











THE  
**Satires**  
OF  
**JUVENAL.**

TRANSLATED INTO  
**ENGLISH VERSE;**  
BY  
**CHARLES BADHAM, M. D.**  
WITH  
**NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.**

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Humani generis Mores tibi nosse volenti  
Sufficit.

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*Sat. xiii. L. 159.*

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## Advertisement.



I ADVANCED some considerable length in the following translation, with no design beyond the mere pleasure of the occupation ; nor was it till I had written much, that the question arose whether what I had written might merit that painful and scrupulous revision, which the thought of publication would impose. I knew that Juvenal had been already several times translated ; with what degree of success, at this period of my undertaking, I did not enquire, for

I was well persuaded that to all performances of this kind a sufficient portion of failure must of necessity adhere, to exonerate from every reasonable charge of presumption the individual, who might choose to engage anew in the undertaking: a certain share of success might still, I thought, with no disrespectful sentiments towards the labors of others, be earned by my own. In this expectation, (which survived, I confess, some acquaintance with those labors,) if I should have erred, if I have thrown away the often painful application of more than two years, (for vast indeed is the difference between the delight of composition, and the irksome penance of revision, and correction) the Critic, who gains an occupation usually, I believe, agreeable, in proportion to what he apprehends to be the failure of the work he criticises, will surely not complain; the Printer laudably employed in his vocation will not complain; and least

of all will those, if such there be, who consider me as an invader of their province.

But I have already, in some measure, explored my way: I have already been greeted as well by the encouragement of friends—*‘ἡδίστον ἀκροαμα’*—as by the sinistral croakings of those, who have unfortunately thought it necessary to be enemies: the fate of the book, which I now submit to the award of the Public, will necessarily in a few years, (and this is some consolation to those who hold the same opinions with myself concerning the craft of modern criticism) be settled independently of either.

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Part of this last sentence contemplates more immediately the circumstance of my having, two years since, printed and distributed a translation of the first Satire, which was attacked, (to be sure with as little of generalship as of good manners) in the Quarterly Review. The language in which the writer thought proper to indulge was certainly most offensive: He may now enjoy, if he likes it, the reflection that he has neither been able to suppress, nor (a year and eight months having since elapsed) in the smallest degree to precipitate the appearance of the

work, which apparently cost him so much uneasiness. To have been the subject of unprovoked insult, as well as of substantial injury, might perhaps justify me in using some freedom of expression respecting the conduct of that publication; as to the insult, however, the *ruffian* style of Criticism happily defeats its own end; and as to the injury, I leave the remedy of it to time: to be *ανηκουος λαιδοριας*, has seldom for the last 10 or 12 years been the privilege of an author.

I cannot, however, but wonder that the Critical bench has not long since revised its penal code, seeing that the *ζημια θανατου*, of which it has been so prodigal, has so marvellously failed. They have gone on for many years with this plan, often agreeably embellishing their capital punishments with a little preliminary torture, inflicted with much good will, and considerable address. The Public is almost sickened with literary impalements and crucifixions—yet offenders are more numerous than ever: *η τοινυν δεινότερον τι τουτου θεος ευρετεον εστιν, η τοδε γε ουδεν επισχει. αλλ' Η ΜΕΝ ΠΕΝΙΑ αναγκη την τολμαν παρεχουσα.—ΑΙ Δ' ΑΛΛΑΙ ΞΥΝΤΥΧΙΑΙ, οργη των ανθρωπων, ως εκαστη τις κατεχεται υπ' ανηκεστου τινος κρειττονος, εξαγουσιν εις τους κινδυνους.* Oratio Diodoti, Thucyd. L. III. c. xlviii.

If the professional Critics will take the trouble to consider the above passage, (not I think inapplicable to the practise of their very useful calling) I flatter myself they will arrive at the consolatory conclusion of the Orator: I should be indeed unwilling to think that the unproductive infliction of pain is practised for its own sake. *εστι ΠΟΛΛΗΣ ΕΥΘΕΙΑΣ, ος τις οισται της ανθρωπειας φυσικως, ορμωμενης ΠΡΟΘΥΜΩΣ τι πραξαι, αποτροπην τινα εχειν, η νομων ισχυι, η αλλω τω δεινω.*

## PREFACE.

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The art of Translation every one will allow to be full of difficulties, and the specimens of success in it to be fewer than in almost any branch of literature. Whether the subject be an Historian, an Orator, or a Poet, the difficulties of treating it are quite inconceivable till the experiment be made.—From causes inherent to the very nature of the undertaking, success cannot by any degree of attention be rendered uniform, and accordingly it is not perhaps too much to say, that there are scarcely any versions of Latin or Greek writers, certainly not of Poets, within many degrees of general excellence. The best I apprehend to be full of conspicuous failures; and, perhaps, not a few passages even of Pope's Homer may be read with little pleasure, excepting that derived from the highly finished versification, which in the works of this great Master generally consists more in the surprisingly harmonious structure, than even in the termination of his lines.

After this avowal of an opinion respecting translations in general, nobody will, I hope, apprehend that I am a stranger to the defects of my own. Setting aside the greater works of this class incorporated into the body of English poetry, mine will, I expect, be found with the rest to partake of that mixed character, which, I believe, must belong more or less to this species of writing.

The public decision concerning the merit of translated poets comes, I believe, at last to be founded on the success of the finer passages, of such as are best recollected of the original—an opinion which takes it indeed for granted that translated Poetry is most acceptable to those who are *not* unacquainted with its original; a point on which my persuasion is so strong, that I greatly doubt not only whether Juvenal, in English, can ever become a favorite, but even whether Virgil be so.

It appears to me that the pleasure derived from translations is of that kind chiefly which arises from contemplating *all successful imitation*, a pleasure of which every one is sensible, when the version recovers to his memory the faint and the nearly forgotten traces of the original. I am pretty certain too, that on this subject all the preceding translators of Juvenal have been of my way of thinking, (otherwise to what purpose the well-marshalled approbation and seductive notes, in which they take the reader aside to agitate critical ques-



tions, or to display their reading in citations from authors more difficult than Juvenal himself?) and I still incline to believe that ‘*one John Dryden, an obscure poet of the seventeenth century,*’ as little expected, as the facetious person who cites him would have a right to expect, (supposing he had engaged in the same labor,) to be read or to be admired by the *generality* of the reading part of his countrymen.

As to the degree of closeness to which I should adhere in my translation, the manner of its commencement, (which I have mentioned,) excluded at the outset any particular rule. Whatever principles I have adopted, presented themselves as I went on, and guided me more in *correction* than in *composition*. I apprehend indeed, that no canons of this nature can well be laid down in translating poetry, or would have any chance of being acted upon, if they were.<sup>1</sup> It must happen, at one time, the closest version will be also the most spirited, at another the reverse. Yet it will probably be seen, that I have on the whole judged strictness of interpretation to consist to a greater degree with the other objects which a translator proposes to himself, than is usually thought; and, accordingly, I have

<sup>1</sup> The very interesting and able volume on the ‘*Principles of Translation,*’ will assist much more in judging of the merits of this species of composition, than in the conduct of it.

comprised the whole work in a much smaller number of lines than has hitherto been done.

But although I have endeavoured not to lose sight of this principle in general, I have never scrupled to abandon it, wherever the exigency of the case seemed so to require. I have also been scrupulous not to use any liberties with the author, excepting such as are sanctioned by general practice, and are for the most part unavoidable; such as an occasional expansion of the original thought, or the introduction of an expletive line, chiefly with a view to make the transitions less abrupt, the connection of subjects more clear. As to disputed passages, it has been my practice to adopt what I considered to be the easiest sense they would bear.

In compiling a set of notes for this work, my difficulties were not few. Many subjects formerly very fit for investigation are now well understood; common place learning is more general, and the readers of the classics are wisely more indifferent to the notes and digressions, of which the quantity seems to recommend certain editions to some purchasers.<sup>1</sup> Some of my own labors in this way will

<sup>1</sup> The manner, in which the commentators sometimes follow each other, may be compared not ill-naturedly to a custom said to obtain among the Arabians, who when they wish to lead a file of camels through *deep* water, select a quadruped remarkable for its length of ears, and for that species of courage which arises from insensibility to danger, to head the caravan—to such a guide the camels willingly commit themselves!

appear, I doubt not, a little erratic ; but what was to be done? If I had always written on the very same points as others, there are good natured persons who would have made this circumstance an objection, as depriving my work of the only chance of novelty. Readers, who are unaccustomed to the marches and countermarches of the modern school of illustration, may now and then be surprised, but I can only say, that it was in my power, strictly within precedent, if not within rule, to have alarmed them more. If I have detained them with an account of the fires of Rome, from which Umbricius, more fortunate, made his escape, they will pardon me, I hope, in consideration of my general forbearance.

Lastly, on the subject of my versification, I beg to say, that while strength has been more particularly my object, I am yet painfully conscious that a number of feeble and unsightly lines have escaped expulsion; but the labor of correcting is endless, and it became a duty to fix an arbitrary and impassable limit to further solicitude on this subject. If my book should ever be reprinted, I shall not fail to improve my opportunity ; but, for the present, I feel myself compelled to pause. I am not, indeed, *now* conscious of pushing my labors on the world with an indecent haste, or without a due regard for that good taste which is so much diffused through society. Yet I could still employ many additional

hours, if they were afforded to me, in rendering this volumeless unworthy of the favor for which it is a candidate. But my experience of the changes and chances of human life, and more than one painful interruption, which has thrown aside the manuscript for months, seem to justify me in thus avoiding any longer delay in publication, and, at the same time, warn me to quit pursuits, to which inclination has perhaps too powerfully solicited, for other cares which constitute the proper business of my life.

CONCERNING THE

**Life and Writings**

OF

**JUVENAL.**

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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 events and the meagre authority of dates and consulships, 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 proper and more favorite objects of the muse, if they do not conciliate the regard and earn the applause of their own age, have at least none of those qualities, which alarm jealousy

or stimulate revenge. Far otherwise is it with the historian of a turbulent, or the satirist of a corrupt, period of society, who, 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, every word, and entered into every allusion, and when many or most of the characters exposed in them were familiar to the streets of Rome.

Notwithstanding all these considerations, 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, which (not to dwell on his calling himself an old man in one of the satires, nor on the Epigram of Martial addressed to him in the reign of Trajan,) there is good reason to think he did; he must necessarily have seen the Roman empire under a great variety of masters (Emperors were then often short lived), and have witnessed the enormities of its capital through the successive reigns of Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, as well as those of Vespasian, Titus, Do-

mitian, Nerva, and Trajan,

———— Noverat ille  
Luxuriam Imperii veterem, Noctesque Neronis.

It may well, then, be a matter of surprise and of some perplexity in his history, that a character, so intrepid, should have lived, as he is said to have done, till middle age before he wrote at all ; that he should pass over the horrible excesses of the reign of Nero, to expose more particularly those of Domitian's ; and that (with the exception of a line of reproach to Otho's memory for carrying a looking-glass to the camp) he should not have devoted a single passage in any of his satires to the memory of some of the most atrocious characters, that ever disgraced a throne !

Juvenal must have been 27 years of age, when Nero met with his well merited reward : it is true that the satirist has bestowed on the memory of this prince some just compliments and very natural reflections. True also that he has touched on his penchant for the treasures of his subjects, (Sat. x. 15.) and for the persons of their sons, (x. 309.) and farther true that the advantages, which the youth of Rome derived during his reign from being scrofulous and deformed,

———— Utero pariter gibboque tumentes,

are very distinctly placed to his account: nor has he ungratefully omitted to commemorate the opportunity, which this valiant prince afforded to his nobility of displaying their courage, in fighting with wild beasts, with Gladiators, or with one another, on the Arena—But still, the wreath which he fixes on the brow of Nero wants the freshness of the garland, which he has woven for Domitian; and though he makes very merry with poor Claudius and his mushroom (v. 147. vi. 115. xiv. 330.), yet we hear nothing (perhaps Juvenal was then too young to notice them) of the atrocities of his reign, nor of those which disgraced the brief government of the detestable Vitellius. To the memory of Galba he seems to have been partial; (ii. 104,) To Nerva and Trajan he never alludes, unless the beginning of the seventh satire, which has been claimed for each of them, belong to either.

In none, however, of these or similar passages, does he decidedly speak like a man who had lived in the times alluded to: he seems, indeed, to have studiously misled us, inasmuch as all that he has any where said of any of the emperors might consist with their having lived a century before him, and no light whatever with regard to his 'own life or circumstances is afforded by any of the satires, in which allusions occur to those earlier reigns, under which he must necessarily have lived. We



must, therefore, be content with the very meagre information, That Juvenal, the greatest satirist of any age, was born in the small town of Aquinum, during the reign of Claudius, and died in advanced life, most likely under that of Adrian, but how or where, is utterly unknown.

Only one specific event of his life is well established; namely, his visit to Egypt under Domitian, which is recorded by Suidas, and alluded to by himself (Sat. xv. throughout). This visit is commonly supposed to have been involuntary, and 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, again, have thought that Juvenal travelled to Egypt for improvement. This country had indeed been frequented on such motives, but it was in more distant times, and in a much earlier stage of human knowledge. The ancient fame of Egypt now lay buried with the ruins of Thebes, and the dilapidated statue of Memnon; nor is it in the least probable that this country could any longer invite the investigation of a polished people, who justly held the people of the Nile as a race of infatuated savages. I think it therefore most probable that Juvenal

went thither at the cost of the state, '*Irati histriionis exul*,' which is the common opinion.

Nothing whatever is known of his family, except that he was the son of a rich freedman, who gave him a liberal education, and bred him to the bar. The biographer adds, '*incertum filius an alumnus*.'

This fact, if it is a fact, is extraordinary, as he speaks with invariable scorn of the '*Liberti*,' and the advancement of their children, and dwells with peculiar pride on the honor of being a Roman citizen; indeed, the value he places on this distinction is so conspicuous and general, that it may well outweigh the assertion of an unknown writer of his life, the authority of whose materials we are not able to decide.

That Juvenal was never married we may fairly infer from his sixth satire; or else, that he was married unfortunately.

Among his contemporaries 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; of Juvenal, who, whether he denounces the grosser vices, or exposes folly and hypocrisy; whether he delights to enlarge upon the simplicity of former times, or probes 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* ; who, far from being a frigid declaimer against vice, betrays every-where the resolute and indignant spirit of his own Lucilius, and the animation of a sincere friend to virtue. That he enlarged on disgusting topics, only with a view (however liable to exception) to make their turpitude so palpable and shocking, as to cover those who were addicted to them with confusion, is but a fair and charitable explanation, which, in contemplation of his general character and design, we are bound, I think, to accept. We are moreover to recollect, in discussing offences against delicacy, that ~~this~~ is not like some of the higher virtues, referable to an immutable standard in all ages and countries, but a state of feeling ever fluctuating, destitute of fixed limitation, and merely that, which shocks the general sense of our own times. The ~~manner~~ of *his* age must therefore be taken into the account, in reference to a freedom of expression which would be intolerable to *ours*. Sometimes, indeed, it might be, and in the most offensive passage in all his works, it will occur to every one, that it *was* from design that our poet had recourse to peculiar coarseness of expression. How successfully ! for is it possible that any other sentiment than that of abhorrence and disgust can ever have been suggested by it ? It really appears to me, that the great Satirist was so sensibly alive to the interests of virtue,

as to be not only offended by crime, but shocked by impropriety. I have no doubt, that to his mind, the indecorous dress of the magistrate, 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 an highly important, although a self-assumed office, in holding up to his countrymen incessantly 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 both directly and indirectly 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 beautifully 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.'

He was a true philosopher, without the fetters of a system, or the pride of making proselytes. His

own religious views were eminently superior, and though, like the sage, '*dulci vicinus Hymetto*,' he would not perhaps have shocked the prejudices of his country, by refusing to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius, his own notions of the divine government were better worthy of times just beginning to dawn, perhaps unconsciously derived from them, and such as would have in all probability made him a willing disciple of the great preacher who was then calling the Pagan world from the altars of an unknown God.

The merits of Juvenal as a writer of satire are such and so great, that he leaves all others of this class at a distance.

Less sportive than Horace, he was an equal master of all the intricacies of the human heart, though, unlike to the bard of Venusium, who diverted himself with the weaknesses, he applied himself to correct the wickedness, of human nature. Never so much himself as when he assumes the tone of indignation, apostrophises the virtuous founders of the republic, or pours down his 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, indeed, 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 passages of much tenderness and sensibility. The severe, however, and the awful, are plainly the leading features of his muse, 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 mostly from the very nature of satire; for here, as well as in the Comedy of the Antients, a variety of local institutions, and traits of antient usage, very imperfectly known, must necessarily render the study of these writings far more difficult, and less interesting than of those productions, which speak not the local and confined idiom of the manners, but the universal language of the passions of mankind.

There is no Latin author who has been so often and so variously translated as Juvenal. A prose translation of a poet would indeed appear to be a great absurdity, yet there are no less than three of these bald and insipid performances in English. Even for the purpose of facilitating an acquaintance with their originals, poetical versions are far to be preferred, as they endeavour to unite something of the stile and the beauties of an author with his meaning. Such versions also seem to avoid the objection of doing every thing for the learner without his own labor, for while they cannot in any

degree supersede the necessity of application, they supply a clue, which, by putting the student in possession of the general scope of his author, must necessarily economise his time.

There is one prose version, however, of Juvenal which seems to require a more respectful mention, and which is in some esteem both on account of the general fidelity of the interpretation, and of the notes which are annexed to it. I mean that of Mr. Dusaulx in the French language.

The translations of Holyday and of Stapylton, would not suffer much injustice in being classed with the former, for of poetry they are very completely destitute. That of Holyday will, however, always maintain its claims to attention from the very full explanatory apparatus annexed to each satire. But Dryden has sufficiently exposed the strange fancy of rendering the Latin into the same number of English lines. The peculiar merit, indeed, of the original, that brevity, which ‘after retrenching whatever is superfluous, includes the principal thought, in a precise and vigorous expression,’<sup>1</sup> ought certainly to be the main object in the view of a translator, but it is plainly not to be obtained after the manner in which Holyday intended to succeed. The great danger to which a

<sup>1</sup> Gibbon.

translator of Juvenal is exposed, is, no doubt, that of feebleness and redundancy, but it is not thus to be avoided.

Of the version called Dryden's, but a small part was executed by himself: he had the assistance of seven hands, all very unequal to his own, some very unworthy of such a confederacy. The part, 3rd, 6th, 10th, and 16th, were by himself, two were executed by Tate, two by Charles Dryden. Of the remainder, one fell to the share respectively of Duke, Bowles, Stepney, Harvey, Long, Power, and Creech. The character even of his own parts of the performance is, I think, unequal to Dryden's reputation, and very far inferior to his Persius, which is remarkably spirited, and well merits the complimentary Prologue of Congreve. There are interspersed, indeed, throughout, *redeeming* passages of great brilliancy, but these scintillæ sometimes render the neighbouring darkness only more observable.

One of his best passages is the following translation of the well known and beautifully descriptive lines beginning

*In vallem Egeriæ descendimus, Sat. iii. l.*

Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,  
I, and my sullen, discontented friend!



The marble caves, and aqueducts we view,  
 But how adulterate now and different from the true !  
 How much more beauteous had the fountain been,  
 Embellish'd with her first created green,  
 Where crystal streams through living turf had run,  
 Contented with an urn of native stone.

Yet in the same satire occurs the following vile paraphrase, in the very worst taste of the times :

The greasy gown, sully'd with often turning,  
 Gives a good hint to say the man's in mourning ;  
 Or if the shoe be ript or patches *put*,  
 He's wounded, see the plaster on his foot.

Mr. Tate has translated the second satire with an accuracy, the want of adherence to which we should have more than pardoned.

The fourth is indifferently rendered by Mr. Duke, but does not deserve to be singled out as the worst of the performance.

The fifth is not ill translated, as to faithfulness, by Mr. Bowles.

In the sixth we again recognise the hand of the great master, who seems here to have written *προθύμως*.

The seventh satire is by C. Dryden, the whole of it, well, and parts of it excellently done. The passages, respecting Tongilius and Quintilian, are very successful.

Stepney, who in the eighth satire, makes the  
race horse

‘ Print with his hoofs his conquest in the dust ;’

unmercifully consigns an inferior animal of the  
species

To turn a mill or drag a loaded life  
Beneath two panniers and *a baker's wife* !

Of Mr. Harvey, who undertook the ninth (and  
whom I can by no means agree to consider as the  
best of the associates) I remark that he made  
the most filthy passages, till then probably in  
existence, more foul, and the obscenities more ob-  
scene.

We are now arrived at the tenth satire, con-  
cerning which, every thing is interesting. Here  
Dryden often deserts the original, and indulges  
throughout in great latitude of interpretation, yet  
finer lines than may be extracted from this poem  
are of no common occurrence :

The cloven helm, the arch of victory,  
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,  
And sighing casts a mournful look below !

And again,

Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,  
 And heave below the gaudy monument,  
 Would crack the marble titles and disperse  
 The characters of all the lying verse.  
 For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall  
 In Time's abyss, the common grave of all.

Or still more beautifully,

Griefs always green, a household still in tears,  
 Sad pomps: a threshold throng'd with daily biers,  
 And liveries of black for length of years. }

It is seldom that the *triplet*, which makes such a conspicuous figure in this translation throughout, comprises three such good lines—indeed, as employed by these translators, it is usually a deformity.

Priam falling at the altar is made with some quaintness, but still with much beauty,

‘ A Soldier half, and half a sacrifice.’

If in these passages, and a great many single lines, such as

‘ With sores and sicknesses beleaguer'd round ’

‘ The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door,’

\* \* \* \* \*

we recognise the pen of Dryden, it seems on the other hand unworthy of the great poet, to

say of Xerxes that he 'had not a mighty penny-worth of his prayer;' of Nile that he 'was *tired* of carrying his waters so far;' or of Hannibal's picture, 'that it did not deserve *a frame*.'

The eleventh satire was the work of Congreve; it is loosely interpreted, and the obscene passages (as usual in this translation) improved. Indeed it is plain throughout, that the translators have indemnified themselves for the necessity of suppressing *words* by dilating *ideas*; and that they have accordingly made it more inflammatory than the original.

The twelfth satire is Mr. Power's, I know not who would desire to rob him of the credit of it. If it has a good line it is the last:

'Nor ever *be*, nor ever *find* a friend.'

Mr. Creech has done great injustice, and injury too, to the 13th, by slurring over the fine passages with which it abounds, and by foisting in dull common places about Damocles and Phaeton. He has conspicuously failed in the highly finished picture of the self-inflicted torments of the guilty towards the conclusion of the piece.

The younger Dryden translated the fourteenth, and Mr. Tate the fifteenth, satires. The former has nothing worthy of particular remark. Tate's is

spirited enough, and upon the whole it is to him I should assign the second place of merit.

— ornatur lauro collega secundâ.

In this brief review of the different translators of the Roman satirist, it would be wrong to omit the mention of John Oldham, the contemporary and friend of Dryden : he was the first who attempted to accommodate Juvenal in a free paraphrase, to modern times, and made the third and thirteenth satires the subjects of his attempt. In some lines inscribed to his memory by Dryden, he pronounces upon his merits with the partiality of friendship in terms which posterity has certainly not ratified :

For sure our souls were near allied, and thine  
Cast in the *same poetic mould with mine*.

In his Preface, Oldham says, ‘ I resolved to alter the scene from Rome to London, and to make use of English names of men, places, and customs, where the parallel would decently permit.’ So that he set the example which Johnson so much improved upon : his versification, however, is rough, his parallels obscure, unhappy, and he is often very deficient in spirit.

As Fate would hav’t on the appointed day  
Of parting time, I met him on the way

Hard by *Mile End*, the place so fam'd of late  
 In prose and verse for the *great faction's treat* :  
 Here we stood still, *and after compliments*  
*Of course*, and wishing him good journey hence,  
 I ask'd what sudden causes made him fly  
 The once-lov'd town and his dear company.

Such is the figure which *Umbritius* makes under the hands of *Oldham*. With much absurdity, he transfers the squabble for seats in the theatre, to the *church*.

Turn out there, friend, cries one at church, *the pew*  
 Is not for such mean scoundrel curs as you.

*Quando in consilio est ædilibus &c.* assumes the following strange phraseology :

What man of sense that's poor, e'er summon'd is  
 Among the *common council* to advise ?  
 At *vestry* consults when does *he* appear  
 For choosing of some parish officer,  
 Or making *leathern buckets for the choir* ?

}

So much for parallels and Mr. John Oldham. By which, of all the processes which blind our Judgment, or modify our sincerity in the expression of it,<sup>1</sup> could Dryden have been influenced, when he so complimented—not *the man*, but *his memory* ?

I have seen a volume of much later date, in which all the satires of Juvenal are tortured in this

way. Supposing materials to exist for such illustration, it were far easier to work those materials into original composition. Two conditions are evidently wanting for success in this perilous undertaking. 1st, Instances sufficiently *close* to those of the original to afford pleasure by that resemblance. 2dly, Instances sufficiently *familiar*. Johnson was in this respect particularly happy, nor is it unlikely that to the fortunate parallelism of his two prominent characters to those of Juvenal, we owe his admirable satire on the vanity of human wishes. In his paraphrase of the thirteenth satire, Oldham adopted instances *then* perhaps, (at least some of them) fresh in memory, but not calculated to strike posterity.

*Confer et hos veteris, &c. Sat. xiii. 147.*

Compare the villains who cut throats for bread,	}
Or houses fire, of late a gainful trade,	
By which our city was in ashes laid.	
Compare the sacrilegious burglary	
From which no place can sanctuary be—	
Which rifles churches of communion plate,	
Which good King Edward's days did dedicate.	
Think, who durst steal St. Alban's font of brass,	
That christen'd half the royal Scottish race.—	
Who stole the chalices at Chichester,	
In which themselves received the day before—	
Or that bold daring hand, of fresh renown,	
Who scorning common booty, took a crown.	

Compare too, if you please, the horrid plot  
 With all the perjuries to make it out,  
 Or make it nothing, for the last three years.—  
 Add to it Thynne's and Godfrey's murderers ;  
 And if these seem but slight and trivial things,  
 Add those that have, and would have murder'd kings.

Thus far, in remarking on the productions of more distant times, I have incurred no risque of offence. With those of a more recent date, it is not for me to interfere—

Escaping, therefore, from all such perils, and commending my work to the indulgence of the reader, I deliver it into his hands in the words of D'Alembert: “ I should think myself happy in ob-  
 “ taining the suffrage of a small number of persons,  
 “ who, by their knowledge of the Nature of the two  
 “ languages, the genius of the original, and the true  
 “ principles of translating, are capable of estimating  
 “ the pains I have taken. With respect to those who  
 “ only believe they are, I have nothing to expect or  
 “ to demand from them.

“ The only favor I wish to receive from those  
 “ whom I acknowledge to be true Judges is, not to  
 “ confine themselves to the discovery of my faults,  
 “ but to offer me at the same time the means of cor-  
 “ recting them. Of all the injuries translators have  
 “ a right to resent, many of which I have already re-  
 “ marked, the principal is the manner in which they  
 “ have been accustomed to be censured. I dont



“ speak of those silly, vague, false criticisms, which  
 “ deserve no attention; I speak of censure that is not  
 “ without grounds, and equitable in appearance. Yet  
 “ even this, I say, in subjects of translation, is not  
 “ warrantable. We may judge of a *free* work with-  
 “ out reserve, and content ourselves with exposing  
 “ its faults in a just criticism, because the author was  
 “ master of his plan, of what he ought to say, and  
 “ the manner of saying it; but the translator is in a  
 “ state of constraint on all sides; obliged to advance  
 “ in a narrow and slippery path, not of his own choos-  
 “ ing, and sometimes to throw himself on one side  
 “ to escape a precipice; so that, to criticise upon  
 “ him with justice, it is not sufficient to show he  
 “ has committed a fault, he must be convinced  
 “ that he could have done better, or as well, with-  
 “ out so doing: In vain will it be to reproach him,  
 “ that his translation wants a rigorous justness, if  
 “ it cannot be proved, that he could preserve this  
 “ justness without ceasing to be agreeable; in vain  
 “ will it be to pretend, that he has not given the  
 “ full idea of his author, unless it can be shown,  
 “ that this was possible, without rendering the copy  
 “ feeble and languid; in vain will it be to accuse  
 “ his translation of harshness, if another is not sub-  
 “ stituted in its stead, more natural and forcible.  
 “ To correct the mistakes of an author is *merit* in  
 “ a common critic, but is a *duty* in the censor of  
 “ a translation.

“ It is not to be wondered at then, if, in this  
“ kind of writing, as in all others, good critics  
“ should be as scarce as good compositions. And  
“ why should it be so? Satire is so very con-  
“ venient! The generality are lavish of it to show  
“ their acuteness. ’Tis true learning alone that  
“ gives us a security, I will not say for being  
“ esteemed, but I will say, for being read.”

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## Argument.

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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 all the scheme of society by the infraction of the decencies of life ; treacherous guardians, informers, poisoners ; together with an universal prevalence of servility, prodigality, gluttony, desertion of dependents, &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 any thing like unity is preserved.

It will save much trouble to the reader, and for this at least I am secure of his gratitude, to present him with a List of Persons and Places at the commencement of each Satire, leaving the Notes to miscellaneous matter. In drawing up these *Dramatis Personæ*, I shall devote but a line or two to each, reserving for a longer annotation any individual of whom it seems desirable to hear something more.

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## PERSONS AND PLACES MENTIONED IN THE SATIRE.

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### PERSONS.

*CODRUS*, a bad poet, perhaps the same mentioned in the third satire.

*Fronto (Julius)*, a Roman Nobleman, who patronized the poetasters of the day; often mentioned by Martial.

*Lucilius*. See the note.

*Sylla*, the celebrated Dictator of Rome, and the first author of cruelties and proscriptions, improved upon 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, and he recovered them by the flourishing practice of an informer.

*Carus (Mettius)*, a noted Informer. See Tacitus, Hist. IV. 50.

*Bebius Massa*, another, and a worse : ‘optimo cuique exitiosus.’ Tacit.

