



*Gamber sc.*

JUVENAL.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

1837.

*Harper's classical family library*  
✓  
JUVENAL.

TRANSLATED BY

CHARLES BADHAM, M.D., F.R.S.,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, LONDON,  
AND PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE IN THE  
UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

NEW EDITION.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

IMITATIONS OF THE THIRD AND TENTH SATIRES.

BY

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

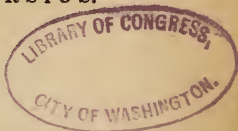
THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,  
NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1837.

L.



PAGE 447  
E5B3  
1837

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
DEDICATION . . . . .	v
Preface to the Second Edition . . . . .	vii
Biographical Sketch of Juvenal . . . . .	xi

### THE SATIRES.

Satire I.—Motives and Objects of Satire . . . . .	17
— II.—Hypocrisy . . . . .	30
— III.—Rome . . . . .	40
— IV.—The Turbot of Ancona . . . . .	58
— V.—A Roman Dinner . . . . .	68
— VI.—Women . . . . .	79
— VII.—Patronage. Literary Prospects . . . . .	105
— VIII.—Hereditary Distinctions . . . . .	119
— IX.—The Complaint. . . . .	134
— X.—Human Wishes . . . . .	140
— XI.—The Invitation . . . . .	157
— XII.—Shipwreck . . . . .	166
— XIII.—Penalties of Guilt . . . . .	172
— XIV.—Example . . . . .	183
— XV.—Cannibals . . . . .	196
— XVI.—Military Privileges . . . . .	203

### APPENDIX.

Satire III.—London. By Dr. Johnson . . . . .	209
— X.—The Vanity of Human Wishes. By the same . . . . .	217



TO  
SIR HENRY HALFORD, BART., F.R.S.,

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS,  
&c., &c., &c.

MY DEAR SIR—Allow me to present to you a work which, with whatever imperfections, has not been so carelessly executed as perhaps improvidently engaged in.

I use this expression, however, only in relation to the great difficulty of success, and not by any means from an opinion that studies of this nature, if temperately indulged, are incompatible with our profession. It will be ill for the world, I will not say when medicine only, but when any of the liberal professions shall be severely confined to their technical attainment, and divested of the grace of letters; nor will that society especially, over which you so worthily preside, amid the zeal of all its members to satisfy the just claims of humanity, or the success of many of them in the cultivation of science, be inclined to forget that it is perhaps the only institution of the kind in Europe, in which adequate provision has been made that a college of physicians should necessarily continue to be a confederation of scholars!

For me, I have lived in the conviction that Cicero was a true and faithful witness, and that the liberal studies “which delight at home, and hinder not

abroad," do not more certainly embellish the earlier years of existence, than impart a most sensible alleviation of that destituteness of enjoyment which is the allotment of their increasing number. I have myself found the very application, of which I here offer you the result, still more important to me as a distraction from trouble, than a refreshment from toil. Perhaps, as in other instances in which, on resuming long intermitted habits of friendship, we are liable to a discovery of defects to which we had formerly been insensible, I should no longer be disposed to account my author as free from faults as in the days of earlier familiarity I should have been ready to maintain; still you will perhaps agree with me, that if Juvenal be not the most delightful of poets, he is by far the most profound of poetical philosophers.

As sensible, I hope, as any person need to be, of his own defective powers to interpret so great and pregnant an original, but yet unwilling to believe that protracted assiduity and much consideration can have been wholly unsuccessful, I will only say that I desire for the work now again presented to the public, in certainly a much improved state, no better fortune than that it should obtain the approbation of a gentleman so well qualified to judge of it; while I embrace the opportunity at the same time of publicly subscribing myself,

My dear sir,  
very faithfully yours,

CHARLES BADHAM.

College of Glasgow,  
May 1, 1831.



# P R E F A C E

TO THE

## S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

---

THE accidents of life gave me an opportunity, in the year 1815, of seeing one of the celebrated statues of antiquity which had been taken from Rome in the revolutionary war, and replaced, as was customary, by a cast, restored to its ancient pedestal in the gallery of the Museum Capitolinum. I had frequently visited and admired the substitute, but shall never forget the augmented pleasure that I derived on that interesting occasion from contemplating for the first time the original. One seemed to have had no adequate acquaintance with the Dying Gladiator till that moment. The nearest approach, and it must be a very near one, to an original piece of sculpture, is surely the cast of it: it is the most exact of translations; and yet a great portion of its beauty is lost. The paintings of the great masters are supposed to be in some measure familiar to us by the exertions of the engraver; but the instrument of imitation being in this instance still less exactly applicable, the result is as comparatively defective as might have been presumed; and though models of architectural antiquities are often constructed on a scale which preserves their exact proportion, yet none, I will venture to say, have ever apprehended even the beauty, not to say the power of the originals by perusing them.

The translation of an ancient author into a modern language is undertaken under circumstances still less advantageous; and if that author be a poet, abounding in allusions to ancient manners, which are after all but imperfectly apprehended; if he be a satirist more especially, and the subject of his satire frequently obscure; if his language be far from uninvolved and his text certainly corrupt, the difficulties of such a task as that of conveying a moderately just idea of his writings is one of the greatest that can well be undertaken in this branch of literature. If, however, notwithstanding all these discouragements, not a few individuals have chosen to exercise their talents on the at

tempt, it should seem that a more intimate acquaintance than others can possibly have of the nature of the difficulty, should make them at least indulgent to each other: the public may complain of an unsatisfactory result; but as to the authors themselves, they have but one line of becoming conduct, and that is, to concede the indulgence they must require. I have not found it so.

The first edition of the translation of Juvenal, now again presented to the English reader, was published many years ago, and is scarcely perhaps known to the public at all, or at any rate not much beyond the circle of the author's friends, except by a critique on it which appeared in the Quarterly Review, and which, although as unjust, to my apprehension, in many of its remarks as I consider it to have been discourteous and arrogant in its general tone, could not, considering the talent embarked in that publication, but materially affect its success. Nobody thinks of inquiring for a book of which the report has been even moderately unfavourable, or cares to disturb a sentence in criticism, although the judge that may have pronounced it has not only not given in any case a pledge of his integrity, but be plainly obnoxious in some to suspicion of unfairness or hostility. I may well feel entitled to express myself after the fashion, yet must not be understood to appeal to the reader of the *present* work from the remarks on the former—they are too materially different to make such an appeal altogether legitimate; but I do most confidently appeal to the preface of that edition, whether I had announced myself so ostentatiously as to provoke an enemy or offend a rival. I will also add, that had the reviewer confined himself to criticism merely, however unfair, I should probably on the present occasion have come to the resolution of delivering my work into the hands of the public without notice; for, after a lapse of several years, one might, without any very troublesome feelings of resentment, recollect even so very determined and unusual an instance of discourtesy, and of the abuse of an accidental advantage—for the editor of the Quarterly Review was, it is well known, himself a fellow-labourer in the same attempt; and whether he wrote, or merely authorized an article proffered to him as likely to be acceptable, is quite immaterial. It was not thought sufficient in this article to advert to defects, the great liability to which might have been less known to a person less exercised in them than the reviewer evidently was; but it was imputed to me to have treated my immediate predecessors with contempt, by the act of passing over all mention of their labours, which I had deemed rather respectful than otherwise, and much more than insinuated that I had, notwithstanding, not scrupled to appropriate some of their labours, and follow at least one of them as my guide! The invention, however, of mere rhymes (for these were the spoils chiefly in controversy) I

hold at infinitely too low a rate to be indebted willingly for them to anybody : the correspondence of a considerable number of these valuables in my own translation with those of others, was an accident which common candour would have seen to be almost unavoidable, except to those who avoided them studiously, as there are hundreds of expressions in every ancient author that suggest of necessity the same *tournure* to any translator.

As Mr. Gifford's Juvenal, concerning which I had *formerly* expressed no opinion, now stands in exactly the same predicament with those of Dryden or Stapylton, I might now, even had no disposition been manifested to depreciate my attempt, as the reviewer seems to *insist* on my making mention of it, have stated without reserve that I think very moderately of his success; that I hold his version to be not very remarkable for the graces of poetry; that I know it to abound with vulgar and vernacular expressions; and consider it to be much more distinguished by abruptness than by energy of expression. Had I known this work indeed as intimately as I was alleged to have done, I am satisfied that not only was it among the last I should have preferred as a model, but that I should have derived from its abounding defects more encouragement to proceed than I actually felt. Or, if I were writing a *review* of it, and disposed to reprisal in the language I employed, I might be tempted to designate it rather as the *buoy* which tells us of a shipwreck, than as the brilliant Pharos, the revolving light, which invites to the security of the harbour.

Of the many improvements I hope to have made in the present version, not a few, I am satisfied, are attained only by an unscrupulous sacrifice of the exact to the general meaning; a line of proceeding to which I have been determined, partly by experience, and partly by the design of the present work. To some infidelities, then, I plead guilty, if that be the word, and not a few sacrifices of whole passages I have been obliged to make, from the very nature of this publication; but it is still my hope some day to bring this version again before the public in a larger form, and with such *illustrations* as opportunities have for several years thrown in my way.

On the whole, I do not fear that this translation will be accounted, by those who know the original, to have departed very far from the sense of an author above all others difficult and untractable. I would apprise the reader that he must expect many passages sufficiently tame and uninteresting: but that is not always my fault; Juvenal himself is very unequal; even whole satires are of very unequal merit: nor can any Latin author be read with equal interest throughout. But in his great and best-known efforts he is inimitable, and applicable to all the stages and states of human society.

I think his first satire has much more merit than is generally

allowed ; his second contains one or two of the finest passages in known poetry ; his third, universally known, is universally interesting ; the fourth, from the 36th line, is one of the happiest efforts of comic satire, and well merits the commendation of Gibbon. The fifth I account among the least interesting ; though the poet finds occasion, in contrasting the mortifications of a tolerated guest with the entertainment of one on the footing of equality, for introducing some admirable passages. As to the sixth, as I do not suppose that any class of females who can read at all will ever be permitted to read it, I cannot expect that any will "shudder and reform."\* The seventh is a curious picture of literary labour, abounding with excellent commonplaces, at all times applicable to that subject, and possessing often a noble strain of poetry. The eighth must ever be read with the deepest impression of its power and truth, and with the profoundest admiration of its genius : it has been imitated by modern poets continually, and with very considerable effect. The ninth I cannot wish unwritten, although the point and humour which greatly characterize it are scarcely indemnities for the selection of a subject, which might be only too necessary and obvious a theme in those abominable times, and which Churchill was so injudicious as to make the subject of one of his invectives in our own. The tenth, though it halts occasionally, and might be a little abridged, is one of the most perfect and dignified compositions in any language, and must be read and pondered on to the end of time. Of the remaining satires, I could best spare the eleventh and twelfth. The thirteenth and fourteenth are not only very fine compositions, but replete with the most important truths on the subjects they respectively treat of, especially that on the influence of example in education. The fifteenth is scarcely a satire at all, but it is full of fine poetry, and at the same time a most curious record of the barbarous state of Egypt under the emperors, and an interesting document of the author's residence in the country. Lastly, I am one of those who think the fragment of the sixteenth unquestionably authentic ; and the spirit of what is preserved makes me regret the loss of the remainder.

\* Gifford's Argument to the Sixth Satire.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

## JUVENAL.

---

As our information concerning the lives of most of the classic authors of antiquity seldom depends on any express documents which they have left, and is for the most part deduced from collateral authorities, we need not be surprised that all which is recorded of Juvenal, in the brief account which passes under the name of Suetonius, should be so far from satisfying that curiosity, which a character so energetic, and of necessity so conspicuous, would naturally invite. The historian of a turbulent, or the satirist of a corrupt period of society, if at all formidable from their talents, must, necessarily, provided they have the courage to avow their productions, attain a dangerous eminence among the public characters of their times. We may therefore well conceive, from the power of his compositions at this distance of time, what



must have been the sensation produced by the satires of Juvenal, when read by thousands who understood every line, entered into every allusion, and when many or most of the characters exposed in them were familiar to the streets of Rome.

The exact period during which Juvenal flourished is far from being uncontested or accurately settled. If he was born about the beginning of the reign of Claudius, A.D. 42, and lived to be eighty years of age, and there is reason to think he did, he must necessarily have seen the Roman empire under a great variety of masters, and have witnessed the enormities of its capital through the successive reigns of Nero, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, as well as those of Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan.

Aquinum, the place of his birth, is still represented by Aquino, a town in the Neapolitan territory, situated among the mountains, but interdicted to the traveller's research by the banditti who harbour in this part of Italy. He is supposed to have died at the commencement of the reign of Adrian.

Only one event of his life is well established; namely, his visit to Egypt under Domitian, a circumstance recorded by Suidas, and alluded to by himself. This visit is commonly supposed to have been involuntary—that he was exiled thither by Domitian, at the instance of Paris, a pantomime

player, on whose preposterous abuse of influence he had reflected. There can be little doubt, that however feeble the pretence, Domitian must have gladly availed himself of it, in order to remove so troublesome and so bold an inspector. Others, indeed, have thought that Juvenal might have travelled to Egypt for improvement; but though this country had often been frequented on such motives, it was in very different times, and in a much earlier stage of human knowledge. The ancient renown of Egypt had been little apprehended at any time by the Romans, though familiar to the Greeks from the works of their great historian; nor is it in the least probable that it could now invite the investigation of a polished nation, who justly held the people of the Nile as a race of infatuated savages.

Nothing whatever is known of the family of this distinguished satirist; it is written indeed that he was the son of a rich freedman, who gave him a liberal education, and bred him to the bar; but this statement seems doubtful and extraordinary, as he speaks with invariable scorn of this class of Roman subjects, with invariable jealousy of the advancement of their children, and dwells with peculiar pride on the honour of being a Roman citizen. Indeed, the value he places on this distinction is so conspicuous and repeated, that it may well outweigh the assertion of an unknown writer of his

life, on the authority of whose materials we are not able to decide.

Among his cotemporaries were Quintilian, Martial, Statius, Lucan, Seneca, Persius.

It is difficult to conceive how any doubt can ever have been entertained respecting the personal character of Juvenal and the excellence of his design; who, whether he denounces the grosser vices, or exposes folly and hypocrisy; whether he delights to enlarge on the simplicity of former times, or unveil the corruption of his own; whether he draws the picture of a cottage group, or paints the enormities of a voluptuous and profligate court, is always so plainly in earnest. Far from being a frigid declaimer against vice, the great satirist betrays everywhere the resolute and indignant spirit of his own Lucilius, and the genuine animation of a sincere friend to virtue. So sensibly alive to the interests of morality, as to be not only offended by crime, but shocked by impropriety, it can scarcely be doubted that, to his mind, the indecorous dress of the magistrate and the theatrical exposure of the nobles, were, as he represents them, subjects of humiliation and of regret.

In the midst of a most profligate and degenerate city, this august reformer would appear to have sustained a highly important, although a self-assumed office, in holding up to his countrymen the



alarming depravity into which Rome was fast merging; in denouncing vice of every kind, and fixing an indelible stigma on those who habitually practised it; in respecting and claiming respect for virtue, inculcating reverence for the Deity, insisting on personal goodness as the only claim to distinction, the only foundation for happiness, and in pointing out to man, "with the indifference of a superior being," as Mr. Gibbon expresses it, "the vanity of his hopes and of his disappointments." In a state where none any longer valued the name of a Roman, or felt an interest beyond the present hour, it was matter of pride to him to have been nourished on the Sabine olive, and to regard effeminate and corrupt foreigners with a love of country worthy of the severest times of his own "bearded kings."

Less sportive than Horace, but an equal master of all the intricacies of the human heart, unlike the bard of Venusium, who diverted himself with the weakness, Juvenal rather applied himself to detect the corruption of human nature. Never so much himself as when he assumes the tone of indignation, apostrophizes the virtuous founders of the republic, or pours out his irresistible invective on some conspicuous criminal, he is yet singularly happy in his strokes of irony and of humour, and in the skilful introduction of oblique and indirect

satire. The amiable feelings have been denied, or sparingly conceded to Juvenal, and it must be allowed that his writings contain fewer passages on which a claim to such a complexion of character might be directly founded; yet are they not deficient in many, of much tenderness and sensibility. The severe, however, and the awful, are plainly the leading characters of his writings, and those in which the ascendancy of his genius is most conspicuous. That he is sometimes almost impenetrably obscure, and, on the whole, among the most difficult of the Latin classics, arises partly from the very nature of satire; for here, as well as in the comedy of the ancients, a variety of local institutions, and traits of ancient usage, very imperfectly known, must necessarily render the study of these writings far more difficult than that of others which speak not the local and confined idiom of the manners, but the universal language of the passions of mankind.

# SATIRES OF JUVENAL.

---

## SATIRE I.

### ARGUMENT.

THE following poem has been called an Introduction: while, however, it fully and excellently answers that purpose, it is as much a satire as any which succeed, and contains a very powerful and spirited sketch of the dissoluteness of Rome. The degeneracy of poetry and of taste, women disordering the scheme of society by their indelicacy of life, treacherous guardians, informers, poisoners, together with a universal prevalence of servility, prodigality, gluttony, desertion of dependants, &c., are alleged as so many provocations for the assumption of the satiric pen.

I know not of any adequate reason for supposing this to have been composed subsequently to the other satires, and merely as an introduction to them.

Dusaulx gives the following titles, in place of arguments, to the satires: 1. Why he Writes; 2. Hypocrisy; 3. Rome; 4. The Turbot; 5. The Parasites; 6. Women; 7. Men of Letters; 8. Nobility; 9. Protectors; 10. Wishes; 11. Luxury; 12. Return of Catullus; 13. The Deposit; 14. Example; 15. Superstition. Now the truth is, that there are not more than four satires in which anything like unity is preserved.

### PERSONS MENTIONED.

Fronto, (Julius,) a Roman nobleman, who patronised the poets of the day, often mentioned by Martial.

Sylla, the celebrated dictator of Rome, and the first author of cruelties and proscriptions, improved on by his three disciples, as Juvenal calls them, sat. ii.

Crispinus, an Egyptian slave, raised to wealth and distinction by Domitian.

Matho, an indifferent pleader, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Bucca, as he is called in satire xi. Ostentation not answering, his affairs went to ruin, but he recovered them by the flourishing practice of an informer.

Carus, (Mettius,) a noted informer in the employment of government. (See Tacitus, Hist., iv. 50.)

Latinus, a distinguished performer in the corps de ballet of Domitian.

Thymele, also an actress; whether his wife, or a lady who was much devoted to him, is uncertain.

Marius. See the note.

Locusta, a woman who prepared poisons in Rome; and whom, when Agrippina determined to take off Claudius, she consulted.

Pallas, a freedman of Claudius, and his great favourite. To whom, at the representation of the emperor of his great merit in discovering the intermarriage of Roman women and slaves, the senate voted a large sum of money, and the thanks of the public.

#### PLACES MENTIONED.

Canopus, situated on one of the mouths of the Nile (hence called Canopicus) not far from Alexandria: a place infamous for its depravity.

Lugdunum, Lyons; at the confluence of the Rhone and the Soane, a flourishing Roman colony, where there was an altar erected to Augustus.

Gyarus, or Gyaræ; a barren island in the Ægean sea. See the note.

Cales, or Calenum; a town of Campania, situated in a district famous for its wines.—*Horat.*, od. iv., 12, 14; i., 20, 9.

Laurentum, a town of Latium, not far from Ostia.

Via Flaminia; the most ancient of the roads from Rome; which went from that city to Rimini, through Etruria.

---

THAT Theseid still! what! have they no remorse?  
 Shall Codrus, with diurnal ravings hoarse,  
 Shall whining elegies against my will,  
 And wretched dramas, persecute me still?  
 Unpunish'd Telephus my days consume, 5  
 And marginless Orestes be my doom,

5 That the titles of these compositions have survived their authors they may thank Juvenal, who lays under more considerable obligations in another satire some equally distinguished

Where o'er the sheet's vast back th' extending scrawl  
 Is not yet finish'd, though it fills it all ?  
 Must all this be, and must I still, resign'd,  
 Still only hear, nor once repay in kind ? 10

None better knows the house he calls his own  
 Than Vulcan's cave long since to me was known ;  
 What winds, and wherefore mission'd, sweep the sky,  
 What ghosts are scourged by Æacus, and why ;  
 Who launch'd the galley that in days of old 15  
 Bore off that furtive prize the fleece of gold ;  
 How Monychus the mountain ash can tear,  
 And hurl the monstrous missile through the air ;  
 These be the themes, the everlasting strains,  
 That echo'd all day long mid Fronto's planes, 20  
 That his vast corridors and halls endure,  
 Till columns split, and walls are insecure !

And yet ourselves once snatch'd the hand away  
 From prone descending rod, as well as they,  
 And counsell'd Sylla before all the school, 25  
 That to sleep soundly, he must cease to rule.  
 Enough ! enough ! the clemency were vain  
 From paper doom'd to perish, to abstain.

Yet wherefore on that plain my course I trace,  
 Mark'd by the stern Auruncan's glorious race, 30

scribes, by conjoining with their own the names of their productions ; to which circumstance only is it due that posterity has heard of the

Alcyonem Bacchi, Thebas, et Terea Fausti.

20 The plane still constitutes the great ornament of the country in southern Europe.

23 "We too have our pretensions to be heard. We have gone the round of rhetorical exercises," &c. Of these the usurpation of Sylla would naturally furnish an ample subject in the time of Juvenal. While the poetical themes were all, as our author complains, of a mythological kind, those of the schools seem to have been derived from striking passages in the Roman history : the Punic war was one of them, and no doubt a favourite one. Thus Hannibal is made the bane of the Roman school-master with excellent effect in satire vii.

Where great Lucilius erst with sounding thong  
Lash'd his fleet coursers at full speed along,  
If reason move, and truth may win thine ear,  
And thou hast time withal—first calmly hear!

When eunuchs marry, when our Mævias dare 35  
'The Tuscan boar, with bust and shoulder bare;  
When senators are poor, to him compared  
Whose razor flay'd my rudiments of beard;  
When a born slave, a fellow from the Nile,  
Whom e'en Canopus had accounted vile, 40  
Crispinus! cumber'd with his purple vest,  
Waves the hot hand with lightest rings oppress'd,  
And sweats beneath the weight of summer gold!—  
What! from the pen of satire still withhold!

31 Concerning the merits of Lucilius, who was born 147 years A.C. at Sinuessa, and who composed thirty-six satires, some fragments of which remain, three important opinions, delivered by critics whose competence cannot be questioned, are still in existence.

Those of Horace and of Juvenal seem not to have been substantially different: that of Juvenal we find at the end of this satire, in which it must be confessed that he praises not so much the poet as the man.

Horace also assigns to Lucilius as his principal excellence, an intrepid spirit in attacking the vicious of his age. A temperament so little suitable to finished composition, that it seems to warrant the expressions which he uses in delivering his opinion of the writings of the first satirists of Rome.

We learn from Quintilian that some persons were so partial to Lucilius in his days, as to prefer him not only to the later writers of satire, but to all writers whatever. He dissents, however, equally from them, and from the less favourable judgment of Horace. Add to these the memorable expression of Persius, "Secuit urbem," and we shall be left but little doubtful of the real character of the lost satires of Lucilius.

42 I subjoin the substance of a note of Dusaulx's. The Romans had three sorts of rings: 1. Those which distinguished the rank of the wearer; 2. Marriage rings; and 3. Chirographi or seals. From wearing one on each hand, they came to wear one on each finger, and then one on every joint. Their establishment of rings was so large that, says Lampridius, Heliogabalus would as soon have thought of wearing twice a shoe as the same ring.



Show me the man that starts not when he sees 45  
 Fat Matho plunged in cushions at his ease,  
 Nor curses traitors when there passes by  
 Some purse-proud vagabond, some cut-throat spy,  
 That rises to distinction as he drains  
 The last best blood that flow'd in Roman veins : 50  
 Whom e'en the hireling spies of office dread ;  
 Whom the vile Massa, trembling for his head,  
 Must buy with bribes ; whom Carus in alarm  
 Must with his gold, or with his girl disarm ;  
 When lust becomes a profitable trade, 55  
 And your succession scoundrels can invade,  
 Whose dearly earn'd and meritorious nights  
 The wealth thou shouldst inherit now requites,  
 While codicils commensurate to each  
 The balanced energies of either teach ; 60  
 Here, house and lands ; there, legacies attest ;  
 One great indeed ! the other did his best !  
 Of his drain'd blood, yes ! let him take the fee  
 Who treads on asps unseen, less pale than he ;  
 Or they that at Lugdunum's altar rise, 65  
 And weigh the peril as they court the prize.

Why tell with what unvented passions press'd  
 The labouring gall lies heavy at my breast,  
 When one, the orphan's curse that boldly braves,  
 Forces his way with herds of hireling slaves ? 70  
 When Marius, exiled by a judgment vain,  
 (For what is infamy if wealth remain ?)

71 Marius Priscus had been proconsul of Africa, and on his return from that government was obliged to submit to a trial at the instance of his plundered subjects, "quos discinxerit," whose very zones, Juvenal facetiously tells us, (sat. viii., 120,) he had taken from them. He obtained, however, from the emperor the favour of select judges, (such they indeed were, since the historian Tacitus, with Pliny the consul, were of the number,) and the following passage will help us to their opinion of the impeached : "We, being assigned by the senate as counsel for the province, thought it our duty," says Pliny, "to tell the house that the crimes alleged against him were of too atrocious a nature to go to an inferior court ; for he was charged with venal-

Laughs at the angry gods, consuming more  
 And better wine, and earlier than before ?  
 Go, province ! urge thy suit, succeed, and sigh 75  
 At an appeal that thou wert mad to try !

Shall not Venusium's lamp be well consumed  
 On times like these ? or still to nonsense doom'd,  
 Of the "seven labours" will they spare us none ?  
 Our ears must Diomed for ever stun ? 80

The Cretan mazes must we still explore  
 To find our good old friend the Minotaur ?  
 And sit resign'd to hear new poets sing  
 The oft-told marvels of the plastic wing ?  
 What !—when some jockey, ruin'd by the course, 85  
 Dare ask for cohorts as a last resource,  
 Whirl past us still in impudent display,  
 The gaze and dread of the Flaminian way :  
 Might not the page, when scenes like these you meet,  
 Be to redundance fill'd in every street ? 90

Of six athletic slaves behold the freight,  
 Mæcenas like, in palanquin of state,

ity in the administration of justice, and with taking money to pass sentence of death on persons perfectly innocent." The same author gives a long and interesting account of the trial, which lasted three days, and of which the issue was that Marius was condemned to pay a heavy pecuniary fine, and to be banished from Italy. To such a character the loss of country would be nothing, and accordingly the satirist represents him perfectly at his ease in the enjoyment of his iniquitous gains.

84 Vide Ovid ; Met. viii. The wings of Icarus were only too good ; for, soaring too near to the sun, they melted, and he fell into the Icarian sea,

Vitreo daturus  
 Nomina Ponto.

91 The litter seems to have been quite similar to the palanquin of the East. Cicero says that Verres made use of one superbly decorated, and of which the pillows were stuffed with roses : it was also *octophorus*, borne by eight men, six being the usual number. A sort of sedan chair, which two men could carry, was in use among the Romans of more slender fortune : but though the word here used is *cathedra*, the machine could not have been such a chair, because it is mounted "sexta cervice." There must have been a seat in the litter, when its oc-



To whom a few short lines, authentic made  
 By a forged seal, inheritance convey'd!  
 Or lo! some matron, ready to infuse 95  
 The toad's rank venom in Calenum's juice,  
 And hold, herself, the cup, with torment stored,  
 To cool the thirst of her confiding lord!  
 With deeper skill than fell Locusta fraught,  
 Her simpler friends how often has she taught 100

cupant did not choose to recline. In the third satire, the rich man so carried reads or writes in his progress through the streets.

94 "Gemina uda." The engraved stones kept for the purpose of authenticating the more important transactions of their possessors were usually deposited in some place of security. In the fourteenth satire we meet with the sard, "loculis quæ custoditur eburnis." Whereas the common signet was worn on the hand: every one has heard of the frog of Mæcenas.

99 Of Locusta we shall hear again. She was consulted by the wife of Claudius about the cooking of the mushroom. Also by Nero when he was contriving his brother's "epilepsy." In short, her reputation was so great, and her services so considerable, that she was long numbered, says Tacitus, "inter instrumenta regni." Modern naturalists recognise no poisonous species of toad: even the most formidable of the species, to appearance, that of Surinam, is said to be harmless; but the belief of the ancients on this matter was all but universal. Pliny is express on the subject: and however liable to objection his testimony might be, those of Aëtius and Dioscorides, the latter of whom lived in those very times, from Nero to Vespasian, are far otherwise. Aëtius describes two kinds of this reptile. Would the reader wish to know the symptoms which follow such a draught as that mentioned in the text? they may be transcribed from the Alexipharmaca of Dioscorides. The remedies which he recommends as successful are, emetics, copious draughts of wine, spiceries, and exercise; he also adds that it is easy to discern from what is vomited whether a person has been poisoned by the toad.

The introduction to this book is very interesting, and loudly proclaims the times in which it was written. The reader is warned of the various ways by which food or wine may be poisoned, and how the taste or smell of the drugs may be disguised. In short, he must be more sagacious than a rat to escape from such multiplied chances of destruction. He is advised never to eat in a hurry, to avoid all intense flavours of

To carry forth a livid husband's bier,  
 Reckless of whispering mobs that hover near!  
 Say, wouldst thou prosper? merit first the jail!  
 Let Gyarae thy great deservings hail!  
 For that same probity that all commend 105  
 Starves on applause, and seldom finds a friend;  
 While gardens, gems, and works of art sublime,  
 Are but the dues and perquisites of crime!  
 Down from that moment when Deucalion spread  
 His hasty sails, and to the mountain fled, 110  
 There breathed a while, and bless'd his little prow,  
 While whelming torrents swell'd the floods below;  
 What time the stones to warm with life began,  
 And Pyrrha show'd the naked sex to man;  
 Whate'er to man belongs our page employs, 115  
 His wishes, fears, resentments, hopes, and joys.  
 For when did vice so boldly raise the head?  
 When were the sails of avarice wider spread?  
 When did such dire infatuation fly  
 To the swift mischief of the falling die? 120

sweet, sour, or saline; to drink slowly and circumspectly, attending to the quality. Antidotes are recommended in profusion.

104 Gyarus; Gyara, *hod. Joura*. "There is not," says Mr. Tournefort, "a more dismal place in all the Archipelago. We found nothing but huge field mice, perhaps of the race that forced away the inhabitants, as Pliny reports. Joura is at this day entirely abandoned. We saw there three ghastly shepherds, who had been starving ten or twelve days, &c. It is twelve miles round." Vide *Tournefort, Voyage au Levant*, vol. ii., where there is a bird's-eye view of the island. The Romans sent some of their troublesome persons out of the way, under the colour of an appointment to a specious exile in Egypt, Africa, or Spain. But convicted criminals were sent to shift for themselves on some barren rock in the Archipelago, or elsewhere, such as the island above named, Seripho, and others. Such too was Planasia, near Corsica, whither Augustus sent Agrippa Posthumus; and Patmos, to which St. John was banished from Ephesus by Domitian, and where, according to some of the fathers, he wrote his gospel, of which the date, agreeably to their account, must nearly coincide with that of these satires.

With common stakes too long the game might last,  
 For all or nothing now the throw is cast!  
 The chest entire, the guerdon of the strife,  
 On! on! they madly rush for death or life!  
 What! is it mere and common phrensy, say,      125  
 To lose ten thousand sesterces at play,  
 And then contrive by paltry arts to save  
 The cheap coarse garment of your shudd'ring slave?  
 Built they of old such villas? did our sires  
 Spur jaded appetite to fresh desires;      130  
 At solitary feasts, while clients wait,  
 To snatch the dole presented at the gate;  
 Nor without scrutiny, for rogues might claim  
 And cheat the master with a spurious name?  
 First come first served! the sacred blood of Troy,  
 Content with us the threshold to annoy,      136  
 Must have pretensions here, and patience learn!  
 "Wait, friend, till we can know you, take your  
 turn."

126 Sestertius, sestertium. These were the terms made use of in common computation. A sestertius is computed at  $1\frac{3}{4}d.$ ; a denarius,  $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ ; a sestertium, which is the name of a sum, not of a coin, like our pound, contained 1000 sestertii or  $8l. 1s. 5\frac{1}{2}d.$

131 It is well known that the bond which united the noble with the plebeian families of Rome was founded on reciprocal advantage, and was in her earlier days an honour and a benefit to both. The noble was surrounded by a train of clients, whose interests he maintained, and whose necessities he relieved: who sat in his hall, and partook of his hospitality through life. In the time of Juvenal, however, all this was passed away; nothing had become, as he tells us, (sat. iii.) of less value than an old and faithful retainer, and the shadow of ancient generosity was reduced to an alms, either of provision or money, at the option usually of the donor, though sometimes regulated by the emperors, which was distributed at the door, beyond which the client gained no admittance. To make the picture before us as humiliating as possible, the crowd which scramble at the door are obliged to undergo an inspection by the distributor; pretors and tribunes make a part of it; while the host dines on the most extravagant dainties by himself—peacock, one of them, which was at last so essential to a dinner, that Cicero writes to Pætus, "*vide audaciam, etiam Hirtio cœnam dedi sine pavone.*"

"Way for the pretor! for the tribune place!"  
 "Softly, here's one came first, I know his face."  
 "Ay!" cries the upstart, "long enough before!" 141  
 Nor budge I from my post, although the bore  
 Of either ear convict me if I lie,  
 And swear I never saw Euphrates, I!  
 Good rents are mine! good tenants and secure! 145  
 In times like these is purple half so sure?  
 Does not an indigent Corvinus keep  
 On the Laurentian meads his landlord's sheep?  
 The Licini's, and Pallas's estate  
 Were less than mine; so let the tribunes wait!" 150  
 Oh, wealth! the day is thine, let honour bow  
 Its sacred head to all thy minions now,  
 To prosp'rous vagabonds, whose whiten'd feet  
 Stood once for sale, like cattle, in the street!  
 For here, long since unanimous, we hold 155  
 The sacrosanct divinity of gold,  
 Thou fatal power of money! thou alone  
 Dwellest not yet in temple of thine own;  
 As Peace, Faith, Valour, Victory maintain  
 Each its own honours and its separate fane, 160  
 And Concord, where the clattering nest on high  
 Owns the salute, and hails the passer-by.  
 If highest office condescend to count  
 The paltry pension's annual amount,  
 Why should the client not the boon desire 165  
 That helps to get him clothing, food, and fire?

144 "I will give no man a reason on compulsion, I?"—  
*Falstaff.*

145 The equites, an intermediate class between the patrician and plebeian orders, were eligible indifferently from either; the necessary estate in the latter times of the republic and under the emperors was 400 sestertia, (3229*l.*.) according to some.— See Middleton's *Cicero*, vol. i. 3. There was latterly no election into this order: it was a matter of course in the lustrum, which took place every five years, all who had the property were enrolled in the list: hence the boast of the freedman in this passage.

In close-wedged ranks see where the litters join,  
 To take the stinted boon of paltry coin !  
 Is not the sick, the pregnant matron found  
 On the same errand with the husband bound ? 170  
 Although there be that with an empty chair  
 Receive their own and claim their lady's share.  
 " My Galla waits me in the crowd without:  
 Dismiss us, pray—how now ?—you seem to doubt !"  
 " You know that I should see her—" " And expect  
 I'll wake her to convince you ! friend, reflect !" 176  
 Day after day repeats the same routine ;  
 His dole obtain'd, the client must be seen  
 About the courts, and those litigious urns,  
 Where all our quirks of law Apollo learns ; 180  
 (Where mid triumphal statues raised on high,  
 One's spleen must ever and anon descry  
 That some barbarian mongrel, some unknown  
 Egyptian, Arabarch, dared plant his own !  
 Whose titled effigies one's choice compel 185  
 For purpose that we care not here to tell.)  
 The day's attendance closed, and evening come,  
 The uninvited client hies him home,  
 Cursing the churlish gate ; the wretched man  
 Must now seek roots and fuel where he can, 190  
 While his protector patron lies conceal'd,  
 Devouring all that earth, air, ocean yield,  
 And mid his splendid furniture at rest,  
 No vacant couch receives, or friend or guest.  
 None now can be a parasite at least, 195  
 Or court the grossness of a great man's feast !  
 Gods ! a whole boar ! entire ! at once ! for one !—  
 A creature given to man for feasts alone !—  
 But stay ! indignant fate has cross'd thy path,  
 And only waits thy progress to the bath. 200  
 Go, turgid glutton ! strip ! and gasp for breath,  
 In one brief struggle with convulsive death ;  
 Go, gorged with peacock ; add thee to the page  
 Of fate's swift mission, and intestate age,



Through every circle while thy story flies, 205  
And friends lead forth thy mirthful obsequies.

Such, such is Rome! no deed for future time  
Is left, to mark maturity of crime;  
Ourselves have reach'd the cliff's high summit, none  
Can now outdare the deeds ourselves have done,  
And left in legacy! go, hoist the sail, 211  
And satire's bark shall fly before the gale!

Here, haply mayst thou say, be talents thine  
To bear thee prosperous through the bold design,  
Of ancient times that energy severe, 215  
'That utterance bold, that spirit strange to fear.  
Of Mutius and his wrath I lightly deem!

But should a Tigellinus be the theme,  
With those, some night, thou shalt be called to shine,  
Who writhe in tortures mid the blazing pine, 220  
With throats transfix'd all smoking as they stand,  
And raise deep furrows in the fatal sand.

"What, then, shall he who mingled aconite  
For three! three uncles! still insult our sight?  
Sunk in soft down, shall he be borne in state?" 225  
Peace! peace! and rush not madly on thy fate;  
If he approach, restrain thy very breath:  
He points! 'tis done! his lightest whisper, death!

218 The person alluded to under this name might well be an object of terror. Tigellinus himself was long since dead, having been destroyed by Otho. He was one of the most dangerous of the satellites of Nero, with whom he was in high favour. The passage generally refers to the horrible iniquity of Nero in putting the Christians to a most barbarous death, on an affected suspicion that they had set fire to the city. I do not think that any one has adverted to the casualty which enabled this monster to transfer with more success than he otherwise could the odium of this misfortune to the early converts of the Christian church. Without some plausible pretext he never would have been able to carry his villany into effect. Now it so happened that in the destructive fire which brought on these calamities two or three of the most ancient temples in Rome were reduced to ashes. The use to be made of this was obvious; and we all know the effects of religious bigotry; "They quit our temples for new gods, and next they burn them."

Oh bid the muse to themes less dangerous turn,  
And tell the tale of Hylas and his urn! 230  
Æneas, Turnus, none their quarrels harm,  
None shall vow vengeance where none feel alarm!  
But when Lucilius with intrepid hand  
Bares the bright terrors of his gleaming brand:  
How the warm current mantles in the cheek, 235  
While sins reveal'd in burning blushes speak,  
The bosom heaves, with agony suppress'd,  
The sweat of guilt bedews the labouring breast:  
Then comes the burst of rage! thy peril know,  
And pause, ere yet the signal trumpet blow. 240  
The helmet on, thou canst no more decline;  
Now, be the perils of the combat thine!  
Since living vengeance, then, thou bidd'st me dread,  
The tomb shall yield me culprits in the dead:  
Then be their crimes arraigned, whose bones decay  
Beneath the Latin and Flaminian way. 246

## SATIRE II.

### ARGUMENT.

**THERE** is so little of connection in many of the satires, that to write an argument would mostly resolve itself into a summary of the contents of each. Of this the hypocrisy of vice is the general subject: the unnatural passions, the imitation of the rights of the Bona Dea, and the exhibition of the nobles on the stage, are principal parts of it. None of all the satires is more difficult to translate; and though many are of more general interest, yet none, for the length, has finer passages. There is much indeed of exceptionable matter to a modern ear, which, however it might be a reason for glossing over in a translation, can weigh for nothing against the poet, who probably thought that to give things their right name, and to expose boldly, was the accomplishment of half his work in a case where the vice was of a kind so abhorrent to the common feelings of mankind. Let the reader look over a dozen of the earlier pages of the epigrams of Meleager, many of those very beautiful, (Brunck, Anthol., v. 1,) and he will judge whether there was occasion for such a satire as this.

### PERSONS MENTIONED.

Sauromatæ, the inhabitants of Sarmatia on either side of the Tanais.

Peribomius, probably a fictitious name, περιβομιος, *qui circa aras est.*—*Ruperti.*

Sextus, Varillus, also fictitious names: at least not known.

Gracchus, Caius and Tiberius, the celebrated advocates for the Agrarian law, a subject which occasioned such dreadful scenes in the republic: they both lost their lives in the popular tumult, A.U.C. 621. The object of the Agrarian law was, that none of the nobles should possess above five hundred acres of land, but that the overplus should be divided among the people.

The Gracchus who makes so conspicuous a figure below is supposed by some to be a feigned name. Sempronius Gracchus, of another family, who lived in the reign of Augustus, though a very bad character, would be too far back for the purpose of a satire written in the reign of Domitian.



Verres. See Middleton's Cicero, vol. i. A celebrated pretor of Sicily, who has had the honour of giving his name to all corrupt and oppressive governors.

Milo, well known by the defence which Cicero made for him after the murder of Clodius : it was, however, only a speech intended to be spoken.

Clodius, best known by his intrusion as a "psaltria," vide sat. vi., into the mysteries of the Bona Dea, in order to accomplish his intrigue with the wife of Cæsar.

Sylla. See sat. i.

Julia, the daughter of Titus, and niece of Domitian, whom he might have married before she became the wife of Sabinus. After that marriage he seduced her, murdered her husband, and destroyed by drugs herself and her child.

Laronia. Dives. anus, vidua, (Martial.)

Tædia, Cluvia, Flora, Catulla, either feigned names, or unknown.

Histor, Pacuvius, probably the same on whom Juvenal bestows some poetical execrations at the end of satire xii.

Creticus, some Roman of illustrious family.

Procula, Pollita, Fabulla, Carfinia. Most likely these are real names. Procula is again introduced in the third satire as too little even for Codrus.

Cotyto, called Cecropian, from her worship at Athens.

Lyde, a vender of specifics or provocatives at Rome.

Zalates, an Armenian hostage, and without doubt a real name. That Armenia had about this time given this sort of security for her good behaviour, see Tacit. Ann. xiii. 9, xv. 1.

#### PLACES MENTIONED.

Bebriacum, or Bedriacum, was adjacent to Cremona. Plutarch relates that visiting this celebrated field of battle soon after the victory of Vitellius, he saw embankments of dead bodies as high as a man's neck from the ground.

Juverna. Ireland.

Artaxata, the capital of Armenia.

---

FAIN would I fly beyond Sarmatia's snows,  
 Beyond the ice-bound ocean seek repose,  
 When, preaching morals, these impostors come,  
 Stoics abroad, and bacchanals at home :  
 Yea, dunces also, though you're sure to find      5  
 Busts of Chrysippus to each niche consign'd.

(Doubtless a head of Pittacus in stone  
 May reasonably answer for one's own!  
 And who shall tax the wisdom that can show  
 A bronze Cleanthes perch'd on his bureau?) 10  
 Trust not one face among them! all's deceit!  
 Hypocrisy's abroad in every street!  
 Hear how at vice they raise the hue and cry,  
 The veriest swine of the Socratic sty!  
 The shaggy brow, the slow and solemn tone, 15  
 Spare speech, and hardy limbs with bristles sown,  
 Must surely make the man of medicine smile  
 At the philosopher—he cures the while!  
 Why, Peribomius' self gives less offence,  
 Who makes to shame or virtue no pretence; 20  
 When Vice has mark'd her man, and stamps the  
 gait,  
 He cheats me not, I put him down to fate.  
 Frankness has still some plea, but perish those  
 Who act th' enormities their tongues expose!  
 "Is't such as thou that such as I must fear?" 25  
 Varillus cries, in infamy sincere;  
 "No, Sextus, no! the white may jeer the black,  
 The straight may laugh at lumps upon the back;  
 But treason! from the Gracchi, who shall bear?  
 Who'd not invoke at once, earth, ocean, air? 30  
 Your thief, when honest Verres can't abide,  
 And Milo must be shocked at homicide,  
 When Clodius 'gainst adulterers declaims,  
 When Catiline, forsooth, Cethegus blames!  
 And his three well-taught pupils must condemn 35  
 Sylla's vindictive acts—surpass'd by them!"  
 A late adulterer thus, (oh, deep disgust!)  
 Polluted by a tragedy of lust,  
 While his own hand the drastic potion gave  
 That sent his crime and Julia to the grave: 40  
 (Else had there come to light the dire disgrace,  
 The damning features of an uncle's face.)

41 Such a censor was Domitian, who, after destroying his

Restored unwelcome statutes and decrees,  
 That leave not Mars nor Venus quite at ease.  
 Scauri like these the worst of rogues disdain, 45  
 And when they feel the fang will bite again.  
 One of this scowling school was wont to roar,  
 "Sleep'st thou, oh Julian law, to wake no more?"  
 Laronia heard; and, sneering, thus began: 49  
 "Hail, happy times, which boast so grave a man!  
 Stand thou but forth, shame shall once more arise,  
 See Rome's third Cato fallen from the skies!  
 Yet, do I err? a fragrance most divine  
 Seems to exhale from that rough neck of thine:  
 Pray, were it fair to ask the vender's name? 55  
 Yet hark ye, friend, if thus in love with fame,  
 And dusty laws and edicts be thy taste,  
 Get the Scantinian before all replaced:  
 Go, scrutinize of men the virtues rare,  
 Much need they, by report, thy tender care, 60  
 Though number to their sex protection yield  
 A phalanx firm of shield lock'd in with shield.  
 Link'd in strict friendship live the shameless race,  
 Yet crimes like yours shall none in women trace,  
 For Cluvia, Tædia breathes no amorous sighs, 65  
 Nor sees unhallow'd fires in Flora's eyes;  
 While your own Hispo, monster of his time,  
 Sustains the penalties of double crime.  
 No litigations claim our vacant hours,  
 Your forums echo to no brawls of ours: 70  
 Some, I admit, but they are only few,  
 Strive in gymnastics, and contend with you:  
 As you with them oft as ye put away  
 The well-spun labours of th' industrious day!  
 Arachne's self at your success would pine, 75  
 Ne'er drew Penelope a thread so fine!

own niece, had the impudence to revive the law which condemned the unchaste vestal to be buried alive, and actually to carry it into execution on the person of Cornelia Maximilla.—  
*Pliny, epist. iv. 10.*

"Why to one liberated slave alone  
 Hister left all by will, long since is known;  
 Nor less, why the same Hister, ere he died,  
 Lavish'd large gifts on his enduring bride. 80  
 She shall be rich, who, to resentment dead,  
 Makes a third party in her husband's bed.  
 Marry, and be discreet, and many a ring,  
 And many a gem shall well-judged silence bring.  
 Oh sex immaculate! must woman flee 85  
 From breath of scandal breathed by such as ye?  
 But Censure deals her undiscerning blow,  
 She lacerates the dove and spares the crow."  
 A tale of truth she sang, the sages fled,  
 For well Laronia had their morals read. 90

Enough of them!—but, tell me, when a guide  
 Of public morals dares in gauze preside,  
 When Creticus, in muslin, sits him down,  
 And summons the notorious of the town,  
 What may not come to pass?—when judges dress  
 In such effrontery of nakedness! 96

"But 'tis July: I melt:"—then strip thee, man:  
 Offend no longer, be at once insane!  
 Does that frail tegument, that thing of gauze,  
 Befit your grave expositor of laws, 100  
 While his victorious countrymen draw near,  
 Smarting with recent wounds the speech to hear,  
 Or the rude peasant from his mountains come,  
 Who left the plough a while to gaze at Rome?  
 What! must we still be silent and behold 105  
 A magistrate, whom muslin robes enfold?  
 A magistrate! why it might move our spleen  
 If such attire were on a witness seen!  
 Is it for thee to curb a shameless age,  
 Pellucid patriot! acrimonious sage? 110

"One solitary stain one need not dread:"  
 Ay! but it spreads, and threatens still to spread.  
 So in the fields one mangy swine is known  
 To taint the herd with foulness like his own,

And thus the sunless grape, by shadows vex'd, 115  
 Absorbs its blushing colour from the next.  
 But, trust me, Creticus, within thee lie  
 The germs of mischief of a deeper die ;  
 And thou once more the well-known truth shall  
     teach ; 119  
 None, at one plunge, the depths of vileness reach.  
 Ere long, the monstrous troop thou shalt have join'd  
 Where each, with garland on his brows entwined,  
 To hear her suppliant the good goddess moves  
 With the swine's udder, and the cup she loves.  
 Ill-omen'd rites, of which the priests demure 125  
 Far from the threshold drive the sex impure ;  
 For males alone the smoking altars rise,  
 "Hence, sex profane ! begone !" the herald cries,  
 "Be these our shrines approach'd by males alone,  
 Here shall no trumpets sound, by women blown."  
 (Such secret orgies erst the Baptæ held, 131  
 Till e'en Cotytto's self the scene repell'd.)  
 Some with fine pencil, steep'd in sooty die,  
 Give new expression to the trembling eye,

115 A vulgar opinion, founded on the unequal manner in which black grapes acquire their colour, the more exposed ripening first ; which had passed into a proverb recorded by Suidas.

133 The painting of the eye, or eyelash, is an oriental custom which continues to this day, so that any change in the punctuation of the passage in order to render it intelligible, is needless. The manner of doing it among the Turks is described by Shaw and Russel. The colouring matter employed is the sulphuret of antimony ; some of this is made to adhere to a small smooth wire of two inches long ; on which they close the eyelids, and then draw it through so as to leave the colour on their edges ; the staining of the inner edge of the eyelid being the object of the practice : hence the word *calliblepharon*. Chateaubriand has the following passage, which affords a further illustration : "The women of Athens appear to be smaller and less handsome than those of the Morea : their practice of painting the orbit of the eyes blue and the ends of the finger red is disagreeable to a stranger." An entertaining note may also be read on this subject, on a passage in Vathek. "They colour the inside of their eyelashes, some with a mixture of antimony



One fills a glass Priapus, one consigns 135  
 His shaggy hair in nets of golden lines,  
 Clothes his coarse form in delicate sky blue,  
 While slaves invoke their master's Juno too!  
 One in the speculum surveys his charms,  
 That faithful confidant of Otho's arms, 140  
 Which gave assurance that each clasp shone bright,  
 Ere he allow'd the signal for the fight.  
 A mirror! annalists the fact declare,  
 Amid the rage and tears of civil war!  
 Unequall'd chief, a skin without a stain, 145  
 Was dear to thee as aged Galba slain!  
 With store of bland perfumes behold him come,  
 E'en to thy field of blood, Bebraicum!  
 The pomp of palaces in camps to seek,  
 And wrap in moisten'd meal his tender cheek! 150  
 Ye gods! such cares, at such an hour as this,  
 Had been disdain'd by frail Semiramis!  
 And held by Cleopatra's self in scorn,  
 Erst in that mournful bark at Actium borne!  
 Here of foul Cybele the license reigns, 155  
 Nor shame, nor reverence of the board restrains,

and oil, called in Turkish *surme*; some with the soot made of the smoke from the gum of labdanum, and they throw a powder into the corners of the eye to add to its brilliancy."—*Hobhouse's Albania*, i., 497. To which authorities and illustrations of the text may be added the curious work of Bottiger, now translated into French; its title, *Sabina, ou La Toilette d'une Dame Romaine*.

139 Otho has certainly some grounds on which to appeal from the satirist to the historian. That he was a young man, living in the practice of the luxuries and the vices of the times, is a point in which Tacitus, Plutarch, and Suetonius concur. But there was an energy and decision in his character, which makes it fit that something more should be recorded of him than his mirror; and although Galba warned his adherents that the republic had in vain escaped from Nero, if it should be ruled by his intimate associate and friend, Otho appears to have been the associate of Nero's pleasures more than of his cruelties.



The faltering voice of lewdness only heard,  
 While some fanatic with a hoary beard,  
 Famed for his glutton feats at ev'ry feast,  
 O'er the foul mystery presides high-priest. 160

What do these wretches wait for? why forbear,  
 Or leave one mark of man's distinction there?  
 One that of late the horn or trumpet blew,  
 Gracchus beheld, and loved and married too;  
 Sestertia, twice two hundred, were the dower; 165  
 The deeds were sign'd, arriv'd the nuptial hour;  
 Friends wish'd him joy, invited to the feast,  
 And garlands, lamps, and minstrels did the rest!

Tell me, ye great, do crimes like these demand  
 Religion's rites, or law's avenging hand? 170

Is it the censor or the priest we need  
 To crush the man, or expiate the deed?  
 Could the dread omens with more terrors warn,  
 Were lambs of cows, or calves of women born?  
 One, that beneath the huge ancilia bent, 175  
 Which stretch'd the cord, and nodded as he went,  
 Now wears, immortal gods, the bridal veil  
 In all the forms of nuptial festival!

Parent of Rome! ah, whence this fearful stain,  
 This curse that clings to Latium's simple swain? 180  
 Whence did that rank and poisonous nettle spring,  
 Of which thy children feel the maddening sting?

A man, behold! of wealth and noble birth,  
 Dares deeds like these, and yet nor strikes the earth  
 Thy massive spear, nor does thy helmet nod, 185  
 Nor thou to Jove complain'st, thy parent god!

Go, then, and abdicate thy empty reign,  
 Too careless ruler of thy once-loved plain!

"A friendly call, oh listen to the tale,  
 At sunrise, leads me to Quirinus' vale." 190

"The cause?" "A trifle merely—that a friend  
 Invites a few his nuptials to attend."

Live but a little longer, they'll record,  
 In public registers, their crimes abhorr'd!

