palm glows,[417] and Victory, in the circus hoarse with shouting, stands exulting by. He is the steed of fame, from whatever pasture he comes, whose speed is brilliantly before the others, and whose dust is first on the plain. But the brood of Corytha, and Hirpinus' stock, are put up for sale if victory sit but seldom on their yoke. In their case no regard is had to their pedigree—their dead sires win them no favor—they are forced to change their owners for paltry prices, and draw wagons with galled withers, if slow of foot, and only fit to turn Nepos'[418] mill. Therefore that we may admire you, and not yours, first achieve some noble act[419] that I may inscribe on your statue's base, besides those honors that we pay, and ever shall pay, to those to whom you are indebted for all.

Enough has been said to the youth whom common report represents to us as haughty and puffed up from his relationship to Nero.[420] For in that rank of life the courtesies[421] of good breeding are commonly rare enough. But you, Ponticus, I would not have you valued for your ancestors' renown; so as to contribute nothing yourself to deserve the praise of posterity. It is wretched work building on another's fame; lest the whole pile crumble into ruins when the pillars that held it up are withdrawn. The vine that trails along the ground,[422] sighs for its widowed elms in vain.

Prove yourself a good soldier, a faithful guardian, an incorruptible judge. If ever you shall be summoned as a witness in a doubtful and uncertain cause, though Phalaris himself command you to turn liar, and dictate the perjuries with his bull placed

before your eyes, deem it to be the summit of impiety[423] to prefer existence to honor,[424] and for the sake of life to sacrifice life's only end! He that deserves to die is dead; though he still sup on a hundred Gauran[425] oysters, and plunge in a whole bath of the perfumes of Cosmus.[426]

When your long-expected province shall at length receive you for its ruler, set a bound to your passion, put a curb on your avarice. Have pity on our allies whom we have brought to poverty. You see the very marrow drained from the empty bones of kings. Have respect to what the laws prescribe, the senate enjoins. Remember what great rewards await the good, with how just a stroke ruin lighted on Capito[427] and Numitor, those pirates of the Cilicians, when the senate fulminated its decrees against them. But what avails their condemnation, when Pansa plunders you of all that Natta left? Look out for an auctioneer to sell your tattered clothes, Chærippus, and then hold your tongue! It is sheer madness to lose, when all is gone, even Charon's fee.[428]

There were not the same lamentations of yore, nor was the wound inflicted on our allies by pillage as great as it is now, while they were still flourishing, and but recently conquered.[429] Then every house was full, and a huge pile of money stood heaped up, cloaks from Sparta, purple robes from Cos, and along with pictures by Parrhasius, and statues by Myro, the ivory of Phidias seemed instinct with life;[430] and many a work from Polycletus' hand in every house; few were the tables that could not show a cup of Mentor's chasing. Then came Dolabella,[431] and then Antony, then the sacrilegious Verres;[432] they brought home in their tall[433] ships the spoils they dared not show, and more[434] triumphs from peace than were ever won from war. Now our allies have but few yokes of oxen, a small stock of brood-mares, and the patriarch[435] of the herd will be harried from the pasture they have already taken possession of. Then the very Lares themselves, if there is any statue worth looking at, if any little shrine still holds its single god. For this, since it is the best they have, is the highest prize they can seize upon.

You may perhaps despise the Rhodians unfit for war, and essenced Corinth: and well you may! How can a resin-smeared[436] youth, and the depilated legs of a whole nation, retaliate upon you. You must keep clear of rugged Spain, the Gallic car,[437] and the Illyrian coast. Spare too those reapers[438] that overstock the city, and give it leisure for the circus[439] and the stage. Yet what rewards to repay so atrocious a crime could you carry off from thence, since Marius[440] has so lately plundered the impoverished Africans even of their very girdles?[441]

You must be especially cautious lest a deep injury be inflicted on those who are bold as well as wretched. Though you may strip them of all the gold and silver they possess, you will yet leave them shield and sword, and javelin and helm. Plundered of all, they yet have arms to spare!

What I have just set forth is no opinion of my own. Believe that I am reciting to you a leaf of the sibyl, that can not lie. If your retinue are men of spotless life, if no favorite youth[442] barters your judgments for gold, if your wife[443] is clear from all stain of guilt, and does not prepare to go through the district courts,[444] and all the towns of your province, ready, like a Celæno[445] with her crooked talons, to swoop upon the gold—then you may, if you please, reckon your descent from Picus; and if high-sounding names are your fancy, place the whole army of Titans among your ancestors, or even Prometheus[446] himself. Adopt a founder of your line from any book you please. But if ambition and lust hurry you away headlong, if you break your rods[447] on the bloody backs of the allies, if your delight is in axes blunted by the victor worn out with using them—then the nobility of your sires themselves begins to rise[448] in judgment against you, and hold forth a torch to blaze upon your shameful deeds.[449] Every act of moral turpitude incurs more glaring reprobation in exact proportion to the rank of him that commits it. Why vaunt your pedigree to me? you, that are wont to put your name to forged deeds in the very temples[450] which your grandsire built, before your very fathers' triumphal statues! or, an adulterer that dares not face the day, you veil your brows concealed beneath a

Santon[451] cowl. The bloated Damasippus is whirled in his rapid car past the ashes and bones of his ancestors—and with his own hands, yes! though consul! with his own hands locks his wheel with the frequent drag-chain.[452] It is, indeed, at night. But still the moon sees him! The stars strain on him their attesting eyes.[453] When the period of his magistracy is closed, Damasippus[454] will take whip in hand in the broad glare of day, and never dread meeting his friend now grown old, and will be the first to give him the coachman's salute, and untie the trusses and pour the barley[455] before his weary steeds himself. Meantime, even while according to Numa's ancient rites he sacrifices the woolly victim and the stalwart bull before Jove's altar, he swears by Epona[456] alone, and the faces daubed over the stinking stalls. But when he is pleased to repeat his visits to the taverns open all night long, the Syrophœnician, reeking with his assiduous perfume,[457] runs to meet him (the Syrophœnician that dwells at the Idumæan[458] gate), with all the studied courtesy of a host, he salutes him as "lord"[459] and "king;" and Cyane, with gown tucked up, with her bottle for sale. One who wishes to palliate his crimes will say to me, "Well; we did so too when we were young!" Granted. But surely you left off, and did not indulge in your folly beyond that period. Let what you basely dare be ever brief! There are some faults that should be shorn away with our first beard. Make all reasonable allowance for boys. But Damasippus frequents those debauches of the bagnios, and the painted signs,[460] when of ripe age for war, for guarding Armenia[461] and Syria's rivers, and the Rhine or Danube. His time of life qualifies him to guard the emperor's person. Send then to Ostia![462] Cæsar—send! But look for your general in some great tavern. You will find him reclining with some common cut-throat; in a medley of sailors, and thieves, and runaway slaves; among executioners and cheap coffin-makers,[463] and the now silent drums of the priest of Cybele, lying drunk on his back.[464] There there is equal liberty for all—cups in common—nor different couch for any, or table set aloof from the herd. What would you do, Ponticus, were it your lot to have a slave of such a character? Why surely

you would dispatch him to the Lucanian or Tuscan bridewells.[465] But you, ye Trojugenæ! find excuses for yourselves, and what would disgrace a cobbler[466] will be becoming in a Volesus or Brutus!

What if we never produce examples so foul and shameful, that worse do not yet remain behind! When all your wealth was squandered, Damasippus, you let your voice for hire[467] to the stage,[468] to act the noisy Phasma[469] of Catullus. Velox Lentulas acted Laureolus, and creditably too. In my judgment he deserved crucifying in earnest. Nor yet can you acquit the people themselves from blame. The brows of the people are too hardened that sit[470] spectators of the buffooneries of the patricians, listen to the Fabii with naked feet, and laugh at the slaps on the faces of the Mamerci. What matters it at what price they sell their lives: they sell them at no tyrant's compulsion,[471] [nor hesitate[472] to do it even at the games of the prætor seated on high.] Yet imagine the gladiator's sword[473] on one side, the stage on the other. Which is the better alternative? Has any one so slavish a dread of death as to become the jealous lover of Thymele,[474] the colleague of the heavy Corinthus? Yet it is nothing to be wondered at, if the emperor turn harper, that the nobleman should turn actor. To crown all this, what is left but the amphitheatre?[475] And this disgrace of the city you have as well—Gracchus[476] not fighting equipped as a Mirmillo, with buckler or falchion (for he condemns—yes, condemns and hates such an equipment). Nor does he conceal his face beneath a helmet. See! he wields a trident. When he has cast without effect the nets suspended from his poised right hand, he boldly lifts his uncovered face to the spectators, and, easily to be recognized, flees across the whole arena. We can not mistake the tunic,[477] since the ribbon of gold reaches from his neck, and flutters in the breeze from his high-peaked cap. Therefore the disgrace, which the Secutor had to submit to, in being forced to fight with Gracchus, was worse than any wound. Were the people allowed the uncontrolled exercise of their votes, who could be found so abandoned as to hesitate to prefer Seneca[478] to Nero? For whose

punishment there should have been prepared not a single ape[479] only, or one snake or sack.[480] "His crime is matched by that of Orestes!"[481] But it is the motive cause that gives the quality to the act. Since he, at the instigation of the gods themselves, was the avenger of his father butchered in his cups. But he neither imbrued his hands in Electra's blood, or that of his Spartan wife; he mixed no aconite for his relations. Orestes never sang on the stage; he never wrote "Troïcs." What, blacker crime was there for Virginius'[482] arms to avenge, or Galba leagued with Vindex? In all his tyranny, cruel and bloody as it was, what exploit did Nero[483] achieve? These are the works, these the accomplishments of a high-born prince—delighting to prostitute[484] his rank by disgraceful dancing on a foreign stage, and earn the parsley of the Grecian crown. Array the statues of your ancestors in the trophies of your voice. At Domitius'[485] feet lay the long train of Thyestes, or Antigone, or Menalippe's mask, and hang your harp[486] on the colossus of marble.

What could any one find more noble than thy birth, Catiline, or thine, Cethegus! Yet ye prepared arms to be used by night, and flames for our houses and temples, as though ye had been the sons of the Braccati,[487] or descendants of the Senones. Attempting what one would be justified in punishing by the pitched shirt.[488] But the consul is on the watch[489] and restrains your bands. He whom you sneer at as a novus[490] homo from Arpinum, of humble birth, and but lately made a municipal knight at Rome, disposes every where his armed guards to protect the terrified people, and exerts himself in every quarter. Therefore the peaceful toga, within the walls, bestowed on him such honors and renown as not even Octavius bore away from Leucas[491] or the plains of Thessaly, with sword reeking with unintermitted slaughter. But Rome owned him for a parent. Rome, when unfettered,[492] hailed Cicero as father of his father-land.

Another native of Arpinum was wont to ask for his wages when wearied with another's plow on the Volscian hills. After that, he had the knotted vine-stick[493]

broken about his head, if he lazily fortified the camp with sluggard axe. Yet he braved the Cimbri, and the greatest perils of the state, and alone protected the city in her alarm. And therefore when the ravens, that had never lighted on bigger carcasses,[494] flocked to the slaughtered heaps of Cimbrians slain, his nobly-born colleague is honored with a laurel inferior to his.[495]

The souls of the Decii were plebeian, their very names plebeian. Yet these are deemed by the infernal deities and mother Earth a fair equivalent for the whole legions, and all the forces of the allies, and all the flower of Latium. For the Decii[496] were more highly valued by them than all they died to save!

It was one born from a slave[497] that won the robe and diadem and fasces of Quirinus, that last of good kings! They that were for loosening the bolts of the gates betrayed to the exiled tyrants, were the sons of the consul himself! men from whom we might have looked for some glorious achievement in behalf of liberty when in peril; some act that Mucius' self, or Cocles, might admire; and the maiden that swam across[498] the Tiber, then the limit of our empire. He that divulged to the fathers the secret treachery was a slave,[499] afterward to be mourned for by all the Roman matrons: while they suffer the well-earned punishment of the scourge, and the axe,[500] then first used by Rome since she became republican.

I had rather that Thersites[501] were your sire, provided you resembled Æacides and could wield the arms of Vulcan, than that Achilles should beget you to be a match to Thersites.

And yet, however far you go back, however far you trace your name, you do but derive your descent from the infamous sanctuary.[502] That first of your ancestors, whoever he was, was either a shepherd, or else—what I would rather not mention!

FOOTNOTES:

[396] Stemmata. "The lines connecting the descents in a pedigree," from the garlands of flowers round the Imagines set up in the halls (v., 19) and porticoes (vi.,

163) of the nobiles; which were joined to one another by festoons, so that the descent from father to son could be readily traced. Cf. Pers., iii., 28. "Stemmate quod Tusco ramum millesime ducis." Of Ponticus nothing is known.

[397] Vultus. Because these Imagines were simply busts made of wax, colored.

[398] Virgâ.

"What boots it on the lineal tree to trace Through many a branch the founders of our race." Gifford.

[399] Numantinos. Scipio Africanus the Younger got the name of Numantinus from Numantia, which he destroyed as well as Carthage.

[400] Ortu.

"Just at the hour when those whose name you boast Broke up the camp, and march'd th' embattled host." Hodgson.

[401] Fabius, the founder of the Fabian gens, was said to have been a son of Hercules by Vinduna, daughter of Evander, and by virtue of this descent the Fabii claimed the exclusive right of ministering at the altar consecrated by Evander to Hercules. It stood in the Forum Boarium, near the Circus Flaminius, and was called Ara Maxima. Cf. Ovid, Fast., i., 581, "Constituitque sibi quæ Maxima dicitur, Aram, Hic ubi pars urbis de bove nomen habet." Cf. Virg., Æn., viii., 271, "Hanc aram luco statuit quæ Maxima semper dicetur nobis, et erit quæ Maxima semper." Quintus Fabius Maximus Æmilianus, the consul in the year B.C. 121, defeated the Allobroges at the junction of the Isère and the Rhone, and killed 130,000: for which he received the name of Allobrogicus. Cf. Liv., Ep. 61. Vell., ii., 16.

[402] Euganea, a district of Northern Italy, on the confines of the Venetian territory.

[403] Pumice. The pumice found at Catana, now Catania, at the foot of Mount Ætna, was used to rub the body with to make it smooth (cf. ix., 95, "Inimicus pumice lævis." Plin., xxxvi., 21. Ovid, A. Am., i., 506, "Nec tua mordaci pumice crura

teras"), after the hairs had been got rid of by the resin. Vid. inf. 114.—Traducit. Vid. ad xi., 31.

[404] Frangendâ. The busts of great criminals were broken by the common executioner. Cf. x., 58, "Descendunt statuæ restemque sequuntur." Tac., Ann., vi., 2, "Atroces sententiæ dicebantur in effigies." Cf. Ruperti, ad Tac., Ann., ii., 32. Suet., Domit., 23.

"He blast his wretched kindred with a bust, For public justice to reduce to dust." Gifford.

[405] Paulus. He mentions (Sat. vii., 143) two lawyers, bearing the names of Paulus and Cossus, who were apparently no honor to their great names. (For Cossus, cf. inf. Gætulice.)

[406] Gætulice. Cn. Cornelius Lentulus Cossus received the name of Gætulicus from his victory over the Gætuli, "Auspice Augusto," in his consulship with L. Calpurnius Piso Augur. B.C. 1. Vid. Clinton, F. H., in an. Flor., iv., 12.

[407] Silanus. The son-in-law of the Emperor Claudius, who, as Tacitus says (Ann., xvi., 7), "Claritudine generis, and modestâ juventâ præcellebat." Cf. Ann., xii. Suet., Claud., 27.

"Hail from whatever stock you draw your birth, The son of Cossus, or the son of earth." Gifford.

[408] Osiri invento. Vid. ad vi., 533.

[409] Nanum cujusdam. There is probably an allusion here to Domitian's fondness for these deformities. Cf. Domit., iv., "Per omne spectaculum ante pedes ei stabat puerulus coccinatus, parvo portentosoque capite, cum quo plurimum fabulabatur." Cf. Stat., Sylv., i.; vi., 57, seq.

[410] Scabie.

"That mangy larcenist of casual spoil, From lamps extinct that licks the fetid oil."

Badham.

[411] Creticus. Q. Metellus had this surname from his conquest of Crete, B.C. 67. Vell. Pat., ii., 34. Flor., iii., 7. Cf. ii., 78, "Cretice pelluces." P. Sulpicius Camerinus was one of the triumvirs sent to Athens for Solon's laws. Cf. vii., 90. Liv., iii., 33. Camerinus was a name of the Sulpician gens, and seems to have been derived from the conquest of Cameria in Latium. (Cf. Facciol.) Liv., i., 38. The name of Creticus was actually given in derision to M. Antonius, father of the triumvir, for his disastrous failure in Crete. Vid. Plut. in Ant.

[412] Rubellius Blandus was the father, Plautus the son. Both readings are found here. Of the latter Tacitus says (Ann., xiv., 22), "Omnium ore Rubellius Plautus celebrabatur, cui nobilitas per matrem ex Julia familiâ." His mother Julia was daughter of Drusus, the son of Livia, wife of Augustus. Germanicus, his mother's brother, was father of Agrippina, mother of Nero: hence, inf. 72, "inflatum plenumque Nerone propinquo." Cf. Virg., Æn., i., 288, "Julius a magno demissum nomen Julo."

[413] Aggere. Cf. ad vi., 588.

[414] Vivas.

"Long may'st thou taste the secret sweets that spring In breasts affined to so remote a king." Gifford.

[415] Nobilis indocti.

"Who help the well-born dolt in many a strait, And plead the cause of the unletter'd great." Badham.

[416] Marmoreum.

"For 'tis no bar to kindred, that thy block Is form'd of flesh and blood, and theirs of rock." Gifford.

[417] Fervet. "Frequenter celebratur." Lubin. Some commentators interpret it of the

eager clapping of the hands of the spectators: others, of the prize of victory.

"The palm of oft-repeated victories." Hodgson. "Whom many a well-earned palm and trophy grace." Gifford. "Whose easy triumph and transcendent speed, Palm after palm proclaim." Badham.

[418] Nepos, the name of a noted miller at Rome.

[419] Aliquid. "Sometimes great." So i., 74, "Si vis esse aliquis." Hall imitates this beautifully:

"Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own; Brag of his lands, if they are not foregone: Brag of thine own good deeds; for they are thine, More than his life, or lands, or golden line."

[420] Nerone. Cf. ad l. 39.

[421] Sensus communis. There are few phrases in Juvenal on which the commentators are more divided. Some interpret it exactly in the sense of the English words "common sense." Others, "fellow-feeling, sympathy with mankind at large." Browne takes it to be "tact." Cf. Hor., i., Sat. iii., 66; Phædr., i., Fab. vii., 4. There is a long and excellent note in Gifford, who translates it himself by "a sense of modesty," but allows that in Cicero it means "a polite intercourse between man and man;" in Horace, "suavity of manners;" in Seneca, "a proper regard for the decencies of life:" by others it is used for all these, which together constitute what we call "courteousness, or good breeding." So Quintilian, I., ii., 20. Hodgson turns it,

"For plain good sense, first blessing of the sky, Is rarely met with in a state so high."

Badham,

"In that high estate Plain common sense is far from common fate."

[422] Stratus humi.

"Stretch'd on the ground, the vine's weak tendrils try To clasp the elm they dropped from, fail, and die." Gifford.

[423] Summum crede nefas. See some beautiful remarks in Coleridge's Introduction to the Greek Poets, p. 24, 25.

[424] Pudori.

"At honor's cost a feverish span extend, And sacrifice for life, life's only end! Life! I profane the word: can those be said To live, who merit death? No! they are dead." Gifford.

[425] Gaurana. Gaurus (cf. ix., 57), a mountain of Campania, near Baiæ and the Lucrine Lake, which was famous for oysters (cf. iv., 141, "Lucrinum ad saxum Rutupinove edita fundo Ostrea," Plin., iii., 5. Martial, v., Ep. xxxvii., 3, "Concha Lucrini delicatior stagni"), now called "Gierro."

[426] Cosmus, a celebrated perfumer, mentioned repeatedly by Martial.

[427] Capito. Cossutianus Capito, son-in-law of Tigellinus (cf. i., 155. Tac., Ann., xiv., 48; xvi., 17), was accused by the Cilicians of peculation and cruelty ("maculosum fœdumque, et idem jus audaciæ in provincia ratum quod in urbe exercuerat"), and condemned "lege repetundarum." Tac., Ann., xiii., 33. Thrasea Pætus was the advocate of the Cilicians, and in revenge for this, when Capito was restored to his honors by the influence of Tigellinus, he procured the death of Thrasea. Ann., xvi., 21, 28, 33. Of Numitor nothing is known save that he plundered these Cilicians, themselves once the most notorious of pirates. Cf. Plat. in Pomp. Some read Tutor; a Julius Tutor is mentioned repeatedly in the fourth book of Tac. Hist., but with no allusion to his plundering propensities.

[428] Naulum.

"Nor, though your earthly goods be sunk and lost, Lose the poor waftage of the wandering ghost." Hodgson.

Cf. iii., 267, "Nec habet quem porrigat ore trientem." Holyday and Ruperti interpret it, "Do not waste your little remnant in an unprofitable journey to Rome to accuse your plunderer." Gifford says it is merely the old proverb, and renders it, "And

though you've lost the hatchet, save the haft."

[429] Modo victis. Browne explains this by tantummodo victis, i. e., only subdued, not plundered; and so Ruperti.

[430] Vivebat. "And ivory taught by Phidias' skill to live." Gifford.

[431] Dolabella. There were three "pirates" of this name, all accused of extortion; of whom Cicero's son-in-law, the governor of Syria, seems to have been the worst.

[432] Verres retired from Rome and lived in luxurious and happy retirement twenty-six years.

[433] Altis, or "deep-laden."

[434] Plures.

"More treasures from our friends in peace obtain'd, Than from our foes in war were ever gain'd." Gifford.

[435] Pater.

"They drive the father of the herd away, Making both stallion and his pasture prey." Dryden.

[436] Resinata. Resin dissolved in oil was used to clear the skin of superfluous hairs. Cf. Plin., xiv., 20, "pudet confiteri maximum jam honorem (resinæ) esse in evellendis ab virorum corporibus pilis."

[437] Gallicus axis. Cf. Cæs., B. G., i., 51. "The war chariot;" or the "climate of Gaul," as colder than that of Rome, and breeding fiercer men. Cf. vi., 470. "Hyperboreum axem," xiv., 42.

[438] Messoribus. These reapers are the Africans, from whom Rome derived her principal supply of corn. Cf. v., 119. Plin., v., 4.

[439] Circo. Cf. x., 80, "duas tantum res anxius optat, Panem et Circenses." Tac., Hist., i., 4, "Plebs sordida ac Circo et Theatris sueta."

"From those thy gripes restrain, Who with their sweat Rome's luxury maintain, And

send us plenty, while our wanton day Is lavish'd at the circus or the play." Dryden.

[440] Marius. Vid. ad i., 47.

[441] Discinxerit. Cf. Virg., Æn., viii., 724, "Hic Nomadum genus et discinctos Mulciber Afros." Sil. Ital., ii., 56, "Discinctos Libyas." Money was carried in girdles (xiv., 296), and the Africans wore but little other clothing. For the amount of his plunder, see Plin., ii., Ep. xi., "Cornutus, censuit septingenta millia quæ acceperat Marius ærario inferenda."

[442] Acersecomes. Some "puer intonsus" with flowing locks like Bacchus or Apollo. Φοῖβος ἀκερσεκόμης. Hom., Il., xx., 39. Pind., Pyth., iii., 26.

[443] Conjuge. Cf. the discussion in the senate recorded Tac., Ann., iii., 33, seq.

[444] Conventus. "Loca constituta in provinciis juri dicundo." The different towns in the provinces where the Roman governors held their courts and heard appeals. The courts as well as the towns were called by this name. They were also called Fora and Jurisdictiones. Vid. Plin., III., i., 3; V., xxix., 29. Cic. in Verr., II., v., 11. Cæs., B. G., i., 54; vi., 44.

[445] Celæno. Cf. Virg., Æn., iii., 211, "dira Celæno Harpyiæque aliæ."

[446] Promethea.

"E'en from Prometheus' self thy lineage trace, And ransack history to adorn thy race." Hodgson.

[447] Frangis virgas.

"Rods broke on our associates' bleeding backs, And headsmen laboring till they blunt their axe." Dryden.

[448] Incipit ipsorum.

"The lofty pride of every honor'd name Shall rise to vindicate insulted fame, And hold the torch to blazon forth thy shame." Hodgson.

[449] Contra te stare.

"Will to his blood oppose your daring claim, And fire a torch to blaze upon your shame." Gifford.

[450] Temples. The sealing of wills was usually performed in temples; in the morning, and fasting, as the canon law afterward directed.

[451] Santonico. The Santones were a people of Aquitania, between the Loire and Garonne. Cf. Mart., xiv., Ep. 128, "Gallia Santonico vestit te bardocucullo."

[452] Sufflamine. "The introduction of the drag-chain has a local propriety: Rome, with its seven hills, had just so many necessities for the frequent use of the sufflamen. This necessity, from the change of the soil, exists no longer." Badham.

[453] Testes. Cf. vi., 311, Lunà teste.

[454] Damasippus (cf. Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 16) was a name of the Licinian gens. "Damasippus was sick," says Holyday, "of that disease which the Spartans call horse-feeding."

[455] Hordea. Horses in Italy are fed on barley, not on oats.

[456] Eponam (cf. Aristoph., Nub., 84), the patroness of grooms. Some read "Hipponam," which Gifford prefers, from the tameness of the epithet "solam." Cf. Blunt's Vestiges, p. 29.

"On some rank deity, whose filthy face We suitably o'er stinking stables place." Dryden.

[457] Amomo, an Assyrian shrub. Cf. iv., 108.

[458] Idumeæ. The gate at Rome near the Arch of Titus, through which Vespasian and Titus entered the city in triumph after their victories in Palestine.

[459] Dominum. Cf. Mart., i., Ep. 113, "Cum te non nossem dominum regemque vocabam." Cf. iv., Ep. 84, 5.

[460] Inscripta lintea. Perhaps "curtains, having painted on them what was for sale within." Others say it means "embroidered with needlework;" or "towels," according

to Calderinus, who compares Catull., xxv., 7.

[461] Armeniæ. The allusion is to Corbulo's exploits in Parthia and Armenia in Nero's reign, A.D. 60. Cf. ad iii., 251. There were great disturbances in the same quarters in Trajan's reign, which caused his expedition, in A.D. 114, against the Armenians and Parthians. In A.D. 100, Marius Priscus was accused by Pliny and Tacitus. Vid. Plin., ii., Ep. xi. Probably half way between these two dates we may fix the writing of this Satire.

[462] Mitte Ostia. So most of the commentators interpret it. "Send your Legatus to take the command of the troops for foreign service, waiting for embarkation at Ostia." But if so, "ad" should be expressed, and either Tiberina added, or Ostia made of the 1st declension. Britann., therefore, and Heinrich explain it, "Pass by his own doors;" omitte quærere illic, "he is far away."

[463] Sandapila. The bier or open coffin, on which the poor, or those killed in the amphitheatre, were carried to burial; hence "sandapila popularis." Suet., Domit., 17. Stepney (in Dryden's version) thus enumerates these worthies:

"Quacks, coffin-makers, fugitives, and sailors, Rooks, common soldiers, hangmen, thieves, and tailors."

[464] Resupinantis. In Holyday's quaint version,

"Among great Cybel's silent drums, which lack Their Phrygian priest, who lies drunk on his back."

[465] Ergastula. Private prisons attached to Roman farms, in which the slaves worked in chains. The Tuscan were peculiarly severe. Vid. Dennis's Etruria, vol. i., p. xlviii.

[466] Turpia cerdoni. Cf. iv., 13," Nam quod turpe bonis Titio Seioque decebat Crispinum." Pers., iv., 51, "Tollat sua munera cerdo."

"And crimes that tinge with shame the cobbler's face, Become the lords of Brutus'

honor'd race." Hodgson.

[467] Locasti.

"Lets out his voice (his sole remaining boast), And rants the nonsense of a clam'rous ghost." Hodgson.

[468] Sipario. The curtain or drop-scene in comedy, as Aulæum was in tragedy. Donat.

[469] Phasma. Probably a translation from the Greek. Ter., Eun., pr. 9, "Idem Menandri phasma nunc nuper dedit." Catullus is not to be confounded with C. Valerius Catullus of Verona (the old Schol. says Q. Lutatius Catullus is meant, and quotes xiii., 11, whom Lubinus, ad loc., calls "Urbanus Catullus") as far as the Phasma is concerned.—Laureolus was the chief character in a play or ballet by Val. Catullus, or Laberius, or Nævius: and was crucified on the stage, and then torn to pieces by wild beasts. Martial (de Spect., Ep. vii.) says this was acted to the life in the Roman amphitheatre, the part of the bandit being performed by a real malefactor, who was crucified and torn to pieces in the arena, "Non falsâ pendens in cruce Laureolus."

"And Lentulus acts hanging with such art, Were I a judge, he should not feign the part." Dryden.

[470] Sedet.

"Sit with unblushing front, and calmly see The hired patrician's low buffoonery; Smile at the Fabii's tricks, and grin to hear The cuffs resound from the Mamerci's ear." Gifford.

[471] Cogente Nerone. Cf. Tac., Ann., xiv., 14, who abstains from mentioning the names of the nobles thus disgraced, out of respect for their ancestors. Cf. Dio., lxi. Suetonius says (Nero, cap. xii.) that 400 senators and 600 knights were thus dishonored (but Lipsius says 40 and 60 are the true numbers).

[472] Nec dubitant. No doubt a spurious line.

[473] Gladios. This is the usual interpretation. Perhaps it would be better to take "gladios" for the death that awaits you if you refuse to comply: as iv., 96; x., 345. So Badham:

"Place here the tyrant's sword, and there the scene; Gods! can a Roman hesitate between!"

[474] Thymele. Cf. i., 36.

[475] Ludus. Properly, "school of gladiators."

[476] Gracchus. Cf. ii., 143.

[477] Tunicæ. Cf. ii., 143, tunicati fuscina Gracchi. Suet., Cal., 30. The Retiarii wore a tunic only. The gold spira was the band that tied the tall conical cap of the Salii; who wore also a gold fringe round the tunic.

[478] Seneca. There is said to be an allusion here to the plot of Subrius Flavius to murder Nero and make Seneca emperor. It was believed that Seneca was privy to it. Tac., Ann., xv., 65.

[479] Simia. Cf. xiii., 155, "Et deducendum corio bovis in mare cum quo clauditur adversis innoxia simia fatis." The punishment of parricides was to be scourged, then sewn up in a bull's hide with a serpent, an ape, a cock, and a dog, and to be thrown into the sea. The first person thus punished was P. Malleolus, who murdered his mother. Liv., Epit. lxviii.

[480] Culeus. Cf. Suet., Aug., 33. Nero murdered his mother Agrippina, his aunt Domitia, both his wives, Octavia and Poppæa, his brother Britannicus, and several other relations.

[481] Agamemnonidæ. Grangæus quotes the Greek verse current in Nero's time, Νέρων, Ὀρέστης, Ἀλκμαίων μητροκτόνοι. Cf. Suet., Nero, 39.

[482] Virginius Rufus, who was legatus in Lower Germany, Julius Vindex,

proprætor of Gaul, and Sergius Galba, præfect of Hispania Tarraconensis, afterward emperor, were the chiefs of the last conspiracy against Nero. In August, A.D. 67, Nero was playing the fool in Greece; in March, 68, he heard with terror and dismay of the revolt of Vindex, who proclaimed Galba. Dio., lxiii., 22.

[483] Quid Nero.

"What but such acts did Rome indignant see Perform'd in Nero's savage tyranny?" Hodgson.

[484] Prostitui.

"To prostitute his voice for base renown, And ravish from the Greeks a parsley crown." Gifford.

Nero was in Greece A.D. 67, into which year (though not an Olympiad) he crowded all the games of Greece, "Certamina omnia et quæ diversissimorum temporum sunt cogi in unum annum jussit." Suet., Ner., 23. "Romam introiit coronam capite gerens Olympiam dextrâ manu Pythiam," c. 25.

[485] Domitius was the name both of the father and grandfather of Nero. His father was Domitius Ahenobarbus, governor of Transalpine Gaul. Suetonius (Nero, 6) tells us that the two pædagogi to whom his childhood was intrusted were a saltator and a tonsor. To this perhaps his subsequent tastes may be traced.

[486] Citharam. Cf. Suet., Ner., 12, "Citharæ a judicibus ad se delatam, adoravit ferrique ad Augusti statuam jussit."

"And on the proud Colossus of your sire, Suspend the splendid trophy of—a lyre!" Hodgson.

"Sacras coronas in cubiculis circum lectos posuit: item statuas suas Citharædico habitu: quâ notâ etiam nummum percussit." Suet., Ner., 25.

[487] Braccatorum. Gallia Narbonensis was called Braccata from the Braccæ, probably "plaid," which the inhabitants wore. Plin., iii., 4. Diod., v., 30. The Senones

were a people of Gallia Lugdunensis, who sacked Rome under Brennus; hence Minores, i. e., "as though you had been the hereditary enemies of Rome."

[488] Tunicâ molestâ. Cf. ad i., 155, "a dress smeared with pitch and other combustibles," and then lighted. Cf. Mart., x., Ep. xxv., 5. In some cases Nero buried his victims up to the waist, and then set fire to their upper parts.

[489] Vigilat refers to Cicero's own words, "Jam intelliges multo me vigilare acrius ad salutem, quam te ad pernicem reipublicæ."

[490] Novus. Cicero was the first of the Tullia gens that held a curule magistracy. Arpinum, his birthplace, now Arpino, was a small town of the Volsci. The Municipia had their three grades, of patricians, knights, and plebeians, as Rome had; they lived under their own laws, but their citizens were eligible to all offices at Rome.

[491] Leucas, i. e., "Actium." Thessaliæ, "Philippi." The words following probably refer to the brutal cruelty of Augustus after the battle.

[492] Libera. "When Rome could utter her free unfettered sentiments" (as sup., "Libera si dentur populo suffragia"). Not in the spirit of servile adulation, with which she bestowed the same title on her emperors.

[493] Vitem. The centurion's baton of office as well as instrument of punishment. Cf. xiv., 193; Mart., x., Ep. xxvi., 1. See the story of Lucilius, nicknamed Cedo alteram, in Tac., Ann., i., 23.

[494] Majora cadavera. Besides their fierce gray eyes (xiii., 164), the Germans were conspicuous for their stature and red hair. "Truces et cærulei oculi, rutilæ comæ, magnum corpora et tantum ad impetum valida." Tac., Germ., iv. "Cimbri præ Italis ingentes." Flor., iii.,3.

[495] Lauro secundâ. A double triumph was decreed to Marius; he gave up the second to Q. Lutatius Catulus, his noble colleague, to satisfy his soldiers, who knew, better than Juvenal, that the nobleman's services did not fall short of those of the

plebeian. Marius afterward barbarously murdered him.

[496] Deciorum. Alluding to the three immolations of the Decii, father, son, and grandson, in the wars with the Latins, Gauls, and Pyrrhus. All three bore the name of Publius Decius Mus. Juvenal comes very near the formula of self-devotion given in Liv., viii., 6, seq. "Exercitum Diis Manibus matrique terræ deberi."

[497] Ancilla natus. Servius Tullius (Cf. vii., 199) was the sen of Ocrisia, or Ocriculana, a captive from Corniculum. Liv., i., 39. The Trabea was a white robe with a border and broad stripes (trabes) of purple, worn afterward by consuls and augurs: cf. x., 35; the diadema of the ancient kings was a fillet or ribbon, not a crown.

"And he who graced the purple which he wore, The last good king of Rome, a bondmaid bore." Gifford.

[498] Natavit.

"And she who mock'd the javelins whistling round, And swam the Tiber, then the empire's bound." Gifford.

[499] Servus. Livy calls him Vindicius; and derives from him the name of the Vindicta, "the rod of manumission." Liv., ii., 7. He was mourned for at his death by the Roman matrons publicly, as Brutus had been.

[500] Legum prima securis. Tarquinius Priscus introduced the axe and fasces with the other regalia. The axe therefore had often fallen for the tyrants; now it is used for the first time in defense of a legal constitution and a free republic.

[501] Thersites. Hom., Il., ii., 212.

[502] Asylo. Cf. Liv., i., 8.

SATIRE IX.

I should like to know, Nævolus,[503] why you so often meet me with clouded brow forlorn, like Marsyas after his defeat. What have you to do with such a face as

Ravola had when detected with his Rhodope?[504] We give a slave a box on the ear, if he licks the pastry. Why! Crepereius Pollio[505] had not a more woe-begone face than yours; he that went about ready to pay three times the ordinary interest, and could find none fools enough to trust him. Where do so many wrinkles come from all of a sudden? Why, surely before, contented with little, you used to live like a gentleman's gentleman[506]—a witty boon-companion with your biting jest, and sharp at repartees that savor of town-life!

Now all is the reverse; your looks are dejected; your tangled hair bristles like a thicket;[507] there is none of that sleekness over your whole skin, such as the Bruttian plaster of hot pitch used to give you; but your legs are neglected and rank with a shrubbery of hair. What means this emaciated form, like that of some old invalid parched this many a day with quartan ague and fever that has made his limbs its home? You may detect[508] the anguish of the mind that lurks in the sickly body—and discover its joys also. For the face, the index of the mind, takes its complexion from each. You seem, therefore, to have changed your course of life, and to run counter to your former habits. For, but lately, as I well remember, you used to haunt the temple of Isis,[509] and the statue of Ganymede in the temple of Peace,[510] and the secret palaces of the imported mother[511] of the gods; ay, and Ceres too (for what temple is there in which you may not find a woman)—a more notorious adulterer even than Aufidius, and under the rose, not confining your attentions to the wives!

"Yes: even this way of life is profitable to many. But I never made it worth my while: we do occasionally get greasy cloaks, that serve to save our toga, of coarse texture and indifferent dye, the clumsy workmanship of some French weaver's lay; or a small piece of silver of inferior metal.[512] The Fates control the destinies of men: nay, there is fate even in those very parts which the lap of the toga conceals from view. For if the stars are unpropitious, your manly powers, remaining unknown, will profit you nothing, even though the liquorish Virro has seen you

stripped, and seductive billets-doux, closely following each other, are forever assailing you: for such a fellow as he even entices others to sin. Yet, what monster can be worse, than one miserly as well as effeminate?"[513] "I gave you so much, then so much, and then soon after you had more!" He reckons up and still acts the wanton. "Let us settle our accounts! Send for the slaves with my account-book! Reckon up five thousand sesterces in all! Then count up your services!" Are then my duties so light, and so little against the grain? Far less wretched will be the poor slave that digs the great man's land! But you, forsooth, thought yourself delicate, and young, and beautiful! fit to be a cup-bearer in heaven!

Will you ever bestow favors on a humble dependent, or be generous to one that pays you court, when you grudge even the money you spend on your unnatural[514] gratifications? See the fellow! to whom you are to send a present of a green parasol and large amber[515] bowls, as often as his birthday comes round, or rainy spring begins; or pillowed on his cushioned sofa, he fingers presents set apart for the female Kalends![516]

Tell me, you sparrow, for whom it is you are keeping so many hills, so many Apulian[517] farms, so many kites wearied in flying across your pastures? Your Trifoline estate[518] enriches you with its fruitful vines; and the hill that looks down[519] on Cumæ, and caverned Gaurus. Who seals up more[520] casks of wine that will bear long keeping? How great a matter would it be to present the loins of your client, worn out in your service, with a few acres? Would yon rustic child, with his mother, and her hovel,[521] and his playmate cur, more justly become the inheritance of your cymbal-beating friend? "You are a most importunate beggar!" he says: But Rent cries out to me "Beg!" My only slave calls on me to beg! loudly as Polyphemus[522] with his one broad eye, by which the crafty Ulysses made his escape. I shall be compelled to buy a second, for this one is not enough for me; both must be fed. What shall I do in mid-winter? When the chill north wind whistles in December,[523] what shall I say, pray, to my poor slaves' naked feet and shoulders?

"Courage,[524] my boys! and wait for the grasshoppers?" But however you may dissemble and pass by all other matters, at how much do you estimate it, that had I not been your devoted client your wife would still remain a maid? At all events, you know all about those services, how hard you begged, how much you promised! Often when your young wife was eloping, I caught her in my embrace. She had actually torn[525] the marriage contract, and was on the point of signing a new one. It was with difficulty that I set this matter right by a whole night's work, while you stood whimpering outside the door. I appeal to the bed as my witness! nay, to yourself, who heard the noise, and the lady's cries! In many a house, when the marriage bonds were growing feeble and beginning to give way, and were almost severed, an adulterer has set all matters right. However you may shift your ground, whatever services you may reckon first or last, is it indeed no obligation, ungrateful and perfidious man! is it none, that you have an infant son or daughter born to you through me? For you bring them up as yours! and plume yourself on inserting at intervals in the public registers[526] these evidences of your virility! Hang garlands[527] on your doors! You are now a father! I have given you what you may cast in slander's teeth! You have a father's privileges; through me you may inherit a legacy, yes, the whole sum[528] left to you, not to mention some pleasant windfall![529] Besides, many other advantages will be added to these windfalls, if I make the number complete and add a third!"

"Your ground of complaint is just indeed, Nævolus; what does he allege in answer?"

"He casts me off, and looks out for some other two-legged ass to serve his turn! But remember that these secrets are intrusted to you alone; keep them to yourself, therefore, buried in the silence of your own breast; for one of these pumice-smoothed[530] fellows is a deadly thing if he becomes your enemy. He that intrusted his secret to me but the other day, now is furious, and detests me just as though I had divulged all I know. He does not hesitate to use his dagger, to break my skull with a bludgeon, or place a firebrand at my doors:[531] and deem it no light or

contemptible matter that to men of his wealth the price of poison is never too costly. Therefore you must keep my secrets as religiously as the court of Mars at Athens."

"Oh! Corydon,[532] poor simple Corydon! Do you think aught that a rich man does can be secret? Even though his slaves should hold their tongues, his cattle will tell the tale; and his dogs, and door-posts, and marble statues! Close the shutters, cover all the chinks with tapestry, fasten the doors, remove every light from the chamber,[533] let each one keep his counsel, let not a soul lie near. Yet what he does at the second cock-crow,[534] the next tavern-keeper will know before dawn of day; and will hear as well all the fabrications of his steward, cooks, and carvers.[535] For what charge do they scruple to concoct against their masters, as often as they revenge themselves for their strappings[536] by the lies they forge? Nor will there be wanting one to hunt you out against your will in the public thoroughfares, and pour his drunken tale into your miserable ears. Therefore ask them what you just now begged of me! They hold their tongues! Why they would rather blaze abroad a secret than drink as much Falernian (all the sweeter because stolen) as Saufeia[537] used to drink, when sacrificing[538] for the people!

"One should lead an upright life for very many reasons; but especially for this—that you may be able to despise your servants' tongues. For bad as your slave may be, his tongue is the worst part about him. Yet far worse still is he that places himself in the power of those whose body and soul he keeps together with his own bread and his own money.[539]

"Well, the advice you have just given me to enable me to laugh to scorn my servants' tongues is very good, but too general. Now, what do you advise in my particular case, after the loss of my time and the disappointment of my hopes? For the short-lived bloom[540] and contracted span of a brief and wretched life is fast fleeting away! While we are drinking,[541] and calling for garlands, and perfumes, and women, old age steals on us unperceived! Do not be alarmed! So long as these

seven hills stand fast you will never lack a pathic friend. Those effeminates, who scratch their heads with one finger,[542] will flock from all quarters to these hills, in carriages and ships. You have still another and a better hope in store. All you have to do is to chew eringo vigorously." "Tell this to luckier wights! My Clotho and Lachesis are well content, if I can earn a subsistence by my vile labors. Oh! ye small Lares,[543] that call me master, whom I supplicate with a fragment of frankincense, or meal, and a poor garland, when shall I secure[544] a sum that may insure my old age against the beggar's mat and crutch? Twenty thousand sesterces as interest, with good security for the principal; some small vessels of silver not enchased, but such as Fabricius,[545] if censor, would condemn; and two sturdy Mœsian slaves,[546] who, bearing me on their shoulders, might bid me stand without inconvenience in the noisy circus! Let me have besides an engraver stooping[547] over his work, and another who may with all speed paint[548] me a row of portraits. This is quite enough—since poor I ever shall be. A poor, wretched wish indeed! and yet I have no hope even of this! For when dame Fortune[549] is invoked for me, she stops her ears with wax fetched from that ship which escaped the Sirens' songs with its deaf rower."

FOOTNOTES:

[503] Nævolus is mentioned repeatedly by Martial, and seems to have been a lawyer, i., Ep. 98; iii., Ep. 71 and 95; iv., Ep. 84: hence perhaps the allusion to Marsyas, whose statue stood in the Forum, opposite the Rostra, as a warning to the litigious. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. vi., 120. Xen., Anab., I., ii., 8.

[504] Rhodope. Some well-known courtesan named after Æsop's fellow-slave in the house of Iadmon the Samian, afterward so well known in Egypt. Herod., ii., 134. Cf. Ælian., V. H., xiii., 33.

[505] Pollio. Cf. xi., 43, "digito mendicat Pollio nudo."

[506] Vernam equitem. The slaves born in the house were generally spoiled by

indulgence; and they frequently got the nickname of Equites, out of petulant familiarity or fondness.

[507] Sylva.

"And every limb, once smooth'd with nicest care, Rank with neglect, a shrubbery of hair." Gifford.

[508] Deprendas.

"Sorrow nor joy can be disguised by art, Our foreheads blab the secrets of our heart." Dryden.

[509] Isis. Cf. vi., 489, "Aut apud Isiacæ potius sacraria lenæ."

[510] Pacis. Vespasian built the splendid temple of Peace near the Forum, A.D. 76. Dio., lxvi., 15. Suet., Vesp. 9. In it, or near it, stood the statue of Ganymede. Others think that Ganymedes is put for the temple of Jupiter.

[511] Advectæ Matris, i. e., Cybele, called also Parens Idæa, and Numen Idæum, because her worship was introduced into Rome from Phrygia, A.U.C. 548, after the Sibylline books had been consulted as to the means of averting certain prodigies. The rude and shapeless mass which represented the goddess was lodged in the house of P. Corn. Scipio Nasica, as the most virtuous man in Rome. Cf. Sat. iii., 137. Liv., xxix., 10. A temple was afterward erected for her on the Palatine Hill: hence palatia. Secreta alludes to the abominable orgies performed in her honor.

[512] Venæque secundæ. "Silver adulterated with brass below the standard; in short, base metal."

[513] Mollis avarus.

"But oh! this wretch, this prodigy behold! A slave at once to lechery and gold." Dryden.

[514] Morbo. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. vi., 30, "Ut si qui ægrotet quo morbo Barrus."

[515] Succina. Cf. ad vi., 573. The old Schol. explains this by "Gemmata

Dextrocheria." Grangæus thinks that it means "presents of amber," which the Roman ladies used to rub in their hands. So Badham:

"For whom the cup of amber must be found, Oft as the birth or festal day comes round."

[516] Fœmineis Kalendis. On the 1st of March were celebrated the Matronalia in honor of the women who put an end to the Sabine war (bellum dirimente Sabina, vi., 154). Cf. Ov., Fast., iii., 229. On this festival, as well as their birthdays, the Roman ladies sat up in state to receive presents from their husbands, lovers, and acquaintances (vid. Suet., Vesp., 19), in return for what they had given to the men on the Saturnalia. Cf. Mart., v., Ep. lxxxiv., 10, "Scis certè puto vestra jam venire Saturnalia Martias Kalendas." Hor., iii., Od. viii., 1, "Martiis cælebs quid agam Kalendis."

[517] Appula. Cf. iv., 27. Milvos.

"Regions which such a tract of land embrace, That kites are tired within the unmeasured space." Gifford.

[518] Trifolinus ager. Cf. Mart., xiii., Ep. 114, "Non sum de primo fateor, Trifolina, Lyæo; inter vina tamen septima vitis ero." Trifoline wines were so called from being fit to drink at the third appearance of the leaf, "quæ tertio anno ad bibendum tempestiva forent." Plin., xiv., 6. Facc. takes it from Trifolium, a mountain in Campania, perhaps near Capua. Plin., iv., 6.

[519] Suspectumque jugum. Either Mons Misenus (cf. Virg., Æn., vi., 234), only three miles from Cumæ, or Vesuvius, which was famous for its wines. Mart., iv., Ep. 44. Virg., Georg., ii., 224. Gaurus, now Monte Barbaro, is full of volcanic caverns. It is also called "Gierro."

[520] Plura.

"Though none drinks less, yet none more vessels fills!" Dryden.

[521] Casulis. Cf. xi., 153, "notos desiderat hædos."

"Sure yonder female with the child she bred, The dog their playmate, and their little shed, Had with more justice been conferr'd on me, Than on a cymbal-beating debauchee." Gifford.

[522] Polyphemi. For the loudness of his roar, vid. Virg., Æn., iii., 672. The meaning seems to be, "I am as badly off with but one slave as Polyphemus was with only one eye: had he had two Ulysses would not have escaped him." Badham takes it of the slave calling for food.

"My hungry rascal must at home be fed, Or else, like Polypheme, he'll roar for bread!"

[523] Decembri, used here adjectively.

[524] Durate. A parody on Virg., Æn., i., 207, "Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis." Cf. Suet., Cal., 45.

"Cold! never mind! a month or two, and then The grasshoppers, my lads, will come again!" Badham.

[525] Ruperat. Cf. Tac., Ann., xi., 30, "At is redderet uxorem, rumperetque tabulas nuptiales." There was an express clause in the marriage contract, "liberorum procreandorum gratiâ uxorem duci."

[526] Libris actorum. Cf. Tac., Ann., iii., 3. Sat. ii., 136, "cupient et in acta referri." These acta were public registers, in which parents were obliged to insert the names of their children a few days after their birth. They contained, besides, records of marriages, divorces, deaths, and other occurrences of the year, and were therefore of great service to historians, who as some think employed persons to read them up for them. (Cf. acta legenti vii., 104.) Servius Tullius instituted this custom. The records were kept in the temple of Saturn.

[527] Suspende coronas. This was customary on all festive occasions, as here, on the

birth of a child; at marriages (vi., 51, "Necte coronam postibus, et densos per limina tende corymbos"), the return of friends (cf. xii., 91, "Longos erexit janua ramos"), or any public rejoicing (as x., 65, on the death of Sejanus, "Pone domi lauros"). So, when advocates gained a cause, their clients adorned the entrance of their houses with palm branches. Cf. vii., 118, "virides scalarum gloria palmæ." Mart., vii., Ep. xxviii., 6, "excolat et geminas plurima palma fores."

[528] Legatum omne. One of the provisions of the Lex Papia Poppæa (introduced, at the desire of Augustus, to extend the Lex Julia de maritandis ordinibus) was, that if a married person had no child, a tenth, and in some cases a larger proportion, of what was bequeathed him, should fall to the exchequer. Cf. vi., 38. It conferred also certain privileges and immunities on those who in Rome had three children (hence jus trium liberorum) born in wedlock. Cf. Ruperti and Lips. ad Tac., Ann., iii., 25. Cf. Ann., xv., 19. Mart., ii., Ep. xci., 6; ix., lxvii.

[529] Caducum, probably a legacy contingent upon the condition of having children.

[530] Pumice. Cf. viii., 16, "tenerum attritus Catanensi pumice lumbum."

[531] Valvis. Cf. xiii., 145, seq.

[532] Corydon. Cf. Virg., Ecl., ii., 69, "Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit!" and 56, "Rusticus es, Corydon!"

[533] Claude fenestras.

"Bolt every door, stop every cranny tight, Close every window, put out every light; Let not a whisper reach the listening ear, No noise, no motion—let no soul be near." Gifford.

[534] Gallicinium was the technical name for the second military watch, Vid. Facc.

[535] Carptores, Grangæus explains by "Escuiers trenchants." Facc. by δαιτρός and structor.

[536] Baltea.

"For countless scourgings will the rogues be slack In slanderous villainies to pay thee back?" Badham.

[537] Saufeia, or Laufella, is supposed to be the "conjux Fusci," mentioned xii., 45, and Mart., iii., Ep. 72; and whose other debaucheries are mentioned vi., 320. Cicero, knowing the propensity of his countrywomen to wine-bibbing, would exclude them from officiating at any sacred rites (at which wine was always used) after nightfall. The festival of the Bona Dea is the only exception he would make. "Nocturna mulierum sacrificia ne sunto, præter olla quæ pro populo rite fiant."

[538] Faciens; so operatur, xii., 92. Virg., Ecl., iii., 77, "Cum faciam vitulâ pro fugibus ipse venito." So Georg., i., 339, "Sacra refer Cereri lætis operatus in herbis." So in Greek, ῥέζειν is constantly used absolutely.

"For more stolen wine than late Saufeia boused, When, for the people's welfare, she caroused!" Gifford.

[539] Liber.

"Yet worse than they, the man whose vicious deeds Makes him still tremble at the rogues he feeds." Badham.

[540] Flosculus. For many exquisite parallel passages to this, see Gifford's note.

[541] Dum bibimus.

"And while thou call'st for garlands, girls, and wine, Comes stealthy age, and bids thee all resign." Badham.

[542] Digito. Effeminate wretches, who, as Holyday says, like women, are afraid of touching their heads with more than a finger, for fear of discomposing their curls. Pompey had this charge brought against him by one Calvus; and cf. Plut. in Vit., 48. Amm. Marcell., XVII., xi.

[543] Lares, cf. xii., 87. Hor., iii., Od. xxiii., 15, "Parvos coronantem marino Rore Deos, fragilique myrto." Plin., xi., 2, "Numa instituit deos fruge colere, et mola salsa

supplicare et far torrere."

[544] Figam, a metaphor from hunting.—Tegete, cf. v., 8, "Nusquam pons et tegetis pars."—Baculo, cf. Ter., Heaut., V., i., 58.

[545] C. Fabricius Luscinus, when censor, removed from the senate P. Cornelius Rufinus, who had been twice consul and once dictator, for having in his possession more than ten pounds' weight of plate. Liv., Epit., xiv. He was censor A.U.C. 478. Cf. xi., 90, seq.

[546] Duo fortes. Persons of moderate fortune rode in their sella gestatoria, a sedan borne by two persons. The rich had litters or palanquins, called hexaphori, or octophori, according to the number of the lecticarii. Cf. i., 64. Mœsia, now Bulgaria and Servia, is said to have been famous for producing these brawny chairmen.

[547] Curvus. So Lubinus interprets it. "Cum enim laborat se incur vat." Cf. Virg., Eccl., iii., 42, "curvus arator;" so Art. Am., ii., 670, "Curva senectus." Or from his assiduity, "qui assiduus in opere est." Madan says, "Curvus means crooked, that hath turnings and windings; and this latter, in a mental sense, denotes cunning, which is often used for skillful." Cf. Exod., xxxviii., 23. The old Schol. explains it by Anaglyptarius, "a carver in low relief."

[548] Pingit. Others read fingit, and interpret it of "plaster casts." It probably refers to the "line of painted busts" to deck his corridor, perhaps of fictitious ancestors. Cf. viii., 2, "Pictosque ostendere vultus majorum."

[549] Fortuna.

"For when to Fortune I prefer my prayers, The obdurate goddess stops at once her ears; Stops with that wax which saved Ulysses' crew, When by the Syrens' rocks and songs they flew." Gifford.

SATIRE X.

In all the regions which extend from Gades[550] even to the farthest east and

Ganges, there are but few that can discriminate between real blessings and those that are widely different, all the mist[551] of error being removed. For what is there that we either fear or wish for, as reason would direct? What is there that you enter on under such favorable auspices, that you do not repent of your undertaking, and the accomplishment of your wish? The too easy gods have overthrown[552] whole families by granting their owners' prayers. Our prayers are put up for what will injure us in peace and injure us in war. To many the copious fluency[553] of speech, and their very eloquence, is fatal. It was owing to his strength[554] and wondrous muscle, in which he placed his trust, that the Athlete met his death. But money heaped up with overwhelming care, and a revenue surpassing all common patrimonies as much as the whale of Britain[555] exceeds dolphins, causes more to be strangled. Therefore it was, that in that reign of Terror, and at Nero's bidding, a whole cohort[556] blockaded Longinus[557] and the spacious gardens of the over-wealthy Seneca,[558] and laid siege to the splendid[559] mansion of the Laterani.[560] It is but rarely that the soldier pays his visit to a garret. Though you are conveying ever so few vessels of unembossed silver, entering on your journey by night, you will dread the bandit's knife and bludgeon, and tremble at the shadow of a reed as it quivers in the moonshine.[561] The traveler with empty[562] pockets will sing even in the robber's face.

The prayers that are generally the first put up and best known in all the temples are, that riches,[563] that wealth may increase; that our chest may be the largest in the whole forum.[564] But no aconite is drunk from earthenware. It is time to dread it when you quaff jeweled cups,[565] and the ruddy Setine blazes in the broad gold. And do you not, then, now commend the fact, that of the two sages,[566] one used to laugh[567] whenever he had advanced a single step from his threshold; the other, with sentiments directly contrary, used to weep. But easy enough to any one is the stern censure of a sneering laugh: the wonder is how the other's eyes could ever have a sufficient supply of tears.[568] Democritus used to shake his sides with perpetual

laughter, though in the cities of those regions there were no prætextæ, no trabeæ,[569] no fasces, no litter, no tribunal! What, had he seen the prætor[570] standing pre-eminent in his lofty car, and raised on high in the mid dust of the circus, dressed in the tunic of Jove, and wearing on his shoulders the Tyrian hangings of the embroidered toga; and the circlet of a ponderous crown,[571] so heavy that no single neck could endure the weight:[572] since the official, all in a sweat, supports it, and, that the consul may not be too elated, the slave rides in the same car. Then, add the bird that rises from his ivory sceptre: on one side the trumpeters; on the other, the long train of attendant clients, that march before him, and the Quirites, all in white togas, walking by his horses' heads; men whose friendship he has won by the sportula buried deep in his chest. Even in those days he found subject for ridicule in every place where human beings meet, whose wisdom proves that men of the highest intellect, men that will furnish noble examples, may be born in the country of wether-sheep, and in a foggy[573] atmosphere. He used to laugh at the cares and also the joys of the common herd; sometimes even at their tears: while he himself would bid Fortune, when she frowned, "Go hang!" and point at her his finger[574] in scorn! Superfluous therefore, or else destructive, are all those objects of our prayers, for which we think it right to cover the knees of the gods with waxen tablets.[575]

Power, exposed to great envy, hurls some headlong down to ruin. The long and splendid list of their titles and honors sinks[576] into the dust. Down come their statues,[577] and are dragged along with ropes: then the very wheels of the chariot are smashed by the vigorous stroke of the axe, and the legs of the innocent[578] horses are demolished. Now the fires roar! Now that head, once worshiped[579] by the mob, glows with the bellows and the furnace! Great Sejanus crackles! Then from that head, second only in the whole wide world, are made pitchers, basins, frying-pans,[580] and platters! "Crown your doors with bays![581] Lead to Jove's Capitol a huge and milk-white ox! Sejanus is being dragged along by the hook! a

glorious sight!" Every body is delighted. "What lips he had! and what a face! If you believe me, I never could endure this man!" "But what was the charge under which he fell! Who was the accuser? what the information laid? By whose witness did he prove it?" "Nothing of the sort! a wordy and lengthy epistle came from Capreæ." "That's enough! I ask no farther. But how does the mob of Remus behave!" "Why, follow Fortune,[582] as mobs always do, and hate him that is condemned?" That self-same people, had Tuscan Nurscia[583] smiled propitious on her countryman—had the old age of the emperor been crushed while he thought all secure—would in that very hour have saluted Sejanus as Augustus. Long ago they have thrown overboard all anxiety. For that sovereign people that once gave away military command, consulships, legions, and every thing, now bridles its desires, and limits its anxious longings to two things only—bread, and the games of the circus! "I hear that many are involved in his fall." "No doubt: the little furnace[584] is a capacious one; I met my friend Brutidius[585] at the altar of Mars looking a little pale!" "But I greatly fear that Ajax, being baffled,[586] will wreak fearful vengeance, as having been inadequately defended. Let us rush headlong; and, while he still lies on the river-bank, trample on Cæsar's foe? But take care that our slaves witness the act! lest any of them should deny it, and drag his master to trial with a halter round his neck!" Such were the conversations then about Sejanus; such the smothered whispers of the populace? Would you then have the same court paid to you that Sejanus had? possess as much, bestow on one the highest curule honors, give another the command of armies,[587] be esteemed the lawful guardian[588] of the prince that lounged away[589] his days with his herd of Chaldæan astrologers, in the rock of Capreæ that he made his palace?[590] Would you have centuries and cohorts, and a picked body of cavalry,[591] and prætorian bands at your beck? Why should you not covet these? Even those who have not the will to kill a man would gladly have the power. But what brilliant or prosperous fortune is of sufficient worth that your measure of evils should balance your good luck? Would you rather put on

the prætexta of him that is being dragged along, or be the magistrate of Fidenæ or Gabii, and give sentence about false weights,[592] and break up scanty measures as the ragged ædile of the deserted Ulubræ?[593]

You acknowledge, therefore, that Sejanus did not know what ought to have been the object of his wishes. For he that coveted excessive honors, and prayed for excessive wealth, was but rearing up the multiplied stories of a tower raised on high, only that the fall might be the deeper,[594] and horrible the headlong descent of his ruin[595] once accelerated!

What overthrew the Crassi?[596] and Pompey and his sons?[597] and him that brought Rome's haughty citizens quailing[598] beneath his lash? Surely it was the post of highest advancement, reached by every possible device, and prayers for greatness heard by gods who showed their malignity in granting them! Few kings go down without slaughter and wounds to Ceres' son-in-law. Few tyrants die a bloodless death!

He that as yet pays court to[599] Minerva, purchased by a single as, that is followed by his little slave[600] to take charge of his diminutive satchel, begins to long, and longs through all his quinquatrian[601] holidays, for the eloquence and the renown of Demosthenes or Cicero. But it was through their eloquence that both of these orators perished: the copious and overflowing fount of talent gave over each to destruction; by talent, was his hand and head cut off! Nor did the Rostra[602] ever reek with the blood of a contemptible pleader.

"O fortunate Rome, whose natal day may date from me as consul!" He might have scorned the swords of Antony,[603] had all he uttered been such trash as this. I had rather write poems that excite only ridicule, than thee, divine Philippic of distinguished fame! that art unrolled next to the first! Cruel was the end that carried him off also whom Athens used to admire as his words flowed from his lips in a torrent[604] of eloquence, and he swayed at will the passions of the crowded theatre.

With adverse gods and inauspicious fate was he born, whom his father, blear-eyed with the grime of the glowing mass, sent from the coal, and pincers,[605] and the sword-forging anvil, and sooty Vulcan,[606] to the rhetorician's school!

The spoils of war, the cuirass fastened to the truncated[607] trophy, the cheek-piece hanging from the battered helm, the car shorn of its pole, the streamer of the captured galley,[608] and the sad captive on the triumphal arch-top,[609] are held to be goods exceeding all human blessings. For these each general, Roman, or Greek, or Barbarian, strains as his prize! Full compensation for his dangers and his toils he sees in these! So much greater is the thirst after fame than virtue. For who would embrace[610] virtue herself, if you took away the rewards of virtue? And yet, ere now, the glory of a few has been the ruin of their native land; that longing for renown, and those inscriptions that are to live on the marble that guards their ashes; and yet to burst asunder this, the mischievous strength of the barren fig-tree has power enough. Since even to sepulchres[611] themselves are fates assigned. Weigh[612] the remains of Hannibal! How many pounds will you find in that most consummate general! This is the man whom not even Africa, lashed by the Mauritanian ocean, and stretching even to the steaming Nile, and then again to the races of the Æthiopes and their tall[613] elephants, can contain! Spain is annexed to Carthage's domain. He bounds across the Pyrenees. Nature opposed in vain the Alps with all their snows; he cleaves the rocks and rives the mountains with vinegar.[614] Now he is lord of Italy! Yet still he presses on. "Naught is achieved,"[615] he says, "unless we burst through the gates of Rome with the soldiery of Carthage, and I plant my standard in the heart of the Suburra!" Oh what a face![616] and worthy what a picture! when the huge Gætulian beast bore on his back the one-eyed[617] general! What then was the issue? Oh glory! This self-made man is conquered, and flees with headlong haste to exile, and there, a great and much-to-be-admired client, sits at the palace of the king, until his Bithynian majesty[618] be pleased to wake! To that soul, that once shook the very world's base, it is not sword, nor stone, nor

javelin, that shall give the final stroke; but, that which atoned for Cannæ, and avenged such mighty carnage,[619] a ring! Go then, madman, and hurry over the rugged Alps, that you may be the delight of boys, and furnish subjects for declamations![620]

One[621] world is not enough for the youth of Pella! He chafes within the narrow limits of the universe, poor soul, as though confined in Gyarus'[622] small rock, or scanty Seriphös. Yet when he shall have entered the city that the brickmakers[623] fortified, he will be content with a sarcophagus![624] Death alone discloses how very small are the puny bodies of men! Men do believe that Athos was sailed through of yore; and all the bold assertions that lying Greeks hazard in history—that the sea was bridged over by the same fleets, and formed into a solid pavement for the transit of wheels. We believe that deep rivers failed, and streams were drunk dry[625] when the Persian dined; and all the flights of Sostratus'[626] song, when his wings are moistened by the god of wine. And yet, in what guise did he return after quitting Salamis, who, like a true barbarian as he was, used to vent his rage in scourges on Corus and Eurus, that had never suffered in this sort in Æolus' prison; and bound in gyves Ennosigæus[627] himself. It was, in fact, an act of clemency that he did not think he deserved branding[628] also. Would any of the gods choose to serve[629] such a man as this? But how did he return? Why, in a single ship; through waves dyed with blood, and with his galley retarded[630] by the shoals of corpses. Such was the penalty that glory, for which he had so often prayed, exacted.

"Grant length of life, great Jove, and many years!" This is your only prayer in health and sickness. But with what unremitting and grievous ills is old age crowded! First of all, its face is hideous, loathsome, and altered from its former self; instead of skin a hideous hide and flaccid cheeks; and see! such wrinkles, as, where Tabraca[631] extends her shady dells, the antiquated ape[632] scratches on her wizened jowl! There are many points of difference in the young: this youth is handsomer than that; and he again than a third: one is far sturdier than another. Old mens faces are all

alike—limbs tottering and voice feeble,[633] a smooth bald pate, and the second childhood of a driveling nose; the poor wretch must mumble his bread with toothless gums; so loathsome to his wife, his children, and even to himself, that he would excite the disgust even of the legacy-hunter Cossus! His palate[634] is grown dull; his relish for his food and wine[635] no more the same; the joys of love are long ago forgotten; and in spite of all efforts to reinvigorate them, all manly energies are hopelessly extinct. Has this depraved and hoary lechery aught else to hope? Do we not look with just suspicion on the lust that covets the sin but lacks the power?[636]

Now turn your eyes to the loss of another sense. For what pleasure has he in a singer, however eminent a harper it may be; nay, even Seleucus himself; or those whose habit it is to glitter in a cloak of gold?[637] What matters it in what part of the wide theatre he sits, who can scarcely hear the horn-blowers, and the general clang of trumpets? You must bawl out loud before his ear can distinguish who it is his slave says has called, or tells him what o'clock it is.[638] Besides, the scanty blood that flows in his chill[639] body is warmed by fever only. Diseases of every kind dance round him in full choir. If you were to ask their names, I could sooner tell you how many lovers Hippia had; how many patients Themison[640] killed in one autumn; how many allies Basilus plundered; how many wards Hirrus defrauded; how many lovers long Maura received in the day; how many pupils Hamillus corrupts. I could sooner run through the list of villas owned by him now, beneath whose razor[641] my stiff beard resounded when I was in my prime. One is weak in the shoulder; another in the loins; another in the hip. Another has lost both eyes, and envies the one-eyed. Another's bloodless lips receive their food from others' fingers. He that was wont to relax his features to a smile at the sight of his dinner, now only gapes[642] like the young swallow to whom the parent bird, herself fasting,[643] flies with full beak. But worse than all debility of limb is that idiocy which recollects neither the names of his slaves nor the face of the friend with whom he supped the evening before; not even those whom he begot and brought up! For by a heartless

will he disinherits them; and all his property is made over to Phiale:[644]—such power has the breath of her artificial mouth, that stood for hire so many years in the brothel's dungeon.

Even though the powers of intellect retain their vigor, yet he must lead forth the funerals of his children; must gaze upon the pyre of a beloved wife, and the urns filled with all that remains of his brother and sisters. This is the penalty imposed on the long-lived, that they must grow old with the death-blow in their house forever falling fresh—in oft-recurring sorrow—in unremitting mourning, and a suit of black.[645] The king of Pylos,[646] if you put any faith in great Homer, was an instance of life inferior in duration only to the crow's.[647] Happy, no doubt! was he who for so many years put off his hour of death; and now begins to count his years on his right hand,[648] and has drunk so often of the new-made wine. I pray you, lend me your ear a little space; and hear how sadly he himself complains of the decrees of fate, and too great powers of life, when he watches the blazing beard of Antilochus[649] in his bloom, and asks of every friend that stands near, why it is he lingers on to this day; what crime he has committed to deserve so long a life! Such, too, is Peleus' strain, when he mourns for Achilles prematurely snatched from him: and that other, whose lot it was to grieve for the shipwrecked[650] Ithacensian.

Priam would have joined the shade of Assaracus with Troy still standing, with high solemnities, with Hector and his brothers supporting his bier on their shoulders, amid the weeping Troades, so that Cassandra would lead off the wail, and Polyxena[651] with mantle rent, had he but died at any time but that, after that Paris had begun to build his audacious ships. What then did length of days confer on him? He saw his all o'erthrown: Asia laid low by flame and sword. Then the poor tottering warrior[652] laid down his diadem and donned his arms, and fell before the altar of supreme Jove; like some old ox[653] that yields his attenuated and miserable neck to his owner's knife, long ago scorned[654] by the ungrateful plow.

That was at all events the death of a human being: but his wife who survived him barked fiercely from the jaws of a bitch.[655]

I hasten on to our own countrymen, and pass by the king of Pontus, and Crœsus,[656] whom the eloquent voice of the right-judging Solon bade look at the closing scene[657] of a life however long. Banishment, and the jail, and the marshes of Minturnæ,[658] and his bread begged in conquered Carthage, took their rise from this. What could all nature, what could Rome, have produced more blessed in the wide world than that citizen, had he breathed forth his soul[659] glutted with spoils, while the captive train followed around his chariot, in all the pomp and circumstance of war, when he was about to alight from his Teutonic[660] car! Campania,[661] in her foresight for Pompey, had given him a fever he should have prayed for. But the many cities and their public prayers prevailed. Therefore his own malignant fortune and that of Rome preserved him only that conquered he should lose his head. Lentulus[662] escaped this torment; Cethegus paid not this penalty, but fell unmutilated; and Catiline lay with corpse entire. The anxious mother, when she visits Venus' temple, prays for beauty for her boys with subdued whisper;[663] with louder voice for her girls, carrying her fond wishes[664] even to the verge of trifling. "But why should you chide me?" she says; "Latona[665] delights in the beauty of Diana." But, Lucretia[666] forbids a face like hers to be the subject of your prayers: Virginia would gladly give hers to Rutila, and receive her wen in exchange. But, a son possessed of exquisite person keeps his parents in a constant state of misery and alarm. So rare is the union[667] of beauty with chastity. Though the house, austere in virtue, and emulating the Sabines of old, may have handed down,[668] like an inheritance, purity of morals, and bounteous Nature with benignant hand may give, besides, a chaste mind and a face glowing with modest blood (for what greater boon can Nature bestow on a youth? Nature, more powerful than any guardian, or any watchful care!), still they are not allowed to attain to manhood. For the villainy of the corrupter, prodigal in its guilt, dares to assail with tempting offers the parents

themselves. So great is their confidence in the success of bribes! No tyrant in his cruel palace ever castrated a youth that was deformed; nor did even Nero carry off a stripling if club-footed, or disfigured by wens, pot-bellied, and humpbacked! Go then, and exult in the beauty of your darling boy! Yet for whom are there greater perils in store? He will become the adulterer of the city, and dread all the punishments[669] that angry husbands inflict. Nor will he be more lucky than the star of Mars, even though he never fall like Mars into the net.[670] But sometimes that bitter wrath exacts even more than any law permits, to satisfy the husband's rage. One dispatches the adulterer with the sword; another cuts him in two with bloody lashes; some have the punishment of the mullet. But your Endymion, forsooth, will of course become the lover of some lady of his affections! But soon, when Servilia[671] has bribed him, he will serve her whom he loves not, and will despoil her of all her ornaments. For what will any woman refuse, to get her passions gratified? whether she be an Oppia, or a Catulla. A depraved woman has all her morality[672] concentred there. "But what harm does beauty do one that is chaste?" Nay, what did his virtuous resolve avail Hippolytus, or what Bellerophon? Surely she[673] fired at the rejection of her suit, as though treated with indignity. Nor did Sthenobæa burn less fiercely than the Cretan; and both lashed themselves into fury. A woman is then most ruthless, when shame sets sharper spurs[674] to her hate. Choose what course you think should be recommended him to whom Cæsar's wife[675] purposes to marry herself. This most noble and most beautiful of the patrician race is hurried off, poor wretched man, a sacrifice to the lewd eyes of Messalina. She is long since seated with her bridal veil all ready: the nuptial bed with Tyrian hangings is openly prepared in the gardens, and, according to the antique rites, a dowry of a million sesterces will be given; the soothsayer[676] and the witnesses to the settlement will be there! Do you suppose these acts are kept secret; intrusted only to a few? She will not be married otherwise than with all legal forms. Tell me which alternative you choose. If you refuse to comply, you must die

before nightfall.[677] If you do commit the crime, some brief delay will be afforded you, until the thing, known to the city and the people,[678] shall reach the prince's ears. He will be the last to learn the disgrace of his house! Do you meanwhile obey her behests, if you set so high a value on a few days' existence. Whichever you hold the better and the safer course, that white and beauteous neck must be presented[679] to the sword!

Is there then nothing for which men shall pray? If you will take advice, you will allow the deities themselves to determine what may be expedient for us, and suitable to our condition. For instead of pleasant things, the gods will give us all that is most fitting. Man is dearer to them than to himself. We, led on by the impulse of our minds, by blind and headstrong passions, pray for wedlock, and issue by our wives; but it is known to them what our children will prove; of what character our wife will be! Still, that you may have somewhat to pray for, and vow to their shrines the entrails and consecrated mincemeat[680] of the white porker, your prayer must be that you may have a sound mind in a sound body. Pray for a bold spirit, free from all dread of death; that reckons the closing scene of life among Nature's kindly boons;[681] that can endure labor, whatever it be; that deems the gnawing cares of Hercules,[682] and all his cruel toils, far preferable to the joys of Venus, rich banquets, and the downy couch of Sardanapalus. I show thee what thou canst confer upon thyself. The only path that surely leads to a life of peace lies through virtue. If we have wise foresight, thou, Fortune, hast no divinity.[683] It is we that make thee a deity, and place thy throne in heaven![684]

FOOTNOTES:

[550] Gadibus. Gades, now Cadiz, and Ganges were the western and eastern boundaries of the then known world.

[551] Nebulâ. Cf. Plat., Alcib., ii., τῆς ψυχῆς ἀφελόντα τὴν ἀχλύν; from which many ideas in this Satire, particularly toward the close, are borrowed.

"As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude, Shuns fancied ills, or chases, airy good." Johnson's imitation.

[552] Evertere. These are almost Cicero's own words. "Cupiditates non modo singulos homines sed universas familias evertunt," de Fin., i. Cf. Shakspeare:

"We, ignorant of ourselves, Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers Deny us for our good: so find we profit By losing of our prayers."

[553] Torrens.

"Some who the depths of eloquence have found, In that unnavigable stream were drown'd." Dryden.

[554] Viribus. Roscommon, as Gifford says, tells his history in two lines:

"Remember Milo's end, Wedged in the timber which he strove to rend."

Cf. Ovid, Ib., 609, "Utque Milon robur diducere fissile tentes, nec possis captas inde referre manus."

[555] Balæna Britannica. Cf. Hor., iv., Od. xiv., 47, "Te belluosus qui remotis obstrepit Oceanus Britannis." There is probably an allusion here to the large sums which Seneca had out at interest in Britain, where his rigor in exacting his demands occasioned a rebellion.

[556] Tota cohors. "Illo propinquâ vesperâ, tribunus venit, et villam globus militum sepsit." Tac., Ann., xv., 60.

[557] Longinum. Cassius Longinus was charged with keeping among his Imagines one of Cassius, Cæsar's murderer; and allowed an hour to die in. Suet., Ner., 37.

[558] Seneca. Rufus and Tigellinus charged Seneca "tanquam ingentes et privatum suprà modum evectas opes adhuc augeret—hortorum quoque amænitate et villarum magnificentiâ quasi Principem supergrederetur;" and Seneca himself, in his speech to Nero, says, "Tantum honorum atque opûm in me cumulâsti, ut nihil felicitati meæ desit." Tacit., Ann., xiv., 52, seq.

[559] Puri. Cf. ix., 141.

[560] Lateranorum. Vid. Tac., Ann., xv., 60, for the death of Plautius Lateranus. His house was on the Cœlian Hill, on the site of the modern Lateran.

[561] Motæ ad Lunam. Cf. Hor., i., Od. xxiii., 3, "Non sine vano aurarum et siluæ metu." Stat., Theb., vi., 158," Impulsæque noto frondes cassusque valeret exanimare timor." Claud., Eutrop., ii., 452, "Ecce levis frondes a tergo concutit aura: credit tela Leo: valuit pro vulnere terror."

[562] Vacuus. Cf. Ov., Nux., 43, "Sic timet insidias qui scit se ferre viator cur timeat, tutum carpit inanis iter." Sen., Lucil., "Nudum Latro transmittit."

"While void of care the beggar trips along, And, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song." Gifford.

[563] Divitiæ. Vid. Cic., "Expetuntur Divitiæ ut utare; Opes ut colaris: Honores ut lauderis." De Amicit., vi.

[564] Foro. The public treasure was in the temple of Saturn. Private individuals had their money in strong boxes deposited in the Forum Trajani, or Forum Augusti; in the temple of Mars "Ultor" originally; afterward in the temple of Castor and others, probably of Pax. Cf. xiv., 259, "Æratâ multus in arcâ fiscus, et ad vigilem ponendi Cartora nummi." Cf. Suet., Jul., x. Pliny the Younger was once præfectus ærarii Saturni.

[565] Gemmata. Cf. v., 39, 41.—Setinum, v., 34.

"Fear the gemm'd goblet, and suspicious hold The ruby juice that glows in cups of gold." Badham.

[566] De Sapientibus. Democritus of Abdera, and Heracleitus of Ephesus.

[567] Ridebat. Cf. Hor., ii., Ep. i., 194, "Si foret in terris rideret Democritus." δεῖσθαι μοι δοκεῖ Ἡρακλείτου ἢ Δημοκρίτου, τοῦ μὲν γελασομένου τὴν ἄνοιαν αὐτῶν, τοῦ δὲ τὴν ἄγνοιαν ὀδυρομένου. Luc., βι. πρ., 13, τὸν γελῶντα, τὸν

Ἀβδηρόθεν καὶ τὸν κλαίοντα τὸν ἐξ Ἐφέσου.

[568]

"The marvel this, since all the world can sneer, What fountains fed the ever-needed tear." Badham.

[569] Trabeæ. Cf. ad viii., 259.

[570] Prætor. Juvenal has mixed up together the procession of the prætor to open the Circensian games, and a triumphal procession. The latter proceeded through the principal streets to the Capitol. The former, from the Capitol to the centre of the circus. The triumphal car was in the shape of a turret, gilded, and drawn by four white horses: it often occurs on coins. The tunica palmata, worn by generals in their triumph, was kept in the temple of Jupiter. The toga picta was purple, and so heavily embroidered that it may well be compared to a brocaded curtain. Tyre was anciently called Sarra, which may be traced in its modern name Sur.

"His robe a ponderous curtain of brocade, Inwrought and stiff by Tyrian needles' aid." Badham.

[571] Orbem. Probably an allusion to Atlas.

[572] Sufficit.

"And would have crush'd it with the massy freight, But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight." Dryden.

Probably the crown was not worn, but merely held by the slave at his side.

"The menial destined in his car to ride, And cool the swelling consul's feverish pride." Hodgson.

[573] Crasso. "Bœotum in crasso jurares ære natum." Hor., ii., Ep. i., 244. Bœotia was called the land of hogs, which so much annoyed Pindar. Vid. Ol., vi., 152. Abdera seems to have had as bad a name. Cf. Mart., x., Ep. xxv., 3, "Abderitanæ pectora plebis habes."

[574] Medium unguem. Hence called "Infamis digitus." Pers., ii., 33. Cf. Mart., ii., Ep. xxviii., 2, "digitum porrigito medium." VI., Ep. lxx., 5, "Ostendit digitum impudicum."

[575] Incerare. They used to fasten their vows, written on wax tablets, to the knees or thighs of the gods. When their wishes were granted, these were replaced by the offerings they had vowed. Cf. Hom., Il., p., 514, θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται.

[576] Mergit. Cf. Sil., viii., 285; or mergit may be used actively, as xiii., 8. Lucr., v., 1006. Virg., Æn., vi., 512.

[577] Statuæ. Cf. ad viii., 18. Tac., Ann., vi., 2. Plin., Pan., 52, "Juvabat illidere solo superbissimos vultus, instare ferro, sævire securibus, ut si singulos ictus sanguis dolorque sequeretur"—"instar ultionis videretur cernere imagines abjectas excoctasque flammis."

[578] Immeritis.

"The driven axe destroys the conquering car, And unoffending steeds the ruin share." Hodgson.

[579] Adoratum. Cf. Tac., Ann., iii., 72; iv., 2, "Coli per theatra et fora effigies ejus sineret." Vid. Suet., Tib., lv., 48, "Solæ nullam Sejani imaginem inter signa coluissent." 65, "Sejani imagines aureas coli passim videret."

[580] Sartago.

"And from the stride of those colossal legs You buy the useful pan that fries your eggs." Badham.

Dryden reads "matellæ."

[581] Pone domi lauros. Cf. ad ix., 85.

[582] Sequitur Fortunam.

"When the king's trump, the mob are for the king." Dryden.

[583] Nurscia, Nyrtia, Nortia, or Nurtia, the Etruscan goddess of Fortune, nearly

identical with Atropos, and cognate with Minerva. The old Schol. says, "Fortuna apud Nyrtiam colitur unde fuit Sejanus." But Tacitus tells us (Ann., iv., l; vi., 8) that Sejanus was a native of Volsinii, now Bolsena. Outside the Florence gate of Bolsena stands the ruin of a temple still called Tempio di Norzia. Cf. Liv., vii., 3; Tertull., Apoll., 24, ad Nat., ii., 8; Müller's Etrusker, IV., vii., 6; Dennis's Etruria, i., p. 258, 509.

[584] Fornacula. "A fire so fierce for one was scarcely made." Gifford.

[585] Brutidius. Tacitus speaks thus of him: "Brutidium artibus honestis copiosum et, si rectum iter pergeret, ad clarissima quæque iturum festinatio exstimulabat, dum æquales, dein superiores, postremo suasmet ipse spes anteire parat." Ann., iii., 66. He had been one of the accusers of Silanus, and was involved in Sejanus' fall. "Magna est fornacula" is well borne out by Tacitus' account. "Cunctos qui carcere attinebantur, accusati societatis cum Sejano, necari jubet. Jacuit immensa strages; omnis sexus omnis ætas: inlustres ignobiles—corpora adsectabantur dum in Tiberim traherentur." Ann., vi., 19.

[586] Victus. Fierce as Ajax, when worsted in the contest for the arms of Achilles.

[587] Exercitibus præponere. Vid. Tac., Ann., iv., 2, "Centuriones ac Tribunos ipse deligere: neque senatorio ambitu abstinebat clientes suos honoribus aut provinciis ornando, facili Tiberio atque ita prono ut socium laborum celebraret."

[588] Tutor.

"Arraign Thy feeble sovereign in a guardian's strain, Who sits amid his foul Chaldæan herd In that august domain to Rome preferr'd." Badham.

[589] Sedentis. Cf. Suet., Tib., 43; Tac., Ann., vi., 1. Grangæus supposes this word to have reference to the Sellaria there described. It probably only refers to his luxury and indolence. Tiberius was with Augustus when he visited Capreæ shortly before his death: "remisissimo ad otium et ad omnem comitatem animo. Vicinam Capreis insulam ἀπραγοπόλιν appellabat à desidiâ secedentium illuc e comitatu suo." Cf. c.

40. Tac., Ann., iv., 67.

[590] Augusta. The old reading was angustâ. The alteration of a single letter converts a forceless expletive into an epithet full of picturesque and historic truth.

[591] Egregios equites. The flower of the Roman army, the prætorian troops, of which Sejanus was præfect.

[592] Vasa minora.

"To pound false weights and scanty measures break." Dryden.

[593] Ulubris. Cf. Hor., i., Ep. xi., 30, "Est Ulubris, animus si non tibi deficit æquus." Another joke at the expense of the plebeian ædiles (cf. iii., 162), who had the charge of inspecting weights and measures, markets and provisions, roads, theatres, etc. These functionaries still exist (as Gifford says), "as ragged and consequential" as ever, in the Italian villages, retaining their old name of Podestà.

"Deal out the law, and curb with high decree The tricks of trade at empty Ulubræ." Hodgson.

[594] Altior. The idea is probably borrowed from Menander, ἐπαίρεται γάρ μεῖζον, ἵνα μεῖζον πέσῃ. So hence Horace, ii., Od. x., 10, "Celsæ graviore casu decidunt turres." So Claudian in Rufin., i., 22, "Tolluntur in altum ut lapsu graviore ruant;" and Shakspeare, "Raised up on high to be hurl'd down below."

[595] Ruinæ. So Milton.

"With hideous ruin and combustion down." C. Badham.

[596] Crassos. M. Licinius Crassus and his son Publius; both killed in the Parthian war.

[597] Pompeios. Cn. Pompeius Magnus, and his two sons, Cnæus and Sextus.

[598] Domitos.

"The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke, And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke." Dryd.

[599] Colit. Ov., Fast., iii., 816, "Qui benè placârit Pallada doctus erit."

[600] Vernula. This slave was called Capsarius. Suet., Ner., 36. Cf. ad vi., 451.

[601] Quinquatribus. Cf. Hor., ii., Ep. ii., 197, "Puer ut festis quinquatribus olim." This festival originally lasted only one day; and was celebrated xiv. Kal. April. It was so called "quia post diem quintum Idus Martias ageretur." So "post diem sextum" was called Sexatrus; and "post diem septimum," Septimatrus. Varro, L. L., v., 3. It was afterward extended to five days; hence the "vulgus" supposed that to have been the origin of the name; and so Ovid takes it, "Nominaque a junctis quinque diebus habet," Fast., iii., 809; who says it was kept in honor of Minerva's natal day, "Causa quod est illâ nata Minerva die," l. 812. (Others say, because on that day her temple on Mount Aventine was consecrated.) Domitian kept the festival in great state at his Alban villa. Suet., Domit., iv. Cicero has a punning allusion to it. Vid. Fam., xii., 25. These five days were the schoolmasters' holidays; and on the first they received their pay, or entrance fee, διδακτρὰ, hence called Minerval; though Horace seems to imply they were paid every month, "Octonis referentes Idibus æra." I., Sat. vi., 75. The lesser Quinquatrus were on the Ides of June. Ov., Fast., vi., 651, "Quinquatrus jubeor narrare minores," called also Quinquatrus Minusculæ.

[602] Rostra. Popilius Lenas, who cut off Cicero's head and hands, carried them to Antony, who rewarded him with a civic crown and a large sum of money, and ordered the head to be fixed between the hands to the Rostra. (For the name, vid. Liv., viii., 14.)

[603] Antonî gladios. Quoting Cicero's own words, "Contempsi Catilinæ gladios, non pertimescam tuos." Phil., ii., 46.

"For me, the sorriest rhymes I'd rather claim, Than bear the brunt of that Philippic's fame, The second! the divine!" Badham.

[604] Torrentem. So i., 9, "Torrens dicendi copia;" iii., 74, "Isæo torrentior." At the

approach of Antipater, Demosthenes fled from Athens, and took refuge in the temple of Poseidon at Calaureia, near Argolis; and fearing to fall into the hands of Archias, took poison, which he carried about with him in a reed, or, as Pliny says, in a ring, xxxiii., 1.

[605] Forcipibus. Cf. Virg., Æn., viii., 453, "Versantque tenaci forcipe massam." Juvenal seems to have had the whole passage in his eye.

[606] Vulcano. Demosthenes' father was a μαχαιροποιός: in which capacity he employed a large number of slaves, ἐργαστήριον ἔχων μέγα καὶ δούλους τεχνίτας. But as he could not afford to place his son under the costly Isocrates, he sent him to Isæus.

[607] Truncis. Virg., Æn., xi., 5.

Ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis Constituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma, Mezenti ducis exuvias, tibi magne tropæum Bellipotens: aptat rorantes sanguine cristas Telaque trunca viri.

[608] Aplustre, the ἄφλαστον of the Greeks was the high peak of the galley, from which rose the ensign.

[609] Arcu. Cf. Suet., Domit., 13, "Janos arcusque cum quadrigis et insignibus triumphorum per regiones urbis tantos et tot exstruxit, ut cuidam Græcè inscriptum sit, ἀρκεῖ—." Some think there is an allusion here to the column of Trajan, erected in honor of his Dacian victories. This would bring down the date of this Satire to after A.D. 113.

[610] Amplectitur.

"That none confess fair Virtue's genuine power, Or woo her to their breast without a dower." Gifford.

[611] Sepulchris; from Propertius, III., ii., 19, seq. So Ausonius, "Mors etiam saxis, nominibusque venit."

"For fate hath foreordain'd its day of doom, Not to the tenant only, but the tomb." Badham.

[612] Expende.

"How are the mighty changed to dust! how small The urn that holds what once was Hannibal!" Hodgson.

[613] Altos; others read alios; referring to the elephants of Africa as well as Asia. "Elephantos fert Africa, ferunt Æthiopes et Troglodytæ: sed maximos India." Plin., viii., 11.

[614] Aceto. Vid. Liv., xxi., 37. Polybius omits the story as fabulous. There appears, now, no reason to doubt the fact.

[615] Actum. "Nil actum referens si quid superesset agendum."

"Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain; 'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till naught remain; On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly, And all be mine beneath the Polar sky.'" Johnson.

[616] Facies.

"Oh! for some master-hand, the lines to trace!" Gifford.

[617] Luscum. Hannibal lost one eye, while crossing the marshes, in making his way to Etruria: "quia medendi nec locus nec tempus erat altero oculo capitur;" he rode, Livy tells us, on his sole surviving elephant, xxii., 2.

[618] Bithyno. When accused by the Romans at Carthage, Hannibal fled to Antiochus, king of Syria, and thence to the court of Prusias, king of Bithynia, for whom he carried on successfully the war against Eumenes. But when Flaminius was sent to demand his surrender, he destroyed himself with poison, which he always carried in a ring.

[619] Sanguinis. Forty-five thousand dead were left on the field of Cannæ, with the Consul Æmilius Paulus, eighty senators, and very many others of high rank.

[620] Declamatio. Cf. vii., 167, "Sexta quâque die miserum dirus caput Hannibal implet." So I. 150, and i., 15.

"Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool! To please the boys, and be a theme at school." Dryden.

[621] Unus. "Heu me miserum! quod ne uno quidem adhuc potitus sum!" is the exclamation put into Alexander's mouth by Val. Max., viii., 14.

[622] Gyaris. Cf. i., 73; vi., 563.

[623] Figulis. Cf. Herod., i., 78. Ov., Met., iv., 27, "Ubi dicitur altam Coctilibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem."

[624] Sarcophago. A stone was found at Assos, near Troy, which was said to possess the property of consuming the flesh of bodies inclosed in it within the space of forty days, hence called σαρκοφάγος. Plin., ii., 96; xxxvi., 17. Cf. Henry's speech to Hotspur's body:

"Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk! When that this body did contain a spirit, A kingdom for it was too small a bound: But now, two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough."

So Hall:

"Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store, And he that cares for most shall find no more."

And Shirley:

"How little room do we take up in death, That, living, knew no bounds!"

And Webster's Duchess of Malfy:

"Much you had of land and rent; Your length in clays's now competent."

So K. Henry VI.:

"And of all my lands Is nothing left me but my body's length."

And Dryden's Antony:

"The place thou pressest on thy mother Earth Is all thy empire now."

Cf. Æsch., S. Theb., 731. Soph., Œd. Col., 789. Shakspeare's Richard II., Act iii., sc. 2.

[625] Epota. Herodotus mentions the Scamander, Onochnous, Apidanus, and Echedorus.

"Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees, Drunk at an army's dinner to the lees!" Dryden.

[626] Sostratus. Of this poet nothing is known.—Madidis, probably in the same sense as in Sat. xv., 47, "Facilis victoria de madidis." Sil., xii., 18, "Madefacta mero."

[627] Ennosigæum. ἀπὸ τοῦ ἐνόθειν τὴν γαῖαν. Cf. Hom., Il., vii., 455. Æolis is an allusion to Virgil, Æn., i., 51, "Vinclis ac carcere frænat," etc.

[628] Stigmate. Herod., vii., 35.

"That shackles o'er th' earth-shaking Neptune threw, And thought it lenient not to brand him too." Gifford.

[629] Servire Deorum. As Apollo served Admetus; Neptune, Laomedon, etc.

"Ye gods! obeyed ye such a fool as this?" Hodgson.

[630] Tardâ. Perhaps alluding to Her., viii., 118.

"A single skiff to speed his flight remains, Th' encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast Through purple billows and a floating host!" Johnson.

[631] Tabraca, on the coast of Tunis, now Tabarca.

[632] Simia. So Ennius, in Cic., Nat. De., i., 35, "Simia, quam similis turpissima bestia nobis!"

"A stick-fallen cheek! that hangs below the jaw, Such wrinkles as a skillful hand

would draw For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace, She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face." Dryden.

[633] Cum voce trementia membra. Compare Hamlet's speech to Polonius, and As you like it, Act ii., 7:

"His big manly voice, Turning again toward childish treble, pipes And whistles in its sound." "The self-same palsy both in limbs and tongue." Dryden.

[634] Palato. Compare Barzillai's speech to David, 2 Sam., xix., 35, "I am this day fourscore years old; and can I discern between good or evil? can thy servant taste what I eat and what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?"

[635] Vini.

"Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines, And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns." Johnson.

[636] Viribus. Shakspeare, King Henry IV., Part ii., Act ii., sc. 4, "Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?"

[637] Auratâ. Cic. ad Heren., iv., 47, "Uti citharædus cum prodierit optimè vestitus, pallâ inauratâ indutus, cum chlamyde purpureâ coloribus variis intextâ, cum coronâ aureâ, magnis fulgentibus gemmis illuminatâ." Horace, A. P., 215, "Luxuriem addidi arti Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem."

[638] Nuntiet horas. Slaves were employed to watch the dials in the houses of those who had them, and report the hour: those who had no dial sent to the Forum. Cf. Mart., viii., 67. Suet., Domit., xvi., "Sexta nuntiata est."

[639] Gelido. Virg., Æn., v., 395, "Sed enim gelidus tardante senectâ Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœtæ in corpora vires."

[640] Themison of Laodicea in Syria, pupil of Asclepiades, was an eminent physician of the time of Pompey the Great, and is said to have been the founder of

the "Methodic" school, as opposed to the "Empiric." Vid. Cels., Præf. Plin., N. H., xxix., 15. Others say he lived in Augustus' time, and Hodgson thinks he may have lived even to Juvenal's days. Cicero (de Orat., i., 14) mentions an Asclepiades; and the names of at least three others are mentioned in later times.

[641] Quo tondente. Cf. i., 35.

[642] Hiat. Cf. Lucian, Tim., ἐμὲ περιμένουσι κεχηνότες ὥσπερ τὴν χελιδόνα προσπετομένην τετριγότες οἱ νεοσσοί. P. 72, E., ed. Bened.

[643] Jejuna, from Hom., Il., ix., 323, ὡς δ' ὄρνις ἀπτῆσι νεοσσοῖσι προφέρῃσι μάστακ', ἐπεί κε λάβῃσι, κακῶς δέ τέ οἱ πέλει αὐτῇ.

[644] Phialen.

"Forgets the children he begot and bred, And makes a strumpet heiress in their stead." Gifford.

[645] Nigrâ. "And liveries of black for length of years." Dryden.

[646] Pylius. Hom., Il., i., 250, μετὰ δὲ τριτάτοισιν ἄνασσεν. So Odyss., iii., 245, τρὶς γάρ δή μίν φασιν ἀνάξασθαι γένε' ἀνδρῶν.

[647] Cornice.

"Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king Was longest-lived of any two-legged thing." Dryden.

[648] Dextra. This the Greeks express by ἀναπεμπάζεσθαι. They counted on the left hand as far as a hundred, then on the right up to two hundred, and then again on the left for the third hundred. Holyday has a most elaborate explanation of the method.

[649] Antilochi. Cf. Hor., II., Od. ix., 14.

[650] Natantem. Cf. Hom., Od., v., 388, 399.

"So Peleus sigh'd to join his hero lost— Laertes his on boundless billows toss'd." Hodgson.

[651] Polyxena, from Eurip., Hec., 556, λαβοῦσα πέπλους ἐξ ἄκρας ἐπωμίδος

ἔῤῥηξε.

[652] Miles tremulus. Virg., Æn., ii., 509, "Arma diu senior desueta trementibus ævo circumdat," etc.

"A soldier half, and half a sacrifice." Dryden.

[653] Bos. Virg., Æn., v., 481, "Sternitur, exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos."

[654] Fastiditus.

"Disdain'd its labors, and forgotten now All its old service at the thankless plow." Hodgson.

[655] Canino. See the close of Eurip., Hecuba. The Greeks fabled that Hecuba was metamorphosed into a bitch, from her constant railing at them. Hence κυνὸς σῆμα. Cf. Plaut., Menœchm., v. i.

[656] Crœsus. Cf. Herod., i., 32.

[657] Spatia, a metaphor from the "course." So Virgil has metæ ævi, metæ mortis.

[658] Minturnarum, a town of the Aurunci near the mouth of the Liris, now Garigliano. In the marshes in the neighborhood Marius concealed himself from the cavalry of Sylla.

[659] Animam.

"Had he exhaled amid the pomp of war, A warrior's soul in that Teutonic car." Badham.

[660] Teutonico, i. e., after his triumph over the Cimbri and Teutones. Cf. viii., 251.

[661] Campania. Cf. Cic., Tus. Qu., i., 35, "Pompeius noster familiaris, cum graviter ægrotaret Neapoli, utrum si tum esset extinctus, à bonis rebus, an à malis discessisset? certè a miseriis, si mortem tum obiisset, in amplissimis fortunis occidisset." Achillas and L. Septimius murdered Pompey and cut off his head; which ἐφύλασσον Καίσαρι, ὡς ἐπὶ μεγίσταις ἀμοιβαῖς. Appian, B.C., ii., 86

[662] P. Corn. Lentulus Sura, was strangled in prison with Cethegus. Catiline fell in battle, near Pistoria in Etruria.

[663] Murmure. Venus was worshiped under the name of ἀφροδίτη ψίθυρος, because all prayers were to be offered in whispers.

[664] Delicias. This is Heinrich's view. Grangæus explains it, "Ut pro ipsis vota deliciarum plena concipiat." Britannicus, "quasi diceret, optat ut tam formosa sit, ut eam juvenes in suos amplexus optent."

[665] Latona. Hom., Od. vi., 106, γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα Λήτω. Virg., Æn., i., 502, Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.

[666] Lucretia.

"Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring, And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king!" Johnson.

[667] Concordia. Ov., Heroid, xvi., 288, "Lis est cum forma magna pudicitiæ."

"Chaste—is no epithet to suit with fair." Dryden.

[668] Tradiderit.

"Though through the rugged house, from sire to son, A Sabine sanctity of manners run." Gifford.

[669] Pœnas metuet. The punishment of adulterers seems to have been left to the discretion of the injured husband rather than to have been defined by law.

[670] Laqueos. Ov., Met., iv., 176, "Extemplo graciles ex ære catenas, Retiaque et laqueos quæ lumina fallere possint, elimat." Art. Am., ii., 561, seq. Hom., Odyss., viii., 266.

[671] Servilia; i. e., some one as rich and debauched as Servilia, sister of Cato and mother of Brutus, with whom Cæsar intrigued, and lavished immense wealth on her. Vid. Suet, Jul., 50. Her sister, the wife of Lucullus, was equally depraved.

[672] Mores.

"In all things else, immoral, stingy, mean, But in her lusts a conscionable quean." Dryden.

[673] Hæc, sc. Phædra, daughter of Minos, king of Crete.

[674] Stimulos.

"A woman scorn'd is pitiless as fate, For then the dread of shame adds stings to hate." Gifford.

[675] Cæsaris uxor. The story is told in Tacitus, Ann., xi., 12, seq. "In Silium, juventutis Romanæ pulcherrimum ita exarserat, ut Juniam Silanam nobilem fœminam, matrimonio ejus exturbaret vacuoque adultero potiretur. Neque Silius flagitii aut periculi nescius erat: sed certo si abnueret exitio et nonnullâ fallendi spe, simul magnis præmiis, opperiri futura, et præsentibus frui, pro solatio habebat." This happened A.D. 48, in the autumn, while Claudius was at Ostia. It was with great difficulty, after all, that Narcissus prevailed on Claudius to order Messalina's execution, cf. xiv., 331; Tac., Ann., xi., 37; and she was put to death at last without his knowledge.

[676] Auspex. Suet., Claud. "Cum comperisset [Valeriam Messalinam] super cætera flagitia atque dedecora, C. Silio etiam nupsisse, dote inter auspices consignatâ, supplicio affecit." C. 26; cf. 36, 39.

[677] Lucernas. "Before the evening lamps 'tis thine to die." Badham.

[678] Nota urbi et populo. Juvenal uses almost the very words of Tacitus. "An discidium inquit (Narcissus) tuum nôsti? Nam matrimonium Silii vidit populus et senatus et miles: ac ni properè agis tenet urbem maritus." Ann., xi., 30.

[679] Prœbenda. Cf. Tac., Ann., xi., 38.

"Inevitable death before thee lies, But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes!" Dryden.

[680] Tomacula, "the liver and other parts cut out of the pig minced up with the fat."

Mart., i., Ep. xlii., 9, "Quod fumantia qui tomacla raucus circumfert tepidus coquus popinis." The other savory ingredients are given by Facciolati; the Greeks called them τεμάχη or τεμάχια.

[681] Munera.

"A soul that can securely death defy, And count it Nature's privilege to die." Dryden.

[682] Hercules. Alluding to the well-known "Choice of Hercules" from Prodicus. Xen., Mem.

[683] Nullum numen. Repeated, xiv., 315.

[684] "The reasonings in this Satire," Gibbon says, "would have been clearer, had Juvenal distinguished between wishes the accomplishment of which could not fail to make us miserable, and those whose accomplishment might fail to make us happy. Absolute power is of the first kind; long life of the second."

SATIRE XI.

If Atticus[685] sups extravagantly, he is considered a splendid[686] fellow: if Rutilus does so, he is thought mad. For what is received with louder laughter on the part of the mob, than Apicius[687] reduced to poverty?

Every club,[688] the baths, every knot of loungers, every theatre,[689] is full of Rutilus. For while his sturdy and youthful limbs are fit to bear arms,[690] and while he is hot in blood, he is driven[691] (not indeed forced to it, but unchecked by the tribune) to copy out[692] the instructions and imperial commands of the trainer of gladiators. Moreover, you see many whom their creditor, often cheated of his money, is wont to look out for at the very entrance of the market;[693] and whose inducement to live exists in their palate alone. The greatest wretch among these, one who must soon fail, since his ruin is already as clear[694] as day, sups the more extravagantly and the more splendidly. Meanwhile they ransack all the elements for dainties;[695] the price never standing in the way of their gratification. If you look

more closely into it, those please the more which are bought for more. Therefore they have no scruple[696] in borrowing a sum, soon to be squandered, by pawning[697] their plate, or the broken[698] image of their mother; and, with the 400[699] sesterces, seasoning an earthen[700] dish to tickle their palate. Thus they are reduced to the hotch-potch[701] of the gladiator.

It makes therefore all the difference who it is that procures these same things. For in Rutilus it is luxurious extravagance. In Ventidius it takes a praiseworthy name, and derives credit from his fortune.

I should with reason despise the man who knows how much more lofty Atlas is than all the mountains in Libya, yet this very man knows not how much a little purse differs from an iron-bound chest.[702] "Know thyself," came down from heaven:[703] a proverb to be implanted and cherished in the memory, whether you are about to contract matrimony,[704] or wish to be in a part of the sacred[705] senate:—(for not even Thersites[706] is a candidate for the breast-plate of Achilles: in which Ulysses exhibited himself in a doubtful character:[707])—or whether you take upon yourself to defend a cause of great moment. Consult your own powers; tell yourself who you are; whether you are a powerful orator, or like a Curtius, or a Matho,[708] mere spouters.

One must know one's own measure, and keep it in view, in the greatest and in most trifling matters; even when a fish is to be bought. Do not long for a mullet,[709] when you have only a gudgeon in your purse. For what end awaits you, as your purse[710] fails and your gluttony increases: when your patrimony and whole fortune is squandered[711] upon your belly, what can hold your money out at interest, your solid plate, your flocks, and lands?

By such proprietors as these, last of all[712] the ring is parted with, and Pollio[713] begs with his finger bare. It is not the premature funeral pile, or the grave, that is luxury's horror, but old age,[714] more to be dreaded than death itself. These are

most commonly the steps: money, borrowed at Rome, is spent before the very owners' faces; then when some trifling residue is left, and the lender of the money is growing pale, they give leg-bail[715] and run to Baiæ and Ostia. For now-a-days to quit the forum[716] is not more discreditable to you than to remove to Esquiline from hot[717] Suburra. This is the only pain that they who flee their country feel, this their only sorrow, to have lost the Circensian games[718] for one[719] year. Not a drop of blood remains in their face; few attempt to detain modesty, now become an object of ridicule and fleeing from the city.

You shall prove to-day by your own experience, Persicus, whether all these things, which are very fine to talk about, I do not practice in my life, in my moral conduct, and in reality: but praise vegetables,[720] while in secret I am a glutton: in others' hearing bid my slave bring me water-gruel,[721] but whisper "cheese-cakes" in his ear. For since you are my promised guest, you shall find me an Evander:[722] you shall come as the Tirynthian, or the guest, inferior indeed to him, and yet himself akin by blood to heaven: the one sent to the skies by water,[723] the other by fire.

Now hear your bill of fare,[724] furnished by no public market.[725]

From my farm at Tibur there shall come a little kid, the fattest and tenderest of the whole flock, ignorant of the taste of grass, that has never yet ventured to browse even on the low twigs of the willow-bed, and that has more milk than blood in his veins: and asparagus[726] from the mountains, which my bailiff's wife, having laid down her spindle, gathered. Some huge eggs besides, and still warm in their twisted hay, shall be served up together with the hens themselves: and grapes kept a portion of the year, just as they were when fresh upon the vines: pears from Signia[727] and Syria: and, from the same basket, apples rivaling those of Picenum,[728] and smelling quite fresh; that you need not be afraid of, since they have lost their autumnal moisture, which has been dried up by cold, and the dangers to be feared from their juice if crude. This would in times gone by have been a luxurious supper

for our senate. Curius[729] with his own hands used to cook over his little fire pot-herbs which he had gathered in his little garden: such herbs as now the foul digger in his heavy chain rejects with scorn, who remembers the flavor of the vile dainties[730] of the reeking cook-shop. It was the custom formerly to keep against festival days the flitches of the smoked swine, hanging from the wide-barred rack, and to set bacon as a birthday treat before one's relations, with the addition of some fresh meat, if a sacrificial victim furnished any. Some one of the kin, with the title of "Thrice consul," that had held command in camps, and discharged the dignity of dictator, used to go earlier[731] than his wont to such a feast as this, bearing his spade over his shoulder from the mountain he had been digging on. But when men trembled at the Fabii,[732] and the stern Cato, and the Scauri and Fabricii;[733] and when, in fine, even his colleague stood in dread of the severe character of the strict Censor; no one thought it was a matter of anxiety or serious concern what kind of tortoise[734] floated in the wave of ocean, destined to form a splendid and noble couch for the Trojugenæ. But with side devoid of ornament, and sofas of diminutive size, the brazen front displayed the mean head of an ass wearing a chaplet,[735] at which the country lads laughed in wantonness.

The food then was in keeping with the master of the house and the furniture. Then the soldier, uncivilized, and too ignorant[736] to admire the arts of Greece, used to break up the drinking-cups, the work of some renowned artists, which he found in his share of the booty when cities were overthrown, that his horse might exult in trappings,[737] and his embossed helmet might display to his enemy on the point of perishing, likenesses of the Romulean wild beast bidden to grow tame by the destiny of the empire, and the twin Quirini beneath the rock, and the naked image of the god coming down[738] with buckler and spear, and impending over him. Whatever silver he possessed glittered on his arms[739] alone. In those days, then, they used to serve all their furmety in a dish of Tuscan earthenware: which you may envy, if you are at all that way inclined.[740]

The majesty of temples also was more evidently near[741] to men, and a voice[742] heard about midnight and through the midst of the city, when the Gauls were coming from the shore of ocean, and the gods discharged the functions of a prophet, warned us of these.

This was the care which Jupiter used to show for the affairs of Latium, when made of earthenware,[743] and as yet profaned by no gold. Those days saw tables made of wood grown at home and from our native trees.[744] To these uses was the timber applied, if the east wind had chanced to lay prostrate some old walnut-tree. But now the rich have no satisfaction in their dinner, the turbot and the venison lose their flavor, perfumes and roses seem to lose their smell, unless the broad circumference of the table is supported by a huge mass of ivory, and a tall leopard with wide-gaping jaws, made of those tusks, which the gate of Syene[745] transmits, and the active Moors, and the Indian of duskier hue than the Moor;[746] and which the huge beast has deposited in some Nabathæan[747] glen, as now grown too weighty and burdensome to his head: by this their appetite[748] is whetted: hence their stomach acquires its vigor. For a leg of a table made only of silver is to them what an iron ring on their finger would be: I therefore cautiously avoid a proud guest, who compares me with himself, and looks with scorn on my paltry estate. Consequently I do not possess a single ounce of ivory: neither my chess-board[749] nor my men are of this material; nay, the very handles of my knives are of bone. Yet my viands never become rank in flavor by these, nor does my pullet cut up the worse on that account. Nor yet will you see a carver, to whom the whole carving-school[750] ought to yield the palm, some pupil of the professor Trypherus, at whose house the hare, with the large sow's udders,[751] and the wild boar, and the roebuck,[752] and pheasants,[753] and the huge flamingo,[754] and the wild goat[755] of Gætulia, all forming a most splendid supper, though made of elm, are carved with the blunted knife, and resounds through the whole Suburra. My little fellow, who is a novice, and uneducated all his days, does not know how to take dexterously off a slice of

roe, or the wing of a Guinea-hen;[756] only versed in the mysteries of carving the fragments of a small collop.[757]

My slave, who is not gayly dressed, and only clad so as to protect him from cold, will hand you plebeian cups[758] bought for a few pence. He is no Phrygian or Lycian, or one purchased from the slave-dealer[759] and at great price. When you ask for any thing, ask in Latin. They have all the same style of dress; their hair close-cropped and straight, and only combed to-day on account of company. One is the son of a hardy shepherd, another of a neat-herd: he sighs after his mother, whom he has not seen for a long time, and pines for his hovel[760] and his playmate kids. A lad of ingenuous face, and ingenuous modesty; such as those ought to be who are clothed in brilliant purple. He shall hand you wine[761] made on those very hills from which he himself comes, and under whose summit he has played; for the country of the wine and the attendant is one and the same.

Gambling is disgraceful, and so is adultery, in men of moderate means. Yet when rich men commit all those abominations, they are called jovial, splendid fellows. Our banquet to-day will furnish far different amusements. The author of the Iliad[762] shall be recited, and the verses of high-sounding Mars, that render the palm doubtful. What matter is it with what voice such noble verses are read?[763] But now having put off all your cares, lay aside business, and allow yourself a pleasing respite, since you will have it in your power to be idle all day long. Let there be no mention of money out at interest. Nor if your wife is accustomed to go out at break of day and return at night, let her stir up your bile,[764] though you hold your tongue. Divest yourself at once of all that annoys you, at my threshold. Banish all thoughts of home and servants, and all that is broken and wasted[765] by them—especially forget ungrateful friends! Meantime, the spectacles of the Megalesian towel[766] grace the Idæan solemnity: and, like one in a triumph, the prey of horses, the prætor, sits: and, if I may say so without offense to the immense and overgrown crowd, the circus to-day incloses the whole of Rome;[767] and a din

reaches my ears, from which I infer the success of the green faction.[768] For should it not win, you would see this city in mourning and amazement, as when the consuls were conquered in the dust[769] of Cannæ. Let young men be spectators of these, in whom shouting and bold betting, and sitting by a trim damsel is becoming. Let our skin,[770] which is wrinkled with age, imbibe the vernal sun and avoid the toga'd crowd. Even now, though it wants a whole hour to the sixth, you may go to the bath with unblushing brow. You could not do this for five successive days; because even of such a life as this there would be great weariness. It is a more moderate use[771] that enhances pleasures.

FOOTNOTES:

[685] Atticus. Put for any man of wealth and rank. So Rutilus for the reverse. Cf. xiv., 18.

[686] Lautus. Cf. Mart., xii., Ep. xlviii., 5.

[687] Apicius (cf. iv., 23), having spent "millies sestertium," upward of eight hundred thousand pounds, in luxury, destroyed himself through fear of want, though it appeared he had above eighty thousand pounds left.

[688] Convictus. Properly, like convivium, "a dinner party." Cf. i., 145, "It nova nec tristis per cunctas fabula cœnas." Tac., Ann., xiv., 4; xiii., 14.

[689] Stationes, "locus ubi otiosi in urbe degunt, et variis sermonibus tempus terunt." Plin., Ep. i., 13; ii, 9.

[690] Sufficiunt galeæ. Cf. vii., 32, "Defluit ætas et pelagi patiens et cassidis atque ligonis."

[691] Cogente. Cf. viii., 167, "Quanti sua funera vendunt Quid refert? vendunt nullo cogente Nerone. Nec dubitant celsi prætoris vendere ludis."

[692] Scripturus. Suet., Jul., 26. Gladiators had to write out the rules and words of command of their trainers, "dictata," in order to learn them by heart. Lubinus gives

us some of these: "attolle, declina, percute, urge, cæde."

[693] Macelli. So called from μάκελλον, "an inclosure," because the markets, before dispersed in the Forum boarium, olitorium, piscarium, cupedinis, etc., were collected into one building; or, from one Romanius Macellus, whose house stood there, and was "propter latrocinia ejus publicè diruta." Vid. Donat. ad Ter., Eunuch., ii., sc. ii., 24, where he gives a list of the cupediarii, "cetarii, lanii, coqui, fartores, piscatores;" or á mactando; as the French "Abattoir." Cf. Sat., v., 95. Suet., Jul., 26. Plaut., Aul., II., viii., 3. Hor., i., Ep. xv., 31.

[694] Perlucente ruinâ. Cf. x., 107, "impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ." A metaphor from a building on the point of falling, with the daylight streaming through its cracks and fissures.

"Then with their prize to ruin'd walls repair, And eat the dainty scrap on earthenware." Badham.

[695] Gustus. III., 93, "Quando omne peractum est, et jam defecit nostrum mare, dum gula sævit, retibus assiduis penitus scrutante macello proxima." The idea is probably from Seneca. "Quidquid avium volitat, quidquid piscium natat, quidquid ferarum discurrit, nostris sepelitur ventribus." Contr. V. pr. The Cœna consisted of three parts. 1. Gustus (Gustatio), or Promulsis. 2. Fercula: different courses. 3. Mensæ Secundæ. The gustus contained dishes designed more to excite than to satisfy hunger: vegetables, as the lactuca (Mart., xiii., 14), shell and other fish, with piquant sauces: mulsum (Hor., ii., Sat. iv., 24. Plin., i., Ep. 15). Cf. Bekker's Gallus, p. 466, 493. Vide ad Sat. vi., 428.

[696] Difficile, i. e., "non dubitant." Vid. Schol. Not that they "have no difficulty" in raising the money, as Crepereius Pollio found. Cf. ix., 5.

[697] Oppositis. "Ager oppositus est pignori ob decem minas." Ter., Phorm., IV., iii., 56.

[698] Fractâ. "Broken, that the features may not be recognized:" alluding probably

to some well-known transaction of the time.

[699] Quadringentis. Cf. Suet., Vit., 13, "Nec cuiquam minus singuli apparatus quadringentis millibus nummûm constiterunt."

[700] Fictile. III., 168, "Fictilibus cœnare pudet."

[701] Miscellanea. "A special diet-bread to advantage the combatants at once in breath and strength." Holyday. It is said to have been a mixture of cheese and flour; probably a kind of macaroni. "Gladiatoria sagina." Tac., Hist., ii., 88. Prop., IV., viii., 25.

[702] Ferratû. XIV., 259, "Æratâ multus in arcâ fiscus." X., 25. Hor., i., Sat. i., 67.

[703] E cœlo. This precept has been assigned to Socrates, Chilo, Thales, Cleobulus, Bias, Pythagoras. It was inscribed in gold letters over the portico of the temple of Delphi. Hence, perhaps, the notion afterward, that it was derived immediately from heaven.

[704] Conjugium. Cf. Æsch., Pr. V., 890. Ov., Her., ix., 32, "Si qua voles aptè nuberè nube pari."

[705] Sacri. "The undaunted spirit," says Gifford, "which could thus designate the senate in those days of tyranny and suspicion, deserves at least to be pointed out."

[706] Thersites. Cf. vii., 115: x., 84; viii., 269. Juvenal is very fond of referring to this contest.

[707] Traducebat. II., 159, "Illuc heu miseri traducimur." VIII., 17, "Squalentes traducit avos." It means literally "to expose to public derision," a metaphor taken from leading malefactors through the forum with their name and offense suspended from their neck. Cf. Suet., Tit., 8. Mart., i., Ep. liv., 3, "Quæ tua traducit manifesto carmina furto." VI., lxxvii., 5, "Rideris multoque magis traduceris afer Quam nudus medio si spatiere foro." Grang. explains it "se risui exponebat: nec enim arma Achillis Ulyssem decebant." Browne, "in which Ulysses cut a doubtful figure."

Others refer ancipitem to loricam; or place the stop after Ulysses, and take ancip. with causam. Gifford omits the passage altogether, as a tasteless interpolation of some Scholiast. Dryden turns it,

"When scarce Ulysses had a good pretense, With all th' advantage of his eloquence."

Badham:

"Which, at the peril of a soldier's fame, The brave Ulysses scarcely dared to claim."

Hodgson:

"Thersites never could that armor bear, Which e'en Ulysses hesitates to wear."

Britann. suggests that it may mean "his enemies doubted if he were really Achilles or no." Facciol.: "in a doubtful frame of mind as to whether they would become him or not."

[708] Matho. Cf. i., 39; vii., 129. Mart., iv., Ep. 80, 81. For Curtius Montanus, see Tac., Ann., xvi., 48. Hist., iv., 42.

[709] Mullum. Gifford always renders this by "sur-mullet" ["mugilis" being properly the mullet, of which Holyday gives a drawing, ad x., 317]; Mr. Metcalfe, by "the sea-barbel." Cf. ad iv., 15.

"Nor doubt thy throat of mullets to amerce, While scarce a gudgeon lingers in thy purse." Badham.

[710] Crumenâ. Properly "a bag or reticule to hang on the arm;" a satchel to be hung over a boy's shoulder: then a purse suspended from the girdle, like the "gypciére" of the Middle Ages:

"If thy throat widen as thy pockets shrink." Gifford.

[711] Mersis.

"That deep abyss which every kind can hold, Land, cattle, contract, houses, silver, gold." Badham.

[712] Novissimus. VI., 356, "Levibus athletis vasa novissima donat."

[713] Pollio. Probably the Crepereius Pollio mentioned Sat. ix., 6, who could get no one to lend him money, though "triplicem usuram præstare paratus."

[714] Senectus; exemplified in the story of Apicius above.

"Decrepit age far more than death they fear; Nor thirst nor hunger haunt the silent bier." Hodgson.

[715] Qui vertere solum. Cic. pro Cæc., 34, "Qui volunt pœnam aliquam subterfugere aut calamitatem, solum vertunt, hoc est sedem ac locum mutant." Browne conjectures the meaning to be, "They who have parted with their property by mortgage, and so changed its owner."

[716] Cedere foro is evidently explained, "to give one's creditors the slip"—"to run away from justice"—"to abscond from 'Change"—"to become bankrupt."

[717] Ferventi.

"Lest Rome should grow too warm, from Rome they run." Dryden.

[718] Circensibus. Cf. iii., 223, "Si potes avelli Circensibus." vi., 87, "utque magis stupeas ludos Paridemque reliquit." viii., 118, "Circo scenæque vacantem." x., 80, "duas tantum res anxius optat Panem et Circenses." All these passages show the infatuation of the Romans for these games. Cf. Plin., Ep. ix., 6. Tac., Hist., i., 4; Ann., i., 2.

[719] Uno. It is not implied that they had the privilege of returning at the end of a year, by a sort of statute of limitations, but only that the loss of the games even for that short period was a greater affliction than the forfeiture of all other privileges.

[720] Siliquas, from Hor. ii., Ep. i., 123, "Vivit siliquis et pane secundo."

[721] Pultes. A mixture of coarse meal and water, seasoned with salt and cheese; sometimes with an egg or honey added. It was long the food of the primitive Romans, according to Pliny, xviii., 8, seq. It probably resembled the macaroni, or "polenta," of the poor Italians of the present day. Cf. Pers., iii., 55, "Juventus siliquis

et grandi pasta polentâ."

[722] Evandrum. The allusion is to Virg., Æn., viii., 100, seq.; 228, 359, seq.

"Come; and while fancy brings past times to view, I'll think myself the king—the hero, you!" Gifford.

[723] Alter aquis. Æneas, drowned in the Numicius. Hercules, burned on Mount Œta.

[724] Fercula. Cf. ad 14.

[725] Macellis. Virg., Georg., iv., 133, "Dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis." Cf. Hor., ii., Sat. ii., 150, seq. The next 16 lines are imitated from Mart., x., Ep. 48. Gifford says, "Martial has imitated this bill of fare in Lib. x., 48." But his 10th Book was written A.D. 99; and from line 203, it is evident this Satire was written in Juvenal's old age, and therefore, in all probability, twenty years later.

[726] Asparagi, called "corruda," Cato, de R. R., 6. The wild asparagus is still very common on the Italian hills. Cf. Mart., Ep. xiii., 21, "Inculti asparagi." See Sir William Hooker's note on Badham's version.

[727] Signia, now "Segni" in Latium. Cf. Plin., xv., 15.—Syrium. The "Bergamot" pears are said to have been imported from Syria. Cf. Mart., v., Ep. lxxviii., 13, "Et nomen pyra quæ ferunt Syrorum." Virg., Georg., ii., 88, "Crustumiis Syriisque pyris." Columella (lib. v., c. 10) calls them "Tarentina," because brought from Syria to Tarentum. Others say they are the same as the Falernian.

[728] Picenis. Hor., ii., Sat. iv., 70, "Picenis cedunt pomis Tiburtia succo, Nam facie præstant." And iii., 272, "Picenis excerpens semina pomis." These apples were to be also from his Tiburtine farm: the banks of the Anio being famous for its orchards. Hor., i., Od. vii., 14, "Præceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda mobilibus pomaria vivis." Propert., IV., vii., 81, "Pomosis Anio quà spumifer incubat arvis." Apples formed a very prominent part of the mensæ secundæ: hence the proverb, "Ab ovo usque ad mala." Cf. Mart., x., 48, fin., "Saturis mitia poma dabo." Cf. Sat. v., 150,

seq., where apples "qualia perpetuus Phæacum Autumnus habebat" form the conclusion of Virro's dinner. Cf. Mart., iii., Ep. 50.

[729] Curius was found by the Samnite embassadors preparing his dish of turnips over the fire with his own hands. Cic., de Sen., xvi.

"Senates more rich than Rome's first senates were, In days of yore desired no better fare." Badham.

[730] Vulvâ. "Nul vulvâ pulchrius amplâ." Hor., i., Ep. xv., 41. For a description of this loathsome dainty, vid. Plin., xi., 37, 84. Cf. Mart., Ep. xiii., 56.

[731] Maturius.

"For feasts like these would quit the mountain's soil, And snatch an hour from customary toil." Badham.

[732] Fabios. Q. Fabius Maximus Rullianus, censor A.U.C. 449, obliged his colleague, P. Decius, to allow him to administer his office with all its pristine severity.

[733] Fabricios. Cf. ad ix., 142.

[734] Testudo. Cf. vi., 80, "Testudineo conopeo;" xiv., 308, "ebore et lata testudine."

"Which future times were destined to employ, To build rare couches for the sons of Troy." Badham.

[735] Vile coronati. Henninius suggests vite. The ass, by browsing on the vine, and thereby rendering it more luxuriant, is said to have first given men the idea of pruning the tendrils. Cf. Paus., ii., 38. Hyg., F., 274. The ass is always found, too, in connection with Silenus.

[736] Nescius.

"Till at the soldier's foot her treasures lay, Who knew not half the riches of his prey." Hodgson.

[737] Phaleris: xvi., 60. Florus says Phaleræ were introduced from Etruria together

with curule chairs, trabeæ, prætextæ, etc. Vid. Liv., xxxix., 31. Plin., vii., 28, 9, says Siccius Dentatus had 25 phaleræ and 83 torques. Sil., xv., 254. Cf. Virg., Æn., ix., 359. Suet., Aug., 25; Ner., 33.

[738] Venientis. Supposed to be a representation of Mars hovering in the air, and just about to alight by the sleeping Rhea Sylvia. The god is armed, because the conventional manner of representing him was by the distinction of his "framea" and "clypeus." See Addison's note in Gifford.

[739] In armis.

"Then all their wealth was on their armor spent, And war engross'd the pride of ornament." Hodgson.

[740] Lividulus.

"Yet justly worth your envy, were your breast But with one spark of noble spleen possess'd." Gifford.

[741] Præsentior. Cf. iii., 18, "Quanto præsentius esset Numen aquæ." Virg., Ec., i., 42, "Nec tam præsentes alibi cognoscere Divos." Georg., i., 10, "Præsentia Numina Fauni." Hor., iii., Od. v., 2, "Præsens Divus habebitur Augustus."