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

*Thymele*; whether his wife or not, is uncertain. A lady certainly who was much devoted to him.

*Marius*. See the note.

*Locusta*, a woman, who prepared poisons in Rome; and whom, when Agrippina determined to take off Claudius, she consulted ‘de genere veneni.’ ‘Deligitur artifex talium vocabulo Locusta, nuper veneficii damnata et diu inter instrumenta regni habita.’ Tacitus.

*Pallas*, a freedman of Claudius, and his great favorite. To whom, (at the representation of the Emperor of his great merit in discovering the intermarriage of Roman women with slaves) the Senate voted a large sum of money, and the thanks of the public. ‘Quod regibus Arcadiæ ortus veterrimam nobilitatem usui publico post-poneret, seque inter ministros principis haberi sineret?’—Claudius replied: ‘Contentum honore Pallantem intra priorem paupertatem subsistere!’—A very amusing farce, mutually understood by the performers!

*Tigellinus*. See the note.

*Mævia, Proculeius, Gillo, Cluvienus, Corvinus*—unknown.

---

## PLACES.

*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. The capital of Gallia Lugdunensis.

*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. 1. 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 Ariminum, through Etruria.



## Satire I.

---

THAT Theseid still! and is there no resource?  
Shall Codrus, with diurnal ravings hoarse,

V. 1. *That Theseid still!* The hardships of attending poetical recitations had become by this time so considerable, that the great men of Rome were in a manner compelled, on pain of being thought indifferent to letters, to open their houses for the reception of the poets' audience; and by their own attendance, and that of their dependents, to assist in forming it. See Pliny's Epistles and Sat. VII. Not a few, however, would look for gratuities of a more solid kind; and, as the cost of satisfying such expectations would by no means add to the attractions of these reading parties, it was certainly no ill thought of Maculonus (Satire VII.) to pay them back in their own paper currency;

*Ipse facit versus.*

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 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.*

Shall whining elegies my peace invade,  
 And plays—that never, never can be play'd?  
 Shall Telephus, my life's perpetual curse, 5  
 Pass, unrequited with a single verse?  
 Or huge Orestes, where, (alarming sight!)  
 On no fair margin of reviving white  
 The eye can rest, but ink and blackness all,  
 One maze perplext—one complicated scrawl! 10  
 The grove of Mars—the caves, where loudly roar,  
 Grim Vulcan's forges on Catania's shore,

The pieces here mentioned were, it seems, intended for the theatre. More productions of this class, it is probable, have failed, than of any other, both in ancient and in modern times. Yet, however justly Juvenal might quarrel with the abuse of the practice of recitation, the *Æneid* was, in all probability, by its means, equally with the *Theseid*, made known to the exulting country (*oranti patriæ*) of its immortal author; of whom, on such an occasion, he might have said, with something less of hyperbole than of Statius,

*Fregit subsellia versu.*

V. 11. *The grove of Mars.* The mythological fables mentioned in the succeeding lines give occasion to remark the happy vein of ridicule with which Juvenal touches upon such subjects, and which he delights to introduce as if conscious of his talent for playing them off to advantage. It is one of his peculiar excellencies, as indirect and quite unlooked-for strokes of satire are others.

The cracking of the marble columns by the concussion of so many voices (*adsiduo lectore*) is well imagined; and the verbal irony conveyed in the word *pellicula* must not be overlooked, though it cannot be translated—*Vellus* would have left the fleece in possession of all its consequence.

My very old and tried good friends are these——  
 What winds are stirring, from the whispering breeze  
 Up to the wintry blast that sweeps the sky ; 15  
 What ghosts are scourged by Æacus—and why ;  
 From shores of Colchis, how in days of old  
 A daring robber filch'd the fleece of gold ;  
 How warring Centaurs just like pebbles fling  
 Uprooted oaks—are tales which hundreds sing : }  
 Tales which in Fronto's groves for ever ring !  
 Which split the columns of his sounding halls ;  
 And to their basis shake the marble walls !  
 On themes like these your expectations rest,  
 Dear to the worst of poets, and the best.

WE, too, were once at school, and threw away  
 Much good advice on Sylla every day, 26  
 By us assur'd, in private would he keep,  
 'Twas certain he'd enjoy much sounder sleep.  
 While bards thus swarm, vain clemency it were,  
 Paper, so sure to perish, still to spare ! 30

V. 23. *We, too, were once at school.* '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 favorite one. Thus Hannibal is made the curse of the Roman school-master with excellent effect in *Sat. VII.*

Yet where Th'Auruncan erst with sounding thong  
Lash'd his fleet coursers at full speed along,  
Why of THAT plain the perils I pursue,  
(Happy might I partake its glories too)  
First let me tell—when to the marriage rite 35  
The powerless eunuch fears not to invite ;  
When Mævia courts the onset of the boar,  
And loves to hear the stricken monster roar ;

V. 31. *Yet where Th'Auruncan.* Concerning the merits of Lucilius (who was born 147 years A. C. at Sinuessa, and who composed 36 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 favorable 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.

When he, by whom my earliest beard was mown,  
 Could challenge senates with his wealth alone ; 40  
 From Nile,—aye from Canopus—when a slave,  
 Crispinus, comes the sneers of Rome to brave,  
 Recovering as he goes, with awkward air,  
 The purple robe he knows not how to wear,

V. 43. *Recovering as he goes.* I believe I have given this affair of the robe correctly, although the phrase '*humero revocante Lacernas*' has perplexed the commentators. I conceive that the Egyptian merely *wore his robe awkwardly and suffered it to slip from his shoulders*, (this perhaps on account of the heat which made him loosen the latchet or cord that confined it) and hence that he was obliged '*revocare*' to recover it as he walked along.—In what manner he cooled his hand or his rings, none, I suppose, will venture to decide, but the traits are so personal, that on the first publication of this satire, the individual meant would be known in an instant—the same verb *ventilo* recurs in another sense in Satire iii. '*Cursu ventilat ignem*' blows up the fuel (in the chaffing dish) by running. The refrigeration of the hand of Crispinus was, I am inclined to think, performed by his own lungs, and can fancy I see him engaged by turns in the double operations described above—both of them fit subjects for caricature.

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 a shoe twice as the same ring. For more concerning

Or blows his reeking fingers, all beset 45  
 With summer rings, the lightest he could get—  
 Thus for the scourge while vice or folly cries,  
 To write, and NOT write satire, might surprise.

For who so well to crimes hath steel'd his breast,  
 That he can bid the rising passion rest, 50  
 When past him glides the splendid palanquin,  
 Where cushion'd Matho at his ease is seen ?  
 Or his, whose whisper slew a wealthy friend,  
 Whose venom shall to swift destruction send  
 All that remains, tho' small the remnant be, 55  
 Of Rome's retrench'd and maim'd nobility !  
 Whom Carus bribes, whom Massa trembling views,  
 Whom with a female friend, Latinus woos !  
 When some the claims of more than kindred earn  
 By great deservings !—they whose fortunes turn 60  
 (Thy fondest hopes laid prostrate in the dust)  
 On some old Beldam's execrable lust !  
 With nice discernment of each favorite's skill,  
 She writes, kind dame ! her equitable will :  
 His well-earn'd tythe stout Proculeius gains, 65  
 The rest repays athletic Gillo's pains,  
 And cost of blood.—The wretch that did not see,  
 Until he felt the snake, less pale than he :

rings for different seasons, see Pliny Hist. Nat. 33. 1. The passage about the rings might be more literally rendered

Or blows his hand, with the Gem's ampler mold  
 Unfit to cope—which sweats with Summer Gold.

Or they that to Lugdunum must repair  
And try their doubtful skill in rhetoric there.      70

O! what emotions in my bosom strive,  
When I behold the throngs that rudely drive  
Thro' passive crowds some scoundrel's path to clear,  
Rich with the spoils of orphans in the rear?  
When Marius, sentenc'd by a vote inane,      75  
(For what is infamy if wealth remain?)

V. 69. *Or they that to Lugdunum.* Caligula, as Suetonius informs us, instituted games at Lyons; the competitors were exercised in Greek and Roman declamation. It remained to the vanquished to place a wreath on the brow of their successful rivals, and to pronounce a panegyric upon their merits, while those, whose written compositions were disapproved, had to expunge them with their tongues, or to be merged in the Rhone.

Dusaulx would explain the confusion of the speaker on other grounds; that Lyons, being a very flourishing place, the rendezvous of the deputies of Gaul, much frequented by the Romans on commercial adventures, and abounding with orators (*Facunda Gallia*) of its own—it would require no small share of confidence to rise in such an assembly.—But why should Juvenal go so far out of his way for this figure?—Roman assemblies were much more august—the other must be the right interpretation.

V. 75. *When Marius.* 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 favor of *select* Judges (such they indeed were, since the historian Tacitus



ENJOYS the wrath of Heaven, and drinks e'en  
more

And better wine in exile than before !

Go, conquering province, and lament the cost  
Of thy successful cause—far better lost !—— 80

Shall not Venusium's lamp be well employ'd  
On deeds like these ? or shall we still be cloy'd  
With tales of Labyrinths where monsters low,  
To Diomed for thrice-told stories go ;  
Still shall Herculean toils the poet deem, 85  
And wings of wax, his most auspicious theme ?

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 venality 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 deeply interesting account of the trial, which lasted three days, and of which the issue was, that Marius was condemned to 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.

V. 86. *And wings of wax.* Vid. 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.*



When her vile Lord, th'adulterer's wealth to gain,  
 (From which obtrusive laws the wife restrain)  
 Will scan on proper hints, the roof, the floor,  
 Doze at his cups, with wakeful nostril snore ;      90  
 When HE gets high command, whom stalls bereft  
 Of all the Lands his frugal sires had left ;

V. 91. *When he gets high command.* The Romans were as much addicted to the pleasures of the stable and of the course as ourselves—so indeed were the Greeks.—In the 'Clouds' of Aristophanes, there is a scene in which this propensity is very happily ridiculed. Old Strepsiades is introduced lamenting the distresses to which his son's stable attachments perpetually expose him ; the son, asleep in the back ground, proving by abrupt exclamations that he is still *dreaming* of horses.

ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ' οὐ δυναμαὶ δειλαιοῦς εὐδῆιν δακνομενός  
 ὑπο τῆς δαπανῆς καὶ τῆς φατνῆς, καὶ τῶν χρεῶν  
 δια τούτωνι τὸν υἱόν· ὁ δὲ κομῆν ἐχών,  
 Ἴππαζεται τε καὶ ξυνωρικεுவεται,  
 Ονειροπολεῖ θ' ἵππους.

———*Puer Automedon nam lora tenebat, &c.*

This passage has a difficulty which has long exercised the commentators. Automedon was the charioteer of Achilles. Fuscus (if he were the person intended) was the charioteer of Nero. Probably therefore, *ipse* is the emperor, the implied representative of Achilles. This opinion appears to be very just, and it well interprets the lines as allusive to the indecencies of which Nero was guilty in the affair of his favorite Sporus.

Thus Juvenal has ironically given the name of one of the heroes of the Iliad (in the 4th Satire) to Domitian—*Itur ad Atridem*. And of another (in the 10th) to Tiberius—*victus ne pœnas exigit Ajax*. This seems to be a similar passage.

Whose well-match'd steeds on the Flaminian way  
 This new Automedon would oft display—  
 Whose skilful hand th'Imperial car would guide, 95  
 While its base Master woo'd his Monster-Bride !

Might not the tablets now in ev'ry street  
 Be fill'd with horrors, when some wretch we meet  
 Aping of soft Mæcenas every air,  
 Borne by six slaves and swung in open chair ; 100  
 To whom a few short lines, authentic made  
 By a stol'n seal, th' inheritance convey'd——  
 Some well-born Matron, ready to infuse  
 The toad's rank venom in Calenū's juice,

V. 100. *Borne by six slaves.* 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, *sella gestatoria*, 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 '*sextâ cervice.*' There must have been a seat in the litter, when its occupant did not chuse to recline. In the 3rd. Satire, the rich man so carried reads or writes in his progress through the streets.

V. 102. *From a stol'n seal.* '*Gemmâ udâ.*' 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 14th Sat. we meet with the sard '*loculis quæ custoditur eburnis.*' Whereas the common signet was worn on the hand---every body has heard of the frog of Mæcenas.

V. 104. *The toad's rank venom.* Of Locusta we shall hear

And hold herself the cup, with torment stor'd, 105  
To cool the thirst of her confiding Lord !

again. She was consulted by the affectionate wife of Claudius about the cooking of the mushroom,

*Post quem nil amplius edit.*

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 these very times, from Nero to Vespasian) are far otherwise. Aëtius describes two kinds of this reptile, 1. κωφος η αθογγος; 2. φωνητικος. The latter was probably the frog, as well from the epithet, as that he ascribes deleterious powers only to the former. Would the reader wish to know the symptoms which follow such a draught as that mentioned in the text? I transcribe them from the Alexipharmaca of Dioscorides, επιφερειν οιδηματα σωματος (a common effect of poison) μετα ωχροτητος επιτεταμενης· δυσπνοειν και δυσωδια οδωδεναι το στομα, και λυγμος αυτοις επεται, ενιοτε δε και σπερματος απροαιρετος εκκρισις (this last is a symptom which sometimes attends hydrophobia); 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

With deeper skill than sage Locusta fraught,  
 Her simple friends how often has she taught  
 To carry forth the livid husband's bier,  
 Nor mind the muttering crowd—nor seem to hear!  
 So wouldst thou prosper?—merit first the jail; 111  
 Let Gyaræ her worthless subject hail;

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; he is told that he may be poisoned *εν οινοις σκληροις, η ζωμοις, η εν γλυκει, η εν μελικρατω, η εν χυλοις, η φακω, η αλφιτοις*. 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 flavors of sweet, sour, or saline; to drink slowly and circumspectly *προσεχων τη ποιοτητι*, attending to the quality. Antidotes are recommended in profusion, all perhaps of as much use as the *Λημνια σφραγισ*, the Terra Lemnia, (red clay) which appears in the list.

Mention is also made under this head, of the compound celebrated by Juvenal, Mithridate:

———*Pentica ter victi medicamina Regis.*

V. 112. *Let Gyaræ her worthless, &c.* 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 color of a

For probity amidst applauses pines  
 And gains ten thousand friends—but never dines. 114  
 Feasts, villas, lawns, the high-wrought vase of gold,  
 With goats emboss'd, to crimes, to crimes are sold!

small 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 (*Sculosque frequentes Exulibus magnis*, *Sat. xiii. 245*). 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. (see Whitby, Preface to St. John's Gospel.) The two succeeding lines are another attempt (none can succeed fully with such a passage) to render the '*Probitas laudatur et alget*' of the original,

*For Probity, while all the world commends,  
 Shudders, and starves—amidst her thousand friends.*

V. 116. The goat was carved or engraved on cups, as the great enemy to vines. The well known lines of Ovid, '*Rode, caper vitem,*' &c. derived from a well known Greek epigram on the same subject, afford a further illustration.

Κην με φαγῆς ἐπὶ ῥίζαν, ὅμως ἐπὶ καρποφορήσω  
 ὅσον ἐπισπείσαι σοι, τραγέ, θυομένω.

As the goat was the great vine-destroyer, the sacrifice of him to Bacchus was well judged, and the connection of this festival of Bacchus with the name and origin of tragedy is known to every one.

Who, who can sleep, when from the husband's side  
 His own vile father lures the venal bride,  
 When infamous espousals blast the sight  
 On which insulted Nature's curses light, 120  
 When boy-gallants,—O should the Muse deny, }  
 Mere indignation shall the verse supply }  
 Such verse as Cluvienus writes—or I!

Down from that moment when Deucalion spread  
 His hasty sails, and to the mountain fled, 125  
 There breath'd awhile, 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, 130  
 His wishes, fears, resentments, hopes, and joys.

And when did vice so flourish and abound,  
 Or lust of Gold, since Time's eternal round ?  
 When did such dire infatuation fly  
 To the swift Mischief of the falling die ? 135  
 Few now for purses care, or lost or won,  
 Made by a throw, or by a throw undone,  
 They stake the chest !—see how each valiant knight  
 Snatches his arms, impatient for the fight :

V. 138. *They stake the chest.*

*Prælia quanta illic dispensatore videbis  
 Armigero—*

I had translated this passage in the sense that the steward or person who took care of the chest got into quarrels from his unwillingness to pay his master's losses—against this sense

O is it mere and simple madness, say, 140  
 To lose ten thousand sesterces at play,  
 And then attempt by paltry arts to save  
 The cheap coarse garment of your shudd'ring slave?

which former translators have adopted, Dusaulx successfully argues, and at his representation I have rendered the passage anew by the adoption indeed of a more modern similitude. The Armiger or Squire on these occasions seems to have been, as he says, '*L'Esclave qui fournissoit les Dez*' like the marker at a billiard room—not the steward of the gambler.

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 honor 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.*'

V. 141. *To lose ten thousand.* Sestertius, Sestertium. These were the terms made use of in common computation. A sestertius is computed at  $1d. \frac{3}{4}$ ; a denarius,  $7d. \frac{3}{4}$ ; a ses-



What sire such villas rais'd, or e'er was known,  
 Before seven covers to recline alone : 145  
 While at the Gates a pittance mean and small  
 Awaits the mob of Gowns—yet not for all ;  
 Each face is scrutiniz'd—(for rogues might claim  
 The purse of farthings in a spurious name.)  
 ' Known you'll be help'd'—they summon one by  
     one, 150  
 Of Troy's high lineage every genuine son,  
 For daily alms content with us to run !  
 ' Sir, I'm the Prætor'—' I'm the Tribune'—' how !'  
 Cries some bold freedman—' by the gods I vow,  
 ' I came before ye both :—nor need I fear 155  
 ' To keep my right (altho' through either ear  
 ' The day-light shine, and palpably proclaim  
 ' That hither from Euphrates' banks I came)  
 ' While five good rents the blest 'Four Hundred'  
     bring  
 ' And deck my finger with th' Equestrian ring ? 160

tertium, which is the name of a sum, not of a coin, (like our pound) contained 1000 sestertii or 8*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.*  $\frac{2}{4}$ .

V. 159. *While five good rents.* 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. The census of the Senators was double that of the Equites ; their



‘ What splendid Privilege can Purple shew,  
 ‘ And a whole Senate’s honors, I would know,  
 ‘ If near Laurentum proud Corvinus keep,  
 ‘ For daily hire, a stranger’s flock of sheep?  
 ‘ Pallas, the Licini had less than we’—— 165  
 Enough! enough! ye tribunes, bend the knee,  
 And wait with patience and humility!  
 O wealth, the day is thine! let honor bow  
 Its sacred head to all thy minions now,  
 To slaves grown arrogant, who sought an home, 170  
 With feet unshod, in hospitable Rome!  
 And long it is since none at Rome deny  
 To own of wealth the full divinity,  
 Tho’ to that power pernicious we behold  
 No altar yet, no temple rais’d to Gold. 175  
 Yet Peace, and Faith and Victory maintain  
 Their proper ritual and their separate fane,  
 As Concord once—where storks, which none molest,  
 Now in the ruins rear the clattering nest!

distinction was a gold ring; their privilege, a separate place in the theatre, fourteen rows being set apart for their accommodation: Sat. XIV. 324. *effice summam bis septem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis*. The slave, when made free, was called *libertus*, or *libertinus*; the *former* by his master (*meus libertus*); the *latter*, as here, when the object of discourse.—For these terms we have but the one awkward compound, freed-man.

V. 178. *As concord once*. Another passage of some difficulty. Juvenal has no expletive or unmeaning terms. The nest here mentioned is generally given to the Stork; does

If beggar'd nobles are reduc'd to count 180  
 The daily pension's annual amount,  
 Robb'd of his right how shall the poor man fare,  
 Where get him clothing, shoes and fuel where?  
 In close wedg'd ranks the crowded litters join,  
 To take the compromise of paltry coin : 185  
 Pregnant, or sick, at hazard of her life,  
 This goes the daily circuit with his wife :  
 Another follows with an empty chair,  
 Receives his own, and claims his lady's share :  
 ' My Galla, Sir,—she's ' there in the sedan, 190  
 ' And I'm in haste to-day—what ails the man ?'  
 ' Bid her look out'—' My friend, you surely jest,  
 ' I left her sleeping—break a lady's rest !'  
 Our every hour its proper care demands,  
 The Dole—the Forum, where Apollo stands— 195

not Juvenal make the bird build there to intimate the desertion of that temple, and that it was allowed to fall into ruins ? A similar word had been used by Ovid in relation to the Stork,

*Ipsa sibi plaudat crepitante Ciconia rostro,*

and an ingenious friend remarks to me, in the structure of the Stork's bill, the propriety of its application. That structure is such as to produce a noise, not ill expressed by the epithet of clattering, which, at his suggestion, I have adopted in the translation.

V. 195. *The Forum.* The forum was the place of all public business, and thither was the great man still attended by such clients as he could contrive to keep about him at

Where (not ungrateful) Rome has rais'd on high  
Triumphal Forms in marble majesty ;  
Where some Egyptian—some I know not who,  
Some Arabarch—must plant his image too !—  
A spot select than which, in all the street      200  
For nature's urgent calls were none more meet!  
Long as he may, the famish'd client waits,  
Then turns reluctant from the churlish gates  
By hopes no more sustain'd ; the wretched man  
Must get him scraps and fuel as he can ;      205  
Meanwhile his patron eats whate'er the field,  
Whate'er the woods, whate'er the ocean, yield :  
Before one table at his ease reclines,  
And 'midst a score of empty couches dines,  
Without one guest, tho' many an Orb be there, 210  
Of vast circumference and materials rare.  
None now shall play the parasite at least,  
But O the meanness of a great man's feast !  
Gods ! shall one throat for pleasures of its own  
Provide whole boars—for banquets meant alone ?  
But see, indignant fate her mission sends      216  
And marks her man, as to the bath he tends

small expense.—Juvenal seldom suffers any corrupt foreigner, *never* an Egyptian, to pass without a remark. The Roman tables mentioned a few lines lower were circular (*orbes*) and constituted an article of the greatest ostentation and luxury in these times. Juvenal will here best illustrate himself, refer to *Sat. xi. 123.*

With peacock gorg'd—there bids him gasp for  
breath

In one short struggle with convulsive death!  
News with applause by angry friends receiv'd, 220  
None grieves for him, for none who ever griev'd.

Morals like ours defy posterity!—

Worse than their Sires, the sons can never be,  
To wish our wishes, all we did, to do,  
And of our crimes to follow all the clue, 225  
Is left to them—go then and spread thy sail,  
And fill its bosom with no changeling gale.

All this is well, methinks I hear you say,  
But whence thy genius for the subject, pray;  
Of ancient times that stern simplicity, 230  
Of spirit dauntless and of utterance free?  
'Tho' Mutius take offence, I little care,'  
True, but if Tigellinus—O beware

V. 233. *True, but if Tigellinus.* 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 favor. 'Validior indies Tigellinus; et malas artes, quibus solis pollebat, gratiores ratus si principem societate scelerum obstringebat.' (Tacit. Ann.) The same author relates a smart repartee addressed to this dangerous favorite. Nero having dismissed his wife Octavia on a charge of sterility, had married the infamous Poppæa. The latter, desirous to ruin Octavia beyond recovery, imputes to her an illicit amour with a slave. Tigellinus cross-ques-

Lest it be yours that hapless band to join,  
Who writhe in tortures 'midst the blazing pine ; 235

tions the servants, and endeavours to extort something from them to criminate their mistress : one of them promptly replies to his interrogatories, ' *Castiora esse muliebria Octaviæ, quam os ejus.*' The line above that, which occasioned this note,

*Quid refert an dictis ignoscatur Mutius an non ?*

is by some interpreters of Juvenal given to that part of the dialogue sustained by his friend. There is far more of spirit, if it is read as the exclamation of the Satirist.

The death of Tigellinus is worth transcribing : *Inter stupra concubinarum, et oscula, et deformes moras, sectis novacula faucibus, infamem vitam fœdavit, etiam exitu sero et inhonesto.* Tacit. Hist. I. 72.

The remainder of this passage has been a favorite subject for contention.—The interpretation of the line,

*Et latum media sulcum diducit arena,*

which I have adopted, is that of Scaliger. 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 have carried his villainy 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, (*Vetustissimæ Religionis*, is the expression of Tacitus) were reduced to ashes. The use to be made of this was

With throats transfix'd, who trickle as they stand,  
 And form deep furrows in the crimson'd sand ;  
 ' What then shall he, who mingled Aconite  
 ' For his three uncles, still insult our sight ?  
 ' Sunk in soft down, shall he in sovereign state'—  
 Peace! peace! and rush not on thy certain fate : 241  
 Let him but point and say two words, ' the Man—'  
 Thy doom is fix'd, be wise and change thy plan ;  
 O bid the Muse to themes more harmless turn,  
 And tell the tale of Hylas and his urn ; 245  
 Æneas, Turnus—none their quarrel harms,  
 None shall vow vengeance where none feel alarms.  
 But when Lucilius with intrepid hand,  
 Bares the bright terrors of his gleaming brand ;  
 How the warm current mantles in the cheek, 250  
 And sins reveal'd in burning blushes speak !

obvious ; and we all know the effects of religious bigotry.  
 ' They quit our temples for new Gods, and next they burn  
 them.'

As to the Sulcus being occasioned by the liquefaction of the victims, I think it indeed probable the passage should be so understood—but on the supposition of a strong hyperbole. By the road side were the places of interment of the Romans, which accounts for the monumental formulæ, *SISTE VIATOR*. That no burials took place within the walls of the city must have arisen from other causes than those which a modern reader, familiar with that odious practice, might suppose. Ashes are ever harmless. I conceive the custom, therefore, to resolve itself into a compliment to the memory of the deceased, rather than an act of self-protection on the part of the living.

The bosom heaves with agony supprest,  
 And chilling damps bedew the laboring breast ;  
 Then comes the burst of rage !—O friend, beware,  
 Before you sound the trumpet for the war ; 255  
 The helmet on, thou canst no more decline,  
 Now, be the perils of the combat thine !

Be then *their* patience tried, whose bones decay  
 Beneath the Latin and Flaminian way.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE. Two citations follow, both about rivers, extremely opposite in their kinds of merit, but alike serving to show to what a degree objects only moderately interesting are capable of embellishment, by the poet's art. *Æschylus* must take precedence of Mr. Gray.

———*Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum  
 Vulcani.*

———ρίζαισιν Αιτναιαῖς ὑπο  
 κορυφαῖς δ' ἐν ἀκραις ἡμενος μυδροκυττει  
 Ἡφαιστός, ἐνθεν ἐκραγῆσονται ποτε  
 ποταμοὶ πυρὸς δαπτόντες ἀγρῖαις γναθοῖς  
 τῆς καλλικαρποῦ Σικελίας λευρὰς γυας.

*Aut Lugdunensem Rhetor, &c.*

*Confluence of the Rhone and the Saone at Lyons.*

“Two people of tempers extremely unlike think fit to join hands here, and make a little party to travel to the Mediterranean in company. The lady comes gliding along through the fruitful plains of Burgundy *incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis in utram partem fluit judicare non possit*; the gentleman runs, all rough and roaring, down from the mountains of Switzerland to meet her, and with all her soft airs she likes him never the worse; she goes through the city in state, and he passes *incog.* without the walls, but waits for her a little below.” *Mason's Gray*, v. i. 197.

## Argument.

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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 rites 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 *expire 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, (Brunk. Anthol. v. 1.) and he will judge whether there was occasion for such a Satire as this.



## PERSONS AND PLACES

### MENTIONED IN THE SATIRE.

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#### PERSONS.

*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, U. C. 621. The object of the Agrarian law was, that none of the Nobles should possess above 500 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 Prætor of Sicily who has had the honor 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 abortive drugs herself and her child.

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

*Tædia*, *Chuvia*, *Flora*, *Catulla*, either feigned names or unknown.

*Hippo*, the same.

*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 3d Satire, as too little even for the bed of Codrus.

*Cotytto*, δαίμων φορτικός. Dea nefandæ libidinis, 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.

*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.

## Satire II.

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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.  
Egregious Dunces!—though in moulded clay   5  
Hheads of Chrysippus every Hall display :

V. 5. *Egregious Dunces, though &c. Plena omnia Gypso.* The mineral substance called Gypsum, for which I have substituted Clay, was well known to the ancients, (see Dr. Kidd's Mineral. 1, 69, and the passages there cited,) and this line of Juvenal shows that Busts were made of it, as at present with Plaister of Paris. Their manner of doing which could not well be any other than the modern one, from moulds: as this Earth does not become plastic when mixed with water, but in a few seconds concretes into a hard lump, nothing could be less fit for the hand of the modeller. This last property is particularly mentioned by Theophrastus in connection indeed with another which gives some ambiguity to the passage. βρεχουσι δε παραχρημα προς την χρεϊαν· εαν μικρον προτερον, ταχυ πηγνυται και ουκ εστι διελθειν αμα. Yet he adds that it is the best of all earths for making Images,

(For he becomes at once a sage with these,  
 Who buys up every Pittacus he sees,  
 And bids his friends admire the known antique,  
 Cleanthes' bronze, or Plato's marble cheek !) 10  
 Trust not the Face ; lewdness in solemn guise  
 In ev'ry street for ever meets the eyes :  
 Dost thou at vice thus raise the hue and cry,  
 The foulest of the foul Socratic sty ?  
 That frame compact, those limbs with bristles sewn,  
 Promise, indeed, a mind of manly tone, [15  
 But e'en the Surgeon smiles, when call'd to cure  
 Foul ails which such Philosophers endure !  
 Of speech most rare, with brows of monstrous size,  
 Forth go the sons of Lewdness in disguise : 20  
 Why Peribomius' self disgusts me less,  
 Whose every step betrays Licentiousness :  
 Sins on the face inscribed without dispute,  
 To cruel Fate I'm ready to impute ;

*γλισχροτητι, και λειοτητι*, which terms, as they would hardly apply, except to a substance capable of being wrought by the hand, are not easily reconcileable either with our knowledge of the mineral in question, or with the preceding lines of the passage.