But nature still is provident and kind, 195  
 Nor wrongs the body to indulge the mind ;  
 And one reproach away she never wipes  
 By Lyde's comfits, or Lupercal stripes !—  
 Yet sights more monstrous have we lately view'd,  
 When round th' arena shamefully pursued, 200  
 Gracchus, a gladiator, fled the foe !  
 Before all Rome, spectatress of the show :  
 Gracchus ! whose veins impell'd more generous  
     blood  
 Than in Marcellus, than in Fabius flow'd,  
 Paulus or Catulus, to all their names 205  
 Though his be added who conferr'd the games,  
 Or their's who claim the privilege to sit  
 Distinct from all, the sovereigns of the pit.  
     'The manes of the dead, the realms below  
 Old Charon's boat pole and his swarthy prow, 210  
 Black frogs that croak along the Stygian shore,  
 And one small bark that wafts its thousands o'er,  
 Vain fables all, which none may now receive,  
 And every stripling dares to disbelieve !  
 But, oh, suppose them true ! then tell me, friend, 215  
 When such a spirit shall at length descend  
 To the brave souls that in those regions dwell,  
 How shall the bosoms of the Scipios swell ?  
 What shall Fabricius suffer ? what the ghost  
 Of great Camillus ? what the legion lost 220  
 At Cremera, and Cannæ's battle slain ?  
 Shades of a thousand wars, ye ask in vain !  
 From the foul contact there's no laurel bough,  
 Sulphurs or smoking pines to purge ye now :  
 To those dark realms we miserable tend, 225  
 Though past Juverna's shores our arms extend,  
 Which the late conquer'd Orkneys scarcely bound,  
 Or Britain, for contracted nights renown'd ;  
 Yet in the victor capitol we dare  
 Disgraceful crimes our feebler foes forbear ; 230  
 Though one Armenian, mark me, only one,  
 Beyond his country's youth degenerate grown,

Is now in scandal's chronicle enroll'd,  
The willing victim of a tribune's gold.  
See with what fruits our amity is fraught,       235  
Hither, alas! a hostage he was brought!  
Hence, hence, away! oh heed one voice sincere!  
Ye forfeit all if long ye linger here!  
Whate'er your eastern childhood fondly sought,  
To hold as barbarous toys too quickly taught,       240  
Amid your native palms no longer prized,  
Corrupted, harden'd, and pretextatised,  
You'll sigh once more to quit a joyless home,  
Or curse Artaxata with crimes of Rome!

## SATIRE III.

### ARGUMENT.

OF this well-known satire, the argument may be given in a few words. Juvenal attends his friend Umbricius to one of the gates of Rome, and there parts with him, about sunset, on his final dereliction of the city.—A number of little circumstances conspire to make this farewell interesting; the place where they separate; the removal of the humble furniture of his friend; the decline of the day, are all happily imagined.—Umbricius, departing, relates, in a strain of animated indignation often approaching to invective, the moral causes of his displeasure with the metropolis of the world; to which, having added more briefly some of its inconveniences, the friends separate, the winding up of the piece being managed with infinite skill, delicacy, and propriety.

### PERSONS MENTIONED.

Lachesis, one of the three fates, who drew off and wound from the distaff, according to the elegant allegory of the Greeks, the thread of human life.

Demetrius, Stratocles, Hæmus, were all actors of great reputation, and praised by Quintilian. The last is again mentioned in the sixth satire for the softness of his voice.

Protogenes, a villanous informer in the reign of Caligula. He used to carry about two little books for registering the suspected, calling one of them his sword, the other his dagger.—*Dio*, liv.

Diphilus, Erymanthus, whether or not real names, is uncertain.

Cossus, Veiento, the first seems to be used for any great man of difficult access; the latter occurs in the procession of Domitian's counsellors in the fourth satire.

### PLACES MENTIONED.

Cuma, on the shore of Campania, chiefly remarkable for the

cave of the sibyl.—*Virg. Æn.* vi. 10. But oracles were become mute, and Cuma was now unfrequented.

Baiæ, a celebrated place of retirement in the bay of Naples, abounding with villas of the Roman nobility, and famed for its thermal and sulphureous springs, which remain, and are still in reputation.

Prochyta, an island in the bay of Naples, not therefore otherwise unpleasant than as being solitary, which it was, and is not. There is now a large population in Procida.

Suburra, a populous street in the heart of Rome, and so put for Rome itself in the tenth satire. It seems to have been chiefly a street of trade, hence called by Martial "Clamosa."

Capena. This gate of Rome led to the Via Appia, on which they travelled to Capua; "moist," because an aqueduct ran over it, as at present in those instances where our canals traverse arches which cross the high roads. Martial has an epigram on a boy killed by the fall of a heavy icicle from such an arched gateway.

Orontes, a river of Syria; near its source Laodicea and Balbec.

Sicyon, a city of Peloponnesus.

Amydon, in Macedonia.

Andros, one of the Cyclades.

Samos, an island in the Ionian sea, opposite to Ephesus.

Tralles, Alabanda, two towns of Asia Minor, the first in Lydia, the second in Caria.

Samothrace, an island in the Ægean sea, near Lemnos. For the history of its gods, and who they were, see Bayle.

Præneste, a city of Latium, famous for a temple of Fortune; its modern name is Palæstrina. There are no remains of the temple, and Palæstrina is chiefly visited for its Cyclopean walls, its league of Roman pavement, a mosaic floor, (among the most curious extant,) and its singularly fine situation.

Gabii, also in the Latian territory, between the former place and Rome. It has no modern representative: its ruins have been carefully explored, and a great number of interesting objects found. The speculation was undertaken by the painter Hamilton, and prosecuted by the Prince Borghese, who published the *Monumenta Gabiniana*.

Tibur, (Tivola.) Built on the site of a hill overhanging the Anio, and the ruins of Adrian's villa, where, among other valuable discoveries, the Laocoon was found.

Volsinium, a town of Etruria, the birthplace of Sejanus.

Sora, Fabrateria, Frusino. The first in Latium, the other two were Volscian towns, all at an easy distance from Rome. Retirement, even in the time of Juvenal, did not imply banishment; it was still to be found twenty miles from the capital.

The first and last of these places are recognised in the modern Sora and Frusinone in the Neapolitan territory.

Aquino, the birthplace of Juvenal and of Thomas Aquinas—Aquino.

---

ALTHOUGH my heart grow sad whene'er I dwell  
 On the companion lost, the friend's farewell!  
 Yet must I praise his purpose, nor detain  
 Her subject from the sibyl's peaceful reign,  
 Where from old Cuma's rock his eyes shall rest 5  
 On Baiæ, slumbering in her myrtle nest,  
 For me, my home in Prochyta I'd make,  
 Suburra's din too happy to forsake,  
 What place so mark'd by desolation's curse,  
 But Rome and all its train of ills were worse? 10  
 Rome, where one hears the everlasting sound  
 Of beams and rafters thundering to the ground,  
 Amid alarms by day, and fires by night,  
 And bards—who spite of August still recite!

13 Fires were exceedingly common in Rome, and often the consequence of popular discontents and mutinies among the slaves. Dio Cassius mentions four, one before the battle of Actium, a second in the reign of Augustus, which burnt the temple of Vesta, and two under Tiberius; the latter to so great an extent that the emperor gave a large sum for the relief of the sufferers. There is a very interesting account in Tacitus of the great fire, by which two thirds of the city were destroyed. The causes which concurred to make the catastrophe so serious at that time were, as the historian relates, the seizure in the first instance of some shops filled with inflammable commodities; a strong wind, the course of the flames uninterrupted by any temple or other building surrounded by high walls, and the close narrow lanes and long streets of the city as it then stood, with but few open spaces intervening.

It was during this fire that Nero, who was sent for from Antium on the occasion, took his lyre in order to sing the destruction of Troy. It began in the garden of his favourite Tigellinus, on which account a rumour got abroad that he had been the incendiary by his master's order, who was known to be ambitious of building a new city to be called by his own name. Of the fourteen districts into which Rome was divided,



The hour was come, the car was charged, the way  
Through old Capena's watery arches lay. 16  
He stood ; for 'tis in sooth a spot still dear  
By many a tale that charms the Roman ear ;

four only escaped untouched ; three were utterly destroyed : the other seven were left almost a heap of ruins.

To mention the number of temples and public places consumed by the flames, which raged for six days, would not, says the historian, be an easy task ; four of the highest antiquity were destroyed : 1. The temple of Diana, built by Servius Tullius ; 2. the Magna Ara and the temple which Evander had consecrated to Hercules ; 3. that of Jupiter Stator founded by Romulus ; and that of Vesta by Numa : these, held peculiarly sacred, and filled with the fruits of so many victories, the spoils of the East, and the monuments of Grecian art, were totally consumed.

When the work of rebuilding began, Nero, after attempting to follow the most extravagant suggestions for the restoration of his own palaces, planning lawns, woods, and lakes, on spaces which streets had so lately occupied ; and after being frustrated in his attempt to dig through the Mons Avernus, turned his attention to the city, which he caused to be laid out on a regular plan, and built to an exact admeasurement : the ornaments of porches, at the fronts of detached mansions, were added at his own expense ; he forbade the use of wood as much as possible, and allowed no wall to be common to two houses. A more beautiful city soon arose ; but, as usual, there were malecontents who liked the old one better, and complained that the broad streets only exposed them more to the sun, and deprived them of an agreeable shelter.

Nero now brought his plans to a conclusion by consulting the sibylline books, to deprecate the anger of the gods, and to protect the new city from mischief. But dwellings for the poor had not entered into Nero's views : the palace rose, but the hovel was forgotten : amid the fine structures everywhere appearing, thousands of ruined families were without homes, and still loud in accusing Nero as the author of their misfortunes. In this difficulty he determined to accuse the Christians, who were then beginning to be numerous at Rome, as the authors of the conflagration, and we may suppose that in the destruction of so many of the temples, from which they had separated since the preaching of the gospel, a plausible pretence in such hands could not be wanting. Evidence was at his command, and their fate was quickly determined.

Hard by, in days of old, the star of night  
 On Numa's vigils shed its solemn light, 20  
 Where now dispersed Judea's wandering race  
 Pays its small tribute for a resting-place.  
 Fane, grove, and fountain, all are theirs for rent;  
 The muse is gone, and, lo! the beggar's tent!  
 In no light mood must every Roman hail 25  
 The sacred precincts of th' Egerian vale;  
 Though fancy's wildest vision vainly seeks  
 One vestige left, that of Egeria speaks.  
 Oh! how much more devoutly should we cling  
 To thoughts that hover round the sacred spring, 30  
 Were it still margin'd with its native green,  
 And not a marble near the spot were seen!  
 Here spake Umbricius: "Since of honest gains,  
 By honest arts, no hope at Rome remains;  
 Since from the remnant of my scanty store 35  
 Each morrow still wears off some fragment more,  
 Thither I go where Dædalus, distress'd,  
 Took his tired wings off, and was glad to rest;  
 In the first freshness of an old man's prime,  
 While few gray hairs scarce own the touch of time,  
 While yet for Lachesis some thread remains, 41  
 And my firm step as yet no staff sustains.  
 What should I do where Catulus is seen?  
 Where an Arturius still excites my spleen?  
 Where black is white, and every wretch will take  
 The vilest office for the profit's sake? 46  
 Will sweep the kennels, carry forth the bier,  
 Or mount the rostrum of the auctioneer?  
 Once each municipal arena's pride,  
 Their well-known cheeks the signal trumpet plied;

2) So lately driven by Titus from Judea, expelled so recently from the noblest temple in the universe, to perform the ritual of Moses in an idolatrous grove, it were difficult to say whether the Jews on the abolition, or the Christians on the establishment of their religion, underwent the greater hardships. The Romans held them alike in contempt; and Tacitus took just as little pains to inform himself of the principles of the one, as Juvenal did of those of the other.

Now they give games at Rome, with pretors vie, 51  
 And wretches at their signal live or die.  
 Then to the contract! and behold new gains  
 Elicited from sewers and public drains!  
 All things for pelf! and why not all things, pray? 55  
 For these are fortune's children, these be they  
 Whom the fond goddess in some sportive hour  
 From abject meanness lifts to wealth and power!  
 "What should I do at Rome, untaught to lie,  
 Who neither praise the stupid book, nor buy? 60  
 Who cannot, will not, bid the stars declare  
 His father's funeral to the greedy heir?  
 The bowels of the toad I ne'er inspect,  
 To bear th' adulterer's gifts none me select;  
 No public robbers through my aid shall thrive; 65  
 Then wherefore with the current longer strive?  
 No man's confederate, here alone I stand,  
 Like the maim'd owner of a palsied hand.  
 What brings esteem? I'll tell thee—'tis a heart  
 Restless with deeds the tongue must ne'er impart.  
 He deems no debt thy due, no bribe will pay, 71  
 Whose virtue leaves thee nothing to betray.  
 Who Verres can denounce, him Verres loves!—  
 Than all the sands that turbid Tagus moves,  
 Than all the gold it rolls into the sea; 75  
 Is not thy sleep a dearer thing to thee?  
 Grasp thou no boon with sadness on thy brow,  
 Spurn the base bribe that binds a guilty vow,  
 Oh! let no fatal gift approach thee near,  
 Nor live the object of a great man's fear! 80  
 "From that vile race at length behold me free,  
 Dear to the great, detestable to me!  
 Scruples, away! What! is it come to this?  
 Is Rome at last a Greek metropolis?  
 Yet of the filth derived from foreign mart, 85  
 The feculence of Greece but forms a part;  
 Full into Tiber's stream 'tis many a day  
 Since foul Orontes forced its fatal way;

Hence Syrian speech, and Syrian manners come,  
 And Syrian music, and the barbarous drum : 90  
 Hie to the circus, ye that set a price  
 On foreign lures, and exoteric vice!  
 The trechedipna now shall soon efface,  
 Oh sire of Rome ! the toga of thy race,  
 And Niceteria forsooth must deck 95  
 Thy Latin hind's cerome-anointed neck !  
 From Amydon, from Sicyon, in they pour ;  
 From Andros, Samos, Asia's farthest shore,  
 Dwellers in Alaband, or Tralles, come,  
 And find within thy walls their common home ! 100  
 Thy Esquiline receives them, and the hill  
 That tells us of its ancient osiers still ;  
 Into each house the wily strangers crawl,  
 Obsequious now—soon to be lords of all.  
 Prompt to discern, and swift to seize his time, 105  
 Your Greek stands forth in impudence sublime.  
 Torrents of words that might Isæus drown  
 Rush forth at once, and bear you, helpless, down.  
 Hope not to scan that prodigy of parts,  
 The deep in science, the adept in arts : 110  
 Geometer, logician, man of taste,  
 Versed in all lore, with all acquirements graced,  
 Medicine and magic swell the ample list  
 From augur grave, to light funambulist ;  
 Bid an esurient Greek do what you choose, 115  
 Th' absurd, th' impossible, he'll not refuse !  
 Trust me, the cunning artist that assumed  
 The well-poised wings, and sallied forth beplumed ;  
 No Moor was he, nor yet Sarmatian wight,  
 But in the midst of Athens saw the light. 120  
 Gods ! from such purple am I yet to fly ?  
 Shall he recline on softer down than I ?  
 Before me sign ! blown hither by the gale  
 That brought us prunes to Rome, and figs for sale ?  
 Was it for nothing, that of Aventine 125  
 The fresh'ning gales in infancy were mine ?

For nothing that on Roman soil I grew,  
 And my first strength from Sabine olives drew ?  
 Go, persevere ; and, in most prudent strain,  
 Praise wit in fools, and features in the plain,      130  
 On lanky, long-neck'd feebleness confer  
 The grasp of Hercules—ye cannot err !  
 Go, praise a voice as mellow as the note  
 Which the shrill cock pours from exulting throat.  
 Thus too might we, but who would be deceived ? 135  
 The Greek alone may lie, and be believed.  
 Is he more perfect in theatric lore  
 Who struts his hour upon the scenic floor,  
 Thais or Doris ; while the audience swear  
 There's no disguise, but downright nature there,  
 And on the perill'd wager would maintain      141  
 That 'tis a woman manifest and plain ?  
 Our famed Demetrius, Hæmus, Stratocles,  
 The Grecian critic might despair to please !  
 For every Greek's an actor, each endued      145  
 With plastic power o'er every human mood.  
 Laugh, and his sides shake twice as long as yours,  
 Weep, and what agony his soul endures !  
 He'll sweat, in simple complaisance to you,  
 And when you're cold he clings to his surtout.      150  
 Oh yield the palm, he must outrun thee far,  
 Who makes another's mood his ruling star,  
 Is all he wills to be, by night or day,  
 Nor fears one honest feature shall betray.  
 In festive hours you happen to transgress,      155  
 He swears he would not like one hiccough less !  
 You yawn with grace ; and, not to do you wrong,  
 He never knew a man — half so strong !  
 Yet pause ere to his honour thou confide  
 Aught that is thine, or to thy blood allied ;      160  
 Trust not thy bosom's mate, nor leave thy child  
 To specious manners, and to speech so mild ;  
 Nor to their eyes and ever-watchful ears  
 Expose thy proper frailties or thy fears.



" A truce to their gymnasia ! hold thy breath, 165  
 And curse philosophy in Barea's death !  
 Come, shudder at a stoic murderer's deeds !  
 A moralist betrays ! a pupil bleeds !  
 What land sent forth the villain in disguise ?  
 The land of treason, Pegasus, and lies ! 170  
 There is no place where Roman now may strive  
 While Diphilus and Erymanthus thrive :  
 The Greek supplants you wholly, nor endures  
 Divided friendship with one friend of yours.  
 Or, if a patron's ear the wretch abuse, 175  
 And of his venom but a drop infuse,  
 Your ancient claims see from that hour despised ;  
 For ne'er was client yet so cheaply prized :  
 What hopes can feed that old allegiance now ?  
 What thou no more canst find, why seekest thou ?  
 What be thy merits, while, ere night be pass'd, 181  
 The very pretor bids his lictors haste,  
 Lest a more active colleague first should grope  
 His way to doors of promise, or of hope !  
 The child of birth, the offspring of the brave, 185  
 Now swells the train of some well-prosper'd slave ;  
 Of whom the frail Calvina of the day  
 Exacts at once a prefect's annual pay ;  
 While in thy path, if cheap temptation fall,  
 Thy scanty purse shall make thy virtue small ! 190  
 A witness such as he whose blameless home  
 The Idæan goddess lodged, produce at Rome

192 The Idæan mother, or Cybele, was brought from Phrygia to Rome, by order of the sibylline oracles, which declared the establishment of her worship to be the only means of procuring the expulsion of the Carthaginians from Italy ; and as she was obliged to dwell in a private house till a temple could be built for her accommodation, the office of entertaining her fell on Scipio Nasica, as the most worthy man in Rome. L. Cæcilius Metellus rescued the image here alluded to from the temple of Vesta in flames at the price of his eyes. That temple was burned at least for the third time in the reign of Nero. The reason of its being so unfortunate is obviously to be sought for in the office to which it was assigned, to nourish constantly the sacred fire dedicated to the goddess.



Some second Numa, or as pure a name  
 As his that snatch'd Minerva from the flame :  
 Full lightly shall his morals be explored, 195  
 But all shall ask you, what can he afford ?  
 How many servants at his sideboard stand ?  
 What is his style of living ? where's his land ?  
 'Tis money, hard coin'd money, in the chest,  
 That forms of Roman confidence the test. 200  
 To Samothracia's altars and our own  
 Dost thou appeal ; thy oath's believed by none :  
 The poor may every thunderbolt contemn—  
 What god would take the pains to punish them ?  
 " A theme for many a trite and clumsy jest 205  
 Want's sad exterior lends ; the tatter'd vest,  
 The unwash'd gown, the rent which meets the view,  
 Where the torn leather gapes on either shoe,  
 Or where coarse flax upon the seam ill closed  
 But makes the wound it heals the more exposed. 210  
 Mid countless ills which vex the poor man's soul,  
 The stings of insolence outweigh the whole :  
 ' What dost thou here ? Rise, fellow, rise and go—  
 These be the pillows of th' equestrian row !'  
 Yes, quit thy seat ! or stay to meet the scorn 215  
 Of some rich rogue's descendant—basely born :  
 Resign it to the crier's wealthy heir,  
 Or spawn of fencing schools, that figure there !  
 Thus Otho will'd, who bade the very shows  
 Of rich and poor the difference disclose : 220  
 What poor man hopes the fair one's smile to gain ?  
 What poor man counts not on the sire's disdain ?  
 Who, in his wits, will make that man his heir  
 Who needs estate ? shall e'en the edile's chair  
 Consult with such as he ? in strictest band 225  
 The needy should long since have left the land,  
 Their wretched fortunes should at once have join'd,  
 And left the scorner and their cares behind !  
 " Oh, Poverty ! from thy o'erwhelming surge  
 'Tis hard indeed for virtue to emerge ! 230

But its hard struggles are the harder still  
 Where merciless retrenchment's painful skill,  
 The frugal meal, the lodging for the day,  
 And the slave's humbler wants, will scarce defray ;  
 Where pride steps in and bids you feel it shame 235  
 To eat on plates that from the pottery came,  
 Though if translated to some Sabine hut,  
 No false discredit there the door would shut,  
 Nor wouldst thou murmur, threescore miles from  
 Rome,

At the worst web of the Venetian loom ! 240

“ In many a province far from Roman cares,  
 Except the dead, not one the toga wears ;  
 There in the nook of some retiring hill,  
 On days of festival delighted still,  
 The country hind enjoys on grassy stage 245  
 The well-known farce that charms from youth to  
 age.

While that grim personage, the mask, alarms  
 The squalling infant in his mother's arms.  
 There none the benches of distinction claim,  
 The same their habits, and their seats the same, 250  
 Except the honour'd edile, duly known  
 By the white tunic which he wears alone.  
 Here narrow circumstance, by pride compell'd  
 To vain display, is every hour beheld ;  
 All bears its price, naught from exaction free ; 255  
 Come, now, to call on Cossus, what's the fee ?  
 What dost thou pay, just now and then to share  
 The mute Veiento's recognising stare ?  
 One brings his boy's first tonsure to the fane,  
 Go, bear thy part, and join the flattering strain, 260

259 Pliny says that the Romans began the use of the razor A.U.C. 454, when Ticinius Menas brought over barbers from Sicily, and that Scipio Africanus brought the custom to be of daily use. When the beard was cut for the first time, it was customary to deposit it in a box, and to consecrate it to some god. The first fourteen emperors shaved : Adrian resumed the fashion of the beard.—*Dusaulx*. On these occasions the poor

Good client ! quickly to the mansion send  
 Cates bought by thee, for rascal slaves to vend,  
 And fret thy heart-strings that 'tis duty grown  
 To feed sleek servants, though thou starve alone.

“ Who at Præneste ever lived in dread 265  
 Lest the frail roof should crumble o'er his head ?

At Gabii who ? Volsinium's woodland height,  
 Or Tibur throned upon its mountain site ?  
 Here props and buttresses the crash suspend,  
 And loaded with incumbent ruin, bend : 270

For thus the thrifty steward would conceal  
 The perils which old flaws anon reveal.

And, while the loosen'd pile yet nods on high,  
 Bids us sleep on, nor fear the danger nigh.  
 Oh ! let me dwell where no nocturnal screams 275  
 Shall break the golden links of blissful dreams !

Hark ! where Ucalegon for water cries,  
 Casts out his chattels, from the peril flies :  
 Dense smoke is bursting from the floor below,  
 Ho ! wake thee, man ! thy instant perils know. 280  
 The basement totters, and thou snor'st the while !

Last to be burnt, all snug beneath the tile  
 That gives thee shelter from the vernal rain,  
 Where the fond dove hath pledged her eggs in vain.

“ Of Codrus hear the inventory read ; 285  
 Put first a mean and unsexuctive bed :

On the small marble slab there stood a row  
 Of fictile pitchers, chiefly meant for show ;  
 Beneath the slab, sustained on Chiron's pate,  
 A two-ear'd jug—and this was all the plate ! 290

An ancient chest in the room's corner stood,  
 And, but that mice are enemies to wood,  
 His few Greek tomes were safe ; but songs divine,  
 Alas ! forbid not hungry mice to dine !

clients were expected to fill the house with dainties to be sold again ; and in this way to increase the wages of the great man's servants. He was compelled to give cakes who had scarcely bread for himself

You call this nothing : true, for you or I ! 295  
 But still these nothings require coin to buy.  
 Poor Codrus is burnt out ; in wild despair,  
 Hungry and thirsting, shelterless and bare,  
 (All such the world by instinct seeks to shun,)

He finds small pity, and relief from none. 300  
 “ But, lo ! the flames bring yonder mansion down !  
 The dire disaster echoes through the town ;  
 Men look as if for solemn funeral clad,  
 Now, now, indeed, these nightly fires are sad !  
 The courts break up, the pretor takes no bail, 305  
 And groups stand listening to the sad detail.  
 It blazes still : but, ere the walls be cold,  
 One proffers marble, one will lend him gold ;  
 Works of Euphranor, or of Polyclete,  
 On every side our hapless sufferer greet. 310  
 A thousand friends entreat him to accept  
 Rich spoils from Asia’s ancient temples swept,  
 Books, busts, Minerva’s tripods round him rise,  
 And coin in bushels, at his bidding lies !  
 Good Persicus, methinks, possess’d of more, 315  
 And housed in greater splendour than before,  
 Not quite without suspicion should retire,  
 That his own hands set his own house on fire !  
 “ If the Circensian games thou canst forego  
 At Fabrateria, Sora, Frusino, 320  
 A pleasant house awaits thee—and the rent ?  
 What you now pay, to be in darkness pent !  
 There, from the shallow well your hand shall pour  
 The stream it loves on every opening flower.  
 Live there, my friend, and learn to love the spade,  
 And the neat garden, which thy hands have made ;  
 A garden that might furnish many a treat  
 Of all that true Pythagoreans eat !  
 A spot of ground on which one lizard basks  
 Sufficeth, and is all a wise man asks. 330  
 “ Worn out by restless nights, here not a few  
 Die of mere want of sleep : their ails, ’tis true,

Might from the crude oppression first begin,  
 Which to the stomach clings, and frets within ;  
 But who, that in hired lodgings makes his home,  
 Can taste of sleep ? a thing of price at Rome ! 336  
 Where carts, embarrass'd in the tortuous street,  
 And the sharp turns, where angry drivers meet,  
 With each contention of the adverse team,  
 Would rouse the drowsy Drusus from his dream ; 340  
 And the dull seal, awakened from his snore,  
 Would close his lids in vain, and sleep no more !  
 Swung in his couch, behold the rich man ride ;  
 While through dense crowds his tall Liburnians  
     stride,  
 He writes or reads by turns, or if he please, 345  
 Closes the curtain round, and sleeps at ease.  
 Ourselves wedg'd in, still struggling on, explore  
 Our devious way, and press the crowd before.  
 Here a huge pole is levell'd at my brow,  
 A ponderous joist bids fair to crush me now : 350  
 My heels in mire, a cask my head assails,  
 Or the rude soldier, shod with iron nails,  
 Recalls my brain confused to sharper woes,  
 And stamps the dire impression on my toes. 354

340 Of this gentleman nothing remains for posterity except his somnolency. It is in this way that Juvenal often bestows half a line on persons not obnoxious to severer stripes.

Mr. Gibbon blames Juvenal for suffering Umbricius here to descend to the petty inconveniences common to all great cities, after having so nobly exposed the apostacy of Rome from the morals which formerly distinguished her. Yet the picture would be otherwise less complete. He has already touched on all the greater motives of his friend's retreat, and mentions last the personal inconveniences which concur with them. The conveniences and luxuries of the rich are nowhere so much contrasted with the ill accommodations and privations of the poor as in cities : and were this part of the satire less skilfully treated than it is, it most naturally serves as an introduction to the fate of the individual crushed by a wagon in the street, and waiting on the pleasure of Charon, in place of his supper—a passage of great spirit and interest.



"But, see! that smoke proclaims the hour is come,  
 When hundreds, with their kitchens, hie them home.  
 Why Corbulo himself could hardly rear  
 The load of yonder wretched slaveling there,  
 With unbent neck who threads the moving throng,  
 And fans the fuel as he moves along! 360  
 What! do your mended garments still resist?  
 Think not of them; to greater perils list:  
 That measureless, slow-moving timber see!  
 How creaks the wain beneath the monstrous tree!  
 Oh, sight terrific! but should that break down, 365  
 That axle piled with huge Ligurian stone,  
 And pour its mountain on the mob below,  
 What limb, what bone, what feature could you  
 know?

One monstrous crush would pulverize the whole,  
 And leave scarce more of body than of soul. 370  
 Meanwhile the slaves, perhaps, yet unaware  
 Of fate so swift, the needless bath prepare;  
 The strigils, napkins, and the vase of oil,  
 Are ready all—alas! the needless toil!  
 Lo! his novitiate on the gloomy shore 375  
 Already has commenced; the labouring oar,  
 The leaky boat, the thick and murky stream,  
 He doubts the whole, and thinks 'tis but a dream!

356 Among the throngs who helped to obstruct the streets of Rome, were crowds of slaves, who at a certain time attended their masters, it should seem, to bring home the meat which the patron chose to give away as a compromise for entertaining his clients in his house. We have seen that this dole sometimes consisted of money: here it is of provisions, which a slave keeps hot in a chafingdish.

370 That is, leave no more to be seen of the one than of the other. The annihilation of the soul most certainly did not make a part of the creed of Juvenal. The Romans used the bath at such a temperature as to produce copious sweating: the strigil was an instrument to remove it, or a kind of scraper, consisting of a metallic plate, bent nearly double, and furnished with two handles, so as to form a loop. An engraving of this instrument is given in Holyday's notes. Many of them are to be seen in the Florentine Museum.



Hopeless to cross, improvident who came  
Of ancient Charon's unabating claim ! 380

“ Such are our days : let a new theme invite,  
And hear the greater perils of the night :  
Behold those lofty roofs, from which, on high,  
The loosen'd tile oft wounds the passer-by ;  
Nor seldom, from some lofty casement thrown, 385  
The crack'd and broken vase comes thundering  
down ;

See with what force it strikes the flint below,  
Where the flaw'd pavement tells the frequent blow !  
Oh ! thoughtless, careless, indolent, or blind,  
Sup not abroad before thy will be sign'd ; 390  
Assured, as many dangers thou shalt meet  
As there be open windows in the street ;  
Too happy, if with floods from basins full,  
They only drench thy head, and spare thy scull !

“ The fiery youth, whom yet no murders stain, 395  
Frets, like Pelides for Patroclus slain :

Turns on his face, utters the restless moan,  
Sleepless and sad until some deed be done.  
There are whom brawls compose ; but he in truth,  
Flush'd as he is with wine, the generous youth 400  
Marks the long train, and purple robes afar,  
And saves his courage for an humbler war.  
He shuns the brazen lamp, the torches bright.  
Me, whom the moon conducts, or glimmering light,  
Of which my hands dispense the slender thread, 405  
He marks for vengeance, unalloy'd with dread.

Now for the quarrel ! quarrel, to be sure,  
While he inflicts the blows which I endure.

Full in my way, ‘ Stand, fellow, stand ! ’ he bawls ;  
( 'Tis prompt obedience when a madman calls, 410  
And he too stronger ! ) ‘ come, sir, quickly tell  
Whose beans and vinegar within thee swell ?

Say, with what cobbler didst thou slice the leek,  
And eat the boiled sheep's head ? nay, sirrah, speak !  
So ! silent ! There ! take that ! and that ! and now  
Perchance the mighty secret thou'lt avow, 416

What beggar's hole conceals thee ! come, in sooth,  
 Good fellow, thou hadst better tell the truth'—  
 Or face the storm, or seek inglorious flight,  
 In a whole skin look not to sleep to-night ; 420  
 To-morrow, when he hears your rival's tale,  
 Perhaps the pretor may accept your bail !  
 Behold a poor man's rights ! insulted, bruised,  
 Then of the insults he endured, accused,  
 He must implore that, with what teeth remain, 425  
 For once they'll let him just go home again !

“ E'en now, 'twere well, were all our dangers  
 past,  
 And of our nightly perils this the last :  
 But when all's still, and not a hinge is heard,  
 And every silent door is chain'd and barr'd, 430  
 The robber bursts upon you, and the knife  
 Is in a moment raised against your life !  
 The Pontine marsh, the Gallinarian pine  
 Now watch'd, their swarms of thieves to Rome  
 consign.

Each anvil rings, and every furnace glows, 435  
 In forging fetters for domestic foes :  
 Iron in time must fail us for the share,  
 And even reaping hooks and spades be rare !  
 Sires of our great-great-grandsires, happy you,  
 That lived and died when prisons yet were few ! 440  
 Hail ! golden times of kings and tribunes, hail !  
 When Rome possess'd one solitary jail !

“ To these, my friend, more reasons yet remain ;  
 Enough ! the sun's already on the wane ;

433 The Pontine marsh in Juvenal's time had become so much the haunt of robbers, as to call for the establishment of an armed guard for the protection of the city. It is now drained, but still continues to be regarded as one principal source of the unhealthiness of Rome, at a certain season of the year. The Gallinarian forest was situated in the bay of Cuma. This place was, like the Pontine marsh, a noted receptacle for robbers.

443 The conclusion of this satire is scarcely less beautiful than its beginning ; indeed the whole piece is so full, so com-

The cattle wait—th' impatient driver, see! 445  
Points to the road, and only stays for me.  
Farewell! forget me not, and when oppress'd  
With cares at Rome thou seek'st Aquinum's rest,  
The much-loved shores of Cuma I'll resign,  
At his own Ceres, and Diana's shrine, 450  
To greet my friend, and in his satires there,  
(If they disdain not,) I will gladly bear  
What part I may: in country shoes I'll come,  
Tread your bleak lands, and share your friendly  
home."

plete, so free from abruptness, so happy in its opening and conclusion, that, perhaps, more than any other of Juvenal's writings, except the tenth, it is likely to interest an English reader.

## SATIRE IV.

### ARGUMENT.

THIS satire is perhaps as entertaining as any poem of the kind in existence. It has, however, some abruptness in the beginning, and would read better if it began with the thirty-sixth line. The early mention of Crispinus, who is not particularly conspicuous in the ridiculous consultation about the turbot, does not seem a happy introduction of the main object of the piece: nor is there anything which might not be spared in the first thirty lines. The rest of the satire is remarkably happy; no express record of the times could give a better notion of the state of the empire under Domitian: this very lively and well-related adventure concludes, however, with a vehemence worthy of the writer and of the subject, and the more striking when contrasted with the scornful tone of the lighter parts of the piece.

### PERSONS MENTIONED.

The persons mentioned in this satire are for the most part reserved for the notes, as requiring an introduction somewhat more formal.

Apicius. There were three Apicii, of whom one wrote *De Opsoniis*. But as they were all gluttons, it were needless to consider which is specially referred to here.

Palfurius. Armillatus. Only known by the mention of Suetonius, "*Vita Domit.*"

### PLACES MENTIONED.

Apulia. The modern La Puglia, a province in the kingdom of Naples, and adjacent to Calabria.

Ancon. Ancona. Doric, because colonized by the Greeks, famous for a temple of Venus, on the site of which stands the present cathedral, and for a fine arch of Trajan which still remains. It is a flourishing place of trade to this day; Loretto in its vicinity.

**Mæotis Palus.** Sea of Azoff, into which the Tanais or Don discharges its waters, and which in its turn communicates with the Euxine by the Cimmerian Bosphorus.

**Alba.** Albano, fifteen miles from Rome, founded by Ascanius.

**Aricia.** La Riccia in Campania, a town situated on a hill, and till lately the capital of a dukedom in modern Italy.

**Lucrine,** between Baiæ and Puteoli, on the Neapolitan coast. In place of this famous lake there is now a mountain of 1000 feet high, which was thrown up in September, 1538, four miles in circumference, with a large crater in the top.—*Sir W. Hamilton on Volcanoes.*

**Circe.** Promontory of, near Terracina, on the coast of Campania. Monte Circillo.

**Rutupi.** Rutupæ. Richborough in Kent, or Sandwich. That part of the Kentish coast still famous for its oysters.

**Catti.** The inhabitants of that part of Germany which is called Hesse in modern geography; a people always remarkable for their military prowess.

**Sicambri.** The people of the duchy of Gueldres, in Lower Germany.

STAND forth once more, Crispinus, and display  
 Thy shameless visage in the face of day;  
 Nor yet dismiss'd, a wretch whose bosom teems  
 With vices which no trace of worth redeems;  
 Within whose frame diseased, still passion strives,  
 And, mid the wreck of nature, lust survives;       6  
 But still fastidious lust, which rudely spurns  
 The cheap caress, and from the widow turns!

In vain the long and stately colonnade  
 Tires his sleek mules within its ample shade;       10

1 Crispinus, with whom the reader has already formed some acquaintance in the first satire, and who is here threatened, but does not seem to have been served with a third summons, was a great favourite of Domitian. His first prospects on arriving in Rome were no better than those of any other Egyptian adventurer, and how he recommended himself to the good graces of the emperor does not appear; but he must have had the qualities required for imperial friendship in an eminent degree, seeing the disadvantage under which he lay in regard to country; for though the flexibility and artfulness of the Greeks and of the Asiatics soon opened a road, as we have seen in the last

In vain he plants the grove, or rears the dome,  
 Or owns whole acres in the midst of Rome!  
 The bad, by conscience scourged, are strange to  
 bliss;

Her sharpest pangs then can the traitor miss,  
 Who through each mode of outraged morals pass'd,  
 Flings his defiance at the fane at last, 16  
 Then turns him reckless from the vestal's doom,  
 Appalling fate! the prison and the tomb!

Sing we of lighter crimes, yet even these  
 Elsewhere, nor unproved, the censor sees; 20  
 But his ill fame his deeds so ran before,  
 That men, whate'er he did, rebuked no more,  
 Nor longer cared to waste one moment's time  
 On such immense capacity for crime!

Not long ago it seems, as tattlers tell, 25  
 Who ever love the marvellous to swell,  
 A mullet tempts him, and our glutton pays  
 For every single pound the dainty weighs  
 A round sestertium, and those pounds were six:  
 "Well! he design'd no doubt some fool to fix, 30  
 Whose palsied hand his fluctuating will  
 Indites and cancels—I commend his skill:  
 Money's well spent on dolts with cash to leave,  
 Nor wit to question wherefore they receive."  
 He dreamt of no such thing! without disguise 35  
 Crispinus simply for Crispinus buys.  
 Man of the Nile! what! thou Crispinus?—thou?  
 An act like this before—all Rome avow?

satire, for their preferment at Rome, the case was far otherwise with respect to the natives of Egypt, whom the Romans always despised as a race of barbarians, infected with the vilest superstitions. Nevertheless, we find Crispinus filling no less an office than that of pretor, and in possession of all the distinctions which imperial favour, together with the acquisition of wealth, could confer. Not, however, exempt from the fates of better men, he lost at last his influence at court, became the object of suspicion, and put an end to himself.—*Tacit. Ann. xvi. 37.* A few traits of his private life are presented to us in this satire.



Thou, whom a mat from Nile's papyrus spun ?  
 So lately screen'd from Egypt's scorching sun ? 40  
 What ! for some shining scales a sum devote  
 More than should buy net, fisherman, and boat ?  
 For which some roods of ground the province sells,  
 Or a whole sheepwalk in Apulia's dells !

If a mere parvenu, in purple, dare, 45  
 With fumes that cost so much, to taint the air,  
 (The exhalation of one single meat,  
 'The modest margin of some moderate treat,)  
 Who at Canopus, with stentorian tone,  
 Bawl'd " Fresh siluri," not perhaps his own, 50  
 One's utmost stretch of fancy might be tried  
 Ere we could guess how emperors' cooks provide !

Sit, goddess !—we design no epic strain ;  
 A tale we tell unvarnish'd, brief and plain ;  
 Nor, maidens of Pieria, quite forget 55  
 The well-bred bard that calls you maidens yet !  
 While the last frantic Flavius madly hurl'd  
 A tyrant's terrors o'er a suffering world,  
 And Rome, to despot laws so long inured,  
 A bald-head Nero's monstrous reign endured ; 60  
 Where Doric Ancon stems the Adrian deep,  
 And rears the fane that crowns her headland steep,  
 A boat that plies the bay is seen to land  
 A matchless turbot on th' admiring strand.

(A fish more vast, not the Mæotic sea 65  
 In bonds of ice detains, till, render'd free  
 By vernal suns, they make their onward way  
 To Euxine, fatten'd by the long delay.)  
 Soon as the man of nets his captive eyes,  
 'To Rome's great lord he dedicates his prize ; 70  
 For who in sober senses, who would dare  
 To make proposals for a fish so rare,  
 In those astounding times, when well he knew  
 The wildest shores had their informers too ?  
 And fine it were to hear a boatman plead 75  
 With paid inquisitors of wreck and weed ;

Prepared to tell him in audacious tone  
 They knew the very fish! 'twas Cæsar's own!—  
 Fed in his ponds, and fatten'd at his cost,  
 They but reclaim'd the fugitive he lost: 80  
 And truly, with Palfurius if we join,  
 Or, Armillatus, heed that creed of thine,  
 All that is fine in fish, where'er it swim,  
 Is fiscal, and belongs of right to him;  
 A present then 'twere surely wise to make 85  
 Of what his friends at hand were sure to take.  
 'Twas autumn's close, and winter's frosty breath  
 Now check'd the season of disease and death;  
 The worn-out sick for wholesome quartans wish,  
 And frosty air preserves untainted fish; 90  
 But had the south impell'd his warmest blast,  
 It had not added to our traveller's haste.  
 Leagues pass on leagues, and now the circling  
     shores,  
 Where ancient Alba, in decay, adores  
 The Trojan fire, amid the ilex green 95  
 And the deep hollow of her hills, are seen!

89 The expression "quartanam sperantibus ægris" may be rendered indifferently, "apprehensive of, or wishing for, a quartan fever." I am inclined at present to the latter meaning, which I have given. It seems justified by the ancient notion that anomalous or chronic illness, which had resisted legitimate medicine, was often cured by an ague, as well as by the word "ægri," to whom the proposition refers, not to cite the modern Italian proverb "Febre quartana, non fa sonare campana," or the well-known title of a book, "De Limitandis Febrium Laudibus."

The ruins of Domitian's villa are still conspicuous on the hill of Albano. The expression of "lacus suberant" is quite topographical of the scenery about Castel Gandolfo. The turbots of Ancona still abound, and are the finest I ever met with in Italy, although the epicure must regret that its faithful satellite the lobster must be fetched more than a hundred miles in the direction of Venice, where that crustaceous delicacy both flourishes and abounds. The Domus Veneris has yielded its site and contributed from its ruins to the modern cathedral of Ancona.

Some brief delay, impatiently allow'd  
 To tell his tale, and clear the admiring crowd,  
 Smooth turns the hinge, and now through portals  
 wide,

And Rome's excluded senate, on he hied : 100

Th' excluded fathers saw th' admitted fish,

Then to Atrides he presents the dish :

"Accept, we humbly ask, illustrious sire,

A boon too great for any subject's fire :

Glad be the day, relax, my liege, with haste 105

The royal bowel for this rich repast,

And condescend upon our fish to feed,

For Cæsar's times reserved, and use decreed."

The fish himself—was anxious to be caught !

The bristles rose ! he chuckled at the thought ! 110

Grossness itself 'twere needless to refine

For one for ever told that he's divine.

Alas ! the kitchen boasts no casserole

In which to boil so large a turbot, whole !

A council must be summon'd to advise 115

Some mode of dealing with so vast a prize.

They meet, the objects of their tyrant's hate—

On every saddening countenance there sat

The pale dejected look which still attends 119

All such high friendships, all such fearful friends !

Soon as the herald's well-known voice was heard,

"The emperor sits !" first Pegasus appear'd,

Rome's new-made prefect, as then prefects were,

Mere bailiffs seated in a gown and chair.

A powerless magistrate, yet in his trust, 125

Confess'd by all impartial, faithful, just :

Though well he knew that in such times abhorr'd,

Justice must ever wield a powerless sword.

An elder follow'd next with cheerful mood,

Mild manners, and seductive voice endued. 130

"What mighty ruler of the land and sea,

Crispus, had clung to wiser friend than thee,

132 It was this facetious old senator who replied to the in-

If honest counsel man might hope to give,  
 And contradict a despot's spleen, and live?"  
 But, oh, that fearful favour to obtain, 135  
 A tyrant's ear, with whom the wind, the rain,  
 The backward spring, the all that's idly said,  
 May give offence, and compromise your head.  
 This knew he well, nor used the fruitless force  
 Of outstretch'd arms against the torrent's course:  
 Not one of those intrepid souls that dare 141  
 Unwelcome truths, when needful, to declare  
 E'en in the lion's den from mischief free,  
 An eightieth solstice had he lived to see.  
 Equal in age, Acilius follows next, 145  
 Join'd by a youth, whom some accursed pretext  
 (Ill he deserved his miserable fate)  
 Brought to the sword, a victim of the state!  
 But Rome had now long since been used to hold,  
 Among strange sights, a senator grown old! 150  
 (Clear of the perils, with the pride of birth,  
 Make me, ye gods, an humble child of earth!)  
 Naught it avail'd that hapless youth to stand  
 Grappling with bears on Alba's bloody sand,  
 Unarm'd, alone, for who but comprehends 155  
 The arts on which a great man's breath depends?  
 Thy craft, oh Brutus! who would now believe?  
 Your bearded kings 'twas easier to deceive.  
 Not less alarm'd, though of no noble race,  
 Came Rubrius next, with terror in his face: 160

quiry of some one whether anybody was with Domitian, on seeing him come out of the emperor's apartment. "Ne musca quidem;" in allusion to the emperor's amusement of killing flies.

145 Of Acilius and his son nothing is known from history. Counterfeited madness, it seems, could not evade the sagacity of the emperor. Of Brutus, whose example he followed, the story is well known, that after the death of his brother, he eluded a certain participation in his fate by feigning imbecility, and under that delusion prepared an occasion for the ruin of Tarquin. Rubrius is as little known as the two persons who precede him in the procession. The satirist alluded to (line 165) was unquestionably Nero.—*Tacit. Ann. xv.*

An old resentment, half absolved at best,  
 Might still be rankling in the royal breast;  
 And thus, to wipe disloyal stain away,  
 His zeal abounds, new traitors to betray,  
 Worse than the satirist, whose rage sublime 165  
 In virtue's cause prohibits not from crime!  
 And now the belly of Montanus comes;  
 Crispinus next, all reeking with perfumes,  
 More than enough to scent two corpses, join'd  
 The mute procession, and moved on behind. 170  
 That whispering cutthroat, fell Pompeius, came  
 With Fuscus, dreaming still of martial fame,  
 But not that Dacian vultures should at last  
 On his own bowels make their crude repast.  
 With fell Catullus sly Veiento ran, 175  
 Born an assassin, and a foe to man;  
 Conspicuous monster! e'en when all were such!  
 Purbblind, licentious, a flatterer much;  
 Fit mate with beggars on the bridge to stand,  
 And to the passing chariot kiss the hand, 180  
 Or whine for alms, where up Aricia's hill  
 Creeps round its axle the retarded wheel.  
 None was more struck than he, and much he said,  
 And turn'd him to the left—the fish was laid  
 Upon the right—so, loudest of the pit, 185  
 The flying boys, the skilful swordsman's hit,  
 He would applaud, and resolutely tell,  
 "He never knew the thing done half so well!"  
 And here the shrewd Veiento, as possess'd  
 With the full phrensy of Bellona's priest, 190  
 Looks at the fish in rapture, then aloud—  
 "Behold the omen of some triumph proud!  
 Some captive king! Yes! from the British car  
 They hurl Arviragus, and end the war.  
 The fish is foreign—far unlike our own; 195  
 See on his back those bristling stakes of bone!"  
 Two things, in short, alone he fail'd to name,  
 The turbot's age, and place from whence he came.



"How say ye, fathers? what do you advise?  
 Shall it be cut?" "Cut!" old Montanus cries: 200  
 "The gods forbid! no; rather, sire, prepare  
 A vessel worthy of a boon so rare;  
 Whose walls' extensive margin shall embrace  
 The huge circumference with ample space:  
 Go, fetch Prometheus! not an hour's delay! 205  
 The wheel bring hither, and the plastic clay:  
 But henceforth, Cæsar, ne'er encamp again  
 Without some skilful potters in thy train."

All heard the speech, and all approved the plan,  
 Which was indeed quite worthy of the man; 210  
 For he was skill'd in each luxurious rite  
 Of former reigns, and through the livelong night  
 Had drunk with Nero, till the maddening brain  
 Grew hot, and appetite return'd again!  
 The whence, and when, and what is fit to eat, 215  
 Were points that few could so profoundly treat:  
 At once he told you where an oyster fed,  
 Barrell'd in Britain, from Rutupium's bed,  
 Or Lucrine, or Circæan; and would name  
 The spot from which a given lobster came! 220

Rises the prince. The council at an end,  
 Forth from the hall of state their steps they bend,  
 Scarce yet recover'd from the panic fear  
 That at this sudden summons they should hear  
 The Catti or Sicambri were in arms, 225  
 Or that some letter big with new alarms,  
 In haste from earth's remotest corners come,  
 On hurried pinions had been brought to Rome.

Oh that such trifles frivolous and vain  
 Had filled each hour of that detested reign, 230

217 The Romans at this time were guilty of the almost incredible luxury of sending to Britain for oysters; not because they had none, or good ones, but merely seeking variety of flavour. The oyster was always a very favourite luxury of the Romans; and Holyday illustrates this very aptly by citation from a commentary on "The Fragments of Ennius his Phætica," in which the Cyzicen oyster is preferred to all the rest.



When, of her noblest citizens deprived,  
Rome daily mourn'd, and yet the wretch survived,  
And no avenger rose ! but when the low  
And baseborn rabble came to fear the blow,  
And cobblers trembled—then, to rise no more, 235  
He fell, yet reeking with the Lamian gore.

236 The murder here alluded to has been already mentioned : it was that of Ælius Lamia.

## S A T I R E V.

### ARGUMENT.

THE unity of subject which pervades this piece is undisturbed by any of those digressions in which Juvenal delights. It was written for the single purpose of exposing that wretched degradation of character which submits to the insults prepared for the parasite, as well as to the brutality which inflicts them, and it is altogether a curious document of Roman manners in that age, and of the style of a Roman entertainment.

### PERSONS MENTIONED.

Of these there are few to be noticed, and none of them important.

Sarmentus; Galba. Two distinguished buffoons, the one at the court of Augustus, and mentioned by Horace in his journey to Brundisium: the second at that of Tiberius.

Trebius, probably a mere name, at least unknown.

Thrasea, Helvidius. See the note on the passage where their names occur.

Micipsa, the son of Masinissa, a name well known from its connection with the Jugurthine war, which had its origin in the legacy of his realm, bequeathed by this Numidian monarch jointly to his two sons and to his nephew, who disagreed accordingly, as such legatees are wont to do.

Bocchor, also a king of Numidia.—*Liv.*, xxxix. 30. Another of this name was one of Syphax's generals.—*Liv.*, xxix. 31. 32.

Lenas, a *captatur hereditatis* by profession. The fortune hunters of Rome were better speculatists than those of modern times, and avoided the encumbrance of a wife: they looked out for the old, the childless, the relationless, the diseased, the fond of presents. One of these personages is admirably delineated by Lucian.

Aurelia, a feigned name.

Seneca; Piso; Cotta. Who these persons were, so commended for their liberality, with the exception of Seneca, who is too well known to be the subject of a brief note, is not as-

certained. The Piso of Tacitus, to whom Ruperti refers, was not a character whom Juvenal would have placed in this honourable prominence. He gave, but always for an end.

Alledius, also unknown.

## PLACES MENTIONED.

Venafrum, a town of Campania, near which the olive particularly flourished.

Taurominium, Taormini, on the eastern coast of Sicily.

IF still thy sordid purpose, void of shame,  
 Thou canst pursue, and still thy text the same,  
 That 'tis the greatest good to mortals known  
 To dine at any table but their own ;  
 If what Sarmentus, Galba, had abhorr'd 5  
 E'en at the Cæsars' ill-assorted board  
 Thou still canst bear, believe me I'd be loath  
 To place implicit credence on thine oath.

Mere hunger's claims are few and soon supplied ;  
 But grant its slender wants were still denied, 10  
 Is there no bridge at which to take thy stand,  
 Where ragged mendicants extend the hand ?  
 Is one poor meal of insult worth the care ?  
 And is there naught but hunger hard to bear ?  
 Beg, beg at once, 'twere a less humbling sight, 15  
 While passers-by behold thy piteous plight,  
 Rejected scraps with eager teeth to seize,  
 And rob the dogs thy famine to appease !

4 To dine at any table, or eat on any trencher ; a proverbial expression, of which the discoveries of Herculaneum have supplied another interpretation. In the museum at Portici are preserved two loaves found at Herculaneum : these are marked at the top by two transverse fissures, as if to show an intended division into four parts. "It is thus," says Winkelman, "that the loaves of the Greeks were marked from the earliest ages, and hence called by Hesiod *οκταβλωμοι*, or eight dented ; now the loaf marked for division into four parts was called *quadra* : hence, 'Aliena vivere quadra,' to live on another man's loaf."—*Winkelman's Account of Discoveries at Herculaneum*. The Roman tables seem to have been always round.

But come, compute the profits of the trade ;  
 By one such meal they reckon overpaid 20  
 Thy suit and service all ; they count the treat,  
 These generous friends, and cancel all, with meat.  
 If the great patron in two months or three  
 His long-neglected client deign to see,  
 When some mischance prevents the look'd-for guest,  
 And the third pillow would remain unpress'd, 26  
 Oh what delight to hear the lordling say,  
 " You're not engaged, pray dine with me to-day ?"  
 What more would Trebius ? will he think it hard  
 To break his slumbers for this proud reward ? 30  
 Doubtless, for such a favour, he should fly,  
 Ere of his sandals he the lachets tie,  
 Lest the saluting circle should have pass'd,  
 And at the levee he arrive the last,  
 What time the planets fade in dawning light, 35  
 The almost neutral ground of day and night,  
 Or at that season when each glittering star  
 Of slow Boötes gleams in frosty air.  
 The day, the hour arrives, the time to dine !  
 But, gods ! at such a meal ! and for the wine, 40  
 So thick and turbid, you might try in vain  
 Through coarsest wool the seculence to strain !  
 So crude and fiery, that one soon shall view  
 No longer guests, but Corybants in you !  
 The squabbling prelude is perform'd, and now, 45  
 While the stain'd napkin wipes your bleeding brow,  
 Swift flies the ponderous pitcher, war for war,  
 Mid volleys of Saguntum's flinty jar !

41 All the ancient wines were thick till they attained a considerable age, which arose from the custom of pouring the juice at once as soon as it was pressed, and before the lees could subside, into the large vessels wherein it was to be preserved. These vessels being immoveable, the modern management of wines in them was altogether impracticable ; the fermentation was performed in the cask, and the lees necessarily remained. Hence they used a strainer before drinking their wines, which was called *ἠθμος*, *colum vinarium* : two of these instruments are preserved in the cabinet of the King of Naples.