[742] Vox. "M. Cædicius de plebe nunciavit tribunis, se in Novâ Viâ, ubi nunc sacellum est, suprà sedem Vestæ vocem noctis silentio audîsse clariorem humanâ quæ magistratibus dici juberet 'Gallos adventare.'" "Invisitato atque inaudito hoste ab oceano terrarumque ultimis oris bellum ciente." Liv., v., 32, 3, 7, 50. Cic., de Div., ii., "At paullo post audita vox est monentis ut providerent ne a Gallis Roma caperetur: ex eo Aio loquenti aram in novâ viâ consecratam." Cf. Plut. in Vit. Camill.

[743] Fictilis. Cf. Sen., Ep. 31, "Cogita illos quum propitii essent fictiles fuisse."

[744] Arbore. Cf. Mart., xiv., Ep. xc., "Non sum crispa quidem nec sylvæ filia Mauræ, sed nôrunt lautas et mea ligna dapes." Cf. Sat. i., 75, 137; iv., 132. The

extravagance of the Romans on their tables is almost incredible. Pliny says that Cicero himself, who accuses Verres of stealing a Citrea mensa from Diodorus (in Verr., iv., 17), gave a million of sesterces for one which was in existence in his time. A "Senatoris Census" was a price given. These tables were not provided with several feet, but rested on an ivory column (sometimes carved into the figure of animals), hence called monopodia. They were called "Orbes," not from being round, but because they were massive plates of wood cut off the stem in its whole diameter. The wood of the citrus was most preferred. This is not the citron-tree, which never attains to this bulk, but a tree found in Mauritania, called the thyæ cypressides. Plin., xiii., 16. Those cut near the root were most valued from the wood being variegated: hence "Tigrinæ, pantherinæ, pavonum caudæ oculos imitantes." The mensæ were formerly square, but were afterward round to suit the new fashion of the Sigma couch. The Romans also understood the art of veneering tables and other furniture with the citrus wood and tortoise-shell.

[745] Porta Syenes. Syene, now "Assouan," is situated near the rapids, just on the confines of Ethiopia. It was a station for a Roman garrison, and the place to which Juvenal is said to have been banished. Some think the island Elephantine is here meant. Cf. ad x., 150, "aliosque Elephantos."

[746] Mauro. Ab ἀμαυρός, vel μαυρός, "obscurus." Cf. Lucan., iv., 678, "Concolor Indo Maurus."

[747] Nabathæo. The Nabathæi, in Arabia Petræa, took their name from "Nebaioth, first-born of Ishmael," Gen., xxv., 13. Elephants are said to shed their tusks every two years.

[748] Orexis. VI., 428. Vires. Henninius' suggestion. Cf. ad l. 14.

[749] Tessellæ. Holyday explains this by "chess-board," from the resemblance of the squares to the tesselated pavements. But it is a die, properly; of which shape the separate tesseræ were. Mart., xiv., 17, "Hic mihi bis seno numeratur tessera puncto:

Calculus hic gemino discolor hoste perit." Cf. Ep. 14. Cicero considers this game to be one of the legitimate amusements of old age. "Nobis senibus, ex lusionibus multis, talos relinquant et tesseras," de Sen., xvi. "Old Mucius Scævola, the lawyer, was a great proficient at it. It was called Ludus duodecim scriptorum, from the lines dividing the alveolus. On these the two armies, white and black, each consisting of fifteen men, or calculi, were placed; and alternately moved, according to the chances of the dice, tesseræ." Vid. Gibbon, chap. xxxi.

[750] Pergula. Literally "the stall outside a shop where articles are displayed for sale." Here used for the teachers of the art of carving who exhibited at these stalls. Suet., Aug., 94, speaks of a "pergula Mathematici." Pergula, "à perga, quia extrà parietem pergit." Facc.

[751] Sumine. Cf. Mart., Ep. xiii., 44, "vivo lacte papilla tumet."

[752] Pygargus. "Capræ sylvestris genus, ab albis clunium pilis." Facc. Cf. Plin., viii., 53, 79, "Damæ et pygargi et Strepsicerotes." The "spring-bok" of the Cape.

[753] Scythicæ. The pheasant (ὄρνις φασιανὸς or φασιανικός, Arist., Av., 68) takes its name from the Phasis, a river in Colchis, on the confines of Scythia, at the mouth of which these birds congregate in large flocks. Vid. Athen., ix., 37, seq.

[754] Phœnicopterus. Arist., Av., 273. Cf. Mart., xiii., 71, "Dat mihi penna rubens nomen." Cf. iii., Ep. lviii., 14. Suetonius mentions "linguas phœnicopterûm" among the delicacies of the "Cœna adventicia" given by his brother to Vitellius, in Vit., c. 13.

[755] Capreæ. Cf. Mart., Ep. xiii., 99.

[756] Afra avis. Hor., Epod., ii., 53, "Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum non attagen Ionicus." The μελεαγρίς of the Greeks. Varro, R. R., III., ix., 18.

[757] Offelæ, the diminutive of Offa. "A cutlet or chop," generally applied to the coarser kind of meat. Cf. Mart., xii., 48, "Me meus ad subitas invitet amicus ofellas: Hæc mihi quam possum reddere cœna placet." Some read furtis for frustis: which

imputation against the character of the little slave Gifford indignantly rejects.

[758] Plebeios calices, cf. ad vi., 155; v., 46, made of glass, which was now very common at Rome. Vid. Mart., Ep. xii., 74; xiv., 94, seq., and especially the Epigram on Mamurra, ix., 60. Strabo speaks of them as sold commonly in Rome in his own time for a χαλκοῦς each (not quite a farthing), lib. xvi., p. 368, T. Cf. Bekker's Gallus, p. 303.

[759] Mango, cf. Pers., vi., 76, seq., from manu ago, because they made up their goods for sale, or from μάγγανον, "a trick." Cf. Aristoph., Plut., 310. Bekker's Gallus, the Excursus on "the Slaves."

[760] Casulam. Cf. ix., 59, "Rusticus infans, cum matre et casulis et conlusore catello."

"Sighs for his little cottage, and would fain Meet his old playfellows the goats again." Gifford.

[761] Vina. Cf. vii., 96, "Vinum Tiberi devectum." Mart., x., 48, 19, "De Nomentana vinum sine fæce lagenâ."

[762] Iliados.

"The tale of Ilium, or that rival lay Which holds in deep suspense the dubious bay." Bad.

[763] Legantur. Cf. Corn. Nep., vit. Attici, "Nemo in convivio ejus aliud acroama audivit quam Anagnosten: quod nos quidem jucundissimum arbitramur. Neque unquam sine aliquâ lectione apud eum cœnatum est, ut non minus animo quam ventre convivæ delectarentur," c. xvi. Cf. Mart., iii., Ep. 50, who complains of Ligurinus inviting him to have his own productions read to him.

[764] Bilem.

"Let no dire images to-day be brought To wake the hell of matrimonial thought." Hodgson.

[765] Perit. Cf. Hor., ii., Ep. i., 121, "Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet."

[766] Mappæ. Holyday gives the following account of the origin of this custom. "Nero on a time, sitting alone at dinner, when the shows were eagerly expected, caused his towel with which he had wiped his hands to be presently cast out at the window, for a sign of his speedy coming. Whereupon it was in after times the usual sign at the beginning of these shows." For the mappa see Bekker's Gallus, p. 476.—Præda, because "ruined by the expense;" or Prædo, from his "unjust decisions;" or Perda, from the "number of horses damaged."

[767] Totam Romam. See Gibbon, chap. xxxi., for the eagerness with which all ranks flocked to these games.

[768] Viridis panni. Cf. ad vi., 590. Plin., Ep. ix., 6, "Si aut velocitate equorum, aut hominum arte traherentur, esset ratio nonnulla. Nunc favent panno: pannum amant," et seq. Mart., x., Ep. xlviii., 23, "De Prasino conviva meus, venetoque loquatur." XIV., 131, "Si veneto Prasinove faves quid coccina sumis?"

[769] Pulvere is not without its force. Hannibal is said to have plowed up the land near Cannæ, that the wind which daily rose and blew in that direction might carry the dust into the eyes of the Romans. "Ventus (Vulturnum incolæ regionis vocant) adversus Romanis coortus, multo pulvere in ipsa ora volvendo, prospectum ademit." Liv., xxii., 46 and 43. Cf. Sat, ii., 155; x., 165.

[770] Cuticula. Pers., iv., 18, "Assiduo curata cuticula sole." 33, "Et figas in cute solem." V., 179, "Aprici meminisse senes." Mart., x., Ep. xii., 7, "Totos avidâ cute combibe soles." I., Ep. 78, "Sole utitur Charinus." Plin., Ep. iii., 1, "Ubi hora balinei nuntiata est (cf. ad Sat. x., 216), est autem hieme nona, æstate octava, in sole, si caret vento, ambulat nudus." Cicero mentions "apricatio" as one of the solaces of old age. De Sen., c. xvi.

"While we, my friend, whose skin grows old and dry, Court the warm sunbeam of an April sky." Badham.

[771] Rarior usus.

"Our very sports by repetition tire, But rare delight breeds ever new desire." Hodgson.

SATIRE XII.

This day, Corvinus, is a more joyful one to me than even my own birthday;[772] in which the festal altar of turf[773] awaits the animals promised to the gods.

To the queen of the gods we sacrifice a snow-white[774] lamb: a similar fleece shall be given to her that combated the Mauritanian Gorgon.[775] But the victim reserved for Tarpeian Jupiter, shakes, in his wantonness, his long-stretched[776] rope, and brandishes his forehead. Since he is a sturdy calf; ripe for the temple and the altar, and ready to be sprinkled with wine; ashamed any longer to drain his mother's[777] teats, and butts the oaks with his sprouting horn.[778] Had I an ample fortune, and equal to my wishes, a bull fatter than Hispulla,[779] and slow-paced from his very bulk, should be led to sacrifice, and one not fed in a neighboring pasture; but his blood should flow, giving evidence of the rich pastures of Clitumnus,[780] and with a neck that must be struck by a ministering priest of great strength, to do honor to the return of my friend who is still trembling, and has recently endured great horrors, and wonders to find himself safe.

For besides the dangers of the sea, and the stroke of the lightning which he escaped, thick darkness obscured the sky in one huge cloud, and a sudden thunder-bolt struck the yard-arms, while every one fancied he was struck by it, and at once, amazed, thought that no shipwreck could be compared in horror with a ship on fire.[781] For all things happen so, and with such horrors accompanying, when a storm arises in poetry.[782]

Now here follows another sort of danger. Hear, and pity him a second time; although the rest is all of the same description. Yet it is a very dreadful part, and one well

known to many, as full many a temple testifies with its votive picture. (Who does not know that painters[783] are maintained by Isis?) A similar fortune befell our friend Catullus also: when the hold was half full of water, and when the waves heaved up each side alternately of the laboring ship, and the skill of the hoary pilot could render no service, he began to compound with the winds by throwing overboard, imitating the beaver who makes a eunuch[784] of himself, hoping to get off by the sacrifice of his testicles; so well does he know their medicinal properties. "Throw overboard all that belongs to me, the whole of it!" cried Catullus, eager to throw over even his most beautiful things—a robe of purple fit even for luxurious Mæcenases, and others whose very fleece the quality of the generous pasture has tinged, moreover the exquisite water with its hidden properties, and the atmosphere of Bætica[785] contributes to enhance its beauty. He did not hesitate to cast overboard even his plate, salvers the workmanship of Parthenius, a bowl[786] that would hold three gallons, and worthy of Pholus when thirsty, or even the wife of Fuscus.[787] Add to these bascaudæ,[788] and a thousand chargers, a quantity of embletic work, out of which the cunning purchaser of Olynthus[789] had drunk. But what other man in these days, or in what quarter of the globe, has the courage to prefer his life to his money, and his safety to his property? Some men do not make fortunes for the sake of living, but, blinded by avarice, live for the sake of money-getting. The greatest part even of necessaries is thrown overboard: but not even do these sacrifices relieve the ship—then, in the urgency of the peril, it came to such a pitch that he yielded his mast to the hatchet, and rights himself at last, though in a crippled state. Since this is the last resource in danger we apply, to make the ship lighter.

Go now, and commit your life to the mercy of the winds; trusting to a hewn plank, with but four digits[790] between you and death, or seven at most, if the deal is of the thickest. And then together with your provision-baskets and bread and wide-bellied flagon,[791] look well that you lay in hatchets,[792] to be brought into

use in storms.

But when the sea subsided into calm, and the state of affairs was more propitious to the mariner, and his destiny prevailed over Eurus and the sea, when now the cheerful Parcæ draw kindlier tasks with benign hand, and spin white wool,[793] and what wind there is, is not much stronger than a moderate breeze, the wretched bark, with a poor make-shift, ran before it, with the sailors' clothes spread out, and with its only sail that remained: when now the south wind subsided, together with the sun hope of life returned. Then the tall peak beloved by Iulus, and preferred as a home by him to Lavinium,[794] his stepmother's seat, comes in sight; to which the white sow[795] gave its name—(an udder that excited the astonishment of the gladdened Phrygians)—illustrious from what had never been seen before, thirty paps. At length he enters the moles,[796] built through the waters inclosed within them, and the Pharos of Tuscany, and the arms extending back, which jut out into the middle of the sea, and leave Italy far behind. You would not bestow such admiration on the harbor which nature formed: but with damaged bark, the master steers for the inner smooth waters of the safe haven, which even a pinnace of Baiæ could cross; and there with shaven crowns[797] the sailors, now relieved from anxiety, delight to recount their perils that form the subject of their prating.

Go then, boys, favoring with tongues and minds,[798] and place garlands in the temples, and meal on the sacrificial knives, and decorate the soft hearths and green turf-altar. I will follow shortly, and the sacrifice which is most important[799] having been duly performed, I will then return home, where my little images, shining in frail wax, shall receive their slender chaplets. Here I will propitiate[800] my own Jove, and offer incense to my hereditary Lares,[801] and will display all colors of the violet. All things are gay; my gateway has set up long branches,[802] and celebrates the festivities[803] with lamps lighted in the morning.

Nor let these things be suspected by you, Corvinus. Catullus, for whose safe return I

erect so many altars, has three little heirs. You may wait long enough for a man that would expend even a sick hen at the point of death for so unprofitable a friend. But even this is too great an outlay. Not even a quail will ever be sacrificed in behalf of one who is a father. If rich Gallita[804] and Paccius, who have no children, begin to feel the approach of fever, every temple-porch is covered with votive tablets,[805] affixed according to due custom. There are some who would even promise a hecatomb[806] of oxen. Since elephants are not to be bought here or in Latium, nor is there any where in our climate such a large beast generated; but, fetched from the dusky nation, they are fed in the Rutulian forests, and the field of Turnus, as the herd of Cæsar, prepared to serve no private individual, since their ancestors used to obey Tyrian Hannibal, and our own generals,[807] and the Molossian king, and to bear on their backs cohorts—no mean portion of the war—and a tower that went into battle. It is no fault, consequently, of Novius, or of Ister Pacuvius,[808] that that ivory is not led to the altars, and falls a sacred victim before the Lares of Gallita, worthy of such great gods, and those that court their favor! One of these two fellows, if you would give him license to perform the sacrifice, would vow the tallest or all the most beautiful persons among his flock of slaves, or place sacrificial fillets on his boys and the brows of his female slaves. And if he has any Iphigenia[809] at home of marriageable age, he will offer her at the altars, though he can not hope for the furtive substitution of the hind of the tragic poets. I commend my fellow-citizen, and do not compare a thousand[810] ships to a will; for if the sick man shall escape Libitina,[811] he will cancel his former will, entangled in the meshes of the act,[812] after a service so truly wonderful: and perhaps in one short line will give his all to Pacuvius as sole[813] heir. Proudly will he strut over his defeated rivals. You see, therefore, what a great recompense the slaughtered Mycenian maid earns.

Long live Pacuvius, I pray, even to the full age of Nestor.[814] Let him own as much as ever Nero plundered,[815] let him pile his gold mountains high, and let him love no one,[816] and be loved by none.

FOOTNOTES:

[772] Natali. The birthday was sacred to the "Genius" to whom they offered wine, incense, and flowers: abstaining from "bloody" sacrifices, "ne die quâ ipsi lucem accepissent aliis demerent," Hor., ii., Ep. 144. "Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis avi," Pers., ii., 3. "Funde merum Genio," Censorin., de D. N., 3. Virg., Ecl. iii., 76. Compare Hor., Od., IV., xi., where he celebrates the birthday of Mæcenas as "sanctior pœne natali proprio." Cf. Dennis's Etruria, vol. ii., p. 65.

[773] Cæspes. Hor., Od., III., viii., 3, "Positusque carbo in cæspite vivo." Tac., Ann., i. 18.

[774] Niveam. A white victim was offered to the Dii Superi: a black one to the Inferi. Cf. Virg., Æn., iv., 60," Junoni ante omnes, Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit." Tibull., I., ii., 61, "Concidit ad magicos hostia pulla deos." Hor., i., Sat. viii., 27," Pullam divellere mordicus agnam."

[775] Gorgone. Cf. Vir., Æn., viii., 435, seq.; ii., 616.

[776] Extensum. It was esteemed a very bad omen if the victim did not go willingly to the sacrifice. It was always led, therefore, with a long slack rope.

[777] Matris. Cf. Hor., iv., Od. ii., 54, "Me tener solvet vitulus, relicta matre."

[778] Nascenti. Hor., iii., Od. xiii., 4, "Cui frons turgida cornibus Primis et Venerem, et prælia destinat."

"He flies his mother's teat with playful scorn, And butts the oak-trees with his growing horn." Hodgson.

[779] Hispulla. Cf. vi., 74, "Hispulla tragædo gaudet." (This was the name of the aunt of Pliny the Younger's wife, iv., Ep. 19; viii., 11.)

"Huge as Hispulla: scarcely to be slain But by the stoutest servant of the train." Badham.

[780] Clitumnus was a small river in Umbria flowing into the Tinia, now "Topino," near Mevania, now "Timia." The Tinia discharges itself into the Tiber near Perusia. Pliny (viii., Ep. 8) gives a beautiful description of its source, now called "La Vene," in a letter which is, as Gifford says, a model of elegance and taste. Its waters were supposed to give a milk-white color to the cattle who drank of them. Virg., Georg., ii., 146, "Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus victima." Propert., II., xix., 25, "Quà formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco Integit et niveos abluit unda boves." Sil., iv., 547, "Clitumnus in arvis Candentes gelido perfundit flumine tauros." Claudian., vi., Cons. Hon., 506.

[781] Ignis. Grangæus interprets this of the meteoric fires seen in the Mediterranean, which, when seen single, were supposed to be fatal. Plin., ii., 37, "Graves cum solitarii venerunt mergentesque navigia, et si in carinæ ima deciderint, exurentes." These fires, when double, were hailed as a happy omen, as the stars of Castor and Pollux. "Fratres Helenæ lucida sidera," Hor., I., Od. iii., 2; cf. xii., 27. The French call it "Le feu St. Elme," said to be a corruption of "Helena." The Italian sailors call them "St. Peter and St. Nicholas." But these only appear at the close of a storm. Cf. Hor., ii., seq., and Blunt's Vestiges, p. 37.

[782] Poetica tempestas.

"So loud the thunder, such the whirlwind's sweep, As when the poet lashes up the deep." Hodgson.

[783] Pictores. So Hor., i., Od. v., 13, "Me tabulâ sacer votivâ paries indicat noida suspendisse potenti vestimenta maris Deo." It seems to have been the custom for persons in peril of shipwreck not only to vow pictures of their perilous condition to some deity in case they escaped, but also to have a painting of it made to carry about with them to excite commiseration as they begged. Cf. xiv., 302, "Naufragus assem dum rogat et pictâ se tempestate tuetur." Pers., i., 89, "Quum fractâ te in trabe pictum ex humero portes." VI., 32, "Largire inopi, ne pictus oberret cæruleâ in

tabulâ." Hor., A. P., 20, "Fractis enatat exspes navibus, ære dato qui pingitur." Phæd., IV., xxi., 24. Some think that this picture was afterward dedicated, but this is an error.

[784] Castora. Ov., Nux., 165, "Sic ubi detracta est a te tibi causa pericli Quod superest tutum, Pontice Castor, habes!" This story of the beaver is told Plin., viii., 30; xxxvii., 6, and is repeated by Silius, in a passage copied from Ovid and Juvenal. "Fluminei veluti deprensus gurgitis undis, Avulsâ parte inguinibus causâque pericli, Enatat intento prædæ fiber avius hoste," xv., 485. But it is an error. The sebaceous matter called castoreum (Pers., v., 135), is secreted by two glands near the root of the tail. (Vid. Martyn's Georgics, i., 59, "Virosaque Pontus Castorea," and Browne's Vulgar Errors, lib. iii., 4.) Pliny, viii., 3, tells a similar story of the elephant, "Circumventi a venantibus dentes impactos arbori frangunt, prædâque se redimunt."

[785] Bæticus. The province of Bætica (Andalusia) takes its name from the Bætis, or "Guadalquivir," the waters of which were said to give a ruddy golden tinge to the fleeces of the sheep that drank it. Martial alludes to it repeatedly. "Non est lana mihi mendax, nec mutor aëno. Si placeant Tyriæ me mea tinxit ovis," xiv., Ep. 133. Cf. v., 37; viii., 28. "Vellera nativo pallent ubi flava metallo," ix., 62. "Aurea qui nitidis vellera tingis aquis," xii., 99.

"Away went garments of that innate stain That wool imbibes on Guadalquiver's plain, From native herbs and babbling fountains nigh, To aid the powers of Andalusia's sky." Badham.

[786] Urnæ. Vid. ad vi., 426. Pholus was one of the Centaurs. Virg., Georg., ii., 455. Cf. Stat., Thebaid., ii., 564, seq., "Qualis in adversos Lapithas erexit inanem Magnanimus cratera Pholus," etc.

[787] Conjuge Fusci. Vid. ad ix., 117.

[788] Bascaudas. The Celtic word "Basgawd" is said to be the root of the English word "basket." Vid. Latham's English language, p. 98. These were probably vessels

surrounded with basket or rush work. Mart., xiv., Ep. 99. "Barbara de pictis veni bascauda Britannis; sed me jam mavolt dicere Roma suam."

[789] Olynthi. Philip of Macedon bribed Lasthenes and Eurycrates to betray Olynthus to him. Pliny (xxxiii., 5) says he used to sleep with a gold cup under his pillow. Once, when told that the route to a castle he was going to attack was impracticable, he asked whether "an ass laden with gold could not possibly reach it." Plut., Apophth., ii., p. 178.

"A store Of precious cups, high chased in golden ore; Cups that adorn'd the crafty Philip's state, And bought his entrance at th' Olynthian gate." Hodgson.

[790] Digitis. Cf. xiv, 289, "Tabulâ distinguitur undâ." Ovid. Amor. ii. xi. 25, "Navita sollicitus qua ventos horret iniquos; Et prope tam letum quam prope cernit aquam."

"Trust to a little plank 'twixt death and thee, And by four inches 'scape eternity." Hodgson.

[791] Ventre-lagenæ. "A gorbellied flagon." Shakspeare.

[792] Secures.

"His biscuit and his bread the sailor brings On board: 'tis well. But hatchets are the things." Badh.

[793] Staminis albi. The "white" or "black" threads of the Parcæ were supposed to symbolize the good or bad fortune of the mortal whose yarn Clotho was spinning. Mart. iv. Ep. 73, "Ultima volventes oraba pensa sorores, Ut traherent parva stamina pulla morâ." VI. Ep. 58, "Si mihi lanificæ ducunt non pulla sorores Stamina." Hor. ii. Od. iii. 16, "Sororum fila trium patiuntur atra."

[794] Prælata Lavino. Virg. Æn. i. 267, seq. Liv. i. 1, 3. Tibull. II. v. 49.

[795] Scrofa. Virg. Æn. iii. 390, "Littoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus, Triginta capitum fœtus enixa jacebit, Alba solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati. Is locus

urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum,"—and viii., 43.

[796] Moles. This massive work was designed and begun by Julius Cæsar, executed by Claudius, and repaired by Trajan. It is said to have employed thirty thousand men for eleven years. Suetonius thus describes it (Claud., c. 20): "Portum Ostiæ exstruxit circumducto dextrâ sinistrâque brachis, et ad introitum profundo jam solo mole objectâ, quam quò stabilius fundaret, navem ante demersit, quâ magnus obeliscus, ex Ægypto fuerat advectus; congestisque pilis superposuit altissimam turrim in exemplum Alexandrini Phari, ut ad nocturnos ignes cursum navigia dirigerent." (Cf. vi., 83. The Pharos of Alexandria was built by Sostratus, and accounted one of the seven wonders of the world.)

"Enter the moles, that running out so wide Clasp in their giant arms the billowy tide, That leave afar diminishing the land, More wondrous than the works of nature's hand." Hodgson.

[797] Vertice raso. It was the custom in storms at sea to vow the hair to some god, generally Neptune: and hence slaves, when manumitted, shaved their heads, "quod tempestatem servitutis videbantur effugere, ut naufragis liberati solent." Cf. Pers., iii., 106, "Hesterni capite inducto subiere Quirites." Hodgson has an excellent note on the "mystical attributes" of hair.

[798] Linguis animisque faventes. Cic., de Div., i., 102, "Omnibus rebus agendis, Quod bonum, faustum, felix, fortunatumque esset, præfabantur: rebusque divinis, quæ publicè fierent, ut faverent linguis imperabant: inque feriis imperandis ut litibus et jurgiis se abstinerent." Cf. Hor., iii., Od. i., 2, "Favete linguis." Virg., Æn., v., 71, "Ore favete omnes." Hor., Od., III., xiv., 11; Tibull., II., ii., 2, "Quisquis ades linguâ, vir, mulierque fave." So εὐφημεῖν; cf. Eurip., Hec., 528, seq.

[799] Sacro quod præstat; i. e., the sacrifices mentioned in the beginning of the Satire, viz., to Juno, Pallas, and Tarpeian Jove, and therefore more important than those to the Lares.

[800] Placabo. Cf. Hor., i., Od. 36, 1. Orell.

[801] Nostrum, i. e., his own Lar familiaris. Cf. ix., 137, "O Parvi nostrique Lares." For the worship of these Lares, Junones, and Genius, see Dennis's Etruria, vol. i., p. lv.

[802] Erexit janua ramos. Cf. ad ix., 85.

[803] Operatur festa. Perhaps read with Lipsius, "operitur festa," "in festive-guise is covered with." Virgil, however, uses "operatus" similarly. Georg., i., 339, "Sacra refer Cereri lætis operatus in herbis." Cf. ad ix., 117.

"All savors here of joy: luxuriant bay O'ershades my portal, while the taper's ray Anticipates the feast and chides the tardy day." Gifford.

[804] Gallita. Tacitus (Hist., i., 73) speaks of a Gallita Crispilina, or, as some read, Calvia Crispinilla, as a "magistra libidinum Neronis," and as "potens pecuniâ et orbitate, quæ bonis malisque temporibus juxtà valent." Paccius Africanus is mentioned also Hist., iv., 41.

[805] Tabellis. Cf. ad x., 55, "Propter quæ fas est genua incerare deorum."

[806] Hecatomben. The hecatomb properly consisted of oxen, 100 being sacrificed simultaneously on 100 different altars. But sheep or other victims were also offered. The poor sometimes vowed an ὡῶν ἑκατόμβη. Emperors are said to have sacrificed 100 lions or eagles. Suetonius says, that above 160,000 victims were slaughtered in honor of Caligula's entering the city. Calig., c. 14.

[807] Nostris ducibus. Curius Dentatus was the first to lead elephants in triumph. Metellus, after his victory over Asdrubal, exhibited two hundred and four. Plin., viii., 6. L. Scipio, father-in-law to Pompey, employed thirty in battle against Cæsar. The Romans first saw elephants in the Tarentine war, against Pyrrhus; and as they were first encountered in Lucania, they gave the elephant the name of "Bos Lucas." So Hannibal. See x., 158, "Gætula ducem portaret bellua luscum."

[808] Ister Pacuvius. Cf. ii., 58.

[809] Iphigenia. Cf. Æsch., Ag., 39, seq., and the exquisite lines in Lucretius, i., 85-102; but Juvenal seems to have had Ovid's lines in his head, Met., xii., 28, seq., "Postquam pietatem publica causa, Rexque patrem vicit, castumque datura cruorem Flentibus ante aram stetit Iphigenia ministris: Victa dea est, nubemque oculis objecit, et inter Officium turbamque sacri, vocesque precantum, Supposita fertur mutâsse Mycenida cervâ."

[810] Mille. στόλον Ἀργείων χιλιοναύτην. Æsch., Ag., 44.

[811] Libitinam. Properly an epithet of Venus (the goddess who presides over deaths as well as births), in whose temple all things belonging to funerals were sold. Cf. Plut., Qu. Rom., 23. Servius Tullius enacted that a sestertius should be deposited in the temple of Venus Libitina for every person that died, in order to ascertain the number of deaths. Dion. Halic., iv., 79. Cf. Liv., xl., 19; xli., 21. Suet., Ner., 39, "triginta funerum millia in rationem Libitinæ venerunt." Hor., iii., Od. xxx., 6; ii., Sat. vi., 19.

[812] Nassa is properly an "osier weel," κύρτη for catching fish. Plin., xxi., 18, 59.

[813] Solo. Cf. i., 68, "Exiguis tabulis;" ii., 58, "Solo tabulas impleverit Hister Liberto;" vi., 601, "Impleret tabulas."

"What are a thousand vessels to a will! Yes! every blank Pacuvius' name shall fill." Hodgson.

[814] Nestora. Cf. Hom., Il., i., 250; Od., iii., 245. Mart., vi., Ep. lxx., 12, "Ætatem Priami Nestorisque." X., xxiv., 11. Cf. ad x., 246.

[815] Rapuit Nero. Vid. Tac., Ann., xv., 42, Brotier's note. Suetonius (Nero, c. 32), after many instances of his rapacity, subjoins the following: "Nulli delegavit officium ut non adjiceret Scis quid mihi opus sit:" et "Hoc agamus ne quis quidquam habeat." "Ultimot emplis compluribus dona detraxit."

[816] Nec amet.

"Nor ever be, nor ever find, a friend!" Dryden.

SATIRE XIII.

Every act that is perpetrated, that will furnish a precedent for crime, is loathsome[817] even to the author himself. This is the punishment that first lights upon him, that by the verdict[818] of his own breast no guilty man is acquitted; though the corrupt influence of the prætor may have made his cause prevail, by the urn[819] being tampered with. What think you, Calvinus,[820] is the opinion of all men touching the recent villainy, and the charge you bring of breach of trust? But it is your good fortune not to have so slender an income, that the weight of a trifling loss can plunge you into ruin; nor is what you are suffering from an unfrequent occurrence. This is a case well known to many—worn threadbare—drawn from the middle of fortune's heap.[821]

Let us, then, lay aside all excessive complaints. A man's grief ought not to blaze forth beyond the proper bounds, nor exceed the loss sustained. Whereas you can scarcely bear even the very least diminutive particle of misfortune, however trifling, boiling with rage in your very bowels because your friend does not restore to you the deposit he swore to return. Can he be amazed at this, that has left threescore years behind him, born when Fonteius was consul?[822] Have you gained[823] nothing by such long experience of the world? Noble indeed are the precepts which philosophy, that triumphs over fortune, lays down in her books of sacred wisdom. Yet we deem those happy too who, with daily life[824] for their instructress, have learned to endure with patience the inconveniences of life, and not shake off the yoke.[825]

What day is there so holy that is not profaned by bringing to light theft, treachery, fraud—filthy lucre got by crime of every dye, and money won by stabbing or by poison?[826] Since rare indeed are the good! their number is scarce so many as the

gates of Thebes,[827] or the mouths of fertilizing Nile. We are now passing through the ninth age of the world: an era far worse than the days of Iron; for whose villainy not even Nature herself can find a name, and has no metal[828] base enough to call it by. Yet we call heaven and earth to witness, with a shout as loud as that with which the Sportula,[829] that gives them tongues, makes his clients applaud Fæsidius as he pleads. Tell me, thou man of many years, and yet more fit to bear the boss[830] of childhood, dost thou not know the charms that belong to another's money? Knowest thou not what a laugh thy simplicity would raise in the common herd, for expecting that no man should forswear himself, but should believe some deity is[831] really present in the temples and at the altars red with blood? In days of old the aborigines perhaps used to live after this fashion: before Saturn in his flight laid down his diadem, and adopted the rustic sickle: in the days when Juno was a little maid; and Jupiter as yet in a private[832] station in the caves of Ida: no banquetings of the celestials above the clouds, no Trojan boy or beauteous wife of Hercules as cup-bearer; or Vulcan (but not till he had drained the nectar) wiping[833] his arms begrimed with his forge in Lipara. Then each godship dined alone; nor was the crowd of deities so great[834] as it is now-a-days: and the heavens, content with a few divinities, pressed on the wretched Atlas with less grievous weight. No one had as yet received as his share the gloomy empire of the deep: nor was there the grim[835] Pluto with his Sicilian bride, nor Ixion's wheel, nor the Furies, nor Sisyphus' stone, nor the punishment of the black vulture,[836] but the shades passed jocund days with no infernal king.

In that age villainy was a prodigy! They used to hold it as a heinous sin, that naught but death could expiate, if a young man had not risen up to pay honor to an old one,[837] or a boy to one whose beard was grown; even though he himself gloated over more strawberries at home, or a bigger pile of acorns.[838]

So just a claim to deference had even four years' priority; so much on a par with venerated old age was the first dawn of youth! Now, if a friend should not deny the

deposit[839] intrusted to him, if he should give back the old leathern purse with all its rusty[840] coin untouched, it is a prodigy of honesty, equivalent to a miracle,[841] fit to be entered among the marvels in the Tuscan records,[842] and that ought to be expiated by a lamb crowned for sacrifice.[843] If I see a man above the common herd, of real probity, I look upon him as a prodigy equal to a child born half man, half brute;[844] or a shoal of fish turned up by the astonished[845] plow; or a mule[846] with foal! in trepidation as great as though the storm-cloud had rained stones;[847] or a swarm of bees[848] had settled in long cluster from some temple's top; as though a river had flowed into the ocean with unnatural eddies,[849] and rushing impetuous with a stream of milk.

Do you complain of being defrauded of ten sestertia by impious fraud? What if another has lost in the same way two hundred, deposited without a witness![850] and a third a still larger sum than that, such as the corner of his capacious strong-box could hardly contain! So easy and so natural is it to despise the gods above,[851] that witness all, if no mortal man attest the same! See with how bold a voice he denies it! What unshaken firmness in the face he puts on! He swears by the sun's rays, by the thunderbolts of Tarpeian Jove, the glaive of Mars, the darts of the prophet-god of Cirrha,[852] by the arrows and quiver of the Virgin Huntress, and by thy trident, O Neptune, father of the Ægæan! He adds the bow of Hercules, Minerva's spear, and all the weapons that the arsenals of heaven hold.[853] But if he be a father also, he says, "I am ready to eat my wretched son's head boiled, swimming in vinegar from Pharos."[854]

There are some who refer all things to the accidents of fortune,[855] and believe the universe moves on with none to guide its course; while nature brings round the revolutions of days and years. And therefore, without a tremor, are ready to lay their hands[856] on any altar. Another does indeed dread that punishment will follow crime; he thinks the gods do exist. Still he perjures himself, and reasons thus with himself: "Let Isis[857] pass whatever sentence she pleases upon my body, and strike

my eyes with her angry Sistrum, provided only that when blind I may retain the money I disown. Are consumption, or ulcerous sores, or a leg shriveled to half its bulk, such mighty matters? If Ladas[858] be poor, let him not hesitate to wish for gout that waits on wealth, if he is not mad enough to require Anticyra[859] or Archigenes.[860] For what avails the honor of his nimble feet, or the hungry branch of Pisa's olive? All-powerful though it be, that anger of the gods, yet surely it is slow-paced! If, therefore, they set themselves to punish all the guilty, when will they come to me? Besides, I may perchance discover that the deity may be appeased by prayers! "It is not unusual with him to pardon[861] such perjuries as these. Many commit the same crimes with results widely different. One man receives crucifixion[862] as the reward of his villainy; another, a regal crown!"

Thus they harden their minds, agitated by terror inspired by some heinous crime. Then, when you summon him to swear on the sacred shrine, he will go first![863] Nay, he is quite ready to drag you there himself, and worry you to put him to this test. For when a wicked cause is backed by impudence, it is believed by many to be the confidence[864] of innocence. He acts as good a farce as the runaway slave, the buffoon in Catullus'[865] Vision! You, poor wretch, cry out so as to exceed Stentor,[866] or, rather, as loudly as Gradivus[867] in Homer: "Hearest thou[868] this, great Jove, and openest not thy lips, when thou oughtest surely to give vent to some word, even though formed of marble or of brass? Or, why then do we place on thy glowing altar the pious[869] frankincense from the wrapper undone, and the liver of a calf cut up, and the white caul of a hog?[870] As far as I see, there is no difference to be made between your image and the statue of Vagellius!"[871]

Now listen to what consolation on the other hand he can offer, who has neither studied the Cynics, nor the doctrines of the Stoics, that differ from the Cynics only by a tunic,[872] and pays no veneration to Epicurus,[873] that delighted in the plants of his diminutive garden. Let patients whose cases are desperate be tended by more skillful physicians; you may trust your vein even to Philippus' apprentice. If you can

show me no act so heinous in the whole wide world, then, I hold my tongue; nor forbid you to beat your breast with your fists, nor thump your face with open palm. For, since you really have sustained loss, your doors must be closed; and money is bewailed with louder lamentations from the household, and with greater tumult,[874] than deaths. No one, in such a case, counterfeits sorrow; or is content with merely stripping[875] down the top of his garment, and vexing his eyes for forced rheum.[876] The loss of money is deplored with genuine tears.

But if you see all the courts filled with similar complaints, if, after the deeds have been read ten times over, and each time in a different quarter,[877] though their own handwriting,[878] and their principal signet-ring,[879] that is kept so carefully in its ivory casket, convicts them, they call the signature a forgery and the deed not valid; do you think that you, my fine fellow, are to be placed without the common pale? What makes you the chick of a white hen, while we are a worthless brood, hatched from unlucky eggs? What you suffer is a trifle; a thing to be endured with moderate choler, if you but turn your eyes to crimes of blacker dye. Compare with it the hired assassin, fires that originate from the sulphur of incendiaries,[880] when your outer gate is the first part that catches fire. Compare those who carry off the ancient temple's massive cups,[881] incrusted with venerable rust—the gifts of nations; or, crowns[882] deposited there by some king of ancient days. If these are not to be had, there comes some sacrilegious wretch that strikes at meaner prey; who will scrape the thigh of Hercules incased in gold, and Neptune's face itself, and strip off from Castor his leaf-gold. Will he, forsooth, hesitate, that is wont to melt down whole the Thunderer[883] himself? Compare, too, the compounders and venders of poisons;[884] or him that ought to be launched into the sea in an ox's hide,[885] with whom the ape,[886] herself innocent, is shut up, through her unlucky stars. How small a portion is this of the crimes which Gallicus,[887] the city's guardian, listens to from break of day to the setting of the sun! Would you study the morals of the human race, one house is quite enough. Spend but a few days there, and when you

come out thence, call yourself, if you dare, a miserable man!

Who is astonished at a goitred throat[888] on the Alps? or who, in Meroë,[889] at the mother's breast bigger than her chubby infant? Who is amazed at the German's[890] fierce gray eyes, or his flaxen hair with moistened ringlets twisted into horns? Simply because, in these cases, one and all are alike by nature.

The pigmy[891] warrior in his puny panoply charges the swooping birds of Thrace, and the cloud that resounds with the clang of cranes. Soon, no match for his foe, he is snatched away by the curved talons, and borne off through the sky by the fierce crane. If you were to see this in our country, you would be convulsed with laughter: but there, though battles of this kind are sights of every day, no one even smiles, where the whole regiment is not more than a foot high.

"And is there, then, to be no punishment at all for this perjured wretch and his atrocious villainy?"

Well, suppose him hurried away at once, loaded with double irons, and put to death in any way our wrath dictates (and what could revenge wish for more?) still your loss remains the same, your deposit will not be refunded! "But the least drop of blood from his mangled body will give me a consolation that might well be envied. Revenge is a blessing, sweeter than life itself!" Yes! so fools think, whose breasts you may see burning with anger for trivial causes, sometimes for none at all. How small soever the occasion be, it is matter enough for their wrath. Chrysippus[892] will not hold the same language, nor the gentle spirit of Thales, or that old man that lived by sweet Hymettus'[893] hill, who, even amid those cruel bonds, would not have given his accuser one drop of the hemlock[894] he received at his hands!

Philosophy, blessed[895] power! strips us by degrees of full many a vice and every error! She is the first to teach us what is right. Since revenge is ever the pleasure of a paltry spirit, a weak and abject mind! Draw this conclusion at once from the fact, that no one delights in revenge more than a woman!

Yet, why should you deem those to have escaped scot-free whom their mind,[896] laden with a sense of guilt, keeps in constant terror, and lashes with a viewless thong! Conscience, as their tormentor, brandishing a scourge unseen by human eyes! Nay! awful indeed is their punishment, and far more terrible even than those which the sanguinary Cæditius[897] invents, or Rhadamanthus! in bearing night and day in one's own breast a witness against one's self.

The Pythian priestess gave answer to a certain Spartan,[898] that in time to come he should not go unpunished, because he hesitated as to retaining a deposit, and supporting his villainy by an oath. For he inquired what was the opinion of the deity, and whether Apollo counseled him to the act.

He did restore it therefore; but through fear,[899] not from principle. And yet he proved that every word that issued from the shrine was worthy of the temple, and but too true: being exterminated together with all his progeny and house, and, though derived from a wide-spreading clan, with all his kin! Such is the penalty which the mere wish to sin incurs. For he that meditates within his breast a crime that finds not even vent in words,[900] has all the guilt of the act!

What then if he has achieved his purpose? A respiteless anxiety is his: that ceases not, even at his hours of meals: while his jaws are parched as though with fever, and the food he loathes swells[901] between his teeth. All wines[902] the miserable wretch spits out; old Alban wine,[903] of high-prized antiquity, disgusts him. Set better before him! and thickly-crowding wrinkles furrow his brow, as though called forth by sour[904] Falernian. At night, if anxious care has granted him perchance a slumber however brief, and his limbs, that have been tossing[905] over the whole bed, at length are at rest, immediately he sees in dreams the temple and the altar of the deity he has insulted; and, what weighs upon his soul with especial terrors,[906] he sees thee! Thy awful[907] form, of more[908] than human bulk, confounds the trembling wretch, and wrings confession[909] from him.

These are the men that tremble and grow pale at every lightning-flash; and, when it thunders,[910] are half dead with terror at the very first rumbling[911] of heaven; as though not by mere chance, or by the raging violence of winds, but in wrath and vengeance the fire-bolt lights[912] upon the earth![913] That last storm wrought no ill! Therefore the next is feared with heavier presage, as though but deferred by the brief respite of this calm.

Moreover, if they begin to suffer pain in the side, with wakeful fever, they believe the disease is sent to their bodies from the deity, in vengeance. These they hold to be the stones and javelins of the gods!

They dare not vow the bleating sheep to the shrine, or promise even a cock's[914] comb to their Lares. For what hope is vouchsafed to the guilty sick?[915] or what victim is not more worthy of life? The character of bad men is for the most part fickle and variable.[916] While they are engaged in the guilty act they have resolution enough, and to spare. When their foul deeds are perpetrated, then at length they begin to feel what is right and wrong.

Yet Nature[917] ever reverts to her depraved courses, fixed and immutable. For who ever prescribed to himself a limit to his sins? or ever recovered the blush[918] of ingenuous shame once banished from his brow now hardened? What mortal man is there whom you ever saw contented with a single crime? This false friend of ours will get his foot entangled in the noose, and endure the hook of the gloomy dungeon; or some crag[919] in the Ægean Sea, or the rocks that swarm with exiles of rank. You will exult in the bitter punishment of the hated name; and at length with joy confess[920] that no one of the gods is either deaf or a Tiresias.[921]

FOOTNOTES:

[817] Displicet.

"To none their crime the wished-for pleasure yields: 'Tis the first scourge that angry justice wields." Badham.

[818] Ultio.

"Avenging conscience first the sword shall draw, And self-conviction baffle quibbling law." Hodgson.

[819] Urna. From the "Judices Selecti" (a kind of jurymen chosen annually for the purpose), the Prætor Urbanus, who sat as chief judge, chose by lot about fifty to act as his assessors. To each of these were given three tablets: one inscribed with the letter A. for "absolvo," one with the letter C. for "condemno," and the third with the letters N. L. for "non liquet," i. e., "not proven." After the case had been heard and the judices had consulted together privately, they returned into court, and each judex dropped one of these tablets into an urn provided for the purpose, which was afterward brought to the prætor, who counted the number and gave sentence according to the majority of votes. In all these various steps, there was plenty of opportunity for the "gratia" of a corrupt prætor to influence the "fallax urna."

[820] Calvinus. Martial mentions an indifferent poet of the name of Calvinus Umber, vii., Ep. 90.

[821] Acervo.

"One that from casual heaps without design Fortune drew forth, and bade the lot be thine." Badh.

[822] Fonteio consule. Clinton (F. R., A.D. 118) considers that the consulship meant is that of L. Fonteius Capito, A.D. 59, which would bring the reference in this Satire to A.D. 119, the third year of Hadrian. There was also a Fonteius Capito consul with Junius Rufus, A.D. 67, and another, A.D. 11. [The Fonteius Capito mentioned Hor., i., Sat. v., 32, is of course far too early.]

[823] Proficis.

"Say, hast thou naught imbibed, no maxims sage, From the long use of profitable age?" Hodgson.

[824] Vitæ. So Milton.

"To know That which before us lies in daily life, Is the prime wisdom."

[825] Jactare jugum. A metaphor from restive oxen. Cf. vi., 208, "Summitte caput cervice paratâ Ferre jugum." Æsch., Persæ, 190, seq.

"And happy those whom life itself can train To bear with dignity life's various pain." Badham.

[826] Pyxide. Properly a coffer or casket of "box-wood," πυξίς. Cf. Sat. ii., 141, "Conditâ pyxide Lyde." Suet., Ner., 47, "Veneno a Locustâ sumpto, et in auream pyxidem condito."

[827] Thebarum. Egyptian Thebes had one hundred gates; hence ἑκατόμπυλοι. Cadmeian Thebes had seven. Vid. Hom., Il., Δ., 406. Æsch., S. Th., ἑπτάπυλος Θήβη. The latter is meant. The mouths of the Nile being also seven, viz., Canopic, Bolbitine, Sebennytic, Phatnitic, Mendesian, Tanitic, and Pelusiac. Hence Virg., Æn., vi., 801, "Septem gemini trepida ostia Nili." Ov., Met., v., 187, "Septemplice Nilo." xv., 753, "Perque papyriferi septemflua flumina Nili."

[828] Metallo.

"That baffled Nature knows not how to frame A metal base enough to give the age a name." Dryden.

[829] Sportula. Vid. ad i., 118. Cf. x., 46, "Defossa in loculis quos sportula fecit amicos." Mart., vi., Ep. 48. Hor., i., Epist. xix., 37. Plin., ii., Ep. 14, "Laudicæni sequuntur: In media Basilicâ sportulæ dantur palam ut in triclinio: tanti constat ut sis disertissimus: hoc pretio subsellia implentur, hoc infiniti clamores commoventur."

[830] Bullâ. Cf. v., 165, seq.; xiv., 5. Pers., v., 31, "Bullaque succinctis Laribus donata pependit." Plut. in Quæst. Rom., γέρων τις ἐπὶ χλευασμῷ προάγεται παιδικὸν ἐναψάμενος περιδέραιον ὃ καλοῦσι βοῦλλαν.

"O man of many years, that still should'st wear The trinket round the neck thy

childhood bare!" Badham.

[831] Esse. Cf. ii., 149, seq., "Esse aliquos Manes et subterranea regna, ... Nec pueri credunt nisi qui nondum ære lavantur." Cf. Ov., Amor., III., iii., 1.

[832] Privatus. This is commonly rendered by "concealed, sequestered," alluding to Jupiter's being hidden by his mother Rhea to save him from "Saturn's maw." But it surely means before he succeeded his father as king, and this is the invariable sense of "privatus" in Juvenal. Cf. i., 16, "Privatus ut altum dormiret." iv., 65, "Accipe Privatis majora focis." vi., 114, "Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Hippia, curas." xii., 107, "Cæsaris armentum, nulli servire paratum Privato."

[833] Tergens. This appears to be the best and simplest interpretation of this "much-vexed" passage, and is the sense in which Lucian (frequently the best commentator on Juvenal) takes it. Vid. Deor., Dial. v., 4.

[834] Talis. More properly, "composed of such divinities." The allusion being in all probability to the now frequent apotheosis of the most worthless and despicable of the emperors.

[835] Torvus. The Homeric ἀμείλιχος. Cf. Hom., Il., i., 158, Ἀΐδης ἀμείλιχος, ἠδ' ἀδάμαστος Τοὔνεκα καὶ τε βροτοῖσι θεῶν ἔχθιστος ἁπάντων.

[836] Vulturis atri. Cf. Æschylus, Pr. V., 1020. Virg., Æn., vi., 595, "Rostroque immanis vultur obunco, Immortale jecur tondens, fœcundaque pœnis viscera, rimaturque epulis habitatque sub alto pectore, nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis."

"Wheels, furies, vultures, quite unheard of things, And the gay ghosts were strangers yet to kings!" Badham.

[837] Vetulo. Cf. Ov., Fast., v., 57, seq., which passage Juvenal seems to have had in his mind.

[838] Glandis. Cf. Sat. vi., init.

[839] Depositum. Terent., Phorm., I., ii., 5, "Præsertim ut nunc sunt mores: adeo res

redit; Si quis quid reddit, magna habenda 'st gratia."

[840] Ærugo, the rust of brass; robigo, of iron; but, l. 148, used for the oxydizing of gold or silver. Follis, cf. xiv., 281.

[841] Prodigiosa, ii., 103.

[842] Tuscis libellis. Vid. Dennis' Etruria, vol. i., p. lvii. The marvelous events of the year were registered by the Etruscan soothsayers in their records, that, if they portended the displeasure of the gods, they might be duly expiated. Various names are given by ancient writers to these sacred or ritual books: Libri Etrusci; Chartæ Etruscæ; Scripta Etrusca; Etruscæ disciplinæ libri; libri fatales, rituales, haruspicini, fulgurales; libri Tagetici; sacra Tagetica; sacra Acherontica; libri Acherontici. The author of these works on Etruscan discipline was supposed to be Tages; and the names of some writers on the same subject are given, probably commentators on Tages, e. g., Tarquitius, Cæcina, Aquila, Labeo, Begoë. Umbricius. Cf. Cic., de Div., i., 12, 13, 44; ii., 23. Liv., v., 15. Macrob., Saturn., iii., 7; v., 19. Serv. ad Virg., Æn., i., 42; iii., 537; viii., 398. Plin., ii., 85. Festus, s. v. Rituales.

[843] Sanctum. Cf. iii., 137; viii., 24.

[844] Bimembri, or "with double limbs." All these prodigies are common enough in Livy.

[845] Miranti is quite Juvenalian, and better than the common reading "Mirandis," or the suggestion "liranti."

[846] Mulæ. Cf. Cic., de Div., ii., 28, "Si quod rarò fit, id portentum putandum est sapientem esse portentum est; sæpius enim mulam peperisse arbitror, quam sapientem fuisse."

[847] Lapides. Cf. Liv., xxxix., 37. This prodigy was one of the causes of consulting the sacred books, which led to the introduction of the worship of Bona Dea to Rome. Cf. ad ix., 37. Liv., xxii., 1, "Præneste ardentes lapides cœlo cecidisse."

[848] Apium. Cf. Liv., xxiv., 10. Tac., Ann., xii., 64, "Fastigio Capitolii examen apium insedit: biformes hominem partus." Plin., xi., 17.

[849] Gurgitibus. Liv., xix., 44, "Flumen Amiterni cruentum fluxisse." Virg., Georg., i., 485, "Aut puteis manare cruor cessavit."

[850] Arcana. "Fidei alterius tacitè commissa sine ullis testibus." Lubin. Another interpretation is, "that, having lost it, he held his tongue, and complained to no one."

[851] Superos.

"Those conscious powers we can with ease contemn, If, hid from men, we trust our crimes with them." Dryden.

[852] Cirrhæi, from Cirrha in Phocis, near the foot of Mount Parnassus, the port of Delphi. Cf. vii., 64, "Dominis Cirrhæ Nysæque feruntur Pectora."

[853] Spicula; probably from Tibull., I., iv., 21.

"Nec jurare time. Veneris perjuria venti Irrita per terras et freta summa ferunt. Perque suas impune sinit Dictynna sagittas Affirmes, crines perque Minerva suos."

[854] Phario. The vinegar of Egypt was more celebrated than its wine. Cf. Mart., xiii., Ep. 122. Ath., ii., 26.

[855] Fortunæ. See this idea beautifully carried out in Claudian's invective against Rufinus, lib. i., 1-24. Such was Horace's religion. "Credat Judæus Apella, Non ego: namque deos didici securum agere ævum; nec si quid miri faciat Natura deos id tristes ex alto cœli demittere tecto." I., Sat. v., 100. Not so Cicero. "Intelligamus nihil horum esse fortuitum." De Nat. Deor., ii., 128.

[856] Tangunt. Cf. xiv., 218, "Vendet perjuria summâ exiguâ et Cereris tangens aramq. pedemq."

[857] Isis. Cf. vi., 526. Lucan., viii., 831, "Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isim Semideosque canes, et sistra jubentia luctus et quem tu plangens hominem testaris Osirin." Blindness, the most common of Egyptian diseases, was supposed to

be the peculiar infliction of Isis. Cf. Ovid, ex Pont., i., 51, "Vidi ego linigeræ numen violasse fatentem Isidis Isiacos ante sedere focos. Alter ob huic similem privatus lumine culpam, clamabat mediâ se meruisse viâ." Pers., v., 186, "Tunc grandes Galli et cum sistro lusca sacerdos." Sistrum a σείω.

[858] Ladas. A famous runner at Olympia, in the days of Alexander the Great. Cf. Mart., x., Ep. 100, "Habeas licebit alterum pedem Ladæ, Inepte, frustrà crure ligneo curres;" and ii., 86. Catull., iv., 24, "Non si Pegaseo ferar volatu, Non Ladas si ego, pennipesve Perseus."

[859] Anticyrcâ, in Phocis, famous for hellebore, supposed to be of great efficacy in cases of insanity: hence Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 83, "Nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem." 166, "naviget Anticyram." Pers., iv., 16, "Anticyras melior sorbere meracas." Its Greek name is Ἀντίκιῤῥα. Strabo, ix., 3. The quantity therefore in Latin follows the Greek accent. The Phocian Anticyra produced the best hellebore; but it was also found at Anticyra on the Maliac Gulf, near Œta. Some think there was a third town of the same name. Hence "Tribus Anticyris caput insanabile," Hor., A. P., 300.

[860] Archigene. Cf. vi., 236; xiv., 252.

[861] Ignoscere. "Contemnere pauper creditur atque deos diis ignoscentibus ipsis," iii., 145. So Plautus:

"Atque hoc scelesti illi in animum inducunt suum. Jovem se placare posse donis hostiis, Et operam et sumptum perdunt: ideo fit, quia Nihil ei acceptum est a perjuris supplicii."

[862] Crucem. Badham quotes an Italian epigram, which says that "the successful adventurer gets crosses hung on him, the unsuccessful gets hung on the cross."

"Some made by villainy, and some undone, And this ascend a scaffold, that a throne." Gifford.

[863] Præcedit.

"Dare him to swear, he with a cheerful face Flies to the shrine, and bids thee mend thy pace: He urges, goes before thee, shows the way, Nay, pulls thee on, and chides thy dull delay." Dryden.

[864] Fiducia.

"For desperate boldness is the rogue's defense, And sways the court like honest confidence." Hodgson.

[865] Catulli. Cf. ad viii., 186. Urbani some take as a proper name. Others in the same sense as Sat. vii., 11. Catull., xxii., 2, 9.

[866] Stentora. Hom., Il., v., 785, Στέντορα χαλκεόφωνον, ὃς τόσον αὐδήσασχ' ὅσον ἄλλοι πεντήκοντα.

[867] Gradivus. ii., 128. Hom., Il., v., 859, ὅσσον τ' ἐννεάχιλοι ἐπίαχον ἢ δεκάχιλοι ἀνέρες—ἔβραχε.

[868] Audis. Cf. ii., 130, "Nec galeam quassas nec terram cuspide pulsas, nec quereris patri?" Virg., Æn., iv., 206, "Jupiter Omnipotens! Adspicis hæc? an te, genitor, quum fulmina torques, nequicquam horremus? cæcique in nubibus ignes terrificant animos et inania murmura miscent?" Both passages are ludicrously parodied in the beginning of Lucian's Timon.

[869] Thura. So Mart., iii., Ep. ii., 5, "Thuris piperisque cucullus." Ovid, Heroid., xi., 4. Virgil applies the epithet pia to the "Vitta," Æn., iv., 637, and to "Far," v., 745.

[870] Porci. Cf. x., 355, "Exta, et candiduli divina tomacula porci."

[871] Vagellius. Perhaps the "desperate ass" mentioned xvi., 23. Some read Bathylli.

[872] Tunicâ. The Stoics wore tunics under their gowns, the Cynics waistcoats only, or a kind of pallium, doubled when necessary. Hor., i., Ep. xvii., 25, "Contra, quem duplici panno patientia ve at." Diogenes pro pallio et tunicâ contentus erat unâ abollâ ex vili panno confectâ, quâ dupliciter amiciebatur. Cynicorum hunc habitum ideo

vocabant διπλοΐδα. Hi igitur ἀχίτωνες quidem sed διπλοείματοι. Orell., ad loc. Cf. Diog. Laert, VI., ii., iii., 22, τρίβωνα διπλώσας πρῶτος.

[873] Epicurum. Cf. xiv., 319, "Quantum Epicure tibi parvis suffecit in hostis." Pliny says, xix., 4, he was the first who introduced the custom of having a garden to his town house. Prop., III., xxi., 26, "Hortis docte Epicure, tuis." Stat. Sylv., I., iii., 94. "The garden of Epicurus," says Gifford, "was a school of temperance; and would have afforded little gratification, and still less sanction, to those sensualists of our day, who, in turning hogs, flatter themselves that they are becoming Epicureans."

[874] Tumultu.

"And louder sobs and hoarser tumults spread For ravish'd pence, than friends or kinsmen dead." Hodgson.

[875] Deducere. Ov., Met., vi., 403, "Dicitur unus flesse Pelops humerumque suas ad pectora postquam deduxit vestes, ostendisse."

[876] Humore coacto. Ter., Eun., I., i., 21, "Hæc verba una mehercle falsa lacrymula Quam oculos terendo miserè vix vi expresserit Restinguet." Virg., Æn., ii., 196, "captique dolis lacrymisque coactis."

[877] Diversâ parte. Others interpret it as being "read by the opposite party;" as vii., 156, "quæ veniant diversa parte sagittæ."

[878] Vana supervacui, repeated xvi., 41.

[879] Sardonychus. Pliny says the sardonyx was the principal gem employed for seals, "quoniam sola prope gemmarum scalpta ceram non aufert." xxxvii., 6.

"If rogues deny their bend (though ten times o'er Perused by careful witnesses before), Whose well-known hand proclaims the glaring lie, Whose master-signet proves the perjury." Hodgson.

[880] Incendia. Cf. ix., 98, "Sumere ferrum, Fuste aperire caput, candelam apponere valvis, non dubitat."

[881] Grandia pocula. Alluding perhaps to some of Nero's sacrilegious spoliations. Suet., Ner., 32, 38. It was customary for kings and nations allied with Rome to send crowns and other valuable offerings to the temple of Capitoline Jove and others.

[882] Coronas.

"Gifts of great nations, crowns of pious kings! Goblets, to which undated tarnish clings!" Badham.

[883] Touantem. Vid. Dennis's Etruria, vol. i., p. li. Cf. Suet., Nero, 32, fin. Milman's Horace, p. 66.

"Is much respect for Castor to be felt By those whose crucibles whole Thunderers melt?" Badh.

[884] Mercatoremque veneni. Shakspeare, Rom. and Jul.,

"And if a man did need a poison now, Whose sale is present death in Mantua, Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."

[885] Corio. Browne seems to understand this of "a leathern canoe or coracle," but?

[886] Simia. Cf. ad viii., 214, "Cujus supplicio non debeat una parari simia nec serpens unus nec culeus unus."

[887] Gallicus. Statius has a poem (Sylv., I., iv.), "Soteria pro Rutilio Gallico." "Quem penes intrepidæ mitis custodia Romæ." This book was probably written, cir. A.D. 94, after the Thebaïs. This Rut. Gallicus Valens was præfectus urbis and chief magistrate of police for Domitian; probably succeeding Pegasus (Sat. iv., 77), who was appointed by Vespasian. For the office, see Tac., Ann., vi., 10, seq. It was in existence even under Romulus, and continued through the republic. Augustus, by Mæcenas' advice, greatly increased its authority and importance. Its jurisdiction was now extended to a circuit of one hundred miles outside the city walls. The præfectus decided in all causes between masters and slaves, patrons and clients, guardians and wards; had the inspection of the mint, the regulation of the markets, and the

superintendence of public amusements.

[888] Guttur. This affection has been attributed, ever since the days of Vitruvius, to the drinking the mountain water. "Æquicolis in Alpibus est genus aquæ quam qui bibunt afficiuntur tumidis gutturibus," viii., 3.

[889] Meroë, vi., 528, in Ethiopia, is the largest island formed by the Nile, with a city of the same name, which was the capital of a kingdom. Strab., i., 75. Herod., ii., 29. It is now "Atbar," and forms part of Sennaar and Abyssinia.

[890] Germani. Cf. ad viii., 252.—Flavam. Galen says the Germans should be called πυῤῥοὶ rather than ξανθοί. So Mart., xiv., Ep. 176, Sil. iii. 608, "Auricomus Batavus."—Torquentem. Cf. Tac. Germ. 38, "Insigne gentis obliquare crinem nodoque substringere: horrentem capillum retro sequuntur ac sæpe in solo vertice religant: in altitudinem quandam et terrorem adituri bella compti, ut hostium oculis ornantur." Mart. Spe. iii., "Crinibus in nodum tortis venere Sigambri." They moistened their hair with a kind of soft soap. Plin. xxviii. 12. Mart. xiv. 26, "Caustica Teutonicos accendit spuma capillos." VIII. xxxiii. 20, "Fortior et tortos servat vesica capillos, et mutat Latias spuma Batava comas."

[891] Pygmæus. Cf. Stat. Sylv. I. vi., 57, from which it appears that Domitian exhibited a spectacle of pigmy gladiators. "Hic audax subit ordo pumilonum—edunt vulnera conseruntque dextras et mortem sibi (qua manu!) minantur. Ridet Mars pater et cruenta virtus. Casuræque vagis grues rapinis mirantur pumilos ferociores."

"When clouds of Thracian birds obscure the sky, To arms! To arms! the desperate Pigmies cry: But soon defeated in th' unequal fray, Disordered flee: while pouncing on their prey The victor cranes descend, and clamoring, bear The wriggling mannikins aloft in air." Gifford.

[892] Chrysippus the Stoic, disciple of Cleanthes and Zeno, a native of Tarsus or Soli, ἀνὴρ εὐφυὴς ἐν παντὶ μέρει. Vid. Diog. Laert. in Vit., who says he "was so renowned a logician, that had the gods used logic they would have used that of

Chrysippus." VII., vii., 2.

[893] Hymetto. As though the hill sympathized with the sweetness of Socrates' mind. Cf. Plato in Phæd. and Apol. Hor., ii., Od. vi., 14, "Ubi non Hymetto mella decedunt," "And still its honey'd fruits Hymettus yields." Byron.

[894] Cicutæ. Cf. vii., 206. Pers., iv., 2.

[895] Felix.

"Divine Philosophy! by whose pure light We first distinguish, then pursue the right, Thy power the breast from every error frees, And weeds out all its vices by degrees: Illumined by thy beam, Revenge we find The abject pleasure of an abject mind, And hence so dear to poor, weak womankind!" Gifford.

[896] Conscia mens. Cf. Sen., Ep. 97, "Prima et maxima peccantium pœna est peccâsse; Secundæ vero pœnæ sunt timere semper et expavescere et securitati diffidere et fatendum est mala facinora conscientia flagellari et plurimum illic tormentorum esse," etc. Cf. Æsch., Eumen., 150, ὑπὸ φρένας, ὑπὸ λοβὸν πάρεστι μαστίκτορος δαΐου δαμίου βαρύ, κ. τ. λ.

[897] Cæditius. An agent of Nero's cruelty, according to some; a sanguinary judge of Vitellius' days, according to Lubinus. Probably a different person from the Cæditius mentioned xvi., 46. Rhadamanthus. Cf. Virg., Æn., vi., 566, "Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna, castigatque auditque dolos, subigitque fateri," etc.

[898] Spartano. The story is told Herod., vi., 86. A Milesian intrusted a sum of money to Glaucus a Spartan, who, when the Milesian's sons claimed it, denied all knowledge of it, and went to Delphi to learn whether he could safely retain it; but, terrified at the answer of the oracle, he sent for the Milesians and restored the money. Leotychides relates the story to the Athenians, and leaves them to draw the inference from the fact he subjoins: Γλαύκου νῦν οὔτε τι ἀπόγονόν ἐστιν οὐδὲν, οὔτ' ἰστίη οὐδεμίη νομιζομένη εἶναι Γλαύκου· ἐκτέτριπταί τε πρόῤῥιζος ἐκ Σπάρτης.

[899] Metu.

"Scared at this warning, he who sought to try If haply heaven might wink at perjury, Alive to fear, though still to virtue dead, Gave back the treasure to preserve his head." Hodgson.

[900] Tacitum. Cf. King John, Act iv.,

"The deed which both our tongues held vile to name!"

Cf. i., 167, "tacitâ sudant præcordia culpâ."

"Thus, but intended mischief, stay'd in time, Had all the moral guilt of finished crime." Badham.

[901] Crescente. Ov., Heroid., xvi., 226, "Crescit et invito lentus in ore cibus."

[902] Sed vina. Read perhaps "Setina," as v., 33.

[903] Albani. Cf. v., 33, "Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus." Hor., iv., Od. xi., 1, "Est mihi nonum superantis annum plenus Albani cadus." Mart., xiii., 109, "Hoc de Cæsareis Mitis Vindemia cellis misit Iuleo quæ sibi monte placet."

[904] Velut acri. Or perhaps, "as though the rich Falernian were sour instead of mellow."

"The rich Falernian changes into gall." Hodgson.

[905] Versata. Cf. iii., 279. Hom., Il., xxiv., 10, seq. Sen., de Tranq. An., 2, "versant se et hoc atque illo modo componunt donec quietem lassitudine inveniant." "Propert.," I., xiv., 21, "Et miserum toto juvenem versare cubili."

[906] Sudoribus. Cf. i., 167, "Sudant præcordia culpâ." Cf. Ov., Her., vii., 65.

[907] Major. Virg., Æn., ii., 773, "Notâ major imago." Suet., Claud., i., species mulieris humanâ amplior.

[908] Amplior. Tac., Ann., xi., 21, "oblata ei species muliebris ultra modum humanum." Suet., Aug., 94.

[909] Cogitque fateri. The idea is probably from Lucret., v., 1157, "Quippe ubi se multei per somnia sæpe loquenteis, Aut morbo deliranteis protraxe ferantur Et celata diu in medium peccata dedisse."

[910] Quum tonat. Suet., Calig., 51, "Nam qui deos tantopere contemneret, ad minima tonitrua et fulgura connivere, caput obvolvere; ad vero majora proripere se e strato, sub lectumque condere, solebat."

[911] Murmure. Lucret., v., 1218, "Cui non conrepunt membra pavore Fulminis horribili cum plaga torrida tellus Contremit et magnum percurrunt murmura cœlum? Non populei gentesque tremunt."

[912] Cadai. "Quæque cadent in te fulmina missa putes." Ov., Her., vii., 72. Pind., Nem., vi., 90, ζάκοτον ἔγχος. Hor., i., Od. iii., 40, "Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina."

"Where'er the lightning strikes, the flash is thought Judicial fire, with heaven's high vengeance fraught." Badham.

[913] Vindicet.

"Oh! 'tis not chance, they cry; this hideous crash Is not the war of winds, nor this dread flash The encounter of dark clouds, but blasting fire, Charged with the wrath of heaven's insulted sire!" Gifford.

[914] Galli. Cf. xii., 89, 96. Plin., x., 21, 56. Plat., Phæd., 66.

[915] Ægris.

"Can pardoning heaven on guilty sickness smile? Or is there victim than itself more vile?" Badham.

[916] Mobilis. Sen., Ep. 47, "Hoc habent inter cætera boni mores, placent sibi ac permanent: levis est malitia, sæpe mutatur, non in melius, sed in aliud."

[917] Natura. Hor., i., Ep. x., 24, "Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret."

[918] Ruborem. Mart., xi., Ep. xxvii., 7, "Aut cum perfricuit frontem posuitque pudorem."

"Vice once indulged, what rogue could e'er restrain? Or what bronzed cheek has learn'd to blush again?" Hodgson.

[919] Rupem. Cf. i., 73, "aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum." vi., 563.

"Or hurried off to join the wretched train Of exiled great ones in the Ægean main." Gifford.

[920] Fatebere. Cf. Psalm lviii., 9, 10.

[921] Tiresiam. Soph., Œd. T. Ovid, Met., iii., 322, seq.

SATIRE XIV.

There are very many things, Fuscinus,[922] that both deserve a bad name, and fix a lasting spot on a fortune otherwise splendid, which parents themselves point the way to, and inculcate upon their children. If destructive gambling[923] delights the sire, the heir while yet a child plays[924] too; and shakes the selfsame weapons in his own little dice-box. Nor will that youth allow any of his kin to form better hopes of him who has learned to peel truffles,[925] to season a mushroom,[926] and drown beccaficas[927] swimming in the same sauce, his gourmand sire with his hoary gluttony[928] showing him the way. When his seventh[929] year has past over the boy's head, and all his second teeth are not yet come, though you range a thousand bearded[930] philosophers on one side of him, and as many on the other, still he will be ever longing to dine in sumptuous style, and not degenerate from his sire's luxurious kitchen.

Does Rutilus[931] inculcate a merciful disposition and a character indulgent to venial faults? does he hold that the souls and bodies of our slaves[932] are formed of matter like our own and of similar elements? or does he not teach cruelty, that Rutilus, who delights in the harsh clang of stripes, and thinks no Siren's[933] song can equal the sound of whips; the Antiphates[934] and Polyphemus of his trembling household? Then is he happy indeed whenever the torturer[935] is summoned, and

some poor wretch is branded with the glowing iron for stealing a couple of towels! What doctrine does he preach to his son that revels in the clank of chains, that feels a strange delight in branded slaves,[936] and the country jail? Do you expect that Larga's[937] daughter will not turn out an adulteress, who could not possibly repeat her mother's lovers so quickly, or string them together with such rapidity, as not to take breath thirty times at least? While yet a little maid she was her mother's confidante; now, at that mother's dictation[938] she fills her own little tablets, and gives them to her mother's agents to bear to lovers of her own.

Such is Nature's law.[939] The examples of vice that we witness at home[940] more surely and quickly corrupt us, when they insinuate themselves into our minds, under the sanction of those we revere. Perhaps just one or two young men may spurn these practices, whose hearts the Titan has formed with kindlier art, and moulded out of better clay.[941]

But their sire's footsteps, that they ought to shun, lead on all the rest, and the routine[942] of inveterate depravity, that has been long before their eyes, attracts them on.

Therefore refrain[943] from all that merits reprobation. One powerful motive, at least, there is to this—lest our children copy our crimes. For we are all of us too quick at learning to imitate base and depraved examples; and you may find a Catiline in every people and under every sky; but nowhere a Brutus,[944] or Brutus' uncle!

Let nothing shocking to eyes or ears approach those doors that close upon your child. Away! far, far away,[945] the pander's wenches, and the songs of the parasite[946] that riots the livelong night! The greatest reverence[947] is due to a child! If you are contemplating a disgraceful act, despise not your child's tender years, but let your infant son act as a check upon your purpose of sinning. For if, at some future time, he shall have done any thing to deserve the censor's[948] wrath,

and show himself like you, not in person only and in face, but also the true son of your morals, and one who, by following your footsteps, adds deeper guilt to your crimes—then, forsooth! you will reprove and chastise him with clamorous bitterness, and then set about altering your will. Yet how dare you assume the front severe,[949] and license of a parent's speech; you, who yourself, though old, do worse than this; and the exhausted cupping-glass[950] is long ago looking out for your brainless head?

If a friend is coming to pay you a visit, your whole household is in a bustle. "Sweep the floor, display the pillars in all their brilliancy, let the dry spider come down with all her web; let one clean[951] the silver, another polish the embossed[952] plate—" the master's voice thunders out, as he stands over the work, and brandishes his whip.

You are alarmed then, wretched man, lest your entrance-hall, befouled by dogs, should offend the eye of your friend who is coming, or your corridor be spattered with mud; and yet one little slave could clean all this with half a bushel of saw-dust. And yet, will you not bestir yourself that your own son may see your house immaculate and free from foul spot or crime? It deserves our gratitude that you have presented a citizen to your country and people,[953] if you take care that he prove useful to the state—of service to her lands; useful in transacting the affairs both of war and peace. For it will be a matter of the highest moment in what pursuits and moral discipline you train him.

The stork feeds her young on snakes[954] and lizards which she has discovered in the trackless fields. They too, when fledged, go in quest of the same animals. The vulture, quitting the cattle, and dogs, and gibbets, hastens to her callow brood, and bears to them a portion of the carcass. Therefore this is the food of the vulture too when grown up, and able to feed itself and build a nest in a tree of its own.

Whereas the ministers of Jove,[955] and birds of noble blood, hunt in the forest for the hare[956] or kid. Hence is derived the quarry for their nest: hence too, when

their progeny, now matured, have poised themselves on their own wings, when hunger pinches they swoop to that booty, which first they tasted when they broke the shell.

Centronius had a passion for building; and now on the embayed shore of Caieta,[957] now on the highest peak of Tibur,[958] or on Præneste's[959] hills, he reared the tall roofs of his villas, of Grecian[960] and far-fetched marbles; surpassing the temple of Fortune[961] and of Hercules as much as Posides[962] the eunuch outvied our Capitol. While, therefore, he is thus magnificently lodged, Centronius lessened his estate and impaired his wealth. And yet the sum of the portion that he left was no mean one: but all this his senseless son ran through by raising new mansions of marble more costly than his sire's.

Some whose lot it is to have a father that reveres sabbaths, worship nothing save clouds and the divinity of heaven; and think that flesh of swine, from which their sire abstained, differs in naught from that of man. Soon, too, they submit to circumcision. But, trained to look with scorn upon the laws of Rome, they study and observe and reverence all those Jewish statutes that Moses in his mystic volume handed down: never to show the road except to one that worships the same sacred rites—to conduct to the spring they are in quest of, the circumcised[963] alone. But their father is to blame for this; to whom each seventh[964] day was a day of sloth, and kept aloof from all share of life's daily duties.

All other vices, however, young men copy of their own free choice. Avarice is the only one that even against their will they are constrained to put in practice. For this vice deceives men under the guise and semblance[965] of virtue. Since it is grave in bearing—austere in look and dress. And without doubt, the miser is praised "a frugal[966] character," "a sparing man," and one that knows how to guard his own,[967] more securely than if the serpent of the Hesperides[968] or of Pontus had the keeping of them. Besides, the multitude considers the man of whom we are

speaking, a splendid carver[969] of his own fortune. Since it is by such artificers as these that estates are increased. But still, increase they do by all means, fair or foul, and swell in bulk from the ceaseless anvil and ever-glowing forge.

The father, therefore, considers misers as men of happy minds,[970] since he admires wealth, and thinks no instance can be found of a poor man that is also happy; and therefore exhorts his sons to follow the same track, and apply themselves earnestly to the doctrines of the same sect. There are certain first elements[971] of all vices. These he instills into them in regular order, and constrains them to become adepts in the most paltry lucre. Presently he inculcates an insatiable thirst for gain. While he is famishing himself, he pinches his servants'[972] stomachs with the scantiest allowance.[973] For he never endures to consume the whole of the blue fragments of mouldy[974] bread, but saves, even in the middle of September,[975] the mince[976] of yesterday;[977] and puts by till to-morrow's dinner the summer bean,[978] with a piece of stockfish and half a stinking shad:[979] and, after he has counted them, locks up the shreds of chopped leek.[980] A beggar from a bridge[981] would decline an invitation to such a meal as this! But to what end is money scraped together at the expense of such self-torture? Since it is undoubted madness,[982] palpable insanity, to live a beggar's life, simply that you may die rich.

Meanwhile, though the sack swells, full to the very brim, the love of money grows[983] as fast as the money itself grows. And he that has the less, the less he covets. Therefore you are looking out for a second villa, since one estate is not enough for you, and it is your fancy to extend[984] your territories; and your neighbor's corn-land seems to you more spacious and fertile than your own; therefore you treat for the purchase of this too, with all its woods and its hill that whitens with its dense olive-grove. But if their owner will not be prevailed upon to part with them at any price, then at night, your lean oxen and cattle with weary necks, half-starved, will be turned into his corn-fields while still green, and not quit it for their own homes before the whole crop[985] has found its way into their

ruthless[986] stomachs—so closely cropped that you would fancy it had been mown. You could hardly tell how many have to complain of similar treatment, and how many estates wrongs like this have brought to the hammer. "But what says the world? What the trumpet of slanderous fame?—"

"What harm does this do me?"[987] he says; "I had rather have a lupin's pod, than that the whole village neighborhood[988] should praise me, if I am at the same time to reap the scanty crops of a diminutive estate."

You will then, forsooth, be free from all disease[989] and all infirmity, and escape sorrow and care; and a lengthened span of life will hereafter be your lot with happier destiny, if you individually own as much arable land as the whole Roman people used to plow under king Tatius. And after that, to men broken down with years, that had seen the hard service of the Punic wars, and faced the fierce Pyrrhus and the Molossian swords, scarce two acres[990] a man were bestowed at length as compensation for countless wounds. Yet that reward for all their blood and toil never appeared to any less than their deserts—or did their country's faith appear scant or thankless. Such a little glebe as this used to satisfy the father himself and all his cottage troop: where lay his pregnant wife, and four children played—one a little slave,[991] the other three free-born. But for their grown-up brothers[992] when they returned from the trench or furrow, there was another and more copious supper prepared, and the big pots smoked with vegetables. Such a plot of ground in our days is not enough for a garden.

It is from this source commonly arise the motives to crime. Nor has any vice of the mind of man mingled more poisons or oftener dealt[993] the assassin's knife, than the fierce lust for wealth unlimited. For he that covets to grow rich,[994] would also grow rich speedily. But what respect for laws, what fear or shame is ever found in the breast of the miser hasting to be rich? "Live contented with these cottages, my lads, and these hills of ours!" So said, in days of yore, the Marsian and Hernican and

Vestine sire—"Let us earn our bread, sufficient for our tables, with the plow. Of this the rustic deities[995] approve; by whose aid and intervention, since the boon of the kindly corn-blade, it is man's fortune to loathe the oaks he fed upon before. Naught that is forbidden will he desire to do who is not ashamed of wearing the high country boots[996] in frosty weather, and keeps off the east winds by inverted skins. The foreign purple, unknown to us before, leads on to crime and impiety of every kind."

Such were the precepts that these fine old fellows gave to their children! But now, after the close of autumn, even at midnight[997] the father with loud voice rouses his drowsy son:

"Come, boy, get your tablets and write! Come, wake up! Draw indictments! get up the rubricated statutes[998] of our fathers—or else draw up a petition for a centurion's post. But be sure Lælius observe your hair untouched by a comb, and your nostrils well covered with hair,[999] and your good brawny shoulders. Sack the Numidian's hovels,[1000] and the forts of the Brigantes,[1001] that your sixtieth year may bestow on you the eagle that will make you rich. Or, if you shrink from enduring the long-protracted labors of the camp, and the sound of bugles and trumpets makes your heart faint, then buy something that you may dispose of for more than half as much again as it cost you; and never let disgust at any trade that must be banished beyond the other bank of Tiber, enter your head, nor think that any difference can be drawn between perfumes or leather. The smell of gain is good[1002] from any thing whatever! Let this sentiment of the poet[1003] be forever on your tongue—worthy of the gods, and even great Jove himself!—'No one asks how you get it, but have it you must.' This maxim old crones impress on boys before they can run alone. This all girls learn before their A B C."

Any parent whatever inculcating such lessons as these I would thus address: Tell me, most empty-headed of men! who bids you be in such a hurry? I engage your pupil shall better your instruction. Don't be alarmed! You will be outdone; just as

Ajax outstripped Telamon, and Achilles excelled Peleus.[1004] Spare their tender years![1005] The bane of vice matured has not yet filled the marrow of their bones! As soon as he begins to trim a beard, and apply the long razor's edge, he will be a false witness—will sell his perjuries at a trifling sum, laying his hand[1006] on Ceres' altar and foot. Look upon your daughter-in-law as already buried, if she has entered your family with a dowry that must entail death on her.[1007] With what a gripe will she be strangled in her sleep! For all that you suppose must be gotten by sea and land, a shorter road[1008] will bestow on him! Atrocious crime involves no labor! "I never recommended this," you will hereafter say, "nor counseled such an act." Yet the cause and source of this depravity of heart rests at your doors; for he that inculcated a love for great wealth, and by his sinister lessons trained up his sons to avarice,[1009] does give full license, and gives the free rein[1010] to the chariot's course; then if you try to check it, it can not be restrained, but, laughing you to scorn, is hurried on, and leaves even the goal far behind. No one holds it enough to sin just so much as you allow him, but men grant themselves a more enlarged indulgence.

When you say to your son, "The man is a fool that gives any thing to his friend,[1011] or relieves the burden[1012] of his neighbor's poverty," you are, in fact, teaching him to rob and cheat, and get riches by any crime, of which as great a love exists in you as was that of their country in the breast of the Decii;[1013] as much, if Greece speaks truth, as Menæceus[1014] loved Thebes! in whose furrows[1015] legions with their bucklers spring from the serpent's teeth, and at once engage in horrid war, as though a trumpeter had arisen along with them. Therefore you will see that fire[1016] of which you yourself supplied the sparks, raging far and wide, and spreading universal destruction. Nor will you yourself escape, poor wretch! but with loud roar the lion-pupil[1017] in his den will mangle his trembling master.

Your horoscope is well known to the astrologers.[1018] Yes! but it is a tedious

business to wait for the slow-spinning[1019] distaffs. You will be cut off long before your thread[1020] is spun out. You are long ago standing in his way, and are a drag upon his wishes. Long since your slow and stag-like[1021] age is irksome to the youth. Send for Archigenes[1022] at once! and buy what Mithridates[1023] compounded, if you would pluck another fig, or handle this year's roses. You must possess yourself of that drug which every father, and every king, should swallow before every meal.

I now present to you an especial gratification, to which you can find no match on any stage, or on the platform of the sumptuous prætor. If you only become spectator at what risk to life the additions to fortune are procured, the ample store in the brass-bound[1024] chest, the gold to be deposited in watchful Castor's[1025] temple; since Mars the avenger has lost helmet and all, and could not even protect his own property. You may give up, therefore, the games of Flora,[1026] of Ceres,[1027] and of Cybele,[1028] such far superior sport is the real business of life!

Do bodies projected from the petaurum,[1029] or they that come down the tight-rope, furnish better entertainment than you, who take up your constant abode in your Corycian[1030] bark, ever to be tossed up and down by Corus and by Auster? the desperate merchant of vile and stinking wares! You, who delight in importing the rich[1031] raisin from the shores of ancient Crete, and wine-flasks[1032]—Jove's own fellow-countrymen! Yet he that plants his foot with hazardous tread by that perilous barter earns his bread, and makes the rope ward off both cold and hunger. You run your desperate risk, for a thousand talents and a hundred villas. Behold the harbor! the sea swarming with tall ships! more than one half the world is now at sea. Wherever the hope of gain invites, a fleet will come; nor only bound over the Carpathian and Gætulian seas, but leaving Calpe[1033] far behind, hear Phœbus hissing in the Herculean main. A noble recompense indeed for all this toil! that you return home thence with well-stretched purse; and exulting in your swelled money-bags,[1034] brag of having seen Ocean's monsters,[1035] and

young mermen!

A different madness distracts different minds. One, while in his sister's arms, is terrified at the features and torches of the Eumenides.[1036] Another, when he lashes the bull[1037], believes it is Agamemnon or Ulysses roars. What though he spare his tunic or his cloak, that man requires a keeper,[1038] who loads his ship with a cargo up to the very bulwarks, and has but a plank[1039] between himself and the wave. While the motive cause to all this hardship and this fearful risk, is silver cut up into petty legends and minute portraits. Clouds and lightning oppose his voyage. "All hands unmoor!" exclaims the owner of the corn and pepper he has bought up. "This lowering sky, that bank of sable clouds portends no ill! It is but summer lightning!"

Unhappy wretch! perchance that selfsame night he will be borne down, overwhelmed with shivering timbers and the surge, and clutch his purse with his left hand and his teeth. And he, to whose covetous desires[1040] but lately not all the gold sufficed which Tagus[1041] or Pactolus[1042] rolls down in its ruddy sand, must now be content with a few rags to cover his nakedness, and a scanty morsel, while as a "poor shipwrecked mariner" he begs for pence, and maintains himself by his painting of the storm.[1043]

Yet, what is earned by hardships great as these, involves still greater care and fear to keep. Wretched, indeed, is the guardianship[1044] of a large fortune.

Licinus,[1045] rolling in wealth, bids his whole regiment of slaves mount guard with leathern buckets[1046] all in rows; in dread alarm for his amber, and his statues, and his Phrygian marble,[1047] and his ivory, and massive tortoise-shell.

The tub of the naked Cynic[1048] does not catch fire! If you smash it, another home will be built by to-morrow, or else the same will stand, if soldered with a little lead. Alexander felt, when he saw in that tub its great inhabitant, how much more really happy was he who coveted nothing, than he who aimed at gaining to himself the

whole world; doomed to suffer perils equivalent to the exploits he achieved.

Had we but foresight, thou, Fortune, wouldst have no divinity.[1049] It is we that make thee a goddess! Yet if any one were to consult me what proportion of income is sufficient, I will tell you. Just as much as thirst and hunger[1050] and cold require; as much as satisfied you, Epicurus,[1051] in your little garden! as much as the home of Socrates contained before. Nature never gives one lesson, and philosophy another. Do I seem to bind you down to too strict examples? Then throw in something to suit our present manners. Make up the sum[1052] which Otho's law thinks worthy of the Fourteen Rows.

If this make you contract your brows, and put out your lip, then take two knights' estate, make it the three Four-hundred![1053] If I have not yet filled your lap, but still it gapes for more, then neither Crœsus' wealth nor the realms of Persia will ever satisfy you. No! nor even Narcissus'[1054] wealth! on whom Claudius Cæsar lavished all, and whose behest he obeyed, when bidden even to kill his wife.

FOOTNOTES:

[922] Fuscinus. Nothing is known of him.

"Fuscinus, those ill deeds that sully fame, And lay such blots upon an honest name, In blood once tainted, like a current run From the lewd father to the lewder son." Dryden.

[923] Alea, i., 89. Cf. Propert., IV., viii., 45, "Me quoque per talos Venerem quærente secundos, Semper damnosi subsiluere Canes." The Romans used four dice in throwing, which were thrown on a table with a rim (alveolus or abacus), out of a dice-box made of horn, box-wood, or ivory. This fritillus was a kind of cup, narrower at the top than below. When made in the form of a tower, with graduated intervals, it was called pyrgus, turricula, or phimus.

[924] Ludit.

"Repeats in miniature the darling vice; Shakes the low box, and cogs the little dice."

Gifford.

[925] Tubera. Cf. v., 116, seq. Mart., Ep. xiii., 50.

[926] Boletum. Cf. v., 147. Mart., Ep. xiii., 48.

[927] Ficedulas. Mr. Metcalfe translates "snipes." Cf. Mart., Ep. xiii., 49, "Cum me ficus alat, cum pascar dulcibus uvis, Cur potius nomen non dedit uva mihi?"

[928] Gula, i., 140.

[929] Septimus. Plin., vii., 16, "Editis infantibus primores dentes septimo gignuntur mense: iidem anno septimo decidunt, aliique sufficiuntur."

[930] Barbatos. Pers., iv., 1, "Barbatum hoc crede magistrum dicere sorbitio tollit quem dira cicutæ." Cic., Fin., iv., "Barba sylvosa et pulchre alita, quamvis res ipsa sit exterior et fortuita, inter hominis eruditi insignia recensetur."

[931] Rutilus. Used probably indefinitely, as in Sat. xi., 2, "Si Rutilus, demens." Rutilus was a surname of the Marcian, Virginian, and Nantian clans.

[932] Servorum. Gifford quotes an apposite passage from Macrobius, i., 2, "Tibi autem unde in servos tantum et tam immane fastidium? Quasi non ex iisdem tibi constent et alantur elementis, eumdemque spiritum ab eodem principe carpant!"

[933] Sirena. Cf. ix., 150.

[934] Antiphates, king of the cannibal Læstrygones. Hom., Odys., x., 114, seq. Ovid, Met., xiv., 233, seq.

[935] Tortore. vi., 480, "Sunt quæ tortoribus annua præstent."

"Knows no delight, save when the torturer's hand Stamps for low theft the agonizing brand." Gifford.

[936] Ergastula. Cf. ad viii., 180. Put here, as in vi., 151, for the slaves themselves. As 15 freemen were said to constitute a state, and 15 slaves a familia, so "quindecim vincti" form one Ergastulum. It properly means the Bridewell, where they were set to "travaux forcis." Liv., ii., 23; vii., 4. The country prisons were generally

under-ground dungeons. Branding on the forehead was a common punishment. Thieves had the word "Fur" burnt in; hence called "literati homines," "homines trium literarum." Plaut., Aul., II., iv., 46. Cicero calls one "compunctum notis, stigmatiam," Off., ii., 7. So "Inscripti vultus," Plin., xviii., 3. "Inscripti," Martial, Ep. viii, 79. Cf. Plin., Paneg., 35. Sat. x., 183. Plaut., Cas., II., vi., 49.

[937] Largæ. Cf. vi., 239, "Scilicet expectas ut tradat mater honestos atque alios mores quam quos habet?" x., 220, "Promptius expediam quot amaverit Hippia mæchos."

[938] Dictante. vi., 223, "Illa docet missis a corruptore tabellis, nil rude, nil simplex rescribere."

[939] Exempla. From Cic, Ep., iv., 3, "Quod exemplo fit, id etiam jure fieri putant."

[940] Exempla domestica.

"Thus Nature bids our home's examples win The passive mind to imitative sin, And vice, unquestion'd, makes its easy way, Sanction'd by those our earliest thoughts obey." Badham.

[941] Luto. Callim., fr. 133, εἴ σε Προμηθεὺς ἔπλασε καὶ πηλοῦ μὴ 'ξ ἑτέρου γέγονας. Ovid, Met, i., 80, "Sive recens tellus seductaque nuper ab alto æthere cognati retinebat semina cœli; Quam satus Iapeto mixtam fluvialibus undis finxit in effigiem moderantûm cuncta Deorum." Cf. Sat. vi., 13, "Compositive luto nullos habuere parentes."

[942] Orbita, from orbis; "the track of a wheel." So by the same metaphor the "routine," or course of life.

[943] Abstineas.

"O cease from sin! should other reasons fail Lest our own frailties make our children frail." Badham.

[944] Brutus was the son of Servilia, the sister of Cato of Utica (cf. x., 319). So Sen.,

Ep. 97, "Omne tempus Clodios, non omne Catones fert."

[945] Procul hinc. The formula at religious solemnities. Cf. ii., 89. Ov., Met., vii., 255, "Hinc procul Æsonidem, procul hinc jubet ire ministros, et monet arcanis oculos removere profanos."

[946] Parasiti. Cf. i., 139.

[947] Reverentia.

"His child's unsullied purity demands The deepest reverence at a parent's hands." Badham.

[948] Censoris. Henninius' reading and punctuation is followed here.

"Oh yet reflect! For should he e'er provoke, In riper age, the Law's avenging stroke (Since not alone in person and in face, But morals, he will prove your son, and trace, Nay pass your vicious footsteps), you will rail, And name another heir, should threatening fail!" Gifford.

[949] Cerebro. Plin., ix., 37, "Cerebrum est velut arx sensuum: hic mentis est regimen."

[950] Cucurbita. Properly a kind of gourd, κολοκύνθη thence from its shape, and perhaps too from its use, applied to a cupping-glass. These were made of horn, brass, and afterward of glass. The Greeks, from the same cause, called it σικύα, or κύαθος (cf. Schol. ad Arist., Lys., 444). It is called ventosa from the rarefication of the air in the operation, and was applied to relieve the head. Hence cucurbitæ caput is used for a fool. Cf. Appul., Met., I, "Nos cucurbitæ caput non habemus, ut pro te moriamur!"

[951] Lavet. Browne says, "Who washes silver plate?" and prefers the reading "leve." "But might not his patellæ be of silver?" iii., 261, "Domus intereà secura patellas jam lavat."

[952] Aspera. Cf. i., 76, "Argentum vetus et stantem extrà pocula caprum." v., 38,

"Inæquales beryllo phialas." Virg., Æn., ix., 266, "Argento perfecta atque aspera signis pocula." Ovid., Met., v., 81, "Altis exstantem signis cratera." xii., 235, "Signis exstantibus asper Antiquus crater." xiii., 700, "Hactenus antiquo signis fulgentibus ære, Summus inaurato crater erat asper acantho."

"'Sweep the dry cobwebs down!' the master cries, Whips in his hand, and fury in his eyes: 'Let not a spot the clouded columns stain, Scour you the figured silver; you the plain!'" Gifford.

[953] Patriæ populoque, an ancient formula. Cf. Liv., v., 41. So Horace joins them, "Hoc fonte derivata clades in patriam populumque fluxit," iii., Od. vi., 20 (vid. Orell. in loc.). Ovid, Met., xv., 572, "Seu lætum est, patriæ lætum, populoque Quirini."

"Thy grateful land shall say 'tis nobly done, If thou bring'st up to public use thy son; Fit for the various tasks allotted men, A warlike chief, a prudent citizen." Hodgson.

[954] Serpente. Pliny (H. N., x., 23) alludes to the same circumstance with regard to storks. "Illis in Thessaliâ tantus honos serpentum exitio habitus est, ut ciconiam occidere capitale sit, eadem legibus pœna, quâ in homicidas."

"Her progeny the stork with serpents feeds, And finds them lizards in the devious meads: The little storklings, when their wings are grown, Look out for snakes and lizards of their own." Badham.

[955] Famulæ Jovis. Æsch., Prom. V., 1057, Διὸς πτηνὸς κύων, δαφοινὸς ἀετός. Hor., iv., Od. iv., 1, "Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem," etc.

[956] Leporem. Virg., Æn., ix., 563, seq., "Qualis ubi aut leporem aut candenti corpora cycnum Sustulit alta petens pedibus Jovis armiger uncis."

"While Jove's own eagle, bird of noble blood, Scours the wide champaign for untainted food, Bears the swift hare, or swifter fawn away, And feeds her nestlings with the generous prey." Gifford.

[957] Caietæ, now "Mola di Gaeta," called from Æneas's nurse. Virg., Æn., vii., 1,

"Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneia nutrix, Æternam moriens famam Caieta dedisti. Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus."

[958] Tibur, now "Tivoli," on the Anio, built on a steep acclivity. Hence "supinum," Hor., iii., Od. iv., 23. Cf. iii., 192, "aut proni Tiburis arce."

[959] Præneste, now "Palestrina," said to have been founded by Cæculus, son of Vulcan. Vid. Virg., Æn., vii., 678.

[960] Græcis. Cf. Stat. Sylv., III., i., 5, "Sed nitidos postes Graiisque effulta metallis culmina." The green marble of Tænarus was very highly prized. Vid. Plin., H. N. xxxvi., 7. Prop., III., ii., 9, "Quod non Tænariis domus est mihi fulta columnis." Tibull., III., iii., 13, "Quidve domus prodest Phrygiis innixa columnis, Tænare sive tuis, sive Caryste tuis." Among other foreign marbles, Pliny mentions the Egyptian, Naxian, Armenian, Parian, Chian, Sicyonian, Synnadic, Numidian. Augustus introduced the use of marble in public buildings, and many edifices of his time were constructed of solid marble. All the columns of the temple of Mars Ultor are of marble. (Vid. Niebuhr's Lectures, vol. iii., p. 299. Sat. xi., 182, "Longis Numidarum fulta columnis." Hor., ii., Od. xviii., 4, "Columnas ultimâ recisas Africâ." Lucian, Hipp., p. 507, ed. Bened.) But the more general use of it did not begin till the reign of Nero, when Greek architecture became prevalent.

[961] Fortunæ. The temple of Fortune at Præneste was erected by Augustus. Hence she was called Dea Prænestina, and the oracles delivered there "Sortes Prænestinæ." Suet., Tib., 63. Propert., II., xxxii., 3. Cf. Ov., Fast., vi., 62. (From Stat. Sylv., I., iii., 80, "Quod ni templa darent alias Tirynthia sortes, et Prænestinæ poterant migrare Sorores," it appears that at Præneste, as at Antium, there were two Fortunes worshiped as sister-goddesses. Cf. Suet., Calig., 57. Mart., v., Ep. i., 3. Orell. ad Hor., i., Od. xxxv., 1.) The temple of Hercules at Tibur was built by Marcius Philippus, step-father of Augustus. Cf. Suet., Aug., 29. Prop., II., xxxii., 5.

[962] Posides. Vid. Suet., Claud., 28, "Libertorum præcipuè suspexit Posiden

spadonem quem etiam, Britannico triumpho, inter militares viros hastâ purâ donavit." Like Claudius' other freedmen, he amassed immense wealth.

[963] Verpos. Some of the commentators waste a great amount of zeal, and no little knowledge, to show us that these lines prove Juvenal to have been in utter ignorance of the Mosaic law. I presume Juvenal means to tell us what the Jews did, not what the Jewish law taught; which had they followed, they would not have been in Rome for Juvenal to write about. These lines, in fact, instead of contradicting Josephus, confirm his account of the state of his countrymen, and are another valuable testimony to prove that they "had made the word of God of none effect through their traditions." What should we say of Messrs. Johnson, Malone, and Steevens, were they to gravely demonstrate that Shakspeare wrote in ignorance of the tenets of Judaism when he introduces Shylock coveting Signor Antonio's "pound of flesh?"

[964] Septima. Cf. Tac., His., v., 4, "Septimo die otium placuisse ferunt; quia is finem laborum tulerit; dein blandiente inertiâ, septimum quoque annum ignaviæ datum."

[965] Specie. Hor., A. P., 25, "Decipimur specie recti." Pers., v., 105, "Et veri speciem dignoscere calles."

"For this grave vice, assuming Virtue's guise, Seems Virtue's self to superficial eyes." Gifford.

[966] Frugi. Hor., i., Sat. iii., 49, "Parcius hic vivit, frugi dicatur."

[967] Tutela. Hor., A. P., 169, "Vel quod Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet ac timet uti," and l. 325-333.

[968] Hesperidum. Vid. Ov., Met., iv., 627, seq. Virg., Æn., iv., 480, seq. Athen., iii., p. 82, ed. Dindorf.

[969] Artificem.

"And reasoning from the fortune he has made, Hail him a perfect master of his

trade." Gifford.

[970] Animi. Hor., i., Ep. xv., 45, "Vos sapere et solos aio bene vivere quorum Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis."

[971] Elementa.

"Vice boasts its elements, like other arts: These he inculcates first; anon imparts The petty tricks of saving: last inspires Of endless wealth th' insatiable desires." Gifford.

[972] Servorum. Juvenal had evidently Theophrastus' αἰσχροκερδὴς in his eye: τὰ δὲ καταλειπόμενα ἀπὸ τῆς τραπέζης ἡμίση τῶν ῥαφανίδων ἀπογράφεσθαι, ἵνα οἱ διακονοῦντες παῖδες μὴ λάβωσι.

[973] Modio iniquo. Cf. Theophr., Char., 80 (π. αίσχροκερδ.), φειδωνίῳ μέτρῳ τὸν πύνδακα ἐγκεκρουσμένῳ μετρεῖν αὐτὸς τοῖς ἔνδον τὰ ἐπιτήδεια σφόδρα ἀποψῶν.

[974] Mucida. v., 68, "Solidæ jam mucida frusta farinæ."

[975] Septembri. The hottest and most unhealthy month in Rome. Cf. vi., 517. Hor., i., Ep. xvi., 16.

[976] Minutal. The μυττωτὸς and περίκομμα of Aristophanes. Martial describes one, lib. xi., Ep. xxxi. Cf. Apic, iv., 3.

[977] Hesternum. So Θοίνην ἔωλον. Athen., vii., 2. Mart., i., Ep. civ., 7, "Deque decem plures semper servantur olivæ, explicat et cœnas unica mensa duas."

[978] Conchem. iii., 293, "Cujus conche tumes."

[979] Lacerti. Mart., x., Ep. 48, "Secta coronabunt rutatos ova lacertos." xii., Ep. 19. Celsus, ii., 18, mentions the Lacertus among the fish "ex quibus salsamenta fiunt, et quorum cibus gravissimus est." The Silurus was a common and coarse Egyptian fish, sent over salted to Rome. Cf. iv., 33.

[980] Porri. iii., 294, "Quis tecum sectile porrum." Cf. Plin., H.N., xix., 6.

[981] Ponte. Cf. iv., 116, "Cæcus adulator dirusque a ponte satelles." v., 8, "Nulla crepido vacat? nusquam pons et tegetis pars dimidia brevior?" Mart., x., Ep. v., 3,

"Erret per urbem pontis exsul et clivi, interque raucos ultimus rogatores oret caninas panis improbi buccas." Ovid, Ibis, 420, "Quique tenent pontem."

[982] Phrenesis. Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 82, "Danda est Hellebori multo pars maxima avaris: Nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem." So Cicero, de Senec., 65, "Avaritia vero senilis quid sibi velit, non intelligo: potest enim esse quidquam absurdius, quam quo minus viæ restat eò plus viatici quærere?"

[983] Crescit. So Ovid, Fast., i., 211, "Creverunt et opes, et opum furiosa cupido et cum possideant plurima plura volunt. Quærere ut absumant, absumta requirere certant: atque ipsæ vitiis sunt alimenta vices."

[984] Proferre. Liv., i., 33. Virg., Æn., vi., 796. Hor., ii., Od. xviii., 17. ii., Sat. vi., 8, "O si angulus ille proximus accedat qui nunc denormat agellum."

[985] Novalia. Put here for the crops on any good land. Plin., H. N., xviii., 19, "Novale est quod alternis annis seritur." Cf. Virg., Georg., i., 71, "Alternis idem tonsas cessare novales et segnem patiere situ durescere campum," with Martyn's note. Varro, de L. L., iv., 4, "Ager restibilis, qui restituitur ac reseritur quotquot annis; Contrà qui intermittitur, à novando novalis est ager." It means properly land recently cleared. "Ager novus cui nunc primum immissum est aratrum (virgin soil), cum antea aut sylva esset, aut terra nunquam proscissa et culta in segetem." Facc. Then it is used for any cultivated land. Virg., Ecl., i., 71. Stat., Theb., iii., 644, 5.

[986] Sævos. So Hor., ii., Sat. vii., 5, "Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit esca."

"Turn in by night thy cattle, starved and lean, Amid his growing crops of waving green; Nor lead them forth till all the field be bare, As if a thousand sickles had been there." Badham.

[987] Quid nocet hoc? Cf. i., 48, "Quid enim salvis infamia nummis!" Hor., i., Sat. i., 63, "Ut quidam memoratur Athenis, Sordidus ac dives populi contemnere voces sic solitus: Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ."

[988] Vicinia. Hor., ii., Sat. v., 106, "Egregiè factum laudet vicinia."

[989] Morbis. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. i., 80, "At si condoluit tentatum frigore corpus, aut alius casus lecto te affixit; habes qui assideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget ut te suscitet ac reddat natis carisque propinquis."

"What! canst thou thus bid mortal sickness cease? Thus from life's lightest cares compel release? Though twenty plowshares turn thy vast domain, Shalt thou live longer unchastised by pain?" Badham.

[990] Jugera bina. Liv., vi., 16, "Satricum coloniam deduci jussit; bina jugera et semisses agri assignati." c., 36, "Auderentne postulare, ut quum bina jugera agri plebi dividerentur, ipsis plus quingenta jugera habere liceret?" The colonists sent to occupy the conquered country received, as their allotment of the land taken from the enemy, two acres apiece. The jugerum was nearly five eighths of an English acre, i. e., 2 roods, 19 perches, and a fraction. The semissis is the same as the actus quadratus. Cf. Varro, R. R., i., 10. Plin., H. N., xviii., 2.

[991] Vernula. Cf. x., 117, "Quem sequitur custos angustæ vernula capsæ." The verna (οἰκοτραφὴς) was so called, "qui in villis vere natus, quod tempus duce natura feturæ est." Fest. Others say that it became a term of reproach from having been first given to those who were born in the Ver Sacrum. Cf. Fest, s. v. Mamertini. Strabo, v., p. 404. Liv., xxxiv., 44. Just., xxiv., 4. These home-born slaves, though more despised from having been born in a state of servitude, were treated with great fondness and indulgence. Sen., Prov., i., f., "Cogita filiorum nos modestia delèctari, vernularum licentia: illos tristiori disciplinâ contineri; horum ali audaciam."

[992] Domini. Cf. Plaut., Capt. Pr., 18, "Licet non hæredes sint, domini sunt."

[993] Grassatur. iii., 305, "Interdum et ferro subitus grassator agit rem."

[994] Cito vult fieri. Cf. Menand., οὐδεὶς ἐπλούτησε ταχέως δίκαιος ὤν. Prov., xxviii., 20, "He that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent."

"What law restrains, what scruples shall prevent The desperate man on swift

possessions bent?" Badham.

[995] Numina ruris. Cf. Virg., Georg., i., 7, "Liber et alma Ceres vestro si munere tellus Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit aristâ." So Fast., i., 671, "Placentur matres frugum Tellusque Ceresque Farre suo gravidæ, visceribusque suis. Consortes operum, per quas correcta vetustas, Quernaque glans victa est utiliore cibo." iv., 399, "Postmodo glans nata est bene erat jam glande reperta, duraque magnificas quercus habebat opes. Prima Ceres homini ad meliora alimenta vocato mutavit glandes utiliore cibo." So Sat., vi., 10, "Et sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito." Sulp., 16, "Non aliter primo quàm cum surreximus ævo, Glandibus et puræ rursus procumbere lymphæ."

[996] Perone. Virg., Æn., vii., 690, "Crudus tegit altera pero." The pero was a rustic boot, reaching to the middle of the leg, made of untanned leather. Cf. Pers., v., 102, "Navem si poscat sibi peronatus arator Luciferi rudis."

"No guilty wish the simple plowman knows, High-booted tramping through his country snows; Clad in his shaggy cloak against the wind, Rough his attire and undebauch'd his mind: The foreign purple, better still unknown, Makes all the sins of all the world our own." Hodgson.

[997] Media de nocte. Cf. Arist., Nub., 8, seq.

[998] Rubras. Cf. Pers., v., 90, "Excepto si quid Masuri rubrica vetavit." Ov., Trist., I., i., 7, "Nec titulus minio nec cedro charta notetur." Mart., iii., Ep. ii., "Et te purpura delicata velet, et cocco rubeat superbus index." In ordinary books, the titles and headings of the chapters were written in red letters. But in law-books the text was in red letter, and the commentaries and glosses in black.

[999] Pilosas. ii., 11, "Hispida membra quidem et duræ per brachia setæ promittunt atrocem animum." Combs were usually made of box-wood. Ov., Fast., vi., 229, "Non mihi detonsos crines depectere buxo." Mart., xiv., Ep. xxv., 2, "Quid faciet nullos hic inventura capillos, multifido buxus quæ tibi dente datur."

[1000] Attegias, a word of Arabic origin. The Magalia of Virgil, Æn., i., 425; iv., 259, and Mapalia of Silius Italicus, ii., 437, seq., xvii., 88. Virg., Georg., iii., 340. Low round hovels, sometimes on wheels like the huts of the Scythian nomadæ, called from their shape "Cohortes rotundæ," "hen-coops." Cat. ap. Fest. They are described by Sallust (Bell. Jug., 20) as "Ædificia Numidarum agrestium, oblonga, incurvis lateribus tecta, quasi navium carinæ;" and by Hieron. as "furnorum similes." Probably when fixed they were called Magalia; whence the name of the ancient part of Carthage, from the Punic "Mager." When locomotive, Mapalia. Livy says that when Masinissa fled before Syphax to Mount Balbus, "familiæ aliquot cum mapalibus pecoribusque suis persecuti sunt regem."

[1001] The Brigantes were the most ancient and most powerful of the British nations, extending from sea to sea over the counties of York, Durham, Lancaster, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. Tac., Agric., 17. The famous Cartismandua was their queen, with whom Caractacus took refuge. Tac., Ann., xii., 32, 6. Hist., iii., 45. Hadrian was in Britain, A.D. 121, when his Foss was constructed.

[1002] Lucri bonus est odor. Alluding to Vespasian's answer to Titus. Vid. Suet., Vesp., 23, "Reprehendenti filio Tito, quod etiam urinæ vectigal commentus esset, pecuniam ex primâ pensione admovit ad nares, sciscitans, num odore offenderetur; et illo negante, atqui, inquit ex lotio est." Martial alludes to the fact of offensive trades being banished to the other side of the Tiber. VI., xciii., 4, "Non detracta cani Transtiberina cutis." I., Ep. xlii., 3; cix., 2.

[1003] Poetæ. Ennius is said to have taken this sentiment from the Bellerophon of Euripides. Horace has also imitated it; i., Ep. i., 65, "Rem facias; rem si possis rectè, si non quôcumque modo rem." Cf. Seneca, Epist. 115, "Non quare et unde; quid habeas tantum rogant." (No sentiment of the kind is to be found in the fragments of either.)

"No! though compell'd beyond the Tiber's flood To move your tan-yard, swear the

smell is good, Myrrh, cassia, frankincense; and wisely think That what is lucrative can never stink." Hodgson.

[1004] Peleus. Thetis was given in marriage to Peleus, because it had been foretold that she should give birth to a son who should be greater than his father; and therefore Jupiter was obliged to forego his passion for her. Vid. Æsch., Prom. Vinct., 886, seq. Pind., Isthm., viii., 67. Nonnus, Dionys., xxxiii., 356.

[1005] Parcendum teneris. Parodied from Virg., Georg., ii., 363, "Ac dum prima novis adolescit frondibus ætas, parcendum teneris."

[1006] Tangens. In swearing, the Romans laid their hands on the altars consecrated to the gods to whose deity they appealed. Vid. Virg., Æn., pass. Hor., ii., Ep. i., 16. Cf. Sat. xiii., 89, "Atque ideo intrepide quæcunque altaria tangunt." Sil, iii., 82, "Tangat Elissæas palmas puerilibus aras." Liv., xxi., 1, "Annibalem annorum ferme novem, altaribus admotum tactis sacris jurejurando adactum, se quum primum posset, hostem fore populo Romano."

[1007] Mortiferâ. Cf. Pers., ii., 13, "Acri bile tumet. Nerio jam tertia conditur uxor."

"If Fate should help him to a dowried wife, Her doom is fix'd, and brief her span of life: Sound in her sleep, while murderous fingers grasp Her slender throat, hark to the victim's gasp!" Badham.

[1008] Brevior via. So Tacitus (Ann., iii., 66), speaking of Brutidius (cf. Sat. x., 83), says, "Festinatio exstimulabat, dum æquales, dein superiores, postremò suasmet ipse spes anteire parat: quod multos etiam bonos pessum dedit qui, spretis quæ tarda cum securitate, præmatura vel cum exitio properarent."

[1009] The line "Et qui per fraudes patrimonia conduplicare" is now generally allowed to be an interpolation.

[1010] Effundit habenas. So Virg., Georg., i., 512, "Ut cum carceribus sese effudere quadrigæ addunt in spatia, et frustra retinacula tendens Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas." Æn., v., 818; xii., 499. Ov., Am., III., iv., 15. Cf. Shaksp.,

King Henry V., Act iii., sc. 3, "What rein can hold licentious wickedness, when down the hill he holds his fierce career?"

"With base advice to poison youthful hearts, And teach them sordid, money-getting arts, Is to release the horses from the rein, And let them whirl the chariot o'er the plain: Forward they gallop from the lessening goal, Deaf to the voice of impotent control." Hodgson.

[1011] Donet amico. Hor., i., Sat. ii., 4, "Contra hic, ne prodigus esse Dicatur metuens, inopi dare nolit amico."

[1012] Levet. Cf. Isa., lviii., 6, "To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke." Gal., vi., 2.

[1013] Deciorum. Cf. ad viii., 254. Græcia vera. Cf. x., 174, "Quidquid Græcia mendax audet."

[1014] Menæceus. So called because he chose rather to "remain at home," and save his country from the Argive besiegers by self-sacrifice, than to escape, as his father urged, to Dodona. See the end of the Phœnissæ of Euripides, and the story of the pomegranates that grew on his grave, in Pausanias, ix., cap. xxv., 1. Cf. Cic., T. Qu., i., 48, and the end of the tenth book of Statius' Thebais.

[1015] Sulcis. Ov., Met., iii., 1-130. Virg., Georg., ii., 141, "Satis immanis dentibus hydri, nec galeis densisque virum seges horruit hastis."

[1016] Ignem. Pind., Pyth., iii., 66, πολλὰν τ' ὄρει πῦρ ἐξ ἑνὸς σπέρματος ἐνθορὸν ἀΐστωσεν ὕλαν.

[1017] Leo alumnus. There is said to be an allusion to a real incident which occurred under Domitian. Cf. Mart., Ep., de Spect., x., "Læserat ingrato leo perfidus ore magistrum ausus tam notas contemerare manus: sed dignas tanto persolvit crimine pœnas; et qui non tulerat verbera tela tulit." Æsch., Ag., 717, 34.

[1018] Mathematicis. Suet., Calig., 57; Otho, 4. Cf. Sat. iii., 43; vi., 553, 562.

Among these famous astrologers the names of Thrasyllus, Sulla, Theogenes, Scribonius, and Seleucus are preserved. The calculations necessary for casting these nativities are called "numeri Thrasylli," "Chaldaicæ rationes," "numeri Babylonii." Hor., i., Od. xi., 2. Cic., de Div., ii., 47. Ov., Ibis, 209, seq.

[1019] Grave. Cf. Strat., Ep. lxxii., 4, φεῦ μοίρης τε κακῆς καὶ πατρὸς ἀθανάτου.

[1020] Stamine. Cf. iii., 27, "Dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat." x., 251, "De legibus ipse queratur Fatorum et nimio de stamine."

[1021] Cervina. Cf. x., 247, "Exemplum vitæ fuit a cornice secundæ." The crow is said to live for nine generations of men. The old Scholiast says the stag lives for nine hundred years. Vid. Anthol. Gr., ii., 9, ἡ φάος ἀθρήσασ' ἐλάφου πλέον ἡ χερὶ λαιᾷ γῆρας ἀριθμεῖσθαι δεύτερον ἀρξαμένη. In the caldron prepared by Medea to renovate Æson, we find, "vivacisque jecur cervi quibus insuper addit ora caputque novem cornicis sæcula passæ." Auson., Idyll., xviii., 3, "Hos novies superat vivendo garrula cornix, et quater egreditur cornicis sæcula cervus."

[1022] Archigenem. vi., 236; xiii., 98.

[1023] Mithridates. vi., 660, "Sed tamen et ferro si prægustarit Atrides Pontica ter victi cautus medicamina regis." x., 273, "Regem transeo Ponti." Cf. Plin., xxiii., 24; xxv., 11. Mart., v., Ep. 76, "Profecit poto Mithridates sæpe veneno, Toxica ne possent sæva nocere sibi." This composition (Synthesis) is described by Serenus Sammonicus, the physician, and consists of ludicrously simple ingredients. xxx., 578. Cf. Plin., xxiii., 8.

[1024] Ærata. Cf. xi., 26, "Quantum ferratâ distet ab arcâ Sacculus."

[1025] Vigilem Castora. So called, Grangæus says, "quod ante Castoris templum erant militum excubiæ." The temple of Mars Ultor, with its columns of marble, was built by Augustus. Suet., Aug., 29. To which Ovid alludes, Fast., v., 549, "Fallor an arma sonant? non fallimur, arma sonabant: Mars venit, et veniens bellica signa dedit. Ultor ad ipse suos cœlo descendit honores, Templaque in Augusto conspicienda

foro."

[1026] Floræ. Cf. vi., 250. Ov., Fast., v., 183-330. The Floralia were first sanctioned by the government A.U.C. 514, in the consulship of Centho and Tuditanus, the year Livius began to exhibit. They were celebrated on the last day of April and the first and second of May. The lowest courtesans appeared on the stage and performed obscene dances. Cf. Lactant., i., 20. Pers., v., 178.

[1027] Cereris. The Ludi Circenses in honor of Ceres (vid. Tac., Ann., xv., 53, 74, Ruperti's note) consisted of horse-racing, and were celebrated the day before the ides of April. Ov., Fast., iv., 389, seq. They were instituted by C. Memmius when Curule Ædile, and were a patrician festival. Gell., ii., 24.

[1028] Cybeles. Cf. vi., 69; xi., 191.

[1029] Petauro. The exact nature of this feat of agility is not determined by the commentators. The word is derived from αὖρα and πέτομαι, and therefore seems to imply some machine for propelling persons through the air, which a line in Lucilius seems to confirm, "Sicuti mechanici cum alto exsiluere petauro." Fr. incert. xli. So Manilius, v., 434, "Corpora quæ valido saliunt excussa petauro, alternosque cient motus: elatus et ille nunc jacet atque hujus casu suspenditur ille, membraque per flammas orbesque emissa flagrantes." Mart., ii., Ep. 86, "Quid si per graciles vias petauri Invitum jubeas subire Ladam." XI., xxi., 3, "Quam rota transmisso toties intacta petauro." Holiday gives a drawing in which it resembles an oscillum or swing. Facciolati describes it as "genus ludi, quo homines per aërem rotarum pulsu jactantur."

[1030] Corycus was the northwestern headland of Crete, with an island of the same name lying off it. [There were two other towns of the same name, in Lydia and Cilicia, both infested with pirates; the latter gave its name to the famous Corycian cave. Pind., Pyth., i. Æsch., P. V., 350.]

[1031] Municipes. The Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται boasted, says Callimachus, that Crete

was not only the birthplace, but also the burial-place of Jove. Cf. iv., 33, "Jam princeps equitum magnâ qui voce solebat vendere municipes pacta mercede siluros." So Martial calls Cumæan pottery-ware, "testa municeps Sibyllæ," xiv., Ep. cxiv., and Tyrian cloaks, "Cadmi municipes lacernas." Cf. Aristoph., Ach., 333, where Dicæopolis producing his coal-basket says, ὁ λάρκος δημότης ὁδ' ἐστ' ἐμός. Crete was famous for this "passum," a kind of rich raisin wine, which it appears from Athenæus the Roman ladies were allowed to drink. Lib. x., p. 440, e. Grangæus calls it "Malvoisie."

[1032] Lagenas. Cf. vii., 121.

[1033] Calpe, now Gibraltar. It is said to have been Epicurus' notion, that the sun, when setting in the ocean, hissed like red-hot iron plunged in water. Cf. Stat. Sylv., II., vii., 27, "Felix hen nimis et beata tellus, quæ pronos Hyperionis meatus summis oceani vides in undis stridoremque rotæ cadentis audis."

[1034] Aluta. Cf. vii., 192, "Appositam nigræ lunam subtexit alutæ," where it is used for the shoe-leather, as Mart., xii., Ep. 25, and ii., 29. Ov., A. A., iii., 271. It is a leathern apron in Mart., vii., Ep. 25, and a leathern sail in Cæs., B. Gall., III., xiii. Here it is a leathern money-bag. It takes its name from the alumen used in the process of tanning.

[1035] Oceani monstra. So Tacitus, Ann., ii., 24, "Ut quis ex longinquo revenerat, miracula narrabant, vim turbinum et inauditas volucres, monstra maris, ambiguas hominum et belluarum formas; visa sive ex metu credita."

[1036] Eumenidum. Eurip., Orest., 254, seq. Æsch., Eumen. Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 132, seq.

[1037] Bove percusso. Soph., Aj. Cf. ad vii., 115; x., 84.

[1038] Curatoris. The Laws of the xii. tables directed that "Si furiosus essit, agnatorum gentiliumque in eo pecuniâque ejus potestas esto." Tab., v., 7. Cf. Hor., i., Ep. i., 102, "Nec medici credis nec curatoris egere à prætore dati." ii., Sat. iii.,

217, "Interdicto huic omne adimat jus prætor."

[1039] Tabulâ. Cf. xii., 57, "Dolato confisus ligno, digitis a morte remotus quatuor aut septem, si sit latissima tæda."

"Who loads his bark till it can scarcely swim, And leaves thin planks betwixt the waves and him! A little legend and a figure small Stamp'd on a scrap of gold, the cause of all!" Badham.

[1040] Cujus votis.

"Lo! where that wretched man half naked stands, To whom of rich Pactolus all the sands Were naught but yesterday! his nature fed On painted storms that earn compassion's bread." Badham.

[1041] Tagus. Cf. iii., 55, "Omnis arena Tagi quodque in mare volvitur aurum." Mart., i., Ep. l., 15; x., Ep. xcvi., "Auriferumque Tagum sitiam." Ov., Met., ii., 251, "Quodque suo Tagus amne vehit fluit ignibus aurum."

[1042] The Pactolus flows into the Hermus a little above Magnesia ad Sepylum. Its sands were said to have been changed into gold by Midas' bathing in its waters, hence called εὔχρυσος by Sophocles. Philoct., 391. It flows under the walls of Sardis, and is closely connected by the poets with the name and wealth of Crœsus. The real fact being, that the gold ore was washed down from Mount Tmolus; which Strabo says had ceased to be the case in his time: lib. xiii., c. 4. Cf. Virg., Æn., x., 141, "Ubi pinguia culta exercentque vivi Pactolusque irrigat auro." Senec., Phœn., 604, "Et quà trahens opulenta Pactolus vada inundat auro rura." Athen., v. It is still called Bagouli.

[1043] Picta tempestate. Cf. ad xii., 27.

"Poor shipwreck'd sailor! tell thy tale and show The sign-post daubing of thy watery woe." Hodgson.

[1044] Custodia.

"First got with guile, and then preserved with dread." Spenser.

[1045] Licinus. Cf. ad i., 109, "Ego possideo plus Pallante et Licinis."

[1046] Hamis. Hama, "a leathern bucket," from the ἅμη of Plutarch. Augustus instituted seven Cohortes Vigilum, who paraded the city at night under the command of their Præfectus, equipped with "hamæ" and "dolabræ" to prevent fires. Cf. Plin., x., Ep. 42, who, giving Trajan an account of a great fire at Nicomedia in his province, says, "Nullus in publico sipho, nulla hama, nullum denique instrumentum ad incendia compescenda." Tac., Ann., xv., 43, "Jam aqua privatorum licentia intercepta, quo largior, et pluribus locis in publicum flueret, custodes, et subsidia reprimendis ignibus in propatulo quisque haberet: nec communione parietum, sed propriis quæque muris ambirentur." (Ubi vid. Ruperti's note.) These custodes were called "Castellarii." Gruter. Cf. Sat. iii., 197, seq.

[1047] Phrygiaque columnâ. Cf. ad lin. 89.

[1048] Dolia nudi Cynici. Cf. ad xiii., 122. The story is told by Plutarch, Vit. Alex. Cf. Diog. Laert., VI., ii., 6. It is said that Diogenes died at Corinth, the same day Alexander died at Babylon. Cf. x., 171.

"The naked cynic mocks such anxious cares, His earthen tub no conflagration fears: If crack'd or broken, he procures a new; Or, coarsely soldering, makes the old one do." Gifford.

[1049] Nullum numen. Cf. x., 365.

"Where prudence dwells, there Fortune is unknown, By man a goddess made, by man alone." Badham.

[1050] Sitis atque fames. Hor., i., Sat. i., 73, "Nescis quo valeat nummus quem præbeat usum? Panis ematur, olus, vini Sextarius; adde Queis humana sibi doleat natura negatis."

[1051] Epicure. Cf. xiii., 122, "Non Epicurum suspicit exigui lætum plantaribus

horti."

"As much as made wise Epicurus blest, Who in small gardens spacious realms possess'd: This is what nature's wants may well suffice; He that would more is covetous, not wise." Dryden.

[1052] Summam. Cf. iii., 154, "De pulvino surgat equestri Cujus res legi non sufficit." Plin., xxxii., 2, "Tiberio imperante constitutem ne quis in equestri ordine censeretur, nisi cui ingenuo ipsi, patri, avoque paterno sestertia quadringenta census fuisset." Cf. i., 105; iii., 159, "Sic libitum vano qui nos distinxit Othoni."

[1053] Tertia Quadringenta. Suet., Aug., 41, "Senatorum Censum ampliavit, ac pro Octingentorum millium summâ, duodecies sestertio taxavit, supplevitque non habentibus."

[1054] Narcissi. Of his wealth Dio says (lx., p. 688), μέγιστον τῶν τότε ἀνθρώπων ἐδυνήθη μυριάδας τε γάρ πλείους μυρίων εἶχε. Narcissus and his other freedmen, Posides, Felix, Polybius, etc., exercised unlimited control over the idiotic Claudius, but Pallas and Narcissus were his chief favorites, "Quos decreto quoque senatus, non præmiis modo ingentibus, sed et quæstoriis prætoriisque ornamentis ornari libenter passus est:" and so much did they abuse his kindness, that when he was once complaining of the low state of his exchequer, it was said, "abundaturum si à duobus libertis in consortium reciperetur." Claudius would have certainly pardoned Messalina, had it not been for Narcissus. "Nec enim Claudius Messalinam interfecisset, nisi properâsset index, delator adulterii, et quodammodo imperator cædis Narcissus." See the whole account, Tac., Ann., xi., 26-38. Suet., Claud., 26, seq. On the accession of Nero, Narcissus was compelled by Agrippina to commit suicide. Cf. ad x., 330.

"No! nor his heaps, whom doting Claudius gave Power over all, and made himself a slave; From whom the dictates of command he drew, And, urged to slay his wife, obedient slew." Hodgson.

SATIRE XV.

Who knows not, O Volusius[1055] of Bithynia, the sort of monsters Egypt,[1056] in her infatuation, worships? One part venerates the crocodile:[1057] another trembles before an Ibis gorged with serpents. The image of a sacred monkey glitters in gold, where the magic chords sound from Memnon[1058] broken in half, and ancient Thebes lies buried in ruins, with her hundred gates. In one place they venerate sea-fish, in another river-fish; there, whole towns worship a dog;[1059] no one Diana. It is an impious act to violate or break with the teeth a leek or an onion.[1060] O holy nations! whose gods grow for them in their gardens![1061] Every table abstains from animals that have wool: it is a crime there to kill a kid. But human flesh is lawful food.