V. 14. *The foulest of the foul, &c.* To suppose that by the words *Socraticos Cinædos* any reflections were intended on the character of one who seems to have been the most enlightened and virtuous man of all antiquity, would be equally unnecessary and injurious. These terms are placed in opposition to each other ; these wretches consummately depraved and abandoned as they were *Socratised*.

Ingenuous Vice may some Compassion move, 25  
 And Pity feel, though Principle reprove.  
 Far, far more hateful the pretending crew,  
 Who lash the crimes they love and practise too.  
 ‘Thee, Sextus, thee, so forward and so bold,’  
 Varillus cries, ‘must I with dread behold?’ 30  
 ‘No, let the white man taunt the Negro still,  
 ‘The strait deride the crooked, if they will ;  
 ‘But Gracchus roaring Treason who shall bear,  
 ‘Who would not mingle Ocean, Earth, and Air,  
 ‘A Thief, when honest Verres can’t abide, 35  
 ‘And Milo must be shock’d at Homicide ?  
 ‘If Clodius ’gainst adultery declaim,  
 ‘If Catiline denounce his comrade’s name,  
 ‘And his three Pupils at those acts inveigh,  
 ‘Which Sylla used with more reserve than they?’ 40  
 Just such a censor HE, who unappall’d  
 By his own full charg’d conscience, loudly call’d  
 For laws forgotten and those stern decrees  
 Which leave not Mars and Venus quite at ease,  
 When Julia, by abortives long employ’d, 45  
 Had of her teeming womb the fruit destroy’d,

V. 41. *Just such a censor he.* That is, such a censor was Domitian, who, after debauching his own niece and destroying her by the use of abortives, 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. Suetonius vita Domit. 22. The force of the original in this as in a thousand passages defies adequate translation. “*Patruo similes effunderet offas.*”

A soft and half form'd mass, where one might  
trace

'The first rude features of her Uncle's face!—

The veriest wretch SUCH Censors must disdain,

And when he feels the fang will bite again. 50

One of this scowling school would often roar,

Sleep'st thou, O Julian law, to wake no more?

Laronia heard, and sneering thus began :

' Hail, happy times, which boast so grave a man !

' Yes! stand thou forth, Shame shall once more arise,

' See Rome's third Cato fallen from the skies ! [55

' 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?—

' Yet hark ye, friend, if thus in love with fame, 60

V. 52. *Sleep'st thou, O Julian law.* This law was enacted by Augustus to check the progress of adultery. Of the Scantinian, which Laronia desires to see revived, the title is sufficient, *De Venere nefanda*.

V. 59. *Pray were it fair.* The Perfume which thus attracts the attention of Laronia is called Opobalsam, the same apparently as the balm of Gilead—not indeed like that which is now sometimes met with under the name, but such as Pliny describes, *Suavitatis eximiae*, which flowed from the bark of a very rare shrub of Palestine. Its juice (σπογ) was absorbed by little pieces of wool, and so highly valued, that Pompey displayed one of the shrubs from which it is obtained among the rarest ornaments of a triumph. The shrub itself perished as early as the 7th century, according to the authority of Arculf, cited by the latest traveller in Palestine, Chateaubriand. What we call Balm of Gilead could never have been esteemed a perfume.

- ‘ If ancient laws and edicts be thy taste,  
‘ Get the Scantinian first of all replac’d—  
‘ Go, scrutinise of Men the virtues rare,  
‘ Much need they, by report, thy tender care  
‘ Tho’ knit in closest bands with shields conjoin’d,  
‘ Number, its own defence, will ever find, [65  
‘ Link’d in the strictest friendship are the base ;  
‘ Yet crimes like yours shall none in women trace ;  
‘ For Cluvia, Tædia breathes no amorous sighs,  
‘ Nor sees unhallow’d fires, in Flora’s eyes ; 70  
‘ Hispo, alike to either vice inur’d,  
‘ Grows pale with crimes or practis’d or endur’d.  
‘ No litigations claim our vacant hours,  
‘ Your forums echo to no brawls of ours :  
‘ Some few I own, but they are only few, 75  
‘ In the Athletic toil contend with you :  
‘ Ye the spun fleece in baskets put away,  
‘ Proud of the labors of th’ inglorious day !  
‘ Arachne’s self at your success would pine,  
‘ Ne’er drew Penelope a thread so fine ! 80  
‘ ’Tis well ! go on, and share your noble toil  
‘ With every sordid wench ‘ in durance vile !’  
    ‘ Why to his Freedman Hister will’d alone  
‘ His wealth entire, throughout the town is known ;  
‘ Nor less, why the same Hister in his life, 85  
‘ Lavish’d large gifts on his enduring wife.  
‘ She shall be rich, who, to all feeling dead,  
‘ All morals lost, will make a third in bed.  
‘ Marry, and hold thy tongue, and many a ring,  
‘ And many a Gem shall well-judg’d silence bring. 90



‘ What! midst such crimes shall Woman, Woman still  
‘ Bear all reproach, and be abus’d at will?  
‘ Censure, alas! for us no mercy knows,  
‘ Severe to Doves—compassionate to Crows.’

A tale of truth she sang, the sages fled, 95  
For well Laronia had their morals read;  
But, Creticus, what shall not others do,  
When robes of gauze are thus assum’d by you?  
Canst thou, good Magistrate! in Garb so rare  
To cite our Proclas or Pollineas dare? 100  
‘ Notorious these! not e’en Fabulla more’—  
Condemn them—whip Carfinias by the score;  
Yet shalt thou find, convicted tho’ they be,  
Those strumpets clad with greater decency. [105  
‘ But July burns,’—strip then and naked plead;  
Stark mad they’ll think thee, and excuse the deed.  
Shalt thou thus rob’d pronounce the grave discourse,  
Expound the laws, or with stern tone enforce,  
While thy victorious countrymen draw near  
Smarting with recent wounds the speech to hear?  
Or yon rude peasant from the mountains come, [110  
Who left his plough awhile, to gaze at Rome!  
What must we still be silent and behold  
Our awful judge, whom cobweb robes enfold?  
Judge, did I say? Why it might move our spleen  
If such attire were on a Witness seen—— [115  
These films transparent, Creticus, on you  
Each vain excess appointed to subdue!  
Wide has contagion spread this fatal stain  
On Roman morals,— and shall spread again. 120

Thus in the fields one mangy hog is known  
 To taint the herd with foulness like his own ;  
 And thus the sunless Grape, by shadows vext,  
 Absorbs its blushing color from the next.  
 Disgraceful garb ! but thou shalt quickly try 125  
 Some new opprobrium of a deeper die,  
 And aid the well-establish'd truth to teach,  
 NONE AT ONE PLUNGE THE DEPTHS OF BASE-  
 NESS REACH.  
 Ere long, the monstrous troop thou shalt have  
 join'd  
 Where each, with garlands on his brows entwin'd,  
 To hear her suppliant the Good Goddess moves [130  
 With the swine's udder, and the cup she loves.  
 Of whose perverted rites the priests demure  
 Far from the threshold drive the sex impure.  
 For Males alone the smoking Altars rise— 135  
 Hence, Sex profane ! be gone ! the herald cries ;  
 Be these our shrines approach'd by males alone ;  
 Here shall no trumpets sound, by women blown.

V. 123. *And thus the sunless Grape.* A vulgar opinion founded on the unequal manner in which black grapes acquire their color, the more exposed ripening first ; which had passed into a proverb recorded by Suidas *βοτρυς πρὸς βοτρῦν πεπαι-  
 νεται.*

V. 127. *And aid the well established, &c.* Thus Racine,

*Ainsi que la vertu, le crime a ses degrés*

*Et jamais on n'a vu la timide Innocence*

*Passer subitement a l'extrême Licence.*

*Un jour seul ne fait point d'un Mortel vertueux*

*Un perfide assassin, un lâche incestueux.*

(By midnight torch display'd such orgies lewd  
 Her Baptæ wrought—and tir'd Cotytto view'd.)  
 Some with fine pencil, steep'd in sooty dye, [140  
 Extend the brow, or tinge the trembling eye ;

V. 141. *Some with fine pencil, &c.* The painting of the eye, or eye-lash, which seems at first sight impossible, is an Oriental custom which continues to this day ; so that any change in the punctuation of the passage is needless. The manner of doing it among the Turks is described by Shaw and Russel. The coloring matter they use is the sulphuret of Antimony ; some of this is made to adhere to a small smooth wire of two inches long, upon which they close the eye-lids, and then draw it through so as to leave the color on their edges ; it is therefore in fact the staining the inner edge of the eye-lid which is the object of the practice. Hence the art is called by Varro, *Calliblepharon*. Chateaubriand has the following passage which affords a farther illustration. “The women of Athens appear to me smaller and less handsome than those of the Morea : their practice of painting the *orbit of the eyes blue* and the ends of the fingers red is disagreeable to a stranger.” In the addenda to the volumes of *Ruperti* I find cited the work of a German author, *Bottiger*, who quotes something from *Galen* *περι των οσημεραι στιμμιζομενων γυναικων*, but these lines are written in a place where to consult *Galen* is impossible. A learned and an entertaining note may be read on this subject, on a passage in ‘*Vatliék an Arabian Tale*,’ where it is well remarked that the *βλεφαρων ιτυν κελαινην* of *Anacreon* is completely explained by this practice ; and perhaps too the Homeric *ελικωπις*. ‘They color the inside of their eye-lashes, some with a mixture of Antimony and oil called in Turkish *Surmeh* ; some with the Soot made of the smoke from the gum of *Labdanum*, and they throw a powder into the corners

Some for a cup a glass Priapus hold,  
 Or bind huge tresses in their cawls of gold ;  
 Soft napless cloths of tints cœrulean wear,      145<sup>d</sup>  
 While servants, by their master's 'Juno' swear :  
 By others see the polish'd mirror borne,  
 In tented fields by gentlest Otho worn,  
 On which the Pathic General fondly gaz'd,  
 Then bade the signal for the fight be rais'd!      150

of the eye to add to its brilliancy.' Hobhouse's *Albania*. I. 497.

V. 145. *Soft napless cloths. Cœrulea indutus scutulata aut Galbana rasa.* Our knowledge of the Arts among the ancients is too limited to explain with accuracy their technical terms. The commentators make *scutulata* to mean a shield-like figure in the texture of the stuff (like the Meshes of a net.)—*Rasa* without hair or wool on the surface—*Galbana*, the color of Galbanum; which last interpretation I much doubt. "After all, the Latin words for colors are very puzzling, for not to mention *purpura*, which is evidently applied to three different colors at least, scarlet, porphyry and what we call purple, that is amethyst—the chapter of Aulus Gellius appears to create more difficulties than it removes. I can conceive that a Poet might call a Horse *viridis*; though I should think the term rather forced." *Letters between Fox and Wakefield*. p. 34.

The interpretation of *scutulata* is warranted by a passage in Pliny, L. viii. 48. who says also that the use of the *Toga rasa* was not older than Augustus. This obscure writer has a chapter on colors, in which Galbanum is not mentioned.

V. 147. *By others see the polish'd mirror.* 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

A Mirror—Annalists ! the fact record,  
Display'd, when civil broils unsheath'd the sword,

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.

Of luxurious habits which would have ruined a Prince, and wholly destitute of fortune to support them, the consequences to such a mind were natural; '*compositis rebus nulla spes, omne in turbido consilium*:' he projects therefore or consents to the murder of Galba, gets himself proclaimed Emperor, acts without discretion in the war which he was instantly obliged to undertake against Vitellius, and commits suicide when his affairs were far from irretrievable, having been master of the Roman Empire but 95 days, and at the age of 38. In the camp Otho assumes a character quite the reverse of that which he had borne in the city. We find him the Idol of the Soldiers, whose devotion to him continues as great as ever, even after his defeat at Bebricum, where indeed, had he taken the advice of his Generals, he never would have risked a battle; amidst his disasters these steady adherents assemble round their chief, and console him with the declaration '*ipsos extrema passuros ausurosque*,' '*neque*,' adds the Historian, '*erat adulatio*.'

It is now that he begins to justify the observation of Tacitus, '*non erat Othonis mollis et corpori similis animus*.' It evidently appears that he did not think his own fortunes desperate; he had no fears of the defection of his army; a considerable part of it had not been engaged at all, and was ready for the renewal of hostilities: Vespasian who command-

Amidst a General's baggage!—well, the name  
Of GENERAL, Galba's murderer became!

ed the armies of Judæa had declared in his favor ; Reinforcements were marching to join him from Pannonia, Mœsia, and Dalmatia. Yet with all these advantages, we find him waving every consideration of personal aggrandisement, and holding the sacrifice of his own life, (on which he instantly resolves) of no account when placed against the horrors of a civil war. In the prosecution of this design he shows much greatness of mind, and philosophical composure. He takes an affectionate farewell of his soldiers and officers, but (not even in such moments forgetting the General) summons them according to their rank, and makes deliberate provision for their departure, takes care to burn all letters which shew attachment to himself, and disaffection to Vitellius. He gives money, but still it is with discretion, '*Parce nec ut periturus,*' and tells his Nephew to be of good courage, since Vitellius will recollect that his Uncle died not in desperate fortunes. '*Sed poscente prælium exercitu.*' He then retires, to revolve in quiet his last cares—is interrupted by a noise—finds some of his friends impeded in their departure by the Soldiers ; restores peace, and retires a second time. It were injurious to give the remainder of this pathetic scene, which is circumstantially described as well by Dio, as by Tacitus, in other language than that of the Roman Historian.

'*Vesperascente die, situm haustu gelidæ aquæ sedavit : tum, allatis pugionibus duobus, quum utramque pertentasset, alterum capiti subdidit et explorato jam profectos amicos, noctem quietam et, ut adfirmant, non in somnem egit. Luce prima in ferrum pectore incubuit—ad gemitum morientis ingressi Liberti. Tulere corpus prætoris cohortes cum laudibus et lacrymis, vultus manusque ejus exosculantes—quidam militum juxta rogum interfecere se caritate principis—Othoni*

Such Implements beseeem the Chieftain rare ; 155  
 Well may his skin deserve a Patriot's care !  
 With store of bland perfumes behold him come,  
 E'en to thy blood-stain'd field, Bebriacum !  
 The ease of Palaces in camps to seek,  
 And wrap in moisten'd meal his tender cheek, 160  
 Which e'en Assyria's clime had never seen  
 At the soft toilet of her Huntress Queen,  
 Which Cleopatra's self had held in scorn,  
 Erst in that mournful bark at Actium borne !

Here of foul Cybele the licence reigns, 165  
 Nor shame, nor reverence of the board restrains ;  
 The faltering voice of lust alone is heard,  
 While some Fanatic with a hoary beard,  
 Fam'd for his throat, and known at ev'ry feast,  
 O'er the foul mystery presides High-priest. 170  
 What do these wretches wait for, why delay  
 Organs, superfluous now, to cut away ?  
 One that of late the horn or trumpet blew,  
 Gracchus beheld, and lov'd—and married too.

sepulchrum exstructum est modicum et mansurum.—Mansurum certainly, since Tacitus records it.

V. 158. *E'en to thy blood-stain'd field, &c.* Is it necessary to cite modern authorities in justification of the ὁμοιοτελευτον ? The most accessible at present (for memory supplies it) is to be found in the last words of *Marmion*.

V. 173. *One that of late &c.* A new Scene and one of inconceivable enormity ; but the text requires no illustration. The Flammeum some derive from the vest worn by the wife of the Flamen who *could not be divorced*. Hence it might represent a *happy marriage* ; others think it was red or flame-



Sestertia, twice two hundred, were the dower, 175  
 The deeds were sign'd ; arriv'd the nuptial hour.  
 Friends wish'd him joy, invited to the feast,  
 And the new Bride lay in the Bridegroom's breast !

Say, Nobles, say, do crimes like these demand  
 Religion's rites, or Law's avenging hand ? 180  
 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 ?  
 He, who beneath the huge Ancilia bent 185  
 Which stretch'd the cord, and nodded as he went,  
 Now wears, ye gods ! the Flammeum of the bride,  
 The necklace, robes, and all the gear beside !

Parent of Rome ! ah whence this fatal stain,  
 This curse which clings to Latium's simple swain ?  
 Say, in what soil did that rank nettle spring [190  
 Of which thy children feel the poisonous sting ?  
 A man, behold ! of wealth and noble birth  
 A man espouses !—yet nor feels the earth  
 Thy ponderous spear, nor does thy helmet nod,  
 Nor thou to Jove complain'st—thy parent God ! [195  
 Go then, and abdicate thy empty reign,  
 Too careless ruler of thy native plain !—

colored in compassion to the delicacy of the Bride. The lines that presently follow designate Gracchus for one of the Salii or Priests of Mars, which office of sanctity and honor, thus publicly prostituted, gives the highest coloring to this picture of the depravity of the times.

*Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se  
 Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat habetur.*



‘ A friendly office,’ (listen to the tale,)  
 ‘ At sunrise, summons me to yonder vale’— 200  
 ‘ The cause?’—‘ it matters not—well then, my  
 friend  
 ‘ Invites a few—his wedding to attend.’  
 Live but a little longer, they’ll record,  
 In public registers, these deeds abhorr’d—  
 Yet one mischance to all such nuptials clings, 205  
 The sterile bride no pledge of fondness brings ;  
 Nature refuses, provident and kind,  
 Against the body’s rights, t’indulge the mind.  
 E’en to the Priests of Pan in vain they fly,  
 Puff’d Lyde’s hot Incentives vainly try, } 210  
 Condemn’d in sad sterility to die.

And yet a sight more monstrous have we view’d,  
 When round th’ arena shamefully pursued

V. 209. † *E’en to the Priests of Pan.* The Faculty of Rome we see divided the honor of removing barrenness with the Priesthood of Pan, who ran about the streets in the month of February, distributing stripes of singular efficacy in the removal of this obstinate and troublesome complaint. Hence Ovid,

—————*Non tu pollentibus herbis*  
*Nec prece, nec magico carmine Mater eris.*  
*Excipe sæcundæ patienter verbera dextræ.*

*Fast. II. 426.*

V. 212. *More monstrous yet.* Juvenal, we are apt to think, could never regard the degradation of Gracchus in the Roman arena, as a greater enormity than that on which he had just invoked as it were the vengeance of the Gods—he had, it is true, the greatest horror of witnessing this practice

A coward Gladiator! fled the foe  
 Before all Rome, spectatress of the shew? 215  
 Gracchus!—whose veins impell'd more generous  
 blood

Than in Marcellus, than in Fabius flow'd,  
 Paulus or Catulus—to all their names  
 Tho' his be added who conferr'd the games;  
 Or Their's who claim the privilege to sit 220  
 Distinct from all—the sovereigns of the pit.

Shades of the dead and subterranean reigns  
 Are fables now, which every youth disdains;

of public exposure on the arena or the stage, to which so many of the Roman Nobility were addicted.

*Non cogente quidem, sed nec prohibente Tribuno.*

Yet I do not see how we are to get over the obvious meaning of '*Vicit et hoc monstrum &c.*'

V. 222. *Shades of the dead.* I take the meaning of this beautiful passage to be as follows. 'The regions of departed Spirits,'—on which, in a passage of less gravity, I should have been inclined to think that some ridicule was here intended to be thrown (but that supposition being inadmissible from the serious air of the whole, we must regard the lines as mere poetical Periphrasis,)—'The Regions of departed Spirits have become, in this age of practical atheism, the objects of ridicule and contempt. But come, indulge a Poet in supposing them *true*—Then what a figure shall the ghost of Gracchus, or any such ghost make amidst the splendid constellation of Republican spirits there assembled.

1. The source of their uneasiness, and their wish to be purified from the contamination incurred by such a visitor, could not be his *Infidelity*, as some have supposed:—*Bodily Defilement*, not *opinions*, were the objects of Lustrations

The frogs that croak along the Stygian shore,  
 And the small bark which wafts its thousands o'er,  
 Dreams! which each puny boy as yet denied [225  
 The public bath, is ready to deride :  
 But O! suppose them true—then tell me, friend,  
 When such a spirit shall at length descend  
 To the brave souls that in those regions dwell, 230  
 With what emotions shall the Scipios swell !  
 Camillus, Curius, all our youth consum'd  
 On Cannæ's plain : at Cremera entomb'd  
 A Roman legion? mark'd with glorious scars,  
 Ye shadowy victims of so many wars, 235  
 From foul pollution, not the moisten'd bough,  
 Nor sulphur, nor the pine can save ye now !  
 Thither alas we miserable tend,  
 Whose arms beyond Juverna's shores extend,  
 Whose conquests scarcely those of Britain bound ; 240  
 Britain for brevity of night renown'd :

among the ancients. 2. Even if Fabricius, Camillus, or Curius, should have been displeased at his unbelief, displeasure for such a cause could never be imputed to a Legion and to all the Soldiers, killed at Cannæ, as it well might, on the supposition of Cowardice and Unnatural Vices. What occasions this burst of indignation? was it not the *flight* of Gracchus on the Arena? The '*tu vera puta,*' is said σκωπτικῶς scoffingly ; 'admit just for a moment that there is a future state.' Dusaulex I observe rightly translates *L'ombre d'un Infame*.

I have given a little turn to the last four or five lines, by making the Poet address himself to the young Armenians, and warn them of what in the original he only says will happen if they stay. Artaxata was the capital of Armenia.

Yet e'en the feeblest tribes our arms subdue,  
Our softer vices with amazement view,  
Tho' one Armenian, and 'twas only one,  
Beyond the youth of Rome degenerate grown, 245  
Soft Zalates, consum'd by equal fires  
Indulg'd our Pathic tribune's foul desires.  
See with what fruits Rome's amity is bought,  
Hither alas ! an hostage he was brought,  
And grew to manhood here !—ah heed my song ;  
Hence, tender youths ! ye tarry here too long ; [250  
You ne'er will want a lover to invite,  
Knives, whips, and bridles, will no more delight.  
Back to Artaxata, no longer priz'd,  
You'll go dishonor'd and demoraliz'd. 255

## Argument.

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OF this extremely beautiful 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 sun-set, on his final dereliction of the city. A number of little circumstances also conspire to make this farewell interesting—the place where they separate—the removal of the little furniture of his friend—the decline of the day—are all happily imagined. Umbricius here 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, they part, the winding up of the piece being managed with infinite skill, delicacy, and propriety. This Satire is the great repertory of all common-place anathemas against large towns—anathemas for ever in the mouths of such as are unacquainted with small ones. Almost all that is said against Rome, may be said against modern great cities; yet are the lesser evils, on which their inhabitants are most apt to dwell, more than equalled by a train of petty inconveniences in the country, while in matters of real moment, for the improvement of life, the great balance

lies wholly on the side of the smoky capital: still one would rather live within a league of Babylon, than in it, της γαρ μεγιστης πολεως (Βαβυλωνος) εγγυς ουσα, οσα μεν οφελεισθαι εστιν απο μεγαλης πολεως ταυτα μεν απελαυομεν' οσα δε ενοχλεισθαι, οικαδε δευρο απιοντες τουτων εκποδων ημεν.

Xenoph. Cyrop. vii.

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## PERSONS AND PLACES

### MENTIONED IN THE SATIRE.

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#### PERSONS.

*LACHESIS*, she (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.

*Arturius. Catulus*, any body whom the cap would fit: unknown at least.

*Thais, Doris*, the first a courtesan, the second a sea nymph; or, according to Ruperti, *scortum nudum*, *nam Δοριαζειν pro παραγυμνουν πολυ του σωματος.* Hesych.

*Demetrius, Stratocles, Hæmus*, all actors of great reputation, and all praised by Quintilian. The last mentioned in the VI Satire for the softness of his voice.

*Bareas Soranus.* See the Note.

*Protopogenes*, a villainous informer in the reign of Caligula, ην δε τις Προτογενης, προς παντα αυτω τα χαλεπωτατα υπηρετων. He used to carry about two little books for

registering the suspected, calling one of them his sword, the other his dagger. Dio. l. lix.

*Diphilus, Erimanthus*, whether or not real names, uncertain.

*Albina, Modia*, two rich widows, whose levees were attended by the Prætors in full dress, and with all their retinue.

*Calvina. Catiena*, their occupations are obvious from the text.

*Cossus. Veiento*, the first used for any great man of difficult access; the latter (Sat. iv. 113) occurs in the procession of Domitian's counsellors, and also as the husband of Hippia in the sixth.

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## PLACES.

*Cuma*, on the shore of Campania, chiefly remarkable for the cave of the Sybil. Virg. *Æn.* l. vi. 10. But oracles were become mute, and Cuma was now unfrequented.

*Baia*, 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.

*Prochyta*, an island which is in the Bay, and nearly fronts the city of Naples: not, therefore, otherwise unpleasant than as being solitary, which it was, and I believe is.

*Suburra*, a populous street in the heart of Rome, and so put for Rome itself in the xth Satire.

*Media vexillum pono Suburra.*

It seems to have been chiefly a street of trade, hence called by Martial '*Clamosa*.'

*Capena*. This gate of Rome, which has now taken the name of St. Sebastian, 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 elegant epigram on a boy killed by the fall of an heavy icicle from such an arched gateway.

*Qua vicina pluit Vipsana porta columnis.*

*Orontes*, a river of Syria: near its source *Laodicea*, and *Balbec*.—Antioch on its southern bank, and six leagues from its mouth—At *Aleppo*—but a small stream.

*Tagus*. too well known

—— *novis annalibus atque recenti*

*Historia*

to require mention here. It has carried of late years (like *Simois*) a freight very different from that with which it has been laden by the poets,

—— *conrepta sub undis*

*Scuta virum, galeasque et fortia corpora volvit!*

*Sicyon*, a city of Peloponnesus, ἐπὶ λοφὸν ἐρυμνον. (Strabo.)

*Amydon*, in Macedonia.

αὐταρ Πυρραιχμῆς ἀγέ Παιονας ἀγκυλοτοξοῦς

τηλοθῆν ἐξ Ἀμυδωνος. *Iliad*. β. 845.

*Andros*, one of the Cyclades.

*Samos*, an island in the Ionian Sea, opposite to *Ephesus*.

*Tralles*, *Alaband*, 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.

*Prænesté*, a city of Latium, famous for a temple of Fortune; its situation lofty. Here *Marius*, being besieged by *Sylla*, perished in endeavouring to escape through a subterraneous passage. Its modern name *Palæstrina*.

*Gabii*. Also in the Latian territory, between the former place and Rome. It has no modern representative.

‘*Etiam periére ruinae.*’



*Tibur*, Tivoli. Built on the site of a hill overhanging the Anio. The ruins of Adrian's villa (where, among other valuable discoveries, the Laocoon, if I recollect, was found) are still conspicuous. Here, also, the still more celebrated farm of Horace.

*Volsinium*, a town of Etruria, the birth-place of Sejanus, whose name will for ever suggest that of Wolsey to the English reader.

*Sora*, *Fabrateria*, *Frusino*.—the first in Latium, the other two, 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 20 miles from the capital.

*Aquinum*, the birth-place of Juvenal and of Thomas Aquinas—*haud cantare pares*.

## Satire III.

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ALTHO' my heart grow sad whene'er I dwell  
Upon the mournful theme, a Friend's farewell !  
Yet must I praise his purpose, nor detain  
Her subject from the Sybil's peaceful reign.  
There, close to Baiæ, he shall soon explore      5  
Of quiet Cuma the sequester'd shore ;  
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,  
Amidst alarms by day, and fires by night,  
And bards—who spite of August still recite !

V. 13. *Amidst alarms by day.* Fires were exceedingly common in Rome, 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

While on the car they placed its little freight,    15  
We halted at the arch, which joins the gate

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 (*Ann.* l. xv.) 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, '*præsentia mala vetustis cladibus adsimilans.*' It began in the garden of Nero's favorite Tigellinus, on which account a rumor got abroad that he had been the incendiary by his master's order, who was ambitious of building a new City to be called by his own name.—Of the fourteen districts into which Rome was divided, 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, (*vetustissimæ religionis,*) and filled with the fruits of so many victories, the spoils of the East, and the Monuments of Grecian Art, were totally consumed.

Of moist Capena ; here great Numa came  
To meet at midnight his mysterious Dame ;

When the work of rebuilding began, Nero, after attempting to follow the most extravagant suggestions for the restoration of his own Palaces, planning lawns, wood, and lakes, where nature had denied the materials, and 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 ornament of Porches, at the front of detached Mansions, he 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 malcontents, who liked the old one better, and complained that the broad Streets only exposed them more to the Sun, and deprived them of the agreeable shelter they had been used to.

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—amidst the fine structures every where appearing, thousands of ruined families were without homes, and still loud in accusing *Nero*, as the author of their misfortunes. One last stroke of policy yet remained to overwhelm his character with the foulest infamy. He determined to accuse the Christians (who were then beginning to be numerous at Rome) as the authors of the conflagration. 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

How chang'd ! for now a shameful traffic made  
 Of fane and fountain ! In the sacred glade 20  
 The Exile-Jew has an asyium found,  
 And rents, ye gods ! the desecrated ground.

fate was quietly determined. *Abolendo rumorì Nero subdidit reos et quæsitissimis pœnis adfecit quos per flagitia invisos* (how little pains Tacitus had taken to inform himself!) *rulgus Christianos appellabat. Auctor nominis ejus Christus, Tiberio imperitante, per Procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat.*

Thus, he continues, was the destructive superstition for a while repressed, but it soon broke out again not only in Judæa, where the evil had originated, but at Rome 'the confluence of all that is abominable and disgraceful.'—Some, he tells us, confessed, and gave evidence against a great number, who turned out to be not so much 'authors of the fire as enemies to the human race at large !'