A well-fought fight between the hapless guest  
 And the rude slaves that tend upon the feast : 50  
 And while the noxious poison heats the veins  
 Of guest and stranger, and distracts the brains,  
 He quaffs the produce of some vintage rare,  
 When rough and bearded consuls fill'd the chair,  
 Or press'd from grapes which haply might produce,  
 Pending the social war, their precious juice, 56  
 But not one cup shall generously send  
 To warm the yearning bowels of his friend.  
 'To-morrow Alba's wine shall grace the board,  
 Or Setian, brought from that interior horde 60  
 Of many a vase, where place and year are none,  
 Through dust and smoke concreted on the stone.  
 Such as Helvidius erst and Thræsea pour'd  
 For Brutus and for Cassius' birthdays stored.

In Virro's hand, much flattered guest ! behold, 65  
 Its surface rough with beryls chased in gold,  
 The amber goblet which the touch profane  
 Of thy nefarious paw shall never stain !  
 To count the gems, a saucy slave stands by,  
 And marks your sharpen'd claws with curious eye.  
 Excuse his freedom, and, discreet, forbear 71  
 To handle much an emerald so rare.

63 Thræsea and Helvidius were two illustrious characters in the reign of Nero, scarcely less conspicuous for republican virtues than the worthies whose birthdays they are here beautifully introduced as celebrating. The last words of the annals of Tacitus are consecrated to the last moments of Pætus Thræsea.

This brave man had alarmed the suspicion of Nero by his steady refusal to participate in the abject crimes of a senate devoted to the tyrant, and which he had ceased to attend from the moment at which he found himself a mere spectator of its iniquities. Twice had he quitted this assembly during its deliberations ; the first time when they were proceeding to pass a vote that Agrippina's birthday should be numbered with the *dies nefasti*—a degradation which no doubt he thought more appropriate for that of her parricide son. The second occasion was when this assembly was about to decree divine honours to the infamous Poppæa.

Thus fashions change ; till now the finger bore  
 The gem which graced the scabbard long before ;  
 Now rings are in disuse, and, beryls shine, 75  
 And rubies lend their ruddy light to wine.

Grasp your four-snouted, cracked, and mended  
 glass,

And drink, and let your graceful goblet pass,  
 While with excess, if Virro's stomach glow,  
 He quaffs a tankard cold as Getic snow. 80

What ! said I viler wines were kept for you ?  
 My friend, you drink inferior water too !  
 Served by the paw of some Getulian boor,  
 Or bony fingers of a hideous Moor,  
 At whom you'd start when all around is still 85

Amid the tombs that crown the Latin hill.  
 The flower of Asia at his bidding stands,  
 Bought at a cost more vast than all the lands  
 Of the pugnacious Tullus could defray,  
 Or household goods of all Rome's kings could pay !  
 Ask for thy negro Ganymede, whene'er 91

Thy throat is parch'd, nor dream a boy so fair  
 Can suit the vulgar taste of such as thee ;  
 Regard the stripling ere thou make so free ;  
 His form, his age, his looks of high disdain— 95  
 Thy hints, thy calls, thy signals all are vain !  
 Lo ! there he stands dispensing cold and hot,  
 Thee and thy vulgar wants remembering not !  
 Cease to demand, 'twould move our youngster's  
 spleen

To help an humble client were he seen, 100

83 It was not only the custom of the Romans to buy slaves from Asia, but to clothe them with a total disregard to the change of climate. This is alluded to in the eleventh satire.

97 The ancients made use of warm water at their meals ; which among various other testimonies is brought to recollection in the poisoning of Britannicus. The prince called for a cup : it was purposely presented to him too hot : he desired cold water to be added to it, and the opportunity was then taken to infuse the poison.



Whose pride ill brooks, that thou reclined in state  
 Canst eat at ease, while he forsooth must wait!  
 This insolence of slaves notorious grown  
 Is each great mansion's curse; with what a tone  
 The scoundrel hands the bread you scarce can break,  
 Hard musty lumps which make the grinders ache,  
 White moulded loaves of fair and sifted flour,  
 Kept for himself, your landlord shall devour! 108  
 From bread like that thy swift right hand restrain,  
 Or, dost thou venture, thou hast snatch'd in vain;  
 For here comes one will make thee soon resign—  
 (Thou mightst be sure such bread was none of  
 thine:)

“Wilt thou be pleased once more, bold guest, to see  
 The colour of the loaves design'd for thee?”

“So! 'twas for this, for this, then, that I left 115  
 My slumbering spouse, of half my rest bereft,  
 Faced the raw breezes of th' Esquilian hill,  
 Felt through my cloak the drizzling rain distil,  
 While all the sky with sables hung would lower,  
 Or burst the vernal hailstone's flinty shower.” 120

Beyond thy reach behold a lobster graced  
 With large asparagi is duly placed:  
 See how he brandishes his tail in scorn,  
 As the claw'd monster o'er your heads is borne—  
 A stale, lean crab, and half an egg; a treat 125  
 Fit for a tomb! behold your tempting meat!  
 The dainty fish on Virro's plate shall swim;  
 Merged in Venafrian oil—reserved for him!—  
 Thy cabbage stinks of what the sharp canoe  
 Brought from Micipsa's shores—reserved for you!  
 Fit for the lamp alone, so rank, that none 131  
 To bathe with Bocchor's countrymen is known,  
 Who in their stench secure, defy the snakes  
 And all the venom of their native brakes?

A mullet enters next, to Virro brought, 135  
 At Taormini for him expressly caught:  
 Or Corsica, for now our nets must seek  
 Far distant shores, and scour each foreign creek;

No native fare th' exhausted mart can know,  
 Your gluttons suffer not the fish to grow. 140  
 And Lenas must from coasts remote obtain  
 Gifts to Aurelia sent, to sell again!

A lamprey next to Virro they present  
 From the Sicilian whirlpool promptly sent ;  
 For while old Auster rests a while, and dries 145  
 His dabbled wings, bedrench'd in vernal skies,  
 The heavy nets and desperate plummets sound  
 E'en where Charybdis whirls her surges round !  
 Now comes the dish for thy repast decreed,  
 A snakelike eel ! or of that speckled breed. 150  
 Which fattens where Cloaca's torrents pour,  
 And sports in Tiber's mud, its native shore ;  
 Or where the drains through mid Suburra flow  
 Swims the foul streams which fill the crypt below !

I would one word or two in Virro's ear, 155  
 If Virro kindly will vouchsafe to hear :  
 None ask, none hope from thee, my worthy friend,  
 Such liberal gifts as Seneca would send !  
 Such aid as Cotta's bounty would impart,  
 Or wealthy Piso's warm and generous heart ; 160  
 (For once the simple power to give was thought  
 The proudest privilege distinction brought ;)   
 Feed, Virro, feed, it is not much to claim  
 With some small sense of decency and shame,  
 Do only this, and be like many more, 165  
 Rich to thyself, to all thy neighbours poor !

Return we to the feast. They next produce  
 The monstrous liver of a pampered goose,  
 Destined for him, a fatten'd fowl before  
 Leaves in the rear a huge and smoking boar ; 170  
 Such as the tawny Meleager slew,  
 But placed, be sure, remote enough from you :  
 Then if 'tis spring, and thunder clouds have pass'd,  
 A dish of truffles closes the repast.  
 "Oh Lybia ! keep thy grain," Alledius cries, 175  
 "And send us truffles still in large supplies !"

And now, lest aught might yet remain untried  
 To give vexation or to gall your pride,  
 Behold the carver, who with rare grimace  
 And all the pomp and mystery of place, 180  
 The meats arranges at the master's call,  
 And with a rapid knife dismembers all :  
 For 'tis no light affair, believe me, how  
 Hare, fowl, or pheasant, are dissected now.  
 Ha ! dost thou move a lip, and trust thy claims 185  
 To Roman freedom, and three Roman names,  
 Thou soon shalt cool thy courage in the street,  
 And with more kicks and cuffs than Cacus meet.

Oh ! when shall Virro drink to such a guest ?  
 When touch the goblet which thy lips have press'd ?  
 Which of ye, say, so altogether lost, 191  
 As to propose the cup and pledge your host ?  
 Things may be thought, which bitter fate controls,  
 And none may utter with a cloak in holes !  
 But should some god or mortal well inclined 195  
 Repair thy fortune, than the fates more kind,  
 How soon thy recent nothingness shall end !  
 Now much caress'd ! now greatly Virro's friend !  
 " Help, worthy Trebius, put that cover near,  
 Come, brother, taste this haunch before me here."  
 Brother ! ye bits of gold, receive your due ! 201  
 Brother ! good current coin, he speaks to you !  
 But wouldst thou rule with undivided sway,  
 And lord it o'er thy lord the livelong day,  
 No young Eneas in thy hall must play, 205  
 Her steps to thee no infant daughter bend,  
 A sterile wife secures a steadfast friend.  
 Though should thy too prolific *chere amie*  
 Produce at once three little bantlings, three !  
 Be sure he'll play with the loquacious nest, 210  
 And bring them nuts and many a gaudy vest,  
 And the demanded penny with delight  
 Give to the playful infant parasite.

But wouldst thou of this flattering banquet more ?  
 See then kind Virro's cautious friends explore 215

The doubtful fungus, while before the host  
 The unambiguous mushrooms take their post.  
 On such would Claudius feast, till one there came  
 Of size conspicuous and immortal fame,

218 This emperor was poisoned by a mushroom prepared by his wife Agrippina. The practitioner she consulted on the occasion was the famous Locusta, mentioned in the first satire with due commendation. "She despaired of succeeding with his wine, of which he drank a great deal, on account," says Dio, "of the precautions which emperors use. She ate herself the smaller mushrooms of the dish, but put the large one on the plate of her husband." He was soon carried out of the room, swoln and stupified, and departed this life the succeeding day: he was deified in due time, and the deification afforded a good joke for Nero, who said that "mushrooms were certainly the food of the gods, for Claudius became a god by eating them!"

Suetonius says it was reported that having thrown up the first dose, he was supplied with a second by another mode of introduction. Agrippina was, it must be confessed, a woman of perseverance. Tacitus relates the sequel thus: "The emperor being relieved, and Agrippina having everything to fear, sent for Xenophon, a physician, who, on pretence of promoting the disposition to vomit, irritated the throat of his patient with a feather smeared with poison. *Haud ignarus,*" continues the historian, "*summa scelera incipi cum periculo, peragi cum præmio.*"

Pliny's letter to Avitus, l. ii., 6, describes a similar entertainment. The following is an extract from it:—

"Some very elegant dishes were served up to himself and a few more of us; while those which were placed before the rest of the company were extremely cheap and mean. There were in small bottles three different sorts of wine, not that the guests might take their choice, but that they might not have an option in their power. The best was for himself and his friends of the first rank; the next for those of a lower order; for you must know he measures out his friendship according to the degrees of quality; and the third for his own and his guests' freedmen. One who sat near me took notice of this circumstance, and asked me how I approved of it. 'Not at all,' I replied. 'Pray, then,' said he, 'what is your method on these occasions?' 'Mine,' I returned, 'is to give all my visitors an equal reception: for when I make an invitation it is to entertain, not distinguish my company. I set every man on a level with myself whom I admit to my table, not excepting my freedmen, whom I look on at those times to be my guests as much as the rest.' At this he

Which seasoned for her valued lord's repast      220  
 Under his wife's directions, proved his last !  
 To Virro and the Virros, they present  
 Fair apples which regale you by the scent,  
 Which, mellow'd by Corcyra's sunny sky,  
 Phæacian autumn can alone supply :      225  
 Such thou mightst think, and only such as these  
 Were pilfer'd from the famed Hesperides.  
 Desserts for such as you, exhibit fruit  
 Fit to be gnaw'd by yonder raw recruit,  
 Who dreads the surly veteran's peevish blow,      230  
 While station'd in the trench he learns to throw  
 The javelin, and less awkwardly to wield  
 The ponderous spear or shift the cumbrous shield.  
 And so thou reckon'st, friend, that all is done  
 From a mean mind and avarice alone.      237  
 Ah no! 'tis done to make thee writhe and smart,  
 To crush thy spirit and to wring thy heart ;  
 Done for pure sport ! for what more comic scene  
 Than thy distress, 'tween appetite and spleen ?  
 Done, as, except thyself, must all men see,      240  
 To make thee grind thy teeth in agony ;  
 That bursting gall may vent itself in tears,  
 And mutter'd curses be suppress'd by fears.  
 Free dost thou call thyself, and take thy seat  
 At such a board ? he knows thou cam'st to eat ;      245  
 Knows that the steams which from his kitchen rise  
 Assault and take thy virtue by surprise.  
 He judges well ; for who, unless 'twere so,  
 A second time to such a treat would go,  
 Whether the poor man's leathern boss should deck  
 Or gold Etruscan his patrician neck ?      251  
 Hope still deludes ! methinks I hear ye say,  
 " That hare half picked is surely ours to-day ;

expressed some surprise, and asked if I did not find it a very expensive method. I assured him not at all ; and that the whole secret lay in being contented to drink no better wine myself than I gave to others."



Haply that half-fed fowl:" and thus you wait,  
Pick your dry bread, and view your empty plate.  
Oh, ye deserve no less! your host is wise,       256  
If such a host ye learn not to despise.  
Who can bear all things, all things ought to bear;  
Tarry a little longer till he dare,  
Poor humbled slave, thy shaven crown to smite,  
And thou shalt bear the blow, perhaps invite,       261  
Think nothing hard, thy back to scourges lend,  
Worthy of such a feast, and such a friend!



## SATIRE VI.

### ARGUMENT.

THE subject of this satire, long enough for a whole book in an heroic poem, is so opposed to the universal feelings of our nature, and the sympathies which extend to the utmost limits of our existence, that the perusal of it must never be undertaken for the pleasure to be derived; nor does it even excel, as one might have expected, in that wit which is the usual condiment of acrimony and severity. As this is a subject on which most of us are incorrigible monomaniacs, I see no particular harm in committing this vindictive tirade against the agreeable sex to any *épouseur* into whose hands it may fall, though certainly I not only do not expect ladies to read one syllable of it, but must presume it would be no particular recommendation of any one to be supposed to know more of our author at all than Dr. Johnson has enabled her to apprehend in his celebrated and popular imitations. Nor have I so little respect for the country and the times in which I write as to join in the absurd "let them shudder and reform" of a late well-known editor, and not unknown translator.

TO the male reader of this too celebrated invective I need not observe that the conduct and crimes of Roman women under the emperors, whatever it may have been under the consuls, was a full justification of the feelings which inspired it; or remind him that Juvenal has amply vindicated himself from the charge of being a misogynist, by putting the sharp reprehension of the vices of his own sex, in the second satire, into the mouth of a Laronia. General satire is not misanthropy; it implies the strongest sense of the value of virtue as the foundation of human happiness, and is only when the offspring of pique or personality injurious to the dignity and credit of the writer.

Much of this composition is so utterly revolting, that I have passed over it as lightly as my engagement permitted; but it is obvious that to render such a writer as Juvenal wholly unobjectionable is quite out of question, except by a retrenchment that a translator is scarcely at liberty to adopt. If the general reader shall be excited to any ultra curiosity as to the disposal of a Roman lady's toilet and forenoon engagements,

he will find a great deal of interest in Bottiger's Sabina, of which there is a French translation illustrated by plates. The passages in this satire about the hair, an ornament of which, in comparison with the affluence of Italian possession, the northern females have seldom reason to be vain, have obtained from that writer a satisfactory commentary. I may add that the once-cherished personal ornaments of the beauty of two thousand years ago are, if not as frequently gleaned from the rubbish of the tomb as the arms of the other sex from the tumulus, are found often enough to fill many a glass case in the museums of Naples and Portici, and exist frequently in the "cabinets of the curious;" for certain it is that if that keenest of all sportsmen, the antiquarian excavator,

Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila,

he will also find combs and chains, eardrops and *fibulæ*, together with many a golden bracelet that once derived its lustre from arms of irreproachable rotundity. Nor has modern Italy been amerced of the possession of as much of beauty (and it is the greater part, as the artist at least is ready to acknowledge) as depends on configuration. The cathedral of Ancona at its vespers does no discredit to the *Domus Veneris*, on the ruins of which it is raised. To return for a moment to the subject of coiffure. The evidence of the numerous busts at Como and Florence exhibit a wide departure in the disposal of the hair, that primary element of female adornment, from Grecian purity and simplicity; and often put us in mind of the very worst productions in this line at Windsor and Hampton Court in the ages of ruffles and roque-laures. I have studied the features of some of these female busts with some attention, and endeavoured to convince myself, as far as so cold a material as marble can do it, that the *Faustinas* and *Messalinas* were not unworthy of their historical repute. It may also strike some persons that the wife of *Claudius*, notwithstanding the risks of more than seven centuries, has still preserved that important and prominent feature, of which time and chance, and other accidents are the inveterate foes. Most ancient noses are second editions probably enlarged.

I prefix no names of persons to this satire. The satirist in this piece derives, fortunately, no illustration from the historian.

#### PLACES MENTIONED.

*Æmilian Bridge*; one of the five bridges which still remain out of eight which existed in ancient Rome. Of the original structure, the tower built by *Belisarius* at a late period of the

empire to command the end of the bridge, is still perfect. This bridge led immediately on the Flaminian Way. It was called in ancient times Milvius, by corruption, and now, by still further corruption, Ponte Molle. It was not remarkably high; but perhaps the river below was remarkably deep, which would justify the recommendation of Juvenal. It was on this bridge that Cicero caused the deputies of the Allobroges to be arrested as they came into Rome at night; the first step in suppressing the Catilinarian conspiracy.—*Sall. Bell. Cat.* 45. Nero made it the scene of his nocturnal riots, and of the outrages he so frequently committed on the peaceable inhabitants of Rome.

Gabii; Fidenæ: small towns at a short distance from Rome.

Canusium; a small town in Apulia, on the river Aufidus. Its vicinity remarkable for its breed of sheep, as that of Falernum was for its vineyards. Now Canosa.

Sybaris; a town in Lucania, whose inhabitants became so infamous for their depravity, as to have furnished occasion for a proverb, "Sus, et mensa Sybaritica." The immorality of this place has been copiously described by Athenæus and by Ælian; *Rup.*

Rhodes; a celebrated island adjacent to the coast of Asia, at the entrance of the Archipelago; and noted also for its effeminacy and luxury.

Miletus; the principal city of Ionia: another place celebrated for its wealth and profligacy.

Tarentum, in Calabria, one of the most ancient cities in Italy, and in disrepute corresponding to those just mentioned.

Meroe, a city of Ethiopia, in an island or rather peninsula of the Nile, of the same name.

---

YES, we admit that chastity remain'd  
 Oft seen on earth so long as Saturn reign'd,  
 While some chill cave, as yet the sole abode,  
 Held fire and cattle, man and household god;  
 While wives of mountain breed their couches rude 5  
 Of leaves and moss beneath warm fleeces strew'd,  
 And far unlike our Cinthias, whose bright eyes  
 Are dimm'd with sorrow when their sparrow dies,  
 To lusty babes drew forth the wholesome breast,  
 Strong as the husband from his acorn feast. 10  
 For other modes of life did man pursue,  
 When heaven was recent and this orb was new,  
 From riven oaks as yet, and plastic earth,  
 While all th' existing race derived its birth.

Some fine examples too the world might boast 15  
 Of female morals not entirely lost,  
 When Jove succeeded to his father's throne,  
 Ere the celestial ruler's beard was grown :  
 While unforesworn the early Grecian sware,  
 While lies were few, and perjuries were rare, 20  
 Ere thieves your unwall'd apples would assail,  
 And gardens boasted unprotected kale :  
 But when Astrea from the earth withdrew,  
 Alas ! the sister goddess left us too !  
 'Tis an old vice all records far beyond, 25  
 To ridicule and rend the nuptial bond :  
 Charge on the age of steel all other crimes,  
 This made a figure in the silver times !  
 To Rome's most dexterous barber yet dost thou  
 Commit thy hair and con the marriage vow ? 30  
 The ring perhaps already hast thou given,  
 Yet wert thou lately sane ! defend us, Heaven !  
 And have we truly then the symptoms read  
 Of marriage, lawful marriage, in thy head ?  
 What fell 'Tisiphone has fired thy brain, 35  
 Good Posthumus ?—what ! wear that galling chain ?  
 While roofs that make one giddy to look-down,  
 And ropes are to be found throughout the town ?  
 What ! with th' Æmilian bridge so near at hand !  
 Or mid such choice of exits at command ? 40  
 Art still fastidious ?—better far to take  
 A mate who will not bid thee lie awake,  
 Nor of thy failures force thee still to hear  
 The fearful sum, the desperate arrear.  
 Ay, but an heir ! behold the secret charm, 45  
 The Julian law will keep our friend from harm !

18 The sensual paradise of Mohammed would have been gross even to the apprehension of a worshipper of Jupiter, who always laid aside the god in his amours, for decency's sake, and perhaps, too, willing to owe nothing to his rank. One admires, however, the taste of his various masquerades as much as the success of them. A summary of some of the principal exploits of this *dieu à bonnes fortunes* is contained in the Greek epigram, but probably a much more accurate catalogue in Ovid.

Presents of turtle he shall now resign,  
 Do without mullets, and like parents dine!  
 What may not happen if Ursidius take  
 The yoke he loved to banter and to break? 50  
 If this abuser of his neighbour's bed  
 Into the halter thrust his foolish head,  
 Who in Latinus' chest, and all but caught,  
 So oft the refuge of concealment sought?  
 A wife too of the old, the moral strain, 55  
 Ursidius looks for! Haste ye! tie his vein—  
 He's mad! stark mad!—at Jove's great threshold  
 bow,  
 Prone to the earth! a steer to Juno vow,  
 If to thy share (ah! few indeed be such!)  
 They grant a partner that may safely touch 60  
 The wreath of Ceres! one whom fathers bless,  
 And in the heart's full confidence caress!  
 Hang o'er thy portal clustering ivies high,  
 And festive chaplets to the lintels tie!  
 One man for Iberina! what! but one? 65  
 Nay, reconcile her to one eye alone.  
 Or art thou caught by some alluring tale  
 Of village maiden in her native vale—  
 But let her live a year ten miles from Rome,  
 Ere yet we sing our pæans about "home:" 70  
 Live at Fidenæ, void of all alarm,  
 And I become a convert to "the farm!"  
 Are morals then so certain to be sound  
 Where woods are plenty and where caves abound?  
 Are scandals in the mountains things untold? 75  
 Is Mars grown harmless? and is Jove grown old?  
 Range all the porticoes, frequent the shows,  
 Survey the theatre in all its rows,  
 Say, couldst thou one select securely there,  
 With whom 'twere wise thy happiness to share? 80  
 Does 'Tuccia, think'st thou, from all perils free,  
 In each new ballet soft Bathyllus see?  
 Corrupts not Thymele, th' Apulian maid,  
 By glowing cheek, and many a sigh betray'd?



Or in those months when games and shows must  
cease, 85

And, save the forum, all at Rome is peace,  
When to Atella's farce our dames repair,  
(Since Urbicus enacts Autunoë there,  
Deem'st thou inert the pantomime, that tells  
The tale on which delighted Ælia dwells? 90

Poor though she be, nor to be rank'd with those  
On whom the players their own terms impose,  
Who bid Chrysogonus refuse to sing,  
Or to the dear tragedian fondly cling?  
Dost thou expect, my friend, while such things are  
That woman's love shall good Quintilian share? 96  
You'll marry!—so!—but ere 'tis done be sure  
Claims that thou wouldst not, thy partner pure  
On young Echion haply hath conferr'd,  
Or some new favourite of the orchestral herd. 100

Go then, imbecile! go thy doors adorn,  
And tell the world that son of thine is born;  
Display the festive scene in every street,  
Call in thy friends on tortoise couch to greet  
The look'd-for heir that now cements thy line! 105  
Would that his eyes but more resembled thine!

A senatorial wife, his partner vile  
Seeks the famed walls of Lagus and the Nile,  
And with a worn-out swordsman quits her home,  
Canopus blushing for the crimes of Rome! 110

From sister, husband, friends, see Hippias fly,  
Nor e'en her children cost the wretch a sigh!  
All, all she leaves behind, and stranger yet,  
E'en Paris and the games, without regret!  
Fortune, on her, was blameless of a frown, 115

Her youth was cradled in the softest down;  
Wealth fill'd the halls of her paternal home;  
Now on wild waters o'er th' Ionian foam  
Behold she launches! fame and fear despised!  
Yes, fame! by Roman matron lightly prized! 120

But let an honest cause for risk appear,  
Then are the gentle souls o'erwhelm'd with fear!



Her feet will scarce support the fainting dame !  
 Her courage fails her not for deeds of shame.  
 What lady with a husband would be drown'd ? 125  
 Then, holds are filthy, then, the head swims round !  
 Who follows her gallant no terrors try,  
 None, none are sick, save when the husband's by.

Now say what lovely youth that vessel bore,  
 For whom the name of swordsman's paramour 130  
 Did Hippias thus encounter ?—what a beard  
 Cover'd his grisly throat ! both eyes were blear'd !  
 His wounded arm he needed but to show  
 For his half pay, and none had answered no !  
 And where the helmet had his forehead bound 135  
 Was seen a mark indelible around.

'Twas not the man she followed, but the name ;  
 Enamour'd all of gladiator's fame ;  
 They far beyond a Hyacinthus prize  
 The well-strung nerve that frequent peril tries ; 140  
 From Rome's arena once set Sergius free,  
 Her old Veiento shall be dear as he.

But these be deeds of private dwellings ! true !  
 The luck of emperors let us next review.  
 Lo ! from the couch of Claudius as he sleeps 145  
 With noiseless step th' august adult'ress creeps,  
 Snatches her veil, the palatine descends,  
 And to the rendezvous impatient tends.  
 The chosen maid attends her lady there,  
 Loose auburn ringlets mask her raven hair, 150  
 The cloak conceals from scrutiny or sight,  
 This palace-rear'd Lycisca of the night !

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Too swiftly fly, for her, the hours of crime !  
 At length, retreating with the morning's prime, 160

She bears the stench of the infected shed,  
 Its lamps and foulness, to th' imperial bed !  
 From stepsons by concocted poisons slain,  
 And their domestic treasons, I abstain,  
 And the dark hue of many a secret deed, 165  
 That make mere faults and frailties light indeed !  
 " Confess Cesennia's excellence you must ;  
 When husbands praise e'en satirists are just !"  
 That husband with an ample portion bless'd, 169  
 Received the price for which he calls her " best ;"  
 His dear Cesennia ne'er would break his heart,  
 Gold lit love's torch for him, and barb'd the dart.  
 She writes, nods, whispers, while her lord can see,  
 Of all which favours she has paid the fee.  
 Who weds the husband whom her purse invites 175  
 Preserves, unchalleng'd, all the spinster's rights.  
 " Sertorius ! Bibula ! thrice happy twain !  
 Doubtless !—if face and feature could remain !  
 Wait till the bloom is fading on the cheek,  
 Till the first wrinkles time's incursions speak, 180  
 Till the fresh ripeness of those lips is past,  
 The breach, a while delay'd, arrives at last :  
 " You please no more ! one can't control the heart !  
 It will be better for us both to part !"  
 Yet while she charms, the fair one keeps her ground,  
 Whate'er she covets must be quickly found. 186  
 She reigns despotic ! Lo, Falernum's vine,  
 Canusium's flocks and shepherds must be thine.  
 Trifles !—new town and country households get ;  
 Her neighbour has them !—discontented yet ! 190  
 Against the porch oft as the booths are seen,  
 Which bold Iason and his heroes screen,  
 Thither each year impatiently she hies,  
 And Myrrhine vase or costly crystal buys :  
 One gem is there whose scintillating light, 195  
 Too strong temptation ! captivates her sight.  
 The same, (they tell her,) the authentic stone,  
 That once on Berenice's finger shone,

The pledge which on a guilty sister's hand  
 Agrippa placed, in that infatuate land 200  
 Where oriental kings are wont to greet  
 Their festal sabbaths with unsandall'd feet,  
 And unabridged existence is bestow'd  
 On swine, unslain by an indulgent code!

What! in the sex entire, shall none be found 205  
 Of blameless life, of fame and morals sound?

Come! grant her wealthy, fruitful, fair, and chaste,  
 Her halls with imaged sires profusely graced,  
 And as the Sabine maid, whose flowing hair  
 Stemm'd the fierce war, grant her of virtue rare,  
 A wife of such perfections who can brook, 211  
 Or at such excellence unhumbl'd look?

Some poor Venusian lass I'd rather take  
 Than thee, Cornelia, for the Gracchi's sake,  
 If of thy merits I must bear the pride, 215

And her sire's triumphs must endow my bride;  
 With thy eternal "Hannibal" away!  
 And rid me, rid me of thy "Carthage," pray.

"Spare, Phœbus, spare! goddess, thy rage sus-  
 pend!

The boys are guiltless; at the mother bend 220  
 Thy bow," Amphion cries; the darts have sped,  
 And the whole race lies number'd with the dead.

The brood she boasted with the mother slain,  
 Concludes the tale of Niobe the vain.  
 Since Niobe could not her claims resign 225  
 To fair Latonà, or to Alba's swine!

Oh where the charm of form, wit, wisdom, say,  
 If one's compell'd to praise them every day?  
 The everlasting merits of his mate,  
 For full seven hours a day her lord must hate, 230  
 And dread whene'er upon a theme he fall  
 That has far less of honey than of gall.

Then see what trains of affectation come  
 To blast the look'd-for comforts of thy home.  
 The last Greek phrase, the last Cecropian curl, 235  
 Or Attic robe must grace each Tuscán girl!

Your little Sulmoness, who scarce can speak  
 Intelligible Latin, prates in Greek!  
 In Greek they scold you, and in Greek they make  
 The peace you sue for—all is “à la Grecque!” 240

Now, if by marriage contracts firmly tied,  
 You neither hope, nor wish to love your bride,  
 I see no cause for sweetmeats thrown away,  
 Suppers, and cakes, and all that bridegrooms pay;  
 Or the rich charger piled with golden coin, 245  
 Where Dacian legends, or Germanic, shine.

Or art thou, simple man! constrain'd to own  
 How dear thou hold'st her—hers and hers alone?  
 No patient steer that ever bore the yoke,  
 To mute endurance is more surely broke! 250

Ah! who shall tell thee all thou hast to bear;  
 A doting lord, did woman ever spare?  
 Whate'er disturbs, distresses, or annoys,  
 Count thou among a lady's dearest joys!  
 Trust me, that goodness which might most ensure  
 Domestic bliss, should wedlock most abjure. 256

Naught that thou deemest thine shalt thou confer,  
 No act or deed shall stand, unknown to her:  
 Thy earliest friend, thy very boyhood's mate,  
 The long, the loved, familiar of thy gate, 260  
 He comes no more!—nay, what the vilest claim,  
 That sacred right their proper heirs to name,  
 E'en this she leaves thee not! behold she dares  
 To bid thee write thy secret rivals, heirs!

Where life's at stake; what witnesses appear? 265  
 Who brings the accusation? strike! but hear!  
 Has the fool lost his wits? So! slaves are men!  
 Guilty or guiltless be the wretch—what then?  
 “Begone!—nor longer about justice whine:  
 Let this suffice thee—'twas my order—mine!” 270

244 An allusion is here made to the usages of a Roman marriage: 1. *Cœna*, the marriage banquet; 2. *Mustaceum*, the bride cake, a custom not yet quite disused.

A piece of such cake was given to the guests as a gift to be taken home.

Thus reigns the wife, till tired of ruling you,  
 She seeks new empire, and engagements new :  
 Sick of the change, these new engagements spurns,  
 To thy deserted bed once more returns,  
 While on the porch the very wreaths are seen, 275  
 And all the nuptial boughs hang fresh and green :  
 So, ere five autumns yet be past and gone,  
 Her eighth fond lord thy partner may have known,  
 And on her tomb posterity shall find  
 Thy honour'd name with seven successors join'd.

Ne'er shall thy home be free from brawls and  
 strife 281  
 While thy wife's mother breathes the breath of life :  
 Her well-train'd child to plunder she will teach  
 All that of thine remains within her reach ;  
 Of *billets doux* she bids her not be shy, 285  
 Nor send a raw, unbusiness-like reply ;  
 'Tis she, your household's curious eye that blinds,  
 Or in a bribe the sure expedient finds ;  
 'Tis she, that knows the time for feign'd disease :  
 'Tis she, that sends to fetch Archigenes ; 290

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

290 Archigenes was a physician at Rome in much repute, and moreover of such merit as to have obtained the favourable testimony of Galen, the chieftain of an opposite sect! from whose authority it appears that he left a great number of works, all of which have perished: a catalogue of his writings is however given by Aetius.

Pliny gives a list of several physicians at Rome who enjoyed from the emperors a pension of 250 sestertia: more than 2000*l.* per annum. Yet, in the reign of Claudius, one of these doctors, by name Stertinus, complained to the emperor of the smallness of an annuity, already raised to 500 sestertia, that he could make 600 sestertia by his practice in the city. The sestertium is computed at 8*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.* The brother of Stertinus enjoyed the same gratuity; and although they spent vast sums, it must be confessed, in a very public-spirited manner, by adorning their native city of Naples, they left a fortune of 300,000 sesterces; in short, they were the Radcliffes of their day.



Didst thou expect a mother should impart  
 A rule of life abhorrent to her heart? 294  
 Or doubt, that gray-hair'd sinners prowl for gain  
 In shameless daughters whom to vice they train?  
 Now scarce a cause in all the courts is heard,  
 By woman's meddling spirit not preferr'd;  
 The wages of the scribe their hands might earn,  
 And even Celsus from our ladies learn 300  
 To press the witness, and detect the flaw,  
 Till death o'ertake them—in a suit at law!  
 Their Tyrian endromis, their Greek cerome,  
 Who has not heard of, that reside in Rome?  
 The target hack'd with blows well aim'd and keen,  
 Who dwells within the walls, and has not seen? 306  
 Accomplish'd paragons! oh! wherefore wait?  
 Go join the harlot bands of Flora's fête!  
 Or does ambition hold ye, do ye sigh  
 Till fierce arenas your attainments try? 310  
 The woman's brow that helmet's plume indues  
 The blush of shame shall never more suffuse?  
 Oh, if her wardrobe should be brought to sale,  
 The greaves, the gauntlet, and the coat of mail,  
 That erst the partner of thy bosom wore, 315  
 What exhibition could divert thee more?  
 What! is this her whom silky robes oppress,  
 Clad in the dog days in her muslin dress?  
 Hear how she stamps, and now subsiding low,  
 She glides adroitly from the falling blow. 320  
 How firm her tread! how menacing her stride!  
 Laugh, canst thou help it, when she steps aside?  
 Daughters of Lepidus, of Fabius, say,  
 In your austere and unforgiving day,  
 What actress would have braved the public hiss  
 In such a garb, at such a scene as this? 326  
 Worse than a tigress robb'd of whelps, a wife  
 Shall make thy very bed a scene of strife!  
 Count not on sleep as privilege of thine,  
 There shall thy gentle partner sob and whine, 330



Against thy immoralities inveigh  
 With tears, which at the slightest call obey,  
 Which ever in their fruitful fountain stand,  
 And burst in torrents at the first command.  
 Fond idiot! who believ'st that this is love, 335  
 And that these sunshine storms her passion prove!  
 With eager lips, go, kiss those tears away;  
 Yet what—ah! what, I wonder, wouldst thou say  
 If the recesses of her escritoire  
 And all her letters, thou mightst there explore? 340  
 Doubts rise on doubts, till all is clear as day;  
 Now help, Quintilian! hast thou naught to say?  
 Quintilian shakes his head! but wherefore ask?  
 The culprit deems defence a needless task!  
 "Sir, when we married, 'twas agreed that you 345  
 Should your own pleasures unconstrain'd pursue,  
 Then wherefore all this scene? and why exclaim  
 Oh times! oh morals! when I do the same?"  
 Beneath the sun no daring so sublime  
 As that of woman in the blaze of crime! 350  
 Oh! from what fountains hateful and accurs'd  
 Have these foul floods of dire corruption burst?  
 Their lowly fortunes kept our females chaste,  
 New duties ere the shades of night were past;  
 The useful hardships of an humble home, 355  
 And hands made coarse with toil protected Rome:  
 Of Hannibal's approach, the daily threat,  
 Their husbands on the tower the watches set;  
 The boon of peace hath Latium dearly paid;  
 And she that faced the battle undismay'd 360  
 Now mourns of luxury the flag unfurl'd,  
 Exacting vengeance for a conquer'd world!  
 Since Rome from want and hardship was secure,  
 All vice abounds, and every crime's mature:  
 To the seven hills foul Sybaris drew near, 365  
 Miletus, Rhodes, all found disciples here;  
 Hither, with all her train, Corruption flows,  
 Here, petulant Tarentum twines the rose;

Wealth, like a leprosy, the land hath cursed,  
And all the sinews of our strength are burst! 370

They, who each night incentive meats devour,  
Drink deep of essenced wines at midnight's hour,  
Till spins the roof in swift gyrations round,  
And lights, seen double, from the board rebound,  
Spurn every law which nature framed to bind 375  
The wayward will of an ungovern'd mind!

Doubt you of Maura the contemptuous sneer,  
Or that she whispers in Collatia's ear,  
Oft as the mouldering fane they venture nigh  
Of that oldfashioned power, Pudicity! 380

How often hath some calm and moonlit night  
Witness'd their insults on the sacred site,  
While the chaste goddess of the orb serene  
Sails on indignant o'er the opprobrious scene!  
Which thou in happy ignorance mayst tread 385  
Near the foul spot next morn by duties led.

The secrets of the Bona Dea's shrine  
Where clamorous horns, and flutes, and floods of  
wine,

The midnight votaries of the dance inspire,  
Like frantic Mænads of the Bacchic choir, 390  
All know too well the altars of the state  
Share in profaneness now the common fate!

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* 395

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* 400

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* 405

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

410

Yes! e'en the very Indian and the Moor  
 Have learn'd his name who trod the sacred floor  
 In harper's guise, within those precincts, where 415  
 Aught that of sex displays is veil'd with care,  
 Whence e'en a mouse precipitate withdraws,  
 Conscious of sex and mindful of the laws.  
 Time-honour'd rites, when Rome beheld ye first  
 A Numa reign'd! and no profane one durst 420  
 His vase of Vaticanian clay deride,  
 Or pateras that potter's wheel supplied!  
 But what be altars now? come name me one  
 That doth not claim a Clodius of its own!  
 "Get thee a lock, man! take a friend's advice; 425  
 Watch every step she takes"—oh rare device!  
 Tell me who'll watch the watchers? she begins  
 With these, and their corrupt connivance wins;  
 Howe'er they differ else, in this the same,  
 The tramper of the flint, the causeway dame, 430  
 Or whom tall Syrians through the motley throng  
 Bear in voluptuous indolence along!  
 Ogulnia's means compel her pride to hire  
 What'er the circus or the shows require;  
 The fair-hair'd damsels, and the gray-hair'd nurse;  
 Yet for some favourite still recruits her purse, 436  
 And bids the last remaining ounce be fused  
 Of the familiar plate her father used!  
 Many be poor, yet of the rule austere  
 That poverty enjoins, refuse to hear. 440  
 School'd by the ant, some men at least forbear,  
 And of the present for the future spare.  
 But prodigal in ruin, woman still  
 Expects some miracle the void to fill,

As if the coin from quickening germs would burst,  
 And a new harvest soon replace the first! 446  
 As if the chest could its own loss restore,  
 And still be pillaged, but to fill the more!

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* 450  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* 455  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Now music mad, behold the man of song,  
 Pledged to the pretor, must to her belong! 460  
 Now in her favour's full meridian dwell  
 The mighty masters of the sounding shell!  
 And hark! the plectrum runs some prelude o'er  
 That dear Hedymeles had played before—  
 'Twas his, that plectrum, and 'tis some relief 465  
 To kiss that pledge of unavailing grief!  
 Of Lamian ancestry and Appian name  
 To Vesta's shrine there comes a Roman dame;  
 Her offering, wine and corn; her errand there,  
 To learn if Pollio be decreed to wear 470  
 The capitolian wreath! now tell us, pray,  
 What could she more, if sick her husband lay?  
 What, if at length the men of medicine sad  
 Gazed on her child and own'd the case was bad?  
 'Tis for a fiddler that she veils her face, 475  
 And mutters o'er the ritual of the place!  
 Does all that suppliants do, and trembling sees  
 The smoking caul that solves Heaven's high de-  
 crees!

Say, eldest of the gods, good Janus, say,  
 Do ye reply to such inquirers, pray? 480  
 In sooth your occupations are not few,  
 And heaven no place for idlers, if ye do:

Petitions at your gates for ever knock,  
 This for the buskin duns ye, that the sock !  
 The poor aruspex that stands there to tell 485  
 All woman asks, must find his ankles swell.

But let them thus, 'tis better than to roam  
 Like that eternal vagrant from her home,  
 Seen most where men assemble, prone to talk  
 To generals hastening from the public walk ; 490  
 What Thrace or Scythia plot, of her inquire,  
 She knows the secrets of the world entire !

The new Adonis, whom the sex assail,  
 Now here, now there, as these or those prevail ;  
 Lost reputation, matrimonial jars, 495  
 And babes, the gift of over-bounteous stars.

The newest phrase and last imported modes  
 Are also hers ; disaster she forbodes  
 To Parthia, and unless the comet lies,  
 Armenia's king must fall, no more to rise ! 500

She meets the earliest rumours at the gates,  
 Sometimes the news that comes not she creates ;  
 " Niphates, swoln with rains, has pour'd its flood  
 O'er all the lands where towns and cities stood ;"  
 And no small pains it costs her to diffuse 505  
 That all attractive theme, the latest news.

Yet more revolting to the generous mind  
 Is that implacable ferocious kind,  
 On her poor neighbours who exerts her power,  
 And makes them curse her presence every hour :  
 Who, if a howling cur her slumbers break, 511  
 Bids scourge the master for the mongrel's sake ;  
 Or, to correct them both, enjoins to flog  
 The owner first, and afterward the dog.

'Twere well for thee thou dost not cross the path,  
 Where seen in long procession to the bath, 516  
 Her moving camp of turbulence and noise  
 Assist to raise the tumult she enjoys ;  
 While wretched guests that to her house repair,  
 Starving and drowsy at each other stare, 520



Thirsting whole flagons, with a cheek that burns,  
 The long-expected wife at last returns,  
 And drinks, ye gods ! till the rejected wine  
 In smoking lakes upon the marble shine,  
 While her disgusted lord with maddening brain, 525  
 And lips compress'd, can scarce his rage restrain.  
 Worse still, if worse can be, are those that bore  
 Your tired-out sense at supper, or before,  
 Lamenting Dido's fate, dispensing fame  
 To Maro, not forgetting Homer's name, 530  
 While one must bear the impertinence that weighs  
 His dole to each, of censure or of praise.  
 When she begins the very lawyers cease,  
 Fatal necessity ! and hold their peace ;  
 Here rhetoricians of the school refrain, 535  
 Where e'en the crier's voice were raised in vain ;  
 Words fall as fast as hailstones : man is mute,  
 Nor e'en with rival woman dare dispute !  
 Basins of brass, or bells by dozens rung,  
 Match not the clamour of that single tongue ; 540  
 From needless noise of horns, and cymbals cease,  
 The struggling moon her din will soon release !

With many a stiff, precise, pedantic line  
 Of right and fit the boundaries she'll define :  
 Methinks that ladies bless'd with parts so rare 545  
 The tunic of the bolder sex should wear,  
 To old Sylvanus sacrifice the swine,  
 And bathe with men, and pay the current coin.

Let not the matron that shall share thy bed  
 Be deep in style, or dialectics read ; 550  
 With short and crabbed enthymems confute,  
 Nor on each point of history dispute ;  
 'Twere well they understood not some at least ;  
 Palæmon's she disciples I detest,  
 Whose words in fetters move by rote and rule, 555  
 And oft remand my ignorance to school,  
 Quote verses that I never wish to hear,  
 And make each country cousin quake with fear :



A truce, dear lady, with your prompt replies,  
And let a blundering husband solecise ! 560

Let them be rich to all these fearful claims,  
Nor fear restrains them now, nor censure shames ;  
Ears deck'd with emeralds, arms with bracelets  
bound,

Denote a tribe that nothing can confound :  
Of all life's various curses, few so great 565  
As woman's darings, back'd by large estate.

Some with Poppæan oils the skin besmear,  
And their fair face with poultices endear !  
Ye wretched husbands, that are doom'd to taste  
With every kiss some cursed adhesive paste, 570  
Mark how the wives ye daily loathe at home,  
To spruce gallants with bright complexions come !

Whate'er perfumes the slender Indian sends,  
For them she buys, for them alone she blends :  
For them comes off th' integument obscene, 575  
Coat after coat, till all be smooth and clean :

For them that milky lotion, for the sake  
Of which, to Scythia exiled, she would take  
She asses by the dozen in her train !  
Behold thy lady now, herself again ! 580

But tell us, pray, all dress'd in oil and meal,  
Which naught of human countenance reveal,  
That mass in viscous pastes and plasters bound,  
Is there a face beneath it, or a wound ?

Inquire we briefly how these dames of ours 585  
Contrive to rid them of the passing hours :

First, if the frigid husband shall have kept  
At a respectful distance, or have slept,  
For his oblivion men and maids shall weep,  
And pay for slumbers, which they did not sleep. 590

Maidens and men, the awkward and the slow,  
Must expiate his offence with many a blow,  
And many a cane shall fall on many a head,  
And many a hack with whip or scourge be red.

There are that for despatch employ a knave 595  
To whip, for annual hire, his fellow-slave !

The toilet still goes on, the female friend  
 Drops in, the patient milliners attend;  
 Th' embroider'd margin of the robes display'd,  
 The list is conn'd of visits to be paid, 600  
 And though fresh victims still remain to flay,  
 "Hence, wretches, hence! and bless your stars to-  
 day!"

Would she be deck'd with more than usual taste,  
 Or to convenient Isis does she haste,  
 Or does the gentle cicisbeo wait, 605  
 Or for the gardens is the lady late,  
 Poor Psecas with her hair by handfuls torn  
 Her patient lady's tresses must adorn.

"Pray why is this (then swiftly falls the thong)  
 So stiffly turn'd? and why is this so long?" 610

Can Psecas help it, gentlest fair one, say,  
 If your own nose displeases you to-day?  
 More skilful combs at length the tresses spread,  
 And coil the sinuous volume round the head,  
 Till the promoted matron, once the maid, 615

(The critic now,) for dext'rous flattery paid,  
 Declare the structure perfect, and the rest,  
 Each in her place, the full effect attest;  
 At other times more vast constructions rise,  
 And tier on tier ascends in turret guise. 620

Th' imposing head o'erawes us! step behind,  
 And trust me, no Andromache you'll find.  
 Of one unfortunate, oblivious quite,  
 Whate'er he lose, to her the loss is light;  
 And save that daily she insults his friends, 625  
 Provokes his servants, and his fortune spends,  
 As a mere neighbour she might pass through life,  
 And ne'er be once mistaken for his wife!

Change we the scene; lo! from Bellona's domes  
 A monstrous leader with his chorus comes, 630  
 Cease all the cymbals, the shrill crew around  
 Are silent, while, in Phrygian turban crown'd,  
 Their chief begins, and with terrific air,  
 Bids, of September's austral blasts beware,

Unless the fivescore eggs he comes to claim, 635  
 And all her sin-infected robes, the dame,  
 With meet contrition moved, and no delay,  
 Produce, and for last year's transgressions pay.

Her envoy next if snow-white Io send,  
 The superstitious fool her steps will bend 640  
 To Tiber's bank, there break the morning ice,  
 And plunge her in the gelid current thrice !

This done, th' unsparing goddess still to please,  
 Round Tarquin's field she crawls on bleeding knees :  
 At Io's bidding, lo ! she hastes to bring 645

A cruise of water from the tepid spring  
 Of Merœ's isle, and sprinkle on the floor  
 Where Isis dwells, and sheep were penn'd of yore.  
 Doubtless such kindred minds th' immortals seek,  
 And such the souls with whom by night they speak !  
 No wonder that, so warn'd, she seems to hear 651  
 The very goddess whispering in her ear !

Now see Anubis, and the bald-pate crew !  
 With secret scorn the gaping crowd that view ;  
 Well may the dame, I ween, his visit dread, 655  
 The silver serpent, "lo ! has moved his head !"  
 He knows she misemploys the sacred days,  
 And in forbidden paths profanely strays !  
 Yet, of her sighs, and his atoning tears,  
 Perhaps when great Osiris sees and hears— 660  
 Ye gods ! what ill effects do bribes produce !  
 See great Osire corrupted—by a goose !

These gone, a trembling Jewess next appears,  
 Who asks for alms and whispers in her ears :  
 Of Salem's laws and mysteries she tells, 665  
 And though unhoused, amid the trees she dwells,  
 Her internuntial office none deny,  
 Between us peccant mortals and the sky !  
 Enough with humblest coin her hands to fill,  
 For dreams of Jews are had for what you will. 670  
 A visit from the Comagenian seer,  
 Or sage Armenian, brings her better cheer,

And makes her sure, if pigeons' lungs tell truth,  
 Of large estate, and ever constant youth!  
 In cauls of whelps and fowl your fate he'll grope,  
 Those vast exhaustless magazines of hope! 676  
 Or haply hint, that if a child were slain,  
 Some points unclar'd, its bowels might explain!

Faith more profound Chaldea's wanderers prove,  
 What the stars tell us comes direct from Jove! 680  
 Without whose aid, since Delphi is no more,  
 Man might in darkness wander as before.

First, in this first of arts, stands he that sold  
 Those tablets that a wish'd-for death foretold  
 To grateful Otho, whose much sought-for lore 685  
 Comes of the fetters that his ankles wore.

Him all consult, that scarcely saves his head,  
 To Cyclad rocks, in place of halters sped;  
 A sorry seer is he, whom danger spares!  
 'Tis not to such thy Tanaquil repairs, 690

To ask hath fate yet fix'd a day for thee?  
 When shall her jaundiced mother cease to be?  
 When uncles, cousins, sisters, shall depart;  
 Or (would the planets ease her anxious heart!)  
 Whether her paramour, when she's at rest, 695  
 Shall still endure to live, and still be bless'd!

Join we to these the independent sect  
 That want no seer to guide them, but inspect  
 The almanac, and see, as planets rise, 700  
 The griefs and joys emitted from the skies!

Of love and lottery each chance foretold,  
 And in mysterious manuscript enroll'd!  
 Keep from their way, as thou regard'st thy bliss,  
 Whose tatter'd leaves of thumb'd ephemeris  
 Bid husbands on the road alone proceed, 705

And tell them, thus Thrasyllus hath decreed!  
 Who take no morning airings, but by book,  
 And to the page, and not the weather look;  
 Use no collyrium for an itching eye,  
 Nor e'en in languor, while in bed they lie, 710

Unless to Petosyris they appeal,  
 Will drink a draught, or venture on a meal!  
 If poor, they listen to each vulgar lie,  
 And to the conjurers of the circus hie;  
 Or to the gipsy oracles, who vend 715  
 Plebeian fortunes, the fair palm extend.  
 Of richer fools, the follies and the fears  
 The Indian or the Phrygian augur hears,  
 Or he that renders pure by potent spell  
 The spot ill omen'd where the lightning fell. 720

The fortune of the mob, and vulgar fate  
 About the rampart hold their petty state;  
 There, those whose necks no links of gold display  
 Before the phalæ and the dolphins pay  
 For counsel, "if 'twere better to forsake 725  
 The vintner, and the wealthier grocer take."  
 Yet these of childbirth all the perils bear,  
 And of the nurse each anxious labour share,  
 Perils on gilded couches borne by few—  
 So much can blessed art and med'cine do! 730

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	
*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	
*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	735
*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	
*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	
*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	
*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	*  *	740

714 The Circus Maximus was three furlongs in length and one in breadth. A euripus, moat, or trench filled with water for the exhibition of a naumachia, surrounded three sides of it. High buildings for the spectators encircled the whole. On the summit of one part of this structure some wooden towers, *phalæ*, were placed as marks for the better guidance of the chariot drivers. There also were some pillars surmounted with dolphins. A full account of this circus, together with a plan of it, may be seen in Holyday. This was the place frequented by the lower kind of fortunetellers.



Pass we thy hopes deceived—a spurious breed  
 To all the honours of thy race decreed,  
 Fetch'd from the foul lake's side whence Rome de-  
 rives

Some noble names, thanks to our faithful wives!  
 A favour'd spot! for there at dead of night 745  
 Malignant fortune bends with fond delight  
 O'er the deserted babe, enjoys the jest  
 Already, warms the foundling in her breast,  
 Arranges all the drama, and removes  
 To halls and palaces the imp she loves! 750

Some in Thessalian charms and filters deal,  
 Which on the incautious husband's senses steal,  
 And leave him in his worthless partner's power,  
 To scorn, and gibe, and insult every hour:  
 Thence weak fatuity, the mind o'ercast 755  
 With clouds, and deep oblivion of the past!  
 Trifles! thou mightst have clank'd a maniac's chain,  
 With fire in all the chambers of thy brain!

“Who may not live to bear what emperors bore?”  
 Did not Cæsonia erst for Caius pour 760  
 A potion that no mortal brain might brook,  
 And earth's whole empire to its centre shook?  
 As if Olympian Jove a maddening draught  
 Had from the treacherous hands of Juno quaff'd!  
 How poor to this, was Agrippina's treat, 765  
 That of a dotard's pulses stopp'd the beat,  
 And sent the slavering lips, the palsied head,  
 To join the gods—at least to join the dead.

Cæsonia's pharmacy, with tortures stored,  
 And fraught with elements of fire and sword, 770  
 Kindled within the soul such furious rage,  
 As slaughter'd knights and senates scarce assuage:  
 So much of horror could one monster brew,  
 From one colt's forehead, gods! what scenes ensue!