Were Ulysses[1062] to relate at supper such a deed as this to the amazed Alcinous, he would perhaps have excited the ridicule or anger of some, as a lying babbler.[1063] "Does no one hurl this fellow into the sea, that deserves indeed a savage Charybdis and a real one[1064] too, for inventing[1065] his huge Læstrygones[1066] and Cyclops. For I would far more readily believe in Scylla, or the Cyanean rocks that clash together,[1067] and the skins filled with stormy winds; or that Elpenor, struck with the light touch of Circe's wand, grunted in company with his messmates turned to hogs. Does he suppose the heads of the Phæacians so void[1068] of brains?"

So might any one with reason have argued, who was not yet drunk,[1069] and had taken but a scanty draught[1070] of the potent wine from the Corcyræan[1071] bowl; for the Ithacan[1072] told his adventures alone, with none to attest his veracity. We are about to relate events, wondrous indeed, but achieved only lately, while Junius[1073] was consul, above the walls of sultry Coptos.[1074] We shall recount the crime of a whole people, deeds more atrocious than any tragedy could furnish. For from the days of Pyrrha,[1075] though you turn over every tragic

theme,[1076] in none is a whole people[1077] made the perpetrators of the guilt. Here, then, an instance which even in our own days ruthless barbarism[1078] produced. There is an inveterate and long-standing grudge,[1079] a deathless hatred and a rankling wound that knows no cure, burning fiercely still between Ombos[1080] and Tentyra, two neighboring peoples. On both sides the principal rancor arises from the fact that each place hates its neighbor's gods,[1081] and believes those only ought to be held as deities which itself worships. But at a festive period of one of those peoples, the chiefs and leaders of their enemies determined that the opportunity must be seized, to prevent their enjoying their day of mirth and cheerfulness, and the delights of a grand dinner, when their tables were spread near the temples and cross-ways, and the couch that knows not sleep, since occasionally even the seventh day's sun finds it still there, spread without intermission of either night or day.[1082] Savage,[1083] in truth, is Egypt! But in luxury, so far as I myself remarked, even the barbarous mob does not fall short of the infamous Canopus.[1084]

Besides, victory is easily gained over men reeking[1085] with wine, stammering[1086] and reeling. On one side there was a crew of fellows dancing to a black piper; perfumes, such as they were; and flowers, and garlands in plenty round their brows. On the other side was ranged fasting hate. But, with minds inflamed, they begin first of all to give vent to railings[1087] in words.

This was the signal-blast[1088] of the fray. Then with shouts from both sides, the conflict begins; and in lieu of weapons,[1089] the unarmed hand rages.

Few cheeks were without a wound. Scarcely one, if any, had a whole nose out of the whole line of combatants. Now you might see, through all the hosts engaged, mutilated faces,[1090] features not to be recognized, bones showing ghastly beneath the lacerated cheek, fists dripping with blood from their enemies' eyes. But still the combatants themselves consider they are only in sport, and engaged in a

childish[1091] encounter, because they do not trample any corpses under foot. What, forsooth, is the object of so many thousands mixing in the fray, if no life is to be sacrificed? The attack, therefore, is more vigorous; and now with arms inclined along the ground they begin to hurl stones[1092] they have picked up—Sedition's[1093] own peculiar weapons.

Yet not such stones as Ajax[1094] or as Turnus[1095] hurled; nor of the weight of that with which Tydides[1096] hit Æneas' thigh; but such as right hands far different to theirs, and produced in our age, have power to project. For even in Homer's[1097] lifetime men were beginning to degenerate. Earth now gives birth to weak and puny mortals.[1098] Therefore every god that looks down on them sneers and hates them!

After this digression[1099] let us resume our story. When they had been re-enforced by subsidies, one of the parties is emboldened to draw the sword, and renew the battle with deadly-aiming[1100] arrows. Then they who inhabit Tentyra,[1101] bordering on the shady palms, press upon their foes, who all in rapid flight leave their backs exposed. Here one of them, in excess of terror urging his headlong course, falls[1102] and is caught. Forthwith the victorious crowd having cut him up into numberless bits and fragments, in order that one dead man might furnish a morsel for many, eat him completely up, having gnawed his very bones. They neither cooked him in a seething caldron, nor on a spit. So wearisome[1103] and tedious did they think it to wait for a fire, that they were even content with the carcass raw. Yet at this we should rejoice, that they profaned not the deity of fire which Prometheus[1104] stole from highest heaven and gave to earth. I congratulate[1105] the element! and you too, I ween, are glad.[1106] But he that could bear to chew a human corpse, never tasted a sweeter[1107] morsel than this flesh. For in a deed of such horrid atrocity, pause not to inquire or doubt whether it was the first maw alone that felt the horrid delight! Nay! he that came up last,[1108] when the whole body was now devoured, by drawing his fingers along the ground, got a taste of the blood!

The Vascones,[1109] as report says, protracted their lives by the use of such nutriment as this. But the case is very different. There we have the bitter hate of fortune! the last extremity of war, the very climax of despair, the awful destitution[1110] of a long-protracted siege. For the instance of such food of which we are now speaking, ought to call forth our pity.[1111] Since it was only after they had exhausted herbs of all kinds,[1112] and every animal to which the gnawings of an empty stomach drove them, and while their enemies themselves commiserated their pale and emaciated features and wasted limbs, they in their ravenous famine tore in pieces others' limbs, ready to devour even their own! What man, or what god even, would refuse his pardon to brave men[1113] suffering such fierce extremities? men, whom the very spirits of those whose bodies they fed on, could have forgiven! The precepts of Zeno teach us a better lesson. For he thinks that some things only, and not all, ought to be done to preserve life.[1114] But whence could a Cantabrian learn the Stoics' doctrines? especially in the days of old Metellus. Now the whole world has the Grecian and our Athens.

Eloquent Gaul[1115] has taught the Britons[1116] to become pleaders; and even Thule[1117] talks of hiring a rhetorician.

Yet that noble people whom we have mentioned, and their equal in courage and fidelity, their more than equal in calamity, Saguntum,[1118] has some excuse to plead for such a deed as this! Whereas Egypt is more barbarous even than the altar of Mæotis. Since that Tauric[1119] inventress of the impious rite (if you hold as worthy of credit all that poets sing) only sacrifices men; the victim has nothing further or worse to fear than the sacrificial knife. But what calamity was it drove these to crime? What extremity of hunger, or hostile arms that bristled round their ramparts, that forced these to dare a prodigy of guilt so execrable? What greater enormity[1120] than this could they commit, when the land of Memphis was parched with drought to provoke the wrath[1121] of Nile when unwilling to rise?

Neither the formidable Cimbri, nor Britons, nor fierce Sarmatians or savage Agathyrsi, ever raged with such frantic brutality, as did this weak and worthless rabble, that wont to spread their puny sails in pinnaces of earthenware,[1122] and ply the scanty paddles of their painted pottery-canoe. You could not invent a punishment adequate to the guilt, or a torture bad enough for a people in whose breasts "anger" and "hunger" are convertible terms.

Nature confesses that she has bestowed on the human race hearts of softest mould, in that she has given us tears.[1123] Of all our feeling this is the noblest part. She bids us therefore bewail the misfortunes of a friend in distress, and the squalid appearance of one accused, or an orphan[1124] summoning to justice the guardian who has defrauded him. Whose girl-like hair throws doubt[1125] upon the sex of those cheeks bedewed with tears!

It is at nature's dictate that we mourn when we meet the funeral of a virgin of marriageable years, or see an infant[1126] laid in the ground, too young for the funeral pyre. For what good man, who that is worthy of the mystic torch,[1127] such an one as Ceres' priest would have him be, ever deems the ills of others[1128] matter that concerns not himself?

This it is that distinguishes us from the brute herd. And therefore we alone, endued with that venerable distinction of reason[1129] and a capacity for divine things, with an aptitude for the practice as well as the reception of all arts and sciences, have received, transmitted to us from heaven's high citadel,[1130] a moral sense, which brutes prone[1131] and stooping toward earth, are lacking in. In the beginning of the world, the common Creator of all vouchsafed to them only the principle of vitality; to us he gave souls[1132] also, that an instinct of affection reciprocally shared, might urge us to seek for, and to give, assistance; to unite in one people, those before widely-scattered;[1133] to emerge from the ancient wood, and abandon the forests[1134] where our fathers dwelt; to build houses, to join another's dwelling to

our own homes, that the confidence mutually engendered by a neighbor's threshold might add security[1135] to our slumbers; to cover with our arms a fellow-citizen[1136] when fallen or staggering from a ghastly wound; to sound the battle-signal from a common clarion; to be defended by the same ramparts, and closed in by the key of a common portal.

But now the unanimity[1137] of serpents is greater than ours. The wild beast of similar genus spares his kindred[1138] spots. When did ever lion, though stronger, deprive his fellow-lion of life? In what wood did ever boar perish by the tusks of a boar[1139] larger than himself? The tigress of India[1140] maintains unbroken harmony with each tigress that ravens. Bears, savage to others, are yet at peace among themselves. But for man![1141] he is not content with forging on the ruthless anvil the death-dealing steel! While his progenitors, those primæval smiths, that wont to hammer out naught save rakes and hoes, and wearied out with mattocks and plowshares, knew not the art of manufacturing swords.[1142] Here we behold a people whose brutal passion is not glutted with simple murder, but deem[1143] their fellows' breasts and arms and faces a kind of natural food.

What then would Pythagoras[1144] exclaim; whither would he not flee, could he be witness in our days to such atrocities as these! He that abstained from all that was endued with life as from man himself; and did not even indulge his appetite with every kind of pulse.

FOOTNOTES:

[1055] Volusius is unknown. Some suppose him to be the same person as the Bithynicus to whom Plutarch wrote a treatise on Friendship.

[1056] Ægyptus. So Cicero, "Ægyptiorum morem quis ignorat? Quorum imbutæ mentes pravitatis erroribus, quamvis carnificinam prius subierint quam ibin aut aspidem aut felem aut canem aut crocodilum violent; quorum etiam imprudentes si quidquam fecerint, pœnam nullam recusent." Tusc. Qu., v., 27. Cf. Athen., vol. ii., p.

650, Dind.

[1057] Crocodilon. Vid. Herod., ii., 69.—Ibin. Cic., de Nat. Deor., i., 36.

[1058] Memnone. His statue stood in the temple of Serapis at Thebes. Plin., xxvi., 7. Strabo, xvii., c. 1, τὰ ἄνω μέρη τὰ ἀπο τῆς καθέδρας πέπτωκε σεισμοῦ γεννηθέντος. He says the ψόφος comes from "the lower part remaining on the base." Cf. 1. 56, "Vultus dimidios." Sat. viii., 4, "Et Curios jam dimidios." iii., 219, "Mediamque Minervam." Cf. Clinton, Fasti Romani, in A.D. 130.

[1059] Canem. Cf. Lucan, viii., 832, "Semideosque canes." The allusion is to the worship of Anubis, cf. vi., 533.

[1060] Porrum.

"And it is dangerous here to violate an onion, or to stain The sanctity of leeks with teeth profane." Gifford.

[1061] Hortis.

"Ye pious nations, in whose gardens rise A constant crop of earth-sprung deities!" Badham.

[1062] Ulyxes. Vid. Hom., Odyss., ix., 106, seq.; x., 80, seq.

[1063] Aretalogus. "Parasitus, et circulator philosophus." A discourser on virtue who frequented feasts; hence, one who tells pleasing tales, a romancer. The philosopher at last degenerated into the buffoon. Cicero uses "Ethologus" in nearly the same sense, cf. de Orat., ii., 59, cum not. Harles. Suet., Aug., 74, "Acroamata et histriones, aut etiam triviales ex Circo ludios, interponebat, ac frequentius aretalogos." Salmas., ad Flav. Vopisc., 42. Lucian, de Ver. Hist., i., 709, B. Shaksp., Othello, Act i., sc. 3.

[1064] Verâ. Cf. viii., 188, "Judice me dignus verâ cruce."

[1065] Fingentem, i. e., "that they fed on human victims."

[1066] Læstrygones. Their fabulous seat was Formiæ, now "Mola," whither they were led from Sicily by Lamus, their leader. Hor., iii., Od. xvii., 1; xvi., 34. Horn.,

Odyss., x., 81.

[1067] Concurrentia saxa. These rocks were at the northern entrance of the Thracian Bosphorus, now the Channel of Constantinople; and were fabled to have floated and crushed all vessels that passed the straits, till Minerva guided the ship Argo through in safety and fixed them forever. They were hence called συμπληγάδες, συνδρομάδες, πλαγκταὶ, and κυάνεαι, from the deep blue of the surrounding water. Homer places them near Sicily. Odyss., xii., 61; xxiii., 327. Pind., Pyth., iv., 370. Cf. Herod., iv., 85. Eur., Med., 2; Androm., 794. Theoc., Idyll., xiii., 22. Ov., Her., xii., 121. "Compressos utinam Symplegades elisissent," Trist., I., x., 34. They are now called "Pavorane."

[1068] Vacui. Cf. xiv., 57, "Vacuumque cerebro jampridem caput." Cf. Virg., Æn., i., 567, "Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni."

"But men to eat men human faith surpasses, This traveler takes us islanders for asses." Dryden.

[1069] Nondum ebrius.

"So might some sober hearer well have said, Ere Corcyræan stingo turned his head." Hodgson.

[1070] Temetum, an old word of doubtful etymology: from it is derived "temulentus" and "abstemius" (cf. Hor., ii., Ep. 163), and the phrase "Temeti timor" for a parasite.

[1071] Corcyræâ. The Phæacians were luxurious fellows, as Horace implies: "Pinguis ut inde domum possim Phæaxque reverti." i., Ep., xv., 24.

[1072] Ithacus. So x., 257; xiv., 287.

[1073] Junio. Salmasius supposes this Junius to be Q. Junius Rusticus, or Rusticius, consul with Hadrian, A.U.C. 872, A.D. 119. (Plin., Exerc., p. 320.) Others refer it to an Appius Junius Sabinus, consul with Domitian, A.U.C. 835, A.D. 82. But the

name of Domitian's colleague was Titus Flavius; and no person of the name of Junius appears in the lists of consuls till Rusticus. Some read Junco, or Vinco, to avoid the synizesis; but neither of these names occur. See Life.

[1074] Copti, now Kypt or Koft, about twelve miles from Tentyra, thirty from Thebes, and one hundred and twenty from Syene, where Juvenal was stationed. Ptolemy Philadelphus connected it by a road with Berenice.

[1075] Pyrrha. Cf. i., 84.

[1076] Syrmata. Properly the "long sweeping train of tragedy." Vid. Hor., A. P., 278, "Personæ pallæque repertor honestæ." Sat., viii., 229, "Longum tu pone Thyestæ Syrma vel Antigones vel personam Menalippes." So Milton, Il Pens., "Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy in sceptred pall come sweeping by." Cf. Mart., xii., Ep. xcv., 3, 4; iv., Ep. xlix., 8.

[1077] Populus. i. e., "Tragedy only relates the atrocious crimes of individuals: from the days of the Deluge, you can find no instance of wickedness extending to a whole nation."

[1078] Feritas. Aristotle enumerates as one of the characteristics of θηριότης, τὸ χαίρειν κρέασιν ἀνθρώπων.

[1079] Simultas is properly "the jealousy or rivalry of two persons candidates for the same office," from simulo, synom. with æmulari; or from simul. Vid. Doederlein, iii., 72.

[1080] Ombos, now "Koum-Ombou," lies on the right bank of the Nile, not far from Syene, and consequently a hundred miles at least from Tentyra. To avoid the difficulty, therefore, in the word "finitimos," Salmasius would read "Coptos," this place being only twelve miles distant; but all the best editions have Ombos. Tentyra, now "Denderah," lies on the left bank of the river, and is well known from the famous discoveries in its Temple by Napoleon's savans. The Tentyrites, as Strabo tells us (xvii., p. 460; cf. Plin., H. N., viii., 25), differed from the rest of their

countrymen in their hatred and persecution of the crocodile, πάντα τρόπον ἀνιχνεύουσι καὶ διαφθείρουσιν αὐτούς, being the only Egyptians who dared attack or face them; and hence when some crocodiles were conveyed to Rome for exhibition, some Tentyrite keepers accompanied them, and displayed some curious feats of courage and dexterity. Aphrodite was their patron deity. The men of Coptos, Ombos, and Arsinoë, on the other hand, paid the crocodile the highest reverence; considering it an honor to have their children devoured by them; and crucified kites out of spite to the Tentyrites, who adored them. These religious differences are said by Diodorus (ii., 4) to have been fostered by the policy of the ancient kings, to prevent the conspiracies which might have resulted from the cordial union and coalition of the various nomes.

[1081] Alterius populi, i. e., the Tentyrites. Cf. l. 73, seq.

[1082] Pervigili. Cf. viii., 158, "Sed quum pervigiles placet instaurare popinas."

"The board, where oft their wakeful revels last Till seven returning days and nights are past." Hodgson.

[1083] Horrida. So viii., 116, "Horrida vitanda est Hispania." ix., 12, "Horrida siccæ sylva comæ." vi., 10, "Et sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito."

"For savage as the country is, it vies In luxury, if I may trust my eyes, With dissolute Canopus." Gifford.

[1084] Canopus. Cf. i., 26. Said to have been built by Menelaus, and named after his pilot. It lies on the Bay of Aboukir, not far from Alexandria, and was notorious for its luxury and debauchery, carried on principally in the temple of Serapis. Cf. vi., 84, "Prodigia et mores Urbis damnante Canopo." Sen., Epist. 51. Propert., iii., El. xi., 39. These lines prove that Juvenal was, at some time of his life, in Egypt; but whether he traveled thither in early life to gratify his curiosity, or, as the common story goes, was banished there in his old age to appease the wrath of Paris, is doubtful. The latter story is inconsistent with chronology, history, and probability.

[1085] Madidis. So vi., 207, "Atque coronatum et petulans madidumque Tarentum." βεβρεγμένος, ὑπομεθύων. Hesych., Sil., xii., 18, "Molli luxu madefacta meroque Illecebris somni torpentia membra fluebant." Cf. Plaut., Truc., IV., iv., 2, "Si alia membra vino madeant." Most., I., iv., 7, "Ecquid tibi videor madere?" Tibull., II., i., 29, "Non festâ luce madere est rubor, errantes et male ferre pedes:" and II., ii., 8.

[1086] Blæsis. Cf. Mart., x., Ep. 65. So Virgil (Georg., ii., 94) speaks of the vine as "Tentatura pedes olim vincturaque linguam." Propert., II., xxxiv., 22. Sen., Epist., 83.

[1087] Jurgia. So v., 26, "Jurgia proludunt." iii., 288, "Miseræ cognosce proœmia rixæ." Tac., Hist., i., 64, "Jurgia primum: mox rixa inter Batavos et legionarios."

[1088] Tuba. Cf. i., 169, and Virg., Æn., xi., 424. The whole of the following passage may be compared with Virg., Æn., vii., 505-527.

[1089] Vice teli. Ov., Met., xii., 381, "Sævique vicem præstantia teli."

[1090] Vultus dimidios. viii., 4, "Curios jam dimidios, humeroque minorem Corvinum et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem."

"Then might you see, amid the desperate fray, Features disfigured, noses torn away; Hands, where the gore of mangled eyes yet reeks, And jaw-bones starting through the cloven cheeks." Gifford.

[1091] Pueriles. Virg., Æn., v., 584-602.

"But hitherto both parties think the fray But mockery of war, mere children's play! And scandal think it t' have none slain outright, Between two hosts that for religion fight." Dryden.

[1092] Saxa.

"Stones, the base rabble's home-artillery." Hodgson.

[1093] Seditioni. Henninius' correction for seditione. For "domestica" in this sense, cf. Sat. ix., 17. So Virg., Æn., i., 150, "Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma

ministrat." vii., 507, "Quod cuique repertum rimanti telum ira facit."

[1094] Ajax. Hom., Il., vii., 268, δεύτερος αὖτ' Αἴας πολὺ μείζονα λᾶαν ἀείρας ἦκ' ἐπιδινήσας ἐπέρεισε δὲ ἶν' ἀπέλεθρον.

[1095] Turnus. Virg., Æn., xii., 896, "Saxum circumspicit ingens: saxum antiquum ingens, campo quod forte jacebat Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis. Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent, Qualia nunc hominûm producit corpora tellus." Cf. Hom., Il., xxi., 405.

[1096] Tydides. Il., v., 802, ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ Τυδείδης μέγα ἔργον ὃ οὐ δύο γ' ἄνδρε φέροιεν οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσ' ὁ δέ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἷος.

[1097] Homero. Il., i., 271, κείνοισι δ' ἂν οὔτις τῶν οἳ νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν ἐπιχθόνιοι μαχέοιτο.

[1098] Malos homines. Cf. Herod., i., 68. Plin., vii., 16. Lucretius, ii., 1149, "Jamque adeo fracta est ætas, effœtaque tellus Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit sæcla." Sen., de Ben., I., c. x., "Hoc majores nostri questi sunt, hoc nos querimur, hoc posteri nostri querentur, eversos esse mores, regnare nequitiam, in deterius res humanas labi." Hor., iii., Od. vi., 46, "Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit nos nequiores, mox daturos Progeniem vitiosiorem."

[1099] Diverticulo. Properly "a cross-road," then "a place to which we turn aside from the high road; halting or refreshing place." Cf. Liv., ix., 17.

[1100] Infestis. So Virg., Æn., v., 582, "Convertêre vias, infestaque tela tulere." 691, "Vel tu quod superest infesto fulmine morti, Si mereor dimitte." x., 877, "Infestâ subit obvius hastâ." Liv., ii., 19, "Tarquinius Superbus quanquam jam ætate et viribus gravior, equum infestus admisit."

[1101] Tentyra. Cf. ad l. 35. Salmasius proposes to read here "Pampæ" (the name of a small town) for Palmæ on account of the difficulty stated above; and supposes this to be Juvenal's way of distinguishing Tentyra: but Pampa is a much smaller place than Tentyra; and no one would describe London, as Browne observes, as "London

near Chelsea." He imagines also that Juvenal is describing an affray that took place between the people of Cynopolis and Oxyrynchis about this time, mentioned by Plutarch (de Isid. et Osirid.), and that he has changed the names for the sake of the metre. Heinrich leaves the difficulty unsolved. Browne supposes two places of the name of Tentyra.

[1102] Labitur. Gifford compares Hesiod., Herc. Scut., 251, Δῆριν ἔχον περὶ πιπτόντων· πᾶσαι δ' ἄρ ἵεντο αἶμα μέλαν πιέειν· ὃν δὲ πρῶτον μεμάποιεν κείμενον ἢ πίπτοντα νεούτατον, ἀμφὶ μὲν αὐτῷ βάλλ' ὄνυχας μεγάλους.

[1103] Longum.

"'T had been lost time to dress him; keen desire Supplies the want of kettle, spit, and fire." Dryden.

[1104] Prometheus. Vid. Hesiod., Op. et Di., 49, seq. Theog., 564. Æsch., P. Vinct., 109. Hor., i., Od. iii., 27. Cic., Tusc. Qu., II., x., 23. Mart., xiv., Ep. 80.

[1105] Gratulor. So Ov., Met., x., 305, "Gentibus Ismariis et nostro gratulor orbi, gratulor huic terræ, quod abest regionibus illis, Quæ tantum genuere nefas."

[1106] Te exsultare. Juvenal's friend Volusius is supposed to have had a leaning toward the doctrine of the fire-worshipers. At least this is the puerile way in which most of the commentators endeavor to escape the difficulty.

[1107] Libentius.

"But he who tasted first the human food, Swore never flesh was so divinely good." Hodgson.

[1108] Ultimus.

"And the last comer, of his dues bereft, Sucks from the bloodstain'd soil some flavor left." Badham.

[1109] Vascones. Sil. Ital., x., 15. The Vascones lived in the northeast of Spain, near the Pyrenees, in parts of Navarre, Aragon, and old Castile. They and the Cantabri

were the most warlike people of Hispania Tarrocensis. Their southern boundary was the Iberus (Ebro). Their chief cities were Calagurris Nassica (now Calahorra in New Castile), on the right bank of the Iberus; and Pompelon (now Pampeluna), at the foot of the Pyrenees, said to have been founded by Cn. Pompeius Magnus, vid. Plin., III., iii., 4. It is doubtful which of these two cities held out in the manner alluded to in the text. Sertorius was assasinated B.C. 72, and the Vascones, whose faith was pledged to him, sooner than submit to Pompey and Metellus, suffered the most horrible extremities, even devouring their wives and children. Cf. Liv., Epit. xciii. Flor., III., xxxii. Val. Max., VII., vi. Plut. in v. Sert. The Vascones afterward crossed the Pyrenees into Aquitania, and their name is still preserved in the province of Gascogne.

[1110] Egestas.

"When frowning war against them stood array'd With the dire famine of a long blockade." Hodgson.

[1111] Miserabile. ii., 18, "Horum simplicitas miserabilis."

[1112] Post omnes herbas.

"For after every root and herb were gone, And every aliment to hunger known; When their lean frames and cheeks of sallow hue Struck e'en the foe with pity at the view; And all were ready their own flesh to tear, They first adventured on this horrid fare." Gifford.

[1113] Viribus. The abstract used for the concrete. Another reading is, Urbibus, referring to Calagurris and Saguntus. Valesius proposed to read "Ventribus," which Orellius receives.

[1114] Quædam pro vita. Cf. Arist., Eth., iii., 1, Ἔνια δ' ἴσως οὐκ ἔστιν ἀναγκασθῆναι ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον ἀποθνητέον, παθόντα τὰ δεινότατα. Plin., xxviii., 1, "Vitam quidem non adeo expetendam censemus ut quoquo modo protrahenda sit." Sen., Ep. 72, "Non omni pretio vita emenda est."

[1115] Gallia. Cf. ad i., 44. Suet., Cal., xx., "Caligula instituit in Gallia, Lugduni, certamen Græcæ Latinæque facundiæ." Quintil., x., 1. Sat., vii., 148, "Accipiat te Gallia, vel potius nutricula causidicorum Africa, si placuit mercedem ponere linguæ."

[1116] Britannos. Tac., Agric., xxi, "Ingenia Britannorum studiis Gallorum anteferre: ut qui modo linguam Romanam abnuebant, eloquentiam concupiscerent."

[1117] Thule. Used generally for the northernmost region of the earth. Its position shifted with the advance of their geographical knowledge; hence it is used for Sweden, Norway, Shetland, or Iceland. Virg., Georg., i., 30, "Tibi serviat ultima Thule."

[1118] Saguntus, now "Mur Viedro" in Valencia, is memorable for its obstinate resistance to Hannibal, during a siege of eight months (described Liv., xxi., 5-15). Their fidelity to Rome was as famous as that of the Vascones to Sertorius; but their fate was more disastrous; as Hannibal took Saguntus and razed it to the ground, after they had endured the most horrible extremities, whereas the siege of Calagurris was raised. Cf. ad v., 29.

[1119] Taurica. The Tauri, who lived in the peninsula called from them Taurica Chersonesus (now Crimea), on the Palus Mæotis, used to sacrifice shipwrecked strangers on the altar of Diana; of which barbarous custom Thoas their king is said to have been the inventor. Ov., Trist., IV., iv., 93; Ib., 386, "Thoanteæ Taurica sacra Deæ." Pont., I., ii., 80: III., ii., 59. Plin., H. N., IV., xii., 26. On this story is founded the Iphigenia in Tauris of Euripides, and from this was derived the custom of scourging boys at the altar of Artemis Orthias in Sparta.

[1120] Gravius cultro.

"There the pale victim only fears the knife, But thy fell zeal asks something more than life." Hodgson.

[1121] Invidiam facerent. Cf. Ov., Art. Am., i., 647, "Dicitur Ægyptos caruisse

juvantibus arva Imbribus, atque annos sicca fuisse novem. Cum Thracius Busirin adit, monstratque piari Hospitis effuso sanguine posse Jovem. Illi Busiris, Fies Jovis hostia primus, Inquit et Ægypto tu dabis hospes opem." It is to this story Juvenal probably alludes. But invidiam facere means also "to bring into odium and unpopularity" (cf. Ov., Met., iv., 547), and so Gifford understands it. "What more effectual means could these cannibals devise to incense the god and provoke him to withhold his fertilizing waters, thereby bringing him into unpopularity." Cf. Lucan, ii., 36, "Nullis defuit aris Invidiam factura parens," with the note of Cortius.

[1122] Fictilibus phaselis. Evidently taken from Virg., Georg., iv., 287, "Nam quâ Pellæi gens fortunata Canopi Accolit effuso stagnantem flumine Nilum Et circum pictis vehitur sua rura phaselis." The deficiency of timber in Egypt forced the inhabitants to adopt any expedient as a substitute. Strabo (lib. xvii.) mentions these vessels of pottery-ware, varnished over to make them water-tight. Phaselus is properly the long Egyptian kidney bean, from which the boats derived their name, from their long and narrow form. From their speed they were much used by pirates, and seem to have been of the same build as the Myoparones mentioned by Cicero in Verrem, ii., 3. Cf. Catull., iv., 1, "Phaselus ille quem videtis hospites Ait fuisse navium celerrimus." Mart., x., Ep. xxx., 12, "Viva sed quies Ponti Pictam phaselon adjuvante fert aurâ." Cf. Lucan, v., 518. Hor., iii., Od. ii., 29. Virg., Georg., i., 277. Arist., Pax, 1144.

"Or through the tranquil water's easy swell, Work the short paddles of their painted shell." Hodgson.

[1123] Lacrymas. So the Greek proverb, ἀγαθοὶ δ' ἀριδάκρυες ἄνδρες.

[1124] Pupillum. Cf. i., 45, "Quum populum gregibus comitum premit hic spoliator Pupilli prostantis," x., 222, "Quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Hirrus pupillos."

[1125] Incerta. Hor., ii., Od. v., "Quem si puellarum insereres choro Miré sagaces

falleret hospites Discrimen obscurum solutis Crinibus ambiguoque vultu."

"So soft his tresses, filled with trickling pearl, You'd doubt his sex, and take him for a girl." Dryden.

[1126] Minor igne rogi. Infants under forty days old were not burned, but buried; and the place was called "Suggrundarium." Vid. Facc. in voc. Cf. Plin., H. N., vii., 16.

[1127] Arcana. Hor., iii., Od. ii., 26, "Vetabo qui Cereris sacrum vulgârit arcanæ, sub îsdem sit trabibus fragilemve mecum solvat phaselon." Cf. Sat. vi., 50, "Paucæ adeo Cereris vittas contingere dignæ." None were admitted to initiation in the greater mysteries without a strict inquiry into their moral character; as none but the chastest matrons were allowed to be priestesses of Ceres. For the origin of the use of the torch in the sacred processions of Ceres, see Ovid, Fast., iv., 493, seq.

[1128] Aliena. From Ter., Heaut., I., i., 25, "Homo sum; humani nihil à me alienum puto." Cf. Cic., Off., i., 9.

[1129] Sortiti ingenium. Cf. Cic., Nat. Deor., ii., 56, "Sunt enim homines non ut incolæ atque habitatores, sed quasi spectatores superarum rerum atque cœlestium, quarum spectaculum ad nullum aliud genus animantium pertinet."

[1130] Cœlesti. Virg., Æn., vi., 730, "Igneus est ollis vigor et cœlestis origo." Hor., ii., Sat. ii., 79, "Divinæ particulam auræ."

[1131] Prona. Ov., Met., i., 84, "Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram, Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri jussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus." Sall., Bell. Cat., init., "Omnes homines qui sese student præstare cæteris animalibus quæ Natura prona et ventri obedientia finxit."

[1132] Animam. i., 83. Cf. ad vi., 531.

"To brutes our Maker, when the globe was new, Lent only life: to men, a spirit too. That mutual kindness in our hearts might burn, The good which others did us, to

return: That scattered thousands might together come, Leave their old woods, and seek a general home." Hodgson.

[1133] Dispersos. Cic., Tusc. Qu., v., 2, "Tu dissipatos homines in societatem vitæ convocâsti; tu eos inter se primo domiciliis, deinde conjugiis, tum literarum et vocum communione junxisti." Hor., i., Sat. iii., 104, "Dehinc absistere bello: oppida cœperunt munire et ponere leges." Ar. Poet., 391, "Sylvestres homines sacer interpresque deorum Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus."

[1134] Sylvas. Ov., Met., i., 121, "Tum primum subiere domos. Domus antra fuerunt, et densi frutices, et vinctæ cortice virgæ." Lucr., v., 953, "Sed nemora atque cavos montes sylvasque colebant, Et frutices inter condebant squalida membra."

[1135] Collata fiducia.

"Thus more securely through the night to rest, And add new courage to our neighbor's breast." Hodgson.

[1136] Civem. Hence the proud inscription on the civic crown, OB. CIVES. SERVATOS.

[1137] Concordia. Plin., H. N., vii., in., "Cætera animantia in suo genere probè degunt; congregari videmus, et stare contra dissimilia: Leonum feritas inter se non dimicat: serpentum morsus non petit serpentes; nec maris quidem belluæ nisi in diversa genera sæviunt. At Hercule, homini plurima ex homine sunt mala." Hor., Epod., vii., 11, "Neque hic lupis mos nec fuit leonibus, nunquam nisi in dispar feris." "Homo homini lupus." Prov. Rom.

[1138] Cognatis.

"His kindred spots the very pard will spare." Badham.

[1139] Dentibus apri.

"Nor from his larger tusks the forest boar Commission takes his brother swine to gore." Dryd.

[1140] Indica tigris. Plin., H. N., vin., 18, "Tigris Indica fera velocitatis tremendæ est, quæ vacuum reperiens cubile fertur præceps odore vestigans," et seq.

"In league of Friendship tigers roam the plain, And bears with bears perpetual peace maintain." Gifford.

[1141] Ast homini.

"But man, fell man, is not content to make The deadly sword for murder's impious sake, Though ancient smiths knew only to produce Spades, rakes, and mattocks for the rustic's use; And guiltless anvils in those ancient times Were not subservient to the soldier's crimes." Hodgson.

[1142] Gladios. Virg., Georg., ii., 538.

"Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat. Necdum etiam audierant inflari classica, necdum Impositos duris crepitare incudibus enses."

[1143]

"Ev'n this is trifling. We have seen a rage Too fierce for murder only to assuage; Seen a whole state their victim piecemeal tear, And count each quivering limb delicious fare!" Gifford.

[1144] Pythagoras. iii., 228, "Culti villicus horti unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis." Holding the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, Pythagoras was averse to shedding the blood of any animal. Various reasons are assigned for his abstaining from beans; from their shape—from their turning to blood if exposed to moonshine, etc. Diog. Laert. says (lib. viii. cap. i.), τῶν δὲ κυάμων ἀπηγόρευεν ἔχεσθαι διὰ τὸ πνευματώδεις ὄντας μᾶλλον μετέχειν τοῦ ψυχικοῦ—καὶ τὰς καθύπνους φαντασίας λείας καὶ ἀταράχους ἀποτελεῖν. In which view Cicero seems to concur: De Div., ii., 119, "Pythagoras et Plato, quo in somnis certiora videamus, præparatos quodam cultu atque victu proficisci ad dormiendum jubent: Faba quidem Pythagorei utique abstinuere, quasi vero eo cibo mens non venter infletur." Cf. Ov., Met., xv., 60, seq. See Browne's Vulgar Errors, book i., chap. iv. (Bohn's Antiquarian Library): "When

(Pythagoras) enjoined his disciples an abstinence from beans, ... he had no other intention than to dissuade men from magistracy, or undertaking the public offices of the state; for by beans was the magistrate elected in some parts of Greece; and after his days, we read in Thucydides of the Council of the Bean in Athens. It hath been thought by some an injunction only of continency."

SATIRE XVI.

Who could possibly enumerate, Gallus,[1145] all the advantages that attend military service when fortunate? For if I could but enter the camp with lucky omen, then may its gate welcome me, a timid and raw recruit, under the influence of some auspicious planet. For one hour of benignant Fate is of more avail than even if Venus'[1146] self should give me a letter of recommendation to Mars, or his mother Juno, that delights in Samos' sandy shore.[1147]

Let us treat, in the first place, of advantages in which all share; of which not the least important is this, that no civilian[1148] must dare to strike you. Nay, even though he be himself the party beaten,[1149] he must dissemble his wrath, and not dare to show the prætor[1150] the teeth he has had knocked out, and the black bruises on his face with its livid swellings, and all that is left of his eye, which the physician can give him no hopes of saving. If he wish to get redress for this, a Bardiac[1151] judge is assigned him—the soldier's boot, and stalwart calves that throng the capacious benches of the camp, the old martial law and the precedent of Camillus[1152] being strictly observed, "that no soldier shall be sued outside the trenches, or at a distance from the standards."

Of course, where a soldier is concerned, the decision of the centurion will needs be most equitable;[1153] nor shall I lack my just revenge, provided only the ground of the complaint I lay be just and fair.

Yet the whole cohort is your sworn enemy; and all the maniples, with wonderful unanimity, obstruct the course of justice. Full well will they take care that the

redress you get shall be more grievous than the injury itself. It will be an act, therefore, worthy of even the long-tongued Vagellius' mulish heart,[1154] while you have still a pair of legs to provoke the ire of so many buskins, so many thousand hob-nails![1155]

For who can go so far from Rome? Besides, who will be such a Pylades[1156] as to venture beyond the rampart of the camp? So let us dry up our tears forthwith, and not trouble our friends, who will be sure to excuse themselves. When the judge calls on you, "Produce your witness,"[1157] let the man, whoever he may be, that saw the cuffs, have the courage to stand forth and say, "I saw[1158] the act," and I will hold him worthy of the beard,[1159] and worthy of the long hair of our ancestors. You could with greater ease suborn a false witness against a civilian,[1160] than one who would speak the truth against the fortune and the dignity of the man-at-arms.

Now let us observe other prizes and other solid advantages of the military life. If some rascally neighbor has defrauded me of a portion of the valley of my paternal fields, or encroached on my land, and removed the consecrated stone from the boundary that separates our estates, that stone which my pulse has yearly[1161] honored with the meal-cake derived from ancient days, or if my debtor persists in refusing repayment of the sum I lent him, asserting that the deed is invalid and the signature a forgery: I shall have to wait a whole year occupied with the causes of the whole nation, before my case comes on. But even then I must put up with a thousand tedious delays, a thousand difficulties. So many times the benches only are prepared; then, when the eloquent Cæditius[1162] is laying aside his cloak, and Fuscus must retire for a little, though all prepared, we must break up; and battle in the tediously-protracted arena of the court. But in the case of those who wear armor, and buckle on the belt, whatever time suits them is fixed for the hearing of their cause, nor is their fortune frittered away by the slow drag-chain[1163] of the law.

Besides, it is only to soldiers that the privilege is granted, of making their wills

while their fathers are still alive.[1164] For it has been determined that all that has been earned by the hard toil of military service should not be incorporated with that sum of which the father holds the entire disposal. And so it is, that while Coranus follows the standards and earns his daily pay, his father, though tottering on the edge of the grave, pays court to his son that he may make him his heir.

His duties regularly discharged procure the soldier advancement; and yield to every honest exertion[1165] its justly merited guerdon.[1166] For doubtless it appears to be the interest of the general himself, that he that proves himself brave should also be most distinguished for good fortune, that all may glory in their trappings,[1167] all in their golden chains.

FOOTNOTES:

[1145] Gallus. Of this friend of Juvenal, as of Volusius in the last Satire, nothing is known. He is perhaps the same person whose name occurs so frequently in Martial.

[1146] Veneris. For her influence over Mars, vid. Lucret., i., 32.

[1147] Samia arenâ. Cf. Virg., Æn., i., 15, "Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam Posthabitâ coluisse Samo." Herod., ii., 148; iii., 60. Paus., VII., iv., 4. Athen., xiv., 655; xv., 672. The famous temple of Juno was said to have been built by the Leleges, the first inhabitants of the island: her statue, which was of wood, was the workmanship of Smilis, a contemporary of Dædalus. Juno is said to have here given birth to Mars, alone. Ov., Fast., v., 229. Samos was the native country of the peacock, hence sacred to Juno. Cf. vii., 32.

[1148] Togatus. The toga, the robe of peace, as the Sagum is that of war. (So 33, "paganum.") Cf. Juv., viii., 240; x., 8, "Nocitura toga nocitura petuntur Militia." So "Cedant arma togæ."

[1149] Pulsetur. Cf. iii., 300.

[1150] Prætori.

"Tremble before the Prætor's seat to show His livid features, swoll'n with many a blow: His eyes closed up, no sight remaining there, Left by the honest doctor in despair." Hodgson.

[1151] Bardiacus. On the sense of this passage all the commentators are agreed, though they arrive at it by different routes—"Your judge will be some coarse, brutal, uncivilized soldier; who cares nothing for the feelings of the toga'd citizen, or for the principles of justice." Marius is said to have had a body-guard of slaves, who flocked to him, chiefly Illyrian; whom he called his "Bardiæi." Pliny calls them "Vardæi," and Strabo ἀρδιαῖοι. (Cf. Plut., in vit. Mar. Plin., iii., 32. Strabo, vii., 5.) Bardiacus (or Bardaicus) may therefore be taken absolutely, or with judex, or with calceus. If taken alone, then cucullus is said to be understood, as Mart., xiv., 128, "Gallia Santonico vestit te Bardocucullo." i., Ep. liv., 5; xiv., 139; IV., iv., 5. This "cowl" was made of goats' hair. If taken with calceus, it would imply some such kind of shoe as the "Udo" in Ep. xiv., 140.

[1152] Camillo. This law was passed by Camillus, while dictator, during the siege of Veii; to prevent his soldiers absenting themselves from the camp, on the plea of civil business. It led, of course, in time to the grossest abuses.

[1153] Justissima.

"Oh! righteous court, where generals preside, And regimental rogues are justly tried!" Hodgson.

[1154] Mulino. Perhaps Stapylton's is the best translation of this epithet of the declaimer in a hopeless cause. He calls him "a desperate ass." Others read "Mutinensi."

[1155] Caligas. iii., 247, "Plantâ mox undique magnâ calcor, et in digito clavus mihi militis hæret" (and 322, "Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros"). This was one of the tender recollections Umbritius had when leaving Rome. The caliga, being a thick sole with no upper leather, bound to the foot with thongs, and studded

underneath with iron nails, would be a fearful thing to encounter on one's shins or toes. (Justin says, "Antiochus' soldiers were shod with gold; treading that under foot for which men fight with iron.")

[1156] Pylades.

"And where's the Pylades, the faithful friend, That shall thy journey to the camp attend? Be wise in time! See those tremendous shoes! Nor ask a service which e'en fools refuse." Badham.

[1157] Da testem. Cf. iii., 137.

[1158] Vidi. Cf. vii., 13, "Quam si dicas sub judice Vidi, quod non vidisti."

[1159] Barba. Cf. ad iv., 103. Barbers were introduced from Sicily to Rome by P. Ticinius Mæna, A.U.C. 454. Scipio Africanus is said to have been the first Roman who shaved daily. Cf. Plin., vii., 95. Hor., i., Od. xii., 41, "Incomptis Curium capillis." ii., Od. xv., 11, "Intonsi Catonis," Tib., II., i., 84, "Intonsis avis."

[1160] Paganum. Cf. ad I., 8. It appears that under the emperors husbandmen were exempt from military service, in order that the land might not fall out of cultivation. The "paganus," therefore, is opposed to the "armatus" here, and by Pliny, Epist. x., 18, "Et milites et pagani." Epist. vii., 25, "Ut in castris, sic etiam in literis nostris (sunt), plures culto pagano quos cinctos et armatos, diligentius scrutatus invenies." Pagus is derived from the Doric παγά, because villages were originally formed round springs of water. Cf. Hooker's Eccl. Pol., lib. v., c. 80.

"With much more ease false witnesses you'll find To swear away the life of some poor hind, Than get the true ones all they know to own Against a soldier's fortune and renown." Hodgson.

[1161] Puls annua. Cf. Dionys. Hal., ii., 9, θεούς τε γάρ ἡγοῦνται τοὺς τέρμονας, καὶ θύουσιν αὐτοῖς ἔτι τῶν μὲν ἐμψύχων οὐδὲν· οὐ γάρ ὅσιον αἱμάττειν τοὺς λίθους· πελάνους δὲ Δήμητρος, καὶ ἄλλας τινὰς καρπῶν ἀπαρχάς. "For they hold the boundary stones to be gods; and sacrifice to them nothing that has life, because it

would be impious to stain the stones with blood; but they offer wheaten cakes, and other first-fruits of their crops." The divisions of land were maintained by investing the stones which served as landmarks with a religious character: the removal of these, therefore, added the crime of sacrilege to that of dishonesty, and brought down on the heathen the curse invoked in the purer system of theology, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark." Deut., xxvii., 17. To these rude stones, afterward sculptured (like the Hermæ) into the form of the god Terminus above, the rustics went in solemn procession annually, and offered the produce of the soil; flowers and fruits, and the never-failing wine, and "mola salsa." Numa is said by Plutarch to have introduced the custom into Italy, and one of his anathemas is still preserved: "Qui terminum exarasit, ipsus et boves sacrei sunto." Cf. Blunt's Vestiges, p. 204. Hom., Il., xxi., 405. Virg., Æn., xii., 896.

[1162] Cæditio. xiii., 197, "Pœna sævior illis quas et Cæditius gravis invenit et Rhadamanthus." But it is very doubtful whether the same person is intended here, as also whether Fuscus is the same whose wife's drinking propensities are hinted at, xii., 45, "dignum sitiente Pholo, vel conjuge Fusci." (Pliny has an Epistle to Corn. Fuscus, vii., 9.) He is probably the Aurelius Fuscus to whom Martial wrote, vii., Ep. 28.

[1163] Sufflamine.

"Nor are their wealth and patience worn away By the slow drag-chain of the law's delay." Gifford.

[1164] Testandi vivo patre. Under ordinary circumstances the power of a father over his son was absolute, extending even to life and death, and terminating only at the decease of one of the parties. Hence "peculium" is put for the sum of money that a father allows a son, or a master a slave, to have at his own disposal. But even this permission was revocable. A soldier, who was sui juris, was allowed to name an heir in the presence of three or four witnesses, and if he fell, this "nuda voluntas

testatoris" was valid. This privilege was extended by Julius Cæsar to those who were "in potestate patris." "Liberam testandi factionem concessit, D. Julius Cæsar: sed ea concessio temporalis erat: postea vero D. Titus dedit: post hoc Domitianus: postea Divis Nerva plenissimam indulgentiam in milites contulit: eamque et Trajanus secutus est." "Julius Cæsar granted them the free power of making a will; but this was only a temporary privilege. It was renewed by Titus and Domitian. Nerva afterward bestowed on them full powers, which were continued to them by Trajan." Vid. Ulpian, 23, § 10. The old Schol., however, says this privilege was confined to the "peculium Castrense;" but he is probably mistaken.

[1165] Labor. Ruperti suggests "favor," to avoid the harshness of the phrase "labor reddit sua dona labori." Browne reads reddi.

[1166] Dona. Cf. Sil., xv., 254, "Tum merita æquantur donis et præmia Virtus sanguine parta capit: Phaleris hic pectora fulget: Hic torque aurato circumdat bellica colla."

[1167] Phaleris. Cf. ad xi., 103, "Ut phaleris gauderet equus." Siccius Dentatus is said to have had 25 phaleræ, 83 torques, 18 hastæ puræ, 160 bracelets, 14 civic, 8 golden, 3 mural, and 1 obsidional crown. Plin., VII., xxviii., 9; xxxiii., 2.

Here the Satire terminates abruptly. The conclusion is too tame to be such as Juvenal would have left it, even were the whole subject thoroughly worked up. It is probably an unfinished draught. The commentators are nearly equally balanced as to its being the work of Juvenal or not; but one or two of the touches are too masterly to be by any other hand.

PERSIUS.

PROLOGUE.

I have neither steeped[1168] my lips in the fountain of the Horse;[1169] nor do I

remember to have dreamt on the double-peaked[1170] Parnassus, that so I might on a sudden come forth a poet. The nymphs of Helicon, and pale Pirene,[1171] I resign to those around whose statues[1172] the clinging ivy twines.[1173] I myself, half a clown,[1174] bring[1175] my verses as a contribution to the inspired effusions of the poets.

Who made[1176] the parrot[1177] so ready with his salutation, and taught magpies to emulate our words?—That which is the master of all art,[1178] the bounteous giver of genius—the belly: that artist that trains them to copy sounds that nature has denied[1179] them. But if the hope of deceitful money shall have shone forth, you may believe that ravens turned poets, and magpies poetesses, give vent to strains of Pegaseian nectar.[1180]

FOOTNOTES:

[1168] Prolui. Proluere, "to dip the lips," properly applied to cattle. So "procumbere," Sulp., 17. Cf. Stat. Sylv., V., iii., 121, "Risere sorores Aonides, pueroque chelyn submisit et ora imbuit amne sacro jam tum tibi blandus Apollo."

[1169] Fonte Caballino. Caballus is a term of contempt for a horse, implying "a gelding, drudge, or beast of burden," nearly equivalent to Cantherius. Cf. Lucil., ii., fr. xi. (x.), "Succussatoris tetri tardique Caballi." Hor., i., Sat. vi., 59, "Me Satureiano vectari rura caballo." Sen., Ep., 87, "Catonem uno caballo esse contentum." So Juv., x., 60, "Immeritis franguntur crura caballis." Juvenal also applies the term to Pegasus: "Ad quam Gorgonei delapsa est pinna caballi," iii., 118. Pegasus sprang from the blood of Medusa when beheaded by Perseus. Ov., Met, iv., 785, "Eripuisse caput collo: pennisque fugacem Pegason et fratrem matris de sanguine natos." The fountain Hippocrene, ἱπποκρήνη, sprang up from the stroke of his hoof when he lighted on Mount Helicon. Ov., Fast., iii., 456, "Cum levis Aonias ungula fodit aquas." Hes., Theog., 2-6. Hesych., v. ἱπποκρήνη. Paus., Bœot., 31. Near it was the fountain of Aganippe, and these two springs supplied the rivers

Olmius and Permissus, the favorite haunts of the Muses. Hesiod, u. s. Hence those who drank of these were fabled to become poets forthwith. Mosch., Id., iii., 77, ἀμφότεροι παγαῖς πεφιλαμένοι· ὃς μεν ἔπινε Παγασίδος κράνας ὁ δὲ πῶμ' ἔχε τᾶς Ἀρεθοίσας.

[1170] Bicipiti. Parnassus is connected toward the southeast with Helicon and the Bœotian ridges. It is the highest mountain in Central Greece, and is covered with snow during the greater portion of the year. The Castalian spring is fed by these perpetual snows, and pours down the chasm between the two summits. These are two lofty rocks rising perpendicularly from Delphi, and obtained for the mountain the epithet δικόρυφον. Eur., Phœn., 234. They were anciently known by the names of Hyampeia and Naupleia, Herod., viii., 39, but sometimes the name Phædriades was applied to them in common. The name of Tithorea was also applied to one of them, as well as to the town of Neon in its neighborhood. Herod., viii., 32. These heights were sacred to Bacchus and the Muses, and those who slept in their neighborhood were supposed to receive inspiration from them. Cf. Propert., III., ii., 1, "Visus eram molli recubans Heliconis in umbrâ, Bellerophontei quà fluit humor equi; Reges, Alba, tuos et regum facta tuorum tantum operis nervis hiscere posse meis." Cf. Virg., Æn., vii., 86. Ov., Heroid., xv., 156, seq.

[1171] Pirenen. The fountain of Pirene was in the middle of the forum of Corinth. Ov., Met., ii., 240, "Ephyre Pirenidas undas." It took its name from the nymph so called, who dissolved into tears at the death of her daughter Cenchrea, accidentally killed by Diana. The water was said to have the property of tempering the Corinthian brass, when plunged red-hot into the stream. Paus., ii., 3. Near the source Bellerophon is said to have seized Pegasus, hence called the Pirenæan steed by Euripides. Electr., 475. Cf. Pind., Olymp., xiii., 85, 120. Stat. Theb., iv., 60, "Cenchreæque manus, vatûm qui conscius amnis Gorgoneo percussus equo." Ov., Pont., I., iii., 75. The Latin poets alone make this spring sacred to the Muses. "Pallidam" may refer either to the legend of its origin, or to the wan faces of the

votaries of the Muses.

[1172] Imagines. Cf. Juv., vii., 29, "Qui facis in parvâ sublimia carmina cellâ ut dignus venias hederis et imagine macrâ." Poets were crowned with ivy as well as bay. "Doctarum hederæ præmia frontium." Hor., i., Od. i., 29. The Muses being the companions of Bacchus as well as of Apollo. Ov., A. Am., iii., 411. Mart., viii., Ep. 82. The busts of poets and other eminent literary men were used to adorn public libraries, especially the one in the temple of Palatine Apollo.

[1173] Lambunt, properly said of a dog's tongue, then of flame. Cf. Virg., Æn., ii., 684, "Tractuque innoxia molli Lambere flamma comas, et circum tempora pasci." So the ivy, climbing and clinging, seems to lick with its forked tongue the objects whose form it closely follows.

[1174] Semipaganus. Paganus is opposed to miles. Juv., xvi., 33. Plin., x., Ep. xviii. Here it means, "not wholly undisciplined in the warfare of letters." So Plin., vii., Ep. 25, "Sunt enim ut in castris, sic etiam in litteris nostris plures cultu pagano, quos cinctos et armatos, et quidem, ardentissimo ingenio, diligentius scrutatus invenies."

[1175] Affero. εἰς μέσον φέρω. Casaubon.

[1176] Quis expedivit. To preserve his incognito, Persius in this 2d part of the Prologue represents himself as driven by poverty, though but unprepared, to write for his bread. So Horace, ii., Ep. xi., 50, "Decisis humilem pennis inopemque paterni et Laris et fundi paupertas impulit audax ut versus facerem."

[1177] Psittaco. Cf. Stat. Sylv., II., iv., 1, 2, "Psittace, dux volucrûm, domini facunda voluptas, Humanæ solers imitator, Psittace linguæ!" Mart., xiv., Ep. lxxiii., 76. χαῖρε was one of the common words taught to parrots. So εὖ πράττε, Ζεὺς ἵλεως, Cæsar ave. Vid. Mart., u. s.

[1178] Magister artis. So the Greek proverb, Λιμὸς δὲ πολλῶν γίγνεται διδάσκαλος. Theoc., xxi., Id. 1, Ἁ Πενιὰ, Διοφαντε, μόνα τὰς τέχνας ἐγείρει. Plaut. Stich., "Paupertas fecit ridiculus forem. Nam illa omnes artes perdocet." Cf. Arist., Plut.,

467-594. So Ben Jonson, in the Poetaster, "And between whiles spit out a better poem than e'er the master of arts, or giver of wit, their belly, made."

[1179] Negatas. So Manilius, lib. v., "Quinetiam linguas hominum sensusque docebit Aerias volucres, novaque in commercia ducet, Verbaque præcipiet naturæ sorte negatas."

[1180] Nectar is found in two MSS.; all the others have "melos," which has been rejected as not making a scazontic line. But Homer, in his Hymn to Mercury, makes the first syllable long; and also Antipater, in an Epigram on Anacreon, ἀκμὴν οἳ λυρόεν μελίζεται ἀμφι βαθύλλῳ. Cf. Theoc., Id., vii., 82, οὔνεκά οι γλυκὺ Μοῖσα στόματος χέε νέκταρ.

SATIRE I.

ARGUMENT.

Under the color of declaring his purpose of writing Satire and the plan he intends to adopt, and of defending himself against the idle criticism of an imaginary and nameless adversary, Persius lashes the miserable poets of his own day, and in no very obscure terms, their Coryphæus himself, Nero. The subject of the Satire is not very unlike the first of the second book of Horace's Satires, and comes very near in some points to the first Satire of Juvenal. But the manner of treatment is distinct in each, and quite characteristic of the three great Satirists. Horace's is more full of personality, one might say, of egotism, and his own dislike and contempt of the authors of his time, more lively and brilliant, more pungent and witty, than either of the others; more pregnant with jokes, and yet rising to a higher tone than the Satire of Persius. That of Juvenal is in a more majestic strain, as befits the stern censor of the depraved morals of his day; full of commanding dignity and grave rebuke, of fiery indignation and fierce invective; and is therefore more declamatory and oratorical in its style, more elevated in its sentiment, more refined in its diction. While in that of Persius we trace the workings of a young and ardent mind, devoted

to literature and intellectual pleasures, of a philosophical turn, and a chastened though somewhat fastidious taste. We see the student and devotee of literature quite as much as the censor of morals, and can see that he grieves over the corruption of the public taste almost as deeply as over the general depravity of public morals. Still there breathes through the whole a tone of high and right feeling, of just and stringent criticism, of keen and pungent sarcasm, which deservedly places this Satire very high in the rank of intellectual productions.

The Satire opens with a dialogue between the poet himself and some one who breaks in upon his meditations. This person is usually described as his "Monitor;" some well-meaning acquaintance, who endeavors to dissuade the poet from his purpose of writing Satire. But D'Achaintre's notion, that he is rather an ill-natured critic than a good-natured adviser, seems the more tenable one, and the divisions of the first few lines have been ingeniously made to support that view. After expressing supreme contempt for the poet's opening line, he advises him, if he must needs give vent to verse, to write something more suited to the taste and spirit of the age he lives in. Persius acknowledges that this would be the more likely way to gain applause, but maintains that such approbation is not the end at which a true poet ought to aim. And this leads him to expose the miserable and corrupt taste of the poetasters of his day, and to express supreme contempt for the mania for recitation then prevalent, which had already provoked the sneers of Horace, and afterward drew down the more majestic condemnation of Juvenal. He draws a vivid picture of these depraved poets, who pander to the gross lusts of their hearers by their lascivious strains. Their affectation of speech and manner, their costly and effeminate dress, the vanity of their exalted seat, and the degraded character of their compositions; and on the other hand, the excessive and counterfeited applause of their hearers, expressed by extravagance of language and lasciviousness of gesture corresponding to the nature of the compositions, are touched with a masterly hand. He then ridicules the pretensions of these courtly votaries of the Muses, whose vanity is fostered by the

interested praise of dependents and sycophants, who are the first to ridicule them behind their backs. He then makes a digression to the bar; and shows that the manly and vigorous eloquence of Cicero and Hortensius and Cato, as well as the masculine energy and dignity of Virgil, is frittered away, and diluted by the introduction of redundant and misplaced metaphor, labored antitheses, trifling conceits, accumulated epithets, and bombastic and obsolete words, and a substitution of rhetorical subtleties for that energetic simplicity which speaks from and to the heart. Returning to the poets, he brings in a passage of Nero's own composition as a most glaring example of these defects. This excites his friend's alarm, and elicits some cautious advice respecting the risk he encounters; which serves to draw forth a more daring avowal of his bold purpose, and an animated description of the persons whom he would wish to have for his readers.

Persius. "Oh the cares of men![1181] Oh how much vanity is there in human affairs!"—

Adversarius.[1182] Who will read this?[1183]

P. Is it to me you say this?

A. Nobody, by Hercules!

P. Nobody! Say two perhaps, or—

A. Nobody. It is mean and pitiful stuff!

P. Wherefore? No doubt "Polydamas[1184] and Trojan dames" will prefer Labeo to me—

A. It is all stuff!

P. Whatever turbid Rome[1185] may disparage, do not thou join their number; nor by that scale of theirs seek to correct thy own false balance, nor seek[1186] thyself out of thyself. For who is there at Rome that is not[1187]—Ah! if I might but speak![1188] But I may,[1189] when I look at our gray hairs,[1190] and our severe

way of life, and all that we commit since we abandoned our childhood's nuts.[1191] When we savor of uncles,[1192] then—then forgive!

A. I will not!

P. What must I do?[1193] For I am a hearty laugher with a saucy spleen.

We write, having shut ourselves in,[1194] one man verses, another free from the trammels of metre, something grandiloquent, which the lungs widely distended with breath may give vent to.

And this, of course, some day, with your hair combed and a new toga,[1195] all in white with your birthday Sardonyx,[1196] you will read out from your lofty seat,[1197] to the people, when you have rinsed[1198] your throat, made flexible by the liquid gargle; languidly leering with lascivious eye! Here you may see the tall Titi[1199] in trembling excitement, with lewdness of manner and agitation of voice, when the verses enter their loins,[1200] and their inmost parts are titillated with the lascivious strain.

P. And dost thou, in thy old age,[1201] collect dainty bits for the ears of others? Ears to which even thou, bursting[1202] with vanity, wouldst say, "Hold, enough!"

A. To what purpose is your learning, unless this leaven, and this wild fig-tree[1203] which has once taken life within, shall burst through your liver and shoot forth?

P. See that pallor and premature old age![1204] Oh Morals![1205] Is then your knowledge so absolutely naught, unless another know you have that knowledge?[1206]

A. But it is a fine thing to be pointed at with the finger,[1207] and that it should be said, "That's he!" Do you value it at nothing, that your works should form the studies[1208] of a hundred curly-headed[1209] youths?

P. See![1210] over their cups,[1211] the well-filled Romans[1212] inquire of what the divine poems tell. Here some one, who has a hyacinthine robe round his

shoulders, snuffling through his nose[1213] some stale ditty, distills and from his dainty palate lisps trippingly[1214] his Phyllises,[1215] Hypsipyles, and all the deplorable strains of the poets. The heroes hum assent![1216] Now are not the ashes[1217] of the poet blest? Does not a tomb-stone press with lighter weight[1218] upon his bones? The guests applaud. Now from those Manes of his, now from his tomb and favored ashes, will not violets spring?[1219]

A. You are mocking and indulging in too scornful a sneer.[1220] Lives there the man who would disown the wish to deserve the people's praise,[1221] and having uttered words worthy of the cedar,[1222] to leave behind him verses that dread neither herrings[1223] nor frankincense?

P. Whoever thou art that hast just spoken, and that hast a fair right[1224] to plead on the opposite side, I, for my part, when I write, if any thing perchance comes forth[1225] aptly expressed (though this is, I own, a rare bird[1226]), yet if any thing does come forth, I would not shrink from being praised: for indeed my heart is not of horn. But I deny that that "excellently!" and "beautifully!"[1227] of yours is the end and object of what is right. For sift thoroughly all this "beautifully!" and what does it not comprise within it! Is there not to be found in it the Iliad of Accius,[1228] intoxicated with hellebore? are there not all the paltry sonnets our crude[1229] nobles have dictated? in fine, is there not all that is composed on couches of citron?[1230] You know how to set before your guests the hot paunch;[1231] and how to make a present of your threadbare cloak to your companion shivering with cold,[1232] and then you say, "I do love the truth![1233] tell me the truth about myself!" How is that possible? Would you like me to tell it you? Thou drivelest,[1234] Bald-pate, while thy bloated paunch projects a good foot and a half hanging in front! O Janus! whom no stork[1235] pecks at from behind, no hand that with rapid motion imitates the white ass's ears, no tongue mocks, projecting as far as that of the thirsting hound of Apulia! Ye, O patrician blood![1236] whose privilege[1237] it is to live with no eyes at the back of your

head, prevent[1238] the scoffs[1239] that are made behind your back!

What is the people's verdict? What should it be, but that now at length verses flow in harmonious numbers, and the skillful joining[1240] allows the critical nails to glide over its polished surface: he knows how to carry on his verse as if he were drawing a ruddle line with one eye[1241] closed. Whether he has occasion to write against public morals, against luxury, or the banquets of the great, the Muses vouchsafe to our Poet[1242] the saying brilliant things. And see! now we see those introducing heroic[1243] sentiments, that were wont to trifle in Greek: that have not even skill enough to describe a grove. Nor praise the bountiful country, where are baskets,[1244] and the hearth, and porkers, and the smoky palilia with the hay: whence Remus sprung, and thou, O Quintius,[1245] wearing away the plow-boards in the furrow, when thy wife with trembling haste invested thee with the dictatorship in front of thy team, and the lictor bore thy plow home—Bravo, poet!

Some even now delight in the turgid book of Brisæan Accius,[1246] and in Pacuvius, and warty[1247] Antiopa, "her dolorific heart propped up with woe." When you see purblind sires instilling these precepts into their sons, do you inquire whence came this gallimaufry[1248] of speech into our language? Whence that disgrace,[1249] in which the effeminate Trossulus[1250] leaps up in ecstasy at you, from his bench.

Are you not ashamed[1251] that you can not ward off danger from a hoary head, without longing to hear the lukewarm "Decently[1252] said!" "You are a thief!" says the accuser to Pedius. What says Pedius?[1253] He balances the charge in polished antitheses. He gets the praise of introducing learned figures. "That is fine!" Fine, is it?[1254] O Romulus, dost thou wag thy tail?[1255] Were the shipwrecked man to sing, would he move my pity, forsooth, or should I bring forth my penny? Do you sing, while you are carrying about a picture[1256] of yourself on a fragment of wood, hanging from your shoulders. He that aims at bowing me down by his piteous

complaint, must whine out what is real,[1257] and not studied and got up of a night.

A. But the numbers have grace, and crude as you call them, there is a judicious combination.

P. He has learned thus to close his line. "Berecynthean Atys;"[1258] and, "The Dolphin that clave the azure Nereus." So again, "We filched away a chine from long-extending Apennine."

A. "Arms and the man."[1259] Is not this frothy, with a pithless rind?

P. Like a huge branch, well seasoned, with gigantic bark!

A. What then is a tender strain, and that should be read with neck relaxed?[1260]

P. "With Mimallonean[1261] hums they filled their savage horns; and Bassaris, from the proud steer about to rive the ravished head, and Mænas, that would guide the lynx with ivy-clusters, re-echoes Evion; and reproductive Echo reverberates the sound!" Could such verses be written, did one spark of our fathers' vigor still exist in us? This nerveless stuff dribbles on the lips, on the topmost spittle. In drivel vests this Mænas and Attis. It neither beats the desk,[1262] nor savors of bitten nails.

A. But what need is there to grate on delicate ears with biting truth? Take care, I pray, lest haply the thresholds of the great[1263] grow cold to you. Here the dog's letter[1264] sounds from the nostril. For me[1265] then, henceforth, let all be white. I'll not oppose it. Bravo! For you shall all be very wonderful productions! Does that please you? "Here, you say, I forbid any one's committing a nuisance." Then paint up two snakes. Boys, go farther away: the place is sacred! I go away.

P. Yet Lucilius lashed[1266] the city, and thee, O Lupus,[1267] and thee too, Mucius,[1268] and broke his jaw-bone[1269] on them. Sly Flaccus touches every failing of his smiling friend, and, once admitted, sports around his heart; well skilled in sneering[1270] at the people with well-dissembled[1271] sarcasm. And is it then a crime for me to mutter, secretly, or in a hole?

A. You must do it nowhere.

P. Yet here I will bury it! I saw, I saw with my own[1272] eyes, my little book! Who has not asses' ears?[1273] This my buried secret, this my sneer, so valueless, I would not sell you for any Iliad.[1274]

Whoever thou art, that art inspired[1275] by the bold Cratinus, and growest pale over the wrathful Eupolis and the old man sublime, turn thine eyes on these verses also, if haply thou hearest any thing more refined.[1276] Let my reader glow with ears warmed by their strains. Not he that delights, like a mean fellow as he is, in ridiculing the sandals of the Greeks, and can say to a blind man, Ho! you blind fellow! Fancying himself to be somebody, because vain[1277] of his rustic honors, as Ædile[1278] of Arretium,[1279] he breaks up the false measures[1280] there. Nor again, one who has just wit enough to sneer at the arithmetic boards,[1281] and the lines in the divided dust; quite ready to be highly delighted, if a saucy wench[1282] plucks[1283] a Cynic's[1284] beard. To such as these I recommend[1285] the prætor's edict[1286] in the morning, and after dinner—Callirhoe.

FOOTNOTES:

[1181] Oh curas! These are the opening lines of his Satire, which Persius is reading aloud, and is interrupted by his "Adversarius." He represents himself as having meditated on all mundane things, and, like Solomon, having discovered their emptiness, "Vanitas vanitatum!" Cf. Juv., Sat. i., 85, "Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, Gaudia, discursus; nostri est farrago libelli." It is an adaptation of the old Greek proverb, ὅσον τὸ κένον.

[1182] Adversarius. "Interpretes plerique hunc Persii amicum seu monitorem volunt: ego vero et morosum adversarium, et ridiculum senem intelligo." D'Achaintre.

[1183] Quis legit hæc? The old Gloss. says this line is taken from the first book of Lucilius.

[1184] Næ mihi Polydamas. Taken from Hector's speech, where he dreads the

reproaches of his brother-in-law Polydamas, and the Trojan men and women, if he were to retire within the walls of Troy. Il., x., 105, 108, Πουλυδάμας μοι πρῶτος ἐλεγχείην ἀναθήσει—αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρωάδας ἑλκεσιπέπλους. Cicero has introduced the same lines in his Epistle to Atticus: "Aliter sensero? αἰδέομαι non Pompeium modo, sed Τρῶας καὶ Τρωάδας· Πουλυδάμας μοι πρῶτος ἐλεγχείην ἀναθήσει: Quis? Tu ipse scilicet; laudator et scriptorum et factorum meorum," vii., 1. By Polydamas, he intends Nero; by Troïades, the effeminate Romans, who prided themselves on their Trojan descent. Cf. Juv., i., 100, "Jubet a præcone vocari ipsos Trojugenas." viii., 181, "At vos Trojugenæ vobis ignoscitis, et quæ turpia cerdoni Volesos Brutosque decebunt." Attius Labeo was a miserable court-poet, a favorite of Nero, who applied himself to translate Homer word for word. Casaubon gives the following specimen of his poetry: "Crudum manduces Priamum, Priamique pisinnos."

[1185] Turbida Roma. "Muddy, not clear in its judgment." A metaphor from thick, troubled waters. Persius now addresses himself, and uses the second person. "Though Rome in its perverted judgment should disparage my writings, I will not subscribe to its verdict, or seek beyond my own breast for rules to guide my course of action." Elevet, examen, trutina, are all metaphors from a steelyard or balance. Trutina is the aperture in the iron that supports the balance, in which the examen, i. e., the tongue (hasta, lingula), plays. Elevare is said of that which causes the lanx of the balance to "kick the beam." Castigare is to set the balance in motion with the finger, until, perfect equilibrium being obtained, it settles down to a state of rest. Public taste being distorted, to attempt to correct it would be as idle as to try to rectify a false balance by merely setting the beam vibrating.

[1186] Quæsiveris. Alluding to the Stoic notion of αὐταρκεῖα: "Each man's own taste and judgment is to him the best test of right and wrong."

[1187] Quis non? An ἀποσιώπησις: Whom can you find at Rome that is not laboring

under this perversion of taste and want of self-dependence?

[1188] Ah, si fas dicere. Cf. Juv., Sat i., 153, "Unde illa priorum Scribendi quodcunque animo flagrante liberet Simplicitas, cujus non audeo dicere nomen." Lucil., Fr. incert. 165.

[1189] Sed fas. "When I look at all the childish follies, the empty pursuits, the ill-directed ambition that, in spite of an affectation of outward gravity and severity of manners, disgraces even men of advanced years; the senseless pursuits of men who ought to have given up all the trifling amusements of childhood, and who yet assume the grave privilege of censuring younger men; it is difficult not to write satire."

[1190] Canities. See the old proverb, πολιὰ χρόνου μήνυσις οὐ φρονήσεως. "Hoary hairs are the evidence of time, not of wisdom."

[1191] Nuces. Put generally for the playthings of children. Cf. Suet., Aug., 83. Phædr., Fab. xiv., 2. Mart., v., 84, "Jam tristis nucibus puer relictis Clamoso revocatur à magistro."

[1192] Sapimus patruos. Cf. Hor., iii., Od. xii., 3, "Exanimari metuentes patruæ verbera linguæ." ii., Sat. iii., 87, "Sive ego pravè seu rectè hoc volui, ne sis patruus mihi." Parents, being themselves too indulgent, frequently intrusted their children to the guardianship of uncles, whose reproofs were more sharp, and their correction more severe, as they possessed all the authority without the tenderness and affection of a parent.

[1193] Quid faciam? "How shall I check the outburst of natural feeling? For my character, implanted by nature, is that of a hearty laugher." Cachinno is a word used only by Persius. Cf. Juv., iii., 100, "Rides? majore cachinno concutitur." The ancients held the spleen to be the seat of laughter, as the gall of anger, the liver of love, the forehead of bashfulness.

[1194] Scribimus inclusi. So Hor., ii., Ep. i., 117, "Scribimus indocti doctique

poemata passim." Inclusi, "avoiding all noise and interruption, we shut ourselves in our studies." Hor., Ep., II., ii., 77," Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes." Juv., Sat. vii., 58.

[1195] Togâ. The indignation of Persius is excited by the declaimer assuming all the paraphernalia and ornament of the day kept most sacred by the Romans, viz., their birthday (cf. ad Juv., Sat. xii., 1), simply for the purpose of reciting his own verses. For this custom of reciting, cf. ad Juv., vii., 38.

[1196] Sardonyche. Cf. Juv., vii., 144, "Ideo conductâ Paulus agebat Sardonyche." It was the custom for friends and clients to send valuable presents to their patrons on their birthdays. Cf. ad Juv., iii., 187. Plaut., Curcul., V., ii., 56, "Hic est annulus quem ego tibi misi natali die." Juv., Sat. xi., 84.

[1197] Sede. The Romans always stood while pleading, and sat down while reciting. Vid. Plin., vi., Ep. vi., "Dicenti mihi solicitè assistit; assidet recitanti." These seats were called cathedræ and pulpita. Vid. Juv., vii., 47, 93. An attendant stood by the person who was reciting, with some emollient liquid to rinse the throat with. This preparation of the throat was called πλάσις, and a harsh, dry, unflexible voice was termed ἀπλαστός.

[1198] Collueris. D'Achaintre's reading is preferred here, "Sede leges celsâ liquido com plasmate guttur Collueris:" for legens and colluerit. Patranti ocello seems to convey the same idea as the "oculi putres" of Hor., i., Od. xxxvi., 17, and the "oculos in fine trementes" of Juv., Sat. vii., 241 (cf. ii., 94), "oculos udos et marcidos," of Apul., Met., iii. Cf. Pers., v., 51, and the epithet ὑγρὸς, as applied to the eyes of Aphrodite.

[1199] Titi, are put here (as Romulidæ in v. 31) for the Romans generally, among whom, especially the higher orders, Titus was a favorite prænomen; or Titi may be put for Titienses, as Rhamnes for Rhamnenses; in either case the meaning is the same. But the other parts may be differently interpreted. Hic may be equivalent to

"cum operibus tuis;" trepidare mean "the eager applause of the hearers;" more probo "the approved and usual mode of showing it by simultaneous shouts" voce serena. Cf. Hor., A. P., 430.

[1200] Lumbum. Cf. iv., 35. Juv., Sat. vi., 314, "Quum tibia lumbos incitat."

[1201] Vetule. Cf. Juv., xiii., 33, "Die Senior bullâ dignissime."

[1202] Cute perditus. "Bloated, swollen, as with dropsy." So Lucilius, xxviii., Frag. 37, "Quasi aquam in animo habere intercutem." "Pandering to the lusts of these itching ears, you receive such overwhelming applause, that though swelling with vanity, even you yourself are nauseated at the fulsome repetition."—Ohe. Cf. Hor., ii., Sat. v., 96, "Importunus amat laudari? donec ohe jam ad cœlum manibus sublatis dixerit urge et crescentem tumidis infla sermonibus utrem." So i., Sat. v., 12, "Ohe! jam satis est." There may be, as Madan says, an allusion to the fable of the proud frog who swelled till she burst. Cf. Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 314.

[1203] Caprificus. Cf. Juv., x., 143, "Laudis titulique cupido hæsuri saxis cinerum custodibus, ad quæ discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus. Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulcris." Mart., Ep., X., ii., 9, "Marmora Messalæ findit caprificus."

[1204] En pallor seniumque! "Is then the fruit of all thy study, that has caused all thy pallor and premature debility, no better than this? that thou canst imagine no higher and nobler use of learning than for the purpose of vain display!" Lucilius uses senium for the tedium and weariness produced by long application.

[1205] Oh Mores! So Cicero in his Oration against Catiline (in Cat., i., 1), "O Tempora, O Mores!" Cf. Mart., vi., Ep. ii., 6.

[1206] Scire tuum. So l. 9, "Nostrum istud vivere triste." So Lucilius, "Id me nolo scire mihi cujus sum conscius solus: ne damnum faciam, scire est nescire nisi id me scire alius scierit."

[1207] Digito monstrariar. So Hor., iv., Od. iii., 22, "Quod monstror digito

prætereuntium Romanæ fidicen lyræ." Plin., ix., Epist. xxiii., "Et ille 'Plinius est' inquit. Verum fatebor, capio magnum laboris mei fructum. An, si Demosthenes jure lætatus est quod ilium anus Attica ita noscitavit οὗτος ἐστι Δημοσθένης ego celebritate nominis mei gaudere non debeo?" Cic., Tus. Qu., v., 36.

[1208] Dictata. The allusion is to Nero, who ordered that his verses should be taught to the boys in the schools of Rome. The works of eminent contemporary poets were sometimes the subjects of study in schools, as well as the standard writings of Virgil and Horace. Cf. Juv., vii., 226, "Totidem olfecisse lucernas Quot stabant pueri quum totus decolor esset Flaccus et hæreret nigro fuligo Maroni."

[1209] Cirratorum. "Boys of high rank with well-curled hair." Cf. Mart., i., Ep. xxxv., "Cirrata caterva magistri."

[1210] Ecce! "See," answers Persius, "the noblest result, after all you can hope to attain, is only to have your poems lisped through by men surcharged with food and wine!"

[1211] Inter pocula. Cf. Juv., vi., 434; xi., 178.

[1212] Romulidæ, the degenerate self-styled descendants of Romulus. With equal bitterness Juvenal calls them "Quirites," iii., 60; "Trojugenæ," viii., 181; xi., 95; "Turba Remi," x., 73.

[1213] Balba de nare. Balbutire is properly a defect of the tongue, not of the nose.

[1214] Eliquare is properly used of the melting down of metals. It is here put for effeminate affectation of speech.

[1215] Phyllidas. Not alluding probably to the Heroics of Ovid on these two subjects, but to some wretched trash of his own day.

[1216] Assensere. From Ov., Met., ix., 259, "Assensere Dei." So xiv., 592.

[1217] Cinis. Cf. Ov., Trist., III., iii., 76. Amor., III., ix., 67, "Ossa quieta precor tuta requiescite in urnâ, Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo." Propert., I., xvii., 24, "Ut

mihi non ullo pondere terra foret." Juv., vii., 207, "Dii Majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram Spirantesque crocos et in urnâ. perpetuum ver."

[1218] Levior cippus. Virg., Ecl., x., 33, "Oh mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant." Alluding to the usual inscription on the sepulchral cippi, "Sit tibi terra levis." It is strange, says D'Achaintre, that the Romans should wish the earth to press lightly on the bones of their friends, whom they honored with ponderous grave-stones and pillars; while they prayed that "earth would lie heavy" on their enemies, to whom they accorded no such honors.

[1219] Nascentur violæ. Cf. Hamlet, Act v., sc. 1, "And from her fair and unpolluted flesh shall violets spring."

[1220] Uncis naribus. Hor., i., Sat. vi., 5, "Ut plerique solent naso suspendis adunco Ignotos." ii., Sat. viii., 64, "Balatro suspendens omnia naso." Mart., i., Ep. iv., 6, "Nasum Rhinocerotis habent." The Greek μυκτηρίζειν.

[1221] Os populi, as the Greeks say, τὸ διὰ τοῦ στόματος εἶναι: and Ennius, "Volito vivus' per ora virûm."

[1222] Cedro. From the antiseptic properties of this wood, it was used for presses for books, which were also dressed with the oil expressed from the tree. Plin., H. N., xiii., 5; xvi., 88. Cf. Hor., A. P., 331, "Speramus carmina fingi posse linenda cedro et levi servanda cupresso." Mart., v., Ep. vi., 14, "Quæ cedro decorata purpurâque nigris pagina crevit umbilicis." Dioscorides calls the cedar τῶν νεκρῶν ζωήν. i., 89.

[1223] Scombros. Hor., ii., Ep. i., 266, "Cum scriptore meo capsâ porrectus apertâ deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores et piper et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis." Mart., vi., Ep. lx., 7, "Quam multi tineas pascunt blattasque diserti, Et redimunt soli carmina docta coci," i. e., verses so bad as to be only fit for wrapping up cheap fish and spices.

[1224] Fas est. D'Achaintre's reading and interpretation is adopted, instead of the old and meaningless feci.

[1225] Exit. A metaphor from the potter's wheel. Hor., A. P., 21, "Amphora cœpit institui currente rotâ cur urceus exit?"

[1226] Rara avis. "An event as rare as the appearance of the Phœnix." Cf. Juv., Sat. vi., 165, "Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno." vii., 202, "Corvo quoque rarior albo." Hor., ii., Sat. ii., 26.

[1227] Euge! Belle! The exclamations of one praising the recitations. "Though a Stoic, and therefore holding that virtue is its own reward, I am not so stony-hearted as to shrink from all praise. Yet I deny that this idle, worthless praise can form the legitimate end and object of a wise man's aim."

[1228] Ilias Acci. Cf. ad v., 4. The effusion not of true genius, but of the besotting influence of drugs. "The poet," as Casaubon says, "has not reached the inspiring heights of Hippocrene, but muddled himself with the hellebore that grows on the way thither." The ancients were not unacquainted with the use of this artificial stimulant to genius. Cf. Plin., xxv., 5, "Quondam terribile, postea tam promiscuum, ut plerique studiorum gratia ad providenda acrius quæ commentabantur sumpsitaverint."

[1229] Crudi; i. e., "over their banquets." [Literally "undigested," as Juv., Sat. i., 143, "Crudum pavonem in balnea portas." Hor., i., Ep. vi., 6, "Crudi tumidique lavemur."] ii., Ep. i., 109, "Pueri patresque severi fronde comas vincti cœnant et carmina dictant." Cf. Pers., iii., 98.

[1230] Citreis. Cf. ad Juv., xi., 95.

[1231] Sumen. Juv., xi., 81; xii., 73. Lucil., v., fr. 5. "You purchase their applause by the good dinners you give them." Cf. Hor., i., Epist. xix., 37, "Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor Impensis cœnarum et tritæ munere vestis."

[1232] Horridulum. Juv., i., Sat. 93, "Horrenti tunicam non reddere servo." Ov., A. Am., ii., 213.

[1233] Verum amo. Plaut., Mostill., I., iii., 24, "Ego verum amo: verum volo mihi

dici: mendacem odi." Hor., A. P., 424, "Mirabor si sciet internoscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum. Tu seu donaris seu quid donare voles cui, nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum lætitiæ; clamabit enim pulchre! bene! recte!"

[1234] Nugaris.

"Dotard! this thriftless trade no more pursue. Your lines are bald, and dropsical like you!" Gifford.

[1235] Ciconia: manus: lingua. These are three methods employed even to the present day in Italy of ridiculing a person behind his back. Placing the fingers so as to imitate a stork pecking; moving the hands up and down by the side of the temples like an ass's ears flapping; and thrusting the tongue out of the mouth or into the side of the cheek.

[1236] Patricius sanguis. Hor., A. P., 291, "Vos O Pompilius sanguis!"

[1237] Jus est. "Ye, whose position places you above the necessity of writing verses for gain, by refraining from writing your paltry trash, avoid the ridicule that you are unconsciously exciting."

[1238] Occurrite. So iii., 64, "Venienti occurrite morbo."

[1239] Sannæ. Juv., vi., 306, "Quâ sorbeat aera sannâ."

[1240] Junctura. A metaphor from statuaries or furniture-makers, who passed the nail over the marble or polished wood, to detect any flaw or unevenness. So Lucilius compares the artificial arrangement of words to the putting together a tesselated pavement. Frag. incert. 4, "Quam lepide lexeis compostæ? ut tesserulæ omnes Arte pavimento atque emblemate vermiculato." Cf. Hor., A. P., 292, "Carmen reprehendite quod non multa dies et multa litura coercuit atque perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem." i., Sat. v., 32," Ad unguem factus homo." ii., Sat. vii., 87. Appul., Fl., 23, "Lapis ad unguem coæquatus." Sidon. Apoll., ix., Ep. 7, "Veluti cum crystallinas crustas aut onychitinas non impacto digitus ungue perlabitur: quippe si nihil eum rimosis obicibus exceptum tenax fractura remoretur." This operation the

Greeks expressed by ἐξονυχίζειν. Polycletus used to say, χαλεπώτατον εἶναι τὸ ἔργον ὅταν ἐν ὄνυχι ὁ πηλὸς γίγνηται. "The most difficult part of the work is when the nail comes to be applied to the clay."

[1241] Oculo uno. From carpenters or masons, who shut one eye to draw a straight line. θατέρῳ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν ἄμεινον πρὸς τοὺς κανόνας ἀπευθύνοντας τὰ ξύλα. Luc., Icarom., ii.

[1242] Poetæ. Probably another hit at Nero.

[1243] Heroas. Those who till lately have confined themselves to trifling effusions in Greek, now aspire to the dignity of Tragic poets.

[1244] Corbes, etc. The usual common-places of poets singing in praise of a country life. The Palilia was a festival in honor of the goddess Pales, celebrated on the 21st of April, the anniversary of the foundation of Rome. During this festival the rustics lighted fires of hay and stubble, over which they leaped by way of purifying themselves. Cf. Varro, L. L., v., 3, "Palilia tam privata quam publica sunt apud rusticos: ut congestis cum fæno stipulis, ignem magnum transsiliant, his Palilibus se expiari credentes." Prop. iv., El. i., 19, "Annuaque accenso celebrare Palilia fæna."

[1245] Quintius. Cincinnatus. Cf. Liv., iii., 26.

[1246] Accius is here called Brisæus, an epithet of Bacchus, because he wrote a tragedy on the same subject as the Bacchæ of Euripides.

[1247] Venosus is probably applied to the hard knotted veins that stand out on the faces and brows of old men. The allusion, therefore, is to the taste of the Romans of Persius' days, for the rugged, uncouth, and antiquated writing of their earlier poets. Nearly the same idea is expressed by the word verrucosa, "full of warts, hard, knotty, horny." Cicero mentions this play: "Quis Ennii Medeam, et Pacuvii Antiopam contemnat et rejiciat," de Fin., i., 2. The remainder of the line is a quotation from Pacuvius. The word ærumna was obsolete when Quintilian wrote.

[1248] Sartago. Juv., x., 64. Properly "a frying-pan," then used for the miscellaneous

ingredients put into it; or, as others think, for the sputtering noise made in frying, to which Persius compared these "sesquipedalia verba." Casaubon quotes a fragment of the comic poet Eubulus, speaking of the same thing, Λοπὰς παφλάζει βαρβάρῳ λαλήματι, Πηδῶσι δ' ἰχθῦς ἐν μέσοισι τηγάνοις. "The dish splutters, with barbarous prattle, and the fish leap in the middle of the frying-pan." The word is said to be of Syriac origin.

[1249] Dedecus. The disgrace of corrupting the purity and simplicity of the Latin language, by the mixture of this jargon of obsolete words and phrases.

[1250] Trossulus was a name applied to the Roman knights, from the fact of their having taken the town of Trossulum in Etruria without the assistance of the infantry. It was afterward used as a term of reproach to effeminate and dissolute persons. The Subsellia are the benches on which these persons sit to hear the recitations. Exultat expresses the rapturous applause of the hearers. Hor., A. P., 430, "Tundet pede terram."

[1251] Nilne pudet? He now attacks those who, even while pleading in defense of a friend whose life is at stake, would aim at the applause won by pretty conceits and nicely-balanced sentences. Niebuhr, Lect., vol. iii., p. 191, seq.

[1252] Decenter is a more lukewarm expression of approbation than euge or belle, pulchre or benè.

[1253] Pedius Blæsus was accused of sacrilege and peculation by the Cyrenians: he undertook his own defense, and the result was, he was found guilty and expelled from the senate. Tac., Ann., xiv., 18.

[1254] Bellum hoc is the indignant repetition by Persius of the words of applause.

[1255] Ceves. "Does the descendant of the vigorous and warlike Romulus stoop to winning favor by such fawning as this?" Cevere is said of a dog. Shakspeare, K. Henry VIII., act v., sc. 2, "You play the spaniel, and think with wagging of your tongue to win me."

[1256] Pictum. Cf. ad Juv., xiv., 301, "Mersâ rate naufragus assem dum rogat et pictâ se tempestate tuetur."

[1257] Verum. His tale must not smack of previous preparation, but must bear evidence of being genuine, natural, and spontaneous. So Hor., A. P., 102, "Si vis me flere dolendum est primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent."

[1258] Atyn. These are probably quotations from Nero, as Dio says (lxi., 21), ἐκιθαρώδησεν Ἀττῖνα. The critics are divided as to the defects in these lines; whether Persius intends to ridicule their bombastic affectation, or the unartificial and unnecessary introduction of the Dispondæus, and the rhyming of the terminations, like the Leonine or monkish verses.

[1259] Arma virum. The first words are put for the whole Æneid. The critic objects, "Are not Virgil's lines inflated and frothy equally with those you ridicule." Persius answers in the objector's metaphor, "They resemble a noble old tree with well-seasoned bark, not the crude and sapless pith I have just quoted."

[1260] Laxa cervice. Alluding to the affected position of the head on one side, of those who recited these effeminate strains.

[1261] Mimalloneis. The four lines following are said to be Nero's, taken from a poem called Bacchæ: the subject of which was the same as the play of Euripides of that name, and many of the ideas evidently borrowed from it. Its affected and turgid style is very clear from this fragment. The epithets are all far-fetched, and the images preposterous. The Bacchantes were called Mimallones from Mimas, a mountain in Ionia. Bassareus was an epithet of Bacchus, from the fox's skin in which he was represented: and the feminine form is here applied to Agave: by the vitulus, Pentheus is intended: the Mænad guides the car of Bacchus, drawn by spotted lynxes, not with reins, but with clusters of ivy. "Could such verses be tolerated," Persius asks indignantly, "did one spark of the homely, manly, vigorous spirit of our sires still thrill in our veins? Verses which show no evidence of anxious thought and

careful labor, but flow as lightly from the lips as the spittle that drivels from them."

[1262] Pluteum. Cf. Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 7, "Culpantur frustra calami, immeritusque laborat Iratis natus paries Diis atque poëtis." i., Sat. x., 70, "Et in versu faciendo sæpe caput scaberet vivos et roderet ungues."

[1263] Majorum. Hor., ii., Sat. i., 60, "O puer ut sis Vitalis metuo, et majorum ne quis amicus frigore te feriat."

[1264] Canina litera. All the commentators are agreed that this is the letter R, because the "burr" of the tongue in pronouncing it resembles the snarl of a dog (cf. Lucil., lib. i., fr. 22, "Irritata canis quod homo quam planius dicat"), but to whom the growl refers is a great question. It may be the surly answer of the great man's porter who has orders not to admit you, or the growl of the dog chained at his master's gate, who shares his master's antipathy to you; or again it may be taken, as by Gifford,

"This currish humor you extend too far, While every word growls with that hateful gnarr.

Lubinus explains it, "Great men are always irritable; and therefore in their houses this sound is often heard."

[1265] Per me. "I will take your advice then: but let me know whose verses I am to spare: just as sacred places have inscriptions warning us to avoid all defilement of them."

[1266] Secuit Lucilius. So Juv., i., 165, "Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens infremuit."

[1267] Lupe. Lucilius in his first book introduces the gods sitting in council and deliberating what punishment shall be inflicted on the perjured and impious Lupus. This Lupus is generally considered to be P. Rutilius Lupus, consul A.U.C. 664. But Orellius shows that it is more probably L. Corn. Lentulus Lupus, consul in A.U.C. 597. The fragment is to be found in Cic., de Nat. Deor., i., 23, 65. Cf. Lucil., Fr., lib. i., 4. Hor., ii., Sat. i., 68.

[1268] Muti. T. Mucius Albutius, whom Lucilius ridicules for his affected fondness for Greek customs. Cf. Lucil., Fr. incert. 3. Juv., Sat. i., 154, "Quid refert dictis ignoscat Mucius an non?" Cic., de Fin., i., 3, 8. Varro, de R. R., iii., 2, 17.

[1269] Genuinum. Hor., ii., Sat. i., 77, "Et fragili quærens illidere dentem, offendet solido?" "dens genuinus, qui a genis dependet: sic non leo morsu illos pupugit." Cas., Juv. v., 69, "Quæ genuinum agitent non admittentia morsum."

[1270] Suspendere. Cf. ad i., 40.

[1271] Excusso may be also explained "without a wrinkle," or, as D'Achaintre takes it, of the shaking of the head of a person, ridiculing as he reads.

[1272] Cum Scrobe. Alluding to the well-known story of the barber who discovered the ass's ears of King Midas, which he had given him for his bad taste in passing judgment on Apollo's skill in music; and who, not daring to divulge the secret to any living soul, dug a hole in the ground and whispered it, and then closed the aperture. But the wind that shook the reeds made them murmur forth his secret. Cf. Ov., Met., xi., 180-193.

[1273] Auriculas. Persius is said to have written at first "Mida rex habet," but was persuaded by Cornutus to change the line, as bearing too evident an allusion to Nero.

[1274] Iliade, such as that of Accius, mentioned above.

[1275] Afflate. Persius now describes the class of persons he would wish to have for his readers. Men thoroughly imbued with the bold spirit of the old comedians, Cratinus, Eupolis, and Aristophanes: not those who have sufficient βαναυσία and bad taste to think that true Satire would condescend to ridicule either national peculiarities, or bodily defects; which should excite our pity rather than our scorn.

[1276] Decoctius. A metaphor from the boiling down of fruits, wine, or other liquids, and increasing the strength by diminishing the quantity. As Virgil is said to have written fifty lines or more in the morning, and to have cut them down by the evening to ten or twelve.

[1277] Supinus implies either "indolence," "effeminacy," or "pride." Probably the last is intended here, as Casaubon says, "proud men walk so erectly that they see the sky as well as if they lay on their backs." Quintilian couples together "otiosi et supini," x., 2. Cf. Juv., i., 190, "Et multum referens de Mæcenate supino." Mart., ii., Ep. 6, "Deliciæ supiniores." Mart., v., Ep. 8, also uses it in the sense of proud. "Hæc et talia cum refert supinus." It also bears, together with its cognate substantive, the sense of "stupidity."

[1278] Ædilis. Juv., x., 101, "Et de mensurâ jus dicere, vasa minora Frangere pannosus vacuis Ædilis Ulubris."

[1279] Arreti, a town of Etruria, now "Arezzo." Cf. Mart., xiv., Ep. 98.

[1280] Heminas, from ἥμισο. Half the Sextarius, called also Cotyla.

[1281] Abaco. The frame with movable counters or balls for the purpose of calculation. Pulvere is the sand-board used in the schools of the geometers for drawing diagrams.

[1282] Nonaria. Women of loose character were not permitted to show themselves in the streets till after the ninth hour. Such at least is the interpretation of the old Scholiast, adopted by Casaubon. The word does not occur elsewhere.

[1283] Vellet. Hor., i., Sat. iii., 133, "Vellunt tibi barbam Lascivi pueri." Dio Chrys., Or. lxxii., p. 382, φιλόσοφον ἀχίτωνα ἐρεθίζουσι καὶ ἤτοι κατεγέλασαν ἢ ἐλοιδόρησαν ἢ ἐνίοτε ἔλκουσιν ἐπιλαβόμενοι.

[1284] Cynico. There is probably an allusion to the story of Lais and Diogenes, Athen., lib. xiii.

[1285] Do. So Hor., i., Epist. xix., 8, "Forum putealque Libonis mandabo siccis."

[1286] Edictum, i. e., Ludorum, or muneris gladiatorii; the programme affixed to the walls of the forum, announcing the shows that were to come. The reading of these would form a favorite amusement of idlers and loungers. Callirhoe is probably some

well-known nonaria of the day. Persius advises hearers of this class to spend their mornings in reading the prætor's edicts, and their evenings in sensual pleasures, as the only occupations they were fit for. Marcilius says that it refers to an edict of Nero's, who ordered the people to attend on a certain day to hear him recite his poem of Callirhoe, which, as D'Achaintre says, would be an admirable interpretation, were not the whole story of the edict a mere fiction.

SATIRE II.

ARGUMENT.

This Satire, as well as the tenth Satire of Juvenal, is based upon the Second Alcibiades of Plato, which it closely resembles in arrangement as well as sentiment.

The object is the same in all three; to set before as the real opinion which all good and worthy men entertained, even in the days of Pagan blindness, of the manner and spirit in which the deity is to be approached by prayer and sacrifice, and holds up to reprobation and ridicule the groveling and low-minded notions which the vulgar herd, besotted by ignorance and blinded by self-interest, hold on the subject. While we admire the logical subtlety with which Plato leads us to a necessary acknowledgment of the justice of his view, and the thoroughly practical philosophy by which Juvenal would divert men from indulging in prayers dictated by mere self-interest, we must allow Persius the high praise of having compressed the whole subject with a masterly hand into a few vivid and comprehensive sentences.

The Satire consists of three parts. The first is merely an introduction to the subject. Taking advantage of the custom prevalent among the Romans of offering prayers and victims, and receiving presents and congratulatory addresses from their friends, on their birthday, Persius sends a poetical present to his friend Plotius Macrinus, with some hints on the true nature of prayer. He at the same time compliments him on his superiority to the mass of mankind, and especially to those of his own rank, in the view he took of the subject.

In the second part he exposes the vulgar errors and prejudices respecting prayer and sacrifice, and shows that prayers usually offered are wrong, 1st, as to their matter, and 2dly, as to their manner: that they originate in low and sordid views of self-interest and avarice, in ignorant superstition, or the cravings of an inordinate vanity. At the same time he holds up to scorn the folly of those who offer up costly prayers, the fulfillment of which they themselves render impossible, by indulging in vicious and depraved habits, utterly incompatible with the requests they prefer. Lastly, he explains the origin of these sordid and worse than useless prayers. They arise from the impious and mistaken notions formed by men who, vainly imagining that the Deity is even such a one as themselves, endeavor to propitiate his favor in the same groveling spirit, and with the same unworthy offerings with which they would bribe the goodwill of one weak and depraved as themselves; as though, in Plato's words, an ἐμπορικὴ τέχνη had been established between themselves and heaven. The whole concludes with a sublime passage, describing in language almost approaching the dignity of inspired wisdom, the state of heart and moral feeling necessary to insure a favorable answer to prayers preferred at the throne of heaven.

"Mark this day, Macrinus,[1287] with a whiter stone,[1288] which, with auspicious omen, augments[1289] thy fleeting years.[1290] Pour out the wine to thy Genius![1291] Thou at least dost not with mercenary prayer ask for what thou couldst not intrust to the gods unless taken aside. But a great proportion of our nobles will make libations with a silent censer. It is not easy for every one to remove from the temples his murmur and low whispers, and live with undisguised prayers.[1292] A sound mind,[1293] a good name, integrity"—for these he prays aloud, and so that his neighbor may hear. But in his inmost breast, and beneath his breath, he murmurs thus, "Oh that my uncle would evaporate![1294] what a splendid funeral! and oh that by Hercules'[1295] good favor a jar[1296] of silver would ring beneath my rake! or, would that I could wipe out[1297] my ward, whose heels I tread on as next heir! For he is scrofulous, and swollen with acrid bile. This is the

third wife that Nerius is now taking[1298] home!"—That you may pray for these things with due holiness, you plunge your head twice or thrice of a morning[1299] in Tiber's eddies,[1300] and purge away the defilements of night in the running stream.

Come now! answer me! It is but a little trifle that I wish to know! What think you of Jupiter?[1301] Would you care to prefer him to some man! To whom? Well, say to Staius.[1302] Are you at a loss indeed? Which were the better judge, or better suited to the charge of orphan children! Come then, say to Staius that wherewith you would attempt to influence the ear of Jupiter. "O Jupiter!"[1303] he would exclaim, "O good Jupiter!" But would not Jove himself call out, "O Jove!"

Thinkest thou he has forgiven thee,[1304] because, when he thunders, the holm-oak[1305] is rather riven with his sacred bolt than thou and all thy house?[1306] Or because thou dost not, at the bidding of the entrails of the sheep,[1307] and Ergenna, lie in the sacred grove a dread bidental to be shunned of all, that therefore he gives thee his insensate beard to pluck?[1308] Or what is the bribe by which thou wouldst win over the ears of the gods? With lungs, and greasy chitterlings? See[1309] some grandam or superstitious[1310] aunt takes the infant from his cradle, and skilled in warding off the evil eye,[1311] effascinates his brow and driveling lips with middle[1312] finger and with lustral spittle, first. Then dandles[1313] him in her arms, and with suppliant prayer transports him either to the broad lands of Licinus[1314] or the palaces of Crassus.[1315] "Him may some king and queen covet as a son-in-law! May maidens long to ravish him! Whatever he treads on may it turn to roses!" But I do not trust prayers to a nurse.[1316] Refuse her these requests, great Jove, even though she make them clothed in white![1317]

You ask vigor for your sinews,[1318] and a frame that will insure old age. Well, so be it. But rich dishes and fat sausages prevent the gods from assenting to these prayers, and baffle Jove himself.

You are eager to amass a fortune, by sacrificing a bull; and court Mercury's favor by his entrails. "Grant that my household gods may make me lucky! Grant me cattle, and increase to my flocks!" How can that be, poor wretch, while so many cauls of thy heifers melt in the flames? Yet still he strives to gain his point by means of entrails and rich cakes.[1319] "Now my land, and now my sheepfold teems. Now, surely now, it will be granted!" Until, baffled and hopeless, his sestertius at the very bottom of his money-chest sighs in vain.

Were I to offer you[1320] goblets of silver and presents embossed with rich gold,[1321] you would perspire with delight, and your heart, palpitating with joy in your left breast,[1322] would force even the tear-drops from your eyes. And hence it is the idea enters[1323] your mind of covering the sacred faces of the gods with triumphal gold.[1324] For among the Brazen brothers,[1325] let those be chief, and let their beards be of gold, who send dreams purged from gross humors. Gold hath expelled the vases of Numa[1326] and Saturnian[1327] brass, and the vestal urns and the pottery of Tuscany.

Oh! souls bowed down to earth! and void of aught celestial! Of what avail is it to introduce into the temples of the gods these our modes of feeling, and estimate what is acceptable to them by referring to our own accursed flesh.[1328] This it is that has dissolved Cassia[1329] in the oil it pollutes. This has dyed the fleece of Calabria[1330] with the vitiated purple. To scrape the pearl from its shell, and from the crude ore to smelt out the veins of the glowing mass; this carnal nature bids. She sins in truth. She sins. Still from her vice gains some emolument.

Say ye, ye priests! of what avail is gold in sacrifice? As much, forsooth, as the dolls which the maiden bestows on Venus! Why do we not offer that to the gods which the blear-eyed progeny of great Messala can not give even from his high-heaped charger. Justice to god and man enshrined[1331] within the heart; the inner chambers[1332] of the soul free from pollution; the breast imbued[1333] with

generous honor. Give me these to present at the temples, and I will make my successful offering[1334] with a little meal.[1335]

FOOTNOTES:

[1287] Macrine. Nothing is known of this friend of Persius, but from the old Scholiast, who tells us that his name was Plotius Macrinus; that he was a man of great learning, and of a fatherly regard for Persius, and that he had studied in the house of Servilius. Britannicus calls him Minutius Macrinus, and says he was of equestrian rank, and a native of Brixia, now "Brescia."

[1288] Meliore lapillo. The Thracians were said to put a white stone into a box to mark every happy day they spent, and a black stone for every unhappy day, and to reckon up at the end of their lives how many happy days they had passed. Plin., H. N., vii., 40. So Mart., ix., Ep. 53, "Natales, Ovidi, tuos Apriles Ut nostras amo Martias Kalendas; Felix utraque lux diesque nobis Signandi melioribus lapillis." Hor., i., Od. xxxvi., 10, "Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ." Plin., Ep. vi., 11, "O Diem lætum notandum mihi candidissimo calculo." Cat., lxviii., 148, "Quem lapide illa diem candidiore notet."

[1289] Apponit. A technical word in calculating; as in Greek, τιθέναι, and προστιθέναι. So "Appone lucro." Hor., i., Od. ix., 14.

[1290] Annos. For the respect paid by the Romans to their birthdays, see Juv., xi., 83; xii., 1; Pers., vi., 19; and Censorinus, de Die Natali, pass.

[1291] Genio. Genius, "a genendo." The deity who presides over each man from his birth, as some held, being coeval with the man himself. The birthday was sacred to him; the offerings consisted of wine, flowers, and incense. "Manum a sanguine abstinebant: ne die quâ ipsi lucem accepissent, aliis demerent." Censor, a Varrone. Cf. Serv. ad Virg., Geor., i., 302. Hor., ii., Ep. ii., 187, "Scit Genius natale comes qui temperat astrum, naturæ deus humanæ, mortalis in unumquodque caput;" and ii., Ep. i., 143, "Sylvanum lacte piabant, Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi." Cf.

Orell., in loc. On other days, they offered bloody victims also to the Genius. "Cras Genium mero Curabis et porco bimestri." Hor., iii., Od. xvii., 14.

[1292] Aperto voto. "To offer no prayer that you would fear to divulge," according to the maxim of Pythagoras, μετὰ φωνῆς εὔχεο, and that of Seneca, "Sic vive cum hominibus tanquam deus videat: sic loquere cum deo tanquam homines audiant."

[1293] Mens bona. Juv., x., 356, "Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano."

[1294] Ebullit. "Boil away."

[1295] Hercule. Hercules was considered the guardian of hidden treasure, and as Mercury presided over open gains and profits by merchandise, so Hercules was supposed to be the giver of all sudden and unexpected good fortune; hence called πλουτοδότης. Cf. Hor., ii., Sat. vi., 10, "O si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret ut illi Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico Hercule."

[1296] Seria, "a tall, narrow, long-necked vessel, frequently used for holding money."

[1297] Expungam, a metaphor from the military roll-calls, from which the names of all soldiers dead or discharged were expunged.

[1298] Ducitur. Casaubon reads "conditur." Cf. Mart., x., Ep. xliii., "Septima jam Phileros tibi conditur uxor in agro: Plus nulli, Phileros, quam tibi reddit ager."

[1299] Mane. Cf. Tibull., III., iv., 9, "At natum in curas hominum genus omina noctis farre pio placant et saliente sale." Propert., III., x., 13, "Ac primum purâ somnum tibi discute lymphâ." The ancients believed that night itself, independently of any extraneous pollution, occasioned a certain amount of defilement which must be washed away in pure water at daybreak. Cf. Virg., Æn., viii., 69, "Nox Ænean somnusque reliquit. Surgit et ætherii spectans orientia Solis Lumina rite cavis undam de flumine palmis Sustulit." Cf. Theophrast., περὶ δεισιδαιμονιὰς, fin.

[1300] Tiberino in gurgite. Cf. Juv., vi., 522, "Hibernum fractâ glacie descendet in amnem, ter matutino Tiberi mergetur et ipsis Vorticibus timidum caput abluet." Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 290, "Illo mane die quo tu indicis jejunia nudus in Tiberi stabit." Virg., Æn., ii, 719, "Me attrectare nefas donec me flumine vivo abluero." Ov., Fast., iv., 655, "Bis caput intonsum fontanâ spargitur undâ." 315, "Ter caput irrorat, ter tollit in æthera palmas."

[1301] De Jove. Read, with Casaubon, "Est ne ut præponere cures Hunc cuiquam? cuinam?"

[1302] Staio. The allusion is probably to Staienus, whom Cicero often mentions as a most corrupt judge. Pro Cluent., vii., 24; in Verr., ii., 32. He is said to have murdered his own wife, his brother, and his brother's wife. Yet even to such a wretch as this, says Persius, you would not venture to name the wishes you prefer to Jove. Cf. Sen., Ep. x., "Nunc quanta dementia est hominum! Turpissima vota Diis insusurrant, si quis admoverit aurem, conticescent; et quod scire hominem nolunt, deo narrant."

[1303] Jupiter. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. ii., 17, "Maxime, quis non, Jupiter! exclamat simul atque audivit."

[1304] Ignovisse. Cf. Eccles., viii., 11, "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." Tib., I., ii., 8; ix., 4. Claudian. ad Hadr., 38, seq. Juv., xiii, 10, "Ut sit magna tamen certè lenta ira deorum est."

[1305] Ilex. The idea is taken probably from the well-known lines of Lucretius, vi., 387, "Quod si Jupiter atque alii fulgentia Divei Terrifico quatiunt sonitu cœlestia templa, Et jaciunt ignem quo quoique est quomque voluntas: Quur quibus incautum scelus aversabile quomque est non faciunt, ictei flammas ut fulguris halent Pectore perfixo documen mortalibus acre? Et potius nulla sibi turpi conscius in re volvitur in flammeis innoxius, inque peditur Turbine cœlesti subito correptus et igni." Lucian

parodies it also, τὶ δήποτε τοὺς ἱεροσύλους καὶ ληστὰς ἀφέντες καὶ τοσούτους ὑβριστὰς καὶ βιαίους καὶ ἐπιόρκους, δρῦν τινὰ πολλάκις κεραυνοῦτε τέχνη λίθον ἢ νεὼς ἱστὸν οὐδὲν ἀδικούσης; Jup. Conf., ii., 638.

[1306] Tuque domusque. Probably taken from Homer, εἴπερ γάρ τε καὶ αὐτίκ' Ὀλύμπιος οὐκ ἐτέλεσσεν, Ἔκ γε καὶ ὀψὲ τελεῖ· σύν τε μεγάλῳ ἀπέτισαν, Σὺν σφῇσι κεφαλῇσι γύναιξί τε καὶ τεκέεσσιν.

[1307] Fibris. When any person was struck dead by lightning, the priest was immediately called in to bury the body: every thing that had been scorched by it was carefully collected and buried with it. A two-year old sheep was then sacrificed, and an altar erected over the place and the ground slightly inclosed round. Lucan., viii., 864, "Inclusum Tusco venerantur cæspite fulmen." Hor., A. P., 471, "An triste bidental moverit incestus." Juv., vi., 587, "Atque aliquis senior qui publica fulgura condit." Ergenna, or Ergennas, is the name of some Tuscan soothsayer, who gives his directions after inspecting the entrails; the termination being Tuscan, as Porsenna, Sisenna, Perpenna, etc. Bidental is applied indifferently to the place, the sacrifice, and the person. Bidens is properly a sheep fit for sacrifice, which was so considered when two years old. Hence bidens may be a corruption of biennis; or from bis and dens, because at the age of two years the sheep has eight teeth, two of which project far beyond the rest, and are the criterion of the animal's age.

[1308] Vellere barbam. Alluding to the well-known story of Dionysius of Syracuse. Cf. Sat. i., 133.

[1309] Ecce. He now passes on to prayers that result from superstitious ignorance, or over-fondness, and which, as far as the matter is concerned, are equally erroneous with the previous class, though not of the same malicious character. On the fifth day after the birth of an infant, sacrifices and prayers were offered for the child to the deities Pilumnus and Picumnus. Purificatory offerings were made on the eighth day for girls, and on the ninth for boys. The day therefore was called dies lustricus, and

nominalis, because the name was given. The Greeks called it ὀνομάτων ἑορτή.

[1310] Metuens Divûm, i. e., δεισιδαίμων. "Matetera, quasi Mater altera."

[1311] Urentes. Literally, "blasting, withering." The belief in the effects of the "evil eye" is as prevalent as ever in Southern Europe. They were supposed to extend even to cattle. "Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos." Virg., Ecl., iii., 103. To avert this, they anointed the child with saliva, and suspended amulets of various kinds from its neck.

[1312] Infami digito. The middle finger was so called because used to point in scorn and derision. Cf. Juv., x., 53, "Mandaret laqueum mediumque ostenderet unguem."

[1313] Manibus quatit. So Homer (lib. vi.) represents Hector as tossing his child in his arms, and then offering up a prayer for him.

[1314] Licinus. Probably the Licinus mentioned in Juv., Sat. i., 109; xiv., 306; the barber and freedman of Augustus, an epigram on whom is quoted by Varro. "Marmoreo Licinus tumulo jacet: at Cato parvo. Pompeius nullo. Quis putet esse deos?" Casaubon supposes the Licinius Stolo mentioned by Livy (vii., 16) to be intended.

[1315] Crassi. Cf. Juv., x., 108.

[1316] Nutrici. Seneca has the same sentiment, Ep. ix., "Etiamnum optas quæ tibi optavit nutrix, aut pædagogus, aut mater? Nondum intelligis quantum mali optaverint."

[1317] Albata. Those who presided over or attended at sacrifices always dressed in white.

[1318] Poscis opem nervis. Persius now goes on to ridicule those who by their own folly render the fulfillment of their prayers impossible; who pray for health, which they destroy by vicious indulgence; for wealth, which they idly squander on the costly sacrifices they offer to render their prayers propitious, and the sumptuous

banquets which always followed those sacrifices.

[1319] Ferto, a kind of cake or rich pudding, made of flour, wine, honey, etc.

[1320] Si tibi. He now proceeds to investigate the cause of these misdirected prayers, and shows that it results from a belief that the deity is influenced by the same motives, and to be won over by the same means, as mortal men. Hence the costly nature of the offerings made and the vessels employed in the service of the temple.

[1321] Incusa. Cf. Sen., Ep. v., "Non habemus argentum in quod solidi auri cœlatura descendit." An incrustation or enchasing of gold was impressed upon vessels of silver. This the Greeks called ἐμπαιστικὴ τέχνη.

[1322] Lævo. This is the usual interpretation. It may mean, "in your breast, blinded by avarice and covetousness," as Virg., Æn., xi., "Si mens non læva fuisset."

[1323] Subiit. Sen., Ep. 115, "Admirationem nobis parentes auri argentique fecerunt: et teneris infusa cupiditas altiùs sedit crevitque nobiscum. Deinde totus populus, in alio discors, in hoc convenit: hoc suspiciunt, hoc suis optant, hoc diis velut rerum humanarum maximum cum grati videri velint, consecrant."

[1324] Auro ovato. It was the custom for generals at a triumph to offer a certain portion of their manubiæ to Capitoline Jove and other deities.

[1325] Fratres ahenos. It is said that there were in the temple porch of the Palatine Apollo figures of the fifty Danaides, and opposite them equestrian statues of the fifty sons of Ægyptus; and that some of these statues gave oracles by means of dreams. Others refer these lines to Castor and Pollux: but the words "præcipui sunto" seem to imply a greater number. The passage is very obscure. Casaubon adopts the former interpretation.

[1326] Numæ. Numa directed that all vessels used for sacred purposes should be of pottery-ware. Cf. ad Juv., xi., 116.

[1327] Saturnia. Alluding to the Ærarium in the temple of Saturn.

[1328] Pulpa is properly the soft, pulpy part of the fruit between the skin and the kernel: then it is applied to the soft and flaccid flesh of young animals, and hence applied to the flesh of men. It is used here in exactly the scriptural sense, "the flesh."

[1329] Casiam. Vid. Plin., xiii., 3. Persius seems to have had in his eye the lines in the second Georgic, "Nec varios inhiant pulchra testudine postes Illusasque auro vestes, Ephyreiaque æra; Alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno nec Casiâ, liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi." Both the epic poet and the satirist, as Gifford remarks, use the language of the old republic. They consider the oil of the country to be vitiated, instead of improved, by the luxurious admixture of foreign spices.

[1330] Calabrum. The finest wool came from Tarentum in Calabria. Vid. Plin., H. N., viii., 48; ix., 61; Colum., vii., 2; and from the banks of the Galesus in its neighborhood. Hor., Od., II., vi., 10, "Dulce pellitis ovibus Galesi flumen." Virg., G., iv., 126. Mart., xii., Ep. 64, "Albi quæ superas oves Galesi."

[1331] Compositum. These lines, as Gifford says, are not only the quintessence of sanctity, but of language. Closeness would cramp and paraphrase would enfeeble their sense, which may be felt, but can not be expressed. Casaubon explains compositum, "animum bene comparatum ad omnia divina humanaque jura." τὸ εὔτακτον τῆς ψυχῆς πρὸς τὰ θεῖά τε καὶ ἀνθρώπινα δίκαια. It may also imply the "harmonious blending of the two."

[1332] Recessus. So the Greeks used the phrases μυχοὺς διανοίας, ἄδυτα ταμιεῖα διανοίας. Cf. Rom., xi., 16, τὰ κρυπτὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων.

[1333] Incoctum a metaphor from a fleece double-dyed. So Seneca, "Quemadmodum lana quosdam colores semel ducit, quosdam nisi sæpius macerata et recocta non perbibit: sic alias disciplines ingenia cum accepere, protinus præstant: hæc nisi altè descendit, et diù sedit, animum non coloravit, sed infecit, nihil ex his quæ promiserat præstat." Ep. 71. Cf. Virg., Georg., iii., 307, "Quamvis Milesia

magno vellera mutentur Tyrios incocta rubores."

[1334] Litabo. Cf. v., 120, "Soli probi litare dicuntur proprie: sacrificare quilibet etiam improbi." Litare therefore is to obtain that for which the sacrifice is offered. Vid. Liv., xxxviii., 20, "Postero die sacrificio facto cum primis hostiis litasset." Plaut., Pœnul., ii., 41, "Tum Jupiter faciat ut semper sacrificem nec unquam litem." Cf. Lact. ad Stat. Theb., x., 610. Suet., Cæs., 81. Even the heathen could see that the deity regarded the purity of the heart, not the costliness of the offering of the sacrificer. So Laberius, "Puras deus non plenas aspicit manus." τὸ δαιμονίον μᾶλλον πρὸς τὸ τῶν θυόντων ἠθος ἢ πρὸς τὸ τῶν θυομένων πλῆθος βλέπει. Cf. Plat., Alc., II., xii., fin., "Est litabilis hostia bonus animus et pura mens et sincera sententia." Min., Fel., 32.

[1335] Farre. The idea is probably taken from Seneca. Ep. 95, "Nec in victimis, licet opimæ sint, auroque præfulgeant, deorum est honos: sed pia et recta voluntate venerantium: itaque boni etiam farre ac fictili religiosi." Hor., iii., Od. xxiii., 17, "Immunis aram si tetigit manus non sumptuosa blandior hostia mollivit aversos Penates farre pio et saliente mica." Cf. Eurip., Fr. Orion εὖ ἴσθ' ὁτὰν τις εὐσεβῶν θύῃ θεοῖς· κἂν μικρὰ θύῃ τυγχάνει σωτηρίας.

SATIRE III.

ARGUMENT.

In this Satire, perhaps more than in any other, we detect Persius' predilection for the doctrines of the Stoics. With them the summum bonum was "the sound mind in the sound body." To attain which, man must apply himself to the cultivation of virtue, that is, to the study of philosophy. He that does not can aspire to neither. Though unknown to himself, he is laboring under a mortal disease, and though he fancies he possesses a healthy intellect, he is the victim of as deep-seated and dangerous a delusion as the recognized maniac. The object of the Satire is to reclaim the idle and profligate young nobles of his day from their enervating and pernicious habits, by

the illustration of these principles.

The opening scene of the Satire presents us with the bedchamber where one of these young noblemen, accompanied by some other youths probably of inferior birth and station, is indulging in sleep many hours after the sun has risen upon the earth. The entrance of the tutor, who is a professor of the Stoical philosophy, disturbs their slumbers, and the confusion consequent upon his rebuke, and the thin disguise of their ill-assumed zeal, is graphically described. After a passionate outburst of contempt at their paltry excuses, the tutor points out the irretrievable evils that will result from their allowing the golden hours of youth to pass by unimproved: overthrows all objections which are raised as to their position in life, and competency of means rendering such vigorous application superfluous; and in a passage of solemn warning full of majesty and power, describes the unavailing remorse which will assuredly hereafter visit those who have so far quitted the rugged path that leads to virtue's heights, that all return is hopeless. He then proceeds to describe the defects of his own education; and the vices he fell into in consequence of these defects—vices however which were venial in himself, as those principles which would have taught him their folly were never inculcated in him. Whereas those whom he addresses, from the greater care that has been bestowed on their early training, are without apology for their neglect of these palpable duties. Then with great force and vigor, he briefly describes the proper pursuits of well-regulated minds; and looks down with contemptuous scorn on the sneers with which vulgar ignorance would deride these truths, too transcendent for their gross comprehension to appreciate. The Satire concludes very happily with the lively apologue of a glutton; who, in despite of all warning and friendly advice, perseveres even when his health is failing, in such vicious and unrestrained indulgence, that he falls at length a victim to his intemperance. The application of the moral is simple. The mind that is destitute of philosophical culture is hopelessly diseased, and the precepts of philosophy can alone effect a cure. He that despises these, in vain

pronounces himself to be of sound mind. On the approach of any thing that can kindle the spark, his passions burst into flame; and in spite of his boasted sanity, urge him on to acts that would call forth the reprobation even of the maniac himself. The whole Satire and its moral, as Gifford says, may be fitly summed up in the solemn injunction of a wiser man than the schools ever produced: "Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get Wisdom."

What! always thus![1336] Already the bright morning is entering the windows,[1337] and extending[1338] the narrow chinks with light. We are snoring[1339] as much as would suffice to work off the potent Falernian,[1340] while the index[1341] is touched by the fifth shadow of the gnomon. See! What are you about? The raging Dog-star[1342] is long since ripening the parched harvest, and all the flock is under the wide-spreading elm. One of the fellow-students[1343] says, "Is it really so? Come hither, some one, quickly. Is nobody coming!" His vitreous bile[1344] is swelling. He is bursting with rage: so that you would fancy whole herds of Arcadia[1345] were braying. Now his book, and the two-colored[1346] parchment cleared of the hair, and paper, and the knotty reed is taken in hand. Then he complains that the ink, grown thick, clogs in his pen; then that the black sepia[1347] vanishes altogether, if water is poured into it; then that the reed makes blots with the drops being diluted. O wretch! and every day still more a wretch! Are we come to such a pitch? Why do you not rather, like the tender ring-dove,[1348] or the sons of kings, call for minced pap, and fractiously refuse your nurse's lullaby!—Can I work with such a pen as this, then?

Whom are you deceiving? Why reiterate these paltry shifts? The stake is your own! You are leaking away,[1349] idiot! You will become an object of contempt. The ill-baked jar of half-prepared clay betrays by its ring its defect, and gives back a cracked sound. You are now clay, moist and pliant:[1350] even now you ought to be hastily moulded and fashioned unintermittingly by the rapid wheel.[1351] But, you will say, you have a fair competence from your hereditary estate; a pure and

stainless salt-cellar.[1352] Why should you fear? And you have a paten free from care, since it worships your household deities.[1353] And is this enough? Is it then fitting you should puff out your lungs to bursting because you trace the thousandth in descent from a Tuscan stock;[1354] or because robed in your trabea you salute the Censor, your own kinsman? Thy trappings to the people! I know thee intimately, inside and out! Are you not ashamed to live after the manner of the dissolute Natta?[1355]

But he is besotted by vicious indulgence; the gross fat[1356] is incrusted round his heart: he is free from moral guilt; for he knows not what he is losing; and sunk in the very depth of vice, will never rise again to the surface of the wave.

O mighty father of the gods! when once fell lust, imbued with raging venom, has fired their spirits, vouchsafe to punish fierce tyrants in no other way than this. Let them see Virtue,[1357] and pine away at[1358] having forsaken her! Did the brass of the Sicilian[1359] bull give a deeper groan, or the sword[1360] suspended from the gilded ceiling over the purple-clad neck strike deeper terror, than if one should say to himself, "We are sinking, sinking headlong down," and in his inmost soul, poor wretch, grow pale at what even the wife of his bosom must not know? I remember when I was young I often used to touch[1361] my eyes with oil, if I was unwilling to learn the noble words of the dying Cato;[1362] that would win great applause from my senseless master, and which my father, sweating with anxiety, would listen to with the friends he had brought to hear me. And naturally enough. For the summit of my wishes was to know what the lucky sice would gain; how much the ruinous ace[1363] would sweep off; not to miss the neck of the narrow jar;[1364] and that none more skillfully than I should lash the top[1365] with a whip.

Whereas you are not inexperienced in detecting the obliquity of moral deflections, and all that the philosophic porch,[1366] painted over with trowsered Medes,

teaches; over which the sleepless and close-shorn youth lucubrates, fed on husks and fattening polenta. To thee, besides, the letter that divides the Samian branches,[1367] has pointed out the path that rises steeply on the right-hand track.

And are you snoring still? and does your drooping head, with muscles all relaxed, and jaws ready to split with gaping, nod off your yesterday's debauch? Is there indeed an object at which you aim, at which you bend your bow? Or are you following the crows, with potsherd and mud, careless whither your steps lead you, and living only for the moment?

When once the diseased skin begins to swell, you will see men asking in vain for hellebore. Meet the disease on its way to attack you. Of what avail is it to promise mountains of gold to Craterus?[1368] Learn, wretched men, and investigate the causes of things; what we are—what course of life we are born to run—what rank is assigned to us—how delicate the turning round[1369] the goal, and whence the starting-point—what limit must be set to money—what it is right to wish for—what uses the rough coin[1370] possesses—how much you ought to bestow on your country and dear relations—what man the Deity destined you to be, and in what portion of the human commonwealth your station is assigned.

Learn: and be not envious because full many a jar grows rancid in his well-stored larder, for defending the fat Umbrians,[1371] and pepper, and hams, the remembrances of his Marsian client; or because the pilchard has not yet failed from the first jar.[1372]

Here some one of the rank brood of centurions may say, "I have philosophy enough to satisfy me. I care not to be what Arcesilas[1373] was, and woe-begone Solons, with head awry[1374] and eyes fastened on the ground, while they mumble suppressed mutterings, or idiotic silence, or balance words on their lip pouting out, pondering over the dreams of some palsied dotard, 'that nothing can be generated from nothing; nothing can return to nothing.'—Is it this over which you grow pale?

Is it this for which one should go without his dinner?" At this the people laugh, and with wrinkling nose the brawny[1375] youth loudly re-echo the hearty peals of laughter.

"Examine me! My breast palpitates unusually; and my breath heaves oppressedly from my fevered jaws: examine me, pray!" He that speaks thus to his physician, being ordered to keep quiet, when the third night has seen his veins flow with steady pulse, begs from some wealthier mansion some mellow Surrentine,[1376] in a flagon of moderate capacity, as he is about to bathe. "Ho! my good fellow, you look pale!" "It is nothing!" "But have an eye to it, whatever it is! Your sallow skin is insensibly rising." "Well, you look pale too! worse than I! Don't play the guardian to me! I buried him long ago—you remain." "Go on! I will hold my peace!" So, bloated with feasting and with livid stomach he takes his bath, while his throat slowly exhales sulphureous malaria. But shivering[1377] comes on over his cups, and shakes the steaming beaker[1378] from his hands; his teeth, grinning, rattle in his head; then the rich dainties dribble from his flaccid lips.