V. 21. *The Exile-Jew.* This Temple still remains: a very fine print of it may be seen in Piranesi, with the Grotto of Egeria in the back ground. As to the baskets and the hay, mentioned in the text, but omitted as an unimportant feature in the translation—it is enough to notice, that they are recorded as badges of poverty which then distinguished that mendicant people, so lately driven by Titus from Judæa: (For this Satire, if written in the reign of Domitian, must have been produced, but a very short time posterior to the destruction of Jerusalem.) What a change ! 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

Yes! every tree is tax'd, and through the grove,  
 Dear to the Muse no more—these vagrants rove!  
 Descending thro' the vale, we pause to view 25  
 Egeria's caverns, how unlike the true!  
 And thou, fair Spring! hadst look'd more like  
     divine,  
 Did its green margin still thy wave confine;  
 And not a marble had the stones displaced,  
 Rough and unhewn, which once thy fountain  
     graced! 30

Here, first Umbritius—since of honest gains,  
 By honest arts, no hope at Rome remains;  
 Since from the remnant of my scanty store  
 Each morrow still wears off some fragment more;  
 Thither—where Dædalus first touch'd the ground,  
 And bless'd his wings!—my willing steps are bound.

in contempt, and Tacitus took just as little pains to inform himself on the principles of the one, as Juvenal did on those of the other.

V. 36. *Thither—where Dædalus first touch'd.* Juvenal is fond of describing places by a periphrasis, in which he makes some allusion to their mythological reputation:

*Unde alius furtivæ devehat aurum  
 Pelliculæ.* Sat. 1. 10.

*Ripa nutritus in illa  
 Ad quam Gorgonei delapsa est pinna caballi.* 118.

*Conspicitur sublimis apex cui candida nomen  
 Scrofa dedit, lætis Phrygibus mirabile lumen  
 Et nunquam visis, triginta clara, mamillis.*

Sat. XII. 71.

While time is just beginning o'er my brow  
 (My strength entire) to cast his earliest snow,  
 While yet for Lachesis some thread remains  
 And my firm step as yet no staff sustains. 40  
 Yes, let me go,—and let Arturius stay,  
 And Catulus, and all who know the way  
 To swear that white is black, nor e'er disdain  
 The lowest, vilest offices for gain!  
 To sweep the kennels, carry forth the bier, 45  
 Or mount the rostrum of the auctioneer.  
 Once travelling Pipers these! of vast renown,  
 The minstrels of the shew, in every town,  
 Who donors now themselves of games become,  
 Save or destroy—to please the mob of Rome: 50  
 The bloody scene concluded, they retire  
 To farm the bogs, and bargain—for the mire!

V. 46. *Or mount the rostrum.*

*Et præbere caput domina venale sub hasta.*

As the Poet here collects a number of degrading, but money-getting occupations, I incline to think that this line should be interpreted as above. We learn that the business of an Auctioneer was held in contempt at Rome from Sat. vii.

*vendas potius commissa quod auctio vendat*

*Stantibus.*

For the rest, it signifies little whether they sold themselves or any thing else—various modes of Auction for the sale of slaves obtained among the Romans. See Dusaulx on this passage—those taken in war were sold '*sub hasta*,' those imported by merchants, *sub corona*, or if not warranted, *sub pileo*.

All things for gain ! and why not all things, pray ?  
For these are Fortune's children, these be they  
Whom the fond Goddess in some sportive hour 55  
From abject meanness lifts to wealth and power !

What should *I* do at Rome, who cannot lie,  
Who neither praise the stupid book, nor buy ?  
Who cannot, will not, bid the stars declare  
His father's funeral to the greedy heir ? 60

Bowels of toads, in search of poisons dire,  
I ne'er explor'd, nor earn'd th' assassin's hire.  
The pander's gainful trade let others know,  
Its crimes I scorn, its profits I forego :

A knave shall none, thro' my connivance, be, 65  
Say then, my friend, is Rome a place for me ?

No man's associate, here alone I stand,  
Useless to all, a maim'd and palsied hand.  
Ah ! who is priz'd, except his bosom swell  
With dreadful secrets he must never tell ? 70

OF DEBT UNCONSCIOUS, NONE WILL CONDESCEND  
TO BRIBE, WHO FEARS NOT HIS ACCOMPLICE-  
FRIEND,

Who has entrusted to thy breast's control  
The pure and honest secret of his soul :  
HE that makes Verres tremble at his will 75  
Becomes each day to Verres dearer still :

Thou—tho' the golden sands might all be thine  
Which by th' umbrageous stream of Tagus shine,  
Hold them for nought—ere thou forego thy rest,  
Ere the sad confidence pollute thy breast ; 80  
Oh spurn the bribe—the guilty boon forbear,  
Nor live the object—of a great man's fear !



A race there is (howe'er caress'd and priz'd)  
 By me avoided most, and most despis'd ;  
 DESCENDANTS OF QUIRINUS ! I abhor 85  
 A Greek Metropolis, on Tyber's shore.  
 A Grecian, said I, yet, the truth to speak,  
 How small a portion of our filth is Greek !  
 Into his stream Old Tyber long ago  
 Felt the warm current of Orontes flow : 90  
 Hence Syrian harps, hence Syrian manners come,  
 Their trumpets, pipes,—and that barbaric drum :  
 Hie to the Circus—ye that love the band  
 Of turban'd harlots from a foreign land !  
 O Sire of Rome ! on these thy children see 95  
 The Trechedypna—garb unknown to thee !  
 While Niceteria from Greece proclaim,  
 At Roman games, thy Roman wrestler's fame !

V. 95. *O sire of Rome !* I have called this robe (the haunt-dole gown of Holyday,) a garb unknown to Romulus. It is at least equally so to us. The best account I have seen of it is given by Dusaulx from Martinius, who says that the conquerors in the Circus Games, had a claim *for that day* to a Dole or Sportula, given by the Emperor (and therefore worth running for). They put on a particular gown, and with the *Niceteria* or badges of victory round their necks, hasten in this Grecian costume to claim the prizes they have earned as Roman *athletæ*. The body of the wrestler was oiled with a composition called here *ceroma*, in order that he might the better elude the grasp of the adversary.

The *Collis Viminalis* is the hill alluded to L. 103. of which the name brought its former plantations of Osiers to recollection.

From Sicyon, Tralles, Amydon they come,  
From Andros, Samos, Alaband to Rome ; 100  
All seek th' Esquilian, and that other hill  
Of which the name records its Osiers still :  
Into the vitals of each house they crawl,  
Obsequious now—soon to be Lords of all.  
So fluent, free, and impudently bold, 105  
Prompt as Isæus, whom do we behold ?  
Just whom you please—he kindly came to bring  
A genius skill'd alike in every thing.  
Thy ready and accomplish'd teacher see  
In Grammar, Eloquence, Geometry ! 110  
Physician, Augur,—dealer in Perfumes,  
Dancer on ropes—to Magic too presumes !  
Your fasting Greek knows all things—bid him go  
A message to the Moon—He'll ne'er say No !  
That Artist, (to be brief) who first explor'd 115  
Heaven's concave, and on venturous pinions soar'd,  
No Moor was he, nor in Sarmatia fed,  
But in the midst of Athens born and bred !  
Gods ! from SUCH PURPLE am I yet to fly ?  
Shall they recline on softer down than I ? 120  
Before me sign—blown hither by the gale  
That wafted prunes to Rome and figs for sale ?

V. 119. *Gods! from such purple.* I think this passage can never be read in the original without renewed pleasure ; it breathes such an ardent love of country, which, though a vice in the Godwinian Philosophy, has always been in fact the cradle of many virtues. The joining these fellows with a cargo of

Was it for nothing, that of Aventine  
 The fresh'ning gales in infancy were mine,  
 For nothing, that in Roman air I grew, 125  
 And my first strength from Sabine olives drew?  
 Ah no! while adulation's arts conspire,  
 They'll bid Deformity itself admire.  
 Hear, with attention which ne'er seems to cool,  
 The frigid nonsense utter'd by a fool; 130  
 Bestow on gawky feebleness with ease  
 The swelling muscles of an Hercules,  
 (When lifted far from earth with mighty stress  
 His powerful grasp Antæus did compress)  
 And praise a voice as soothing as the note 135  
 Which the shrill cock strains from his sounding  
 throat!

grocery is excellent. Juvenal well knew the art of inflicting degradation—He makes it his boast to have been nourished on the Sabine olive, as well as to have breathed the air of Aventine: Attachment to national food, is one of the common objects of patriotic prejudice. The olive still flourishes as the proper fruit of Italy, and also of Attica, where it is yet cultivated by the modern Greek with the greatest skill and solicitude. There, it will continue to grow when of the buildings of the Acropolis every vestige shall have perished: so much of prophetic character belonged to the Muse of Sophocles.

ταδε θαλλει μεγαιστα χωρα  
 γλαυκας παιδοτροφου φυλλον ελαιας  
 το μεν τις, ουτε νεος, ουτε γηρα  
 σημαινων αλιωσει χειρι περσας.

Œdip. Colon. 700.

Who, if we flatter'd, thus would be deceiv'd ?  
The Greek alone may lie—and be believ'd.

Is he more perfect in mimetic art,  
Who on the stage sustains the actor's part ; 140  
Thais, or robeless Doris, when you'd swear  
Disguise was none, but simple nature there ;  
The sex, without deception, and maintain,  
Below the zone, that all was smooth and plain.  
And yet Demetrius, Hæmus, Stratocles, 145  
On Grecian boards might well despair to please ;  
Their's is a race of actors ; do they see  
Another smile, they laugh outrageously !  
Weep—they assume the sympathising tone,  
And utter sighs, responsive to thine own ; 150  
Demand a little fire—the shivering crew  
Bawl for their cloaks, and are as cold as you ;  
Let but a moment pass, and whisper 'heat,'  
And mark, if only one shall fail to sweat !  
Oh, 'tis in vain, compar'd to such as these, 155  
Mere fools are we, they can whene'er they please  
Be what they will—prepar'd by night or day,  
The well-dissembled features to display.  
E'en Nature's needs an ample fund supply  
For fulsome praise and filthy flattery, 160

V. 159. *E'en Nature's Needs.* There is a line here which I leave out for the advantage of the translation. *Trulla si inverso crepitum dedit aurea fundo.* The difficulty, however, does not rest in the meaning of *Trulla*, which means a drinking cup and nothing else, (though there has

Some latent charm, in every act they trace,  
 And swear you belch—with a peculiar grace!  
 None can escape their execrable lust;  
 No wife with them, with them no daughter trust;  
 Trust not, within their reach, thy tender son, 165  
 Nay, do not leave thy grandam quite alone—  
 The secrets of thy home, their eager ears  
 Imbibe, and sift thy follies and thy fears.  
 Yet more—frequent their schools, and mark with me  
 Deliberate crimes of rob'd Philosophy! 170  
 Yes! 'twas a scoundrel Stoic's breath that blew  
 Destruction on his friend, and pupil too!

been much debate about it,) as the following epigram of Martial suffices to prove, while it also fixes a sad stigma on the faculty of Rome, which consisted in truth, for the most part of a desperate set of miscreants, who more than merited all the compliments which Pliny has in the sincerity of his heart bestowed upon them.—See notes on Satire VI.

*Clinicus Herodes Trullam subduxerat ægro :  
 Depensus dixit : Stulte, quid ergo bibis ?*

*Charg'd with the theft, Herod the cup restor'd  
 To his rich patient's hands—its former Lord.  
 ' So, Sir!—you miss'd your cup—full well I knew  
 There was no keeping wine an hour from you !'*

V. 171. *Yes ! 'twas a scoundrel Stoic's, &c.* P. Egnatius procured the death of his friend and pupil Bareas Soranus, one of the two worthies of whom Tacitus says, that Nero, after destroying the virtuous, *Virtutem ipsam excindere concupivit.* (Egnatius) '*Tunc emptus, ad opprimendum amicum, auctoritatem stoicæ sectæ præferebat, habitu et ore*

A genuine Greek ! who came at Rome to dwell,  
Born, where the plume of their fam'd Pack-horse  
fell !

Oh, 'tis not fit that Romans should remain, 175  
Where Diphilus and Erimanthus reign,  
Or vile Protogenes, (for Greece with none  
Will halve a friend, but keeps him all her own.)  
If ears too credulous they once abuse,  
And of their venom but a drop infuse, 180  
They drive us to the door, our claims despis'd :  
Ne'er was the client yet so lightly priz'd :  
Oh, say, what hopes HIS futile toils invite,  
Or what rewards his thankless cares requite ?  
Tho' to the patron's, ere 'tis morn, he hie, 185  
What time the Prætor bids his Lictors fly,

*ad exprimendam imaginem honesti exercitus, animo perfidiosis, subdolis, avaritiam et libidinem occultans.*—

The next sixty lines describe other striking characters of Roman degeneracy. A great magistrate driving on his attendant officers, to secure the good graces of an old woman, whose fortune he looks for, by inquiring for her at an early hour—The estimation of character from riches, to the absurd and extravagant degree of disbelieving the oath of a poor man—The invidious distinctions of place in the theatre ; invidious, because new. The Otho, who was the author of this arrangement, was not the Emperor, but a Tribune of the people : A. U. C. 685.—He caused a law to be passed, which reserved fourteen benches for such as possessed 400,000 Sesterces, or 400 Sestertia, the equestrian census.

Of Modia's cough, lest rivals in the trade,  
Their kind inquiries should have earlier made;  
For what all this, I ask, unless to see  
The slave's descendant, lord it o'er the free, 190  
Who, on some frail Calvina, oft confers  
The costly price of favors, such as hers,  
Or on lewd Catiena casts away  
For one voluptuous sigh, a Præfect's pay!  
Whilst thou, if Chione enchants thine eyes, 195  
Her humble price, thy humbler purse denies.  
A witness pure as he, whose sacred trust,  
Liv'd Ida's Goddess, sanctimonious, just,  
As Numa's self, or he of greater name,  
That snatch'd Minerva trembling from the flame,  
Produce at Rome, they shall not ask a word [200  
Save this brief sentence, what can he afford?

V. 198. *Liv'd Ida's Goddess.* 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 burnt 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.

Where lies his manor?—know you his estate?

Does he give dinners? does he dine on plate?

'Tis Money, Money wanted, or possess, 205

THAT FORMS OF ROME'S ESTEEM, THE SUREST  
TEST :

To Samothracia's altars and our own

Dost thou appeal? thy oath's believ'd by none;

They think the poor may every bolt condemn—

What God or Goddess cares to punish them? 210

A theme besides, for many a clumsy jest,

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 clos'd, 215

But makes the wound it joins, the more expos'd.

'Midst countless ills which vex the poor man's soul,

The stings of insult far outweigh the whole :

'WHAT DOST THOU HERE? RISE, FELLOW, RISE  
AND GO—

'THESE BE THE PILLOWS OF TH' EQUESTRIAN  
ROW!' 220

Yes, quit thy seat! nor stay to meet the scorn

Of some rich pimp's descendant—brothel-born :

Or bawling criers, well-bred youths who come

To lead th' applause, and guide the taste of Rome!

Thanks to vain Otho, whose egregious pride 225

Would leave no rich man by a poor man's side!

Who now, in wealth found wanting, hopes to  
prove

Or the Sire's favor, or the daughter's love?



Who, in his wits, will make that man his heir,  
Who needs th' estate?—a paltry Ædile's chair 230  
Shall any poor man fill? Nay, Romans, nay,  
'Twas perfect madness here so long to stay;  
In strictest bonds the needy should have join'd,  
And left their country and their cares behind!

OH, POVERTY! FROM THY O'ERWHELMING  
SURGE 235

'TIS HARD INDEED FOR VIRTUE TO EMERGE!  
But most at Rome, where it costs high to feed  
One hungry slave: where things of greatest need,  
The meanest hovel, the most spare supply,  
For the day's meal at vast expense we buy: 240  
Where 'tis disgrace to eat on plates of clay,  
Though he that feels it, on the selfsame day,  
Could he partake the Marsian's simple fare,  
Would own he felt not the discredit there;  
But wear content, an hundred miles from Rome,  
The coarsest hood of the Venetian loom! [245

There still is much of Italy, 'tis said,  
Where none put on the gown except the dead;  
Where village swains, from poms and cities far,  
To simple theatres of turf repair; 250  
Where one familiar farce, one humble stage,  
Has ample charms for all, from youth to age;  
All save the infant; him the mask alarms,  
'To the sure refuge of his mother's arms!  
There none the benches of distinction claim, 255  
The same their habits, and their seats the same,

Except the mighty ædile, duly known  
By the white tunic, which he wears alone.

HERE, to their station, and their means untrue,  
In gay attire, a thoughtless crowd we view ; 260  
Who, though another's purse the cost defray,  
Are still eternal rivals in display.

HERE ALL IS SOLD ! the privilege to call,  
And swell the crowd in yonder lordling's hall,  
What costs it, say ?—or what, the boon to share 265  
Of mute Veiento's recognizing stare ?

One brings his boy's first Tonsure to the fane  
To bear thy part, and join the flattering strain ;  
Good client ! quickly to the Mansion send  
Thy costly cakes, for rascal slaves to vend ! 270  
For rascal slaves—for 'tis thy duty grown  
To feed sleek servants, tho' thou starve alone :

Who at Præneste fears, or ever shall,  
Lest on his head descend the mouldering wall ?

V. 267. *One brings his boy's, &c.* Pliny says, that the Romans began the use of the razor, A. U. C. 454, when Tici-  
nius 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 fourteen  
first emperors shaved—Adrian resumed the fashion of the  
beard. Dusaulx. On these occasions the poor clients were  
expected to fill the house *libis venalibus*, 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.

Midst Gabii's groves, Volsinium's woodland height,  
Or the steep cliffs of Tibur's lofty site? [275

Here slender props a falling town suspend,  
And loaded with th' incumbent ruin, bend.

For thus the thrifty steward would conceal  
The perils which yon desperate flaws reveal, 280

And, while the loosen'd pile yet nods on high,  
Bids us sleep on, in full security!

O! let me dwell, where no nocturnal screams  
Shall break the golden links of blissful dreams!

Hark! where Ucalegon for water cries, 285  
Casts out his chattels—from the peril flies:

See the third floor in flames involv'd, and smoke,  
In mounting flames! nor yet thy slumbers broke,  
Who, while it roars below, the furious blast,

Hast still the privilege—to burn the last! 290

Beneath thy canopy of tiles above,  
The fellow-lodger of the brooding dove.

One truckle bed did Codrus once possess,  
(Than little Procula 'twas something less)

A single cup, for use: six ewers of clay 295  
Rang'd on the cupboard's head: for show were  
they—

V. 294. *Than little Procula.* Most of the commentators make this lady the wife of Codrus, for which he is not obliged to them, as she occurs in the second satire as 'the passive spouse of all the town.' The truth, I believe, is, that this is one of the many strokes of oblique humor, in which Juvenal delights. The lady was short of stature, but too tall to have been the companion of Codrus in this celebrated bed.

From the same quarry hewn, reclin'd below,  
A Chiron's image ; and, like them, for show.  
Some rolls of Grecian lore had long possest,  
With swarms of mice, a solitary chest, 300  
There, unmolested, on the songs divine  
Of ancient days, the nibbling vermin dine.  
You call this nothing—true—but, to his cost,  
One night, this NOTHING the poor Codrus lost!  
Depriv'd at once of fuel, clothes, and food, 305  
With shiv'ring body, and with soul subdued ;  
He finds, to thousands tho' his griefs were known,  
Compassion but from few, relief from none !

But, change the scene, and mark, will it be thus,  
When falls the house of great Asturicus ? 310  
Matrons and Lords in cloaks of sorrow clad,  
And Rome itself looks desolate and sad !  
The courts break up in haste—ah ! NOW we hate,  
' These dreadful fires ! ' and of the damage prate.  
It blazes still ; but, ere the walls be cold, 315  
One sends him marble, and one brings him gold :  
Works of Euphranor, or of Polyclete,  
On ev'ry side our hapless sufferer greet.  
Of Grecian fanes the choicest ornament  
Officious hands with ready zeal present ; 320  
Books, busts, Minervas, presses, choke the way,  
And plate and coin in glittering display :  
Richer by ruin made, he'll soon restore  
Things costlier far than what were lost, and more ;  
Nor quite without suspicion will retire, 325  
That he perchance set his own house on fire !

If the Circensian games thou canst forgo  
At Fabrateria, Sora, Frusino,  
A pleasant house awaits thee—and the rent?  
What you now pay, to be in darkness pent! 330  
There, from the shallow well, your hand might pour  
Refreshing coolness on each opening flower.  
Live there, my friend, and learn to love the spade,  
And the neat garden, which thy hands have made,  
To which the Samian followers might repair, 335  
And find a hundred ample banquets there.  
'Tis something still to have one patch of ground,  
One meagre lizard's solitary bound.

Worn out by restless vigils, not a few  
Here meet a lingering death—their ails, 'tis true,  
Might from the crude oppression first begin, [340  
Which to the stomach clings, and frets within;  
But who, that in hir'd lodgings makes his home,  
Can taste of sleep—a thing of cost at Rome!  
Where carts, embarrass'd in the narrow street, 345  
And the sharp turns, where angry drivers meet,  
With all the squabbles of th' obstructed team,  
Would rouse the drowsy Drusus from his dream;

V. 348. *Would rouse the drowsy Drusus.* 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. As to the Phoci, or sea-calves, Pliny says of them, *nullum animal graviore somno premitur*.

Mr. Gibbon blames Juvenal for suffering Umbritius here

And the sea-calves, awaken'd from their snore,  
 Would close their lids in vain, and sleep no more!  
 Swung in his couch aloft, the rich man rides— [350  
 The crowd gives way—on, the Liburnian strides:  
 He writes, or reads, by turns; or, if he please,  
 Closes the curtain round, and sleeps at ease.  
 But, see, it stops—the mighty wave before! 355  
 The thousands in the rear but press the more:  
 Here a huge pole is levell'd at my brow,  
 A ponderous joist bids fair to crush me now:

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 upon 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 no-where 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 poor slave crushed by a waggon in the street, and waiting upon the pleasure of Charon, in place of attending his master at supper.—A passage of great spirit and interest.

It is a pity to pass over the excellent, though somewhat stale, joke of the correction proposed by one of the commentators, who, knowing nothing about sea calves, or natural history, proposed to substitute *vetulis maritis*, 'old husbands,' (who, he says, are apt to be sleepy) for *vitulis marinis*. The story loses nothing in French, where they debate between *veaux marins* and *vieux maris*.

Here an unwieldy cask my head assails ;  
 There a rude soldier, with his iron nails, 360  
 Recals my brain confus'd, to sharper woes,  
 And stamps the dire impression on my toes.

But, see, that smoke proclaims the season come,  
 When hundreds (with their kitchens) hie them home.  
 Why, Corbulo himself could hardly rear 365  
 The load of yonder wretched slaveling there,  
 With unbent neck, who threads the moving throng,  
 And fans the fuel as he stalks along !  
 Into new rags the mended gown is torn  
 At every step, while, on its waggon borne, 370  
 Moves on the nodding beam—groans heavily  
 Yon creaking wain beneath the ponderous tree ;

V. 363. *But, see, that smoke.* 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 on a chafing dish. *Centum convivæ*, says Juvenal ; the term is used with a sneer ; they were no longer such, but mere receivers of alms. The rich no longer received *guests* of this class. Throughout the satires we find this point insisted on, that the reciprocal attachment of *patroni* and *clientes* was at an end, *perierunt tempora longi servitii*. The rich man sups alone ; or, if he invites such persons as these, it is to give them inferior fare, and to treat them with insult (*Sat.* v.). Of the same facts, the epigrams of Martial abound with evidence.



But, O ye gracious powers! should THAT break down,  
That axle pil'd with huge Ligurian stone,  
And pour its mountain on the mob below, 375  
What limb, what bone, what feature could you  
know?

One monstrous crush would pulverise the whole,  
And leave no more of body than of soul :  
Meanwhile the slaves at home yet unaware  
Of their associate's fate, the bath prepare ; 380  
The strigils, napkins, and the vase of oil,  
Are ready all—alas! the needless toil!  
He sits despondent on the gloomy shore,  
Eyes the grim ferryman, the laboring oar,  
The leaky boat, the thick and murky stream, 385  
And doubts the whole, and thinks 'tis but a dream!  
Nor hopes to cross, who unprovided came  
To pay old Charon's unabating claim!

Such are our days :—let a new theme invite,  
And hear the greater perils of the night : 390  
Behold those lofty roofs, from which, on high,  
The loosen'd tile oft wounds the passer by ;

V. 378. *And leave no more.* 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.



Nor seldom, from some lofty casement thrown  
The crack'd and broken vase, comes thundering  
down ;

See with what force it strikes the flint below 395  
Where the flaw'd pavement tells the frequent blow :  
O ! thoughtless man ! improvident of ill,  
Sup not abroad, ere thou hast sign'd thy will—  
Assur'd, as many dangers thou shalt meet  
As there be open windows in the street ; 400  
Too happy ! if with floods from basins full  
They ONLY drench thy head—and spare thy skull !

The fiery youth, whom yet no murders stain,  
Frets, like Pelides for Patroclus slain :  
Turns on his face, utters the restless moan, 405  
Sleepless and sad until the deed be done :  
There are whom brawls compose !—but he in truth,  
Flush'd as he is with wine, the generous youth  
Marks the long train, and glittering robes afar,  
And saves his courage, for an humbler war. 410  
He shuns the brazen lamp, the torches bright ;  
Me, whom the moon conducts, or glimmering light  
Of which my hands œconomise the thread,  
He marks for vengeance, unalloy'd with dread :  
And thus begins the fray—(to call it so, 415  
Where he inflicts, and I receive the blow.)  
Full in my way ' stand, fellow, stand,' he bawls,  
( 'Tis prompt obedience, when a madman calls,  
And he too stronger ! ) ' come, sir, quickly tell  
' Whose beans and vinegar within thee swell ? 420

‘ Say with what cobbler didst thou slice the leek,  
‘ And eat the boil’d sheep’s head ?—nay, sirrah,  
    speak.  
‘ So ! silent ?—There ! take that !—and that !—and  
    now  
‘ Perchance the mighty secret thou’lt avow,  
‘ What porch shall house thee for the night ? in  
    sooth, 425  
‘ 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,—  
To morrow, when he hears your rival’s tale,  
Perhaps the prætor may accept your bail ! 430  
Behold a poor man’s rights ! insulted, bruis’d,  
Then of the insults he endur’d, accus’d.  
He must implore, that, with what teeth remain,  
For once, they’ll let him seek his home again !  
E’en now, ’twere well, were all our dangers past,  
And of our nightly perils this the last ! [435  
When all is still, and not a hinge is heard  
And every silent door, is chain’d and barr’d,  
The robber bursts upon you, and the knife  
Is in a moment rais’d against your life ! 440

V. 441. *The Pontine marsh.* An extensive swamp of many miles, contiguous to Rome, and still the source of much of its unhealthiness ; as the wind, blowing from that quarter, at the bad season, brings with it the remittent fever common to such situations. The Italian physicians relate many singular circumstances on this subject, which would be foreign to this place to relate. In Juvenal’s time it had become so

The Pontine marsh, the Gallinarian pine  
 The thieves they once conceal'd, to Rome resign !  
 Hark how each anvil rings, each furnace glows  
 With forging chains ; almost we might suppose  
 That iron would be wanting for the share, 445  
 And hooks become, and spades, and mattocks rare !  
 Hail, golden times of kings and tribunes, hail !  
 When Rome possess'd a solitary jail.  
 To these, my friend, more reasons could I join—  
 But, hold ! I mark long since the sun's decline—  
 The cattle wait—th' impatient driver, see ! [450  
 Points to the road, and only stays for me :  
 Farewell ! forget me not ; when sore oppress,  
 Aquinum soothes once more thy anxious breast ;  
 The much-lov'd shores of Cuma I'll resign, 455  
 At his own Ceres and Diana's shrine,

much the haunt of robbers, as to call for the establishment of an armed guard for the protection of the city—It is now in a great measure, I believe, 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, ὕλη ανυδρος και αμμωδης ἣν Γαλλιναρϊαν ὕλην καλοῦσι. This place was, like the Pontine marsh, a noted receptacle for robbers.

V. 444. The conclusion of this Satire is scarcely less beautiful than its beginning—indeed the whole piece is so full, so complete, so free from abruptness, so happy in its opening and conclusion, that it will almost more than any other of Juvenal's writings (except the 10th,) interest an English reader.

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. 460

## Argument.

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THIS Satire is perhaps as entertaining as any Poem of the kind in existence. It has, however, some abruptness in the beginning, and would, undoubtedly, read better, if it began with the thirty-sixth line, *Cum jam semianimem*, &c. The early mention of Crispinus, who is not particularly conspicuous in the ridiculous consultation about the Turbot, does not seem an happy introduction of the main object of the piece : nor is there any thing 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 AND PLACES

### MENTIONED IN THE SATIRE.

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#### PERSONS.

THE Persons mentioned in this Satire are for the most part reserved for the Notes, as requiring an Introduction somewhat more formal.

*Titius, Seius.* *Nomina nota et passim obvia in Jure civili.* (Ruperti.)

*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.

*Palsurius. Armillatus.* Only known by the mention of Suetonius *vita Domit.* ‘*Consulares viri qui per Delationes Domitiani gratiam captavêre.*’

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#### PLACES.

*Appulia. la Puglia,* near the Mouth of the Adriatic, and adjacent to Calabria.

*Ancon.* Ancona. Doric, because colonized by the Greeks—famous for a Temple of Venus, and for a

fine arch of Trajan which still remains. Ancona 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—

*tum gratus Iulo*

*Atque novercali sedes prælata Lavino*

*Conspicitur sublimis apex.*—Sat. xii. 70.

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

*Lucrine.* The rocks so called were between Baiæ and Puteoli on the Neapolitan coast. In place of this famous lake there is now a mountain of one thousand feet high (which was thrown up in September, 1538.) four miles in circumference, with a large crater in the top. *Monte novo de cinere.* Sir W. Hamilton on Volcanoes.

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

*Rutupi.* *Rutupiæ.* 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.

## Satire IV.

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STAND forth once more, Crispinus, and display  
Thy shameless visage in the face of day !