The offspring of their lord's promiscuous love 775  
 That wives should hate, to this will nature move:



Of his first marriage to destroy the fruits,  
 This too is fair—a right which none disputes!  
 Ye orphan sons who count on large estate,  
 Know, in each livid stew, on every plate 780  
 That caustic poisons lurk, and fear to touch  
 Whate'er maternal kindness praises much.  
 Look well around ye, and with eye discreet,  
 Ere ye begin remark what others eat—  
 Or let the careful tutor taste your meat. 785  
 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!  
 Ah, would they were! but hark to Pontia's voice,  
 "I did the deed, avow it, and rejoice! 791  
 'Twas I prepared the aconite, and none  
 Shall share the penalty; 'tis mine alone!"  
 Two, two at once? thine own? oh, monster rare!  
 Seven had been slain that day, had seven been  
 there! 795  
 Distrust tragedians now! The Colchian erst,  
 In all the mysteries of vengeance versed,  
 Or cruel Procne!—yet that olden time  
 Saw not, in love of gold, the lure of crime:  
 Passion's swift purpose and impetuous hand, 800  
 Will half absolve the deeds they scarcely plann'd,  
 And rage once bursting forth from woman's soul,  
 Bears all before it, and defies control;  
 As when from Alp, that rear'd it high in air,  
 Bounds the huge rock that hung for ages there!  
 But ill befall the cool computing brain, 806  
 That marks the victim, and destroys him, sane!  
 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! 811  
 Daughters of Belus thou shalt daily meet,  
 A Clytemnestra lurks in every street;

Rude she, and inexpert!—a woman's hand  
Of murderous hatchet hath but frail command! 815  
No slaughters now; since pharmacy hath wrung  
Blood-curdling venom from a reptile's lung!  
Yet, if the shrewd Atrides shall have quaff'd,  
Thrice vanquish'd monarch! thy protecting draught,  
They'd strike a blow no drugs of thine could heal,  
Renouncing poison for the surer steel! 821

819 Mithridate, so called from the celebrated sovereign of Pontia, and long holding its place in the ancient pharmacy as an antidote.

## SATIRE VII.

### ARGUMENT.

THIS satire contains specimens of almost every excellence compatible with the kind of writing, and shows the versatility of the powers of Juvenal in an eminent degree. His bard is inimitable; his reproach to Athens, and the lines that follow, are genuine effusions of a fine and feeling mind; the historian, the lawyer, the schoolmaster, are sketches full of humour frequent and irresistible, of one of which Gibbon observes, that "if wit consist in the discovery of relations natural without being obvious, that of the poet and the lion is one of the wittiest possible."

### PERSONS MENTIONED.

Paccius, Faustus, Thelesinus, names of obscure poets. That of the latter occurs frequently in Martial.

Camerini, Bareæ, the names of two illustrious families at Rome.

Proculeius, a Roman knight celebrated for his liberality by Horace. He divided his estate with his two brothers, Scipio and Muræna, who were ruined by the civil wars which placed Augustus on the throne.

Lentulus receives commendation from Cicero for the same virtue which occasioned the introduction of his name by Juvenal.

Fabius, some uncertain individual of that flourishing family, which was so numerous that it was used in stating any hypothetical case requiring names.

Matho, better known than his associate, a wretched lawyer, and afterward a flourishing informer. We met with his litter in the first satire.

Tongillus, a poor pleader, who had recourse to ostentation as a specific in his complaint, but did not find it answer.

Paulus, an attentive observer of men and manners, who, in

compliment to the discernment and integrity of the court, where he was to plead, is made by a satirical hyperbole to hire or borrow an ornament which he was too poor to possess, in a country, and at a period, when everybody wore a ring. Tens of thousands of the engraved stones thus worn, and of quality to suit all purchasers, from the coarsest *ébauche* to the most consummate finish, have been, and are still buried in the Roman soil. The peasant collects them every spring during his agricultural labours, and carries them to the trading antiquary, who makes his selection, and throws away the refuse. The soil round Rome has in fact furnished all the cabinets of Europe, and the ancient passion for rings is still endemic, for the very muleteer or postillion exhibits his cameo. In this respect there is a great difference between Rome and Athens, for though the soil of the Attic capitol has been so little disturbed by research, and so much less changed in all probability by the decay of old buildings, or the construction of new ones, I found very few engraved stones in any part of Greece, and none that were valuable; nor can I learn that other travellers have been either more industrious, or more successful.

Basilus, Cossus, poor, but able lawyers.

Vectius or Vettius, a distinguished rhetorician, commended by Pliny.

Chrysogonus, Pollio; are the names of harpers in the sixth satire: here they are plainly grammarians.

Ventidius, (Pub. Vent. Bassus,) born in the territory of Picenum, and carried by his captive mother in the triumphal procession of Pompeius Strabo: after this a carman or a muleteer. A fortuitous introduction to the friendship of Julius Cæsar conducted him through the offices of pretor and tribune to that of consul.

Tullius, (Servius Tullius,) the sixth of the kings of Rome, whose story is again alluded to by Juvenal in the eighth satire, where his history is stated in two lines.

Thrasymachus, the name, according to the scholiast, of a distinguished pupil of Plato and Isocrates; he settled in Athens, where neglect and misery drove him to suicide.

Secundus Carrinas was driven by the same neglect from Athens to Rome: there he began a school, but choosing a theme not delightful to the ears of Caligula, "De Tyrannide," he was quickly banished.

#### PLACES MENTIONED.

Aganippe, Fons Heliconis in Bœotia, "Mysis sacer."  
Cirrha, a city at the foot of Parnassus, sacred to Apollo.

Nisa, a city of Arabia, on a spot near which Bacchus, having been educated by the nymphs, built this city in gratitude; but no less than eleven cities of this name are said to be mentioned by different writers.

LEARNING'S sole hopes on Cæsar now depend,  
 Of each desponding muse the generous friend ;  
 The single patron in these evil days,  
 When bards of prosperous fame renounce the bays,  
 Heat water for the baths, are fain to fly 5  
 To paltry towns, ignoble trades to ply,  
 Or urged by famine to contemn disgrace,  
 Are glad to canvass for the crier's place.  
 Clio herself might starve within the grove,  
 In which in better times she loved to rove! 10  
 What though Pierian bowers thy feet might tread,  
 Pierian bowers produce not daily bread !  
 Hie to the auction rostrum, learn to sound  
 The praise of lumber to the standers round ;

1 The unreserved manner in which the character of the atrocious Domitian is exposed in the fourth satire has raised a doubt whether he is the Cæsar here complimented: the reasons for thinking that he is are however not inconsiderable. First, he is known to have affected the patronage of letters in the beginning of his reign, on which account he is expressly complimented, not only by Martial, but by Quintilian; and, secondly, Paris the actor, to whose approbation such important advantages are attributed in this satire, flourished in that reign. These considerations seem to entitle that emperor to the compliments here given, and to prove that the fourth satire was in date posterior to the present.

13 The business of an auctioneer at Rome, as appears from this, and from a parallel passage in the third satire, was considered as particularly degrading. The articles of Roman furniture under his hammer may, I suppose, be best studied amid the household goods of Herculaneum and Portici. The Thebes, Alcinoë, and Tereus, were probably just such productions as those celebrated in the beginning of the first satire. Thebes, and the misfortunes of the house of Œdipus, the tale of which had already formed the subject of the noblest dramas of the Greek tragedians, had still charms, it seems, to recommend itself to Roman poets and to Roman readers; and Martial, who

There the whole art's superlatives exhaust 15  
 On plays of Paccius or the Thebes of Faust,  
 And deem thee happier than in court to lie,  
 And earn the wretched bread that treasons buy.  
 Leave such resource for Asia's gentle knights,  
 And Cappadocians whom kind Rome requites 20  
 With her best honours, and is proud to greet  
 Sent from Bithynia's realms with shoeless feet!  
 Hail, glorious days! no more shall poet bear  
 Dishonest toils unmeet for poet's care,  
 Who champs the bay and meditates the song, 25  
 Where numbers sweetly link'd the charm prolong.  
 Proceed! for now imperial eyes regard  
 Your studious toils, imperial hands reward.  
 Dost thou, of other patrons dreaming yet,  
 O'er saffron parchment querulously fret, 30  
 For fire and fuel, Thelésinus, call,  
 And to the spouse of Venus give them all,  
 Or lock them up, and leave the silent worm  
 His slow but sure destruction to perform.  
 Yes, wretched man! my friendly counsels heed, 35  
 Blot all those battles out and smash thy reed,  
 Who in that loft of thine from day to day  
 Art meditating some sonorous lay,  
 And wouldst to future days a bust bequeath  
 Of half-starved poet crown'd with ivy wreath! 40  
 Hopes be there none, the patron miser pays  
 No longer with his coin, but all in praise;  
 Admires you, as the peacock boys admire,  
 And leaves you hungry, but commends your lyre!  
 Thus years glide on, by endless hopes betray'd, 45  
 Fit for the oar, the helmet, and the spade,  
 Till gray-hair'd, helpless, humbled genius see  
 Its fault too late, and curse Terpsichore.  
 Hear now his arts for whose applause ye pine,  
 And cease to worship Phœbus and the Nine! 50

sympathized with Juvenal in the abuse of so precious an article as paper, had already deprecated in vain these stale subjects.



Himself turns poet, and writes verses too,  
 With which to pay in kind his debt to you ;  
 Less fine perhaps than Homer's, on the score  
 That Homer lived some thousand years before.  
 If then, all glowing for the dear delight, 55  
 Thou askest but applause, and must recite,  
 His cobweb'd walls and empty house command,  
 Where like a city with the foe at hand,  
 Gates strictly closed and all in iron bound,  
 On the defensive every door is found ! 60  
 Yet more ! he'll place his menials here and there,  
 And bid his clients come their parts to bear  
 In boisterous plaudits, ay ! but ne'er defray  
 What thou must for the borrow'd benches pay,  
 For seats which step by step are raised on high, 65  
 Or for orchestral chairs a fund suply.  
 Still drag we through the sand the sterile plough,  
 Still raise new furrows where no grain will grow ;  
 And would we quit at length th' ambitious ill,  
 The noose of habit implicates us still ! 70  
 A desperate mania, that no drastic cures,  
 The love of ink, with some, till death endures ;  
 But he, the child of song, that ne'er will deign  
 To stoop for common ores of casual vein,  
 Who, drawn from mines where thought's deep treas-  
 ures lie, 75  
 Stamps his pure gold with truth's immortal die,  
 Whom yet I paint not, though before my eyes  
 I see the visionary bard arise !  
 That man of many gifts, is only such,  
 Whom life's severities forbear to touch, 80

56 We have already noticed the practice of recitation. This lending one's house for the benefit of the reciter may be recognised in a somewhat similar modern arrangement, bating the illiberal part of it, in favour of a popular singer ; for, as Holyday very faithfully tells us, none of the Roman patrons cared

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

And leave him free in depth of woods to dwell,  
 Or drink at leisure of th' Aonian well !  
 The body's wants, that urge by night or day,  
 Permit no parley with the sacred bay,  
 Nor to the lack of coin can e'er belong 85  
 The mystic thyrsus or the gift of song !  
 When from the lyre triumphant evoes sound,  
 Venusium's bard with festive wreaths is crown'd ;  
 Place for no second cares the breast affords,  
 That waits on Cirrha's, or on Nisa's lords, 90  
 Nor wrestlings with the world, will genius own,  
 Destined to strive with song, and song alone !  
 Oh ! 'tis the work of no distracted mind  
 To sad realities of life confined,  
 Or troubled lest approaching night should spread 95  
 No blanket on the shivering poet's bed,  
 In fancy's brilliant colours to behold  
 Celestial steeds, and gods in cars of gold,  
 Or to conceive Erinny's, in her wrath,  
 As when she cross'd the fierce Rutulian's path. 100  
 Each snake had wither'd in the fury's hair  
 Had Virgil wanted good substantial fare.  
 That blast had never blown ! but we demand  
 Pathos, and true sublime, from Lappa's hand,  
 Who writes his Atreus, as his friends allege, 105  
 With half his household goods and cloak in pledge !  
 What ! could not Numitor assist the bard ?  
 Doubtless he could—but that the times are hard ;  
 Though to his girl, the "times" he scarce shall plead,  
 And his tame lion still contrives to feed ! 110  
 The monster's bowels at a smaller charge  
 Are doubtless fill'd, your poet's paunch is large !  
 Amid his marble halls, content with fame,  
 Lucan at ease may new Pharsalias frame,  
 But can Saleius, can Serranus pay 115  
 Their landlords' rent, on simple glory, say ?  
 Statius has fix'd a day ; the day arrives !  
 Thither all Rome to hear her favourite strives,

And while the lay of Thebes the bard recites  
 Each thundering plaudit every hope requites! 120  
 Yet, mid the shouts, though every bench give way,  
 Staius is starving still! and starve he may,  
 Till Paris, at whose hint the place is thine,  
 Who makes at will a general of the line,  
 Shall in compassion be induced to buy 125  
 His last new work in virgin tragedy.  
 What nobles cannot, lo, the player can!  
 Look to thy interests, and bestir thee, man!  
 Wherefore in Barea's chambers idly wait?  
 Why linger more at Camerinus' gate? 130  
 Tribunes behold! by Philomela's aid,  
 And prefects, by a speech in Pelops made!  
 Yet envy not the else deserted bard,  
 Whom players patronise, and mimes reward;  
 A Fabius, Cotta, Lentulus, dost thou 135  
 Fondly expect, or a Mæcenas now?  
 The times are past for students to abstain  
 From cheering cups, while Saturnalia reign.  
 The time and oil that learn'd historians spend  
 Perchance thou deem'st to happier issues tend; 140  
 Lo! there expanded the nine hundredth page,  
 And still new themes, to toils renewed engage;  
 Facts upon facts still force him to enlarge,  
 And reams of costly paper swell the charge!  
 Come now! the harvest from this well-wrought  
 field? 145  
 A dull transcriber's toils more profit yield!

123 "Staius," says Juvenal, "would have starved, if he had not found in Paris a purchaser for his Agave." Holyday quotes from Brodæus the price given to Terence for his Eunuchus—eight sestertia, about sixty-five pounds; but the authority is not stated.

144 Paper is well known to have had its origin and its name from the papyrus of Egypt. The progressive series of substances employed for writing on, were, according to Pliny—1. leaves of the palm; 2. barks of certain trees; 3. sheets of lead; 4. linen tablets; 5. wax; and lastly, the papyrus.

But these dream out their studious lives alone,  
Men should go forth, be active and be known!

Ask them what recompense the pleader shares  
With books and papers who to courts repairs. 150  
How the loud echoes vibrate through the hall,  
If his shrewd eye on anxious client fall!  
But let his side be sharply jogg'd by those  
Who piles of parchment to plain truth oppose,  
The bellows then with tenfold force he plies, 155  
While scatter'd foam involves gigantic lies!  
Now for the wages of forensic strife,  
Fruits of the hard-wrought lawyers' longest life:  
One jockey, in one year, more coin shall touch  
Than the whole profits of a hundred such! 160  
The bench is met! rise, Ajax, with thy speech!  
Enlighten'd juries eloquently teach!  
Before some clodpate judge thy vitals strain,  
Relate, subjoin, correct, amend, explain!  
So shall the verdant palm be duly tied 165  
To the dark staircase where such powers reside:  
"Ay, but the fee? the fee?"—a rusty chine,  
Five jars of meager down-the-Tiber wine,  
Some roots, (your negro menial's monthly dole,)  
Some pickled tunny—thou hast heard the whole.  
Or, if one piece of gold five causes pay, 171  
Attorneys snatch their destined shares away;  
But let Æmilius take the cause in hand,  
And plead it worse, he gets his full demand!  
For in his hall the brazen car on high, 175  
Yoked with four steeds abreast, attracts the eye!  
There too, in warlike attitude, I ween,  
On his bold horse our man of law is seen,  
For all the fury of the fray disposed,  
With lance that quivers, and with eye half closed!

175 Martial has a facetious allusion to this rage for being represented, not on canvass, but on brass. The forges, he tells us, are all at work, and the smiths all alive, in fitting the lawyers to their horses.

Yet not to all the same device avails, 181  
 For Pedo runs away, and Matho fails ;  
 Tongillus breaks—whose dressing case alone  
 Was quite a show, to all the Thermæ known,  
 Which, oft disturb'd by his tumultuous train, 185  
 Wish'd his magnificence at home again—  
 Tongillus breaks ; by Medes oft borne in state,  
 To bid for vase or villa, gems or plate ;  
 In robes of Tyre, with such a gay “ turn out,”  
 The man of substance who shall dare to doubt ? 190  
 Purple and violet raiment raise the price  
 Of your spruce lawyer's credit and advice,  
 By noise and stir there's something to be got :  
 “ Assume a virtue though thou hast it not !”  
 Could Tully come to life, would any now 195  
 Two hundred paltry sesterces bestow  
 For his advice, unless indeed he saw  
 A diamond glittering on the man of law ?  
 Has he eight slaves, a client fain would know,  
 Ere to his counsel for advice he go ; 200  
 Do ten attendants in his train appear,  
 And swings the lawyer's litter in the rear ?  
 This Paulus saw, and soon with vast applause,  
 In borrow'd robes and rings he pleads his cause !  
 Now better paid than Cossus, more admired 205  
 Than Basilus, for people soon are tired,  
 And doubt the eloquence can scarce be sound  
 Of one that pleads indifferently gown'd !  
 To Basilus shall strongest sense avail ?  
 Shall Basilus rehearse the matron's tale ? 210  
 To that dry nurse of litigation, get  
 Afric or Gaul, if thou hast tongue to let.

212 This is a second allusion to the rhetorical exercises at Lyons, mentioned in the first satire. Africa had produced two or three distinguished orators whose names have been thought worthy of commemoration by Quintilian, such as Julius Africanus and Domitius Afer. “ But,” says the Delphin editor,



Thou'dst teach declaiming? Vettius, with a  
 breast  
 Of triple steel mayst thou be ever bless'd  
 When boy conspirators prepare the blow, 215  
 And the large class lays lofty tyrants low!  
 All that one blockhead has just spell'd and read  
 Another spouts to thy distracted head!  
 Oh! repetition is the master's curse!  
 Your last week's cook'd up coleworts scarce were  
 worse! 220  
 Where the main force of the whole question lies,  
 What nice distinctions in its progress rise,  
 How, from concession made, conclusion flows,  
 Of cavils and objections how dispose,  
 All bid you teach them, none delight to pay; 225  
 Payment! for what? what have you taught him,  
 pray?  
 The fault is mine, with me the blame must rest,  
 That in the booby boy's Arcadian breast  
 No pulse of talent throbs! whose drawling tone  
 Have cost me many a yawn and many a groan 230  
 At his dire Hannibal! when once a week  
 The fatal hour arrives to hear him speak,  
 And tell us, if with cohorts drench'd with rain,  
 And stricken with the storm on Cannæ's plain,  
 'Twere wiser to push on, or lead them round, 235  
 By longer march on less ambiguous ground!  
 Get me his father but to hear his task  
 For one short week—I'll give you all you ask!

"Africa is more entitled to be remembered by us Christians as a nurse of eloquence, since we owe to her the names of Terullian, Cypriañ, and Augustine."

The eloquence of the bar was at that time, one would suppose, notwithstanding the study of the rhetorical treatise of Aristotle, and the artificial divisions taught in the schools, rather of a desultory kind. The Causidicus of Juvenal does not really seem to deserve more than the "siccus Petasunculus" which his client sends him. Martial has an excellent epigram on the eloquence of the bar.



In deep disgust, our teachers by the score,  
 On their detested schools now close the door, 240  
 Nor to dark spells by fell Medeas spread,  
 Or Troy's abductions trust for scanty bread :  
 The courts now claim them ! yet that thankless  
 field,

Counsell'd by me, would Vettius also yield,  
 And with changed purpose form new plans of life,  
 Far from the scenes of brawling and of strife ; 246  
 Yea ! though he want the pittance that will buy  
 The granary token for the day's supply !

Turn we from these to the grammarian school,  
 Which learn'd Chrysogonus or Pollio rule ; 250  
 Who to the sons of wealth the wordy art  
 Of Theodorus for small cost impart.

To build new baths sestertia still abound !  
 Of porticoes the price is always found !  
 Those long arcades, where not a summer shower  
 Shall stay the wish'd-for exercise an hour ! 256

What is the cloud to him that rain forebodes ?  
 He ! splash his favourite mule in filthy roads,  
 With ample space at his command, to tire  
 The well-groom'd beast, with hoof unstain'd by  
 mire ! 260

Here on Numidian shafts the vast saloon  
 Courts the brief radiance of the winter's noon ;  
 And there the kitchen holds its proper state !  
 For perfect cooks—is any price too great ?  
 A tutor's salary one scarcely names 265

Amid such numerous necessary claims,  
 And two sestertia should at most repay  
 The learn'd Quintilian for his endless day !  
 Reckless in all expense beside, but one  
 Demands the careful parent's thrift—his son ! 270

250 The *curatores annonæ* distributed among the poor of Rome small symbols or tickets of wood or of lead, which were an order for the receipt of so much grain. These *tesseræ* were a frequent present or largess from the emperors. Some of them are preserved in the museum at Portici.

"Then whence Quintilian's tenements and trees!"  
 State common cases; cases that one sees!  
 'Tis luck does all! it gives the best pretence  
 To person, courage, conduct, wit, and sense!  
 It weaves the senate's crescent on the shoe,      275  
 And makes the rich man well begotten too:  
 Oh, be but lucky! and the world shall own  
 That eloquence like thine was rarely known!  
 And though the hoarse catarrh obstruct thy throat,  
 Sing on—no nightingale shall match the note!      280  
 Much it avails what planet at thy birth  
 Determined all thy destinies on earth;  
 Red from thy mother, when the feeble moan  
 Escaped thee first, what constellation shone!  
 A scribe! if fortune should thy path prepare,      285  
 Behold thee seated in a consul's chair!  
 Again behold thee, at her sovereign will,  
 A wretched scribe, once more, or consul still!  
 What was Ventidius, what was Tullius, say,  
 But proof that fate her purpose may delay!      290  
 Yet bid the captive climb the conqueror's car,  
 Reserved for fortune by his ruling star;  
 Fate's favourite child, what could Quintilian lack!  
 Yet for one white, a thousand crows are black,  
 Alas! how oft doth hapless teacher's chair      295  
 Consign the wretch that fills it to despair!  
 Tell us, Thrasy-machus, Charinas, say,  
 What mercies mark'd your miserable day?  
 Obtain'd ye aught from Athens, save the dole,  
 To drink oblivion from her hemlock bowl?      300

300 The subject of the vegetable poisons is much more curious than that of the corrosive or mineral ones; they have properties altogether peculiar to themselves, and being capable of producing their effects in small and regulated doses with the most infallible certainty, have constituted the most dreadful instruments of revenge. In the interview between Locusta and Nero, in which they determine on the death of Britannicus, the emperor compels her by blows and menaces to produce something of quick and certain efficacy in his presence. The first preparation was tried on a kid, which died in five hours. It

Oh! may the ashes of our sires that rest  
 Beneath the sod, by lightest sod be press'd!  
 May the bright crocus deck their hallow'd tomb,  
 In endless spring's unperishable bloom,  
 Who taught their pious offspring to revere 305  
 Their youth's instructors with a filial fear!  
 No more a boy, yet as in boyhood's bond,  
 His task, in Chiron's hands, Achilles conn'd;  
 Fill'd with fresh zeal at each approving nod,  
 And fearing his grotesque instructor's rod; 310  
 Nor did the centaur's too conspicuous tail  
 O'er the fond pupil's piety prevail.  
 But now, the taught, as hapless Rufus knows,  
 Disdain the lesson, and return the blows!  
 Rufus, who cites the Allobrogisms vile, 315  
 Proved to conviction in a Tully's style.

Enceladus, Palæmon, learned twain,  
 Tell us! ye can, how much grammarians gain!  
 What! shall the man of syntax dare to hope  
 The sorry pay of metaphor and trope? 320  
 Stewards abridge, the slaves that bring it, bite  
 Some fragment off, ere yet it greets your sight!  
 Let them, Palæmon! yield thee to thy fate,  
 Venders of rugs, thou know'st, and cloaks, abate  
 Their first demand! the whole they scarce shall  
 take 325

Of that small pittance, for the wretched sake  
 Of which thou sit'st ere yet the smith would rise,  
 Or he who cards the wool his labour plies!  
 For which thou bear'st the execrable smell  
 Of lamps, not fewer than the boys who spell; 330  
 Where Flaccus lies with dingy stains perplex'd,  
 And fumes of oil spread doubt on Virgil's text:

was then made stronger, and having proved instantly fatal to a pig, was now thought equal to the occasion; accordingly it despatched Britannicus the moment he had tasted it. We are unacquainted with any such poison, except prussic acid.

331 Horace and Virgil, it seems, were at the Roman schools as at our own, the favourite Latin authors. But Homer was

That pittance, after all, most rarely paid  
 Without contention and the tribune's aid !  
 Yet these be they, the savage laws who frame,  
 Which toils on toils still rigorously claim ! 336  
 For such as these, all authors must be read,  
 All grammars cramm'd in your distracted head !  
 For such as these, oh much enduring man !  
 Learn thou all histories since time began. 340  
 Hope not the very bath's repose to share,  
 Alas ! new persecutions wait thee there !  
 Sure, ere thou strip, that some eternal fool  
 Shall vex thy soul, and curse thee with the school.  
 How, tell us, do authorities incline 345  
 Touching the number of the casks of wine  
 That good Acestes bade them send on board  
 When in his port the Phrygian fleet was moor'd ?  
 Anchises' nurse's age he has forgot,  
 And even her name !—sheets thou of course hast not !  
 Their children's morals too—for such as these ! 351  
 'Tis thine to train like young and tender trees !  
 Still at thy post, where'er the urchins move,  
 With tutor's vigilance, and parent's love !  
 Still holding on, through the long tedious year, 355  
 The temperate reign of kindness mix'd with fear !  
 Do this, all this, and when that year's complete  
 You earn the price—of one successful heat !

also read in the higher classes ; of this there is evidence in many of the Greek epigrams, in one of which the starving teacher wishes that the wrath of Peleus's son had carried him off along with the Greeks. Notwithstanding the epigram, and in spite of the conclusion of this satire, I saw with my own eyes, in a comfortable sepulchral chamber which in 1825 had been recently opened in the gardens of the Villa Pamphili, all the evidence that an epitaph can afford of a happy schoolmaster !—for so it is written on the good man's cinerary vase !

## SATIRE VIII.

### ARGUMENT.

THE folly of pride, grounded on the merits or distinctions of others, is a subject in reality exhausted in this inimitable satire, and while poets have been fond of recurring to it in all ages, this admirable piece is the repertory from which they have generally drawn. Indeed a noble subject, once nobly treated, is left, for the most part, for ever incapable of improvement. There are some good lines in one of the Greek epigrams on the same theme, but they become feeble when viewed in comparison with the grave yet highly poetical discourse of Juvenal. Two or three excellent and striking remarks, given by Dusaulx from Duclos, are well worth extracting in further illustration:—

“The respect which we pay to birth is but an act of mere civility, an homage to the memory of ancestors who have given lustre to the name, and which, as it regards their descendants who receive it, somewhat resembles the religious observance paid to images, of which the materials may be contemptible and the workmanship rude; it is to the feeling of piety that these, forms which would otherwise be objects of ridicule, owe the whole of their respect.”

“Juvenal,” says Mr. Gibbon, in discussing the merits of this satire, “is distinguished from all the poets who lived after the establishment of the monarchy, by his love of liberty and loftiness of mind: all the rest sing the ruin of their country: Juvenal teaches how the evils inflicted by tyranny can be cured.” *Spoliatis arma supersunt!*

“The liberty of speech, conspicuous in this satire, also fixes its date. It was written under a good prince, Nerva or Trajan; for tyrants have the nicest sensibility, and easily recognise their own portraits in those of their predecessors. Domitian would have quickly concluded that an enemy to Nero could be no friend of his.”

See further on this subject, *Aristot. Rhetor., xvii., 2.*

### PERSONS MENTIONED.

Ponticus, with whom the poet expostulates, is an unknown character: of the *Æmiliani, Curii, Corvini, Lepidi, Numantini,*



and many others cited, it would be irrelevant to say more than that these were families of the most acknowledged excellence, in possession, while they lived, of the full respect of their contemporaries, and retaining their honours in the estimation of posterity.

The Egyptian deity Osiris was worshipped under the form of an ox, which obtained the name of Apis. This people, however, from some motive which does not appear, used to drown the representative of their god after a certain number of years, and look out for another, whose election was announced by the clamour to which Juvenal, who had been in Egypt, and heard it, alludes.

Nepos, a miller, whose name frequently occurs in Martial.

Phalaris, the celebrated owner of a brazen bull, which, like the Trojan horse, had a hollow carcass, in which this respectable king of Agrigentum confined persons to whom he had proposed questions of difficult solution, and whose responses were obtained by lighting a fire under the spot where they were placed. Amusement was combined with utility, for the bull of course roared to the entertainment of the Sicilian court: it may be dug up some day among the ruins of Girgenti, and catalogued in the British Museum.

Cosmus, a celebrated perfumer in Rome: his name occurs frequently in Martial.

Pansa and Natta have the good fortune to be unknown: they were, it seems, adepts in the arts of larceny and house-breaking.

Myro, a celebrated artist, chiefly known from his cow, which is made to express his merit in a Greek epigram: "Don't strike me, I can't go faster."

Dolabella; two of the name; both prosecuted for corruption and peculation. Cn. Corn. Dolabella, proconsul of Macedonia, A.U.C. 672, had Julius Cæsar for his accuser, Cotta and Hortensius for his advocates; Cn. Dolabella, proconsul of Cilicia, impeached by M. Scæurus, and found guilty.

C. Antonius, son of M. Antonius, expelled the senate for the same infirmity as that which troubled the preceding proconsuls, but restored by interest, and chosen as the colleague of Cicero in the consulate.

Marius, the same celebrated in satire i.

Damasippus (in some manuscripts Lateranus) is here obviously a name only, the person it designs being unknown. The Romans passionately admired the horse, and took as much interest in the races as the Parthian, or the Greek himself; but it was held disreputable to become the animal's valet de chambre, and disgraceful, for public functionaries especially, to assume the duties of the coachman, or the groom. 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. Damasippus could not take a ride half the length of Hyde Park without his drag chain: wherever he resided, for his lodging is not known, it could not be far from the Colosseum, and he would have the Palatine or the Capitoline before him, and the Cælian or the Aventine on the right or left. This necessity, from the change of the soil, exists no longer.

Catullus, not the distinguished poet of that name, but a *mimographus*, or farce writer.

Virginius, the Roman general in Lower Germany, Julius Vindex, in Gaul, and Serg. Galba, in Spain, all revolted and conspired against Nero.

## PLACES MENTIONED.

Euganea, a district of ancient Italy, on the confines of the Venetian territory. The Euganean hills are seen near Padua, and are rendered doubly classical by the eloquent pen of Foscolo in the letters of Ortes.

Idumea Porta, a port or town of Idumea, from which spices and perfumery were shipped for Rome; also, as here, a gate of Rome, erected by Titus in honour of his Jewish victories; some think the very arch still extant to have borne this name.

AND what is birth, and what avails to show  
 The stately stem from which thy titles grow,  
 Æmiliani raised in cars sublime,  
 Curiî defaced by unrespecting time,  
 Corvinus downward from the shoulders broke, 5  
 Or Galba's noseless bust obscured with smoke?  
 Wherefore thus mingle in thy vain discourse,  
 Dictators, consuls, masters of the horse,  
 If thou, with all these calls to virtue nigh,  
 Liv'st an ill life before the Lepidi? 10  
 Wherefore those files of marshall'd statues, say,  
 If thy pale vigils be consumed at play,  
 Despite of Scipio's interdicting frown,  
 And all the chiefs that look indignant down?  
 Strange to thy couch, till rise that morning star 15  
 That saw their eagles moving to the war!  
 The altars of his house shall Fabius name,  
 And boast his sires of Allobrogic fame?  
 Or dare amid the generous band to trust,  
 Soon to be shatter'd! his unworthy bust— 20

Fabius! whom not a vice hath spared to brand—  
 Fabius! with stain of poisons on his hand?  
 Let modell'd clay and marble do their best,  
 Virtue alone can generous blood attest.  
 Live then, as Paulus, Drusus, lived before;                   25  
 Bear thou a people's love, as Cossus bore,  
 And let the brave, the just, the generous deed  
 That marks thy worth, thy lictor's rods precede!  
 Claim we as debt from the illustrious few,  
 That, graced by birth, they shine in merit too;           30  
 Of pristine faith the noble fame deserve,  
 Ne'er from the paths of truth, of honour swerve,  
 In word, in act, now, now indeed I see  
 A race of heroes manifest in thee,  
 Getulicus, Silanus, whatsoe'er                               35  
 Thy name, egregious citizen and rare!  
 The shouts of Egypt's rabble let us raise  
 (Osiris found!) to swell thy peals of praise.  
 Him shall his name avail, whose actions all  
 The sires he sprang from with a sigh recall?           40  
 Yes! as Europa's name avails the plain!  
 As "Atlas" (though it make the creature vain)  
 Avails the dwarf!—yes! as we oft confer  
 The lordly "lion" on the mongrel cur,  
 That mangy larcenist of casual spoil,                   45  
 From lamps extinct that licks the fetid oil.  
 Know, ye that bear them, each illustrious name  
 Hath pledged your lives to virtue and to fame!  
 Of Creticus, or Camerinus, none  
 Who lose the glory the reproach may shun.           50  
 Wherefore these words of warning, and to whom?  
 To thee, Rubellius, let our counsels come!

23 Statues were with the ancients all, and more than por-  
 traits with the moderns, placed in their halls, and carried in  
 public processions: they were all which those ages knew of  
 "the boast of heraldry." On these representations of the un-  
 worthy, the public fury often vented itself, and Rome, before  
 Britain, had its iconoclasts.

The Drusi claim thee ; true ! but, man of pride,  
 Hast thou achieved by virtue aught beside ?  
 True ! thou art offspring of a Julian wife,                   55  
 No houseless wanderer brought thee into life !  
 "Hence !" thou exclaim'st, "ye vile plebeians,  
     hence !  
 That know not who ye are, that know not whence :  
 I sprung from Cecrops !" All the joy be thine,  
 The honours all, of that illustrious line,                   60  
 Yet mid the herd, that object of thy scorn,  
 Be some, whom sense and eloquence adorn,  
 Who help the well-born dolt in many a strait,  
 And plead the cause of the unletter'd great :  
 Plebeian garbs the talent oft display,                   65  
 In law's enigma, that discerns its way ;  
 From these behold, who, fired with soldier's pride,  
 Seek fields of glory on Euphrates' side !  
 From these proceed the youth, intent to gain  
 The northern laurel on Batavia's plain ;                   70  
 Industrious in arms, while thou, supine,  
 Art boasting still of thy "Cecropian line :"  
 Cecropian ! why the Hermes in the street  
 In real worth might well with thee compete :  
 Or art thou better but in this alone,                   75  
 That breath and pulse are not conferr'd on stone.  
 Say, child of Teucer ! do we e'er impute  
 A generous breed, save to a generous brute ?  
 Is it not thus we praise the noble steed,  
 Whose easy triumph and transcendent speed,                   80  
 Palm after palm proclaim, while victory  
 In the hoarse circus stands exulting by ?  
 He gains the wreath, whatever pastures fed,  
 Whatever meads the unknown courser bred,  
 Whom clouds of dust that on the margin rise                   85  
 Of the wide plain, speak foremost for the prize !  
 Meanwhile Coritha's undisputed race  
 Their dam's fair fame protects not from disgrace,  
 If no hereditary worth be found,  
 And the dull yoke with not a prize be crown'd ! 90

For here, no ancestry contempt can stay,  
 To the sire's shade here men no honours pay ;  
 Consign'd to frequent sale without remorse,  
 However bred, behold the vanquish'd horse,  
 Doom'd for some paltry price new lords to gain, 95  
 And with gall'd neck, to lug the ponderous wain ;  
 The slow of foot is to the collar bound,  
 And turns for life the mill of Nepos round !  
 Present us then, for not thy sires alone  
 Can make thee honour'd, merits of thine own, 100  
 Which with the titles that we gave and give,  
 May on the sculptured stone united live.

This, to the youth that takes delight to claim  
 Propinquity 'tis said to Nero's name,  
 Nor may we doubt, for in that high estate 105  
 Plain common sense is far from common fate ;  
 But, Ponticus, 'twere truly pain to see  
 Only thy race's honours claim'd by thee,  
 I would that thou thy proper fame shouldst raise,  
 Thyself the glorious theme of future praise ! 110  
 'Tis but a poor and fragile thing at best  
 Upon another's strength our own to rest ;  
 Vines rent from elms soon perish, and the wall  
 When the arch bends beneath must quickly fall.  
 A valiant soldier in thy country's cause, 115  
 Protect her soil, submit thee to her laws !  
 The orphan's friend, inexorably just,  
 The arbitrator, that his foe might trust !  
 Where doubtful fact with fiction seems to blend,  
 And truth's stern claims on voice of thine depend,  
 Thy perjured faith though Phalaris command, 121  
 Point to his bull, and raise the threat'ning hand,  
 Deem that his soul consummate guilt incurs  
 At honour's fearful price, who life prefers,  
 No length of days for barter'd peace can pay, 125  
 And what were life, take life's great end away ?

126 For the philosophers of antiquity all held that man was brought into existence for the purpose of exercising the higher

Hold thou in virtuous estimation dead  
 The man that lives, from honest perils fled,  
 Though Cosmus still the scented bath prepare,  
 And Lucrine's rocks supply his sumptuous fare! 130

Lies the rich province prostrate at thy feet,  
 Her long-expecting lord prepared to greet,  
 The steady rein o'er every passion hold,  
 Be strange to wrath, be strange to lust of gold:  
 There, spoil'd allies upon thy sight shall press, 135  
 The moisture drain'd, the bones all marrowless,  
 Of vassal princes! oh! respect thy trust!  
 Think what bless'd recompense awaits the just!  
 Think how Rome's thunderbolt, her senate's vote,  
 The pirate consuls of Cilicia smote! 140  
 And wherefore?—since, alas! they're soon bereft  
 By Pansa's hands of all that Natta left.  
 Thy rags sold off, Chærippus, keep at home,  
 And seek not justice in a trip to Rome!

Less loud the groans, and less acute the wound,  
 When copious spoils the recent victor found; 146  
 When Spartan chlamys and the shell of Cos  
 Fill'd every house, and gold was held as dross.  
 Parrhasius here display'd his art divine,  
 And matchless forms, attested, Myro, thine! 150  
 Here breathing forms the ravish'd gaze would meet,  
 Wrought by a Phidias or a Polyclete;  
 The goblet grav'd by meaner hands was rare,  
 And Mentor's skill conspicuous everywhere!  
 Fresh for the spoil, to Dolabella flies, 155  
 And soon Antonius pounces on the prize!

capacities of his nature, his moral faculties. To sacrifice these, his greatest and best privileges, was therefore to relinquish the main distinctions of the higher part of the creation.

154 Mentor was an engraver of great eminence: Pliny relates of Crassus, that he purchased two cups figured by this celebrated artist for a hundred sestertia; and an epigram of Martial records, that the reptiles he had worked on the cups looked so lively, that people were afraid to handle them.

Behold the reptile on the goblet lives!  
 Falters th' extended hand—the mind misgives.



From his hard grasp a remnant of the theft  
 Was still for sacrilegious Verres left!  
 On lofty ships the pilfer'd spoils were borne,  
 Trophies, from unresisting nations torn! 160  
 Triumphs of peace!—now more rapacious hands  
 Drive the last yoke of oxen from the lands;  
 Not e'en the sire of the small herd they spare,  
 Nor leave the ruin'd farm a single mare!  
 Or if some sorry household god there be, 165  
 'The hovel's last remaining deity,  
 Discerns it soon the microscopic eye,  
 For meanest spoils which condescends to pry!  
 The nerveless Rhodian was a conquest light!  
 The oil'd Corinthian thou despisest quite! 170  
 That feeble race 'tis easy to contemn,  
 'Those resin'd limbs; one fears no harm from them!  
 But the rough Spaniard, and the Gallic car,  
 And bold Illyria's sons 'twere well to spare!  
 Spare too, if thou art wise, those sickles keen 175  
 That give us time for circus and the scene;  
 Besides, what object that deserves a crime  
 Could tempt thee now to Afric's torrid clime?  
 Marius was there! we have not yet forgot  
 Marius! their very zones that left them not! 180  
 Wrongs past endurance, while thou liv'st, forbear  
 To nations full of strength—and of despair!  
 True! thou mayst take their silver and their gold—  
 The sword, remember, and the spear they hold.  
 The spoil'd have always arms! I read thee here 185  
 A warning note as sibyl's page sincere!  
 If of companions pure a chosen band  
 Assemble in thy halls and round thee stand;  
 If thy tribunal's favours ne'er were sold  
 By lost effeminate for damning gold; 190

175 He alludes to, and presently mentions, the Africans. Africa had long been the granary of Rome. The lands of ancient Italy were chiefly employed in pasturage, or in the culture of the vine and the olive. Grain was usually imported.



If thy chaste spouse, from stain of avarice free,  
 Mark not her progress by rapacity,  
 Nor meditate with harpy claws to spring  
 On all the bribes which towns and cities bring;  
 Then, thy descent from Picus proudly trace, 195  
 Take for thy ancestors the Titan race,  
 And at the head of all Prometheus place;  
 And be it still thy privilege to claim  
 From any book thou wouldst, whatever name!  
 But, if Corruption drag thee in her train, 200  
 If blood of Rome's allies for ever stain  
 Thy lictor's broken scourge, or if the sight  
 Of the worn axe and wearied arm delight;  
 Then shall each sire's refulgent honours shed  
 A torchlike splendour round thy guilty head. 205  
 For crime assumes a deeper, deadlier hue  
 Whene'er high station holds it up to view.  
 Yes! if forged deeds thy hands for ever sign,  
 If all the temples teem with frauds of thine,  
 If night and the Satanic hood disguise 210  
 Thy form from some adult'rous enterprise,  
 Wherefore to me the honours of thy race,  
 Which these eternal villanies disgrace?  
 See, by the tombs where all his fathers lie,  
 The wheels of bloated Damasippus fly; 215  
 And oft as perils of the way demand,  
 Lo the long drag chain in a consul's hand!  
 Haply that none beheld him wouldst thou plead,  
 That conscious night half veil'd the shameless deed;  
 But the moon saw him, while her light she lent, 220  
 And each attesting star look'd on intent!

209 "It was usual," says Holyday, (from Britannicus,) "to despatch the sealing of men's last wills in the temples. It was done in the morning, and fasting, as was afterward ordered in the canon law."

215 "Damasippus was sick," says Holyday, "of that disease which the Spartans called horse-feeding, which they used for a curse, accounting a man sufficiently plagued that was infected with that humour, it being a chargeable and sure confusion!"

Let him the year of office but survive,  
 And at high noon shall Damasippus drive!  
 Fear not he'll blush some ancient friend to meet;  
 He'll greet him by the way, as jockeys greet! 225  
 Or at the manger, as he doffs the rein,  
 Cast to his hungry steeds the measured grain!  
 The steer to Jove, if Damasippus lead,  
 And bid, as Numa bade, his victim bleed,  
 What name adjures he? hers that rules the stalls,  
 And Jove forgot, or Epona he calls! 231

If to the sleepless tavern he repair,  
 The Jewish pedler of perfumes is there,  
 With all th' obsequious manners of his tribe,  
 To sell his wares, the supple Syrians bribe; 235  
 While the trim Cyane, with shorten'd vest,  
 Draws her best wine and hails her welcome guest!

Some kind apologist perhaps will say,  
 "Ourselves did thus," and "youth will have its  
 day."

True: but inform'd by riper years, ye ceased; 240  
 Short be the season of our sins at least!

With our first beard should some be shorn away!  
 But how excuse ye, Damasippus, say?  
 A shameless reveller, when a veteran's soul  
 Should be devoted to his country whole! 245

The hard campaigner's toils, of age to know,  
 To seek the camp where Syria's rivers flow,  
 Or on the banks of Danube or of Rhine  
 Confer security on Nero's line.

At Ostia, lo! for foreign service bound, 250  
 The fleet is mann'd; where shall the chief be found?  
 Him, Cæsar, at the tavern shall they find,  
 Mid pirates, thieves, and fugitives reclined!  
 Outcasts, assassins, cutthroats, harbour here,  
 Made friends by common crimes and common cheer!  
 Here all are equal! here no second bed, 256  
 Nor squeamish table more remotely spread!  
 Each calls on each familiarly, and none  
 The much employ'd, the common goblet shun!

To Tuscan fetters wouldst thou not dismiss 260  
 A slave so base, oh Ponticus, as this ?  
 But if a great man's, then the vilest deed  
 For pardon too successfully will plead,  
 And what should tinge with shame, let truth be  
 told,  
 A cobbler's cheek, as venial sin we hold. 265  
 Be these extreme examples ? what, I pray,  
 If still remain, more foul, more vile than they ?  
 See Damasippus, goods and chattels spent,  
 To let out able lungs, for hire, content !  
 And finding friends with lack of land grow scarce,  
 Behold him now, the phantom of the farce ! 271  
 A screeching ghost, or shrewd sharp-witted clown,  
 Delighting half the rabble of the town !  
 You'll tell me Damasippus did no more  
 Than even a Lentulus had done before. 275  
 " Who can his famed Laureolus forget ?  
 His crucifixion scene's remember'd yet."  
 It is ; and did the cause on me depend,  
 His life and shame a real cross should end !  
 Yet deem not we the mob absolved of blame, 280  
 Hard is the forehead, and untinged by shame,  
 Of such as can endure to sit, and hear  
 A buffo noble do his best to jeer !  
 Fabii see tread the boards with slipper'd feet,  
 And grin at cuffs which the Mamerci meet ! 285  
 Place here the tyrant's sword, and there the scene,  
 Gods ! can a Roman hesitate between ?  
 Lives there a man so much afraid to die,  
 That he with Thymele will deign to vie,

275 The old scholiast says, but probably he guesses, as we might do from the passage, that the actor, whose part Lentulus sustained, was crucified on the stage : if so, a great violation already of the precept, dictated by nature, and announced by Horace. Martial has an epigram, from which we learn that at least on one occasion, an actual crucifixion, attended with circumstances of particular horror, was exhibited on the arena !

Or to outshine the dull Corinthus try ? 290  
 Yet wherefore thus disturb'd ? for tell us, pray,  
 When princes harp, why may not nobles play ?  
 Some on arenas stake their lives for hire,  
 How high the price it boots not to inquire,  
 And though no Neros urge them to the fight, 295  
 Will earn a pretor's wages for the night.  
 See Gracchus, nor with falchion arm'd, nor shield,  
 Nor e'en a helmet on, the trident wield !  
 The decent arms which the mirmillo wears  
 He puts not on ; his face he boldly bares ! 300  
 See with false aim the balanced net is thrown !  
 He flies, ye gods ! to all th' arena known !  
 Yes ! we may trust the tunic and the gold,  
 Which from the bonnet falls in waving fold,  
 And pain severer than the falchion's blow 305  
 Felt the secutor when he knew his foe !  
 Were thrones by suffrage gain'd, and nations free,  
 Haply, ignoble names or thrones might be ;  
 Who would not lowborn Seneca had reign'd  
 In palaces by Nero's horrors stain'd ? 310  
 Whose crimes deserved, were common justice  
 done,  
 More serpents and more sacks and apes, than one.  
 A mother's blood, most true, Orestes spilt ;  
 The act the same, but how unlike the guilt !  
 T' avenge his sire slain at the social board, 315  
 And authorized by gods, he raised his sword ;  
 Electra's blood ne'er crimson'd on this knife,  
 Nor was his Spartan spouse deprived of life ;  
 Of murder'd kindred did Orestes boast,  
 Or hold them aconite to pledge their host ? 320  
 He wrote no troics : sang not : reign abhorr'd !  
 What act, than this more vile dost thou record,  
 Till Rome, at length, by deeds of blood appall'd,  
 For Vengeance, Galba, and Virginius call'd.  
 Oh Rome, thy prince's baseness hear and sigh ! 325  
 What ! dance to captivate the rabble's eye !

What ! sing on foreign stages for renown,  
 And ask from wondering Greece her parsley crown !  
 Go ! round thy sires suspend the prizes rare,  
 The wonders of thy warblings that declare !      330  
 And let Thyestes' robe that sweeps the ground  
 Be, with the mask of Menalippe, bound  
 To great Domitius' feet, and hang on high  
 The harp so dear to thee and minstrelsy !  
 Cethegus ! Catiline !—can names be found      335  
 Than yours, in Rome's long annals more renown'd ?  
 Than yours, whose parricidal hands would raise  
 Around our homes the far devouring blaze,  
 And mid the horrid clash of midnight arms,  
 Would fill our streets with murders and alarms, 340  
 As if the offspring of the Gaul had come  
 To yell exulting in the flames of Rome ?  
 (The pitch-daub'd tunic were atonement light  
 For deeds ye purposed on that dreadful night !)  
 But see ! Arpinum sends her nameless son,      345  
 And Rome is rescued ere her peril's known !  
 Calm at his post th' intrepid consul stands,  
 And breaks, in cool detail, the traitor bands ;  
 Turn where he would, his every path beset,  
 Helmet and spear the dark conspirer met !      350  
 Nor aid nor counsel hath that statesman craved,  
 And morn dawns calmly o'er his country saved !  
 Of that immortal day the long renown  
 Confers more laurels on th' inglorious gown  
 Than erst Octavius at Philippi reap'd,      355  
 Or Leuca's wave, his sword in slaughters steep'd !  
 In that proud garb while Tully stands array'd,  
 While Rome's loud shouts the depths of air invade  
 With Tully's name ! was he not nobly paid ?

327 The stage was infamous to all, particularly so to persons of rank ; but Nero even went in search of more extensive admiration. It was surely a phenomenon in morals, that vanity should have maintained so much ascendancy in such an atrocious character.



From the same soil the valiant soldier came, 360  
 Who tired with Volscian ploughs his sinewy frame,  
 And in the trenches if his axe were slow,  
 In patience bore the harsh centurion's blow ;  
 That soldier from our gates the war repell'd,  
 The furious Cimbrian 'twas that soldier quell'd! 365  
 So, while in clouds the keen-eyed vultures speed,  
 On the gigantic slain in haste to feed,  
 To his more highborn colleague Rome assigns  
 The second only of the wreaths she twines.

Of no illustrious sires the Decii came, 370  
 Plebeian fortune theirs! plebeian name!  
 For tribes and legions, lo those Decii stand,  
 Sustaining all the guilt of all the land!  
 Victims esteem'd sufficient to atone  
 The anger of the infernal gods, alone! 375  
 Consign'd by virtue to their parent earth,  
 Than those they saved, of far more precious worth!

Last of our line of kings, whom virtue owns,  
 For Servius' birth his merit well atones,  
 And Rome permits a captive's child to wear 380  
 Her founder's trabea, and the wreath he bare!

See where a consul's sons that well might stand  
 Foremost in perils of the patriot band,  
 While freedom trembled on the beam of fate,  
 To exiled tyrants loose the guarded gate! 385

360 That other was the illustrious Caius Marius, who was called the third founder of Rome, and who concealed talents under the pressure of early hardships and difficulties, which led him to the dictatorship, and to a seventh consulate. His noble colleague was Quintus Catulus. The son of a captive mother was Servius Tullius. It was the fate of Marius to bear the severe discipline of the camp, and the knotted vine was occasionally broken over his head. Of this instrument those staff officers, the centurions, were by no means sparing. One of them, Lucilius, the story is told by Tacitus, carried this exercise to so great a length, that it was his custom, after breaking one rod over the head of a soldier, to call for another, "cedo alteram." The soldiers accordingly nicknamed him "Cedo Alteram."



Youths who might well to noblest deeds aspire,  
That dauntless Mutius might himself admire,  
Or she that flung her bravely in the foam  
Of Tiber, yet the frontier line of Rome! 389  
Whom doth Rome's genius send, the state to save?  
One whom her matrons mourn, though born a slave—  
The plot is told! and lo! the culprits kneel,  
Doom'd the first axe the law had raised to feel?

I'd rather, so thou soughtst Pelides' fame,  
That thou were cursed with vile Thersite's name,  
Than that Achilles should have given thee life, 396  
And thou remind me of that thing of strife;  
Go! trace thy boasted line through ages past,  
Bethink thee where thou needs must land at last;  
A base renown thy very nation draws 400  
From banded culprits that defied the laws,  
And he, from whom these floods of glory roll,  
Or tended sheep, or—canst thou bear it?—stole!

## S A T I R E I X.

### ARGUMENT.

THIS satire bears the form of dialogue. The parties who sustain it are Nævulus, a character of the most infamous description, and Juvenal, who with a grave irony consoles him under the difficulties which he relates. It may be wondered at that Juvenal should represent himself as engaged in conversation with a person so marked and so abominable; but perhaps the additional power thus acquired to inflict a more severe chastisement than mere general discussion would have permitted, might have outweighed a consideration of this nature. That the poet execrated the crime here exposed, none can hesitate to believe who read the satire in the original, where he has had recourse to the most bare and revolting exposure; a course to which, in translating, we have necessarily adopted the opposite.

### PERSONS MENTIONED.

The few persons who occur in this satire are for obvious reasons mentioned under feigned names.

---

J. COME, tell me, Nævulus, I long to know  
Wherefore thy face betrays these marks of wo:  
Why Marsyas flay'd alive, could scarce display  
More gloom than wretched thou this many a day!  
One almost doubts if Pollio were more sad, 5  
Who, chased by scores of clamorous duns, was glad  
To offer triple interest, nor yet found  
One fool to trust him, all the city round.  
What! wrinkles too! yet 'tis not long ago,  
Thou wert a pattern of the half-bred beau! 10  
News of the day thou hadst, and scandal's tale,  
Nor more than half thy jokes reputed stale.

What ails thee, man? thou image of despair!  
 Thy beard needs clipping! then that wood of hair!  
 By Jove, there's not an inch of all thy skin 15  
 That bears the mark where Bruttian pitch hath been!  
 Less pale than thou the wretch to whom returns  
 The fourth day's fit, whom punctual fever burns!  
 There's no dissembling torments of the mind  
 In the sick frame which love to lurk behind, 20  
 Nor will the plastic features quite conceal,  
 Howe'er we mould them, pleasures that we feel;  
 Hence must I judge thine occupation gone,  
 And all the modes of life, so much thine own;  
 Peace, Ceres, Cybele, and Isis too, 25  
 And every shrine, in short, of rendezvous,  
 Witness'd thy fame, and well thy merits knew!  
 Thy thriving talents were through Rome confess'd,  
 And to more tasks than stout Aufidius press'd.

N. Yes! some do well, and much improve their  
 lot; 30

To me, the trade, thou seest, hath answer'd not.  
 Some bits of plate, some cloak from looms of Gaul,  
 Or toga second hand, comprises all!  
 Fate, the great despot of life's petty span,  
 Hath power o'er all that appertains to man. 35  
 If thine auspicious planet's influence fail,  
 Ah! what shall nature's proudest gifts avail,  
 With wanton eye though gloating Virro leer,  
 And new appointments hour by hour appear?  
 Gods! is there sight more hideous than to view 40  
 Your vile corrupter cursed with avarice too?  
 A wretch that counts, caresses, and disputes,  
 Here puts the work, and there the pay imputes,  
 And bids you coolly o'er the items run,  
 For five sestertia, so much labour done? 45  
 A Ganymede forsooth, all form'd for love,  
 Fit for the ministry and cups of Jove!  
 Thinkst thou that such as these dependants pay,  
 Who even in crime the paltry niggard play?