Next follow the trumpets and funeral-torches; and at last this votary of pleasure, laid out on a lofty bier, and plastered over with thick unguents,[1379] stretches out his rigid heels[1380] to the door. Then, with head covered, the Quirites of yesterday[1381] support his bier.

"Feel my pulse, you wretch! put your hand on my breast. There is no heat here! touch the extremities of my feet and hands. They are not cold!"

If money has haply met your eye,[1382] or the fair maiden of your neighbor has smiled sweetly on you, does your heart beat steadily? If hard cabbage has been served up to you in a cold dish, or flour shaken through the people's sieve,[1383] let me examine your jaws. A putrid ulcer lurks in your tender mouth, which it would not be right to grate against with vulgar beet.[1384] You grow cold, when pallid fear has roused the bristles on your limbs. Now, when a torch is placed beneath, your

blood begins to boil, and your eyes sparkle with anger; and you say and do what even Orestes[1385] himself, in his hour of madness, would swear to be proofs of madness.

FOOTNOTES:

[1336] Nempe hæc. A passage in Gellius exactly describes the opening scene of this Satire. "Nunc videre est philosophos ultrò currere ut doceant, ad foras juvenum divitûm, eosque ibi sedere atque operiri prope ad meridiem, donec discipuli nocturnum omne vinum edormiant." x., 6.

[1337] Fenestras. So Virg., Æn., iii., 151, "Multo manifesti lumine, quà se plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras." Prop., I., iii., 31, "Donec divisas percurrens luna fenestras."

[1338] Extendit, an hypallage. The light transmitted through the narrow chinks in the lattices, diverges into broader rays.

[1339] Stertimus, for stertis. The first person is employed to avoid giving offense.

[1340] Falernum. The Falernian was a fiery, full-bodied wine of Campania: hence its epithets, "Severum," Hor., i., Od. xxvii., 9; "Ardens," ii., Od. xi., 19; Mart., ix., Ep. lxxiv., 5; "Forte," ii., Sat. iv., 24 (cf. Luc., x., 163, "Indomitum Meroë cogens spumare Falernum"); "Acre," Juv., xiii., 216. To soften its austerity it was mixed with Chian wine. Tibull., II., i., 28, "Nunc mihi fumosos veteris proferte Falernos Consulis, et Chio solvite vincla cado." Hor., i., Sat. x., 24, "Suavior ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est." Despumare is, properly, "to take off the foam or scum;" "Et foliis undam trepidi despumat aheni;" then, met., "to digest."

[1341] Linea. "It wants but an hour of noon by the sun-dial." The Romans divided their day into twelve hours; the first beginning with the dawn; consequently, at the time of the equinoxes, their hours nearly corresponded with ours. According to Pliny, H. N., ii., 76, Anaximenes was the inventor of the sun-dial; whereas Diog. Laertius (II., i., 3) and Vitruvius attribute the discovery to Anaximander. They were,

however, known in much earlier times in the East. Cf. 2 Kings, xx. Sun-dials were introduced at Rome in the time of the second Punic war; the use of Clepsydræ, "water-clocks," by Scipio Nasica.

[1342] Canicula. Hor., iii., Od. xiii., 9, "Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ nescit tangere." III., xxix., 19, "Stella vesani Leonis."

[1343] Comitum. One of the young men of inferior fortune, whom the wealthy father has taken into his house, to be his son's companion.

[1344] Vitrea bilis. Cf. Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 141, "Jussit quod splendida bilis;" ubi v. Orell. It is called, by medical writers, ὑαλώδης χολή.

[1345] Arcadiæ. Juv., vii., 160, "Nil salit Arcadico juveni." Arcadia was famous for its broods of asses.

[1346] Bicolor. The outer side of the parchment on which the hair has been is always of a much yellower color than the inner side of the skin; hence "croceæ membrana tabellæ," Juv., vii., 23; though some think that the color was produced by the oil of citron or cedar. (Plin., xiii., 5. Cf. ad Sat. i., 43.) Leaves and the bark of trees were first used for writing on; hence folia and liber: occasionally linen, or plates of metal or stone; then paper was manufactured from the Cyperus papyrus, or Egyptian flag. Plin., xii., 23; xiii., 11. When the Ptolemies stopped the exportation of paper from Egypt, to prevent the library of Eumenes, king of Pergamus, from rivaling that of Alexandria, parchment (Pergamenum) was invented to serve as a substitute. Plin., x., 11, 21. Hieron., Ep. vii., 2. Hor., Sat., II., iii., 2. The manufacturer of it was termed Membranarius. The parchment was rendered smooth by rubbing with pumice, and flattened with lead, and was capable of being made so thin, that we read that the whole Iliad written on parchment was inclosed within a walnut-shell. Plin., VII., xxi., 21. Quintilian says, "that wax tablets were best suited for writing, as erasures could be so readily made; but that for persons of weak sight parchment was much better; but that the rapid flow of thought was checked by the

constant necessity for dipping the pen in the ink." Quint., x., 3. Cf. Catull., xxii., 6. Tibull., III., i., 9. They used reeds (calamus, fistula, arundo) for writing on this, as is done to the present day in the East. The best came from Egypt. "Dat chartis habiles calamos Memphitica tellus." Mart., xiv., Ep. 38. Hor., A. P., 447.

[1347] Sepia, put here for the ink. The popular delusion was, that this fish, when pursued, discharged a black liquid (atramentum), which rendered the water turbid, and enabled it to make its escape. (Hence it is still called by the Germans "Tinten-fisch," Ink-fish.) Vid. Cic., Nat. Deor., ii., 50. Plin., ix., 29, 45. The old Schol. says that this liquid was used by the Africans; but that a preparation of lamp-black was ordinarily used.

[1348] Palumbo. The ring-dove is said to be fed by the undigested food from the crop of its mother. Pappare is said of children either calling for food or eating pap (papparium). Hence the male-nurse is called Pappas. Juv., iv., 632, "timidus prægustet pocula Pappas." Plaut., Epid., v., 2, 62. It is here put by enallage for the pap itself; as lallare, in the next line, for the "lullaby" of the nurse, which Ausonius calls lallum. Epist. xvi., 90, "Nutricis inter lemmata lallique somniferos modos." Cf. Hieron., Epist. xiv., 8, "Antiquum referens mammæ lallare." Shakspeare, Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii., sc. 3.

[1349] Effluis is said of a leaky vessel, and refers to his illustration of the ill-baked pottery in the following line—sonat vitium. Cf. v. 25, "Quid solidum crepet."

[1350] Udum et molle lutum. Hor., ii., Ep. ii., 7, "Idoneus arti cuilibet; argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ." A. P., 163, "Cereus in vitium flecti." Plat., de Legg., i., p. 633, θωπεῖαι κολακικαὶ αἳ τινὰς κηρίνους ποιοῦσι πρὸς ταῦτα ξύμπαντα.

[1351] Rotâ. So Hor., A. P., 21, "Currente rotâ cur urceus uxit." Plaut., Epid., III., ii., 35, "Vorsutior es quam rota figularis."

[1352] Salinum. The reverence for salt has been derived from the remotest antiquity. From its being universally used to season food, and from its antiseptic properties, it

has been always associated with notions of moral purity, and, from forming a part of all sacrifices, acquired a certain degree of sanctity; so that the mere placing salt on the table was supposed, in a certain degree, to consecrate what was set on it. (Arnob., ii., 91, "Sacras facitis mensas salinorum appositu.") Hence the salt-cellar became an heir-loom, and descended from father to son. (Hor., ii., Od. xvi., 13, "Vivitur parvo bene cui paternum splendet in mensâ tenui salinum.") Even in the most frugal times, it formed part, sometimes the only piece, of family-plate. Pliny says that the "salinum and patella were the only vessels of silver Fabricius would allow," xxxiii., 12, 54; and in the greatest emergencies, as e. g., A.U.C. 542, when all were called upon to sacrifice their plate for the public service, the salt-cellar and paten were still allowed to be retained. Liv., xxvi., 36, "Ut senatores salinum, patellamque deorum causâ habere possint." Cf. Val. Max., IV., iv., 3, "In C. Fabricii et Q. Æmilii Papi domibus argentum fuisse confiteor; uterque enim patellam deorum et salinum habuit." Cf. Sat. v., 138.

[1353] Cultrix foci. A portion of the meat was cut off before they began to eat, and offered to the Lares in the patella, and then burnt on the hearth; and this offering was supposed to secure both house and inmates from harm.

[1354] Stemmate. Vid. Juv., viii., 1. The Romans were exceedingly proud of a Tuscan descent. Cf. Hor., i., Od. i., 1; iii., Od. xxix., 1; i., Sat. vi., 1. The vocatives "millesime," "trabeate," are put by antiptosis for nominatives. For the trabea, see note on Juv., viii., 259, "trabeam et diadema Quirini." It was properly the robe of kings, consuls, and augurs, but was worn by the equites on solemn processions. These were of two kinds, the transvectio and the censio. The former is referred to here. It took place annually on the 15th of July (Idibus Quinctilibus), when all the knights rode from the temple of Mars, or of Honor, to the Capitol, dressed in the trabea and crowned with olive wreaths, and saluted as they passed the censors, who were seated in front of the temple of Castor in the forum. This custom was introduced by Q. Fabius, when censor, A.U.C. 303. (Liv., ix., 46, fin. Aur. Vict.,

Vir. Illustr., 32.) It afterward fell into disuse, but was revived by Augustus. (Suet., Vit., 38.) In the censio, which took place every five years only, the equites walked in procession before the censors, leading their horses; all whom the censors approved of were ordered to lead along their horses (equos traducere); those who had disgraced themselves, either by immorality, or by diminishing their fortune, or neglecting to take care of their horses, were degraded from the rank of equites by being ordered to sell their horses.

[1355] Natta. We find a Pinarius Natta mentioned, Tac., Ann., iv., 34, as one of the clients of Sejanus. Cicero also speaks of the Pinarii Nattæ as patricians and nobles. De Divin., ii., xxi. (Cf. pro Mur., xxxv. Att., iv., 8.) Horace uses the name for a gross person. "Ungor olivo non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis," i., Sat. vi., 124; and Juvenal for a public robber, "Quum Pansa eripiat quidquid tibi Natta reliquit," Sat. viii., 95. He is here put for one so sunk in profligacy, with heart so hardened, and moral sense so obscured by habitual vice, as to be unable even to perceive the abyss in which he is plunged. Cf. Arist., Eth., ii., 5, 8. "Reason and revelation alike teach us the awful truth, that sin exercises a deadening effect on the moral perception of right and wrong. Ignorance may be pleaded as an excuse, but not that ignorance of which man himself is the cause. Such ignorance is the result of willful sin. This corrupts the moral sense, hardens the heart, destroys the power of conscience, and afflicts us with judicial blindness, so that we actually lose at last the power of seeing the things which belong unto our peace." P. 67 of Browne's translation of the Ethics, in Bohn's Classical Library. (For discinctus, vid. Orell. ad Hor., Epod. i., 34.)

[1356] Pingue. Cf. Psalm cxix., 70, "Their heart is as fat as brawn."

[1357] Virtutem videant. This passage is beautifully paraphrased by Wyat.

"None other payne pray I for them to be, But, when the rage doth lead them from the right, That, looking backward, Vertue they may see E'en as she is, so goodly faire

and bright! And while they claspe their lustes in arms acrosse, Graunt them, good Lord, as thou maist of thy might, To fret inwarde for losing such a losse!" Ep. to Poynes.

"Virtue," says Plato, "is so beautiful, that if men could but be blessed with a vision of its loveliness, they would fall down and worship." ὄψις γάρ ὑμῖν ὀξυτάτη τῶν διὰ τοῦ σώματος ἔρχεται αἰσθήσεων, ᾗ φρόνησις οὐχ ὁρᾶται δεινοὺς γάρ ἂν παρεῖχεν ἔρωτας εἴ τι τοιρῦτον ἑαυτῆς ἐναργὲς εἴδωλον παρείχετο εἰς ὄψιν ἰόν καὶ τἆλλα ὅσα ἐραστά. Phædr., c. 65, fin. The sentiment has been frequently repeated. Cic., de Fin., ii., 16, "Quam illa ardentes amores excitaret sui si videretur." De Off., i., 5, "Si oculis cerneretur mirabiles amores, ut ait Plato, excitaret sui." Senec., Epist. 59, 1, "Profecto omnes mortales in admirationem sui raperet, relictis his quæ nunc magna, magnorum ignorantia credimus." So Epist. 115. Shaftesbury's Characteristics. The Moralists. Part iii., § 2.

[1358] Intabescant. Hor., Epod. v., 40. Ov., Met., ii., 780; iii., Od. xxiv., 31, "Virtutem incolumem odimus, Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi." Pers., Sat. v., 61, "Et sibi jam seri vitam ingemuero relictam."

[1359] Siculi. Alluding to the bull of Phalaris, made for him by Perillus. Cf. ad Juv., viii., 81, "Admoto dictet perjuria tauro." Plin., xxxiv., 8. Cic., Off., ii., 7. Ov., Ib., 439, "Ære Perillæo veros imitere juvencos, ad formam tauri conveniente sono." A. Am., i., 653, "Et Phalaris tauro violenti membra Perilli Torruit infelix imbuit auctor opus." Ov., Trist., III., xi., 40-52. Claud., B. Gild., 186. Phalaris and Perillus were both burnt in it themselves.

[1360] Ensis refers to the entertainment of Damocles by Dionysius of Syracuse. Vid. Cic., Tusc. Qu., v., 21. Plat, de Rep., iii., p. 404. Hor., iii., Od. i., 17, "Destrictus ensis cui super impia Cervice pendet non Siculæ dapes Dulcem elaborabunt vaporem."

[1361] Tangebam. Cf. Ov., A. Am., i., 662, "Put oil on my eyes to make my master

believe they were sore."

[1362] Catonis. Either some high-flown speech put into Cato's mouth, like that of Addison, or a declamation on the subject written by the boy himself. Cf. Juv., i., 16; vii., 151.

[1363] Damnosa Canicula. Cf. Propert., IV., viii., 45, "Me quoque per talos Venerem quærente secundos, semper damnosi subsiluere Canes." Juv., xiv., 4, "Damnosa senem juvat alea," The talus had four flat sides, the two ends being rounded. The numbers marked on the sides were the ace, "canis" or "unio" (Isid., Or. xviii., 65, only in later writers), the trey, "ternio," the quater, "quaternio," and the sice, "senio," opposite the ace. They played with four tali, and the best throw was when each die presented a different face (μηδενὸς ἀστραγάλου πεσόντος ἴσῳ σχήματι, Lucian, Am. Mart., xiv., Ep. 14, "Cum steterit nullus tibi vultu talus eôdem"), i. e., when one was canis, another ternio, another quaternio, and the fourth senio. This throw was called Venus, or jactus Venereus, because Venus was supposed to preside over it. The worst throw was when all came out aces; and there appears to have been something in the make of the dice to render this the most common throw. This was called Canis, or Canicula; as Voss says, because "like a dog it ate up the unfortunate gambler who threw it." Ovid, A. Am., ii., 205, "Seu jacies talos, victam ne pœna sequatur, Damnosi facito stent tibi sæpe Canes." One way of playing is described (in Suet., Vit. August, c. 71) is letter of Augustus to Tiberius. Each player put a denarius into the pool for every single ace or sice he threw, and he who threw Venus swept away the whole. There were probably many other modes of playing. Cf. Cic., de Div., i., 13. The tesseræ were like our dice with six sides, numbered from one to six, so that the numbers on the two opposite sides always equaled seven. Cf. Bekker's Gallus, p. 499. Lucil., i., fr. 27.

[1364] Orcæ. This refers to a game played by Roman boys, which consisted in throwing nuts into a narrow-necked jar. This game was called τρόπα by the Greeks;

who used dates, acorns, and dibs for the same purpose. Poll., Onom., IX., vii., 203. Ovid refers to it in his "Nux." "Vas quoque sæpe cavum, spatio distante, locatur In quod missa levi nux cadat una manu." Orca (the Greek ὕρχα Arist., Vesp., 676) was an earthen vessel used for holding wine, figs, and salted fish. Cf. 1. 73, "Mænaque quod primâ nondum defecerit orcâ." Hor., ii., Sat. iv., 66, "Quod pingui miscere mero muriâque decebit non alià quam quâ Byzantia putruit orca." Colum., xii., 15. Plin., xv., 19. Varro, R. R., i., 13. The dibs used for playing were called taxilli, Pompon. in Prisc., iii., 615.

[1365] Buxum. "Volubile buxum." Cf. Virg., Æn., vii., 378-384. Tibull., I., v. 3.

[1366] Porticus. ἡ ποικίλη Στοά. The Pœcile, or "Painted Hall," at Athens. It was covered with frescoes representing the battle of Marathon, executed gratuitously by Polygnotus the Thasian and Mycon. Plin., xxxv., 9. Corn. Nep., Milt., vi. This "porch" was the favorite resort of Zeno and his disciples, who were hence called Stoics. Diog. Laert., VII., i., 6.

[1367] Samios diduxit litera ramos. The letter Y was taken by Pythagoras as the symbol of human life. The stem of the letter symbolizes the early part of life, when the character is unformed, and the choice of good or evil as yet undetermined. The right-hand branch, which is the narrower one, represents the "steep and thorny path" of virtue. The left-hand branch is the broad and easy road to vice. Compare the beautiful Episode of Prodicus in Xenophon's Memorabilia. Servius ad Virg., Æn., vi., 540, "Huic literæ dicebat Pythagoras humanæ vitæ cursum esse similem, quia unusquisque hominum, cum primum adolescentiæ limen attigerit, et in eum locum venerit 'partes ubi se via findit in ambas,' hæreat nutabandus, et nesciat in quam se partem potius inclinet." Auson., Idyll., xii., 9, "Pythagoræ bivium ramis pateo ambiguis Y." Shakspeare, Hamlet, Act i., sc. 3. Cic., de Off., i., 32. Hesiod, Op. et Di., 288, μακρὸς δὲ καὶ ὄρθιος οἶμος. Pers., Sat., v., 35.

[1368] Cratero, a famous physician in Cicero's time. Cic. ad Att., xii., 13, 14. He is

also mentioned by Horace, Sat., II., iii., 161, "Non est cardiacus, Craterum dixisse putato."

[1369] Flexus. "There are many periods of life as critical as the end of the stadium in the chariot-race, where the nicest judgment is required in turning the corner." Adrian Turnebe. The reading of D'Achaintre is followed.

[1370] Asper Numus. Cf. ad Juv., xiv., 62.

[1371] Defensis pinguibus Umbris. For the presents which lawyers received from their clients, cf. Juv., vii., 119, "Vas pelamidum."

[1372] Orca. Cf. sup., 1. 50. The Mœna was a common coarse kind of fish (Cic., Fin., ii., 28), commonly used for salting.

[1373] Arcesilas was a native of Pitane, in Æolis. After studying at Sardis under Autolycus, the mathematician, he came to Athens, and became a disciple of Theophrastus, and afterward of Crantor. He was the founder of the Middle Academy. Diog. Laert., Proœm., x., 14. Liv., iv., c. vi. He maintained that "nothing can be known," and is hence called "Ignorantiæ Magister." Lactant., III., v., 6. His doctrine is stated, Cic., de Orat., iii, 18. Acad., i, 12.

[1374] Obstipo capite implies "the head rigidly fixed in one position." Sometimes in an erect one, as in an arrogant and haughty person. (Suet., Tib., 68, "Cervix rigida et obstipa.") Sometimes bent forward, which is the characteristic of a slavish and cringing person. (δουλοπρέπες. Cf. Orell. ad Hor., ii., Sat. v., 92, "Davus sis Comicus atque Stes capite obstipo multum similis metuenti.") Sometimes in the attitude of a meditative person in deep reflection, "with leaden eye that loves the ground."

[1375] Torosa. Applied properly to the broad muscles in the breast of a bull. Ov., Met., vii., 428, "Feriuntque secures Colla torosa boüm."

[1376] Surrentina. Surrentum, now "Sorrento," on the coast of Campania, was famous for its wines. Ov., Met., xv., 710, "Et Surrentino generosos palmite colles."

Pliny assigns it the third place in wines, ranking it immediately after the Setine and Falernian. He says it was peculiarly adapted to persons recovering from sickness. XIV., vi., 8; XXIII., i., 20. Surrentum was also famous for its drinking-cups of pottery-ware. XIV., ii, 4. Mart., xiv., Ep. 102; xiii., 110.

[1377] Tremor. So Hor., i, Epist. xvi., 22, "Occultam febrem sub tempus edendi dissimules, donec manibus tremor incidat unctis."

[1378] Trientem, or triental, a cup containing the third part of the sextarius (which is within a fraction of a pint), equal to four cyathi Cf. Mart., vi., Ep. 86, "Setinum, dominæque nives, densique trientes, Quando ego vos medico non prohibente bibam?"

[1379] Amomis. Juv., iv., 108, "Et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo, Quantum vix redolent duo funera." The amomum was an Assyrian shrub with a white flower, from which a very costly perfume was made. Plin., xiii., 1.

[1380] Rigidos calces. Vid. Plin., vii., 8. The dead body was always carried out with the feet foremost.

[1381] Hesterni Quirites. Slaves, when manumitted, shaved their heads, to show that, like shipwrecked mariners (Juv., xii., 81), they had escaped the storms of slavery, and then received a pileus (v., 82) in the temple of Feronia. Cf. Plaut., Amph., I., i., 306. The temple, according to one legend, was founded by some Lacedæmonians who quitted Sparta to escape from the severity of Lycurgus' laws. Many persons freed all their slaves at their death, out of vanity, that they might have a numerous body of freedmen to attend their funeral.

[1382] Visa est. So iv., 47, "Viso si palles improbe numo."

[1383] Cribro. The coarse sieve of the common people would let through much of the bran. The Romans were very particular about the quality of their bread. Cf. Juv., v., 67, seq.

[1384] Beta. Martial calls them fatuæ, from their insipid flavor without some

condiment, and "fabrorum prandia." xiii., Ep. xiii.

[1385] Orestes. Cf. Juv., xiv., 285.

SATIRE IV.

ARGUMENT.

Had Persius lived after instead of before Juvenal we might have imagined that he had taken for the theme the noble lines in his eighth Satire,

"Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se Crimen habet quanto Major qui peccat habetur." viii., 140.

"For still more public scandal Vice extends, As he is great and noble who offends."—Dryden.

Or had he drawn from the fountains of inspired wisdom, that he had had in his eye a passage of still more solemn import: "A sharp judgment shall be to them that be in high places. For mercy will soon pardon the meanest; but mighty men shall be mightily tormented." Wisdom, vi., 5. Either of these passages might fairly serve as the argument of this Satire. What, however, Persius really took as his model is the First Alcibiades of Plato, and the imitation of it is nearly as close as is that of the Second Alcibiades in the Second Satire. And the subject of his criticism is no less a personage than Nero himself. The close analogy between Nero and Alcibiades will be further alluded to in the notes. We must remember that Nero was but seventeen years old when he was called to take the reins of government, and was but three years younger than Persius himself. The Satire was probably written before Nero had entirely thrown off the mask; at all events, before he had given the full evidence which he afterward did of the savage ferocity and gross licentiousness of his true nature. There was enough indeed for the stern Satirist to censure; but still a spark of something noble remaining, to kindle the hope that the reproof might work improvement. In his First Satire he had ridiculed his pretensions to the name of Poet;

in this he exposes his inability as a Politician. The Satire naturally and readily divides itself into three parts. In the first he ridicules the misplaced ambition of those who covet exalted station, and aspire to take the lead in state affairs, without possessing those qualifications of talent, education, and experience, which alone could fit them to take the helm of government; and who hold that the adventitious privileges of high birth and ancient lineage can countervail the enervating effects of luxurious indolence and vicious self-indulgence. The second division of the subject turns on the much-neglected duty of self-examination; and enforces the duty of uprightness and purity of conduct from the consideration, that while it is hopeless in all to escape the keen scrutiny that all men exercise in their neighbor's failings, while they are at the same time utterly blind to their own defects, yet that men of high rank and station must necessarily provoke the more searching criticism, in exact proportion to the elevation of their position. He points out also the policy of checking all tendency to satirize the weakness of others, to which Nero was greatly prone, and in fact had already aspired to the dignity of a writer of Satire; as such sarcasm only draws down severer recrimination on ourselves. In the third part he reverts to the original subject; and urges upon the profligate nobles of the day the duty of rigid self-scrutiny, by reminding them of the true character of that worthless rabble, on whose sordid judgment and mercenary applause they ground their claims to approbation. This love of the "aura popularis" was Nero's besetting vice; and none could doubt for whom the advice was meant. Yet the allusions to Nero throughout the Satire, transparent as they must have been to his contemporaries, are so dexterously covered that Persius might easily have secured himself from all charge of personally attacking the emperor under the plea that his sole object was a declamatory exercise in imitation of the Dialogue cf Plato.

"Dost thou wield the affairs of the state?"[1386]—(Imagine the bearded[1387] master, whom the fell draught of hemlock[1388] took off, to be saying this:)—Relying on what? Speak, thou ward[1389] of great Pericles. Has talent,

forsooth, and precocious knowledge of the world, come before thy beard? Knowest thou what must be spoken, and what kept back? And, therefore, when the populace is boiling with excited passion, does your spirit move you to impose silence on the crowd by the majesty of your hand?[1390] and what will you say then? "I think, Quirites, this is not just! That is bad! This is the properer course?" For you know how to weigh the justice of the case in the double scale of the doubtful balance. You can discern the straight line when it lies between curves,[1391] or when the rule misleads by its distorted foot; and you are competent to affix the Theta[1392] of condemnation to a defect.

Why do you not then (adorned in vain with outer skin[1393]) cease to display your tail[1394] before the day to the fawning rabble, more fit to swallow down undiluted Anticyras?[1395]

What is your chief good? to have lived always on rich dishes; and a skin made delicate by constant basking in the sun?[1396] Stay: this old woman would scarce give a different answer—"Go now! I am son of Dinomache!"[1397] Puff yourself up!—"I am beautiful." Granted! Still Baucis, though in tatters, has no worse philosophy, when she has cried her herbs[1398] to good purpose to some slovenly slave.

How is it that not a man tries to descend into himself? Not a man! But our gaze is fixed on the wallet[1399] on the back in front of us! You may ask, "Do you know Vectidius' farms!" Whose? The rich fellow that cultivates more land at Cures than a kite[1400] can fly over! Him do you mean? Him, born under the wrath of Heaven, and an inauspicious Genius, who whenever he fixes his yoke at the beaten cross ways,[1401] fearing to scrape off the clay incrusted on the diminutive vessel, groans out, "May this be well!" and munching an onion in its hull, with some salt, and a dish of frumety (his slaves applauding the while), sups up the mothery dregs of vapid vinegar.

But if, well essenced, you lounge away your time and bask in the sun, there stands by you one, unkenned, to touch you with his elbow, and spit out his bitter detestation on your morals—on you, who by vile arts make your body delicate! While you comb the perfumed hair[1402] on your cheeks, why are you closely shorn elsewhere? when, though five wrestlers pluck out the weeds, the rank fern will yield to no amount of toil.

"We strike;[1403] and in our turn expose our limbs to the arrows. It is thus we live. Thus we know it to be. You have a secret wound, though the baldric hides it with its broad gold. As you please! Impose upon your own powers; deceive them if you can!"

"While the whole neighborhood pronounces me to be super-excellent, shall I not credit[1404] them?"

If you grow pale, vile wretch, at the sight of money; if you execute all that suggests itself to your lust; if you cautiously lash the forum with many a stroke,[1405] in vain you present to the rabble your thirsty[1406] ears. Cast off from you that which you are not. Let the cobbler[1407] bear off his presents. Dwell with yourself,[1408] and you will know how short your household stuff is.

FOOTNOTES:

[1386] Rem populi tractas? from the Greek περὶ τῶν τοῦ δήμου πραγμάτων βουλεύεσθαι. The imitations of the First Alcibiades are very close throughout the Satire. Even in our own day, in looking back upon ancient history, it would be difficult to find two persons so nearly counterparts of each other as Nero and Alcibiades; not only in their personal character but in the adventitious circumstances of their life. Both came into public life at a very early age. Nero was emperor before he was seventeen years old, and Alcibiades was barely twenty at the siege of Potidæa. Seneca was to Nero what Socrates was to Alcibiades. Both derived their claims to pre-eminence from the mother's side: Nero through Agrippina, from the

Julian gens; Alcibiades through Dinomache, from the Alemæonidæ. The public influence of both extended through nearly the same period, thirteen years. Both were notorious for the same vices: love of self-indulgence, ambition of pre-eminence, personal vanity, lawless insolence toward others, lavish expenditure, and utter disregard of all principle. It would be very easy to carry out the parallel into greater detail. Comp. Suet., Nero, c. 26, with Grote's Greece, vol. vii., ch. 55.

[1387] Barbatum. Cf. Juv., xiv., 12, "Barbatos licet admoveas mille inde magistros." Cic., Fin., iv., "Barba sylvosa et pulcrè alita inter hominis eruditi insignia recensetur." Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 34, "Tempore quo me solatus jussit sapientem pascere barbam."

[1388] Cicutæ. Cf. ad Juv., vii, 206.

[1389] Pupille. Alcibiades was left an orphan at the age of five years, his father, Clinias, having been killed at the battle of Coronea; when he was placed with his younger brother Clinias, under the guardianship of Pericles and his brother Ariphron, to whom his ungovernable passions, even in his boyhood, were a source of great grief. Of this connection Alcibiades was very proud. Cf. Plat., Alc., c. 1. Nero lost his father when scarcely three years old; and at the age of eleven, he was adopted by Claudius and placed under the care of Annæus Seneca. It is curious that the first public act of both was an act of liberality to the people. Compare the account of Nero's proposing the Congiarium (Suet., Nero, c. 7), with the anecdote of the quail of Alcibiades told by Plutarch (in Vit., c. 10). There is probably also a bitter sarcasm in the word "pupille," as it was the term of contempt applied to Nero by Poppæa, who was impatient to be married to him, which the control of his mother Agrippina, and the influence of Seneca and Burrhus, delayed. Cf. Tac., Ann., xiv., I, "Quæ (Poppæa) aliquando per facetias incusaret Principem et pupillum vocaret qui jussis alienis obnoxius non modo imperii sed libertatis etiam indigeret." Some imagine pericli to be intended as a pun, "One that would prove dangerous hereafter;"

as Alcibiades was compared to a lion's whelp, Arist., Ran., 1431, οὐ χρὴ λέοντος σκύμνον ἐν πόλει τρέφειν ἤν δ' ἐκτρέφῃ τις, τοῖς τρόποις ὑπηρετεῖν.

[1390] Majestate manûs. Ov., Met., i., 205, "Quam fuit illa Jovi: qui postquam voce, manuque Murmura compressit, tenuere silentia cuncti." So Lucan says of Cæsar, "Utque satis trepidum turbâ coeunte tumultum Composuit vultu, dextrâque silentia jussit." Cf. Acts, xiii. 16.

[1391] Curva. The Stoic notion that virtue is a straight line; vices, curved: the virtues occasionally approaching nearer to one curve than the other. Cf. Arist., Eth., II., vii. and viii.; and Sat., iii., 52, "Haud tibi inexpertum curvos deprendere mores, Quæque docet sapiens braccatis illita Medis Porticus."

[1392] Nigrum Theta. The Θ, the first letter of θάνατος, was set by the Judices against the names of those whom they adjuged worthy of death, and was hence used by critics to obelize passages they condemned or disapproved of; the contrary being marked with X, for χρηστόν. Cf. Mart., vii., Ep. xxxvii., 1, "Nosti mortiferum quæstoris, Castrice, signum, Est operæ pretium discere theta novum." Auson., Ep. 128, "Tuumque nomen theta sectilis signet." Sidon., Carm., ix., 335, "Isti qui valet exarationi Districtum bonus applicare theta." (It was also used on tomb-stones, and as a mark to tick off the dead on the muster-roll of soldiers.)

[1393] Summâ pella decorus. The personal beauty of Alcibiades is proverbial. Suetonius does not give a very unfavorable account of Nero's exterior, "Staturâ fuit prope justâ, sufflavo capillo, vultu pulchro magis quam venusto, oculis cæsiis." The rest of the picture is not quite so flattering. It should be observed, by the way, that Suetonius speaks in terms by no means disparaging of Nero's verses, which, he says, flowed easily and naturally: he discards the insinuation that they were mere translations, or plagiarisms, as he says he had ocular proof to the contrary. Suet., Vit., c. 51, 2.

[1394] Caudam jactare, a metaphor either from "a dog fawning," or "a peacock

displaying its tail." Hor., ii., Sat. ii., 26, "Rara avis et pictâ pandat spectacula caudâ."

[1395] Anticyras. Cf. ad Juv., xiii., 97. Hor., ii., Ep. ii., 137, "Expulit helleboro morbum bilemque meraco." Lucian, ἐν Πλοίῳ, 45, καὶ ὁ ἐλλέβορος ἱκανὸς ποιῆσαι ζωρότερος ποθείς. Meracus is properly applied to unmixed wine; merus, to any other liquid.

[1396] Curata cuticula sole. Cf. ad Juv., xi., 203, "Nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula solem." Alluding to the apricatio, or "sunning themselves," of which old men are so fond. Line 33. Sat. v., 179. Cic., de Senect., xvi. Mart., x., Ep. xii., 7, "I precor et totos avida cute combibe soles, Quam formosus eris, dum peregrinus eris." Plin., Ep. iii., 1. "Ubi hora balinei nuntiata est, in sole, si caret vento, ambulat nudus." iv., Ep. 5, "Post cibum sæpe æstate si quod otii, jacebat in sole." Cic., Att., vii., 11. Mart., i., Ep. lxxviii., 4. Juv., ii., 105, "Et curare cutem summi constantia civis." Hor., i., Ep. iv., 29, "In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juventus." iv., 15, "Me pinguem et nitidum bene curatâ cute vises." Cf. Sat. ii., 37, "Pelliculam curare jube."

[1397] Dinomaches. Vid. line 1. Plut., Alc., 1. It appears from Plat., Alc., cxviii., that it was a name Alcibiades delighted in.

[1398] Ocima. Properly the herb "Basil," ocimum Basilicum, either from ὠκὺς, from its "rapid growth," or from ὄζειν, from its "fragrance."

[1399] Mantica. From Phædrus, lib. iv., Fab. x., "Peras imposuit Jupiter nobis duas: propriis repletam vitiis post tergum dedit: Alienis ante pectus suspendit gravem. Hâc re videre nostra mala non possumus: alii simul delinquunt, censores sumus." So Petr., Frag. Traj., 57, "In alio peduclum vides: in te ricinum non vides." Cat., xxii., 20, "Suus quoique attributus est error: Sed non videmus manticæ quod in tergo est."

[1400] Quantum non milvus. Cf. Juv., ix., 55, "Tot milvos intra tua pascua lassos."

[1401] Pertusa ad compita. "Compita" are places where three or more roads meet, from the old verb bito or beto. At these places altars, or little chapels, were erected

with as many sides as there were ways meeting. (Jani bifrontes.) Cf. v., 35, "Ramosa in compita." Hence they are called "pertusa," i. e., pervia, "open in all directions." At these chapels it was the custom for the rustics to suspend the worn-out implements of husbandry. Though some think this was more especially done at the Compitalia. This festival was one of those which the Romans called Feriæ Conceptivæ, being fixed annually by the Prætor. They generally followed close upon the Saturnalia, and were held sometimes three days before the kalends of January, sometimes on the kalends themselves. Vid. Cic., Pis., iv. Auson., Ecl. de Fev., "Et nunquam certis redeuntia festa diebus, Compita per vicos quum sua quisque colit." According to Servius, they are described, though not by name, by Virgil, Æn., viii., 717. Like the Quinquatrus, they lasted only one day, and on that occasion additional wooden chapels were erected, the sacrificial cakes were provided by different houses, and slaves, not freedmen, presided at the sacrifices. Vid. Plin., XXXVI., xxvii., 70. The gods whom they worshiped are said to have been the Lares Compitales, of whom various legends are current. But this is doubtful. Augustus appointed certain rites in their honor, twice in the year. Suet., Vit., c. xxxi., "Compitales Lares ornari bis anno instituit vernis floribus et æstivis." It seems to have been a season of rustic revelry and feasting, and of license for slaves, like the Saturnalia. The avarice of the miser, therefore, on such an occasion, is the more conspicuous. His vessel is but a small one (seriola), and its contents woolly (pannosam) with age (veterem); yet he grudges scraping off the clay (limum) with which they used to stop their vessels, in order to pour a libation of his sour wine.

[1402] Balanatum gausape. The Balanus, or "Arabian Balsam," was considered one of the most expensive perfumes. πρὸς τὰ πολυτελῆ μύρα ἀντ' ἐλαίου ἔχρωντο. Dioscor., iv., 160. Cf. Hor., iii., Od. xxix., 4, "Pressa tuis balanus capillis Jamdudum apud me est." The gausape is properly a thick shaggy kind of stuff. Hence Sen., Ep. 53, "Frigidæ cultor mitto me in mare quomodo psychrolutam decet, gausapatus." Lucil., xx., Fr. 9, "Purpureo tersit tunc latas gausape mensas." From whom Horace

copies, ii., Sat. viii., 10, "Puer alte cinctus acernam gausape purpureo mensam pertersit." It is here used for "a very thick, bushy beard."

[1403] Cædimus. A metaphor from gladiators, which is continued through the next three lines. "While we are intent on wounding our adversaries, we leave our own weak points unguarded;" i. e., while satirizing others, we are quite forgetful of and blind to our own defects. There is here also a covert allusion to Nero, who, though so open to sarcasm, yet took upon him to satirize others. Cf. ad Juv., iv., 106, "Et tamen improbior satiram scribente cinædo."

[1404] Non credam. Sen., Ep. lix., 11, "Cito nobis placemus: si invenimus qui nos bonos viros dicat, qui prudentes, qui sanctos, agnoscimus. Nec sumus modicâ laudatione contenti: quidquid in nos adulatio sine pudore congessit, tanquam debitum prendimus: optimos nos esse sapientissimos affirmantibus assentimur."

[1405] Puteal flagellas. "This line," Casaubon says, "was purposely intended to be obscure; that while all would apply it in one sense to Nero, Persius, if accused, might maintain that he intended only the other sense, which the words at first sight bear." Puteal is put for the forum itself by synecdoche. It is properly the "puteal Libonis," a place which L. Scribonius Libo caused to be inclosed (perhaps cir. A.U.C. 604). It had been perhaps a bidental (cf. ad Sat. ii., 27), or, as others say, the place where the razor of the augur Nævius was deposited. Near it was the prætor's chair, and the benches frequented by persons who had private suits, among whom the class of usurers would be most conspicuous. (Hence Hor., i., Epist. xix., 8, "Forum putealque Libonis Mandabo siccis." ii., Sat. vi., 35.) Puteal flagellare, therefore, is taken in its primitive sense to mean, "to frequent the forum for the purpose of enforcing rigorous payment from those to whom you have lent money; or the benches of the usurers, in quest of persons to whom you may lend it on exorbitant interest." Cf. Ov., Remed., Am., 561, "Qui puteal Janumque timet, celeresque Kalendas." Cic., Sext., 8. In its secondary sense, it may apply to the

nightly atrocities of Nero, who used to frequent the forum, violently assaulting those he met, and outrageously insulting females, not unfrequently committing robberies and even murder; but having been soundly beaten one night by a nobleman whose wife he had outraged, he went ever after attended by gladiators, as a security for his personal safety; who kept aloof until their services were required. Nero might well, therefore, be called the "scourge of the Forum," and be said to leave scars and wales behind him in the scenes of his enormities. Juvenal (Sat. iii., 278, seq.) alludes to the same practices. A description of them at full length may be found in Tacitus (Ann., xiii., 26) and Suetonius (Vit. Neron., c. 26).

[1406] Bibulas. "Those ears which are as prone to drink in the flattery of the mob as a sponge to imbibe water."

[1407] Cerdo, Put here for the lower orders generally, whose applause Nero always especially courted. So Juv., iv., 153, "Sed periit postquam cerdonibus esse timendus cœperat." viii., 182, "Et quæ turpia cerdoni volesos Brutosque decebunt." "Give back the rabble their tribute of applause. Let them bear their vile presents elsewhere!"

[1408] Tecum habita. "Retire into yourself; examine yourself thoroughly; your abilities and powers of governing: and you will find how little fitted you are for the arduous task you have undertaken." Compare the end of the Alcibiades. Juv., xi., 33, "Te consule, die tibi qui sis." Hor., i., Sat. iii., 34, "Te ipsum concute." Sen., Ep. 80, fin., "Si perpendere te voles, sepone pecuniam, domum, dignitatem: intus te ipse considera. Nunc qualis sis, aliis credis."

SATIRE V.

ARGUMENT.

On this Satire, which is the longest and the best of all, Persius may be said to rest his claims to be considered a Philosopher and a Poet. It may be compared with

advantage with the Third Satire of the second book of Horace. As the object in that is to defend what is called the Stoical paradox, "that none but the Philosopher is of sound mind,"

"Quem mala stultitia et quemcunque inscitia veri Cæecum agit, insanum Chrysippi porticus et grex Autumat:" i., 43-45,

so here, Persius maintains that other dogma of the Stoics, "that none but the Philosopher is truly a free man." Horace argues (in the person of a Stoic) that there can be but one path that leads in the right direction; all others must lead the traveler only farther astray. "Unus utrique error sed variis illudit partibus" (ἐσθλοὶ μὲν γάρ ἁπλῶς, παντοδαπῶς δὲ κακοί. Arist., Eth., II., vi., 4). So Persius argues, whatever are the varied pursuits of different minds, he that is under the influence of some overwhelming passion, can offer no claim to be accounted a free agent. "Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus." (52.) In fact, if we substitute "freedom" for "wisdom," the whole argument of the last part of the Satire may be expressed in the two lines of Horace:

"Quisquis Ambitione malâ aut argenti pallet amore Quisquis Luxuria tristive Superstitione Aut alio mentis morbo calet:"

that man can neither be pronounced free or of sound mind.

The Satire consists of two parts; the first serving as a Proëm to the other. It is, in fact, the earnest expression of unbounded affection for his tutor and early friend Annæus Cornutus, from whom he had imbibed those principles of philosophy, which it is the object of the latter part of the Satire to elucidate. After a few lines of ridicule at the hackneyed prologues of the day, he puts into the mouth of Cornutus that just criticism of poetical composition which there is very little doubt Persius had in reality derived from his master; and in answer to this, he takes occasion to profess his sincere and deep-seated love and gratitude toward the preceptor, whose kind care had rescued him from the vicious courses to which a young and ardent temperament

was leading him; and whose sound judgment and dexterous management had weaned him from the temptations that assail the young, by making him his own companion in those studies which expanded his intellect while they rectified the obliquity (to use the Stoics' phrase) of his moral character. Such mutual affection, he urges, could only exist between two persons whom something more than mere adventitious circumstances drew together; and he therefore concludes that the same natal star must have presided over the horoscope of both.

He then proceeds to the main subject of the Satire, viz., that all men should aim at attaining that freedom which can only result from that perfect "soundness of mind" which we have shown to be the summum bonum of the Stoics. This real freedom no mere external or adventitious circumstances can bestow. Dama, though freed at his master's behest, if he be the slave of passion, is as much a slave as if he had never felt the prætor's rod. Until he have really cast off, like the snake, the slough of his former vices, and become changed in heart and principles as he is in political standing, he is so far from being really free from bondage that he can not rightly perform even the most trivial act of daily life. True freedom consists in virtue alone; but "Virtus est vitium fugere:" and he who eradicates all other passions, but cherishes still one darling vice, has but changed his master. The dictates of the passions that sway his breast are more imperious than those of the severest task-master. Whether it be avarice, or luxury, or love, or ambition, or superstition, that is the dominant principle, so long as he can not shake himself free from the control of these, he is as much, as real a slave as the drudge that bears his master's strigil to the bath, or the dog that fancies he has burst his bonds while the long fragment of his broken chain still dangles from his neck. The last few lines contain a dignified rebuke of the sneers which such pure sentiments as these would provoke in the coarse minds of some into whose hands these lines might fall; perhaps, too, they may be meant as a gentle reproof of the sly irony in which the Epicurean Horace indulged, while professing to enunciate the Stoic doctrine, that none but the true

Philosopher can be said to be of sound mind.

It is the custom of poets to pray for a hundred voices,[1409] and to wish for a hundred mouths and a hundred tongues for their verses;[1410] whether the subject proposed be one to be mouthed[1411] by a grim-visaged[1412] Tragœdian, or the wounds[1413] of a Parthian drawing his weapon from his groin.[1414]

Cornutus.[1415] What is the object of this? or what masses[1416] of robust song are you heaping up, so as to require the support of a hundred throats? Let those who are about to speak on grand subjects collect mists on Helicon;[1417] all those for whom the pot of Procne[1418] or Thyestes shall boil, to be often supped on by the insipid Glycon.[1419] You neither press forth the air from the panting bellows, while the mass is smelting in the furnace; nor, hoarse with pent-up murmur, foolishly croak out something ponderous, nor strive to burst your swollen cheeks with puffing.[1420] You adopt the language of the Toga,[1421] skillful at judicious combination, with moderate style, well rounded,[1422] clever at lashing depraved morals,[1423] and with well-bred sportiveness to affix the mark of censure. Draw from this source what you have to say; and leave at Mycenæ the tables, with the head[1424] and feet, and study plebeian dinners.

Persius. For my part, I do not aim at this, that my page may be inflated with air-blown trifles, fit only to give weight[1425] to smoke. We are talking apart from the crowd. I am now, at the instigation of the Muse, giving you my heart to sift;[1426] and delight in showing you, beloved friend, how large a portion of my soul is yours, Cornutus! Knock then, since thou knowest well how to detect what rings sound,[1427] and the glozings of a varnished[1428] tongue. For this I would dare to pray for a hundred voices, that with guileless voice I may unfold how deeply I have fixed thee in my inmost breast; and that my words may unseal for thee all that lies buried, too deep for words, in my secret heart.

When first the guardian purple left me, its timid charge,[1429] and my boss[1430]

was hung up, an offering to the short-girt[1431]

Lares; when my companions were kind, and the white centre-fold[1432] gave my eyes license to rove with impunity over the whole Suburra; at the time when the path is doubtful, and error, ignorant of the purpose of life, makes anxious minds hesitate between the branching cross-ways, I placed myself under you. You, Cornutus, cherished my tender years in your Socratic bosom. Then your rule, dexterous in insinuating itself,[1433] being applied to me, straightened my perverse morals; my mind was convinced by your reasoning, and strove to yield subjection; and formed features skillfully moulded by your plastic thumb. For I remember that many long nights I spent with you; and with you robbed our feasts of the first hours of night. Our work was one. We both alike arranged our hours of rest, and relaxed our serious studies with a frugal meal.

Doubt not, at least, this fact; that both our days harmonize by some definite compact,[1434] and are derived from the selfsame planet. Either the Fate, tenacious of truth,[1435] suspended our natal hour in the equally poised balance, or else the Hour that presides over the faithful divides between the twins the harmonious destiny[1436] of us two; and we alike correct the influence of malignant Saturn[1437] by Jupiter, auspicious to both. At all events, there is some star, I know not what, that blends my destiny with thine.

There are a thousand species of men; and equally diversified is the pursuit of objects. Each has his own desire; nor do men live with one single wish. One barters beneath an orient sun,[1438] wares of Italy for a wrinkled pepper[1439] and grains of pale cumin.[1440] Another prefers, well-gorged, to heave in dewy[1441] sleep. Another indulges in the Campus Martius. Another is beggared by gambling. Another riots in sensual[1442] pleasures. But when the stony[1443] gout has crippled his joints, like the branches of an ancient beech—then too late they mourn that their days have passed in gross licentiousness, their light has been the fitful marsh-fog;

and look back upon the life they have abandoned.[1444] But your delight is to grow pale over the midnight papers; for, as a trainer of youths, you plant in their well-purged ears[1445] the corn of Cleanthes.[1446] From this source seek, ye young and old, a definite object for your mind, and a provision against miserable gray hairs.

"It shall be done to-morrow."[1447] "To-morrow, the case will be just the same!" What, do you grant me one day as so great a matter? "But when that other day has dawned, we have already spent yesterday's to-morrow. For see, another to-morrow wears away our years, and will be always a little beyond you. For though it is so near you, and under the selfsame perch, you will in vain endeavor to overtake the felloe[1448] that revolves before you, since you are the hinder wheel, and on the second axle."

It is liberty, of which we stand in need! not such as that which, when every Publius Velina[1449] has earned, he claims as his due the mouldy corn, on the production of his tally. Ah! minds barren of all truth! for whom a single twirl makes a Roman.[1450] Here is Dama,[1451] a groom,[1452] not worth three farthings![1453] good for nothing and blear-eyed; one that would lie for a feed of beans. Let his master give him but a twirl, and in the spinning of a top, out he comes Marcus Dama! Ye gods! when Marcus is security, do you hesitate to trust your money? When Marcus is judge, do you grow pale? Marcus said it: it must be so. Marcus, put your name to this deed? This is literal liberty. This it is the cap of liberty[1454] bestows on us.

"Is any one else, then, a freeman, but he that may live as he pleases? I may live as I please; am not I then a freer man than Brutus?"[1455] On this the Stoic (his ear well purged[1456] with biting vinegar) says, "Your inference is faulty; the rest I admit, but cancel 'I may,' and 'as I please.'"

"Since I left the prætor's presence, made my own master by his rod,[1457] why may

I not do whatever my inclination dictates, save only what the rubric of Masurius[1458] interdicts?"

Learn then! But let anger subside from your nose, and the wrinkling sneer; while I pluck out those old wives' fables from your breast. It was not in the prætor's power to commit to fools the delicate duties of life, or transmit that experience that will guide them through the rapid course of life. Sooner would you make the dulcimer[1459] suit a tall porter.[1460]

Reason stands opposed to you, and whispers in your secret ear, not to allow any one to do that which he will spoil in the doing. The public law of men—nay, Nature herself contains this principle—that feeble ignorance should hold all acts as forbidden. Dost thou dilute hellebore, that knowest not how to confine the balance-tongue[1461] to a definite point? The very essence of medicine[1462] forbids this. If a high-shoed[1463] plowman, that knows not even the morning star, should ask for a ship, Melicerta[1464] would cry out that all modesty had vanished from the earth.[1465]

Has Philosophy granted to you to walk uprightly? and do you know how to discern the semblance of truth; lest it give a counterfeit tinkle, though merely gold laid over brass? And those things which ought to be pursued, or in turn avoided, have you first marked the one with chalk, and then the other with charcoal? Are you moderate in your desires? frugal in your household? kind to your friends? Can you at one time strictly close, at another unlock your granaries? And can you pass by the coin fixed in the mud,[1466] nor swallow down with your gullet the Mercurial saliva?

When you can say with truth, "These are my principles, this I hold;" then be free and wise too, under the auspices of the prætor and of Jove himself. But if, since you were but lately one of our batch, you preserve your old skin, and though polished on the surface,[1467] retain the cunning fox[1468] beneath your vapid breast; then I recall all that I just now granted, and draw back the rope.[1469]

Philosophy has given you nothing; nay, put forth your finger[1470]—and what act is there so trivial?—and you do wrong. But there is no incense by which you can gain from the gods this boon,[1471] that one short half-ounce of Right can be inherent in fools. To mix these things together is an impossibility; nor can you, since you are in all these things else a mere ditcher, move but three measures of the satyr Bathyllus.[1472]

"I am free." Whence do you take this as granted, you that are in subjection to so many things?[1473] Do you recognize no master, save him from whom the prætor's rod sets you free? If he has thundered out, "Go, boy, and carry my strigils to the baths of Crispinus![1474] Do you loiter, lazy scoundrel?" This bitter slavery affects not thee; nor does any thing from without enter which can set thy strings in motion.[1475] But if within, and in thy morbid breast, there spring up masters, how dost thou come forth with less impunity than those whom the lash[1476] and the terror of their master drives to the strigils?

Do you snore lazily in the morning? "Rise!" says Avarice. "Come! rise!" Do you refuse? She is urgent. "Arise!" she says. "I can not." "Rise!" "And what am I to do?" "Do you ask? Import fish[1477] from Pontus, Castoreum,[1478] tow, ebony,[1479] frankincense, purgative Coan wines.[1480]

"Be the first to unload from the thirsty camel[1481] his fresh pepper—turn a penny, swear!"

"But Jupiter will hear!" "Oh fool! If you aim at living on good terms with Jove, you must go on contented to bore your oft-tasted salt-cellar with your finger!"

Now, with girded loins, you fit the skin and wine flagon to your slaves.[1482]—"Quick, to the ship!" Nothing prevents your sweeping over the Ægæan in your big ship, unless cunning luxury should first draw you aside, and hint, "Whither, madman, are you rushing? Whither! what do you want? The manly bile has fermented in your hot breast, which not even a pitcher[1483] of hemlock could

quench. Would you bound over the sea? Would you have your dinner on a thwart, seated on a coil of hemp?[1484] while the broad-bottomed jug[1485] exhales the red Veientane[1486] spoiled by the damaged pitch![1487] Why do you covet that the money you had here put out to interest at a modest five per cent., should go on to sweat a greedy eleven per cent.? Indulge your Genius![1488] Let us crop the sweets of life! That you really live is my boon! You will become ashes, a ghost, a gossip's tale! Live, remembering you must die.—The hour flies! This very word I speak is subtracted from it!"

What course, now, do you take? You are torn in different directions by a two-fold hook. Do you follow this master or that? You must needs by turns, with doubtful obedience, submit to one, by turns wander forth free. Nor, even though you may have once resisted, or once refused to obey the stern behest, can you say with truth, "I have burst my bonds!" For the dog too by his struggles breaks through his leash, yet even as he flies a long portion of the chain hangs dragging from his neck.

"Davus![1489] I intend at once—and I order you to believe me too!—to put an end to my past griefs. (So says Chærestratus, biting his nails to the quick.) Shall I continue to be a disgrace to my sober relations? Shall I make shipwreck[1490] of my patrimony, and lose my good name, before these shameless[1491] doors, while drunk, and with my torch extinguished, I sing[1492] before the reeking doors of Chrysis?"

"Well done, my boy, be wise! sacrifice a lamb to the gods who ward off[1493] evil!" "But do you think, Davus, she will weep at being forsaken?" Nonsense! boy, you will be beaten with her red slipper,[1494] for fear you should be inclined to plunge, and gnaw through your close-confining toils,[1495] now fierce and violent. But if she should call you, you would say at once, "What then shall I do?[1496] Shall I not now, when I am invited, and when of her own act she entreats me, go to her?" Had you come away from her heart-whole, you would not, even now. This, this is the

man of whom we are in search. It rests not on the wand[1497] which the foolish Lictor brandishes.

Is that flatterer[1498] his own master, whom white-robed Ambition[1499] leads gaping with open mouth? "Be on the watch, and heap vetches[1500] bountifully upon the squabbling mob, that old men,[1501] as they sun themselves, may remember our Floralia.—What could be more splendid?"

But when Herod's[1502] day is come, and the lamps arranged on the greasy window-sill have disgorged their unctuous smoke, bearing violets, and the thunny's tail floats, hugging the red dish,[1503] and the white pitcher foams with wine: then in silent prayer you move your lips, and grow pale at the sabbaths of the circumcised. Then are the black goblins![1504] and the perils arising from breaking an egg.[1505] Then the huge Galli,[1506] and the one-eyed priestess with her sistrum,[1507] threaten you with the gods inflating your body, unless, you have eaten the prescribed head of garlic[1508] three times of a morning.

Were you to say all this among the brawny centurions, huge Pulfenius[1509] would immediately raise his coarse laugh, and hold a hundred Greek philosophers dear at a clipped centussis.[1510]

FOOTNOTES:

[1409] Centum voces. Homer is content with ten. Il., ii., 484, Οὐδ εἴ μοι δέκα μὲν γλῶσσαι δέκα δέ στόματ' εἶεν. Virgil squares the number. Georg., ii., 43, "Non mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum, Ferrea vox." Æn., vi., 625. Sil., iv., 527, "Non mihi Mæoniæ redeat si gloria linguæ, Centenasque pater det Phœbus fundere voces, Tot cædes proferre queam." Ov., Met., viii., 532, "Non mihi si centum Deus ora sonantia linguis." Fast., ii., 119.

[1410] In carmina. "That their style and language may be amplified and extended adequately to the greatness and variety of their subjects."

[1411] Hianda. Juv., vi., 636, "Grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu;"

alluding to the wide mouths of the tragic masks (οἱ ὑποκριταὶ μέγα κεχηνότες, Luc., Nigrin., i., p. 28, Ben.), or to the "ampullæ et sesquipedalia verba" of the tragedy itself. Hor., A. P., 96.

[1412] Mæsto. Hor., A. P., 105, "Tristia mæstum vultum verba decent."

[1413] Vulnera, i. e., "Or whether it be an epic poem on the Parthian war," which was carried on under Nero. The genitive Parthi may be either subjective or objective, probably the former, in spite of Hor., ii., Sat. i., 15, "Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi."

[1414] Ab inguine. This may either mean, "drawing out the weapon from the wound he has received from the Roman," or may describe the manner in which the Parthian ("versis animosus equis," Hor., i., Od. xix., 11) draws his bow in his retrograde course. ("Miles sagittas et celerem fugam Parthi timet," ii., Od. iii., 17.) Casaubon describes, from Eustathius, three other ways of drawing the bow, παρὰ μαζον, παρ' ὦμον, and παρὰ τὸ δεξιὸν ὠτίον, "from the ear," like our English archers. So Propertius, lib. iv., says of the Gauls, "Virgatis jaculantis ab inguine braccis." El., x., 43.

[1415] Cornutus. Annæus Cornutus (of the same gens as Mela, Lucan, and Seneca) was distinguished as a tragic poet as well as a Stoic philosopher. He was a native of Leptis, in Africa, and came to Rome in the reign of Nero, where he applied himself with success to the education of young men. He wrote on Philosophy, Rhetoric, and a treatise entitled ἡ ἑλληνικὴ θεολογία. Persius, at the age of sixteen (A.D. 50), placed himself under his charge, and was introduced by him to Lucan; and at his death left him one hundred sestertia and his library. Cornutus kept the books, to the number of seven hundred, but gave back the money to Persius' sisters. Nero, intending to write an epic poem on Roman History, consulted Cornutus among others; but when the rest advised Nero to extend it to four hundred books, Cornutus said, "No one would read them." For this speech Nero was going to put him to

death; but contented himself with banishing him. This took place, according to Lubinus, four years after Persius' death; more probably in A.D. 65, when so many of the Annæan gens suffered. (Cf. Clinton in Ann.) Vid. Suid., p. 2161. Dio., lxii., 29. Eus., Chron., A. 2080. Suet. in Vit. Pers.

[1416] Offas. "Huge goblets of robustious song." Gifford.

[1417] Helicone. Cf. Prol., 1. 4. Hor., A. P., 230, "Nubes et inania captet."

[1418] Procnes olla. The "pot of Procne, or Thyestes," is said to boil for them who compose tragedies on the subjects of the unnatural banquets prepared by Procne for Tereus, and by Atreus for Thyestes. Cf., Ov., Met., vi., 424-676. Senec., Thyest. Hor., A. P., 91.—Cænanda implies that these atrocities were to be actually represented on the stage, which the good taste even of Augustus' days would have rejected with horror. Hor., A. P., 182-188.

[1419] Glycon was a tragic actor, of whom one Virgilius was part owner. Nero admired him so much that he gave Virgilius three hundred thousand sesterces for his share of him, and set him free.

[1420] Stloppo. "The noise made by inflating the cheeks, and then forcibly expelling the wind by a sudden blow with the hands." It not improbably comes from λόπος in the sense of an inflated skin; as stlis for lis, stlocus for locus; stlataria from latus. Cf. ad Juv., vii., 134.

[1421] Verba togæ. Having pointed out the ordinary defects of poets of the day as to choice of subjects, style, and language, Cornutus proceeds to compliment Persius for the exactly contrary merits. First, for the use of words not removed from ordinary use, but such as were in use in the most elegant and polished society of Rome, as distinguished from the rude archaisms then in vogue, or the too familiar vulgarisms of the tunicatus popellus in the provinces, where none assumed the toga till he was carried out to burial. (Juv., Sat. iii, 172.) But then, according to Horace's precept ("Dixeris egregiè si notum callida verbum reddiderit junctura novum," A. P., 47),

grace and dignity was added to these by the novelty of effect produced by judicious combination. Cf. Cic., de Orat., iii., 43. There is an allusion to the same metaphor as in Sat. i., 65, "Per leve severos effundat junctura ungues."

[1422] Ore teres modico. The second merit, "a natural and easy mode of reciting, suited to compositions in a familiar style." Cicero uses teres in the same sense. De Orat., iii., c. 52, "Plena quædam, sed tamen teres, et tenuis, non sine nervis ac viribus." Horace, A. P., 323, "Graiis dedit ore rotundo Musa loqui."

[1423] Pallentes radere mores. The next merit is in the choice of a subject. Not the unnatural horrors selected to gratify the most depraved taste, but the gentlemanly, and at the same time searching, exposure of the profligate morals of the time.

[1424] Cum capite. Cf. Senec., Thyest., Act iv., 1. 763, "Denudat artus dirus atque ossa amputat: tantum ora servat et datas fidei manus."

[1425] Pondus. So Horace, i., Epist. xix., 42, "Nugis addere pondus."

[1426] Excutienda. Seneca, Ep. lxxii., 1, "Explicandus est animus, et quæcunque apud illum deposita sunt, subinde excuti debent."

[1427] Solidum crepet. Cf. iii., 21, "Sonet vitium percussa."

[1428] Sinuoso. Cf. Hamlet, "Give me that man that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him in my heart's core; ay, in my heart of heart, as I do thee, Horatio!" Act iii., sc. 2.

[1429] Custos. The Prætexta was intended, as the robes of the priests, to serve as a protection to the youths that wore it. The purple with which the toga was bordered was to remind them of the modesty which was becoming to their early years. It was laid aside by boys at the age of seventeen, and by girls when they were married. The assumption of the toga virilis took place with great solemnities before the images of the Lares, sometimes in the Capitol. It not unfrequently happened that the changing of the toga at the same time formed a bond of union between young men, which lasted unbroken for many years. Hor., i., Od. xxxvi., 9, "Memor Actæ non alio rege

puertiæ Mutatæque simul togæ. "The Liberalia, on the 16th before the Kalends of April (i. e., March 17th), were the usual festival for this ceremony. Vid. Cic. ad Att., VI., i., 12. Ovid explains the reasons for the selection. Fast., iii., 771, seq.

[1430] Bulla. Vid. Juv., v., 164.

[1431] Succinctis. So Horace, A. P., 50, "Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis." The Lares, being the original household deities, were regarded with singular affection, and were probably usually represented in the homely dress of the early ages of the republic. Perhaps, too, some superstitious feeling might tend to prevent any innovation in their costume. This method of wearing the toga, which consisted in twisting it over the left shoulder, so as to leave the right arm bare and free, was called the "Cinctus Gabinus" (cf. Ov., Fast., v., 101, 129), from the fact of its having been adopted at the sudden attack at Gabii, when they had not time to put on the sagum, but were forced to fight in the toga. Hence, in proclaiming war, the consul always appeared in this costume (Virg., Æn., vii., 612, "Ipse Quirinali trabeâ cinctuque Gabino Insignis reserat stridentia limina Consul"), and it was that in which Decius devoted himself. Liv., viii., 9; v., 46.

[1432] Umbo was the centre where all the folds of the toga met on the left shoulder; from this boss the lappet fell down and was tucked into the girdle, so as to form the sinus or fold which served as a pocket.

[1433] Fallere solers. "You showed so much skill and address in your endeavors to restore me to the right path, that I was, as it were, gradually and insensibly cheated into a reformation of my life."

[1434] Fœdere certo. Hor., ii., Ep. ii., 187, "Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum." ii., Od. xvii., 16, "Placitumque Parcis, Seu Libra seu me Scorpius adspicit formidolosus, pars violentior Natalis horæ seu tyrannus Hesperiæ Capricornus undæ Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo consentit astrum." Manil., iv., 549, "Felix æquato genitus sub pondere Libræ."

[1435] Tenax veri. "Because the decrees pronounced by Destiny at each man's birth have their inevitable issue." So Horace, "Parca non mendax," ii., Od. xvi., 39.

[1436] Concordia. This συναστρία, as the Greeks called the being born under one Horoscopus (vi., 18), was considered to be one of the causes of the most familiar and intimate friendship.

[1437] Saturnum. Hor., ii., Od. xvii., 22, "Te Jovis impio tutela Saturno refulgens Eripuit." Both gravis and impius are probably meant to express the Κρόνος βλαβερὸς of Manetho, i., 110. Propert., iv., El. i., 105, "Felicesque Jovis stellæ Martisque rapacis, Et grave Saturni sidus in omne caput." Juv., vi., 570, "Quid sidus triste minetur Saturni." Virg., Georg., i., 336, "Frigida Saturni stella."

[1438] Sole recenti. "In the extreme east;" from Hor., i., Sat. iv., 29, "Hic mutat merces surgente à Sole ad eum quo Vespertina tepet regio."

[1439] Rugosum piper. Plin., H. N., xii., 7.

[1440] Pallentis cumini. The cumin was used as a cheap substitute for pepper, which was very expensive at Rome. It produced great paleness in those who ate much of it; and consequently many who wished to have a pallid look, as though from deep study, used to take it in large quantities. Pliny (xx., 14, "Omne cuminum pallorem bibentibus gignit") says that the imitators of Porcius Latro used to take it in order to resemble him even in his natural peculiarities. Horace alludes to this, i., Epist. xix., 17, "Quod si pallerem casu biberent exsangue cuminum." (Latro died A.U.C. 752.) Cf. Plin., xix., 6, 32.

[1441] Irriguo. Virg., Æn., i., 691," Placidam per membra quietem irrigat." iii., 511, "Fessos sopor irrigat artus."—Turgescere. Sulp., 56, "Somno moriuntur obeso."

[1442] Putris. Hor., i., Od. xxxvi., 17, "Omnes in Damalin putres deponunt oculos."

[1443] Lapidosa. "That fills his joints with chalk-stones." Hor., ii., Sat. vii., 16, "Postquam illi justa cheragra Contudit articulos." i., Ep. i., 81, "Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere cheragrâ."

[1444] Vitam relictam. Cf. iii., 38, "Virtutem videant intabescantque relictâ."

[1445] Purgatas aures. Cf. l. 86, "Stoicus hic aurem mordaci lotus aceto." One of the remedies of deafness was holding the ear over the vapor of heated vinegar. The metaphor was very applicable to the Stoics, who were famous for their acuteness in detecting fallacies, and their keenness in debating. Cf. Plaut., Mil. Gl., III., i., 176, "Ambo perpurgatis tibi operam damus auribus." Hor., i., Epist. i., 7, "Est mihi purgatam crebrò qui personet aurem."

[1446] Cleantheâ. Vid. Juv., ii., 7. Cleanthes was a native of Assos, and began life as a pugilist. He came to Athens with only four drachmæ, and became a pupil of Zeno. He used to work at night at drawing water in the gardens, in order to raise money to attend Zeno's lectures by day; and hence acquired the nickname of φρεάντλης. He succeeded Zeno in his school, and according to some, Chrysippus became his pupil. Diog. Laërt., VII., v., 1, 2; vii., 1.

[1447] Cras hoc fiet. Cf. Mart., v., Ep. lviii., 7, "Cras vives! hodie jam vivere Postume serum est, Ille sapit, quisquis, Postume, vixit heri." Macbeth, Act v., sc. 5,

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time: And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death." "Our yesterday's to-morrow now is gone, And still a new to-morrow does come on. We by to-morrows draw out all our store, Till the exhausted well can yield no more." Cowley.

[1448] Canthum. "The tire of the wheel." Quintilian (i., 5) says, "The word is of Spanish or African origin. Though Persius employs it as a word in common use." But Casaubon quotes Suidas, Eustathius, and the Etym. Mag., to prove it is a pure Greek word; κανθὸς, "the corner of the eye." Hence put for the orb of the eye.

[1449] Velinâ Publius. When a slave was made perfectly free he was enrolled in one of the tribes, in order that he might enjoy the full privileges of a Roman citizen: one of the chief of these was the frumentatio, i. e., the right of receiving a ticket which

entitled him to his share at the distribution of the public corn, which took place on the nones of each month. This ticket or tally was of wood or lead, and was transferable. Sometimes a small sum was paid with it. Cf. Juv., vii., 174, "Summula ne pereat quâ vilis tessera venit frumenti." The slave generally adopted the prænomen of the person who manumitted him, and the name of the tribe to which he was admitted was added. This prænomen was the distinguishing mark of a freeman, and they were proportionally proud of it. (Hor., ii., Sat. v., 32, "Quinte, puta, aut Publi—gaudent prænomine molles auriculæ." Juv., v., 127, "Si quid tentaveris unquam hiscere tanquam habeas tria nomina.") The tribe "Velina" was one of the country tribes, in the Sabine district, and called from the Lake Velinus. It was the last tribe added, with the Quirina, A.U.C. 512, to make up the thirty-five tribes, by the censors C. Aurelius Cotta and M. Fabius Buteo. Vid. Liv., Epit., xix. Cic., Att., iv., 15. The name of the tribe was always added in the ablative case, as Oppius Veientinâ, Anxius Tomentinâ.

[1450] Quiritem. Cf. Sen., Nat., iii., "Hæc res efficit non è jure Quiritium liberum, sed è jure Naturæ." There were three ways of making a slave free: 1, per Censum; 2, per Vindictam; 3, per Testamentum. The second is alluded to here. The master took the slave before the prætor or consul and said, "Hunc hominem liberum esse volo jure Quiritium." Then the prætor, laying the rod (Vindicta) on the slave's head, pronounced him free; whereupon his owner or the lictor turned him round, gave him a blow on the cheek (alapa), and let him go, with the words, "Liber esto atque ito quo voles." (Plaut., Men., V., vii., 40.)

[1451] Dama was a common name for slaves (Hor., ii., Sat. vii., 54, "Prodis ex judice Dama turpis;" and v., 18, "Utne tegam spurco Damæ latus"), principally for Syrians. It is said to be a corruption of Demetrius or Demodorus. So Manes, from Menodorus, was a common name of Phrygian slaves.

[1452] Agaso. Properly, "a slave who looks after beasts of burden" (qui agit asinos,

Schell.), then put as a mark of contempt for any drudge. Hor., ii., Sat. viii., 73, "Si patinam pede lapsus frangat agaso."

[1453] Tressis. Literally, "three asses." So Sexis, Septussis, etc.

[1454] Pilea. Cf. ad iii., 106, "Hesterni capite induto subiere Quirites."

[1455] Bruto. From the three Bruti, who were looked upon by the vulgar as the champions of liberty. Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins; Marcus, who murdered Cæsar; and Decimus, who opposed Antony.

[1456] Aurem lotus. Cf. ad l. 63.

[1457] Vindicta. Cf. Ov., A. A., iii., 615, "Modo quam Vindicta redemit."

[1458] Masurius, or Massurius Sabinus, a famous lawyer in the reign of Tiberius, admitted by him when at an advanced age into the Equestrian order. He is frequently mentioned by Aulus Gellius (Noctes xiv.). He wrote three books on Civil Law, five on the Edictum Prætoris Urbani, besides Commentaries and other works, quoted in the Digests.

[1459] Sambucam. "You might as well put a delicate instrument of music in the hands of a coarse clown, and expect him to make it 'discourse eloquent music,' as look for a nice discernment of the finer shades of moral duty in one wholly ignorant of the first principles of philosophy." Sambuca is from the Chaldaic Sabbecà. It was a kind of triangular harp with four strings, and according to the Greeks, was called from one Sambuces, who first used it. Others say the Sibyl was the first performer on it. Ibycus of Regium was its reputed inventor, as Anacreon of the Barbiton: but from its mention in the book of Daniel (iii., 5), it was probably of earlier date. A female performer on it was called Sambucistria. An instrument of war, consisting of a platform or drawbridge supported by ropes, to let down from a tower on the walls of a besieged town, was called, from the similarity of shape, by the same name. Cf. Athen., iv., 175; xiv., 633, 7. (Suidas, in voce, seems to derive it from ἴαμβος, quasi ἰαμβύκη, because Iambic verses were sung to it.)

[1460] Caloni. The slaves attached to the army were so called, from κᾶλα "logs," either because they carried clubs, or because they were the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the soldiers. From their being always in the camp they acquired some military knowledge, and hence we find them occasionally used in great emergencies. They are sometimes confounded with Lixæ; but the latter were not slaves. The name is then applied to any coarse and common drudge. Cf. Hor., i., Ep. xiv., 41, "Invidet usum Lignorum tibi calo." Cf. i., Sat. ii., 44; vi., 103. Tac., Hist., i., 49.—Alto refers to the old Greek proverb, ἄνοος ὁ μακρὸς, "Every tall man is a fool;" which Aristotle (in Physiogn.) confirms.

[1461] Examen. See note on Sat. i., 6.

[1462] Natura medendi. Horace has the same idea, ii., Ep. i., 114, "Navem agere ignarus navis timet; abrotonum ægro non audet nisi qui didicit dare; quod medicorum est promittunt medici."

[1463] Peronatus. Cf. Juv., xiv., 186.

[1464] Melicerta was the son of Ino, who leaped with him into the sea, to save him from her husband Athamas. Neptune, at the request of Venus, changed them into sea-deities, giving to Ino the name of Leucothea, and to Palæmon that of Melicerta, or, according to others, Portunus (à portu, as Neptunus, à nando). Vid. Ov., Met., iv., 523, seq. Fast., vi., 545. Milton's Lycidas,

"By Leucothea's golden bands, And her son that rules the sands."

[1465] Frontem. See note on Sat. i., 12. Hor., ii., Ep. i., 80, "Clament periisse pudorem cuncti."

[1466] In luto fixum. From Hor., i., Ep. xvi., 63, "Quî melior servo qui liberior sit avarus. In triviis fixum cum se demittat ob assem." The boys at Rome used to fix an as tied to a piece of string in the mud, which they jerked away, with jeers and cries of "Etiam!" as soon as any sordid fellow attempted to pick it up. Mercury being the god of luck (see note on ii., 44; Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 25), Persius uses the term

"Mercurial saliva" for the miser's mouth watering at the sight of the prize (vi., 62).—Glutto expresses the gurgling sound made in the throat at the swallowing of liquids.

[1467] Fronte politus. Hor., i., Ep. xvi., 45, "Introrsus turpem, speciosum pelle decorâ."

[1468] Vulpem. Hor., A. P., 437, "Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes." Lysander's saying is well known, "Where the lion's skin does not fit, we must don the fox's."

[1469] Funemque reduco. Shakspeare, Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. sc. 1.

"I would have thee gone, And yet no farther than a wanton's bird, Who lets it hop a little from her hand, Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, And with a silk thread plucks it back again."

[1470] Digitum exsere. The Stoics held that none but a philosopher could perform even the most trivial act, such as putting out the finger, correctly; there being no middle point between absolute wisdom and absolute folly: consequently it was beyond even the power of the gods to bestow upon a fool the power of acting rightly.

[1471] Litabis. See note on Sat. ii., 75.

[1472] Bathylli, i. e., "Like the graceful Bathyllus, when acting the part of the satyr." Juv., Sat. vi., 63. Gifford's note.

[1473] Tot subdite rebus. "None but the philosopher can be free, because all men else are the slaves of something; of avarice, luxury, love, ambition, or superstition." Cf. Epict., Man., xiv., 2, ὅστις οὖν ἐλεύθερος εἶναι βούλεται, μήτε θελέτω τι, μήτε φευγέτω τι τῶν ἐπ' ἄλλοις· εἰ δὲ μὴ, δουλεύειν ἀνάγκη. So taught the Stoics; and inspired wisdom reads the same lesson. "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?" Rom., vi., 16.

[1474] Crispinus. This "Verna Canopi," whom Juvenal mentions so often with bitter hatred and contempt, rose from the lowest position to eminence under Nero, who found him a ready instrument of his lusts and cruelties. His connection with Nero commended him to Domitian also. One of his phases may probably have been the keeping a bath. Juv., i., 27; iv., 1, 14, etc.

[1475] Nervos agitat. "A slave is no better than a puppet in the hands of his master, who pulls the strings that set his limbs in motion." The allusion is to the ἀγάλματα νευρόσπαστα, "images worked by strings." Herod., ii., 48. Xen., Sympos., iv. Lucian., de Deâ Syriâ, xvi.

[1476] Scutica. Vid. ad Juv., vi., 480.

[1477] Saperdam. From the Greek σαπέρδης (Aristot., Fr. 546), a poor insipid kind of fish caught in the Black Sea, called κορακῖνος until it was salted. Archestratus in Athenæus (iii., p. 117) calls it a φαῦλον ἀκιδνὸν ἔδεσμα.

[1478] Castoreum. Cf. Juv., xii., 34.

[1479] Ebenum. Virg., Georg., ii., 115, "Sola India nigrum fert ebenum: solis est thurea virga Sabæis."

[1480] Lubrica Coa. The grape of Cos was very sweet and luscious: a large quantity of sea-water was added to the lighter kind, called Leuco-Coum, which gave it a very purgative quality; which, in fact, most of the lighter wines of the ancients possessed. Vid. Cels., i., 1. Plin., H. N., xiv., 10. Horace alludes to this property of the Coan wine, ii., Sat. iv., 27, "Si dura morabitur aloes, Mytilus et viles pellent obstanti aconchæ Et lapathi brevis herba, sed albo non sine Coo." (May not "lubrica conchylia" in the next line be interpreted in the same way, instead of its recorded meaning, "slimy?") Casaubon explains it by λεαντικός.

[1481] Camelo. "Thirsty from its journey over the desert to Alexandria from India." Vid. Plin., H. N., xii., 7, 14, 15. Jahn's Biblical Antiquities, p. 31.

[1482] Baro is no doubt the true reading, and not varo, which some derive from

varum, "an unfashioned stake" (of which vallum is the diminutive), "a log;" and hence applied to a stupid person. Baro is, as the old Scholiast tells us rightly for once, the Gallic term for a soldier's slave, his Calo; and, like Calo, became a term of reproach and contumely. It afterward was used, like homo (whence homagium, "homage"), to mean the king's "man," or vassal; and hence its use in mediæval days as an heraldic title. Compare the Norman-French terms Escuyer, Valvasseur.

[1483] Œnophorum. Hor., i., Sat. vi., 109, "Pueri lasanum portantes œnophorumque." Pellis is probably a substitute for a leathern portmanteau or valise.

[1484] Cannabe.

"And while a broken plank supports your meat, And a coil'd cable proves your softest seat, Suck from squab jugs that pitchy scents exhale, The seaman's beverage, sour at once and stale." Gifford.

[1485] Sessilis obba. Sessilis is properly applied to the broad back of a stout horse, affording a good seat ("tergum sessile," Ov., Met., xii., 401), then to any thing resting on a broad base. Obba is a word of Hebrew root, originally applied to a vase used for making libations to the dead. It is the ἄμβιξ of the Greeks (cf. Athen., iv., 152), a broad vessel tapering to the mouth, and answers to the "Caraffe" or "Barile" of the modern Italians.

[1486] Veientanum. The wine-grown at Veii. The Campagna di Roma is as notorious as ever for the mean quality of its wines. Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 143, "Qui Veientanum festis potare diebus Campana solitus trullâ." Mart., i., Ep. civ., 9, "Et Veientani bibitur fax crassa rubelli." ii., Ep. 53. iii., Ep. 49.

[1487] Pice. See Hase's Ancient Greeks, chap. i., p. 16.

[1488] Indulge genio. Cf. ii., 8, "Funde merum Genio."

[1489] Dave. This episode is taken from a scene in the Eunuchus of Menander, from which Terence copied his play, but altered the names. In Terence, Chærestratus becomes Phædria, Davus Parmeno, and Chrysis Thais. There is a scene of very

similar character in le Dépit Amoureux of Molière. Horace has also copied it, but not with the graphic effect of Persius. ii., Sat. iii., 260, "Amator exclusus qui distat, agit ubi secum, eat an non, Quo rediturus erat non arcessitus et hæret Invisis foribus? ne nunc, cum me vocat ultro Accedam? an potius mediter finire dolores?" et seq. Lucr., iv., 1173, seq.

[1490] Frangam. Literally, "make shipwreck of my reputation."

[1491] Udas is variously interpreted. "Dissipated and luxurious," as opposed to siccis (Hor., i., Od. xviii., 3; iv., Od. v., 38), just before, in the sense of "sober." So Mart., v., Ep. lxxxiv., 5, "Udus aleator." (Juvenal uses madidus in the same sense. See note on Sat. xv., 47.) For the drunken scenes enacted at these houses, see the last scene of the Curculio of Plautus. Or it may mean, "wet with the lover's tears." Vid. Mart, x., Ep. lxxviii., 8. Or simply "reeking with the wine and unguents poured over them." Cf. Lucr., iv., 1175, "Postesque superbos unguit amaracina." Cf. Ov., Fast., v. 339.

[1492] Cum face canto. The torch was extinguished to prevent the serenader being recognized by the passers-by. The song which lovers sang before their mistresses' doors was called παρακλαυσίθυρον. [Examples may be seen, Aristoph., Eccl., 960, seq. Plaut., Curc., sc. ult. Theoc., iii., 23. Propert., i., El. xvi., 17, seq.] Cf. Hor., iii., Od. x., and i., Od. xxv. This serenading was technically called "occentare ostium." Plaut., Curc., I., ii., 57. Pers., IV., iv., 20.

[1493] Depellentibus. The ἀποτροπαῖος and ἀλεξίκακος of the Greeks. So ἀπόλλων· quasi ἀπέλλων the Averruncus of Varro, L. L., v., 5.

[1494] Soleâ. Cf. ad Juv., vi., 612, "Et soleâ pulsare nates." Ter., Eun., Act V., vii., 4.

[1495] Casses. From Prop., ii., El. iii., 47.

[1496] Quidnam igitur faciam. These are almost the words of Terence, "Quid igitur faciam non eam ne nunc quidem cum arcessor ultro?" etc. Eun. I., i.

[1497] Festuca is properly "light stubble," or straws such as birds build their nests with. Colum., viii., 15. It is here used contemptuously for the prætor's Vindicta; as in Plautus, "Quid? ea ingenua an festuca facta è servâ libera est?" Mil., IV., i., 15; from whom it is probably taken.

[1498] Palpo is either the nominative case, "a wheedler, flatterer," πόλαξ τοῦ δήμου, or the ablative from palpum, "a bait, or lure." Plautus uses the neuter substantive twice. Amph., I., iii., 28, "Timidam palpo percutit." Pseud., IV., i., 35, "Mihi obtrudere non potes palpum," in the sense of the English saying, "Old birds are not to be caught with chaff."

[1499] Cretata ambitio. Those who aspired to any office wore a toga whose whiteness was artificially increased by rubbing with chalk. Hence the word Candidatus. Ambitio refers here to its primitive meaning: the going round, ambire et prensare, to canvass the suffrages of the voters. This was a laborious process, and required early rising to get through it Hence vigila.

[1500] Cicer. At the Floralia (cf. ad Juv., vi., 250), which were exhibited by the Ædiles, it was customary for the candidates for popularity to throw among the people tesserulæ or tallies, which entitled the bearer to a largess of corn, pulse, etc., for these there would be, of course, a great scramble.

[1501] Aprici senes. Cf. ad Juv., xi., 203.

[1502] Herodis dies. Persius now describes the tyranny of superstition; and of all forms of it, there was none which both Juvenal and Persius regarded with greater contempt and abhorrence than that of the Jews: and next to this they ranked the Egyptian. From the favor shown to the Herods by the Roman emperors, from Julius Cæsar downward, it is not wonderful that the partisans of Herod, or Herodians, should form a large body at Rome as well as in Judæa; and that consequently the birthday of Herod should be kept as "a convenient day" for displaying that regard (compare Acts, xii., 21 with Matt., xiv., 6, and Mark, vi., 21), and be celebrated with

all the solemnities of a sabbath. It was the custom (as we have seen, Juv., xii., 92), on occasions of great rejoicing, to cover the door-posts and fronts of the houses with branches and flowers, among which violets were very conspicuous (Juv., u. s.), and to suspend lighted lamps even at a very early hour from the windows, and trees near the house. (So Tertull., Apol., "Lucernis diem infringere." Lactant., vi., 2, "Accendunt lumina velut in tenebris agenti.") The sordid poverty of the Jews is as much the satirist's butt as their superstition. The lamps are greasy, the fish of the coarsest kind, and of that only the worst part, the tail, serves for their banquet, which is also served in the commonest earthenware.

[1503] Fidelia. Cf. iii., 22, 73.

[1504] Lemures. After his murder by Romulus, the shade of his brother Remus was said to have appeared to Faustulus and his wife Acca Larentia, and to have desired that a propitiatory festival to his Manes should be instituted. This was therefore done, and three days were kept in May (the 7th, 5th, and 3d before the Ides) under the name of Remuria or Lemuria. They were kept at night, during which time they went with bare feet, washed their hands thrice, and threw black beans nine times behind their backs, which ceremonies were supposed to deliver them from the terrors of the Lemures. During these days all the temples of the gods were kept strictly closed, and all marriages contracted in the month of May were held inauspicious. Ov., Fast., v., 421-92. Hor., ii, Ep. ii., 208, "Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas, nocturnos Lemures portentaque Thessala rides." The Lemures seem from Apuleius to have been identical with the Larvæ, which is a cognate form to Lax. (For a good Roman ghost story, see Plin., vii., Epist. 27.)

[1505] Ovo. Eggs were much used in lustral sacrifices, probably from being the purest of all food (cf. Ov., A. Am., ii., 329, "Et veniat quæ purget anus lectumque locumque Præferat et tremulâ sulphur et ova manu." Juv., vi., 518, "Nisi se centum lustraverit ovis"); and hence in incantations and fortune-telling. Hor., Epod. v., 19. If

the egg broke when placed on the fire, or was found to have been perforated, it was supposed to portend mischief to the person or property of the individual who tried the charm.

[1506] Galli. Vid. Juv., viii., 176, and vi., 512, "Ingens semivir."

[1507] Sistro lusca sacerdos. For the sistrum, see Juv., xiii., 93. "Women who have no chance of being married," as the old Scholiast says, "make a virtue of necessity, and consecrate themselves to a life of devotion." Prate suggests this one-eyed lady probably turned her deformity to good account, as she would represent it as the act of the offended goddess, and argue that if her favored votaries were thus exposed to her vengeance, what had the impious herd of common mortals to expect. Cf. Ov., Pont., i., 51. The last lines may be compared with the passage in Juvenal, Sat. vi., 511-591.

[1508] Alli. Garlic was worshiped as a deity in Egypt. Plin., xix., 6. Cf. Juv., xv., 9. A head of garlic eaten fasting was used as a charm against magical influence.

[1509] Pulfenius. Another reading is Vulpennius. These centurions considered that bodily strength was the only necessary qualification for a soldier, and that consequently all cultivation, both of mind and body, was worse than superfluous. Cf. Juv., xiv., 193. Hor., i., Sat vi., 73. Pers., iii., 77, "Aliquis de gente hircosâ Centurionum."

[1510] Curio centusse. From the Greek οὐκ ἂν πριαίμην τετρημένου χαλκοῦ. Plut. adv. Col. So Synesius, πολλοῦ μέν τ' ἂν εἶεν τρεῖς τοῦ ὀβολοῦ. "They would be dear at three for a halfpenny!"—Liceri is properly "to bid at an auction," which was done by holding up the finger. Vid. Cic. in Ver., II., iii., 11. Hence "Licitator." Cic., de Off., iii, 15.

SATIRE VI.

ARGUMENT.

There are few points on which men practically differ more than on the question, What is the right use of riches? On this head there was as much diversity of opinion among the philosophers of old as in the present day. Some maintaining that not only a virtuous, but also a happy life consisted in the absence of all those external aids that wealth can bestow; others as zealously arguing that a competency of means was absolutely necessary to the due performance of the higher social virtues. The source of error in most men lies in their mistaking the means for the end; and the object of this Satire, which is the most original, and perhaps the most pleasing of the whole, is to point out how a proper employment of the fortune that falls to our lot may be made to forward the best interests of man. Persius begins with a warm encomium on the genius and learning of his friend Cæsius Bassus, the lyric poet; especially complimenting him on his antiquarian knowledge, and versatility of talent: and he then proceeds to show, by setting forth his own line of conduct, how true happiness may be attained by avoiding the extremes of sordid meanness on the one hand, and ostentatious prodigality on the other; by disregarding the suggestions of envy and the dictates of ambition. A prompt and liberal regard to the necessities and distresses of others is then inculcated; for this, coupled with the maintenance of such an establishment as our fortune warrants us in keeping up, is, to use the words of the poet, "to use wealth, not to abuse it." He then proceeds with great severity and bitter sarcasm to expose the shallow artifices of those who attempt to disguise their sordid selfishness under the specious pretense of a proper prudence, a reverence for the ancient simplicity and frugality of manners, and a proper regard for the interests of those who are to succeed to our inheritance. The Satire concludes with a lively and graphic conversation between Persius and his imaginary heir, in which he exposes the cupidity of those who are waiting for the deaths of men whom they expect to succeed; and shows that the anxiety of these for the death of their friends, furnishes the strongest motive for a due indulgence in the good things of this life; which it would be folly to hoard up merely to be squandered by the spendthrift, or feed the

insatiable avarice of one whom even boundless wealth could never satisfy. This Satire was probably written, as Gifford says, "while the poet was still in the flower of youth, possessed of an independent fortune, of estimable friends, dear connections, and of a cultivated mind, under the consciousness of irrecoverable disease; a situation in itself sufficiently affecting, and which is rendered still more so by the placid and even cheerful spirit which pervades every part of the poem."

Has the winter[1511] already made thee retire, Bassus,[1512] to thy Sabine hearth? Does thy harp, and its strings, now wake to life[1513] for thee with its manly[1514] quill? Of wondrous skill in adapting to minstrelsy the early forms of ancient words,[1515] and the masculine sound of the Latin lute—and then again give vent to youthful merriment; or, with dignified touch, sing of distinguished old men. For me the Ligurian[1516] shore now grows warm, and my sea wears its wintry aspect, where the cliffs present a broad side, and the shore retires with a capacious bay. "It is worth while, citizens, to become acquainted with the Port of Luna!"[1517] Such is the best of Ennius in his senses,[1518] when he ceased to dream he was Homer and sprung from a Pythagorean peacock, and woke up plain "Quintus."

Here I live, careless of the vulgar herd—careless too of the evil which malignant Auster[1519] is plotting against my flock—or that that corner[1520] of my neighbor's farm is more fruitful than my own. Nay, even though all who spring from a worse stock than mine, should grow ever so rich, I would still refuse to be bowed down double by old age[1521] on that account, or dine without good cheer, or touch with my nose[1522] the seal on some vapid flagon.

Another man may act differently from this. The star that presides over the natal hour[1523] produces even twins with widely-differing disposition. One, a cunning dog, would, only on his birthday, dip his dry cabbage in pickle[1524] which he has bought in a cup, sprinkling over it with his own hands the pepper, as if it were sacred; the other, a fine-spirited lad, runs through his large estate to please his

palate. I, for my part, will use—not abuse—my property; neither sumptuous enough to serve up turbots before my freedmen, nor epicure enough to discern the delicate flavor of female thrushes.[1525]

Live up to your income, and exhaust your granaries. You have a right to do it! What should you fear? Harrow, and lo! another crop is already in the blade!

"But duty calls! My friend,[1526] reduced to beggary, with shipwrecked bark, is clutching at the Bruttian rocks, and has buried all his property, and his prayers unheard by heaven, in the Ionian sea. He himself lies on the shore, and by him the tall gods from the stern;[1527] and the ribs of his shattered vessel are a station for cormorants."[1528] Now therefore detach a fragment from the live turf; and bestow it upon him in his need, that he may not have to roam about with a painting of himself[1529] on a sea-green picture. But[1530] your heir, enraged that you have curtailed your estate, will neglect your funeral supper, he will commit your bones unperfumed to their urn, quite prepared to be careless whether the cinnamon has a scentless flavor, or the cassia be adulterated with cherry-gum. Should you then in your lifetime impair your estate?

But Bestius[1531] rails against the Grecian philosophers: "So it is—ever since this counterfeit[1532] philosophy[1533] came into the city, along with pepper and dates, the very haymakers spoil their pottage with gross unguents."

And are you afraid of this beyond the grave? But you, my heir, whoever you are to be, come apart a little from the crowd, and hear.—"Don't you know, my good friend, that a laureate[1534] letter has been sent by Cæsar on account of his glorious defeat of the flower of the German youth; and now the ashes are being swept from the altars, where they have lain cold; already Cæsonia is hiring arms for the door-posts, mantles for kings, yellow wigs for captives, and chariots, and tall Rhinelanders. Consequently I intend to contribute a hundred pair of gladiators to the gods and the emperor's Genius, in honor of his splendid exploits.—Who shall prevent me? Do

you, if you dare! Woe betide you, unless you consent.—I mean to make a largess to the people of oil and meat-pies. Do you forbid it? Speak out plainly!" "Not so," you say. I have a well-cleared field[1535] close by. Well, then! If I have not a single aunt left, or a cousin, nor a single niece's daughter; if my mother's sister is barren, and none of my grandmother's stock survives—I will go to Bovillæ,[1536] and Virbius' hill.[1537] There is Manius already as my heir. "What that son of earth!" Well, ask me who my great-great-grandfather was! I could tell you certainly, but not very readily. Go yet a step farther back, and one more; you will find he is a son of earth! and on this principle of genealogy Manius turns out to be my great uncle. You, who are before me, why do you ask of me the torch[1538] in the race? I am your Mercury! I come to you as the god, in the guise in which he is painted. Do you reject the offer? Will you not be content with what is left? But there is some deficiency in the sum total! Well, I spent it on myself! But the whole of what is left is yours, whatever it is. Attempt not to inquire what is become of what Tadius once left me; nor din into my ears precepts such as fathers give.[1539] "Get interest for your principal, and live upon that."—What is the residue? "The residue!" Here, slave, at once pour oil more bountifully over my cabbage. Am I to have a nettle, or a smoky pig's cheek with a split ear, cooked for me on a festival day, that that spendthrift grandson[1540] of yours may one day stuff himself with goose-giblets, and when his froward humor urge him on, indulge in a patrician mistress? Am I to live a threadbare skeleton,[1541] that his fat paunch[1542] may sway from side to side?

Barter your soul for gain. Traffic; and with keen craft sift every quarter of the globe. Let none exceed you in the art of puffing off[1543] your sleek Cappadocian slaves, on their close-confining platform.[1544] Double[1545] your property. "I have done so"—already it returns three-fold, four-fold, ten-fold to my scrip. Mark where I am to stop. Could I do so, he were found, Chrysippus,[1546] that could put the finish to thy heap!

FOOTNOTES:

[1511] Bruma. The learned Romans, who divided their time between business and study, used to begin their lucubrations about the time of the Vulcanalia, which were held on the 23d of August (x. Kal. Sept.), and for this purpose usually returned from Rome to their country houses. Pliny, describing the studious habits of his uncle, says (iii., Ep. 5), "Sed erat acre ingenium, incredibile studium, summa vigilantia. Lucubrare a Vulcanalibus incipiebat, non auspicandi causâ sed studendi, statim a nocte." So Horace, i., Ep. vii., 10, "Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris, Ad mare descendet vates tuus et sibi parcet Contractusque leget." He gives the reason, ii., Ep. ii., 77, "Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbem." Cf. Juv., vii., 58. Plin., i., Ep. 9.

[1512] Basse. Cæsius Bassus, a lyric poet, said to have approached most nearly to Horace. Cf. Quint., Inst., X., i., 96. Prop., I., iv., 1. He was destroyed with his country house by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in which Pliny the elder perished. Vid. Plin., vi., Ep. 16.

[1513] Vivunt, Casaubon explains by the Greek ἐνεργεῖν "to be in active operation."

[1514] Tetrico is spelt in some editions with a capital letter. The sense is the same, as the rough, hardy, masculine virtues of the ancient Romans were attributed to Sabine training and institutions. Tetricus, or Tetrica, was a hill in the Sabine district. Virg., Æen., vii., 712, "Qui Tetricæ horrentis rupes, montemque severum Casperiamque colunt." Liv., i., 18, "Suopte igitur ingenio temperatum animum virtutibus fuisse opinor magis; instructumque non tam peregrinis artibus quam disciplina tetricâ ac tristi veterum Sabinorum: quo genere nullum quondam incorruptius fuit." Ov., Am., III., viii., 61, "Exæquet tetricas licet illa Sabinas." Hor., iii., Od. vi., 38. Cic. pro Ligar., xi.

[1515] Vocum. Another reading is "rerum," which Casaubon adopts, and supposes Bassus to have been the author of a Theogony or Cosmogony. He is said, on the authority of Terentianus Maurus and Priscian, to have written a book on Metres,

dedicated to Nero. Those who read "vocum," suppose that Persius meant to imply that he successfully transferred to his Odes the nervous words of the older dialects of his country.

[1516] Ligus ora. Fulvia Sisennia, the mother of Persius, is said to have been married, after her husband's death, to a native of Liguria, or of Luna. It was to her house that Persius retired in the winter.

[1517] Lunai portum. A line from the beginning of the Annals of Ennius. The town of Luna, now Luni, is in Etruria, but only separated by the river Macra (now Magra) from Liguria. The Lunai Portus, now Golfo di Spezzia, is in Liguria, and was the harbor from which the Romans usually took shipping for Corsica and Sardinia. Ennius therefore must have known it well, from often sailing thence with the elder Cato.

[1518] Cor Ennii. "Cor" is frequently used for sense. It is here a periphrasis for "Ennius in his senses." Quintus Ennius was born B.C. 239, at Rudiæ, now Rugge, in Calabria, near Brundusium, and was brought to Rome from Sardinia by Cato when quæstor there B.C. 204. He lived in a very humble way on Mount Aventine, and died B.C. 169, of gout (morbus articularis), and was buried in Scipio's tomb on the Via Appia. He held the Pythagorean doctrine of Metempsychosis, and says himself, in the beginning of his Annals, that Homer appeared to him in a dream, and told him that he had once been a peacock, and that his soul was transferred to him. The fragment describing this is extant. "Transnavit cita per teneras Caliginis auras (anima Homeri) visus Homerus adesse poeta. Tum memini fieri me pavum." [Cf. Hor., ii., Ep. i., 50. "Ennius et sapiens et fortis et alter Homerus, Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur Quo promissa cadant et somnia Pythagorea." Tertull., de An., 24, "Pavum se meminit Homerus, Ennio Somniante."] The interpretation in the text seems the most reasonable. Others take quintus as a numeral adjective, and explain the meaning to be, that the soul of a peacock transmigrated first into Euphorbus,

then into Homer, then into Pythagoras, and then into Ennius, who was consequently fifth from the peacock.

[1519] Auster, the Sirocco of the modern Italians, was reckoned peculiarly unwholesome to cattle. Cf. Virg., Georg., i., 443, "Urget ab alto Arboribusque satisque Notus pecorique sinister." 462, "Quid cogitet humidus Auster." Ecl., ii., 58. Tibul., I., i., 41. Hor., ii., Sat. vi., 18, "Nec mala me ambitio perdit nec plumbeus Auster, Auctumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ." ii., Od. xiv., 15. Some derive the name from "Ardeo," others from αὐὼ, "to parch or burn up:" so Austerus, from αὐστηρός.

[1520] Angulus. Hor., ii., Sat. vi., 8, "Oh! si angulus ille proximus accedat qui nunc denormat agellum."

[1521] Senio. "The premature old age brought on by pining at another's welfare." So Plautus, "Præ mærore adeo miser æquè ægritudine consenui." Cf. Capt., I., ii., 20. Truc., ii., 5, 13.

[1522] Naso tetigisse. "I will not become such a miser as to seal up vapid wine, and then closely examine the seal when it is again produced, to see whether it is untouched." Cf. Theophr. π. αἰσχροκερδ. So Cicero says, "Lagenas etiam inanes obsignare." Fam., xiv., 26.

[1523] Horoscope. Properly, "the star that is in the ascendant at the moment of a person's birth, from which the nativity is calculated." Persius has just ridiculed the Pythagoreans, he now laughs at the Astrologers. Whatever they may say, twins born under exactly the same horoscope, have widely different characters and pursuits. "Castor gaudet equis—ovo prognatus eodem Pugnis." Hor., ii., Sat. i., 26. Cf. Diog. Laert., II., i., 3.

[1524] Muria. Either a brine made of salt and water, or a kind of fishsauce made of the liquor of the thunny. Every word is a picture. "He buys his sauce in a cup; instead of pouring it over his salad, he dips the salad in it, and then scarcely

moistens it: he will not trust his servant to season it, so he does it himself; but only sprinkles the pepper like dew, not in a good shower, and as sparingly as if it were some holy thing." Cf. Theophr., π. μικρολογ, καὶ ἀπαγορεῦσαι τῇ γυναικὶ, μήτε ἅλας χρωννύειν μήτε ἐλλύχνιον, μήτε κύμινον, μήτε ὀρίγανον, μήτε οὐλὰς, μήτε στεμματα, μήτε θυηλήματα· ἀλλὰ λέγειν, ὅτι τὰ μικρὰ ταῦτα πολλά ἐστι τοῦ ἐνιαυτοῦ. Hor., i., Sat. i., 71, "Tanquam parcere sacris cogeris." ii., Sat. iii., 110, "Metuensque velut contingere sacrum."

[1525] Turdarum. So the best MSS. and the Scholiasts read, and Casaubon follows. Varro, L. L., viii., 38, says the feminine form is not Latin. The "turdus" (Greek κίχλη), probably like our "field-fare," was esteemed the greatest delicacy by the Greeks and Romans. In the Nubes of Aristophanes, the λόγος δίκαιος says, "In former days young men were not allowed οὐδ' ὀψοφαγεῖν, οὐδὲ κιχλίζειν." (Ubi vid. Schol.; but cf. Theoc., Id., xi., 78, cum Schol.) To be able to distinguish the sex of so small a bird by the flavor would be the acme of Epicurism. Hor., i., Ep. xv., 41, "Cum sit obeso nil melius turdo." Mart., xiii., Ep. 92, "Inter aves turdus, si quis me judice certet, Inter quadrupedes mattya prima lepus." Cf. Athen., ii., 68, D.

[1526] Prendit amicus. From Hom., Od., v., 425, τόφρα δέ μιν μέγα κῦμα φέρε τρηχεῖαν ἐπ' ἀκτήν· ἔνθα κ' ἀπὸ ῥινοὺς δρύφθη, σὺν δ' ὀστέ' ἀράχθη, and 435. Virg., Æn., vi., 360. Cf. Palimirus," Prensantemque uncis manibus capita ardua montis."

[1527] Ingentes de puppe dei. The tutelary gods were placed at the stern as well as the stem of the ship. Cf. Æsch., S. Theb., 208. Virg., Æn., x., 170, "Aurato fulgebat Apolline puppis." Ov., Trist., I., x., l. Hor., i., Od. xiv., 10. Acts, xxviii., 11. Catull., I., iv., 36. Eurip., Hel., 1664.

[1528] Mergis. Cf. Hom., Od., v., 337. The Mergus (αἴθυια of the Greeks) is put for any large sea-bird. Hor., Epod. x., 21, "Opima quodsi præda curvo litore porrecta mergos juveris."

[1529] Pictus oberret. Cf. ad Juv., xiv., 302, "Pictâ se tempestate tuetur." xii., 27.

[1530] Sed. "But perhaps you will object," etc. He now ridicules the folly of those who deny themselves all the luxuries and even the necessaries of life, in order to leave behind a splendid inheritance to their heirs. "Quum sit manifesta phrenesis Ut locuples moriaris egenti vivere fato." Juv., xiv., 186. Cf. Hor., ii., Ep. ii., 191, "Utar, et ex modico quantum res poscet acervo Tollam, nec metuam quid de me judicet hæres Quod non plura datis invenerit." i., Ep. v., 13, "Parcus ob hæredis curam, nimiumque severus assidet insano." ii., Od. xiv., 25.

[1531] Bestius, from Hor., i., Ep. xv., 37, "Diceret urendos corrector Bestius." Probably both Horace and Persius borrowed from Lucilius. Weichert, P. L., p. 420.

[1532] Maris expers. Hor., ii., Sat. viii., 15, "Chium maris expers," which is generally interpreted to mean that Nasidienus set before his guests wine which he called Chian, but which in reality had never crossed the seas, being made at home. It may be put therefore for any thing "adulterated, not genuine." Another interpretation is, "effeminate, emasculate, void of manly vigor and energy," from the supposed enervating effect of Greek philosophy on the masculine character of the Romans of other days. A third explanation is, "that which has experienced the sea," from the active sense of expers, and therefore is simply equivalent to "foreign, or imported." Casaubon seems to incline to the latter view.

[1533] Sapere. So "Scire tuum," i., 27 and 9, "Nostrum illud vivere triste." In the indiscriminate hatred of all that was Greek, philosophy and literature were often included.

[1534] Laurus. After a victory, the Roman soldiers saluted their general as Imperator. His lictors then wreathed their fasces, and his soldiers their spears, with bays, and then he sent letters wreathed with bays (literæ laureatæ) to the senate, and demanded a triumph. If the senate approved, they decreed a thanksgiving (supplicatio) to the gods. The bays were worn by himself and his soldiers till the triumph was over. (Branches of bay were set up before the gate of Augustus, by a

decree of the senate, as being the perpetual conqueror of his enemies. Cf. Ov., Trist., III., i., 39.) These letters were very rare under the emperors, vid. Tac., Agric., xviii., except those sent by the emperors themselves. Mart., vii., Ep. v., 3, "Invidet hosti Roma suo veniat laurea multa licet." Caligula's mock expedition into Germany (A.D. 40) is well known. The account given by Suetonius tallies exactly with the words of Persius. "Conversus hinc ad curam triumphi præter captivos ac transfugas barbaros, Galliarum quoque procerissimum quemque et ut ipse dicebat ἀξιοθριαμβευτον legit ac seposuit ad pompam; coegitque non tantum rutilare et submittere comam, sed et sermonem Germanicum addiscere et nomina barbarica ferre." Vid. Domit., c. xlvii. Cf. Tac., German., xxxvii. (Virg., Æn., vii., 183. Mart., viii., Ep. xxxiii., 20.)

[1535] Exossatus ager. Among the Romans it was esteemed a great disgrace for a legatee to refuse to administer to the estate of the testator. Persius says, "even though you refuse to act as my heir, I shall have no great difficulty in finding some one who will. Though I have spent large sums in largesses to the mob, and in honor of the emperor, I have still a field left near the city, which many would gladly take." Such is unquestionably the drift of the passage; but "exossatus" is variously explained. It literally means that from which the bones have been taken: vid. Plaut., Aul., II., ix., 2, "Murænam exdorsua, atque omnia exossata fac sient." Amph., I., i., 163. So Lucr., iv., 1267. Ter., Ad., III., iv., 14. As stones are "the bones of the earth" (Ov., Met., i., 393, "Lapides in corpore terræ ossa reor"), it may mean "thoroughly cleared from stones;" or, as Casaubon says, so thoroughly exhausted by constant cropping, that the land is reduced to its very bones (as Juv., viii., 90, "Ossa vides regum vacuis exhausta medullis"). "Yet even this field, bad as it is, some terræ filius may be found to take." Juxta is generally explained "near Rome," and therefore parted with last. D'Achaintre takes it with exossatus in the sense of "almost."

[1536] Bovillæ, a village on the Via Appia, no great distance from Rome; hence called Suburbanæ, by Ovid (Fast., iii., 667) and Propertius (IV., i., 33). Here Clodius

was killed by Milo. Like Aricia, it was infested by beggars. (Cf. Juv., iv., 117, "Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes.") Hence the proverb "Multi Manii Ariciæ."

[1537] Virbii clivum, a hill near Aricia, by the wood sacred to Diana Nemorensis. It took its name from Hippolytus, son of Theseus, who was worshiped here under the name of Virbius (bis vir) as having been restored by Æsculapius to life. Cf. Ov., Met., xv., 543. Virg., Æn., vii., 760-782. There was also a hill within the walls of Rome called by this name (cf. Liv., i., 48, where, however, Gronovius reads Orbii), near the Vicus Sceleratus.

[1538] Lampada. The allusion is to the Torch-race λαμπαδηφόρια at Athens. There were three festivals of this kind, according to Suidas, the Panathenæan, Hephæstian, and Promethean. In the latter they ran from the altar of Prometheus through the Ceramicus to the city. The object of the runners in these races was to carry a lighted torch to the end of their courses. But the manner of the running is a disputed point among the commentators. Some say three competitors started together, and he that carried his torch unextinguished to the goal was victorious. Others say the runners were stationed at different intervals, and the first who started gave up his torch at the first station to another, who took up the running, and in turn delivering it to a third; and to this the words of Lucretius seem to refer, ii., 77, "Inque brevi spatio mutantur sæcla animantúm Et quasi cursores vitaï lampada tradunt." Others again think that several competitors started, but one only bore a torch, which, when wearied, he delivered to some better-winded rival; which view is supported by Varro, R. R., iii., 16, "In palæstra qui tædas ardentes accipit, celerior est in cursu continuo quam ille qui tradit: propterea quod defatigatus cursor dat integro facem." Cic., Heren., 4. The explanations of this line consequently are almost as various. Prate, the Delphin editor, supposes that Persius' heir was a man farther advanced in years than Persius himself. Gifford explains it, "You are in full health, and have every prospect of outstripping me in the career of life; do not then prematurely take from me the

chance of extending my days a little. Do not call for the torch before I have given up the race:" and sees in it a pathetic conviction of Persius' own mind, that his health was fast failing, and that a fatal termination of the contest was inevitable and not far remote. D'Achaintre thinks, with Casaubon, that "qui prior es" means, "You are my nearer heir than the imaginary Manius, why therefore do you disturb yourself? Receive my inheritance, as all legacies should be received, i. e., as unexpected gifts of fortune; as treasures found on the road, of which Mercurius is the supposed giver. I am then your Mercury. Imagine me to be your god of luck, coming, as he is painted, with a purse in my hand." Cf. Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 68.

[1539] Dicta paterna. Not "the precepts of my father," because Persius' father was dead; but such as fathers give, inculcating lessons of thrift and money-getting; as Hor., i., Ep. i., 53, "Virtus post nummos—hæc recinunt juvenes dictata senesque." Cf. Juv., xiv., 122.

[1540] Vago. Cf. Varr. ap. Non., i., 223, "Spatale eviravit omnes Venerivaga pueros."

[1541] Trama is the "warp," according to some interpretations, the "woof," according to others. The metaphor is simply from the fact, that when the nap is worn off the cloth turns threadbare; and implies here one so worn down that his bones almost show through his skin.

[1542] Popa venter. With paunch so fat that he looks like a "popa," "the sacrificing priest," who had good opportunities of growing fat from the number of victims he got a share of; and therefore, like our butchers, grew gross and corpulent. Popa is also put for the female who sold victims for sacrifice, and probably had as many chances of growing fat. The idea of the passage is borrowed from Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 122.

[1543] Plausisse, either in the sense of jactâsse, "to praise their good qualities," or, "to clap them with the hand, to show what good condition they are in." Cf. Ov.,

Met., ii., 866, "Modo pectora præbet virgineâ plaudenda manu." Others read "pavisse," "clausisse," and "pausasse." (Cf. Sen., Epist. lxxx., 9.)

[1544] Catasta, from κατάστασις, "a wooden platform on which slaves were exposed to sale," in order that purchasers might have full opportunity of inspecting and examining them. These were sometimes in the forum, sometimes in the houses of the Mangones. Cf. Mart., ix., Ep. lx., 5, "Sed quos arcanæ servant tabulata Catastæ." Plin., H. N., xxxv., 17. Tib., II., iii., 59, "Regnum ipse tenet quem sæpe coëgit Barbara gypsatos ferre catasta pedes." Persius recommends his miserly friend to condescend to any low trade, even that of a slave-dealer, to get money. Cappadocia was a great emporium for slaves. Cic., Post. Red., "Cappadocem modo abreptum de grege venalium diceres." Hor., i., Ep. vi., 39, "Mancipiis locuples eget æris Cappadocum rex." The royal property, consisting chiefly in slaves, was kept in different fortresses throughout the country. The whole nation might be said to be addicted to servitude; for when they were offered a free constitution by the Romans, they declined the favor, and preferred receiving a master from the hand of their allies. Strabo, xii., p. 540. After the conquest of Pontus, Rome and Italy were filled with Cappadocian slaves, many of whom were excellent bakers and confectioners. Vid. Plutarch v. Lucullus. Athen., i, p. 20; iii., 112, 3. Cramer, Asia Minor, ii., p. 121. Mart., vi., Ep. lxvii., 4.

[1545] Depunge. A metaphor from the graduated arm of the steelyard. Cf. v., 100, "Certo compescere puncto nescius examen." The end of the fourteenth Satire of Juvenal, and of the fifteenth Epistle of Seneca, may be compared with the conclusion of this Satire. "Congeratur in te quidquid multi locupletes possederunt: Ultra privatum pecuniæ modum fortuna te provehat, auro tegat, purpurâ vestiat, ... majora cupere ab his disces. Naturalia desideria finita sunt: ex falsâ opinione nascentia ubi desinant non habent. Nullus enim terminus falso est." Sen., Ep. xvi., 7, 8; xxxix., 5; ii., 5.

[1546] Chrysippi. This refers to the σωρειτικὴ ἀπορία of the Stoics, of which Chrysippus, the disciple of Zeno or Cleanthes, was said to have been the inventor. The Sorites consisted of an indefinite number of syllogisms, according to Chrysippus; to attempt to limit which, or to bound the insatiable desires of the miser, would be equally impossible. It takes its name from σῶρος, acerbus, "a heap:" "he that could assign this limit, could also affirm with precision how many grains of corn just make a heap; so that were but one grain taken away, the remainder would be no heap." Cf. Cic., Ac. Qu., II., xxviii. Diog. Laert., VII., vii. Hor., i., Ep. ii., 4. Juv., ii., 5; xiii., 184. Of the seven hundred and fifty books said to have been written by Chrysippus, and enumerated by Diogenes Laertius, not one fragment remains. His logic was so highly thought of, that it was said "that, had the gods used logic, they would have used that of Chrysippus."

SULPICIA.

INTRODUCTION.

The occasion of the following Satire is generally known as "the expulsion of the philosophers from Rome by Domitian." As the same thing took place under Vespasian also, it becomes worth while to inquire who are the persons intended to be included under this designation; and in what manner the fears of the two emperors could be so worked upon as to pass a sweeping sentence of banishment against persons apparently so helpless and so little formidable as the peaceful cultivators of philosophy. It seems not improbable then that the fears both of Vespasian and Domitian were of a personal as well as of a political nature. We find that in both cases the "Mathematici" are coupled with the "Philosophi." Now these persons were no more nor less than pretenders to the science of judicial astrology [cf. Juv., iii., 43; vi., 562; xiv., 248; Suet., Cal., 57; Tit., 9; Otho, 4; Gell., i., 9]; and to what an extent those who were believed to possess this knowledge were dreaded

in those days of gross superstition, may be easily inferred by merely looking into Juvenal's sixth and Persius' fifth Satire. Besides the baleful effects of incantations, which were sources of terror even in Horace's days, the mere possession by another of the nativity of a person whose death might be an object of desire to the bearer, was supposed, at the time of which we are now speaking, to be a sufficient ground of serious alarm. We are not surprised therefore to find it recorded as an instance of great generosity on the part of Vespasian, that on one occasion he pardoned one Metius Pomposianus, although he was informed that he had in his possession a "Genesis Imperatoria;" or that the possession of a similar document with regard to Domitian cost the owner his life. (Cf. Suet., Vesp., 14; Domit., 10.) With regard to the philosophers, it appears that the followers of the Stoic school were those against whom the edict was especially directed. Not only did the tenets of this school inculcate that independence of thought and manners most directly at variance with the servility and submissiveness inseparable from a state of thraldom under a despot; but the cultivation of this branch of philosophy was held to be nothing more than a specious cover for an attachment to the freedom of speech and action enjoyed under the republican form of government: and philosophy was accounted only another name for revolution and rebellion.[1547]

The story told of Demetrius the Cynic, in Dio (lxvi., 13), and confirmed by Suetonius (Vesp., c. 13), illustrates this view of the subject. (Cf. Tac., Hist., iv., 40.) It appears to have been at the suggestion of Mucianus,[1548] that all philosophers, but especially the Stoics, were banished from Rome; and that the celebrated Musonius Rufus was the only one who was suffered to remain. This took place A.D. 74. Sixteen years after this we find a decree of the senate passed to a similar effect. Now, as philosophy may be studied equally well any where, there seems no reason why, if it were not in some way connected with their political creed, all these votaries of Stoicism should in the interim have taken up their abode at Rome. And though, no doubt, the unoffending may have suffered with the guilty, the history of

the edict seems pretty plainly to show what particular doctrines of their philosophy were so obnoxious to Domitian. Suetonius, Tacitus, and Dio all agree in the cause assigned for the sentence: viz., that Julius Arulenus Rusticus and Herennius Senecio had been enthusiastic in their praises of Thrasea Pætus and Helvidius Priscus; and that therefore "all philosophers were removed from Rome." ("Cujus criminis occasione philosophos omnes Urbe Italiâque submovit." Suet., Domit., 10. Cf. Tac., Agric, 2; Dio, lxvii., 13.) But it was for their undisguised hatred of tyrants, and for no dogma of the schools, that the former of these was put to death by Nero, and the latter by Vespasian. Both of them, as we know, celebrated with no ordinary festivities the birthdays of the Bruti (Juv., v., 36); and Helvidius, even while prætor, went so far as to omit all titles of honor or distinction before the name of Vespasian. (Suet., Vesp., 15.) We must not therefore fall into the common error of supposing this "banishment of philosophers" to have been a mere act of wanton, senseless tyranny, or of brutal ignorance. Even by his enemies' showing, the opening scenes of Domitian's life[1549] are at direct variance with such an idea. (Cf. ad Juv., vii., 1.) And though we regret to find that men like Epictetus and Dio of Prusa were included in the disastrous sentence, it is some relief to learn that Pliny the younger, though living at the time in the house of the philosopher Artemidorus, and the intimate friend of Senecio and six or seven others of the banished, to whom he supplied money (a fact which, as he himself hints, could not but have been known to the emperor, as Pliny was prætor at the time), yet escaped unscathed. (Cf. Plin., iii., Ep. XI., vii., 19; Gell., xv., 11.)

How far Sulpicia was connected with this movement, or whether she was involved in the same sentence which overwhelmed the others, we have now no means of ascertaining. It is quite clear that all her sympathies were with the Greeks; and the passage concerning Scipio and Cato (1. 45-50) leaves little doubt that her philosophical opinions were those of the Stoics. She rivals Juvenal in her thorough hatred of Domitian; which may, perhaps, be partly also attributed to family reasons.

For we must remember that she belonged to the gens which produced Servius Sulpicius Galba; and, as we have noticed on many occasions with regard to Juvenal, an attachment to that emperor seems to go hand in hand with hatred of Otho and Domitian. From the conclusion of the Satire, it is probable that her husband was not implicated.

The Sulpician gens produced many distinguished men; of whom we may mention the commissioner sent to Greece, and the conquerors of the Samnites, of Sardinia, and of Pyrrhus, besides the notorious friend of Marius. Of this illustrious stock she was no unworthy scion. Martial[1550] bears the strongest testimony to the purity of her morals and the chastity of her life, as well as to her devoted conjugal affection; which latter virtue she illustrated in a poem replete with the most lively, delicate, and virtuous sentiments; and which, had not the licentiousness of the age been beyond such a cure, might have produced a deep moral effect on the peculiar vices which especially disgraced the era of the Cæsars. Her husband's name was Calenus, who not improbably belonged to the Fufian gens,[1551] and with him she enjoyed fifteen years of the purest domestic felicity, as we learn from the Epigram addressed to him by Martial, in which, not without a tinge of envy, he congratulates Calenus on the possession of so inestimable a treasure. Both Epigrams are exceedingly beautiful, and every reader of Martial will be only too ready to say, "O si sic omnia." Of her other works we unfortunately do not possess a single fragment;[1552] and even the solitary Satire which bears her name, was at one time, as Scaliger tells us, falsely attributed to Ausonius.

Very much of the Satire is corrupt. Wernsdorf's seems, on the whole, the best approximation to a true reading; and the Commentary of Dousa is, as far as it goes, satisfactory.

FOOTNOTES:

[1547] Vid. Niebuhr's Lectures, iii., p. 212.

[1548] Licinius Mucianus, the governor of Syria. He belonged to the noble family of the Licinii, and was connected with the Mucii. For his character, see Niebuhr's Lectures, vol. iii., p. 206.

[1549] "Domitian was a man of a cultivated mind and decided talent, and is of considerable importance in the history of Roman literature. The Paraphrase of Aratus, which is usually ascribed to Germanicus, is the work of Domitian. The subject of the poem is poor, but it is executed in a very respectable manner. Domitian's taste for Roman literature produced its beneficial effects. He instituted the great pension for rhetoricians, which Quintilian, for example, enjoyed, and the Capitoline contests, in which the prize poems were crowned. During this period, Roman literature received a great impulse, to which Domitian himself must have contributed. From his poem we see that he was opposed to the false taste of the time." Niebuhr's Lectures, iii., p. 216, 7.

[1550] Lib. x., Epig. 35 and 38. There is nothing in these two Epigrams to imply that Sulpicia and Calenus were not both living peacefully and happily at Rome, at the time Martial wrote his tenth book of Epigrams. Now he says himself that he scarcely produced one book in a year, (x., 70), and lib. ix. was written A.D. 94 or 95. The second edition of his tenth book came out A.D. 99. The Epigrams to Calenus and Sulpicia were probably therefore written at least six years after the Edict of Domitian, i. e., between A.D. 90 and 99.

[1551] Vid. not. ad l. 62.

[1552] With the exception of a doubtful fragment quoted by the old Scholiast on Juvenal, Sat. vi., 538.

SULPICIA.

ARGUMENT.

The Satire opens with an Invocation of Calliope, the Muse of Heroic poetry. The

dignity of the subject, which is in fact the undeserved sufferings of the good and great men whom Domitian's edict was ejecting from their homes, deserves a higher strain than is compatible with the more commonplace, and therefore less powerful, invectives of Iambic metre. The effect produced by such a measure is described as nothing less than forcing the civilized world to retrograde to a state of primæval barbarism. The cause which has led to such a perversion of taste and degradation of intellect is then examined; which are shown to be the result of a long-protracted peace. The old Roman valor which had raised the city to the proud position promised by the father of gods and men, had become gradually enervated and enfeebled, as it ceased to have an object on which to exercise itself. The stern and rigid virtue of the best period of the city's history, which had led her greatest men, even in the fierce struggles for existence against the rival republic, to appreciate and patronize the philosophy of Greece, the love of country and the ties of brotherhood which had been fostered by that "rugged nurse Adversity," were now all buried in the corpse-like lethargy induced by the enervating influence of a lengthened peace. The Satire concludes with a bitter denunciation of coming vengeance against the tyrant; and a prophetic anticipation of the lasting fame to be enjoyed by the poem.

Grant me, O Muse,[1553] to tell my little tale in a few words, in those numbers in which thou art wont to celebrate[1554] heroes and arms! For to thee I have retired; with thee revising[1555] my secret plan.[1556] For which reason, I neither trip on in the measure of Phalæcus,[1557] nor in Iambic[1558] trimeter; nor in that metre which, halting with the same foot, learned under its Clazomenæan guide boldly to give vent to its wrath. All other things[1559] moreover, in short, my thousand sportive effusions; and how I was the first that taught our Roman matrons to rival the Greeks, and to diversify their subject with wit untried before, consistently[1560] with my purpose, I pass by; and thee I invoke, in those points in which thou art chief of all, and, supreme in eloquence, art best skilled. Descend[1561] at thy votary's prayer and hear!

Tell me, O Calliope, what is it the great[1562] father of the gods purposes to do? Does he revert to earth, and his father's age; and wrest from us in death the arts that once he gave; and bid us, in silence, nay, bereft of reason, too, just as when we arose in the primæval age,[1563] stoop again[1564] to acorns,[1565] and the pure stream? Or does he guard with friendly care all other lands and cities, but thrusts away[1566] the race of Ausonia, and the nurslings of Remus?[1567]

For, what must we suppose? There are two ways by which Rome reared aloft her mighty head. Valor in war, and wisdom in peace. But valor, practiced[1568] at home and by civil warfare, passed over to the seas of Sicily and the citadels of Carthage, and swept away also all other empires and the whole world.

Then, as the victor, who, left alone in the Grecian stadium, droops, and though with valor undaunted, feels his heart sink within him—just so the Roman race, when it had ceased from its struggles, and had bridled peace in lasting trammels; then, revising at home the laws and discoveries of the Greeks,[1569] ruled with policy and gentle influence[1570] all that had been won by sea and land as the prizes of war.

By this Rome stood—nor could she indeed have maintained her ground without these. Else with vain words[1571] and lying lips would Jupiter[1572] have been proved to have said to his queen, "I have given them empire[1573] without limit!"

Therefore, now, he who sways the Roman state[1574] has commanded all studies, and the philosophic name and race of men to depart out of doors and quit the city.

What are we to do? We left the Greeks and the cities of men,[1575] that the Roman youth might be better instructed in these.

Now, just as the Gauls,[1576] abandoning their swords and scales, fled when Capitoline Camillus thrust them forth; so our aged men are said to be wandering forth,[1577] and like some deadly burden, themselves eradicating their own books. Therefore the hero of Numantia and of Libya, Scipio, erred in that point, who grew wise under the training of his Rhodian[1578] master; and that other band, fruitful in

talent, in the second war;[1579] among whom the divine apophthegm[1580] of Priscus[1581] Cato[1582] held it of such deep import to determine whether the Roman stock would better be upheld[1583] by prosperity or adversity. By adversity, doubtless; for when the love of country urges them to defend[1584] themselves by arms, and their wife held prisoner together with their household gods, they combine[1585] just like wasps (a bristling band, with weapons all unsheathed along their yellow bodies), when their home and citadel is assailed. But when care-dispelling peace has returned, forgetful of labor, commons and fathers together lie buried in lethargic sleep. A long-protracted and destructive peace[1586] has therefore been the ruin of the sons of Romulus.[1587]

Thus our tale comes to a close. Henceforth, kind Muse, without whom life is no pleasure to me, I pray thee warn them that, like the Lydian of yore, when Smyrna fell,[1588] so now also they may be ready to emigrate; or else, in line, whatever thou wishest. This only I beseech thee, goddess! Present not in a pleasing light to Calenus[1589] the walls of Rome and the Sabines.

Thus much I spake. Then the goddess deigns to reply in few words, and begins:

"Lay aside thy just fears, my votary. See, the extremity of hate is menacing him, and by our mouth shall he perish! For we haunt the laurel groves of Numa,[1590] and the self-same springs, and, with Egeria for our companion,[1591] deride all vain essays. Live on! Farewell! Its destined fame awaits the grief that does thee honor. Such is the promise of the Muses' choir, and of Apollo[1592] that presides over Rome."