V. 1. *Stand forth once more, &c.* 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 favorite of Domitian. His first prospects on arriving in Rome were no better than those of any other Ægyptian adventurer, and how he recommended himself to the good graces of the Emperor does no-where 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 Satire) for their preferment at Rome, the case was far otherwise with respect to the natives of Egypt, whom the Romans always and justly despised as a race of barbarians, infected with the vilest superstitions. Nevertheless, we find Crispinus filling no less an office than that of Prætor, and in possession of all the distinctions which imperial favor, together with the acquisition of wealth, could confer. Not, however, exempt



Nor yet dismiss'd—villain! whose bosom teems  
 With vices which no trace of worth redeems;  
 Within whose frame diseased, still passion strives, 5  
 And 'midst the wreck of nature, lust survives,  
 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  
 In vain he plants the grove, or rears the dome,  
 Or owns whole acres in the midst of Rome!  
 The bad, by conscience scourg'd, are strange to bliss;  
 Her sharpest pangs then can the traitor miss,

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.

V. 9. *In vain where polish'd marbles, &c.* Holyday has an entertaining Note on the *Gestationes, Viridaria, Deambulationes* and *Porticus* of the Romans. He copies from Pignorius an Inscription on one of them, which informed the *Deambulator* when he had walked a mile.

See also Pliny's Description of his Country House at Laurentum. Epist. xviii. Lib. 2.

IN  
 HOC  
 POMARIO  
 GESTATIONIS  
 PER CIRCUITUM  
 ITUM ET REDITUM  
 QUINQUIENS  
 EFFICIT PASSUS  
 MILLE.

That from the fane to his detested arms 15  
 Lur'd the chaste Vestal's heaven-devoted charms,  
 Then left her, while each throbbing pulse beat high,  
 Beside th' expiring lamp, alone to die !

Sing we of lighter crimes—yet free were none  
 The Censor thus to tempt, save he alone : 20  
 But what were shameless profligacy deem'd  
 In all besides, Crispinus well beseem'd !  
 In whom quite decent the same acts became  
 Which Titius, Seius, venture not to name !  
 Vain were reproof—alas ! mere waste of time, 25  
 The wretch is viler, than his vilest crime !  
 For a small Mullet once, as tattlers tell,  
 Who ever love the wonderful to swell,—

V. 15. *That from the fane.* The following lines allude to the punishment inflicted by the severity of the Roman law on an unchaste Vestal. An account of its execution on Rhea, marked as it always was by circumstances of peculiar horror and solemnity, is to be found in Plutarch's *Life of Numa*. The offender, conducted by a mute procession across the Forum to the place of her interment near the Colline gate, was made to descend a ladder into the sepulchre, and left there with a lamp, a loaf of bread, and a cruse of water, the opening being immediately closed with earth and stones.—That the Romans saw the vast importance to religion of the purity of its ministers, is manifest from this horrible severity prepared for their delinquency,—a subject which has often exercised the pencil of the artist.

V. 27. *For a small mullet, &c.* The fish called *Mullus* was not exactly the Mullet, but the '*Surmulet*,' as Mr. Du-

Just six Sestertia, (for a fish that weigh'd  
 Scarcely so many pounds,)—our glutton paid ! 30  
 Now had the high-pric'd morsel been design'd  
 Some old, besotted, heirless fool to blind,  
 (Price of the largest signet on his will,)  
 We had commended much the artist's skill :  
 A better reason yet perhaps it were 35  
 To court the tenant of yon window'd chair : —  
 No ! good Crispinus thought of joys more dear,  
 'Twas a fine fish !—and dinner time drew near !  
 O could Apicius come to life again,  
 His frugal meals our tables would disdain ! 40  
 But this surpasses ! what, Crispinus, thou !  
 For *a few Scales* a price like this allow !  
 Around whose loins the rush-wove mat was seen,  
 From Egypt's scorching suns the only screen !  
 Why, for a sum less great, one should have thought,  
 The Fisherman himself might have been bought ! [45

saulx translates it, adding the following passage translated from Seneca, which serves to shew how easily luxury and cruelty associate.

*'Un Surmulet ne parait pas frais s'il ne meurt dans les mains des convives—on l'expose à la vue dans des vases de verre : on observe les différentes couleurs par les quelles une agonie lente et douloureuse le fait passer successivement. Ils en tuent d'autres dans la sauce & les font confire tout vivans.'*

V. 35. *A better reason still.* The Romans were unacquainted (not indeed with glass) but with window panes ; the use of which was supplied by thin laminæ of *lapis specularis*.

Which *here* might still for some few acres pay,  
 And buy whole manors in Apulia !  
 Now when a court-buffoon in purple comes  
 T' eructate every day such costly fumes, 50  
 While he digests one solitary fish,  
 His modest supper's least expensive dish ;  
 Who oft would cry midst Egypt's motley crowd  
 Sprats,—not his own,—with intonation loud ; [55  
 Whose tuneful voice, thy streets, Canopus, heard,  
 Tho' here to all the knights of Rome preferr'd ;  
 What may we think his lordly master ate,  
 Or what rare dainties fill'd th' imperial plate ?

Begin, Calliope,—and, Goddess, pray  
 Be pleas'd to sit—we tell the truth to day— 60

V. 53. *Who oft would cry, &c.*

*Vendere municipales pacta mercede Siluros.*

As to the *Silurus*, the common authorities make it Shad fish ;—it certainly was not the Sprat.—However, the fish was of the *vilest* yet not *his own* : he cried them *pacta mercede*, at so much a day.

V. 59. *Begin, Calliope.* This humorous invocation is admirably contrasted with the stately line which begins the Tale,—a line that defies translation, and deprecates paraphrase.

*Cum jam semianimum laceraret Flavius orbem.*

The 'last' of the Flavian family was Domitian, a family of which, says Suetonius, ' notwithstanding it possessed no images ' of its ancestors, and although Domitian justly paid the ' penalty of his crimes, the republic will never repent, since ' it indemnified them in Titus and Vespasian.'—The baldness of Domitian is observable upon his coins.

Come, Virgins of Pieria, prompt the tongue,  
That calls ye *maidens* yet! that calls ye *young*!

While the last Flavius with a dæmon's skill  
'The half-expiring world was rending still,  
When his own Rome insulted, trampled lay, 65  
A bald-head Nero's unresisting prey;  
Close to the cliffs of Adria's stormy coast,  
Where stands the temple—Doric Ancon's boast—  
It chanc'd, a Turbot of unequall'd size  
(So huge, its owner scarce believ'd his eyes,) 70  
Quite fill'd his net—Mœotic ice more vast  
Than this, conceals not till, the winter past,  
Forth into Euxine's mouth they make their way,  
Fat and lethargic from the long delay.  
'The prize which fortune sent to bless his lines, 75  
For Rome's High Priest he instantly designs.  
To buy or sell such dainties who would dare?  
For pension'd spies were prowling even there—  
With these inquisitors of wreck and weed,  
'Twere fine to hear a ragged boatman plead! 80  
Prepar'd with matchless impudence to say,  
The fish was Cæsar's own, had run away,

V. 76. Passing by the point of Natural History about the torpidity and fattening of the fish, which is from analogy not improbable, the English reader will remark, that the title of *High Priest*, Pontifex, which appears harsh to us as applied to Emperors, was one of those, as all their coins prove, which these persons invariably thought proper to assume, willing like their successors the Popes to strengthen the secular arm by the accession of the spiritual authority.

Fed in his ponds and fatten'd at his cost,  
 They but reclaim'd the fugitive he lost !  
 And truly, with Palfurius if we join, 85  
 Or, Armillatus, heed that tale of thine,  
 All that is large and rare, where'er it swim,  
 Is forfeit, and belongs of right to him !  
*A present* then the man will wisely make  
 Of what his friends at hand were sure to take. 90

The sickly autumn to the chilling blast  
 Of winter's earliest storms was yielding fast ;  
 Their quartans now the sick began to dread,  
 The fish would keep !—yet on the traveller sped  
 With unremitting haste, for well he knew, 95  
 That he must fly as tho' the South wind blew !  
 And now he saw and now approach'd the lakes  
 Where Ancient Alba's Town not yet forsakes

V. 93. The expression *quartanam sperantibus ægris* has been the fruitful parent of many ample Notes. *Spero* as well as *ἐλπίζω* occasionally signifies *apprehension* in place of *hope*—corresponding expressions in Greek to that in the text are, *τιμωρίας ἐλπίς* ου προσηγάγε τῷ δικαίῳ τὸν ἀνθρώπῳ.—*ἀντιπαλὸς γὰρ ἔχειν* HAPIZON.

Dusaulx indeed suggests that the sick might have really *wished for* agues (as we hear gout wished for) from a notion that it would release them from other disease—(and this to be sure was an old notion with regard to this particular disease, on which account somebody took the pains of writing a book '*De limitandis febrium laudibus.*') But the context shows that the shuddering convalescent began to anticipate by some precursory symptoms a return of his old quartan.

Her lesser Vesta,—then the porch he gain'd,  
 (On such an embassy not long detain'd). 100  
 On the smooth hinge the gates expanded wide,  
 And through th' excluded Fathers, on he hied :  
 Th' *excluded* Fathers saw th' *admitted* fish,  
 Then to Atrides he presents the dish.  
 ' Accept, we humbly ask, illustrious Sire, 105  
 ' A boon too great for any subject's fire.  
 ' Glad be the day, relax, my Liege, with haste  
 ' The royal bowels for this rich repast ;

One MS. makes them *inhale* the miasmata of ague '*spirantibus ægris.*'

V. 99. *Her lesser Vesta.* The worship of the greater Vesta was held at Rome ; the perpetual fire, [the pledge of the duration of the Empire,] being there maintained in her Temple. Hence it was so frequently burnt, through the carelessness of the Vittatæ, who had sometimes, as we find from the Tale of Crispinus, other engagements on their hands.

V. 102. *Th' excluded fathers, &c.* The letting in of the fish is inimitably humorous, and the flow of the verse delightful—*Facili patucrunt cardine valvæ.*—A Turbot desiring to be caught and eaten by an Emperor ! An excellent lesson for the flatterer, and deserving a place in the chapter '*περι κολακείας.*'—The picture of the Council which follows is, as Mr. Gibbon observes, one of the most finished pieces of satire in existence. The procession seems to move before us with graphical distinctness ; Pegasus who runs, *rapta abolla* ; the quiet, easy-tempered Crispus, who owed his 80th solstice to disarming qualities ; the belly of Montanus, the *cæcus adulator* ; all are brought before us in strong and masterly outline.

‘ And condescend our Turbot to devour,  
 ‘ Kept for thy age and this auspicious hour !  
 ‘ WHICH SURE I AM,—THE FISH HIMSELF DE-  
 SIR’D.’ [110

The bristles rose ! his vanity was fir’d,—  
 Grossness itself ’twere needless to refine ;  
 For one for ever told *that he’s divine*.

But now, alas ! no vessel could be found 115  
 Meet to receive the Turbot’s ample round ;  
 A Council then is summon’d to advise  
 What shall be done with this imperial prize ;  
 They meet ;—the objects of their Tyrant’s hate—  
 On every saddening countenance there sate 120  
 The pale dejected look which still attends  
 All such high Friendships, all such fearful Friends !  
 First of the crowd, soon as the voice was heard,  
 ‘ Run, run, he sits’—Old Pegasus appear’d.  
 ’Twas his to rule the stunn’d and palsied town, 125  
 A sort of bailiff—in a præfect’s gown.

V. 126. *A kind of Bailiff—Attonitæ positus modo villicus urbi*, words which will represent the situation of the representatives of a tyrant in all times, whom he mocks with the shadow of an authority which they dare not exercise according to the dictates of their conscience.

The meaning of *attonitæ* in this passage, as applied to the city, has been questioned. I think it means stunned, as if by a violent blow or thunderbolt, *εμβροντητος, εμπλεκτος*, in which senseless state Rome was given over to the person in the text.

Pegasus, said by the ‘old’ Scholiast (an old friend of all trans-



What more were præfects then? yet in his trust,  
 Confess'd by all impartial, faithful, just;  
 Tho' well he knew that in such times abhorr'd,  
 Justice must ever wield a powerless sword. 130

Next Crispus came, Crispus who ever smil'd,  
 And like his eloquence, his manners mild;  
 What mighty ruler of the land and sea  
 Had e'er possess'd a wiser friend than he,  
 Might human voice have ventur'd to assuage 135  
 Of Rome's great scourge, the sanguinary rage?

lators) to have been so conversant with law as to have been called 'a Book.' His motto as a Magistrate we read above '*inermi justitia.*'

V. 131. *Next Crispus came.* It was this facetious old Senator, who replied to the inquiry of some one whether any body 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—'*quas stylo præacuto conficebat.*' That a difference of opinion about the weather might have been fatal to a friend of Domitian, will not be discredited by the reader of Suetonius, when he finds that Ælius Lamia was put to death, *ob suspiciosos quidem, rerum et veteres, et innoxios jocos*—of which two are recorded. The wife of Lamia had the misfortune to please Domitian, and was of course forcibly taken from him: after this event he replied to some one who praised his voice—'Mine? I am dumb'—*Heu taceo!* To Titus the brother of Domitian, who advised him to marry a second time, he wittily replied *και συ γαμηται θελεις*;—of this Crispus, however, Tacitus says, *inter potentes potius quam bonos fuit.*

But what more fearful favor than to gain  
 A tyrant's ear, with whom the wind, the rain,  
 Sunshine and clouds alike, occasion lend  
 To seal the fate of an unhappy friend ! 140  
 He therefore ne'er oppos'd a fruitless force,  
 Nor stretch'd his arms against the torrent's course :  
 Not one of those intrepid souls, that dare  
 Unwelcome truths, when needful, to declare ;  
 Their lives the stake !—thus arm'd, from mischief  
 free, 145  
 An eightieth winter had he liv'd to see.

A friend of years scarce fewer than his own,  
 Acilius follow'd with his hapless son,

V. 147. *A friend of years, &c.* Dusaulx reads this passage differently from all the critics by altering the punctuation :

*Sic multas Hyemes atque octogesima vidit  
 Solstitia ; his armis illa quoque tutus in aula.  
 Proximus ejusdem properabat Acilius ævi,  
 Cum juvене indigno, &c.*

He very justly remarks that according to this punctuation Acilius and his attendant are invested with *no* character (like Gyas and Cloanthus) and proposes to place the point at Solstitia, and to remove it from Aula. This is, I think, an excellent alteration though not noticed in the edition of Ruperti. I do not join in the abuse of this good German, from whose work I have received very great assistance, while its copiousness has saved me much unfruitful labor ; his commentary is indeed redundant, as what commentary is not ? This is an evil, I fear, inherent to an explanatory book upon any subject : it must contain a great deal which half its readers already know, for the sake of the other half. A Reviewer, I have been

Who ill deserv'd his fast-approaching fate,  
 An early victim of the tyrant's hate. 150  
 But an AG'D noble had been long ago  
 A prodigy at Rome ! a kind of shew,  
 (O may the Gods to me much sooner send  
 A GIANT BROTHER, THAN A ROYAL FRIEND !)  
 Naught it avail'd, that he would oft engage 155  
 With fierce Numidian bears on Alba's stage,  
 Unarm'd, alone—for who but comprehends  
 The Arts on which a great man's breath depends ?  
 Thy gestures, Brutus, who would now believe ?  
 When kings wore beards—'twas easier to deceive.

Not less disturb'd, tho' of ignoble race, [160  
 Old Rubrius came, with terror in his face :  
 An old offence, not to be nam'd again,  
 Clung to his fame an everlasting stain—

told, not unfrequently gains much ostentatious knowledge from the very Author he proposes to dismember, nor can I reasonably doubt that a Translator is occasionally liable to the same accident of forgetting or ill-requiting his obligations.—Considering the civilities which Authors and Commentators sometimes receive in return for the information they have communicated, they might not seldom adopt the complaint of the goat in the epigram :

τον ΑΥΚΟΝ ΕΞ ΙΔΙΩΝ ΜΑΖΩΝ τρέφω ουκ εθελοῦσα.

But to return to Acilius and his son ; nothing is known of either of them from history. His 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 counterfeiting madness, and under

More vile than he, whose pen could ne'er desist  
 From Satire—Gods ! a pathic satirist !— [165  
 And now the belly of Montanus comes ;  
 Crispinus next, all reeking with perfumes

that disguise prepared an occasion for the ruin of Tarquin. Rubricus is as little known as the two persons who precede him in the procession. The pathic satirist was unquestionably Nero. Tacit. Ann. xv.

V. 167. Of Montanus, the Scholiast says, " this is he of whom mention is made in Tacitus Histor. L. iv." So it has been generally thought, perhaps not correctly, for the character of that Montanus in whose speech we meet with the following sentences, will not fit the Montanus of Juvenal. *An Neronem extremum dominorum putetis ? idem crediderant qui Tiberio, qui Caio Caligulae superstites fuerunt, quum interim intestabilior et saevior exortus est :* who, after complimenting the moderation of Vespasian, continues "*elanguimus, patres conscripti, nec jam ille senatus sumus, qui occiso Nerone delatores et ministros more majorum puniendos flagitabat.*" He that cherished a hatred of tyranny, through the reigns of Nero, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, some of whom were not wanting in popular qualities, would hardly be made a convert by such a wretch as Domitian. He is made *conspicuous* by Juvenal, for adulation and gluttony, he is not represented as merely playing a part, but as exhibiting his natural character. Probability, then, is against the identity of these counsellors.

The same Montanus too is mentioned in company with Thrasea and Helvidius by Marcellus, who invites the Senate to proceed against them all, as persons who put the state in danger, i. e. as patriots. The specific accusation of Montanus was that he wrote '*detestanda carmina.*' In the issue of these prosecutions, when Thrasea and Helvidius were condemned, one to death, the other to banish-

More than enough to scent two corpses, join'd  
The mute procession, and mov'd on behind. 170

The next was Pompey, whose insidious breath  
Was sure destruction, and whose whisper, death;

ment, the life of Montanus was granted to the influence of his father. *Montanus patri concessus est, prædicto ne in Republica haberetur.* Tacit. Ann. xvi. 28.

V. 171. *The next was Pompey.* This person is only known to posterity by the line which commemorates his skill, *tenui jugulos aperire susurro*. It were needless to return to Crispinus for the sake of his *amomum*, or for the discussion of its epithet *matutinus*. There can be no doubt the satire is levelled at the use of the perfume, at an unusual time—the morning—and in a shameful profusion as to quantity. The *amomum* (from which the word *mummy* is derived) was a spice. The natural history of the tree which produces it, is given in Pliny, l. 12, 13. The Roman perfumes were chiefly certain oriental gums and compounds of Spiceries. See the Delphin edition of Persius on the lines,

*Urnæ*

*Ossa inodora ; seu spirant cinnama surdum*

*Seu ceraso peccent casicæ nescire paratus.*

*Fuscus* twice commanded the armies of Domitian against the Dacians. Veiento was introduced to us in the third satire, as one of the great men whose recollection of their inferiors it was sometimes necessary to prompt.

The anecdote of Catullus, alluded to in the text, of his tendency to fall in love after losing his sight, disproves the adage, *ἐκ τοῦ ὀφθαλμοῦ γιννέται τὸ ἐρᾶν*. Of him nothing whatever is known, except what Pliny says, L. iv. Epist. 22. ‘That he had a soul as dark as his body, and was not only cursed with want of sight, but also with want of humanity; that uninfluenced

And Fuscus, who was meditating war,  
 Safe in his marble halls from dangers far,  
 Nor dream'd that Dacian vultures should at last  
 On his own bowels make their crude repast. [175  
 Discreet Veiento with Catullus ran,  
 Destructive wretch ! a deadly foe to man :  
 (Who burnt with lust for charms he could not see)  
 Even in these times of ours, a monster he 180  
 Of rare occurrence—for tho' blind as night,  
 He flatters on—a dreadful satellite !  
 Worthy the bridge where oft he us'd to stand,  
 And to the passing chariot kiss the hand  
 Or whine for alms, where up Aricia's hill 185  
 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,  
 The flying boys, the skilful swordsman's hit, 190

by either fear, shame, or compassion, he was a proper instrument in the hands of Domitian, to execute his black purposes against every man of worth.'

This character of Catullus, then long dead, was given by some one at the table of Nerva. 'What would have been his fate,' said the Emperor, 'if he had liv'd now?' 'To have supped with us,' was the reply.

As to the 'pegma,' the stage machinery, and trap doors of the Roman theatre, I find every description so unsatisfactory, that I will not detain the reader with a subject so uninteresting and unprofitable.

He would applaud, and resolutely tell,  
‘He never knew the thing done half so well.’

And yet Veiento match’d him—as possest  
With all the phrenzy of Bellona’s priest;  
He views the fish in rapture—then aloud,— 195  
‘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;  
‘See on his back those bristling stakes of bone!’ 200

Two things, in short, alone he fail’d to name,  
The Turbot’s age; the spot from whence he came.

‘How say ye, Fathers? what do ye advise?  
‘Shall it be cut?’ ‘*CUT*,’ old Montanus cries?  
‘THE GODS forbid! no, rather, sire, prepare 205  
‘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!  
‘The wheel bring hither, and the plastic clay— 210  
‘But hence, O Cæsar! ne’er encamp again,  
‘Without some skilful potters in thy train.’

All heard the speech, and all approv’d the plan,  
Which, was, indeed, quite worthy of the man:  
For he was skill’d in each luxurious rite 215  
Of former reigns, and thro’ the livelong night  
Had drank with Nero, till the maddening brain  
Grew hot, and appetite return’d again!

None in my time the science better knew,  
 By many practis'd tho' profess'd by few : 220  
 At the first taste, he'd tell where oysters fed,  
 Whether far off, on the Rutupian bed,  
 Deep in the bay of Lucrine's rocky shore,  
 Or where the waves round Circe's breakers roar—  
 His practis'd eye taught him at once to name 225  
 The very spot from which the Lobster came !

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, 230  
 The Catti or Sicambri were in arms,  
 Or that some letter big with new alarms,  
 In haste, from earth's remotest corners come,  
 On hurried Pinions had been brought to Rome.

O that such trifles, frivolous and vain, 235  
 Had fill'd each hour of that detested reign !

V. 219. *None in my time.* 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 flavor. The oyster was always a very favorite luxury of the Romans; and Holyday illustrates this very aptly by citation from a commentary on 'The Fragments of Ennius his Phagetica,' in which the Cyzicen oyster is preferred to all the rest. *Cyzicena majora Lucrinis, dulciora Britannicis, suaviora Edulis, acriora Lepticis, pleniora Lucensibus, sicciora Coryphantinis, teneriora Istricis, candidiora Circeiensibus.* This passage, I have since observed, is quoted by Pliny.



When, of her noblest citizens depriv'd,  
Rome daily mourn'd—and yet the wretch surviv'd,  
And no avenger rose ! but when the low  
And base-born RABBLE came to fear the blow, 240  
And COBLERS TREMBLED—then, to rise no more,  
He fell still reeking with the Lamian gore.

V. 242. *He fell, &c.* The murder here alluded to, has been already mentioned : it was that of Ælius Lamia. Note on l. 126. I do not think the name stands for the Roman nobility at large, but rather that it designates the peculiar opprobrium of destroying such an illustrious person, for such a cause ; but the point is of the smallest importance.

## Argument.

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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 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 AND PLACES

### MENTIONED IN THE SATIRE.

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#### PERSONS.

OF these there are but 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.

*Firro. Nomen Divitis. vide Sat. ix. 35.*

*Micipsa*, the son of Masanissa, a name well known from its connexion 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 *Captator hereditatis* by profession. The fortune hunters of Rome were better speculatists than

those of modern times, and avoided the incumbrance 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. *ΔΙΑΔ. ΝΕΚ. 5.*

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

*Alledius*, also unknown.

*Mycale.* The *bonne amie* of Trebius, says Ruperti, rather than his wife, adding singularly enough, *si hoc esset uxoris, non pellicis Nomen, poeta unum puerum, non tres pueros dixisset.* I know not on what theory this curious remark is founded.

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## PLACES.

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

*Taurominium, Taormini*, on the Eastern coast of Sicily.

## Satire V.

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IF still thy sordid end, devoid of shame,  
Thou canst pursue, thy doctrine still 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 proud Cæsar's ill-assorted board

V. 4. *To dine at any table* ; or eat on any trencher, *aliena vivere quadra* ; a proverbial expression, of which the discoveries of Herculaneum have supplied another interpretation ; on the museum at Portici are preserved two loaves found at Herculaneum. These are marked at the top by two transverse fissures, 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 8 dented. The loaf marked for division into 4 parts was called by the Romans *quadra*, by the Greeks *τετραρυφος* : hence, *aliena vivere quadra*, to live on another man's loaf'—(Winkelman's Account of Discoveries at Herculaneum). These interpretations are all equally good as to the sense, but the last seems most likely to be correct.

Thou still canst bear ; believe me, I'd be loth  
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 nought 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 !—

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, 25

And the third pillow would remain unprest)  
O what delight to hear the lordling say,  
'You're not engag'd, 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 favor, he should fly,  
His latches loose,—he cannot stay to tye,

Lest the saluting circle should have past,  
And he prefer his compliment the last,  
What time the planets gleam with dubious light, 35  
And the slow team still marks the reign of night.

The day,—the hour arrives,—the time to dine !  
But O ! at such a meal ! and for the wine,

V. 33. *Lest the saluting.* The 1st part of the Client's duty was to pay his respects to his Patron at an early hour at his own home, (of which custom it is to be presumed the modern Levee is a derivative). The next, to attend him from his door to the forum or places of public business ; in short, to appear with him in public ; the last, to escort him back again : the whole of which employments may be collected from Juvenal. The phrase, '*peregere orbem*' therefore, scarcely means to perform 'the round of visits' as it is generally interpreted, because these onerous duties could not be conveniently discharged to more than one individual ;—and besides, that interpretation is incompatible with the principle of this Institution. The protected were indeed numerous, according to the consequence and rank of the protector ; yet each Client could have but one Patron. It should seem a more happy explanation of the phrase, that the attendants stood round the great man : that mode of disposing a crowd being found convenient from the first circles down to the extemporaneous pugilism familiar to the English reader. This ceremonial of visiting consumed from 6 till 8 o'clock ; hence a poor client complains below, of the cold and dew of the morning,—a hardship also noticed by Martial.

*Prima, salutantes atque altera continet hora.*

So thick and turbid, you might try in vain,  
 Thro' coarsest wool the feculence to strain! 40  
 So crude and fiery, that one soon shall view  
 No longer guests, but Corybants in you!  
 The squabbling prelude is perform'd, and now,  
 While the stain'd napkin wipes the bleeding brow,  
 Swift flies the ponderous pitcher, smokes the war, 45  
 Midst volleys of Saguntum's flinty jar!  
 A fight not seldom fought between the guest,  
 And the rude cohort that attends the feast.  
 Meanwhile the produce of some vintage rare, [50  
 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,

V. 39. *So thick and turbid.* 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 immovable, 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 *νηπος*—*colum vinarium*; two of these instruments are preserved in the cabinet of the King of Naples. I conceive from all this, the interpretation which I have adopted of the passage, (for it is a disputed one)

——— *Vinum quod succida nolit*  
*Lana pati* ———

is the most probable.

V. 46. *Midst volleys of, &c.* Happy had it been for



The host shall quaff, but not a cup shall send  
To warm the aching bowels of his friend.  
To-morrow Alba's wine shall grace the board,    55  
Or Setian, brought from that interior hoard,  
That ancient cask, where time, and smoke, and dust,  
Spread o'er the date an indurated crust.

Saguntum (Murviedro) if its fame had descended to posterity only as an inferior pottery! The melancholy tale of its resistance to the arms of Hannibal under the pressure of the most severe famine, is well known; better even than its bombardment by French cannon but four years since.—This its last capture seems to have required and to have exhausted all the resources of the modern art of besieging. Its manufactory of pottery is mentioned both by Pliny and by Martial.

V. 57. *That ancient cask.* The largest wine vessels of the ancients were called *dolia*; next to these were the *amphoræ*; both were made of baked earth and had small necks sealed with gypsum, or pitch: the *dolium* contained 18 *amphoræ*, which measure is written on such a vessel still preserved in the Albani vineyard. In a vaulted cellar at Herculaneum several *amphoræ* were found fixed by brick-work to the wall. The *amphora* is computed to have held 40 gallons: The *cadus*, a smaller vessel, 15. We learn, however, from the same authentic source of illustration, that the ancients were no strangers to the art of making casks bound by hoops. In the Cabinet of the Roman College, two men are represented on a lamp, carrying such a vessel suspended by a pole. Many *amphoræ* were found at Pompeii; some of them with inscriptions in paint,—Such as HERCULANENSES NONIO. The ancients, it is well known, recorded the age of their wine by the name of the Consul for the year.

Such, once a year, old Thrasea, crown'd with flowers  
With good Helvidius drank,—for festive hours 60  
Reserv'd with patriot care, the precious wine—  
To keep thy birth-day, Brutus! Cassius, thine!

V. 60. *Such, once a year, &c.* Thrasea and Helvidius were two illustrious characters in the reign of Nero, scarcely less conspicuous for republican virtues than the worthies whose birth days they are here beautifully introduced as celebrating. The Muse of History has also claimed them; and the last words of the Annals of Tacitus are consecrated to the last moments of Pætus Thrasea.

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 birth-day should be numbered '*inter dies nefastos*' (a distinction 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 honors to the infamous Poppæa.

As this illustrious patriot had imbued his son-in-law, Helvidius Priscus, and others, with the same noble sentiments, the wretched assembly, which still dishonored the name of Senate, were easily prevailed upon to condemn him, at the instance of their execrable Master, and he is represented as receiving the officer who came to execute it, in his garden, where he was holding a conversation with the philosopher Demetrius, on a subject of which the importance was enhanced to him by the anticipation of his approaching fate, '*de natura animæ et dissociatione spiritus corporisque inquirebat.*' He attends the officer into his bed-chamber, extends both his arms, of which

And next in Virro's hand display'd, behold  
 With dazzling beryl deck'd, and bright with gold  
 The amber cup, but not my friend for thee, 65  
 Or if for once, in closest custody !

the veins were immediately opened, and on the first starting of the blood, exclaims with a spirit worthy of his favorite patriot, ' We make this libation to Jove, the Liberator. Look, young man,—may the Gods avert the omen,—but thou art fallen upon evil times, in which it is well to confirm thy courage by every example of resoluteness.'