Such are the tender souls whose brows to screen 50  
 You send the parasol of grateful green !  
 For whom the cup of amber must be found  
 Oft as the birth or festal day comes round !  
 And for whose female calends, 'tis thy care  
 That none pass by without some trinket rare ! 55  
 Tell me for whom, sweet sparrow, dost thou keep  
 Those downs o'er which the kite can scarcely sweep,  
 With wings untired, those vast Apulian plains,  
 Vales, forests, mountains, in thy wide domains ?  
 His vineyards, Gaurus consecrates to thee, 60  
 And that famed ridge the men of Cuma see ;  
 The fertile soil of Trifolinus fills  
 More casks for thee than all Campania's hills ;  
 Wer't much to give some scanty roods away,  
 Rich as thou art, thy wretched drudge to pay ; 65  
 That cot, for instance, where supremely bless'd,  
 Sports the young whelp by village boy caress'd ?  
 E'en if some acres were on us conferr'd,  
 Say, would it ruin thy disgraceful herd ?  
 Must all be kept for cymbal-thumping friends, 70  
 And naught for him who at thy nod attends ?  
 " Still craving ! still demands ! " I'll tell thee why,  
 Rents must be paid, and stomachs crave supply.  
 My hungry rascal must at home be fed,  
 Or else like Polypheme he'll roar for bread. 75  
 Or thinkst thou I can thus my servants greet,  
 And warm their naked shoulders and their feet ?  
 " Cold ! never mind ! a month or two, and then  
 The grasshoppers, my lads, will come again ! "

Truce for the rest ! but hide it as you may, 80  
 One deed thou never canst enough repay ;

51 On the calends of March, called *Matronalia*, presents were sent to the Roman women, in memory of the peace with the Sabines. Some of the articles presented are here put down. The *umbella*, an awning or parasol, which, as at present, was green. Amber, a substance much admired, and wrought, as now, into toys and ornaments for female use, and presented to *Virro*.

Had it not been for me, thy slave alone,  
 Thy lady still had worn her virgin zone.  
 The hateful contract in disdain she tore,  
 It cost a night to make thy peace, and more. 85  
 Deny it not, for thou thyself wert near,  
 And what thou couldst not see, thou well couldst  
 hear.

The knot of wedlock nearly cleft in twain,  
 Oft has the adulterer's care secured again.  
 What further subterfuge? ungenerous man, 90  
 Come, underrate the service if you can,  
 That thou thus aided, bad'st the sneerers see  
 Convincing documents—derived from me!

'Thy honour'd door with flowers and boughs adorn,  
 And tell the doubting world thy heir is born: 95  
 But deem it not importunate to name

'Twas we that hush'd the insulting tongue of fame.  
 Good solid rights paternity secures,  
 Friends may bequeath, and heritage be yours;  
 No trifling benefits! *J.* Indeed, indeed, 100  
 You're hardly dealt with—what does Virro plead?

Or what allege? *N.* Allege! he tries to find  
 Some biped ass, more docile and resign'd;  
 But this in deepest confidence! be sure  
 Our wrongs repose in thine own breast secure; 105  
 These pumiced friends become relentless foes,  
 In terror lest their secret we disclose!

The ponderous club can brain of thine endure?  
 Against the poniard is thy breast secure?  
 Of midnight torch art thou so void of fear? 110  
 Or thinkst thou poison's either scarce or dear?  
 In thy heart's core, whate'er we tell, conceal,  
 Nor to thy bosom's friend one word reveal.

*J.* Ah, Corydon! where have those senses slept,  
 To dream a rich man's secret can be kept? 115  
 If slaves would hold their peace, the mules betray,  
 And dogs, with secrets sneak unseen away,  
 The lattice close, adjust the curtains right,  
 Shut fast the door, extinguish every light;

Yet ere the day shall dawn thy life is known 120  
 At the next vintner's, nor thy life alone,  
 But all that grooms and scullions choose to add,  
 For can they make their masters seem too bad?  
 For countless scourgings, will the rogues be slack  
 In slanderous villanies to pay thee back? 125  
 On ears that would not, lo they force the tale,  
 And e'en the stranger in the street assail!  
 Secure their silence? no—they'll rather choose  
 The glorious right, their tyrants to abuse,  
 Than drink at will of stol'n Falernian wine, 130  
 More than Laufella swills before the shrine.

Let virtue be thy inmate, if thou'rt wise,  
 So join'd to greater gains, shalt thou despise  
 Malignant households, and these scandals brave—  
 The tongue's the vilest part of worthless slave; 135  
 Yet worse than they, the man whose vicious deeds  
 Make him still tremble at the rogues he feeds.

*N.* The counsel's excellent—though somewhat stale;  
 Come! tell me rather, what shall none avail;  
 Life's shortlived blossom was not made to last, 140  
 Ere thou inhal'st its fragrance, lo! 'tis past;  
 And while thou call'st for garlands, girls, and wine,  
 Comes stealthy age, and bids thee all resign!

*J.* Fear not, thou ne'er shalt want some steady  
 friend

While those seven hills shall stand! to Rome they  
 tend, 145

To Rome in ships, to Rome in chariots come  
 The nerveless base one's universal home!  
 Fear not—but eat eringos, friend, and thrive.

*N.* Alas! to luckier wights thy counsel give;  
 The fate that spans my thread is well content, 150  
 If all my toils mere famine can prevent.

Ye petty Lares, ye to whom I kneel  
 With scanty gifts of incense and of meal,  
 Tell me, shall ever that bless'd morning shine  
 When I shall say, "Come! this at least is mine!"



Of this, henceforth the interest is sure, 156  
 And from the beggar's staff my age secure.  
 In thoughtless moments too I've whisper'd, plate,  
 Not chased ! but good, plain, solid, and of weight ;  
 And two good steady Mœsians, through the throng  
 On bending poles to bear their lord along. 161  
 Vain wishes all ! and vainly still preferr'd !  
 For prayer of mine hath Fortune never heard,  
 But stops her ear with wax, the lucky freight  
 Of the famed ship which shunn'd impending fate,  
 Whose deafen'd rowers tugg'd at every oar 166  
 Till all was mist, and land was seen no more !

166 An allusion to the story of Ulysses, who, by the counsel of Circe, desired his crew to stop their ears in passing by the dangerous coast of Sicily inhabited by the sirens, who sang so divinely, as, by alluring the incautious mariner among the rocks, sometimes to accomplish his destruction. The crew of Ulysses rowed vigorously, and heard nothing.

While yet I speak, the winged galley flies,  
 And, lo ! the siren shores like mists arise.  
 Sunk were at once the winds ; the air above,  
 And waves below, at once forget to move !  
 Some demon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the deep,  
 Hush'd the loud winds, and calm'd the waves to sleep.  
 Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply ;  
 Lash'd by the stroke, the frothy waters fly.  
 The ductile wax, with busy hands I mould,  
 And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd :  
 Th' aerial region now grew warm with day,  
 The wax dissolved beneath the burning ray !  
 Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,  
 And from excess of phrensy lock'd the brain.

POPE'S HOMER'S *Odyssey*.

## SATIRE X.

### ARGUMENT.

IN this beautiful and impressive piece, the high moral character of Juvenal, his profound philosophical mind, and his powers as a poet, may be all seen to the greatest advantage. It is here that he shows "with the sublime indifference of a superior being, the virtues, talents, destiny of the greatest men; taking experience for his guide, his reasonings in this satire are mixed with examples, of which the greater part are chosen with exquisite judgment."

"These reasonings, however," says Gibbon, "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."

The beauties of this piece are too obvious to require detail, the arrangement too simple to need an introduction, and the superlative merit of the whole such, that it has come down to us with the accumulated applause of ages.

---

THROUGHOUT the lands which wide extended lie,  
From Ganges, and the golden eastern sky  
To Gades and the west, how few can see  
Their real good, from clouds of error free!  
What hope, what fear, untinged by passion's hue, 5  
Through reason's lucid medium dost thou view?  
What unrepented project hast thou framed?  
What vow preferr'd, nor wish'd the gift reclaim'd?  
Too oft th' indulgent rulers of the skies  
Accept the fatal incense of our sighs, 10  
And, in requital of their pious care,  
Have smote whole houses with accepted prayer.  
Girded in courts, or belted in the field,  
We blindly seek the hurtful, unreveal'd!

He that holds senates mute may curse the hour 15  
 That saw him rise in all the pride of power !  
 And strength itself, involved in Milo's fate,  
 May rue the struggle, and be wise too late !

More captives still within thy fatal spell  
 Dost thou, insatiate power of gold, compel ! 20  
 Sworn at the altars, must the votary pine !  
 Pause is there none for proselyte of thine,  
 Though his possessions o'er the rest prevail  
 As o'er the dolphin breed the British whale.  
 Yet see those gates the cohort closing round ! 25  
 Too rich, for Nero, is Longinus found !

See Lateranus in his halls constrain'd,  
 And mid his marble busts of wealth arraign'd !  
 And far, oh far too rich for tyrant's time—  
 Thy gardens, Seneca, were all thy crime ! 30

No mission'd soldier bursts the hovel door,  
 Or treads the sordid dwellings of the poor.  
 Tak'st thou the road beneath the lamp of night ?  
 Small prize there needs the poniard to invite !  
 The reed's frail shadow darkling in her beam 35  
 Shall to thy startled sense the robber seem,  
 While he of staff and scrip shall chant his lay,  
 Nor turn one instant from the caitiff's way !

Yet still with ceaseless prayer the fanes resound  
 That, come what will, possessions may abound ; 40  
 That the kind gods may still enlarge our lands,  
 And bags grow wider in our bankers' hands !  
 Yet the frail vessels of the potter's wheel  
 No treacherous draughts of aconite conceal,  
 Fear the gemm'd goblet, and suspicious hold 45  
 The ruby juice that glows in cups of gold !

Claim not our praises then, those sages twain  
 Who saw their kind with pity or disdain,  
 Who, scarce beyond the threshold of their door,  
 Found something still to smile at or deplore ? 50  
 (The marvel this, since all the world can sneer,  
 What fountains fed the ever-needed tear.)

Oh! if the streets of mean Abdera's town,  
 Strange to processions of the motley gown,  
 Furnish'd each day some folly to deride, 55  
 What endless laughter had not Rome supplied?  
 What, had Democritus beheld the state  
 Of Roman pretor, pompously sedate,  
 Borne through the circus mid the countless crowd,  
 All shouts, and dust, and acclamations loud, 60  
 His robe a ponderous curtain of brocade,  
 Inwrought and stiff by Tyrian needle's aid,  
 A crown, so vast, no human neck can bear,  
 Borne by the slave that sweats behind his chair,  
 Wisely ordain'd in the same car to ride, 65  
 Lest its great lord should lose his wits with pride,  
 Rome's eagle on the polish'd sceptre wrought,  
 And, by th' alluring dole, th' attendance brought  
 Of clients clad in white, a goodly train,  
 And horns and trumpeters who tend the rein? 70  
 He, whom each petty town of Thrace assail'd  
 With subjects for his mirth that seldom fail'd,  
 Who shook in scorn his philosophic sides  
 On every spot where social man abides?  
 (Learn we from him, that men of noblest soul 75  
 No times prohibit, and no sites control;  
 That wisdom may be found where cattle thrive,  
 And valour in a land of fogs survive.)  
 The cares and joys that touch the meaner sort,  
 • At times their tears, he deem'd the wise man's sport,  
 And as his bark through life he calmly steer'd, 81  
 Bade Fortune keep her frowns for those that fear'd.  
 Cast from ambition's height, how many mourn  
 The pageant of their pride all rudely torn!  
 Behold degraded statues dragg'd in dust! 85  
 See axes smite the mutilated bust!  
 And marble horses, that have done no wrong,  
 With legs all shatter'd by the furious throng!  
 Here from huge furnaces the blast is pour'd  
 Full on the face that thousands had adored! 90

Lo! the first subject in the Roman world,  
 Sejanus melts, mid blazing fuel hurl'd,  
 And from the stride of those colossal legs  
 You buy the useful pan that fries your eggs!  
 Go ye that envy now the snow-white steer, 95  
 Ye to whom capitolian wreath is dear,  
 Behold! ambition, at Sejanus look,  
 Dragg'd in the mire, and bleeding from the hook!  
 Cursed for the bad expression that they trace  
 In the dead features of his mangled face! 100  
 'What brutal lips!—for me, I liked him not:  
 But who inform'd? and who were in the plot?  
 Not much," they say, "is known, but that the  
 blow  
 Came on him unawares from Capreae." "So!"  
 The emperor writes, the senators decree, 105  
 The lictor cries, "Sejanus, follow me!"  
 "Well! but the mob?" "The mob sincerely hate,  
 As all mobs do, the fall'n from high estate."  
 Had Nurtia prosper'd our sly Tuscan's scheme,  
 And lull'd Tiberius in a dotard's dream, 110  
 Those hands that at his statues hurl the stone  
 Had placed "August" Sejanus on the throne!  
 What should he care, to whom no right remains  
 To exercise or sell, who falls or reigns?  
 That voice which would be heard, that Roman pride,  
 Legions and thrones, that granted or denied, 116  
 Shouts loudest now, for him whose purse affords  
 Circensian games, and hospitable boards!  
 "Many will doubtless perish!" "Yes! his rage  
 Once blazing forth, what mortal can assuage? 120  
 Mark'd you our friend Brutidius? much I fear,  
 If one may trust to looks, he stands not clear!

106 I have here rather translated Dion than Juvenal; that historian having related the manner of the arrest of Sejanus in these precise words.

107 What Juvenal most truly tells us that a mob, any mob, would do, Tacitus records that they did on another occasion.



How pale he turn'd!—but haste, my masters, hence!  
 Show we at once our loyalty and sense,  
 And duly trample on the wretch that dared 125  
 Betray great Cæsar, whom the gods have spared!  
 Yet hold! 'twere well to have our servants nigh,  
 Rome never wants some foul malignant spy,  
 Ere at our side the lictor's rod appear,  
 And some dark summons tingle on our ear!" 130  
 Thus of Sejanus as he prostrate lay  
 The crowd discoursed, dispersed, and went their  
 way!

Wouldst thou be thus saluted? wouldst thou fill  
 That dangerous post of his? dispose at will  
 Of curule chairs, and armies, and arraign 135  
 Thy feeble sovereign, in a guardian's strain,  
 Who sits amid his foul Chaldean herd,  
 In that august domain to Rome preferr'd!  
 Where Capreæ's island rock is mirror'd deep  
 In those blue waters where the sea fowl sleep? 140  
 Yes! thou wouldst gladly see the cohort stand,  
 The well-appointed troop at thy command,  
 The guard around thy gates. "And wherefore nay?  
 Methinks 'twere fine to have the power to slay  
 Void of the will—but dost thou rate so high 145  
 The joy, where peril still with power must vie?  
 Wer't best to wear that purple, come! reflect!  
 Or poor Fidenæ's doubtful weights inspect,

147 The fall of Sejanus was well merited: his power had become little short of absolute dominion, his image was everywhere to be seen by the side of his master's, two golden chairs were carried for them to the theatre, sacrifices performed before their respective images, and, in short, such a train was laid, as to make it not at all doubtful that Juvenal was correct.

Sejanus was as well warned as it was possible for minister to be, by omens and prodigies. Crows alighted on his head and flapped their wings in his face as he went to sacrifice; "but, had a god expressly sent a message to the Roman people, announcing the approaching fall of Sejanus, none," says Dion, "would have listened to him." At last a sudden eruption of smoke burst forth from one of his statues, and on taking off the



Break Gabii's scanty wine pots, and display  
 In all its petty pomp the ædile's sway, 150  
 Who, seated in his patch'd and threadbare gown,  
 Rules o'er Ulubræ's unpretending town?  
 Thou wouldst not be Sejanus? then admit  
 He knew not what for man to ask were fit.  
 For whoso grasps at much contested power 155  
 But rears new stages on a trembling tower,  
 That waiting not for tardy Time's decree,  
 In one brief moment shall have ceased to be!  
 What then did Pompey's, or his fate provoke 159  
 Whose tyrant scourge the passive Roman broke,  
 But this one passion, urged with ceaseless prayers,  
 And gods malign, who bade that power be theirs!  
 Few royal shades have pass'd the Stygian flood  
 Unscathed by wounds, or unbaptized in blood.  
 O'er Philip's head while Attic thunders roll, 165  
 Or fierce invectives pour from Tully's soul,  
 The urchin boy to daily school consign'd,  
 With satchel borne by guardian slave behind,  
 Swears by the great Athenian's deathless name,  
 Or burns to rival him of Roman fame. 170  
 They perish'd both!—forth bursting into day,  
 The flood of genius bore them both away!  
 Its own sublime, unrivall'd talent smites  
 The head that dictates, and the hand that writes!  
 None e'er beheld the lofty rostrum yet 175  
 With the warm blood of mean declaimers wet.  
 "Oh happy Rome! thy natal day may date  
 From the proud period of my consulate."  
 Had he still spoken thus, thy bloody sword,  
 Antonius, ne'er had Tully's bosom gored! 180

head to see the cause, a great snake leaped up. Then, the statue of Fortune turned on her heel when he passed by, and looked another way—and Sejanus began to be afraid.

The rest of the story is admirably told by Dio, and concluded with some reflections on the instability of Fortune, extremely just and beautifully drawn.

For me, the sorriest rhymes I'd rather claim  
 Than bear the brunt of that Philippic's fame,  
 The second! the divine!—go, mark the end  
 Of that great citizen, whose voice could bend  
 His own admiring Athens, and could rein 185  
 The raging theatre to sense again.

Born under adverse gods and fates malign,  
 Him hapless did his blear-eyed sire consign,  
 From the sword-forming anvil, coals, and tongs,  
 All that to Vulcan and his forge belongs, 190  
 To con the rules which orators impart,  
 And learn the secrets of a dangerous art!

The crush'd cuirass, huge swords of scabbards  
 bare,  
 That shine and clash suspended in the air,  
 The shatter'd boccoal of a helmet cleft, 195  
 The quilted mail, the car of pole bereft,  
 Sad captives sculptured on the lofty arch,  
 Whence in long file extends the stately march,  
 And triremes' banners o'er the pile that wave,  
 These be the joys that agitate the brave! 200  
 For these are barbarous hymns of battle sung,  
 For these have Greek and Roman bucklers rung,  
 Nor knew the peril'd chiefs a nobler cause  
 Than what man deeply thirsts for—man's applause!  
 Applause more prized than virtue! for remove 205  
 Distinction's plume, and who shall virtue love?  
 But oh! how oft his fated country rues  
 The cherish'd hope that warrior's soul imbues,  
 Some glorious legend of his deeds to trust  
 To those cemented stones that guard his dust: 210  
 Lo! the wild fig tree issues from its core!  
 The stones grow loose! the sepulchre's no more!  
 For fate hath foreordain'd its day of doom  
 Not to the tenant only, but the tomb!

211 To this tree a property is attributed, which of course must belong to other shrubs capable of vegetation in such disadvantageous soil, of loosening the mortar and destroying the buildings which it cemented.

That urn of ashes to the balance bear, 215  
 And mark how much of Hannibal be there !  
 He, whom all Afric, from th' Atlantic wave  
 To shores that Nile's prolific fountains lave ;  
 Whom the swart Ethiop, and the vast domain  
 Of the huge elephant, could not contain ! 220  
 Spain is subdued ! for conquest still he sighs !  
 Swift o'er the Pyrenees his banner flies !  
 Nature would vainly to his march oppose  
 Primeval Alps and everlasting snows !  
 Through realms of stone he rends his daring way, 225  
 And fair Italia owns the conqueror's sway !  
 Unsated still, he cries, " On, soldiers, on !  
 All is to do, till Rome, till Rome be won ;  
 Till through her shatter'd gates my march ye clear,  
 And in her forums plant the Punic spear !" 230  
 Oh, for a master now ! since time began  
 Hath such a picture been beheld of man  
 As his, that one-eyed chief that quits the fray,  
 On the huge brute that feels his faithless way ?  
 And what his end ? oh glory ! tell it not ! 235  
 That memorable day 'twere well to blot,  
 Which thy immortal client harshly sent  
 To a Bithynian tyrant's petty tent,  
 Mid the mean crowd in patience to attend  
 Until the royal slumbers please to end ! 240  
 Not the swift sling nor strenuous spear shall harm  
 The life that held the nations in alarm :  
 A ring behold ! the debt of nations pay,  
 And all the blood that blends with Cannæ's clay !  
 Go, maniac ! go, with rugged glaciers fight, 245  
 And be a theme for schoolboys to indite !  
 One world too small the youth of Pella found ;  
 Cramp'd and confined within its narrow bound,

233 This passage is well explained by Livy. The river Arno at the time of Hannibal's descent had overflowed Etruria, and he lost many of his men and much of his baggage in consequence.

He chafes as though Seripho's flinty chain,  
 Or Gyraë, his mighty soul restrain; 250  
 Yet, when arose that long-expected sun,  
 That set in clouds on vanquish'd Babylon,  
 His mourning captains their great chief extend  
 In the stone Soros where all glories end!  
 Death, death alone, the slow confession wrings 255  
 That mortal bodies are but humble things!

The lies that Greece and Greek historians dare;  
 Fleets under sail, where pathless mountains were;  
 How the swift Hellespont's reluctant wave  
 To chariot wheels unwonted passage gave; 260  
 How the earth's springs their rivers failed to feed,  
 Such was the thirst of myriads, and the Mede,  
 And all that Sostratus, who dips his wing  
 In cups of inspiration, loves to sing,  
 Men once believed—then let their page avail 265  
 To tell the sequel of their hero's tale.

How went he back from Salamis, whose scourge  
 With many a lash the lazy winds would urge?  
 (From Æolus himself such stripes as then  
 Nor Corus bore, nor Eurys in their den;) 270  
 Who handcuff'd Neptune, and was half inclined  
 To brand him; but humanely changed his mind?  
 (To such a hasty lord, we humbly crave,  
 What god of independence would be slave?)  
 How went he back? through blood-stain'd waters  
 steer'd 275

Her way one rescued bark hath scarcely clear'd!  
 Huge wrecks, impending, stay that labouring boat,  
 And turban'd corpses past her gunnels float!  
 Thus with the penalties their prayers invite  
 Is Glory wont her followers to requite. 280.

“Lengthen life's narrow bounds, ye gods, we pray,  
 And make the day of death a distant day!”  
 From health and sickness, still these prayers arise,  
 These well-known vows, familiar to the skies:  
 But, ah! how great the ills, how vast the care, 285  
 Which life too far prolong'd consents to bear!

Wouldst thou then court that deeply alter'd face,  
 Mark'd with harsh lines in many a furrow'd trace  
 Of hideous wrinkles, such as hunters find  
 In woods of Tabrac in the monkey kind ? 290  
 Youth differs much, and one has more or less  
 Of strength or feature, form or comeliness ;  
 But age is all alike ; the limbs deny  
 Their load, the feeble accent seems to die  
 Upon the faltering tongue ; the scalp is bare, 295  
 The humid nostril of the child is there !

287 The existence of happy old age seems not to have appeared possible to Juvenal, who has drawn a very aggravated picture of its sorrows both mental and corporeal : indeed, if it were not that Cicero had appeared as the champion of declining life, one would incline to say, that the philosophy of the ancients was quite unequal to suggest any motives of consolation. That of the moderns, however, has expressly advocated the autumn, though not the winter of life. "I am now entering," says Gibbon, "that period, which, as the most agreeable of his long life, was selected by the judgment and experience of the sage Fontenelle : his choice is approved by the eloquent historian of nature, Buffon, who fixes our moral happiness to the mature season in which our passions are supposed to be calmed, our duties fulfilled, our ambition satisfied, our fame and fortune established on a solid basis. In private conversation, that great and amiable man added the weight of his own experience ; and this autumnal felicity might be exemplified by the lives of Voltaire, Hume, and other men of letters. I am far more inclined to embrace than to dispute this comfortable doctrine, but must reluctantly observe, that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life."—*Gibbon's Life*, conclusion. Alas ! this comfortable doctrine is only, it seems, for old men of letters : and even to such it appears but to have offered a palliative of very modern efficacy ! The single item of this philosophical summary of the comforts of age, which can be applicable to the aged in general, is that of "duties fulfilled ;" for surely it is notorious that of the passions, some, at least, are not rendered weaker ; while such as really disappear carry away with them as much, perhaps, of enjoyment as of sorrow : as to the comforts of satisfied ambition, let those tell who have reaped them ! and for the establishment of fame and fortune, they are contingencies which fall to the lot of but few. Juvenal was right.



His bread the wretch must break with boneless gum ;  
 So irksome to his dearest friends become,  
 That Cossus, with the will before his eyes,  
 Might with disgust be taken by surprise ! 300  
 The torpid palate hath no joyful taste  
 Of wine or food, the banquet day hath pass'd !  
 Love and its rites in deep oblivion lie,  
 Or nature, urged in vain, makes no reply,  
 But of forgotten joys the frequent sigh. 305  
 His ear is seal'd ! now sing, alas ! who may,  
 Or strike the lyre, he cannot hear the lay,  
 Not though at once the whole orchestral train ;  
 Not though Seleucus shall awake the strain !  
 Placed in the spacious theatre's first row, 310  
 Nor winding horns for him, nor bugles blow,  
 In whose dull ear the bawling slaves proclaim  
 The passing hour, and every caller's name.  
 His chilly blood imparts no vital heat,  
 Save when the veins with casual fever beat ; 315  
 Of fell diseases, the conspiring crew  
 Dance round the victim, and his life pursue.  
 Ask not their names—'twere easier task than yours  
 To tell how many Hippia's paramours :  
 How many patients Themison may kill 320  
 In one brief autumn, with unquestioned skill ;  
 How many ruin'd orphans curse the hour  
 That placed their heritage in Hirrus' power ;  
 How many bankrupts Basilus hath made ;  
 How many youths Hamillus hath betray'd ; 325  
 How many well-stock'd farms and fertile lands  
 Now bless my once industrious barber's hands !  
 With old decrepitudes and endless aches,  
 This joint is rusty, and that member shakes ;

318 This passage has been continually imitated by all satirists, but never with any great measure of success. In that part of it which relates to Themison, the poet was not liable to prosecution for libel, for Themison lived under Augustus. He was a native of Laodicea.



One with both orbs quench'd in eternal night, 330  
 Envy's his purblind friend's faint beam of light ;  
 One sits expectant, and with bloodless lip  
 From cups he holds not is compell'd to sip ;  
 Or gapes for food, like bird whose open bill  
 The parent hen is provident to fill. 335

Such is the ruin'd frame ! but worse remains ;  
 O'er the frail remnant mind no longer reigns !  
 See, from his will the feeble driveller blot  
 The children of his loins ! he knows them not !  
 Or if he know, some artful harlot's breath 340  
 Blights their just hopes, nor quits him till the death !

But let the mind escape this dreadful doom,  
 It must be yours to follow to the tomb  
 Your valiant sons, to see the funeral pyre  
 Raised for the object of your soul's desire— 345  
 A much-loved wife, a brother, yours to mourn,  
 O'er the cold ashes of a sister's urn !  
 These penal sorrows age must ever pay,  
 To lead new funerals forth from day to day ;  
 Mid many griefs, the pains of age to know, 350  
 In mourning weeds and solitary wo !

The Pylian king, at least so Homer says,  
 Made ravens jealous of his length of days ;  
 Ages had perish'd ! and the hoary man  
 On his right hand to count new years began ! 355  
 "Thrice happy Nestor ! he, when all were gone,  
 Still drank new wine, and fill'd his cup alone."  
 You call old Nestor happy ! nay, but wait,  
 And hear himself lament the laws of fate.  
 When at the mounting flame the mourner gazed, 360  
 And young Antilochus before him blazed,  
 "Tell me, my friends," he cries, "ah, tell me why  
 I still am here, nor merit yet to die ?

342 The whole of this passage is extremely tender and beautiful. Neither Ovid, Tibullus, nor even Virgil have anything more softly and delicately drawn : the examples, too, are finely introduced, although the instance of Priam had long been a commonplace on the subject of the infelicity of age.

Tell me for what unexpiated crime  
 The gods inflict the punishment of time ?" 365  
 In sounds like these the aged Peleus too  
 Bewail'd Achilles ravish'd from his view,  
 And old Laertes, by long absence, led  
 To mourn the living Ithacus for dead.

The shades of all his sires, had fate been kind, 370  
 With every solemn rite had Priam join'd,  
 Then mid the dames of Troy, with streaming eyes,  
 Had Hector join'd his father's obsequies ;  
 His own Polyxena had led the throng,  
 His own Cassandra raised the funeral song. 375

Ah, had he died ere yet his son design'd  
 Those fatal prows, invoked that lawless wind !  
 What did he live for, say ? oh, sight abhorr'd !  
 To see all Asia wasted by the sword ;  
 Lived, his tiara laid aside, to wield 380  
 With nerveless arms the javelin and the shield !

To Jove's high altar for protection ran,  
 At Jove's high altar fell th' exhausted man !  
 So some old steer, unfit for labour now,  
 Dismiss'd with scorn from the ungrateful plough, 385  
 His wither'd neck extending to the knife,  
 Resigns the scanty remnant of his life.

Yet Priam fell as man hath fall'n before—  
 His spouse, still spared, more cruel fortunes bore,  
 Condemn'd to howl till life's sad eve was past, 390  
 And leave the world in brutish guise at last !

I haste to Roman themes, nor longer stay  
 To name the King of Pontus, nor delay  
 To tell of him whom Solon bade suspend  
 His views of life, till life had reach'd its end, 395  
 He that in vanquish'd Carthage begg'd his bread,  
 Hid in Minturnum's swamp his outlaw'd head,

394 This sentiment of Solon delivered to Cræsus was adopted by many of the gnostic poets, and by the Greek tragedians ; and was founded of course on observation of the instability of human happiness.

And view'd in deep despair a dungeon's wall,  
 Had life, extended life, to thank for all !  
 Could the wide world, could Rome herself supply,  
 To that great name a nobler destiny, 401  
 Had he exhaled amid the pomp of war  
 A warrior's soul in that Teutonic car ?  
 Campania, provident for Pompey, sped  
 A mission'd fever in her marshes bred ; 405  
 For Pompey sick, Campania's towns assail  
 The gods with vows, alas ! the vows prevail !  
 Soon, soon the fate that now severely spares,  
 Smote off that honour'd head of many prayers !  
 Yet even Lentulus himself had lain 410  
 Entire, with fell Cethegus mid the slain,  
 And injured Rome disdain'd to smite the head  
 Of treason quell'd and Catilina dead !  
 The anxious mother breathes an ardent prayer  
 To Venus, that her daughters may be fair ; 415  
 In gentle whispers supplicates the fane  
 In favour of her boys. " And why restrain  
 What nature prompts ? dost thou Latona chide,  
 Who sees Diana with a parent's pride ?"  
 True ! but Lucretia's fate rescinds the prayer 420  
 That asks for daughters as Lucretia fair.  
 Would not Virginia, thinkst thou, gladly take  
 The hump of Rutila for safety's sake ?  
 Of this be sure, a thousand fears alloy,  
 For his too comely son, a parent's joy ; 425  
 What though the morals of the Sabine school  
 Of thy pure dwelling form the stately rule ?  
 Alas ! that truth compels us to declare  
 Of virtue join'd with form the concord rare !

413 The ancients held in great abhorrence the mutilation of the body after death : hence Shakspeare with great propriety puts the sentiment into the mouth of Brutus :

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.  
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;  
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
 Not hew him as a carcass for hounds !

But be the inborn spirit deeply chaste, 430  
 Let the swift blood suffuse the cheek in haste,  
 Unblushing villany will dare to hold  
 Before parental eyes the damning gold!  
 But never yet did wanton tyrant try  
 To meaner forms to bring corruption nigh. 435  
 Nero himself ne'er harbour'd foul designs  
 On tumid paunches, or distorted loins;  
 He that had legs deform'd was ever free,  
 And slept secure in strumous puberty.  
 Go now! rejoice! none of these perils wait 440  
 Thy graceful youth, arrived at man's estate;  
 Not these, but greater far! he shall become,  
 Ere it be long, th' adulterer of Rome!  
 Shall live in terror of the furious blow,  
 Which vengeance, and the husband, oft bestow. 445  
 More fortunate than Mars he scarce shall be,  
 Nor quite escape the noose of destiny;  
 The dagger's desperate plunge, the bloody thong,  
 Will scarce appease the pang, or purge the wrong.  
 But he, perhaps, thy fair and happy son, 450  
 Of some kind dame the loved Endymion,  
 Is safe from all! yet may there come a day,  
 When he shall be Servilia's, who can pay;  
 Who all she has for this will gladly sell,  
 Ne'er against vice did vanity rebel! 455  
 Will Appia, or Catulla, then be cross'd,  
 Or thwart their pleasures at whatever cost?  
 "But beauty injures the corrupt alone;"  
 Go, ask Hippolytus, Bellerophon.  
 Fired at the cold refusal, Phædra burns! 460  
 With quicker throb the fervid stream returns:

459 The story of Phædra and Hippolytus is one of those which affords such obvious matter for the drama, that it has been ever a particular favourite with the tragic poet, the subject of one of the finest plays in all antiquity, and of what has been considered, unjustly I think, as the *chef d'œuvre* of Racine. For Bellerophon, he also was solicited by an incontinent female.

Glows Sthenobœa with an equal flame,  
 A mighty conflict ! anger, lust, and shame !  
 Then, then, indeed, is all the woman tried  
 When hope confounded points the sting of pride !  
 Come ! your advice for one to Cæsar's bed, 466  
 By Cæsar's daring wife reluctant led ;  
 Stamp'd with conspicuous beauty, virtuous, great,  
 A Messalina's glance decides his fate !  
 In the bright flammeum of the bride array'd, 470  
 She bids the couch be dress'd, the dower be paid.  
 To make the rite auspicious, augurs come,  
 The whole transacted in the face of Rome !  
 Silius, decide ! too sure shalt thou deny,  
 Before the evening lamps, 'tis thine to die. 475  
 Consent ! and claim a somewhat longer space,  
 Till the dull prince discern his own disgrace ;  
 Till on his ears the loud dishonour fall,  
 Long since in every street discuss'd by all.  
 From fate then wouldst thou seek a short reprieve,  
 Compliance gains it ; yet for truth receive 481  
 Whate'er alternative thy choice hath made,  
 It turns not from thy breast the fatal blade !  
 What then, does life supply no object, none ?  
 Is there no good to ask, no ill to shun ? 485  
 Nay ! but do thou permit the gods to choose,  
 What it were meet to grant, and what refuse,  
 Giving whate'er is good, they oft deny  
 What only seems so to our erring eye :  
 Dear to himself is man, but far more dear 490  
 To Heaven, that marks how passion wins his ear :  
 The wife, the home, and sweet domestic peace,  
 For these he sues with pray'rs that never cease :

466 Juvenal here alludes at some length to the last enormity of the life of Messalina, circumstantially detailed by Tacitus. The adventure terminated in the death of both parties : indeed, it was conducted with such abominable publicity and disregard of decency, that notwithstanding the portentous hebetude of the intellects of Claudius, one would think they threw themselves expressly into the way of unavoidable destruction.



They, to whose altars and whose shrines he runs,  
Discern the future wife, the future sons! 495  
Yet, that thou mayst not want a ready prayer,  
When the slain victim tells thy pious care,  
Ask, that to health of body may be join'd  
That equal blessing, sanity of mind :  
That inborn calm, that courage of the breast, 500  
Which fear of death is powerless to molest,  
Which sees existence close from terrors free,  
As a kind boon, Nature, bestow'd by thee !  
Which bears up boldly as new cares require,  
Unvex'd by rage, unheated with desire, 505  
To which such toils as erst Alcides bore,  
Impart of pure and sane enjoyment more  
Than all th' Assyrian's banquets, than the wine,  
The torchlit revels, and the concubine !  
Bliss is thine aim, I teach thee not to err, 510  
I show what thou canst on thyself confer !  
To tranquil life one only path invites,  
Where Virtue leads her pilgrim and requites ;  
No more a goddess, were the votaries wise,  
Whose fond delusion lifts thee to the skies, 515  
Thy place in heaven, oh Fortune ! we bestow,  
Divine we call thee, and we make thee so !



## S A T I R E X I.

### ARGUMENT.

THIS satire, like the fifth, is substantially devoted to the same object, though occasional digressions after the manner of the satirist occur in both. The present, however, is more happily relieved by the description of his own simplicity of living, and much embellished by a very beautiful descant on the good old times.

---

If Atticus indulge in sumptuous fare,  
All know that Atticus the charge can bear;  
While all contrast the madness with the means  
Of Rutilus, whom no pretention screens.  
Thermæ, and theatre, and public walk, 5  
Where'er you go, of Rutilus they talk;  
And while he learns the art to maim by rule,  
A base disciple of the cutthroat school,  
They mock the ruin'd epicure's distress,  
And wish him appetite for swordsman's mess! 10  
Such is the tribe that still the path explore  
Where the fair market spreads its tempting store;  
Who, still to feed the long habitual vice,  
Bid their last plate in pledge supply the price:  
Or, that the wished-for morsel may be got, 15  
Send their sire's image to the melting pot!  
Then with their prize to ruin'd walls repair,  
And eat the dainty scrap--on earthen ware!  
Who spreads the banquet? here the question lies,  
Of right or wrong, that all the merit tries: 20  
It gives new credit to Ventidius' fame;  
It brands the bankrupt Rutilus with shame.  
Oh! whip me him, whom useless themes delight  
Of Libyan Atlas, who explores the height;

Yet what concerns him more will ne'er discern, 25  
 Nor between pence and pounds the difference learn.  
 "Man, know thyself!" Oh precept kindly given!  
 Despise not thou the warning deign'd by Heaven!  
 Whether ambition's dream thy rest hath broke,  
 Or Fancy deck with flowers the marriage yoke. 30  
 Abash'd, for once, Thersites held his peace,  
 Nor ask'd those arms before assembled Greece,  
 Which, at the peril of a soldier's fame,  
 The brave Ulysses scarcely dared to claim.

Bethink thee, then! some cause wouldst thou de-  
 fend 36

Of heavier moment! to thy conscience lend  
 Obedient ear, and resolutely ask,  
 Hath nature form'd thee equal to the task.  
 Say, is it thine to quell that restless sea,  
 Awed by thy matchless eloquence, and thee? 40  
 Or like old Matho, canst thou merely roar,  
 And be anew what Curtius was before?  
 Gauge thine own depth, nor self-deluded, dare  
 To trust endowments, haply not so rare;  
 E'en wouldst thou buy thee fish, regard the kind! 45  
 Be not to means thou canst not alter blind;  
 Nor doubt thy throat of mullets to amerce.  
 While scarce a gudgeon lingers in thy purse.

Insensate! what! must banquets still be spread?  
 Crav'st thou for dainties, insecure of bread? 50

Must all the wealth thy sires bequeath'd thee, all,  
 In the vast vortex of the stomach fall;  
 (That deep abyss which every kind can hold,  
 Land, cattle, contract, houses, silver, gold;)  
 Till, from the ruin'd Pollio's finger drawn, 55  
 His very signet ring is sent to pawn?

Untimely urns, and fates that others fear  
 In life's first bloom, possess no terrors here!  
 Age is profusion's curse! when all is spent  
 In cool defiance of the fools that lent; 60  
 With just the sum to make retreat avail,  
 While friends look careless, and the lenders pale,

The broken epicure takes hint and flies  
 To Ostia's port, or snug in Baiæ lies ;  
 For trifles now are bankruptcy and flight, 65  
 Mere summer trips, deem'd as indifferent quite  
 As when the dogstar rears its sultry sign  
 To take cool lodgings on the Esquiline !  
 No weak regrets the heartless exile press,  
 Save that no circus his retreat shall bless 70  
 For one long sad interminable year,  
 Ere he once more can venture to appear !  
 Shame wings her flight from Roman walls away,  
 Where few shall miss, and none require her stay.  
 This genial day, my Persicus, shall show 75  
 Whether thy friend be hypocrite or no ;  
 Whether his home and humble life agree  
 With what his praise would recommend to thee ;  
 Or be of those who, when the stranger's near,  
 Bawl for dry beans, and whisper in the ear : 80  
 Descant on herbs, and water from the spring,  
 And ask for roots the servant dare not bring.  
 I, like Evander, would my guest receive,  
 And him a new Tiryathius believe.  
 Hear now what dainties thy arrival wait, 85  
 Which ne'er pass'd muster at the market gate.  
 From our Tiburtine farm a kid they send,  
 The fattest of the herd, to greet my friend ;  
 A kid that knows not grass, nor ventures yet  
 On willow shoots, but frolics from the teat. 90  
 Those hills that now from Rome attract thine eye,  
 Large store of wild asparagus supply :

92 Having consulted my friend Professor Hooker on the difficulty about *wild asparagus*, it is in my power to put the reader in possession of more learning on this botanical question than he could elsewhere easily procure. But the restricted character of these notes, and indeed the limitations under which the very text is presented to him, forbid my entering further on the subject than to quote Dr. Hooker's authority for a fact which I had never inquired after when on the spot: namely, that the Italians, and the Italians only, still eat the wild asparagus, and

My bailiff's dame, her distaff thrown aside,  
 Shall cull our sallad on the mountain's side ;  
 Eggs large and white I'll let thee taste to-day, 95  
 Warm from the recent nest of twisted hay ;  
 Join'd with the fowl herself ; and grapes as fine,  
 Though dry, as when they parted from the vine :  
 I'll give thee Signium's and Tarentum's pear,  
 And dainty apples, as Picenum's fair, 100  
 Now that the crude autumnal juice is gone,  
 Ripe to be eaten, and with dangers none.

Senates more rich than Rome's first senates were  
 In days of yore desired no better fare,  
 When with the herbs he gather'd Curius stood, 105  
 And seethed his pottage o'er the flaming wood ;  
 That simple mess, an old dictator's treat,  
 The highway labourer now would scorn to eat,  
 Remembering well where on the paps of swine  
 Hot from the caldron he was wont to dine. 110  
 The fitch suspended high in slender crate  
 Was once preserved apart for days of state ;  
 For swine was then esteem'd a birthday treat,  
 And when some victim chanced to furnish meat,  
 Then was the fulness of the feast complete ! 115

collect it for sale. "I teneri polloni sono raccolti dai contadini e veggonsi a vendere generalmente, essi hanno un sapore amaro che taluni trovano preferibile a quello degli sparagi coltivati."—*Tenore Botaniche Lezioni.*

I still indulge the idea that at some future time I may be able to present to the public an edition of Juvenal with graphical illustrations, both from objects of antiquity and actual situations ; not, however, till I shall have visited Aquino !

103 The pictures of ancient times which Juvenal here so beautifully draws, fully develops the character of his mind, which, evidently, amid the shocking scenes he was compelled to paint in such strong colours, delighted to repose on the simplicity of the early times of the republic, and to cherish the memory of the illustrious persons connected with them.

109 The taste of the Romans, in several of their dishes, was not a little extraordinary. The article here presented would be none of the most attractive, but it is nothing when compared with what appears from unquestionable authority to have been numbered with their delicacies !

And they who councils, and who camps had sway'd,  
 In honour's purple garb the thrice array'd,  
 For feasts like these would quit the mountain's soil,  
 And snatch an hour from customary toil!  
 The names of Cato, Scaurus, Fabius, then 120  
 With deepest awe inspired their fellow-men,  
 And e'en censorial dignity would fear  
 Of its own colleague some rebuke severe;  
 None mid his graver cares allow'd to dwell  
 The ocean tortoise and that clouded shell, 125  
 Which future times were destined to employ,  
 To build rare couches for the sons of Troy!

Rude were those times, and as beseem'd the  
 meats,  
 Such were the boards that held them, such the seats,  
 When the pultaceous dainties of the day 130  
 Were relish'd well on plates of Tuscan clay.  
 The soldier, then, if cities overthrow'n  
 Had made some vase of fairest form his own,  
 As yet untaught to prize the arts of peace,  
 Shatter'd the high-wrought workmanship of Greece,  
 That with the spoil he might afford to deck 136  
 His much-delighted charger's stately neck;  
 Or that his inwrought helmet might display,  
 Bought with the spoils his valour earn'd to-day,  
 That tale to which his faith the Roman lends; 140  
 The wolf subdued by fate, that gently tends  
 Her two fair sucklings in the cave conceal'd,  
 And Mars the mighty with his spear and shield.  
 For all the silver to those ages known,  
 On bits and bridles, crests and armour shone, 145  
 Temples then claim'd a reverence more profound  
 Than came the midnight voice in solemn sound,

125 Ivory and the shell of the tortoise were so much valued by the Romans, as to equal the precious metals in estimation. The introduction of the latter substance is recorded by Pliny.

A curious passage from Seneca seems to show that they had an art of staining tortoise shell, or veneering it on wood stained with some pigment, as is done at this day.



Ere yet the Gaul arrived from ocean's shore,  
 To bid the awaken'd Roman sleep no more.  
 Then in prophetic strains th' eternal powers 150  
 Announced their vigils for these walls of ours,  
 And Jove, unmock'd by images of gold,  
 In simple clay the empire's fate controll'd.

Those happier times no prouder tables knew  
 Than of the wood that Latian forests grew : 155  
 Some ancient chestnut which had borne the blast  
 For many an age, torn from the soil at last,  
 Gave to our sires, hewn from its ample stem,  
 The board of small pretensions, prized by them.  
 Now, venison, turbot, but offend the nose, 160  
 The wines are vapid, void of scent the rose,  
 Unless some carved and yawning pard sustain  
 The much-prized circle of the polish'd plane,  
 Wrought from those valued tusks Syene lends,  
 Which the swart Moor, or swarthier Indian sends  
 From Nabath's forest, where th' unwieldy beast 166  
 Drops his huge burden, of its weight released.  
 Hence comes orexis, and digestion hence !  
 With guests like these my home can well dispense,  
 Who, mask'd in condescension's polished smile, 170  
 Still with their own compare my humble style ;

164 "Ivory was usually brought from Ethiopia. We may further note, that the poet in his description of the Arabian elephant, says, that when his teeth are grown too big he breaks them off; which he does, as some relate, by striking them into the ground or a tree, when he is pursued."—*Holyday*. This story of the huge elephant making himself more alert and nimble by breaking off a few pounds of ivory, is good for nothing—but a note.

But the elephant, it seems, does shed his tusks, as the stag does his horns, which is the true explanation of the passage—"The natives of Africa assure us, that they find the greatest part of it (ivory) in their forests; nor would," say they, "the teeth of an elephant recompense them for the trouble and danger of killing it. Notwithstanding, the elephants which are tamed by man are never known to shed their tusks."—*Goldsmith's An. Nat.*



For not one ounce of that expensive tooth,  
 No, not a single die have I in sooth !  
 The handles of my knives are simple horn,  
 Yet may the flavour of my meats be borne, 175  
 Tastes not one dish the worse, nor yet I ween  
 Less bright the blade, nor cuts with edge less keen.  
 No carver's affectations hope to see !  
 Of Trypherus no scholar lives with me !  
 Whose pupils, with blunt knife and pompous air,  
 Slice down the wooden boar, the kid, the hare ! 181  
 Whose matchless art the oryx and gazelle,  
 And huge flamingo, oft dismember'd tell,  
 While through the clattering feast he goes his rounds,  
 And the elm banquet through Suburra sounds ! 185  
 My rustic lad with no such problems tried,  
 A pullet's wing would awkwardly divide.  
 With prompt attention, but with hands untaught,  
 Cups he presents of cheap material wrought ;  
 No hapless Phrygian in my house is seen, 190  
 No shivering Lycian with dejected mien !  
 Your Latin tongue must make your pleasures known,  
 He speaks no other language than his own,  
 That is my shepherd's son, my herdsman's this,  
 Oft he recalls his mother's parting kiss, 195  
 His cottage home, sighs once again to view,  
 And the dear kine whose every face he knew !  
 Behold an honest brow, an artless face,  
 'Tinged with the modest bloom of genuine grace,

179 Trypherus, most likely a feigned name. We have already had occasion to notice the Roman schools, in which the art of carving was taught on wooden models. A bill of fare follows, of which the items are most untractable for a translator :—

No rare

Carver I have, chief of the school of fare,  
 Train'd up by Trypherus the learned, who  
 Carves large sow teats, th' hare, boar, the white breech too,  
 The Scythian pheasant, the huge crimson wing,  
 And the Getulian goat.—*Holyday.*

An air methinks might well those youths become  
 Who proudly wear the purple garb of Rome. 201  
 The wine he brings, on yonder hills was made,  
 Beneath the brow of which his childhood play'd.  
 Expect no Spanish girl with kindling glance  
 And castanets to thread the prurient dance, 205  
 Those pungent nettles which the senses sting,  
 And passions best forgot, to memory bring.  
 Far other sports our banquet boasts to-day,  
 The tale of Ilium, or that rival lay  
 Which holds in deep suspense the dubious bay! 210

But come, and since the day entire is ours,  
 To ease and friendship give the fleeting hours;  
 Talk not of bonds, nor tell me how at night  
 Thy spouse returns who left thee ere 'twas light;  
 Before my threshold, all that gives thee pain 215  
 Forget at once, thy house, thy menial train,  
 Forget thy troubles all! nor reckon o'er  
 Friends of thy youth that now be friends no more!

You'll gladly lose Rome's aggravated din,  
 To-day the Megalesian games begin! 220  
 Where the horse-ruin'd pretor proudly sits  
 As if some triumph had disturb'd his wits.  
 To count the myriads of to-day were vain,  
 The whole of Rome her circus should contain:  
 Hark! those ear-rending shouts! the pause between!  
 Yes! I predict the triumph of "the green:" 226  
 Were it not, oh! and should the favourite yield,  
 Distraction more than that of Cannæ's field,  
 Our consuls in the dust, our fame disgraced,  
 In each desponding visage might be traced! 230  
 Well! let them view the animating sight,  
 Whom wagers bold and deaf'ning shouts delight,  
 Let the gay nymph and let the matron there,  
 Or with gallant, or with her lord repair,

205 Two kinds of applause are mentioned in Suetonius. They used a sort of rattle, not improbably the castanet still peculiar to Spain. But I leave every one, as Holyday says, "to the ability and pleasure of his own judgment."

While we, my friend, whose skin grows old and dry,  
Court the warm sunbeam of an April sky.      236  
Forget the gown! nor deem it here too soon  
To bathe, although it want an hour of noon—  
Yet five such days would tire you of the farm!  
Rareness gives leisure more than half its charm!

## SATIRE XII.

### ARGUMENT.

JUVENAL writes to Corvinus, to congratulate him on the escape from shipwreck of their common friend Catullus: acquaints him with the sacrifices he is about to offer, as tokens of his gratitude, and takes occasion to point out the base motives which frequently led to these apparent testimonies of regard; with a vehement execration of such characters, the legacy hunters of Rome, in the person of Pacuvius, the satire concludes.

“The lively picture,” says Gibbon, “which he draws of these knaves and their artifices, is far superior to his description of the tempest, which is tedious, languid, confused, disgraced by declamation, and even by puerility.”

The satire certainly abounds with many happy strokes, and also with very considerable beauties; and though, on the whole, less interesting as an entire composition than several others, it is not that which I should set down as the least pleasing of the set.

---

THAN my own birthday's due return more sweet  
This morn, my friend, this happy morn I greet!  
Rear'd from the turf my humble altar stands,  
And waits the promised victim at my hands:  
To the great Queen a snow-white lamb we lead, 5  
A fleece as fair for Pallas is decreed;  
Yon heifer that disdains his narrow scope,  
Butts at the stake, and shakes the extended rope,  
Ripe for the axe, the altar, and the wine,  
To great Tarpeian Jove I long design; 10  
Of growth mature, he quits the teat in scorn,  
And tears the tender shoots with nascent horn.  
Ah! would my narrow means a bull allow,  
A bull in gratitude for thee I'd vow,

A bull whose march its very bulk impedes, 15  
 Fill'd with the fatness of the Umbrian meads,  
 Huge as Hispulla, scarcely to be slain  
 But by the stoutest servant of the train—  
 'Thus would I hail my friend, whose thoughts ex-  
 plore

The perils pass'd, and scarce believes them o'er! 20  
 For not to name old ocean's threat'ning swell,  
 Heaven's bolt, it seems, just miss'd him as it fell :  
 Forth from the bosom of a swarthy cloud  
 Glanced the quick fire, and straightway blazed the  
 shroud :

Scared by the flash, each thought he felt the blow,  
 And shipwreck's horrors pass'd for trifles now : 26  
 In short, ne'er yet did epic poet form,

Of winds and waters mix'd, a nobler storm!  
 Spare we details of commonplace distress,  
 For shipwreck'd thousands have endured no less ; 30  
 Or why the tablets, and the emblems rude,  
 At every shrine and temple to be view'd ?

If storms should fail, and shipwrecks were no more,  
 Your famished painters might their case deplore !

At each new impulse the gigantic wave 35  
 Threaten'd the vessel's yielding sides to stave :

The leaky hold more and more water makes !  
 The pilot wrings his hands ! the rudder breaks !

The hour was come ! Catullus must divide  
 His goods and chattels 'tween the wind and tide ; 40

Taught by the beaver, who, for safety's sake,  
 A sacrifice of self compell'd to make,

Snaps off the scented spoil the hunter seeks,  
 And unmolested to his warren sneaks.

"Come !" said our friend, "thus I dispose of all 45  
 That's mine !" and while he spake, the furious squall

Had borne a full half league a purple vest,  
 In which a young Mæcenus might have dress'd !

27 Homer in the Iliad and Odyssey, Virgil, Lucan, Statius, Ovid, Valerius Flaccus have all, says Dusaulx, described tempests, and no wonder.