FOOTNOTES:

[1553] Musa. Although about to indite a Satire, Sulpicia declares her intention of not imitating the Hendecasyllabics of Phalæcus, the Iambics of Archilochus, or the Scazontics of Hipponax, but of writing in the good old Heroic metre. She therefore invokes the aid of Calliope.

[1554] Frequentas. "Celebrare" is often used in the sense of "crowding in large numbers to a place;" so here, conversely, frequentare is used in the sense of "frequently celebrating."

[1555] Detexere is properly to "finish off one's weaving." Vid. Hyg., Fab., 126, "Cum telam detexuero nubam." Plaut., Ps. I., iv., 7, "Neque ad detexundam telam certos terminos habes."

[1556] Penetrale is applied to the inmost and most sacred recesses; hence the "Penetrales Dii." Cic., Nat. D., ii., 27. Senec., Œdip., 265. So "penetrale sacrificium."—Retractans, in the sense of going over again with a view to corrections and additions. So Plin., v. Ep., 8, "Egi graves causas; has destino retractare." Senec., Ep., 46, "De libro tuo plura scribam cum illum retractavero."

[1557] Phalæco. Phalæcus is said by Diomedes (iii., 509) and Terentianus (p. 2440) to have been the inventor of the Hendecasyllabic metre, which consists of five feet; the first a Spondee or Iamb., the second a Dactyl, and the three last Trochees. Many of Catullus's pieces are in this metre. E. g. "Lugete O Veneres, Cupidinesque." Vid. Hermann, Elem. Doctr. Metr., p. 264.

[1558] Iambo. The Iambic metre was peculiarly adapted to Satire. Hence its probable etymology from ἰάπτω, jacio; and hence the epithet criminosi applied to these verses by Horace (i., Od. xvi., 2), and truces by Catullus (xxxvi., 5). Archilochus, the Parian, who flourished in the eighth century B.C. (Cic., Tusc. Q., i., 1; Bähr, ad Herod., i., 12), is said to have been the inventor of the metre, and to have employed it against Lycambes, who had promised him his daughter Neobule, but afterward retracted. Cf. Hor., A. P., 79, "Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo." i., Ep. xix., 23, "Parios ego primus Iambos Ostendi Latio numeros animosque secutus Archilochi non res et agentia verba Lycamben." The allusion in the next line is to Hipponax, who flourished cir. B.C. 540; Ol. lx. He was a native of Ephesus; but being expelled from his native country by the tyrant Athenagoras, he

settled at Clazomenæ, now the Isle of St. John. The common story is, that he was so hideously ugly, that the sculptors Bupalus and Athenis caricatured him. And to avenge this insult, Hipponax altered the Iambic of Archilochus into a more bitter form by making the last foot a spondee, which gave the verse a kind of halting rhythm, and was hence called Scazontic, from σκάζω· or Choliambic, from χῶλος, "lame." Diomed., iii., 503. [A specimen may be seen in Martial's bitter epigram against Cato. i., Ep. I, "Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti?"] In this metre he so bitterly satirized them that they hanged themselves, as Lycambes had done, in consequence of the ridicule of Archilochus. Hence Horace, vi., Epod. 13, "Qualis Lycambæ spretus infido gener Aut acer hostis Bupalo." Pliny (H. N., xxxvi., 5) treats the whole story as mythical. Cf. Mart., i., Ep. 97, for some good specimens, and Catull., xxxix. Another form of Choliambic verse is the substitution of an Antibacchius for the final Iamb.: e. g., "Remitte pallium mihi quod involasti." Catull., xxv. Two of Hipponax's verses may be seen, Strabo, lib. xiv., c. 1.

[1559] Cætera. From the high compliment paid to her chastity and poetical powers by Martial, it is probable that Sulpicia had composed many poems before the present Satire. From the metre Martial chooses for his complimentary effusion, and from the testimony of the old Scholiast, it is probable these verses were in Hendecasyllabics; or at all events in some lyrical metre. There was a poetess named Cornificia in the time of Augustus, who wrote some good Epigrams. She was the sister of Cornificius, the reputed enemy of Virgil (vid. Clinton, F. H., in ann. B.C. 41), but as she was not a lyrical poetess, Sulpicia claims the palm to herself.

[1560] Constanter. The subject is too serious and solemn for lyrical poetry; she therefore employs the dignity of Heroic verse. So Juvenal, iv., 34, "Incipe Calliope—non est cantandum, res vera agitur, narrate puellæ Pierides."

[1561] Descende. Cf. Hor., iii., Od. iv., 1, "Descende cœlo et dic age tibiâ Regina longum Calliope melos." Calliope, as the Muse of Heroic poetry, holds the chief

place. (Cf. Auson., Id. xx., 7, "Carmina Calliope libris Heroïca mandat.") Hence "Princeps." So Hesiod, Theog., 79, Καλλιόπη Θ' ἣ δὲ προφερεστάτη ἐστὶν ἁπασέων. Dionys., Hymn, i., 6, Μουσῶν προκαθηγέτι τερπνῶν. The poets assign different provinces to the different Muses. According to some, Calliope is the Muse of Amatory poetry.

[1562] Ille. So Virg., Æn., ii., 779, "Aut ille sinit regnator Olympi."

[1563] Patria Sæcula. The age of Saturn, when men lived in primæval barbarism, and all cultivation and refinement was unknown. Compare the first twelve lines of Juvenal's sixth Satire. Ov., Met., i., 113.

[1564] Procumbere. Cf. ad Prol. Pers., i.

[1565] Glandibus. Ov., Met., i., 106, "Et quæ deciderant patula Jovis arbore glandes." Lucret., v., 937, "Glandiferas inter curabant corpora quercus." Virg., Georg., i., 8, 148. Ov., Am., III., x., 9. Juv., vi., 10. Sulpicia had probably in view the passage in Horace, i., Sat. iii., 99," Cum prorepserunt primis animalia terris, Mutum et turpe pecus glandem atque cubilia propter," etc.

[1566] Exturbat. A technical phrase, "eject." Cf. Cic. pro Rosc., 8, "Nudum ejicit domo atque focis patriis, Diisque penatibus præcipitem exturbat." Plaut., Trin., IV., iii., 77. Ov., Met., xv., 175. Tac., Ann., xi., 12.

[1567] Remuli: the other readings are Remi, and Romi. Cf. Juv., x., 73, "Turba Remi." Alumnus is properly a "foundling." Cf. Plin., x. Epist., 71, 72.

[1568] Agitata. As though the wars carried on within the peninsula of Italy had served only to train the Romans in that military discipline by which they were to subjugate the world. This universal dominion having been attained, Rome rested from her labors, like the conqueror left alone in his glory, in the Grecian games; and having no more enemies against whom she could turn her arms, had sheathed her sword and applied herself to the arts of Peace. This seems the most probable interpretation. Dusa proposes to read Cætera quæ, for Cæteraque, and to place the

line as a parenthesis after socialibus armis: but with the sense given in the text, the substitution is unnecessary. He supposes also Victor to apply to a horse that has grown old in the contests of the circus; the allusion would surely be more simple to a conqueror in the Pentathlon. The reading exiit is followed in preference to exilit or exigit.

[1569] Graia inventa. So Livy dates the first introduction of a fondness for the products of Greek art from the taking of Syracuse by Marcellus: lib. xxv., 48, "Inde primum initium mirandi Græcarum artium opera." Cf. xxxiv., 4. Hor., ii., Epist. i., 156, "Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes intulit agresti Latio."

[1570] Molli ratione. Virg., *Æn.*, vi., 852, "Hæ tibi erunt artes: pacisque imponere morem, Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."

[1571] Aut frustra. An anacoluthon, as the old Scholiast remarks; stabat evidently referring to Roma. Cf. 1. 50, "An magis adversis staret."

[1572] Diespiter, i. e., Diei pater. Macrob., Sat., i., 15. Hor., iii., Od. ii., 29.

[1573] Imperium. Virg., *Æn.*, i., 279. It is in Jupiter's speech to Venus, not to Juno, that the line occurs.

[1574] Res Romanas imperat inter. A line untranslatable as it stands. Various remedies have been proposed—rex for res, temperat for imperat, impar for inter, Romanos for Romanas. Rex being, like dominus, generally used in a bad sense by the Romans, rex Romanos imperat inter would imply the excessive oppression of Domitian's tyranny. Dusa suggests rex Romanis temperat inter (taking interrex as one word divided by tmesis), and supposes Sulpicia meant to assert, that as his reign was to be so briefly brought to a close, he could only be looked upon in the light of an Interrex.

[1575] Hominum. As though the Greeks alone deserved the name of men, and the praise of humanity and refinement.

[1576] Galli. Alluding to the old legend of Brennus casting his sword into the scale,

with the words "Væ victis!" in answer to the remonstrance of the tribune Q. Sulpicius. Liv., v., 48, 9. "Ensibus" is preferred to the old reading, "Lancibus." Capitolinus was properly the agnomen of M. Manlius. Camillus is probably so called here from his appointing the collegium to celebrate the Ludi Capitolini, in honor of Jupiter for his preserving the Capitol. Vid. Liv., v., 50. May there not be a bitter sarcasm in the epithet? It was only four years before he expelled the philosophers, that Domitian instituted the Capitoline games. Suet., Vit., 4. (Vid. Chronology.)

[1577] Palare dicuntur. Wernsdorf adopts this reading; but it is perhaps the only instance of the active form of palare: and dicuntur is very weak.

[1578] Rhodio. The old readings were "Rhoido," which is unintelligible, and that of the old Scholiast, "Rudio," who refers it to Ennius, born at Rudiæ in Calabria. (Cf. ad Pers., vi., 10.) The Rhodian is Panætius; he was sprung from distinguished ancestors, many of whom had served the office of general. He studied under Crates, Diogenes, and Antipater of Tarsus. The date of his birth and death are unknown. He was probably introduced by Diogenes to Scipio, who sent for him from Athens to accompany him in his embassy to Egypt, B.C. 143. His famous treatise De Officiis was the groundwork of Cicero's book; who says that he was in every way worthy of the intimate friendship with which he was honored by Scipio and Lælius. Cic., de Fin., iv., 9; Or., i., 11; De Off., pass. Hor., i., Od. xxix., 14. The title of his book is περὶ τοῦ καθήκοντος. He also wrote De Providentia, De Magistratibus.

[1579] Bello secundo, i. e., the Second Punic War (from B.C. 218-201), a period pre-eminently rich in great men. Not to mention their great generals, Marcellus, Scipio, etc., this age saw M. Porcius Cato; the historians Fabius Pictor and Cincius Alimentus; the poets Livius Andronicus, Ennius, Nævius, Pacuvius, Plautus, etc.; and among the Greeks, Archimedes, Chrysippus, Eratosthenes, Carneades, and the historians Zeno and Antisthenes.

[1580] Sententia dia. Hor., i., Sat. ii., 31, "Macte Virtute esto, inquit sententia dia."

[1581] Prisci Catonis. Priscus is, as Dusa shows on the authority of Plutarch, not the epithet, but the name of Cato, by which he was distinguished. So Horace, iii. Od., xxi., 11, "Narratur et Prisci Catonis sæpe mero caluisse virtus." (But cf. Hor., ii., Ep. ii., 117.)

[1582] Catonis. Both Horace and Sulpicia have imitated Lucilius, "Valerî sententia dia." Fr. incert., 105.

[1583] Staret. Nasica, as Sallust tells us, in spite of Cato's "Delenda est Carthago," was always in favor of the preservation of Carthage; as the existence of the rival republic was the noblest spur to Roman emulation.

[1584] Defendere. Livy shows throughout, that the only periods of respite from intestine discord were under the immediate pressure of war from without. The particular allusion here is probably to the time of Hannibal. So Juv., vi., 286, seq., "Proximus Urbi Hannibal et stantes Collinâ in turre mariti." Liv., xxvi., 10. Sil. Ital., xii., 541, seq. Sallust has the same sentiment, "Metus hostilis in bonis artibus civitatem retinebat." Bell. Jug., 41.

[1585] Convenit. The next four lines are hopelessly corrupt. The following emendations have been adopted: domus arxque movetur for Arce Monetæ: pax secura for apes secura: laborum for favorum: patresque for mater, or the still older reading, frater; of which last Dusa says, "Neque istud verbum emissim titivillitio."

[1586] Exitium pax. Juv., vi., 292, "Sævior armis Luxuria incubuit victumque ulciscitur orbem." Compare the beautiful passage in Claudian (de Bell. Gild., 96), "Ille diu miles populus qui præfuit orbi," etc.

[1587] Romulidarum. Cf. ad Pers., i., 31.

[1588] Smyrna peribat. Smyrna was attacked by Gyges, king of Lydia, but resisted him with success. It was compelled, however, to yield to his descendant, Alyattes, and in consequence of this event, it sunk into decay and became deserted for the

space of four hundred years. Alexander formed the project of rebuilding the town in consequence of a vision. His design was executed by Antigonus and Lysimachus. Vid. Herod., i., 14-16. Paus., Bœot., 29. Strabo, xiv., p. 646. (An allusion to Phocæa or Teos would have been more intelligible. Cf. Herod., i., 165, 168. Hor., Epod. xvi., 17.) The next three lines are corrupt: the reading followed is, "Vel denique quid vis: Te, Dea, quæso illud tantum."

[1589] Caleno. Calenus, the husband of Sulpicia, probably derived his name from Cales in Campania, now Calvi. (Hor., i., Od. xx., 9. Juv., i., 69.) It was the cognomen of Q. Fufius, consul, B.C. 47. The readings in the next line vary: pariter ne obverte; pariterque averte; pariterque adverte. Dusa's explanation is followed in the text. Sulpicia prays that her husband may not be induced by the allurements of inglorious ease to remain longer in Rome or its neighborhood, now that all that is really good and estimable has been driven from it by the tyranny of the emperor. In line 66, read ecce for hæc: in ore for honore. If "dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori," Hor., iv., Od. viii., 28, so he may be said "Doubly dying to go down to the vile dust from whence he sprung," who lives only in the sarcasm of the satirist.

[1590] Laureta Numæ. Cf. ad Juv., iii., 12, seq., the description of Umbritius' departure from Rome.

[1591] Comite Ægeria. It is not impossible there may have been some allusion to Numa and Egeria in Sulpicia's lost work on conjugal affection; and hence Mart., x., Ep. xxxv., 13, "Tales Egeriæ jocos fuisse Udo crediderim Numæ sub antro."

[1592] Apollo. Hor., i., Ep. iii., 17, "Scripta Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo." Juv., vii., 37.

FRAGMENTS OF LUCILIUS.[1593]

INTRODUCTION.

If but little is known of the personal character and life of the other Satirists of Rome, it is unfortunately still more the case with Lucilius. Although the research and industry of modern scholars have collected nearly a hundred passages from ancient writers where his name is mentioned, the information that can be gleaned from them with respect to the events of his life is very scanty indeed; and even of these meagre statements, there is scarcely one that has not been called in question by one or more critics of later days. It will be therefore, perhaps, the most satisfactory course to present in a continuous form the few facts we can gather respecting his personal history; and to mention afterward the doubts that have been thrown on these statements, and the attempts of recent editors to reconcile them with the accredited facts of history.

Caius Lucilius, then, was born, according to the testimony of S. Hieronymus (in Euseb., Chron.), B.C. 148, in the first year of the 158th Olympiad, and the 606th of the founding of the city (Varronian Computation), in the consulship of Spurius Posthumius Albinus and Lucius Calpurnius Piso. There was a plebeian Lucilian gens, as well as a patrician, but it was to the latter that the family of the poet undoubtedly belonged. Horace says of himself (ii. Sat, i., 74), "Quidquid sum ego, quamvis infrà Lucili censum ingeniumque tamen me cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque Invidia." Porphyrion, in his commentary on the passage, says Lucilius was the great uncle of Pompey the Great; Pompey's grandmother being the poet's sister. But Acron says he was Pompey's grandfather. Velleius Paterculus (ii., 29), on the other hand, says that Lucilia, the mother of Pompey, was daughter of the brother of Lucilius and of senatorian family.

His birthplace was Suessa, now Sessa, capital of the Aurunci, in Campania; hence Juvenal (Sat. i., 19) says, "Cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo, per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus, Si vacat et placidi rationem admittitis edam;" and Ausonius (Ep. xv.), "Rudes Camænas qui Suessæ prævenis." At the age of fifteen, B.C. 134, he accompanied his patron, L. Scipio Africanus Æmilianus, to

the Numantine war, where he is said to have served as eques. Vell. Pat., ii., 9, 4. Here he met with Marius, now about in his twenty-third year, and the young Jugurtha; who were also serving under Africanus, and learning, as Velleius says, "that art of war, which they were afterward to employ against each other." In the following year Numantia was taken and razed to the ground, and Lucilius returned with his patron to Rome, shortly after the sedition and death of Tiberius Gracchus; and lived on terms of the most familiar friendship with him and C. Lælius, until the death of Scipio, B.C. 129; and even at that early age had already acquired the reputation of a distinguished Satirist. According to Pighius (in Tabulis), he held the office of quæstor, B.C. 127, two years after Scipio's death, and the prætorship, B.C. 117. Van Heusde is also of opinion that he acted as publicanus; and from a passage in Cicero (de Orat., ii., 70), some suppose he kept large flocks of sheep on the Ager publicus. Besides Africanus and Lælius (with whose father-in-law Crassus, however, he was not on very good terms, vid. Cic., de Or., i., 16) he is said to have enjoyed the friendship of the following distinguished men, Sp. Albinus, L. Ælius Stilo, Q. Vectius, Archelaus, P. Philocomus, Lælius Decimus, and Q. Granius Præco. He had a violent quarrel with C. Cælius, for acquitting a man who had libeled him. He is said to have lived under Velia, where the temple of Victory afterward stood, in a house built at the public expense for the son of king Antiochus when hostage at Rome. (Asc. Pedian. in Ciceron., Orat. c. L. Pisonem, p. 13.) He made a voyage to Sicily, but for what cause, or at what period of his life, is not stated. His closing years were spent at Naples, whither he retired to avoid, as some think, the effects of the hatred of those whom his Satire had offended; and here he died, B.C. 103, in his forty-sixth year, and was honored, according to Eusebius, with a public funeral. He had a faithful slave named Metrophanes, whose honesty and fidelity he rewarded by writing an epitaph for his tomb, quoted by Martial as an instance of antique and rugged style of writing, xi. Ep., 90.

"Carmina nulla probas molli quæ limite currunt, Sed quæ per salebras altaque saxa

cadunt: Et tibi Mæonio res carmine major habetur Luceili Columella heic situ' Metrophanes."

The name of his mistress is said to have been Collyra, to whom the sixteenth book of his Satires was inscribed. He wrote thirty books of Satires, of which the first twenty and the last are in Heroic metre. The other nine in Iambics or Trochaics. He is not to be confounded with a comic poet of the same name, mentioned by the Scholiast on Horace and by Fulgentius.

Such is the traditional, and for a long time currently-believed, story of Lucilius' life. The greater accuracy, or greater skepticism, of modern scholars has called into question nearly every one of these meagre facts. Even the method of spelling his name has been a subject of fierce controversy. In the best manuscripts, especially those of Horace, Cicero, and Nonius Marcellus, the name of Lucilius is invariably spelt with one l. Yet in spite of this testimony, in order to square with some preconceived notions of orthography, the l was doubled by Hadrian Turnebe, Claude de Saumaise, Joseph Scaliger, Lambinus, Jos. Mercer, and Cortius. The propriety, however, of omitting the second l has been fully established by an appeal to MSS. and inscriptions; and to Varges and Ellendt the credit is due of successfully restoring the correct mode of spelling. (Cf. Rhenish Philolog. Museum for 1835, and Ellendt on Cicero, de Orat, iii., 43.)

Again, his prænomen is by some stated to be Lucius; whereas, not to mention others, Cicero and Quintilian always speak of him as Caius.

But far more serious doubts, and with great probability, have been cast upon the dates assigned by S. Hieronymus for his birth and death. Bayle, in his Dictionary, was the first to suggest them; and they were taken up and urged with great zeal and learning by Van Heusde (in his Studia Critica in C. Lucilium Poetam, 1842), who accused Jerome of negligence and incorrectness in the dates he assigns to many other events: e. g., the overthrow of Numantia, the deaths of Plautus, Horace,

Catullus, Lucretius, and Livius the tragedian, and the birth of Messala Corvinus. The charge against the chronographer has been repeated, and with some show of truth, by Ritschel in the Rhenish Museum, 1843. Van Heusde's line of argument is simply this, that the dates of Hieron. are inconsistent with what Horace and Velleius say of Lucilius, and with what the poet says of himself—that it is absurd to suppose that a lad of fifteen could have served as an eques; or that so young a person would have been admitted to such intimate familiarity with men like Scipio Africanus and Lælius; and that at the time of Scipio's death, when, as it is said, Lucilius had already gained a great reputation as a Satirist, he could have been barely over nineteen years old; that if he had died at the age of forty-six, Horace would not have applied to him the epithet "Senex"—that the year of his birth must be therefore carried back at least six years, and his death assigned to a much later period, as he mentions the Leges Liciniæ and Calpurnia, passed some years after the time fixed by Hieron. for his death at Naples. In this view Milman coincides: "Notwithstanding the distinctness of this statement of S. Hieronymus, and the ingenuity with which many writers have attempted to explain it, it appears to me utterly irreconcilable with facts." (Personæ Horatianæ, p. 178.) Clinton also says[1594] (F. H., ann. B.C. 103), "The expression of Horace, Sat., II., i., 34, by whom Lucilius is called 'Senex,' implies that he lived to a later period."

Such are the principal objections to the common accounts. Of those who hold their accuracy, and endeavor to explain away the difficulties attaching to them, the chief are Varges and Gerlach. The principal points will be taken in the order in which they occur.

With regard to the first, Varges shows, in opposition to Bayle, that it was the custom for young Romans to serve long before the legal age, either voluntarily, that they might apply themselves sooner to civil matters, by getting over their period of military service; or compulsorily, to supply the waste of soldiers caused by the incessant wars in which Rome was engaged. Hence the necessity for the law of C.

Gracchus to prevent enlistment under the age of seventeen (νεώτερον ἐτῶν ἑπτακαίδεκα μὴ καταλέγεσθαι στρατιώτην). Cf. Liv., xxv., 5. Duk. ad Liv., xxvi., 25. As the equestrian service was the more honorable, it was probably conceded to Lucilius on account of his gentle birth and early promise. Gerlach thinks that Tibullus[1595] was only thirteen when he accompanied M. Valerius Messala Corvinus in his Aquitanian campaign. Now Tibullus was only of equestrian family. There is no difficulty, therefore, in supposing that Lucilius, who was of senatorian family, might have served as eques at the age of fifteen.[1596]

As to the fact of Scipio and Lælius admitting him to their intimate friendship at so early an age, a parallel may be found in the case of Archias the poet. Besides, Scipio and Lælius were the most likely men to discover and to foster the early talent of the young poet. For the fact of the intimacy we have the testimony of Horace, Sat., II., i., 71,

"Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Lælî Nugari cum illo et discincti ludere, donec Decoqueretur olus, soliti."

On which the commentator says, "That the three were on such intimate terms, that on one occasion Lælius was running round the sofas in the Triclinium, while Lucilius was chasing him with a twisted towel to hit him with." This story agrees exactly with the description given by Cicero[1597] (de Orat., ii., 6) of the conduct of Scipio and Lælius, who speaks of their retiring together to the country-house of the former, and to have descended, for the relaxation of their minds, to the most childish amusements, such as gathering shells on the shore of Caieta. Who would be more likely than such men as these to be captivated by the precocious wit and pungent sarcasm of a sprightly lad?

Again, the character of Lucilius's compositions admits of eminence at an earlier period of life than the other branches of poetry. And yet Catullus and Propertius, not to mention many others, attained great eminence as poets at a very early age;

certainly long before their twentieth year.

The Satiric poetry of Lucilius depending more on a keen perception of the ludicrous, and shrewd observation of passing events and the foibles of individuals, would more readily win approbation at an early age, than compositions whose excellence would consist in the display of judgment, knowledge of the world, and elaborate finish. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that his talent may not, like that of Cicero, have been developed at an early age, and having come under the notice, might have won the approbation, of men of such character in private life as Scipio and Lælius are reported to have been.

But Horace calls him "senex," ii. Sat., 28, seq.

"Ille (Lucilius) velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim Credebat libris: neque si male cesserat, unquam Decurrens alio, neque si bene, quo fit ut omnis Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ Vita Senis—"

To this it is answered: nothing can be more loose and vague than the employment by Roman writers of terms relating to the different periods of human life: e. g., "puer, adolescentulus, adolescens, juvenis, senex." We have seen that Tibullus at the age of forty may be called "juvenis." Hannibal, at the age of forty-four (i. e., two years younger than Lucilius at his death), calls himself senex. (Cf. Liv., xxx., 30, compared with c. 28, and Crevier's note.)[1598] So Persius (Sat. i., 124) calls Aristophanes "prægrandis senex," though, as Ranke shows in his Life (p. xc.), he was not of great age. We might add that Horace himself uses the phrase, "poetarum seniorum turba" (i. Sat., x., 67), as equivalent to priorum.

In the fourth Fragment of the twentieth book, Lucilius mentions the Calpurnian Law.

"Calpurnî sævam legem Pisoni' reprendi Eduxique animam in primoribu' naribus."

This Van Heusde holds to be the Lex Calpurnia, de ambitu, passed by C. Calpurnius Piso, when consul, A.U.C. 687, B.C. 67, at which time Lucilius would have been eighty-one years old. But there was another Lex Calpurnia, de pecuniis repetundis,

passed by L. Calpurnius Piso, tribune, in A.U.C. 604, B.C. 150. Van Heusde says the former must be meant, because Lucilius applies to it the epithet sæva, and Cicero (pro Muræna, c. 46) also styles it "severissime scriptam." He explains the second line of the Fragment to mean, that Lucilius "all but paid the penalty of death for his animadversions of the law," but these words more correctly imply the "fierce snorting of an angry man." So Pers., Sat., v., 91, "Ira cadat naso." Varro, R. R., ii., 3, 5, "Spiritum naribus ducere." Mart., vi. Ep., 64, "Rabido nec perditus ore fumantem nasum vivi tentaveris ursi." And any law whatever would be naturally termed "sæva" by him who came under the influence of it.

In the 132d of the Fragmenta Incerta, we have (quoted from A. Gell., Noct. Att., ii., 24) these words, "Legem vitemus Licini." The object of this law was to give greater sanction to the provisions of the Lex Fannia, a sumptuary law, which had become nearly obsolete. If passed by P. Licinius Crassus Dives Lusitanicus, when consul, it must be referred to the year A.U.C. 657, B.C. 97, six years after the supposed date of Lucilius's death. But there is no reason why this law should not have been passed by Licinius when tribune or prætor, as well as when consul; probably during his prætorship, as nearer the consulship, though Pighius (Annal., iii., 122), though without giving any authority, assigns it to his tribuneship.

The Orchian Law was passed by C. Orchius when tribune. The Fannian and many other sumptuary laws were passed by prætors or tribunes. The argument therefore derived from the law having been passed by Licinius, when consul, falls to the ground.

Allowing, however, that Lucilius was alive during the consulship of Licinius, we have the incidental, and therefore more valuable, testimony of Cicero, that he must have died very shortly after. In his "De Oratore," he introduces the speakers in the Dialogue quoting Lucilius, as one evidently not very recently dead. Now this imaginary Dialogue is supposed to have taken place B.C. 91.

FOOTNOTES:

[1593] In the Translation, the text and arrangement of Gerlach have been principally followed. The few Fragments that have not been translated are omitted, either from their hopelessly corrupt state, their obscenity, or from their consisting of single, and those unimportant, words.

[1594] Clinton, in his new Epitome of Chronology (Oxford, 1851), says, Lucilius was about twenty years of age when serving at Numantia, B.C. 134.

[1595] But Clinton thinks that the war for which Messala triumphed was carried on B.C. 28, and that Tibullus was then about thirty. The war against the Salassi had been carried on B.C. 34. Heyne assigns his birth to B.C. 49. Voss, Passow, and Dissen, to B.C. 59. Lachman and Paldanus, to B.C. 54. He is called a "juvenis" at his death, B.C. 18. But Clinton says there is "no difficulty in this term, which may express forty years of age."

[1596] Cf. Niebuhr's Lectures, vol. i., p. 316. "Slow and gradual advancement, and a provision for officers in their old age, were things unknown to the Romans. No one could by law have a permanent appointment: every one had to give evidence of his ability. It was, moreover, not necessary to pass through a long series of subordinate offices. A young Roman noble served as eques, and the consul had in his cohort the most distinguished to act as his staff: there they learned enough, and in a few years, a young man, in the full vigor of life, became a tribune of the soldiers."

[1597] "Sæpe ex socero meo audivi, quum is diceret, socerum suum Lælium semper ferè cum Scipione solitum rusticari eosque incredibiliter repuerascere esse solitos quum rus ex urbe tanquam è vinculis evolavissent.... Solet narrare Scævola conchas eos et umbilicos ad Caietam et ad Laurentum legere consuêsse et ad omnem animi remissionem ludumque descendere." Cf. Val. Max., viii., 8, 1.

[1598] These additional authorities have been collected by Gerlach and Varges. Barth. ad Stat. Sylv., I., ii. 253. Markl. ad Stat. Sylv., 110. Drakenborch, ad Sil. Ital.,

i., 634. Eustath., p. 107, 14, on the word γέρων. Heyne's Homer, vol. iv., pp. 270, 606, 620.

BOOK I.[1599]

ARGUMENT.

To the first book there is said to have been annexed an Epistle to L. Ælius Stilo, the friend of the poet, to whom in all probability this book was dedicated. (Fr. 16.) We know from a note of Servius on the tenth book of the Æneid (l. 104), that the subject was a council of gods held to deliberate on the fortune of the Roman state; the result of the conference being that nothing but the death of certain obnoxious individuals could possibly rescue the city from plunging headlong to ruin. It is a kind of parody on the council of Celestials held in the first book of the Odyssey, to discuss the propriety of the return of Ulysses to Greece: and as Homer represents Neptune, the great enemy of Ulysses, to have been absent from the meeting, so here (Fr. 2) we find an allusion to some previous council, at which Jupiter, by the machinations of Juno (Fr. 15), was not present. Virgil, as Servius says, borrowed the idea of his discussion between Venus, Juno, and Jupiter from this book; only he translated the language of Lucilius into a type more suited to the dignity of Heroic verse. Lucilius's council begin with discussing the affairs of mankind at large, and then proceed to consider the best method of prolonging the Roman state (Fr. 5), which has no greater enemies than its own corrupt and licentious morals, and the wide-spreading evils of avarice and luxury. But amid the growing vices which undermined the state must especially be reckoned the study of a spurious kind of philosophy, of rhetoric, and logic, which not only was the cause of universal indolence and neglect of all serious duties, but also led men to lay snares to entrap their neighbors. (Fr. inc. 2.) A fair instance of these sophistical absurdities is given (Fr. inc. 12); and the doctrine of the Stoics, to which Horace alludes (i. Sat., iii., 124), is also ridiculed. (Fr. inc. 23.) The pernicious effects of gold are then described, as destructive of all honesty, good

faith, and every religious principle (Fr. inc. 39-47); the result of which is, that the state is fast sinking into helpless ruin. (Fr. inc. 50.) Nor are the evils of luxury less baleful. (Fr. 19-21.)

All this discussion, in the previous conference, had been nugatory on account of the absence of Jupiter, and the divisions that had arisen among the gods themselves. In this debate Neptune had taken a very considerable part, since we hear that, discussing some very abstruse and difficult point, he said it could not be cleared up, even though Orcus were to permit Carneades himself to revisit earth. (Fr. 8.) Apollo also was probably one of the speakers, and expressed a particular dislike to his cognomen of "the Beautiful." (Fr. inc. 145.) Perhaps all the gods but Jove (Fr. 3) had been present; but as they could not agree, the whole matter was referred to Jupiter; who, expressing his vexation that he was not present at the first meeting, blames some and praises others. (Fr. 55, inc.)

The cause of his absence was probably the same as that described (Iliad, xiv., 307-327) by Homer: which passage Lucilius probably meant to ridicule. (Fr. 15.) The result of the deliberation is a determination on the part of the gods that the only way to save the Roman state is by requiring the expiatory sacrifice of the most flagitious and impious among the citizens: and the three fixed upon are P. Cornelius Lentulus Lupus, L. Papirius Carbo, and C. Hostilius Tubulus.

(To this book may perhaps also be referred Fr. inc. 2, 46, 61, 63.)

This book must have been published subsequently to the death of Carneades, which took place the same year as that of Scipio, B.C. 129, twenty-six years after his embassy to Rome.

1 ... held counsel about the affairs of men—

2 I could have wished, could it so have happened.... I could have wished, at that council of yours before which you mention, I could have wished, Celestials, to have been present at your previous council!

3 ... that there is none of us, but without exception is styled "Best Father of Gods," as Father Neptune, Liber, Saturn, Father Mars, Janus, Father Quirinus.[1600]

4 Had Tubulus, Lucius, Lupus, or Carbo, that son of Neptune, believed that there were gods, would he have been so perjured and impious?[1601]

5 ... in what way it might be possible to preserve longer the people and city of Rome.

6 ... though many months and days ... yet wicked men would not admire this age and time.

7 When he had spoken these words he paused—

8 Not even though Orcus should send back Carneades himself....[1602]

9 ... made ædile by a Satura; who from law may loose....[1603]

10 ... against whom, should the whole people conspire, they would be scarce a match for him—

11 ... they might, however, discharge their duty and defend the walls.

12 ... might put it off, if not longer, at least to this one lustrum.[1604]

13 I will bring them to supper; and first of all will give each of them, as they arrive, the bellies of thunny and heads of acharne.[1605]

14 ...

15 ... so that I could compare [the embraces] of Leda daughter of Thestius, and the spouse of Ixion.[1606]

16 These things we have sent, written to thee, Lucius Ælius![1607]

17 ... to creep on, as an evil gangrene, or ulcer, might.

18 A countenance too, like.... death, jaundice, poison.

19 ... to hate the infamous, vile, and disgraceful cook's shop.[1608]

20 prætextæ and tunics, and all that foul handiwork of the Lydians.[1609]

21 Velvets and double piles, soft with their thick naps.[1610]

22 ... that, like an angry cur, speaks plainer than a man.

23 ... the common herd stupidly look for a knot in a bulrush.[1611]

24 ... and legions serve for pay.

25 ... quote prodigies, elephants.

26 ... ladles and ewers.[1612]

27 Vulture.[1613]

28 ... like a fool, you came to dance among the Pathics.

29 Oh the cares of men! Oh how much vanity is there in human affairs![1614]

FOOTNOTES:

[1599] Book I. Some of the commentators suppose that the thirty Satires of Lucilius were divided into two books, and that the first of these books, and not the first Satire only, was dedicated to Ælius Stilo.

[1600] Fr. 3. "Every god that is worshiped by man must needs in all solemn rites and invocations be styled 'Father;' not only for honor's, but also for reason's sake. Since he is both more ancient than man, and provides man with life and health and food, as a father doth." Lactant., Inst. Div., iv., 3.

[1601] Tubulus. C. Hostilius Tubulus was elected prætor B.C. 210 (Liv., xxvii., 6), and was prætor peregrinus next year. (Cf. Fr. inc. 97.) He became infamous from his openly receiving bribes, so that the next year, on the motion of the tribune P. Scævola, he was impeached by Cnæus Servilius Cæpio the consul, B.C. 203. P. Cornelius Lentulus Lupus first appears as one of the persons sent to Rome, to announce the victory over Perseus. (Liv., xliv., 45.) He afterward served the offices of curule ædile (Fr. 9), and censor (Fr. 12). He was consul B.C. 156. Carbo is L. Papirius Carbo, the friend of C. Gracchus. We learn from Aulus Gellius (xv., 21), that "Son of Neptune" was applied to men of the fiercest and most blood-thirsty

dispositions, who seemed to have so little humanity about them, that they might have been sprung from the sea.

[1602] Carneades (cf. Diog. Laert., IV., ix.) of Cyrene, disciple of Chrysippus, and founder of the new Academy, was celebrated for his great acuteness of intellect, which he displayed to great advantage when he came as embassador from Athens to Rome, B.C. 155.

[1603] Ædilem refers to Lupus, who was made curule ædile with L. Valerius Flaccus, A.U.C. 591 (B.C. 163), and exhibited the Ludi Megalenses the year Terence's Heauton Timorumenos was produced. A law was called Satura which contained several enactments under one bill; hence, according to Diomedes, Satire derives its name from the variety of its subjects.

A person was said to be legibus solutus who was freed from the obligation of any one law; afterward the emperors were so styled, as being above all laws; but at first there was some reservation, as we find Augustus praying to be freed from the obligation of the Voconian law. (In the year B.C. 199, C. Valerius Flaccus was created curule ædile together with C. Cornelius Cethegus. Being flamen dialis, and therefore not allowed to take an oath, he prayed, "ut legibus solveretur." The consuls, by a decree of the senate, got the tribunes to obtain a plebis-scitum, that his brother Lucius, the prætor elect, might be allowed to take the oath for him. Liv., xxxi., 50.)

[1604] Fr. 12 refers also to Lupus, for he was censor A.U.C. 607, with L. Marcius Censorinus.

[1605] Priva. Cf. Liv., xxx., 43, "Ut privos lapides silices, privasque verbenas secum ferrent." The acharne was a fish known to the Greeks, the best being caught off Ænos in Thrace. Athenæus mentions the ἄχαρνος together with θύννου κεφάλαιον, "thunny-heads" (vii., p. 620, D), in a passage from the Cyclopes of Callias. Ennius also (ap. Apul. Apolog.) has "calvaria pinguia acharnæ."

[1606] Mercer suggests "coitum" as the missing word, which Gerlach adopts. Cf. Hom., Il., xiv., 317, οὐδ' ὁπότ' ἠρασάμην Ἰξιονίης ἀλόχοιο. The lady's name was Dia, daughter of Deioneus. Contendere, "to compare." Cf. vii., Fr. 6.

[1607] L. Ælius Stilo (vid. arg.) was a Roman knight, a native of Lanuvium, and was called Stilo, "quod orationes nobilissimo cuique scribere solebat." He had also the nickname of Præconinus, because his father had exercised the office of præco. He was a distinguished grammarian, and a friend of the learned and great; and, it is said, accompanied Q. Metellus Numidicus into banishment. Vid. Suet., de Gram. Ill., II., iii. Ernest Clav. Cic.

[1608] Cf. Juv., viii., 172, "Mitte sed in magnâ legatum quære popina;" and 1. 158; xi., 81, "Qui meminit calidæ sapiat quid vulva popinæ."

[1609] Prætextæ. Cf. Pers., v., 30, "custos purpura."

[1610] Psilœ, from ψιλὸς, "rasus," with its nap shorn like our modern velvet (villus, hence vélours). Amphitapæ, from ἀμφί and τάπης, a thick brocaded dress, like a rich carpet, soft on both sides.

[1611] Nodum in scirpo facere, or quærere, "to make a difficulty where there is none." Cf. Ter., And., v., 4, 38. Enn. ap. Fest., "Quæritur in scirpo soliti quod dicere nodus." Plaut., Men., II., i., 22. The modern Italian is equally expressive, "Cercar l'osso nel fico."

[1612] ἀρύταινα, from ἀρύτω, "any vessel for drawing up water."

[1613] Vulturius is the older Latin form for vultur, which is found in the days of Virgil. (In Plaut., Curc., II., iii., 77, "Vulturios quatuor" is a bad throw at dice, like the "damnosa Canicula" of Persius, iii., 49, and is said to be called so for the same reason, because vultures devour, i. e., ruin men.)

[1614] Cf. Pers., i., 1.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

On the subject of this book the commentators differ: some supposing that it was directed against luxury and effeminacy. But the avarice and licentiousness of the times form a considerable portion of the writings of Lucilius, and there are very few of his Satires in which these are not incidentally glanced at. From the sixth Fragment, which after all is a very obscure one, Ellendt supposed it was written to expose Æmilius Scaurus. Corpet maintains that it contained the description of a sanguinary brawl, in which many persons were engaged; that one person was taken up for dead, his house purified (Fr. 22), and all preparations made for his funeral, when some one saw another lying in his bier. Fr. 1. It is quite clear that Fr. 14, 24, and perhaps 2, refer to luxury; if by Manlius, in the second Fragment, is intended Cn. Manlius Vulso. (Vid. note.)

1 ... whom, when Hortensius and Posthumius had seen, the rest, too, saw that he was not on his bier, and that another was lying there.

2 Hostilius ... against the plague and ruin which that halting Manlius, too, [introduced among] us.[1615]

3 ... which were all removed in two hours, when the sun set, and was enveloped in darkness.[1616]

4 ... that he, having been ill-treated, attacked the other's jaws, and beat the breath out of him.

5 Now for the name: next I will tell you what I have got out of the witnesses, by questioning.[1617]

6 ... which I charm and wrest and elicit from Æmilius.[1618]

7 I say not. Even though he conquer, let him go like a vagabond into exile, and roam an outlaw.[1619]

8 The prætor is now your friend; but if Gentilis die this year, he will be

mine—[1620]

9 ... if he has left on his posteriors the mark of a thick and large-headed snake.[1621]

10 Of a rough-actioned, sorry, slow-paced jade—[1622]

11 ... that unclean, shameless, plundering fellow.[1623]

12 Sleeved tunics of gold tissue, scarfs, drawers, turbans.[1624]

13 What say you? Why was it done? What is that guess of yours?

14 ... who may now ruin you, Nomentanus, you rascal, in every thing else!

15 So surrounded was I with all the cakes.[1625]

16 ... to penetrate the hairy purse.[1626]

17 ... for a man scarce alive and a mere shadow.[1627]

18 ... as skilled in law.

19 ... he would lead these herds—

20 ... for what need has he of the amulet and image attached to him, in order to devour fat bacon and make rich dishes by stealth.[1628]

21 ... her that shows light by night.[1629]

22 ... purified—expiated—

23 ... a journey from the lowermost (river) to be told, and heard.

24 Long life to you, gluttons, gormandizers, belly-gods.[1630]

25 ... him that wanders through inhospitable wastes there accompanies the greater satisfaction of things conceived in his mind.[1631]

FOOTNOTES:

[1615] There are two persons of the name of Hostilius mentioned by Livy, as contemporary with Cn. Manlius Vulso. Hostilius is Gerlach's reading for the old hostilibus. Cn. Manlius got the nickname of Vulso from vellendo, plucking out superfluous hairs to make his body more delicate. (Plin., xiv., 20. Juv., viii., 114; ix.,

14. Pers., iv., 36.) He was consul B.C. 189, and marched into Gallo-Græcia, and for his conquests was allowed a triumph, B.C. 186. Livy enters into great detail in describing all the various luxuries which he introduced into Rome, such as sofas, tables, sideboards, rich and costly vestments and hangings, foreign musicians, etc. Liv., xxxix., 6. Plin., H. N., xxxiv., 3, 8. Cf. Bekker's Gallus, p. 294. Catax (quasi cadax a cadendo) is explained by coxo, "one lame of the hip." There is probably an allusion to his effeminacy. Corpet considers Manlius Verna to be intended, who had the sobriquet of Pantolabus, i. e., "grasp-all."

[1616] Leg. obducto tenebris. Dusa's conjecture, adopted by Gerlach.

[1617] Exsculpo. So Fr. incert. 49, "Esurienti Leoni ex ore exsculpere prædam." Ter., Eun., IV., iv., 44, "Possumne hodie ego ex to exsculpere verum."

[1618] All the commentators agree that no sense can be elicited from this line. Ellendt (vid. sup.) supposes Æmilius Scaurus to be meant; others, Æmilius the præco, by whom Scipio, when candidate for the censorship, was conducted to the forum, for which he was ridiculed by Appius Claudius. Præcantare is applied to singing magic hymns and incantations by the bed of one sick, to charm away the disease. Cf. Tibull., I., v. 12, "Carmine cum magico præcinuisset anus." Macrob., Somn. Scip., II., iii. Excantare is "to elicit by incantation." Vid. Lucan, vi., 685, "Excantare deos."

[1619] Corpet says, this obviously refers to Scipio Africanus major. But, as Gerlach says, it may apply equally well to Scipio Nasica, or Opimius, who killed the Gracchi; perhaps even better to the latter than to Scipio Africanus, who went voluntarily into exile.

[1620] Cf. Ter., Andr., V., vi., 12, "Tuus est nunc Chremes." Gerlach's reading and punctuation are followed. Gentilis is a proper name, on the authority of Appuleius.

[1621] Natrix, properly "a venomous water-serpent." Cic., Acad., iv., 38. Hence applied by Tiberius to Caligula. (Suet., Calig., xi.) It means here a thong or whip

(scutica), which twists about and stings like a snake. So Anguilla, Isidor., Orig., v. 27.

[1622] Succussatoris. Gr. ὑποσειστής, "one that shakes the rider in his seat." Caballi. Vid. Pers., Prol. i., 1.

[1623] Impuratus. Ter., Phorm., IV., iii., 64. Impuno, "one who dares all, through hope of impunity." Rapister is formed like magister, sequester, etc.

[1624] Cf. Bähr ad Herod., vii., 61 (which seems to confirm the conjecture, χειροδύται), and the quotation from Virgil below. Herod., vi., 72. Schneider's note on Xen., Hell., II., i., 8. Rica is a covering for the head, such as priestesses used to wear at sacrifices, generally of purple, square, with a border or fringe; cf. Varro, L. L., iv., 29; but worn sometimes by men, as Euclides of Megara used one. A. Gell., vi., 10.

Thoracia. Properly "a covering for the breast," then "an apron" (Juv., v., 143, "viridem thoraca jubebit afferri"), then "a covering for the abdomen or thigh," like the fasciæ. Cf. Suet., Aug., 82, "Hieme quaternis cum pingui togâ tunicis et subuculâ thorace laneo et feminalibus et tibialibus muniebatur."

Mitra was a high-peaked cap, worn by courtesans and effeminate men. Vid. Juv., iii., 66, "Ite quibus grata est pictâ lupa barbara mitrâ." Virg., Æn., ix., 616, "Et tunicæ manicas et habent redimicula mitræ." iv., 216. Ov., Met., xiv., 654.

[1625] Ferta. Rich cakes, made of flour, wine, honey, etc., which formed part of the usual offerings. Cf. Pers., ii., 48, "Attamen hic extis et opimo vincere ferto intendit."

[1626] Bulga is properly "a traveling bag of leather, carried on the arm." See the amusing Fragment, lib. vi., 1. Hence its obvious translation to the meaning in lib. xxvi., Fr. 36, and here.

[1627] Monogrammo. A metaphor from painting, "drawn only in outline." Used here for a very thin emaciated person. (Cf. lib. xxvii., 17.) Epicurus applied this epithet to the gods (Cic., Nat. Deor., ii., 23), as being "tenues sine corpore vitæ."

Virg., vi., 292. Cf. Pers., vi., 73, "trama figuræ."

[1628] Mutinus, or Mutunus, is the same deity as Priapus. The form is cognate with Muto. He appears to have been also called Mutinus Tutinus, or Tutunus. The emblem was worn as a charm or phylactery against fascination, and hung round children's necks. Cf. Lactant., i., 20. August., Civ. D., iv., 7.

Lurcor is "to swallow greedily." Lardum. Cf. Juv., xi., 84, "Natalitium lardum."

Carnaria is probably the neuter plural of the adjective. Carnarius homo, is one who delights in flesh. Carnarium is either "an iron rack with hooks for hanging meat upon," or "a larder where provisions are kept."

[1629] Noctilucam. An epithet of the moon. Hor., iv., Od. vi., 38, "Rite crescentem face Noctilucam." (Cf. Var., L. L., v., 68, "Luna dicta Noctiluca in Palatio, nam ibi noctu lucet templum.") Hence used for a lantern, and then for a "minion of the moon," a strumpet, because they suspended lights over their doors or cells. (Juv., vi., 122. Hor., ii., Sat. vii., 48.) This last appears from Festus to be the sense intended here.

[1630] Lurco is derived by some from λαῦρος, "voracious;" but by Festus from Lura, an old word for "the belly." Cf. Plaut., Pers., III., iii., 16, "Lurco, edax, furax, fugax." Lurco was the cognomen of M. Aufidius, who first introduced the art of fattening peacocks, by which he made a large fortune. Varro, R. R., iii., 6. Plin., x., 20, 23.

[1631] Inhospita tesqua. Horace has copied this sentiment in his epistle to his Villicus, "Nam quæ deserta et inhospita tesqua credis, amæna vocat mecum qui sentit." i., Ep. xiv., 19. Tesqua is derived from δάσκιος, "very wooded." (Lucan, vi., 41, "nemorosa tesca.") Varro says tesca are "places inclosed and set apart as templa for the purposes of augury." L. L., vi., 2.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

We have not only much more ample and satisfactory information respecting the subject of this Satire from ancient writers, but the Fragments which have come down to us give sufficient evidence that their statements are correct. It is the description of a journey which Lucilius took from Rome to Capua, and thence to the Straits of Messina; with an account of some of the halting-places on his route, and incidents of travel. Besides this, which was the main subject, he indulged by the way in a little pleasing raillery against some of his contemporaries, Ennius, Pacuvius, Cæcilius, and Terence, according to the old Scholiast. This Satire formed the model from which Horace copied his Journey to Brundusium, i, Sat., v. The special points of imitation will be seen in the notes; from which it will appear that the particular incidents mentioned by Horace, are probably fictitious. As to the journey itself, Varges and Gerlach are both of opinion that it was a real one, and undertaken solely for purposes of pleasure; as it was not unusual for the wealthier Romans of that day to travel into Campania, or even to Lucania, and as far as the district of the Bruttii. (Cf. Hor., i., Sat. vi., 102, seq.) These journeys were occasionally performed on foot: as we hear of Cato traveling on foot through the different cities of Italy, bearing his own arms, and attended only by a single slave, who carried his baggage and libation-cup for sacrificing. But Lucilius probably on this occasion had his hackney (canterius), like Horace, which carried not only his master's saddle-bags, but himself also. (Cf. Fr. 9. Hor., i., Sat. vi., 104.)

It is not quite clear whether the scene described at Capua was a gladiatorial exhibition, or merely a drunken brawl that took place in the streets, from which one of the parties came very badly off.

Several of the "uncertain Fragments" may be fairly referred to this book; evidently Fr. inc. 27. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. v., 85. Probably Fr. inc. 77, 95, 53, 11, 10, 14, 36.

1 ... you will find twice five and eighty full miles; from Capua too, two hundred and

fifty—[1632]

2 ... from the gate to the harbor, a mile; thence to Salernum.[1633]

3 ... thence to the people of the Dicæarcheans and Delos the less.[1634]

4 Campanian Capua—

5 ... three miles in length.[1635]

6 ... But there, all these things were mere play—and no odds. They were no odds, I say, all mere play—and a joke. The real hard work was, when we came near the Setine country; goat-clambered mountains; Ætnas all of them, rugged Athosès.[1636]

7 Besides, the whole of this way is toilsome and muddy—[1637]

8 Moreover, the scoundrel, like a rascally muleteer, knocked against all the stones—[1638]

9 My portmanteau galled my hackney's ribs by its weight.[1639]

10 We pass the promontory of Minerva with oars—[1640]

11 ... four from this to the river Silarus, and the Alburnian harbor.[1641]

12 Hence, I arrive at midnight, by rowing, at Palinurus—[1642]

13 And you shall see, what you have often before wished, the Straits of Messina, and the walls of Rhegium; then Lipara, and the temple of Diana Phacelitis—[1643]

14 ... here the third passes the truck on the top of the mast:[1644]

15 And you will square out the way, as the camp-measurer does....[1645]

16 ... and we will take a decent time for refreshing our bodies.[1646]

17 There was not a single oyster, or a burret, or peloris:[1647]

18 no asparagus.

19 Waking out of sleep, therefore, with the first dawn I call for the boys—

20 Bending forward at once he covers his[1648]

21 The rabbit-mouthed butcher triumphs; he with the front tooth projecting, like the Ethiopian rhinoceros—[1649]

22 ... the other, successful, returns in safety with seven feathers, and gets clear off—[1650]

23 ... the forum of old decorated with lanterns, at the Roman games.

24 ... besides, the neat-herd Symmachus, already given over, was heaving with panting lungs his last expiring breath.[1651]

25 ... like the thick sparks, as in the mass of glowing iron.[1652]

26 she did not give birth to....

27 ... whoever attacks, can confuse the mind—

28 Tantalus, who pays the penalty for his atrocious acts—

29 ... our senses are turned topsy-turvy by the wine-flagons.[1653]

30 ... when it came to extremity and utter destruction—[1654]

31 then you exhale sour belchings from your breast—

32 we raise our jaws, and indulge in a grin

33 here however is one landlady, a Syrian[1655]

34 The little old woman's flight was rough and premature

35 ... they are studying; look to the wood....

36 propped up on a cushion.

37 seeing that

38 You should receive a share of the glory; you should have partaken with me in the pleasure.

FOOTNOTES:

[1632] It is not known what the places are from which Lucilius meant to mark these distances. Nonius explains commodum by integrum, totum, "complete."

[1633] Gronovius supposes the harbor intended to be the Portus Alburnus. Varges says it is Pompeii, which was a little distance from the sea. Gerlach takes it to be Salernum itself: "and there you are at Salernum!"

[1634] This high-sounding line is supposed to be a parody of some of the "sesquipedalia verba" of Ennius. The place meant is Puteoli, now Pozzuoli, so called either from the mephitic smell of the water, or from the quantity of wells there. It became the great emporium of commerce, as Delos had been before, and hence was called Delos Minor. It was a Greek colony, and was called Dicæarcheia, from the strict justice with which its government was administered, or from the name of its founder. Plin., III., v., 9. Stat. Sylv., II., ii., 96, 110. Sil. Ital., viii., 534; xiii., 385.

[1635] Longe pro logitudine. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. v., 25, "Millia tum pransi tria repimus." What Horace says of his slow journey to Terracina, Lucilius had said of his tedious ascent to Setia. See next Fr.

[1636] Susque deque is properly applied to a thing "about which you are so indifferent that you do not care whether it is up or down." Cic., Att., xiv., 6, "de Octavio susque deque." Compare the Greek ἀδιαφορεῖ. A. Gell., xvi., 9. So "susque deque ferre," i. e., æquo animo, "to bear patiently."

Illud opus. Virg., Æn., vi., 129, "Hoc opus hic labor est," Setia, now Sezza, near the Pomptine marshes, on the Campanian hills. From its high position, Martial gives it the epithet "pendula:" xiii., Ep. 112, "Pendula Pomptinos quæ spectat Setia campos." The country round was a famous wine district. Cf. Plin., iii., 5, 5; xiv., 6, 8. Mart., vi., 86. Juv., v., 34; x., 27; xiii., 213. αἰγίλιποι. The Schol. on Hom., Il., ix., 15, explains this as "a cliff so high that even goats forsake it." Cf., Æsch., Supp., 794. But it more probably comes from λίπτομαι, than λείπομαι, therefore "eagerly sought by goats." Cf. Mart., xiii., Ep. 99.

[1637] Labosum for laboriosum.

[1638] Quartarius, "quia partem quartam questûs capiebant." "The mule-drivers

were so called, because they received one fourth of the hire." Of course, as the animals were not their own, they were not very careful how they drove them; and hence might run foul of the cippi, which were either tomb-stones by the side of the road, or stones set to mark the boundaries of land. Cf. Juv., Sat. i., 171. Pers., i., 37. Hor., i., Sat. viii., 12.

[1639] Hor., i., Sat. vi., 105, "Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret atque eques armos." Canterius (more correctly Cantherius), "a gelding."

[1640] The Promontory of Minerva, now P. di Campanella, is the southernmost extremity of the Bay of Naples, a short distance from the island of Capri.

[1641] The Portus Alburnus is the mouth of the river Silarus (now Selo), which separates Lucania from the district of the Picentini. The Mons Alburnus (now Alburno), from which it takes its name, stands near the junction of the Tanager (now Negro) with the Silarus. Virgil mentions this district as abounding in the gad-fly. Georg., iii., 146.

[1642] Palinurum (still called Capo Palinuro) is in Lucania, not far from the town of Velia, at the north of the Laus sinus, or Golfo di Policastra.

[1643] Messana, the ancient Zancle, still gives its name to the strait between it and Rhegium. The geological fact from which the latter derives its name (Rhegium, or ῥήγνυμι), is described, Virg., Æn., iii., 414, seq. Lipara (now Lipari) is the principal of the Æolian or Vulcanian Islands.

Phacelitis, from φάκελος, "a fagot." When Orestes made his escape with Pylades and Iphigenia from Taurica, he carried away with him the image of Artemis, inclosed for the purpose of concealment in a bundle of sticks. Hence her name, Phacelitis, or, according to the Latin form, Facelitis. This image he carried, according to one legend, to Aricia, near which was the grove of Diana Nemorensis; or, as others say, to Syracuse, where he built a temple and established her Cultus. Cf. Sil. Ital., xiv., 260.

[1644] Carchesium is, according to some, "the upper part of the Levantine sail," or "the lower part of the mast." Others explain it as "the cross-trees or tops of the mast, to which the sailors ascended to look out." Or it is "the hollow bowl-shaped top or truck of the mast, through which the halyards work." Hence its use as applied to a drinking-cup. (Virg., Georg., iv., 380. Athen., xi., c. 49. Müller's Archæol. of Art, § 299.) Catull., Pel. et Thet., 236. Liv., Andron. Fr. incert, 1, "Florem antlabant Liberi ex carchesiis."

[1645] Degrumor. Properly, "to mark out two lines crossing each other exactly at right angles." There was a point in the camp near the Prætorium, called Groma, at which four lines converged, which divided the camp into four equal portions.

[1646] Hor., i, Epist. ii, 29.

[1647] Purpura is properly the shell-fish from which the famous dye came. (Ostrum, cognate with ostrea.) The Peloris was a common kind of shell-fish, caught probably off Cape Pelorum, whence its name. Cf. Plin., xxxii, 9, 31. Hor., ii., Sat. iv., 32, "Muria Baiano melior Lucrina peloris." Mart., vi., Ep. xi., 5, "Tu Lucrina voras: me pascit aquosa Peloris." x., Ep. xxxvii., 9.

[1648] Cernuus is applied to one "who falls on his face." "In eam partem quâ cernimus." Virg., Æn., x., 894.

[1649] Brocchus ovat Lanius. The reading of Junius (cf. Virg., Æn., x., 500), probably part of the description of the street brawl. Brocchus is applied to one "with projecting mouth and teeth, like the jowl of a bull-dog."

[1650] Abundans. Ter., Phorm., I., iii., 11, "Amore abundas Antipho." This line either refers to an actual exhibition of gladiators, in Campania perhaps, or Lucilius applies the language of the arena to the street-fight. The Scholiast on Juvenal (iii., 158, ed. Jahn) says, the helmets of the gladiators were adorned with peacocks' feathers; others think the upper part of the helmet was so called, which the Samnis wore, and hence his opponent was denominated Pinnirapus.

[1651] Depôstus, "despaired of." So Virg., Æn., xii., 395, "Ille ut depositi proferret fata parentis."

[1652] Strictura is either "the mass of iron, generally in a glowing state, ready to be forged," or "the sparks that fly from the iron while it is being hammered." The line probably refers to Lipara, or one of the Vulcanian isles, where the Cyclops had their workshop. (Cf. Fr. 13.) Virgil uses the word also in describing the Cyclops, viii., 420, "Striduntque cavernis Stricturæ Chalybum et fornacibus ignis anhelat." Pers., ii., 66, "Stringere venas ferventis massæ."

[1653] Fundus seems to be here used almost like funditus; or it may mean "our firm solid basis."

[1654] Ad incita, from "in" and "cieo." A metaphor from chess, or some game resembling it (latrunculi or calculi), when one party has lost so many men that he has none more to move; or only in such a position that by the laws of the game they can not be moved (checkmated). The usual phrase is ad incitas. Lucilius is the only writer who uses the form ad incita.

[1655] Syrus was a common name for a slave, from his country, as Davus, "the Dacian," Geta, "the Goth," etc. Cf. Juv., viii., 159, "Obvius assiduo Syrophœnix udus amomo currit Idumeæ Syrophœnix incola portæ."

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Scholiast, on the third Satire of Persius, tells us that the subject of that Satire, which is directed against the luxury and vices of the rich, was borrowed from the fourth book of Lucilius. In all probability the form of the Satire is not the same; as the dialogue between the severe censor and his pupils approaches too near the Greek form, to have suited the taste of Lucilius. No doubt there is a much closer imitation in the second Satire of Horace's second book, which also was confessedly composed

upon this model; where the plain and rustic simplicity of Ofella takes the place of the grave and sententious philosophy of the more dignified Lælius. The first six Fragments are evidently to be referred to Lælius; expatiating on the praises of frugality, and exhibiting, by examples, the hollowness of all the pleasures of luxury and gluttony. We have then allusions to a combat of gladiators; and several references to women, and to the impetuous and restless anxieties attendant upon the passion of love; which are inconsistent with the character of Lælius, and were therefore put into the mouth of some other speaker.

To the first part of the Satire we may probably refer the Fragments 192, 193, 132, 133, incert.

1 * * * *

At which that wise Lælius used to give vent to railings; addressing the Epicures of our order—[1656]

2 "Oh thou glutton, Publius Gallonius! a miserable man thou art!" he says. "Thou hast never in all thy life supped well, though all thou hast thou squanderest on that lobster and gigantic sturgeon!"[1657]

3 If you ask me, we enjoy food well cooked, and seasoned and pleasing conversation—[1658]

4 ... because you prefer sumptuous living, and dainties to wholesome food—

5 ... to devise besides what each wished to be brought to him; one was attracted by sow's udder, and a dish of fatlings, another by a Tiber pike caught between the two bridges—[1659]

6 ... let there be wine poured from a full.... with the hollow of the hand for a siphon; from which the snow has abated naught, or the wine-strainer robbed—[1660]

7 ... there was Æserninus, a Samnite, at the games exhibited by the Flacci, a filthy fellow, worthy of such a life, and such a station. He is matched with Pacideianus,

who was by far the very best gladiator since the world began—[1661]

8 I will kill him, and conquer, said he, if you ask that: But so I think it will be; I will smite him on the face before I plant my sword in the stomach and lungs of Furius. I hate the man! I fight in a rage! nor is there any farther delay than till some one fits a sword to my right hand; with such passion, and hatred of the man, am I transported with anger.[1662]

9 ... although he himself was a good Samnite in the games, and with the wooden swords, rough enough for any one....[1663]

10 But if no woman can be of so hardy a body, yet she may remain juicy, with soft arms, and the open hand may rest on her breast full of milk—[1664]

11 † Tisiphone devoured unguent from his lungs and fat; Erinnys most sacred of Eumenides bore off what was extracted.[1665]

12 ... pursues him, not expecting, leaps upon his head, and having encircled him, champs him all up and devours him—[1666]

13 ... remains fixed in the hinder part with vertebræ and joints, as with us the ankle and knee.

14 These carry before them huge fishes, for a present, thirty in number—

15 ... that you might not be able to shake out the door-peg with your hand, and even by yourself force out the bar with a wedge.[1667]

16 He is longer than a crane—

17 To scour the fields ... the whelps and young of wild beasts.

18 ... and when he is such a handsome man, and a youth worthy of you.

19 ... he places under this, he adds four props with nails.[1668]

20 ... who eats himself, devours me—

21 I was drunk and bloated.

FOOTNOTES:

[1656] Lapathus is the "sorrel," which, it appears, the Romans cultivated in their gardens with great care. It was called, in its wild state, Rumex. It was used at banquets, on account of its purgative qualities, together with the Coan wines, which possessed the same properties. Cf. Hor., ii., Sat. iv., 27. Pers., Sat. v., 135. Gumia is a "glutton, epicure, belly-god." (Lurco, comedo, helluo, gulæ mancipium.) The etymology is uncertain. Merula reads in all places gluvia, whence ingluvies.

[1657] There are two fish known by the name of squilla; the one apparently a small fish (perhaps a river fish, as Martial mentions their abounding in the Liris: lib. xiii., Ep. 83), used as a sauce or garnish for larger fish. Vid. Hor., ii., Sat. viii., 42, "Affertur squillas inter muræna natantes," which Orell. explains as a conger served up with crabs. The other is a large fish forming a dish of itself. Cf. Juv., v., 80, "Quam longo distendat pectore lancem quæ fertur domino squilla," etc. If it is represented by the Greek κᾶρις, it is something of the lobster or prawn kind. It appears to have been dressed sometimes with sorrel sauce. Cf. Athen., iii., 92, 66. The acipenser is probably not the sturgeon: from its etymology it is some sharp-headed fish. (Acies et penna, or pinna.) Salmas., Ex. Plin., 1316: but what it really was is not known. It was a royal fish, like the sturgeon (Mart., xiii., Ep. 91), and when brought to table was ushered in with great solemnities: the servant who bore it had a chaplet round his head, and was preceded by another playing the flute. Publius Gallonius, the præco, is said to have been the first who introduced this luxury. Macrob., Sat. ii., 12. In Pliny's time, however, he tells us, it had gone out of fashion. H. N., ix., 26.

Decumanus is used here in the same sense as "Fluctus decumanus," i. e., of extraordinary size (Ov., Trist., I., ii., 49), the Pythagorean notion being that the tenth was always the largest; which notion they extended even to eggs. (Compare the Greek τρικυμία, Æsch., P. V., 1015, with Blomfield's gloss.)

[1658] This, according to Gerlach's view, is the answer of Lælius to some petulant questionings of an epicure. The missing words are utimur and cibo, or something to that effect.

[1659] Sumen was "the sow's udder, killed the day after farrowing." Cf. ad Juv., xi., 138, 81. Pers., i., 53.

Altilis is put for any thing fattened up—oxen, hares, geese, ducks, hens, or even fish. Cf. Hor., i., Ep. vii., 35, "Satur altilium." Juv., v., 168, "Minor altilis." Athen., ix., c. 32. Woodcocks, snipes, thrushes, and even dormice, are mentioned among their fatlings.

Catillo (either from catullus or catillus, diminutive of catinus, "a dish") is applied to "a dog that runs about licking the dishes." It is then used as a term of contempt for "those who came late to the sacrifices of Hercules, and had nothing left them but the dishes to lick." It is here used for "the pike that battens on the rich products of the Roman cloacæ." (Macrob., Sat. ii., 12.) The Roman epicures distinguished between three different kinds of the Tiber pike (lupus Tiberinus). The worst were those caught quite out at sea; the second best, those caught at Ostia at the river's mouth; the finest of all were those taken in the neighborhood of the embouchures of the sewers, either between the Pons Senatorius and Pons Sublicius, where the cloaca maxima empties itself, or between the Pons Sublicius and Fabricius. Hor., ii., Sat. ii, 31, "Lupus hic Tiberinus an alto captus hiet, pontesne inter jactatus an amnis Ostia sub Tusci." Juv., v., 104, "Tiberinus, et ipse vernula riparum pinguis torrente cloacâ."

[1660] Lucilius probably refers to some rich, strong, full-bodied wine, which these epicures drank unmixed, contrary to the usual custom. Defusum seems to be the better reading, which implies "pouring from a larger vessel, as the crater, into the cyathus or drinking-cup." Diffusum is applied "to racking the wine from the wine-vat or cask into the amphora," when it was sealed down. Cf. Hor., i., Ep. v., 4,

Orell. Juv., v., 30. For the use of snow in cooling wine, see note to Juv., v., 50. This wine has lost none of its strength by mixing it with snow, and none of its flavor from having been filtered through the strainer. (Cf. Plin., H. N., xiv., 27. Hor., ii., Sat. iv., 51, seq.) A great difficulty with the ancients seems to have been to clear their wine of the lees; some of the methods are mentioned in the passage of Horace just quoted. Eggs were also used for the same purpose. Besides this, the wine was poured through a colum and saccus vinarius. The former was a kind of metal sieve, of which numbers have been found at Pompeii. The latter was a filter-bag of linen. (Hence "integrum perdunt lino vitiata saporem." Hor., u. s.) The usual plan was to fill both the colum and saccus with snow, and then to pour the wine over it; and with this view the snow was carefully preserved till summer, as is still done at Naples. (Hence "æstivæ nives." Mart., v., Ep. lxiv., 2.) Nero's invention of using water that had been boiled and afterward frozen, as a substitute for snow, has been already alluded to. This process also served to moderate the intoxicating power of the stronger wines; hence the phrases "castrare, frangere, liquare, vina." (Cf. Plin., H. N., xix., 4,19; xiv., 22; xxiv., 1, 1. Mart., xii., Ep. lx., 9, "Turbida sollicito transmittere Cæcuba sacco." xiv., Ep. ciii. and civ.; ix., Ep. xxiii, 8; xci., 5.)

[1661] The magistrate who exhibited the shows of gladiators was said edere munus. The first editores were the brothers Marcus and Decimus Junius Brutus, A.U.C. 490, B.C. 264, who exhibited a munus gladiatorium in the Forum Boarium, at their father's funeral. Val. Max., II., iv., 7, Liv. Epit., xvi. The country of Samnium afterward produced many of these gladiators, though probably the name Samnis was also given to those who were armed after the old Samnite fashion (as Threx, Gallus, etc. Hor., i., Ep. xviii., 36; ii., Ep. ii., 98. Livy describes their equipment in detail, ix., 40, which tallies exactly with the paintings discovered at Pompeii. Vid. Pompeii, vol. i., p. 308, seq.). Æsernia, now Isernia, was a town in the district of the Pentri in Samnium, to which the Romans sent a colony in the year above mentioned. Æsernius was probably some famous gladiator who was a native of this place, but

his name and that of Pacideianus were afterward used proverbially for any eminent men of that class. Cf. Cic., opt. gen., Or. vi. Tusc., iv., 21, ad Quint. Frat., iii., 4. Hor., ii., Sat. vii., 97. Nonius explains "spurcus" to mean "savage, blood-thirsty."

[1662] The reading and interpretation of Gerlach is followed.

[1663] Cicero (de Orat., iii., 23) quotes these lines of Lucilius, when speaking of a certain Velocius, who, when a youth, had applied himself with great success to the gladiatorial art, so as in fact to be a match for any one, but afterward never practiced it. The relative claims of the readings civis and cuivis are discussed at great length in Harles' note to the passage of Cicero (q. v., ed. Lips., 1816). The rudis was the wooden sword with which the gladiators practiced; the sica being used in the ludus. They also received a rudis as a token of their release from service. Hence "rudem poscere," "rude donatus," etc. Ov., Am., II., ix., 22. Cic., Phil., ii., 29. Hor., i., Ep. i., 2. Suet., Cal., 32.

[1664] "Even though women may not have sufficient bodily strength to endure the rougher and more laborious duties of human life, still they may so far take care of their bodies as to be enabled to discharge the womanly office of suckling children." Gerlach: who reads succosa for succussa, and explains uberior by "largior, digitis non contractis, vola manus," "the open palm." Cf. lib. xxviii., Fr. 47.

[1665] An utterly hopeless Fragment: for the second word, titene, there are eleven various readings. Gerlach's emendation is followed, who thinks it refers to the torments of love.

[1666] This Fragment also Gerlach considers descriptive of the impetuosity of unbridled lust. Van Heusde sees an allusion to the episode of the hawk and the nightingale in Hesiod. Op. et Di., 201, seq.

[1667] Pessulus was the peg or bolt by which the fastening of the door was secured on the inside. It probably refers to a lover effecting a forcible entrance into his mistress's house. Cf. Hor., i., Od. xxv., 1; iii., Od. xxvi., 7, where Horace enumerates

vectes among the weapons of a lover's warfare. Cf. Lucil., xxix., Fr. 47, "Vecte atque ancipiti ferre effringam cardines."

[1668] Cf. Cels., ii., 15.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

The person to whom this book is addressed, is supposed by Scaliger to have been a professor of the art of rhetoric. Lucilius complains that this friend, though he knew he had been ill, had never come to see him; and at the same time he ridicules the affected and pedantic style of language then in vogue in the schools of the rhetoricians. He then glances slightly at the fickleness and inconstancy of his friend's attachment, contrasting the present state of his feelings with his stanch friendship in former days; at the same time assuring him that his own heart remains unchanged. He admits, however, that there is some ground for excuse for this disappointment of his hopes, as even the good Tiresias of yore was occasionally found tripping. (Fr. 10.) The causes which lead to breach of friendship are then discussed, the chief of which is avarice, that lust of gold, that nothing can satiate; while, meantime the people are lacking the common necessaries of life. With avarice, ambition springs up; as sure a divider of faithful hearts as avarice itself. Yet Lælius, that true-hearted and single-minded man, could hold the highest offices of state without losing his integrity of heart, or sacrificing the simplicity of his rugged virtues. This treachery, however, is gradual in its growth. (Fr. 3.) At first a large bribe alone has power to sever the bonds of friendship; yet soon they give way before the most paltry inducement. Yet such is the infatuation and gross folly of men, that they even aim at deceiving the gods themselves by an affectation of piety. With this depraved state of morals he contrasts the frugal simplicity of ancient days, describing by the way the plain and homely elements that composed their forefathers' rustic meal. There is supposed to be an allusion in this book to one Q. Metellus Caprarius; a man who

proved the worthlessness of his character, both during his administration as prætor, and afterward when serving in the camp before Numantia. (Fr. 11, 23, 20, 21, 22, Gerl.) Horace had perhaps part of this Satire in view, when he wrote his first Satire of the first book; especially where he mentions avarice as one of the causes which make men discontented with their lot in life. Very similar sentiments to those expressed in this book may be found in Sallust also. (Bell. Cat., c. xii., init.)

1 Though you do not inquire how I find myself, I shall nevertheless let you know. Since you have remained in that class in which the greatest portion of mankind is now, that you wish that man to perish whom you would not come to see, though you should have done so. If you do not like this "would" and "should," because it is inartificial, Isocratean, and altogether turgid, and at the same time thoroughly childish, I will not waste my labor. If you....

2 For if what is really enough for man could have satisfied him, this had been enough. Now since this is not so, how can we believe that any riches whatever could satisfy desire?

3 ... just as when the dealer has produced his first fresh figs, and in the early season gives only a few for an exorbitant price.[1669]

4 For one and the same pain and distress is.... by all—

5 ... if his body remained as strong.... as the sentiments of the writer's heart continue true....

6 Say when force compels you to penetrate gradually through the seams of the crannies, in the darkness of night.[1670]

7 Since you alone, in my great sorrow and distress, and in my extremity of difficulty, proved yourself a haven of safety to me—[1671]

8 He was, I think, the only one who watched over me; and when he seemed to me to be doing that, he laid snares for me![1672]

9 ...

10 Still it is allowed that one of the ancients, an old man of the same years, Tiresias, fell.

11 Look not to the rostrum and feet of the prætor elect.[1673]

12 Lælius says, that though poor, he discharges important offices.[1674]

13 The onion-man, become blear-eyed by constantly eating acrid tear-bringing onions.[1675]

14 The Endive besides, stretching out with feet like horses—[1676]

15 The tear-producing onion also, with its lacryimose shells in due succession—[1677]

16 ... a pitcher and a long bowl with two handles—[1678]

17 Go on and prosper with your virtue, say I, and with these verses.

18 Too genial Ceres fails; nor do the people set bread.

19 ... bade the flat-nosed herd (of Nereus) frolic.[1679]

20 when he determined to lead out the guard from the camp.[1680]

21 he was the elder: we can not do all things—[1681]

22 ... the guard of the fleet, catapultas, darts, spears.[1682]

23 ... whether you may be able to get off, or the day must be further postponed.[1683]

24 ... meanwhile his breast is thick with bristles

25 ... and spreads legs beneath legs[1684]

26 ... porridge dressed with fat.[1685]

27 ... the basket with its treacherous heap.

28 ... dashed a wooden trencher on his head—[1686]

FOOTNOTES:

[1669] Read perhaps primus for primas. "He who is the first to bring his figs into the market," and therefore, as it were, forestalls others, which "propola" seems to imply.

[1670] Rimarum. Cf. Juv., iii., 97. Plaut., Cas., V., ii., 23.

[1671] The whole passage is corrupt. Gerlach's emendation is followed, with the exception of reading sanè for sanus.

Creperus is equivalent to anceps, dubius. Cf. Lucr., v., 1296, "creperi certamina belli." Pacuv., Dulorest, Fr. 19, "Non vetet animum ægritudine in re creperâ confici."

[1672] Retia. Cf. Propert., El. III., viii., 37, "qui nostro nexisti retia lecto."

[1673] See argument.

[1674] Cf. book iv., Fr. 1-6. Cic., de Off., ii., 17.

[1675] Cæparius implies "one very fond of onions," as well as the dealer in that article.

[1676] Probably alluding to the wide-spreading fibres of the Intyba. "Amaris intyba fibris." Virg., Georg., i., 120; iv., 20; where Martyn explains it as Succory in the former passage, Endive in the latter.

[1677] Tallæ are the several successive hulls or shells of the onion, κρομμύου λέπυρον. Cf. Theoc., v., 95.

[1678] Mixtarius. Any vessel in which wine and water were mixed for drinking. κρατήρ.

[1679] No doubt "dolphins" are meant; and with almost equal certainty we may assert that Lucilius is parodying a line of Pacuvius quoted by Quintilian (i., c. 5), "Nerei repandirostrum incurvicervicum pecus." But the reading of the line is very doubtful. Corpet, after Balth. Venator, reads, nasi rostrique. D'Achaintre follows the old reading, jussit. Gerlach reads nisi, but suggests simum (but without quoting Pliny, which would confirm his conjecture, vid. H. N., IX., viii., 7, "dorsum

repandum, rostrum simum"). Lucil., vii., Fr. 9, "Simat nares delphinus ut olim." May not nisi, after all, be a corruption of Nerei? Cf. Hor., Od., I., ii., 7. Virg., Georg., iv., 395, "Lascivum Nerei simum pecus." Liv. Andron., Fr. 3, ed. Bothe, Lips., 1834. Pacuv., Dulorest., Fr. 26.

[1680] For cernere used for decernere, see Plaut., Cist., I., i.; 1. Varro, L. L., vi., 5. Cic, Leg., iii., 3. Catull., lxiv., 150. Senec, Ep., lviii., 2. Virg., Æn., xii., 709. See Argument.

[1681] Cf. Virg., Ecl., viii., 63.

[1682] Read Catapultas, tela. The difference between the Catapulta and the Ballista seems to have been, that the former was used for shooting bolts or short spears, the latter for projecting large stones. The Sarissa was a very long spear. (Liv., ix., 19: xxxviii., 7. Polyæn., Str., iv., 11.) It was the peculiar weapon of the Macedonians. Ov., Met., xii., 466. Lucan, viii., 298: x., 47.

[1683] Elabi is elegantly applied to those who, though really guilty, get off by some artifice or by bribery. Cic, Act., i., Verr., 11. Ver., i., 34; ii., 58.

Diem prodere. Ter., And., II., i., 13, "Impetrabo ut aliquot saltem nuptiis prodat dies." Liv., xxv., 13, "alia prodita dies."

[1684] Hor., i., Sat. ii., 126.

[1685] Puls is a mixture of coarse meal and water seasoned with salt and cheese, or with eggs and honey; the modern polenta or macaroni. Vid. Juv., vii., 185; xi., 58. Persius complains that the haymakers were grown so luxurious as to spoil it by mixing thick unguents with it: vi., 40. Adipatus. "Adipe conditus." Balbi Gloss. Cf. Juv., vi., 631, "Livida materno fervent adipata veneno."

[1686] Scutella, dimin. of Scutra. Any broad flat vessel for holding puls or vegetables, probably often square, like our trenchers. Hence the checked dresses in Juvenal are called "scutulata," ii., 97.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Schoenbeck considers the subject of this book to have been an attack upon the crafty and dishonest tricks of pleaders in the forum. Gerlach sees in it little more than Lucilius' favorite theme, the exposure of vile and sordid avarice. The miser's anxious alarm for the safety of his money-bags (Hor., i., Sat. i., 70, "Congestis undique saccis indormis inhians"), which he can not bear out of his sight, and from which no earthly power can tear him away (Fr. 1, 2), the miserable appliances of his scanty furniture, and the absence of any thing approaching to luxury, or even comfort, form the first portion of the Satire. The remaining Fragments seem rather to apply to the manners of the nobles. Their insolent disregard of the feelings of others (Fr. 4), their unbridled licentiousness, their arrogance of look and bearing, and haughty contempt of all union with plebeians, are depicted in very bold language. Yet these same men are described as condescending to the most servile and fulsome flattery in courting the favor of these same plebeians, when such condescension is necessary to advance their own ambitious schemes. The extravagant gesture and overstrained language of some bad orator is then described (Fr. 3), which Gerlach considers to apply to one of these patricians when pleading his own cause. Van Heusde refers to no one in particular, but Corpet supposes there is an allusion to Caius Gracchus, who is mentioned by Plutarch as having been "the first of the Romans who used violent gesticulation in speaking, walking up and down the rostrum, and pulling his toga from his shoulder." What connection the Fragment in which Crassus and Mucius are mentioned has with the main subject, as also the allusion in Fr. 5 to some immodest female, is not known.

1 ... who has neither hackney nor slave, nor a single attendant. His bag, and all the money that he has, he carries with him. He sups with his bag, sleeps with it, bathes with it. The man's whole hope centres in his bag alone. All the rest of his existence

is bound up in this bag![1687]

2 ... whom not even bulls bred in the Lucanian mountains, could draw away with their sturdy necks, in one long pull.[1688]

3 ... this, I say, he will bray and bawl out from the Rostra, running about like a courier, and loudly calling for help.[1689]

4 ... they think they can offend with impunity, and by their nobility easily keep aloof those who are not their equals.[1690]

5

6 If he has spattered his garments with mud, at that he foolishly sets up a loud and hearty laugh—

7

8 ... what you would wish him to do—

9 Lewdness fills their faces; impudence and prodigality—

10 if you know him, he is not a big man, but a big-nosed, lean fellow—

11 That alone withstood adverse fortune and circumstances.

12

13 Three beds stretched on ropes, by Deucalion.[1691]

14 ... down and velvet, or any other luxury.[1692]

15 The hair-dresser sports round the impluvium, in a circle.[1693]

16 ... this he believes some one begg'd from your bath[1694]

17 ... he makes a good bargain, who sells a cross-bred horse.[1695]

18 ... they think one of their own should enter and pass over.[1696]

19 ... they do not prevent your going farther—[1697]

20 ... to bid "All hail!" is to wish health to a friend.[1698]

21 Give round the drink, beginning from the top—[1699]

22 The Sardinian land

23 ... both the things we abound in, and those we lack.

FOOTNOTES:

[1687] Bulgam (cf. ii., Fr. 16), from the Greek μολγός, "a hide or skin" [cf. Arist., Frag. 157; Schol. ad Equit., 959], is a leathern bag suspended from the arm or girdle, and seems to have answered the purpose either of a traveling valise or purse. Compare the gypciére of the middle ages. Hor., Ep., II., ii., 40. Juv., viii., 120; xiv., 297. Suet., Vitell., xvi. It was a Tarentine word, as we learn from Pollux, x., 187. From bulga comes the Spanish bolsa, the French bourse, and our purse.

Dormit. Hor., i., Sat. i., 70. Virg., Geor., ii., 507, "Condit opes alius, defossoque incubat auro."

[1688] Protelo. The ablative of the old protelum, which is interpreted as "the continuous, unintermitting pull of oxen applied to a dead weight." Nothing could more forcibly express the hopeless task of attempting to detach the miser from his gains. Cf. xii., Fr. 2. Plin., IX., xv., 17. Lucret., ii., 532; iv., 192.

[1689] Concursans. iv., Fr. 17.

Ancarius. The ἄγγαρος, "a mounted courier of the Persians," such as were kept in readiness at regular stages for carrying the royal dispatches. (Cf. Herod., viii., 98; iii., 126. Xen., Cyr., VIII., vi., 17. Æsch., Agam., 282. Marco Polo describes the same institution as existing among the Mongol Tartars. Heeren, Ideen, i., p. 497. Cf. Welcker's Æschyl., Trilog., p. 121.) The name was then applied to any porter, or carrier of burdens, and hence specially to "an ass," which, Forcellini says, is its meaning here. Hence rudet, cf. Pers., Sat. iii., 9.

Quiritare, is to appeal to the citizens for help, by calling out "Cursum," etc. Cic. ad Div., x., 32. It was the city cry. Countrymen were said "Jubilare." Varro, L. L., v. 7. Cf. Liv., xxxix., 8. Plin., Pan., xxix. Quinctil., iii., 8, "Rogatus sententiam, si modo est sanus, non quiritet."

[1690] Facul, i. e., facilè. "Haud facul fœmina invenietur bona." Pacuv. ap. Non., ii., 331. "Difficul" is used in the same manner.

[1691] Descriptive probably of the meanness and antiquity of the miser's furniture. Grabatum, from the Macedonian word κράβατος, is used for the coarsest kind of bed. Cf. Cic., Div., ii., 63. Mart., vi., Ep. xxxix., 4; xii., Ep. xxxii., 12, "Ibat tripes grabatus et tripes mensa;" where Martial is describing a somewhat similarly luxurious establishment. Virg., Moret., 5. Sen., Epist. xviii., 5; xx., 10. These sort of beds seem to have been supported on ropes. Cf. Petr., Sat. 97. Mart., v., Ep. lxii., 6, "Putris et abrupta fascia reste jacet." S. Mark, ii., 9. (See the lines attributed to Sulpicia, quoted in the old Schol. to Juv., Sat. vi., 538. Lucil., xi., Fr. 13.)

[1692] Amphitape. Lib. i., Fr. 21.

[1693] The Atrium, which was generally the principal apartment in the house, had an opening in the centre of the roof, called Compluvium, or Cavum Ædium, toward which the roof sloped so as to throw the rainwater into a cistern in the floor (commonly made of marble), called Impluvium. (See the drawings of the houses of Pansa and Sallust, Pompeii, vol. ii., p. 108, 120. Bekker's Gallus, p. 257.) The two terms are used indifferently. The Cinerarius seems to be the same as the Ciniflo (Hor., i., Sat. ii., 98, "a cinere flando," Acron. in loc.), "the slave who heated the Calamistri, or curling pins." Bekker's Gallus, p. 440.

[1694] Latrinam, quasi lavatrinam, "the private bath;" balneum being more commonly applied to the public one. Cf. Plaut., Curc., IV., iv., 24. Turneb. It is sometimes put for a worse place, as we say "wash-house." Vid. Bekker's Gallus, p. 265.

[1695] Musimo is put for any hybrid animal, as a mule, etc. "Animal ex duobus animalibus diversæ speciei procreatum." It is applied to a cross between a goat and a sheep. So Plin., VIII., xlix., 75. Compare the Greek μούσμων.

[1696] See Argument. Suam seems to imply "one of their own order." Nonius

explains innubere by "transire," because women when married pass to their husbands' houses: it generally means the same as nubere. But Cort. (ad Lucan, iii., 23, "Innupsit tepido pellex Cornelia busto") explains it "marrying beneath one's station," which is very probably its force here. See Bentley's note on the line, who suggests the emendation "transitivè," no doubt correctly.

[1697] Porcent, i. e., porro arcent, prohibent, used by Ennius, Pacuvius, and Accius.

[1698] "The conventional phrase of forced courtesy implies the familiarity of equal friendship." See Arg.

[1699] Ter., And., III., ii, 4, "Quod jussi ei dari bibere, date." Ab summo, i. e., beginning from him that sits at the top of the table. Vid. Schol. ad Hom., Il., i, 597. Cic., de Sen., xiv. Plaut., Pers., V., i., 19. As V., ii., 41, "Da, puere, ab summo: Age tu interibi ab infimo da suavium." So in Greek, ἐν κύκλῳ πίνειν.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

The general subject of the book seems to be agreed upon by all commentators, though they differ as to the details. Schoenbeck says it is directed against the lusts of women; particularly the occasions where those lusts had most opportunity of being exhibited and gratified, the festivals of the Matronalia and the kindred Saturnalia. Petermann considers that it refers simply to the intercourse between husbands and wives, in which view Dousa seems to coincide. Duentzer takes a wider view, and says it refers to all licentious pleasures. Van Heusde leaves the matter undecided. Gerlach coincides with the general view, but supposes that the passions and the quarrels alluded to must be referred to slaves, or at all events persons of the lowest station, for whom festivals, like the Sigillaria (alluded to in Fr. 4), were more particularly intended. The first two Fragments evidently refer to a matrimonial brawl. The tenth, eleventh, and twelfth refer to an unhallowed passion. The fifth,

sixth, and thirteenth to the unnatural and effeminate refinements practiced by a class of persons too often referred to in Juvenal and Persius. The fifteenth, to the fastidious taste of those who professed to be judges of such matters. The connection of the seventh Fragment is uncertain, as it applies apparently to rewards for military service.

1 When he wishes to punish her for her misdeed, the fellow takes a Samian potsherd and straightway mutilates himself—[1700]

2 I said, I come to the main point; I had rather belabor my wife, grown old and mannish, than emasculate myself—[1701]

3 ... who would love you, prove himself the patron of your bloom and beauty, and promise to be your friend.

4 This is the slaves' holiday; a day which you evidently can not express in Hexameter verse.[1702]

5 I am shaved, plucked, scaled, pumice-stoned, bedecked, polished up and painted—[1703]

6 Did I ever compare this man with Apollo's favorite Hyacinthus.[1704]

7 Five spears: a light-armed skirmisher, with a belt of gold.[1705]

8 first glows like hot iron from the forge—

9 If he moves and flattens his nostrils as a dolphin at times.[1706]

10 The one grinds, the other winnows corn as it were....[1707]

11 ... bloom and beauty, like a go-between and kind procuress.[1708]

12 like that renowned Phryne when....[1709]

13 that no dirt settle on the ear ... no vermin—

14 ... that have no eyes, or nose....

15 We are severe; difficult to please; fastidious as to good things.

16

17 ... and the goose's neck.[1710]

18

19 ... We murmur, are ground, sink down....[1711]

20 you whimper in the same way—[1712]

21 With such passion and hatred for him am I transported.[1713]

22 Here is Macedo if Acron is too long flaccid.[1714]

FOOTNOTES:

[1700] Samos produced a particular kind of earth (Samia creta), peculiarly serviceable in the potter's art. Hence the earthenware of Samos acquired, even in very early ages, considerable celebrity; and the potters at Samos, as at Corinth, Athens, and Ægina, formed a considerable portion of the population. See the pun on "Vas Samium," Plaut., Bacch., II., ii., 23. Vid. Müller's Ancient Art, § 62. With the sharp fragments of the Samian potsherds, the Galli, or priests of Cybele, were accustomed to mutilate themselves. Plin., XXXV., xii., 46. Juv., vi., 513, "Mollia qui ruptâ secuit genitalia testâ." Mart, iii., Ep. lxxxi., 3.

[1701] Virosus, φιλανδρος, "viri appetens."

[1702] The Scholiast on Hor., i., Sat. v., 87, tells us that the allusion is to the festival of the Sigillaria. (Auson., Ecl. de Fer. Rom., 32, "Sacra Sigillorum nomine dicta colunt.") The Saturnalia were originally held on the 19th of December (xiv. Kal. Jan.), and lasted for one day only. They were instituted B.C. 497 (Liv., ii., 21; xxii., 1), and were intended to commemorate the golden days of Saturn, when slavery was unknown; hence slaves were waited on by their masters, who wore a short robe, called the Synthesis, for that purpose. It was a time of general festivity and rejoicing; and presents were interchanged between friends. The festival was afterward extended to three days by an edict of Julius Cæsar, which Augustus confirmed; and,

commencing on the 17th, terminated on the 19th. (Macrob., Sat. i., 10.). Caligula added two more days (or one at least, Suet., Cal., 17), which custom Claudius revived when it had fallen into desuetude. Then the Sigillaria were added, so that the period of festivity was extended to seven days. Mart., xiv., Ep. 72. The Sigillaria were so called from sigillum, "a small image." (From the words of Macrobius, it seems that these sigilla were images of men offered to Dis, and intended as substitutes for the living sacrifices which were offered in more barbarous ages. Macrob., u. s.) The name was applied to the little figures which were sent as presents on the occasion of this festival. These not unfrequently were confectionery or sweetmeats made in this form. Senec., Ep., xii., 3. Suet., Claud., 5. The Easter cakes in Roman Catholic countries are no doubt a remnant of this custom. (Cf. Blunt's Vestiges, p. 119.)

[1703] Pumicor. Cf. Ov., A. Am., i., 506, "Nec tua mordaci pumice crura teras." Juv., viii., 16, "Si tenerum attritus Catinensi pumice lumbum." ix., 95, "res Mortifera est inimicus pumice lævis." The pumice-stone, particularly that found at the foot of Mount Ætna, was used to render the skin delicately smooth. Resin, and a kind of plaster made of pitch, was used to eradicate all superfluous hairs. Plin., xiv., 20; xxxv., 21. Cf. ad Juv., viii., 114, "Resinata juventus." ix., 14, "Bruttia præstabat calidi tibi fascia visci." ii., 12. Pers., iv., 36, 40, Plaut., Pseud., I., ii., 9. Mart., xiv., Ep. 205.

[1704] Hyacintho. Cf. ad Virg., Ecl., iii., 63. Ov., Met., x., 185, seq. Cortinipotens is an epithet of Apollo as lord of the Cortina; i. e., the egg-shaped basin on the Delphian tripod whence the oracles were echoed. Vid. Hase's Ancient Greeks, p. 144. Serv. ad Virg., Æn., iii., 92, "Mugire aditis Cortina reclusis." vi., 347, "Neque te Phœbi cortina fefellit." Suet., Aug., 52. Contendi. Cf. lib. i., Fr. 15.

[1705] Cinctus is sometimes put for a soldier. Plin., vii., Ep. 25. Juv., xvi., 48.

The Rorarii were light companies who advanced before the line, and began the battle

with slings and stones; so called from ros. "Quod ante rorat quam pluit." Cf. Varro, L. L., vi., 3. Liv., viii., 8. The Velites, from vexillum.

[1706] Simat. Cf. ad lib. v., Fr. 19.

[1707] Molere. Hor., i., Sat. ii., 35. Auson., Epig., lxxi., 7. Theoc., iv., 58, μύλλει. Cf. lib. ix., Fr. 26.

[1708] Saga. Tibull., i., El. v., 59, "Sagæ præcepta rapacis desere."

[1709] Phryne. Vid. Athen., xiii., p. 591. Plin., xxxiv., 8. The name was not uncommon in the same class at Rome. Tibull., ii, El. vi., 45. Hor., Epod., xiv., 16.

[1710] 16 and 17 seem hopelessly corrupt. Gerlach supposes some "remedy for languishing love" to be intended ("irritamentum Veneris languentis"), and reads "Callosa ova et bene plena: tunc olorum atque anseris collus" (cf. Hor., ii., Sat. iv., 14), "Hard and well-filled eggs; then swan's and goose's neck." But the emendation is too wide to be admitted into the text.

[1711] Muginor is used by Cicero in the sense of "dallying, trifling." "Nugas agere, causari, moras nectere, tarde conari." Att., xvi., 12. But its primitive meaning is conveyed by its etymology, "Mugitu moveo." It refers to the noise made by those who move heavy weights, that their efforts may be exerted in concert. Coupled with Fr. 10, its meaning is obvious here.

[1712] Ogannis, i. e., obgannis. It is properly applied to a dog. Cf. Juv., vi., 64, "Appula gannit." Compare the Greek λαγνεύειν.

[1713] Cf. lib. iv., Fr. 8.

[1714] Gerlach reads "Acron" for the old lorum, which Scaliger approved, and connected this Fragment with the second of the eighth book.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The eighth book, as Schoenbeck supposes, consisted of an exposition of domestic life, with a discussion as to the virtues which a good wife ought to possess. Duentzer would rather connect it with the last book, and imagines unlawful love to have been the theme, and that the ancient title of the book countenanced this opinion. The second, fourth, fifth, eleventh, and thirteenth Fragments seem to confirm the conjecture; the drift of the others is not apparent.

1 When the victor cock proudly rears himself, and raises his front talons—

2 When I drink from the same cup, embrace, press lip to lip....[1715]

3 But on the river, and at the very parting of the waters, ... a merchantman ... with feet of holm-oak.[1716]

4 ... that she is slender, nimble, with clean chest, and like a youth....[1717]

5 ... then she joins side to side, and breast to breast.[1718]

6 If he achieve the whole route, and the steep stadium at an ambling pace—[1719]

7 To salt sea-eels, and bring the wares into the larder.[1720]

8 But all trades and petty gains....

9 the Hiberian island....[1721]

10 a necessary close at hand; a bake-house, store-room, kitchen[1722]

11 ... with friendly hand wipes off the tears....

12 ... giblets, or else liver....[1723]

13 ... the work flags....[1724]

14 ... wine-bibbers.[1725]

FOOTNOTES:

[1715] Nonius reads "fictrices," and explains "fingere" by "lingere." Cf. Schol. ad Aristoph., Aves, 507.

[1716] Gerlach says, "Ex his verbis vix probabilem eruas sensum."

The cercurus was a large merchant-vessel, used by the Asiatics, undecked, and capable of carrying a large freight. It was invented, according to Pliny, by the Cyprians. Plin., vii., 56, 57. Cf. Plaut., Merc., I., i., 86. Stich., II., iii., 34. It appears, however, from Livy, that the name was sometimes applied to a vessel of smaller size. Liv., xxx., 19. Ilignis pedibus. Cf. Ter., Adelph., IV., ii., 46. Virg., Georg., iii., 330. For concinat, Gerlach proposes to read "concinnat."

[1717] Pernix is the epithet Catullus applies to Atalanta: ii., 12, "Quam ferunt puellæ Pernici aureolum fuisse malum."

[1718] Cf. Lib. v., Fr. 25. Probably from this Horace takes his line, i., Sat. ii., 126.

[1719] Evadit. Cf. Virg., Æn., ii., 731; xii., 907. Ov., Met., iii., 19. Acclivis is properly applied to a "gentle ascent." Virg., Georg., ii., 276. Col., iii., 15. Tolutim, à tollendo. Pliny (viii., 42) tells us that the people of Asturias in Spain trained their jennets to a particular kind of easy pace: "mollis alterno crurum explicatu glomeratio." Varro speaks of giving a horse to a trainer, that he may teach him this pace: "ut equiso doceat tolutim incedere." Cf. Plaut., As., III., iii., 116, "Demam hercle jam hordeo tolutim ni badizas." Hence the "managed palfrey" of the Middle Ages. The pace probably resembled that now taught by the Americans to their horses, and called "racking." Cf. lib. xiv., 12, "equus gradarius, optimus vector."

[1720] The frigidarium was not only the "cold bath" (Bekker's Gallus, p. 385), but was also applied to a cool cellar or pantry for keeping provisions fresh.

[1721] All the commentators seem to give up this line in despair. Colustrum is properly the first milk that comes after parturition; which, as being apt to curdle, was esteemed unwholesome, and produced an attack called "Colustratio." Schoenbeck supposes that the inhabitants of this "Hibera insula," wherever it was, used fomenta and colustra as medical remedies. Mart., xiii., Ep. 38.

[1722] Posticum, Nonius makes equivalent to Sella. Gerlach, however, thinks "cella" the correct reading here. The pistrinum was the name both for the bake-house

and the mill for grinding the corn. Vid. Bekker's Gallus, p. 265.

[1723] Gigeria are the entrails of poultry: these were sometimes served with a kind of stuffing or forcemeat called insicia. The word occurs only in Lucilius, Petronius, and Apicius.

[1724] Scaliger connects this Fragment with lib. vii., Fr. 22, and reads, "Hic est Macedo: si lorum longui' flaccet, Læna manu lacrymas mutoni absterget amicâ."

[1725] Bua was the word taught by Roman nurses to children, equivalent to our "pap." "Potio posita parvulorum." Varro. Hence Vinibuæ for vinolentæ.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

The subject of the ninth book is known from several notices in the old grammarians.[1726] It is said to have contained strictures on the orthography of the ancient writers; some emendations of the verses of Accius and Ennius (with especial reference to the former, who is said to have always used double vowels to express a long syllable), and a mention of the double genius, who, according to the notion of Euclides the Socratic, attends upon each individual of the human race. The exact connection of this latter topic with the foregoing, is not at present evident to us. It appears that this book had anciently the title of "Fornix" as the work of Pomponius on a cognate subject was called "Marsyas." Van Heusde supposes that it took its name from the Fabian arch on the Via Sacra, and that its subject resembled the ninth of Horace's first book of Satires. The poet, in his walk along the Via Sacra, meets with a troublesome fellow near the arch of Fabius, who pesters him with a speech which he is about to deliver, as defendant in a cause, and which he wishes Lucilius to look over and correct; and that this furnishes the poet with the groundwork for a discussion on several points in grammar, orthography, and rhetoric. With this view Gerlach so far agrees, as to suppose the subject of both Horace's and Lucilius's

Satires to have been similar; especially since many similar phrases and sentiments occur in both; but he considers a detailed disquisition on single letters and syllables inconsistent with a desultory conversation, or with a cursory criticism of an oration, and considers it better to confess one's ignorance honestly than indulge in vain-glorious conjecture. Particularly, since many other Fragments of this book have come down to us, wholly irreconcilable with this view of the subject; some referring to avarice, others to the Salii; which, though they might certainly be incidentally mentioned, imply too diversified a subject to be definitely circumscribed within so limited an outline, as Van Heusde conjectures.

1 ... only let the nap of the woof stand erect within....[1727]

2 First is A. I will begin with this; and the words spelled with it. In the first place, A is either a long or short syllable; consequently we will make it one, and, as we say, write it in one and the same fashion, "Pācem, Plăcide, Jānum, Aridum, Acetum," just as the Greeks do. Ἄρες Ἄρες.[1728]

3 ... not very different from this, and badly put together, if with a burr like a dog, I say AR ... this is its name.[1729]

4 ... and there is no reason why you should make it a question or a difficulty whether you should write ACCURRERE with a D or a T.[1730]

5 But it is of great consequence whether ABBITERE have a D or B—[1731]

6 "Now come PUEREI." Put E and I at the end, to make "pueri" the plural; if you put I only, as PupillI, PuerI, LuceilI, this will become the singular number. "Hoc illi factum est unI." Being singular, you will put I only. "Hoc IllEI fecere." Add E to mark the plural. Add also E to MendacEI and FurEI, when you make it the dative case." MEIle hominum, dub MEIlia." Here too we must have both vowels, MEIles, MEIlitiam. Pila, "a ball to play with," Pilum, "a pestle to pound with," will have I simply. But to PEIla, "javelins," you must add E, to give the fuller sound.[1732]

7 Our S, and what after a semi-Greek fashion we call Sigma, admits of no mistake.

8 ... in the word PeLLiciendo.[1733]

9 For just as we see Intro (within) to be a very different word from Intus (inside), so apud se is very different from, and has not the same force as, ad se. "A man invites us to come in and join him (intro ad se). He keeps himself at home, inside his own house (intus apud se)."

10 "The water boils," may be expressed by Fervit (of the third conjugation), or Fervet (of the second conjugation). Or again, Fervit may be the present tense, Fervet the future; both of the third conjugation.

11 So Fervĕre (with the E short, of the third conjugation).

12 You do not perceive the force of this; or how this differs from the other. In the first place, this which we call "Poema" is a small portion. So also an epistle, or any distich which is of no great length, may be a "Poema." A "Poësis" is a whole work, as the whole Iliad; it is one Thesis. So also the Annals of Ennius, that is also a single work, and of much greater magnitude than what I just now styled Poëma. Wherefore I assert, that no one who finds fault with Homer, finds fault with him all through; nor does he criticise, as I said before, the whole Poesis; but simply a single verse, word, proposition, or passage.

13 ... that he is a misshapen old man, gouty in his joints and feet—that he is lame, wretched, emaciated, and ruptured—

14 I seize his beak, and smash his lips, Zopyrus-fashion, and knock out all his front teeth.[1734]

15 For he who makes bricks never has any thing more than common clay with chaff, and stubble mixed with mud.[1735]

16 If she is nothing on the score of beauty, and if in former days she was a harlot and common prostitute, you must have coin and money.

17 ... What if I see some oysters? Shall I be able to detect the very river, and mud,

and slime they came from?[1736]

18 He is a corn-chandler, and brings with him his bushel-measure and his leveling-stick.[1737]

19 Study to learn: lest the fact itself and the reasoning confute you—

20 with one thousand sesterces you can gain a hundred—-

21 he had scratched himself, like a boar with his sides rubbed against a tree—

22 ... hence the ancilia, and high-peaked caps, and sacrificial bowls[1738]

23 as the priest begins the solemn dance, and then the main body takes it up after him.[1739]

24 ... herself cuts all the thongs from the hide—

25 ... how he differs from him whom Apollo has rescued. So be it.

26 her motion was as though she were winnowing corn.[1740]

FOOTNOTES:

[1726] Isidorus Hispalensis, Q. Terentianus Scaurus, and Velius Longus.

[1727] Panus is explained in two ways, as "tramæ involucrum," and as "tumor inguinis." Gerlach inclines to the latter interpretation. Schmidt supposes Lucilius to employ the metaphor of weaving to express the following sentiment: "as the outer surface of the woof is of little consequence if the inner part be good, so, provided a man's internal qualities, the virtues of his heart and head, are all that we can desire, it matters little what the outer integument is that shrouds this fair inside:" and that to this Horace alludes, ii., Sat. i., 63, "Lucilius ausus Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem Detrahere et pellem nitidus quâ quisque per ora Cederet introrsum turpis." (Lucilii Satyrarum quæ de lib. ix. supersunt disposita, c. L. F. Schmidt, p. 40.) But Gerlach thinks that panus could not be used to express pellis.

[1728] This, we learn from Terentianus, is a criticism on Accius, who used to mark long syllables by doubling the vowels, which Lucilius considers a fault, there being

no more necessity in Latin to mark the quantity by the orthography than in Greek, where, though the length of the vowel be changed, as in ἄρες ἄρες, the spelling remains unaltered. Cf. Hom., Il., v., 31. Mart., ix., Ep. xii., 15.

[1729] Corpet supposes some rustic person is alluded to, who used the old-fashioned form. Cf. Plaut., Truc., II., xii., 17. Gerlach supposes it is the poet himself. Cf. Pers., Sat. i., 109, "Sonat hic de nare caninâ litera."

[1730] Gerlach thinks there may be an allusion to Plautus, who often uses this word. Cf. Capt., III., iv., 72. Rud., III., iv., 72.

[1731] Abbitere for abbire is Schmidt's reading, who also reads siet for sive, omitting habet at the end of the line.

[1732] The rule contained in this Fragment seems superfluous, especially after the opinion Lucilius has given in the second. I is equally long or short with A, nor does it appear why the genitive should not be as essentially long as the dative singular. If the insertion of the E were simply to mark the difference of number, there might be some apparent reason.

[1733] "This Fragment is simply an illustration of the rule that the preposition per in composition remains unchanged, unless it stand before the letter L, when by assimilation it is changed into the initial letter of the word: so per lacio becomes pellacio; per labor, pellabor; per luceo, pelluceo."

[1734] Alluding to the story of Zopyrus, told by Herodotus, lib. iii., 154, and by Justin, lib. iii., 10, seq., who mutilated himself to gain Babylon for Darius. Cf. lib. xxii., Fr. 3.

[1735] Acerosum, according to Nonius, is applied to coarse bread, not sufficiently cleared from chaff and husk. Cf. lib. xv., Fr. 18. Aceratum, to clay mixed with stubble and straw, fit for the brickmaker's use, the paleatum of Columella. V., vi., med. Cf. Exod., v., 16.

[1736] Juvenal borrows and enlarges upon this idea, in describing the Epicurism of

Montanus. Sat. iv., 139, "Nulli majus fait usus edendi tempestati meâ. Circæ nata forent an Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo. Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsa, et semel aspecti litus dicebat echini."

[1737] Rutellum, the diminutive of Rutrum. "a mattock," was the stick with which the corn-dealer struck off the heaped-up corn, so as to make it level with the top of his measure. It was also called Hostorium, from the old verb Hostire, "to strike." Compare the old English "strike," used for a measure.

[1738] Capis (à capiendo, Varro, v., 121, "quod ausatæ ut prehendi possent") was a cup with a handle, generally made of earthenware, and ordinarily used in sacrifices. Vid. Liv., lib. x., 7. So also Capedo and Capula. Cf. Bekker's Gallus, p. 481. The apex is the conical cap worn by the Salii.

[1739] Præsul was the name applied to the Princeps Saliorum, because he led the sacred dance, as προορχηστὴρ, ἔξαρχος. Called also Præsultor and Præsultator. Amtruo (from am, ἀμφὶ, circum, and trua, "an implement used for stirring things round while they were being cooked") is the technical phrase for the dancing of the Salii. The Præsul danced at the head of the procession, amtruabat; the rest followed, imitating his movements; redamtruabant. This procession took place in the Comitium on the Kalends of March.

[1740] Cf. vii., Fr. 10.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

The old Scholiast, in his Life of Persius, tells us that "after he had quitted school, and the instruction of his tutors, he was so much struck with the tenth book of the Satires of Lucilius, that he was seized with a vehement desire of writing Satire, and immediately applied himself to the imitation of this book, and after first detracting from his own merits, proceeded to disparage the poetical attempts of others." Van

Heusde supposes that the book contained a detailed account of the life of Lucilius; and hence the saying of the Scholiast, that "the whole life of Lucilius was as distinctly known as if it had been portrayed in pictures." (So Horace says, Sat., II., i., 30, "Quo fit ut omnis Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabella Vita senis.") He conjectures the difference between the subjects of the ninth and tenth books to have been this: that in the ninth, Lucilius criticised the ignorance and corrected the mistakes of the Librarii; i. e., those who copied the compositions of the poets, only incidentally, and by the way, touching on the poets themselves. Whereas the tenth was intended directly as an attack upon the poets who preceded him. Jahn, in his prolegomena on Persius, imagines this imitation of the tenth book to have been carried farther than we are perhaps justified in assuming; he conjectures that the Hendecasyllabic Prologue of Persius was a direct imitation of a similar proem, and in the same metre which formed the commencement of this book. This opinion he fortifies by two quotations, one from Petronius, Sat. iv., the other from Apuleius, de Deo Socr., p. 364. In this view Gerlach does not coincide, though he is disposed to admit that Lucilius in all probability began the book with a disparagement of himself, and so far furnished an example for Persius to imitate. It is a question that must remain doubtful, and is of no great importance. It is, however, also clear that this book contained criticisms on the verses of Accius and Ennius. (Vid. Schol. ad Hor., i., Sat. x.)

Perhaps the Fragments (incert. 3, 4, and 5) on Albutius and Mucius may have belonged to this book.

1 ... as we wrote before, the judgment to be formed is concerning the honors of the Crassi ... that is, in each case let us lay down what I should choose, what not.[1741]

2 Behind stood the nimble skirmisher in his cloak.[1742]

3 ... although suddenly to bring down from three pair of stairs.[1743]

4 ... you also bind mooring-stakes to very strong cables.[1744]

5 ... might be firmly ... from waves and adverse winds.

6 ... and languor overwhelmed, and sluggishness, and the torpor of quietude.

7 ... verily, he said I cut up the ox magnificently in the temple.[1745]

8 ... would seem importunate, boastful, bad and nefarious.

FOOTNOTES:

[1741] Gerlach's reading and interpretation is followed: "Lucilius would not wish to have all the honors of that illustrious family heaped upon him, but make his own selection." Nonius also explains sumere by "eligere." Corpet reads, "Crassi" and "sicut describimus," and supposes the allusion to be to the eloquence of Crassus, son-in-law of Scævola. Cf. Cic., Brut., 38-44. But no doubt P. Licinius Crassus Dives Mucianus is here meant, who, as we learn from Aulus Gellius (I., xiii., 10), was famous for five things: he was the richest man in Rome, the man of noblest birth, the most eloquent, the best lawyer, and the Pontifex Maximus. Lucilius might well be at a loss which of all these he would choose.

[1742] Cf. lib. vii., Fr. 7. Schol. ad Juv., vi., 400.

[1743] Quamvis may also imply "quamvis fæminam." Cf. Cæcilium in Asoto (ap. Nonium, p. 517), "nam ego duabus vigiliis transactis Duco desubito domum." Trinis scalis, "from the third story," the upper rooms being the residence of the poorer classes. Cf. Juv., x., 18, "rarus venit in cœnacula miles." iii., 201, "altimus ardebit quem tegula sola tuetur à pluviâ." vii., 118. Mart., i., Ep. cxviii., 7, "Et scalis habito tribus sed altis." Hor., i., Ep. i., 91. Suet., Vit., 7.

[1744] Tonsilla, according to Festus, "is a stake with an iron head, for sticking in the ground and fastening the mooring cable of a boat to." Cf. Pacuvium in Medo, "accessi eam et tonsillam pegi læto in littore." (Fr. 17, ed. Fr. H. Bothe, Lips., 1834.) The MS. reading is Consellæ, "double seats," stretched on ropes, as the beds (grabati). Lucil., vi., Fr. 13; xi., 13. Nonius explains aptare by "connectere" and "colligare."

[1745] Cf. Donat. in Terent., Andr., II., i., 24.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

Schoenbeck supposes this book to have been written in memory of the Iberian war; because it not only touches on military affairs, but contains also some bitter sarcasms on the morals of certain young men who served in that campaign. Petermann coincides in the same opinion. Corpet supposes that the principal object of the book was an elaborate defense of the character of Scipio Africanus; especially with regard to the salutary and strict discipline which he restored to the Roman army during the Numantine war. Gerlach admits the probability of these conjectures, though he scarcely thinks that the Fragments which have come down to us of this book are of sufficient length to enable us to pronounce definitively on the question. It is quite clear that the mention of Opimius the father, or of the elder Lucius Cotta, can bear no relation to the Numantine war, since they both lived before it began; still it is possible that their names might have been introduced, to render the morals of their sons still more conspicuous. How the Fragment (2) respecting the plebeian Caius Cassius Cephalo was connected with the main subject is not clear, unless he was introduced for the purpose of incidentally mentioning the bribery of the unjust judge, Tullius.

The fourth and ninth Fragments may clearly refer to the Numantine war; as may perhaps the seventh; as we learn from Cicero, that while Scipio Africanus was before Numantia, he received some munificent presents, which were sent to him from Asia by King Attalus, and which he accepted in the presence of his army. (Cic. pro Dei., 7.) This happened probably only a few months before the death of Attalus; and Lucilius was most likely an eye-witness of the fact. The thirteenth Fragment also may refer to the same campaign; though Duentzer supposes it to be an allusion to the miserable penuriousness of Ælius Tubero. The fifth and sixth Fragments

apparently refer rather to civil than military matters.

1 Quintus Opimius, the famous father of this Jugurthinus, was both a handsome man and an infamous, both in his early youth; latterly he conducted himself more uprightly.[1746]

2 This Caius Cassius, a laborer, whom we call Cefalo—a cut-purse and thief—him, one Tullius, a judge, made his heir; while all the rest were disinherited.[1747]

3 Lucius Cotta the elder, the father of this Crassus, "the all-blazing," was a close-fisted fellow in money-matters; very slow in paying any body—[1748]

4

5 Asellus cast it in the teeth of the great Scipio, that during his censorship, the lustrum had been unfortunate and inauspicious.[1749]

6 ... and now I wished to throw into verse a saying of Granius, the præco.[1750]

7 ... a noble meeting; there glittered the drawers, the cloaks, the twisted chains of the great Datis.[1751]

8 ... and a road must be made, and a rampart thrown up here, and that kind of groundwork—[1752]

9 ... he is a wanderer now these many years; he is now a soldier in winter quarters, serving with us

10 ... thence, while still of tender age and a mere boy, comes to Rome.

11 Nor have I need of him as a lover, nor a mean fellow to bail me—

12 ... he is a jibber, a shuffler, a hard-mouthed, obstinate brute.[1753]

13 When they had taken their seats here, and the skins were extended in due order....[1754]

14 ... who in the wash-house and the pool....

FOOTNOTES:

[1746] Jugurthinus is properly the proud title of Marius. (Ov., Pont., IV., iii., 45, "Ille Jugurthino clarus Cimbroque triumpho.") It is here applied ironically to Lucius Opimius, who so notoriously received bribes from Jugurtha, when he went over, as chief of the ten commissioners, to arrange the division of the kingdom between Jugurtha and Adherbal, B.C. 117. (Sall., Bell. Jug., xvi.) He had been before honorably distinguished by the taking of Fregellæ, when in rebellion against Rome, while he was prætor. The safety of the Roman state had also been committed to him when consul (B.C. 121) during the riots of Caius Gracchus, which by his prompt measures he was the main instrument in quelling. (Hence Cicero styles him "civis præstantissimus." Brut., 34.) For this he was accused by the democratic party, but was acquitted; his defense being conducted by the same Papirius Carbo who had assailed Scipio Africanus after the death of Tiberius Gracchus ("aliâ tum mente Rempublicam capessens." Cic., de Or., ii., 25). The partisans of Gracchus, however, afterward crushed him by means of the Mamilian law, along with many other excellent men. Cic., Brut., u. s. Sall., Bell. Jug., 40. He was consul with Q. Fabius Maximus, who that year overthrew the Allobroges and Arverni. His consulship was long remembered as having been a splendid year for wine, hence called Opimianum. Cic., Brut., 83. Of his father Quintus, Cicero speaks in nearly the same terms as Lucilius does here: "Q. Opimius, consularis, qui adolescentulus malè audisset." De Orat., ii., 68.

[1747] Cephalo, like Capito, was probably a nickname from the size of his head. Sector is used by Plautus exactly in the sense of the English "cut-purse." Sector Zonarius, i. e., Crumeniseca, βαλαντιοτόμος. Trinum., IV., ii., 20. It is applied by Cicero to a mean fellow, who buys at auction the confiscated goods of proscribed persons to retail again. Cic., Rosc. Am., 29. Ascon. in Verr., II., i., 20. Cf. Nonius, s. v. Secare. Damnare, i. e., "exhæredare." Non.

[1748] παναίθου (cf. Horn., Il. xiv., 372) is an epithet applied to a helmet. Why it was given to this Cotta is not known. Gerlach supposes him to be the L. Cotta

mentioned by Cicero (de Orat., iii., 11) as affecting a coarse and rustic style of speaking, "gaudere videtur gravitate linguæ, sonoque vocis agresti," and that this name was given him by way of irony. He would be most justly entitled to the epithet of Crassus, "the coarse," which was probably given for the same reason. (Crassus not being the regular cognomen of the Aurelian gens, to which Cotta belonged, but of the Licinian.) Valerius Maximus gives a story of the sordid avarice of the father, which illustrates what Lucilius says, that when tribune of the Plebs he took advantage of the "sacrosanct" character of his office to refuse paying his creditors their just claims, but was compelled to do so by his colleagues. (Pighius assigns this event to B.C. 155.) He was afterward accused by P. Corn. Scipio Africanus minor; but being defended by Q. Metellus Macedonicus, was acquitted. Cf. Cic., Brut., 21, where he gives him the epithet "veterator." He was one of the partisans of the Gracchi.

[1749] Asellus is probably the same whom Cicero mentions (de Orat., ii., 64), about whom Scipio made the pun, which is, of course, as Cicero says, untranslatable: "Cum Asellus omnes provincias stipendia merentem se peragrâsse gloriaretur, 'Agas Asellum,'" etc.

[1750] Granius, a præco, though a great favorite with the plebeians, who used to retail his witticisms with great zest, was on terms of intimate friendship with Crassus, Catulus, T. Tinca Placentinus, and other men of high rank, whom he used to criticise with the greatest severity and freedom, and hold, especially with the latter, contests in sharp repartee. (Vid. Cic., Brut., 43, 46: de Orat., ii., 60, 70, where some of his witticisms are quoted.)

[1751] Gerlach refers this Fragment to the presents sent by Attalus. "Datis" he takes to mean any common name, but would suggest "ducis."

[1752] Rudus is applied to a mixture of stones, gravel, and rubble, cemented together with lime, used by the Romans as a substratum for a path or pavement.

Cat., R. R., 18. Plin., xxxvi., 25. Cf. Liv., xli., 27, "Vias sternendas silice in Urbe glareâ extra Urbem locaverunt." Tibull., I., viii., 59.

[1753] This Fragment is most probably connected with Fr. 3, as both strigosus and bovinator are applied to beasts who refuse to move; and hence to persons who use all kinds of artifices to avoid the payment of their just debts.

[1754] Cf. vi., 13; x., 4.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

The extant Fragments of this book are too few and too varied in their matter to enable us to form any definite idea of the general subject. From a passage in Diomedes (lib. iii, p. 483), which contains the seventh Fragment, Schoenbeck supposes it must have referred to scenic matters; which conjecture he considers farther strengthened by the first Fragment. (Cf. Plaut., Pers., I., iii, 78.) But, as Gerlach observes, "Chorage" in this passage can hardly be understood in its primitive sense, since it is coupled with the word "Quæstore;" and as the quæstors had nothing to do with the Ludi Scenici, except when it fell to them to take the place of the prætors or ædiles, this office could hardly be reckoned among their positive or regular duties.

1 ... that this man stands in need of some quæstor and choragus to furnish gold at the public expense, and from the treasury.

2 ... a hundred yoke of mules, with one strong pull, could not drag him.[1755]

3 Let this be fixed firmly and equally in your breast....

4 ... he is remarkable for bandy-legged and shriveled shanks.[1756]

5 ... of what advantages I deprived myself.[1757]

6 I agreed with the man.

7 At the Liberalia, among the Athenians on the festal day[1758] of father Liber, wine used to be given to the singers instead of a crown—

8 ... whatever had happened while I and my brother were boys.

9 ... wrinkled and full of famine.

FOOTNOTES:

[1755] Cf. vi., 2.

[1756] Petilis is derived by Dacier from πέταλον: i. e., withered and shriveled up like a dead leaf.

[1757] Decollare, in its primitive sense, is "to decapitate;" then simply "to deprive."

[1758] This Fragment is given just as it stands in Diomedes (see Arg.), without any attempt on the part of editors or commentators to reduce it to the form of a verse. The whole passage stands thus in the original: "Alii a vino tragœdiam dictam arbitrantur: propterea quod olim dictabatur τρύξ, à quo τρύγητος hodieque vindemia est, quia 'Liberalibus, apud Atticos, die festo Liberi patris vinum cantoribus pro Corollario dabatur' cujus rei testis est Lucilius in duodecimo." "Others think that Tragedy is so called from wine, because the ancient term was τρύξ; whence even at the present day the vintage is called τρυγητός." For the Attic Dionysia see the second vol. of the Philological Museum. [Probably, like the Sigillaria in lib. vii., Fr. 4, the festival was described by some circumlocution, the whole word being inadmissible into a verse.]

BOOK XIII.

ARGUMENT.

The Fragments of this book, as well as of the twelfth, are too few to admit of any opinion being satisfactorily arrived at with respect to its subject. Schoenbeck supposes it was directed against sumptuous extravagance and luxurious banquets. Petermann adopts the same view. Gerlach, though he considers the Fragments so

vague that they might support any hypothesis, allows that this conjecture is tenable, as the third, fifth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh appear to "savor of the kitchen."

1 Or to conquer in war altogether by chance and fortune; if it is entirely by chance and at random, that any one arrives at the highest distinction.[1759]

2 ... to whom fortune has assigned an equal position, and chance their destiny.

3 The same thing occurs at supper. You will give oysters bought for a thousand sesterces.

4 ... sets them to engage with one another in fierce conflict.[1760]

5 In the first place, let all banquetings and company be done away with.[1761]

6 Add shoes from Syracuse, a bag of leather....[1762]

7 ... one only, out of many, who has intellect....

8 ... as he is styled skilless in whom there is no skill.[1763]

9 and not so poor as ... a chipped dish of Samian pottery.[1764]

10 ... for as soon as we recline at a table munificently heaped up at great expense....

11 ... the same food at the feast, as the banquet of almighty Jove....[1765]

FOOTNOTES:

[1759] Nonius draws this distinction between Fors and Fortuna: fors simply expresses "the accidents of temporal affairs, as opposed to providence or design." Fortuna is "the personification of these in the form of the goddess." In the text Gerlach's conjecture is followed instead of the reading of the MSS., which is quite unintelligible: "Si forte ac temerè omnino quis summum ad honorem perveniat." Cf. Pacuv. in Hermiona, "Quo impulerit fors eò cadere Fortunam autumant."

[1760] Cernit, i. e., "disponit." Nonius. Cf. v., Fr. 29, "Postquam præsidium castris educere crevit."

[1761] Dominia. As dominus is put for the "master of the feast," so dominium is

used for the banquet itself (lib. vi., Fr. 7; Sall., Hist., iii., "In imo medius inter Tarquinium et dominum Perpenna;" Cic., Vatin., xiii., "Epuli dominus Q. Arrius"), or for the office of the giver of the banquet. Cicero uses Magisteria in the same sense. Senect., c. 14. It is also put for "the place where a banquet is held." Cic., Ver., II., iii., 4. Sodalitium is properly a banquet celebrated by "Sodales," i. e., persons associated in the same religious cultus.

[1762] Pasceolum, "a leathern bag or purse," marsupium, from φάσκωλον. Suid. Plaut, Rud., V., ii., 27, "prætereà centum Denaria Philippea in pasceolo seorsum." Aluta. Vid. ad Juv., xiv., 282.

[1763] Iners. Cf. Cic., de Fin., "Lustremus animo has maximas artes, quibus qui carebant inertes à majoribus nominabantur."

[1764] Cf. ad lib. vii., Fr. 1.

[1765] Epulum (i. e., edipulum) and epulæ seem to be interchanged; but epulum is probably the older form of the word.

BOOK XIV.

ARGUMENT.

The fourteenth book contained, according to Schoenbeck's idea, the praises of a placid and easy life. Duentzer, on the other hand, says the subject was ambition. The two notions are not so much opposed, says Gerlach, as at first sight they seem: the object of the poet being to contrast the frugal simplicity and tranquil leisure of a rustic life, with the empty vanities and arrogant assumption of the ambitious man. Thus the Fragments 2, 4, 5, 12, 15, 16, and perhaps 1, contain the praises of frugal parsimony and an honorable leisure: 3, 6, 7, 8, and perhaps others, describe the heart-burnings and disappointments of a life devoted to ambition.

1 Is that rather the sign of a sick man that I live on bread and tripe? * * *[1766]

2 ... but you rather lead in peace a tranquil life, which you seem to hold more

important than doing this.

3 Publius Pavus Tuditanus, my quæstor in the Iberian land, was a skulker, a mean fellow, one of that class, clearly.[1767]

4 ... these, I say, we may consider a sham sea-fight, and a game of backgammon ... but though you amuse yourself, you will not live one whit the better.[1768]

5 ... for that he preferred to be approved of by a few, and those wise men, than to rule over all the departed dead—[1769]

6 ... were he not associated with me as prætor, and annoyed me....[1770]

7 ... for that famous old Cato ... because he was not conscious to himself.[1771]

8 I will go as embassador to the king, to Rhodes, Ecbatana, and Babylon, I will take a ship....[1772]

9 ... no supper, he says; no portion for the god....[1773]

10 when that which we chew with our mouth, ...[1774]

11 I see the common people hold it in earnest affection—

12 The horse himself is not handsome, but an easy goer, a capital hackney.[1775]

13 ... whom oftentimes you dread; occasionally feel pleasure in his company.