V. 65. *The amber cup, but not, &c.* That amber, the substance here meant under the periphrasis *heliadum crustæ*, should have been regarded as a concrete vegetable juice by Dioscorides and Pliny, is sufficiently accountable : The gum from Africa, called Senegal, is often equally beautiful with the finest specimens of amber. However, that the ancients were also well acquainted with the substance properly thus named, its employment for goblets sufficiently proves. Dioscorides says that it is vulgarly considered as the juice of the *populus nigra*, which grows hard in the waters of the Po, and describes one of its properties *ευωδες εν τη παρατηρησει*.

The ancients prized specimens of amber which enclosed insects : a subject on which several Latin, and some Greek epigrams have been written, of which the two following, by Martial, are among the best.

*Dum Phaethontea Formica vagatur in umbra,  
 Implicuit teneram succina Gutta Feram,  
 Sic modo quæ fuerat vita, contempta manente,  
 Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis.*

IV.—15.

*Et latet et lucet Phaethontide condita Gutta,  
 Ut videatur Apis nectare clausa suo.  
 Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum :  
 Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.*

IV.—32.

To count the gems, a saucy slave stands by,  
 Thy nails inspecting with a watchful eye :  
 Excuse his freedom, and forbear to touch  
 Those emeralds, admir'd so very much ! 70  
 For these on Virro's hand no longer shine,  
 But sparkling on the margin of the wine,  
 The cup displays the gems, which once adorn'd  
 His sword, for whom the jealous prince was scorn'd.  
 If thou art thirsty, grasp the leaky jar, 75  
 The Beneventine cobbler's namesake-ware,

V. 70. *Those emeralds, &c.* *Iaspis* in the original, commonly translated Jasper, was surely not the stone now distinguished by that name, but rather a colored gem, and most likely a species of the emerald ; it is mentioned, indeed, in connection with the emerald by Theophrastus, who, among other ornamental purposes to which it was applied, mentions this, of fixing upon cups,—*ἡ Ἰασπις, οἷς δὲ εἰς τὰ λιθοκολλὰ χρωνταί.*

Dioscorides, in reckoning up the several kinds of this stone, says, *ὁ μὲν τις ἐστὶ Σμαραγδίζων*—which is perhaps the species here alluded to. Under this head, it may also be worth while to put down, that he probably describes the *smoky quartz* or *cairn gorum*, (*ὁ δὲ ΚΑΙΝΙΑΣ ὡς περὶ κεκαπνισμένος,*) almost by its present name.

If there be any doubt of the similarity between the *Iaspis* and the emerald, an epigram upon a ring in the Anthologia, would go far to determine the point.

*Τας βους καὶ τὸν Ἰασπιν ἰδὼν περὶ χεὶρὶ δοκῆσεις*

*Τας μὲν ἀναπνεῖν, τὸν δὲ ΧΛΟΗΚΟΜΕΕΙΝ.*

What follows in the text alludes to the sword of Æneas.

——— *Stellatus Iaspide fulva*

*Ensis erat.*

*Æneid. l. iv.*

Void of all worth,—save only to be sold  
 For some half score of matches duly told !  
 With meat and wine if Virro's stomach glow,  
 He quaffs a cup more cold than Getic snow ; 80  
 And said I viler wines were kept for you ?  
 My friend, you drink INFERIOR WATER too :  
 Serv'd by the paw of some Getulian boor,  
 Or bony fingers of an 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 waits your host's commands,  
 Bought at a cost more vast than all the lands  
 Of Tullus, or rich Ancus, could defray,  
 Or all the goods of all Rome's kings could pay ! 90  
 Ask for thy negro Ganymede whene'er  
 Thy throat is parch'd, nor dream a boy so fair  
 Knows how to suit the 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 !

V. 76. *The Beneventine cobbler, &c.* The Beneventine Cobbler was one Vatinius.—*Vatinius inter fœdissima ejus (Neronis) aulæ ostenta fuit, sutrinæ tabernæ alumnus, corpore detorto facieiis scurrilibus, &c.*—[Tacit. Ann. xv.]—These cups with four projecting spouts, or lips, or handles, got the surname of Vatinius, says the Scholiast, because he had a very prominent nose.

V. 80. *He quaffs a cup, &c.* The expression *decocta pruinis*, is perhaps an intentional opposition of terms, but it is commonly stated in explanation that Nero was fond of boiled water afterwards refrigerated by immersion in snow.

V. 87. *Of Asia's youth the flower.* It was not only the  
*Juv.*

There, there he stands dispensing cold and hot,  
 Thee and thy vulgar wants remembering not !  
 O cease to ask,—’twould move our youngster’s  
 spleen

To help an humble client were he seen : 100  
 His pride ill brooks, that thou reclin’d in state  
 Canst eat at ease, while he forsooth must wait !  
 This insolence of slaves quite monstrous grown  
 Is each great mansion’s curse, with what a tone [ 105  
 The scoundrel hands you bread one scarce can break,  
 Hard musty lumps which make the grinders ache,  
 Kept for himself while loaves of fairest flour  
 Your kind and generous landlord will devour !  
 Those tempting rolls, let not thy touch profane,  
 Or, art thou scheming ? know thy arts are vain, 110  
 Comes one who bids thee the small theft resign,  
 (Thou might’st besure such bread was none of thine)  
 ‘ Wilt thou be pleas’d once more, bold guest, to see  
 ‘ The color of the loaves design’d for thee ?  
 ‘ So ! ’twas for this,’ you mutter, ‘ that I left 115  
 ‘ My bed, my wife, of half my rest bereft,  
 ‘ Fac’d the raw breezes of th’ Esquilian hill,  
 ‘ Felt thro’ my cloak the drizzling rain distill,

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. Juvenal describes his attendant as

*A frigore tutus*

*Non Phryx aut Lycius, non a mangone petitus.*

V. 97. *There, there he stands, dispensing cold and hot.*  
 The ancients made use of both at their meals ; which among various other testimonies is easily brought to recollection from

‘ While all the sky with sables hung would lower  
 ‘ Or burst the vernal hail’s impetuous shower.’—

Beyond thy reach, (of course,) a lobster grac’d  
 With large asparagus, is duly plac’d :

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.

Merg’d in pellucid oil—reserv’d for him !—

The stately fish on Virro’s plate shall swim ;

Thy cabbage stinks of what the sharp canoe

Brought from Micipsa’s shores—reserv’d for you !

Fit for the lamp alone, so rank that none [130

To bathe with Bocchar’s countrymen is known !

the circumstance of 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.

V. 126. *Fit for a tomb.* The *Feralis cæna*—a quantity of provision, usually of a very coarse description made a part of the Roman ceremony of interment, it was left in the tomb, and there were not seldom among the living persons sufficiently wretched to have recourse to this revolting banquet, for a meal. Præteus tells us that a custom somewhat similar remains in Languedoc, where on the evening of the first of November a table is set forth among the tombs provided with a banquet of wine, bread and meat in honor of the dead. This custom also, it is said, prevails in the East and in China.

V. 130. *Brought from Micipsa’s shores.* I have named the boat in question (which the commentators call ‘ *Navicula*



Who in their stench secure, defy the snakes  
And all the venom of their native brakes !

A Mullet enters next, for Virro brought, 135  
At Taormini, for Virro's table caught :  
Since now the nets for new supplies must seek  
Far distant shores, and sift each foreign creek :  
No Tyrrhene fish remaining to appease  
The throat's demand, all drain'd th' Italian seas,  
From coasts remote must cunning Lenas gain [140  
Gifts to Aurelia sent,—to sell again !

A Lamprey next to Virro they present  
From the Sicilian gulf for Virro sent ;  
(For while old Auster keeps the house and wrings  
The moisture from his wet-encumber'd wings, [145  
Allur'd by gain the desperate plummets sound  
E'en where Charybdis whirls her surges round !)  
Now comes the dish for thy repast decreed  
A snake-like eel !—or of that speckled breed 150  
Which fatten'd where Cloaca's torrents pour,  
Sported in Tiber's mud, its native shore ;  
And where the drains thro' mid Suburra flow  
Swam the foul streams which fill the Crypt below !

And now a 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

*e canna'*) a canoe. Pliny says that canes in India attain so great a size, *ut singula Internodia alveo navigabili ternos interdum homines ferunt.*



(For once the power of doing good was thought  
The proudest privilege distinction brought ;)   
Feed, Virro, feed, 'tis all we ask from thee  
With some exterior guise of decency.

Yes ! do but 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 pamper'd goose,  
(For him of course :) a fatten'd fowl before  
Leaves in the rear a huge and smoking boar ; 170  
More huge than that which Meleager slew,  
But plac'd as usual, far remote from you :—  
Then if 'tis spring, and thunder clouds be kind,  
A dish of truffles peel'd appears behind.

'O Lybia keep thy corn, Alledius cries, 175  
'And send us Truffles still in large supplies.'

And now lest ought might yet remain untried  
To raise your passions or to gall your pride,  
Behold the Carver who with rare grimace  
And pompous air capers from place to place, 180  
The meats arranging at the master's call  
And with a rapid knife dismembering all :  
For 'tis no light affair, believe me, how  
Hare, Fowl, or Pheasant are dissected now ;

V. 179. *Behold the Carver.* The carver, *Structor*, *Diribitor*, *Scissor* was a servant whose express concern it was to dismember the articles of the repast. Another or perhaps the same to set it out in order. These were indispensable attendants at every feast.

*Veniet qui fercula docte*

*Componit ; veniet qui pulmentaria condit.*

Sat. 7. 185.

The art of carving was taught on wooden models.

Ha! dost thou move a lip as if thy claims      185  
 Were yet unforfeited, and those Three Names  
 Gave still a Roman's right to speak thy mind,  
 Kick'd to the street, thy error shalt thou find.

O when shall Virro drink to such a guest  
 When touch the goblet which thy lips have press'd?  
 Or which of you will be so rash, so lost      190  
 When uninvited, as to pledge your host?

THE WORDS ARE NOT A FEW, WHICH WANT  
 CONTROULS,

WHICH NONE MAY UTTER WITH A CLOAK IN  
 HOLES!

But should some god or mortal well inclin'd      195  
 Leave thee a fortune, than the fates more kind,  
 How very soon thy abject state will 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?'—      200

BROTHER! O GOLD OMNIPOTENT, FOR THEE  
 THIS SPEECH IS MEANT OF KIND FRATERNITY!

But would'st thou rule with undivided swa y  
 And lord it o'er thy lord the livelong day  
 No young Æneas in thy hall must play,      205 }

V. 186. The three names, the mark of distinction between the Roman citizen and the slave. The paraphrastic manner in which I have rendered the passage supersedes a longer note. The insulted client *had* three names,—was a Roman citizen still, but the privileges of independence they conferred were forfeited by his despicable submission.

Her steps to thee no infant daughter bend,

A STERILE WIFE SECURES A STEDFAST FRIEND.

Though now, as times are changed, should Mycalé  
Produce at once three little Trebii, 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 let us view this hateful scene once more—

And see! kind Virro's cautious friends explore 215

The doubtful fungus, while before their host

Delicious mushrooms take their usual post.

Such, Claudius dearly lov'd, till One there came

Of size conspicuous and of endless fame,

V. 218. *Such, Claudius lov'd.* This Emperor '*boletorum appetentissimus*' 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*; and finding her own judgment unequal to the case, Λοκουσταν τινα φαρμακίδα, περιβοητον μετεπεμψατο, και φαρμακον τι αφευκτον προκατασκευασα ες τινα των καλουμενων μυκητων ενεβαλε.—She ate herself the smaller mushrooms of the dish, but put the large one on the plate of her husband—'*post quem nil amplius edit.*' He was soon carried out of the room, swoln and stupified! ὑπερκορης μεθης σφοδρα ων—and departed this life the succeeding day. He was deified in due time, and the deification afforded a good joke for Nero.

~ 'Mushrooms,' said he, 'are certainly the food of the Gods,

Which season'd for her valued lord's repast 220  
Under his wife's directions, prov'd his last !

for Claudius *became a God* by eating them.' ΕΚΕΙΝΟΣ ΓΑΡ  
ΔΙΑ ΜΥΣΤΗΤΟΣ ΘΕΟΣ ΕΓΕΓΟΡΕΙ.

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 every thing to fear, sent for Xenophon, a Physician ; he, on pretence of promoting the disposition to vomit, irritates the throat of his patient with a feather smeared with poison ; a sensible man ! HAUD IGNARUS SUMMA SCELERA INCIPI CUM PERICULO, PERAGI CUM PRÆMIO.

Thus ends a long and full account of the practices of gluttony and the punishments of the parasite,

Ψωμὸν οὐκ οὐκ γαστρὶ χαρίζομενος.

One may allow a little for exaggeration—a few insertions for effect,—but the main fact is certainly true that the Table, which was formerly held even as sanctified and consecrated to the purposes of liberality and friendship, was now the scene of two opposite indeed, but equally degrading vices. Martial amply confirms the account of Juvenal. See lib. vi. 11. and iii. 60. for an expostulation with two Virros.

*Res tibi cum Rhombo est, at mihi cum sparulo.*

*Cur sine te cæno, cum tecum Pontice cænem ?*

To Marcus who complains that he cannot find a Pylades he suggests the propriety of first becoming an Orestes.

*Nec melior panis turdusve dabatur Oresti.*

*Sed par atque eadem cæna duobus erat.*

A still further corroboration of these practices, though in truth Satire requires little confirmation—(the existence of the

Apples to all the Virros, they present  
 Of which his guests inhale the fragrant scent ;  
 Such, mellow'd by Corcyra's brilliant sky  
 Her endless autumns might alone supply, 225  
 Such thou might'st think, and only such as these  
 Were pilfer'd from the fam'd Hesperides !  
 But as for your's, behold such precious fruit,  
 Such windfalls as beseem the raw recruit,

Satire proving the existence of the vice) may be found in Pliny's Letter to Avitus, l. ii. 6. describing such an 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 upon a level with myself whom I admit to my table, not excepting my freedmen, whom I look upon at those times to be my guests, as much as the rest. At this he expressed some surprize, and asked if I did not find it a very expensive method ? I assured him, not

Who dreads the surly veteran's peevish blow, 230  
 While station'd in the trench he learns to throw  
 The javelin, and with prompt address to wield  
 The ponderous spear and shift the cumbrous shield.  
 Perhaps thou reckon'st, friend, that all is done  
 From a mean mind and avarice alone :— 235  
 Ah no ! 'tis done to make thee writhe and smart,  
 To crush thy spirit and to wring thy heart ;  
 Done all for sport ! for what more comic scene  
 Than thy distress, 'twixt appetite and spleen ?  
 'Tis done, as all but thou must plainly 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 you come to eat ; 245  
 Knows that they take thy virtue by surprise,  
 Those savoury steams which from his kitchen rise.

'at all ; and that the whole secret lay in *being contented to  
 'drink no better wine myself than I gave to others.'*

I will conclude this subject with a translation from a Greek  
 epigram, the turn of which however I have altered, as it  
 seems flat even in the original.

Far from the rich man's board be still thy seat,  
 Touch not the parasite's insulting meat,  
 Nor sorrowless shed thou the lying tear,  
 Nor with the laugher laugh : be still sincere ;  
 And when nor love nor hate thy bosom move,  
 With Virro hate not, nor with Virro love.

And he is right ; 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 ? [250  
Hope cheats thee still, methinks I hear thee say,  
'That hare half-pick'd we'll surely get to-day ;  
'That rump, at least,—perhaps a fowl,'—you wait,  
Pick your dry bread, and view your empty plate.  
'Tis just what you deserve, your host is wise, [255  
If such an host you learn not to despise.

WHO CAN BEAR ALL THINGS, ALL THINGS OUGHT  
TO BEAR ;

Tarry a little longer, he shall dare,  
Poor humbled slave, thy shaven crown to smite,  
And thou wilt bear the blow,—perhaps invite ; [260  
Think nothing hard, thy back to scourges lend,  
Worthy of SUCH a feast, and SUCH a friend !



## Argument.

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*Credo pudicitiam, &c.* This *Creed* of Juvenal's, of which in the progress of this long Satire he presents us with the several articles, must I fear be regarded (for Satire is in some measure History) as an authentic document on the state of manners among the sex at that period. It has been often noticed that the picture here drawn of the age of chastity is somewhat coarse and unattractive; but we must consider the genius of satirical writing, which, conversant with cities and their inhabitants, rarely admits of descriptive poetry, unless for the sake of contrast. That Juvenal would have succeeded as the poet of rural life may be indeed doubted, nevertheless (though some critics have denied, or sparingly conceded to him this excellence) he seems to have possessed a mind highly susceptible of those emotions which arise from contemplating the beauties of nature. Sat. iii. 18, 190, 226. viii. 206. ix. 125, &c.

Every thing that relates to the sexual passion in this Satire is exceedingly gross, and may be well contrasted with the delicacy and beauty of one at least of the Greek Philosophers, who thus discourses on the necessity of combining affection with animal passion.

το μεν της ώρας ανθος ταχυ δε που παρακμαζει, απολειπον-  
τος δε τουτου, αναγκη και την φιλιαν συναπομαραινεσθαι· η  
δε ψυχη οσονπερ αν χρονου ιη επι το φρονιμωτερον, και αξιο-  
εραστοτερα γιγνεται.

Xenoph. Sympos.

Yet some of the Greeks were as friendly to marriage as Juvenal,

πασα γυνη χολος εστιν· εχει δ' αγαθας δυο ώρας,  
την μιαν εν θαλαμω, την μιαν εν θανατω.



## PERSONS AND PLACES

MENTIONED IN THE SATIRE.

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### PERSONS.

*POSTHUMUS*, a friend of Juvenal's, not elsewhere noticed.

*Bathyllus*, see Note on the passage.

*Thymele*, see Satire I.—*Saltatrix egregia*: Martial begs Domitian to read his epigrams with that countenance with which he looks on the performances of Thymele.

*Qua Thymele spectas*

*Illa fronte precor, carmina nostra legas.*

*Accius*, an actor of some renown, as appears from the text, but not farther known.

*Tuccia*,—There was a vestal of this name, whose reputation having fallen under a cloud, 'Grant, O Vesta!' she exclaimed before a multitude collected to see the experiment, 'in attestation of my chastity, that I may 'drink out of *this sieve* and carry it back full of water 'to thy temple,'—and the lady's honor was abundantly

vindicated. Val. Maxim. de Judiciis Public. l. viii. 1. The name was not a common one, but this personage does not seem to have been of the same family.

*Ælia*, unknown,—as indeed most of the exemplary ladies of this Satire are and ought to be ; *Hispulla*, *Hippia*, *Bibula*, *Cesennia*, *Saufeia*, *Medullina*, *Maura*, &c.

*Echion*, *Ambrosius*, unknown musicians ; but *Glaphyrus* was a celebrated Piper in the reign of Augustus, of whom Antipater in the Greek epigram,

Ορχεὺς ἡρῶας ἐπειθεῖ : σὺ δ' ορχεῖς.

*Sergius*, a gladiator, whose middle age, at least, is I think intended by the expression, ‘*radere guttur.*’

*Berenice*, see Note on the passage.

*Cornelia*, ‘the mother of the Gracchi.’ Such was the inscription on her statue, which Juvenal here adopts as complimentary, although one should suppose he was not an admirer of the family.

*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes.*—Sat. 11.

*Niobe*, the wife of Amphion, King of Thebes, who brought him a large family ; ‘concerning the number and names of whom there is a great diversity of opinion among authors.’—Ruperti. Her misfortunes are beautifully related by Ovid.

*Felicissima matrum*

*Dicta foret Niobe si non sibi visa fuisset !*

for when her countrywomen were about to perform a sacrifice in honor of Latona, she made extremely free, among other themes, with the unfruitfulness of the Goddess.

———— *Illa duobus*

*Facta parens : uteri pars est hæc septima nostræ !*

The rest of the tale is told by Juvenal.

*Hænnus, Carpophorus*, more actors ; their excellence consisting in the flexibility of their voices : the first of them commended for this excellence by Quintilian.

*Archigenes* ; Note on the passage.

*Manilia*, a mere name to be numbered with those above classed, as unknown : though Ruperti cites a little story of a female of this name, from Aulus Gellius, which I omit because I do not consider it as illustrative of the character here imputed.

*Palæmon*, the instructor of Quintilian, a learned grammarian in the reigns of Tiberius and Claudius, but withal so well pleased with himself as to say, ‘ that letters came with him, and with him would depart.’

*Cæsonia*, the second wife of Caligula. Paulina being divorced from him for sterility, the Emperor chose his second mate under very unequivocal circumstances, and became a father at the early period of 30 days. Her physical qualifications were indeed undeniable, (for this was her fourth child,) her moral, less conspicuous, since she was, on the authority of Suetonius, ‘ *luxuriæ ac lasciviæ perditæ*.’ Caligula, however, admired her figure so much, as to show her off to his soldiers, ‘ *chlamyde, pelta, et galea ornatam,—amicis vero etiam ‘ nudam ;’* how grateful she was for these attentions we read in the text.

Several other names occur in this long Satire, but they are for the most part so trite that it would be inexcusable to waste time on mere transcription of common places.

## PLACES.

*Emilian 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 upon the Flaminian Way. It was called in ancient times *Milvius*, by corruption, and now by still farther corruption *Ponte Molle*. From a view before me, 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 Catalinarian 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.

*Pons Mulvius in eo tempore celebris nocturnis inlecebris erat; ventitabatque illic Nero quo solutius urbem extra, lasciviret.* Tacit. Ann. xiii. 47.

*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.

*Sybaris*, a town in Lucania, whose inhabitants became so infamous for their depravity, as to have furnished the 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 its profligacy.

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

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

## Satire VI.

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YES, we admit that chastity remain'd  
And dwelt on earth so long as Saturn reign'd,  
While man and beast, a lodging and a lair  
In some cold cavern were content to share,

V. 4. *In some cold cavern.* Lucretius gives us a picture of a still earlier period of society, or rather of savage life, inasmuch as the use of fire and of skins was yet to learn,—a picture even less attractive than that of Juvenal.

*Necdum res igni scibant tractare neque uti  
Pellibus, et spoliis corpus vestire ferarum:  
Sed nemora atque cavos montes silvasque colebant,  
Et frutices inter condebant squalida membra.*

Another on the same subject occurs in the beautiful speech where Prometheus sums up the benefits he has conferred on mankind.

Κ' οὐτι πλινθυφεις  
δομους προσειλους ησαν, ου ξυλουργιαν·  
κατωρυχες δ' εναιον ωστ' αησυροι  
μυρμηκες, αντρων εν μυχοις ανηλίοις.

Æschyl. Prometh. v. 459.

While yet the woods supplied the casual bed, 5  
 While moss, and skins, and leaves were duly spread  
 By dames, at whose large breasts the sinewy child  
 Of an athletic sire, contented smil'd.

Unlike our Cinthias, who with tearful eyes  
 Refuse all comfort when their sparrow dies! 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 deriv'd its birth.

Some case or two perhaps the world might boast 15  
 Of female chastity not wholly lost,  
 When Jove succeeded to his father's throne,  
 But then—'twas ere the monarch's beard was grown.

V. 13. *From riven oaks.* That is, says Britannicus and the Delphin editor, (and Ruperti transcribes the saying,) when the first men were seen to come out of the hollow trees in the morning, in which they had taken refuge at night, '*inde nasci videbantur*,'—but who were the spectators?—Moreover, as Holyday remarks, *prima illa ætate*, the trees had not had time to get hollow!—so that a new theory is indispensable. However, a delivery of this sort is beautifully described by Ovid, in the story of Myrrha; if such births were, they could not be more gracefully conducted.

*Nitenti tamen est similis, curvataque crebros  
 Dat gemitus arbor: lacrymisque cadentibus humet.  
 Constitit ad ramos mitis Lucina dolentes  
 Admovitque manus, et verba puerpera dixit.  
 Arbor agit rimas; et fissa cortice, vivum  
 Reddit onus, vagitque puer.*

V. 18. *But then 'twas ere.* The sensual paradise of

When lies and perjuries as yet were rare,  
 Nor by his neighbour's head the Grecian swear ; 20  
 In unwall'd gardens while one yet might live,  
 And roots and orchards free from pillage thrive :  
 But when Astræa from the earth withdrew,  
 Alas ! the sister Goddess left us too !

'Tis an old vice, (thou know'st it well,) to slight 25  
 The sacred genius of the nuptial rite ;  
 Date from the iron age all other crimes,  
 Adultery flourish'd in the silver times !  
 To Rome's most dextrous barber yet dost thou  
 Commit thy hair and con the marriage vow ? 30  
 The ring perhaps already hast thou giv'n,  
 Yet wert thou lately sane,—defend us, heav'n !

Mahomet 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. Met. lib. vi.

Zeus, κυκνος, ταυρος, σατυρος, χευστος δι' ερωτα  
 Αηδης, Ευρωπης, Αντιοπης, Δαναης.

*For Leda, fair dame, a Swan Jove became,  
 For Europa a Bull, we are told,  
 A Satyr that he, might gain Antiope,  
 And for Danaë glittering gold.*

V. 31. *The ring perhaps. Digito pignus dedisti.*—The



And may we, must we then believe it true,  
That in these times a wife is sought by you?  
What furies, Posthumus, distract thy brain? 35  
Submit to wear the ignominious chain,  
While ropes and scores of casements from their  
height  
To break thy neck so temptingly invite!  
While stands th' Æmilian bridge? or if of these  
Thy too fastidious taste, not one can please, 40  
Were it not better, 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?

ring was given some time before as a sponsal pledge, not at the marriage of the parties. The betrothment was settled in two words, AN SPONDES? SPONDEO. The marriage itself was either tacitly acknowledged by cohabitation for a year, (USUS) or contracted before the PONTIF. MAX., or the FLAMEN DIALIS by the rite of CONFARREATIO, ten witnesses being present, and the parties severally tasting a piece of cake or bread made of salt-water and flour—FAR. It was only the children of this more solemn marriage who could fill certain religious offices, to which particular importance was annexed. COEMPTIO, a third kind of contract made by exchanging a piece of money had in the time of Cicero, superseded the ancient rite of CONFARREATIO. Many of the Pagan rites were very elegantly imagined; this was one of them. The parties about to marry sacrificed to Juno Nuptialis: in this sacrifice they carefully separated *the gall* and threw it away, signi-

Aye, but an heir! behold the secret charm, 45  
 And then the Law will keep our friend from harm!  
 The JULIAN LAW—Turtle he'll now resign,  
 And without mullets, like a parent dine!—  
 What may not happen if Ursidius take  
 The yoke he lov'd to banter and to break? 50  
 If this abuser of his neighbour's bed,  
 Into the noose shall thrust his foolish head,  
 Who in Latinus' chest when 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,  
 A steer with gilded horns to Juno vow,  
 If to thy lot, one that may safely touch [60  
 The sacred wreaths they grant—(few, few be such!

fying, says Plutarch, το μηδεποτε δειν χολην μηδε οργην γαμψ  
 παρειναι.

V. 46. *And then the law will keep, &c.* ‘*Placet Ursidio  
 lex Julia,*’ because, says the Scholiast, it allows such as have  
 children to become heirs; no,—Ursidius pleases himself with  
 the protection of his honor, by the enactment of this law,  
 concerning which see Note on Satire 1. The bachelor,  
 we see, made important sacrifices, in giving up his claim to  
 the kind attentions of his friends. The rich Aurelia, we read  
 in the preceding Satire, was so well supplied with fish in con-  
 sequence of her celibacy, as to have some to dispose of.—  
 The Mullet (or Surmullet rather) was the great delicacy in  
 use on these occasions.

Whom e'en their sires, of all suspicions void,  
May dare embrace with fondness unalloy'd!)  
Yes! on thy porch the festive wreath suspend,  
Let clustering ivy o'er thy gates descend.

To ONE her loves shall Iberina tie? 65

Go, first convince her that a single eye  
Excels a pair;—one hears indeed a tale  
Of a chaste damsel in her native vale,—  
Let Gabii, let Fidenæ first attest  
Her spotless fame, and I'll believe the rest.— 70  
Are Mars and Jove then, grown effete and old,  
Can tales no more by groves and caves be told?

Range all the porticos, frequent the shews,  
Survey the theatre in all its rows,  
Say, could'st thou one select securely there, 75  
With whom 'twere safe thy happiness to share?  
A mimic Leda does Bathyllus move,  
Our Tuscan's kindling thoughts her gestures prove;

V. 65. *To one her loves, &c.* 'That is,' says Holyday, 'thou shalt not find thy Iberina to be such a pure piece; but though she might be chaste at her obscure home, yet if brought to the temptations even of Gabii and Fidenæ, though exceedingly inferior to Rome, she may prove as honest as thou hast been.'

V. 77. *As Mimic Leda.* Prejudice apart, there were several circumstances in the ancient Tragedy as represented on the stage, which were highly unfavorable to effect. As to that of the Cothurnus or Buskin, the only notion we can entertain of it, is that of clumsiness, but the '*personæ pal- lentis hiatus*,' the grim mask which occurs on many antique

By the flush'd cheek, and many a sigh betray'd,  
 Lewd Thymele inflames th' Apulian maid. 80  
 In those dull months when games and shows must  
     cease,  
 And, save the forum, all at Rome is peace,

gems, and plates of which are prefixed to sundry editions of Terence and Plautus, must have been a vital deformity to the ancient stage. On that stage, however, *Pantomime* florished to a degree of excellence of which it is impossible to conceive any thing from the harlequins and trap-doors of our Theatre. The relation of a long story told, we hear, with scrupulous accuracy, by gesture only, must be numbered with the arts that have perished: However, the modern Italians are said to be excellent mimics in their way.

The Performers in these pieces were in high favour with the Emperors, and were indulged by them in several privileges. Bathyllus was a native of Alexandria, came to Rome during the reign of Augustus, and was made a freedman by Mæcenas—to him and to Pylades the Romans were indebted for Pantomime. The great performer in this line in Juvenal's time was Paris, as he had good reason to recollect, if it were true that he owed his acquaintance with Egypt to the good offices of this favorite.