Away went garments of that innate stain  
 That wool imbibes on Guadalquiver's plain 50  
 From native herbs, and bubbling fountains nigh  
 To aid the powers of Andalusia's sky.  
 Next of his plate, behold our friend amerced !  
 Urns that might more than liquidate the thirst  
 Of the bibacious Pholus, or the wife 55  
 Of Fuscus, perish in the watery strife!  
 Nor did he doubt, in desperate peril placed,  
 To part with goblets by Parthenius chased.  
 And here, while hoards of wealth away are swept,  
 Pause we to ask, who else would breath accept 60  
 On such hard terms? What! do earth's confines  
 hold  
 A second man who life prefers to gold?  
 Still the fierce gales without remission blow.  
 Haste! bring the axe! the mast, the mast must go!  
 To the disastrous toil all hands apply, 65  
 And one more desperate chance for life they try.  
 Now trust those winds that have for ever lied,  
 Now to frail planks thy life once more confide,  
 And let a board of just three inches be  
 The measured distance between death and thee! 70  
 Or did the pine pre-eminently soar,  
 To wave contention, I shall grant thee four.  
 His biscuit and his bread the sailor brings  
 On board—'tis well—but hatchets are the things!  
 The upraised billow drank its foam at last, 75  
 And fate proved mightier than the eastern blast.  
 Thread of new life the sister fates began,  
 And flax more white amid their fingers ran.  
 Scarce breathed the wind more strong than sum-  
 mer's air;  
 But are they saved indeed? the ship is bare! 80

50 The Bætis, Guadalquiver, a river in Spain, which gave name to the district, flows through a country still famous for its breed of sheep; the colour of their fleeces had a reddish tinge, which probably still distinguishes them.



Of rigging, mast, and sturdy oars bereft,  
 On the wash'd prow a single sail is left!  
 Now, for spread canvass, outstretch'd garments try  
 To stay the zephyr that would pass them by!  
 To cheer their labours, soon a sunny beam 85  
 Bursts through swift clouds, and warms with cheer-  
 ing gleam;

Land! land! high tow'ring in the distant sky,  
 The shore Iulus loved at length they spy;  
 That beacon hill, which erst the youth divine  
 Preferr'd to fair Lavinium; where the swine 90  
 Of thrice ten well-suck'd teats the sons of Troy  
 From equal perils hail'd to equal joy;  
 And now those mighty mounds of stone they gain  
 On which excluded waters strive in vain;  
 The lofty Pharos, and each outstretch'd pier 95  
 Approaching in mid sea its rival near,  
 And leaving far behind (oh! talk no more  
 Of nature's harbours!) fair Italia's shore.

Yet, though his bark rides safe within the screen,  
 The pilot of the shatter'd planks is seen 100  
 To seek the shallows, where the boats that ply  
 On Baiæ's waters might securely lie;  
 Here, with shorn crowns, all leap on shore to tell  
 The tale on which the seaman loves to dwell.

Haste ye! suspend fresh garlands in the fane!  
 Forbear sinistral thoughts and words profane! 106  
 Thither the kneaded cakes and vessels bear;  
 Raise me the turf-crown'd altar duly there.  
 First, let me bow before the gods of Rome:  
 Next, in the quiet of my humble home, 110  
 Adore those lares that my sires adored  
 With such oblations as small means afford.  
 Jove first appeased, each image shall be crown'd;  
 Incense shall burn, and flowers be strew'd around.  
 'Tis ready all! I mark your active zeal; 115  
 Green boughs the lintels of my door conceal;  
 The frequent lamp my festive gate invests,  
 And the gay porch its master's joy attests!

Suspect not thou our interested act ;  
 Childless ? oh no ! he has three boys in fact ! 120  
 A hen, with half-closed eyes, would mortal give  
 To bribe the gods to let Catullus live ?  
 What ! for a man with children ? rather say,  
 A half-starved quail were price too great to pay !  
 But, let Gallita or let Paccius feel, 125  
 O'er the frail frame suspicion's shiv'rings steal.  
 With votive tablets by all means invest  
 The sick man's door, and every fane molest !  
 A hundred head of oxen some would slay ;  
 Or price, if price there were, would gladly pay 130  
 For elephants ! but that it seems decreed  
 This brute on Roman soil will never breed !  
 Th' imperial herd, for Cæsar only caught  
 By tawny tribes, never to be bought,  
 In his domain alone is seen to rove 135  
 The stately stranger of the Latian grove.  
 But were such monsters in our markets found,  
 Thither Pacuvius would in haste be bound !  
 Thither would much-afflicted Novius speed,  
 And to Gallita's gods the victims lead ! 140  
 For is there offering, is there boon too great  
 To snatch Gallita from impending fate ?  
 Or, did no laws his pious offerings stay,  
 A score of slaves to gain his ends he'd lay ;  
 Call forth his household, choose the comeliest, tie  
 The fillet on the wretch consign'd to die ! 146  
 What ! kill his slaves ! why not ? he'd seal the doom  
 Of his own daughter in her maiden bloom ;

131 In the year of Rome 471, when Pyrrhus made war against Italy, the Romans first became acquainted with the elephant ; they took some of these animals from the Carthaginians, in the Punic war, and Pliny reports, that five hundred were exhibited at one time in the circus. It is wonderful, considering the trouble of embarking and disembarking even of a regiment of cavalry, to find a people little skilled in mechanical inventions transporting hundreds at a time of these unwieldy animals across the Mediterranean. They were at length employed by the Romans themselves.

Nor hope atoning hind to turn the knife  
From fair Iphigenia's blameless life! 150

I praise my countryman! for who'd compare  
To twice five hundred ships his prospects fair?  
Caught in his nets, she cancels every line  
Of the first will. Pacuvius, all is thine!  
Nor need'st thou, mid thy vanquish'd rivals, hide 155  
The fruits of friendship or the strut of pride!  
See to what ends may classic lore conduce,  
And how Mycene's murders turn to use!

Oh! let him outlive Nestor! outpossess  
All Nero plundered in his worst excess!  
Heap coin on coin, and when his task is done, 160  
Let him be none beloved, loved by none!

150 The Grecian fleet being detained at Aulis by contrary winds, the oracle told them they should not depart till Agamemnon consented to the sacrifice of his daughter Iphigenia: at the critical moment Diana sends a hind as a substitute.

## SATIRE XIII.

### ARGUMENT.

JUVENAL teaches in this satire that guilt pretty certainly meets with its punishment in this life, and exhibits a very powerful picture of a guilty person under the horrors of an awakened conscience. The defect of which doctrine would seem to be, that the lower degrees of guilt incur the penalty more surely than the greater, and that there is a hardening produced by habitual crime, which sets such a retribution at defiance.

The piece abounds with excellence; it is evidently the production of a wise and reflecting mind, which had contemplated human nature very deeply, and it supplies, without the dryness of an ethical treatise, such a skilful development of the progress of unrestrained passions, that it can hardly be read by any without improvement. To my own taste, it is one of Juvenal's best pieces.

### PERSONS MENTIONED.

Calvinus, the person to whom Juvenal addresses this discourse, is unknown, though the dedication of such a piece does him infinite honour.

Ladas was celebrated for his swiftness, and gained frequent prizes at the olympic games.—*Catull.*, lv., 25. The gout, therefore, (see the passage,) would have been a serious affair for his reputation.

Vagellus : unknown. In most editions, Bathyllus, the favourite of Anacreon, and of Polycrates, who caused a fine statue to be raised to the honour of his form.

Gallicus (Rutilius) made prefect of the city by Domitian.

Chrysippus; a stoic philosopher, (see satire ii., 7,) and one of the most distinguished of the sect: see a long and learned article in Bayle. Concerning Socrates, the English reader will do well to consult his life, by Cooper, a very well written and interesting little volume.

Cæditius was, according to the scholiast, one of the ferocious

spirits who formed the privy council of Nero, or, as some say, of Vitellius, and is therefore well coupled with Rhadamanthus.

To none their crime the looked-for pleasure yields;  
 'Tis the first scourge that angry Justice wields;  
 Though dext'rous hands aside the verdict turn  
 Of vengeance, latent in the pretor's urn,  
 O'er his ill deeds insulted conscience sits, 5  
 And no delinquent to himself acquits!

Haply thou deem'st the world hath lightly made  
 Of thy late wrongs, and confidence betray'd:  
 But wealth is thine! nor yet so mean a share,  
 That loss were ruin, or distress despair. 10  
 Then, 'tis a hackney'd case to thousands known,  
 And not dispensed in spite to thee alone;  
 One that from casual heaps, without design,  
 Fortune drew forth, and bade the lot be thine. 14

Away with sighs! complaint should ne'er exceed  
 In manly breasts the wounds by which they bleed.  
 What! of life's lightest troubles dost thou bear,  
 With such recoil, thy still unequal share;  
 Half frantic, if a perjured rogue deny  
 The charge thou gav'st him, and persists to lie? 20  
 What! with good sixty years behind thee left,  
 Surprised at frauds, and much disturb'd at theft?  
 Man of gray hairs! born when Fonteius bore  
 The consul's office, hast thou learn'd no more?

4 That the purposes of justice could be disturbed by gaining this officer is plain enough, for he had the casting up of the votes. In the first place, preparatory to the trial, he placed in his urn little balls, inscribed with the names of persons, out of which a certain number were withdrawn for the hearing of the cause: then at the end of the trial, these persons severally threw in their votes, expressed by the letters A, C, NL—"Absolvo, Condemno, Non Liquet." Balls were made use of, that by their agitation in the vase, the *sortitio* might be entirely an affair of chance; but angular pieces of wood were afterward made use of, as appears from a curious citation of Holyday from a collection of ancient inscriptions.

23 Lucius Fonteius Capito was consul under Nero, and col-

Great were the good, did Wisdom's sacred page  
 Instruct our griefs or mitigate our rage ; 26  
 And happy those whom life itself can train  
 To bear with dignity life's various pain !  
 Those, that by long endurance have been broke  
 Calmly to wear, and wince not at the yoke ! 30  
 What ! hath it dawn'd, that day of solemn feast,  
 When fraud, and theft, and violence have ceased ?  
 When hoarded coin consists with length of life ?  
 When lucre comes not by the blood-stain'd knife ?  
 And when no traitors at the social hour 35  
 Their stealthy poisons in the wine-cup pour ?  
 Few be the righteous ! 'tis a race so small,  
 The mouths of Nile shall more than equal all !  
 And ours, alas ! a ninth and nameless age,  
 Mark'd by no metal yet on Nature's page ! 40  
 Yet when our turn arrives, our voices rise,  
 Loud as the plaudit which his prudence buys,  
 For every speech Fesidius makes or tries !  
 Oh man of many years, that still shouldst wear  
 The trinket round the neck thy childhood bare, 45  
 Hast lived so long, and art thou yet to know,  
 From money not one's own, what pleasures flow ?

league of Caius Vipsanius, A. U. C. 872, from which date it follows, unless, indeed, the words "sexaginta annos" were loosely and poetically employed, that this satire was written soon after the beginning of Adrian's reign. "Juvenal, however," says Mr. Gibbon, "seems to have taken a pleasure in perplexing us, by often speaking of many persons as his contemporaries who lived at different periods of time."

At any rate, this passage proves the satire to have been written at such a period as to have made a person born in the consulate of Fonteius fit to be addressed in the character of an elderly man, and that Juvenal was at this very time in the full possession of his genius, is a point which may be safely left to the determination of the satire itself.

There was, indeed, a consul of the same name, one hundred years earlier, but that would be much too early for the age of Juvenal, as it would go back to the latter years of the reign of Tiberius.



Not to perceive that every man of sense  
 Enjoys his quiet smile at thy expense ;  
 Who deemst that oaths are sacred ; that the shrine  
 Of every god hath something of divine ; 51  
 Dreams of old times when Saturn first forsook  
 His diadem, and grasp'd the reaper's hook,  
 When Juno was a spinster, and when Jove  
 Lived still in private in the Idean grove, 55  
 Ere he was served by Ganymede divine,  
 Ere yet fair Hebe pour'd celestial wine,  
 Or Vulcan, from Sicilian forges smear'd,  
 Mid nectar-drinking deities appear'd ! 59  
 Oh golden times ! when gods were scarce and few,  
 And not, as now, a mix'd and motley crew !  
 Households on smaller scale the skies maintain'd,  
 With lighter load was ancient Atlas strain'd,  
 Obey'd no monarch then the sad profound,  
 By his Sicilian bride no Pluto frown'd, 65  
 Wheels, furies, vultures, quite unheard-of things,  
 And the gay ghosts were strangers yet to kings !  
 'Twas in that age, in those forgotten times,  
 That men were startled at much less than crimes ;  
 When for the young before the aged to sit 70  
 Was misdemeanour death could scarce acquit !  
 To men with beards when half-fledged boys give way,  
 Though rear'd and fed in prouder homes than they ;  
 Cabins, with larger stocks of acorns stored,  
 Or of wild strawberries an ampler hoard : 75  
 So vast a thing precedency became  
 Of four brief years, and such respect would claim,  
 That the first down on youthful cheek that grew  
 Its proper rights and just observance knew.  
 Now if your honest friend his charge release, 80  
 Your bag of coin with all its verdigris !  
 Prodigious faith ! let lambs with garlands dress'd,  
 And Tuscan chronicles the fact attest !  
 Whene'er of ancient strain I chance to find  
 Some simple man of sanctimonious mind, 85

Like some two-headed beast I seem to see  
 A freak of nature's eccentricity!  
 As much a monster as a mule with foal,  
 Or when the frighten'd share turns up a shoal!  
 If it rain'd stones 'twould give me less alarm, 90  
 If clustering bees should on the temples swarm,  
 Or streams of milk from wondrous gulfs below  
 In some wild deluge o'er the land should flow!  
 Cheated of ten sestertia, only ten,  
 Of sacrilegious fraud complain'st thou, then? 95  
 What if two hundred, and I pray thee, what,  
 If like that hapless neighbour's were thy lot,  
 Whose foolish confidence consign'd the chest,  
 And went his way with no one to attest;  
 For that omitted, and to man unknown, 100  
 Who cares for frauds discern'd by gods alone?  
 Mark with how loud a voice the wretch denies!  
 In what security the rascal lies!  
 Sunbeams and thunderbolts he boldly cites,  
 And all the darts of Cirrha's lord invites; 105  
 The spear of Mars he resolutely dares,  
 By the full quiver of Diana swears!  
 Pallas and all her terrors hear him brave,  
 And him whose trident stirs th' Ægean wave,  
 Whatever arms the arsenals of light 110  
 Prepare for punishment of impious wight,  
 He dares them all! "And now, calumnious man!"  
 He cries, when o'er the list his tongue hath ran,  
 "May the just gods compel me to be fed  
 On the fair features of this darling's head, 115  
 Soused in Egyptian vinegar, if aught  
 Thou hast alleged can home to us be brought!"  
 There are who trust to casualty for all,  
 And deem no ruler moves this earthly ball,  
 With whom, as suns and changing seasons shine,  
 'Tis Nature all, and not the power divine. 121  
 These boldly in the temple's precincts stand,  
 And touch all altars with intrepid hand.

Some hold that gods there be who punish lies,  
 Yet day by day new perjuries devise. 125  
 Let Isis with vindictive sistrum strike  
 These eyes of mine, yes, both! whene'er she like,  
 May I but keep secure possession, blind  
 Of what I swear was ne'er to me consign'd!  
 Are palsies, vomicas, and hectics, things 130  
 Worth minding, when a lie such profit brings?  
 Would Ladas there, unless supremely mad,  
 Not take the rich man's palsy, and be glad?  
 Will Pisa's olive branch one's fortunes lift,  
 Or grant annuities to feet so swift? 135  
 Great though perchance it be, we also know  
 This threaten'd anger of the gods is slow;  
 And if they care to deal their stripes to all,  
 On us, perchance, long hence, shall judgment fall.  
 Perhaps they'll pardon; or perhaps forget; 140  
 They often do! and we are safe as yet:  
 I'll take my chance! a far unequal fate  
 Is wont, we know, on equal knaves to wait;  
 And villains, as fate's beam moves up or down,  
 Writhe on the cross, or sparkle in the crown! 145  
 Thus they confirm their souls whene'er they feel  
 The dread of vengeance on their bosoms steal.  
 Cite them before the holiest shrines to swear;  
 So much they wish to go, they'll drag you there;  
 Nay, would almost compel you to receive 150  
 The oath which you require not, nor believe.  
 For hard audacity in desperate fraud  
 Men take for injured virtue, and applaud.  
 With voice Stentorian now thy anger pour!  
 Like Homer's Mars magnificently roar! 155

144 Or, if the reader prefer,

This wears the diadem that mobs dispose,  
 That on the cross suspended feeds the crows.

There is a clever Italian epigram which says that the successful adventurer gets crosses hung on him, the unsuccessful gets hung on the cross.

" Wilt thou not crush at once this foul design,  
 Nor move those brass or marble lips of thine,  
 Oh long-enduring Jove !—what ! no reply,  
 Nor of this harden'd wretch confute the lie ?  
 Then wherefore bring we incense to thy shrine,  
 The pluck of oxen, or the caul of swine ? 161  
 'Twere equal sense, since prayer can neither move,  
 To court Vagellius, or appeal to Jove !"

Patience ! and hear what counsels we can lend,  
 Whom dogmas daunt not, whom no systems bend ;  
 Who laugh at creeds, nor in much reverence hold  
 Doctrines that gowns of different cut infold ;  
 Whom the great sage, in all the pride of kale  
 Rejoicing, brings not yet within the pale.  
 More doubtful case may greater skill demand, 170  
 But Philip's 'prentice might take thine in hand !  
 If crimes like this were never told before  
 On earth's wide surface, we contend no more ;  
 We bid thee not forbear to smite thy pate,  
 Nor wonder that thou bidd'st them bar thy gate ; 175  
 For death itself, within domestic walls,  
 Less than the loss of much-loved cash, appals.  
 Here, the afflicted wearer's robes present  
 No unripp'd seam or not incautious rent ;  
 Here, none a decent anguish forced to feign, 180  
 For tears that will not come their eyelids strain.  
 But if all courts and forums everywhere  
 Be fill'd with like complaints, with like despair,  
 If ten times witness'd deeds men disavow,  
 And their plain autographs no more allow, 185  
 Nor the true impress of their seal accept,  
 In ivory cabinet securely kept,  
 Oh weakness ! to expect that thou wert not  
 Ordain'd to mingle in the common lot !  
 Ourselves the vulgar brood of every day, 190  
 Thee did some hen of whiter plumage lay !

Behold! and at thy want of patience smile;  
 (Oh! thine's a case that calls for middling bile!)  
 Here the stiletto; there the flames that catch  
 Men's bedroom doors, from sulphur's kindled match!  
 Here impious hands from holiest walls that bear 196  
 The sacred treasures lodged for ages there!  
 Gifts of great nations! crowns of pious kings!  
 Goblets, to which undated tarnish clings!  
 Or see where petty sacrilege makes prize 200  
 Of the scraped gilding from Herculean thighs!  
 Where pilfering hands from hoary Neptune peel;  
 Or plates of gold from passive Castor steal!  
 Is much respect for Castor to be felt 204  
 By those whose crucibles whole thunderers melt?  
 Then, are there not that mid dark poisons dwell,  
 And blend the deadly bane they dearly sell?  
 And yet how few of all the crimes are here  
 Which daily meet the city prefect's ear,  
 Which Gallicus, ere well the day's begun, 210  
 Begins to hear, and hears till setting sun.  
 Of human vice the abstract wouldst thou view,  
 Thy painful studies in his halls pursue,  
 Frequent his court a while, then, if you can,  
 Style yourself still a miserable man! 215

Who at swoln necks mid Alpine valleys stares?  
 Who, when in Meroe's plains the mother bares  
 Than her huge child a breast of huger size?  
 Who marvels at the German's azure eyes,  
 Or at his hornlike curl of yellow hair? 220  
 Distinctions, in a word, that nations share?  
 Of his wing'd foes whene'er the gathering cloud  
 Alarms the pigmy chief with flutterings loud,  
 To arms he rushes! oh! tis all in vain!  
 Clutch'd in the claws of some gigantic crane, 225  
 Swift through the air with her illustrious prize  
 The victor bird on powerful pinion flies!  
 Could thou, or I, such strange rencounters view;  
 Much might we laugh; but there 'tis nothing new;



None smiles, where all can witness every day 230  
 The selfsame issue of the selfsame fray;  
 Where the whole cohort's utmost height is found  
 Scarcely to reach twelve inches from the ground!

"Shall fraud then flourish, from all terrors free,  
 No rods for him, and no redress for me?" 235  
 Suppose him therefore dragg'd in ponderous chain,  
 Or, (what would vengeance more!) suppose him  
 slain,

Yet shall not the revenge for which you long  
 Refund the loss, or mitigate the wrong.

"But sweet revenge, than life I value more!" 240  
 Of minds untaught, oh! most pernicious lore!  
 Of breasts in which occasions none or slight  
 The fiercest flames of causeless anger light.

Not thus Chrysippus! nor the spirit mild  
 Of Thales, gentle Nature's meekest child! 245

Not thus the sage that near Hymettus dwelt;  
 Revered old man! not such the joys he felt!  
 Ne'er had he suffered e'en his direst foe  
 Of that vindictive draught the pains to know!  
 How soon would vice, how soon would error cease,  
 Did Wisdom guide us in her path of peace! 251

Yet wherefore fear that those escape the meed  
 Annexed by Nature to each guilty deed,  
 Whose anguish'd spirit wields a viewless thong,  
 And lictorlike repays the secret wrong. 255

Such pains Cæditius' self could ne'er devise,  
 Nor Rhadamanthus, as the pang that tries  
 The wretch who bears that witness in his breast,  
 Which haunts by day, and nightly breaks his rest.

The Spartan rogue, who boldly bent on fraud,  
 Dared ask the god to sanction and applaud, 261  
 And sought for counsel at the Pythian shrine,  
 Received for answer from the lips divine,

263 In this extremely beautiful passage, the poet having already shown the weakness and the wickedness of a vindictive spirit, goes on to demonstrate that the guilty are sufficiently



"That he who doubted to restore his trust,  
 And reason'd much, reluctant to be just, 265  
 Should for those doubts and that reluctance prove  
 The deepest vengeance of the powers above."  
 The tale declares that not pronounced in vain,  
 Came forth the warning from the sacred fane.  
 Ere long no branch of that devoted race 270  
 Could mortal man on soil of Sparta trace!  
 Thus but intended mischief, staid in time,  
 Had all the moral guilt of finish'd crime.  
 If such his fate, who yet but darkly dares,  
 Whose guilty purpose yet no act declares, 275  
 What, were it done! ah! now farewell to peace!  
 Ne'er on this earth his soul's alarms shall cease!  
 Held in the mouth that languid fever burns,  
 His tasteless food he indolently turns:  
 On Alba's oldest stock his soul shall pine! 280  
 Forth from his lips he spits the joyless wine!  
 Nor all the nectar of the hills shall now  
 Or glad the heart, or smooth the wrinkled brow!  
 While o'er the couch his aching limbs are cast,  
 If care permit the brief repose at last, 285  
 Lo! there the altar and the fane abused!  
 Or darkly shadow'd forth in dream confused,  
 While the damp brow betrays the inward storm,  
 Before him flits thy aggravated form!  
 Then as new fears o'er all his senses press, 290  
 Unwilling words the guilty truth confess!  
 These, these be they whom secret terrors try,  
 When mutter'd thunders shake the lurid sky;

punished by the terrors of remorse. He presently after alludes to the story of Glaucus, who did, according to Herodotus, all that is related of him in the text, and with the threatened consequences. He consulted the oracle to know if he might cheat: the oracle alarmed him to repentance, and he made his apology on the spot. The Spartan orator who relates this tale to the Athenians, concludes thus: "I shall now tell you, Athenians, why I introduce this story; there is no longer with us any vestige of Glaucus!"

Whose deadly paleness now the gloom conceals,  
 And now the vivid flash anew reveals. 295  
 No storm as Nature's casualty they hold,  
 They deem without an aim no thunders roll'd ;  
 Where'er the lightning strikes, the flash is thought  
 Judicial fire, with Heaven's high vengeance fraught.  
 Passes this by, with yet more anxious ear 300  
 And greater dread, each future storm they fear ;  
 In burning vigil, deadliest foe to sleep,  
 In their distemper'd frame if fever keep,  
 Or the pain'd side their wonted rest prevent,  
 Behold some incensed god his bow has bent ! 305  
 All pains, all aches, are stones and arrows hurl'd  
 At bold offenders in this nether world !  
 From them no crested cock acceptance meets !  
 Their lamb before the altar vainly bleats !  
 Can pardoning Heav'n on guilty sickness smile ?  
 Or is there victim than itself more vile ? 311  
 Where steadfast virtue dwells not in the breast  
 Man is a wavering creature at the best !  
 Firm but when guilt requires, and prone to shun  
 The claims of right till foulest wrong be done ! 315  
 Till strong remorse the guilty sense awakes,  
 And purer light through moral darkness breaks !  
 But thwarted Nature soon reclaims her rights,  
 And to habitual crime once more invites !  
 Ah ! who can fix the barrier to his sins, 320  
 Or knows the last extreme when he begins ?  
 Who, once expunged, hath ever seen return  
 The honest shame that on the cheek would burn ?  
 Amid the race of man, oh ! find me one  
 Who stays him at a first offence alone ! 325  
 Thus by sure steps the traitor shall pursue  
 His desperate course, until he find his due.  
 Some dungeon's darkness shall his crimes coerce,  
 Or hopeless exile prove his lasting curse.  
 Wait thou that day ; for thou shalt surely find 330  
 That the just gods be neither deaf nor blind !

## SATIRE XIV.

### ARGUMENT.

A CAREFUL analysis of this important satire, of which the subject is education, would be highly to the honour of the sagacity, as well as the morals of the satirist ; who, having exposed the vices which were rapidly leading to the decline of the empire, seems here to close his function in the care of posterity.

---

YES, my Fuscinus ! we must surely blame,  
Whoe'er the persons, and whate'er their fame,  
By whom each vice and folly of their own  
Is handed down, and to their children shown.  
Doth the old man love dice ? a stripling yet,           5  
The young adventurer quickly learns to bet ;  
Or beccaficas ? the disciple learns  
Where truffles lurk, and humble mushroom spurns !  
Ere yet of life the first seven years be past,  
A work is done through life itself to last !           10  
Oh ! bid your bearded monitors forbear  
To preach of temperance ! for sumptuous fare  
Your well-train'd son shall now for ever pine ;  
Nor once, be sure, degenerately dine !  
Of brave philanthropy the generous lore,           15  
Each venial fault that passes mildly o'er,  
And deems the soul and body of the slave  
Are e'en as his, and like indulgence crave.  
Is this the code that Rutilus can teach ?  
Are these the doctrines that his lessons preach,   20  
Who deems no siren's equal to the lay  
Of screaming slaves, whom fell tormentors flay ?  
Whose trembling household in its tyrant sees  
A Polyphemus or Antiphates ;

Most happy then, whene'er the glowing brand 25  
 Stamps its red terrors on the pilferer's hand!  
 What can be hoped from the misguided boy,  
 Who soon grown callous to the savage joy,  
 That loves to make the country household quail,  
 In daily terrors of the village jail? 30  
 Will Larga's daughter, thinkst thou, not intrigue—  
 Of whose gallants the very names fatigue  
 The breathless child; and force her to desist  
 Ere she can half recite the ample list?  
 In merest infancy the witness made 35  
 Of many a scene her childhood's home display'd;  
 Scarce in her teens, what wonder if she grew  
 Adroit in all the lore of *billet doux*?  
 Thus Nature bids our home's examples win  
 The passive mind to imitative sin, 40  
 And vice, unquestion'd, makes its easy way,  
 Sanction'd by those our earliest thoughts obey.  
 What if some heart or two, with hand benign,  
 Prometheus fashion from a clay more fine?  
 These be the rare indemnities! the rest 45  
 Tread in the track their careless guardians press'd,  
 Content to be whate'er their sires had been,  
 Nor ever quit of crime the sad routine.  
 Oh cease from sin! should other reasons fail,  
 Lest our own frailties make our children frail! 50  
 Alas! that innate tendency to wrong  
 Should to our very being's germ belong!  
 Where'er of social man the tents are found,  
 There traitors dwell, and Catilines abound:  
 Another Brutus dost thou hope to see? 55  
 Another Brutus is not, nor shall be!  
 Let naught which modest eyes or ears would shun  
 Approach the precincts that protect thy son!  
 Far be the revel from thy halls away,  
 And of carousing guests the wanton lay: 60  
 His child's unsullied purity demands  
 The deepest reverence at a parent's hands!

Quit for his sake thy pleasant vice in time,  
 Nor plunge thy offspring in the lore of crime;  
 For *such*, should laws defied at length requite 65  
 His guilty course, or angry censors smite,  
 Thy moral likeness if the world shall see,  
 And sins made worse by practice, taught by thee,  
 Then shalt thou sharply, in thy wrath, declare  
 Thy cancell'd will, and him no longer heir! 70  
 What! dost assume the grave parental face,  
 Thou, whom persistive vices still disgrace?  
 Thou, from whose head, where endless follies reign,  
 The void cucurbit were a needful drain.

Expects thy dwelling soon a stranger guest? 75  
 Behold! not one of all thy menials rest;  
 Down comes the spider, struggling in his loom,  
 O'er walls and pavements moves the active broom;  
 This brings the pail, to that the brush assign'd,  
 While storms the master with his whip behind! 80  
 Wretch! art thou troubled lest thy friend descry  
 Some unswept corner with too curious eye?  
 Lest marks unseemly at thy porch be seen,  
 Which sawdust and a slave may quickly clean?  
 And is it nothing, nothing, that thy child 85  
 Should see thy house with vices undefiled,  
 From moral stains immaculate and free,  
 The home of righteousness and sanctity?  
 Yes! if thou rear'st thy son to till the soil,  
 To bear the patriot's, or the statesman's toil, 90  
 Then, from thy grateful country claim thy meed,  
 A good and useful citizen indeed!  
 But ere she thank thee, let that country know,  
 From early care of thine, what virtues flow!

Her progeny the stork with serpents feeds, 95  
 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!  
 The vulture tribes, which by the gibbets prey,  
 Or feed on casual carcass by the way, 100



From the foul quarry bear the fragments crude  
To fill the beaks of the rapacious brood.

These when of age their proper nest to build,  
With the same rank repast are daily fill'd.

Jove's eagle and the nobler tribes of air 105

Pounce on the kid, or seize the timid hare :

Their young infected with the early taste,

On sinewy wing to woods and mountains haste,

To the same fare which, since the shell they burst,

They learn'd to prize, their sweetest and their

first ! 110

In raising villas far too deeply skill'd,

Now here, now there, would good Centronius build !

To-day, Præneste's mountains charm him most ;

To-morrow, curv'd Caieta's grateful coast ;

And now the far-fetch'd marble he consigns 115

'To Anio's rocks and ever-waving pines ;

Men stand to gaze ! and not Alcides' fane

Or Fortune's, more than cold approval gain !

So, Capitolian piles themselves look small

Where maim'd Posides rears th' ambitious wall !

So many homes require that lands be sold, 121

Yet left Centronius still no lack of gold.

But mark the sequel ! scarce that wealth his own,

The heir must build, and build with costlier stone !

New sites are found ; new architects employ'd ;

And all the sire had left the son destroy'd ! 126

There be, who, bred in sabbath-fearing lore,

The vague divinity of clouds adore ;

118 At Præneste there was a very magnificent temple dedicated to this goddess, who acquired from it the surname of Prænestina ; but it is more probable that Juvenal refers to some adored and well-known temple in Rome, the remains of which exist no longer. A church at Palestrina occupies the site of the ancient temple, and the town wall affords some very fine specimens of Cyclopean construction.

Posides was a freedman of Claudius, and Pliny celebrates his magnificent suite of baths at Baia.

128 That is, they adored no visible representation of the Deity : but that Juvenal should ridicule them for this—Juvenal,



Who, like their sires, their skin to priests resign,  
 And hate like human flesh the flesh of swine. 130  
 The laws of Rome those blinded bigots slight,  
 In superstitious dread of Jewish rite :  
 To Moses and his mystic volume true,  
 They set no traveller right, except a Jew !  
 By them no cooling spring was ever shown, 135  
 Save to the thirsty circumcised alone !  
 Why? but that each seventh day their bigot sires  
 Rescind from all that social life requires !  
 Our other faults will youth spontaneous learn ;  
 But one there is, it takes some pains to earn. 140  
 A specious baseness, that in virtue's name  
 And solemn garb too oft appears the same !  
 " A careful man ! frugal and self-denied !"  
 Such titles oft the sordid miser hide,  
 Whose sharp-eyed vigils in no slumber cease : 145  
 (Like Pontic dragon's o'er the golden fleece.)  
 Some, too, the great artificer admire !  
 'Tis no mean thing this talent to acquire !  
 As if the petty gains that avarice sweeps  
 From every side would not at last be heaps ! 150  
 As if the workmen whose eternal din  
 Rings on the anvil should no wages win !  
 This slave to Mammon ! does he then suppose  
 That joy with wealth inseparably grows ?

who covers image worship with contempt, is singular enough ;  
 for at any rate, if he gave them no credit for a more pure ab-  
 stract notion of the Deity, a cloud was as good as a stone. So  
 little, however, of the Jewish ritual was known to the Romans,  
 and so wretched was the appearance of the people who ad-  
 hered to it, that it cannot be matter of surprise to find that the  
 attention of the poet had not been called to the subject, and that  
 he was content with the popular opinions about both. The  
 consequence was, that he did them great injustice: had Provi-  
 dence permitted to him the use of that volume of their great  
 lawgiver, how much would he have been astonished at the  
 benevolence and mercy which it inculcates! and how little  
 would he have felt disposed to boast of the light which the  
 world had received from " Athens or from Rome !"

Doubtless he does; 'tis but an idle dream 155  
 To think the poor as happy as they seem!  
 And when he bids to one sole path adhere,  
 And one bless'd sect, is perfectly sincere.  
 There be some nauseous dregs to gulp, 'tis true,  
 Ere perfect avarice the whole heart imbue, 160  
 Till the dire lust of gain possess the man,  
 Which nothing ever sates, or ever can!  
 All arts have elements! he first abates  
 From the full claim that appetite creates, 164  
 And starves himself! the bread grown musty now  
 Not without some restriction he'll allow!  
 His frugal habit puts the scraps away  
 From the Septembral hash of yesterday.  
 In sultry dogdays still he sets aside  
 The remnant of the beans to-day denied! 170  
 Marks the stale mackerel bone, and sets his seal  
 Upon the half-consumed and putrid eel!  
 Or lest they waste a thing of so much cost,  
 Puts down how many coats the leek hath lost!  
 And locks up dainty leavings, day by day, 175  
 To which a bridge-end beggar would say nay!  
 Yet why, oh why for wealth this ceaseless pain?  
 Is it not madness, manifest and plain,  
 That thou mayst merely die worth so much more,  
 To lead a life that scarce the vagrant bore? 180  
 Sure that though every bag with coin o'erflow,  
 The love of gold with gold will greatly grow!  
 Go buy more farms! build larger villas! see,  
 These scanty bounds become not such as thee!  
 Close to thine own some tempting acres join, 185  
 These must thou get thy neighbour to resign;  
 That hoary hill of olives tempts thine eye!  
 'That pleasant copse he'll surely not deny!  
 But should he still prefer it to the price  
 Which thou hast proffer'd, be not over nice! 190  
 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 barc,  
 As if a thousand sickles had been there !  
 Nay, dost thou start ? of lands thus brought to sale  
 To tell the number were no easy tale ! 196  
 People will talk, and slander aim its blow ;  
 All that men say 'tis well thou dost not know :  
 " Let them ! I value more one lupin's pod  
 Than that my village held me for a god ; 200  
 Because, forsooth, the rule of light I scan,  
 And reap small harvests, a contented man !"

What ! canst thou thus bid mortal sickness cease ?  
 Thus, from life's lightest cares compel release ?  
 Though twenty ploughshares turn thy vast domain,  
 Shalt thou live longer unchastised by pain ? 206  
 Nay ! were the soil entire to thee allow'd,  
 That thy whole nation under Tatus plough'd !  
 Time was when many a soldier, worn with years,  
 Who oft had hewn his way through Punic spears,  
 And bearded Pyrrhus and his barbarous hordes, 211  
 And all the perils of Molossian swords,  
 Pension'd with scarce two acres, was content  
 For all the wounds he bore, the blood he spent !  
 How great soe'er his merits, none accused 215  
 His niggard country, or her boon refused !  
 That all-sufficient glebe the master fed,  
 And the whole tribe within the cottage bred ;  
 Three born in wedlock, and a fourth that shares  
 The father's fondness with the lawful heirs ; 220  
 It fill'd them all, and left abundance still,  
 Those sturdy pilots of the plough to fill,  
 Who after sunset, when the team was stall'd,  
 Were wont on smoking pulse their mouths to scald.  
 Now the suburban garden asks no more 225  
 Than claim'd the name of land in days of yore.

Of all the fierce desires that fire the soul,  
 None oftener draws the blade, or drugs the bowl,  
 Than that of wealth ! of which the impious sway  
 O'erleaps all bounds, and hears not of delay ! 230

What law restrains, what scruples shall prevent  
The desperate man, on swift possessions bent ?

“ Let no man tempt ye from your native hill ”—  
Such wise advice would Marsian erst instil ;  
Or old Vestinum’s farmer, gray with toil, 235  
Or peasant bred on Herna’s flinty soil.

All real wants our ploughs may well supply,  
The rural gods their bounties ne’er deny,  
By whose kind gift the harvest’s golden store 239  
To man was shown, and mast esteem’d no more.  
Who in rough buskin tramps the mountain snow,  
Nor cares, in sheepskins wrapp’d, what breezes  
blow,

No laws inclin’d to break, the foreign clime  
That sent us purple also sent us crime !

Thus in Rome’s early days her patriarchs spake ;  
But now the father, ere his son’s awake, 246  
In latter autumn shouts beside his bed,

“ Ho ! sleeping still ? those folios still unread ?  
Up ! up ! write, read—or dost thou hate the pen,  
Why take the sword, and haste to Lælius then : 250

Go ! pay thy court to him ! but, boy, beware,  
And let no comb disturb thy tangled hair ;  
Let all be rough and negligent, and make  
Thy best appearance for thy fortune’s sake !

Gain thy commission, with destructive arm 255  
Through Moorish huts spread terror and alarm ;  
The forts of Gaul to fire and sword consign,  
Then, at three score an eagle shall be thine !

Or, dost thou thrill with many a nervous qualm,  
When the camp’s trumpet blows ? renounce the  
palm ! 260

Buy what shall bring thee cent per cent again,  
No kind of merchandise as foul disdain,  
Spices—or hides, they’ll answer just as well,  
The smell of lucre is a pleasant smell !  
And, boy ! forget not thou that noble line, 265  
Worthy of Jove and all the powers divine ;

Have wealth one must, but how, none ask or care :”  
 Oh apophthegm divine ! oh adage rare !  
 ’Tis the first rule that boys from grandams get,  
 And girls learn long before their alphabet ! 270  
 All that be eager such advice to press,  
 One might, methinks, in terms like these address :  
 Who bids thee urge a willing steed so fast ?  
 ’Trust me, the teacher will be soon surpass’d ;  
 And thou, by Ajax erst as Telamon, 275  
 Or Peleus by Achilles, quite outdone !  
 Allow for tender years ! just give him time  
 Till his young marrow shall be died in crime !  
 Before his beard the tonsor’s aid demands,  
 Forsworn, corrupt, and ready to thine hands, 280  
 At Cere’s statue he shall duly bend,  
 And oaths on oaths for paltry profits vend !  
 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 ! 286  
 “ What ! when I bade be rich, could I foresee  
 These future horrors to be charged on me ?”  
 Yes ! on thyself the awful charge must fall  
 Of the mind’s baseness and perversions, all ! 290  
 Thou bad’st him toil for gold o’er sea and land !  
 A shorter cut his happier genius plann’d.  
 Whoe’er instils the love of wealth betimes,  
 By strict necessity exhorts to crimes !  
 Whoe’er infects the young with lust of gain, 295  
 Casts o’er the startled steed th’ abandon’d rein,  
 Swift spins the rapid wheel in dazzling whirls,  
 And soon the shatter’d car to ruin hurls !  
 Go to ! and hold thy peace ! nor idly prate  
 Of laws and limits thou assign’st too late ; 300  
 Where is that meek delinquent, show me where,  
 That shall appeal to thee, ere yet he dare ?  
 “ Boy, he that lends his money is a fool,  
 Or cares for poor relations”—in such school



Behold all arts of spoliation taught ! 305  
 All fraud, all falsehood, into practice brought !  
 For gold ! for gold ! by thee more dearly held  
 Than to the Decii, in the days of eld,  
 Their native soil ! or than Menœceus led  
 To offer for that land his blameless head, 310  
 Whose fertile furrows, sown with serpent's tooth,  
 Produced such goodly crop (if Greece speak truth)  
 Of bristling spears, and legions bright in arms,  
 As if ten trumpets roused to war's alarms.  
 Behold the blaze now rolling far and wide, 315  
 Of which thy rashness the first sparks supplied !  
 Not safe thyself ! oft in the lion's den  
 The growling savage will the keeper pen,  
 And roaring loud, a rude assault prepare  
 On hands, his meal of blood that duly bare ! 320  
 The astrologic seers perhaps foretel  
 A long and happy life ; my friend, 'tis well !  
 Till thy life's thread be spent he'll never wait,  
 But snap it off at once, and laugh at fate.  
 Thwarted by thee, with ill dissembled rage 325  
 He bears thy staglike, tough, tenacious age !  
 Haste to Archigenes ! go seek supplies  
 Of that famed drug in which thy safety lies !  
 Yes ! wouldst thou handle rosebuds once again,  
 Or with the purple fig thy fingers stain, 330  
 Keep by thee still that Mithridatic draught,  
 By kings and parents to be duly quaff'd !  
 Egregious joys be these ! delightful views  
 Of life, which more than pretors' games amuse !  
 To be from day to day by fears controll'd, 335  
 And tempt one's fate by sundry bags of gold,  
 Or with the watchful Castor to invest,  
 Who sleeps not o'er his charge, one's iron chest !  
 For Mars th' Avenger's out of favour grown,  
 Rogues stole his shield ! he could not keep his own !  
 Talk not of Cybele's or Flora's games, 341  
 Whatever shows, known by whatever names,



Toils of the hand and terrors of the heart,  
 Endured for gold, more mirth may well impart !  
 'The feats of jugglers on the tight-drawn line      345  
 Are done on soil secure, compared to thine !  
 Oh the rare sight ! to see thee on the deck,  
 Mid every gale, and fearless of the wreck  
 Of thy Corycian bark, whose desperate breast  
 One master-passion rules, to purchase best      350  
 Thy spices and perfumes, or on the shores  
 Of Crete the opulent, collecting stores  
 Of oily sirup, then thy voyage crown'd  
 With Jove's compatriot pitchers, homeward bound !  
 He, whose misgiving feet in terror tread      355  
 Yon trembling rope, does it for clothes and bread.  
 Fear without end thy wretched life pursues,  
 To gain thee ten times more than thou canst use !  
 Yet ship on ship the dangerous ocean braves,  
 And half the human race is on the waves !      360  
 Wherever gain or hope of gain is found,  
 Thither th' adventurous fleet is quickly bound,  
 Carpathia's turgid billows roll in vain,  
 Nor can Getulian storms the prow restrain !  
 Ships sail on seas where the last sunbeams hiss,  
 Plunged in the waves of Calpe's deep abyss !      366  
 And for what end ? that with a purse more tense  
 The voyage ended, men may tales dispense  
 Of ocean's monsters none but they have seen,  
 And maidens in the waves with tresses green !      370  
 Various the ravings which the mad befall,  
 Not one hallucination seizes all.  
 This, whom the furies drove, with bristling hair,  
 Springs from his sister's arms, " the Demons there !"  
 Another maniac hears Atrides roar,      375  
 And flogs the bull more fiercely than before.

371 This is well exemplified in the marvellous relations of the Roman soldiers, who had never before been at sea, till the dreadful night when almost the whole of the transports of Germanicus were exposed to a severe tempest on the German ocean, near the mouth of the Ems.

Much he requires a keeper, though he fail  
 His cloak, or household chattels to assail,  
 Who loads his bark till it can scarcely swim,  
 And leaves thin planks between the waves and him !  
 A little legend and a figure small 381  
 Stamp'd on a scrap of gold, the cause of all !  
 Lightnings flash forth ! clouds intercept the day ;  
 " 'Tis but a summer storm ! get under weigh !  
 As for those livid streaks, they'll blow away," 385  
 Bawls out the man of peppers and of corn :  
 Infatuate ! haply, ere another morn,  
 Those much-strain'd planks may burst, and while  
     the wave  
 Breaks o'er his head, and storms around him rave,  
 So long as midst the waters he can gasp, 390  
 His purse he clings to, in convulsive grasp !  
 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 !  
     The wealth, alas ! by toil and peril gain'd, 396  
 By greater toil and peril is retain'd.  
 With buckets ranged, the ready servants stand  
 Alert at midnight at their lord's command ;  
 Too rich ! too rich ! his gold and ivory keep, 400  
 His busts and bronze, poor Licinus from sleep !  
 The tubs of cynics blaze not ! if they burst,  
 One just as good will soon replace the first,  
 Or molten lead repair the ancient flaw :  
 In such a house when Alexander saw 405  
 Its great inhabitant, then first he knew  
 The world was right, and found the axiom true,  
 That held him happier far who naught desired,  
 Than whom the restless love of empire fired,  
 Doom'd still to be a stranger to repose, 410  
 And pay in perils for the life he chose.  
 Where prudence dwells, there Fortune is unknown,  
 By man a goddess made, by man alone !

Myself, if any should consult, and say,  
 "And what estate think'st thou sufficient, pray?"  
 Thus I'd reply—What nature's wants require, 416  
 When hungry, food, and when it freezes, fire.  
 These, Epicurus would have placed at ease,  
 Or the small household gods of Socrates.  
 Nor do I cheat thee under Nature's name, 420  
 Wisdom and Nature! are they not the same?  
 "But these be high examples! come, descend!  
 From ancient themes to Roman manners bend!  
 A knight's full census then, my friend, possess!  
 Thy largest wish, a sum so large may bless! 425  
 Still frowns upon thy face! take two! take three!  
 Three knights' estates!—there's no contenting thee!  
 To thee the wealth of Cræsus were in vain,  
 The gold of rich Narcissus thou'dst disdain!  
 Of that Narcissus, whose obedient sword 430  
 Slew Cæsar's guilty wife, at Cæsar's word!

429 This was a freedman of Claudius, and one of his greatest favourites. The English reader must often be surprised to find the prodigious influence exercised in the Roman state by the freedmen, who probably by the simple art of condescending to meanness, to which none but men of such an origin would submit, ruled the rulers of the world, and what is more, the armies and generals they employed!

## SATIRE XV.

### ARGUMENT.

THIS satire is rather levelled at a set of barbarians, than at his own countrymen; he ridicules the deities of Egypt, and relates a story, of the authenticity of which there is no reason whatever to doubt; this concluded, he passes by an easy transition to the gifts peculiarly bestowed by Nature on mankind—sympathy, benevolence, and a readiness to mutual assistance; and leaves the reader as much in admiration of the sensibility of his heart, as he had before been of the grandeur and elevation of his mind and the dignity of his morals.

---

Who knows not that infatuate Egypt finds  
Gods to adore in brutes of basest kinds?  
This at the crocodile's resentment quakes,  
While that adores the ibis, gorged with snakes!  
And where the radiant beam of morning rings      5  
On shatter'd Memnon's still harmonious strings,

1 "That the Egyptians were monstrous in their way of religion we have the testimony of Moses. 'Shall we sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians before their eyes, and will they not stone us?'"—*Holyday*. It signifies little, then, to add that the objects of their idolatry were plausible or ingeniously imagined; that they worshipped the ibis, a bird much resembling the stork in appearance, because he ate the eggs of snakes; and the crocodile, because he devoured a few robbers who swam over the Nile to spoil the inhabitants.

6 This famous statue was in ruins in Juvenal's time. Pausanias says it was broken by Cambyses to learn whence the sounds proceeded: (for there is no more doubt of the miracle than of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius.) Such as it was then, it remains, and Pocock has given two draughts of it in his travels. An epigram and some inscriptions restored by Brotier (*Tacit.*, i. 382) show that the sounds still issued from the statue in the reign of Domitian and Adrian, and in that of

And Thebes to ruin all her gates resigns,  
 Of huge baboon the golden image shines !  
 To mongrel curs infatuate cities bow,  
 And cats and fishes share the frequent vow !      10  
 There, leeks are sacred, there, 'tis crime, in sooth,  
 To wound an onion with unholy tooth !  
 Ye pious nations, in whose gardens rise  
 A constant crop of earth-sprung deities,  
 Nor sheep nor kid to slaughter ye consign,      15  
 Meekly content on human flesh to dine !  
 Come ! hear a tale which, had Ulysses tried,  
 Placed at the board, Alcinous beside,  
 One half the party would have sworn he lied ;  
 " What ! is there none to cast this precious knave,  
 Who talks of cannibals, and looks so grave,      21  
 Into the sea, and pay him for his pains  
 With the Charybdis which the rascal feigns ?  
 I'd sooner trust his other falsehoods far,  
 His azure rocks, that in mid ocean jar,      25  
 His winds in bags, or touch'd by Circe's wand,  
 The swine Elpenor with his grunting band !  
 What ! does he think that our Phæacian plains  
 Nourish a people so devoid of brains ?"  
 Thus at Corcyra might some sober guest      30  
 His disbelief and anger have express'd,  
 While the bold traveller spoke with looks serene  
 Of fearful sights which none besides had seen.  
 But to our tale, which never buskin'd muse  
 Hath equall'd yet, let none his faith refuse :      35

Tiberius it was visited by Germanicus. The respectable name of Strabo occurs among those whose evidence attests the singular fact recorded in this line, and which of course must have been the effect of some extremely well arranged contrivance.

18 Alcinous, the king of the Phæacians, received Ulysses with great hospitality, and heard from him the wonders of his voyages ; among others of the Symplegades, (so called from their apparent collision, or Cyanææ from their colour,) two rocks situated at the entrance of the Euxine, and very frequently mentioned both by the Greek and Latin poets.

A nation's crime ! a crime which thousands share !  
 At Coptus, Junius in the consul's chair.  
 From Pyrrha's times through each succeeding age,  
 Evolve of tragic lore each moving page,  
 No muse has plunged a nation into sin 40  
 For stage effect ! but let the tale begin.

An antiquated grudge, a mortal hate,  
 The Ombian people and the neighbouring state  
 Of Tentyra, down to this day divides,  
 Which lapse of years nor tends to heal nor hides.  
 High runs the feud, and this the cause of all, 46  
 Each holds the other's gods no gods at all.  
 The Ombians held a feast—occasion meet  
 To a vindictive foe to spoil their treat,  
 And in the midst of revels to destroy 50  
 An unsuspecting people's thoughtless joy !  
 Oft through seven summer days these rites en-  
 dure—

For in all sensual lore, the walls impure  
 Of famed Canopus (as I chanced to see)  
 Excel not Egypt, rude though Egypt be. 55  
 O'er the flushed reveller, and the stammering tongue,  
 Victorious pæans may be quickly sung !  
 Here, wild ebriety its orgies keeps,  
 And round some swarthy minstrel madly leaps ;  
 Cool malice there, broods o'er its deep-laid plan, 60  
 Till blood shall flow where simple brawls began.  
 To the ferocious charge, with savage yells,  
 His rankling grudge each bitter foe impels,  
 And dire contusion soon, and desperate wound,  
 And features marr'd, and fearful maims abound. 65  
 Still, on the plain they number not their dead,  
 Nor crush beneath their hoofs the rival's head !  
 For this, though half disabled, o'er the field  
 Each seeks such fragment as his arm can wield,  
 And many a mass that mangles as it lights, 70  
 Flung with a fatal force, its victim smites.  
 Not of such rocks sing we, as erst were thrown  
 By Ajax ! Turnus ! not such ponderous stone



As smote Æneas! nor such missiles vast  
 As at his foe the huge Tydides cast! 75  
 But such as weak right hands, of later days,  
 And races such as ours, pretend to raise!  
 For that old breed had sensibly declined  
 Ere he that sang him had his breath resign'd;  
 Earth now but bears the wicked and the mean, 80  
 By every god in scorn or hatred seen.

Our tale proceeds! new subsidies arrive;  
 Not long can stones with swords and arrows strive;  
 Press'd by his well-arm'd foe, who in the shade  
 Of Tentyra's palms his settlements hath made, 85  
 While all his brethren in disorder break,  
 One stumbling Ombian 'tis their chance to take.  
 Him tear they piecemeal into fragments crude,  
 Whole thousands scrambling for the smoking food!  
 Yea, to his very bones, the savage crew 90  
 Feast on the flesh of him they scarcely slew,  
 Nor did the rabid cannibals desire  
 The bubbling caldron, or the scorching fire.

(Hail, glorious element! eternal prize!  
 Stol'n by Prometheus from thy native skies! 95  
 And now, by pitying Heaven from horrors spared,  
 And foul pollution, which thou else hadst shared!)  
 What! did not instinct, ere the teeth should try  
 That bloody banquet, from such horrors fly?  
 Nay! for the wretch his morsel first that tore 100  
 Ne'er tasted food he found so sweet before,  
 And the last comer, of his dues bereft,  
 Sucks from the blood-stain'd soil some flavour left!

Time was, the Vascons, as old tales relate,  
 In hard endurance of unequall'd fate, 105  
 Urged by fierce want, and war's extremest pain,  
 Dared, on such terms, existence still sustain!  
 But, oh! when grain and cattle all were spent,  
 And e'en the ruthless foe might well relent,  
 If forced on crime that merest famine bade, 110  
 On their own brethren's flesh at length they prey'd,

What god, what man, his pardon shall deny  
 To the gaunt spectres whom such sufferings try?  
 They had no Zenos to reprove the deed, 114  
 For which their victims' very ghosts might plead!  
 Ourselves, by moral precepts kindly taught,  
 Hold, that to live, may still be dearly bought;  
 But whence could fierce Biscayan learn the lore  
 Of mild philosophy, in days of yore,  
 That lore which Attic, now, or Roman page 120  
 Shall bear to every clime through every age?  
 Lo! Gaul sends forth her sons of ready speech  
 To charm rude ears, and listening Britons teach!  
 Lo! the far North now cons grammarian's rule,  
 And Thule threatens to maintain her school! 125

Reduced to like extremes, Saguntus erst  
 Appeased the rage of famine and of thirst;  
 Each claims excuse! but, oh! more bloody far,  
 Fell Egypt, art thou! than the altars are  
 Of fierce Mæotis; that barbaric code, 130  
 Enjoins libations, and of human blood;  
 But malice broods not o'er the murd'rous knife  
 That frantic zeal has aim'd at human life!