14 ... In a moment, in a single hour....[1776]

15 ... the cheese has a flavor of garlic—[1777]

16 ... and scraggy wood-pigeons.[1778]

17 ... chalk....

FOOTNOTES:

[1766] Gerlach's reading is followed, "quod pane et viscere vivo." In the next line he thinks there is something of the same kind of pun as in Ovid, Met., xv., 88, "Heu quantum scelus est in viscera viscera condi."

[1767] Lucifugus, "one who shuns the light, because his deeds are evil." So Nebulo

and Tenebrio are used for one who would gladly cloak his deeds of falsehood and cunning under the mist of darkness. Cic., de Fin., i., 61, "Malevoli, invidi, difficiles, lucifugi, maledici, monstrosi." Nebulo is also applied to a vain empty-headed fellow, of no more solidity than a mist; and then to a spendthrift, who had devoured all his substance and "left not a wrack behind." Vid. Ælium Stilum ap. Fest., in voc. Who this desirable person was, is doubtful. Gerlach thinks that Lucilius' quarrel with him began at the siege of Numantia, and that this Fragment is part of a speech which the poet puts into the mouth of Scipio respecting his quæstor. Tuditanus was a cognomen of the Sempronian gens, from the "mallet-shaped" head of one of the family. Pavus may have been derived from the taste shown by one of them for feeding and fattening peacocks. There was a Publius Sempronius Tuditanus consul with M. Cornelius Cethegus in B.C. 204, and a Caius Semp. Tuditanus consul B.C. 129, the year of Scipio Africanus' death. Cicero speaks highly of his eloquence (Brut., c. 25), and Dionysius Halicarnassus of his historical powers (i., p. 9).

[1768] Corpet supposes the allusion to be to the game called "duodecim scripta," which resembled our backgammon; the alveolus being a kind of table on which the dice were thrown, with a rim to prevent their rolling off. Cicero tells us P. Mutius Scævola was a great adept at this game. (Or., i., 50.) Gerlach supposes it to be a Fragment of the speech of some plain countryman, who couples all these things together, to show that they do not tend to make life happier. Calces will be the white lines marked on the stadium.

[1769] ἢ πᾶσιν, κ. τ. λ. Part of Achilles' speech to Ulysses in the shades below, where he declares he would rather submit to the most menial offices on earth, than rule over all the shades of departed heroes. Odyss., xi., 491. Cf. Attii Epinausimache, "Probis probatum potius quam multis fore."

[1770] The prætor may probably be C. Cæcilius Metellus Caprarius, with whom Scipio was so wroth at Numantia, as Cicero tells us (de Or., ii., 66); to whom

Gerlach also refers Fr. incert. 96, 97.

[1771] This Fragment is hopeless. Even Gerlach does not attempt to explain it.

[1772] Cercurum. Cf. ad viii., 4.

[1773] Prosecta, the same as prosiciæ (from prosecando, as insiciæ from insecando). The gloss in Festus explains it by αἱ τῶν θυμάτων ἀπαρχαί. Cf. Arnob. adv. Gent., vii., "Quod si omnes has partes quas prosicias dicitis, accipere Dii amant, suntque illis gratæ." Scaliger reads prosiciem.

[1774] Cf. iv., Fr. 12, and Pomponius Pappo ap. Fest. in v., "Nescio quis ellam urget, quasi asinus, uxorem tuam: ita opertis oculis simul manducatur ac molet:" which is perhaps the sense here.

[1775] Gradarius is said of a horse "trained to an easy, ambling pace," like that expressed by the word tolutim, cf. ix., Fr. 6 (exactly the contrary to succussator, ii., Fr. 10), xv., Fr. 2. Hence "pugna gradaria," where the advance to the charge is made at a slow pace. So Seneca (Epist., xl.) applies the term to Cicero's style of oratory, "lentè procedens, interpungens, intermittens actionem."

[1776] Puncto. So στιγμὴ χρόνου. Cf. Terent., Phorm., act. I., iv., 7, "Tum temporis mihi punctum ad hanc rem est."

[1777] Allium olet; instead of the old reading, "allia molliet."

[1778] Macros. So Horace, "Sedulus hospes pæne macros arsit dum turdos versat in igni." i., Sat. v., 72.

BOOK XV.

ARGUMENT.

None of the commentators on Lucilius have ventured to give a decisive opinion on the subject of this book, with the exception of Duentzer; who says that the poet intended it as a defense of true tranquillity of mind, in opposition to the precepts and dogmas of the Stoics. In the sixth Fragment we certainly have mention made of a

philosopher; but it is only to assert that many common and homely articles in daily and constant use are of more real value than any philosopher of any sect. This, however, may be supposed to be the opinion of some vulgar and ignorant plebeian, or of a woman. In the fifth Fragment we have the character of a wife portrayed, such as Juvenal describes so graphically in his sixth Satire. Indolent and slatternly in her husband's presence, she reserves all her graces of manner and elegance of ornament for the presence of strangers. We have besides a notice of the wonders in Homer's narratives, the praises of a good horse, a picture of a usurer, an account of a soldier who has seen service in Spain, a eulogy of frugality and other matters; how all these can possibly be arranged under one head, is, as Gerlach says, a matter of the greatest obscurity.

1 Men think that many wonders described in Homer's verses are prodigies; among the chief of which is Polyphemus the Cyclops, two hundred feet long: and then besides, his walking-stick, greater than the main-mast in any merchantman—[1779]

2 ... no high-actioned Campanian nag will follow him that has conquered by a mile or two * * * *[1780]

3 ... moreover, as to price, the first is half an as, the second a sestertius, and the third more than the whole bushel.

4 ... in the number of whom, first of all Trebellius ... fever, corruption, weariness, and nausea....[1781]

5 When she is alone with you, any thing is good enough. Are any strange men likely to see her? She brings out her ribbons, her robe, her fillets—[1782]

6 A good cloak, if you ask me, or a hackney, a slave, or a litter-mat, is of more service to me than a philosopher—[1783]

7 ... besides, that accursed usurer, and Syrophœnician, what used he to do?[1784]

8 ... not a single slave ... that, just as though he were a slave, no one can speak his mind freely.[1785]

9 ... since he has served as a soldier in the Iberian land, for about eighteen years of his life—....[1786]

10 ... that in the first place, with them, you are a mad, crack-brained fellow.[1787]

11 ... he knows what a tunic and toga are....

12 a huge bowl, like a muzzle, hangs from his nostrils.[1788]

13 ... a bell and twig-baskets of pot-herbs.[1789]

14 ... he sets him low, and behind....[1790]

15 ... or who with grim face, pounces upon money.[1791]

16 ... there is no flummery-maker inferior to you—[1792]

17 ... their heads are bound; and their forelocks float, high, and covering their foreheads, as their custom was.[1793]

18 ... which compelled ... to drink gall, and wrinkle the belly by coarse bread, and inferior oil, and a loaf from Cumæ.[1794]

FOOTNOTES:

[1779] Polyphemus. Hom., Odyss., ix., 319, Κύκλωπος γάρ ἔκειτο μέγα ῥόπαλον παρὰ σηκῷ . . ὅσσον Θ' ἱστὸν νηὸς ἐεικοσόροιο μελαίνης, φορτίδος εὐρείης.

Corbita, "navis oneraria," so called, according to Festus, because a basket (corbis) was suspended from the top of the mast. Cf. Plaut., Pæn., III., i., 4. The smaller swift-sailing vessels were called Celoces (a κέλης), hence "Obsecro operam celocem hanc mihi ne corbitam date." Cf. Plant., Pseud., V., ii., 12.

[1780] Sonipes. Cf. Virg., Æn., xi., 599, "Fremit æquore toto insultans sonipes, et pressis pugnat habenis." Catull., lxiii., 41, "Sol pepulit noctis umbras vegetis sonipedibus." Succussor. Cf. ii., Fr. 10. Milli is apparently an old ablative of the singular form.

[1781] The whole Fragment is so corrupt as to be hopeless. Gerlach's interpolations are scarcely tenable. Senium, we learn from Nonius, is equivalent to tædium. So

Persius, "En pallor seniumque." i., 26. Vomitus seems to be applicable to a person, "an unclear, offensive fellow." So Plaut., Mostell., III., i., 119, "Absolve hunc, quæso, vomitum, ne hic nos enecet."

[1782] Cf. Juv., vi., 461, "Ad mœchum lotâ veniunt cute: quando videri vult formosa domi? mœchis foliata parantur. Interea fœda aspectu ridendaque multo pane tumet facies ... tandem aperit vultum et tectoria prima reponit, incipit agnosci." Spiram. Cf. Juv., viii., 208. Redimicula. Juv., ii., 84. Virg., Æn., ix., 614.

[1783] Pænula. Cf. Juv., v., 79. Canterius. Cf. ad lib. iii., Fr. 9. Segestre, a kind of straw mat (from seges) used in litters.

[1784] Gerlach's reading is followed. τοκογλύφος is one who calculates his interest to a farthing; a sordid usurer. Syrophœnix. Cf. iii., Fr. 33.

[1785] Ergastulum is put sometimes for the slave himself, sometimes for the under-ground dungeon where, as a punishment, he was set to work. Cf. Juv., vi., 151, "Ergastula tota." viii., 180, "Nempe in Lucanos aut Tusca ergastula mittas." xiv., 24, "Quem mire afficiunt inscripta ergastula." Nonius says that the masculine form, ergastulus, is used for the "keeper of the bridewell," custos pœnalis loci.

[1786] The war in Spain may be dated from the refusal of the Segedans to comply with the directions of the senate, and to pay their usual tribute. The failure of M. Fulvius Nobilior in Celtiberia took place B.C. 153, exactly twenty years before the fall of Numantia.

[1787] Cerebrosus. "Qui cerebro ita laborat ut facile irascatur." Plaut., Most., IV., ii., 36, "Senex hic cerebrosus est certe." Hor., i., Sat. v., 21, "Donec cerebrosus prosilit unus, ac mulæ nautæque caput lumbosque saligno fuste dolat."

[1788] Postomis (ab ἐπιστομίς), or, as some read, prostomis, is a sort of muzzle or "twitch" put upon the nose of a refractory horse. To this Lucilius compares the drinking-cup applied for so long a time to the lips of the toper, that it looks as though it were suspended from his nose. Cf. Turneb., Adversar., 17, c. ult. Trulla.

Cf. Juv., iii., 107.

[1789] Sirpicula is a basket made of twigs or rushes, for carrying flowers or vegetables. By tintinnabulum Scaliger understands "genus vehiculi." But sirpiculæ (a sirpando) are also "the twigs with which bundles of fagots, etc., are bound together," which were also used in administering punishment; and the allusion may be to this, as those who were led to punishment sometimes carried bells. Vid. Turneb., Advers., xi., 21. Hence Tintinnaculus. Plaut., Truc., IV., iii., 8.

[1790] The MSS. vary between suffectus and sufferctus. The latter would come from suffercio. Cf. Suet., Ner., 20.

[1791] Inuncare is applied by Apuleius to "an eagle bearing away a lamb in its talons."

[1792] Alica (anciently halica) is a kind of grain, somewhat like spelt. The ζέα or χόνδρος of the Greeks. Of this they prepared a kind of porridge or furmety, of which the Italians were very fond; as of the polenta, and the maccaroni of the present day. Cf. ad Pers., iii., 55.

[1793] Aptari Nonius explains by nexum, illigatum. Capronæ (quasi a capite pronæ) is properly "that part of the mane which falls between the horse's ears in front." Then, like antiæ, applied to the forelocks of women. Vid. Fest. in v.

[1794] Galla is properly the gall-nut, or oak-apple, used, from its astringent qualities, in tanning and dyeing; and hence applied to any harsh, rough, inferior wine. Acerosum (cf. ad ix., Fr. 15) is applied to meal not properly cleared from the husk or bran; the αὐτόπυρος of the Greeks. Decumanus (cf. ad iv., Fr. 2) is often applied to any thing of uncommon size: here it is used for the worst kind of oil (quasi ex decimâ quâque mensurâ rejecto et projecto), or more probably "such oil as the husbandman would select in order to furnish his decimæ," i. e., the very worst. Festus says the whole fragment is an admonition to the exercise of frugality and self-denial.

BOOK XVI.

ARGUMENT.

We have in the old grammarians two conflicting accounts of the subject of this book. Censorinus (de Die Natali, iii.) says that it contained a discussion on the "double genius" which the Socratic Euclides assigned to all the human race. On the other hand, Porphyrion (in a note of the twenty-second ode of Horace's first book) tells us that Horace here imitated Lucilius, who inscribed his sixteenth book to his mistress Collyra; hence this book was called Collyra, as the ninth was styled Fornix (in which also we may observe that it was stated that the double genius of Euclides was discussed). Priscian again seems to imply (III., i., 8) that it was inscribed to Fundius; and that Horace copied from it his fourteenth Epistle of the first book. Gerlach considers the 1st, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Fragments may form part of a conversation between Lucilius and his steward, on the true use of riches. The 10th Fragment may refer to Collyra, especially if we may suppose that the 13th Fragment (incert.) refers to the same person. If so, she was probably, like the Fornarina of Raffaelle, some buxom ἀρτοκόπος (cf. Herod., i., 51) or confectioner. And this her name seems to imply, Collyra being a kind of circular wheaten cake, either prepared in a frying-pan, or baked on the coals or in an oven. (Cf. Coliphium, Juv., ii., 53, and Plaut., Pers., I., iii., 12, "Collyræ facite ut madeant et coliphia.") She is therefore the "valida pistrix" who understands the whole mystery of making Mamphulæ, which, as Festus tells us, was a kind of Syrian bread or cake, made without leaven.

1 A ram went by, by chance; "now what breed?" says he. What great * *! You would think they were scarcely fastened by a single thread, and that a huge weight was suspended from the end of his hide.

2 The Jupiter of Lysippus, forty cubits high at Tarentum, surpassed that....[1795]

3 The famous King Cotus said that the only two winds he knew were Auster and Aquilo; but much more those little Austers.... nor did he think it was necessary to

know....[1796]

4 A certain man bequeathed to his wife all his chattels, and his household stuff. What constitutes chattels? and what does not? For who is to decide that point at issue?[1797]

5 Fundius, ... merit delights you ... if you have turned out a somewhat more active bailiff.[1798]

6 These whom riches advance.... and they anoint their unkempt heads.

7 Why do you seek for this so lazily, especially at this time.

8 ... you sell publicly however, and lick the edge....[1799]

9 ... this is far different, says he ... who was sowing onions.

10 ... from the middle of the bake-house.

FOOTNOTES:

[1795] This Fragment Gerlach quotes as one of the most corrupt of all. The colossal statue of the sun, at Rhodes, may perhaps be referred to as being outdone. For Lysippus, cf. Cic., de Orat., iii., 7; Brut., 86. Plin., H. N., vii., 37. Hor., ii., Ep. i., 240. Athen., xi, 784, C. Müller's Archæol. of Art, § 129.

[1796] Cotys. This was as generic a name for the Thracian kings as Arsaces among the Parthians. Livy mentions a Cotys, son of Seuthes, king of the Odrysæ, who brought a thousand cavalry to the support of Perseus against the Romans, and speaks of him in the highest terms of commendation: lib. xlii., 29, 51, 67; xliii., 3. Another Cotys assisted Pompey, for which handsome presents were sent to him: cf. Lucan, Phars., v., 54. A third Cotys, or Cottus, king of the Bessi, is mentioned by Cicero as having bribed L. Calpurnius Piso, the proconsul, with three hundred talents: In Pison., xxxiv. The first of the three is probably intended here, as Livy tells us that after the termination of the Macedonian war (in which Scipio served), Bitis, the son of Cotys, was restored with other captives unransomed to his father, in consequence

of the hereditary friendship existing between the Roman people and his ancestors. The sayings of Cotys, therefore, might have been current at Rome in Lucilius' time. Liv., xlv., 42.

[1797] Mundus (quasi movendus, quod moveri potest), which seems at first to have had the meaning in the text, came afterward to be applied particularly to the necessary appendages of women, unguents, cosmetics, mirrors, vessels for the bath, etc.; and hence the word muliebris is generally added. It differs from ornatus, which is applied to rings, bracelets, earrings, jewels, head-gear, ribbons, etc. (Cf. Liv., xxxiv., 7.) Hence the usual formula of wills, "Uxori meæ vestem, mundum muliebrem, ornamenta omnia, aurum, argentum, do, lego." Penus is properly applied to all "household stores laid up for future use;" hence penitus, penetro, and penates. Cf. Virg., Æn., i., 704, "Cura penum struere."

[1798] Villicus. Cf. Hor., i., Epist. xiv. The Villicus superintended the country estate, as the dispensator did the city household. They were both generally "liberti." Fundi is translated as a proper name on the authority of Priscian, III., i., 8.

[1799] Ligurris. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. iii., 80, "Servum patinam qui tollere jussus semesos pisces tepidumque ligurierit jus." ii., Sat. iv., 78, "Seu puer unctis tractavit calicem manibus dum furta ligurit." Juv., ix., 5, "Nos colaphum incutimus lambenti crustula servo."

BOOK XVII.

ARGUMENT.

This book contained, according to Schoenbeck's view, a discussion on the dogma of the Stoics, "that no one could be said to possess any thing peculiarly his own." The poet therefore ridicules the creations of the older poets, who have dignified their heroines with every conceivable embellishment, and invested them with the attractions of every virtue that adorns humanity. He then goes through the list of all

the greatest mythological personages that occur in the various Epic poets, in order to show the fallacy of their ideas, and establish his own theory on the subject of moral virtue. Gerlach, on the other hand, considers that the subject was merely a disparagement of the boasted virtues of the female character; by showing that even these creations of ideal perfection, elaborated by poets of the greatest genius, and endowed with every excellence both of mind and body, are not even by them represented as exempt from those passions and vices which disgrace their unromantic fellow-mortals. In this general detraction of female purity, not even the chaste Penelope herself escapes. The 6th Fragment seems to be directed against those whose verses are composed under the inspiration of sordid gain.

1 Now that far-famed lady with the "beautiful ringlets," "and beautiful ankles?" Do you think it was forbidden to touch her...? Or that Alcmena, the bedfellow of Amphytrion, and others, was knock-kneed or bandy-legged. In fine, Leda herself; I don't like to mention her: look out yourself, and choose some dissyllable. Do you think Tyro, the nobly-born, had any thing particularly disfiguring; a wart ... a mole, or a projecting tooth?[1800]

2 All other things he despises; and lays out all at no high interest ... but that no one has aught of his own....[1801]

3 His bailiff Aristocrates, a drudge and neat-herd, he corrupted and reduced to the last extremity.[1802]

4 Do you, when married, say you will never be married, because you hope Ulysses still survives?

5 If he will not go, seize him, he says; and if he shuffles, lay hands on him....[1803]

6 ... if you sell your Muses to Laverna.[1804]

7 ... the big bones and shoulders of the man appear.[1805]

FOOTNOTES:

[1800] καλλιπλόκαμος is the epithet applied by Homer (Il., xiv., 326) to Demeter, in a passage which seems to have been a favorite one with Lucilius. Cf. book i., Fr. 15. Leda is also mentioned in connection with her. It is applied also to Thetis, Il., xviii., 407. καλλίσφυρος is applied to Danäe in the passage referred to above, and to Ino, daughter of Cadmus, Odyss., v., 333. For mammis Gerlach suggests "palmis." Compernis is also applied to one who, from having over-long feet or heels, knocks his ankles together, ἄκοιτιν. Odyss., xi., 266.

Τυρὼ εὐπατέρειαν. Odyss., xi., 235. Verruca, ἀκροχορδών. Nævus (quasi gnæus, or gnavus, Fest., because born with a person, hence sometimes called Nævus Maternus) is put for any disfiguring mark. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. vi., 67. Shaks., Cymb., act ii., sc. 2.

[1801] Proprium, equivalent to perpetuum. Nonius.

[1802] Mediastinum. Cf. Hor., i., Ep. xiv., 14, "Tu mediastinus tacitâ prece rura petebas. Nunc urbem et ludos et balnea villicus optas." Torrentius explains mediastinus by "Servus ad omnia viliora officia comparatus." The Schol. Cruq. by "Servus qui stat in medio, paratus omnium ministeriis." Commanducatus. Cf. ad iv., Fr. 12. Ad Incita. Cf. ad iii., Fr. 30.

[1803] Calvitur, from calvus, because the tricky old men, slaves especially, were always represented on the Roman comic stage (as the clowns in our pantomimes) with bald heads: hence "to frustrate, disappoint." "Calamitas plures annos arvas calvitur." Pacuv. So Plaut., Cas., II., ii., 3, "Ubi domi sola sum sopor manus calvitur." Hence Venus is called Calva, "Quod corda amantium calviat," i. e., fallat, deludat. Serv. ad Virg., Æn., i., 720.

[1804] The Fragment is very corrupt. The reading of the MSS. is, "Si messes facis, Musas si vendis Lavernæ." Dusa suggests "Semissis facient." Mercer, "Si versus facies musis." Gerlach, "Semissis facies Musas si vendis Lavernæ." Semissis, a genitive like Teruncii, i. e., "Your verses will be worthless if the only Muse that

inspires you is the love of gain." Laverna was the Goddess of Thieves at Rome. Plaut., Cornic., "Mihi Laverna in furtis celebrassis manus." Hor., i., Epist. xvi., 60, "Pulchra Laverna, da mihi fallere, da justo sanctoque videri," where the old Schol. says she derived her name a Lavando, because thieves were called Lavatores. Scaliger thinks she is identical with the Greek goddess πραξιδίκη, which others deny. The word is also derived from latere, and λαβεῖν. Ausonius applies the term to a plagiarist: "Hic est ille Theo poeta falsus, Bonorum mala carminum Laverna." Ep. iv.

[1805] Cf. Virg., Æn., v., 420, "Et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacertosque Exuit."

BOOK XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

From the small portion of this book that has come down to us, it is but mere idle conjecture to attempt to decide upon its subject. Petermann says it treated "of fools and misers." There are some lines in the first Satire of Horace's first book, which bear so close a resemblance to some lines in this book that Gerlach considers it was the model which Horace had before his eyes. The passages are quoted in the notes.

1 Take twelve hundred bushels of corn, and a thousand casks of wine....[1806]

2 In short, as a fool never has enough, even though he has everything....

3 ... for even in those districts, there will be drunk a cup tainted with rue and sea-onion....[1807]

4 ... I enjoy equally with you—[1808]

5 ... in the transaction of the ridiculous affair itself, he boasts that he was present.

FOOTNOTES:

[1806] Cf. Hor., i., Sat. i., 45, "Millia frumenti tua triverit area centum."

[1807] Incrustatus. Hor., i., Sat. iii., 56, "Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare." Where Porphyrion explains the word, "incrustari vas dicitur cum aliquo vitioso succo illinitur atque inquinatur." It is sometimes applied to covering any thing, as a cup, with gold or silver (cf. Juv., v., 88, "Heliadum crustas"), or a wall with roughcast or plaster. For the vinum rutatum, see Pliny, H. N., xix., 45. Scilla is probably the sort of onion to which Juvenal refers, Sat. vii., 120, "Afrorum Epimenia, bulbi."

[1808] Fruniscor, an old form of fruor. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. i., 47, "Non tuns hoc capiet venter plus quam mens."

BOOK XIX.

ARGUMENT.

The same may be said of this book as of the eighteenth. The few Fragments that remain being insufficient to furnish any data for a positive opinion as to its subject. From the 2d and 3d Fragments, Mercer supposes that the same question was discussed which Cicero refers to in the Offices (lib. ii., c. 20), "Whether a worthy man, without wealth, was to be preferred to a very rich man who had but an indifferent reputation." The second Fragment clearly contains a precept respecting the laying up a store which may be made available in time of distress; which Horace had perhaps in his eye in book i., Sat. i., l. 33, seq. It contains likewise a criticism on a verse of Ennius, as being little more than empty sound, devoid of true poetic sentiment; which probably was the basis of Cicero's censure in the Tusculan disputations. The study of dramatic composition is also discouraged, from the fact that the most elaborate passages are frequently spoiled by the want of skill in the Tragic actor. In the 9th Fragment, Dacke supposes there is an allusion to the Dulorestes of Pacuvius. The 7th Fragment may also probably refer to Ennius, as the principal word in it is employed by him in the eleventh book of his Annals. There is probably also a hit at those poets who adopt a style of diction quite unintelligible to ordinary readers.

1 Wrinkled and shriveled old men are in quest of all the same things.[1809]

2 So do thou seek for those fruits, which hereafter in ungenial winter thou mayest enjoy; with this delight thyself at home.[1810]

3 Will you have the gold, or the man? Why, have the man! What boots the gold? Wherefore, as we say, I see nothing here which I should greatly covet....[1811]

4 And infant children make a woman honest....

5 So each one of us is severally affected....

6 Choose that particular day which to you seems best.

7 ... but do not criticise the lappet[1812]

8 ... hanging from the side, sprinkling the rocks with clotted gore and black blood....[1813]

9 The tragic poet who spoils his verses through Orestes about to grow hoarse.[1814]

10 ... twenty thousand gravers and pincers[1815]

11 ... and to pluck out teeth with crooked pincers.

12 ... desire may be eradicated from a man, but never covetousness from a fool.[1816]

FOOTNOTES:

[1809] Passus is properly applied to a dried grape; either "quod solem diutius passa est," or more probably from pando.

[1810] Cf. Hor., i., Sat. i., 32, "Sicut parvula nam exemplo est magni formica laboris ore trahit quodcunque potest atque addit acervo quem struit, haud ignara et non incanta futuri. Quæ simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum non usquam prorepit et illis utitur ante quæsitis sapiens."

[1811] The passage in Cicero stands thus, "Si res in contentionem veniet, nimirum Themistocles est auctor adhibendus; qui cum consuleretur utrum bono viro pauperi,

an minùs probato diviti, filiam collocaret: Ego vero, inquit, malo virum, qui pecuniâ egeat, quam pecuniam, quæ viro." De Off., ii., 20.

[1812] Peniculamentum is a portion of the dress hanging down like a tail; perhaps like the "liripipes" of our ancestors. "Pendent peniculamenta unum ad quodque pedule." Ennius, Annal., lib. xi., ap. Nonium.

[1813] Cicero (Tusc. Qu., i., 44) quotes the passage from the Thyestes of Ennius: it is part of his imprecation against Atreus, "Ipse summis saxis fixus asperis evisceratus," etc. Vid. Enn., Frag. Bothe, p. 66, 11. Gerlach considers them to be the very words of Ennius, inserted in his Satire by Lucilius. Cicero's criticism is probably borrowed from Lucilius: it is in no measured terms: "Illa inania; non ipsa saxa magis sensu omni vacabant quam ille 'latere pendens' cui se hic cruciatum censet optare: quæ essent dura si sentiret; nulla sine sensu sunt."

[1814] Cf. Juv., i., 2, "Rauci Theseide Codri ... necdum finitus Orestes."

[1815] Gerlach supposes that Lucilius ridicules the folly of those poets who either write what is unintelligible, or whose effusions are spoiled by the indifference of the actors who personate their characters, in the same way as Horace, ii., Sat. iii., 106, "Si scalpra et formas non sutor emat."

[1816] Nonius explains cupiditas to be a milder form of cupído.

BOOK XX.

ARGUMENT.

Gerlach without hesitation pronounces the subject of this book to have been "the superstition of the lower orders, and the luxury of the banquets of the wealthy." There were, even in the days of Lucilius, many who could see through, and heartily despise, the ignorant superstition by which their fellow-men were shackled. Hence the famous saying of Cato, that he wondered how a soothsayer could look another of the same profession in the face without laughing. The 3d and 4th Fragments are

probably part of the speech of some notorious epicure, who cordially detests the simplicity and frugality of ancient days; and the 6th may contain the fierce expression of his unmeasured indignation at any attempt to suppress or curtail the lavish munificence and luxurious self-indulgence of men like himself. The 6th, 7th, and 9th Fragments may also refer to the sumptuous banquets of the day.

1 These bugbears, Lamiæ, which the Fauni and Numas set up—at these he trembles, and sets all down as true.... Just as little children believe that all the statues of brass are alive and human beings, just so these men believe all these fables to be true, and think there is a heart inside these brazen statues.

... It is a mere painter's board, nothing is real; all counterfeit.[1817]

2 ... in their own season, and at one and the same time ... and in half an hour ... after three are ended ... only the same and the fourth.

3 ... such dainties as endive, or some herb of that kind, and pilchards' sauce ... but this is sorry ware.[1818]

4 I reviled the savage law of Calpurnius Piso, and snorted forth my angry breath from my nostrils....[1819]

5 ... then he will burst asunder, just as the Marsian by his incantation makes the snakes burst, when he has caused all their veins to swell

6 They are captivated with tripe and rich dinners.[1820]

7 ... he be a trifler and an empty-headed fellow ... far the greatest[1821]

8 ... then a certain youth whom they call[1822]

9 ... then he wiped the broad tables with a purple napkin[1823]

10 ... damage the bows and shear away the helm.

11 ... they chatter: and your dirty-nosed country lout chimes in.[1824]

FOOTNOTES:

[1817] Terriculas (for the old reading, Terricolas), "any thing used to frighten

children, as bugbears." The forms terriculum and terriculamentum also occur. Compare the μορμολυκεῖον of the Greeks, Arist., Thesm., 417, and μορμὼ, Arist., Achar., 582; Pax, 474 (vid. Ruhnken's Timæus, in voc., who quotes numerous passages); and Empusa, Ar., Ran., 293. The Lamiæ were monsters, represented of various shapes (λάμια, Arist., Vesp., 1177, from λάμος, vorago), as hags, or vampyres (strigum instar), or with the bodies of women above, terminating in the lower extremities of an ass. Hence ὀνοσκελίς, ὀνοκώλη. Vid. Hor., A. P., 340, "Neu pransæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo," cum Schol. Cruqu. They were supposed to devour children, or at all events suck their blood. Cf. Tert. adv. Valent., iii. Festus in voc. Manducus, Maniæ. Manducus is probably from mandendo, and was represented with huge jaws and teeth, like our "Raw-head and bloody-bones." It was probably the mask used in the Atellane exodia. Cf. Juv., iii., 175, "Cum personæ pallentis hiatum in gremio matris formidat rusticus infans." Plaut., Rud., II., vi., 51, "Quid si aliquo ad ludos me pro manduco locem? Quapropter? Quia pol clarè crepito dentibus." The Fauni are put for any persons of great antiquity, the inventors of these fables (ἀρχαϊκά, Ar., Nub., 812), just as Picus in Juvenal, viii., 131, "tum licet a Pico numeres genus." Pergula (cf. ad Juv., xi., 137) is "the stall outside a shop where articles were exhibited for sale," and where painters sometimes exposed their pictures to public view. [Cf. Plin., xxxv., 10, 36, who says Apelles used to conceal himself behind the pergula, to hear the remarks of passers-by on his paintings.]

[1818] Pulmentarium. So ὄψον, "any kind of food eaten with something else, though rarely, if ever, with vegetables." It took its name from the days when the Romans had no bread, but used pulse instead. Vid. Plin., xviii., 8, 19. Pers., iii., 102. Juv., vii., 185. Hor., ii., Sat. ii., 19, "Tu pulmentaria quære sudando." Intybus. Cf. ad v., Fr. 14. Mænarum. Ad Pers., iii, 76.

[1819] Cf. Introduction, p. 285. Gerlach says it describes the fierce snortings of an angry man: "hominem ex imo pectore iras anhelantem." Cf. Pers., v., 91, "Ira cadat naso." Theoc., i., 18, χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κάθηται. Mart., vi., Ep. lxiv., 28.

[1820] Præcisum, like omasum, "the fat part of the belly of beef chopped up;" the "busecchie" of the modern Italians.

[1821] Cf. xiv., Fr. 3.

[1822] Parectaton, a παρεκτείνω. Quasi extensus, "an overgrown youth." The penultima is lengthened in Latin.

[1823] Cf. Hor., ii., Sat. viii., 11.

[1824] Deblaterant. Cf. Plaut., Aul., II., iii., 1. Blennus is beautifully expressed by the German "rotznase." Plaut., Bacch., V., i., 2.

BOOK XXI.

Of this Book no Fragments remain.

BOOK XXII.

1 Those hired female mourners who weep at a stranger's funeral, and tear their hair, and bawl louder....[1825]

2 A slave neither faithless to my owner, nor unserviceable to any, here I, Metrophanes, lie, Lucilius' main-stay[1826]

3 Zopyrion cuts his lips on both sides....[1827]

4 ... whether the man's nose is straighter now, ... his calves and legs.

FOOTNOTES:

[1825] Præfica, the ἰαλεμίστρια, Æsch., Choëph., 424, or θρηνήτρια (cf. Mark, v., 38), of the Greeks; from præficiendo, as being set at the head of the other mourners, to give them the time, as it were: "quaæ dant cæteris modum plangendi, quasi in hoc ipsum præfectæ." Scaliger says it was an invention of the Phrygians to employ these hired mourners. Plaut., Truc., II., vi., 14. Gell., xviii., 6. The technical name of their lamentation was Nænia. Cf. Fest. in voc. It generally consisted of the praises of the deceased. Æsch., Choëph., 151, παιᾶνα τοῦ θανόντος ἐξαυδωμένας. [Cf. Hor., A. P.,

431, "Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo."]

[1826] Cf. Introduction. Mart., xi., Ep. xc., 4. Plaut., Amph., I., i., 213. Terent., Phorm., II., i., 57, "O bone custos salve, columen verò familiæ!" Columella is properly "the king-post that supports the roof;" then put, like columen, for the main-stay or support of any thing. So Horace calls Mæcenas, ii., Od. xvii., 4, "Mearum grande decus columenque rerum." Cic., Sext., viii., "Columen reipublicæ." So Timon is called, Lucian, Tim., 50, τὸ ἔρεισμα τῶν Ἀθηναίων. Sil., xv., 385, "Ausonii columen regni." So Clytæmnestra calls Agamemnon, ὑψηλῆς στέγης στύλον ποδήρη. Ag., 898. [Doederlein thinks there is a connection between the words culmus, calamus, culmen, columen, columna, columella, with cello, whence celsus. "Significarique id quod emineat, sursum tendat, altum sit," ii., 106.]

[1827] Cf. ad ix., 14.

BOOK XXIII.

1 ... and the slave who had licked with his lips the nice cheese-cakes.[1828]

2 ... to hold[1829]

FOOTNOTES:

[1828] Lamberat. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. iii., 80, "Si quis eum servum, patinam qui tollere jussus semesos pisces tepidumque ligurrierit jus, in cruce suffigat." Juv., xi., 5. Placenta, the πλακοῦς of the Greeks, was a flat cake made of flour, cheese, and honey, rolled out thin and divided into four parts. Cato, R. R., 76, gives a receipt for making it. It was used in sacrifices. Hence Horace, i., Epist. x., 10, "Utque sacerdotis fugitivus liba recuso: Pane egeo jam mellitis potiore placentis." Juv., xi., 59, "pultes coram aliis dictem puero sed in aure placentas." Mart., v., Ep. xxxix., 3; vi., Ep. lxxv., 1, "Quadramve placentæ." ix., Ep. xci., 18.

[1829] Tongere is, according to Voss, an old form of tenere, and has its triple

meanings: "to know; to rule over; to overcome." The Prænestines used tongitionem for notitionem.

BOOKS XXIV., XXV.

No Fragments extant.[1830]

FOOTNOTES:

[1830] The few Fragments referred to these books are, in better MSS. and editions, ascribed to others, where they will be found.

BOOK XXVI.

ARGUMENT.

Gerlach considers this book to contain the strongest evidences of how much Horace was indebted to Lucilius, not only in the choice of his subjects, but also in his illustration and method of handling the subject when chosen. In the 105th of the Fragmenta incerta, we find the words "Valeri sententia dia" (which Horace imitates, i., Sat. ii., 32, "sententia dia Catonis"). By Valerius he here supposes Q. Valerius Soranus to be intended; a man of great learning and an intimate friend of Publius Scipio and Lucilius. He was author of a treatise on grammar, entitled ἐποπτίδων; which contained, according to Turnebe's conjecture, a discussion on the mysteries of literature and learning (ἐπόπτης being applied to one initiated into the mysteries). This is not improbable; as he is said to have lost his life for divulging the sacred and mysterious name of Rome. Vid. Plut., Qu. Rom., lxi. [Two verses of his are quoted by Varro, L. L., vii., 3, and x., 70. Cf. Plin., H. N., Præf., p. 6, Hard. A. Gell., ii., 10.]

With him, therefore, as a man of judgment and experience, Lucilius, who had already acquired some ill-will from his Satires, consults, as to the best method of avoiding all odium for the future, and as to the subjects he shall select for his compositions. This book then contains an account of this interview between the poet

and his adviser; and Gerlach most ingeniously arranges the fragments in such an order as to represent in some manner the topics of discussion in a methodical sequence. These are, chiefly, the propriety of his continuing to pursue the same style of writing, and the enunciation of the opinions of both on matters relating to war, marriage, and literary pursuits.

Van Heusde and Schoenbeck give no definite idea of the subject. Petermann considers the subject matter to have been far more diversified. The book begins, in his opinion, with a vivid description of the miseries of conjugal life, introducing a very graphic matrimonial quarrel; this is followed by so infinitely diversified a farrago of sentiments that it is hopeless to attempt to establish any systematic connection between them.

Corpet considers the whole to have been a philosophical discussion of the miseries of human life, especially those attendant on the married state, which the poet illustrated by the very forcible example of Agamemnon and Clytæmnestra.

The whole of the book was composed in the Trochaic metre; consisting of tetrameters catalectic and acatalectic. A few Fragments consist of Iambic heptameters and octometers (Iambici septenarii et octonarii), unless, as is not improbable, these lines have been referred to this book, through the inadvertence of grammarians or copyists. It might, however, have been intentional, as in the succeeding books we find Iambic, Trochaic, and Dactylic metres indiscriminately employed.

1 Men, by their own act, bring upon themselves this trouble and annoyance; they marry wives, and bring up children, by which they cause these.[1831]

2 For you say indeed, that what was secretly intrusted to you, you would neither utter a single murmur, nor divulge your mysteries abroad....[1832]

3 If she were to ask me for as much iron as she does gold, I would not give it her. So again, if she were to sleep away from me, she would not get what she asks.

4 ... but Syrus himself, the Tricorian, a freedman and thorough scoundrel; with whom I become a shuffler, and change all things.[1833]

5 ... covered with filth, in the extremity of dirt and wretchedness, exciting neither envy in her enemies, nor desire in her friends.

6 ... but that I should serve under Lucilius as collector of the taxes on pasturage in Asia, no, that I would not![1834]

7 ... just as the Roman people has been conquered by superior force, and beaten in many single battles; but in war never, on which every thing depends.

8 Some woman hoping to pillage and rifle me, and filch from me my ivory mirror.[1835]

9 In throwing up a mound, if there is any occasion for bringing vineæ into play, their first care is to advance them.

10

11 Take charge of the sick man, pay his expenses, defraud his genius.[1836]

12 ... But for whom? One whom a single fever, one attack of indigestion, nay, a single draught of wine, could carry off....[1837]

13 If they commiserate themselves, take care you do not assign their case too high a place.[1838]

14 Now, in like manner ... we wish to captivate their mind ... just to the people and to authors....[1839]

15 ... you do not collect that multitude of your friends which you have entered on your list....[1840]

16 ... wherefore it is better for her to cherish this, than bestow all her regard on that....

17 ... in the first place, all natural philosophers say, that man is made up of soul and body.

18 ... to have returned and retraced his steps[1841]

19 ... and that which is greatly to your fancy is excessively disagreeable to me....

20 ... strive with the highest powers of your nature: whereas I, on the other hand ... that I may be different[1842]

21 ... whether he should hang himself, or fall on his sword, that he may not look upon the sky....[1843]

22 ... study the matter, and give your attention to my words, I beg.

23 ... in order that I may escape from that which I perceive it is the summit of your desires to attain to.[1844]

24 On the other hand, it is a disgrace not to know how to conquer in war the sturdy barbarian Hannibal.[1845]

25 ... but if they see this, they think that a wise man always aims at what is good....

26 ... delighted with your pursuit, you write an ancient history to your favorites....[1846]

27 ... who I am, and with what husk I am now enveloped, I can not....[1847]

28 ... then to oppose to my mind a body worn out with pains.

29 ... nor before he had handled a man's veins and heart....

30 Let us appear kind and courteous to our friends—[1848]

31 Why should not you too call me unlettered and uneducated?[1849]

32 ... call together the assembly, with hoarse sound and crooked horns.[1850]

33 They will of their own accord fight it out for you, and die, and will offer themselves voluntarily.

34 When I bring forth any verse from my heart—[1851]

35 He is not on that account exalted as the giver of life or of joy....[1852]

36 As each one of us has been brought forth into light from his mother's

womb[1853]

37 ... if you wish to have your mind refreshed through your ears[1854]

38 ... they who drag on life for six months, vow the seventh to Orcus.

39 ... we are easily laughed at; we know that it is highly dangerous to be angry—[1855]

40 Part is blown asunder by the wind, part grows stiff with cold—[1856]

41 ... if he tastes nothing between two market days.[1857]

42 ... let it be glued with warm glue spread over it....

43 ... wherefore I quit the straight line, and gladly discharge the office of rubbish—[1858]

44 ... if I had hit upon any obsolete or questionable word

45 ... your youth, tired and tested to the highest degree by me.[1859]

46 ... when I had invigorated my body with a double stadium on the exercise-ground, and with ball....[1860]

47 ... those who will take food from a clean table must needs wash.

48 Now obscurity is to these a strange and monstrous thing—[1861]

49 ... what you would think you should beware of and chiefly avoid....

50 ... enter on that toil which will bring you both fame and profit—

51 ... what he understood, I showed that not a few could:

52 ... how disgusting and poor a thing it is to live [with loathing for food].[1862]

53 ... for my part, I am not persuaded publicly to change mine.

54 ... then my tithes, which treat me so ill, and turn out so badly

55 ... we see that he who is ill in mind gives evidence of it in his body.

56 ... make the battle of Popilius resound[1863]

57 ... Sylvanus, the driver away of wolves ... and trees struck by lightning.[1864]

58 ... that you transport yourself from the fierce storms of life into quiet.

59 Moreover, it is a friend's duty to advise well, watch over, admonish—

60 Since I found it out from great crowds of boon companions—[1865]

61 ... a faithless wife, a sluggish household, a dirty home—[1866]

62 ... nor is peace obtained ... because he dragged Cassandra from the statue[1867]

63 ... Eager to return home, we almost infringed our king's command[1868]

64 ... Let something, at all events, which I have attempted, turn out, some way....

65 ... Thither our eyes of themselves entice us, and hope hurries our mind to the spot.

66 ... he thinks by clothes to ward off cold and shivering.

67 ... unless you write of monsters and snakes with wings and feathers.[1869]

68 ... for I grow contemptuous and am weary of Agamemnon—

69 ... he is tormented with hunger, cold, dirt, unbathed filthiness, neglect.

70 ... a sieve, a colander, a lantern ... a thread for the web.[1870]

71 May the gods suggest better things, and avert madness from you

72 ... a dry, wretched, miserable stock he calls an elder—

73 ... be more learned than the rest; abandon, or change to some other direction, those faults which have become sacred with you.

74 It were better to get gold from the fire or food out of the mud with our teeth.

75 Let him chop wood, perform his task-work, sweep the house, be beaten.

76 He alone warded off Vulcan's violence from the fleet....

77 Therefore, they think all will escape sickness....

78 I therefore dispose, for money, of that which costs me dearer.

FOOTNOTES:

[1831] Producunt, i. e., "instituunt," Nonius: vel "gignunt," Plaut., Rud., IV., iv., 129. Pers., vi., 18, "Geminos Horoscope varo producis genio." Juv., viii., 271, "Quam te Thersitæ similem producat Achilles." Plaut., As., III., i., 40. Ter., Ad., III., ii., 16. Juv., xiv., 228. This, and the 3d, 4th, and 5th Fragments refer to the miseries of married life.

[1832] Mutires, "to grumble, mutter." Plaut., Amph., I., i., 228, "Etiam muttis? jam tacebo."

[1833] The Tricorii were a people of Gallia Narbonensis, on the banks of the Druentia, now Durance, near Briançon, bordering on the Allobroges and Vocontii. Hannibal marched through their territory, after leaving the Arar. Cf. Plin., ii., 4. Liv., xxi., 31. Versipellis. Cf. Plaut., Amph., Prol., 123, "Ita versipellem se facit quando lubet."

[1834] Van Heusde's interpretation is followed, which seems the most obvious one. Gerlach takes the contrary view, and says, these very words prove that Lucilius could not have been a scriptuarius or decumanus. Lucilius means, "he would not change his present condition and pursuits, even for a very lucrative post in Asia."

[1835] Depeculassere and deargentassere, are examples of the old form of a future infinitive ending in assere. Cf. Plaut., Amphit., I., i., 56, "Sese igitur summâ vi virisque eorum oppidum expugnassere." Decalauticare, "to deprive of one's hood," from calautica, "a covering for the head, used by women, and falling over the shoulders." It seems that Cicero charged Clodius with wearing one, when he was detected in Cæsar's house. "Tunc cum vincirentur pedes fasceis, cum calauticam capiti accommodares." Cic. in Clod. ap. Non., in voc. Decalicasse, is another reading.

[1836] Defrudet. Cf. Plaut., Asin., I., i., 77, "Me defrudato. Defrudem te ego? Age, sis, tu sine pennis vola!"

[1837] Cf. Shaksp., Measure for Measure, act iii., sc. 1, "Reason thus with life," etc.

[1838] Read "causam ... collocaveris."

[1839] Hopelessly corrupt. Gerlach says very justly, "fortasse rectius ejusmodi loca intacta relinquuntur."

[1840] Conficere, i. e., "Colligere." Nonius, in voc.

[1841] Repedasse. Cf. Lucret., vi., 1279, "Perturbatus enim totus repedabat." Pacuv. ap. Fest., in voc., "Paulum repeda gnate à vestibulo gradum."

[1842] 19 and 20. Cf. Hor., i., Epist. xiv., 18, "Non eadem miramur: eô disconvenit inter meque et te: nam quæ deserta et inhospita tesqua Credis, amœna vocat mecum qui sentit, et odit quæ tu pulchra putas." Cf. 23.

[1843] Describes the alternatives which the man worn out by conjugal miseries proposes to himself.

[1844] Hor., i., Epist. xiv., 11,. "Cui placet alterius sua nimirum est odio sors. Stultus uterque locum immeritum causatur iniquè. In culpâ est animus qui se non effugit unquam."

[1845] Gerlach's emendation is followed. Nonius explains "viriatum" by "magnarum virium." Freund explains it, "adorned with bracelets," from an old word, "viriæ," a kind of armlet or bracelet.

[1846] This refers, according to Gerlach, to Aulus Postumius Albinus, consul B.C. 151, who wrote a Roman history in Greek. Cic., Brut., 21. Fr. inc. 1.

[1847] Folliculus, properly the "pod, shell, or follicle" of a grain or seed, is here put for the human flesh or body, which serves as the husk to enshrine the principle of vitality.

[1848] Munifici. Plaut., Amph., II., ii., 222, "Tibi morigera, atque ut munifica sim bonis, prosim probis."

[1849] Idiota. Cf. Cic., Ver., ii., 4; Sest., 51. Gerlach considers these words to have

been addressed either to Valerius Soranus, or more probably to Ælius Stilo, whose judgment in literary matters was so highly thought of that even Q. Servilius Cæpio, C. Aurelius Cotta, and Q. Pompeius Rufus used his assistance in the composition of their speeches. Cf. ad lib. i., Fr. 16.

[1850] Lipsius supposes this Fragment to refer to the Roman custom of sounding a trumpet in the most frequented parts of the city, when the day of trial of any citizen, on a capital charge, was proclaimed.

[1851] This Fragment, as well as 37 and 44, Gerlach supposes to have been addressed to Ælius Stilo.

[1852] Vel vitæ vel gaudî dator. Gerlach's last conjecture.

[1853] Bulga. Cf. lib. ii., Fr. 16; vi., Fr. i.

[1854] Irrigarier. Cf. Plaut., Pœn., III., iii., 86, "Vetustate vino edentulo ætatem irriges." Virg., Æn., iii., 511, "Fessos sopor irrigat artus."

[1855] Capital. Cf. Plaut., Trin., IV., iii., 81, "Capitali periculo." Rud., II., iii., 19. Mostell., II., ii., 44, "Capitalis ædes facta est."

[1856] Difflo. "Flatu disturbo." Non. Cf. Plaut. Mil. Gl., I., i., 17, "Quoius tu legiones difflavisti spiritu, quasi ventus folia aut paniculam tectoriam." Gerlach thinks this refers to some description of the return of the Greeks from the Trojan war, and is quoted by Lucilius to show how entirely his style of composition differs from such subjects.

[1857] Nundinæ. The market days were every ninth day, when the country people came into Rome to sell their goods. These days were nefasti. "Ne si liceret cum populo agi, interpellarentur nundinatores." Fest.

[1858] Lira is properly "the ridge thrown up between two furrows." Hence lirare, "to plow or harrow in the seed." [In Juv., Sat. xiii., 65, some read "liranti sub aratro."] Delirare, therefore, is "to go out of the right furrow." Hence, "to deviate from the

straight course, to go wrong, or deranged." Hor., i., Ep. xii., 20, "Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi."

[1859] Spectatam. Ov., Trist., I., v., 25, "Ut fulvum spectatur in ignibus aurum tempore sic duro est inspicienda fides." Cic., Off., ii., 11, "Qui pecuniâ non movetur hunc igni spectatum arbitrantur."

[1860] Siccare, is properly applied "to healing up a running sore." Then generally for hardening and making healthy the skin or body.

[1861] Ignobilitas. Cic., Tusc., v., 36, "Num igitur ignobilitas aut humilitas ... sapientem beatum esse prohibebit?"

[1862] Vescum. Ovid explains the word. Fast., iii., 445, "Vegrandia farra coloni. Quæ male creverunt, vescaque parva vocant." Cf. Virg., Georg., iii., 175, "Et vescas salicum frondes." Lucret., i., 327, "Vesco sale saxa peresa." Nonius explains it by "minutus, obscurus." Gerlach omits the last words of the Fragment.

[1863] Gerlach supposes Popilius Lænas to be meant, who incurred great odium from the manner in which he conducted the inquiry into the death of Tiberius Gracchus.

[1864] Cf. Plaut., Trin., II. iv., 138, "Nam fulguritæ sunt hic alternæ arbores."

[1865] Combibo. "A pot companion." Cic., Fam., ix., 25, "In controversiis quas habeo cum tuis combibonibus Epicureis."

[1866] For the old reading flaci tam, Dusa reads flaccidam; Gerlach, fædatam.

[1867] Nonius explains prosferari by impetrari, which is very doubtful. Scaliger proposes "Nec mihi oilei proferatur Ajax." Gerlach, "Agamemnoni præferatur Ajax," which would connect this Fragment with Fr. 68 and 40, and the following.

[1868] Domuitio (i. e., Domum itio, formed like circuitio). This, probably, also refers to the return of the Greeks from Troy. Imperium imminuimus. Cf. Plaut., Asin., III., i., 6, "Hoccine est pietatem colere imperium matris minuere?"

[1869] This is also an allusion to tragic poets, whose subjects are quite foreign to his taste. Cf. Fr. 40. The allusion is of course to such plays as the Medea of Euripides (the Amphitryo of Plautus, etc.).

[1870] It is not impossible that the reference may be to the custom prescribed by the laws of the xii. tables to persons searching for stolen goods. The person so searching either wore himself (or was accompanied by a servus publicus wearing) a small girdle round the abdomen, called Licium; this was done to prevent any suspicion of himself introducing into the house that which he alleged to have been stolen from him; and that it might not be abused into a privilege of entering the women's apartments for the purposes of intrigue, he was obliged to carry before his face a Lanx perforated with small holes (hence incerniculum), that he might not be recognized by the women, whose apartments the law allowed him to search. This process was called, in law, per lancem et licium furta concipere. It is alluded to by Aristoph., Nub., 485. Cf. Schol. in loc. Fest. in voc. Lanx. Plato, Leg., xii., calls licium χιτωνίσκον.

BOOK XXVII.

ARGUMENT.

The Fragments of this book are of too diversified a character to form a correct conclusion with regard to the general subject. Corpet admits the difficulty, but considers that it contained a criticism upon the philosophic opinions of the day. Mercer thinks that the principal portion was occupied by a matrimonial discussion, in which the lady had decidedly the better of the argument; who being sprung from a more noble descent, and being possessed of a more ample fortune, considered that the control of the household pertained to herself, as a matter of right. These conjectures, however satisfactory as far as they go, will not sufficiently account for the greater portion of the Fragments. Gerlach supposes that the book contained a defense of the poet's own pursuits and habits of life against the attacks of

calumniators. The book begins, therefore, with a conversation between the poet and a friend, when the various points at issue are brought forward and refuted. The chief of these are the study of poetry; which, as Lucilius maintains, conduces greatly to the well-being of the state. He then defends his choice of the particular branch of poetry which he has adopted, and proves that his satiric view is to be attributed to no arrogance, self-sufficiency, or malevolence, or envy toward his fellow-men; that he himself is possessed of a certain evenness of temper, neither elated by prosperity nor depressed by adversity. The result of this temperament is an openness of heart, and frankness of disposition, which leads him to form friendships rapidly, without that cautious circumspection which commonly attends men of less equable tone of mind. This peculiar disposition of mind is also one which, extending to itself no indulgence for any frailty, is but little inclined to overlook the weaknesses of others, but impartially corrects the failings of itself and others: whereas the more common character of mankind is to be indulgently blind to those faults to which they are themselves inclined, and severely critical of the imperfections of their neighbors. While others, again, make it their whole study hypocritically to conceal their own defects. He concludes with a sentiment which Horace has borrowed and enlarged upon, that whereas no perfection can be expected in this life, he is to be accounted to have arrived most nearly at the wished-for goal, who is disfigured by the fewest defects; and since all human affairs are at the best but frail and fleeting, it is a characteristic of wisdom out of evils to choose the least.

1 Moreover it is inherent in good men, whether they are angry or kindly disposed, to remain long in the same way of thinking.[1871]

2 The cook cares not that the tail be very large, provided it be fat. So friends look to a man's mind; parasites, to his riches.

3 He acts in the same way as those who secretly convey away from the harbor an article not entered, that they may not have to pay custom-dues.[1872]

4 Lucilius greets the people in such elaborate verses as he can; and all this too zealously and assiduously.[1873]

5 ... do you think Lucilius will be content, when I have wearied myself out, and used all my best endeavors....

6 ... for such a return as this indeed they foreboded, and to offend in no other thing.

7 ... those, too, who have approached the door they throw out of the windows on their head—

8 ... that I envy no one, nor often cast a jealous eye on their luxuries[1874]

9 ... he on the other hand ... all things imperceptibly and gradually ... out of doors, that he might hurt no one

10 nor, like the Greeks, at whatever question you ask, do we inquire, where are the Socratic writings?[1875]

11 This is little better than moderate; this, as being as bad as possible, is less so.

12 Let your order, therefore, now bring forward the crimes he has committed....

13 ... rather than an indifferent harvest, and a poor vintage

14 ... but if you will watch and carefully observe these for a little time.

15 ... but whatever may happen, or not, I bear patiently and courageously.

16 But if you watch the man who rejoices....

17 What dutiful affection? Five mere shadows of men call....[1876]

18 When I beg for peace, when I soothe her, accost her, and call her "my own!"

19 Yet elsewhere a wart or a scar, a mole or pimples, differ.[1877]

20 ... to which he has once made up his mind, and as he thinks altogether....

21 ... when my little slaves, come to me ... should not I salute my mistress—

22 ... they call mad, whom they see called a sap or a woman.[1878]

23 ... nor if I ... usury a little less; and helped a long time.

24 ... now up, now down, like a mountebank's neck.[1879]

25 ... his country's adviser, and hereditary legislator—

26 What they lend one another, is safe without fear of loss

27 ... if face surpass face, and figure figure—

28 let them rather spare him, whom they can, and in whom they think credit can be placed.[1880]

29 ... since I know that nothing in life is given to man as his own.

30 We were nimble ... thinking that would be ours forever.[1881]

31 Yet if this has not come back to you, you will lack this advantage.

32 I fear it can not be; and I differ from Archilochus.[1882]

33 ... than that he should not alone swallow up and squander all.

34

35 ... especially, if, as I hope, you lend me this....[1883]

36 ... first, with what courage he prevented slavery....

37

38 ... but you fear, moreover, lest you should be captivated by the sight, and her beauty....

39 ... in prosperity to be elated, in adversity to be depressed....

40 ... I will send one to plunder the property; I will look out for a wretched beggar....

41 ... for even from boyhood ... to extricate myself from love....

42 ... whether you maintain at home twenty or thirty or a hundred bread-wasters.[1884]

43 I would have you, as is fair, place faith in hymns.[1885]

44 ... bids you God speed, and salutes you most heartily and warmly.[1886]

FOOTNOTES:

[1871] Propitius is sometimes applied to human beings as well as to deities. Cf. Ter., Adelph., I., i., 6, "Uxor quæ in animo cogitat irata, quam illa quæ parentes propitii." Cic., Att., viii., 16, "hunc propitium sperant, illum iratum putant." The last line is very corrupt. Gerlach proposes to read "soliditas propositi," which is scarcely tenable.

[1872] Inscriptum, any thing contraband, not entered or marked at the custom-house, portitorium. Varr., R. R., II., i., 16.

[1873] Gerlach reads factis instead of fictis, which Nonius must have followed. Cf. Hor., i., Sat. x., 58, "Num rerum dura negarit Versiculos natura magis factos et euntes mollius." Cic., de Orat., iii., 48, "Oratio polita et facta quodammodo." So in Greek, κατειργασμένος· πεποιημένος. Longin., viii.

[1874] Strabo. Cf. Hor., i., Epist. xiv., 37, "Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam limat." To this Varro opposes "integris oculis."

[1875] Cf. Hor., A. P., 310, "Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ."

[1876] Monogrammi. Cf. lib. ii., Fr. 17.

[1877] Papulæ. Cf. Sen., Vit. Beat., 27, "Papulas observatis alienas, obsiti plurimis ulceribus." Virg., Georg., iii., 564.

[1878] Maltha is properly a thick unctuous excretion; fossil tar or petroleum; thence used, like our English "sap," for an effeminate fool: perhaps from the Greek μαλακός.

[1879] Cernuus. Cf. iii., Fr. 20. Properly "one who falls on his face;" then applied to a mountebank or tumbler, throwing somersaults; a πεταυριστὴς· κυβιστητήρ. Cf. "jactata petauro corpora," Juv., xiv., 265, with the note. Lucil., Fr. inc. 40. Collus is the older form of collum.

[1880] Very corrupt: the reading followed is adopted by Dusa and Gerlach.

[1881] Pernicis. Cf. Hor., Epod. ii., 42, "Pernicis uxor Appuli."

[1882] Excidere Nonius explains by dissentire.

[1883] Cf. Plaut., Curc., I., i., 47, "Ego cum illâ facere nolo mutuum."

[1884] Cibicidas, i. e., "slaves," a humorous word, "consumers of food."

[1885] Cf. ad xxviii., 44.

[1886] Sospitat, a religious phrase, properly "to preserve, protect." Plaut., Amph., III., viii., 501, Hild., "Dii plus plusque istuc sospitent." So Ennius, "regnum sospitent superstitentque." Impertit. Cf. Cic., Att., ii., 12, "Terentia impertit tibi multam salutem."

BOOK XXVIII.

ARGUMENT.

Van Heusde considers that this book contained some severe strictures on the part of a morose old man, or stern uncle, on the over-indulgence of a fond and foolish father. Yet a considerable portion of the Satire seems to contain a defense of the poet himself against the assaults of some invidious maligners, and in order to do this, he enters, generally, into a discussion of the habits and manners of young men of the age. Their licentiousness, he is prepared to admit, has been in great measure produced by the want of restraint in early youth. This petulance develops itself in an uncontrolled license of speech, regardless of all annoyance to the feelings of others—in avarice—in haughtiness, the peculiar vice of men of rank—ambition, luxury, and love of sensual pleasure. These charges he illustrates by a passage quoted from Cæcilius. Even those who do show some taste for better things, and apply themselves to the cultivation of philosophy, do not, like Polemon, adopt the severe maxims of a self-denying system, but attach themselves to the school of Epicurus or Aristippus. To such as these, all good advice, all endeavors to reclaim them to the rugged paths of a stricter morality, are utterly hopeless and unavailing.

1 Let him grant the man what he wishes; cajole him, corrupt him altogether, and enfeeble all his nerves.[1887]

2 You can shorten your speech, while your hide is still sound.[1888]

3 He both loved Polemo, and bequeathed his "school" to him after his death; as they call it.[1889]

4 ... wherefore I am resolved to act against him; to prosecute him, and give up his name....

5 ... she will steal every thing with bird-limed hands; will take every thing, believe me, and violently sweep off all—[1890]

6 ... that ancient race, of which is Maximus Quintus, the knock-kneed, the splay-footed....[1891]

7 ... what they say Aristippus the Socratic sent of old to the tyrant....[1892]

8 ... to concede that one point, and yield in that in which he is overcome....[1893]

9 ... or if by chance needs be, elsewhere; if you depart hence for any place—

10 ... though the old woman returns to her wine-pot.[1894]

11 ... to threaten openly to name the day for his trial.

12 ... unhonored, unlamented, unburied—[1895]

13 ... substitute others, if you think whom you can.

14 ... lest he do this, and you escape from this sorrow.

15 ... what will become of me? since you do not wish to associate with the bad.[1896]

16 ... he never bestirs himself, nor acts so as to bring ruin on himself.

17 Here then was the meeting: arms and an ambuscade were placed.[1897]

18 I made away with a large quantity of fish and fatlings; that I deny....[1898]

19 ... add, moreover, a grave and stern philosopher.

20 ... rap at the door, Gnatho: keep it up! they stand firm! We are undone!

21 Come, come, you thieves; prate away your lies![1899]

22 But flight is prepared; greatly excited, he steps with timid foot.[1900]

23 Why do you thus use engines throwing stones of a hundred pounds' weight?[1901]

24 ... in the first place, gold is superabundant, and the treasures are open—

25 ... persuade ... and pass: or tell me why you should pass.

26 † he besides orders our ... who are entering....[1902]

27 ... to your own mischief, you destroyers of hinges[1903]

28 If Lucilius has provoked him in his love.

29 Whether you have kept aloof from your husband, a year, or this year—

30 besides this, some extra work, whenever you please[1904]

31 to whom I intrusted implicitly my life and fortunes.[1905]

32 ... on whom I have often inflicted a thousand stripes a day

33 ... that he is a capital botcher: sews up patchwork excellently.[1906]

34 ... by such great power they will elate their minds to heaven[1907]

35 But what are you doing? tell me that I may know—

36 ... Youth must provide now against old age.

37 As though you had dropsy in your mind.

38 ... as to face and stature....[1908]

39 ... and what is filthy in look and smell—

40 ... to forge supports of gold and brass—[1909]

41 Nor challenges at any price—

42 Go in, and be of good cheer.

43 Care nothing about teaching letters to a clod.[1910]

44 I have made up my mind, Hymnis, that you are taking from a madman[1911]

45 You know the whole affair. I am afraid I shall be blamed

46 Chremes had gone to the middle. Demænetus to the top.

47 Here you will find firm flesh, and the breasts standing forth from a chest like marble—[1912]

48 I will surpass the forms and atoms of Epicurus—

49 † Now you come toward us....[1913]

50 ... I come to the pimp ... that he intends to buy her outright for three thousand sesterces.[1914]

FOOTNOTES:

[1887] Nonius explains eligere by defatigare. It is used by Varro and Columella in the sense of "plucking up, weeding out," eridicare; and metaphorically by Cicero in the same sense. (Tusc., iii., 34.) Gerlach maintains that nervos eligere is not Latin, and reads nervos elidat [which is confirmed by a passage in the same treatise of Cicero, "Nervos omnes virtutis elidunt." Tusc., ii., 11].

[1888] Compendi facere. Plaut., Most., I., i., 57, "Orationis operam compendiface." Pseud., IV., vii., 44, "Quisquis es adolescens operam fac compendi quærere." Asin., II., ii., 41, "Verbivelitationem fieri compendi volo." Capt., V., ii., 12. Bacch., I., ii, 51; II., ii., 6. Terginum is a scourge made of hide (the "cowskin" of the Americans). Cf. Plaut., Ps., I., ii., 22, "Nunquam edepol vostrum durius tergum erit quam terginum hoc meum."

[1889] The story of Polemon entering intoxicated into the school of Xenocrates, and being suddenly converted by that philosopher's lecture on temperance, is told by Diogenes Laertius (in Vit., i., c. 1), and referred to by Horace, ii., Sat. iii., 253, "Faciasne quod olim mutatus Polemon? ponas insignia morbi Fasciolas, cubital,

focalia, potus ut ille dicitur ex collo furtim carpsisse coronas postquam est impransi correptus voce magistri." He afterward succeeded Xenocrates; and Zeno and Arcesilaus were among his hearers. Cic., Orat., iii., 18.

[1890] Viscatis manibus. Cf. Sen., Ep. viii., 3, "Quisquis nostrum ista viscata beneficia devitet."

[1891] To whom these vituperative alliterations (vatia, vatrax, vatricosus) are applied is uncertain. The Fabian gens are most probably alluded to. The reading "verrucosus," therefore, has been suggested, to identify the person with the great Fabius Cunctator. (Aur. Vict., Vir. Ill., 43.) But this violates the metre, and still leaves the two other epithets unaccounted for. Three famous men of the gens had the prænomen Quintus, Æmilianus, his son Allobrogicus, and his grandson. Gerlach considers the last to be the object of the Satire, as his profligacy and licentiousness were notorious. Cf. Val. Max., III., v., 2.

[1892] Of the numerous repartees of Aristippus to Dionysius, mentioned by Diogenes Laertius in his Life, it is difficult to say to which Lucilius alludes. Cf. Hor., ii., Sat. iii., 10; i., Epist. xvii., 13, seq.

[1893] Cf. Hor., Epod. xvii., 1, "Jam jam efficaci do manus scientiæ."

[1894] Armillum, "a wine-pot," vini urceolus, vas vinarium; so called quia armo, i. e., humero deportatur. Old women being naturally wine-bibbers (vinibuæ), "anus ad armillum" passed into a proverbial expression. Cf. Prov., xxvi., 11. 2 Pet., ii., 22.

[1895] Nullo honore. Cf. Scott's Lay of Last Minstrel, "Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

[1896] Committere, Nonius explains by "conjungere, sociare." Cf. Virg., Æn., iii., "Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum." Ov., Met, xii., 478, "Quà vir equo commissus erat."

[1897] Nonius quotes this passage as an instance of "convenire" used in the sense of "interpellare."

[1898] Altilium. Cf. Juv., v., 168, "Ad nos jam veniet minor altilis." Hor., i., Ep. vii., 35, "Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium." Cf. iv., Fr. 5.

[1899] Argutamini. Cf. Enn. ap. Non., "Exerce linguam ut argutarier possis." Næv., ibid., "totum diem argutatur quasi cicada." Plaut., Amp., I., i., 196, "Pergin argutarier?" Bacch., I., ii., 19, "Etiam me advorsus exordire argutias?"

[1900] Percitus is commonly used by the comic writers for the excitement of any strong passion, as love, anger, etc.

[1901] Centenarias. So pondere centenario. Plin., vii., 20. Cf. ad lib. v., Fr. 22.

[1902] Hopelessly corrupt. Dusa proposes puer.

[1903] Confectores. Connected probably with Fr. 20, and referring to the violent entrances lovers used to effect into the houses of their mistresses. Cf. lib. iv., Fr. 15; xxix., Fr. 47. Hor., iii., Od. xxvi., 7. Where Zumpt explains vectes as instruments which "adhibebantur ad fores effringendas." Conficere, i. e., frangere. Nonius.

[1904] Subsecivus is properly applied to that which is "cut off and left remaining over and above," as land in surveying, etc. So horæ subsecivæ, tempus subsecivum, "leisure hours, odd times," used by Cicero and Pliny. So Seneca says of philosophy, "Exercet regnum suum: dat tempus non accipit. Non est res subseciva: ordinaria est, domina est: adest et jubet." Cf. the Greek phrase ἐκ παρέργου.

[1905] Concredidit. Plaut., Aul., Prol., 6.

[1906] Sarcinator. Plaut., Aul., III., v., 41. Cento, "a patchwork coverlet." Juv., vi., 121. Vid. Fest in voc. "prohibere." The phrase centones sarcire also means, "to impose upon a person by falsehoods." Cf. Plaut., Epid., III., iv., 19, "Quin tu alium quæras quoi centones sarcias."

[1907] The emendations of this Fragment are endless. The reading of the text is approved by Merula and Gerlach.

[1908] Statura. Cf. Cic., Phil., ii., 16, "Velim mihi docas, L, Turselius, qua facie fuit,

quâ staturâ."

[1909] Fulmenta, "any prop or support." Hence "a bed-post." Whence the proverb, "Fulmenta lectum scandunt." Plautus also uses it for the "heel of a shoe," "fulmentas jubeam suppingi soccis?" Trin., III., ii., 94, seq. Lib. iv., Fr. 19.

[1910] Lutum for "lutulentum."

[1911] Gerlach thinks Hymnis, here and in lib. xxvii., Fr. 43, may be a proper name.

[1912] Hic corpus. "Verba conciliatricis Lenæ." Dusa. (Cf. Arist., Acharn., 1199).

[1913] Given up even by Gerlach.

[1914] Destinet. Cf. Plaut., Rud., Prol., 45, "Amare occœpit, ad lenonem devenit minis triginta sibi puellam destinat." Pers., IV., iii., 80. Mart., III., i., 109; IV., iii., 35. Destinare is properly "to set one's mind upon a thing." So obstinare. Plaut., Aul., II., ii., 89.

BOOK XXIX.

ARGUMENT.

The remains of this book are so mutilated and so diversified, that, as Gerlach says, "one might be disposed to imagine that the very essence of the subject was its unconnected variety." Both he and Merula, however, consider that it contained a long episode on the state of morality in the good old days; when the war with Hannibal rendered a luxurious indulgence incompatible even with personal safety. (Cf. Juv., vi., 291. Sulpic., 51, 52.) An old man is introduced inveighing bitterly against the sloth, the luxury, and immoderate extravagance of the young men of his day; of their unscrupulousness as to the means by which the money was acquired, which was squandered on their licentious pleasures. He then describes one of these scenes of dissipation; and shows how young men, once entangled in the snares of their worthless paramours not only become lost to every principle of virtue and sense of shame, but are so completely enslaved and enthralled by their passions, that

they are able to refuse nothing, however unworthy of them, which is exacted by their tyrannical mistresses. This corruption extends itself, also, not only to the courts of law, where justice has become a matter of barter, both with advocates and judges, but its fatal effects may also be traced in the debasement and deterioration of literature, of poetry, and of the public taste.

1 When he has done this, the culprit will be handed over along with others to Lupus: he will not appear. He will deprive the man of both primary matter and elements: when he has prohibited him from the use of water and fire, he has still two elements: he would have preferred ... still he will deprive him—[1915]

2 ... and rest assured in your mind, that it will be a very weighty reason indeed with me, which would draw me away from any thing that would serve you.

3 ... who communicates to me what the difference is between the race of mankind and brutes, and what it is connects them together.

4 Apollo is the deity who will not suffer you to bring disgrace and infamy on the ancient Delians.[1916]

5 For he swears a great oath that he has written, and will not write afterward.... and return into fellowship.

6 ... when you have learnt, you may pass your life without care.

7 ... at the close of the year, days of mourning, sorrow, and ill-luck.[1917]

8 ... and loved all; for he makes no difference, and separates them by a white line....

So in love, and in the case of young men of rather better face, he marks.... and loves nothing.[1918]

9 Why do you give way to excessive anger? You had better keep your hands off a woman!

10 ... you could not take it away before you took the spirit of Tullius from the man, and killed the man himself.[1919]

11 We heard he appealed to his friends, with that rascal Lucilius.

12 besides that you would wish us to direct, and apply our minds to your words

13 So, I say, was that crafty fellow, that old wolf, Hannibal, taken in.[1920]

14 But they are not alike, and do not give. What if they would give? Would you accept, tell me?

15 ... convey him, like a runaway slave, with handcuffs, fetters, and collar.[1921]

16 ... who will both beg you for less, and grant their favors much better, and without disgrace.[1922]

17 If you wish to detain him....

18 Albinus, in grief, confines himself to his house, because he has divorced his daughter....[1923]

19 ... to foment another's hungry stomach with ground barley like a poultice.[1924]

20 I know for certain it is as you say: for I had thoroughly examined into all.

21 ... she will bring you youth and elegance, if you think that elegance.

22 ... first opposite.... if there is any garret to which he can retire.

23 ... and in the gymnasium, that after the old fashion you might retain spectators.

24 ... where there was a scout to shut him out from you, and nip his passion in the bud.[1925]

25 When he sees me, he wheedles and coaxes, scratches his head, and picks out the vermin.[1926]

26 What will it profit me, when I am now sated with all things.

27 ...[1927]

28 Go on, I pray; and if you can, make me think myself worthy of you.

29 ... this he would have found the only thing for the man's disease.

30 This is their way of reckoning: the items are falsified: the sum total roguishly

balanced.[1928]

31 These fellows will balance their accounts exactly in the same way—[1929]

32 Come, now, add up the expenditure, and then add on the debts.

33 ... suffering from a Chironian and not a mortal sore and wound.[1930]

34 ... what you have hired at a great price is dear; though with no great loss.[1931]

35 ... all their hope rests in me, that I may be bilked of my money.[1932]

36 ... would not return ... and banish her poor wretch.[1933]

37 ... we have all been plundered.

38 ... distribute, scatter, squander, dissipate....

39 ... collect assistance, though she does not deserve I should bring it.

40 ... you think me your patron, friend, and lover....

41 ... that in this matter, you should bring me aid and assistance

42 ... Do you, meantime, bring a light, and draw the curtains.[1934]

43 ... thank me for introducing you.

44 ... then he subjoins that which is even now well known.

45 I will hit his leg with a stone, if he strikes you....

46 Let no one break these double hinges with iron....[1935]

47 I will break through the hinges with a crowbar and two-edged iron.

48 I shall pass quickly through each winter.[1936]

49 Sends forth his pent-houses, prepares sheds and mantlets.[1937]

50 ... add all the rest in order, at my peril.

51 ... for a little while, they will devour me; while she, like a very polypus....[1938]

52 ... rise, woman, draw not a bad outline....[1939]

53 ... since while they are extricating others, they get into the mud themselves—

54 ... he came here, on his way, while he was traveling elsewhere.

55 ... what? he would himself share for learning what is good.[1940]

56 ... as if he had not got what he wished for.

57 ... nor the cloudless breezes favor with their blast—[1941]

58 ... whence he can scarcely get home, and hardly get clear out.

59 ... and heaviness often oppresses you, by your own fault.[1942]

60 ... the annihilation of our army to a man—

61 ... thrust forth by force, and driven out of Italy.

62 ... this then he possessed, and nearly all Apulia—

63 ... with some intricate beginning out of Pacuvius.

64 ... may the king of gods avert ill-omened words.[1943]

65 ... rails at wretched me too....

66 ... first he denies that Chrysis returns intact.[1944]

67 ... the Greeks call tripping up.[1945]

68 ... all things alike he separates ... and heinous.[1946]

69 ... What man art thou? Man! no man....[1947]

70 ...[1948]

71 ... all other things in which we are carried away, not to be prolix.[1949]

72 † ....[1950]

73[1951]

FOOTNOTES:

[1915] Lupus. Cf. lib. i., Fr. 4, where he speaks of his perjuries, and Fr. inc. 193, "Occidunt Lupe te saperdæ et jura siluri," where he satirizes his luxuriousness; here he alludes to his unjust dealings as judge. Cf. ad Pers., i., 114. Interdicere aquâ et

igni, the technical phrase for banishment. Cf. Cæs., B. G., vi., 44. Cic., Phil., vi., 4. Fam., xi., 1. Lupus appears to grieve that the banished man has still two elements, air and earth, left to enjoy. Thales is said to have been the first to use ἀρχαὶ in the sense of "first principles." (Vid. Ritter's History of Philosophy.) Empedocles first reduced the elements to four, and called them ῥιζώματα. Plato first called them στοιχεῖα, vid. Tim., 48. Adesse is applied both to the defendant who appears before the tribunal and to the advocate who stands by to support him. [Cicero seems to allude to the passage in his speech for Roscius (pro Rosc. Am., xxvi.), "Non videntur hunc hominem ex rerum naturâ sustulisse et eripuisse, cui repente cœlum, solem, aquam, terramque ademerint?" Cf. de Orat., i., c. 50, 1.]

[1916] Deliacis, the conjecture of Junius for deliciis. The Fragment will then be connected with Fr. 8, and will refer to the θεωρία sent to Delos; with which, of course, the death of Socrates is connected. Plat., Phæd., 58.

[1917] Annus vertens, i. e., "circumactus, completus." Nizol. Cic. pro Qu., 40. Nat. De., ii., 54, "Mercurii stella anno ferè vertente signiferum lustrat orbem." Phil., xiii., 10, "intra finem anni vertentis." So mensis vertens. Plaut., Pers., IV., iv., 76. Dies religiosi, ἀποφράδες ἡμέραι, "Days of ill omen," on which nothing important was undertaken; as the Dies Alliensis. Cf. Cic., Att., ix., 4. Qu., Fr. 3, 4. Liv., vi., 1. Suet., Tib., 61, "Nullus à pœnâ hominum cessavit dies, ne religiosus quidem ac sacer." Claud., 14. Aul. Gell., iv., 9. Festus reckons thirty-six of these days in the year (in voc "Religiosus" and "Mundus").

[1918] Albâ lineâ signare is a phrase for "doing any thing carelessly and negligently:" to make, as it were, a white line on a white ground, which could not be distinguished; whereas careful workmen work by a clearly-defined and durable line. Cf. Aul. Gell., Præf., 11, "Albâ ut dicitur lineâ, sine curâ discriminis converrebant."

[1919] Tullius, Gerlach supposes to have been an unjust judge, like Lupus, Fr. 1, and to be the same as the "judex" mentioned, xi., Fr. 2.

[1920] Acceptum, i. e., deceptum. Nonius. Veterator. Cf. Ter., Andr., II., vi., 26, "Quid hic volt veterator sibi?"

[1921] Canis, and its diminutive, catulus, are both used for a species of fetter. Plaut., Cas., II., vi., 37, "Ut quidem tu hodie canem et furcam feras." Curcul., V., iii., 13, "Delicatum te hodie faciam cum catello ut adcubes ferreo ego dico." σκύλαξ is used in Greek with the same double meaning. Collare. Cf. Plaut., Capt., II., ii., 107, "Hoc quidem haud molestum est, jam quod collum collari caret." Other kinds of fetters are mentioned, Plaut., Asin., III., ii., 4, "Compedes, nervos, catenas, numellas, pedicas, boias." Capt., IV., ii., 109.

[1922] Præbent. Cf. Ov., A. Am., ii., 685, "Odi quæ præbet, quia sit præbere necesse."

[1923] Albinus. It is doubtful whether the allusion is to Aulus or Spurius Posthumius Albinus. The latter, Cicero tells us, was condemned and banished by the "Gracchani judices," together with Opimius. Cic., Brut., 34. (Cf. lib. xi., Fr. 1.) He is here charged with incest, as the phrase repudium remittere properly applies to a wife, or one betrothed (divortium being applied to a wife only). Vid. Fest. in v. "Repudium." Plaut., Aul., IV., x., 57, c. not. Hildyard.

[1924] Mæstum, i. e., fame enectum. Non.

[1925] Compare the whole scene in Plaut, Asin., act. iv., sc. 1.

[1926] Subblanditur. Plaut., Cas., III., iii., 23. Bacch., III., iv., 19. Palpatur. Plaut., Merc., I., ii., 60, "Hoc, sis, vide ut palpatur! Nullus 'st quando occœpit, blandior." Amph., I., iii., 9, "Observatote quam blande mulieri palpabitur."

[1927] Cf. xxviii., Fr. 49. The Fragment is assigned to both books.

[1928] Æra, "numeri nota." Nonius. Cf. Cic. in Hortens., "Quid tu inquam soles; cum rationem ad dispensatorem accipis, si æra singula probasti, summam quæ ex his confecta sit, non probare?" This and the 31st, 32d, 34th, and 38th Fragments, are part of the old man's speech, inveighing against the profligacy and extravagance of

young men. Vid. Argument.

[1929] Subducere rationes. Cf. Plaut., Curc., iii., 1, "Beatus videor: subduxi ratiunculam, quantum æris mihi sit, quantumque alieni siet; dives sum si non reddo eis, quibus debeo; si reddo eis quibus debeo plus alieni est."

[1930] Vomica. Cf. Juv., xiii., 35. The vulnus Chironium is described by Celsus, "Magnum est, habet oras duras, callosas, tumentes: sanie tenui manat, odorem malum emittit, dolorem modicum affert: nihilominus difficile coit et sanescit:" v., 28. It took its name from Chiron, who is said to have first found out the way of treating it. [Cf. Orph., H., 379. Hom., Il., xi., 831. Pind., Pyth., iii.]

[1931] Magna mercede. Merces, i. e., "cost, injury, detriment." Cic., Fam., i., 9, "In molestia gaudeo te eam fidem cognoscere hominum non ita magnâ mercede, quam ego maximo dolore cognôram." The sentiment is probably the same as Cato's, "asse carum esse dicebat, quo non opus esset."

[1932] Emungi. Cf. Ter., Ph., IV., iv., 1, "Quid egisti? Emunxi argento senes." Plaut., Bac., V., i., 15, "Miserum med auro esse emunctum." Hor., A. P., 238, "Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum." Bolus, "any thing thrown as a bait;" hence "profit, gain." Ter., Heaut., IV., ii. 6, "Crucior, bolum mihi tantum ereptum tam desubito de faucibus." Plaut., Pers., IV., iv., 107, "Dabit hæc tibi grandes bolos."

[1933] Exterminare. "To expel, banish beyond certain limits."

[1934] Aulæa obducite. Cf. Plin., ii., Ep. 17, "Velis obductis."

[1935] Cardines. Plaut., Amph., IV., ii., 6, "Pœne effregisti, fatue, foribus cardines." Asin., II., iii., 8, "Pol haud periclum est cardines ne foribus effringantur." Cf. iv., Fr. 15; xxviii., Fr. 27.

[1936] Carpere, "celeriter præterire." Non. Cf. Virg., Georg., iii., 141, "Acri carpere prata fuga."

[1937] Pluteus, tecta, testudines, are all military terms, and signify sheds,

pent-houses, or mantlets, made of wood and hurdles covered with hides, under cover of which the soldiers advanced to the attack of a town. The vinea and musculus were of the same kind. (Cf. xxvi., Fr. 9.) Cf. Fest., in v. Pluteus., Veget., iv., 15. They are also used metaphorically, as perhaps here. Plaut, Mil. Gl., II., ii., 113, "Ad eum vineas pluteosque agam."

[1938] Polypus, one that sticks as close as a polypus or barnacle. Cf. Plaut., Aul., II., ii., 21, "Ego istos novi polypos qui sicubi quid tetigerint tenent." (Where vid. Hildyard's note.) Ov., Met., iv., 366, "deprensum polypus hostem continet—"

[1939] Filum, "oris liniamentum." Non. Cf. Plaut., Merc., IV., iv., 15, "Satis scitum filum mulieris." So filum corporis, "the contour of the body." A. Gell., i., 9.

[1940] Cf. iii., Fr. 38.

[1941] Sudum, "semiudum." Non. Serenum. Fulgent. Cf. Virg., Georg., iv., 77, "Ver nactæ sudum." Æn., viii., 529, "Arma inter nubem, cœli in regione serenâ per sudum rutilare vident."

[1942] Gravedo. Crapula, κραιπάλη, "the headache that follows intoxication." Plin., xx., 13, "Crapulæ gravedines." (Cf. Arist., Acharn., 277.)

[1943] Obscœna, i. e., "mali ominis." Fest. Hence the phrases "obscenæ aves, canes, anus." So "puppis obscœna," the ship that bore Helen to Troy. Ov., Her., v., 119. So Dies alliensis (Id. Quinct.) was said to be "Obscœnissimi ominis." Fest., in voc.

[1944] Signatam, i. e., integram; a metaphor from that which is kept closely sealed, and watched that the seals may not be broken.

[1945] Supplantare. Plato (Euthydem., l. 278) uses ὑποσκελίζειν.

[1946] Nefantia. Cf. lib. iii., 28, "Tantalus qui pœnas ob facta nefantia pendit."

[1947] Nemo homo. The two words, according to Charisius, were always used together. Cf. Plaut., Asin., II., iv., 60, "Ego certe me incerto scio hoc daturum nemini homini." Pers., II., ii., 29, "Nemo homo unquam ita arbitratus 'st." Cic., N.

D., ii., 38.

[1948] Lib. xxviii., 17, where the Fr. is also quoted.

[1949] Ecferimur, i. e., "extollimur." Non.

[1950] Is hopelessly corrupt.

[1951] Occurs before; lib., xix., Fr. 8.

BOOK XXX.

ARGUMENT.

Most of the commentators seem to be agreed that the subject of this book was "matrimonial life." Mercer considers that it contained an altercation between a married couple, in which the lady strenuously refuses to submit to the lawful authority of her husband. Van Heusde says that in it were depicted the miseries of married life generally; especially of those husbands who are so devoted to their wives, that they surrender the reins of government into the hands of those, for whom the law compels them to provide subsistence, not only at the expense of their own personal labor, but also at the risk of life itself: the only return which they receive as an equivalent from the hands of their wives, being opprobrious language, ill temper, haughty exaction, treachery, and unfaithfulness to the marriage-bed. In addition to this, Gerlach thinks that in this, his last book, Lucilius recapitulated the subjects of his previous Satires; and consequently many Fragments are assigned to this book, which might easily be inserted in others. Among other matters, the poet also defends himself against the malignant charges of envious critics, one, Gaius, being especially noticed. The story of the old lion, which Horace has copied [i., Ep. i., 74], may also lead us to suppose that the treachery of false friends formed part of the matter of the poem.

N.B.—Gerlach considers that the 80th was undoubtedly the last book. The passages quoted from subsequent books are the result of the carelessness of the Librarii.

These passages, therefore, will all be found incorporated into the preceding books.

1 † ... Lamia and Pytho ... with sharp teeth ... those gluttonous, abandoned, obscene hags....[1952]

2 ... a sick and exhausted lion....[1953]

3 Then the lion said with subdued voice, "Why will you not come hither yourself?"[1954]

4 What does it mean? how does it happen that the footsteps, all without exception, lead inward and toward you?

5 For, be assured that disease is far enough removed from men in wine, when one has regaled himself pretty sumptuously.[1955]

6 † ... in face and features ... sport, and in our conversation ... this is the virgin's prize, and let us pay this honor....[1956]

7 ... Should you first fasten me to the yoke, and force me against my will to submit to the plow, and break up the clods with the coulter.[1957]

8 Immediately, as soon as the gale has blown a little more violently, it has raised and lifted up the waves.

9 You may see all things glittering within, in the glowing recess.[1958]

10 must I first break you in, fierce and haughty as you are, with a Thessalian bit, like an unbroken filly, and tame you down by war?[1959]

11 or when I am going somewhere, and have invented some pretext as to the goldsmiths, to my mother, a relation or female friend's.[1960]

12 Much fiercer than she of whom we spoke before: the milder she is, the more savagely she bites.

13. † who not expecting ... entering on the impulse of an evil omen.[1961]

14 ... hoping that time will bring forth the same—

... will give chewed food from her mouth—[1962]

15 So when fame, making thy fight illustrious, having been borne to our ears, shall have reported.[1963]

16 Take care there are in the house a webster, waiting maids, men-servants, a girdle-maker, a weaver—[1964]

17 You clean me out, then turn me out; ruin and insult me—[1965]

18 If Maximus left sixteen hundred ... of silver.[1966]

19 beardless hermaphrodites, bearded pathic-adulterers[1967]

20 What is it, if you possess a hundred or two hundred thousand

21 † ... what we seek in this matter ... deceived ... guarded against[1968]

22 ... here like a mouse-trap laid, ... and like a scorpion with tail erect....

23 ... and what great sorrows and afflictions you have now endured.[1969]

24 † it was better you should be born, ... like a beast or ass.

25 ... on the ground, in the dung, stalls, manure, and swine-dung.[1970]

26 ... as much as my fancy delights to draw from the Muses' fountain.

27 ... and that our poems alone out of many are now praised.

28 Now, Gaius, since rebuking, you attack us in turn....[1971]

29 ... and would perceive that his ... lay neglected ... left behind....

30 ... since you do not choose to recognize me at this time, trifler!

31 ... still I will try to write briefly and compendiously back.[1972]

32 ... and that by your harsh acts and cruel words....

33 ... no one's mind ought to be so confident—

34 ... if I may do this, and repay by verses....

35 ... just as you who ... those things which we consider to be an example of life—

36 ... when having well drunk, he has retired from the midst....

37 Calvus Palatina, a man of renown, and good in war.[1973]

38 and in a fierce and stubborn war by far the noblest enemy.

39 ... as to your praising your own ... blaming, you profit not a whit.[1974]

40 ... but tell me this, if it is not disagreeable, what is it?[1975]

41 all the labor bestowed on the wool is wasted; neglect, and the moths destroy all.[1976]

42 † ... one is flat-footed, with rotten feet....[1977]

43 ... no one gives to them: no one lets them in: nor do they think that life....

44 by whose means the Trogine cup was renowned through the camp.[1978]

45 ... thanks are returned to both: to them, and to themselves together.[1979]

46 ... little mattresses besides for each, with two coverlets.[1980]

47 What do you care, where I am befouled, and wallow?

48 Why do you watch where I go, what I do? What affair is that of yours?

49 What he could give, what expend, what afford....

50 So the mind is insnared by nooses, shackles, fetters.

51 You are delighted when you spread that report about me, in your conversations abroad.

52 and by evil-speaking you publish in many conversations

53 While you accuse me of this, do you not before revolve in your mind?

54 ... let us kick them all out, master and all.

55 ... when once I saw you eager for a contest with Cælius.[1981]

56 These monuments of your skill and excellence are erected.

57 ... and remain, meanwhile, content with these verses.

58 They bring me forth to you, and compel me to show you these

59 ... at what our friends value us, when they can spare us.

60 ... both by your virtue and your illustrious writings to contribute....

61 ... What? Do the Muses intrust their strong-holds to a mortal?

62 Listen to this also which I tell you; for it relates to the matter.

63 The quæstor is at hand that you may serve....[1982]

64 ... receive laws by which the people is outlawed....

65 ... or to sacrifice with her fellows at some much frequented temple.[1983]

66 Whom you know to be acquainted with all your disgrace and infamy.

67 Then he sees this himself.... in sullied garments.

68 ... What you squander on the stews, prowling through the town.[1984]

69 ... that she is sworn to one, to whom she is given and consecrated.

70 ... serves him as a slave, allures his lips, fascinates with love.[1985]

71 † ... himself oppresses ... a head nourished with sense.[1986]

72 ... fingers, and the bodkin in her beautifully-clustering hair.[1987]

73 ... and beccaficos, and thrushes, flutter round ... carefully tended for the cooks.[1988]

74 ... but why do I give vent to these words with trembling mind.

75 Think not that I could curse thee!

76 Sorry and marred with mange, and full of scab....[1989]

77 Which wearies out the people's eyes and ears and hearts.[1990]

78 † No one will thrust through that belly of yours ... and create pleasure ... use force and you will see—[1991]

79 This you will omit: in that employ me gladly....

80 All modesty is banished—licentiousness and usury restored.

81 That too is a soft mischief, wheedling and treacherous.

82 They appear, on the contrary, to have invited, or instigated these things.

83 ... all ... to you, handsome and rich—but I ... so be it![1992]

84 The husband traverses the wide sea, and commits himself to the waves.

85 † whose whole body you know has grown up ... with cloven hoofs.

86 to be able to write out ... the thievish hand of Musco.[1993]

87 Time itself will give sometimes what it can for keeping up....[1994]

88 and then fly, like a dog, at your face and eyes—[1995]

89 ... published it in conversation in many places....

90 He departed unexpectedly; in one hour quinsy carried him off.[1996]

91 An old bed, fitted with ropes, is prepared for us....[1997]

92 that no one, without your knowledge, could remove from your servants.

93 † And that they who despised you were so proud[1998]

94 and contract the pupil of their eyes at the glittering splendor.[1999]

95 ... you rush hence, and collect all stealthily.

96 ... and since modesty has retreated from your breast

97 ... nor suffer that beard of yours to grow.

98 ... he destroys and devours me....

FOOTNOTES:

[1952] Lamia. Cf. lib. xx., Fr. 1. Oxyodontes. Scaliger's emendation for Ixiodontes. Gumiæ. Vid. lib. iv., Fr. 1.

[1953] Leonem ægrotum. Horace has copied the fable, i., Epist. i., 73, "Olim quod vulpes ægroto cauta leoni respondit, referam. Quia me vestigia terrent omnia te

advorsum spectantia, nulla retrorsum."

[1954] Deductus, "tenuis; a lanâ quæ ad tenuitatem nendo deducitur." Serv. Cf. Virg., Ecl., vi., 5, "pastorem pingues pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen."

[1955] Invitare, Nonius explains by "repleri," and quotes Sallust. Hist., "Se ibi cibo vinoque invitarent." So Plaut., Amph., I., i., 130, "Invitavit sese in cœna plusculum." Suet., Aug., 77, "quoties largissimè se invitaret senos sextantes non excessit." Dapsilius. So "Dapsiliter suos amicos alit." Næv. ap. Charis.

[1956] Pretium, "præmium." Non. Virg., Æn., v., 111, "Et palmæ pretium victoribus."

[1957] Proscindere. Cf. Varr., R. R., i., 29, "terram quum primum arant proscindere appellant: quum iterum, affringere quod primâ aratione gleba grandes solent excitari." Virg., Georg., ii., 237. Ov., Met., vii., 219.

[1958] Lege, "Omnia tum endo mucho (μυχῷ) videas fervente micare."—Turnebe's emendation.

[1959] The invention of bits is ascribed by Pliny and Virgil to the Thessalian Lapithæ. Plin., vii., 56. Virg., Georg., iii., 15, "Frena Pelethronii Lapithæ, gyrosque dedere." Cf. Lucan., Phars., vi., 396, seq. Val. Flac., i., 424, "Oraque Thessalico melior contundere fræno Castor." Gerlach proposes, therefore, to read equam for acrem, as young ladies are often compared by the poets to fillies. Cf. Hor., iii., Od. xi., 9, "Quæ velut latis equa trima campis, ludit exultim." Anacr., Fr. 75. Heraclid. Pont., All. Hom., p. 16. [Vid. Theogn., 257. Arist., Lys., 1308. Eurip., Hec., 144. Hip., 546.]

[1960] Commentavi. The words of an adulterous wife, inventing some excuse to keep her assignation. Aurifex. Cf. Plaut., Aul., III., v., 34. Cic., Orat., ii., 38.

[1961] Dusa refers this to the fox in the fable, quoted above. Ominis is Gerlach's emendation for hominis and hemonis. (Hemo was an older form of Homo, hence

Nemo, ne hemo.)

[1962] Mansum is the food that has been chewed by the nurse preparatory to its being given to the child. Cf. Cic., Orat., ii., 39, "tenuissimas particulas, atque omnia minima mansa, ut nutrices infantibus pueris, in os inserant." Quint., X., i. Pers., iii., 17, "pappare minutum poscis." Plaut., Epid., V., ii., 62. It is expressed by the Greek ψωμίζειν. Arist., Lys., 19. Thesm., 692.

[1963] Clarans. Cf. Hor., iv., Od. iii., 3, "Ilium non labor Isthmius clarabit pugilem."

[1964] These are the demands of an imperious, perhaps a dowered wife. The speech of Megadorus in the Aulularia of Plautus (iii., Sc. v.), admirably illustrates this Fragment. In the list of slaves which the "dotata" expects, we find the Aurifex, Lanarius, Sarcinatores, strophiarii, semizonarii, textores. The Gerdius is probably the same as the Lenarius: as it is explained in the Glos. γέρδιος, ὑφαντής. Zonarius. Cf. Cic. p. Flac, vii., 17.

[1965] Probably the indignant expostulation of some young man to a Lena. Compare the scene between Argyrippus and Cleæreta, in the Asinaria of Plautus (i., Sc. iii.). Exsultare, "Gestu vel dictu injuriam facere." Non. Gerlach reads deures. The old reading is deaures, which is defensible. Cf. xxvi., Fr. 8, deargentassere.

[1966] Maximus. Q. Fabius Maximus Cunctator, whose son was notorious for his profligacy and luxuriousness. This is probably, therefore, part of the old man's speech against the licentiousness of the young.

[1967] Androgyni. Cf. Herod., iv., 67, c. not. Bähr. Juv., vi., 373, "Tonsoris damno tantum rapit Heliodorus."

[1968] Inductum. Thus explained by Nonius. Cf. Tibul., I., vi., 1, "Semper ut inducar blandos offers mihi vultus."

[1969] Exanclaris. Ennius in Andromacha, "Quantis cum ærumnis illum exantlavi diem." Fr. 6, p. 36, ed. Bothe. Cic., Tusc., i., 49; ii., 8. Acad., ii., 34. On the difference of the forms "exanclare and exantlare," vid. Burmann, ad Quintil., Inst., i.,

6. Cf. Æsch., P. V., 375. Choëph., 746. Eurip., Hipp., 898.

[1970] Sucerda, from sus and cerno.

[1971] Gai. Van Heusde, Burmann, and Merula agree in supposing these to be the words of Fabius Cunctator to C. Minutius Rufus. [Cf. Liv., xxii., 8, 12, where, however, most of the Edd. call him Marcus.] Incilare, "increpare, improbare." Non. Pacuv. in Dulor, "Si quis hâc me oratione incilet, quid respondeam?" Fr. 28, p. 121, ed. Bothe. Lucret., iii., 976, "jure increpet inciletque."

[1972] Summatim. Cic, Att., v., 16. Suet., Tib., 61, "Commentario quem summatim breviterque composuit."

[1973] Calvus, probably either L. Cæcilius Metellus Calvus, consul with Q. Fabius Maximus Servilianus, B.C. 142, or his son L. Cæcilius Metellus Calvus Dalmaticus, consul with L. Aurelius Cotta, B.C. 119, who repaired out of his spoils the temple of Castor and Pollux. From the form of the word Palatina, Dusa and Gerlach suppose it to imply the name of a tribe; though Gerlach says we have no evidence of the existence of a tribe called from the hill [but cf. Cic., Verr., II., ii., 43]. Cf. ad Pers., v., 73, "Publius Velina."

[1974] Hilum is the primitive from which nihilum is formed (i. e., ne-hilum). Cf. Poet. ap. Cic., Tusc., I., vi., "Sisyphus versat saxum sudans nitendo neque proficit hilum." Lucret., iii., 221, "nec defit ponderis hilum."

[1975] Nænum, probably "ne unum," written also nenum, nena the Archaic form of Non. Cf. Varro, Epist. ad Fusium, ap. Non. "Si hodie nænum venis, cras quidem." Lucret., iii., 20, "Nenu potest."

[1976] Pallor, "negligentia, vetustas." Non.

[1977] Plautus, an Umbrian word implying "flat-footed." From this peculiarity the poet derived his name, "Plotos appellant Umbri pedibus planis natos." Fest. The end of the line is hopeless. Turnebe reads "mens elephanti," and says it refers to "the horrors of matrimony, and the bodily defects of wives." Gerlach reads "mensa

Libonis," and says, "Lucilius compares women to the tables of the money-changers." Cf. Hor., Sat., II., vi., 35. Cf. ad Pers., Sat., iv., 49.

[1978] Cic., de Div., ii., 37, mentions a people of Galatia, called Trogini. The name does not occur elsewhere.

[1979] The Archaic Simitû for simul occurs repeatedly in Plautus.

[1980] Privæ. Cf. i., Fr. 13. Privum, "proprium uniuscujusque." Non. Centonibus. Cf. xxviii., Fr. 33. Culcitulæ, "small cushions or pillows," from calco. Fest. Cf. Plaut., Most., IV., i., 49.

[1981] Invadere, i. e., "appetenter incipere." Cæli. Cicero tells us (Auct. ad Her., ii., 13, 19) that Cælius was the name of the judge who acquitted the man on the charge of defamation, who had libeled Lucilius on the stage.

[1982] Publica. Fruter conjectures Publicià; but the Publician law is not mentioned.

[1983] Operatum. So ῥέζειν. Cf. Virg., Georg., i., 339, "Sacra refer Cereri lætis operatus in herbis." Liv., i., 81. Propert., ii., 24, 1. Nonius explains it "Deos religiose et cum summâ veneratione sacrificiis litare."

[1984] Lustris. Plaut., Asin., V., ii., 17, "Is liberis lustris studet." Casin., II., iii., 28, "Ubi in lustra jacuisti?" Cic., Phil., xiii., 11. Probest., "Aliquis emersus ex tenebris lustrorum ac stuprorum." The Fragment probably forms part of a speech of a jealous wife upbraiding her husband, as Cleostrata, in the Casina of Plautus, quoted above.

[1985] Præservit. Cf. Plaut., Amph., Prol., 126, "Ut præservire amanti meo possem patri." Delicere, "to allure from the right path." Titinius ap. Non. in voc., "parasitus habeat qui illum sciat delicere, et noctem facere possit de die." Delenit. Cf. xxviii., Fr. 1, "to inthrall the senses by the passion of love." So Titinius, "Dotibus deleniti ultro etiam uxoribus ancillantur."

[1986] Nutricari for "nutrire." Cf. Cic., de Nat. Deor., ii., 34, "Educator et altor est mundus omniaque sicut membra et partis suas nutricatur et continet."

[1987] Discerniculum, "the bodkin in a woman's headdress for parting the hair."

[1988] Ficedulæ. Cf. ad Juv., xiv., 9. Turdi. Cf. ad Pers., vi., 24. Read perhaps "curatique cocis."

[1989] Cf. Juv., ii., 79, "Dedit hanc contagio labem et dabit in plures: sicut grex totus in agris unius scabie cadit et porrigine porci."

[1990] Rumpit, "defatigat." Non.

[1991] Pertundet. So Ennius, "latus pertudit hasta." Juv., vi., 46, "Mediam pertundite venam." vii., 26, "Aut claude et positos tineâ pertunde libellos." Deliciet Gerlach explains by "Juvare, voluptatem creare:" and reads "Utere vi atque videbis."

[1992] Fortis etiam "dives." Non.

[1993] Gerlach retains Musconis. Tagax, from the old form tago. "Furunculus a tangendo." Fest, "light-fingered." Perscribere may mean (like conscribellare in Catullus) "to mark letters upon," i. e., brand him with the word Fur on the hand: hence trium literarum homo.

[1994] Habendo. Cf. Virg., Georg., iii., 159, "Et quos aut pecori malint summittere habendo."

[1995] Involem. Ter., Eun., V., ii., 20, "Vix me contineo quin involem in capillum." So "Castra involare." Tac., Hist., iv., 33.

[1996] Angina, "genus morbi; eo quod angat." Non. Cf. Plaut., Trin., II., iv., 139, "Sues moriuntur anginâ." Most., I., iii., 61, "In anginam ego nunc me velim vorti, ut veneficæ illi fauces prehendam."

[1997] Consternere is applied "to preparing a couch." Cf. Catul., lxiv., 163, "Purpureâve tuum consternens veste cubile." This seems to be the meaning here; as there seems to be a vibration of the reading between consternitur, nobis lectus, and vetus, for Restes. Cf. ad lib. vi., Fr. 13.

[1998] Dusa's conjecture is followed. Scaliger supposes temnere to be an old form of

the perfect "tempsere."

[1999] Præstringere "non valdè stringere et claudere." Non.

THE SATIRES OF DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS, AND OF AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS. TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE, BY WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

SATIRE I.

Oh! heavens—while THUS hoarse Codrus perseveres To force his Theseid on my tortured ears, Shall I not ONCE attempt "to quit the score," Always an auditor, and nothing more! Forever at my side, shall this rehearse 5 His elegiac, that his comic verse, Unpunished? shall huge Telephus, at will, The livelong day consume, or, huger still, Orestes, closely written, written, too, Down the broad marge, and yet—no end in view! 10 Away, away!—None knows his home so well As I the grove of Mars, and Vulcan's cell, Fast by the Æolian rocks!—How the Winds roar, How ghosts are tortured on the Stygian shore, How Jason stole the golden fleece, and how 15 The Centaurs fought on Othrys' shaggy brow; The walks of Fronto echo round and round— The columns trembling with the eternal sound, While high and low, as the mad fit invades, Bellow the same trite nonsense through the shades. 20 I, too, can write—and, at a pedant's frown, Once poured my fustian rhetoric on the town: And idly proved that Sylla, far from power, Had passed, unknown to fear, the tranquil hour:— Now I resume my pen; for, since we meet 25 Such swarms of desperate bards in every street, 'Tis vicious clemency to spare the oil, And hapless paper they are sure to spoil. But why I choose, adventurous, to retrace The Auruncan's route, and, in the arduous race, 30 Follow his burning wheels, attentive hear, If leisure serve, and truth be worth your ear. When the soft eunuch weds, and the bold fair Tilts at the Tuscan boar, with bosom bare; When one that oft, since manhood first appeared, 35 Has trimmed the exuberance of this sounding beard, In wealth outvies the senate; when a vile, A slave-born, slave-bred, vagabond of Nile,

Crispinus, while he gathers now, now flings His purple open, fans his summer rings; 40 And, as his fingers sweat beneath the freight, Cries, "Save me—from a gem of greater weight!" 'Tis hard a less adventurous course to choose, While folly plagues, and vice inflames the Muse. For who so slow of heart, so dull of brain, 45 So patient of the town, as to contain His bursting spleen, when, full before his eye, Swings the new chair of lawyer Matho by, Crammed with himself! then, with no less parade, That caitiff's, who his noble friend betrayed, 50 Who now, in fancy, prostrate greatness tears, And preys on what the imperial vulture spares! Whom Massa dreads, Latinus, trembling, plies With a fair wife, and anxious Carus buys! When those supplant thee in thy dearest rights, 55 Who earn rich legacies by active nights; Those, whom (the shortest, surest way to rise) The widow's itch advances to the skies!— Not that an equal rank her minions hold; Just to their various powers, she metes her gold, 60 And Proculeius mourns his scanty share, While Gillo triumphs, hers and nature's heir! And let him triumph! 'tis the price of blood: While, thus defrauded of the generous flood. The color flies his cheek, as though he prest, 65 With unsuspecting foot, a serpent's crest; Or stood engaged at Lyons to declaim, Where the least peril is the loss of fame. Ye gods!—what rage, what phrensy fires my brain, When that false guardian, with his splendid train, 70 Crowds the long street, and leaves his orphan charge To prostitution, and the world at large! When, by a juggling sentence damned in vain, (For who, that holds the plunder, heeds the pain?) Marius to wine devotes his morning hours, 75 And laughs, in exile, at the offended Powers: While, sighing o'er the victory she won, The Province finds herself but more undone! And shall I feel, that crimes like these require The avenging strains of the Venusian lyre, 80 And not pursue them? I shall I still repeat The legendary tales of Troy and Crete; The toils of Hercules, the horses fed On human flesh by savage Diomed, The lowing labyrinth, the builder's flight, 85 And the rash boy, hurl'd from his airy height? When, what the law forbids the wife to heir, The adulterer's Will may to the wittol bear, Who gave, with wand'ring eye and

vacant face, A tacit sanction to his own disgrace; 90 And, while at every turn a look he stole, Snored, unsuspected, o'er the treacherous bowl! When he presumes to ask a troop's command, Who spent on horses all his father's land, While, proud the experienced driver to display, 95 His glowing wheels smoked o'er the Appian way:— For there our young Automedon first tried His powers, there loved the rapid car to guide; While great Pelides sought superior bliss, And toyed and wantoned with his master-miss. 100 Who would not, reckless of the swarm he meets, Fill his wide tablets, in the public streets, With angry verse? when, through the midday glare, Borne by six slaves, and in an open chair, The forger comes, who owes this blaze of state 105 To a wet seal and a fictitious date; Comes, like the soft Mæcenas, lolling by, And impudently braves the public eye! Or the rich dame, who stanched her husband's thirst With generous wine, but—drugged it deeply first! 110 And now, more dext'rous than Locusta, shows Her country friends the beverage to compose, And, midst the curses of the indignant throng, Bear, in broad day, the spotted corpse along. Dare nobly, man! if greatness be thy aim, 115 And practice what may chains and exile claim: On Guilt's broad base thy towering fortunes raise, For virtue starves on—universal praise! While crimes, in scorn of niggard fate, afford The ivory couches, and the citron board, 120 The goblet high-embossed, the antique plate, The lordly mansion, and the fair estate! O! who can rest—who taste the sweets of life, When sires debauch the son's too greedy wife; When males to males, abjuring shame, are wed, 125 And beardless boys pollute the nuptial bed! No: Indignation, kindling as she views, Shall, in each breast, a generous warmth infuse, And pour, in Nature and the Nine's despite, Such strains as I, or Cluvienus, write! 130 E'er since Deucalion, while, on every side, The bursting clouds upraised the whelming tide, Reached, in his little skiff, the forked hill, And sought, at Themis' shrine, the Immortals' will; When softening stones grew warm with gradual life, 135 And Pyrrha brought each male a virgin wife; Whatever, passions have the soul possest, Whatever wild desires inflamed the breast, Joy, Sorrow, Fear, Love, Hatred,

Transport, Rage, Shall form the motley subject of my page. 140 And when could Satire boast so fair a field? Say, when did Vice a richer harvest yield? When did fell Avarice so engross the mind? Or when the lust of play so curse mankind?— No longer, now, the pocket's stores supply 145 The boundless charges of the desperate die: The chest is staked!—muttering the steward stands, And scarce resigns it, at his lord's commands. Is it a SIMPLE MADNESS,—I would know, To venture countless thousands on a throw, 150 Yet want the soul, a single piece to spare, To clothe the slave, that shivering stands and bare! Who called, of old, so many seats his own, Or on seven sumptuous dishes supped alone?— Then plain and open was the cheerful feast, 155 And every client was a bidden guest; Now, at the gate, a paltry largess lies, And eager hands and tongues dispute the prize. But first (lest some false claimant should be found), The wary steward takes his anxious round, 160 And pries in every face; then calls aloud, "Come forth, ye great Dardanians, from the crowd!" For, mixed with us, e'en these besiege the door, And scramble for—the pittance of the poor! "Dispatch the Prætor first," the master cries, 165 "And next the Tribune." "No, not so;" replies The Freedman, bustling through, "first come is, still, First served; and I may claim my right, and will!— Though born a slave ('tis bootless to deny, What these bored ears betray to every eye), 170 On my own rents, in splendor, now I live, On five fair freeholds! Can the PURPLE give Their Honors, more? when, to Laurentum sped, Noble Corvinus tends a flock for bread!— Pallas and the Licinii, in estate, 175 Must yield to me: let, then, the Tribunes wait." Yes, let them wait! thine, Riches, be the field!— It is not meet, that he to Honor yield, To sacred Honor, who, with whitened feet, Was hawked for sale, so lately, through the street. 180 O gold! though Rome beholds no altars flame, No temples rise to thy pernicious name, Such as to Victory, Virtue, Faith are reared, And Concord, where the clamorous stork is heard, Yet is thy full divinity confest, 185 Thy shrine established here, in every breast. But while, with anxious eyes, the great explore How much the dole augments their annual store, What misery must the poor dependent dread,

Whom this small pittance clothed, and lodged, and fed? 190 Wedged in thick ranks before the donor's gates, A phalanx firm, of chairs and litters, waits: Thither one husband, at the risk of life, Hurries his teeming, or his bedrid wife; Another, practiced in the gainful art, 195 With deeper cunning tops the beggar's part; Plants at his side a close and empty chair: "My Galla, master;—give me Galla's share." "Galla!" the porter cries; "let her look out." "Sir, she's asleep. Nay, give me;—can you doubt!" 200 What rare pursuits employ the clients' day! First to the patron's door their court to pay, Next to the forum, to support his cause, Thence to Apollo, learned in the laws, And the triumphal statues; where some Jew, 205 Some mongrel Arab, some—I know not who— Has impudently dared a niche to seize, Fit to be p—— against, or—what you please.— Returning home, he drops them at the gate: And now the weary clients, wise too late, 210 Resign their hopes, and supperless retire, To spend the paltry dole in herbs and fire. Meanwhile, their patron sees his palace stored With every dainty earth and sea afford: Stretched on th' unsocial couch, he rolls his eyes 215 O'er many an orb of matchless form and size, Selects the fairest to receive his plate, And, at one meal, devours a whole estate!— But who (for not a parasite is there) The selfishness of luxury can bear? 220 See! the lone glutton craves whole boars! a beast Designed, by nature, for the social feast!— But speedy wrath o'ertakes him: gorged with food, And swollen and fretted by the peacock crude, He seeks the bath, his feverish pulse to still, 225 Hence sudden death, and age without a Will! Swift flies the tale, by witty spleen increast, And furnishes a laugh at every feast; The laugh, his friends not undelighted hear, And, fallen from all their hopes, insult his bier. 230 Nothing is left, NOTHING, for future times To add to the full catalogue of crimes; The baffled sons must feel the same desires, And act the same mad follies, as their sires. Vice has attained its zenith:—Then set sail, 235 Spread all thy canvas, Satire, to the gale— But where the powers so vast a theme requires? Where the plain times, the simple, when our sires Enjoyed a freedom, which I dare not name, And gave the public sin to public shame, 240 Heedless who

smiled or frowned?—Now, let a line But glance at Tigellinus, and you shine, Chained to a stake, in pitchy robes, and light, Lugubrious torch, the deepening shades of night; Or, writhing on a hook, are dragged around, 245 And, with your mangled members, plow the ground. What, shall the wretch of hard, unpitying soul, Who for THREE uncles mixed the deadly bowl, Propped on his plumy couch, that all may see, Tower by triumphant, and look down on me! 250 Yes; let him look. He comes! avoid his way, And on your lip your cautious finger lay; Crowds of informers linger in his rear, And, if a whisper pass, will overhear. Bring, if you please, Æneas on the stage, 255 Fierce war, with the Rutulian prince, to wage; Subdue the stern Achilles; and once more, With Hylas! Hylas! fill the echoing shore; Harmless, nay pleasant, shall the tale be found, It bares no ulcer, and it probes no wound. 260 But when Lucilius, fired with virtuous rage, Waves his keen falchion o'er a guilty age, The conscious villain shudders at his sin, And burning blushes speak the pangs within; Cold drops of sweat from every member roll, 265 And growing terrors harrow up his soul: Then tears of shame, and dire revenge succeed— Say, have you pondered well the advent'rous deed? Now—ere the trumpet sounds—your strength debate; The soldier, once engaged, repents too late. 270 J. Yet I MUST write: and since these iron times, From living knaves preclude my angry rhymes, I point my pen against the guilty dead, And pour its gall on each obnoxious head.

SATIRE II.

O for an eagle's wings! that I might fly To the bleak regions of the polar sky, When from their lips the cant of virtue falls, Who preach like Curii, live like Bacchanals! Devoid of knowledge, as of worth, they thrust, 5 In every nook, some philosophic bust; For he, among them, counts himself most wise, Who most old sages of the sculptor buys; Sets most true Zenos, or Cleanthes' heads, To guard the volumes which he—never reads! 10 Trust not to outward show: in every street Obscenity, in

formal garb, we meet.— And dost thou, hypocrite, our lusts arraign, Thou! of Socratic catamites the drain! Nature thy rough and shaggy limbs designed 15 To mark a stern, inexorable mind; But all's so smooth below!—"the surgeon smiles, And scarcely can, for laughter, lance the piles." Gravely demure, in wisdom's awful chair, His beetling eyebrows longer than his hair, 20 In solemn state, the affected Stoic sits, And drops his maxims on the crowd by fits!— Yon Peribomius, whose emaciate air, And tottering gait, his foul disease declare, With patience I can view; he braves disgrace, 25 Not skulks behind a sanctimonious face: Him may his folly, or his fate excuse— But whip me those, who Virtue's name abuse, And, soiled with all the vices of the times, Thunder damnation on their neighbor's crimes! 30 "Shrink at the pathic Sextus! Can I be, Whate'er my guilt, more infamous than he?" Varillus cries: Let those who tread aright, Deride the halt; the swarthy Moor, the white; This we might bear; but who his spleen could rein, 35 And hear the Gracchi of the mob complain? Who would not mingle earth, and sea, and sky, Should Milo murder, Verres theft, decry, Clodius adultery? Catiline accuse Cethegus, Lentulus, of factious views, 40 Or Sylla's pupils, soil'd with deeper guilt, Arraign their master for the blood he spilt? Yet have we seen—O shame, for ever fled!— A barbarous judge start from the incestuous bed, And, with stern voice, those rigid laws awake, 45 At which the powers of War and Beauty quake, What time his drugs were speeding to the tomb The abortive fruit of Julia's teeming womb!— And must not, now, the most debased and vile, Hear these false Scauri with a scornful smile; 50 And, while the hypocrites their crimes arraign, Turn, like the trampled asp, and bite again! They must; they do:—When late, amid the crowd, A zealot of the sect exclaimed aloud, Where sleeps the Julian law? Laronia eyed 55 The scowling Stoicide, and taunting, cried, "Blest be the age that such a censor gave, The groaning world to chasten and to save! Blush, Rome, and from the sink of sin arise— Lo! a third Cato, sent thee from the skies! 60 But—tell me yet—What shop the balm supplied, Which, from your brawny neck and bristly hide, Such potent fragrance breathes? nor let it shame

Your gravity, to show the vender's name. "If ancient laws must reassume their course, 65 Give the Scantinian first its proper force. Look, look at home; the ways of men explore— Our faults, you say, are many; theirs are more: Yet safe from censure, as from fear, they stand, A firm, compact, impenetrable band! 70 We know your monstrous leagues; but can you find One proof in us, of this detested kind? Pure days and nights with Cluvia, Flora led, And Tedia chastely shared Catulla's bed; While Hippo's brutal itch both sexes tried, 75 And proved, by turns, the bridegroom and the bride! We ne'er, with misspent zeal, explore the laws, We throng no forum, and we plead no cause: Some few, perhaps, may wrestle, some be fed, To aid their breath, with strong athletic bread. 80 Ye fling the shuttle with a female grace, And spin more subtly than Arachne's race; Cowered o'er your labor, like the squalid jade, That plies the distaff, to a block belayed. "Why Hister's freedman heired his wealth, and why 85 His consort, while he lived, was bribed so high, I spare to tell; the wife that, swayed by gain, Can make a third in bed, and near complain, Must ever thrive: on secrets jewels wait: Then wed, my girls; be silent, and—be great!" 90 "Yet these are they, who, fierce in Virtue's cause, Consign our venial frailties to the laws; And, while with partial aim their censure moves, Acquit the vultures, and condemn the doves!" She paused: the unmanly zealots felt the sway 95 Of conscious truth, and slunk, abashed, away. But how shall vice be shamed, when, loosely drest, In the light texture of a cobweb vest, You, Creticus, amid the indignant crowd At Procla and Pollinea rail aloud?— 100 These, he rejoins, are "daughters of the game." Strike, then;—yet know, though lost to honest fame, The wantons would reject a veil so thin, And blush, while suffering, to display their skin. "But Sirius glows; I burn." Then, quit your dress; 105 'Twill thus be madness, and the scandal less. O! could our legions, with fresh laurels crowned, And smarting still from many a glorious wound, Our rustic mountaineers (the plow laid by, For city cares), a judge so drest descry, 110 What thoughts would rise? Lo! robes which misbecome A witness, deck the awful bench of Rome; And Creticus, stern champion

of the laws, Gleams through the tissue of pellucid gauze! Anon from you, as from its fountain-head, 115 Wide and more wide the flagrant pest will spread; As swine take measles from distempered swine, And one infected grape pollutes the vine. Yes, Rome shall see you, lewdlier clad, erewhile, (For none become, at once, completely vile,) 120 In some opprobrious den of shame, combined With that vile herd, the horror of their kind, Who twine gay fillets round the forehead; deck With strings of orient pearl the breast and neck; Soothe the Good Goddess with large bowls of wine, 125 And the soft belly of a pregnant swine.— No female, foul perversion! dares appear, For males, and males alone, officiate here; "Far hence," they cry, "unholy sex, retire, Our purer rites no lowing horn require!" 130 —At Athens thus, involved in thickest gloom, Cotytto's priests her secret torch illume; And to such orgies give the lustful night, That e'en Cotytto sickens at the sight. With tiring-pins, these spread the sooty dye, 135 Arch the full brow, and tinge the trembling eye; Those bind their flowing locks in cawls of gold, Swill from huge glasses of immodest mould, Light, filmy robes of azure net-work wear; And, by their Juno, hark! the attendants swear! 140 This grasps a mirror—pathic Otho's boast (Auruncan Actor's spoil), where, while his host, With shouts, the signal of the fight required, He viewed his mailed form; viewed, and admired! Lo, a new subject for the historic page, 145 A MIRROR, midst the arms of civil rage!— To murder Galba, was—a general's part! A stern republican's—to dress with art! The empire of the world in arms to seek, And spread—a softening poultice o'er the cheek! 150 Preposterous vanity! and never seen, Or in the Assyrian or Egyptian queen, Though one in arms near old Euphrates stood, And one the doubtful fight at Actium viewed. Nor reverence for the table here is found; 155 But brutal mirth and jests obscene go round: They lisp, they squeal, and the rank language use Of Cybele's lewd votaries, or the stews: Some wild enthusiast, silvered o'er with age, Yet fired by lust's ungovernable rage, 160 Of most insatiate throat, is named the priest, And sits fit umpire of th' unhallowed feast; Why pause they here? Phrygians long since in heart, Whence this delay to lop a useless

part? Gracchus admired a cornet or a fife, 165 And, with an ample dower, became his wife. The contract signed, the wonted bliss implored, A costly supper decks the nuptial board; And the new bride, amid the wondering room, Lies in the bosom of the accursed groom!— 170 Say now, ye nobles, claims this monstrous deed, The Aruspex or the Censor? Can we need More expiations?—sacrifices?—vows? For calving women, or for lambing cows? The lusty priest, whose limbs dissolved with heat, 175 What time he danced beneath the Ancilia's weight, Now flings the ensigns of his god aside, And takes the stole and flammea of a bride! Father of Rome! from what pernicious clime, Did Latian swains derive so foul a crime? 180 Tell where the poisonous nettle first arose, Whose baneful juice through all thy offspring flows. Behold! a man for rank and power renowned, Marries a man!—and yet, with thundering sound, Thy brazen helmet shakes not! earth yet stands, 185 Fixed on its base, nor feels thy wrathful hands! Is thy arm shortened? Raise to Jove thy prayer— But Rome no longer knows thy guardian care; Quit, then, the charge to some severer Power, Of strength to punish in the obnoxious hour. 190 "To-morrow, with the dawn, I must attend In yonder valley!" Why so soon? "A friend Takes HIM a husband there, and bids a few"— Few, yet: but wait awhile; and we shall view Such contracts formed without or shame or fear, 195 And entered on THE RECORDS OF THE YEAR! Meanwhile, one pang these passive monsters find, One ceaseless pang, that preys upon the mind; They can not shift their sex, and pregnant prove With the dear pledges of a husband's love: 200 Wisely confined by Nature's steady plan, Which counteracts the wild desires of man. For them, no drugs prolific powers retain, And the Luperci strike their palms in vain. And yet these prodigies of vice appear, 205 Less monstrous, Gracchus, than the net and spear, With which equipped, you urged the unequal fight, And fled, dishonored, in a nation's sight; Though nobler far than each illustrious name That thronged the pit (spectators of your shame), 210 Nay, than the Prætor, who the Show supplied, At which your base dexterity was tried. That angry Justice formed a dreadful hell, That ghosts in

subterraneous regions dwell, That hateful Styx his sable current rolls, 215 And Charon ferries o'er unbodied souls, Are now as tales or idle fables prized; By children questioned, and by men despised: Yet these, do thou believe. What thoughts, declare, Ye Scipios, once the thunderbolts of war! 220 Fabricius, Curius, great Camillus' ghost! Ye valiant Fabii, in yourselves an host! Ye dauntless youths at fatal Cannæ slain! Spirits of many a brave and bloody plain! What thoughts are yours, whene'er, with feet unblest, 225 An UNBELIEVING SHADE invades your rest? —Ye fly, to expiate the blasting view;} Fling on the pine-tree torch the sulphur blue,} And from the dripping bay, dash round the lustral dew.} And yet—to these abodes we all must come, 230 Believe, or not, these are our final home; Though now Iërne tremble at our sway, And Britain, boastful of her length of day; Though the blue Orcades receive our chain, And isles that slumber in the frozen main. 235 But why of conquest boast? the conquered climes Are free, O Rome, from thy detested crimes. No;—one Armenian all our youth outgoes, And, with cursed fires, for a base tribune glows. True: such thy power, Example! He was brought 240 An hostage hither, and the infection caught.— O, bid the striplings flee! for sensual art Here lurks to snare the unsuspecting heart; Then farewell, simple nature!—Pleased no more, With knives, whips, bridles (all they prized of yore), 245 Thus taught, and thus debauched, they hasten home, To spread the morals of Imperial Rome!

SATIRE III.