It is impossible to conceive the disturbances of the public peace which sometimes ensued from the parties, occasioned by rivals in this line. The two mentioned above, (one of whom excelled in tragic, the other in comic ballet,) divided Rome into factions! Even Augustus condescended to attempt to effect a reconciliation between them, on which occasion Pylades smartly and *truly* told him, that the occupation and distraction of the public mind in their petty quarrels, was all for his advantage, Συμφερεί σοι, Καίσαρ, πέρι ἡμῶς τον δημον συνδιατρεῖβεσθαι.

Some, deeply smitten by the mimic trade,  
In all the gear of Accius are array'd ;  
While others to th' Atellan farce repair 85  
To view the wanton Mimes, Autonoë there,  
Where gesture too significantly tells  
The tale on which delighted Ælia dwells :  
Amorous and poor :—but there be some who buy  
On higher terms the histrionic joy ; 90  
Who find out ways and means to spoil the note  
Of Hæmus, or on buskin'd heroes doat :  
While by such arts a woman's soul is mov'd,  
How shall the virtuous or the brave be lov'd ?  
You'll marry ?—well,—but ere 'tis done be sure, 95  
A father's claims thy partner chaste and pure  
On young Echion quickly will confer,  
Or stout Ambrosius, the trumpeter :  
Or Glaphyrus :—Go then, thy doors adorn  
With laurel,—tell the world thy son is born ; 100  
Display the festive scene in every street,  
While, cradled under canopies, we greet  
The noble bastard, in whose well mark'd face  
All may Euryalus, the swordsman trace.

V. 85. *While others to th' Atellan farce.* Atella was a small town between Capua and Naples, from which a sort of Melo-drame derived its name and origin. In the *exodium*, which it is customary to render by the English word *farce*, or rather *after-piece*, the actor who had borne the principal part in the serious piece which preceded, performed some buffooneries in the same dress and mask, to dispel the melancholy

Wife of a senator, his partner vile 105  
 Seeks the fam'd walls of Lagus and the Nile,  
 Canopus blushing for the crimes of Rome !  
 And with a worn-out swordsman quits her home :  
 From sister, husband, friends behold her fly,  
 Nor e'en her children cost the wretch a sigh ! 110  
 All, all ! she leaves behind, and stranger yet,—  
 E'en Paris and the games,—without regret !

of the spectators. Who could have conceived such a wretched depravity of taste ? but it was, of course, a compliment to the mob, like our incongruous supplements to the tragedies of Shakespear and of Otway ; the end and aim of this species of composition δι'ελεου και φοβου περαινουσα την των τοιουτων παθηματων καθαρσιν, not only forgotten but frustrated. On the subject of the Atellan farce Dusaulx refers to the Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript. T. 1. p. 214.

V. 105. *Wife of a Senator.* Respecting this lady, history is silent, if we except the narrative which follows, which records the anomaly of a lady running off from a luxurious and fascinating capital to a country of barbarians, and from opulence, ease and security, to danger, poverty and hardships, with an old, maimed, and exceedingly frightful gallant ! In a general Satire on Women, such a case, (very little likely to happen again,) would not have been worth alluding to, much less deserving circumstantial narration, except for the sake of the contrast which follows,

*Justa pericli*

*Si ratio est et honesta, timent pavidoque gelantur, &c.*

By the periphrasis of the ' walls of Lagus', Alexandria is intended : and Veiento, the husband of Hippia, is found in the Alban Court of Domitian. Sat. iv. 113.

On her, misfortune ne'er had cast a frown,  
Her youth was cradled in the softest down ;  
Wealth fill'd the halls of her paternal home,     115  
Yet now o'er boisterous waves she loves to roam,  
Contemning fear,—fame had she long despised ;  
Fame ! by our pillow'd fair ones lightly priz'd !  
Th' Ionian whirlwind, and the Tyrrhene waves,  
With breast most masculine, our heroine braves ;     120  
Yet let an honest cause for risque appear,  
Then are the gentle souls o'erwhelm'd with fear !  
Her feet will scarce support the fainting dame !  
Their courage they reserve for deeds of shame.  
What lady with an 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,  
Him, absent, o'er the ship they love to stray,  
Mess with the crew, and with the cordage play !     130  
What form, what features drew the dame aside ?  
For whom was Fame's insulting tongue defied ?  
Long since around his throat the beard had grown,  
His crippled arm to combats long unknown,  
And where his brow the helmet once had bound     135  
Was seen a mark indelible around :  
A filthy wart from his mid nostril grew,  
His eye-lids dropt an acrimonious dew,  
Which kept his time-worn cheek for ever wet,  
But Sergy was a gladiator yet.     140  
A new Adonis seem'd he to the dame  
For this alone—for this a mother's name



Hippia despis'd—the sword, the sword they prize,  
 Here all the charm, all the seduction lies,  
 And void of this, the fair he'd quickly find 145  
 To his, as to her husband's, merits blind.

But these be vices of retir'd abodes;  
 Review we next the RIVALS OF THE GODS.

V. 147. *But these be vices.* Another anecdote in high life is here related—Its subject, Messalina, the wife of the fifth Cæsar, πορνικωτάτη και ασελγεστάτη, whose debaucheries are unexampled even in Roman history. The epithet 'generous' given to the amiable and unfortunate Britannicus, and indeed the introduction of his name, in connection with her depravities, were surely intended as aggravations of the mother's guilt, not as reflections on the son. She appears again towards the end of the 10th Satire, where Juvenal alludes to the story of her infatuated marriage with Caius Silius, a scene which ended in her own swift destruction. The widowed Emperor, (here pleasantly enumerated 'inter rivalet Deorum') declared he would have nothing more to do with matrimony: but his friends recommended Agrippina, and his shyness was conquered by a decree of the Senate, that 'he should be compelled to take a wife as a matter of importance to the commonwealth.' It turned out to be so far important that the state was indebted to her industry and ingenuity for the death of its ruler, which happened soon after, and she was in her turn, by a just retribution, put to death by that Nero for whose sake she had committed almost every possible enormity. In one part of her conduct in the brothel, *Messalina*, it seems, has found a modern imitress.—'Catherine Sforce petite-fille de François Sforce montra son ventre dans une place publique,' says Dusaulx, 'mais quelle différence? Desseditieux la menacent dans Rimini de fair périr



Come, hear the fates of Claudius, when SHE found  
 The world's great lord, and her's, in sleep profound,  
 The daring harlot cowl'd her shameless head, [150  
 And left an Emperor's for a strumpet's bed.  
 One maid she bids her midnight feats to share,  
 Binds in a yellow cawl her coal-black hair,  
 Hies to the brothel, takes Lycisca's cell 155  
 And there, (a shameless tale which thousands tell !)  
 There, all who would, Britannicus, might see  
 Without a veil, the loins possess'd by thee !  
 There long she waits with bare and gilded breast,  
 And clasps delighted every kindling guest ; 160.  
 And when the fading stars' retiring train  
 Announce the end of night's declining reign,

*ses enfans qu'elle leur avoit donné en ôtage. Cette heroine re-  
 troussant ses vêtemens leur dit—En quo possim liberos iterum  
 procreare.* Much of Messalina's audacious violation of  
 decency is recorded in detail by Dio ; more particularly her ad-  
 venture with Mnester, the Dancer, who, refusing all her solicit-  
 ations, she caused the stupid Claudius to lay commands upon  
 him, that he was to obey her in *whatever she desired*. In  
 this way she made her husband, in many instances, acces-  
 sary to his own disgrace, *ως γαρ ειδOTOS τε του Κλαυδιου*  
*τα γιγνομενα, και συγχωρουντος—εμοιχευετο.* The brutish  
 stupidity of this Emperor was indeed such, that they often  
 took him by surprise, and so alarmed him for his own safety,  
 that he would order the instant execution of some person,  
 for whom he would inquire or send the next day, having  
 totally forgotten the circumstances !

She lingers yet, then, since depart she must,  
 Worn with fatigue, but rigid still with lust,  
 With sullied skin, and cheeks her shame that tell,  
 To scented pillows bears the brothel's smell ! [165  
 Of step-sons by concocted poisons slain,  
 And their domestic treasons I refrain

V. 167. *Of step-sons by concocted poisons, &c.* The poison here particularly mentioned is Hippomanes, concerning which much has and may be written. It means two things chiefly ; 1st, an excrescence on the head of a colt new foaled, concerning which the ancients believed that if the mother did not lick it off, she would lose the instinctive love for her foal, and never suckle it. το δε ιππομανες καλουμενον, says Aristotle, επιφύεται τοις πωλοις, αι δε ιπποι περιλειχουσai και καθαιρουσαι περιτρωγουσιν αυτο. By an easy transition, they were led to try this substance as a philtre or potion for inspiring love in biped subjects, and hence Dido had recourse to the charm to recover the lost affections of Æneas.

*Quæritur et nascentis equi de fronte revulsus  
 Et matri præreptus amor,*

We all know it did not answer ; but toward the end of this Satire, we are informed of a more successful case : for the uncle of Nero, Caligula,

*Cui totam tremuli frontem Cæsonia pulli  
 Infudit,*

went distracted from the effects of the draught, which was of course the vehicle of something that held ‘ a greater enmity with blood of man.’ 2dly ; by Hippomanes is sometimes meant a fluid which was procured under certain circumstances from the mare, and of such *undoubted* power that ‘ if mixed with the brass of which the statue of an Olympic warrior is cast,

To tell—pernicious sex ! there lurk within  
Crimes which make lust your least and lightest sin !

‘ Best of all womankind,’ her husband cries, [170  
‘ My own Cesennia !’---and does this surprise ?  
That husband with an ample portion blest  
Receiv’d the price for which he calls her ‘ best ;’  
The tender passion’s griefs he never knew, 175  
Gold lights the torch, gold points the arrows too !  
She writes, nods, whispers, while her lord can see,  
Of all which favors she has paid the fee.

WHO WEDS THE HUSBAND WHOM HER PURSE IN-  
VITES,

ENJOYS WITHOUT THE NAME THE WIDOW’S RIGHTS.

But Bibula?—that she’s belov’d you’ll own— [180  
Yes if you mean her face, and that alone :  
Wait till the bloom forsake the fading cheek  
And the first wrinkles time’s incursions speak,  
Less full those lovely eyes, those teeth less white :  
‘ Begone,’ Sertorius cries—‘ This very night. [185  
‘ Your nose is quite unpleasant as you know  
‘ I’ve often mention’d—madam, please to go.  
‘ I trust some drier nostril may be found,—  
Meanwhile she scolds, and reigns, and keeps her  
ground, 190  
Canusium’s fleece,—Falernum’s fruitful vine,  
More slaves,—a larger house,—must now be thine :

*admotos mares equos ad rabiem coitus agat !* Aristotle mentions this kind of Hippomanes also. Both are rejected from all modern Pharmacopœias.

All that her neighbour has, and she has not,  
 At her caprice and pleasure must be got.  
 When snow and storms drive sailors from the deep,  
 And e'en Iason's self on shore must keep, [195  
 She wants the myrrhine vase, she wants the stone  
 Which erst on Berenice's finger shone ;

V. 197. *She wants the myrrhine vase, &c.* A subject for a dissertation rather than a note. The description of Pliny is obscure enough for the purpose of the least determined commentator. Scaliger (cited by Farnaby) on a verse of Propertius,

*Murreaque in Parthis pocula cocta focis,*

asserts that these cups were Porcelain.—The expression indeed here seems clearly to intend a fictile vase, but Pliny who wrote on these subjects *ex professo* gives a very different account. 1. The stone, if stone it were, had that sort of lustre which he calls '*Nitor verius quam splendor*,' that is, the lustre of hard polished surfaces, *not metallic*. 2. The value of the particular specimen depended on its *variety of color*, and 3. on its possessing the property of exhibiting colors *quales in cælesti arcu spectantur*—all these belong to the Labrador Felspar, but another follows, which so far as I know belongs to no mineral substance likely from its beauty to have been formed into cups, and certainly not to that which I have just named, '*aliqua et in odore commendatio est*.' Were it not for these two passages, all the others in Martial &c. would rather tend to a persuasion, that the resinous substance of myrrh, which it is known was added to their wines by the ancients, and which has moreover an agreeable aromatic smell, was alluded to whenever these cups are mentioned by the Poets. Athenæus (Deipnosoph. l. xi. 2.) having mentioned, that, in the composition of certain vases, they used clay wrought up and baked with aromatics, a French writer cited by Du-

The pledge which on a guilty sister's hand  
Agrippa plac'd, in that infatuate land

200

saulx fell upon the conjecture that myrrh, blended with this earth and formed into cups, constituted the Vas Myrrhinum. The inquiry seems to have been a favorite one with the French academicians, but one of the most learned of them, L'Archer, in his *Memoir*, published 1779, does not bring it to any satisfactory conclusion.

V. 199. *The pledge which on, &c.* Berenice was the daughter of the elder Agrippa, and accused of incest with her brother of the same name, the last king of Judæa. She was exceedingly handsome, but of a constitution, says Bayle, which gave a flat contradiction to that of Pindar—

αναπαυσίς

Εν παντι γλυκεῖα ἐργῶ, κόρον δ' ἔχει  
καὶ μέλι, καὶ τὰ τερπν' ἀνθε' Ἀφροδισία.

It was alleged of Titus that when he heard of the death of Galba at Corinth, in his voyage home he returned into Judæa, for the sake of this lady: Tacitus denies the motive, although he admits the acquaintance. '*Neque abhorrebat a Berenice juvenilis animus: sed gerendis rebus nullum ex eo impedimentum.*' Under the protection of the brother mentioned in the text, Berenice visited Rome in the 4th consulship of Vespasian. There she became openly the mistress of Titus, and lived with him in the palace, till he was obliged to send her away (*invitus invitam*) from the murmurs of the people.—After a time she came back to Rome, but Titus did not then care to renew the connexion. He was now seated on the Imperial throne and is complimented on his continence, '*although Berenice was again in the city.*' σωφρων καιτοι και της Βερωνικης ες 'Ρωμην αυθις ελθουσης. It was in the presence of this Berenice and her brother (unworthy indeed of such an honor) together with the Roman proconsuls Felix and Festus, that St.

Where native monarchs with unshodden feet,  
Their sabbath festivals are wont to greet ;

Paul pleaded his cause, and that of Christianity.—Acts xxiv.

So far history : but the loves of Titus and Berenice have been adorned by the Poet, with graces to which, from what has been related, they can lay no claim. Corneille and Racine produced rival tragedies on this subject, which long divided and probably still divide the French critics. The latter of these Poets makes the heroine, virtuous, constant, and self-denying!—during the life-time of Vespasian, he represents Titus to have given way to all the excess of his passion, but when his succession to the empire opens a way for its gratification, and to the elevation of Berenice to the throne of the Cæsars, the love of glory and the dread of Rome, dash the chalice of delight from his lips ; Berenice, resigned, and wretched, bids him an eternal farewell, and the tragedy ends with the fullest measure of those calamities which excite pity—but without a death.

Great as was the genius of Racine, and much as he excels in representing the higher and more noble passions, to the simple touches of nature in Shakspeare, and Euripides, his muse appears a stranger. No-where has he produced, for instance, such a simple and touching exclamation as that of Medea, when she contemplates the destruction of her children ;

Ω μαλθακος χρως, πνευμα ὃ ἡδίστον τέκνων !

The following lines from the Berenice of Racine, though merely descriptive, are extremely brilliant :

*De cette nuit, Phénice, as-tu vu la splendeur ?  
Tes yeux ne sont-ils pas tous pleins de sa grandeur ?  
Ces Flambeaux, ce Bucher, cette nuit enflammée,  
Ces aigles, ces Faisceaux, ce Peuple, cette armée,  
Cette foule de Rois, ces consuls, ce sénat,  
Qui tous de mon amant empruntoient leur éclat :*

Where length of days is graciously bestow'd  
On ancient swine, by an indulgent code!

What! midst a race so numerous shall there be  
Not one from crime, not one from folly free?—[205  
Come!—grant her wealthy, fruitful, fair and chaste,  
Her halls with imag'd sires profusely grac'd,  
Pure as the dames who with dishevell'd hair  
Stemm'd the huge wave of desolating war,— 210  
A wife of such perfections who can brook?  
Or at such excellence unhumbled 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.

*Cette Pourpre,—cet Or qui rehaussoient sa gloire,  
Et ces lauriers, encor témoins de sa victoire  
Ce Port Majestueux, cette douce Présence, &c.*

V. 201. *Where native monarchs.* 'The Jews used to pay their vows on certain solemn occasions barefoot. Juvenal, who cared little about the matter, and never mentions this people without falling into error respecting their usages, here supposes that the sabbaths were so kept even by their kings.

V. 218. *And rid me, rid me.*

So Boileau.

' *Si quelq' objet pareil chez moi, deçà les monts,  
' Pour m'épouser entroit avec tous ses grands noms,  
' Le sourcil rehaussé d'orgueilleuses chimères,  
' Je lui dirois bientôt, je connois tous vos peres:*



‘ Spare, Phœbus, spare ! Goddess, thy rage suspend !

‘ The boys are guiltless, at the parent bend 220

‘ Thy bow,’ Amphion cries, the darts have sped,  
And he, and they, lie number’d with the dead.

A race extinct ! because a parent’s pride

With fair Latona impudently vied,

Because a vain and vaunting woman strove 225

With swine below, and goddesses above !

O where’s the charm of form, wit, wisdom, say,

If one’s compell’d to praise them every day?

‘ *Ainsi donc au plutot délogeant de ces lieux,*

‘ *Allez, Princesse, allez avec tous vous ayeux.*’

V. 225. *Because a vain, &c.* This is, I think, the most flat and feeble part of the whole Satire: he enters, says Ruperti, upon a new subject, ‘ the vanity of prolific ladies on the score of their fruitfulness,’ a very poor object for general attack at any rate, and tritely illustrated by the story of Niobe. It seems, however, that under this head of the Satire, the case of Niobe is cited only to show that the vanity of women hurts others as well as themselves—a view of the subject the more likely, as the ladies are afterwards celebrated for an accomplishment of an opposite kind, viz. the procuring of abortions. As to the white sow which he celebrates again in Sat. XII.

*Lætis Phrygibus mirabile sumen*

*Et nunquam visis triginta clara mamillis.*

It was one of the prodigies that attended the landing of Æneas, and from its color, gave name to Alba. Virg. Æn. iii. 388. vii. 29. viii. 42. 81.



Far better want than be for ever tried  
 With choicest gifts to arrogance allied :      230  
 The virtues he is forc'd so oft to hear,  
 So oft to praise, what mortal will not fear ?

Then see what trains of affectation come  
 To blast the look'd-for comforts of thy home.  
 Now Roman beauties are no longer fair,      235  
 Greece dictates every phrase and every air.  
 No Miss from Sulmo condescends to speak  
 About her father's farm, except in Greek !  
 Their rage is Greek, their sorrow and their dread  
 Cecropian all—nay, they are Greek in bed.      240  
 Girls claim excuse, but thou of seventy-eight,  
 To play the Grecian still ! 'tis much too late !  
*ZΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΨΥΧΗ*, what in public use,  
 Th' incentive phrase and language of the stews !  
 Ah us'd in vain ! for words that most inflame      245  
 Pronounc'd by thee, can every passion tame ;  
 Yes, let them steal more softly on the ears  
 Than Hæmus speaks—the face computes the years !

V. 237. *No Miss from Sulmo.* The history of affectation might be compiled from the annals of every age and country, nor can there well be a greater than the substitution of another language for one's own. It was highly commendable in the Roman ladies to study the language of Greece for the sake of its authors, but they did this in the time of Juvenal for the very different and absurd purpose mentioned in the text.

The introduction of Grecian terms, as well as manners, (*Niceteria*, *Trechedipna*, &c.) had already excited the reprobation of the patriotic Satirist. *Sat.* iii. 68,

Now, if by marriage contracts firmly tied,  
 You neither hope, nor wish to love your bride, 250  
 Why all that load of sweetmeats throw away,  
 Suppers, and cakes, and all that bridegrooms pay;  
 The morning gift,—the plate with coins of gold  
 On which our Dacian triumphs are enroll'd?  
 Again, if such a simpleton you prove 255  
 As to put on the yoke—and all for love,  
 Believe me, friend, that thou hast much to bear,  
 A doting husband, none will ever spare.  
 Feel what she may, her courage will endure,  
 Of his superior penalties secure. 260  
 He that's most fit for matrimonial life  
 The least of all should venture on a wife!  
 Nought of his own a husband can confer,  
 Buy, sell, or change, without consulting her :

V. 251. *Why all that load.* 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; 3. *Illud quod pro prima nocte datur*—the Morgengabe of the north. The last industrious editor of Juvenal has cited the recipe for a Roman bride-cake from Cato, de R. R. c. 121.

*Mustaceos sic facito :*

*Farinæ siligine modium unum musto conspergito;  
 Anisum, cuminum, Adipis P. II. casei libram; et de  
 virga  
 Lauri deradito eodem addito; et ubi definxeris lauri folia  
 Subtus addito, quum coques.*

A piece of such cake was given to the guests as an '*apophoreton*,' or gift to be taken home.

To her thy heart's affections all must bend, 265  
 Her peevish whim excludes thy ancient friend—  
 The right of Testament each bawd can claim,  
 Rogues, Panders, Players, all their heirs can name,  
 But she shall dictate thine—not one or two,  
 Nor those least hated, and despis'd by you. 270  
 ' Sir, bid that slave be crucified'—' but stay,  
 ' His crime?—to take from man his life away,  
 ' Demands an awful pause'—' so ! slaves are men !  
 ' Guilty or guiltless be the wretch—what then ?  
 ' Begone,—nor longer about justice whine : 275  
 ' Let this suffice thee—'twas my order—MINE !'

Thus reigns the wife, till tir'd 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, 280  
 While on the porch she quits, the wreaths are seen,  
 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 285  
 Thy honor'd name with seven successors join'd.

V. 286. *Thy honor'd name with, &c.* The Roman women were (according to some) stinted to eight divorces, after which number the law took it for granted that the lady was somehow to blame, and she became a reputed adulteress on the next occasion. It seems also (from this passage) to have been a custom to inscribe on the tomb of the dear deceased a list of all her husbands, not merely the name of the last who had enjoyed that honor. The Roman divorces were admitted on very light

Ne'er shall thy home be free from brawls and strife,  
 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, 290  
 To gay gallants the rescript will indite  
 In gentle phrase, terms civil and polite ;  
 Will scatter dust in each suspicious eye,  
 And quickly find the price of secrecy.  
 Sometimes, to make the surety doubly sure, 295  
 Archigenes the feign'd disease must cure,

grounds, although marriage with them was a religious ceremony, and not as in France a mere contract entered into before the civil magistrate. The formulary was extremely brief; even shorter than the dismissal which Juvenal gives us in this satire, '*jam gravis es nobis,*' &c. it was comprised in four words, '*Res tuas tibi habeto.*'

V. 296. *Archigenes the feign'd,* &c. Archigenes was a physician at Rome in much repute, and moreover of such merit, as to have obtained the favorable testimony of Galen, *the chieftain of an opposite sect!* from whose authority it appears, that he left a great number of works (among the rest ten books on fevers) 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 Stertinius, complained to the Emperor of the smallness of this annuity, (which had been raised to 500 Sestertia, and told him (a curious reason for desiring an augmentation,) that he could make 600 by his practice in the city. (The Sestertium is computed at 8*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.*) The brother of Stertinius enjoyed the same gratuity, and although they spent vast sums, it must be confessed, in a very public spirited

And while he largely on the case descants,  
The hot adulterer in concealment pants.

manner, by adorning their native city of Naples, they left a fortune of 300,000 Sesterces. Vectius Valens entered upon his medical career with the eclat of an adulterous connection with Messalina; Eudemus began by an intrigue with Livia, the wife of Drusus Cæsar: the first of these persons became very insolent, ‘*rabie quadam in omnes ævi medicos; quali prudentia ingenioque vel ab uno argumento æstimari potest: cum monumento suo (quod est Appia via) IATRONICEM se inscripserit.*’ His success, it seems, depended on suavity of manners, which, says Pliny, were so bland and courteous that no player or chariot-driver could exceed him; however, in time he lost his popularity and was supplanted in much of his practice by the grave looks and assumed sagacity of another adventurer, Crinas of Marseilles: ‘*Cautior, religiosiorque qui ad siderum motus ex Ephemeride Mathematica cibos dando, horasque observando auctoritate cum præcessit.*’ These two physicians ‘*regebant Fata,*’ and were consulted by all Rome according to the taste of individuals for Affability or for Oracular Response, till there suddenly arrived, (*repente*) a new competitor called Charmis, who condemned of course all former doctors and systems, declared against the great and prevailing luxury of Rome, *the warm bath*, and directed his patients to plunge into cold water: *etiam hibernis algoribus mersit ægros in Lacus: et* VIDEBAMUS SENES CONSULARES USQUE IN OSTENTATIONEM RIGENTES! *Nec dubium est OMNES ISTOS, famam novitate aliqua aucupantes, ANIMAS STATIM NOTRAS NEGOTIARI. Hinc illæ circa ægros miseræ sententiarum concertationes (Consultations) nullo idem censente ne videatur accessio alterius.*

We see pretty clearly then the opinion of a tolerable judge respecting the Iatric art and its professors, and are less surprised

Dost thou expect a mother should impart  
 A code of morals foreign to her heart ? 300  
 Ah no, these hoary sinners find their gain  
 In the lewd daughters whom to vice they train.

at the impertinence of a certain monument on the Appian way, which recorded that its tenant perished ‘*Turba medicorum.*’

Having discussed many of their moral excellences, intrigues, poisonings, forging wills &c. this useful writer, who has oddly found a physician for his editor and commentator, proceeds to accuse the Roman practitioners (who were all foreigners—mostly Greeks,) of the profoundest ignorance—he is so unreasonable as to infer that, because Mithridate consisted of fifty-four articles, some of them must needs be good for nothing ; and so wicked as to announce that several of the Faculty, in place of Cinnabar, (one of the articles which enters into this famous compound) made use of *red-lead* or *minium* by mistake : ‘*which*, says he, we shall prove to be poison, when we come to the paints.’—Let us not be inconsolable ! for though there be some still perhaps who scarcely know the difference, *Non sunt artis ista sed hominum.*

Pliny was no stranger to the true secret of all the delusions and artifices, which the *soi-disant* Pretender has ever, or will ever attempt, viz. *the credulity of human nature.* No physician, says he, except he be a Greek, can maintain the smallest authority over his patient, even though the patient be totally ignorant of the language : and not only so, but if he happen to have some slight acquaintance with the language of his medical attendant, his confidence diminishes in proportion. ‘*Itaque Hercule, in hac artium sola evenit ut cuicumque medicum se professo, statim credatur, cum sit periculum in nullo mendacio majus. Non tamen illud intuemur : ADEO BLANDA EST SPERANDI PRO SE CUIQUE DULCEDO.*’

Now scarce a cause in all the courts is heard,  
By woman's meddling spirit not preferr'd.  
Plaintiffs, if not accus'd, they doat on law, 305  
Write their own briefs—and squabble for a straw.  
Celsus himself might from these casuists learn,  
The points on which his pleadings best may turn.

In toils athletic how the sex excel, [310  
Their mantles—their Cerome—who knows not well?

V. 309. *In toils athletic.* The picture which follows is so entirely abhorrent from the habits of modern times, that it cannot now be much relished. It is however a very finished specimen of the graphical powers of the poet. The female athlete, luxurious even in her coarsest enjoyments, makes use of the rug or endromis, (which was thrown about the wrestlers when, after being much heated, they ceased from exercise) but it is spun of Tyrian wool. The notion of an auction was a very happy one for introducing a catalogue of the lady's armour, and weapons. One cannot but admire that women should not at all times have well understood their own real strength, that they should ever have had recourse to exploits which men must in every age have detested, that, in fine, they could possibly overlook the undeniable proposition that, to be amiable, a woman must be supposed to need protection. All the other attributes of Minerva are forgotten in her armour, and we think only of the blue-eyed goddess, as of a strong, athletic, and somewhat masculine personage, not unworthy of the peculiar honors of her birth.

But the Roman ladies were merely at a loss for something to do; and perhaps most of the follies of human nature, not immediately dependent on passion, owe their origin to our natural impatience of idleness, and to our sense of relief in any

The Stake all notch'd by blows well aim'd and  
keen,

Who lives within the walls and has not seen ?

Others, and still more exemplary dames,  
(Of merit meet for Flora's harlot games,)

Desert the schools, fly to the public shows, 315

Pick out their man, and fight with real foes !

Nor pause, to put the ponderous helmet on,  
And laugh at fame to win a base renown.

(Yet would they not, my friend, change sex with you,  
Whose joys compar'd to theirs are cold and few !)

Oh, if the wardrobe should be brought to sale, [320

The greaves, the gauntlet, and the coat of mail,

The boots, which on the stage thy charmer wore,

What exhibition could divert thee more !

Yet these be they whom silky robes oppress, 325

Whose tender frames, e'en cobweb films distress ;

And now she stamps, and now she bends her low,

And glides adroitly from the falling blow.

How firm her step, how menacing her stride !

Laugh—canst thou help it ?—when she steps aside.

Daughters of Lepidus, of Fabius, say, [330

In your austere and unforgiving day,

state which dispels ennui: occupation being so precious an ingredient, or rather so much an essential in human happiness, that, says Bishop Horne, 'I have seen a man come home in high spirits from a funeral, merely because he had the ordering of it.'



What actress would have brav'd the public hiss  
In such a garb, at such a scene as this ?

Thy very bed shall teem with endless strife, 335  
So soon as it receive thy tigress wife.

Sleep on that pillow shall no more be thine,  
There shall thy gentle partner sob and whine,  
Against pretended concubines inveigh  
With tears, which at the slightest call obey, 340  
Which ever in their fruitful station stand,  
And burst in torrents at the first command.

Fond cuckold ! who believ'st that this is love,  
And that these sun-shine storms her passion prove !  
With eager lips, go, kiss those tears away— 345  
Yet what, ah what, I wonder, would'st thou say,  
If the recesses of thy jealous whore,  
And all her letters, thou might'st there explore.

But soft !—you find her in a friend's embrace,  
Perhaps a slave's—now say, is this a case 350  
In which the summit of the casuist's art,  
Can aught of doubt or subterfuge impart ?