What cause to deeds so monstrous could compel  
 This brutish race? what woes had they to tell? 135  
 What hostile bands to perish hemm'd them in,  
 And bade them dare inexpiable sin?  
 By bloodier rites, by sacrifice more vile,  
 Could they have tried to put oblivious Nile  
 In mind to pay his dues?—a people, lo! 140  
 That rears its paltry sail on frail canoe,  
 And wields in waveless seas its feeble oar,  
 More fierce than Cimbria's sons, than Britain's  
 more;

Than the ferocious swarms, the Tartar hordes,  
 Which Scythia's frightful wilderness affords! 145  
 How punish culprits, whose imbruted mind,  
 In wrath and famine, equal motive find?

That Nature will'd a heart in human breast,  
 Let her best boon, the power to weep, attest!

The ruin'd friend 'tis thus she bids bewail, 150  
 Thus, bids she listen to the captive's tale:  
 Or when some orphan, plunder'd of his due,  
 Is forced by cruel fraud in courts to sue,  
 She moves our pity for that slender frame,  
 And the soft hair that either sex might claim ! 155  
 She wrings the heart ! she prompts the ready sigh  
 For some fair girl whose funeral passes by,  
 Or the small burden of some infant fair,  
 To early tomb whom sorrowing parents bear.  
 Let not that man stretch forth his impious hand, 160  
 To hold in Ceres' rites the mystic brand,  
 The sorrows of his kind that proudly spurns,  
 And from his neighbour's grief un pitying turns !  
 Yes ! while for things divine receptive powers  
 And wide dominion o'er all arts are ours, 165  
 In human veins compassion was infused,  
 To tribes of earth-regarding brutes refused.  
 When time began and life was largely given,  
 On man was love of kind bestow'd by Heaven ;  
 An instinct without error ! strong to lead 170  
 To mutual aid, from sense of mutual need,  
 As passing onward o'er life's common way,  
 He gives to-morrow what he claims to-day !  
 Of mightiest power the else dispersed to draw  
 Into one people join'd by social law, 175  
 And bid forsake the cavern and the grove,  
 Nor o'er the wild in lawless wanderings rove,  
 But join the thresholds of their homes, and sleep  
 Secure as men whom joint possessions keep.  
 'Tis ours alone to fling protection's shield 180  
 O'er wounded comrade in the battle field,  
 'Tis ours to rally, where the trumpet calls,  
 To fight, for common homes, from common walls,  
 On the same terms to perish or be free,  
 And close the barriers with a common key ! 185  
 Ah ! wherefore ours ? less discord far is seen  
 Where the sleek serpent waves his shining green !

His kindred spots the very pard will spare !  
 Go, scan the lion in his social lair,  
 None lacerates his kind ! no wood resounds      190  
 While the fierce boar his feebler comrade wounds !  
 Tigers in peace with rabid tigers live,  
 Nor bears with bears in vain contentions strive !  
   'Twas a small evil first to point the dart,  
 And edge the falchion with destructive art ;      195  
 (Though the first workmen only knew to bend  
 The crooked share, nor did their skill extend  
 From spade or rake, to shape the murderous blade,  
 And in destructive arms enlarge their trade ;)  
 Yea ! a small evil ! here a race behold,      200  
 Whose fury dies not when the foe is cold ;  
 But in his flesh and scarcely curdling blood  
 Finds the fresh charm of appetite renew'd !  
 Had sage Pythagoras such monsters known,  
 What had he said, or whither had he gone ;      205  
 Who bade from all that once had breathed abstain,  
 Nor e'en for blood of plants held scruples vain !

188 So Otway :—

Amid the herd the leopard knows his kind,  
 The tiger preys not on the tiger brood.  
 Man only is the common foe of man !

## SATIRE XVI.

### ARGUMENT.

THE subject of this satire is the insolence of the Roman military, of which Juvenal enumerates some of the privileges in his manner: there can be little doubt that the subject was highly susceptible of being treated throughout in the same way; but the piece is probably imperfect: some indeed have concluded that it was the production of an inferior, or written when the faculties of the poet were long past their meridian: I am not acquainted with any sufficient evidence of either supposition. According to Ruperti, it is wanting in the most ancient MSS., in others it is not the last in order, but the last but one.

---

THE boons that ramparts, mounds, and camps bestow,  
And all immunities from arms that flow,  
Ah! who can tell? A lucky star be mine,  
If to the trenches me the gods consign!  
A soldier's fortune better serves him there 5  
Than if propitious Venus bade him bear  
Her note to blustering Mars!—'twould help him less  
Should Samian Juno his advancement press!  
And first of smaller privileges—learn  
A soldier's blow no gownsman dare return! 10  
What! show the judge and hope to be forgiven,  
Those bleeding sockets whence thy teeth were  
driven!

5 Holyday justly remarks that these lines claim to be considered among the internal evidence that the piece is from the pen of Juvenal. Nothing can be more in his way than to say that good luck was better than a letter of introduction to Mars from Venus.



What! of thy livid bumps and bruise complain,  
 And live to bear such bump or bruise again!  
 Or with one doubtful eye, the pretor's chair 15  
 Attend, and tell thy tale of suffering there!  
 To sift that well-concocted tale of thine,  
 A judge in greaves and helmet they assign!  
 Thus the camp statue runs: "Beyond the trench  
 No soldier pleads before the civil bench." 20  
 "Granted! yet mindful of their sacred trust,  
 Centurion judges will no doubt be just:  
 Of his deserts the ruffian shall not fail;  
 I'll tell the truth, and truth shall still prevail."  
 What! when five thousand ruffians more, at hand, 25  
 On that one ruffian's side have sworn to stand?  
 A soldier's outrage is a grievous curse,  
 Yet is a cohort's vengeance something worse.  
 Regard thine own two legs if both be sound!  
 Glance at those feet with nails of iron crown'd! 30  
 The soul of stout Vagellius it should need  
 In such a court thy dangerous cause to plead!

17 This privilege, which of course was the foundation of every species of violence of the camp, claiming cognizance of the offences of its own members, was established by Camillus, in order to remove the pretence of his soldiers being absent on civil business.

29 The ponderous and iron-bound shoes of the Roman soldiery form, as the reader will recollect, one of the miseries of which Umbritius, in departing from Rome, betrays a tender recollection.

"The caliga," says Holyday, "was a thick sole without an upper leather, tied to the foot with thongs, somewhat like wooden pattens. It afterward signified merely a shoe, according to that of St. Jerome, speaking of an immodest maid that went in creaking shoes." The original *caliga*, according to the same industrious interpreter, "came at last to be used by countrymen and citizens: (which sense I have given to it in the last line of the third satire :) it was then made of wood and leather, with many nails underneath, that they might last in long journeys. Sometimes the emperors gave them a largess of nails." The nails were commonly of iron or brass; but the soldiers of Antiochus were shod with gold: "treading," says Justin, "that under foot for which men fight with iron."



And where's the Pylades, the faithful friend  
 That shall thy journey to the camp attend?  
 Be wise in time, see those tremendous shoes! 35  
 Nor ask a service which e'en fools refuse.

“Approach! Who saw him knock you down,  
 sir?” cries

The frowning judge: ye gods! and who replies?  
 Who sees those hard-clench'd fists, and yet will try  
 To pluck up nerve, and boldly answer, I! 40  
 Might match him safely with the bravest beard  
 That in the camps of Rome's first wars appear'd!  
 To swear away a townsman's life, a score  
 Of perjured witnesses are found, or more,  
 Ere one, on desperate perils prompt to rush, 45  
 And put your soldier's honour to the blush!  
 Yet than these solid gains be greater known,  
 The boisterous soldier's meed, and his alone.  
 If land of thine some knave refuse to yield,  
 Or trespass on hereditary field, 50  
 Or move the boundary stone, and drive his plough  
 Where Terminus received thy annual vow,  
 Or his attested autograph deny,  
 Or dare thee, for his debt, the cause to try,  
 Expect at least to wait the lingering year 55  
 Before a court shall meet, thy tale to hear:  
 A thousand checks athwart thy way are cast,  
 And many a tedious form must still be pass'd.  
 It takes an hour to lay the cushions straight,  
 Then, ere Cæditius loose his cloak, we wait 60  
 Another hour, then Fuscus steps aside,  
 And still our patience, not our cause, is tried.

50 This passage, as Holyday observes, is beautiful and worthy of Juvenal! It alludes to the important religious ceremonies with which the ancients worshipped the god Terminus: in short, it was fixing a most important point, the sacredness of the division of land, on a religious foundation: hence the removing the landmark or boundary stone was, as the reader recollects, the subject of a curse in the Jewish commonwealth.

For men in greaves and leathern girdles bound  
 A time and place are in a moment found.  
 A friendly court the soldier's charter guards, 65  
 And law's long drag no wheel of his retards!

The belted soldier, by especial rights,  
 His father living, his own will indites;  
 For whatsoever of wealth the sabre gains  
 From "lands and tenements" apart remains: 70  
 Cornanus thus, who following from a boy  
 Rome's victor eagles, still her camps employ,  
 Is courted by his sire, who looks to bear,  
 All driveller as he is, the name of heir!

And 'tis the general's interest and concern 75  
 The well-deservings of his men to learn,  
 His ready ear to noble deeds to lend,  
 And on the brave the frequent badge suspend.

76 This conclusion is flat and spiritless; and as all the satires invariably end well, I think the defect here an argument against the piece being perfect.

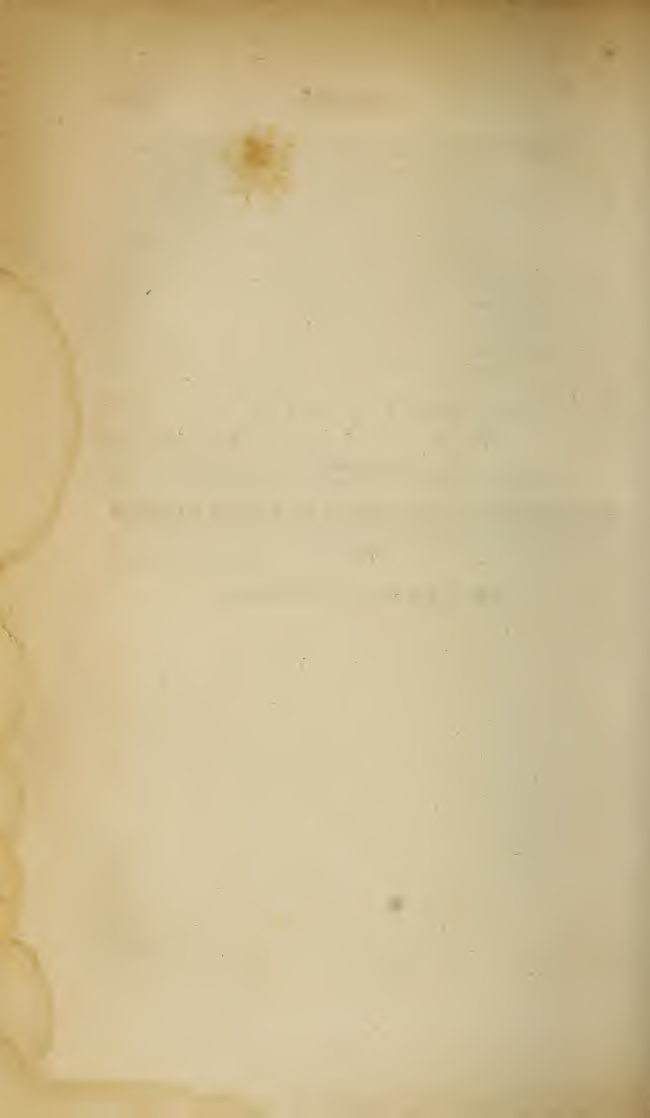
A P P E N D I X,

CONTAINING

IMITATIONS OF THE THIRD AND TENTH SATIRES

BY

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.



## SATIRE III.

### LONDON.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel  
When injured Thales bids the town farewell,  
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,  
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend ;  
Who now resolves, from vice and London far,      5  
To breathe in distant fields a purer air ;  
And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,  
Give to St. David one true Briton more.  
For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's land,  
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the strand ? 10  
'There none are swept by sudden fate away,  
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay ;  
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,  
And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;  
Their ambush, here relentless ruffians lay,      15  
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;  
Here falling houses thunder on your head,  
And here a female atheist talks you dead.  
While Thales waits the wherry that contains  
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,      20  
On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood,  
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood ;  
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth,  
We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth ;  
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,      25  
And call Britannia's glories back to view ;  
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,  
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain ;

Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,  
 Or English honour grew a standing jest. 30  
 A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,  
 And for a moment lull the sense of wo.  
 At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,  
 Indignant Thales eyes the neighbouring town.  
 Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days 35  
 Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise;  
 In those cursed walls, devote to vice and gain,  
 Since unrewarded science toils in vain;  
 Since hope but soothes to double my distress,  
 And ev'ry moment leaves my little less, 40  
 While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,  
 And life, still vig'rous, revels in my veins;  
 Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,  
 Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;  
 Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play; 45  
 Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay.  
 Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,  
 And safe in poverty defied his foes;  
 Some secret cell, ye pow'rs indulgent, give;  
 Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live. 50  
 Here let those reign whom pensions can incite  
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;  
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,  
 And plead for pirates in the face of day;  
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth, 55  
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth.  
 Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,  
 Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;  
 With warbling minstrels fill a licensed stage,  
 And lull to servitude a thoughtless age. 60  
 Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall  
 hold?  
 What check restrain your thirst of power and gold?  
 Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,  
 Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.  
 To such a groaning nation's spoils are given, 65  
 When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heaven.



But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,  
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?  
 Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,  
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ; 70  
 A statesman's logic unconvinced can hear,  
 And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer ;  
 Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,  
 And strive in vain to laugh at H——y's jest.  
 Others, with softer smiles, and subtler art, 75  
 Can sap the principles or taint the heart ;  
 With more address a lover's note convey,  
 Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.  
 Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue  
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, nor varnish wrong ; 80  
 Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,  
 Live unregarded, unlamented die.  
 For what but social guilt the friend endears ?  
 Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.  
 But thou, should tempting villany present 85  
 All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,  
 Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,  
 Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy,  
 The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,  
 Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay. 90  
 The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see !  
 Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me !  
 London, the needy villain's gen'ral home,  
 The common sewer of Paris and of Rome ;  
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate, 95  
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.  
 Forgive my transports on a theme like this,  
 I cannot bear a French metropolis.  
 Illustrious Edward, from the realms of day,  
 The land of heroes and of saints survey ; 100  
 Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,  
 The rustic grandeur or the surly grace ;  
 But lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,  
 Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau ;

Sense, freedom, piety, refined away, 105  
 Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.  
 All that at home no more can beg or steal,  
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;  
 Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,  
 Their air, their dress, their politics import; 110  
 Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,  
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.  
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,  
 They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or sighing gape.  
 All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows, 115  
 And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.  
 Ah! what avails it, that from slav'ry far  
 I drew the breath of life in English air;  
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,  
 And lisp the tale of Henry's victories, 120  
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,  
 And flattery subdues when arms are vain?  
 Studies to please, and ready to submit,  
 The subtle Gaul was born a parasite:  
 Still to his int'rest true where'er he goes, 125  
 Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;  
 In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,  
 From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.  
 These arts in vain our rugged natives try,  
 Strain out, with falt'ring diffidence, a lie, 130  
 And gain a kick for awkward flattery.  
 Besides, with justice, this discerning age  
 Admires their wondrous talents for the stage:  
 Well may they venture on the mimic's art,  
 Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part; 135  
 Practised their master's notions to embrace:  
 Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;  
 With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,  
 And view each object with another's eye;  
 To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear, 140  
 To pour at will the counterfeited tear;  
 And as their patron hints the cold or heat,  
 To shake in dogdays, in December sweat!

How, when competitors like these contend,  
 Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend? 145  
 Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,  
 And lie without a blush, without a smile;  
 Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice admire,  
 Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a fire;  
 Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear 150  
 He talks and argues with a monarch's air.

For arts like these preferr'd, admired, caress'd,  
 They first invade your table, then your breast;  
 Explore your secrets with insidious art,  
 Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;  
 Then soon your ill-placed confidence repay, 156  
 Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

By numbers here from shame and censure free,  
 All crimes are safe but hated poverty.  
 This, only this, the rigid law pursues, 160  
 This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.  
 The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak  
 Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;  
 With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,  
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways. 165  
 Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,  
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;  
 Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart  
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor, 170  
 No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore?  
 No secret island in the boundless main?  
 No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?  
 Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,  
 And bear oppression's insolence no more. 175  
 This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,  
 Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd:  
 But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,  
 Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;  
 Where one by bribes, by flatteries implored, 180  
 The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark ! the affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries  
 Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies :  
 Raised from some pleasing dream of wealth and  
     pow'r,

Some pompous palace or some blissful bow'r, 185

Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight  
 Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light ;  
 Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,  
 And leave your little all to flames a prey ;  
 Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,  
 For where can starving merit find a home ? 191

In vain your mournful narrative disclose,  
 While all neglect, and most insult your woes.  
 Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth con-  
     found,

And spread his flaming palace on the ground, 195

Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,  
 And public mournings pacify the skies :  
 The laureate tribe in servile verse relate  
 How virtue wars with persecuting fate ;  
 With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band 200  
 Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.

See ! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,  
 And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome ;  
 The price of boroughs and of souls restore ;  
 And raise his treasure higher than before. 205

Now bless'd with all the bawbles of the great,  
 The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,  
 Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,  
 And hopes from angry Heaven another fire.

Couldst thou resign the park and play content,  
 For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ; 211

There mightst thou find some elegant retreat,  
 Some hireling senator's deserted seat ;  
 And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,  
 For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand ; 215  
 There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,  
 Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs ;

And while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,  
 Despise the dainties of a venal lord ;  
 There every bush with Nature's music rings, 220  
 There every breeze bears health upon its wings :  
 On all thy hours security shall smile,  
 And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

Prepare for death if here at night you roam,  
 And sign your will before you sup from home. 225  
 Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,  
 Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;  
 Some frolic drunkard reeling from a feast,  
 Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.  
 Yet e'en these heroes, mischievously gay, 230  
 Lords of the street, and terrors of the way,  
 Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,  
 Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;  
 Aloof they mark the flambeau's bright approach,  
 And shun the shining train and golden coach. 235

In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,  
 And hope the balmy blessings of repose :  
 Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,  
 The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar ;  
 Invades the sacred hour of silent rest, 240  
 And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,  
 With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.  
 Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,  
 Whose ways and means support the sinking land,  
 Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring, 246  
 To rig another convoy for the king.

A single jail in Alfred's golden reign  
 Could half the nation's criminals contain ;  
 Fair justice then, without constraint adored, 250  
 Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword ;  
 No spies were paid, no special juries known,  
 Bless'd age ! but ah ! how diff'rent from our own !

246 The nation was discontented at the visits made by George II. to Hanover.

Much could I add—but see the boat at hand,  
The tide retiring, calls me from the land : 255  
Farewell! When youth, and health, and fortune  
    spent,  
Thou fliest for refuge to the wolds of Kent ;  
And tired like me with follies and with crimes,  
In angry numbers warn succeeding times ;  
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid, 260  
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade ;  
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,  
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.



## SATIRE X.

### THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

LET observation with extensive view  
Survey mankind from China to Peru;  
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life :  
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate, 5  
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,  
Where wav'ring man betray'd by vent'rous pride  
To tread the dreary paths without a guide ;  
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,  
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good : 10  
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,  
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice :  
How nations sink by darling schemes oppress'd,  
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.  
Fate wings with ev'ry wish the afflictive dart, 15  
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art ;  
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,  
With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;  
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,  
And restless fire precipitates on death. 20  
But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold  
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ;  
Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfined,  
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind !  
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws, 25  
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;  
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys ;  
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.  
Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,  
And dubious title shakes the madden'd land, 30

When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,  
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord :  
 Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,  
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the tow'r ;  
 Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound, 35  
 Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,  
 Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.  
 Does envy seize thee ? crush th' upbraiding joy ;  
 Increase his riches, and his peace destroy. 40  
 New fears in dire vicissitude invade,  
 The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade ;  
 Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,  
 One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails, 45  
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;  
 Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,  
 Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,  
 With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth, 50  
 See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,  
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest :  
 Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd ca-  
 price ;

Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece :  
 Where wealth unloved without a mourner died, 55  
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;  
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,  
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;  
 Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,  
 And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ; 60  
 How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,  
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe ?  
 Attentive truth and nature to descry,  
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,  
 To thee were solemn toys or empty show, 65  
 The robes of pleasure and the veils of wo :  
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,  
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,  
 Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind ; 70  
 How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,  
 Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate,  
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;  
 Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call ; 75  
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.

On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,  
 Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.  
 Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door  
 Pours in the morning worshipper no more ; 80

For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,  
 To growing wealth the dedicator flies ;  
 From ev'ry room descends the painted face,  
 That hung the bright palladium of the place,  
 And smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold, 85  
 To better features yields the frame of gold ;

For now no more we trace in ev'ry line  
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine :  
 The form distorted justifies the fall,  
 And detestation rides th' indignant wall. 90

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,  
 Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal ?  
 Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance  
 rings,

Degrading nobles, and controlling kings ;  
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats, 95  
 And ask no questions but the price of votes ;  
 With weekly libels, and septennial ale,  
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,  
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand ; 100  
 To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,  
 Through him the rays of legal bounty shine ;  
 Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,  
 His smile alone security bestows :  
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r ; 105  
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r ;

Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,  
 And rights submitted left him none to seize.  
 At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state  
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate. 110  
 Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,  
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly :  
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,  
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,  
 The regal palace, the luxurious board, 115  
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.  
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,  
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.  
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,  
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings. 120  
     Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace  
     repine,  
 Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine ?  
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,  
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?  
 For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate, 125  
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight ?  
 Why but to sink, beneath misfortune's blow,  
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below ?  
     What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,  
     And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ? 130  
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,  
 By kings protected, and to kings allied ?  
 What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,  
 And pow'r too great to keep or to resign ?  
     When first the college rolls receive his name, 135  
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;  
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,  
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown :  
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,  
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head. 140

140 There is a tradition that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

Are these thy views ? proceed, illustrious youth,  
 And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth !  
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,  
 Till captive science yields her last retreat ;  
 Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,  
 And pour on misty doubt resistless day ; 146  
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,  
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;  
 Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,  
 And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ; 150  
 Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,  
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;  
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,  
 Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;  
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free, 155  
 Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee ;  
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
 And pause a while from learning, to be wise :  
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. 160  
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,  
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.  
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,  
 The glittering eminence exempt from foes ; 166

164 A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College, Oxford, and rector of Okerton near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin treatise, *De Natura Cœli*, &c., in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle : not bearing to hear it urged that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity. He made above six hundred sermons on the harmony of the evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Oxford, and the King's Bench, till Bishop Usher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him by paying his debts. He petitioned King Charles I. to be sent into Ethiopia, &c., to procure MSS. Having spoken in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory : and he died very poor in 1646.



See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or aw'd,  
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.  
 From meaner mines, though smaller fines content,  
 The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent ; 170  
 Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock.  
 And fatal learning leads him to the block :  
 Around his tomb let art and genius weep,  
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.  
 The festal blazes, the triumphal show, 175  
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,  
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,  
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.  
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,  
 For such the steady Romans shook the world ; 180  
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,  
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine ;  
 This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,  
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.  
 Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game, 185  
 Where wasted nations raise a single name ;  
 And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths re-  
 gret,  
 From age to age in everlasting debt ;  
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey  
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay. 190  
 On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;  
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;  
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain, 195  
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;  
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;  
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,  
 And one capitulate, and one resign ; 200  
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in  
 vain ;  
 "Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till naught re-  
 main,



On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

The march begins in military state, 205  
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;  
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,  
 And winter barricades the realms of frost;  
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;  
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day: 210  
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,  
 And shows his miseries in distant lands;  
 Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,  
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.  
 But did not Chance at length her error mend? 215  
 Did not subverted empire mark his end?  
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?  
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?  
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,  
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand; 220  
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.  
 All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,  
 From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.  
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride, 225  
 With half mankind embattled at his side,  
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,  
 And starves exhausted regions in his way;  
 Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,  
 Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more; 230  
 Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,  
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;  
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still be-  
 stow'd,  
 'Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;  
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show, 235  
 And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;  
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,  
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains:  
 Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast  
 Through purple billows and a floating host. 240



The watchful guests still hint the last offence,  
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expense, 280  
 Improve his steady rage with treach'rous skill,  
 And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,  
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;  
 But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains, 285  
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;  
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,  
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;  
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies. 290

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime  
 Bless'd with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;  
 An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,  
 And glides in modest innocence away ;  
 Whose peaceful day benevolence endears, 295  
 Whose night congratulating conscience cheers ;  
 The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend :  
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,  
 To press the weary minutes' flagging wings ; 300  
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,  
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.  
 Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,  
 Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.  
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay, 305  
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;  
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,  
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,  
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,  
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace. 310

But few there are whom hours like these await,  
 Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.  
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,  
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,  
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise, 315  
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise !

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,  
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face; 320

Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring:  
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,  
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,  
Whom joys with soft varieties invite, 325

By day the frolic, and the dance by night;  
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,  
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,  
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall  
save,

Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?  
Against your fame with fondness hate combines, 331  
The rival batters, and the lover mines.

With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,  
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;  
Tired with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry rein, 335  
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.

In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,  
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.  
The guardians yield, by force superior plied;  
To int'rest, prudence; and to flatt'ry, pride. 340

Here beauty falls betray'd, despised, distress'd,  
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?  
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?  
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate, 345  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?  
Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain

Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain;  
Still raise for good the supplicating voice, 351

But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice,  
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar  
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,

Implore his aid, in his decisions rest, 355  
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.  
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,  
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd; 360  
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;  
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;  
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,  
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat;  
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain, 365  
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to  
gain;  
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,  
And makes the happiness she does not find.

END OF JUVENAL.





✓  
P E R S I U S.

TRANSLATED BY

THE RT. HON. SIR W. DRUMMOND,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETIES OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-ST.

---

1837.

1811

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY

1811

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1811

## C O N T E N T S.

---

	PAGE
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PERSIUS . . . . .	v
Translator's Prologue . . . . .	xi

### THE SATIRES.

Prologue to the Satires . . . . .	17
Satire I.—Poets . . . . .	18
— II.—Wishes . . . . .	26
— III.—Idleness and Health . . . . .	32
— IV.—The Statesman . . . . .	40
— V.—Freedom . . . . .	44
— VI.—Avarice and Wealth . . . . .	53

1850

1850

1850

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

## PERSIUS.

---

AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS was born under the consulate of Fabius Priscus and Lucius Vitellius, A.D. 34. The place of his birth was Volaterræ, a town in Etruria. He was of the equestrian order, and connected by blood, as well as by matrimonial alliance, with persons of the first rank. Death deprived him of his father Flaccus at an early period of life. His mother, Fulvia Sisennia, soon after this event contracted a second marriage with Fusius, a Roman knight, and was again left a widow within a few years.

Persius studied at Volaterræ till he had attained his twelfth year, when he was placed under the tuition of Palæmon the grammarian, and Virginius the rhetorician. At the age of sixteen he became the pupil of Annæus Cornutus, the stoic philosopher, under whose guidance he made considerable

progress in the philosophy of that sect. By means of Cornutus he was introduced to the acquaintance of Lucan, who was an attendant on his lectures at the same time with Persius. Towards the latter part of his life he became acquainted with Seneca, whose pompous eloquence and declamatory style were ill suited to his taste, however much he admired the talents and respected the virtues of that philosopher. He was also, for the last ten years of his life, in high esteem with Pætus Thræsea, who had married Arria, a relation of his, and a daughter of the celebrated wife of Pætus Cæcina, of the same name. Their intimacy was such that they often travelled together.

During the decline of Roman eloquence, and the bad taste in criticism which prevailed at Rome under the reign of Nero, our author distinguished himself by his satirical humour, and made the faults of the orators and poets of his age the subject of his poems. He did not even spare Nero; and the more effectually to expose the emperor to ridicule, he introduced into his satires some of his verses. But though he was severe on the vicious and ignorant, he did not forget his friendship for Cornutus, for whose character and abilities he showed his veneration, in his satires, by making honourable mention of his name, with great propriety and ten-



derness, such as few friends can feel, and fewer tutors inspire.

He was a man of remarkably mild manners, and of excessive modesty. His person was handsome. His affectionate behaviour to his mother, sisters, and paternal aunt was exemplary. He was chaste and frugal in his manner of living. He died in the twenty-eighth year of his age, A.D. 62, under the consulate of Decius Rubrius Marius and Asinius Gallus, and left all his books, which consisted of seven hundred volumes, together with a large sum of money, to his preceptor; but Cornutus accepted only the books, and gave the money to the sisters and friends of the deceased; prudently advising the mother of his pupil to destroy all the productions of his youth except the satires, which were in consequence published by Cæsius Bassus.

The chief defect of Persius is an affected obscurity of style. If, however, any apology can be made for this first sin against good writing, it is in the case of a satirist, and, above all, of a satirist who dared to reprobate the crimes and to ridicule the follies of a tyrant. If Persius be obscure, let it be remembered he lived in the time of Nero. Besides, we ought to reflect, that of all the various kinds of poetry, satire is that which loses most by being read at a period very distant from the time

of its composition. Indeed, we may as well complain of the rust on an ancient coin as of the obscurity of an ancient satire.

Our poet has also been censured for his unpolished verses, his coarse comparisons, his ungraceful transitions from one subject to another, and the too evident labour with which he wrote, or rather corrected what he had written. But although some critics have been, thus far, justly severe on Persius, is it possible that they should be so much prejudiced against him, by the imperfections of his style, as to deny that this excellent satirist possessed great energy, acuteness, and spirit? Because his language is rude, is not his bold and manly sense to be admired? What mind is so fastidious as to condemn just observations, and sound and wise reflections, because they are not expressed in the most elegant manner? The ancients, who must have seen the defects of Persius better than we do, nevertheless admired him. All the philosophers and poets of his time seem to have esteemed him, and the best critic and the wittiest epigrammatist of antiquity were among the number of those who celebrated him.

As a moral writer, our author is to be placed in the number of those who argued most warmly in favour of the dogmas of the portico. But although

the heroic virtues of the stoics seem to have suited the habits of his soul, it is evident, from his second satire, that he had studied the writings of Plato, and that, like that philosopher, he had conceived an exalted notion of the Divine Intelligence. While the capital of the world was divided between atheists and fanatics—between those who thought the gods interfered in everything and those who thought they interfered in nothing—a heathen poet taught the sublime lesson, that a pure heart is the most acceptable gift which man can make to his Creator. Well might Bishop Burnet say of this satire, that “it may pass for an excellent lecture in divinity.”

In comparing the three great satirists of antiquity, Horace may be considered as the most agreeable and instructive writer, Juvenal the most splendid declaimer, and Persius the most inflexible moralist. If the style of Horace be chaster, if his Latinity be purer, if his manner be gayer and more agreeable than either of the two satirists who follow him, he does not write finer verses than Juvenal, nor has he nobler thoughts than Persius. To conclude, in the words of Sir W. Drummond, “the poetry of the first resembles a beautiful river, which glides through pleasant scenes, sunny fields, and smiling valleys : that of the second is like the

X BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PERSIUS.

majestic stream, whose waters, in flowing by the largest city in Europe, are polluted with no small portion of its filth and odour: that of the third may be compared to a deep and angry torrent, which loves to roll its sullen waves under the dark shadow of the mountain, or amid the silent gloom of the forest.”

## TRANSLATOR'S PROLOGUE.

---

### POET AND FRIEND.

*P.* Nay, spare your censures, nor condemn the lays :  
The town—the town may yet accord its praise.

Enlighten'd Warton may approve the style,  
And classic Gifford nod the head and smile.

*F.* Have I not told you o'er and o'er again 5

Not to indulge your rhyming, scribbling vein ?

Besides, your age : consider, sir, your age,

And learn to temper your poetic rage.

*P.* As time speeds on, and years revolve, my friend,  
I grow too idle, or too old to mend. 10

While yet a youth, my pure descriptive lays

The learn'd could suffer, and the partial praise :

Her brilliant tints Imagination threw

O'er the wild scenes my artless pencil drew ;

Soft numbers fell unstudied from my tongue, 15

Fancy was pleased, and Judgment yet was young :

Gay Hope then smooth'd the wrinkled brow of

Time,

Love waved his torch, and youth was in its prime.

But soon the tempest gather'd o'er my head,

Health lost her bloom, and faithless Pleasure fled ; 20

Friendship retired, and left me to decay,

And Love desponding threw his torch away.

'Twas then, when sickness and when sorrow drew

Their sable curtain on my clouded view ;

When lost to hope, I wander'd, wan and pale, 25

O'er Cintra's rocks, or sought Vaucluse's vale ;

That left in distant climes to droop and pine,

The muse's converse and her art were mine :

Nor less beloved has been the tuneful lay,  
 Since Fortune smiled, and fate restored my day. 30  
*F.* Oh idle talk! your early song, 'tis true,  
 Might please the rustic and unletter'd crew;  
 But now the strain has lost its wonted fire,  
 His art the poet, and its tones the lyre.  
*P.* And yet for me the muses still have charms, 35  
 Their light yet guides me, and their fire yet warms.  
 For me the sylvan world has beauties still,  
 The shaded valley, or the sun-clad hill.  
 Nor yet unwelcome does the hour draw nigh  
 Which leaves me free from busy crowds to fly; 40  
 The hour which warns me to renew the oil,  
 The poet's pleasure, and the student's toil.  
 Nor undelighted does my mind recall  
 Its infant joys in yonder Gothic hall;  
 Where still the legendary tale goes round, 45  
 Of charms and spells, of treasures lost and found,  
 Of fearful goblins, and malicious sprites,  
 Enchanted damsels, and enamour'd knights:  
 Or led by fancy back to ancient times,  
 To fairer regions, and to milder climes, 50  
 I love through all the muses' haunts to rove,  
 On Hybla's hill, or in th' Aonian grove:  
 Or seek those fabled scenes, by poets sung,  
 Where his famed lyre the Thracian artist strung;  
 Where Phœbus, sighing o'er the shepherd's tomb, 55  
 Bade the sweet flower of Hyacinthus bloom;  
 Where with young Zephyr Flora loved to play,  
 And hid her blushes in the lap of May;  
 Where Dian nightly woo'd a blooming boy,  
 And, veil'd by darkness, was no longer coy; 60  
 Where erst, when winter's stormy reign began,  
 A purple fountain changed Adonis ran,  
 Her annual tears desponding Venus shed,  
 And the wave redden'd, as the hunter bled.  
*F.* Cease, cease to dream. The golden age is o'er,  
 And mortals know those happy times no more, 66



When Pan with Phœbus piped upon the plains,  
When kings were shepherds, and when gods were  
swains.

Plain common sense, thank Heaven, has banish'd  
long

The age of fable, and the reign of song. 70

No cities now dispute the sacred earth  
Which haply gave some favour'd poet birth ;

Affairs of empire no Augustus quits

To judge with critics, or unbend with wits :

The world's great master might sweet verse admire,

Might love the muse, and listen to the lyre ; 76

Might seek the festive board, where Horace sung,

And learn what accents fell from Maro's tongue.

Our sovereign lord, avenging Europe's wrongs,

Turns not his thoughts from politics to songs. 80

Alas, poor bards ! fled are those golden days

When monarchs' ears were tickled by your praise.

Be wise, my friend—the useless lyre resign,

Forget Parnassus, and forsake the Nine.

Your Persius too, austere, though beardless sage,

Will ne'er be borne in this enlighten'd age. 86

His moral rules, his stiff ungracious air,

Will fright the young, and never please the fair.

No tender tale of grief or love he tells,

Reports no scandal, even of Roman belles ; 90

But ever grave, decisive, and severe,

Scorns Folly's smile, nor asks for Pity's tear.

P. Unused to courts, nor sprung from flattery's  
womb,

The muse beloved by Liberty and Rome,

Satire, stern maid, no adulation knows, 95

No weak respect for empty grandeur shows ;

But, bold as free, brands purple Vice with shame,

And blots from honour's page the harlot's name ;

At Folly scoffs, in robes of ermine dress'd,

And galls proud Arrogance by Power caress'd, 100

Not such her lays when on her native plains

She sang rude carols to Etrurian swains.

No art, no grace, no polish then she knew,  
 But coarsely colour'd, and with harshness drew.  
 Then Momus ever in her train advanced, 105  
 And Mirth and Revelry before her danced ;  
 Triumphant Bacchus bore aloft the vine,  
 And old Silenus sang the joys of wine.  
 At length with skill great Ennius struck the lyre,  
 Lucilius glow'd with all the muse's fire ; 110  
 Politer Horace blended strength with art,  
 And ere he chid, was master of the heart :  
 Ardent, impressive, eloquent, sublime,  
 Th' Aquinian brook'd no compromise with crime :  
 Nor with less lustre that stern satirist shone, 115  
 Whose moral thunders roll'd around the throne ;  
 Whose vengeful bolts at Rome's oppressor hurl'd  
 Alarm'd the tyrant, and amazed the world.

Late as I slumber'd in yon woodbine bower,  
 And Fancy ruled the visionary hour, 120  
 Methought, conducted by an unknown hand,  
 I roam'd delighted o'er Liguria's land ;  
 Beheld its forests spread before my eyes,  
 Its fanes, its palaces, its temples rise ;  
 When lo ! the sunburnt genius of the soil, 125  
 Ruddy his cheek, his arm inured to toil,  
 Before me walk'd, and to a gloomy shade,  
 O'ergrown with herbage wild, my steps convey'd ;  
 Clear'd the rude path, and with his beechen spear  
 Show'd where a laurel, half conceal'd, grew near :  
 " Behold that tree," he cried, " neglected pine, 131  
 Hang its green bays, its drooping head decline ;  
 The muses bade it for their Persius bloom,  
 O'ershade his ashes, and adorn his tomb.  
 Rapt Meditation oft by moonlight eve, 135  
 To wander here, a world unloved would leave,  
 Self-communing : here patient Grief would fly,  
 And lift to heaven the tear-unsullied eye :  
 Here stern Philosophy would muse alone,  
 And Wisdom call'd this peaceful grove her own :

Religion too would quit celestial bowers, 141  
In this fair spot to gather earthly flowers.  
But envious thorns, that none its worth might see,  
Sprang from the ground to hide this beauteous tree;  
Haste then, oh stranger, to this place draw nigh,  
To kill the brambles, lest the laurel diè!" 146  
Straight, as he spoke, methought an axe I seized;  
(For Fancy smiled, and with the work was pleased;)   
Already the rude wilderness was clear'd,  
And the green laurel full in view appear'd; 150  
When his dark wings retiring Morpheus spread,  
And the loved vision with my slumbers fled.  
Oft since that hour I've linger'd o'er thy page,  
Oh youth lamented at too green an age!  
And if the muse, propitious, hear my strains, 155  
Assist the labour, or reward the pains,  
That laurel, Persius, which once bloom'd for thee,  
Again shall flourish, and revive for me.



# SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

---

## THE DESIGN OF THE PROLOGUE.

THE design and intention of the poet was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of Nero, and aims at him in most of his satires. He censures the impudence of those who pretended to have been born poets, especially the nobles.

The arguments or designs of the six following satires are contained in this old verse:—

“Of poets, wishes, idleness, and health,  
The statesman, freedom, avarice and wealth.”

## PROLOGUE.

NE'ER did I taste Castalia's stream ;  
Nor yet on fork'd Parnassus dream.  
That I should feel a poet's fire,  
Or string the lute, or strike the lyre,  
I leave the muse's magic ground 5  
To bards profess'd, with laurel crown'd,  
The gift I offer to the Nine,  
A rustic wreath, to grace their shrine.  
What taught the parrot to cry, Hail ?  
What taught the chattering pie his tale ? 10  
Hunger ; that sharpener of the wits,  
Which gives ev'n fools some thinking fits.  
Did rooks and pies but know the pleasure  
Of heaping high a golden treasure ;  
And would their music money bring, 15  
Ev'n rooks and pies would shortly sing

# SATIRE I.

## ARGUMENT.

THE intention of the poet in this satire is to rail against pretended poets and bad orators; he covertly strikes at Nero, and takes notice of the foolish poems of the nobles, of which he gives us a specimen: this satire is chiefly a dialogue between the poet and his friend, who tries to dissuade him from the bold attempt of exposing great men: the reader must observe the poet was an admirer of the stoic philosophers; many of his sentences are dogmas of that sect: the dangerous time in which these satires were written (in the beginning of Nero's reign) will sufficiently apologize for the affected obscurity of them: in many passages a manifest equivocation was intended.

## PERSIUS AND MONITOR.

*P.* UNHAPPY men lead lives of care and pain,  
Their joys how fleeting, and their hopes how vain!

*M.* But who will read a satire so begun?

*P.* What! this to me?—this? *M.* Faith, I'll tell  
you, none.

*P.* None, do you say? *M.* Why, yes, perhaps a  
few, 5

But still the number will dishonour you.

*P.* Lest a vile prince and his abandon'd throng  
Bestow the laurel on a minion's song;

3 The author may be supposed to have commenced a satire on the idle vanities of the world, when his friend interrupts him, by asking him who would read so grave a piece of morality. Casaubon has had the dexterity to find out that Persius meant to be facetious in this line. "He hath omitted none of those things," says the commentator. But it seems he not only sneered, but conveyed in these few words much recondite wisdom.



And must we then reserve the sacred bays  
 For those whom Rome's worst profligates shall  
 praise? 10

Rely not always on the general voice ;  
 Nor place all merit in the people's choice ;  
 Let your own eyes be those with which you see ;  
 Nor seek in others what yourself should be.  
 For who at Rome does not ? Dare I speak plain ?  
 I dare—I must ; to check my rage were vain. 16

My spleen o'erflows, I sicken to behold  
 A guilty world, in error growing old ;  
 Each stage of life mark'd by its empty joys,  
 The infant and the man exchanging toys ; 20  
 Triumphant vice and folly bearing sway,  
 With doting age and vanity grown gray.

*M.* But imitate the rest. See, they compose,  
 In secret, polish'd verse and sounding prose.

*P.* Until, at length, demanded by the crowd, 25  
 The turgid nonsense be rehearsed aloud ;  
 See at the desk the pale declaimer stand,  
 The ruby beaming on his lily hand ;

Behind his back his wanton tresses flow ;  
 With Tyrian dyes his splendid garments glow ; 30  
 His pliant throat the liquid gargle clears ;  
 His languid eye lasciviously leers ;

The voice accords with the luxurious mien,  
 The look immodest, with the tongue obscene :  
 Around him close the splendid circle draws, 35

Loud is the laugh, tumultuous the applause ;  
 And Rome's first nobles, vanquish'd by his lyre,  
 Tremble with lusts which his vile lays inspire.  
 And you, old dotard, do you waste your days,  
 That fools at length, may surfeit you with praise ?

26 Longinus remarks the difficulty of guarding against the bombast in writing ; and observes that authors are naturally led to seek what is grand ; but in avoiding dryness and feebleness, they become turgid, and vainly console themselves with the reflection, that if they err, it is in attempting what is great and

*Old M.* What! shall we live despised, without a  
name, 41

Callous to glory, and unknown to fame?  
As the wild fig tree walls and columns cleaves,  
And clothes the ruin with its mantling leaves;  
So all restraint indignant genius scorns, 45  
Luxuriant spreads, and as it spreads adorns.

*P.* Lo, what decrepit age for Fame endures!  
Lo, the pale victim whom her voice allures!  
No ray of health illumines your languid eye,  
And on your cheek youth's faded roses die. 50  
Yet you, oh times! oh manners! toil for fame,  
And value knowledge only for its name.

*Old M.* But still, 'tis fine to be admired and known,  
To gazing strangers by the finger shown.

*P.* Truly 'tis fine, that fools extol your art, 55  
That lisping schoolboys learn your songs by heart;  
That when the flush'd voluptuary sups  
He celebrates your name amid his cups.

Here one there is, in purple clad, whose muse  
Collects the rancid offals of the stews; 60

In drawling snivelling song, delights to tell  
How Phillis loved, how constant, and how well:  
Sure, when this favour'd bard at length shall die,  
On his bless'd bones the turf shall lightly lie,  
Unfading laurel shall o'ershade the ground, 65  
And sweetest violets breathe incense round.

But our offended poet stops us here,  
Condemns the satire, and reproves the sneer.  
"Who lives," he asks, "insensible to praise,  
Deserves, and yet neglects the proffer'd bays? 70  
Who is not pleased, that from the bookworm's rage  
The juice of cedar shall preserve his page?  
That page which cooks nor chandlers shall employ,  
Nor ruthless grocers in their haste destroy."

74 To leave no books which shall be in danger of being used  
as waste paper in the shops.

Oh thou, whate'er thy name, whoe'er thou art, 75  
 Whom I suppose upon the adverse part,  
 Think not, when well, if ever well I write,  
 I feel from praise no genuine delight ;  
 But praise ought not to be the only end  
 For which our morals or our lives we mend : 80  
 For which our virtue struggles to excel,  
 And seeks pre-eminence in doing well.  
 Besides, do all obtaining men's applause  
 Deserve the admiration which it draws ?  
 Does drunken Accius glow with Homer's fire, 85  
 Though courts extol him, and though fools admire ?  
 From noble pens do no crude numbers flow,  
 No cant of elegy, no whine of wo ?  
 Have no quaint verses issued from the heads  
 Of princes, lolling on their citron beds ? 90  
 The winning art is not to you unknown.  
 By which the venal crowd becomes your own.  
 Rich banquets crown your hospitable board ;  
 Your wardrobe, too, cast garments can afford.  
 But you will have the truth. Shall I be plain ? 95  
 Then, dotard, learn that all your toil is vain.  
 Nor now, when swoln and bloated with excess,  
 Trick your old muse in meretricious dress.

85 Hellebore was taken by persons professing the art of divination, who probably drank it in order to exhilarate their spirits, and to work themselves up to a proper pitch of phrensy for acting their parts. The expression of Persius then means, that the Iliad of Accius was turgid and declamatory, and was destitute of all real poetical merit.

The hellebore, which was known in Italy by the name of *veratrum*, was of two sorts—the black and the white. The latter of these was, as Pliny assures us, much the stronger.

It appears from several authors, and among others from Pliny, that, before any serious application to study, the ancients used to prepare themselves by taking a large dose of hellebore. The idlers of the present day would not be the more reconciled to the labours of the mind by such a diarrhetic discipline of the body.

97 Here Persius probably alludes to those dropsical habits

Oh ! two-faced Janus, whom the people pass,  
 Nor lift the mimic hands to show the ass ! 100  
 No tongue lolls out, no finger points at thee,  
 None laughs, or nods, or winks, but thou must see,  
 Ye chiefs of Rome, who have not eyes behind,  
 Prevent all insults on the side that's blind.  
 What say the people ? "What," the flatterer cries,  
 "But that your verse the critic's spleen defies ; 106  
 That taste and judgment mark each flowing line,  
 The sound harmonious, and the sense divine :  
 That whether feasts or battles be the theme,  
 A hero's glory, or a lover's dream, 110  
 Thy golden numbers by the muse inspired,  
 By art are polish'd, and by genius fired ?"  
 Heroic verse unletter'd dunces write,  
 And scribbling schoolboys dictate and indite :  
 Some praise the fields ; yet wanting skill to sing, 115  
 Confound the tints of autumn and of spring ;  
 Forgetting nature, paint a garish scene  
 Of cloudless skies, and groves for ever green :  
 Or with rude pencil rustic manners draw, 119  
 Where swarms the village round the kindling straw,  
 Where pigs and panniers crowd the bustling street,  
 And merry hinds to honour Pales meet ;  
 Or show the spot whence Rome's great founders  
 sprung :  
 Nor, gallant Quintus, dost thou rest unsung,  
 When the dictator's laurel graced thy brow, 125  
 And thine own lictors bore away thy plough.  
 Are there not some who love the turgid strain  
 Of drunken Accius, in his moody vein ?

incurred by indolence, luxury, gluttony, and inebriety. The sense is, "You are an old fool, to write verses, when, from the size of your paunch, it is evident that you have thought much more of indulging your appetite than of cultivating your mind."

113 The fashion is again revived ; and we have bald-heads in this country, who employ themselves in strumming modern airs on the untuned lyre of Pindar, and in adapting English strains to the pipe of Theocritus.

For whom a tragic rant can yield delight,  
 Nor ev'n Pacuvius is too dull to write? 130  
 Do you demand, whence the disease has sprung?  
 What stains, corrupts, contaminates our tongue?  
 False taste through all our books and writings runs,  
 And in the evil sires confirm their sons.  
 Pale Affectation quits her sickly bed, 135  
 Opes her dull eye, and lifts her languid head;  
 Ascends the rostrum, the tribunal seeks,  
 Rants on the stage, and in the senate speaks.  
 Is Pedius' charged? his own vile cause he pleads;  
 For pardon sues, and skill'd in tropes, succeeds; 140  
 Vices with figures weighs in well-poised scales,  
 And shines in metaphor, where logic fails.  
 What should we give? what alms? if on the shore,  
 While round his neck the pictured storm he wore,  
 The shipwreck'd sailor, destitute of aid, 145  
 Sang as he begg'd, and jested as he pray'd?  
 'Tis not enough that wit and skill be proved;  
 Who means to move me, must himself be moved.  
*First Poet.* But if you blame what orators compose,  
 Their flowery diction, and their measured prose, 150  
 You must at least confess that song divine,  
 Where Berecynthian Atyn swells the line;  
 Where famed Arion swims on glassy waves,  
 And daring dolphin azure Nereus cleaves;  
 Where from the broad-back'd mountain's monstrous  
     chine 155  
 The hero carves a rib of Apennine.  
*P.* Compared with this, what could poor Virgil  
     write?  
 His style is turgid, and his sense is trite:  
 His wither'd laurel, faded, shrivell'd, shrunk,  
 Stands on the blasted wild a leafless trunk. 160  
 But when descending from this lofty strain,  
 How sing our poets in their tender vein?  
*Second Poet.* To Mimallonean measures blow the  
     horn;  
 The victim's head let Bassaris adorn;



Let Mænas lead the lynx with ivy bound, 165  
 Evoc cry, while Echo helps the sound.  
*P.* Enough, enough. I can no more endure  
 This pompous stuff, affected and obscure.  
 Where is the spirit of our fathers fled ?  
 Where the stern virtue by our country bred ? 170  
 Where the exalted genius which inspired  
 The force which nerved it, or the pride which fired ?  
 Are all these gone ? Does nature give offence,  
 Or chaste simplicity, or manly sense,  
 That themes like these, by poetasters sung, 175  
 Charm every ear, and hang on every tongue ?  
*M.* Do you not tremble, my unguarded friend,  
 Lest some patrician poet you offend ?  
 Still will you wear that most uncourtly scowl,  
 Still snarl a critic, still a cynic growl ? 180  
*P.* 'Tis well, 'tis well. Be all their doggerel read ;  
 Let courts applaud, and princes nod the head ;  
 The same dead colour runs through all they write,  
 A trackless waste of snow, where all is white.  
 But I no more their faults and failings blame, 185  
 Admired their works, immortal be their fame ;  
 Be it resolved, that this be sacred ground,  
 That babbling critics be to silence bound :  
 Be it resolved, that when occasion calls,  
 Unlucky boys do not pollute these walls. 190  
 Yet let me say, when old Lucilius sung,  
 Invectives fell not garbled from his tongue.  
 With greater art sly Horace gain'd his end,  
 But spared no failing of his smiling friend ; 194  
 Sportive and pleasant round the heart he play'd,  
 And wrapp'd in jests the censure he convey'd ;  
 With such address his willing victims seized,  
 That tickled fools were rallied, and were pleased.  
 But why should I then bridle in my rage ?  
 Why tremble thus to lash a guilty age ? 200  
 Here let me dig—ev'n here the truth unfold,  
 (As once the gossip barber did of old,)



Here to my little book I will declare,  
 Of ass's ears I've seen a royal pair.  
 Nor would I now have miss'd this single hit     205  
 For all the Iliads by the Accii writ.  
 If such there be who feel the force and fire  
 Of bold Cratinus' free and manly lyre ;  
 Who, while they see triumphant vice prevail,  
 O'er the stern page of Eupolis grow pale ;     210  
 Or nightly loiter with that comic sage  
 Who lash'd, amused, did all but mend his age ;  
 Let them look here ; and if by chance they find  
 Men well described, or manners well design'd,     214  
 Let them acknowledge that my breast has known  
 Fires not less pure, less generous than their own.  
 But let that sordid wretch approach not here  
 Whose utmost wit is some offensive jeer ;  
 Whose narrow mind nor sense nor honour knows ;  
 Who mocks the tear which from affliction flows ;  
 Who never kindred sigh of sorrow heaves,     221  
 But dares to laugh when suffering nature grieves :  
 Hence let such readers fly, though on them wait  
 An edile's honours or proconsul's state :  
 And hence, far hence, be all that vulgar crew     225  
 Whose theme still is the stable or the stew ;  
 Who mock all science, all our laws despise,  
 Insult the good, and ridicule the wise ;  
 Hence too, that mushroom race of beardless fools,  
 An annual crop, the produce of our schools ;     230  
 Who hear unmoved the sage's warning tongue,  
 To mark his shoe ill form'd, or gown ill hung,  
 Whose noisy laugh, whose plaudits still are heard,  
 When the pert wanton plucks the cynic's beard.  
 Ye thoughtless fools, for greater things unfit,     235  
 The paths of vice for those of dulness quit :  
 There kill the time—there linger out your day ;  
 Grow women's men, and dream your lives away.

## SATIRE II.

### ARGUMENT.

**THIS** satire contains grave instructions concerning prayers and wishes; it has its original from the dialogue of Plato, called "The Second Alcibiades." The poet begins with the prayers made on birthdays; commends the purity of his friend's wishes and vows, and censures the impiety of those of others; he shows the absurdity of them, and corrects the false opinion concerning them: it was usual among friends to send presents to one another on their birthdays; and poets, who in general could not afford presents so well as versés, bestowed some composition, which consisted of wishes and compliments: so this satire is dedicated to Macrinus, a man of quality and estate.

---

LET a white stone of pure unsullied ray  
Record, Macrinus, this thy natal day,  
Which not for thee the less auspicious shines,  
That years revolve, and closing life declines.  
Haste then to celebrate this happy hour 5  
And large libations to thy genius pour.

1 It was a fashion (probably not very general) among the Romans to cast every day into an urn stones of various colours, as the person performing this ceremony was fortunate or unfortunate; when the day was lucky, and Fortune was propitious, the stone was white.

This custom appears to have been derived from the Thracians.

6 The polytheist ranked among the number of his gods the genius whom he supposed to have presided at his nativity; on each anniversary of which he raised altars to this tutelary deity, crowned them with flowers, and burned incense on them. The joyful day was also celebrated by his servants being freed from labour, and by plentiful libations of wine being poured forth to the health of the master, and in honour of his genius.