Grieved though I am to see the man depart, Who long has shared, and still must share, my heart, Yet (when I call my better judgment home) I praise his purpose; to retire from Rome, And give, on Cumæ's solitary coast, 5 The Sibyl—one inhabitant to boast! Full on the road to Baiæ, Cumæ lies, And many a sweet retreat her shore supplies— Though I prefer ev'n Prochyta's bare strand To the Suburra:—for, what desert land, 10 What wild, uncultured spot, can more affright, Than fires, wide blazing through the gloom of night, Houses, with ceaseless ruin, thundering down,

And all the horrors of this hateful town? Where poets, while the dog-star glows, rehearse, 15 To gasping multitudes, their barbarous verse! Now had my friend, impatient to depart, Consigned his little all to one poor cart: For this, without the town he chose to wait; But stopped a moment at the Conduit-gate.— 20 Here Numa erst his nightly visits paid, And held high converse with the Egerian maid: Now the once-hallowed fountain, grove, and fane, Are let to Jews, a wretched, wandering train, Whose furniture's a basket filled with hay— 25 For every tree is forced a tax to pay; And while the heaven-born Nine in exile rove, The beggar rents their consecrated grove! Thence slowly winding down the vale, we view The Egerian grots—ah, how unlike the true! 30 Nymph of the Spring; more honored hadst thou been, If, free from art, an edge of living green, Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone, And marble ne'er profaned the native stone. Umbritius here his sullen silence broke, 35 And turned on Rome, indignant, as he spoke. Since virtue droops, he cried, without regard, And honest toil scarce hopes a poor reward; Since every morrow sees my means decay, And still makes less the little of to-day; 40 I go, where Dædalus, as poets sing, First checked his flight, and closed his weary wing: While something yet of health and strength remains, And yet no staff my faltering step sustains; While few gray hairs upon my head are seen, 45 And my old age is vigorous still, and green. Here, then, I bid my much-loved home farewell— Ah, mine no more!—there let Arturius dwell, And Catulus; knaves, who, in truth's despite, Can white to black transform, and black to white, 50 Build temples, furnish funerals, auctions hold, Farm rivers, ports, and scour the drains for gold! Once they were trumpeters, and always found, With strolling fencers, in their annual round, While their puffed cheeks, which every village knew, 55 Called to "high feats of arms" the rustic crew: Now they give Shows themselves; and, at the will Of the base rabble, raise the sign—to kill, Ambitious of their voice: then turn, once more, To their vile gains, and farm the common shore! 60 And why not every thing?—since Fortune throws Her more peculiar smiles on such as those, Whene'er, to wanton

merriment inclined, She lifts to thrones the dregs of human kind! But why, my friend, should I at Rome remain? 65 I can not teach my stubborn lips to feign; Nor, when I hear a great man's verses, smile, And beg a copy, if I think them vile. A sublunary wight, I have no skill To read the stars; I neither can, nor will, 70 Presage a father's death; I never pried, In toads, for poison, nor—in aught beside. Others may aid the adulterer's vile design, And bear the insidious gift, and melting line, Seduction's agents! I such deeds detest; 75 And, honest, let no thief partake my breast. For this, without a friend, the world I quit; A palsied limb, for every use unfit. Who now is loved, but he whose conscious breast Swells with dark deeds, still, still to be suppresst? 80 He pays, he owes, thee nothing (strictly just), Who gives an honest secret to thy trust; But, a dishonest!—there, he feels thy power, And buys thy friendship high from hour to hour. But let not all the wealth which Tagus pours 85 In Ocean's lap, not all his glittering stores, Be deemed a bribe, sufficient to requite The loss of peace by day, of sleep by night:— Oh take not, take not, what thy soul rejects, Nor sell the faith, which he, who buys, suspects! 90 The nation, by the GREAT, admired, carest, And hated, shunned by Me, above the rest, No longer, now, restrained by wounded pride, I haste to show (nor thou my warmth deride), I can not rule my spleen, and calmly see, 95 A Grecian capital, in Italy! Grecian? O no! with this vast sewer compared, The dregs of Greece are scarcely worth regard: Long since, the stream that wanton Syria laves Has disembogued its filth in Tiber's waves, 100 Its language, arts; o'erwhelmed us with the scum Of Antioch's streets, its minstrel, harp, and drum. Hie to the Circus! ye who pant to prove A barbarous mistress, an outlandish love; Hie to the Circus! there, in crowds they stand, 105 Tires on their head, and timbrels in their hand. Thy rustic, Mars, the trechedipna wears, And on his breast, smeared with ceroma, bears A paltry prize, well-pleased; while every land, Sicyon, and Amydos, and Alaband, 110 Tralles, and Samos, and a thousand more, Thrive on his indolence, and daily pour Their starving myriads forth: hither they come,} And batten on the genial soil of Rome;} Minions, then lords, of

every princely dome!} 115 A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race, Of torrent tongue, and never-blushing face; A Protean tribe, one knows not what to call, Which shifts to every form, and shines in all: Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician, 120 Rope-dancer, conjurer, fiddler, and physician, All trades his own, your hungry Greekling counts; And bid him mount the sky—the sky he mounts! You smile—was't a barbarian, then, that flew? No, 'twas a Greek! 'twas an Athenian, too! 125 —Bear with their state who will: for I disdain To feed their upstart pride, or swell their train: Slaves, that in Syrian lighters stowed, so late, With figs and prunes (an inauspicious freight), Already see their faith preferred to mine, 130 And sit above me! and before me sign!— That on the Aventine I first drew air, And, from the womb, was nursed on Sabine fare, Avails me not! our birthright now is lost, And all our privilege, an empty boast! 135 For lo! where versed in every soothing art, The wily Greek assails his patron's heart, Finds in each dull harangue an air, a grace, And all Adonis in a Gorgon face; Admires the voice that grates upon the ear, 140 Like the shrill scream of amorous chanticleer; And equals the crane neck, and narrow chest, To Hercules, when, straining to his breast The giant son of Earth, his every vein Swells with the toil, and more than mortal pain. 145 We too can cringe as low, and praise as warm, But flattery from the Greeks alone can charm. See! they step forth, and figure to the life, The naked nymph, the mistress, or the wife, So just, you view the very woman there, 150 And fancy all beneath the girdle bare! No longer now, the favorites of the stage Boast their exclusive power to charm the age: The happy art with them a nation shares, Greece is a theatre, where all are players. 155 For lo! their patron smiles,—they burst with mirth; He weeps—they droop, the saddest souls on earth; He calls for fire—they court the mantle's heat; 'Tis warm, he cries—and they dissolve in sweat. Ill-matched!—secure of victory they start, 160 Who, taught from youth to play a borrowed part, Can, with a glance, the rising passion trace, And mould their own, to suit their patron's face; At deeds of shame their hands admiring raise, And mad debauchery's worst excesses praise. 165

Besides, no mound their raging lust restrains, All ties it breaks, all sanctity profanes; Wife, virgin-daughter, son unstained before— And, where these fail, they tempt the grandam hoar: They notice every word, haunt every ear, 170 Your secrets learn, and fix you theirs from fear. Turn to their schools:—yon gray professor see, Smeared with the sanguine stains of perfidy! That tutor most accursed his pupil sold! That Stoic sacrificed his friend to gold! 175 A true-born Grecian! littered on the coast, Where the Gorgonian hack a pinion lost. Hence, Romans, hence! no place for you remains, Where Diphilus, where Erimanthus reigns; Miscreants, who, faithful to their native art, 180 Admit no rival in a patron's heart: For let them fasten on his easy ear, And drop one hint, one secret slander there, Sucked from their country's venom, or their own, That instant they possess the man alone; 185 While we are spurned, contemptuous, from the door, Our long, long slavery thought upon no more. 'Tis but a client lost!—and that, we find, Sits wondrous lightly on a patron's mind: And (not to flatter our poor pride, my friend) 190 What merit with the great can we pretend, Though, in our duty we prevent the day, And, darkling, run our humble court to pay; When the brisk prætor, long before, is gone, And hastening, with stern voice, his lictors on, 195 Lest his colleagues o'erpass him in the street, And first the rich and childless matrons greet, Alba and Modia, who impatient wait, And think the morning homage comes too late! Here freeborn youths wait the rich servant's call, 200 And, if they walk beside him, yield the wall; And wherefore? this, forsooth, can fling away, On one voluptuous night, a legion's pay, While those, when some Calvina, sweeping by, Inflames the fancy, check their roving eye, 205 And frugal of their scanty means, forbear, To tempt the wanton from her splendid chair. Produce, at Rome, your witness: let him boast, The sanctity of Berecynthia's host, Of Numa, or of him, whose zeal divine 210 Snatched pale Minerva from her blazing shrine: To search his rent-roll, first the bench prepares, His honesty employs their latest cares: What table does he keep, what slaves maintain, And what, they ask, and where, is his domain? 215 These weighty matters known, his faith they rate,

And square his probity to his estate. The poor may swear by all the immortal Powers, By the Great Gods of Samothrace, and ours, His oaths are false, they cry; he scoffs at heaven, 220 And all its thunders; scoffs—and is forgiven! Add, that the wretch is still the theme of scorn, If the soiled cloak be patched, the gown o'erworn; If, through the bursting shoe, the foot be seen, Or the coarse seam tell where the rent has been. 225 O Poverty, thy thousand ills combined} Sink not so deep into the generous mind,} As the contempt and laughter of mankind!} "Up! up! these cushioned benches," Lectius cries, "Befit not your estates: for shame! arise." 230 For "shame!"—but you say well: the pander's heir, The spawn of bulks and stews, is seated there; The crier's spruce son, fresh from the fencer's school, And prompt the taste to settle and to rule.— So Otho fixed it, whose preposterous pride 235 First dared to chase us from their Honors' side. In these cursed walls, devote alone to gain, When do the poor a wealthy wife obtain? When are they named in Wills? when called to share The Ædile's council, and assist the chair?— 240 Long since should they have risen, thus slighted, spurned, And left their home, but—not to have returned! Depressed by indigence, the good and wise, In every clime, by painful efforts rise; Here, by more painful still, where scanty cheer, 245 Poor lodging, mean attendance—all is dear. In earthen-ware HE scorns, at Rome, to eat, Who, called abruptly to the Marsian's seat, From such, well pleased, would take his simple food, Nor blush to wear the cheap Venetian hood. 250 There's many a part of Italy, 'tis said, Where none assume the toga but the dead: There, when the toil foregone and annual play, Mark, from the rest, some high and solemn day, To theatres of turf the rustics throng, 255 Charmed with the farce that charmed their sires so long; While the pale infant, of the mask in dread, Hides, in his mother's breast, his little head. No modes of dress high birth distinguish THERE; All ranks, all orders, the same habit wear, 260 And the dread Ædile's dignity is known, O sacred badge! by his white vest alone. But HERE, beyond our power arrayed we go, In all the gay varieties of show; And when our purse supplies the charge no more, 265 Borrow, unblushing,

from our neighbor's store: Such is the reigning vice; and so we flaunt, Proud in distress, and prodigal in want! Briefly, my friend, here all are slaves to gold, And words, and smiles, and every thing is sold. 270 What will you give for Cossus' nod? how high The silent notice of Veiento buy? —One favorite youth is shaved, another shorn; And, while to Jove the precious spoil is borne, Clients are taxed for offerings, and, (yet more 275 To gall their patience), from their little store, Constrained to swell the minion's ample hoard, And bribe the page, for leave to bribe his lord. Who fears the crash of houses in retreat? At simple Gabii, bleak Præneste's seat, 280 Volsinium's craggy heights, embowered in wood, Or Tibur, beetling o'er prone Anio's flood? While half the city here by shores is staid, And feeble cramps, that lend a treacherous aid: For thus the stewards patch the riven wall, 285 Thus prop the mansion, tottering to its fall; Then bid the tenant court secure repose, While the pile nods to every blast that blows. O! may I live where no such fears molest, No midnight fires burst on my hour of rest! 290 For here 'tis terror all; mid the loud cry Of "water! water!" the scared neighbors fly, With all their haste can seize—the flames aspire, And the third floor is wrapt in smoke and fire, While you, unconscious, doze: Up, ho! and know, 295 The impetuous blaze which spreads dismay below, By swift degrees will reach the aerial cell, Where, crouching, underneath the tiles you dwell, Where your tame doves their golden couplets rear, "And you could no mischance, but drowning, fear!" 300 "Codrus had but one bed, and that too short For his short wife;" his goods, of every sort, Were else but few:—six little pipkins graced His cupboard head, a little can was placed On a snug shelf beneath, and near it lay 305 A Chiron, of the same cheap marble—clay. And was this all? O no: he yet possest A few Greek books, shrined in an ancient chest, Where barbarous mice through many an inlet crept, And fed on heavenly numbers, while he slept.— 310 "Codrus, in short, had nothing." You say true; And yet poor Codrus lost that nothing too! One curse alone was wanting, to complete His woes: that, cold and hungry, through the street, The wretch should beg, and, in the hour of

need, 315 Find none to lodge, to clothe him, or to feed! But should the raging flames on grandeur prey, And low in dust Asturius' palace lay, The squalid matron sighs, the senate mourns, The pleaders cease, the judge the court adjourns; 320 All join to wail the city's hapless fate, And rail at fire with more than common hate. Lo! while it burns, the obsequious courtiers haste, With rich materials, to repair the waste: This, brings him marble, that, a finished piece, 325 The far-famed boast of Polyclete and Greece; This, ornaments, which graced of old the fane Of Asia's gods; that, figured plate and plain; This, cases, books, and busts the shelves to grace, And piles of coin his specie to replace— 330 So much the childless Persian swells his store, (Though deemed the richest of the rich before,) That all ascribe the flames to thirst of pelf, And swear, Asturius fired his house himself. O, had you, from the Circus, power to fly, 335 In many a halcyon village might you buy Some elegant retreat, for what will, here, Scarce hire a gloomy dungeon through the year! There wells, by nature formed, which need no rope, No laboring arm, to crane their waters up, 340 Around your lawn their facile streams shall shower, And cheer the springing plant and opening flower. There live, delighted with the rustic's lot, And till, with your own hands, the little spot; The little spot shall yield you large amends, 345 And glad, with many a feast, your Samian friends. And, sure,—in any corner we can get, To call one lizard ours, is something yet! Flushed with a mass of indigested food, Which clogs the stomach and inflames the blood, 350 What crowds, with watching wearied and o'erprest, Curse the slow hours, and die for want of rest! For who can hope his languid lids to close, Where brawling taverns banish all repose? Sleep, to the rich alone, "his visits pays:" 355 And hence the seeds of many a dire disease. The carts loud rumbling through the narrow way, The drivers' clamors at each casual stay, From drowsy Drusus would his slumber take, And keep the calves of Proteus broad awake! 360 If business call, obsequious crowds divide. While o'er their heads the rich securely ride, By tall Illyrians borne, and read, or write,} Or (should the early hour to rest invite),} Close the soft litter, and enjoy the night.} 365 Yet reach

they first the goal; while, by the throng Elbowed and jostled, scarce we creep along; Sharp strokes from poles, tubs, rafters, doomed to feel; And plastered o'er with mud, from head to heel: While the rude soldier gores us as he goes, 370 Or marks, in blood, his progress on our toes! See, from the Dole, a vast tumultuous throng, Each followed by his kitchen, pours along! Huge pans, which Corbulo could scarce uprear, With steady neck a puny slave must bear, 375 And, lest amid the way the flames expire, Glide nimbly on, and gliding, fan the fire; Through the close press with sinuous efforts wind, And, piece by piece, leave his botched rags behind. Hark! groaning on, the unwieldy wagon spreads 380 Its cumbrous load, tremendous! o'er our heads, Projecting elm or pine, that nods on high, And threatens death to every passer by. Heavens! should the axle crack, which bears a weight Of huge Ligurian stone, and pour the freight 385 On the pale crowd beneath, what would remain, What joint, what bone, what atom of the slain? The body, with the soul, would vanish quite, Invisible as air, to mortal sight!— Meanwhile, unconscious of their fellow's fate, 390 At home, they heat the water, scour the plate, Arrange the strigils, fill the cruse with oil, And ply their several tasks with fruitless toil: For he who bore the dole, poor mangled ghost, Sits pale and trembling on the Stygian coast, 395 Scared at the horrors of the novel scene, At Charon's threatening voice, and scowling mien; Nor hopes a passage, thus abruptly hurled, Without his farthing, to the nether world. Pass we these fearful dangers, and survey 400 What other evils threat our nightly way. And first, behold the mansion's towering size, Where floors on floors to the tenth story rise; Whence heedless garreteers their potsherds throw, And crush the unwary wretch that walks below! 405 Clattering the storm descends from heights unknown. Plows up the street, and wounds the flinty stone! 'Tis madness, dire improvidence of ill, To sup abroad, before you sign your Will; Since fate in ambush lies, and marks his prey, 410 From every wakeful window in the way: Pray, then—and count your humble prayer well sped, If pots be only—emptied on your head. The drunken bully, ere his man be slain, Frets through the night, and

courts repose in vain; 415 And while the thirst of blood his bosom burns, From side to side, in restless anguish, turns, Like Peleus' son, when, quelled by Hector's hand, His loved Patroclus prest the Phrygian strand. There are, who murder as an opiate take, 420 And only when no brawls await them wake: Yet even these heroes, flushed with youth and wine, All contest with the purple robe decline; Securely give the lengthened train to pass, The sun-bright flambeaux, and the lamps of brass.— 425 Me, whom the moon, or candle's paler gleam, Whose wick I husband to the last extreme, Guides through the gloom, he braves, devoid of fear: The prelude to our doughty quarrel hear, If that be deemed a quarrel, where, heaven knows, 430 He only gives, and I receive, the blows! Across my path he strides, and bids me Stand! I bow, obsequious to the dread command; What else remains, where madness, rage, combine With youth, and strength superior far to mine? 435 "Whence come you, rogue?" he cries; "whose beans to-night Have stuffed you thus? what cobbler clubbed his mite, For leeks and sheep's-head porridge? Dumb! quite dumb! Speak, or be kicked.—Yet, once again! your home? Where shall I find you? At what beggar's stand 440 (Temple, or bridge) whimp'ring with outstretched hand?" Whether I strive some humble plea to frame, Or steal in silence by, 'tis just the same; I'm beaten first, then dragged in rage away: Bound to the peace, or punished for the fray! 445 Mark here the boasted freedom of the poor! Beaten and bruised, that goodness to adore, Which, at their humble prayer, suspends its ire, And sends them home, with yet a bone entire! Nor this the worst; for when deep midnight reigns, 450 And bolts secure our doors, and massy chains, When noisy inns a transient silence keep, And harassed nature woos the balm of sleep, Then, thieves and murderers ply their dreadful trade; With stealthy steps our secret couch invade:— 455 Roused from the treacherous calm, aghast we start, And the fleshed sword—is buried in our heart! Hither from bogs, from rocks, and caves pursued (The Pontine marsh, and Gallinarian wood), The dark assassins flock, as to their home, 460 And fill with dire alarms the streets of Rome. Such countless multitudes our peace annoy, That bolts

and shackles every forge employ, And cause so wide a waste, the country fears A want of ore for mattocks, rakes, and shares. 465 O! happy were our sires, estranged from crimes; And happy, happy, were the good old times, Which saw, beneath their kings', their tribunes' reign, One cell the nation's criminals contain! Much could I add, more reasons could I cite, 470 If time were ours, to justify my flight; But see! the impatient team is moving on, The sun declining; and I must be gone: Long since, the driver murmured at my stay, And jerked his whip, to beckon me away. 475 Farewell, my friend! with this embrace we part! Cherish my memory ever in your heart; And when, from crowds and business, you repair, To breathe at your Aquinum freer air, Fail not to draw me from my loved retreat, 480 To Elvine Ceres, and Diana's seat: For your bleak hills my Cumæ I'll resign, And (if you blush not at such aid as mine) Come well equipped, to wage, in angry rhymes, Fierce war, with you, on follies and on crimes. 485

SATIRE IV.

Again Crispinus comes! and yet again, And oft, shall he be summoned to sustain His dreadful part:—the monster of the times, Without ONE virtue to redeem his crimes! Diseased, emaciate, weak in all but lust, 5 And whom the widow's sweets alone disgust. Avails it, then, in what long colonnades He tires his mules? through what extensive glades His chair is borne? what vast estates he buys, What splendid domes, that round the Forum rise? 10 Ah! no—Peace visits not the guilty mind, Least his, who incest to adultery joined, And stained thy priestess, Vesta;—whom, dire fate! The long dark night and living tomb await. Turn we to slighter vices:—yet had these, 15 In others, Seius, Titius, whom you please, The Censor roused; for what the good would shame, Becomes Crispinus, and is honest fame. But when the actor's person far exceeds, In native loathsomeness, his loathsom'st deeds, 20 Say, what can satire? For a fish that weighed Six pounds, six thousand sesterces he paid! As those report, who catch, with greedy ear, And magnify the mighty things they hear. Had

this expense been meant, with well-timed skill, 25 To gull some childless dotard of a Will; Or bribe some rich and fashionable fair, Who flaunts it in a close, wide-windowed chair; 'Twere worth our praise:—but no such plot was here. 'Twas for HIMSELF he bought a treat so dear! 30 This, all past gluttony from shame redeems, And even Apicius poor and frugal seems. What! You, Crispinus, brought to Rome, erewhile, Lapt in the rushes of your native Nile, Buy scales, at such a price! you might, I guess, 35 Have bought the fisherman himself for less; Bought, in some countries, manors at this rate, And, in Apulia, an immense estate! How gorged the emperor, when so dear a fish, Yet, of his cheapest meals, the cheapest dish, 40 Was guttled down by this impurpled lord, Chief knight, chief parasite, at Cæsar's board, Whom Memphis heard so late, with ceaseless yell, Clamoring through all her streets—"Ho! shads to sell!" Pierian Maids, begin;—but, quit your lyres, 45 The fact I bring no lofty chord requires: Relate it, then, and in the simplest strain, Nor let the poet style you Maids, in vain. When the last Flavius, drunk with fury, tore The prostrate world, which bled at every pore, 50 And Rome beheld, in body as in mind, A bald-pate Nero rise, to curse mankind; It chanced, that where the fane of Venus stands, Reared on Ancona's coast by Grecian hands, A turbot, wandering from the Illyrian main, 55 Fill'd the wide bosom of the bursting seine. Monsters so bulky, from its frozen stream, Mæotis renders to the solar beam, And pours them, fat with a whole winter's ease, Through the bleak Euxine, into warmer seas. 60 The mighty draught the astonished boatman eyes, And to the Pontiff's table dooms his prize: For who would dare to sell it? who to buy? When the coast swarmed with many a practiced spy, Mud-rakers, prompt to swear the fish had fled 65 From Cæsar's ponds, ingrate! where long it fed, And thus recaptured, claimed to be restored To the dominion of its ancient lord! Nay, if Palphurius may our credit gain, Whatever rare or precious swims the main, 70 Is forfeit to the crown, and you may seize The obnoxious dainty, when and where you please. This point allowed, our wary boatman chose To give—what, else, he had not failed to lose. Now were the

dogstar's sickly fervors o'er, 75 Earth, pinched with cold, her frozen livery wore; The old began their quartan fits to fear, And wintry blasts deformed the beauteous year, And kept the turbot sweet: yet on he flew, As if the sultry South corruption blew.— 80 And now the lake, and now the hill he gains, Where Alba, though in ruins, still maintains The Trojan fire, which, but for her, were lost, And worships Vesta, though with less of cost. The wondering crowd, that gathered to survey 85 The enormous fish, and barred the fisher's way, Satiate, at length retires; the gates unfold!— Murmuring, the excluded senators behold The envied dainty enter:—On the man To great Atrides pressed, and thus began. 90 "This, for a private table far too great, Accept, and sumptuously your Genius treat: Haste to unload your stomach, and devour A turbot, destined to this happy hour. I sought him not;—he marked the toils I set, 95 And rushed, a willing victim, to my net." Was flattery e'er so rank! yet he grows vain, And his crest rises at the fulsome strain. When, to divine, a mortal power we raise, He looks for no hyperboles in praise. 100 But when was joy unmixed? no pot is found, Capacious of the turbot's ample round: In this distress, he calls the chiefs of state, At once the objects of his scorn and hate, In whose pale cheeks distrust and doubt appear, 105 And all a tyrant's friendship breeds of fear. Scarce was the loud Liburnian heard to say, "He sits," ere Pegasus was on his way; Yes:—the new bailiff of the affrighted town, (For what were Præfects more?) had snatched his gown, 110 And rushed to council: from the ivory chair, He dealt out justice with no common care; But yielded oft to those licentious times, And where he could not punish, winked at crimes. Then old, facetious Crispus tript along, 115 Of gentle manners, and persuasive tongue: None fitter to advise the lord of all, Had that pernicious pest, whom thus we call, Allowed a friend to soothe his savage mood, And give him counsel, wise at once and good. 120 But who shall dare this liberty to take, When, every word you hazard, life's at stake? Though but of stormy summers, showery springs— For tyrants' ears, alas! are ticklish things. So did the good old man his tongue restrain; 125 Nor strove to stem the torrent's force in vain.

Not one of those, who, by no fears deterred, Spoke the free soul, and truth to life preferred. He temporized—thus fourscore summers fled, Even in that court, securely, o'er his head. 130 Next him, appeared Acilius hurrying on, Of equal age—and followed by his son; Who fell, unjustly fell, in early years, A victim to the tyrant's jealous fears: But long ere this were hoary hairs become 135 A prodigy, among the great, at Rome; Hence, had I rather owe my humble birth, Frail brother of the giant-brood, to earth. Poor youth! in vain the ancient sleight you try; In vain, with frantic air, and ardent eye, 140 Fling every robe aside, and battle wage With bears and lions, on the Alban stage. All see the trick: and, spite of Brutus' skill, There are who count him but a driveler still; Since, in his days, it cost no mighty pains 145 To outwit a prince, with much more beard than brains. Rubrius, though not, like these, of noble race, Followed with equal terror in his face; And, laboring with a crime too foul to name, More, than the pathic satirist, lost to shame. 150 Montanus' belly next, and next appeared The legs, on which that monstrous pile was reared. Crispinus followed, daubed with more perfume, Thus early! than two funerals consume. Then bloodier Pompey, practiced to betray, 155 And hesitate the noblest lives away. Then Fuscus, who in studious pomp at home, Planned future triumphs for the Arms of Rome. Blind to the event! those arms, a different fate, Inglorious wounds, and Dacian vultures, wait. 160 Last, sly Veiento with Catullus came, Deadly Catullus, who, at beauty's name Took fire, although unseen: a wretch, whose crimes Struck with amaze even those prodigious times. A base, blind parasite, a murderous lord, 165 From the bridge-end raised to the council-board; Yet fitter still to dog the traveler's heels, And whine for alms to the descending wheels! None dwelt so largely on the turbot's size, Or raised with such applause his wondering eyes; 170 But to the left (O, treacherous want of sight) He poured his praise;—the fish was on the right! Thus would he at the fencer's matches sit, And shout with rapture, at some fancied hit; And thus applaud the stage-machinery, where 175 The youths were rapt aloft, and lost in air. Nor fell Veiento short:—as if

possest With all Bellona's rage, his laboring breast Burst forth in prophecy; "I see, I see The omens of some glorious victory! 180 Some powerful monarch captured!—lo, he rears, Horrent on every side, his pointed spears! Arviragus hurled from the British car: The fish is foreign, foreign is the war." Proceed, great seer, and what remains untold, 185 The turbot's age and country, next unfold; So shall your lord his fortunes better know, And where the conquest waits and who the foe. The emperor now the important question put, "How say ye, Fathers, SHALL THE FISH BE CUT?" 190 "O, far be that disgrace," Montanus cries; "No, let a pot be formed, of amplest size, Within whose slender sides the fish, dread sire, May spread his vast circumference entire! Bring, bring the tempered clay, and let it feel 195 The quick gyrations of the plastic wheel:— But, Cæsar, thus forewarned, make no campaign, Unless your potters follow in your train!" Montanus ended; all approved the plan, And all, the speech, so worthy of the man! 200 Versed in the old court luxury, he knew The feasts of Nero, and his midnight crew; Where oft, when potent draughts had fired the brain, The jaded taste was spurred to gorge again.— And, in my time, none understood so well 205 The science of good eating: he could tell, At the first relish, if his oysters fed On the Rutupian, or the Lucrine bed; And from a crab, or lobster's color, name The country, nay, the district, whence it came. 210 Here closed the solemn farce. The Fathers rise, And each, submissive, from the presence hies:— Pale, trembling wretches, whom the chief, in sport, Had dragged, astonished, to the Alban court; As if the stern Sicambri were in arms, 215 Or the fierce Catti threatened new alarms; As if ill news by flying posts had come, And gathering nations sought the fall of Rome! O! that such scenes (disgraceful at the most) Had all those years of cruelty engrost, 220 Through which his rage pursued the great and good, Unchecked, while vengeance slumbered o'er their blood! And yet he fell!—for when he changed his game, And first grew dreadful to the vulgar name, They seized the murderer, drenched with Lamian gore, 225 And hurled him, headlong, to the infernal shore!

SATIRE V. TO TREBIUS.

If—by reiterated scorn made bold, Your mind can still its shameless tenor hold, Still think the greatest blessing earth can give, Is, solely at another's cost to live; If—you can brook, what Galba would have spurned, 5 And mean Sarmentus with a frown returned, At Cæsar's haughty board, dependents both, I scarce would take your evidence on oath. The belly's fed with little cost: yet grant You should, unhappily, that little want, 10 Some vacant bridge might surely still be found, Some highway side; where, groveling on the ground, Your shivering limbs compassion's sigh might wake, And gain an alms for "Charity's sweet sake!" What! can a meal, thus sauced, deserve your care? 15 Is hunger so importunate? when THERE, There, in your tattered rug, you may, my friend, On casual scraps more honestly depend; With chattering teeth toil o'er your wretched treat, And gnaw the crusts, which dogs refuse to eat!— 20 For, first, of this be sure: whene'er your lord Thinks proper to invite you to his board, He pays, or thinks he pays, the total sum Of all your pains, past, present, and to come. Behold the meed of servitude! the great 25 Reward their humble followers with a treat, And count it current coin:—they count it such, And, though it be but little, think it much. If, after two long months, he condescend To waste a thought upon an humble friend, 30 Reminded by a vacant seat, and write, "You, Master Trebius, sup with me to-night," 'Tis rapture all! Go now, supremely blest, Enjoy the meed for which you broke your rest, And, loose and slipshod, ran your vows to pay, 35 What time the fading stars announced the day; Or at that earlier hour, when, with slow roll, Thy frozen wain, Boötes, turned the pole; Yet trembling, lest the levee should be o'er, And the full court retiring from the door! 40 And what a meal at last! such ropy wine, As wool, which takes all liquids, would decline; Hot, heady lees, to fire the wretched guests, And turn them all to Corybants, or beasts.— At first, with sneers and sarcasms, they engage, 45 Then hurl the jugs around, with mutual rage; Or, stung to madness by the household train, With coarse stone pots a desperate fight maintain; While streams of blood in smoking torrents

flow, And my lord smiles to see the battle glow! 50 Not such his beverage: he enjoys the juice Of ancient days, when beards were yet in use, Pressed in the Social War!—but will not send One cordial drop, to cheer a fainting friend. To-morrow, he will change, and, haply, fill 55 The mellow vintage of the Alban hill, Or Setian; wines, which can not now be known, So much the mould of age has overgrown The district, and the date; such generous bowls, As Thrasea and Helvidius, patriot souls! 60 While crowned with flowers, in sacred pomp, they lay, To Freedom quaffed, on Brutus' natal day. Before your patron, cups of price are placed, Amber and gold, with rows of beryls graced: Cups, you can only at a distance view, 65 And never trusted to such guests as you! Or, if they be—a faithful slave attends, To count the gems, and watch your fingers' ends. You'll pardon him; but lo! a jasper there, Of matchless worth, which justifies his care: 70 For Virro, like his brother peers, of late, Has stripped his fingers to adorn his plate; And jewels now emblaze the festive board,} Which decked with nobler grace the hero's sword,} Whom Dido prized, above the Libyan lord.} 75 From such he drinks: to you the slaves allot The Beneventine cobbler's four-lugged pot, A fragment, a mere shard, of little worth, But to be trucked for matches—and so forth. If Virro's veins with indigestion glow, 80 They bring him water cooled in Scythian snow: What! did I late complain a different wine Fell to thy share? A different water's thine! Getulian slaves your vile potations pour, Or the coarse paws of some huge, raw-boned Moor, 85 Whose hideous form the stoutest would affray, If met, by moonlight, near the Latian way: On him a youth, the flower of Asia, waits, So dearly purchased, that the joint estates Of Tullus, Ancus, would not yield the sum, 90 Nor all the wealth—of all the kings of Rome! Bear this in mind; and when the cup you need, Look to your own Getulian Ganymede; A page who cost so much, will ne'er, be sure, Come at your beck: he heeds not, he, the poor; 95 But, of his youth and beauty justly vain, Trips by them, with indifference and disdain. If called, he hears not, or, with rage inflamed—Indignant, that his services are claimed By an old client, who, ye gods! commands,

100 And sits at ease, while his superior stands! Such proud, audacious minions swarm in Rome, And trample on the poor, where'er they come. Mark with what insolence another thrusts Before your plate th' impenetrable crusts, 105 Black mouldy fragments, which defy the saw, The mere despair of every aching jaw! While manchets, of the finest flour, are set Before your lord; but be you mindful, yet, And taste not, touch not: of the pantler stand 110 In trembling awe, and check your desperate hand— Yet, should you dare—a slave springs forth, to wrest The sacred morsel from you. "Saucy guest," He frowns, and mutters, "wilt thou ne'er divine What's for thy patron's tooth, and what for thine? 115 Never take notice from what tray thou'rt fed, Nor know the color of thy proper bread?" Was it for this, the baffled client cries, The tears indignant starting from his eyes, Was it for this I left my wife ere day, 120 And up the bleak Esquilian urged my way, While the wind howled, the hail-storm beat amain, And my cloak smoked beneath the driving rain! But lo, a lobster, introduced in state, Stretches, enormous, o'er the bending plate; 125 Proud of a length of tail, he seems to eye The humbler guests with scorn, as, towering by, He takes the place of honor at the board, And crowned with costly pickles, greets his lord! A crab is yours, ill garnished and ill fed, 130 With half an egg—a supper for the dead! He pours Venafran oil upon his fish, While the stale coleworts, in your wooden dish, Stink of the lamp; for such to you is thrown, Such rancid grease, as Afric sends to town; 135 So strong, that when her factors seek the bath, All wind, and all avoid, the noisome path; So pestilent! that her own serpents fly The horrid stench, or meet it but to die. See! a sur-mullet now before him set, 140 From Corsica, or isles more distant yet, Brought post to Rome; since Ostia's shores no more Supply the insatiate glutton, as of yore, Thinned by the net, whose everlasting throw Allows no Tuscan fish in peace to grow. 145 Still luxury yawns, unfilled; the nations rise, And ransack all their coasts for fresh supplies: Thence come your presents; thence, as rumor tells, The dainties Lenas buys, Aurelia sells. A lamprey next, from the Sicilian straits, 150 Of more than common size, on Virro

waits— For oft as Auster seeks his cave, and flings The cumbrous moisture from his dripping wings, Forth flies the daring fisher, lured by gain, While rocks oppose, and whirlpools threat in vain. 155 To you an eel is brought, whose slender make Speaks him a famished cousin to the snake; Or some frost-bitten pike, who, day by day, Through half the city's ordure sucked his way! Would Virro deign to hear me, I could give 160 A few brief hints:—We look not to receive What Seneca, what Cotta used to send, What the good Piso, to an humble friend:— For bounty once preferred a fairer claim, Than birth or power, to honorable fame: 165 No; all we ask (and you may this afford) Is, simply, civil treatment at your board; Indulge us here; and be, like numbers more, Rich to yourself, to your dependents poor! Vain hope! Near him a goose's liver lies; 170 A capon, equal to a goose in size; A boar, too, smokes, like that which fell, of old, By the famed hero with the locks of gold. Last, if the spring its genial influence shed, And welcome thunders call them from their bed, 175 Large mushrooms enter; ravished with their size, "O Libya, keep thy grain!" Alledius cries, "And bid thy oxen to their stalls retreat, Nor, while thou grow'st such mushrooms, think of wheat!" Meanwhile, to put your patience to the test, 180 Lo! the spruce carver, to his task addrest, Skips, like a harlequin, from place to place, And waves his knife with pantomimic grace, Till every dish be ranged, and every joint Severed, by nicest rules, from point to point. 185 You think this folly—'tis a simple thought— To such perfection, now, is carving brought, That different gestures, by our curious men, Are used for different dishes, hare and hen. But think whate'er you may, your comments spare; 190 For should you, like a free-born Roman, dare To hint your thoughts, forth springs some sturdy groom, And drags you straight, heels foremost, from the room! Does Virro ever pledge you? ever sip The liquor touched by your unhallowed lip? 195 Or is there one of all your tribe so free, So desperate, as to say—"Sir, drink to me?" O, there is much, that never can be spoke By a poor client in a threadbare cloak! But should some godlike man, more kind than fate, 200 Some god, present you with a knight's estate, Heavens, what a change! how infinitely dear

Would Trebius then become! How great appear, From nothing! Virro, so reserved of late, Grows quite familiar: "Brother, send your plate. 205 Dear brother Trebius! you were wont to say You liked this trail, I think—Oblige me, pray."— O Riches!—this "dear brother" is your own, To you this friendship, this respect is shown. But would you now your patron's patron be? 210 Let no young Trebius wanton round your knee, No Trebia, none: a barren wife procures The kindest, truest friends! such then be yours.— Yet, should she breed, and, to augment your joys, Pour in your lap, at once, three bouncing boys, 215 Virro will still, so you be wealthy, deign To toy and prattle with the lisping train; Will have his pockets too with farthings stored, And when the sweet young rogues approach his board, Bring out his pretty corselets for the breast, 220 His nuts, and apples, for each coaxing guest. You champ on spongy toadstools, hateful treat! Fearful of poison in each bit you eat; He feasts secure on mushrooms, fine as those Which Claudius, for his special eating chose, 225 Till one more fine, provided by his wife, Finished at once his feasting, and his life! Apples, as fragrant, and as bright of hue, As those which in Alcinoüs' gardens grew, Mellowed by constant sunshine; or as those, 230 Which graced the Hesperides, in burnished rows; Apples, which you may smell, but never taste, Before your lord and his great friends are placed: While you enjoy mere windfalls, such stale fruit, As serves to mortify the raw recruit, 235 When, armed with helm and shield, the lance he throws, And trembles at the shaggy master's blows. You think, perhaps, that Virro treats so ill To save his gold; no, 'tis to vex you still: For, say, what comedy such mirth can raise, 240 As hunger, tortured thus a thousand ways? No (if you know it not), 'tis to excite Your rage, your phrensy, for his mere delight; 'Tis to compel you all your gall to show, And gnash your teeth in agonies of woe. 245 You deem yourself (such pride inflates your breast), Forsooth, a freeman, and your patron's guest; He thinks you a vile slave, drawn, by the smell Of his warm kitchen, there; and he thinks well: For who so low, so wretched as to bear 250 Such treatment twice, whose fortune 'twas to wear The golden boss; nay, to whose

humbler lot, The poor man's ensign fell, the leathern knot! Your palate still beguiles you: Ah, how nice That smoking haunch! NOW we shall have a slice! 255 Now that half hare is coming! NOW a bit Of that young pullet! NOW—and thus you sit, Thumbing your bread in silence; watching still, For what has never reached you, never will! No more of freedom! 'tis a vain pretense: 260 Your patron treats you like a man of sense: For, if you can, without a murmur, bear, You well deserve the insults which you share. Anon, like voluntary slaves, you'll throw Your humbled necks beneath the oppressor's blow, 265 Nay, with bare backs, solicit to be beat, And merit SUCH A FRIEND, and SUCH A TREAT!

SATIRE VI. TO URSIDIUS POSTHUMUS.

Yes, I believe that Chastity was known, And prized on earth, while Saturn filled the throne; When rocks a bleak and scanty shelter gave, When sheep and shepherds thronged one common cave, And when the mountain wife her couch bestrewed 5 With skins of beasts, joint tenants of the wood, And reeds, and leaves plucked from the neighboring tree:— A woman, Cynthia, far unlike to thee, Or thee, weak child of fondness and of fears, Whose eyes a sparrow's death suffused with tears: 10 But strong, and reaching to her burly brood Her big-swollen breasts, replete with wholesome food, And rougher than her husband, gorged with mast, And frequent belching from the coarse repast. For when the world was new, the race that broke, 15 Unfathered, from the soil or opening oak, Lived most unlike the men of later times, The puling brood of follies and of crimes. Haply some trace of Chastity remained, While Jove, but Jove as yet unbearded, reigned: 20 Before the Greek bound, by another's head, His doubtful faith; or men, of theft in dread, Had learned their herbs and fruitage to immure, But all was uninclosed, and all secure! At length Astrea, from these confines driven, 25 Regained by slow degrees her native heaven; With her retired her sister in disgust, And left the world to rapine, and to lust. 'Tis not a practice, friend, of recent date, But old, established, and inveterate, 30 To

climb another's couch, and boldly slight The sacred Genius of the nuptial rite: All other crimes the Age of Iron curst; But that of Silver saw adulterers first. Yet thou, it seems, art eager to engage 35 Thy witless neck, in this degenerate age! Even now, thy hair the modish curl is taught, By master-hands; even now, the ring is bought; Even now—thou once, Ursidius, hadst thy wits, But thus to talk of wiving!—O, these fits! 40 What more than madness has thy soul possest? What snakes, what Furies, agitate thy breast? Heavens! wilt thou tamely drag the galling chain, While hemp is to be bought, while knives remain? While windows woo thee so divinely high, 45 And Tiber and the Æmilian bridge are nigh?— "O, but the law," thou criest, "the Julian law, Will keep my destined wife from every flaw; Besides, I die for heirs." Good! and for those, Wilt thou the turtle and the turbot lose, 50 And all the dainties, which the flatterer, still Heaps on the childless, to secure his Will? But what will hence impossible be held, If thou, old friend, to wedlock art impelled? If thou, the veriest debauchee in town, 55 With whom wives, widows, every thing went down, Shouldst stretch the unsuspecting neck, and poke Thy foolish nose into the marriage yoke? Thou, famed for scapes, and, by the trembling wife, Thrust in a chest so oft, to save thy life!— 60 But what! Ursidius hopes a mate to gain, Frugal, and chaste, and of the good old strain: Alas, he's frantic! ope a vein with speed, And bleed him copiously, good doctor, bleed. Jewel of men! thy knees to Jove incline, 65 And let a heifer fall at Juno's shrine, If thy researches for a wife be blest, With one, who is not—need I speak the rest? Ah! few the matrons Ceres now can find, Her hallowed fillets, with chaste hands, to bind; 70 Few whom their fathers with their lips can trust, So strong their filial kisses smack of lust! Go then, prepare to bring your mistress home, And crown your doors with garlands, ere she come.— But will one man suffice, methinks, you cry, 75 For all her wants and wishes? Will one eye! And yet there runs, 'tis said, a wondrous tale, Of some pure maid, who lives—in some lone vale. There she MAY live; but let the phœnix, placed At Gabii or Fidenæ, prove as chaste 80 As at her father's farm!—Yet who will swear, That naught is

done in night and silence there? Time was, when Jupiter and Mars, we're told,} With many a nymph in woods and caves made bold;} And still, perhaps, they may not be too old.} 85 Survey our public places; see you there One woman worthy of your serious care? See you, through all the crowded benches, one Whom you might take securely for your own?— Lo! while Bathyllus, with his flexile limbs, 90 Acts Leda, and through every posture swims, Tuccia delights to realize the play, And in lascivious trances melts away; While rustic Thymele, with curious eye, Marks the quick pant, the lingering, deep-drawn sigh, 95 And while her cheeks with burning blushes glow, Learns this—learns all the city matrons know. Others, when of the theatres bereft, When nothing but the wrangling bar is left, In the long tedious months which interpose 100 'Twixt the Cybelian and Plebeian shows, Sicken for action, and assume the airs, The mask and thyrsus, of their favorite players. —Midst peals of mirth, see Urbicus advance (Poor Ælia's choice), and, in a wanton dance, 105 Burlesque Autonoë's woes! the rich engage In higher frolics, and defraud the stage; Take from Chrysogonus the power to sing, Loose, at vast prices, the comedian's ring, Tempt the tragedian—but I see you moved— 110 Heavens! dreamed you that Quintilian would be loved! Then hie thee, Lentulus, and boldly wed, That the chaste partner of thy fruitful bed May kindly single from this motley race Some sturdy Glaphyrus, thy brows to grace: 115 Haste; in the narrow streets long scaffolds raise, And deck thy portals with triumphant bays; That in thy heir, as swathed in state he lies, The guests may trace Mirmillo's nose and eyes! Hippia, who shared a rich patrician's bed, 120 To Egypt with a gladiator fled, While rank Canopus eyed, with strong disgust, This ranker specimen of Roman lust. Without one pang, the profligate resigned Her husband, sister, sire; gave to the wind 125 Her children's tears; yea, tore herself away (To strike you more)—from Paris and the PLAY! And though, in affluence born, her infant head Had pressed the down of an embroidered bed, She braved the deep (she long had braved her fame; 130 But this is little—to the courtly dame), And, with undaunted breast, the changes bore, Of

many a sea, the swelling and the roar. Have they an honest call, such ills to bear? Cold shiverings seize them, and they shrink with fear; 135 But set illicit pleasure in their eye, Onward they rush, and every toil defy! Summoned by duty, to attend her lord, How, cries the lady, can I get on board? How bear the dizzy motion? how the smell? 140 But—when the adulterer calls her, all is well! She roams the deck, with pleasure ever new, Tugs at the ropes, and messes with the crew; But with her husband—O, how changed the case! Sick! sick! she cries, and vomits in his face. 145 But by what youthful charms, what shape, what air, Was Hippia won, the opprobrious name to bear Of Fencer's trull? The wanton well might dote! For the sweet Sergius long had scraped his throat, Long looked for leave to quit the public stage, 150 Maimed in his limbs, and verging now to age. Add, that his face was battered and decayed; The helmet on his brow huge galls had made, A wen deformed his nose, of monstrous size, And sharp rheum trickled from his bloodshot eyes: 155 But then he was a SWORDSMAN! that alone Made every charm and every grace his own; That made him dearer than her nuptial vows, Dearer than country, sister, children, spouse.— 'Tis blood they love: Let Sergius quit the sword, 160 And he'll appear, at once—so like her lord! Start you at wrongs that touch a private name, At Hippia's lewdness, and Veiento's shame? Turn to the rivals of the immortal Powers, And mark how like their fortunes are to ours! 165 Claudius had scarce begun his eyes to close, Ere from his pillow Messalina rose (Accustomed long the bed of state to slight For the coarse mattress, and the hood of night); And with one maid, and her dark hair concealed 170 Beneath a yellow tire, a strumpet veiled! She slipt into the stews, unseen, unknown, And hired a cell, yet reeking, for her own. There, flinging off her dress, the imperial whore Stood, with bare breasts and gilded, at the door, 175 And showed, Britannicus, to all who came, The womb that bore thee, in Lycisca's name! Allured the passers by with many a wile, And asked her price, and took it, with a smile. And when the hour of business now was spent, 180 And all the trulls dismissed, repining went; Yet what she could, she did;

slowly she past, And saw her man, and shut her cell, the last, —Still raging with the fever of desire, Her veins all turgid, and her blood all fire, 185 With joyless pace, the imperial couch she sought, And to her happy spouse (yet slumbering) brought Cheeks rank with sweat, limbs drenched with poisonous dews, The steam of lamps, and odor of the stews! 'Twere long to tell what philters they provide, 190 What drugs, to set a son-in-law aside. Women, in judgment weak, in feeling strong, By every, gust of passion borne along, Act, in their fits, such crimes, that, to be just, The least pernicious of their sins is lust. 195 But why's Cesennia then, you say, adored, And styled the first of women, by her lord? Because she brought him thousands: such the price It cost the lady to be free from vice!— Not for her charms the wounded lover pined, 200 Nor felt the flame which fires the ardent mind, Plutus, not Cupid, touched his sordid heart; And 'twas her dower that winged the unerring dart. She brought enough her liberty to buy, And tip the wink before her husband's eye. 205 A wealthy wanton, to a miser wed, Has all the license of a widowed bed. But yet, Sertorius what I say disproves, For though his Bibula is poor, he loves. True! but examine him; and, on my life, 210 You'll find he loves the beauty, not the wife. Let but a wrinkle on her forehead rise, And time obscure the lustre of her eyes; Let but the moisture leave her flaccid skin, And her teeth blacken, and her cheeks grow thin; 215 And you shall hear the insulting freedman say, "Pack up your trumpery, madam, and away! Nay, bustle, bustle; here you give offense, With sniveling night and day;—take your nose hence!"— But, ere that hour arrives, she reigns indeed! 220 Shepherds, and sheep of Canusinian breed, Falernian vineyards (trifles these), she craves, And store of boys, and troops of country slaves; Briefly, for all her neighbor has, she sighs, And plagues her doting husband, till he buys. 225 In winter, when the merchant fears to roam, And snow confines the shivering crew at home; She ransacks every shop for precious ware, Here cheapens myrrh and crystal vases; there, That far-famed gem which Berenice wore, 230 The hire of incest, and thence valued more; A brother's present, in that barbarous State, Where

kings the sabbath, barefoot, celebrate; And old indulgence grants a length of life To hogs, that fatten fearless of the knife. 235 What! and is none of all this numerous herd Worthy your choice? not one, to be preferred? Suppose her nobly born, young, rich, and fair, And (though a coal-black swan be far less rare) Chaste as the Sabine wives, who rushed between 240 The kindred hosts, and closed the unnatural scene; Yet who could bear to lead an humbled life, Cursed with that veriest plague, a faultless wife!— Some simple rustic at Venusium bred, O let me, rather than Cornelia, wed, 245 If, to great virtues, greater pride she join, And count her ancestors as current coin. Take back, for mercy's sake, thy Hannibal! Away with vanquished Syphax, camp and all! Troop, with the whole of Carthage! I'd be free 250 From all this pageantry of worth—and thee. "O let, Apollo, let my children live, And thou, Diana, pity, and forgive;" Amphion cries; "they, they are guiltless all! The mother sinned, let then the mother fall." 255 In vain he cries; Apollo bends his bow, And, with the children, lays the father low? They fell; while Niobe aspired to place Her birth and blood above Latona's race; And boast her womb—too fruitful, to be named 260 With that White Sow, for thirty sucklings famed. Beauty and worth are purchased much too dear, If a wife force them hourly on your ear; For, say, what pleasure can you hope to find, Even in this boast, this phœnix of her kind, 265 If, warped by pride, on all around she lour, And in your cup more gall than honey pour? Ah! who so blindly wedded to the state, As not to shrink from such a perfect mate, Of every virtue feel the oppressive weight, 270 And curse the worth he loves, seven hours in eight? Some faults, though small, no husband yet can bear: 'Tis now the nauseous cant, that none is fair, Unless her thoughts in Attic terms she dress; A mere Cecropian of a Sulmoness! 275 All now is Greek: in Greek their souls they pour, In Greek their fears, hopes, joys;—what would you more? In Greek they clasp their lovers. We allow These fooleries to girls: but thou, O thou, Who tremblest on the verge of eighty-eight, 280 To Greek it still!—'tis, now, a day too late. Foh! how it savors of the dregs of lust, When an old hag, whose blandishments disgust, Affects

the infant lisp, the girlish squeak, And mumbles out, "My life!" "My soul!" in Greek! 285 Words, which the secret sheets alone should hear, But which she trumpets in the public ear. And words, indeed, have power—But though she woo In softer strains than e'er Carpophorus knew, Her wrinkles still employ her favorite's cares; 290 And while she murmurs love, he counts her years! But tell me;—if thou CANST NOT love a wife, Made thine by every tie, and thine for life, Why wed at all? why waste the wine and cakes, The queasy-stomached guest, at parting, takes? 295 And the rich present, which the bridal right Claims for the favors of the happy night? The charger, where, triumphantly inscrolled, The Dacian Hero shines in current gold! If thou CANST love, and thy besotted mind 300 Is, so uxoriously, to one inclined, Then bow thy neck, and with submissive air Receive the yoke—thou must forever wear. To a fond spouse a wife no mercy shows:— Though warmed with equal fires, she mocks his woes, 305 And triumphs in his spoils: her wayward will Defeats his bliss, and turns his good to ill! Naught must be given, if she opposes; naught, If she opposes, must be sold or bought; She tells him where to love, and where to hate,} 310 Shuts out the ancient friend, whose beard his gate} Knew, from its downy to its hoary state:} And when pimps, parasites, of all degrees Have power to will their fortunes as they please, She dictates his; and impudently dares 315 To name his very rivals for his heirs! "Go, crucify that slave." For what offense? Who the accuser? Where the evidence? For when the life of MAN is in debate, No time can be too long, no care too great; 320 Hear all, weigh all with caution, I advise— "Thou sniveler! is a slave a MAN?" she cries. "He's innocent! be't so:—'tis my command, My will; let that, sir, for a reason stand." Thus the virago triumphs, thus she reigns: 325 Anon she sickens of her first domains, And seeks for new; husband on husband takes, Till of her bridal veil one rent she makes. Again she tires, again for change she burns, And to the bed she lately left returns, 330 While the fresh garlands, and unfaded boughs, Yet deck the portal of her wondering spouse. Thus swells the list; EIGHT HUSBANDS IN FIVE YEARS: A rare

inscription for their sepulchres! While your wife's mother lives, expect no peace. 335 She teaches her, with savage joy, to fleece A bankrupt spouse: kind creature! she befriends The lover's hopes, and, when her daughter sends An answer to his prayer, the style inspects, Softens the cruel, and the wrong corrects: 340 Experienced bawd! she blinds, or bribes all eyes, And brings the adulterer, in despite of spies. And now the farce begins; the lady falls "Sick, sick, oh! sick;" and for the doctor calls: Sweltering she lies, till the dull visit's o'er, 345 While the rank lecher, at the closet door Lurking in silence, maddens with delay, And in his own impatience melts away. Nor count it strange: What mother e'er was known To teach severer morals than her own?— 350 No;—with their daughters' lusts they swell their stores, And thrive as bawds when out of date as whores! Women support the BAR; they love the law, And raise litigious questions for a straw; They meet in private, and prepare the Bill, 355 Draw up the Instructions with a lawyer's skill, Suggest to Celsus where the merits lie, And dictate points for statement or reply. Nay, more, they FENCE! who has not marked their oil, Their purple rugs, for this preposterous toil? 360 Room for the lady—lo! she seeks the list, And fiercely tilts at her antagonist, A post! which, with her buckler, she provokes, And bores and batters with repeated strokes; Till all the fencer's art can do she shows, 365 And the glad master interrupts her blows. O worthy, sure, to head those wanton dames, Who foot it naked at the Floral games; Unless, with nobler daring, she aspire, And tempt the arena's bloody field—for hire! 370 What sense of shame is to that female known, Who envies our pursuits, and hates her own? Yet would she not, though proud in arms to shine (True woman still), her sex for ours resign; For there's a thing she loves beyond compare, 375 And we, alas! have no advantage there.— Heavens! with what glee a husband must behold His wife's accoutrements, in public, sold; And auctioneers displaying to the throng Her crest, her belt, her gauntlet, and her thong! 380 Or, if in wilder frolics she engage, And take her private lessons for the stage, Then three-fold rapture must expand his breast, To see her greaves "a-going"

with the rest. Yet these are they, the tender souls! who sweat 385 In muslin, and in silk expire with heat.— Mark, with what force, as the full blow descends, She thunders "hah!" again, how low she bends Beneath the opposer's stroke; how firm she rests, Poised on her hams, and every step contests: 390 How close tucked up for fight, behind, before, Then laugh—to see her squat, when all is o'er! Daughters of Lepidus, and Gurges old, And blind Metellus, did ye e'er behold Asylla (though a fencer's trull confess'd) 395 Tilt at a stake, thus impudently dress'd! 'Tis night; yet hope no slumbers with your wife; The nuptial bed is still the scene of strife: There lives the keen debate, the clamorous brawl, And quiet "never comes, that comes to all." 400 Fierce as a tigress plundered of her young, Rage fires her breast, and loosens all her tongue, When, conscious of her guilt, she feigns to groan, And chides your loose amours, to hide her own; Storms at the scandal of your baser flames, 405 And weeps her injuries from imagined names, With tears that, marshaled, at their station stand, And flow impassioned, as she gives command. You think those showers her true affection prove, And deem yourself—so happy in her love! 410 With fond caresses strive her heart to cheer, And from her eyelids suck the starting tear: —But could you now examine the scrutore Of this most loving, this most jealous whore, What amorous lays, what letters would you see, 415 Proofs, damning proofs, of her sincerity! But these are doubtful—Put a clearer case: Suppose her taken in a loose embrace, A slave's or knight's. Now, my Quintilian, come, And fashion an excuse. What! are you dumb? 420 Then, let the lady speak. "Was't not agreed The MAN might please himself?" It was; proceed. "Then, so may I"—O, Jupiter! "No oath: Man is a general term, and takes in both." When once surprised, the sex all shame forego; 425 And more audacious, as more guilty, grow. Whence shall these prodigies of vice be traced? From wealth, my friend. Our matrons then were chaste, When days of labor, nights of short repose, Hands still employed the Tuscan wool to tose, 430 Their husbands armed, and anxious for the State, And Carthage hovering near the Colline gate, Conspired to keep all thoughts of ill aloof,

And banished vice far from their lowly roof. Now, all the evils of long peace are ours; 435 Luxury, more terrible than hostile powers, Her baleful influence wide around has hurled, And well avenged the subjugated world! —Since Poverty, our better Genius, fled, Vice, like a deluge, o'er the State has spread. 440 Now, shame to Rome! in every street are found The essenced Sybarite, with roses crowned, The gay Miletan, and the Tarentine, Lewd, petulant, and reeling ripe with wine! Wealth first, the ready pander to all sin, 445 Brought foreign manners, foreign vices in; Enervate wealth, and with seductive art, Sapped every homebred virtue of the heart; Yes, every:—for what cares the drunken dame (Take head or tail, to her 'tis just the same), 450 Who, at deep midnight, on fat oysters sups, And froths with unguents her Falernian cups; Who swallows oceans, till the tables rise, And double lustres dance before her eyes! Thus flushed, conceive, as Tullia homeward goes, 455 With what contempt she tosses up her nose At Chastity's hoar fane! what impious jeers Collatia pours in Maura's tingling ears! Here stop their litters, here they all alight, And squat together in the goddess' sight:— 460 You pass, aroused at dawn your court to pay, The loathsome scene of their licentious play. Who knows not now, my friend, the secret rites Of the Good Goddess; when the dance excites The boiling blood; when, to distraction wound, 465 By wine, and music's stimulating sound, The mænads of Priapus, with wild air, Howl horrible, and toss their flowing hair! Then, how the wine at every pore o'erflows! How the eye sparkles! how the bosom glows! 470 How the cheek burns! and, as the passions rise, How the strong feeling bursts in eager cries!— Saufeia now springs forth, and tries a fall With the town prostitutes, and throws them all; But yields, herself, to Medullina, known 475 For parts, and powers, superior to her own. Maids, mistresses, alike the contest share, And 'tis not always birth that triumphs there. Nothing is feigned in this accursed game: 'Tis genuine all; and such as would inflame 480 The frozen age of Priam, and inspire The ruptured, bedrid Nestor with desire. Stung with their mimic feats, a hollow groan Of lust breaks forth; the sex, the sex is shown! And one loud yell re-echoes

through the den, 485 "Now, now, 'tis lawful! now admit the men!" There's none arrived. "Not yet! then scour the street, And bring us quickly, here, the first you meet." There's none abroad. "Then fetch our slaves." They're gone. "Then hire a waterman." There's none. "Not one!"— 490 Nature's strong barrier scarcely now restrains The baffled fury in their boiling veins! And would to heaven our ancient rites were free!— But Africa and India, earth and sea, Have heard, what singing-wench produced his ware, 495 Vast as two Anti Catos, there, even there, Where the he-mouse, in reverence, lies concealed, And every picture of a male is veiled. And who was THEN a scoffer? who despised The simple rites by infant Rome devised, 500 The wooden bowl of pious Numa's day, The coarse brown dish, and pot of homely clay? Now, woe the while! religion's in its wane; And daring Clodii swarm in every fane. I hear, old friends, I hear you: "Make all sure: 505 Let spies surround her, and let bolts secure." But who shall KEEP THE KEEPERS? Wives contemn Our poor precautions, and begin with THEM. Lust is the master passion; it inflames, Alike, both high and low; alike, the dames, 510 Who, on tall Syrians' necks, their pomp display, And those who pick, on foot, their miry way. Whene'er Ogulnia to the Circus goes, To emulate the rich, she hires her clothes, Hires followers, friends, and cushions; hires a chair, 515 A nurse, and a trim girl, with golden hair, To slip her billets:—prodigal and poor, She wastes the wreck of her paternal store On smooth-faced wrestlers; wastes her little all, And strips her shivering mansion to the wall! 520 There's many a woman knows distress at home; Not one who feels it, and, ere ruin come, To her small means conforms. Taught by the ant, Men sometimes guard against the extreme of want, And stretch, though late, their providential fears, 525 To food and raiment for their future years: But women never see their wealth decay; With lavish hands they scatter night and day, As if the gold, with vegetative power, Would spring afresh, and bloom from hour to hour; 530 As if the mass its present size would keep, And no expense reduce the eternal heap. Others there are, who centre all their bliss In the soft eunuch, and the beardless kiss:

They need not from his chin avert their face, 535 Nor use abortive drugs, for his embrace. But oh! their joys run high, if he be formed, When his full veins the fire of love has warmed; When every part's to full perfection reared, And naught of manhood wanting, but the beard. 540 But should the dame in music take delight, The public singer is disabled quite: In vain the prætor guards him all he can; She slips the buckle, and enjoys her man. Still in her hand his instrument is found, 545 Thick set with gems, that shed a lustre round; Still o'er his lyre the ivory quill she flings, Still runs divisions on the trembling strings, The trembling strings, which the loved Hedymel Was wont to strike—so sweetly, and so well! 550 These still she holds, with these she soothes her woes, And kisses on the dear, dear wire bestows. A noble matron of the Lamian line Inquired of Janus (offering meal and wine) If Pollio, at the Harmonic Games, would speed, 555 And wear the oaken crown, the victor's meed! What could she for a husband, more, have done, What for an only, an expiring son? Yes; for a harper, the besotted dame Approached the altar, reckless of her fame, 560 And veiled her head, and, with a pious air, Followed the Aruspex through the form of prayer; And trembled, and turned pale, as he explored The entrails, breathless for the fatal word! But, tell me, father Janus, if you please, 565 Tell me, most ancient of the deities, Is your attention to such suppliants given? If so—there is not much to do in heaven! For a comedian, this consults your will, For a tragedian, that; kept standing, still, 570 By this eternal route, the wretched priest Feels his legs swell, and dies to be releas'd. But let her rather sing, than roam the streets, And thrust herself in every crowd she meets; Chat with great generals, though her lord be there, 575 With lawless eye, bold front, and bosom bare. She, too, with curiosity o'erflows, And all the news of all the world she knows; Knows what in Scythia, what in Thrace is done; The secrets of the step-dame and the son; 580 Who speeds, and who is jilted: and can swear,} Who made the widow pregnant, when and where,} And what she said, and how she frolicked there.—} She first espied the star, whose baleful ray, O'er Parthia, and Armenia, shed dismay: 585 She

watches at the gates, for news to come, And intercepts it, as it enters Rome; Then, fraught with full intelligence, she flies Through every street, and, mingling truth with lies, Tells how Niphates bore down every mound, 590 And poured his desolating flood around; How earth, convulsed, disclosed its caverns hoar, And cities trembled, and—were seen no more! And yet this itch, though never to be cured, Is easier, than her cruelty, endured. 595 Should a poor neighbor's dog but discompose Her rest a moment, wild with rage she grows; "Ho! whips," she cries, "and flay that brute accurs'd;" "But flay that rascal there, who owns him, first." Dangerous to meet while in these frantic airs, 600 And terrible to look at, she prepares To bathe at night; she issues her commands, And in long ranks forth poor the obedient bands, With tubs, cloths, oils:—for 'tis her dear delight To sweat in clamor, tumult, and affright. 605 When her tired arms refuse the balls to ply, And the lewd bath-keeper has rubbed her dry, She calls to mind each miserable guest, Long since with hunger, and with sleep oppress'd, And hurries home; all glowing, all athirst, 610 For wine, whole flasks of wine! and swallows, first, Two quarts, to clear her stomach, and excite A ravenous, an unbounded appetite! Huisch! up it comes, good heavens! meat, drink, and all, And flows in purple torrents round the hall; 615 Or a gilt ewer receives the foul contents, And poisons all the house with vinous scents. So, dropp'd into a vat, a snake is said To drink and spew:—the husband turns his head, Sick to the soul, from this disgusting scene, 620 And struggles to suppress his rising spleen. But she is more intolerable yet, Who plays the critic when at table set; Calls Virgil charming, and attempts to prove Poor Dido right, in venturing all for love. 625 From Maro, and Mæonides, she quotes The striking passages, and, while she notes Their beauties and defects, adjusts her scales, And accurately weighs which bard prevails. The astonished guests sit mute: grammarians yield, 630 Loud rhetoricians, baffled, quit the field; Even auctioneers and lawyers stand aghast, And not a woman speaks!—So thick, and fast, The wordy shower descends, that you would swear A thousand bells were jangling in your ear, 635 A thousand basins

clattering. Vex no more Your trumpets and your timbrels, as of yore, To ease the laboring moon; her single yell Can drown their clangor, and dissolve the spell. She lectures too in Ethics, and declaims 640 On the Chief Good!—but, surely, she who aims To seem too learn'd, should take the male array; A hog, due offering, to Sylvanus slay, And, with the Stoic's privilege, repair To farthing baths, and strip in public there! 645 Oh, never may the partner of my bed With subtleties of logic stuff her head; Nor whirl her rapid syllogisms around, Nor with imperfect enthymemes confound! Enough for me, if common things she know, 650 And boast the little learning schools bestow. I hate the female pedagogue, who pores O'er her Palæmon hourly; who explores All modes of speech, regardless of the sense, But tremblingly alive to mood and tense: 655 Who puzzles me with many an uncouth phrase, From some old canticle of Numa's days; Corrects her country friends, and can not hear Her husband solecize without a sneer! A woman stops at nothing, when she wears 660 Rich emeralds round her neck, and in her ears Pearls of enormous size; these justify Her faults, and make all lawful in her eye. Sure, of all ills with which mankind are curs'd, A wife who brings you money is the worst. 665 Behold! her face a spectacle appears, Bloated, and foul, and plastered to the ears With viscous paste:—the husband looks askew, And sticks his lips in this detested glue. She meets the adulterer bathed, perfumed, and dress'd, 670 But rots in filth at home, a very pest! For him she breathes of nard; for him alone She makes the sweets of Araby her own; For him, at length, she ventures to uncase, Scales the first layer of roughcast from her face, 675 And, while the maids to know her now begin, Clears, with that precious milk, her frouzy skin, For which, though exiled to the frozen main, She'd lead a drove of asses in her train! But tell me yet; this thing, thus daubed and oiled, 680 Thus poulticed, plastered, baked by turns and boiled, Thus with pomatums, ointments, lackered o'er, Is it a FACE, Ursidius, or a SORE? 'Tis worth a little labor to survey Our wives more near and trace 'em through the day. 685 If, dreadful to relate! the night foregone, The husband turned his back, or lay alone, All, all is lost;

the housekeeper is stripped, The tiremaid chidden, and the chairman whipped: Rods, cords, and thongs avenge the master's sleep, 690 And force the guiltless house to wake and weep. There are, who hire a beadle by the year, To lash their servants round; who, pleased to hear The eternal thong, bid him lay on, while they, At perfect ease, the silkman's stores survey, 695 Chat with their female gossips, or replace The cracked enamel on their treacherous face. No respite yet:—they leisurely hum o'er The countless items of the day before, And bid him still lay on; till, faint with toil, 700 He drops the scourge; when, with a rancorous smile, "Begone!" they thunder in a horrid tone, "Now your accounts are settled, rogues, begone!" But should she wish with nicer care to dress, And now the hour of assignation press 705 (Whether the adulterer for her coming wait In Isis' fane, to bawdry consecrate, Or in Lucullus' walks), the house appears A true Sicilian court, all gloom and tears. The wretched Psecas, for the whip prepared, 710 With locks disheveled, and with shoulders bared, Attempts her hair: fire flashes from her eyes, And, "Strumpet! why this curl so high?" she cries. Instant the lash, without remorse, is plied, And the blood stains her bosom, back, and side. 715 But why this fury?—Is the girl to blame, If your air shocks you, or your features shame? Another, trembling, on the left prepares To open and arrange the straggling hairs In ringlets trim: meanwhile, the council meet: 720 And first the nurse, a personage discreet, Late from the toilet to the wheel removed (The effect of time), yet still of taste approved, Gives her opinion: then the rest, in course, As age, or practice, lends their judgment force. 725 So warm they grow, and so much pains they take, You'd think her honor or her life at stake! So high they build her head, such tiers on tiers, With wary hands, they pile, that she appears, Andromache, before:—and what behind? 730 A dwarf, a creature of a different kind.— Meanwhile, engrossed by these important cares, She thinks not on her lord's distress'd affairs, Scarce on himself; but leads a separate life, As if she were his neighbor, not his wife? 735 Or, but in this—that all control she braves; Hates where he loves, and squanders where he saves. Room for Bellona's frantic

votaries! room For Cybele's mad enthusiasts! lo, they come! A lusty semivir, whose part obscene, 740 A broken shell has severed smooth and clean, A raw-boned, mitred priest, whom the whole choir Of curtailed priestlings reverence and admire, Enters, with his wild rout; and bids the fair Of autumn, and its sultry blasts, beware, 745 Unless she lustrate, with an hundred eggs, Her household straight:—then, impudently begs Her cast-off clothes, that every plague they fear May enter them, and expiate all the year! But lo! another tribe! at whose command, 750 See her, in winter, near the Tiber stand, Break the thick ice, and, ere the sun appears, Plunge in the crashing eddy to the ears; Then, shivering from the keen and eager breeze, Crawl round the banks, on bare and bleeding knees. 755 Should milkwhite Iö bid, from Meroë's isle She'd fetch the sunburnt waters of the Nile, To sprinkle in her fane; for she, it seems, Has heavenly visitations in her dreams— Mark the pure soul, with whom the gods delight 760 To hold high converse at the noon of night! For this she cherishes, above the rest, Her Iö's favorite priest, a knave profess'd, A holy hypocrite, who strolls abroad, With his Anubis, his dog-headed god! 765 Girt by a linen-clad, a bald-pate crew Of howling vagrants, who their cries renew In every street, as up and down they run, To find Osire, fit father to fit son! He sues for pardon, when the liquorish dame 770 Abstains not from the interdicted game On high and solemn days; for great the crime, To stain the nuptial couch at such a time, And great the atonement due;—the silver snake, Abhorrent of the deed, was seen to quake! 775 Yet he prevails:—Osiris hears his prayers, And, softened by a goose, the culprit spares. Without her badge, a Jewess now draws near, And, trembling, begs a trifle in her ear. No common personage! she knows full well 780 The laws of Solyma, and she can tell The dark decrees of heaven; a priestess she, An hierarch of the consecrated tree! Moved by these claims thus modestly set forth, She gives her a few coins of little worth; 785 For Jews are moderate, and, for farthing fees, Will sell what fortune, or what dreams you please. The prophetess dismissed, a Syrian sage Now enters, and explores the future page, In a dove's entrails: there he sees express'd

790 A youthful lover: there, a rich bequest, From some kind dotard: then a chick he takes, And in its breast, and in a puppy's, rakes, And sometimes in—an infant's: he will teach The art to others, and, when taught, impeach! 795 But chiefly in Chaldeans she believes: Whate'er they say, with reverence she receives, As if from Hammon's secret fount it came; Since Delphi now, if we may credit fame, Gives no responses, and a long dark night 800 Conceals the future hour from mortal sight. Of these, the chief (such credit guilt obtains!) Is he, who, banished oft, and oft in chains, Stands forth the veriest knave; he who foretold The death of Galba—to his rival sold! 805 No juggler must for fame or profit hope, Who has not narrowly escaped the rope; Begged hard for exile, and, by special grace, Obtained confinement in some desert place.— To him your Tanaquil applies, in doubt 810 How long her jaundiced mother may hold out; But first, how long her husband: next, inquires, When she shall follow, to their funeral pyres, Her sisters, and her uncles; last, if fate Will kindly lengthen out the adulterer's date 815 Beyond her own;—content, if he but live, And sure that heaven has nothing more to give! Yet she may still be suffered; for, what woes The louring aspect of old Saturn shows; Or in what sign bright Venus ought to rise, 820 To shed her mildest influence from the skies; Or what fore-fated month to gain is given, And what to loss (the mysteries of heaven), She knows not, nor pretends to know: but flee The dame, whose Manual of Astrology 825 Still dangles at her side, smooth as chafed gum, And fretted by her everlasting thumb!— Deep in the science now, she leaves her mate To go, or stay; but will not share his fate, Withheld by trines and sextiles; she will look, 830 Before her chair be ordered, in the book, For the fit hour; an itching eye endure, Nor, till her scheme be raised, attempt the cure; Nay, languishing in bed, receive no meat, Till Petosyris bid her rise and eat. 835 The curse is universal: high and low Are mad alike the future hour to know. The rich consult a Babylonian seer, Skilled in the mysteries of either sphere; Or a gray-headed priest, hired by the state, 840 To watch the lightning, and to expiate. The middle sort, a quack, at whose command They lift

the forehead, and make bare the hand; While the sly lecher in the table pries, And claps it wantonly, with gloating eyes. 845 The poor apply to humbler cheats, still found Beside the Circus wall, or city mound; While she, whose neck no golden trinket bears, To the dry ditch, or dolphin's tower, repairs, And anxiously inquires which she shall choose, 850 The tapster, or old-clothes man? which refuse? Yet these the pangs of childbirth undergo, And all the yearnings of a mother know; These, urged by want, assume the nurse's care, And learn to breed the children which they bear. 855 Those shun both toil and danger; for, though sped, The wealthy dame is seldom brought to bed: Such the dire power of drugs, and such the skill They boast, to cause miscarriages at will! Weep'st thou? O fool! the blest invention hail, 860 And give the potion, if the gossips fail; For, should thy wife her nine months' burden bear, An Æthiop's offspring might thy fortunes heir; A sooty thing, fit only to affray, And, seen at morn, to poison all the day! 865 Supposititious breeds, the hope and joy Of fond, believing husbands, I pass by; The beggars' bantlings, spawned in open air, And left by some pond side, to perish there.— From hence your Flamens, hence your Salians come; 870 Your Scauri, chiefs and magistrates of Rome! Fortune stands tittering by, in playful mood, And smiles, complacent, on the sprawling brood; Takes them all naked to her fostering arms, Feeds from her mouth, and in her bosom warms: 875 Then, to the mansions of the great she bears The precious brats, and, for herself, prepares A secret farce; adopts them for her own: And, when her nurslings are to manhood grown, She brings them forth, rejoiced to see them sped, 880 And wealth and honors dropping on their head! Some purchase charms, some, more pernicious still, Thessalian philters, to subdue the will Of an uxorious spouse, and make him bear Blows, insults, all a saucy wife can dare. 885 Hence that swift lapse to second childhood; hence Those vapors which envelop every sense; This strange forgetfulness from hour to hour; And well, if this be all:—more fatal power, More terrible effects, the dose may have, 890 And force you, like Caligula, to rave, When his Cæsonia squeezed into the bowl The dire

excrescence of a new-dropp'd foal.— Then Uproar rose; the universal chain Of Order snapped, and Anarchy's wild reign 895 Came on apace, as if the queen of heaven Had fired the Thunderer, and to madness driven. Thy mushroom, Agrippine! was innocent, To this accursed draught; that only sent One palsied, bedrid sot, with gummy eyes, 900 And slavering lips, heels foremost to the skies: This, to wild fury roused a bloody mind, And called for fire and sword; this potion joined In one promiscuous slaughter high and low, And leveled half the nation at a blow. 905 Such is the power of philters! such the ill, One sorceress can effect by wicked skill! They hate their husband's spurious issue:—this, If this were all, were not, perhaps, amiss: But they go farther; and 'tis now some time 910 Since poisoning sons-in-law scarce seemed a crime. Mark then, ye fatherless! what I advise, And trust, O, trust no dainties, if you're wise: Ye heirs to large estates! touch not that fare, Your mother's fingers have been busy there; 915 See! it looks livid, swollen:—O check your haste, And let your wary fosterfather taste, Whate'er she sets before you: fear her meat, And be the first to look, the last to eat. But this is fiction all! I pass the bound 920 Of Satire, and encroach on Tragic ground! Deserting truth, I choose a fabled theme, And, like the buskined bards of Greece, declaim, In deep-mouthed tones, in swelling strains, on crimes As yet unknown to our Rutulian climes! 925 Would it were so! but Pontia cries aloud, "No, I performed it." See! the fact's avowed— "I mingled poison for my children, I; 'Twas found upon me, wherefore then deny?" What, two at once, most barbarous viper! two! 930 "Nay, seven, had seven been mine: believe it true!" Now let us credit what the tragic stage Displays of Progne and Medea's rage; Crimes of dire name, which, disbelieved of yore, Become familiar, and revolt no more; 935 Those ancient dames in scenes of blood were bold, And wrought fell deeds, but not, as ours, for gold:— In every age, we view, with less surprise, Such horrors as from bursts of fury rise, When stormy passions, scorning all control, 940 Rend the mad bosom, and unseat the soul. As when impetuous winds, and driving rain, Mine some huge rock that overhangs the plain,

The cumbrous mass descends with thundering force, And spreads resistless ruin in its course. 945 Curse on the woman, who reflects by fits, And in cold blood her cruelties commits!— They see, upon the stage, the Grecian wife Redeeming with her own her husband's life; Yet, in her place, would willingly deprive 950 Their lords of breath to keep their dogs alive! Abroad, at home, the Belides you meet, And Clytemnestras swarm in every street; But here the difference lies:—those bungling wives, With a blunt axe hacked out their husbands' lives; 955 While now, the deed is done with dexterous art, And a drugged bowl performs the axe's part. Yet, if the husband, prescient of his fate, Have fortified his breast with mithridate, She baffles him e'en there, and has recourse 960 To the old weapon for a last resource.

SATIRE VII. TO TELESINUS.

Yes, all the hopes of learning, 'tis confess'd, And all the patronage, on Cæsar rest: For he alone the drooping Nine regards— When, now, our best, and most illustrious bards, Quit their ungrateful studies, and retire, 5 Bagnios and bakehouses, for bread, to hire; With humbled views, a life of toil embrace, And deem a crier's business no disgrace; Since Clio, driven by hunger from the shade, Mixes in crowds, and bustles for a trade. 10 And truly, if (the bard's too frequent curse) No coin be found in your Pierian purse, 'Twere not ill done to copy, for the nonce, Machæra, and turn auctioneer at once. Hie, my poetic friend; in accents loud, 15 Commend your precious lumber to the crowd, Old tubs, stools, presses, wrecks of many a chest, Paccius' damned plays, Thebes, Tereus, and the rest.— And better so—than haunt the courts of law, And swear, for hire, to what you never saw: 20 Leave this resource to Cappadocian knights, To Gallogreeks, and such new-fangled wights, As want, or infamy, has chased from home, And driven, in barefoot multitudes, to Rome. Come, my brave youths!—the genuine sons of rhyme, 25 Who, in sweet numbers, couch the true sublime, Shall, from this hour, no more their fate accuse, Or stoop to pains unworthy of the Muse. Come, my brave youths! your tuneful labors

ply, Secure of favor; lo! the imperial eye 30 Looks round, attentive, on each rising bard, For worth to praise, for genius to reward! But if for other patronage you look, And therefore write, and therefore swell your book, Quick, call for wood, and let the flames devour 35 The hapless produce of the studious hour; Or lock it up, to moths and worms a prey, And break your pens, and fling your ink away:— Or pour it rather o'er your epic flights, Your battles, sieges (fruit of sleepless nights), 40 Pour it, mistaken men, who rack your brains In dungeons, cocklofts, for heroic strains; Who toil and sweat to purchase mere renown, A meagre statue, and an ivy crown! Here bound your expectations: for the great, 45 Grown, wisely, covetous, have learned, of late, To praise, and only praise, the high-wrought strain, As boys, the bird of Juno's glittering train. Meanwhile those vigorous years, so fit to bear The toils of agriculture, commerce, war, 50 Spent in this idle trade, decline apace, And age, unthought of, stares you in the face:— O then, appalled to find your better days Have earned you naught but poverty and praise, At all your barren glories you repine, 55 And curse, too late, the unavailing Nine! Hear, now, what sneaking ways your patrons find, To save their darling gold:—they pay in kind! Verses, composed in every Muse's spite, To the starved bard, they, in their turn, recite; 60 And, if they yield to Homer, let him know, 'Tis—that he lived a thousand years ago! But if, inspired with genuine love of fame, A dry rehearsal only be your aim, The miser's breast with sudden warmth dilates, 65 And lo! he opes his triple-bolted gates; Nay, sends his clients to support your cause, And rouse the tardy audience to applause: But will not spare one farthing to defray The numerous charges of this glorious day, 70 The desk where, throned in conscious pride, you sit, The joists and beams, the orchestra and the pit. Still we persist; plow the light sand, and sow Seed after seed, where none can ever grow: Nay, should we, conscious of our fruitless pain, 75 Strive to escape, we strive, alas! in vain; Long habit and the thirst of praise beset, And close us in the inextricable net. The insatiate itch of scribbling, hateful pest, Creeps like a tetter, through the human breast, 80 Nor knows, nor hopes a cure;

since years, which chill All other passions, but inflame the ill! But HE, the bard of every age and clime, Of genius fruitful, ardent and sublime, Who, from the glowing mint of fancy, pours 85 No spurious metal, fused from common ores, But gold, to matchless purity refined, And stamped with all the godhead in his mind; He whom I feel, but want the power to paint, Springs from a soul impatient of restraint, 90 And free from every care; a soul that loves The Muse's haunts, clear founts and shady groves. Never, no never, did He wildly rave, And shake his thyrsus in the Aonian cave, Whom poverty kept sober, and the cries 95 Of a lean stomach, clamorous for supplies: No; the wine circled briskly through the veins, When Horace poured his dithyrambic strains!— What room for fancy, say, unless the mind, And all its thoughts, to poesy resigned, 100 Be hurried with resistless force along, By the two kindred Powers of Wine and Song! O! 'tis the exclusive business of a breast Impetuous, uncontrolled—not one distress'd With household cares, to view the bright abodes, 105 The steeds, the chariots, and the forms of gods: And the fierce Fury, as her snakes she shook, And withered the Rutulian with a look! Those snakes, had Virgil no Mæcenas found,} Had dropp'd, in listless length, upon the ground;} 110 And the still slumbering trump, groaned with no mortal sound.} Yet we expect, from Lappa's tragic rage, Such scenes as graced, of old, the Athenian stage; Though he, poor man, from hand to mouth be fed, And driven to pawn his furniture for bread! 115 When Numitor is asked to serve a friend, "He can not; he is poor." Yet he can send Rich presents to his mistress! he can buy Tame lions, and find means to keep them high! What then? the beasts are still the lightest charge; 120 For your starved bards have maws so devilish large! Stretched in his marble palace, at his ease, Lucan may write, and only ask to please; But what is this, if this be all you give, To Bassus and Serranus? They must live! 125 When Statius fixed a morning, to recite His Thebaid to the town, with what delight They flocked to hear! with what fond rapture hung On the sweet strains, made sweeter by his tongue! Yet, while the seats rung with a general peal 130 Of boisterous praise, the bard had lacked a meal,

Unless with Paris he had better sped, And trucked a virgin tragedy for bread. Mirror of men! he showers, with liberal hands, On needy poets, honors and commands:— An actor's patronage a peer's outgoes, And what the last withholds, the first bestows! —And will you still on Camerinus wait, And Bareas? will you still frequent the great? Ah, rather to the player your labors take, And at one lucky stroke your fortune make! Yet envy not the man who earns hard bread By tragedy: the Muses' friends are fled!— Mæcenas, Proculeius, Fabius, gone, And Lentulus, and Cotta—every one! Then worth was cherished, then the bard might toil, Secure of favor, o'er the midnight oil; Then all December's revelries refuse, And give the festive moments to the Muse. So fare the tuneful race: but ampler gains Await, no doubt, the grave HISTORIANS' pains! More time, more study they require, and pile Page upon page, heedless of bulk the while, Till, fact conjoined to fact with thought intense, The work is closed, at many a ream's expense! Say now, what harvest was there ever found, What golden crop, from this long-labored ground? 'Tis barren all; and one poor plodding scribe Gets more by framing pleas than all the tribe. True:—'tis a slothful breed, that, nursed in ease, Soft beds, and whispering shades, alone can please. Say then, what gain the LAWYER'S toil affords, His sacks of papers, and his war of words? Heavens! how he bellows in our tortured ears; But then, then chiefly, when the client hears, Or one prepared, with vouchers, to attest Some desperate debt, more anxious than the rest, Twitches his elbow: then, his passions rise! Then, forth he puffs the immeasurable lies From his swollen lungs! then, the white foam appears, And, driveling down his beard, his vest besmears! Ask you the profit of this painful race? 'Tis quickly summed: Here, the joint fortunes place Of five-score lawyers; there, Lacerta's sole— And that one charioteer's, shall poise the whole! The Generals take their seats in regal wise. You, my pale Ajax, watch the hour, and rise, In act to plead a trembling client's cause, Before Judge Jolthead—learned in the laws. Now stretch your throat, unhappy man! now raise Your clamors, that, when hoarse, a bunch of bays,

Stuck in your garret window, may declare, That some victorious pleader nestles there! O glorious hour! but what your fee, the while? A rope of shriveled onions from the Nile, 185 A rusty ham, a jar of broken sprats, And wine, the refuse of our country vats; Five flagons for four causes! if you hold, Though this indeed be rare, a piece of gold; The brethren, as per contract, on you fall, 190 And share the prize, solicitors and all! Whate'er he asks, Æmilius may command, Though more of law be ours: but lo! there stand Before his gate, conspicuous from afar, Four stately steeds, yoked to a brazen car: 195 And the great pleader, looking wary round, On a fierce charger that disdains the ground, Levels his threatening spear, in act to throw, And seems to meditate no common blow. Such arts as these, to beggary Matho brought, 200 And such the ruin of Tongillus wrought, Who, with his troop of slaves, a draggled train, Annoyed the baths, of his huge oil-horn vain; Swept through the Forum, in a chair of state, To every auction—villas, slaves, or plate; 205 And, trading on the credit of his dress, Cheapened whate'er he saw, though penniless! And some, indeed, have thriven by tricks like these: Purple and violet swell a lawyer's fees; Bustle and show above his means conduce 210 To business, and profusion proves of use. The vice is universal: Rome confounds The wealthiest;—prodigal beyond all bounds! Could our old pleaders visit earth again, Tully himself would scarce a brief obtain, 215 Unless his robe were purple, and a stone, Diamond or ruby, on his finger shone. The wary plaintiff, ere a fee he gives, Inquires at what expense his counsel lives; Has he eight slaves, ten followers? chairs to wait, 220 And clients to precede his march in state? This Paulus knows full well, and, therefore, hires A ring to plead in; therefore, too, acquires More briefs than Cossus:—preference not unsound, For how should eloquence in rags be found? 225 Who gives poor Basilus a cause of state? When, to avert a trembling culprit's fate, Shows he a weeping mother? or who heeds How close he argues, and how well he pleads? Unhappy Basilus!—but he is wrong: 230 Would he procure subsistence by his tongue, Let him renounce the forum, and withdraw To Gaul, or Afric, the

dry-nurse of law. But Vectius, yet more desperate than the rest, Has opened (O that adamantine breast!) 235 A RHETORIC school; where striplings rave and storm At tyranny, through many a crowded form.— The exercises lately, sitting, read, Standing, distract his miserable head, And every day and every hour affords 240 The selfsame subjects, in the selfsame words; Till, like hashed cabbage served for each repast, The repetition—kills the wretch at last! Where the main jet of every question lies, And whence the chief objections may arise, 245 All wish to know; but none the price will pay. "The price," retorts the scholar, "do you say! What have I learned?" There go the master's pains, Because, forsooth, the Arcadian brute lacks brains! And yet this oaf, every sixth morn, prepares 250 To split my head with Hannibal's affairs, While he debates at large, "Whether 'twere right To take advantage of the general fright, And march to Rome; or, by the storm alarmed, And all the elements against him armed, 255 The dangerous expedition to delay, And lead his harassed troops some other way." —Sick of the theme, which still returns, and still The exhausted wretch exclaims, Ask what you will, I'll give it, so you on his sire prevail, 260 To hear, thus oft, the booby's endless tale! So Vectius speeds: his brethren, wiser far, Have shut up school, and hurried to the bar. Adieu the idle fooleries of Greece, The soporific drug, the golden fleece, 265 The faithless husband, and the abandoned wife, And Æson, coddled to new light and life, A long adieu! on more productive themes, On actual crimes, the sophist now declaims: Thou too, my friend, would'st thou my counsel hear, 270 Should'st free thyself from this ungrateful care; Lest all be lost, and thou reduced, poor sage, To want a tally in thy helpless age! Bread still the lawyer earns; but tell me yet, What your Chrysogonus and Pollio get 275 (The chief of rhetoricians), though they teach Our youth of quality, the Art of Speech? Oh, no! the great pursue a nobler end:— Five thousand on a bath they freely spend; More on a portico, where, while it lours, 280 They ride, and bid defiance to the showers. Shall they, for brighter skies, at home remain, Or dash their pampered mules through mud and rain? No: let them pace beneath the stately roof, For there

no mire can soil the shining hoof. 285 See next, on proud Numidian columns rise An eating-room, that fronts the eastern skies, And drinks the cooler sun. Expensive these! But (cost whate'er they may), the times to please, Sewers for arrangement of the board admired, 290 And cooks of taste and skill must yet be hired. Mid this extravagance, which knows no bounds, Quintilian gets, and hardly gets, ten pounds:— On education all is grudged as lost, And sons are still a father's lightest cost. 295 Whence has Quintilian, then, his vast estate? Urge not an instance of peculiar fate: Perhaps, by luck. The lucky, I admit, Have all advantages; have beauty, wit, And wisdom, and high blood: the lucky, too, 300 May take, at will, the senatorial shoe; Be first-rate speakers, pleaders, every thing; And, though they croak like frogs, be thought to sing. O, there's a difference, friend, beneath what sign We spring to light, or kindly or malign! 305 Fortune is all: She, as the fancy springs, Makes kings of pedants, and of pedants kings. For, what were Tullius, and Ventidius, say, But great examples of the wondrous sway Of stars, whose mystic influence alone, 310 Bestows, on captives triumphs, slaves a throne? He, then, is lucky; and, amid the clan, Ranks with the milk-white crow, or sable swan: While all his hapless brethren count their gains, And execrate, too late, their fruitless pains. 315 Witness thy end, Thrasymachus! and thine, Unblest Charinas!—Thou beheld'st him pine, Thou, Athens! and would'st naught but bane bestow; The only charity—thou seem'st to know! Shades of our sires! O, sacred be your rest, 320 And lightly lie the turf upon your breast! Flowers round your urns breathe sweets beyond compare, And spring eternal shed its influence there! You honored tutors, now a slighted race, And gave them all a parent's power and place. 325 Achilles, grown a man, the lyre assayed On his paternal hills, and, while he played, With trembling eyed the rod;—and yet, the tail Of the good Centaur, scarcely, then, could fail To force a smile: such reverence now is rare, 330 And boys with bibs strike Rufus on his chair, Fastidious Rufus, who, with critic rage, Arraigned the purity of Tully's page! Enough of these. Let the last wretched band, The poor GRAMMARIANS,

say, what liberal hand 335 Rewards their toil: let learned Palæmon tell, Who proffers what his skill deserves so well. Yet from this pittance, whatsoe'er it be (Less, surely, than the rhetorician's fee), The usher snips off something for his pains, 340 And the purveyor nibbles what remains. Courage, Palæmon! be not over-nice, But suffer some abatement in your price; As those who deal in rugs, will ask you high, And sink by pence and half-pence, till you buy. 345 Yes, suffer this; while something's left to pay Your rising hours before the dawn of day, When e'en the laboring poor their slumbers take, And not a weaver, not a smith's awake: While something's left to pay you for the stench 350 Of smouldering lamps, thick spread o'er every bench, Where ropy vapors Virgil's pages soil, And Horace looks one blot, all soot and oil! Even then, the stipend thus reduced, thus small, Without a lawsuit, rarely comes at all. 355 Add yet, ye parents, add to the disgrace, And heap new hardships on this wretched race. Make it a point that all, and every part, Of their own science, be possessed by heart; That general history with our own they blend, 360 And have all authors at their fingers' end: Still ready to inform you, should you meet, And ask them at the bath, or in the street, Who nursed Anchises; from what country came The step-dame of Archemorus, what her name; 365 How long Acestes flourished, and what store Of generous wine the Phrygians from him bore— Make it a point too, that, like ductile clay, They mould the tender mind, and day by day Bring out the form of Virtue; that they prove 370 A father to the youths, in care and love; And watch that no obscenities prevail— And trust me, friend, even Argus' self might fail, The busy hands of schoolboys to espy, And the lewd fires which twinkle in their eye. 375 All this, and more, exact; and, having found The man you seek, say—When the year comes round, We'll give thee for thy twelve months' anxious pains, As much—as, IN AN HOUR, A FENCER GAINS!

SATIRE VIII. TO PONTICUS.

"Your ancient house!" no more.—I can not see The wondrous merits of a pedigree:

No, Ponticus;—nor of a proud display Of smoky ancestors, in wax or clay; Æmilius, mounted on his car sublime, 5 Curius, half wasted by the teeth of time, Corvinus, dwindled to a shapeless bust, And high-born Galba, crumbling into dust. What boots it, on the LINEAL TREE to trace, Through many a branch, the founders of our race, 10 Time-honored chiefs; if, in their sight, we give A loose to vice, and like low villains live? Say, what avails it, that, on either hand, The stern Numantii, an illustrious band, Frown from the walls, if their degenerate race 15 Waste the long night at dice, before their face? If, staggering, to a drowsy bed they creep, At that prime hour when, starting from their sleep, Their sires the signal of the fight unfurled, And drew their legions forth, and won the world? 20 Say, why should Fabius, of the Herculean name, To the GREAT ALTAR vaunt his lineal claim, If, softer than Euganean lambs, the youth, His wanton limbs, with Ætna's pumice, smooth, And shame his rough-hewn sires? if greedy, vain, 25 If, a vile trafficker in secret bane, He blast his wretched kindred with a bust, For public vengeance to—reduce to dust! Fond man! though all the heroes of your line Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine 30 In proud display; yet, take this truth from me, Virtue alone is true nobility. Set Cossus, Drusus, Paulus, then, in view, The bright example of their lives pursue; Let these precede the statues of your race, 35 And these, when Consul, of your rods take place. O give me inborn worth! dare to be just, Firm to your word, and faithful to your trust: These praises hear, at least deserve to hear, I grant your claim, and recognize the peer. 40 Hail! from whatever stock you draw your birth, The son of Cossus, or the son of Earth, All hail! in you, exulting Rome espies Her guardian Power, her great Palladium rise; And shouts like Egypt, when her priests have found, 45 A new Osiris, for the old one drowned! But shall we call those noble, who disgrace Their lineage, proud of an illustrious race? Vain thought!—but thus, with many a taunting smile, The dwarf an Atlas, Moor a swan, we style; 50 The crookbacked wench, Europa; and the hound, With age enfeebled, toothless, and unsound, That listless lies, and licks the lamps for food,

Lord of the chase, and tyrant of the wood! You, too, beware, lest Satire's piercing eye 55 The slave of guilt through grandeur's blaze espy, And, drawing from your crime some sounding name, Declare at once your greatness and your shame. Ask you for whom this picture I design? Plautus, thy birth and folly make it thine. 60 Thou vaunt'st thy pedigree, on every side To noble and imperial blood allied; As if thy honors by thyself were won, And thou hadst some illustrious action done, To make the world believe thee Julia's heir, 65 And not the offspring of some easy fair, Who, shivering in the wind, near yon dead wall, Plies her vile labor, and is all to all. "Away, away! ye slaves of humblest birth, Ye dregs of Rome, ye nothings of the earth, 70 Whose fathers who shall tell! my ancient line Descends from Cecrops." Man of blood divine! Live, and enjoy the secret sweets which spring In breasts, affined to so remote a king!— Yet know, amid these "dregs," low grandeur's scorn, 75 Will those be found whom arts and arms adorn: Some, skilled to plead a noble blockhead's cause, And solve the dark enigmas of the laws; Some, who the Tigris' hostile banks explore, And plant our eagles on Batavia's shore: 80 While thou, in mean, inglorious pleasure lost, With "Cecrops! Cecrops!" all thou hast to boast, Art a full brother to the crossway stone, Which clowns have chipped the head of Hermes on: For 'tis no bar to kindred, that thy block 85 Is formed of flesh and blood, and theirs of rock. Of beasts, great son of Troy, who vaunts the breed, Unless renowned for courage, strength, or speed? 'Tis thus we praise the horse, who mocks our eyes, While, to the goal, with lightning's speed, he flies! 90 Whom many a well-earned palm and trophy grace, And the Cirque hails, unrivaled in the race! —Yes, he is noble, spring from whom he will, Whose footsteps, in the dust, are foremost still; While Hirpine's stock are to the market led, 95 If Victory perch but rarely on their head: For no respect to pedigree is paid, No honor to a sire's illustrious shade. Flung cheaply off, they drag the cumbrous wain, With shoulders bare and bleeding from the chain; 100 Or take, with some blind ass in concert found, At Nepo's mill, their everlasting round. That Rome may, therefore, YOU, not YOURS, admire, By

virtuous actions, first, to praise aspire; Seek not to shine by borrowed light alone, 105 But with your father's glories blend your own. This to the youth, whom Rumor brands as vain, And swelling—full of his Neronian strain; Perhaps, with truth:—for rarely shall we find A sense of modesty in that proud kind. 110 But were my Ponticus content to raise His honors thus, on a forefather's praise, Worthless the while—'twould tinge my cheeks with shame— 'Tis dangerous building on another's fame, Lest the substructure fail, and on the ground 115 Your baseless pile be hurled, in fragments, round.— Stretched on the plain, the vine's weak tendrils try To clasp the elm they drop from; fail—and die! Be brave, be just; and when your country's laws Call you to witness in a dubious cause, 120 Though Phalaris plant his bull before your eye, And, frowning, dictate to your lips the lie, Think it a crime no tears can e'er efface, To purchase safety with compliance base, At honor's cost a feverish span extend, 125 And sacrifice for life, life's only end! Life! 'tis not life—who merits death is dead; Though Gauran oysters for his feasts be spread, Though his limbs drip with exquisite perfume, And the late rose around his temples bloom! 130 O, when the province, long desired, you gain, Your boiling rage, your lust of wealth, restrain, And pity our allies: all Asia grieves— Her blood, her marrow, drained by legal thieves. Revere the laws, obey the parent state; 135 Observe what rich rewards the good await. What punishments the bad: how Tutor sped, While Rome's whole thunder rattled round his head! And yet what boots it, that one spoiler bleed, If still a worse, and still a worse succeed; 140 If neither fear nor shame control their theft, And Pansa seize the little Natta left? Haste then, Chærippus, ere thy rags be known, And sell the few thou yet canst call thine own, And O, conceal the price! 'tis honest craft; 145 Thou could'st not keep the hatchet—save the haft. Not such the cries of old, nor such the stroke, When first the nations bowed beneath our yoke. Wealth, then, was theirs, wealth without fear possess'd, Full every house, and bursting every chest— 150 Crimson, in looms of Sparta taught to glow, And purple, deeply dyed in grain of Co; Busts, to which Myro's touch did motion give, And ivory, taught by

Phidias' skill to live; On every side a Polyclete you viewed, 155 And scarce a board without a Mentor stood. These, these, the lust of rapine first inspired, These, Antony and Dolabella fired. And sacrilegious Verres:—so, for Rome They shipped their secret plunder; and brought home 160 More treasures from our friends, in peace obtained, Than from our foes, in war, were ever gained! Now all is gone! the stallion made a prey, The few brood mares and oxen swept away, The Lares—if the sacred hearth possess'd} 165 One little god, that pleased above the rest—} Mean spoils, indeed! but such were now their best} Perhaps you scorn (and may securely scorn) The essenced Greek, whom arts, not arms, adorn: Soft limbs, and spirits by refinement broke, 170 Would feebly struggle with the oppressive yoke. But spare the Gaul, the fierce Illyrian spare, And the rough Spaniard, terrible in war; Spare too the Afric hind, whose ceaseless pain Fills our wide granaries with autumnal grain, 175 And pampers Rome, while weightier cares engage Her precious hours—the Circus and the Stage! For, should you rifle them, O think in time, What spoil would pay the execrable crime, When greedy Marius fleeced them all so late, 180 And bare and bleeding left the hapless state! But chief the brave, and wretched—tremble there; Nor tempt too far the madness of despair: For, should you all their little treasures drain, Helmets, and spears, and swords, would still remain; 185 The plundered ne'er want arms. What I foretell} Is no trite apophthegm, but—mark me well—} True as a Sibyl's leaf! fixed as an oracle!} If men of worth the posts beneath you hold, And no spruce favorite barter law for gold; 190 If no inherent stain your wife disgrace, Nor, harpy-like, she flit from place to place, A fell Celæno, ever on the watch, And ever furious, all she sees to snatch; Then choose what race you will: derive your birth 195 From Picus, or those elder sons of earth, Who shook the throne of heaven; call him your sire, Who first informed our clay with living fire; Or single from the songs of ancient days, What tale may suit you, and what parent raise. 200 But—if rash pride, and lust, your bosom sway, If, with stern joy, you ply, from day to day The ensanguined rods, and head on head demand, Till the tired axe drop from

the lictor's hand; Then, every honor, by your father won, 205 Indignant to be borne by such a son, Will, to his blood, oppose your daring claim, And fire a torch to blaze upon your shame!— Vice glares more strongly in the public eye, As he who sins, in power or place is high. 210 See! by his great progenitors' remains Fat Damasippus sweeps, with loosened reins. Good Consul! he no pride of office feels, But stoops, himself, to clog his headlong wheels. "But this is all by night," the hero cries. 215 Yet the MOON sees! yet the STARS stretch their eyes, Full on your shame!—A few short moments wait, And Damasippus quits the pomp of state: Then, proud the experienced driver to display, He mounts his chariot in the face of day, 220 Whirls, with bold front, his grave associate by, And jerks his whip, to catch the senior's eye: Unyokes his weary steeds, and, to requite Their service, feeds and litters them, at night. Meanwhile, 'tis all he can, what time he stands 225 At Jove's high altar, as the law commands, And offers sheep and oxen, he forswears The Eternal King, and gives his silent prayers To thee, Hippona, goddess of the stalls, And gods more vile, daubed on the reeking walls! 230 At night, to his old haunts he scours, elate (The tavern by the Idumean gate), Where, while the host, bedrenched with liquid sweets, With many a courteous phrase his entrance greets, And many a smile; the hostess nimbly moves, 235 And gets the flagon ready, which he loves. Here some, perhaps, my growing warmth may blame: "In youth's wild hours," they urge, "we did the same." 'Tis granted, friends; but then we stopped in time, Nor hugged our darling faults beyond our prime. 240 Brief let our follies be! and youthful sin Fall, with the firstlings of the manly chin!— Boys we may pity, nay, perhaps, excuse: But Damasippus STILL frequents the stews, Though now mature in vigor, ripe in age, 245 Of Cæsar's foes to check the headlong rage, On Tigris' banks, in burnished arms, to shine, And sternly guard the Danube, or the Rhine. "The East revolts." Ho! let the troops repair To Ostium, quick! "But where's the General?" Where! 250 Go, search the taverns; there the chief you'll find, With cut-throats, plunderers, rogues of every kind, Bier-jobbers, bargemen, drenched in fumes of wine, And Cybele's

priests, mid their loose drums, supine! There none are less, none greater than the rest, 255 There my lord gives, and takes the scurvy jest; There all who can, round the same table sprawl. And there one greasy tankard serves for all. Blessings of birth!—but, Ponticus, a word: Owned you a slave like this degenerate lord, 260 What were his fate? your Lucan farm to till, Or aid the mules to turn your Tuscan mill. But Troy's great sons dispense with being good, And boldly sin by courtesy of blood; Wink at each other's crimes, and look for fame 265 In what would tinge a cobbler's cheek with shame. And have I wreaked on such foul deeds my rage, That worse should yet remain to blot my page!— See Damasippus, all his fortune lost, Compelled, for hire, to play a squealing ghost! 270 While Lentulus, his brother in renown, Performs, with so much art, the perjured clown, And suffers with such grace, that, for his pains, I hold him worthy of—the CROSS he feigns. Nor deem the heedless rabble void of blame:— 275 Strangers alike to decency and shame, They sit with brazen front, and calmly see The hired patrician's low buffoonery; Laugh at the Fabii's tricks, and grin to hear The cuffs resound from the Mamerci's ear! 280 Who cares how low their blood is sold, how high?— No Nero drives them, now, their fate to try: Freely they come, and freely they expose Their lives for hire, to grace the public shows! But grant the worst: suppose the arena here, 285 And there the stage; on which would you appear? The first: for who of death so much in dread, As not to tremble more, the stage to tread, Squat on his hams, in some blind nook to sit, And watch his mistress, in a jealous fit!— 290 But 'tis not strange, that, when the Emperor tunes A scurvy harp, the lords should turn buffoons; The wonder is, they turn not fencers too, Secutors, Retiarians—AND THEY DO! Gracchus steps forth: No sword his thigh invests— 295 No helmet, shield—such armor he detests, Detests and spurns; and impudently stands, With the poised net and trident in his hands. The foe advances—lo! a cast he tries, But misses, and in frantic terror flies 300 Round the thronged Cirque; and, anxious to be known, Lifts his bare face, with many a piteous moan. "'Tis he! 'tis he!—I know the Salian vest, With golden fringes,

pendent from the breast; The Salian bonnet, from whose pointed crown 305 The glittering ribbons float redundant down. O spare him, spare!"—The brave Secutor heard, And, blushing, stopped the chase; for he preferred Wounds, death itself, to the contemptuous smile, Of conquering one so noble, and—so vile! 310 Who, Nero, so depraved, if choice were free, To hesitate 'twixt Seneca and thee? Whose crimes, so much have they all crimes outgone, Deserve more serpents, apes, and sacks, than one. Not so, thou say'st; there are, whom I could name, 315 As deep in guilt, and as accursed in fame; Orestes slew HIS mother. True; but know, The same effects from different causes flow: A father murdered at the social board, And heaven's command, unsheathed his righteous sword. 320 Besides, Orestes, in his wildest mood, Poisoned no cousin, shed no consort's blood, Buried no poniard in a sister's throat, Sung on no public stage, no Troics wrote.— This topped his frantic crimes! THIS roused mankind! 325 For what could Galba, what Virginius find, In the dire annals of that bloody reign, Which called for vengeance in a louder strain? Lo here, the arts, the studies that engage The world's great master! on a foreign stage, 330 To prostitute his voice for base renown, And ravish, from the Greeks, a parsley crown! Come then, great prince, great poet! while we throng To greet thee, recent from triumphant song, Come, place the unfading wreath, with reverence meet, 335 On the Domitii's brows! before their feet The mask and pall of old Thyestes lay, And Menalippé; while, in proud display, From the colossal marble of thy sire, Depends, the boast of Rome, thy conquering lyre! 340 Cethegus! Catiline! whose ancestors Were nobler born, were higher ranked, than yours? Yet ye conspired, with more than Gallic hate, To wrap in midnight flames this hapless state; On men and gods your barbarous rage to pour, 345 And deluge Rome with her own children's gore: Horrors, which called, indeed, for vengeance dire, For the pitched coat and stake, and smouldering fire! But Tully watched—your league in silence broke, And crushed your impious arms, without a stroke. 350 Yes he, poor Arpine, of no name at home, And scarcely ranked among the knights at Rome, Secured the trembling

town, placed a firm guard In every street, and toiled in every ward:— And thus, within the walls, the GOWN obtained, 355 More fame, for Tully, than Octavius gained At Actium and Philippi, from a sword, Drenched in the eternal stream by patriots poured! For Rome, free Rome, hailed him, with loud acclaim, The Father of his Country—glorious name! 360 Another Arpine, trained the ground to till, Tired of the plow, forsook his native hill, And joined the camp; where, if his adze was slow, The vine-twig whelked his back with many a blow: And yet, when the fierce Cimbri threatened Rome 365 With swift, and scarcely evitable doom, This man, in the dread hour, to save her rose, And turned the impending ruin on her foes! For which, while ravening birds devoured the slain, And their huge bones lay whitening on the plain, 370 His high-born colleague to his worth gave way, And took, well pleased, the secondary bay. The Decii were plebeians! mean their name, And mean the parent stock from which they came: Yet they devoted, in the trying hour, 375 Their heads to Earth, and each infernal Power; And by that solemn act, redeemed from fate,} Auxiliars, legions, all the Latian state;} More prized than those they saved, in heaven's just estimate!} And him, who graced the purple which he wore 380 (The last good king of Rome), a bondmaid bore. The Consul's sons (while storms yet shook the state, And Tarquin thundered vengeance at the gate), Who should, to crown the labors of their sire, Have dared what Cocles, Mutius, might admire, 385 And she, who mocked the javelins whistling round, And swam the Tiber, then the empire's bound; Had to the tyrant's rage the town exposed, But that a slave their dark designs disclosed.— For Him, when stretched upon his honored bier, 390 The grateful matrons shed the pious tear, While, with stern eye, the patriot and the sire Saw, by the axe, the high-born pair expire: They fell—just victims to the offended laws, And the first sacrifice to FREEDOM'S cause! 395 For me, who naught but innate worth admire, I'd rather vile Thersites were thy sire, So thou wert like Achilles, and could'st wield Vulcanian arms, the terror of the field, Than that Achilles should thy father be, 400 And, in his offspring, vile Thersites see. And yet,

how high soe'er thy pride may trace The long-forgotten founders of thy race, Still must the search with that Asylum end, From whose polluted source we all descend. 405 Haste then, the inquiry haste; secure to find Thy sire some vagrant slave, some bankrupt hind, Some—but I mark the kindling glow of shame, And will not shock thee with a baser name.

SATIRE IX. JUVENAL, NÆVOLUS.

Juv. Still drooping, Nævolus! What, prithee, say, Portends this show of grief from day to day, This copy of flayed Marsyas? what dost thou With such a rueful face, and such a brow, As Ravola wore, when caught—Not so cast down 5 Looked Pollio, when, of late, he scoured the town, And, proffering treble rate, from friend to friend, Found none so foolish, none so mad, to lend! But, seriously, for thine's a serious case, Whence came those sudden wrinkles in thy face? 10 I knew thee once, a gay, light-hearted slave, Contented with the little fortune gave; A sprightly guest, of every table free, And famed for modish wit and repartee. Now all's reversed: dejected is thy mien, 15 Thy locks are like a tangled thicket seen; And every limb, once smoothed with nicest care, Rank with neglect, a shrubbery of hair! What dost thou with that dull, dead, withered look, Like some old debauchee, long ague-shook? 20 All is not well within; for, still we find The face the unerring index of the mind, And as THIS feels or fancies joys or woes, That pales with sorrow, or with rapture glows. What should I think? Too sure the scene is changed, 25 And thou from thy old course of life estranged: For late, as I remember, at all haunts, Where dames of fashion flock to hire gallants, At Isis and at Ganymede's abodes, At Cybele's, dread mother of the gods, 30 Nay, at chaste Ceres' (for at shame they spurn, And even her temples now to brothels turn), None was so famed: the favorites of the town, Baffled alike in business and renown, Murmuring retired; wives, daughters, were thy own, 35 And—if the truth MUST come—not THEY alone. Næv. Right: and to some this trade has answered yet; But not to me: for what is all I

get? A drugget cloak, to save my gown from rain,} Coarse in its texture, dingy in its grain,} 40 And a few pieces of the "second vein!"} Fate governs all. Fate, with full sway, presides Even o'er those parts, which modest nature hides; And little, if her genial influence fail, Will vigor stead, or boundless powers avail: 45 Though Virro, gloating on your naked charms, Foam with desire, and woo you to his arms, With many a soothing, many a flattering phrase— For your cursed pathics have such winning ways! Hear now this prodigy, this mass impure, 50 Of lust and avarice! "Let us, friend, be sure: I've given thee this, and this;—now count the sums:" (He counts, and woos the while), "behold! it comes To five sestertia, five!—now, look again, And see how much it overpays thy pain:" 55 What! "overpays?"—but you are formed for love, And worthy of the cup and couch of Jove! —Will those relieve a client!—those, who grudge A wretched pittance to the painful drudge That toils in their disease?—O mark, my friend, 60 The blooming youth, to whom we presents send, Or on the Female Calends, or the day Which gave him birth! in what a lady-way He takes our favors as he sits in state, And sees adoring crowds besiege his gate! 65 Insatiate sparrow! whom do your domains, Your numerous hills await, your numerous plains? Regions, that such a tract of land embrace, That kites are tired within the unmeasured space! For you the purple vine luxuriant glows, 70 On Trifoline's plain, and on Misenus' brows; And hollow Gaurus, from his fruitful hills, Your spacious vaults with generous nectar fills: What were it, then, a few poor roods to grant To one so worn with lechery and want? 75 Sure yonder female, with the child she bred, The dog their playmate, and their little shed, Had, with more justice, been conferred on me, Than on a cymbal-beating debauchee! "I'm troublesome," you say, when I apply, 80 "And give! give! give! is my eternal cry."— But house-rent due solicits to be sped, And my sole slave, importunate for bread, Follows me, clamoring in as loud a tone As Polyphemus, when his prey was flown. 85 Nor will this one suffice, the toil's so great! Another must be bought; and both must eat. What shall I say, when cold December blows, And their bare limbs shrink at the driving

snows, What shall I say, their drooping hearts to cheer? 90 "Be merry, boys, the spring will soon be here!" But though my other merits you deny, One yet must be allowed—that had not I, I, your devoted client, lent my aid, Your wife had to this hour remained a maid. 95 You know what motives urged me to the deed, And what was promised, could I but succeed:— Oft in my arms the flying fair I caught, And back to your cold bed, reluctant, brought, Even when she'd canceled all her former vows, 100 And now was signing to another spouse. What pains it cost to set these matters right, While you stood whimpering at the door all night, I spare to tell:—a friend like me has tied Full many a knot, when ready to divide. 105 Where will you turn you now, sir? whither fly? What, to my charges, first, or last, reply? Is it no merit, speak, ungrateful! none, To give you thus a daughter, or a son, Whom you may breed with credit at your board, 110 And prove yourself a man upon record?— Haste, with triumphal wreaths your gates adorn, You're now a father, now no theme for scorn; My toils have ta'en the opprobrium from your name, And stopp'd the babbling of malicious fame. 115 A parent's rights you now may proudly share, Now, thank my industry, be named an heir; Take now the whole bequest, with what beside, From lucky windfalls, may in time betide; And other blessings, if I but repeat 120 My pains, and make the number THREE complete. Juv. Nay, thou hast reason to complain, I feel: But, what says Virro? Næv. Not a syllable; But, while my wrongs and I unnoticed pass, Hunts out some other drudge, some two-legged ass. 125 Enough;—and never, on your life, unfold The secret thus to you, in friendship told; But let my injuries, undivulged, still rest Within the closest chamber of your breast: How the discovery might be borne, none knows— 130 And your smooth pathics are such fatal foes! Virro, who trusts me yet, may soon repent, And hate me for the confidence he lent; With fire and sword my wretched life pursue, As if I'd blabbed already all I knew. 135 Sad situation mine! for, in your ear, The rich can never buy revenge too dear; And—but enough: be cautious, I entreat, And secret as the Athenian judgment-seat. Juv. And dost thou seriously believe, fond swain, 140

The actions of the great unknown remain? Poor Corydon! even beasts would silence break, And stocks and stones, if servants did not, speak. Bolt every door, stop every cranny tight, Close every window, put out every light; 145 Let not a whisper reach the listening ear, No noise, no motion; let no soul be near; Yet all that passed at the cock's second crow, The neighboring vintner shall, ere daybreak, know; With what besides the cook and carver's brain, 150 Subtly malicious, can in vengeance feign! For thus they glory, with licentious tongue, To quit the harsh command and galling thong. Should these be mute, some drunkard in the streets Will pour out all he knows to all he meets, 155 Force them, unwilling, the long tale to hear, And with his stories drench their hapless ear. Go now, and earnestly of those request, To lock, like me, the secret in their breast: Alas! they hear thee not; and will not sell 160 The dear, dear privilege—to see and tell, For more stolen wine than late Saufeia boused, When, for the people's welfare, she—caroused! Live virtuously:—thus many a reason cries, But chiefly this, that so thou may'st despise 165 Thy servant's tongue; for, lay this truth to heart, The tongue is the vile servant's vilest part: Yet viler he, who lives in constant dread Of the domestic spies that—eat his bread. Næv. Well have you taught, how we may best disdain 170 The envenomed babbling of our household train; But this is general, and to all applies:— What, in my proper case, would you advise? After such flattering expectations cross'd, And so much time in vain dependence lost? 175 For youth, too transient flower! of life's short day The shortest part, but blossoms—to decay. Lo! while we give the unregarded hour To revelry and joy, in Pleasure's bower, While now for rosy wreaths our brows to twine, 180 And now for nymphs we call, and now for wine, The noiseless foot of Time steals swiftly by, And ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh! Juv. Oh, fear not: thou canst never seek in vain A pathic friend, while these seven hills remain. 185 Hither in crowds the master-misses come, From every point, as to their proper home: One hope has failed, another may succeed; Meanwhile do thou on hot eringo feed. Næv. Tell this to happier men; the Fates ne'er meant 190 Such luck for me: my Clotho is

content, When all my oil a bare subsistence gains, And fills my belly, by my back and reins. O, my poor Lares! dear, domestic Powers! To whom I come with incense, cakes, and flowers, 195 When shall my prayers, so long preferred in vain, Acceptance find? O, when shall I obtain Enough to free me from the constant dread Of life's worst ill, gray hairs and want of bread? On mortgage, six-score pounds a year, or eight, 200 A little sideboard, which, for overweight, Fabricius would have censured; a stout pair Of hireling Mæsians, to support my chair, In the thronged Circus: add to these, one slave Well skilled to paint, another to engrave; 205 And I—but let me give these day-dreams o'er— Wish as I may, I ever shall be poor; For when to Fortune I prefer my prayers, The obdurate goddess stops at once her ears; Stops with that wax which saved Ulysses' crew,} 210 When by the Syrens' rocks and songs they flew,} False songs and treacherous rocks, that all to ruin drew.}

SATIRE X.

In every clime, from Ganges' distant stream To Gades, gilded by the western beam, Few, from the clouds of mental error free, In its true light or good or evil see. For what, with reason, do we seek or shun? 5 What plan, how happily soe'er begun, But, finished, we our own success lament, And rue the pains, so fatally misspent?— To headlong ruin see whole houses driven, Cursed with their prayers, by too indulgent heaven! 10 Bewildered thus by folly or by fate, We beg pernicious gifts in every state, In peace, in war. A full and rapid flow Of eloquence, lays many a speaker low: Even strength itself is fatal; Milo tries 15 His wondrous arms, and—in the trial dies! But avarice wider spreads her deadly snare, And hoards amassed with too successful care, Hoards, which o'er all paternal fortunes rise, As o'er the dolphin towers the whale in size. 20 For this, in other times, at Nero's word, The ruffian bands unsheathed the murderous sword, Rushed to the swelling coffers of the great, Chased Lateranus from his lordly seat, Besieged too-wealthy Seneca's wide walls, 25 And closed, terrific, round Longinus' halls: While sweetly in their cocklofts slept

the poor, And heard no soldier thundering at their door. The traveler, freighted with a little wealth, Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth: 30 Even then, he fears the bludgeon and the blade, And starts and trembles at a rush's shade; While, void of care, the beggar trips along, And, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song. The first great wish, that all with rapture own, 35 The general cry, to every temple known, Is, gold, gold, gold!—"and let, all-gracious Powers, The largest chest the Forum boasts be ours!" Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip: Dread then the draught, when, mantling, at your lip, 40 The goblet sparkles, radiant from the mine, And the broad gold inflames the ruby wine. And do we, now, admire the stories told Of the two Sages, so renowned of old; How this forever laughed, whene'er he stepp'd 45 Beyond the threshold; that, forever wept? But all can laugh:—the wonder yet appears, What fount supplied the eternal stream of tears! Democritus, at every step he took, His sides with unextinguished laughter shook, 50 Though, in his days, Abdera's simple towns No fasces knew, chairs, litters, purple gowns.— What! had he seen, in his triumphal car, Amid the dusty Cirque, conspicuous far, The Prætor perched aloft, superbly dress'd 55 In Jove's proud tunic, with a trailing vest Of Tyrian tapestry, and o'er him spread A crown, too bulky for a mortal head, Borne by a sweating slave, maintained to ride In the same car, and mortify his pride! 60 Add now the bird, that, with expanded wing, From the raised sceptre seems prepared to spring; And trumpets here; and there the long parade Of duteous friends, who head the cavalcade; Add, too, the zeal of clients robed in white,} 65 Who hang upon his reins, and grace the sight,} Unbribed, unbought—save by the dole, at night!} Yes, in those days, in every varied scene, The good old man found matter for his spleen: A wondrous sage! whose story makes it clear 70 That men may rise in folly's atmosphere, Beneath Bœotian fogs, of soul sublime, And great examples to the coming time.— He laughed aloud to see the vulgar fears, Laughed at their joys, and sometimes at their tears: 75 Secure the while, he mocked at Fortune's frown, And when she threatened, bade her hang or drown! Superfluous then, or fatal, is the

prayer, Which, to the Immortals' knees, we fondly bear. Some, Power hurls headlong from her envied height, 80 Some, the broad tablet, flashing on the sight, With titles, names: the statues, tumbled down, Are dragged by hooting thousands through the town; The brazen cars torn rudely from the yoke, And, with the blameless steeds, to shivers broke— 85 Then roar the flames! the sooty artist blows, And all Sejanus in the furnace glows; Sejanus, once so honored, so adored, And only second to the world's great lord, Runs glittering from the mould, in cups and cans, 90 Basins and ewers, plates, pitchers, pots, and pans. "Crown all your doors with bay, triumphant bay! Sacred to Jove, the milk-white victim slay, For lo! where great Sejanus by the throng, A joyful spectacle! is dragged along. 95 What lips! what cheeks! ha, traitor!—for my part, I never loved the fellow—in my heart." "But tell me; Why was he adjudged to bleed? And who discovered? and who proved the deed?" "Proved!—a huge, wordy letter came to-day 100 From Capreæ." Good! what think the people? They! They follow fortune, as of old, and hate, With their whole souls, the victim of the state. Yet would the herd, thus zealous, thus on fire, Had Nurscia met the Tuscan's fond desire, 105 And crushed the unwary prince, have all combined, And hailed Sejanus, Master of Mankind! For since their votes have been no longer bought, All public care has vanished from their thought; And those who once, with unresisted sway, 110 Gave armies, empire, every thing, away, For two poor claims have long renounced the whole, And only ask—the Circus and the Dole. "But there are more to suffer." "So I find; A fire so fierce for one was ne'er designed. 115 I met my friend Brutidius, and I fear, From his pale looks, he thinks there's danger near. What if this Ajax, in his phrensy, strike, Suspicious of our zeal, at all alike!" "True: fly we then, our loyalty to show; 120 And trample on the carcass of his foe, While yet exposed on Tiber's banks it lies"— "But let our slaves be there," another cries: "Yes; let them (lest our ardor they forswear, And drag us, pinioned, to the Bar) be there." 125 Thus of the favorite's fall the converse ran, And thus the whisper passed from man to man. Lured by the splendor of his happier hour,

Would'st thou possess Sejanus' wealth and power; See crowds of suppliants at thy levee wait, 130 Give this to sway the army, that the state; And keep a prince in ward, retired to reign O'er Capreæ's crags, with his Chaldean train? Yes, yes, thou would'st (for I can read thy breast) Enjoy that favor which he once possess'd, 135 Assume all offices, grasp all commands, The Imperial Horse, and the Prætorian Bands. 'Tis nature, this; even those who want the will, Pant for the dreadful privilege to kill: Yet what delight can rank and power bestow, 140 Since every joy is balanced by its woe! —Still would'st thou choose the favorite's purple, say? Or, thus forewarned, some paltry hamlet sway? At Gabii, or Fidenæ, rules propound, For faulty measures, and for wares unsound; 145 And take the tarnished robe, and petty state, Of poor Ulubræ's ragged magistrate?— You grant me then, Sejanus grossly erred, Nor knew what prayer his folly had preferred: For when he begged for too much wealth and power, 150 Stage above stage, he raised a tottering tower, And higher still, and higher; to be thrown, With louder crash, and wider ruin down! What wrought the Crassi, what the Pompeys' doom, And his, who bowed the stubborn neck of Rome? 155 What but the wild, the unbounded wish to rise, Heard, in malignant kindness, by the skies! Few kings, few tyrants, find a bloodless end, Or to the grave, without a wound, descend. The child, with whom a trusty slave is sent, 160 Charged with his little scrip, has scarcely spent His mite at school, ere all his bosom glows With the fond hope he never more foregoes, To reach Demosthenes' or Tully's name, Rival of both in eloquence and fame!— 165 Yet by this eloquence, alas! expired Each orator, so envied, so admired! Yet by the rapid and resistless sway Of torrent genius, each was swept away! Genius, for that, the baneful potion sped, 170 And lopp'd, from this, the hands and gory head: While meaner pleaders unmolested stood, Nor stained the rostrum with their wretched blood. "How fortuNATE A NATAL day was thine, In that LATE conSULATE, O Rome, of mine!" 175 Oh, soul of eloquence! had all been found An empty vaunt, like this, a jingling sound, Thou might'st, in peace, thy humble fame have borne, And laughed the swords of Antony to scorn! Yet this

would I prefer, the common jest, 180 To that which fired the fierce triumvir's breast, That second scroll, where eloquence divine Burst on the ear from every glowing line. And he too fell, whom Athens, wondering, saw Her fierce democracy, at will, o'erawe, 185 And "fulmine over Greece!" some angry Power Scowled, with dire influence, on his natal hour.— Bleared with the glowing mass, the ambitious sire, From anvils, sledges, bellows, tongs, and fire, From tempting swords, his own more safe employ, 190 To study RHETORIC, sent his hopeful boy. The spoils of WAR; the trunk in triumph placed With all the trophies of the battle graced, Crushed helms, and battered shields; and streamers borne From vanquished fleets, and beams from chariots torn; 195 And arcs of triumph, where the captive foe Bends, in mute anguish, o'er the pomp below, Are blessings, which the slaves of glory rate Beyond a mortal's hope, a mortal's fate! Fired with the love of these, what countless swarms, 200 Barbarians, Romans, Greeks, have rushed to arms, All danger slighted, and all toil defied, And madly conquered, or as madly died! So much the raging thirst of fame exceeds The generous warmth, which prompts to worthy deeds, 205 That none confess fair virtue's genuine power, Or woo her to their breast, without a dower. Yet has this wild desire, in other days, This boundless avarice of a few for praise, This frantic rage for names to grace a tomb, 210 Involved whole countries in one general doom; Vain "rage!" the roots of the wild fig-tree rise, Strike through the marble, and their memory dies! For, like their mouldering tenants, tombs decay, And, with the dust they hide, are swept away. 215 Produce the urn that Hannibal contains, And weigh the mighty dust, which yet remains: And is this all! Yet THIS was once the bold, The aspiring chief, whom Afric could not hold, Though stretched in breadth from where the Atlantic roars, 220 To distant Nilus, and his sun-burnt shores; In length, from Carthage to the burning zone, Where other moors, and elephants are known. —Spain conquered, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds: Nature opposed her everlasting mounds, 225 Her Alps, and snows; o'er these, with torrent force, He pours, and rends through rocks his dreadful course. Already at his feet, Italia lies;—

Yet thundering on, "Think nothing done," he cries, "Till Rome, proud Rome, beneath my fury falls, 230 And Afric's standards float along her walls!" Big words!—but view his figure! view his face! O, for some master-hand the lines to trace, As through the Etrurian swamps, by floods increas'd, The one-eyed chief urged his Getulian beast! 235 But what ensued? Illusive Glory, say. Subdued on Zama's memorable day, He flies in exile to a petty state, With headlong haste! and, at a despot's gate, Sits, mighty suppliant! of his life in doubt, 240 Till the Bithynian's morning nap be out. No swords, nor spears, nor stones from engines hurled, Shall quell the man whose frown alarmed the world: The vengeance due to Cannæ's fatal field, And floods of human gore, a ring shall yield!— 245 Fly, madman, fly! at toil and danger mock, Pierce the deep snow, and scale the eternal rock, To please the rhetoricians, and become A DECLAMATION for the boys of Rome! One world, the ambitious youth of Pella found 250 Too small; and tossed his feverish limbs around, And gasped for breath, as if immured the while In Gyaræ, or Seripho's rocky isle: But entering Babylon, found ample room Within the narrow limits of a tomb! 255 Death, the great teacher, Death alone proclaims The true dimensions of our puny frames. The daring tales, in Grecian story found, Were once believed:—of Athos sailed around, Of fleets, that bridges o'er the waves supplied, 260 Of chariots, rolling on the steadfast tide, Of lakes exhausted, and of rivers quaff'd, By countless nations, at a morning's draught, And all that Sostratus so wildly sings, Besotted poet, of the king of kings. 265 But how returned he, say? this soul of fire, This proud barbarian, whose impatient ire Chastised the winds, that disobeyed his nod, With stripes, ne'er suffered from the Æolian god; Fettered the Shaker of the sea and land— 270 But, in pure clemency, forbode to brand! And sure, if aught can touch the Powers above, This calls for all their service, all their love! But how returned he? say;—His navy lost, In a small bark he fled the hostile coast, 275 And, urged by terror, drove his laboring prore, Through floating carcasses, and floods of gore. So Xerxes sped, so speed the conquering race; They catch at glory, and they clasp disgrace! "Life!

length of life!" For this, with earnest cries, 280 Or sick or well, we supplicate the skies. Pernicious prayer! for mark what ills attend, Still, on the old, as to the grave they bend: A ghastly visage, to themselves unknown, For a smooth skin, a hide with scurf o'ergrown, 285 And such a cheek, as many a grandam ape, In Tabraca's thick woods, is seen to scrape. Strength, beauty, and a thousand charms beside, With sweet distinction, youth from youth divide; While age presents one universal face: 290 A faltering voice, a weak and trembling pace, An ever-dropping nose, a forehead bare, And toothless gums to mumble o'er its fare. Poor wretch, behold him, tottering to his fall, So loathsome to himself, wife, children, all, 295 That those who hoped the legacy to share, And flattered long—disgusted, disappear. The sluggish palate dulled, the feast no more Excites the same sensations as of yore; Taste, feeling, all, a universal blot, 300 And e'en the rites of love remembered not: Or if—through the long night he feebly strives To raise a flame where not a spark survives; While Venus marks the effort with distrust, And hates the gray decrepitude of lust. 305 Another loss!—no joy can song inspire, Though famed Seleucus lead the warbling quire: The sweetest airs escape him; and the lute, Which thrills the general ear, to him is mute.— He sits, perhaps, too distant: bring him near; 310 Alas! 'tis still the same: he scarce can hear The deep-toned horn, the trumpet's clanging sound, And the loud blast which shakes the benches round. Even at his ear, his slave must bawl the hour, And shout the comer's name, with all his power! 315 Add that a fever only warms his veins, And thaws the little blood which yet remains; That ills of every kind, and every name, Rush in, and seize the unresisting frame. Ask you how many? I could sooner say 320 How many drudges Hippia kept in pay, How many orphans Basilus beguiled, How many pupils Hæmolus defiled, How many men long Maura overmatched, How many patients Themison dispatched 325 In one short autumn; nay, perhaps, record, How many villas call my quondam barber lord! These their shrunk shoulders, those their hams bemoan; This hath no eyes, and envies that with one: This takes, as helpless at the board he stands, 330 His food,

with bloodless lips, from others' hands; While that, whose eager jaws, instinctive, spread At every feast, gapes feebly to be fed, Like Progne's brood, when, laden with supplies, From bill to bill, the fasting mother flies. 335 But other ills, and worse, succeed to those: His limbs long since were gone; his memory goes. Poor driveler! he forgets his servants quite, Forgets, at morn, with whom he supped at night; Forgets the children he begot and bred; 340 And makes a strumpet heiress in their stead.— So much avails it the rank arts to use, Gained, by long practice, in the loathsome stews! But grant his senses unimpaired remain; Still woes on woes succeed, a mournful train! 345 He sees his sons, his daughters, all expire, His faithful consort on the funeral pyre, Sees brothers, sisters, friends, to ashes turn, And all he loved, or loved him, in their urn. Lo here, the dreadful fine we ever pay 350 For life protracted to a distant day! To see our house by sickness, pain pursued, And scenes of death incessantly renewed: In sable weeds to waste the joyless years, And drop, at last, mid solitude and tears! 355 The Pylian's (if we credit Homer's page) Was only second to the raven's age. "O happy, sure, beyond the common rate, Who warded off, so long, the stroke of fate! Who told his years by centuries, who so oft 360 Quaffed the new must! O happy, sure"—But, soft. This "happy" man of destiny complained, Cursed his gray hairs, and every god arraigned; What time he lit the pyre, with streaming eyes, And, in dark volumes, saw the flames arise 365 Round his Antilochus:—"Tell me," he cried, To every friend who lingered at his side, "Tell me what crimes have roused the Immortals' hate, That thus, in vengeance, they protract my date?" So questioned heaven Laertes—Peleus so— 370 (Their hoary heads bowed to the grave with woe) While this bewailed his son, at Ilium slain; That his, long wandering o'er the faithless main. While Troy yet flourished, had her Priam died, With what solemnity, what funeral pride, 375 Had he descended, every duty paid, To old Assaracus, illustrious shade!— Hector himself, bedewed with many a tear, Had joined his brothers to support the bier; While Troy's dejected dames, a numerous train, 380 Followed, in sable pomp, and wept amain, As sad Polyxena her

pall had rent, And wild Cassandra raised the loud lament: Had he but fallen, ere his adulterous boy Spread his bold sails, and left the shores of Troy. 385 But what did lengthened life avail the sire? To see his realm laid waste by sword and fire. Then too, too late, the feeble soldier tried Unequal arms, and flung his crown aside; Tottered, his children's murderer to repel, 390 With trembling haste, and at Jove's altar fell, Fell without effort; like the steer, that, now, Time-worn and weak, and, by the ungrateful plow, Spurned forth to slaughter, to the master's knife Yields his shrunk veins and miserable life. 395 His end, howe'er, was human; while his mate, Doomed, in a brute, to drain the dregs of fate, Pursued the foes of Troy from shore to shore, And barked and howled at those she cursed before. I pass, while hastening to the Roman page, 400 The Pontic king, and Crœsus, whom the Sage Wisely forbade in fortune to confide, Or take the name of HAPPY, till he died. That Marius, exiled from his native plains, Was hid in fens, discovered, bound in chains; 405 That, bursting these, to Africa he fled, And, through the realms he conquered, begged his bread, Arose from age, from treacherous age alone: For what had Rome, or earth, so happy known, Had he, in that bless'd moment, ceased to live, 410 When, graced with all that Victory could give, "Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," He first alighted from his Cimbrian car! Campania, prescient of her Pompey's fate, Send a kind fever to arrest his date: 415 When lo! a thousand suppliant altars rise, And public prayers obtain him of the skies. Ill done! that head, thus rescued from the grave, His Evil Fate and ours, by Nilus' wave, Lopp'd from the trunk:—such mutilation dire} 420 Cornelius 'scaped; Cethegus fell entire;} And Catiline pressed, whole, the funeral pyre.} Whene'er the fane of Venus meets her eye, The anxious mother breathes a secret sigh For handsome boys; but asks, with bolder prayer, 425 That all her girls be exquisitely fair! "And wherefore not? Latona, in the sight Of Dian's beauty, took unblamed delight." True; but Lucretia cursed her fatal charms, When spent with struggling in a Tarquin's arms; 430 And poor Virginia would have changed her grace For Rutila's crooked back and homely face.