With splendid gifts you ne'er will seek the shrine,  
 To tempt the power you worship as divine.  
 To venal nobles you consign the task  
 To wish in secret, and in secret ask ; 10  
 Let them for this before the altar bow,  
 And breathe unheard the mercenary vow :  
 Let them for this upon the votive urn  
 Mute offerings make, and midnight incense burn,  
 It ill might suit the selfish and the proud, 15  
 Were the great objects of their lives avow'd ;  
 Were all the longings of their souls express'd,  
 No latent wish left lurking in the breast.  
 When truth or virtue is the boon we seek,  
 We can distinctly ask, and clearly speak ; 20  
 But when the guilty soul throws off disguise,  
 Then whisper'd prayers and mutter'd vows arise.  
 ' Oh ! in his grave were my old uncle laid,  
 And at his tomb funereal honours paid !  
 Oh, Hercules, when next I rake the soil, 25  
 With a rich treasure recompense my toil !  
 Or might I, gods, to my young ward succeed,  
 Urge on his fate, nor Heaven condemn the deed ;  
 The sickly child already seems to pine,  
 And bile and ulcer hasten his decline. 30  
 Three times hath Hymen's torch for Nerius burn'd,  
 Three times hath he to widowhood return'd."  
 And now, fanatic wretch, to purge your soul,  
 Plunge where the sacred waves of Tiber roll ;  
 To them each morn the night's foul stains convey,  
 And in their waters wash your crimes away. 36  
 To one plain question honestly reply :  
 What are your thoughts of him who rules the sky ?  
 As all our judgments rest on what we know,  
 And good is still comparative below ; 40  
 Is there a man whom ev'n as Jove you prize,  
 Like him believe beneficent and wise ?  
 What ! are you doubtful ? such may Staius be.  
 Who is the juster judge, or Jove or he ?

But let me ask, to Staius did you say 45  
 One half of what you utter when you pray,  
 Would he not from you with abhorrence turn,  
 And you and all your bribes indignant spurn?  
 But do you hope that Jove will lend an ear  
 To prayers, which Staius would refuse to hear? 50  
 Do you believe that Heaven at you connived,  
 Because its lightnings flew, and you survived?  
 Because o'er you the thunder harmless broke,  
 While the red vengeance struck the blasted oak?  
 Do you conclude that you may mock your god 55  
 Because his mercy still hath spared the rod?  
 Because no silent grove's unhallow'd gloom  
 By mortals shunn'd hath yet conceal'd your tomb,  
 Where, in last expiation of the dead,  
 The augur worshipp'd, and the victim bled? 60  
 What are the bribes with which Jove's ear you win,  
 Excusing guilt, and palliating sin?  
 Will prayer do this? will vows your pardon gain,  
 While entrails smoke, and fatted lambs are slain?

54 It was part of the duty of the priests among the ancients to decide where dead bodies should be interred; and it was likewise their office to expiate by lustration and sacrifice those places which had been struck by lightning. Persius does not inform us if any mark served to warn strangers not to approach the tomb of the person killed by a thunderbolt. Seneca, indeed, mentions that the ancient Romans built altars on those spots which had thus been made the scenes of the vengeance of Heaven. But, after all, it may be asked if there was any sign on the altar which showed that it was a place which might not be approached; was there anything in the form of the tomb or in the sculpture of the altar, which indicated that the traveller must turn aside? The place of interment being a grove, was not remarkable or extraordinary.

Among the ancients a learned writer has mentioned it to have been very common to bury the dead in groves.

The custom of erecting monuments to the memory of the dead seems indeed to have been of the earliest antiquity. The Jews distinguished the repository of their dead by a monument. Kimchi observes, that it was formed either of one stone or of many piled together.

64 The satire conveyed in these words is strong. Is it by

Lo, from his cradle, all his parents' joy, 65  
 The superstitious grandam lifts the boy ;  
 Well skill'd the lines of destiny to trace,  
 She bathes his eyes, with spittle daubs his face,  
 Lays the mid finger on his little brow,  
 Extends her hands, and meditates the vow. 70  
 In her quick thought Licinius quits his fields,  
 And wealthy Crassus his possessions yields.  
 " Let every bliss, sweet child of hope, be thine,  
 Bright stars beam on thee, and mild planets shine !  
 Let rival monarchs bow to thee the head, 75  
 And queens design thee for their daughters' bed.  
 To thee their charms may blooming nymphs expose,  
 And still thy footsteps press the springing rose !"  
 May never nurse with drawling canting whine,  
 Invoke such blessings on a child of mine ! 80  
 But if she should, good Jove, the infant spare,  
 Though robed in white, she shall prefer her prayer !  
 You ask strong nerves, age that is fresh and hale :  
 'Tis well ; go on : but how shall you prevail ?  
 For were great Jove himself to give his nod, 85  
 Your feasts and revels would defeat the god.  
 You sigh for wealth, the frequent ox is slain,  
 And bribes are offer'd to the god of gain.  
 For flocks and herds to household gods you cry ;  
 Why then, you fool, do daily victims die ? 90  
 Yet does this man the wearied gods assail,  
 And thinks by dint of offerings to prevail :  
 Now 'tis the field, and now the fold which teems,  
 Hope rests on hope, and schemes are built on  
 schemes ;  
 Until at length, deserted and alone, 95  
 In the deep chest the last sad farthing groan.

offering sacrifices (the poet asks) that you gain the favour of Heaven? And then, what sacrifices? The lungs and entrails of animals which you cannot eat yourselves you lay on the altars of the gods. Juvenal imitates and improves the irony of this passage.



If to you e'er a present richly wrought,  
 If silver cups and golden gifts I brought,  
 Your eager hand would grasp at the decoy,  
 And your light heart would dance with hope and  
 joy. 100

Hence to the shrine with splendid bribes you run,  
 In triumph carried, but by rapine won.  
 And now each brazen brother's power you know,  
 In bringing fortune, and averting wo.  
 He, who hath promised most, is most revered, 105  
 And wears, in proof of skill, a golden beard.  
 Now gold hath banish'd Numa's simple vase,  
 And the plain brass of Saturn's frugal days.

Now do we see to precious goblets turn  
 The Tuscan pitcher and the vestal urn. 110

Oh grovelling souls, which still to earth incline,  
 From mortal nature judging of divine!  
 Must man's corruption to the skies be spread,  
 And godhead be by human passions led?  
 'Tis sense, gross sense, which clouds our mental  
 sight, 115

And wraps the soul of man in moral night.  
 This for mistaken grandeur bids us toil;  
 This steeps the cassia in the tainted oil;  
 This makes the fleece its native white forego,  
 With costly dyes and purple hues to glow: 120

This seeks the pearl upon the rocky shore,  
 And strains the metal from the fusing ore:  
 This still by vice obtains its secret ends,  
 And this to earth the abject spirit bends.  
 But you, ye ministers of Heaven, declare, 125  
 What gold avails in sacrifice and prayer.  
 Not more than dolls upon the altar laid,  
 To Venus offer'd by the full-grown maid.

104 Persius is here supposed by most of his commentators to mean fifty brazen statues of the sons of Egyptus, which stood in the porch of Apollo's temple. These statues were consulted as oracles.



Let me give that, which wealth cannot bestow,  
 The pomp of riches, nor the glare of show; 130  
 Let me give that, which from their golden pot  
 Messala's proud and blear-eyed race could not:  
 To the just gods let me present a mind,  
 Which civil and religious duties bind,  
 A guileless heart, which no dark secrets knows, 135  
 But with the generous love of virtue glows.  
 Such be the presents, such the gifts I make,  
 With them I sacrifice a wheaten cake.

138 Some of these verses have much poetical merit, and contain much excellent instruction. Are there not even Christian temples where they deserve to be written up in letters of gold?

This satire is founded on the Second Alcibiades of Plato, which I recommend to the student to read along with it. I have already observed in my preface, that if ever Persius abandons the doctrines of the stoics, it is in this poem. The stoics contended for the existence of a *προνοια*; but they adopted with this belief all the superstitions of the popular worship. Cicero, in the third book of his treatise *De Natura Deorum*, charges them with admitting all the puerile and contradictory fables which had imposed on vulgar credulity, and alludes to that very practice, of offering bribes to the Deity, which Persius condemns with so much just severity.

## SATIRE III.

### ARGUMENT.

OUR poet has written two satires concerning study, the first and the third; the first relates to men grown up, the third to young men: in this he upbraids the young men for their sloth and negligence: he addresses himself to noblemen, who, having great fortunes, seldom care about adorning their minds; this satire has therefore been entitled "The Reproach of Sloth;" a young man finds his companion in bed at eleven o'clock on a fine morning, on which he talks with him a little.

### THE PHILOSOPHER AND DISCIPLE; OR, THE REPROACH OF IDLENESS.

WHAT! always thus? Now in full blaze of day  
Sol mounts the skies, and shoots a downward ray;  
Breaks on your darken'd chamber's lengthen'd night,  
And pours through narrow chinks long streams of  
light:

Yet still subdued by sleep's oppressive power,      5  
You slumber, heedless of the passing hour;  
Of strong Falernian dissipate the fumes,  
And snore unconscious, while the day consumes.  
See the hot sun through reddening Leo roll,  
The raging dogstar fire the glowing pole;      10

9 Most of the commentators on Persius have understood him in this place to mean eleven o'clock, A.M. I have not specified the particular hour. The Romans divided the natural day, i. e. from sunrising to sunseting, into twelve hours. Hence the length of those hours was the same only twice a year. The distinction made by the Romans between the civil and the natural day is explained by Censorinus.

It appears that the Romans were acquainted with the use of

The yellow harvest waving o'er the plain,  
 The reapers bending o'er the golden grain ;  
 Beneath the spreading elm the cattle laid,  
 And panting flocks recumbent in the shade.

"Is it indeed so late?" the sluggard cries. 15

"Who waits? here, slaves! be quick—I wish to rise."

At length, to study see the youth proceed,  
 Charged with his book, his parchment, and his reed ;

sun dials before the first Punic war. Pliny says that Lucius Papirius Cursor placed a dial on the temple of Quirinus eleven years previous to that period. He observes that Fabius Vestalis, on whose authority he states this fact, has not mentioned either the method according to which the dial was constructed, the artificer who made it, whence it was brought, or in what author he found it described.

It is to be suspected that the Roman dials were not very exact.

Vitruvius ascribes the invention of water clocks to Ctesibius of Alexandria. They were introduced at Rome by Scipio Nasica; and were first employed in the consulship of Pompey, to regulate the length of the speeches made in the forum. In this the Romans copied the Athenians. It appears from Æschines, that in the public trials at Athens certain portions of time were allowed to the accuser, as well as to the prisoner and the judge. These divisions of time were regulated by a water clock. No orator was permitted to speak after his time had elapsed, nor without the water was poured into the clepsydra could he commence his discourse. Sigonius has quoted several authorities to prove the use of the water clock among the Athenians, and to show that it regulated the length of public orations.

It is probable that the Greeks were instructed by the Egyptians in the art of making the clepsydra or water clock. That ingenious people generally formed this machine with a cynocephalus sculptured on it; a name by which it is sometimes called. The imaginary animal, called a cynocephalus by the Egyptians, was supposed to be an ape with a dog's head. It is mentioned twice by Pliny, and, I think, once by Solinus.

I am led to believe that the Egyptians were acquainted with the use of sun dials even in very remote periods. I agree with Goguet, that their obelisks were originally intended to serve as gnomons: but ingenuity would soon contract the size of the gnomon, and, it may be presumed, would render it more useful on a smaller scale. This I can the more easily believe,

But now he finds the ink too black to write ;  
 And now, diluted, it escapes the sight : 20  
 Now it is made too thick, and now too thin,  
 And now it sinks too deeply in the skin :  
 The pen writes double, and the point, too wide,  
 O'er the smooth vellum pours the sable tide.  
 Oh wretch, whose habits into vices grow, 25  
 Whose life accumulates the means of wo !  
 Dismiss the scholar, be again the boy,  
 Replace the rattle, reassume the toy ;

because the astronomical science of the Egyptians was undoubtedly profound ; and from the accuracy with which they calculated the greater divisions of time, such as cycles, years, and months, it is probable they would endeavour to measure its minuter portions with equal exactness.

It appears, indeed, that the very name given to the regular divisions of the day by the Greeks and Romans is taken from an Egyptian word ; and that *Horus*, though undoubtedly altered in the termination, is the original of *hora*, whence so many modern nations derive words of similar signification.

Some authors seem inclined to throw doubts on this derivation made by Macrobius. But I am induced to think, if *Horus* was an appellation of the sun, considered with respect to a particular period of the year, the etymology is very far from being fanciful or forced. Still less will it appear to be so when compared with that of *Horapollo*, who derives the Egyptian word from the Greek. It has been supposed, on the authority of Epiphanius, that *Horus* and *Harpocrates* were the same. But I am inclined to think, with *Jablonski*, that they were distinct. The Egyptians symbolically represented the sun under the name of *Harpocrates* when it passed the winter solstice, and rose from the lower hemisphere. Again, the solar orb was distinguished by the name of *Horus* when, immediately before and after entering the sign of *Leo*, it poured on the world the full blaze of its meridian glory. This opinion is confirmed by the signification of the word *horus* ; which in Egyptian, according to *Salmatus*, was lord or king, though more properly the latter. Some have erroneously derived it from the Hebrew, fire or light ; and *Jablonski*, with still less appearance of plausibility, understands *horus* to have been an Egyptian word.

22 The Romans seem to have employed several different kinds of ink. Some used the juice of the cuttlefish ; others soot mixed with a liquid. The Romans also occasionally coloured and gilded their letters. See *Pliny* and *Dioscorides*.

Repose in quiet on your nurse's lap,  
 Pleased by her lullaby, and feed on pap. 30  
 Who is deceived? for whom are spread these lures?  
 Is the misfortune mine, or is it yours,  
 That you refuse to listen to the truth,  
 And waste in idleness the hours of youth?  
 Of shame sure victim when that youth is past, 35  
 And sorrow mingles in your cup at last.  
 Yet art thou young, and yet thy pliant mind  
 Yields to the gale, and bends with every wind;  
 Seize then this sunny, but this fleeting hour,  
 To nurse and cultivate the tender flower. 40  
 Art thou of riches and of titles vain,  
 A splendid equipage, a pompous train?  
 Or dost thou boast a Tuscan race as thine,  
 A great, an ancient, and an honour'd line?  
 Does it suffice, the purple round thee thrown, 45  
 To hail the Roman censor as thine own?  
 Vain honours all—how little are the proud,  
 E'en when their pomp imposes on the crowd!  
 I know thee well; and hast thou then no shame,  
 That thy loose life and Natta's are the same? 50  
 But he, to virtue lost, knows not its price,  
 Fattens in sloth, and stupifies in vice:  
 Sunk in the gulf, immersed in guilt he lies,  
 Has not the power, nor yet the will to rise.  
 Great sire of gods, let not thy thunder fall 55  
 On princes, when their crimes for vengeance call!  
 But let remembrance punish guilty kings,  
 And Conscience wound with all her thousand  
 stings;  
 Let Truth's fair form confess'd before them rise,  
 And Virtue stand reveal'd to mortal eyes, 60  
 Astonish tyrants by her placid mien,  
 And teach them, dying, what they might have been.  
 Does he feel keener pangs, acuter pains,  
 Whom, doom'd to death, the brazen bull contains?  
 Was he more cursed, who, mock'd with regal state,  
 Around his throne saw slaves and courtiers wait,



While from the roof, suspended by a thread,  
 The pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head,  
 Than he, who cries, while rushing on his doom,  
 "I go, headlong, I go, nor fear the tomb:" 70  
 Who from his bosom dares not lift the veil,  
 Shudders in thought, and at himself grows pale;  
 Trusting to none the secrets of his life,  
 Not e'en confiding in his weeping wife?  
 Oft, when a boy, unwilling still to toil, 75  
 To shun my task, I smear'd my face with oil,  
 Great Cato's dying speech neglected lay,  
 And all my better thoughts to sport gave way;  
 With anxious friends my partial father came,  
 And sweating saw his son exposed to shame. 80  
 Alas, no pleasure then in books I knew,  
 But still with dext'rous hand the dice I threw.  
 None with more art the rattling box could shake;  
 None reckon'd better on the envied stake;

77 One of the commentators and translators of Persius has the following curious note on these words: "This does not mean that the master was mad; but that, in commending and praising such puerile performances, and the vehemence with which he did it, he did not act like one that was in his right senses." I cannot tell if this gentleman knew his own meaning; he certainly did not even guess at that of Persius. The stoics admitted that man only to be wise who understood and practised their philosophy; and, in the language of their sect, all other men were *non sani*. The meaning of Persius, therefore, is, that the dying speech of Cato, who was a stoic, was much extolled by the schoolmaster, who nevertheless did not understand it, and had never followed the wise injunctions it contained.

84 Who was the inventor of gambling? St. Chrysostom says it was the devil. Considering the consequences of this vice, St. Chrysostom's guess is not a bad one.

Learned men are not agreed about the form of the dice used by the ancients. Freigius and Polydore Virgil say, that the *tessera* had six sides, and the *talus* four; but Dempsterus and Beroaldus say the very reverse.

The ancients gave names to all the throws at the dice. One was called after a hero; another after a goddess; and a third after a courtesan. Venus was the fortunate throw, or rather that repeated.



None was more skill'd, along the level ground, 85  
 To drive the whirling top in endless round.  
 But you, what arts, what pleasures can entice,  
 To wander in the thorny paths of vice ;  
 You, who so lately from the porch have brought  
 The godlike precepts, which great Zeno taught ; 90  
 You, who in schools of rigid virtue bred,  
 On simple fare with frugal sages fed,  
 Where watchful youth their silent vigils keep,  
 And midnight studies still encroach on sleep ;  
 You, who have listen'd to Instruction's voice, 95  
 And with the Samian sage have made your choice ;  
 Are you content to lose life's early day,  
 Or pass existence in a dream away ?  
 Ah ! thoughtless youth, ere yet the fell disease  
 Blanch your pale cheek, and on its victim seize,  
 Apply the remedy, nor idly wait 101  
 Till hope be fled, and med'cine come too late !  
 Contemplate well this theatre of man ;  
 Observe the drama, and its moral plan ;  
 Study of things the causes and the ends ; 105  
 Whence is our being, and to what it tends ;  
 Of fortune's gifts appreciate the worth,  
 And mark how good and evil mix on earth :  
 Observe what stands as relative to you,  
 What to your country, parents, friends, is due : 110  
 Consider God as boundless matter's soul,  
 Yourself a part of the stupendous whole ;  
 Think that existence has an endless reign,  
 Yourself a link in the eternal chain. 114  
 Weigh these things well, and envy not the stores  
 Which clients bring from Umbria's fruitful shores ;

89 The portico is here put by metonymy for the philosophers who taught in it. This portico, Pausanias informs us, was adorned with statues and pictures. Among those which he describes was a painting representing the battles between the Athenians and the Persians. Demosthenes also mentions this picture. Harpocration has wrongly accused the orator of being mistaken about this.

Forego, without regret, the noisy bar,  
 Its din, its wrangling, its unceasing war;  
 Forsake that place where justice has a price,  
 And may be bought for fish, or ham, or spice. 120  
 But here, perhaps, some blustering son of Mars  
 Will treat my doctrine as an idle farce.  
 "What!" doth he cry, "do I not know enough,  
 That I must listen to this learned stuff?  
 I do not wish to be esteem'd a sage, 125  
 Nor to be held the Solon of my age.  
 I hate the dull philosopher who sits,  
 Pores o'er his book, and talks and thinks by fits:  
 Whose crazy head with metaphysics teems,  
 Who deeply ruminates on sick men's dreams, 130  
 Who holds, that nothing is from nothing brought;  
 And then again, that naught returns to naught.  
 And is it this, which racks that head of thine?  
 Is it for this that thou hast fail'd to dine?"  
 Now roars the laugh, and now the noisy crowd 135  
 Of listening fools, delighted, shouts aloud.  
 Some one there was, who finding strength to fail,  
 His body meager, and his visage pale,  
 For the physician sent, and told his case,  
 And show'd health's roses faded on his face. 140  
 Three days' repose the fever's force restrains,  
 And cools the current boiling in his veins.  
 Once more desirous for the world to live,  
 And taste of all the joys which it can give,  
 He quits his bed, prepares to bathe, and dine, 145  
 And quaff the juice of the Surrentin vine.  
 "How wan! how sallow!" the physician cries.  
 "Ah! but 'tis nothing now," the sick replies.  
 "Nothing! my friend; the dire prognosis shows  
 Disease, productive of a thousand woes." 150  
 "Nay, prithee, peace—I do not ask thine aid;  
 My guardian in his grave long since was laid."  
 The doctor goes—the sick man's body swells,  
 And water gathers in a thousand cells:

His breath, sulphureous, taints the vernal gale, 155  
 And airs mephitic from his lungs exhale :  
 At length unlook'd-for death the wretch appals,  
 And from his hand the lifted goblet falls.  
 The trumpets sound, funereal torches glow,  
 Announcing far the mockery of wo. 160  
 On the state bed the stiffen'd corse is laid,  
 And all the honours due to death are paid ;  
 O'er the sad relics new-made Romans mourn,  
 And place the ashes in the silent urn.  
 " Thy well-told tale does not to me apply. 165  
 No fever rages, and no pulse beats high.  
 Lay thine hand here ; my heart no throbbing knows,  
 And health for me uninterrupted flows."  
 Methinks thou mayst a few exceptions make.  
 Did loss of gold ne'er cause thine heart to ache ?  
 Does not a fever rage whene'er, by chance, 171  
 A fond maid's soul is pictured in her glance ?  
 Say, dost thou sit contented at the board,  
 Which just a cake and cabbage can afford ?  
 Come, try thy mouth— Ha ! there's an ulcer there,  
 Too tender to be touch'd by such coarse fare. 176  
 Thou hast an ague, when heart-chilling fear  
 Bristles thine hair, and whispers danger near :  
 And Madness, horrid fiend, is nigh at hand,  
 When raging Anger hurls his flaming brand ; 180  
 And thou dost rave in such a frantic strain  
 As mad Orestes would pronounce insane.

## SATIRE IV.

### ARGUMENT.

OUR author, living in the beginning of Nero's reign, was sensible how unfit he was to govern the Roman people, as he was young and inexperienced; in the person of Alcibiades he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state affairs; he makes Socrates sustain the part of Seneca (Nero's tutor) under a borrowed name; he discovers some of Nero's vices which were not then publicly known, and censures the flattery of his courtiers, who would make his vices pass for virtues: under the veil of covetousness he censures his prodigality: this satire is partly taken from Plato's dialogue called "The First Alcibiades."

---

IMAGINE that divine Athenian sage  
(At once the shame and honour of his age)  
Who, by the malice of his foes belied,  
A victim to their rage, by hemlock died,  
In scoffing language to have thus address'd 5  
That beardless youth whom Athens once caress'd:

1 In this satire Persius severely censures the conduct of Nero. He begins by imitating Plato's First Alcibiades, and repeats part of the ironical conversation which Socrates addressed, in that celebrated dialogue, to his young and ambitious pupil. But the Roman satirist soon appears under the disguise of the Grecian sage; and the raillery, which humbled the vanity of the aspiring Athenian, is converted into a just and terrible invective against the tyrant of Rome.

It was indeed impossible for the poet to censure Nero under the name of Alcibiades without soon and plainly discovering the real object of his satire. The character of that Athenian, shaded as it is by a thousand defects, interests us, even while it offends against morality; even while it amazes us by its levity; even while it displeases us by its inconstancy. Blessed with almost every advantage which nature can bestow; liberal in his disposition; brilliant in his conversation; seductive in

" Art thou a statesman ? wouldst thou hold the helm,  
 And rule like Pericles the subject realm ?  
 Does sense mature, ere life has reached its noon ?  
 Does thy young judgment bring forth fruit so soon ?  
 Ere yet the down has gather'd on thy cheek,      11  
 Art thou instructed how, and when, to speak ?  
 Canst thou the tumult's mingled roar restrain,  
 Silence command, nor wave the hand in vain ;  
 On public good the public mind enlight,      15  
 And lift the torch of truth where all is night ?  
 No doubt thou canst in thy experience trust,  
 Say what is right, and point out what is just ;

his manners ; beautiful in his person ; at Athens a luxurious libertine ; at Sparta a rigid moralist ; now too easily influenced by the suggestions of ambition ; now too softly sensible to the charms of pleasure ; strangely blending the insignificance of a fop and the fickleness of a woman with the magnanimity of a hero and with the talents of a statesman ; Alcibiades persuaded his countrymen to forgive him many crimes, to pardon him innumerable follies, and to find him amiable even when he was culpable. How opposite was the character of Nero ! that tyrant flattered only to betray ; and betrayed only to destroy. Exceeding the limits of moderation in the gratification of his desires, and abandoning the guidance of justice in the exercise of his power, he abused alike the gifts of nature and of fortune. Alcibiades loved pleasure, but Nero hated virtue. The vile atrocities which Persius imputes to the tyrant could never have been applicable to the young Athenian, at least while he was the pupil of Socrates. Alcibiades, under the influence of passion, and corrupted by debauchery, is indeed accused of unjustifiable vices ; but his mind had not arrived at that last degree of depravation, which causes so many wretches to forget character, to defy opinion, and to abandon principle ; which degrades all that is most excellent in human nature ; and which, by making men infamous, makes them also desperate.

To read this satire may be useful to the young. It may help to correct petulance ; it may serve to warn inexperience ; I cannot hope that it will reclaim guilt. But from it the young statesman may learn, that even in remote times, and in small states, government was considered as a most difficult science : from it, too, the highborn libertine may see, that as the sphere which he moves in is wide and brilliant, his conduct and character are in proportion conspicuous, his vices in proportion heinous, and his follies in proportion ridiculous.



No doubt thy way thou always canst discern,  
 And men and manners thou hast not to learn: 20  
 Thou holdest virtue at its proper price,  
 Fixing thy stigma on the brow of vice.  
 But therefore cease, at every public place,  
 To show the beauties of thy form and face.  
 From all these idle practices refrain, 25  
 And take to hellebore to clear thy brain.  
 What have thy pleasures been? what is thy care?  
 A sumptuous table, and luxurious fare;  
 Of thy fine skin the whiteness to display,  
 Preserved untann'd amid the blaze of day. 30  
 But for thy mind; old Baucis at her stall,  
 Who ne'er did aught but beets and cabbage bawl,  
 Knows just as much—might place, as well as thou,  
 The statesman's laurel on her wrinkled brow.  
 None looks at home; none seeks himself to know—  
 (The only knowledge undesired below.) 36  
 But each intent regards his neighbour's mind,  
 Sees other's faults, and to his own is blind.  
 That man thou blamest; (him, whose lands extend  
 Far as a kite its longest course can bend;) 40  
 And him thou wouldst consign to every wo  
 Which gods award, or wretched mortals know;  
 Because he grudges annual presents due  
 To frugal Pales and her rustic crew;  
 Gives to his wearied hinds a scanty meal, 45  
 And dines himself upon an onion peel.  
 Lo, at thine elbow an accuser stands,  
 Who thy dark deed with foul opprobrium brands.  
 [How truly fair was bounteous Nature's plan!  
 How wisely suited to the state of man! 50  
 For him her hand had traced a flowery way;  
 Mild was her reign, and gentle was her sway:  
 But fury passions, owning no control,  
 Seized on her empire, and usurp'd the soul.  
 Then simple Nature charm'd mankind no more, 55  
 Her pleasures vanish'd, and her power was o'er:



Then, undistinguish'd, crowded on the view  
 The smiling forms her magic pencil drew:  
 Her hand then clothed the naked woods in vain,  
 Or threw the flowery mantle o'er the plain, 60  
 Gave form and order to the world below,  
 And show'd the source whence thought and being  
 flow.

Unmark'd we see succeeding seasons roll,  
 Revolving stars illumine the glowing pole;  
 Unmark'd behold the glorious sun arise, 65  
 Tinging with purple light the orient skies;  
 Unmark'd the spring, on wings of zephyrs borne,  
 Hangs the wild rose upon the scented thorn;  
 Unmark'd the cluster bends the curling vine;  
 Unmark'd the tempest rocks the mountain pine. 70  
 All-powerful habit the enchantment breaks;  
 While wonder sleeps, attention scarcely wakes;  
 Each soft indulgence blunts the edge of joy,  
 And every pleasure has, or finds alloy.

Unhappy man takes passion for his guide, 75  
 And sighs for bliss to sated sense denied;  
 Untamed desires impel the vicious mind,  
 To God, to Virtue, and to Nature blind.]  
 But dost thou hope thy crimes shall rest unknown,  
 Hid by the splendour of thy golden zone? 80

Think not that rigid Virtue frames her laws  
 In vile compliance with a mob's applause.  
 If o'er his lusts the wretch cannot prevail,  
 But in the sordid search of wealth grows pale;  
 If to our scorn he can himself expose, 85  
 In drunken riot at the midnight shows;  
 Not all the splendour of a noble name  
 Shall hide the folly, or conceal the shame.  
 Look at thyself, examine well thy mind,  
 To pride, to sloth, to luxury resign'd; 90  
 Vicious, yet weak, and arrogant, yet mean,  
 Retire, unequal to this troubled scene;  
 Live not of power the tyrant and the fool,  
 Nor scourge that empire which thou canst not rule."

## SATIRE V.

### ARGUMENT.

THIS satire may be divided into two parts with great propriety : the first contains the praises of his preceptor, Cornutus, and the regard the poet had for him, which continued till after he was grown up ; the second part contains an exhortation to young noblemen, that they would be instructed by him ; he complains of the sloth of his scholars, and persuades them to the pursuit of true liberty : here the poet treats of that paradox of the stoics, " That the wise only are free, and the fools slaves ;" he maintains that virtue is wisdom, and vice folly : this satire is deservedly esteemed the best of the six ; it is, in part, a dialogue between Persius and Cornutus.

### PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS.

*P.* POETS, whene'er they sing, do still invite  
A hundred tongues to utter what they write ;  
Whether the tragic muse the tale rehearse,  
Or deeds in arms be told in epic verse.  
*C.* But wherefore thus ? for what bombast of thine 5  
Must all these hundred tongues in concert join ?  
Let him for sounding words and fustian seek  
Who loves on themes of import high to speak ;  
Who all his sense in lofty language shrouds,  
And gropes on Helicon amid the clouds. 10  
If such there be, who loving things obscure,  
Horrors delight, and Progne's feasts allure ;  
Who sit well pleased where Glyco is the guest,  
And share the banquet for Thyestes dress'd ;  
It is not thine to brood o'er dark designs, 15  
Or utterance give to empty sounding lines.  
But thee the muses and the arts engage,  
Well taught to lash the vices of the age ;

Skill'd in smooth words keen satire to convey,  
 And faults to censure, while thou seem'st in play; 20  
 Hence know thy task, let Atreus feasts prepare,  
 Rest thou contented with plebeian fare.

P. 'Tis true, on lofty themes I seldom dwell,  
 Nor love with empty sounds my verse to swell.  
 But now, my gentle friend, while thus the hours, 25  
 While ev'n the inspiring muse herself is ours,  
 Let me my heart unfold, and there disclose  
 The generous love which for Cornutus glows.  
 A hundred voices now I dare to ask,  
 For praising thee becomes thy poet's task: 30  
 Nor think these words a flattering muse has sung;  
 They fall not varnish'd from a faithless tongue:  
 They leave my bosom to thy view reveal'd,  
 And own the secret which it long conceal'd.  
 When first, a timid youth, I knew the town, 35  
 Exchanged the purple for the virile gown,  
 The golden bulla from my neck unstrung,  
 The sacred bawble by the Lares hung,  
 From harsh restraint the first enlargement knew,  
 And crowds of parasites around me drew; 40

37 The bulla was a small ornament, or rather amulet, hung about the neck. It seems to have been used even in the remotest times, and by different nations. The Egyptians, according to Diodorus Siculus, wore round their necks images suspended to collars. The supreme judge was adorned with a golden chain, to which was attached an image of precious stones, which was the figure of truth. Ælian nearly concurs with Diodorus, only he makes the image to consist of a single sapphire. If we can believe Pignorius, the Egyptian soldiers wore beetles, sculptured in gems or stones, and tied round their necks or arms. According to Ælian the soldiers wore rings with the figure of the beetle sculptured on them. The ring here probably is put for the gem which was set in it.

The Jews, besides the urim and thummim, which formed part of the sacerdotal ornaments, and the tefilas, which were tied on the head and the hand, wore phylacteries on their breasts.

The bulla appears to have been an ornament worn by the Roman youth from very remote antiquity. Macrobius men-

When the white shield, by youthful warriors worn,  
 Through all the streets of Rome by me was borne;  
 When too the martial dress forbade reproof,  
 And kept each friendly monitor aloof:  
 At that green age, when error most beguiles, 45  
 And Vice puts on her most seductive smiles,  
 Allures from virtue unsuspecting youth,  
 And teaches folly to abandon truth;  
 To thee, Cornutus, I myself resign'd,  
 To thee intrusted my uncultured mind. 50  
 Thy gentle bosom, oh Socratic sage!  
 Proved the best refuge to my tender age:  
 Train'd by thy hand, and moulded by thy will,  
 I was thy scholar and companion still;  
 With thee I saw the summer sun arise, 55  
 With thee beheld him gild the evening skies;  
 Well pleased from feasts the twilight hours to steal,  
 And share with thee a philosophic meal.  
 On us, my friend, like fortune still awaits,  
 And stars consenting have conjoin'd our fates. 60  
 Whether by chance our lives were both begun,  
 When equal Libra had received the sun;  
 Whether our lots the twins between them share,  
 And those, who love like them, have made their care;  
 Whether malignant Saturn's clouded hour 65  
 Was cross'd for us, by Jove's prevailing power;  
 The stars I know not, which do thus combine  
 To regulate my destiny by thine.  
 Of men and manners there are various kinds,  
 And life seems still to alter with our minds; 70  
 By turns the picture renovates and fades,  
 Its colours shifting to a thousand shades:  
 No single passion rules mankind alone,  
 But each has one peculiarly his own.

tions that it was given by the elder Tarquin to his son, a boy of fourteen, who had killed a Sabine chief.

It appears from Macrobius, that in the early ages of the republic this ornament was reserved for the children of those patrician magistrates who had sat in the curule chair.

His Tuscan wares, on India's burning shores, 75  
 The merchant barter for her spicy stores.  
 Here, one in drunken stupor loves to lie :  
 Here, one prefers the chase, and one the die.  
 But when, at length, in all his aching bones,  
 The racking gout creates the chalky stones, 80  
 When all his limbs, distorted by disease,  
 Like knotted branches of misshapen trees,  
 Proclaim old age and sorrow come too soon,  
 An early evening, and a clouded noon ;  
 The pallid victim, at himself aghast, 85  
 Mourns, when too late, enjoyments that are past.  
 Thee it delights, by the nocturnal oil,  
 In learning's fair and fruitful fields to toil ;  
 To scatter round thy Cleanthean corn,  
 And youthful minds to polish and adorn. 90  
 Lay up, ye youth, and ye with age grown gray,  
 Some mental stores ere nature feel decay ;  
 Propose some purpose to the active mind,  
 Ere yet your setting sun be quite declined ;  
 Ere yet you reach that last unhappy state, 95  
 Where life stands trembling on the brink of fate ;  
 When all the prospects of this world are o'er,  
 Pleasures delight, and hope deceives no more.  
 " To-morrow we shall choose another way."  
 To-morrow passes like the former day. 100  
 " Ah, but to-morrow something shall be done,  
 We wait impatient for to-morrow's sun."  
 But still another day is like the last ;  
 The hour of promised change already past  
 See, while the victor's chariot gains the goal, 105  
 The rapid wheels on glowing axles roll ;  
 Their circling orbs impell'd with equal force,  
 With equal swiftness trace each other's course ;  
 The hinder pair pursue the first in vain,  
 Their distance keep, but no advantage gain : 110  
 So flying Time is follow'd close by you,  
 He still escaping, while you still pursue.



Let us speak out. 'Tis liberty we need :  
 Not such as wretches vaunt, from bondage freed :  
 Not such as every Publius may obtain, 115  
 Who takes his quota of divided gain,  
 Who dares the rights of citizens to claim,  
 And fix a proud prenomens to his name.  
 Besotted race ! is thus a Roman made ?  
 By this one turn are all his rights convey'd ? 120  
 Here Dama stands, a worthless, stupid slave,  
 A blear-eyed villain, and a cheating knave :  
 But let his master turn this varlet round,  
 And Marcus Dama is a Roman found.  
 Marcus is bound : your money do you grudge ? 125  
 You need not fear, 'tis Marcus sits as judge.  
 Marcus said thus. Nay, then the thing is true.  
 Marcus, the will must first be sign'd by you.  
 Oh sacred Liberty ! oh name profaned !  
 Are thus thine honours and thy rights obtain'd ? 130  
 No, 'tis not wealth which lifts the soul to thee,  
 Nor yet thy cap, which makes the wearer free !  
 " My pleasure is my law, by that I go.  
 What greater freedom did your Brutus know ?"  
 " Ah ! falsely urged," the indignant stoic cries, 135  
 (Who thinks the truly free to be the wise.)  
 " E'er since the pretor's wand hath changed my  
 doom,  
 And made the slave the citizen of Rome,  
 My will alone my passions have obey'd,  
 Save where my country and its laws forbade." 140  
 Listen ; but lay that haughty frown aside,  
 That sneer, produced by prejudice and pride ;  
 While from thy breast those noxious weeds I tear,  
 Which fools have sown, and thou hast nurtured  
 there.  
 'Tis not the pretor, nor the pretor's wand, 145  
 Which o'er itself can give the mind command,  
 Which can instruct the unreflecting fool  
 The stormy passions of his soul to rule ;



To fix the lifted eye on things sublime,  
While his swift bark glides down the stream of  
time. 150

The clown shall sooner catch the poet's fire,  
And touch with skilful hand the tuneful lyre.  
Reason condemns the unavailing toil,  
Which fondly cultivates a steril soil;  
Forbids the effort where, through want of skill, 155  
The end proposed rests unaccomplish'd still.

The laws of nature and of man declare  
That ignorance from action should forbear.  
'Tis not for you the med'cine to compose,  
To mix the hellebore, a dangerous dose; 160  
The grains to weigh, the healing art to try,  
Who know not when the balance hangs awry.

If, quitting all the labours of the plain,  
The hind shall launch his vessel on the main;  
Indignant Nereids through the deep would cry 165  
That shame had left the earth, and sought the sky.

Has art instructed thee to reason well,  
Its semblance, from the truth, at once to tell?  
On fleeting things to set their proper price,  
And mark the bounds of virtue and of vice? 170

Dost thou know when to save, and when to spend—  
A prudent master, but a generous friend?  
Canst thou unmoved another's wealth behold,  
The treasure view, nor sigh to gain the gold?  
When virtues, such as these, belong to thee, 175  
Then let propitious Jove ordain thee free.

But if beneath a new and glossy skin  
The same envenom'd serpent lurk within;  
If still thy passions do their power retain,  
I must retract, and call thee slave again. 180

Imperious reason holds despotic rule,  
And even his slightest actions mark the fool.  
In vain for him whole clouds of incense rise,  
In vain he wishes to be counted wise.  
The clown shall sooner, when soft music plays, 185  
By nimble motion catch the people's gaze,

With young Bathyllus in the group advance,  
 And lead, like him, the Graces in the dance.  
 Imagine not, while passions keep their sway,  
 That you no master but yourself obey. 190  
 What though you've knelt beneath the pretor's wand,  
 And in your turn submissive slaves command,  
 Are there not tyrants which usurp your soul,  
 Divide your bosom, and your will control?  
 But hark!—a voice: 'tis Avarice that cries, 195  
 "The day advances fast; for shame, arise!"  
 Back on his bed the drowsy sluggard falls;  
 Again he sleeps, again his tyrant calls:  
 "Arise, I say, arise!" But what to do?  
 "Wealth through the world at every risk pursue. 200  
 Bring luscious wines from Coa's fruitful shores;  
 Transport from Asia half its vaunted stores;  
 Dare the wild wastes of Afric's sterile soil:  
 Thy camels load with oriental spoil;  
 Defraud, deceive, make money if you can, 205  
 Nor think that Jove will disapprove the plan:  
 He who on earth for heaven alone shall live  
 Will know full soon how much the gods can give."  
 Awhile the voice of Avarice prevails:  
 Already in your thoughts you spread the sails; 210  
 The famed Ægean in your mind explore,  
 And brave the stormy Euxine's barbarous shore.  
 But still, as on your downy bed you lie,  
 You hear the voice of Luxury reply:  
 "Whither, oh madman! whither wouldst thou run?  
 Across what seas, beneath what sultry sun? 216  
 Is then thy bile so hot, as to require  
 Whole urns of hemlock to assuage the fire;  
 A sparing supper canst thou stoop to eat,  
 Bad wine thy beverage, and a rope thy seat? 220  
 And this, to add a trifle to thy store,  
 And swell the sum, which was enough before?  
 Ah! think, vain schemer, how the moments fly;  
 The instant now observed is time gone by.

Seize then the hour ; thy way with roses strew ; 225  
 Thy days make happy, for they must be few.  
 Enjoy the world ere yet oblivion be,  
 And dust and ashes all that rest of thee."  
 Thus in their turns your masters you obey,  
 Pursue now one, and now another way. 230  
 Between two baits have liberty to choose,  
 That you may take, and that you may refuse.  
 But think not long your freedom to retain ;  
 The dog broke loose still drags the galling chain.  
 Who has not heard the lover in the play, 235  
 In phrensy raving, to his servant say—  
 " Shall I then, Davus, long my parents' care,  
 Waste all the wealth of which they made me heir ;  
 For Chryses live the shame of all my race,  
 By them consider'd as their worst disgrace ? 240  
 Shall I on her with midnight music wait,  
 And hold late revels at a wonton's gate ?"  
 " Spoke like yourself," cries Davus, " haste, and kill  
 A lambkin to the gods, averting ill.  
 But should she weep—" " And dost thou tremble,  
     boy, 245  
 Lest her correcting slipper she employ ?"  
 He who commands himself, is only free.  
 If any wear not chains, this—this is he.  
 His freedom comes not through the pretor's hand,  
 Nor owes its being to a lictor's wand. 250  
 Are those men free who wear the chalky gown,  
 Canvass the mob, and struggle for renown,  
 That future gossips, basking in the sun,  
 May tell what feats at Flora's feasts were done ?  
 But now the troubled times of tumult pass'd, 255  
 The reign of Superstition comes at last.  
 The fatted calf, the milk-white heifer slay,  
 And feasts prepare for Herod's natal day.  
 Let colour'd lamps from every window beam,  
 Fat clouds of incense rise in oily steam, 260  
 Bright censers burn with flowery garlands crown'd,  
 And blooming violets breathe odours round.

Let hungry Jews at your rich banquets sup,  
And wines luxuriant sparkle in their cup;  
In whispers mutter the mysterious prayer,           265  
And tremble at the rites yourselves prepare.  
Now fancied evils fill you with affright,  
Omens by day, and visions in the night :  
Cybebe's shrines you visit with her priests,  
Behold their orgies, and partake their feasts ;   270  
While the blind priestess incantations makes,  
And o'er your heads the sounding sistrum shakes ;  
With direful omens all your souls alarms,  
And guards you round with amulets and charms.  
Now should you teach this doctrine to the crowd,  
Some military fool would laugh aloud           276  
At a clipp'd farthing all the sages prize,  
Whom Athens valued, and whom Greece thought  
wise.

## SATIRE VI.

### ARGUMENT.

THIS satire contains instructions concerning the true use of riches; the poet writes to his friend Cæsius Bassus, a lyric poet; inquires after his studies, and informs him of his own—that he has retired to his country house, where he is combating ambition and the desire of riches; he laughs at the absurd folly of those who live miserable all their lives, to save for an ungrateful profligate heir; the poet advises everybody to use the fortune they have with moderation, and to enjoy it with cheerfulness.

### ADDRESSED TO CÆSIUS BASSUS.

HATH the stern aspect of the winter sky  
Compell'd thee, Bassus, yet from Rome to fly;  
From crowded streets and temples to retire,  
In Sabine solitudes to string the lyre?  
Dost thou, oh wondrous artist! now rehearse,      5  
In all the majesty of Latin verse,  
How from the first great cause existence sprung,  
While brooding night o'er inert matter hung?  
Or is gay youth delighted by thy page?  
Or does thy sprightly satire rally age?      10  
For me, I seek, while distant tempests roar,  
A warm retirement on Liguria's shore,  
Where circling rocks an ample valley form,  
And Luna's port lies shelter'd from the storm.  
Thy muse, oh Ennius! sung this tranquil scene,      15  
This sea cerulean, and this sky serene.



Thy spirit now, its earthly labours o'er,  
 Lives in thy verse, and transmigrates no more.  
 No tumults here disturb my peaceful life,  
 No loud declaimers bent on public strife. 20  
 Unheedful too of winter's rage I sleep,  
 Though Auster threaten, and Aquarius weep.  
 I view my neighbour's fields, nor yet repine  
 That his estate will soon be double mine:  
 Though in his wealth I see the upstart roll, 25  
 Yet purest wine still sparkles in my bowl;  
 Though he grow rich, yet I content can sup;  
 Nor hate nor envy mingles in my cup.  
 To different men were different lots assign'd,  
 And fate still separates, whom planets join'd; 30

18 The metempsychosis, like many other metaphysical doctrines, is laughed at by some who do understand it, and by more who do not.

The transmigration of the soul was taught by the priests, and believed by the people of India, of Persia, of Chaldea, and of Egypt. This doctrine, which was first introduced into Greece by Pythagoras, was afterward adopted and perhaps refined by the Platonists. According to their sublime but fanciful philosophy, God is the source of intellectual being, and from him all other intelligences are derived. As the rays of light which illumine the earth emanate from the orb of the sun, so the spirits which animate matter have originally proceeded from the essence of God. The soul, on its first immersion into matter, loses all its energies, which it slowly and imperfectly recovers. If, in its union with matter, it becomes enamoured of its present existence, and forgets its intellectual pleasures, it continues wandering on earth, (according to the beautiful allegory of Apuleius,) rising or sinking, in the scale of being, as it is exalted by virtue or degraded by vice. At length, when the soul of a virtuous man desires to be reunited with the primary intelligence, it becomes capable of attaining a higher sphere of existence. Finally, it returns to the source whence being flows; and in this union is the ultimate happiness.

This doctrine is certainly sublime; but does it not sometimes happen that the sublime borders on the extravagant?

30 In the age of Persius the number of judicial astrologers at Rome seems more than once to have excited the indignation of



In life opposed, though at their natal hour  
 The twins ascendant shed their mutual power.  
 Here one, on festal day, prepares to dine,  
 Dips the dried olive in the salted brine ;  
 Picks up the crumb, which must not go to waste,  
 And sprinkles pepper on the mouldy paste. 36  
 Another here, no fears of want appal,  
 Spendthrift of treasures, prodigal of all.  
 For me, I spend the sum I can afford,  
 And modest plenty crowns my humble board. 40  
 As corn abounds, so measure out your grain,  
 Nor let vain fears your liberal hand restrain.  
 If now but just enough the granary yields,  
 The future harvest ripens on the fields.  
 With friends, you cry, your wealth you must di-  
 vide, 45  
 For them, when fortune frowns, you must provide.  
 Lo! where one stands, wreck'd on the Bruttian  
 coast,  
 His prayers unheeded, and his treasures lost :  
 Far floating on the surge, you may discern  
 The broken rudder and the painted stern ; 50  
 His guardian gods are toss'd by angry waves,  
 His brethren buried in their watery graves.  
 Unlock your stores, put forth your saving hand,  
 Nor let your kinsman wander on the strand :  
 To passing strangers tell his tale of wo, 55  
 And the blue picture of his shipwreck show.  
 Thus urged, you cry that your unfeeling heir  
 Will blame the deed, and curse your generous care ;

the poet, who justly reprobated a superstition by which jugglers  
 and sciolists imposed on the credulity of the people. The  
 senate had in vain decreed the expulsion of those cheats · they  
 assumed the names of Chaldæi, Genethliaci, and Mathematici,  
 and obtained the highest credit among the lower orders of the  
 Romans, who were the dupes of their impostures. Everybody  
 knows the weakness of Dryden on the subject of astrology He  
 has no note on these words of Persius.

No honours due shall at your grave be paid,  
 No prayers shall bless, no rites shall sooth your  
 shade: 60

No crowd of mourners shall attend your tomb,  
 No torches burn, no cassia round it bloom.  
 How long shall we, indignant Bestius cries,  
 Adopt the customs conquer'd Greece supplies?  
 These funeral honours render'd at the tomb, 65  
 Are strange to Italy, are new to Rome.

Time was, he adds, when, foreign climes unknown,  
 Our speech was simple, and our style our own;  
 Our frugal fare, the produce of the soil,  
 Required no dates, no pepper, and no oil. 70

Now through all ranks luxurious pleasures spread;  
 And Vice, unblushing, stands in Virtue's stead:  
 Rome's warlike genius, humbled in the dust,  
 His laurel soil'd, his armour stain'd with rust,  
 Walks in her train, assumes her spotted robe, 75  
 And sheathes that sword which had subdued the  
 globe.

In silken cords his palsied hands are bound,  
 His reverend head with folly's cap is crown'd;  
 With him the sons of revelry advance,  
 And bacchants sing, and satyrs round him dance.  
 Oh thou, my heir, whoe'er thou art, attend; 81  
 Trust not to me, nor on my wealth depend.

Lo! Cæsar triumphs on Germania's plains,  
 And binds her hardy sons with Roman chains;  
 Cæsonia shows the trophies won in war, 85  
 The regal mantle, and the gilded car:

Exulting Rome bids all her altars blaze,  
 Through all her streets proclaims the victor's praise.  
 Shall I not then, to join the festive joy,  
 Unlock my coffers, and my wealth employ? 90

Two hundred gladiators straight I'll pay,  
 To grace the shows, and celebrate the day.  
 Who blames my conduct? Do you mutter still?  
 Another word, and I have changed my will.

Away, away, I soon shall find an heir, 95  
 Though my own stock no kindred plant should bear ;  
 I'll seek Bovillæ, to Aricia go,  
 And on poor Manius all my wealth bestow.  
 "What! on a peasant, born of humble birth,  
 A wretch obscure, the progeny of earth?" 100  
 'Tis even so ; and thus I trace his line,  
 And find his origin the same with mine.  
 Ah! think, my friend, while you impatient wait,  
 And grieve that my last hour should come so late ;  
 Think, after you in life's career I ran, 105  
 And last should finish what I last began.  
 Your eyes no more their wonted fire disclose,  
 From your pale cheek is fled health's living rose :  
 Fled too the morn of life, its balmy dews,  
 Its purple light, and all its orient hues : 110  
 Can you then hope my funeral pile to raise,  
 To place the urn, or bid the torches blaze ?  
 But if, by chance, you lay me in the grave,  
 Enjoy my stores, nor ask what Tadius gave.  
 Nor let me now those selfish precepts hear 115  
 Which misers whisper in a spendthrift's ear.  
 Shall I, in times when mirth and freedom reign,  
 The joyful voice of merriment restrain ;  
 Check the gay spirits kindling with delight,  
 When social pleasures flow, and friends invite ; 120  
 On herbs, and cheek of hog, content to dine,  
 That you may own the wealth which now is mine ?  
 Here, pour the oil, nor spare the spices, boy :  
 'Time flies apace, we must the world enjoy ;  
 Nor hoard for others, who shall spend our store,  
 When life and all its joys are ours no more. 126  
 Go, miser, go, in avarice grown old,  
 Raise heaps on heaps, increase the mass of gold :  
 Go, dare the storms and terrors of the main ;  
 Brave hunger, thirst, and pawn your soul for gain :  
 As interest bids, be sure to buy or sell ; 131  
 Still as you hoard, the mighty heap shall swell ;

$\frac{1}{D}$ 

415224

L.C.-D.

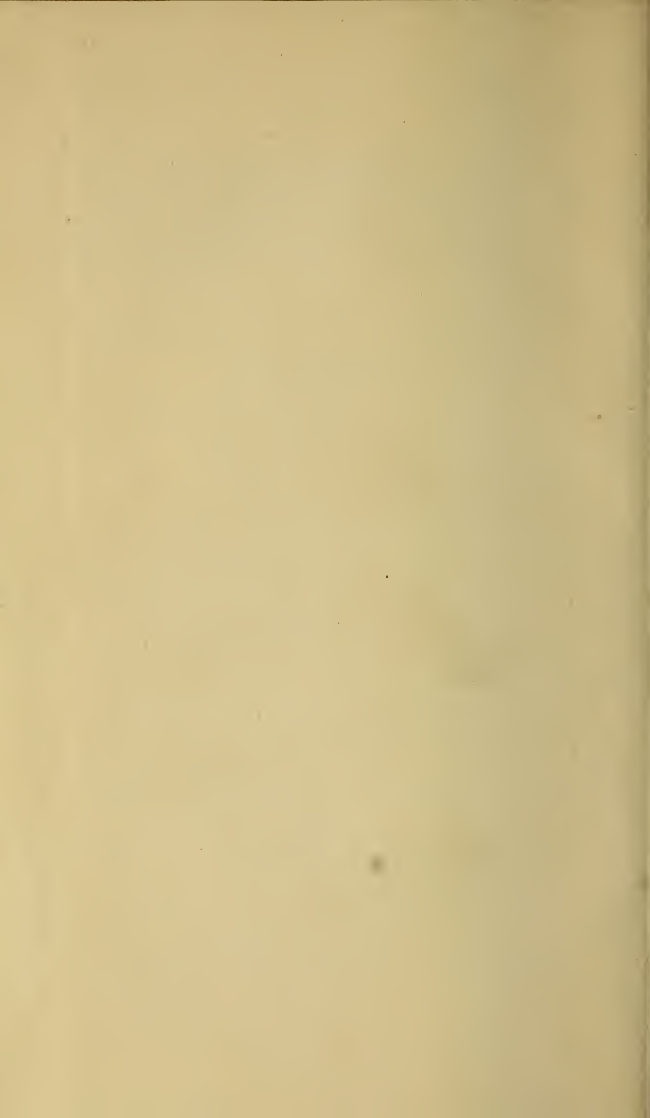
6863-54

Now twice, now thrice the sum it was before;  
 Now it is five; now it is ten times more.

Oh good Chrysippus, you who sagely found 135  
 Limits to number, and to space a bound,  
 Instruct me here, and your assistance lend,  
 That to this growing wealth I find an end!

END OF PERSIUS.

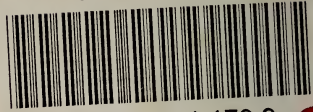








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 003 091 179 9