"But boys may still be fair?" No; they destroy Their parents' peace, and murder all their joy; For rarely do we meet, in one combined, 435 A beauteous body and a virtuous mind, Though, through the rugged line, there still has run A Sabine sanctity, from sire to son.— Besides, should Nature, in her kindest mood, Confer the ingenuous flush of modest blood, 440 The disposition chaste as unsunned snow— (And what can Nature more than these bestow, These, which no art, no care can give)?—even then, They can not hope, they must not, to be men! Smit with their charms, the imps of hell appear, 445 And pour their proffers in a parent's ear, For prostitution!—infamously bold, And trusting to the almighty power of gold: While youths in shape and air less formed to please No tyrants mutilate, no Neros seize. 450 Go now, and triumph in your beauteous boy, Your Ganymede! whom other ills annoy, And other dangers wait: his graces known, He stands professed, the favorite of the town; And dreads, incessant dreads, on every hand, 455 The vengeance which a husband's wrongs demand: For sure detection follows soon or late; Born under Mars, he can not scape his fate. Oft on the adulterer, too, the furious spouse Inflicts worse evils than the law allows; 460 By blows, stripes, gashes some are robbed of breath And others, by the mullet, racked to death. "But my Endymion will more lucky prove, And serve a beauteous mistress, all for love." No; he will soon to ugliness be sold, 465 And serve a toothless grandam, all for gold. Servilia will not lose him; jewels, clothes, All, all she sells, and all on him bestows; For women naught to the dear youth deny, Or think his labors can be bought too high: 470 When love's the word, the naked sex appear, And every niggard is a spendthrift here. "But if my boy with virtue be endued, What harm will beauty do him?" Nay, what good? Say, what availed, of old, to Theseus' son, 475 The stern resolve? what to Bellerophon?— O, then did Phædra redden, then her pride Took fire, to be so steadfastly denied! Then, too, did Sthenobœa glow with shame, And both burst forth with unextinguished flame! 480 A woman scorned is pitiless as fate, For, there, the dread of shame adds stings to hate. But Silius comes.—Now, be thy judgment tried:

Shall he accept, or not, the proffered bride, And marry Cæsar's wife? hard point, in truth: 485 Lo! this most noble, this most beauteous youth, Is hurried off, a helpless sacrifice To the lewd glance of Messalina's eyes! —Haste, bring the victim: in the nuptial vest Already see the impatient Empress dress'd; 490 The genial couch prepared, the accustomed sum Told out, the augurs and the notaries come. "But why all these?" You think, perhaps, the rite Were better, known to few, and kept from sight; Not so the lady; she abhors a flaw, 495 And wisely calls for every form of law. But what shall Silius do? refuse to wed? A moment sees him numbered with the dead. Consent, and gratify the eager dame? He gains a respite, till the tale of shame, 500 Through town and country, reach the Emperor's ear, Still sure the last—his own disgrace to hear. Then let him, if a day's precarious life Be worth his study, make the fair his wife; For wed or not, poor youth, 'tis still the same, 505 And still the axe must mangle that fine frame! Say then, shall man, deprived all power of choice, Ne'er raise to heaven the supplicating voice? Not so; but to the gods his fortunes trust: Their thoughts are wise, their dispensations just. 510 What best may profit or delight they know, And real good for fancied bliss bestow: With eyes of pity they our frailties scan; More dear to them, than to himself, is man. By blind desire, by headlong passion driven, 515 For wife and heirs we daily weary Heaven: Yet still 'tis Heaven's prerogative to know, If heirs, or wife, will bring us weal or woe. But (for 'tis good our humble hope to prove), That thou may'st, still, ask something from above, 520 Thy pious offerings to the temple bear, And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer. O THOU, who know'st the wants of human kind, Vouchsafe me health of body, health of mind; A soul prepared to meet the frowns of fate, 525 And look undaunted on a future state; That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear Existence nobly, with its weight of care; That anger and desire alike restrains, And counts Alcides' toils, and cruel pains, 530 Superior far to banquets, wanton nights, And all the Assyrian monarch's soft delights! Here bound, at length, thy wishes. I but teach What blessings man, by his own powers, may reach. The path to peace is

virtue. We should see, 535 If wise, O Fortune, naught divine in thee: But we have deified a name alone, And fixed in heaven thy visionary throne!

SATIRE XI. TO PERSICUS.

If Atticus in sumptuous fare delight, 'Tis taste: if Rutilus, 'tis madness quite: And what diverts the sneering rabble more Than an Apicius miserably poor? In every company, go where you will, 5 Bath, forum, theatre, the talk is still Of Rutilus!—While fit (they cry) to wield, With firm and vigorous arm, the spear and shield, While his full veins beat high with youthful blood, Forced by no tribune—yet by none withstood, 10 He cultivates the gladiator's trade, And learns the imperious language of the blade. What swarms we see of this degenerate kind! Swarms whom their creditors can only find At flesh and fish-stalls:—thither they repair, 15 Sure, though deceived at home, to catch them there. These live but for their palate; and, of these, The most distressed (while Ruin hastes to seize The crumbling mansion and disparting wall), Spread richer feasts, and riot as they fall!— 20 Meanwhile, ere yet the last supply be spent, They search for dainties every element, Awed by no price; nay, making this their boast, And still preferring that which costs them most, Joyous, and reckless of to-morrow's fate, 25 To raise a desperate sum, they pledge their plate, Or mother's fractured image; to prepare Yet one treat more, though but in earthen ware! Then to the fencer's mess they come, of course, And mount the scaffold as a last resource. 30 No foe to sumptuous boards, I only scan, When such are spread, the motives, and the man, And praise or censure, as I see the feast Or by the noble or the beggar dress'd: In this, 'tis gluttony; in that, fit pride, 35 Sanctioned by wealth, by station dignified.— Whip me the fool, who marks how Atlas soars O'er every hill on Mauritania's shores, Yet sees no difference 'twixt the coffer's hoards, And the poor pittance a small purse affords! 40 Heaven sent us "KNOW THYSELF!"—Be this impress'd In living characters, upon thy breast, And still revolved; whether a wife thou choose, Or to the SACRED SENATE point thy

views.— Or seek'st thou rather, in some doubtful cause, 45 To vindicate thy country's injured laws? Knock at thy bosom, play the censor's part, And note with caution what and who thou art, An orator of force and skill profound, Or a mere Matho, emptiness and sound! 50 Yes, KNOW THYSELF: in great concerns, in small, Be this thy care, for this, my friend, is all: Nor, when thy purse will scarce a gudgeon buy, With fond intemperance for turbots sigh! O think what end awaits thee, timely think, 55 If thy throat widens as thy pockets shrink, Thy throat, of all thy father's thrift could save, Flocks, herds, and fields, the insatiable grave!— At length, when naught remains a meal to bring, The last poor shift, off comes the knightly ring, 60 And "sad Sir Pollio" begs his daily fare, With undistinguished hands, and finger bare! To these, an early grave no terror brings, "A short and merry life!" the spendthrift sings; Death seems to him a refuge from despair, 65 And far less terrible than hoary hair. Mark now the progress of their rapid fate! Money (regardless of the monthly rate), On every side, they borrow, and apace, Waste what is borrowed before the lender's face: 70 Then, while they yet some wretched remnant hold, And the pale usurer trembles for his gold, They wisely sicken for the country air, And flock to Baiæ, Ostia, Jove knows where.— For now 'tis held (so rife the evil's grown) 75 No greater shame, for debt, to flee the town, Than from the thronged Suburra to remove, In dog-days, to the Esquilian shades above. One thought alone, what time they leave behind Friends, country, all, weighs heavy on their mind, 80 One thought alone—for twelve long months to lose The dear delights of Rome, the public shows! Where sleeps the modest blood! In all our veins, No conscious drop, to form a blush, remains: Shame, from the town, derided, speeds her way, 85 And few, alas! solicit her to stay. Enough: to-day my Persicus shall see Whether my precepts with my life agree; Whether, with feigned austerity, I prize The spare repast, a glutton in disguise! 90 Bawl for coarse pottage, that my friends may hear, But whisper "sweetmeats!" in my servant's ear. For since, by promise, you are now my guest, Know, I invite you to no sumptuous feast, But to such simple

fare, as long, long since, 95 The good Evander bade the Trojan prince. Come then, my friend, you will not, sure, despise The food that pleased the offspring of the skies; Come, and while fancy brings past times to view, I'll think myself the king, the hero you. 100 Take now your bill of fare: my simple board Is with no dainties from the market stored, But dishes all my own. From Tibur's stock A kid shall come, the fattest of the flock, The tenderest too, and yet too young to browse 105 The thistle's shoots, the willow's watery boughs, With more of milk than blood; and pullets dress'd With new-laid eggs, yet tepid from the nest, And sperage wild, which, from the mountain's side, My housemaid left her spindle to provide; 110 And grapes long kept, yet pulpy still, and fair, And the rich Signian and the Syrian pear; And apples, that in flavor and in smell The boasted Picene equal, or excel:— Nor need you fear, my friend, their liberal use, 115 For age has mellowed and improved their juice. How homely this! and yet this homely fare A senator would, once, have counted rare; When the good Curius thought it no disgrace O'er a few sticks a little pot to place, 120 With herbs by his small garden-plot supplied— Food, which the squalid wretch would now deride, Who digs in fetters, and, with fond regret, The tavern's savory dish remembers yet! Time was, when, on the rack, a man would lay 125 The seasoned flitch, against a solemn day; And think the friends who met, with decent mirth, To celebrate the hour which gave him birth, On this, and what of fresh the altars spared (For altars then were honored), nobly fared. 130 Some kinsman, who had camps and senates swayed, Had thrice been consul, once dictator made, From public cares retired, would gayly haste, Before the wonted hour, to such repast, Shouldering the spade, that, with no common toil, 135 Had tamed the genius of the mountain soil.— Yes, when the world was filled with Rome's just fame, And Romans trembled at the Fabian name, The Scauran, and Fabrician; when they saw A censor's rigor even a censor awe, 140 No son of Troy e'er thought it his concern, Or worth a moment's serious care, to learn, What land, what sea, the fairest tortoise bred, Whose clouded shell might best adorn his bed.— His bed was small, and did

no signs impart 145 Or of the painter's or the sculptor's art, Save where the front, cheaply inlaid with brass, Showed the rude features of a vine-crowned ass; An uncouth brute, round which his children played, And laughed and jested at the face it made! 150 Briefly, his house, his furniture, his food, Were uniformly plain, and simply good. Then the rough soldier, yet untaught by Greece To hang, enraptured, o'er a finished piece, If haply, 'mid the congregated spoils 155 (Proofs of his power, and guerdon of his toils), Some antique vase of master-hands were found, Would dash the glittering bauble on the ground; That, in new forms, the molten fragments dress'd, Might blaze illustrious round his courser's chest, 160 Or, flashing from his burnished helmet, show (A dreadful omen to the trembling foe) The mighty sire, with glittering shield and spear, Hovering, enamored, o'er the sleeping fair, The wolf, by Rome's high destinies made mild, 165 And, playful at her side, each wondrous child. Thus, all the wealth those simple times could boast, Small wealth! their horses and their arms engross'd; The rest was homely, and their frugal fare, Cooked without art, was served in earthen ware: 170 Yet worthy all our envy, were the breast But with one spark of noble spleen possess'd. Then shone the fanes with majesty divine, A present god was felt at every shrine! And solemn sounds, heard from the sacred walls, 175 At midnight's solemn hour, announced the Gauls, Now rushing from the main; while, prompt to save, Stood Jove, the prophet of the signs he gave! Yet, when he thus revealed the will of fate, And watched attentive o'er the Latian state, 180 His shrine, his statue, rose of humble mould, Of artless form, and unprofaned with gold. Those good old times no foreign tables sought; From their own woods the walnut-tree was brought, When withering limbs declared its pith unsound, 185 Or winds uptore, and stretched it on the ground. But now, such strange caprice has seized the great, They find no pleasure in the costliest treat, Suspect the flowers a sickly scent exhale, And think the ven'son rank, the turbot stale, 190 Unless wide-yawning panthers, towering high— Enormous pedestals of ivory, Formed of the teeth which Elephantis sends, Which the dark Moor, or darker Indian,

vends, Or those which, now, too heavy for the head, 195 The beasts in Nabathea's forest shed— The spacious ORBS support: then they can feed, And every dish is delicate indeed! For silver feet are viewed with equal scorn, As iron rings upon the finger worn. 200 To me, forever be the guest unknown, Who, measuring my expenses by his own, Remarks the difference with a scornful leer, And slights my humble house and homely cheer. Look not to me for ivory; I have none: 205 My chess-board and my men are all of bone; Nay, my knife-handles; yet, my friend, for this, My pullets neither cut nor taste amiss. I boast no artist, tutored in the school Of learned Trypherus, to carve by rule; 210 Where large sow-paps of elm, and boar, and hare, And phœnicopter, and pygargus rare, Getulian oryx, Scythian pheasants, point, The nice anatomy of every joint; And dull blunt tools, severing the wooden treat, 215 Clatter around, and deafen all the street. My simple lad, whose highest efforts rise To broil a steak in the plain country guise, Knows no such art; humbly content to serve, And bring the dishes which he can not kerve. 220 Another lad (for I have two to-day), Clad, like the first, in homespun russet gray, Shall fill our earthen bowls: no Phrygian he, No pampered attribute of luxury, But a rude rustic:—when you want him, speak, 225 And speak in Latin, for he knows not Greek. Both go alike, with close-cropp'd hair, undress'd, But spruced to-day in honor of my guest; And both were born on my estate, and one Is my rough shepherd's, one, my neatherd's son. 230 Poor youth! he mourns, with many an artless tear, His long, long absence from his mother dear; Sighs for his little cottage, and would fain Meet his old playfellows, the goats, again. Though humble be his birth, ingenuous grace 235 Beams from his eye, and flushes in his face; Charming suffusion! that would well become The youthful offspring of the chiefs of Rome.— He, Persicus, shall fill us wine which grew Where first the breath of life the stripling drew, 240 On Tibur's hills;—dear hills, that many a day Witnessed the transports of his infant play. But you, perhaps, expect a wanton throng Of Gaditanian girls, with dance and song, To kindle loose desire; girls, that now bound} 245 Aloft with active grace, now, on the

ground,} Quivering, alight, while peals of praise go round.} Lo! wives, beside their husbands placed, behold, What could not in their ear, for shame, be told; Expedients of the rich, the blood to fire, 250 And wake the dying embers of desire. Behold? O heavens! they view, with keenest gust, These strong provocatives of jaded lust; With every gesture feel their passions rise, And draw in pleasure both at ears and eyes! 255 Such vicious fancies are too great for me. Let him the wanton dance unblushing see, And hear the immodest terms which, in the stews, The veriest strumpet would disdain to use, Whose drunken spawlings roll, tumultuous, o'er 260 The proud expansion of a marble floor: For there the world a large allowance make, And spare the folly for the fortune's sake.— Dice, and adultery, with a small estate, Are damning crimes; but venial, with a great; 265 Venial? nay, graceful: witty, gallant, brave, And such wild tricks "as gentlemen should have!" My feast, to-day, shall other joys afford: Hushed as we sit around the frugal board. Great Homer shall his deep-toned thunder roll, 270 And mighty Maro elevate the soul; Maro, who, warmed with all the poet's fire, Disputes the palm of victory with his sire: Nor fear my rustic clerks; read as they will, The bard, the bard, shall rise superior still! 275 Come then, my friend, an hour to pleasure spare, And quit awhile your business and your care; The day is all our own: come, and forget Bonds, interest, all; the credit and the debt; Nay, e'en your wife: though, with the dawning light, 280 She left your couch, and late returned at night; Though her loose hair in wild disorder flowed, Her eye yet glistened, and her cheek yet glowed, Her rumpled girdle busy hands express'd— Yet, at my threshold, tranquilize your breast; 285 There leave the thoughts of home, and what the haste Of heedless slaves may in your absence waste; And, what the generous spirit most offends, O, more than all, leave there ungrateful Friends. But see! the napkin, waved aloft, proclaims 290 The glad commencement of the Idæan games, And the proud prætor, in triumphal state, Ascends his car, the arbiter of fate! Ere this, all Rome (if 'tis, for once, allowed, To say all Rome, of so immense a crowd) 295 The Circus throngs, and—Hark! loud shouts arise— From these, I guess

the Green has won the prize; For had it lost, all joy had been suppress'd, And grief and horror seized the public breast; As when dire Carthage forced our arms to yield, 300 And poured our noblest blood on Cannæ's field. Thither let youth, whom it befits, repair, And seat themselves beside some favorite fair, Wrangle, and urge the desperate bet aloud; While we, retired from business and the crowd, 305 Stretch our shrunk limbs by sunny bank or stream, And drink, at every pore, the vernal beam. Haste, then: for we may use our freedom now, And bathe, an hour ere noon, with fearless brow— Indulge for once:—Yet such delights as these, 310 In five short morns, would lose the power to please; For still, the sweetest pleasures soonest cloy, And its best flavor temperance gives to joy.

SATIRE XII. TO CORVINUS.

Not with such joy, Corvinus, I survey My natal hour, as this auspicious day; This day, on which the festive turf demands The promised victims, at my willing hands. A snow-white lamb to Juno I decree, 5 Another to Minerva; and to thee, Tarpeian Jove! a steer, which, from afar, Shakes his long rope, and meditates the war. 'Tis a fierce animal, that proudly scorns The dug, since first he tried his budding horns 10 Against an oak; free mettled, and, in fine, Fit for the knife, and sacrificial wine. O, were my power but equal to my love, A nobler victim should my rapture prove! A bull high fed, and boasting in his veins, 15 The luscious juices of Clitumnus' plains, Fatter than fat Hispulla, huge and slow, Should fall, but fall beneath no common blow— Fall for my friend, who now, from danger free, Revolves the recent perils of the sea; 20 Shrinks at the roaring waves, the howling winds, And scarcely trusts the safety which he finds! For not the gods' inevitable fire, The surging billows that to heaven aspire, Alone, perdition threat; black clouds arise, 25 And blot out all the splendor of the skies; Loud and more loud the thunder's voice is heard, And sulphurous fires flash dreadful on the yard.— Trembled the crew, and, fixed in wild amaze, Saw the rent sails burst into sudden blaze; 30 While shipwreck, late so

dreadful, now appeared A refuge from the flames, more wished than feared. Horror on horror! earth, and sea, and skies, Convulsed, as when POETIC TEMPESTS rise! From the same source another danger view, 35 With pitying eye—though dire alas! not new; But known too well, as Isis' temples show, By many a pictured scene of votive woe; Isis, by whom the painters now are fed, Since our own gods no longer yield them bread!— 40 And such befell our friend: for now a sea, Upsurging, poured tremendous o'er the lee, And filled the hold; while, pressed by wave and wind, To right and left, by turns, the ship inclined: Then, while Catullus viewed, with drooping heart, 45 The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art, He wisely hastened to compound the strife, And gave his treasure to preserve his life. The beaver thus to scape his hunter tries, And leaves behind the medicated prize; 50 Happy to purchase with his dearest blood, A timely refuge in the well-known flood. "Away with all that's mine," he cries, "away!" And plunges in the deep, without delay, Purples, which soft Mæcenases might wear, 55 Crimsons, deep-tinctured in the Bætic air, Where herbs, and springs of secret virtues, stain The flocks at feed, with Nature's richest grain. With these, neat baskets from the Britons bought, Rare silver chargers by Parthenius wrought, 60 A huge two-handed goblet, which might strain A Pholus, or a Fuscus' wife, to drain; Followed by numerous services of plate, Plain, and enchased; with cups of ancient date, In which, while at the city's strength he laughed, 65 The wily chapman of Olynthus quaffed. Yet show me, in this elemental strife, Another, who would barter wealth for life!— Few GAIN TO LIVE, Corvinus, few or none, But, blind with avarice, LIVE TO GAIN alone. 70 Now had the deep devoured their richest store; Nor seems their safety nearer than before: The last resource alone was unexplored— To cut the mast and rigging by the board; Haply the vessel so might steadier ride 75 O'er the vexed surface of the raging tide. Dire threats the impending blow, when, thus distress'd, We sacrifice a part, to save the rest! Go now, fond man, the faithless ocean brave, Commit your fortune to the wind and wave; 80 Trust to a plank, and draw precarious breath, At most, seven inches

from the jaws of death! Go, but forget not that a storm may rise, And put up hatchets with your sea supplies. But now the winds were hushed; the wearied main 85 Sunk to repose, a calm, unruffled plain; For fate, superior to the tempest's power, Averted from my friend the mortal hour: A whiter thread the cheerful Sisters spun, And lo, with favoring hands their spindles run! 90 Mild as the breeze of eve, a rising gale Rippled the wave, and filled their only sail; Others the crew supplied, of vests combined, And spread to catch each vagrant breath of wind: By aids like these, slow o'er the deep impelled, 95 The shattered bark her course for Ostia held; While the glad sun uprose, supremely bright, And hope returned with the returning light. At length the heights, where, from Lavinum moved, Iülus built the city which he loved, 100 Burst on the view; auspicious heights! whose name From a white sow and thirty sucklings came. And now, the port they gain; the tower, whose ray Guides the poor wanderer o'er the watery way, And the huge mole, whose arms the waves embrace, 105 And stretching, an immeasurable space, Far into Ocean's bosom, leave the coast, Till, in the distance, Italy is lost!— Less wonderful the bays which Nature forms, And less secure against assailing storms: 110 Here rides the wave-worn bark, devoid of fear; For Baian skiffs might ply with safety here. The joyful crew, with shaven crowns, relate Their timely rescue from the jaws of fate; On every ill a pomp of words bestow, 115 And dwell delighted on the tale of woe. Go then, my boys—but let no boding strain Break on the sacred silence—dress the fane With garlands, bind the sod with ribbons gay, And on the knives the salted offering lay: 120 This done, I'll speed, myself the rites to share, And finish what remains, with pious care. Then, hastening home, where chaplets of sweet flowers Bedeck my Lares, dear, domestic Powers! I'll offer incense there, and at the shrine 125 Of highest Jove, my father's god, and mine; There will I scatter every bud that blows, And every tint the various violet knows. All savors here of joy; luxuriant bay} O'ershades my portal, while the taper's ray} 130 Anticipates the feast, and chides the tardy day:} Nor think, Corvinus, interest fires my breast: Catullus, for whose sake my house is dress'd, Has

three sweet boys, who all such hopes destroy, And nobler views excite my boundless joy. 135 Yet who besides, on such a barren friend, Would waste a sickly pullet? who would spend So vast a treasure, where no hopes prevail, Or, for a FATHER, sacrifice a quail?— But should the symptoms of a slight disease 140 The childless Paccius or Gallita seize, Legions of flatterers to the fanes repair, And hang in rows their votive tablets there. Nay, some with vows of hecatombs will come— For yet no elephants are sold at Rome; 145 The breed, to Latium and to us unknown, Is only found beneath the burning zone: Thence to our shore, by swarthy Moors conveyed, They roam at large through the Rutulian shade, Kept for the imperial pleasure, envied fate! 150 And sacred from the subject, and the state. Though their progenitors, in days of yore, Did worthy service, and to battle bore Whole cohorts; taught the general's voice to know, And rush, themselves an army, on the foe. 155 But what avails their worth! could gold obtain So rare a creature, worth might plead in vain: Novius, without delay, their blood would shed, To raise his Paccius from affliction's bed; An offering, sacred to the great design, 160 And worthy of the votary and the shrine! Pacuvius, did our laws the crime allow, The fairest of his numerous slaves would vow; The blooming boy, the love-inspiring maid, With garlands crown, and to the temple lead; 165 Nay, seize his Iphigene, prepared to wed, And drag her to the altar, from the bed; Though hopeless, like the Grecian sire, to find, In happy hour, the substituted hind. And who shall say my countryman does ill? 170 A thousand ships are trifles to a Will! For Paccius, should the fates his health restore, May cancel every item framed before (Won by his friend's vast merits, and beset, On all sides, by the inextricable net), 175 And, in one line, convey plate, jewels, gold, Lands, every thing to him, "to have and hold." With victory crowned, Pacuvius struts along, And smiles contemptuous on the baffled throng; Then counts his gains, and deems himself o'erpaid 180 For the cheap murder of one wretched maid. Health to the man! and may he THUS get more Than Nero plundered! pile his shining store High, mountain high; in years a Nestor prove, And,

loving none, ne'er know another's love! 185

SATIRE XIII. TO CALVINUS.

Man, wretched man, whene'er he stoops to sin, Feels, with the act, a strong remorse within; 'Tis the first vengeance: Conscience tries the cause, And vindicates the violated laws; Though the bribed Prætor at their sentence spurn, 5 And falsify the verdict of the Urn. What says the world, not always, friend, unjust, Of his late injury, this breach of trust? That thy estate so small a loss can bear, And that the evil, now no longer rare, 10 Is one of that inevitable set, Which man is born to suffer and forget. Then moderate thy grief: 'tis mean to show An anguish disproportioned to the blow. But thou, so new to crosses, as to feel 15 The slightest portion of the slightest ill, Art tired with rage, because a friend forswears The sacred pledge, intrusted to his cares. What, thou, Calvinus, bear so weak a mind! Thou, who hast left full three-score years behind! 20 Heaven, have they taught thee nothing! nothing, friend! And art thou grown gray-headed to no end!— Wisdom, I know, contains a sovereign charm, To vanquish fortune, or at least disarm: Blest they who walk in her unerring rule!— 25 Nor those unblest, who, tutored in life's school, Have learned of old experience to submit, And lightly bear the yoke they can not quit. What day so sacred, which no guilt profanes, No secret fraud, no open rapine stains? 30 What hour, in which no dark assassins prowl, Nor point the sword for hire, nor drug the bowl? The good, alas, are few! "The valued file," Less than the gates of Thebes, the mouths of Nile! For now an age is come, that teems with crimes, 35 Beyond all precedent of former times; An age so bad, that Nature can not frame A metal base enough to give it name! Yet you, indignant at a paltry cheat, Call heaven and earth to witness the deceit, 40 With cries as deafening, as the shout that breaks From the bribed audience, when Fæsidius speaks. Dotard in nonage! are you to be told What loves, what graces, deck another's gold? Are you to learn, what peals of mirth resound, 45 At your simplicity, from all around? When you step forth,

and, with a serious air,} Bid them abstain from perjury, and beware} To tempt the altars—for a God is there!} Idle old man! there was, indeed, a time, 50 When the rude natives of this happy clime Cherished such dreams: 'twas ere the king of heaven, To change his sceptre for a scythe was driven; Ere Juno yet the sweets of love had tried, Or Jove advanced beyond the caves of Ide. 55 'Twas when no gods indulged in sumptuous feasts, No Ganymede, no Hebe served the guests; No Vulcan, with his sooty labors foul, Limped round, officious, with the nectared bowl; But each in private dined: 'twas when the throng 60 Of godlings, now beyond the scope of song, The courts of heaven, in spacious ease, possess'd, And with a lighter load poor Atlas press'd!— Ere Neptune's lot the watery world obtained, Or Dis and his Sicilian consort reigned; 65 Ere Tityus and his ravening bird were known, Ixion's wheel, or Sisyphus's stone: While yet the shades confessed no tyrant's power, And all below was one Elysian bower! Vice was a phœnix in that blissful time, 70 Believed, but never seen: and 'twas a crime, Worthy of death, such awe did years engage, If manhood rose not up to reverend age, And youth to manhood, though a larger hoard Of hips and acorns graced the stripling's board. 75 Then, then was age so venerable thought, That every day increase of honor brought; And children, in the springing down, revered The sacred promise of a hoary beard! Now, if a friend, miraculously just, 80 Restore the pledge, with all its gathered rust, 'Tis deemed a portent, worthy to appear Among the wonders of the Tuscan year; A prodigy of faith, which threats the state, And a ewe lamb can scarcely expiate!— 85 Struck at the view, if now I chance to see A man of ancient worth and probity, To pregnant mules the MONSTER I compare, Or fish upturned beneath the wondering share: Anxious and trembling for the woe to come, 90 As if a shower of stones had fallen on Rome; As if a swarm of bees, together clung, Down from the Capitol, thick-clustering, hung; Or Tiber, swollen to madness, burst away, And roll'd, a milky deluge, to the sea. 95 And dost thou at a trivial loss repine! What, if another, by a friend like thine, Is stripp'd of ten times more! a third, again, Of what his

bursting chest would scarce contain! For 'tis so common, in this age of ours, 100 So easy, to contemn the Immortal Powers, That, can we but elude man's searching eyes. We laugh to scorn the witness of the skies. Mark, with how bold a voice, and fixed a brow, The villain dares his treachery disavow! 105 "By the all-hallowed orb that flames above, I had it not! By the red bolts of Jove, By the winged shaft that laid the Centaur low, By Dian's arrows, by Apollo's bow, By the strong lance that Mars delights to wield, 110 By Neptune's trident, by Minerva's shield, And every weapon that, to vengeance given, Stores the tremendous magazine of heaven!— Nay, if I had, I'll slay this son of mine, And eat his head, soused in Egyptian brine." 115 There are, who think that chance is all in all, That no First Cause directs the eternal ball; But that brute Nature, in her blind career, Varies the seasons, and brings round the year: These rush to every shrine, with equal ease, 120 And, owning none, swear by what Power you please. Others believe, and but believe, a god, And think that punishment MAY follow fraud; Yet they forswear, and, reasoning on the deed, Thus reconcile their actions with their creed: 125 "Let Isis storm, if to revenge inclined, And with her angry sistrum strike me blind, So, with my eyes, she ravish not my ore, But let me keep the pledge which I forswore. Are putrid sores, catarrhs that seldom kill, 130 And crippled limbs, forsooth, so great an ill! Ladas, if not stark mad, would change, no doubt, His flying feet for riches and the gout; For what do those procure him? mere renown, And the starved honor of an olive crown." 135 "But grant the wrath of heaven be great; 'tis slow, And days, and months, and years precede the blow. If, then, to punish ALL, the gods decree, When, in their vengeance, will they come to me? But I, perhaps, their anger may appease— 140 For they are wont to pardon faults like these: At worst, there's hope; since every age and clime See different fates attend the self-same crime; Some made by villainy, and some undone, And this ascend a scaffold, that a throne." 145 These sophistries, to fix a while suffice The mind, yet shuddering at the thought of vice; And, thus confirmed, at the first call they come, Nay, rush before you to the sacred dome: Chide your slow pace,

drag you, amazed, along, 150 And play the raving Phasma, to the throng. (For impudence the vulgar suffrage draws, And seems the assurance of a righteous cause.) While you, poor wretch, suspected by the crowd, With Stentor's lungs, or Mars', exclaim aloud: 155 "Jove! Jove! will naught thy indignation rouse? Canst thou, in silence, hear these faithless vows? When all thy fury, on the slaves accurst, From lips of marble or of brass should burst!— Or else, why burn we incense at thy shrine, 160 And heap thy altars with the fat of swine, When we might crave redress, for aught I see, As wisely of Bathyllus as of thee!" Rash man!—but hear, in turn, what I propose, To mitigate, if not to heal, your woes; 165 I, who no knowledge of the schools possess, Cynic, or Stoic, differing but in dress, Or thine, calm Epicurus, whose pure mind To one small garden every wish confined. In desperate cases, able doctors fee; 170 But trust your pulse to Philip's boy—or me. If no example of so foul a deed On earth be found, I urge no more: proceed, And beat your breast, and rend your hoary hair; 'Tis just:-for thus our losses we declare; 175 And money is bewailed with deeper sighs, Than friends or kindred, and with louder cries. There none dissemble, none, with scenic art, Affect a sorrow, foreign from the heart; Content in squalid garments to appear, 180 And vex their lids for one hard-gotten tear: No, genuine drops fall copious from their eyes, And their breasts labor with unbidden sighs. But when you see each court of justice thronged With crowds, like you, by faithless friendship wronged, 185 See men abjure their bonds, though duly framed, And oft revised, by all the parties named, While their own hand and seal, in every eye, Flash broad conviction, and evince the lie; Shall you alone on Fortune's smiles presume, 190 And claim exemption from the common doom? —From a white hen, forsooth, 'twas yours to spring, Ours, to be hatched beneath some luckless wing! Pause from your grief, and, with impartial eyes, Survey the daring crimes which round you rise; 195 Your injuries, then, will scarce deserve a name, And your false friend be half absolved from blame! What's he, poor knave! to those who stab for hire, Who kindle, and then spread, the midnight fire? Say, what to those, who,

from the hoary shrine, 200 Tear the huge vessels age hath stamped divine, Offerings of price, by grateful nations given, And crowns inscribed, by pious kings, to heaven? What to the minor thieves, who, missing these, Abrade the gilded thighs of Hercules, 205 Strip Neptune of his silvery beard, and peel Castor's leaf gold, where spread from head to heel? Or what to those, who, with pernicious craft, Mingle and set to sale the deadly draught; Or those, who in a raw ox-hide are bound, 210 And, with an ill-starred ape, poor sufferer! drowned? Yet these—how small a portion of the crimes, That stain the records of those dreadful times, And Gallicus, the city præfect, hears, From light's first dawning, till it disappears! 215 The state of morals would you learn at Rome? No farther seek than his judicial dome: Give one short morning to the horrors there, And then complain, then murmur, if you dare! Say, whom do goitres on the Alps surprise? 220 In Meroë, whom the breast's enormous size? Whom locks, in Germany, of golden hue, And spiral curls, and eyes of sapphire blue? None; for the prodigy, among them shared, Becomes mere nature, and escapes regard. 225 When clouds of Thracian birds obscure the sky, To arms! to arms! the desperate Pigmies cry: But soon, defeated in the unequal fray, Disordered flee; while, pouncing on their prey, The victor cranes descend, and, clamoring, bear 230 The wriggling manikins aloft in air. Here, could our climes to such a scene give birth, We all should burst with agonies of mirth; There, unsurprised, they view the frequent fight, Nor smile at heroes scarce a foot in height. 235 "Shall then no ill the perjured head attend, No punishment o'ertake this faithless friend?" Suppose him seized, abandoned to your will, What more would rage? to torture or to kill; Yet still your loss, your injury would remain, 240 And draw no retribution from his pain. "True,; but methinks the smallest drop of blood, Squeezed from his mangled limbs, would do me good: Revenge, THEY SAY, and I believe their words, A pleasure sweeter far than life affords." 245 Who say? the fools, whose passions, prone to ire, At slightest causes, or at none take fire; Whose boiling breasts, at every turn, o'erflow With rancorous gall: Chrysippus said not so; Nor Thales, to our frailties

clement still; 250 Nor that old man, by sweet Hymettus' hill, Who drank the poison with unruffled soul, And dying, from his foes withheld the bowl. Divine philosophy! by whose pure light We first distinguish, then pursue the right, 255 Thy power the breast from every error frees, And weeds out all its vices by degrees:— Illumined by thy beam, revenge we find,} The abject pleasure of an abject mind,} And hence so dear to poor, weak, womankind.} 260 But why are those, Calvinus, thought to scape Unpunished, whom, in every fearful shape, Guilt still alarms, and conscience, ne'er asleep, Wounds with incessant strokes, "not loud but deep," While the vexed mind, her own tormentor, plies 265 A scorpion scourge, unmarked by human eyes! Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign, Can match the fierce, the unutterable pain He feels, who night and day, devoid of rest, Carries his own accuser in his breast. 270 A Spartan once the Oracle besought To solve a scruple which perplexed his thought, And plainly tell him, if he might forswear A purse, of old confided to his care. Incensed, the priestess answered—"Waverer, no! 275 Nor shalt thou, for the doubt, unpunished go." With that, he hastened to restore the trust; But fear alone, not virtue, made him just: Hence, he soon proved the Oracle divine, And all the answer worthy of the shrine; 280 For plagues pursued his race without delay, And swept them from the earth, like dust, away. By such dire sufferings did the wretch atone The crime of meditated fraud alone! For, IN THE EYE OF HEAVEN, a wicked deed 285 Devised, is done: What, then, if we proceed?— Perpetual fears the offender's peace destroy, And rob the social hour of all its joy: Feverish, and parched, he chews, with many a pause, The tasteless food, that swells beneath his jaws: 290 Spits out the produce of the Albanian hill, Mellowed by age;—you bring him mellower still, And lo, such wrinkles on his brow appear, As if you brought Falernian vinegar! At night, should sleep his harassed limbs compose, 295 And steal him one short moment from his woes, Then dreams invade; sudden, before his eyes The violated fane and altar rise; And (what disturbs him most) your injured shade, In more than mortal majesty arrayed, 300 Frowns on the wretch, alarms his treacherous rest, And wrings the

dreadful secret from his breast. These, these are they, who tremble and turn pale At the first mutterings of the hollow gale! 305 Who sink with terror at the transient glare Of meteors, glancing through the turbid air! Oh, 'tis not chance, they cry; this hideous crash Is not the war of winds; nor this dread flash The encounter of dark clouds; but blasting fire, Charged with the wrath of heaven's insulted sire! 310 That dreaded peal, innoxious, dies away; Shuddering, they wait the next with more dismay, As if the short reprieve were only sent To add new horrors to their punishment. Yet more; when the first symptoms of disease, 315 When feverish heats, their restless members seize, They think the plague by wrath divine bestowed, And feel, in every pang, the avenging God. Racked at the thought, in hopeless grief they lie, And dare not tempt the mercy of the sky: 320 For what can such expect! what victim slay, That is not worthier far to live than they! With what a rapid change of fancy roll The varying passions of the guilty soul!— Bold to offend, they scarce commit the offense, 325 Ere the mind labors with an innate sense Of right and wrong;—not long, for nature still, Incapable of change, and fixed in ill, Recurs to her old habits:—never yet Could sinner to his sin a period set. 330 When did the flush of modest blood inflame The cheek, once hardened to the sense of shame? Or when the offender, since the birth of time, Retire, contented with a single crime? And this false friend of ours shall still pursue 335 His dangerous course, till vengeance, doubly due, O'ertake his guilt; then shalt thou see him cast In chains, 'mid tortures to expire his last; Or hurried off, to join the wretched train Of exiled great ones in the Ægean main. 340 This, thou shalt see; and, while thy voice applauds The dreadful justice of the offended gods, Reform thy creed, and, with an humble mind, Confess that Heaven is NEITHER DEAF NOR BLIND!

SATIRE XIV. TO FUSCINUS.

Yes, there are faults, Fuscinus, that disgrace The noblest qualities of birth and place; Which, like infectious blood, transmitted, run, In one eternal stream, from sire to

son. If, in destructive play, the senior waste 5 His joyous nights, the child, with kindred taste, Repeats, in miniature, the darling vice, Shakes the small box, and cogs the little dice. Nor does that infant fairer hopes inspire, Who, trained by the gray epicure, his sire, 10 Has learned to pickle mushrooms, and, like him, To souse the becaficos, till they swim!— For take him, thus to early luxury bred, Ere twice four springs have blossomed o'er his head, And let ten thousand teachers, hoar with age, 15 Inculcate temperance from the stoic page; His wish will ever be, in state to dine, And keep his kitchen's honor from decline! Does Rutilus inspire a generous mind, Prone to forgive, and to slight errors blind; 20 Instill the liberal thought, that slaves have powers, Sense, feeling, all, as exquisite as ours; Or fury? He, who hears the sounding thong With far more pleasure than the Siren's song; Who, the stern tyrant of his small domain, 25 The Polypheme of his domestic train, Knows no delight, save when the torturer's hand Stamps, for low theft, the agonizing brand.— O, what but rage can fill that stripling's breast, Who sees his savage sire then only blest, 30 When his stretched ears drink in the wretches' cries, And racks and prisons fill his vengeful eyes! And dare we hope, yon girl, from Larga sprung, Will e'er prove virtuous; when her little tongue Ne'er told so fast her mother's wanton train, 35 But that she stopped and breathed, and stopped again? Even from her tender years, unnatural trust! The child was privy to the matron's lust:— Scarce ripe for man, with her own hand, she writes The billets, which the ancient bawd indites, 40 Employs the self-same pimps, and looks, ere long, To share the visits of the amorous throng! So Nature prompts: drawn by her secret tie, We view a parent's deeds with reverent eye; With fatal haste, alas! the example take, 45 And love the sin, for the dear sinner's sake.— One youth, perhaps, formed of superior clay, And warmed, by Titan, with a purer ray, May dare to slight proximity of blood, And, in despite of nature, to be good: 50 One youth—the rest the beaten pathway tread, And blindly follow where their fathers led. O fatal guides! this reason should suffice To win you from the slippery route of vice, This powerful reason; lest your sons pursue 55 The

guilty track, thus plainly marked by you! For youth is facile, and its yielding will Receives, with fatal ease, the imprint of ill: Hence Catilines in every clime abound; But where are Cato and his nephew found! 60 Swift from the roof where youth, Fuscinus, dwell, Immodest sights, immodest sounds expel; The place is sacred: Far, far hence, remove, Ye venal votaries of illicit love! Ye dangerous knaves, who pander to be fed, 65 And sell yourselves to infamy for bread! Reverence to children, as to heaven, is due: When you would, then, some darling sin pursue, Think that your infant offspring eyes the deed; And let the thought abate your guilty speed, 70 Back from the headlong steep your steps entice, And check you, tottering on the verge of vice. O yet reflect! for should he e'er provoke, In riper age, the law's avenging stroke (Since not alone in person and in face, 75 But even in morals, he will prove his race, And, while example acts with fatal force, Side, nay outstrip, you, in the vicious course), Vexed, you will rave and storm; perhaps, prepare, Should threatening fail, to name another heir! 80 —Audacious! with what front do you aspire To exercise the license of a sire? When all, with rising indignation, view The youth, in turpitude, surpassed by you, By you, old fool, whose windy, brainless head, 85 Long since required the cupping-glass's aid! Is there a guest expected? all is haste, All hurry in the house, from first to last. "Sweep the dry cobwebs down!" the master cries, Whips in his hand, and fury in his eyes, 90 "Let not a spot the clouded columns stain; Scour you the figured silver; you, the plain!" O inconsistent wretch! is all this coil, Lest the front hall, or gallery, daubed with soil (Which, yet, a little sand removes), offend 95 The prying eye of some indifferent friend? And do you stir not, that your son may see The house from moral filth, from vices free! True, you have given a citizen to Rome; And she shall thank you, if the youth become, 100 By your o'er-ruling care, or soon or late, A useful member of the parent state: For all depends on you; the stamp he'll take, From the strong impress which, at first, you make; And prove, as vice or virtue was your aim, 105 His country's glory, or his country's shame. The stork, with snakes and lizards from the wood And pathless

wild, supports her callow brood; And the fledged storklings, when to wing they take, Seek the same reptiles, through the devious brake. 110 The vulture snuffs from far the tainted gale, And, hurrying where the putrid scents exhale, From gibbets and from graves the carcass tears, And to her young the loathsome dainty bears; Her young, grown vigorous, hasten from the nest, 115 And gorge on carrion, with the parent's zest. While Jove's own eagle, bird of noble blood, Scours the wide champaign for untainted food, Bears the swift hare, or swifter fawn away, And feeds her nestlings with the generous prey; 120 Her nestlings hence, when from the rock they spring, And, pinched by hunger, to the quarry wing, Stoop only to the game they tasted first, When, clamorous, from the shell, to light they burst. Centronius planned and built, and built and planned; 125 And now along Cajeta's winding strand, And now amid Præneste's hills, and now On lofty Tibur's solitary brow, He reared prodigious piles, with marble brought From distant realms, and exquisitely wrought: 130 Prodigious piles! that towered o'er Fortune's shrine, As those of gelt Posides, Jove, o'er thine! While thus Centronius crowded seat on seat, He spent his cash, and mortgaged his estate; Yet left enough his family to content: 135 Which his mad son, to the last farthing, spent, While, building on, he strove, with fond desire, To shame the stately structures of his sire! Sprung from a father who the sabbath fears, There is, who naught but clouds and skies reveres; 140 And shuns the taste, by old tradition led, Of human flesh, and swine's, with equal dread:— This first: the prepuce next he lays aside, And, taught the Roman ritual to deride, Clings to the Jewish, and observes with awe 145 All Moses bade in his mysterious law: And, therefore, to the circumcised alone Will point the road, or make the fountain known; Warned by his bigot sire, who whiled away, Sacred to sloth, each seventh revolving day. 150 But youth, so prone to follow other ills, Are driven to AVARICE, against their wills; For this grave vice, assuming Virtue's guise, Seems Virtue's self, to undiscerning eyes. The miser, hence, a frugal man, they name; 155 And hence, they follow, with their whole acclaim, The griping wretch, who strictlier guards his store,

Than if the Hesperian dragon kept the door.— Add that the vulgar, still a slave to gold, The worthy, in the wealthy, man behold; 160 And, reasoning from the fortune he has made, Hail him, A perfect master of his trade! And true, indeed, it is—such MASTERS raise Immense estates; no matter, by what ways; But raise they do, with brows in sweat still dyed, 165 With forge still glowing, and with sledge still plied. The father, by the love of wealth possest, Convinced—the covetous alone are blest, And that, nor past, nor present times, e'er knew A poor man happy—bids his son pursue 170 The paths they take, the courses they affect, And follow, at the heels, this thriving sect. Vice boasts its elements, like other arts; These, he inculcates first: anon, imparts The petty tricks of saving; last, inspires, 175 Of endless wealth, the insatiable desires.— Hungry himself, his hungry slaves he cheats, With scanty measures, and unfaithful weights; And sees them lessen, with increasing dread, The flinty fragments of his vinewed bread. 180 In dog-days, when the sun, with fervent power, Corrupts the freshest meat from hour to hour, He saves the last night's hash, sets by a dish Of sodden beans, and scraps of summer fish, And half a stinking shad, and a few strings 185 Of a chopped leek—all told, like sacred things, And sealed with caution, though the sight and smell Would a starved beggar from the board repel. But why this dire avidity of gain? This mass collected with such toil and pain? 190 Since 'tis the veriest madness, to live poor, And die with bags and coffers running o'er. Besides, while thus the streams of affluence roll, They nurse the eternal dropsy of the soul, For thirst of wealth still grows with wealth increast, 195 And they desire it less, who have it least.— Now swell his wants: one manor is too small, Another must be bought, house, lands, and all; Still "cribbed confined," he spurns the narrow bounds, And turns an eye on every neighbor's grounds: 200 There all allures; his crops appear a foil To the rich produce of their happier soil. "And this, I'll purchase, with the grove," he cries, "And that fair hill, where the gray olives rise." Then, if the owner to no price will yield 205 (Resolved to keep the hereditary field), Whole droves of oxen, starved to this intent, Among his springing corn, by

night, are sent, To revel there, till not a blade be seen, And all appear like a close-shaven green. 210 "Monstrous!" you say—And yet, 'twere hard to tell, What numbers, tricks like these have forced to sell. But, sure, the general voice has marked his name, And given him up to infamy and shame:— "And what of that?" he cries. "I valued more 215 A single lupine, added to my store, Than all the country's praise; if cursed by fate With the scant produce of a small estate."— 'Tis well! no more shall age or grief annoy, But nights of peace succeed to days of joy, 220 If more of ground to you alone pertain, Than Rome possessed, in Numa's pious reign! Since then, the veteran, whose brave breast was gored, By the fierce Pyrrhic, or Molossian sword, Hardly received for all his service past, 225 And all his wounds, TWO ACRES at the last; The meed of toil and blood! yet never thought His country thankless, or his pains ill bought. For then, this little glebe, improved with care, Largely supplied, with vegetable fare, 230 The good old man, the wife in childbed laid, And four hale boys, that round the cottage played, Three free-born, one a slave: while, on the board, Huge porringers, with wholesome pottage stored, Smoked for their elder brothers, who were now, 235 Hungry and tired, expected from the plow.— Two acres will not now, so changed the times, Afford a garden plot:—and hence our crimes! For not a vice that taints the human soul, More frequent points the sword, or drugs the bowl, 240 Than the dire lust of an "untamed estate"— Since, he who covets wealth, disdains to wait: Law threatens, Conscience calls—yet on he hies, And this he silences, and that defies, Fear, Shame—he bears down all, and, with loose rein, 245 Sweeps headlong o'er the alluring paths of gain! "Let us, my sons, contented with our lot, Enjoy, in peace, our hillock and our cot" (The good old Marsian to his children said), "And from our labor seek our daily bread. 250 So shall we please the rural Powers, whose care, And kindly aid, first taught us to prepare The golden grain, what time we ranged the wood, A savage race, for acorns, savage food! The poor who, with inverted skins, defy 255 The lowering tempest and the freezing sky, Who, without shame, without reluctance go, In clouted brogues,

through mire and drifted snow, Ne'er think of ill: 'tis purple, boys, alone, Which leads to guilt—purple, to us unknown." 260 Thus, to their children, spoke the sires of yore. Now, autumn's sickly heats are scarcely o'er, Ere, while deep midnight yet involves the skies, The impatient father shakes his son, and cries, "What, ho, boy, wake! Up; pleas, rejoinders draw, 265 Turn o'er the rubric of our ancient law; Up, up, and study: or, with brief in hand, Petition Lælius for a small command, A captain's!—Lælius loves a spreading chest, Broad shoulders, tangled locks, and hairy breast: 270 The British towers, the Moorish tents destroy, And the rich Eagle, at threescore, enjoy!" "But if the trump, prelusive to the fight, And the long labors of the camp affright, Go, look for merchandise of readiest vent, 275 Which yields a sure return of cent. per cent. Buy this, no matter what; the ware is good, Though not allowed on this side Tiber's flood: Hides, unguents, mark me, boy, are equal things, And gain smells sweet, from whatsoe'er it springs. 280 This golden sentence, which the Powers of heaven, Which Jove himself, might glory to have given, Will never, never, from your thoughts, I trust— None question whence it comes; but come it must." This, when the lisping race a farthing ask, 285 Old women set them, as a previous task; The wondrous apophthegm all run to get, And learn it sooner than their alphabet. But why this haste? Without your care, vain fool! The pupil will, ere long, the tutor school: 290 Sleep, then, in peace; secure to be outdone, Like Telamon, or Peleus, by your son. O, yet indulge awhile his tender years: The seeds of vice, sown by your fostering cares, Have scarce ta'en root; but they will spring at length, 295 "Grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength." Then, when the firstlings of his youth are paid, And his rough chin requires the razor's aid, Then he will swear, then to the altar come, And sell deep perjuries for a paltry sum!— 300 Believe your step-daughter already dead, If, with an ample dower, she mount his bed: Lo! scarcely laid, his murderous fingers creep, And close her eyes in everlasting sleep. For that vast wealth which, with long years of pain, 305 You thought would be acquired by land and main, He gets a readier way: the skill's not

great, The toil not much, to make a knave complete. But you will say hereafter, "I am free: He never learned those practices of me." 310 Yes, all of you:—for he who, madly blind, Imbues with avarice his children's mind, Fires with the thirst of riches, and applauds The attempt, to double their estate by frauds, Unconscious, flings the headlong wheels the rein, 315 Which he may wish to stop, but wish in vain; Deaf to his voice, with growing speed they roll, Smoke down the steep, and spurn the distant goal! None sin by rule; none heed the charge precise, Thus, and no farther, may ye step in vice; 320 But leap the bounds prescribed, and, with free pace, Scour far and wide the interdicted space. So, when you tell the youth, that FOOLS alone Regard a friend's distresses as their own; You bid the willing hearer riches raise, 325 By fraud, by rapine, by the worst of ways; Riches, whose love is on your soul imprest, Deep as their country's on the Decii's breast; Or Thebes on his, who sought an early grave (If Greece say true), her sacred walls to save. 330 Thebes, where, impregned with serpents' teeth, the earth Poured forth a marshaled host, prodigious birth! Horrent with arms, that fought with headlong rage, Nor asked the trumpet's signal, to engage.— But mark the end! the fire, derived, at first, 335 From a small sparkle, by your folly nurst, Blown to a flame, on all around it preys, And wraps you in the universal blaze. So the young lion rent, with hideous roar, His keeper's trembling limbs, and drank his gore. 340 "Tush! I am safe," you cry; "Chaldæan seers Have raised my Scheme, and promised length of years." But has your son subscribed? will he await The lingering distaff of decrepit Fate? No; his impatience will the work confound, 345 And snap the vital thread, ere half unwound. Even now your long and stag-like age annoys His future hopes, and palls his present joys. Fly then, and bid Archigenes prepare An antidote, if life be worth your care; 350 If you would see another autumn close, And pluck another fig, another rose:— Take mithridate, rash man, before your meat, A FATHER, you? and without medicine eat! Come, my Fuscinus, come with me, and view 355 A scene more comic than the stage e'er knew. Lo! with what toil, what danger, wealth is sought, And to the fane of watchful

Castor brought; Since Mars the avenger slumbered, to his cost, And, with his helmet, all his credit lost! 360 Quit then the plays! the FARCE OF LIFE supplies A scene more comic in the sage's eyes. For who amuses most?—the man who springs, Light, through the hoop, and on the tight-rope swings; Or he, who, to a fragile bark confined, 365 Dwells on the deep, the sport of wave and wind? Fool-hardy wretch! scrambling for every bale Of stinking merchandise, exposed to sale; And proud to Crete, for ropy wine, to rove, And jars, the fellow-citizens of Jove! 370 That skips along the rope, with wavering tread, Dangerous dexterity, which brings him bread; This ventures life, for wealth too vast to spend, Farm joined to farm, and villas without end! Lo! every harbor thronged and every bay, 375 And half mankind upon the watery way! For, where he hears the attractive voice of gain, The merchant hurries, and defies the main.— Nor will he only range the Libyan shore, But, passing Calpé, other worlds explore; 380 See Phœbus, sinking in the Atlantic, lave His fiery car, and hear the hissing wave. And all for what? O glorious end! to come, His toils o'erpast, with purse replenished, home, And, with a traveler's privilege, vent his boasts, 385 Of unknown monsters seen on unknown coasts. What varying forms in madness may we trace!— Safe in his loved Electra's fond embrace, Orestes sees the avenging Furies rise, And flash their bloody torches in his eyes; 390 While Ajax strikes an ox, and, at the blow, Hears Agamemnon or Ulysses low: And surely he (though, haply, he forbear, Like these, his keeper and his clothes to tear) Is just as mad, who to the water's brim 395 Loads his frail bark—a plank 'twixt death and him! When all this risk is but to swell his store With a few coins, a few gold pieces more. Heaven lowers, and frequent, through the muttering air, The nimble lightning glares, or seems to glare: 400 "Weigh! weigh!" the impatient man of traffic cries, "These gathering clouds, this rack that dims the skies, Are but the pageants of a sultry day; A thunder shower, that frowns, and melts away." Deluded wretch! dashed on some dangerous coast, 405 This night, this hour, perhaps, his bark is lost; While he still strives, though whelmed beneath the wave, His darling purse with

teeth or hand to save. Thus he, who sighed, of late, for all the gold Down the bright Tagus and Pactolus rolled, 410 Now bounds his wishes to one poor request, A scanty morsel and a tattered vest; And shows, where tears, where supplications fail, A daubing of his melancholy tale! Wealth, by such dangers earned, such anxious pain, 415 Requires more care to keep it, than to gain: Whate'er my miseries, make me not, kind Fate, The sleepless Argus of a vast estate! The slaves of Licinus, a numerous band, Watch through the night, with buckets in their hand, 420 While their rich master trembling lies, afraid Lest fire his ivory, amber, gold, invade, The naked Cynic mocks such restless cares, His earthen tub no conflagration fears; If cracked, to-morrow he procures a new, 425 Or, coarsely soldering, makes the old one do. Even Philip's son, when, in his little cell Content, he saw the mighty master dwell, Owned, with a sigh, that he, who naught desired, Was happier far, than he who worlds required, 430 And whose ambition certain dangers brought, Vast, and unbounded, as the object sought.— Fortune, advanced to heaven by fools alone, Would lose, were wisdom ours, her shadowy throne. "What call I, then, ENOUGH?" What will afford 435 A decent habit, and a frugal board; What Epicurus' little garden bore, And Socrates sufficient thought, before: These squared by Nature's rules their blameless life— Nature and Wisdom never are at strife. 440 You think, perhaps, these rigid means too scant, And that I ground philosophy on want; Take then (for I will be indulgent now, And something for the change of times allow), As much as Otho for a knight requires:— 445 If this, unequal to your wild desires, Contract your brow; enlarge the sum, and take As much as two—as much as three—will make. If yet, in spite of this prodigious store, Your craving bosom yawn, unfilled, for more, 450 Then, all the wealth of Lydia's king, increast By all the treasures of the gorgeous East, Will not content you; no, nor all the gold Of that proud slave, whose mandate Rome controlled, Who swayed the Emperor, and whose fatal word 455 Plunged in the Empress' breast the lingering sword!

SATIRE XV. TO VOLUSIUS BITHYNICUS.

Who knows not to what monstrous gods, my friend, The mad inhabitants of Egypt bend?— The snake-devouring ibis, these enshrine, Those think the crocodile alone divine; Others, where Thebes' vast ruins strew the ground, 5 And shattered Memnon yields a magic sound, Set up a glittering brute of uncouth shape, And bow before the image of an ape! Thousands regard the hound with holy fear, Not one, Diana: and 'tis dangerous here, 10 To violate an onion, or to stain The sanctity of leeks with tooth profane. O holy nations! Sacro-sanct abodes! Where every garden propagates its gods! They spare the fleecy kind, and think it ill, 15 The blood of lambkins, or of kids, to spill: But, human flesh—O! that is lawful fare. And you may eat it without scandal there. When, at the amazed Alcinous' board, of old, Ulysses of so strange an action told, 20 He moved of some the mirth, of more the gall, And, for a lying vagrant, passed with all. "Will no one plunge this babbler in the waves (Worthy a true Charybdis)—while he raves Of monsters seen not since the world began, 25 Cyclops and Læstrigons, who feed on man! For me—I less should doubt of Scylla's train, Of rocks that float and jostle in the main, Of bladders filled with storms, of men, in fine, By magic changed, and driven to grunt with swine, 30 Than of his cannibals:—the fellow feigns, As if he thought Phæacians had no brains." Thus, one, perhaps, more sober than the rest, Observed, and justly, of their traveled guest, Who spoke of prodigies till then unknown; 35 Yet brought no attestation but his own. —I bring my wonders, too; and I can tell, When Junius, late, was consul, what befell, Near Coptus' walls; tell of a people stained With deeper guilt than tragedy e'er feigned: 40 For, sure, no buskined bard, from Pyrrha's time, E'er taxed a whole community with crime; Take then a scene yet to the stage unknown, And, by a nation, acted—IN OUR OWN! Between two neighboring towns a deadly hate, 45 Sprung from a sacred grudge of ancient date, Yet burns; a hate no lenients can assuage, No time subdue, a rooted, rancorous rage! Blind bigotry, at first, the evil wrought: For each despised the other's gods, and thought 50 Its own the true, the

genuine, in a word, The only deities to be adored! And now the Ombite festival drew near: When the prime Tent'rites, envious of their cheer, Resolved to seize the occasion, to annoy 55 Their feast, and spoil the sacred week of joy.— It came: the hour the thoughtless Ombites greet, And crowd the porches, crowd the public street, With tables richly spread; where, night and day, Plunged in the abyss of gluttony, they lay: 60 (For savage as the nome appears, it vies In luxury, if I MAY TRUST MY EYES, With dissolute Canopus:) Six were past, Six days of riot, and the seventh and last Rose on the feast; and now the Tent'rites thought, 65 A cheap, a bloodless victory might be bought, O'er such a helpless crew: nor thought they wrong, Nor could the event be doubtful, where a throng Of drunken revelers, stammering, reeling-ripe, And capering to a sooty minstrel's pipe. 70 Coarse unguents, chaplets, flowers, on this side fight, On that, keen hatred, and deliberate spite! At first both sides, though eager to engage. With taunts and jeers, the heralds of their rage, Blow up their mutual fury; and anon, 75 Kindled to madness, with loud shouts rush on; Deal, though unarmed, their vengeance blindly round, And with clenched fists print many a ghastly wound. Then might you see, amid the desperate fray, Features disfigured, noses torn away, 80 Hands, where the gore of mangled eyes yet reeks, And jaw-bones starting through the cloven cheeks! But this is sport, mere children's play, they cry— As yet beneath their feet no bodies lie, And, to what purpose should such armies fight 85 The cause of heaven, if none be slain outright? Roused at the thought, more fiercely they engage, With stones, the weapons of intestine rage; Yet not precisely such, to tell you true, As Turnus erst, or mightier Ajax, threw: 90 Nor quite so large as that two-handed stone, Which bruised Æneas on the huckle-bone; But such as men, in our degenerate days, Ah, how unlike to theirs! make shift to raise. Even in his time, Mæonides could trace 95 Some diminution of the human race: Now, earth, grown old and frigid, rears with pain A pigmy brood, a weak and wicked train; Which every god, who marks their passions vile, Regards with laughter, though he loathes the while. 100 But to our tale.

Enforced with armed supplies. The zealous Tent'rites feel their courage rise, And wave their swords, and, kindling at the sight, Press on, and with fell rage renew the fight. The Ombites flee; they follow:—in the rear, 105 A luckless wretch, confounded by his fear, Trips and falls headlong; with loud yelling cries, The pack rush in, and seize him as he lies. And now the conquerors, none to disappoint Of the dire banquet, tear him joint by joint, 110 And dole him round; the bones yet warm, they gnaw, And champ the flesh that heaves beneath their jaw. They want no cook to dress it—'twould be long, And appetite is keen, and rage is strong. And here, Volusius, I rejoice at least, 115 That fire was unprofaned by this cursed feast, Fire, rapt from heaven! and you will, sure, agree To greet the element's escape, with me. —But all who ventured on the carcass, swore They never tasted—aught so sweet before! 120 Nor did the relish charm the first alone— Those who arrived too late for flesh, or bone, Stooped down, and scraping where the wretch had lain, With savage pleasure licked the gory plain! The Vascons once (the story yet is rife), 125 With such dire sustenance prolonged their life; But then the cause was different: Fortune, there, Proved adverse: they had borne the extremes of war, The rage of famine, the still-watchful foe, And all the ills beleaguered cities know. 130 (And nothing else should prompt mankind to use Such desperate means.) May this their crime excuse! For after every root and herb were gone, And every aliment to hunger known; When their lean frames, and cheeks of sallow hue, 135 Struck even the foe with pity at the view, And all were ready their own flesh to tear, They first adventured on this horrid fare. And surely every god would pity grant To men so worn by wretchedness and want, 140 And even the very ghosts of those they ate, Absolve them, mindful of their dreadful state! True, we are wiser; and, by Zeno taught, Know life itself may be too dearly bought; But the poor Vascon, in that early age, 145 Knew naught of Zeno, or the Stoic page.— Now, thanks to Greece and Rome, in wisdom's robe The bearded tribes rush forth, and seize the globe; Already, learned Gaul aspires to teach Your British orators the Art of Speech, 150 And Thulé, blessings on her, seems to

say, She'll hire a good grammarian, cost what may. The Vascons, then, who thus prolonged their breath, And the Saguntines, true, like them, to death, Brave too, like them, but by worse ills subdued, 155 Had some small plea for this abhorred food. Diana first (and let us doubt no more The barbarous rites we disbelieved of yore) Reared her dread altar near the Tauric flood, And asked the sacrifice of human blood: 160 Yet there the victim only lost his life, And feared no cruelty beyond the knife. Far, far more savage Egypt's frantic train, They butcher first, and then devour the slain! But say, what causa impelled them to proceed, 165 What siege, what famine, to this monstrous deed? What could they more, had Nile refused to rise, And the soil gaped with ever-glowing skies, What could they more, the guilty Flood to shame, And heap opprobrium on his hateful name! 170 Lo! what the barbarous hordes of Scythia, Thrace, Gaul, Britain, never dared—dared by a race Of puny dastards, who, with fingers frail, Tug the light oar, and hoist the little sail, In painted pans! What tortures can the mind 175 Suggest for miscreants of this abject kind, Whom spite impelled worse horrors to pursue, Than famine, in its deadliest form, e'er knew! Nature, who gave us tears, by that alone Proclaims she made the feeling heart our own; 180 And 'tis her noblest boon: This bids us fly, To wipe the drops from sorrowing friendship's eye, Sorrowing ourselves; to wail the prisoner's state, And sympathize in the wronged orphan's fate, Compelled his treacherous guardian to accuse, 185 While many a shower his blooming cheek bedews, And through his scattered tresses, wet with tears, A doubtful face, or boy or girl's, appears. As Nature bids, we sigh, when some bright maid Is, ere her spousals, to the pyre conveyed; 190 Some babe—by fate's inexorable doom, Just shown on earth, and hurried to the tomb. For who, that to the sanctity aspires Which Ceres, for her mystic torch, requires, Feels not another's woes? This marks our birth; 195 The great distinction from the beasts of earth! And therefore—gifted with superior powers, And capable of things divine—'tis ours, To learn, and practice, every useful art; And, from high heaven, deduce that better part, 200 That moral sense, denied to creatures prone,

And downward bent, and found with man alone!— For He, who gave this vast machine to roll, Breathed LIFE in them, in us a REASONING SOUL; That kindred feelings might our state improve, 205 And mutual wants conduct to mutual love; Woo to one spot the scattered hordes of men, From their old forest and paternal den; Raise the fair dome, extend the social line, And, to our mansion, those of others join, 210 Join too our faith, our confidence to theirs, And sleep, relying on the general cares:— In war, that each to each support might lend, When wounded, succor, and when fallen, defend; At the same trumpet's clangor rush to arms, 215 By the same walls be sheltered from alarms, Near the same tower the foe's incursions wait, And trust their safety to one common gate. —But serpents, now, more links of concord bind: The cruel leopard spares the spotted kind; 220 No lion spills a weaker lion's gore, No boar expires beneath a stronger boar; In leagues of friendship tigers roam the plain, And bears with bears perpetual peace maintain. While man, alas! fleshed in the dreadful trade, 225 Forges without remorse the murderous blade, On that dire anvil, where primæval skill, As yet untaught a brother's blood to spill, Wrought only what meek nature would allow, Goads for the ox, and coulters for the plow! 230 Even this is trifling: we have seen a rage Too fierce for murder only to assuage; Seen a whole state their victim piecemeal tear, And count each quivering limb delicious fare. O, could the Samian Sage these horrors see, 235 What would he say? or to what deserts flee? He, who the flesh of beasts, like man's, declined, And scarce indulged in pulse—of every kind!

SATIRE XVI. TO GALLUS.

Who can recount the advantages that wait, Dear Gallus, on the Military State?— For let me once, beneath a lucky star, Faint as I am of heart, and new to war, But join the camp, and that ascendant hour 5 Shall lord it o'er my fate with happier power, Than if a line from Venus should commend My suit to Mars, or Juno stand my friend! And first, of benefits which all may share: 'Tis somewhat—that no citizen shall dare

10 To strike you, or, though struck, return the blow: But waive the wrong; nor to the Prætor show His teeth dashed out, his face deformed with gore, And eyes no skill can promise to restore! A Judge, if to the camp your plaints you bear, 15 Coarse shod, and coarser greaved, awaits you there: By antique law proceeds the cassocked sage, And rules prescribed in old Camillus' age; To wit, Let soldiers seek no foreign bench, Nor plead to any charge without the trench. 20 O nicely do Centurions sift the cause, When buff-and-belt-men violate the laws! And ample, if with reason we complain, Is, doubtless, the redress our injuries gain! Even so:—but the whole legion are our foes, 25 And, with determined aim, the award oppose. "These sniveling rogues take special pleasure still To make the punishment outweigh the ill." So runs the cry; and he must be possest Of more, Vagellius, than thy iron breast, 30 Who braves their anger, and, with ten poor toes, Defies such countless hosts of hobnailed shoes. Who so untutored in the ways of Rome, Say, who so true a Pylades, to come Within the camp?—no; let thy tears be dried, 35 Nor ask that kindness, which must be denied, For, when the Court exclaims, "Your witness, here!" Let that firm friend, that man of men, appear, And testify but what he saw and heard; And I pronounce him worthy of the beard 40 And hair of our forefathers! You may find False witnesses against an honest hind, Easier than true (and who their fears can blame?), Against a soldier's purse, a soldier's fame! But there are other benefits, my friend, 45 And greater, which the sons of war attend: Should a litigious neighbor bid me yield My vale irriguous, and paternal field; Or from my bounds the sacred landmark tear, To which, with each revolving spring, I bear, 50 In pious duty to the grateful soil, My humble offerings, honey, meal, and oil; Or a vile debtor my just claims withstand, Deny his signet, and abjure his hand; Term after Term I wait, till months be past, 55 And scarce obtain a hearing at the last. Even when the hour is fixed, a thousand stays Retard my suit, a thousand vague delays: The cause is called, the witnesses attend, Chairs brought, and cushions laid—and there an end: 60 Cæditius finds his cloak or gown too hot, And Fuscus slips aside to

seek the pot; Thus, with our dearest hopes the judges sport, And when we rise to speak, dismiss the Court! But spear-and-shield-men may command the hour; 65 The time to plead is always in their power; Nor are their wealth and patience worn away, By the slow drag-chain of the law's delay. Add that the soldier, while his father lives, And he alone, his wealth bequeaths or gives; 70 For what by pay is earned, by plunder won, The law declares, vests solely in the son. Coranus therefore sees his hoary sire, To gain his Will, by every art, aspire!— He rose by service; rank in fields obtained, 75 And well deserved the fortune which he gained. And every prudent chief must, sure, desire, That still the worthiest should the most acquire; That those who merit, their rewards should have, Trappings, and chains, and all that decks the brave. 80

PERSIUS.

PROLOGUE.

'Twas never yet my luck, I ween, To drench my lips in Hippocrene; Nor, if I recollect aright, On the forked Hill to sleep a night, That I, like others of the trade, 5 Might wake—a poet ready made! Thee, Helicon, with all the Nine, And pale Pyrene, I resign, Unenvied, to the tuneful race, Whose busts (of many a fane the grace) 10 Sequacious ivy climbs, and spreads Unfading verdure round their heads. Enough for me, too mean for praise, To bear my rude, uncultured lays To Phœbus and the Muses' shrine, 15 And place them near their gifts divine. Who bade the parrot χαῖρε cry; And forced our language on the pie? The Belly: Master, he, of Arts, Bestower of ingenious parts; 20 Powerful the creatures to endue With sounds their natures never knew! For, let the wily hand unfold The glittering bait of tempting gold, And straight the choir of daws and pies, 25 To such poetic heights shall rise, That, lost in wonder, you will swear Apollo and the Nine are there!

SATIRE I.

Alas, for man! how vain are all his cares! And oh! what bubbles, his most grave affairs! Tush! who will read such trite—Heavens! this to me? Not one, by Jove. Not one? Well, two, or three; Or rather—none: a piteous case, in truth! 5 Why piteous? lest Polydamas, forsooth, And Troy's proud dames, pronounce my merits fall Beneath their Labeo's! I can bear it all. Nor should my friend, though still, as fashion sways, The purblind town conspire to sink or raise, 10 Determine, as her wavering beam prevails, And trust his judgment to her coarser scales. O not abroad for vague opinion roam; The wise man's bosom is his proper home: And Rome is—What? Ah, might the truth be told!— 15 And, sure it may, it must.—When I behold What fond pursuits have formed our prime employ, Since first we dropped the playthings of the boy, To gray maturity, to this late hour, When every brow frowns with censorial power, 20 Then, then—O yet suppress this carping mood. Impossible! I could not if I would; For nature framed me of satiric mould, And spleen, too petulant to be controlled. Immured within our studies, we compose; 25 Some, shackled metre; some, free-footed prose; But all, bombast; stuff, which the breast may strain, And the huge lungs puff forth with awkward pain. 'Tis done! and now the bard, elate and proud, Prepares a grand rehearsal for the crowd. 30 Lo! he steps forth in birthday splendor bright, Combed and perfumed, and robed in dazzling white; And mounts the desk; his pliant throat he clears, And deals, insidious, round his wanton leers; While Rome's first nobles, by the prelude wrought, 35 Watch, with indecent glee, each prurient thought, And squeal with rapture, as the luscious line Thrills through the marrow, and inflames the chine. Vile dotard! Canst thou thus consent to please! To pander for such itching fools as these! 40 Fools—whose applause must shoot beyond thy aim, And tinge thy cheek, bronzed as it is, with shame! But wherefore have I learned, if, thus represt, The leaven still must swell within my breast? If the wild fig-tree, deeply rooted there, 45 Must never burst its bounds, and shoot in air? Are these the fruits of study! these of age! O times, O manners—Thou misjudging

sage, Is science only useful as 'tis shown, And is thy knowledge nothing, if not known? 50 "But, sure, 'tis pleasant, as we walk, to see The pointed finger, hear the loud That's he, On every side:—and seems it, in your sight, So poor a trifle, that whate'er we write Is introduced to every school of note, 55 And taught the youth of quality by rote? —Nay, more! Our nobles, gorged, and swilled with wine, Call, o'er the banquet, for a lay divine. Here one, on whom the princely purple glows, Snuffles some musty legend through his nose; 60 Slowly distills Hypsipyle's sad fate, And love-lorn Phillis, dying for her mate, With what of woeful else is said or sung; And trips up every word, with lisping tongue. The maudlin audience, from the couches round, 65 Hum their assent, responsive to the sound.— And are not now the poet's ashes blest! Now lies the turf not lightly on his breast! They pause a moment—and again, the room Rings with his praise: now will not roses bloom, 70 Now, from his relics, will not violets spring, And o'er his hallowed urn their fragrance fling! "You laugh ('tis answered), and too freely here Indulge that vile propensity to sneer. Lives there, who would not at applause rejoice, 75 And merit, if he could, the public voice? Who would not leave posterity such rhymes, As cedar oil might keep to latest times; Rhymes, which should fear no desperate grocer's hand, Nor fly with fish and spices through the land! 80 Thou, my kind monitor, whoe'er thou art, Whom I suppose to play the opponent's part, Know—when I write, if chance some happier strain (And chance it needs must be) rewards my pain, Know, I can relish praise with genuine zest; 85 Not mine the torpid, mine the unfeeling breast: But that I merely toil for this acclaim, And make these eulogies my end and aim, I must not, can not grant: for—sift them all, Mark well their value, and on what they fall: 90 Are they not showered (to pass these trifles o'er) On Labeo's Iliad, drunk with hellebore? On princely love-lays driveled without thought, And the crude trash on citron couches wrought? You spread the table—'tis a master-stroke, 95 And give the shivering guest a threadbare cloak, Then, while his heart with gratitude dilates At the glad vest and the delicious cates, Tell me, you cry—for truth is my delight, What

says the Town of me, and what I write? 100 He can not:—he has neither ears nor eyes. But shall I tell you, who your bribes despise? —Bald trifler! cease at once your thriftless trade; That mountain paunch for verse was never made. O Janus, happiest of thy happy kind!— 105 No waggish stork can peck at thee behind: No tongue thrust forth, expose to passing jeers; No twinkling fingers, perked like ass's ears, Point to the vulgar mirth:—but you, ye Great, To a blind occiput condemned by fate, 110 Prevent, while yet you may, the rabble's glee, And tremble at the scoff you can not see!— "What says the Town"—precisely what it ought: All you produce, sir, with such skill is wrought, That o'er the polished surface, far and wide, 115 The critic nail without a jar must glide; Since every verse is drawn as straight and fine As if one eye had fixed the ruddled line. —Whate'er the subject of his varied rhymes, The humors, passions, vices of the times; 120 The pomp of nobles, barbarous pride of kings, All, all is great, and all inspired he sings! Lo! striplings, scarcely from the ferule freed, And smarting yet from Greek, with headlong speed Rush on heroics; though devoid of skill 125 To paint the rustling grove, or purling rill; Or praise the country, robed in cheerful green, Where hogs, and hearths, and osier frails are seen, And happy hinds, who leap o'er smouldering hay, In honor, Pales, of thy sacred day. 130 —Scenes of delight!—there Remus lived, and there, In grassy furrows Quinctius tired his share; Quinctius, on whom his wife, with trembling haste, The dictatorial robes, exulting, placed, Before his team; while homeward, with his plow, 135 The lictors hurried—Good! a Homer, thou! There are, who hunt out antiquated lore; And never, but on musty authors, pore; These, Accius' jagged and knotty lines engage, And those, Pacuvius' hard and horny page; 140 Where, in quaint tropes, Antiopa is seen To—prop her dolorific heart with teen! O, when you mark the sire, to judgment blind, Commend such models to the infant mind, Forbear to wonder whence this olio sprung, 145 This sputtering jargon which infests our tongue; This scandal of the times, which shocks my ear, And which our knights bound from their seats to hear! How monstrous seems it, that we can not plead, When called to

answer for some felon deed, 150 Nor danger from the trembling head repel, Without a wish for—Bravo! Vastly well! This Pedius is a thief, the accusers cry. You hear them, Pedius; now, for your reply? In terse antitheses he weighs the crime, 155 Equals the pause, and balances the chime; And with such skill his flowery tropes employs, That the rapt audience scarce contain their joys. O charming! charming! he must sure prevail. This, charming! Can a Roman wag the tail? 160 Were the wrecked mariner to chant his woe, Should I or sympathy or alms bestow? Sing you, when, in that tablet on your breast, I see your story to the life exprest; A shattered bark, dashed madly on the shore, 165 And you, scarce floating, on a broken oar!—No, he must feel that would my pity share, And drop a natural, not a studied tear. But yet our numbers boast a grace unknown To our rough sires, a smoothness all our own. 170 True: the spruce metre in sweet cadence flows, And answering sounds a tuneful chime compose: Blue Nereus here, the Dolphin swift divides; And Idè there, sees Attin climb her sides: Nor this alone—for, in some happier line, 175 We win the chine of the long Apennine! Arms and the man—Here, too, perhaps, you find A pithless branch beneath a fungous rind? Not so;—a seasoned trunk of many a day, Whose gross and watery parts are drawn away. 180 But what, in fine (for still you jeer me), call For the moist eye, bowed head, and lengthened drawl, What strains of genuine pathos?—O'er the hill The dismal slug-horn sounded, loud and shrill, A Mimallonian blast: fired at the sound, 185 In maddening groups the Bacchants pour around, Mangle the haughty calf with gory hands, And scourge the indocile lynx with ivy wands; While Echo lengthens out the barbarous yell, And propagates the din from cell to cell! 190 O were not every spark of manly sense, Of pristine vigor quenched, or banished hence, Could this be borne! this cuckoo-spit of Rome, Which gathers round the lips in froth and foam! —The haughty calf, and Attin's jangling strain, 195 Dropped, without effort, from the rheumy brain; No savor they of bleeding nails afford, Or desk, oft smitten for the happy word. But why must you, alone, displeased appear, And with harsh truths thus grate the tender ear? 200 O yet

beware! think of the closing gate! And dread the cold reception of the great: This currish humor you extend too far, While every word growls with that hateful gnar! Right! From this hour (for now my fault I see) 205 All shall be charming—charming all, for me: What late seemed base, already looks divine, And wonders start to view in every line! Tis well, you cry: this spot let none defile, Or turn to purposes obscene and vile. 210 Paint, then, two snakes entwined; and write around, Urine not, children, here; 'tis holy ground. Awed, I retire: and yet—when vice appeared, Lucilius o'er the town his falchion reared; On Lupus, Mutius, poured his rage by name, 215 And broke his grinders on their bleeding fame. And yet—arch Horace, while he strove to mend, Probed all the foibles of his smiling friend; Played lightly round and round the peccant part, And won, unfelt, an entrance to his heart. 220 Well skilled the follies of the crowd to trace, And sneer, with gay good humor in his face. And I!—I must not mutter? No; nor dare— Not to myself? No. To a ditch? Nowhere. Yes, here I'll dig—here, to sure trust confide 225 The secret which I would, but can not, hide. My darling book, a word;—"King Midas wears (These eyes beheld them, these!) such ass's ears!"— This quip of mine, which none must hear, or know, This fond conceit, which takes my fancy so, 230 This nothing, if you will; you should not buy With all those Iliads that you prize so high. But thou, whom Eupolis' impassioned page, Hostile to vice, inflames with kindred rage, Whom bold Cratinus, and that awful sire, 235 Force, as thou readest, to tremble and admire; O, view my humbler labors:—there, if aught More highly finished, more maturely wrought, Detain thy ear, and give thy breast to glow With warmth, responsive to the inspiring flow— 240 I seek no farther:—Far from me the rest, Yes, far the wretch, who, with a low-born jest, Can mock the blind for blindness, and pursue With vulgar ribaldry the Grecian shoe: Bursting with self-conceit, with pride elate, 245 Because, forsooth, in magisterial state, His worship (ædile of some paltry town) Broke scanty weights, and put false measures down. Far too be he—the monstrous witty fool, Who turns the numeral scale to ridicule; 250 Derides the problems traced in dust or

sand, And treads out all Geometry has planned— Who roars outright to see Nonaria seize, And tug the cynic's beard—To such as these I recommend, at morn, the Prætor's bill, 255 At eve, Calirrhoë, or—what they will.

SATIRE II. TO PLOTIUS MACRINUS (ON HIS BIRTHDAY).

Health to my friend! and while my vows I pay, O mark, Macrinus, this auspicious day, Which, to your sum of years already flown, Adds yet another—with a whiter stone. Indulge your Genius, drench in wine your cares:— 5 It is not yours, with mercenary prayers To ask of Heaven what you would die with shame, Unless you drew the gods aside, to name; While other great ones stand, with down-cast eyes, And with a silent censer tempt the skies!— 10 Hard, hard the task, from the low, muttered prayer, To free the fanes; or find one suppliant there, Who dares to ask but what his state requires, And live to heaven and earth with known desires! Sound sense, integrity, a conscience clear, 15 Are begged aloud, that all at hand may hear: But prayers like these (half whispered, half supprest) The tongue scarce hazards from the conscious breast: O that I could my rich old uncle see, In funeral pomp!—O that some deity 20 To pots of buried gold would guide my share! O that my ward, whom I succeed as heir, Were once at rest! poor child, he lives in pain, And death to him must be accounted gain.— By wedlock, thrice has Nerius swelled his store, 25 And now—is he a widower once more! These blessings, with due sanctity, to crave, Once, twice, and thrice in Tiber's eddying wave He dips each morn, and bids the stream convey The gathered evils of the night, away! 30 One question, friend:—an easy one, in fine— What are thy thoughts of Jove? My thoughts! Yes; thine. Wouldst thou prefer him to the herd of Rome? To any individual?—But, to whom? To Staius, for example. Heavens! a pause? 35 Which of the two would best dispense the laws? Best shield the unfriended orphan? Good! Now move The suit to Staius, late preferred to Jove:— "O Jove! good Jove!" he cries, o'erwhelmed with shame, And must not Jove himself, O Jove! exclaim? 40 Or

dost thou think the impious wish forgiven, Because, when thunder shakes the vault of heaven, The bolt innoxious flies o'er thee and thine, To rend the forest oak and mountain pine? —Because, yet livid from the lightning's seath, 45 Thy mouldering corpse (a monument of wrath) Lies in no blasted grove, for public care To expiate with sacrifice and prayer; Must, therefore, Jove, unsceptred and unfeared, Give to thy ruder mirth his foolish beard? 50 What bribe hast thou to win the Powers divine, Thus, to thy nod? The lungs and lights of swine. Lo! from his little crib, the grandam hoar, Or aunt, well versed in superstitious lore, Snatches the babe; in lustral spittle dips 55 Her middle finger, and anoints his lips And forehead:—"Charms of potency," she cries, "To break the influence of evil eyes!" The spell complete, she dandles high in air Her starveling hope; and breathes a humble prayer, 60 That heaven would only tender to his hands All Crassus' houses, all Licinius' lands!— "Let every gazer by his charms be won, And kings and queens aspire to call him son: Contending virgins fly his smiles to meet, 65 And roses spring where'er he sets his feet!" Insane of soul—but I, O Jove, am free. Thou knowest, I trust no nurse with prayers for me: In mercy, then, reject each fond demand, Though, robed in white, she at thy altar stand. 70 This begs for nerves to pain and sickness steeled, A frame of body that shall slowly yield To late old age:—'Tis well, enjoy thy wish.— But the huge platter, and high-seasoned dish, Day after day the willing gods withstand, 75 And dash the blessing from their opening hand. That sues for wealth: the laboring ox is slain, And frequent victims woo the "god of gain." "O crown my hearth with plenty and with peace, And give my flocks and herds a large increase!" 80 Madman! how can he, when, from day to day, Steer after steer in offerings melt away?— Still he persists; and still new hopes arise, With harslet and with tripe, to storm the skies. "Now swell my harvests! now my fields! now, now, 85 It comes—it comes—auspicious to my vow!" While thus, poor wretch, he hangs 'twixt hope and fear, He starts, in dreadful certainty, to hear His chest reverberate the hollow groan Of his last piece, to find itself alone? 90 If from my sideboard I should bid you take

Goblets of gold or silver, you would shake With eager rapture; drops of joy would start, And your left breast scarce hold your fluttering heart: Hence, you presume the gods are bought and sold; 95 And overlay their busts with captured gold. For, of the brazen brotherhood, the Power Who sends you dreams, at morning's truer hour, Most purged from phlegm, enjoys your best regards, And a gold beard his prescient skill rewards! 100 Now, from the temples, Gold has chased the plain And frugal ware of Numa's pious reign;. The ritual pots of brass are seen no more, And Vesta's pitchers blaze in burnished ore. O groveling souls! and void of things divine! 105 Why bring our passions to the Immortals' shrine, And judge, from what this CARNAL SENSE delights, Of what is pleasing in their purer sights? This, the Calabrian fleece with purple soils, And mingles cassia with our native oils; 110 Tears from the rocky conch its pearly store, And strains the metal from the glowing ore. This, this, indeed, is vicious; yet it tends To gladden life, perhaps; and boasts its ends; But you, ye priests (for, sure, ye can), unfold— 115 In heavenly things, what boots this pomp of gold? No more, in truth, than dolls to Venus paid (The toys of childhood), by the riper maid! No; let me bring the Immortals, what the race Of great Messala, now depraved and base, 120 On their huge charger, can not;—bring a mind, Where legal and where moral sense are joined With the pure essence; holy thoughts, that dwell In the soul's most retired and sacred cell; A bosom dyed in honor's noblest grain, 125 Deep-dyed:—with these let me approach the fane, And Heaven will hear the humble prayer I make, Though all my offering be a barley cake.

SATIRE III.

What! ever thus? See! while the beams of day In broad effulgence o'er the shutters play, Stream through the crevice, widen on the walls, On the fifth line the gnomon's shadow falls! Yet still you sleep, like one that, stretched supine, 5 Snores off the fumes of strong Falernian wine. Up! up! mad Sirius parches every blade, And flocks

and herds lie panting in the shade. Here my youth rouses, rubs his heavy eyes, "Is it so late? so very late?" he cries; 10 "Shame, shame! Who waits? Who waits there? quick, my page! Why, when!" His bile overflows; he foams with rage, And brays so loudly, that you start in fear, And fancy all Arcadia at your ear. Behold him, with his bedgown and his books, 15 His pens and paper, and his studious looks, Intent and earnest! What arrests his speed, Alas! the viscous liquid clogs the reed. Dilute it. Pish! now every word I write Sinks through the paper, and eludes the sight; 20 Now the pen leaves no mark, the point's too fine; Now 'tis too blunt, and doubles every line! O wretch! whom every day more wretched sees— Are these the fruits of all your studies? these! Give o'er at once: and like same callow dove, 25 Some prince's heir, some lady's infant love, Call for chewed pap; and, pouting at the breast, Scream at the lullaby that woos to rest! "But why such warmth? See what a pen! nay, see!"— And is this subterfuge employed on me? 30 Fond boy! your time, with your pretext, is lost; And all your arts are at your proper cost. While with occasion thus you madly play, Your best of life unheeded leaks away, And scorn flows in apace: the ill-baked ware, 35 Rung by the potter, will its fault declare; Thus—But you yet are moist and yielding clay: Call for some plastic hand without delay, Nor cease the labor, till the wheel produce A vessel nicely formed, and fit for use. 40 "But wherefore this? My father, thanks to fate, Left me a fair, if not a large, estate:— A salt unsullied on my table shines, And due oblations, in their little shrines, My household gods receive; my hearth is pure, 45 And all my means of life confirmed and sure: What need I more?" Nay, nothing; it is well. —And it becomes you, too, with pride to swell, Because, the thousandth in descent, you trace Your blood, unmixed, from some high Tuscan race; 50 Or, when the knights march by the censor's chair, In annual pomp, can greet a kinsman there! Away! these trappings to the rabble show: Me they deceive not; for your soul I know, Within, without.—And blush you not to see 55 Loose Natta's life and yours so well agree? —But Natta's is not life: the sleep of sin Has seized his powers, and palsied all within; Huge cawls of

fat envelope every part, And torpor weighs on his insensate heart: 60 Absolved from blame by ignorance so gross, He neither sees nor comprehends his loss; Content in guilt's profound abyss to drop, Nor, struggling, send one bubble to the top! Dread sire of gods! when lust's envenomed stings 65 Stir the fierce natures of tyrannic kings; When storms of rage within their bosoms roll, And call, in thunder, for thy just control, O, then relax the bolt, suspend the blow, And thus, and thus alone, thy vengeance show, 70 In all her charms, set Virtue in their eye, And let them see their loss, despair, and—die! Say, could the wretch severer tortures feel, Closed in the brazen bull?—Could the bright steel, That, while the board with regal pomp was spread, 75 Gleamed o'er the guest, suspended by a thread, Worse pangs inflict than he endures, who cries (As on the rack of conscious guilt he lies, In mental agony), "Alas! I fall, Down, down the unfathomed steep, without recall!" 80 And withers at the heart, and dares not show His bosom wife the secret of his woe! Oft (I remember yet), my sight to spoil. Oft, when a boy, I bleared my eyes with oil, What time I wished my studies to decline, 85 Nor make great Cato's dying speeches mine; Speeches my master to the skies had raised, Poor pedagogue! unknowing what he praised; And which my sire, suspense 'twixt hope and fear, With venial pride, had brought his friends to hear. 90 For then, alas! 'twas my supreme delight To study chances, and compute aright, What sum the lucky sice would yield in play, And what the fatal aces sweep away: Anxious no rival candidate for fame 95 Should hit the long-necked jar with nicer aim; Nor, while the whirling top beguiled the eye, With happier skill the sounding scourge apply. But you have passed the schools; have studied long, And learned the eternal bounds of Right and Wrong, 100 And what the Porch (by Mycon limned, of yore, With trowsered Medes), unfolds of ethic lore, Where the shorn youth, on herbs and pottage fed, Bend, o'er the midnight page, the sleepless head: And, sure, the letter where, divergent wide, 105 The Samian branches shoot on either side, Has to your view, with no obscure display, Marked, on the right, the strait but better way. And yet you slumber still! and still oppress

With last night's revels, knock your head and breast! 110 And stretching o'er your drowsy couch, produce Yawn after yawn, as if your jaws were loose! Is there no certain mark at which to aim?— Still must your bow be bent at casual game? With clods, and potsherds, must you still pursue 115 Each wandering crow that chance presents to view; And, careless of your life's contracted span, Live from the moment, and without a plan? When bloated dropsies every limb invade. In vain to hellebore you fly for aid: 120 Meet with preventive skill the young disease, And Craterus will boast no golden fees. Mount, hapless youths, on Contemplation's wings, And mark the Causes and the End of things:— Learn what we are, and for what purpose born, 125 What station here 'tis given us to adorn; How best to blend security with ease, And win our way through life's tempestuous seas; What bounds the love of property requires, And what to wish, with unreproved desires; 130 How far the genuine use of wealth extends; And the just claims of country, kindred, friends What Heaven would have us be, and where our stand, In this Great whole, is fixed by high command. Learn these—and envy not the sordid gains 135 Which recompense the well-tongued lawyer's pains; Though Umbrian rustics, for his sage advice, Pour in their jars of fish, and oil, and spice, So thick and fast, that, ere the first be o'er, A second, and a third, are at the door. 140 "But here, some brother of the blade, some coarse And shag-haired captain, bellows loud and hoarse; Away with this cramp, philosophic stuff! My learning serves my turn, and that's enough. I laugh at all your dismal Solons, I; 145 Who stalk with downcast looks, and heads awry, Muttering within themselves, where'er they roam, And churning their mad silence till it foam! Who mope o'er sick men's dreams, howe'er absurd, And on protruded lips poise every word; 150 Nothing can come from nothing. Apt and plain! Nothing return to nothing. Good, again! And this it is for which they peak and pine, This precious stuff, for which they never dine!" Jove, how he laughs! the brawny youths around 155 Catch the contagion, and return the sound; Convulsive mirth on every cheek appears, And every nose is wrinkled into sneers! "Doctor, a patient said, employ

your art, I feel a strange wild fluttering at the heart; 160 My breast seems tightened, and a fetid smell sets my breath—feel here; all is not well," Medicine and rest the fever's rage compose, And the third day his blood more calmly flows. The fourth, unable to contain, he sends 165 A hasty message to his wealthier friends, And just about to bathe—requests, in fine, A moderate flask of old Surrentin wine. "Good heavens! my friend, what sallow looks are here?" Pshaw! nonsense! nothing! "Yet 'tis worth your fear, 170 Whate'er it be: the waters rise within, And, though unfelt, distend your sickly skin." —And yours still more! Whence springs this freedom, tro'? Are you, forsooth, my guardian? Long ago I buried him; and thought my nonage o'er: 175 But you remain to school me! "Sir, no more."— Now to the bath, full gorged with luscious fare, See the pale wretch his bloated carcass bear; While from his lungs, that faintly play by fits, His gasping throat sulphureous steam emits!— 180 Cold shiverings seize him, as for wine he calls, His grasp betrays him, and the goblet falls! From his loose teeth the lip, convulsed, withdraws, And the rich cates drop through his listless jaws. Then trumpets, torches come, in solemn state; 185 And my fine youth, so confident of late, Stretched on a splendid bier, and essenced o'er, Lies, a stiff corpse, heels foremost at the door. Romans of yesterday, with covered head, Shoulder him to the pyre, and—all is said!— 190 "But why to me? Examine every part; My pulse:—and lay your finger on my heart; You'll find no fever: touch my hands and feet, A natural warmth, and nothing more, you'll meet." 'Tis well! But if you light on gold by chance, 195 If a fair neighbor cast a sidelong glance, Still will that pulse with equal calmness flow, And still that heart no fiercer throbbings know? Try yet again. In a brown dish behold, Coarse gritty bread, and coleworts stale and old: 200 Now, prove your taste. Why those averted eyes? Hah! I perceive:—a secret ulcer lies Within that pampered mouth, too sore to bear The untender grating of plebeian fare! Where dwells this natural warmth, when danger's near, 205 And "each particular hair" starts up with fear? Or where resides it, when vindictive ire Inflames the bosom; when the veins run fire, The reddening

eye-balls glare; and all you say, And all you do, a mind so warped betray, 210 That mad Orestes, if the freaks he saw, Would give you up at once to chains and straw!

SATIRE IV.

What! you, my Alcibiades, aspire To sway the state!—(Suppose that bearded sire, Whom hemlock from a guilty world removed, Thus to address the stripling that he loved.) On what apt talents for a charge so high, 5 Ward of great Pericles, do you rely? Forecast on others by gray hairs conferred, Haply, with you, anticipates the beard! And prompts you, prescient of the public weal, Now to disclose your thoughts, and now conceal! 10 Hence, when the rabble form some daring plan, And factious murmurs spread from man to man, Mute and attentive you can bid them stand, By the majestic wafture of your hand! Lo! all is hushed: what now, what will he speak, 15 What floods of sense from his charged bosom break! "Romans! I think—I fear—I think, I say, This is not well:—perhaps, the better way."— O power of eloquence! But you, forsooth, In the nice, trembling scale can poise the truth, 20 With even hand; can with intentive view, Amid deflecting curves, the right pursue; Or, where the rule deceives the vulgar eye With its warped foot, the unerring line apply: And, while your sentence strikes with doom precise, 25 Stamp the black Theta on the front of vice! Rash youth! relying on a specious skin, While all is dark deformity within, Check the fond thought; nor, like the peacock proud, Spread your gay plumage to the applauding crowd, 30 Before your hour arrive:—Ah, rather drain Whole isles of hellebore, to cool your brain! For, what is your chief good? "To heap my board With every dainty earth and sea afford; To bathe, and bask me in the sunny ray, 35 And doze the careless hours of life away." Hold, hold! you tattered beldame, hobbling by, If haply asked, would make the same reply. "But I am nobly born." Agreed. "And fair." 'Tis granted too: yet goody Baucis there, 40 Who, to the looser slaves, her pot-herbs cries, Is just as philosophic, just as wise.— How few, alas! their proper faults explore! While, on his loaded back, who walks before, Each

eye is fixed.—You touch a stranger's arm, 45 And ask him if he knows Vectidius' farm? "Whose," he replies? That rich old chuff's, whose ground Would tire a hawk to wheel it fairly round. "O ho! that wretch, on whose devoted head Ill stars and angry gods their rage have shed! 50 Who on high festivals, when all is glee, And the loose yoke hangs on the cross-way tree, As, from the jar, he scrapes the incrusted clay, Groans o'er the revels of so dear a day; Champs on a coated onion dipt in brine; 55 And while his hungry hinds exulting dine On barley broth, sucks up, with thrifty care, The mothery dregs of his palled vinegar!" But, if "YOU bask you in the sunny ray, And doze the careless hours of youth away," 60 There are, who at such gross delights will spurn, And spit their venom on your life in turn; Expose, with eager hate, your low desires, Your secret passions, and unhallowed fires.— "Why, while the beard is nursed with every art, 65 Those anxious pains to bare the shameful part? In vain:—should five athletic knaves essay To pluck, with ceaseless care, the weeds away, Still the rank fern, congenial to the soil, Would spread luxuriant, and defeat their toil!" 70 Misled by rage, our bodies we expose, And while we give, forget to ward, the blows; This, this is life! and thus our faults are shown, By mutual spleen: we know—and we are known! But your defects elude inquiring eyes!— 75 Beneath the groin the ulcerous evil lies, Impervious to the view; and o'er the wound The broad effulgence of the zone is bound! But can you, thus, the inward pang restrain, Thus cheat the sense of languor and of pain? 80 "But if the people call me wise and just, Sure I may take the general voice on trust!"— No:—If you tremble at the sight of gold; Indulge lust's wildest sallies uncontrolled; Or, bent on outrage, at the midnight hour, 85 Girt with a ruffian band, the Forum scour; Then, wretch! in vain the voice of praise you hear, And drink the vulgar shout with greedy ear. Hence, with your spurious claims! Rejudge your cause And fling the rabble back their vile applause; 90 To your own breast, in quest of worth, repair, And blush to find how poor a stock is there!

SATIRE V. TO ANNÆUS CORNUTUS.

Persius. Poets are wont a hundred mouths to ask, A hundred tongues—whate'er the purposed task; Whether a tragic tale of Pelops' line For the sad actor, with deep mouth, to whine; Or Epic lay;—the Parthian winged with fear, 5 And wrenching from his groin the Roman spear. Cornutus. Heavens! to what purpose (sure I heard thee wrong), Tend those huge gobbets of robustious song, Which, struggling into day, distend thy lungs, And need a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues? 10 Let fustian bards to Helicon repair, And suck the spongy fogs that hover there, Bards, in whose fervid brains, while sense recoils, The pot of Progne, or Thyestes boils, Dull Glyco's feast!—But what canst thou propose? 15 Puffed by thy heaving lungs no metal glows; Nor dost thou, mumbling o'er some close-spent strain, Croak the grave nothings of an idle brain; Nor swell, until thy cheeks, with thundering sound, Displode, and spurt their airy froth around. 20 Confined to common life, thy numbers flow, And neither soar too high, nor sink too low; There strength and ease in graceful union meet, Though polished, subtle, and though poignant, sweet; Yet powerful to abash the front of crime, 25 And crimson error's cheek with sportive rhyme. O still be this thy study, this thy care: Leave to Mycenæ's prince his horrid fare, His head and feet; and seek, with Roman taste, For Roman food—a plain but pure repast. 30 Persius. Mistake me not. Far other thoughts engage My mind, Cornutus, than to swell my page With air-blown trifles, impotent and vain, And grace, with noisy pomp, an empty strain. Oh, no: the world shut out, 'tis my design, 35 To open (prompted by the inspiring Nine) The close recesses of my breast, and bare To your keen eye each thought, each feeling, there; Yes, best of friends! 'tis now my wish to prove How much you fill my heart, engross my love. 40 Ring then—for, to your practiced ear, the sound Will show the solid, and where guile is found Beneath the varnished tongue: for this, in fine, I dared to wish a hundred voices mine; Proud to declare, in language void of art, 45 How deep your form is rooted in my heart, And paint, in words—ah! could they paint the whole— The

ineffable sensations of my soul. When first I laid the purple by, and free, Yet trembling at my new-felt liberty, 50 Approached the hearth, and on the Lares hung The bulla, from my willing neck unstrung; When gay associates, sporting at my side. And the white boss, displayed with conscious pride, Gave me, unchecked, the haunts of vice to trace, 55 And throw my wandering eyes on every face, When life's perplexing maze before me lay, And error, heedless of the better way, To straggling paths, far from the route of truth, Woo'd, with blind confidence, my timorous youth, 60 I fled to you, Cornutus, pleased to rest My hopes and fears on your Socratic breast, Nor did you, gentle Sage, the charge decline: Then, dextrous to beguile, your steady line Reclaimed, I know not by what winning force, 65 My morals, warped from virtue's straighter course; While reason pressed incumbent on my soul, That struggled to receive the strong control, And took like wax, tempered by plastic skill; The form your hand imposed; and bears it still! 70 Can I forget how many a summer's day, Spent in your converse, stole, unmarked, away? Or how, while listening with increased delight, I snatched from feasts the earlier hours of night? —One time (for to your bosom still I grew), 75 One time of study, and of rest, we knew; One frugal board where, every care resigned, An hour of blameless mirth relaxed the mind. And sure our lives, which thus accordant move (Indulge me here, Cornutus), clearly prove 80 That both are subject to the self-same law, And from one horoscope their fortunes draw; And whether Destiny's unerring doom In equal Libra poised our days to come; Or friendship's holy hour our fates combined, 85 And to the Twins a sacred charge assigned; Or Jove, benignant, broke the gloomy spell By angry Saturn wove;—I know not well— But sure some star there is, whose bland control Subdues, to yours, the temper of my soul! 90 Countless the various species of mankind, Countless the shades which separate mind from mind; No general object of desire is known; Each has his will, and each pursues his own; With Latian wares, one roams the Eastern main, 95 To purchase spice, and cummin's blanching grain; Another, gorged with dainties, swilled with wine, Fattens in sloth,

and snores out life, supine; This loves the Campus; that, destructive play; And those, in wanton dalliance melt away:— 100 But when the knotty gout their strength has broke, And their dry joints crack like some withered oak, Then they look back, confounded and aghast, On the gross days in fogs and vapors past; With late regret the waste of life deplore, 105 No purpose gained, and time, alas! no more. But you, my friend, whom nobler views delight, To pallid vigils give the studious night; Cleanse youthful breasts from every noxious weed, And sow the tilth with Cleanthean seed. 110 There seek, ye young, ye old, secure to find That certain end which stays the wavering mind; Stores, which endure, when other means decay, Through life's last stage, a sad and cheerless way. "Right; and to-morrow this shall be our care." 115 Alas! to-morrow, like to-day, will fare. "What! is one day, forsooth, so great a boon?" But when it comes (and come it will too soon), Reflect, that yesterday's to-morrow's o'er.— Thus "one to-morrow! one to-morrow! more," 120 Have seen long years before them fade away; And still appear no nearer than to-day! So while the wheels on different axles roll, In vain (though governed by the self-same pole) The hindmost to o'ertake the foremost tries: 125 Fast as the one pursues the other flies! Freedom, in truth, it steads us much to have: Not that by which each manumitted slave, Each Publius, with his tally, may obtain A casual dole of coarse and damaged grain. 130 —O souls! involved in Error's thickest shade, Who think a Roman with one turn is made! Look on this paltry groom, this Dama here, Who at three farthings would be prized too dear; This blear-eyed scoundrel, who your husks would steal, 135 And outface truth to hide the starving meal; Yet—let his master twirl this knave about, And Marcus Dama in a trice steps out! Amazing! Marcus surety?—yet distrust! Marcus your judge?—yet fear a doom unjust! 140 Marcus avouch it?—then the fact is clear. The writings!—set your hand, good Marcus, here." This is mere liberty—a name, alone: Yet this is all the cap can make our own. "Sure, there's no other. All mankind agree 145 That those who live without control are free: I live without control; and therefore hold Myself more free

than Brutus was of old." Absurdly put; a Stoic cries, whose ear, Rinsed with sharp vinegar, is quick to hear: 150 True;—all who live without control are free; But that you live so, I can ne'er agree. "No? From the Prætor's wand when I withdrew, Lord of myself, why, might I not pursue My pleasure unrestrained, respect still had 155 To what the rubric of the law forbad?" Listen—but first your brows from anger clear, And bid your nose dismiss that rising sneer; Listen, while I the genuine truth impart, And root those old wives' fables from your heart. 160 It was not, is not in the "Prætor's wand," To gift a fool with power, to understand The nicer shades of duty, and educe, From short and rapid life, its end and use; The laboring hind shall sooner seize the quill, 165 And strike the lyre with all a master's skill. Reason condemns the thought, with mien severe, And drops this maxim in the secret ear, "Forbear to venture, with preposterous toil, On what, in venturing, you are sure to spoil." 170 In this plain sense of what is just and right The laws of nature and of man unite; That Inexperience should some caution show, And spare to reach at what she does not know. Prescribe you hellebore! without the skill 175 To weigh the ingredients, or compound the pill?— Physic, alarmed, the rash attempt withstands, And wrests the dangerous mixture from your hands. Should the rude clown, skilled in no star to guide His dubious course, rush on the trackless tide, 180 Would not Palemon at the fact exclaim, And swear the world had lost all sense of shame! Say, is it yours, by wisdom's steady rays, To walk secure through life's entangled maze? Yours to discern the specious from the true, 185 And where the gilt conceals the brass from view? Speak, can you mark, with some appropriate sign, What to pursue, and what, in turn, decline? Does moderation all your wishes guide, And temperance at your cheerful board preside? 190 Do friends your love experience? are your stores Now dealt with closed and now with open doors, As fit occasion calls? Can you restrain The eager appetite of sordid gain? Nor feel, when in the mire a doit, you note, 195 Mercurial spittle gurgle in your throat? If you can say, and truly, "These are mine, And This I can:"—suffice it. I decline All farther question; you are wise and free,

No less by Jove's than by the law's decree. 200 But if, good Marcus, you who formed so late One of our batch, of our enslaved estate, Beneath a specious outside, still retain The foul contagion of your ancient strain; If the sly fox still burrow in some part, 205 Some secret corner, of your tainted heart; I straight retract the freedom which I gave, And hold your Dama still, and still a slave! Reason concedes you nothing. Let us try. Thrust forth your finger. "See." O, heavens, awry! 210 Yet what so trifling?—But, though altars smoke, Though clouds of incense every god invoke, In vain you sue, one drachm of right to find, One scruple, lurking in the foolish mind. Nature abhors the mixture; the rude clown 215 As well may lay his spade and mattock down, And with light foot and agile limbs prepare To dance three steps with soft Bathyllus' air! "Still I am free." You! subject to the sway Of countless masters, FREE! What datum, pray, 220 Supports your claim? Is there no other yoke Than that which, from your neck, the Prætor broke! "Go, bear these scrapers to the bath with speed; What! loitering, knave?"—Here's servitude indeed! Yet you unmoved the angry sounds would hear; 225 You owe no duty, and can know no fear. But if within you feel the strong control— If stormy passions lord it o'er your soul, Are you more free than he whom threatenings urge To bear the strigils and escape the scourge? 230 'Tis morn; yet sunk in sloth you snoring lie. "Up! up!" cries Avarice, "and to business hie; Nay, stir." I will not. Still she presses, "Rise!" I can not. "But you must and shall," she cries. And to what purpose? "This a question! Go, 235 Bear fish to Pontus, and bring wines from Co; Bring ebon, flax, whate'er the East supplies, Musk for perfumes, and gums for sacrifice: Prevent the mart, and the first pepper take From the tired camel ere his thirst he slake. 240 Traffic forswear, if interest intervene"— But Jove will overhear me.—"Hold, my spleen! O dolt; but, mark—that thumb will bore and bore The empty salt (scraped to the quick before) For one poor grain, a vapid meal to mend, 245 If you aspire to thrive with Jove your friend!" You rouse (for who can truths like these withstand?), Victual your slaves, and urge them to the strand. Prepared in haste to follow; and, ere now, Had to the

Ægean turned your vent'rous prow, 250 But that sly Luxury the process eyed, Waylaid your desperate steps, and, taunting, cried, "Ho, madman, whither, in this hasty plight? What passion drives you forth? what furies fright? Whole urns of hellebore might hope in vain 255 To cool this high-wrought fever of the brain. What! quit your peaceful couch, renounce your ease, To rush on hardships, and to dare the seas! And while a broken plank supports your meat, And a coiled cable proves your softest seat, 260 Suck from squab jugs that pitchy scents exhale, The seaman's beverage, sour at once and stale! And all for what? that sums, which now are lent, At modest five, may sweat out twelve per cent.!— "O rather cultivate the joys of sense, 265 And crop the sweets which youth and health dispense; Give the light hours to banquets, love, and wine: These are the zest of life, and THESE are mine! Dust and a shade are all you soon must be: Live, thou, while yet you may. Time presses.—See! 270 Even while I speak, the present is become The past, and lessens still life's little sum." Now, sir, decide; shall this, or that, command? Alas, the bait, displayed on either hand, Distracts your choice:—but, ponder as you may, 275 Of this be sure; both, with alternate sway, Will lord it o'er you, while, with slavish fears, From side to side your doubtful duty veers. Nor must you, though in some auspicious hour You spurn their mandate, and resist their power, 280 At once conclude their future influence vain:— With struggling hard the dog may snap his chain; Yet little freedom from the effort find, If, as he flies, he trails its length behind. "Yes, I am fixed; to Love a long adieu!— 285 Nay, smile not, Davus; you will find it true." So, while his nails, gnawn to the quick, yet bled, The sage Chærestratus, deep-musing, said.— "Shall I my virtuous ancestry defame, Consume my fortune, and disgrace my name, 290 While, at a harlot's wanton threshold laid, Darkling, I whine my drunken serenade!" Tis nobly spoken:—Let a lamb be brought To the Twin Powers that this deliverance wrought. "But—if I quit her, will she not complain? 295 Will she not grieve? Good Davus, think again." Fond trifler! you will find her "grief" too late; When the red slipper rattles round your pate, Vindictive of

the mad attempt to foil Her potent spell, and all-involving toil. 300 Dismissed, you storm and bluster: hark! she calls And, at the word, your boasted manhood falls. "Mark, Davus; of her own accord, she sues! Mark, she invites me! Can I now refuse?" Yes, Now, and Ever. If you left her door 305 Whole and entire, you must return no more. Right. This is He, the man whom I demand; This, Davus; not the creature of a wand Waved by some foolish lictor.—And is he, This master of himself, this truly free, 310 Who marks the dazzling lure Ambition spreads, And headlong follows where the meteor leads? "Watch the nice hour, and on the scrambling tribes Pour, without stint, your mercenary bribes, Vetches and pulse; that, many a year gone by, 315 Graybeards, as basking in the sun they lie, May boast how much your Floral Games surpast, In cost and splendor, those they witnessed last!" A glorious motive! And on Herod's day, When every room is decked in meet array, 320 And lamps along the greasy windows spread, Profuse of flowers, gross, oily vapors shed; When the vast tunny's tail in pickle swims, And the crude must foams o'er the pitcher's brims; You mutter secret prayers, by fear devised, 325 And dread the sabbaths of the circumcised! Then a cracked egg-shell fills you with affright, And ghosts and goblins haunt your sleepless night. Last, the blind priestess, with her sistrum shrill, And Galli, huge and high, a dread instill 330 Of gods, prepared to vex the human frame With dropsies, palsies, ills of every name, Unless the trembling victim champ, in bed, Thrice every morn, on a charmed garlic-head. Preach to the martial throng these lofty strains, 335 And lo! some chief more famed for bulk than brains, Some vast Vulfenius, blessed with lungs of brass, Laughs loud and long at the scholastic ass; And, for a clipt cent-piece, sets, by the tale, A hundred Greek philosophers to sale! 340

SATIRE VI. TO CÆSIUS BASSUS.

Say, have the wintry storms, which round us beat, Chased thee, my Bassus, to thy Sabine seat? Does music there thy sacred leisure fill, While the strings quicken to

thy manly quill?— O skilled, in matchless numbers, to disclose 5 How first from Night this fair creation rose; And kindling, as the lofty themes inspire, To smite, with daring hand, the Latian lyre! Anon, with youth and youth's delights to toy, And give the dancing chords to love and joy; 10 Or wake, with moral touch, to accents sage, And hymn the heroes of a nobler age! To me, while tempests howl and billows rise, Liguria's coast a warm retreat supplies, Where the huge cliffs an ample front display, 15 And, deep within, recedes the sheltering bay. The Port of Luna, friends, is worth your note— So, in his sober moments, Ennius wrote, When, all his dreams of transmigration past, He found himself plain Quintus at the last! 20 Here to repose I give the cheerful day, Careless of what the vulgar think or say; Or what the South, from Afric's burning air, Unfriendly to the fold, may haply bear: And careless still, though richer herbage crown 25 My neighbors' fields, or heavier crops embrown. —Nor, Bassus, though capricious Fortune grace Thus with her smiles a low-bred, low-born race, Will e'er thy friend, for that, let Envy plow, One careful furrow on his open brow; 30 Give crooked age upon his youth to steal, Defraud his table of one generous meal; Or, stooping o'er the dregs of mothery wine, Touch, with suspicious nose, the sacred sign. But inclinations vary:—and the Power 35 That beams, ascendant, on the natal hour, Even Twins produces of discordant souls, And tempers, wide asunder as the poles. The one on birthdays, and on those alone, Prepares (but with a forecast all his own) 40 On tunny-pickle, from the shops, to dine, And dips his withered pot-herbs in the brine; Trembles the pepper from his hands to trust, And sprinkles, grain by grain, the sacred dust. The other, large of soul, exhausts his hoard, 45 While yet a stripling, at the festive board. To use my fortune, Bassus, I intend: Nor, therefore, deem me so profuse, my friend, So prodigally vain, as to afford The costly turbot for my freedmen's board; 50 Or so expert in flavors, as to show How, by the relish, thrush from thrush I know. "Live to your means"—'tis wisdom's voice you hear— And freely grind the produce of the year: What scruples check you? Ply the hoe and spade, 55 And lo! another crop is in

the blade. True; but the claims of duty caution crave. A friend, scarce rescued from the Ionian wave, Grasps a projecting rock, while in the deep His treasures, with his prayers, unheeded sleep: 60 I see him stretched, desponding, on the ground. His tutelary gods all wrecked around, His bark dispersed in fragments o'er the tide, And sea-mews sporting on the ruins wide. Sell, then, a pittance ('tis my prompt advice) 65 Of this your land, and send your friend the price; Lest, with a pictured storm, forlorn and poor, He ask cheap charity from door to door. "But then, my angry heir, displeased to find His prospects lessened by an act so kind, 70 May slight my obsequies; and, in return, Give my cold ashes to a scentless urn; Reckless what vapid drugs he flings thereon, Adulterate cassia, or dead cinnamon!— Can I (bethink in time) my means impair, 75 And with impunity provoke my heir?" —Here Bestius rails—"A plague on Greece," he cries, "And all her pedants!—there the evil lies; For since their mawkish, their enervate lore, With dates and pepper, cursed our luckless shore, 80 Luxury has tainted all; and plowmen spoil Their wholesome barley-broth with luscious oil." Heavens! can you stretch (to fears like these a slave) Your fond solicitude beyond the grave? Away!—But thou, my heir, whoe'er thou art, 85 Step from the crowd, and let us talk apart. Hearest thou the news? Cæsar has won the day (So, from the camp, his laureled missives say), And Germany is ours! The city wakes, And from her altars the cold ashes shakes.— 90 Lo! from the imperial spoils, Cæsonia brings Arms, and the martial robes of conquered kings, To deck the temples; while, on either hand, Chariots of war and bulky captives stand In long array. I, too, my joy to prove, 95 Will to the emperor's Genius, and to Jove, Devote, in gratitude for deeds so rare, Two hundred well-matched fencers, pair by pair. Who blames—who ventures to forbid me? You? Woe to your future prospects! if you do. 100 —And, sir, not this alone; for I have vowed A supplemental largess to the crowd, Of corn and oil. What! muttering still? draw near, And speak aloud, for once, that I may hear. "My means are not so low that I should care 105 For that poor pittance you may leave your heir." Just as you

please: but were I, sir, bereft Of all my kin; no aunt, no uncle left; No nephew, niece; were all my cousins gone, And all my cousins' cousins, every one, 110 Aricia soon some Manius would supply, Well pleased to take that "pittance," when I die. "Manius! a beggar of the first degree, A son of earth, your heir!" Nay, question me, Ask who my grandsire's sire? I know not well, 115 And yet, on recollection, I might tell; But urge me one step farther—I am mute: A son of earth, like Manius, past dispute. Thus his descent and mine are equal proved, And we at last are cousins, though removed. 120 But why should you, who still before me run, Require my torch ere yet the race be won? Think me your Mercury: Lo! here I stand, As painters represent him, purse in hand: Will you, or not, the proffered boon receive, 125 And take, with thankfulness, whate'er I leave? Something, you murmur, of the heap is spent. True: as occasion called it freely went; In life 'twas mine: but death your chance secures, And what remains, or more or less, is yours. 130 Of Tadius' legacy no questions raise, Nor turn upon me with a grandsire-phrase, "Live on the interest of your fortune, boy; To touch the principal is to destroy." "What, after all, may I expect to have?" 135 Expect!—Pour oil upon my viands, slave, Pour with unsparing hand! shall my best cheer On high and solemn days be the singed ear Of some tough, smoke-dried hog, with nettles drest; That your descendant, while in earth I rest, 140 May gorge on dainties, and, when lust excites, Give to patrician beds his wasteful nights? Shall I, a napless figure, pale and thin, Glide by, transparent, in a parchment skin, That he may strut with more than priestly pride, 145 And swag his portly paunch from side to side? Go, truck your soul for gain! buy, sell, exchange; From pole to pole in quest of profit range. Let none more shrewdly play the factor's part; None bring his slaves more timely to the mart; 150 Puff them with happier skill, as caged they stand, Or clap their well-fed sides with nicer hand. Double your fortune—treble it—yet more— 'Tis four, six, ten-fold what it was before: O bound the heap—You, who could yours confine, 155 Tell me, Chrysippus, how to limit mine!

THE END.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES

Added missing footnote anchors, e. g. p. 21.

Silently corrected simple spelling, grammar, and typographical errors.

Retained anachronistic and non-standard spellings as printed.

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