Quintilian's self from the defence would fly,  
Then, fairest lady ! thou thyself shalt try—

'Long since 'twas settled, and agreed, that you 355

'Should your own pleasures, unconstrain'd, pursue.

'For me, then, is there no indulgence, none ?

'Make all the noise you please, Sir, sigh and  
groan,

'Have I no feelings ? are no passions mine ?'

O ! when detected, most of all they shine, 360

Then crime supplies, with courage, and with fire,  
Or gives them wits, or sharpens all their ire.

O! from what fountains hateful and accurst,  
Have these foul floods of dire corruption burst?  
Their lowly fortunes kept our females chaste, 365  
New duties ere the shades of night were past  
Resum'd, the hardships of an humble home,  
And hands made coarse with toil—protected Rome:  
Stern Hannibal's all-desolating power,  
And their Lords station'd on the Colline tower: 370  
While these remain'd, the mischief kept afar—  
Then peace, with sorer evils fraught than war,  
Arriv'd, and Luxury her flag unfurl'd,  
Inflicting vengeance for a conquer'd world!

Since Rome from want and hardships was secure,  
All crime was rife, and every vice mature: [375

V. 363. *O from what fountains.* In this passage of conspicuous beauty, the poet abates somewhat of his rigor against the sex. In the beginning of the Satire he excluded his countrywomen altogether, by confining the virtue of chastity to the golden age: he now allows them to have been virtuous before they became luxurious: the history of his own country, and of the world, which shows the inseparable connection between immorality and a high state of civilization, has fixed upon one memorable line in this passage, the seal of unquestionable truth. The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire is indeed briefly comprehended in it.

*Sævior armis*

*Luxuria incubuit victumque ulciscitur orbem.*

To the seven hills, foul Sybaris drew near,  
Miletus, Rhodes—all found disciples here :  
Hither, with all her train, corruption flows,  
Here, lewd and drunk, Tarentum twines the rose,  
Wealth quickly crush'd the virtue of the land, [380  
And brought base morals from a foreign strand !

They, who each night, incentive meats devour,  
Drink essenc'd wines at midnight's deepest hour,  
Till spins the roof in swift gyrations round, 385  
And lights, seen double, from the board rebound,  
Spurn every law, which nature fram'd to bind  
The wayward will of an ungovern'd mind !

What Maura to Collatia will relate,  
Doubt if you can, and on what themes they prate ;  
Whene'er yon mouldering altar they descry, [390  
Where all may read ' TO FEMALE CHASTITY.'  
Here every night their litters they forsake,  
And irrigate the place, for insult's sake ;  
Whate'er besides they do, the Orb serene 395  
Alone beholds—the remnant of the scene  
Thyself perchance next morn, thyself shalt tread,  
Near the foul spot, by some appointment led.

Of THE GOOD GODDESS, and that secret shrine,  
Whose shameless vot'ries, red with draughts of wine,  
The frantic Mænads of Priapus bound [400  
With tresses unconfin'd, and whirl them round }  
In rapid motion to the Trumpet's sound,  
All, all have heard :—Gods ! what a furious gust  
Bursts from the crew, what shouts of leaping lust !

Impure Laufella hangs a wreath on high, [405  
 In lewdest games, the price of victory !  
 And Medullina in the well fought day,  
 From all opponents bears the prize away.  
 She that excels in these athletic feats, 410  
 With warm affection every sister greets :  
 Done to the life, here are no idle shows ;  
 Old Nestor's rupture they would discompose—  
 Not hoary Priam's self with age grown cold,  
 Such exhibitions could, unstirr'd, behold ! 415  
 Urg'd to its height, can lust no more refrain,  
 Behold the sex unvarnish'd now, and plain !  
 The sacred hour is come—' admit the men'—  
 ' Madam, they sleep.'—' Your hood—fetch others,  
 then— [420  
 ' None, say you, none ? our slaves, at least, are here,  
 ' Bid them—bid all the watermen appear ?'  
 Deny them these—cut off all human aid,  
 The very brute creation they'll invade !

Would our most ancient and time-honor'd rites,  
 Had still been strange to these atrocious sights !  
 But now, behold, the Indian and the Moor, [425  
 In harpers' guise, who trod the sacred floor

V. 424. *Would our most ancient.* The story of Clodius, who in the habit of a female got into the house of Cæsar, where the Roman ladies were celebrating the mysteries of the Bona Dea, and where he accomplished the object of his intrusion, is too generally known. Juvenal touches upon the scrupulous exclusion of males, with great humor. *Mus conscius testiculi, &c.*

Have heard long since, those awful precincts where  
Aught that of sex displays is veil'd with care,  
Where e'en the mouse respects the well-known law,  
And, if not FEMALE, hastens to withdraw ! [430  
None scoff'd religion then, nor dar'd revile  
The rites of Numa with a scornful smile,  
Nor view'd his fragile vase with cold disdain,  
Wrought from the plastic soil of Vatican ; 435  
But times are chang'd, and now, too well 'tis known !  
Each Fane maintains a Clodius of its own.

Of sapient friends, the voice I seem to hear :  
' Confine her—lock her up—place sentries near :'  
But who shall keep the keepers ? she begins 440  
With these the first, and their connivance wins.  
Lust, lust alike, in rich and poor you meet,  
In her that tramps the flints with wounded feet,  
Or whom tall Syrians, thro' the motley throng,  
Bear in voluptuous indolence along. 445

The Circus, vain Ogulnia must frequent,  
Altho' in garments for th' occasion lent,  
The train of slaves who wait their lady's call,  
The chair, the chairmen,—all are borrow'd, all !

V. 446. The next failing imputed to women is extravagance, concerning which, Juvenal begins with a very promising *tirade* ; but in a few lines he relapses into the more prolific subject of their turpitude, imputing to them another and a more monstrous enormity, in finding constant employment for Heliodorus a celebrated surgeon, concerning whom see Paul. *Æginet.* iv. 49.

For smooth Athletes, the last small vase is sold, 450  
And the last ounce of the paternal gold !

Thousands, alas ! by poverty are tried,

But all seem strangers to its honest pride :

None, none will practise virtues, she detests,

Or cares for counsels which the purse suggests :

Of men (discipl'd by the ant,) a few [455

Prepare betimes for evils they foreknew.

But prodigal in ruin, woman still

Expects some miracle the void to fill,

AS IF THE COIN FROM QUICKENING GERMS  
WOULD BURST, 460

And a new harvest soon replace the first !

As if the chest could its own loss restore,

And still be pillag'd, but to fill the more !

There be, to whom the eunuch's kiss is dear,

The soft embrace devoid of every fear, 465

Where all without abortives is secure—

Supreme enjoyment ! when of growth mature

To Heliodorus is the youth consign'd,

And all that safely can, is left behind !

That youth an eunuch by his mistress made, 470

Stalks thro' the bath conspicuously array'd ;

The god of gardens jealous of his fame

Turns from th' unequal rivalship with shame.

Some, music charms ; these love the chorded  
lyre

With Sard adorn'd, their fingers never tire, 475

The house with everlasting tinkling rings,  
While the stiff Plectrum strikes the sounding  
strings :

And oft they kiss that Plectrum and the shell,  
Which dear Hedymelés had lov'd so well.

With wine, and meal, and pious offering comes  
A noble suppliant to Vesta's domes, [480  
Lamian her race—her errand, to inquire  
If the wreath'd oak should deck her Pollio's lyre!  
What had she done, if at her sickening child,  
No more the ever-smiling doctor smil'd ? 485  
Before the altar, lo ! she veils her face,  
Repeats each form and usage of the place ;  
Pale, when the entrails smoke, too tender dame !  
With sad forebodings for an harper's fame !

Say, eldest of the Gods, O Janus, say, 490  
Do ye reply to such inquirers, pray ?  
Your occupations must indeed be few,  
An Heaven, a place for idlers, if ye do :  
This begs your aid for her comedian friend,  
Her ranting hero, this would recommend. 495

V. 490. *Say, eldest of the Gods.* There is scarcely a more lively sarcasm on the Polytheism of his age (for which Juvenal had a very hearty contempt) throughout his Satires, than this appeal to Janus. If indeed there be any one subject on which the wit and humor of the Satirist is more successfully displayed than another, it is this. Yet his ridicule of the Gods of his country must not be wholly placed to the account of superior sagacity.—They had long been getting unpopular.



Soon will the legs of the Aruspex swell,  
Who stands so long your embassies to tell.

But let them sing—'tis better than to roam  
Like her that wanders; only strange at home,  
Through all the crowded streets, and loves to walk  
With Generals, and of public news to talk; [500  
Who knows throughout the globe whate'er is done,  
At home, abroad,—the stepdame and her son—  
Scythia or Thrace,—thro' all alike she'll run;  
What new adulteries are soon design'd, 505  
What wives sagacious, and what husbands blind;  
She tells who 'twas that wrought the widow's shame,  
And keeps her reckoning for the pregnant dame!  
Lust's newest phrase and last imported modes  
Are hers, some new disaster she forebodes 510  
To Parthia—and unless the comet lies,  
Can now predict Armenia's destinies!  
She meets the earliest rumors at the gates,  
And some she hears—and some she fabricates:  
'Niphates swoln with rains has pour'd his flood 515  
'O'er all the lands, where towns and cities stood,  
' 'Tis ruin all'—with such authentic news  
The ear of every idler she'll abuse.

Yet more revolting to the generous mind  
Is that implacable ferocious kind, 520  
Who, if a howling cur their slumbers break,  
Will scourge the master for the mongrel's sake.



Rage rules the day, and rage would rule the  
night,

Did not the duties of the bath invite :

There, 'midst a store of essences and oils, 525

Languid and faint with voluntary toils,

The ponderous lead, with vigorous arm she wields,

Till nature to the strenuous effort yields :

Within her halls, while each insulted guest,

With desperate hunger, and with sleep oppress, 530

Expects the hostess—glowing she returns,

Close at her feet they place replenish'd urns,

She swallows down an hasty draught or two,

To cleanse the stomach, and its powers renew ;

In copious stream returns the smoking wine, 535

And lakes upon the marble pavement shine !

While her disgusted lord with maddening brain,

And eyes close shut, can scarce his rage restrain.

Some, ere the guests at table take their seat,

Will Virgil's verses by the score repeat, 540

V. 523. *Rage rules the day.* This Bath scene is both very filthy and very faithful. We had better pass over it quickly, to an inimitably humorous delineation of a noisy, half-informed, troublesome, female pedant, who gives way in her turn to a nauseous set of practitioners in ointments, pastes, and cosmetics, and all the mysteries of the Roman toilet. The picture of the lady put out of humor, first by her husband's negligence, then by the awkwardness of her fire-woman, we must allow to be very successful, whatever we may think of the truth of it.

Become the champions of Elissa's fame,  
And if one chance to mention Homer's name,  
'Why, as to Homer, Sir,' she smartly cries,—  
And then at length th' illustrious rivals tries,  
In either scale their several claims suspends, 545  
And to the beam with critic eye attends!  
The loudest bawlers of the Forum cease,  
Oblig'd, when she begins, to hold their peace;  
The Lawyer yields the point without a word,  
The bellowing Crier can no more be heard; 550  
All, all, from mere despondency are mute,  
Nor ev'n a second woman will dispute!  
Ten thousand clamorous bells together rung  
Match not th' eternal clatter of her tongue.  
From needless noise of horns and cymbals cease;  
The laboring moon her din will soon release! [555

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,  
With shorten'd tunic and with legs half bare 560  
Should to 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,  
With short and crabbed Enthymems confute, 565  
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,  
And oft remand my ignorance to school ; 570  
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 !

If wealth be added to these pompous claims, 575  
Nor fear restrains them now, nor censure shames ;  
Earsdeck'd with pearls and arms with bracelets bound,  
Denote a tribe which nothing can confound :  
Of all life's various evils, few so great  
As woman privileg'd by large estate. 580

Some with Poppæan oils anoint the skin,  
And swathe the cheeks in meal, and keep within.  
Ye wretched husbands, who are doom'd to taste  
With every kiss some curs'd adhesive paste,  
Mark, how the wives ye daily loathe at home, 585  
To spruce gallants with bright complexions come !  
Whate'er of sweets the slender Indian sends,  
For them she buys, for them alone she blends :  
The foul integument, the hideous smear,  
Coat after coat comes off, till all be clear ; 590  
Wash'd by that bland emulsion for the sake  
Of which, to Scythia exil'd, she would take  
Milch-asses by the score,—a goodly train !  
Behold thy lady now herself again !  
But tell us pray, all dress'd in oil and meal, 595  
Which nought of human countenance reveal,  
That mass in viscous pastes and plasters bound,  
Is there a face beneath it or a wound ?

And 'twere worth while a moment to afford,  
Their day's routine of duties to record : 600  
First, if the frigid husband fail'd to keep  
His punctual vigils and pretended sleep,  
For his neglect the household shall atone,  
And pay the smart of slumbers not their own.  
Maidens and men—the awkward and the slow, 605  
Must expiate his fault with many a blow,  
See many a cudgel crack'd on many an head,  
And many a back with whips and scourges red.  
Some, flog per contract, at so much per day,  
And keep a skilful arm in constant pay : 610  
Paint all the while, chat with a female friend,  
To sage critiques on broider'd robes attend,  
Or con the day's or night's engagements o'er,  
Till stoutest arms can wield the lash no more ;  
Then, while the chamber vibrates with the tone, 615  
' Scoundrels ! I'll scourge ye worse than this !—be-  
gone !'

Fear'd more than stern Sicilia's Lord, her reign  
Of terror, agitates the servile train :  
Would she adorn with more than usual taste,  
Or to that bawd of bawds desires to haste, 620  
Isis 'yclep'd ; or does th' adulterer wait,  
Pacing some distant street, and think her late,  
Poor Psecas with her hair by handfulls 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 ?' [625  
Can Psecas help it, gentlest fair one, say,  
If your own nose displeases you to-day ?

A second hapless maiden must prepare  
To twist anew the refractory hair ; 630  
This done, the matron sage, of old the maid,  
Now from the ranks advanc'd, must lend her aid ;  
Each, in the place which knowledge of the art  
Or age assigns, their sentiments impart,  
And of their mistress a sweet counsel take, 635  
As if her life, her honor were at stake !  
Thus row on row ascends, and tier on tier,  
You'd think Andromache herself were here,  
To view the stately figure from before :  
Behind, alas ! an heroine no more. 640  
Yet let us not each small device refuse ;  
Haply, without the aid of tragic shoes,  
The pygmy fair-one might attempt in vain  
To touch the lips of her gigantic swain.

Her husband's neighbour, save that of a tie 645  
More near, his friends insulted might supply  
Some slight suspicion, and his squander'd coin,—  
In her a wife, what mortal could divine ?

Change we the scene. Now from Bellona's domes  
A monstrous eunuch with his chorus comes, 650

V. 649. *Change we the scene.* In this next division of the Satire, the imputations of superstition and credulity, which he heavily charges on women, give occasion to the poet to run over the current impostures of his times, and to furnish us with a very full notice of those inconceivable follies: we may observe here, that this overflow of Imposture succeeded to, and indeed was naturally produced by, a decline of religion—such as it was. These sketches, as every

Who tried the virtues of the sharpen'd shell  
 The hot rebellion of the blood to quell.  
 Cease all the drums—the croaking crew around  
 Are silent ;—then, in Phrygian turban crown'd,  
 Their chief begins, and with terrific air 655  
 Bids, Of September's austral blasts beware,  
 Unless the hundred eggs, his usual claim,  
 And all her sin-infected robes, the dame,  
 With meet contrition mov'd, without delay,  
 Produce, and thus the year's transgressions pay. 660  
 Her Envoy next if snow-white lo send,  
 The superstitious fool her steps will bend  
 To frozen Tiber's side, there break the ice,  
 And plunge her in the gelid current thrice !  
 This done, th' unsparing goddess still to please, 665  
 Round Tarquin's field she crawls on bleeding knees ;

reader of Juvenal must have remarked, are so exceedingly graphical that a painter might work from them.

The use of eggs was common in lustrations—*Vestes Xerampelinæ* (the color of dried vine-leaf) were usually worn by Matrons (vet. schol.) The interpreters of this passage usually present the Priest of Cybele with these cast-off garments, and make the begging of them the object of his visit. The gift of an hundred eggs would indeed have been but a sorry reward to so large a party. The lady, however, not only gives the eggs and the old clothes, but gets an imposition which it must have required all her piety to perform. Desperate as these absurdities appear, the popular superstitions of the Highlands fully equal them.—Superstition indeed seems to prevail (though in a different taste) pretty equally under all degrees of civilization. See Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, —Bourne's *Popular Antiquities*, &c.

At Io's bidding, lo she hastes to bring  
 A cruise of water from the tepid spring  
 Of Merœ's isle, to sprinkle on the floor  
 Where Isis dwells, and sheep were pen'd of yore. 670  
 These, these be they, with whom the Gods delight  
 To hold high converse in the still of night!  
 No wonder that, so warn'd, she seems to hear  
 The very Goddess whispering in her ear!

And next Anubis and his bald pate crew, 675  
 With secret scorn the gaping crowd that view,

V. 675. *And next Anubis.* i. e. the priest of Anubis, the son of Osiris and Isis, who, according to the common interpretation, is made to jeer at his own God, but more naturally, according to the emendation of Ruperti, (adopted, I observe, from Holyday) at the mob, which the procession collects in its progress. The following passage,

*Ansere magno,*

*Scilicet et tenui popano corruptus Osiris,*

is inimitably humorous, and most successfully levelled at the practice of making presents of such perishable commodities to Gods and Goddesses. But the donations of gold and silver, which were perpetually accumulating in the ancient temples, and which arose to a vast amount, were a very useful contrivance for which the inventor deserves credit. This practice really converted the Temple into an *Ærarium*, and afforded a considerable resource for purposes of national importance: it was but for the minister to obtain a loan from the God, who seldom, it is to be presumed, resisted. So well indeed was this little arrangement understood, that the golden ornaments of the ivory statue of Minerva in the Parthenon, seem to have been *made to take off*, and to pawn occasionally for the exigencies of the state. At least this measure was expressly proposed by Pericles in summing up the resources of the state, at the commencement of the Peloponnesian War.



The threshold throng ; their leader, if the dame  
 On sacred days forbidden pleasures claim,  
 Discovers by the silver serpent's nod  
 The hot displeasure of the watchful God : 680  
 Yet of these sighs and penitential tears,  
 Perhaps,—from him—when great Osiris hears—  
 Ye Gods ! what fatal ills can gifts produce,  
 See great Osire, corrupted—by a goose !

These gone, a trembling Jewess next appears 685  
 Whose whisper'd tales allure her willing ears :

Ετι δε και τα εκ των αλλων ιερων προσετιθει χρηματα ουκ  
 ολιγα, οἷς χρησεσθαι αυτους· και ην πανυ εξειργωνται παντων,  
 και ΑΤΤΗΣ ΤΗΣ ΘΕΟΥ, ΤΟΙΣ ΠΕΡΙΚΕΙΜΕΝΟΙΣ ΧΡΥ-  
 ΣΙΟΙΣ. απεφαινε δ' εχον το αγαλμα τεσσαρακοντα ταλαντα  
 σταθμον χρυσιου απεφθου, και ΠΕΡΙΑΙΡΕΤΟΝ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΑΙΙΑΝ·  
 χρησαμενους δε επι σωτηρια, εφη, χορηγαι μη ελασσω αντικατα-  
 στησαι παλιν· χρημασι μεν ουν ουτως εθαρσυνεν αυτους.

V. 685. *These gone, a trembling Jewess.* The Jews were scarcely tolerated at Rome, being obliged either to pay a heavy tribute or to quit the city. We have heard of their condition in the 3d Satire, as the inhabitants of a wood : Domitian, it seems, obliged them to appear abroad with a basket and some hay, as a badge by which they might be known, so as not to evade the tax laid upon them—a very needless precaution ! for the countenance must have been, alone, and will always be a sufficient distinction of this miraculously continued people. Much has been written about the meaning of the Poet in the words ‘ *Sacerdos arboris*,’ which, I conceive, cannot possibly allude to their local circumstances of living in a wood, and still less to any of their ancient idolatrous propensities. As Juvenal has made several allusions to their religion, and expressly names the ‘mysterious’ volume of their law-giver,



Of Solyma, and all her ritual, she  
 Th' interpretest ; of that Mysterious Tree,  
 High-priestess sage, the internuntial tie  
 Between us nether mortals and the sky : 690  
 Enough with copper coin her hand to fill,  
 The dreams of Jews are had for what you will.

A pigeon's smoking lungs th' Armenian seer  
 Inspects, and handles, and discovers here  
 The joys which love, the joys which wealth confers ;  
 The will, and the gallant shall both be her's ; [695  
 Entrails of whelps, the pullet's quivering heart,  
 The child's,—ye Gods ! its secrets shall impart.  
 For this most daring maniac deeds will do,  
 Which he'd denounce if hinted but by you. 700

Next the Chaldæan, long inur'd to spell  
 The stars' decrees by rules infallible,  
 With tidings from the font of Ammon comes,  
 (Since all is silence in the Delphic domes,  
 And knowledge of futurity no more 705  
 Shall man's impatient spirit there explore !)  
 But HIM, the workings of whose prescient mind  
 Have more than once his silly self consign'd  
 To banishment, which save its own, foretold  
 The fates of all ; whose tablets—to be sold, 710

*Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moses,*

I conceive it not impossible that here is some allusion to the history of our first parents and of Eden, and I have ventured on a translation of the passage in that light.

V. 693. *A pigeon's smoking lungs.* Whether by the words, '*interdum et pueri,*' a particular reference be meant, is not known. The Scholiast says they are an allusion to

A great man's end, the end of Otho's fear,  
 Announc'd—HIM, all with deepest reverence hear.  
 Its fullest confidence the art obtains,  
 Or bonds or dungeons when its teacher gains :  
 His skill, who keeps himself from dangers free, 715  
 None trust at all, or trust unwillingly.  
 Not so the sage, who to Seripho sent,  
 Escap'd, and scarce escap'd—with banishment.  
 To such thy tender Tanaquil repairs  
 Eager to learn the issue of her cares ; 720  
 Her jaundic'd mother's death by art divine  
 Impatient to explore—but mostly thine.

Egnatius, who first allured the daughter of Bareas Soranus to the study of magic, and then informed Nero, who put to death both the father and his daughter in consequence.

V. 711. *A great man's end.* The Chaldæan, says Juvenal, is now at the head of the prophetic art, since the Delphic oracle has ceased. The influence of the astrologers had become excessive, inasmuch as they often ruled the ruler of the empire. Tiberius, to whom Juvenal alludes in the 10th Satire,

——— *Angusta in rupe sedentis*

*Cum grege Chaldæo,*

was himself a practised astrologer, and a fast friend to the art and its professors. Among these persons Seleucus and Ptolemy were the most distinguished ; the latter is the person here intended, who predicted the death of Galba,—a prediction with which most probably he flattered Otho, so soon as he found out the bent of his mind, and by natural sagacity saw the probable course of things.

Juvenal here points out the grounds on which vulgar confidence was bestowed on these professors of divination. '*Qui pene perit*' was the passport for the soundness of the diviner—to have been able to foresee *his own* fate and to have pro-

This grave affair once settled, one request  
Remains, which answer'd, sets her soul at rest,—  
Who first, her lover or herself shall die?— 725  
More precious news can all the Gods supply?  
Yet has her knowledge limits, nor pretends  
What mischief the malignant planet sends  
Of Saturn to discern, or to the rites  
Of Venus, when the starry sphere invites— 730  
What month to loss devoted, what to gain,  
Are mysteries she pretends not to explain.

Avoid that sapient plague with all thy care  
Whose hand displays the well-thumb'd calendar,  
Consulting none, consulted now by all— 735  
Whom if her husband and her duty call  
To foreign camps would be content to go,  
Did not Thrasyllus and the stars say No!

vided against it was the reverse of recommendation.—Tiberius thought more justly on this subject.

V. 733. *Avoid that sapient plague.* The next in the picture is the lady, whose thumb'd ephemerides, (grown yellow and greasy, like amber, *ceu pinguis succina*) guide her actions, in the commonest concerns of life,—the time and length of her walks, and her hours for food and rest.

V. 738. *Did not Thrasyllus, &c.* The way in which Thrasyllus obtained the confidence of Tiberius was this. While he resided at Rhodes the Emperor took a walk with any *soi-disant* Professor of Astrology, and attended by a strong slave, along the edge of the cliffs near which his house was situated; and if he judged his replies to savour of vanity or fraud, the slave was directed to throw the astrologer into the sea, and so the consultation ended. In this situation

Said I to foreign camps? to the first stone,  
Unless her book prescrib'd, she ne'er was known

Thrasyllus one day found himself, and being there asked by the Emperor, after giving satisfactory replies to other questions, ‘*an suam quoque genitalem horam conperisset, quem tunc annum, qualem diem haberet?*’ Our diviner went through a number of calculations, grew alarmed by proper degrees as they went on, and at length exclaimed that some imminent peril was at hand. Tiberius instantly embraced him, and ranked him afterwards among his intimate friends. Let the reader who would see a picture of the insufficiency of the strongest mind, to find out a clue for itself without the aid of Revelation, read the succeeding chapter, and admire the distraction of judgment under which the profound Tacitus labored, on the subject of Providence or Fate. Tac. Ann. vi. 22. Dio relates the story with a little difference—That Thrasyllus had already enjoyed so much of the Emperor’s confidence, as to make him dangerous, and being on the point to be thrown over the rock, hit upon the above device.

Tiberius might have lived a little longer, to the great delight and benefit of the world, but in strict reliance on the assurances of this Thrasyllus that he would live ten years longer, and perhaps too in conformity with his own aphorism, ‘That every man above thirty should be his own doctor,’ he neglected to call in his physicians. He died before they knew he was ill, at Misenum. *ενοσσει μὲν γὰρ ἐκ πλείονος χρόνου προσδοκῶν δὲ ἤδη τὴν Θρᾷσυλλου προῤῥήσιν βίωσασθαι, οὔτε τοῖς ἰατροῖς ἐκοινοῦτο τι, οὔτε τῆς διαίτης μετεβαλλεν; ἀλλὰ πολλὰ κίς (οἷα ἐν γῆρᾳ καὶ νοσῶ μὴ οὐκ ἐξεία κατὰ βραχὺ μαζαίνοντός) τότε μὲν ὅσον οὐκ ἀπεψύχετο, τότε δὲ ἀνερῶννυτο.* These last words appear to be extremely descriptive of a state not easy to describe.—‘Now he was just at the last gasp, now he revived again,’—but no other language can so briefly and strongly

To ride or walk—the calculated page  
 Consulted, ere she venture to assuage  
 The smarting eye ; who feeble from disease  
 Dares not the fever's parching drought appease  
 Unless it chance that Petosiris please !  
 The circus and the conjurer's booth they try, [745  
 If poor, and listen to each vulgar lie ;  
 Or to the road-side Oracles, who vend  
 Plebeian fortunes, the fair palm extend.  
 From richer fools, their follies and their fears 750  
 The Indian or the Phrygian augur hears,  
 Or He that renders pure by many a spell  
 The spot ill-omen'd where the lightning fell.

The Fortune of the mob, and vulgar Fate  
 Within the Circus hold their petty state ; 755  
 There, those whose necks no links of gold display,  
 Before the Phalæ and the Dolphins, pay

express the idea. How flat is the translation '*sæpenumero imbecillitatem cum valetudine mutasset.*'

V. 757. *Before the Phalæ and the Dolphins.* The *Circus Maximus* was three furlongs in length and one in breadth. An 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 fortune-tellers.

For counsel, 'if 'twere better to forsake  
'The Vintner, and the wealthier Grocer take.'  
Yet these of childbirth all the perils bear, 760  
And of the nurse each anxious labor share,  
Perils on splendid beds sustain'd by few—  
So much can blessed art and medicine do!  
Which either makes them sterile or destroys  
The unborn manhood of adulterous joys. 765  
Fetch it thyself—the cup in which they blend  
Their drugs accurs'd,—for should her flanks extend,  
And should the creature, leaping in her womb,  
From its warm cells, unwelcome stranger! come,  
You'd start with horror from the dusky face, 770  
Stamp'd with the black's caress and thy disgrace;  
And that ill-omen'd and discolor'd heir  
Thy name, thy honors, and thy wealth would share.

Pass we thy hopes deceiv'd—a spurious breed  
To all the honors of thy race decreed, 775  
Fetch'd from the foul lake's side whence Rome  
derives

SOME NOBLE NAMES—thanks to our faithful wives!  
A favor'd spot! for there at dead of night  
Malignant Fortune bends with fond delight

V. 776. *Fetch'd from the foul lake's side.* One of the abominations of Rome consisted, as is well known, in the exposure of children. Whether by the expression '*ad spurcos lacus*,' Juvenal intends a particular spot (Lubin selects the Velabrian Lake) is not to be certainly ascertained.

O'er the deserted babe—enjoys the jest 780  
Already, warms the foundling in her breast,  
Arranges all the drama,—then removes  
To halls and palaces the mime she loves !

Some in Thessalian charms and philtres deal,  
Which on the incautious husband's senses steal, 785  
And leave him in his worthless partner's power,  
To scorn and gibe and insult every hour —  
Thence comes fatuity, the mind o'ercast  
With clouds, and deep oblivion of the past !  
But these are trifles, well, thou dost not rave,— 790  
To Nero's uncle, kind Cæsonia gave  
(Who'd fear to do what Empress wives have done?)  
A draught of powers no mortal brain could shun ;  
Then, while its phrenzied Lord his sense forsook,  
Rome, and the world's disjointed empire, shook 795  
As if Olympian Jove a maddening draught  
Had from the treacherous hands of Juno quaff'd !  
Less noxious far was Agrippina's treat,  
Which made a dotard's pulses cease to beat,  
And sent the slaverling lips, the palsied head, 800  
To join the Gods,—at least to join the dead.  
But This, with all the seeds of mischief stor'd,  
Fill'd with the elements of fire and sword,  
Kindled within the brain a furious rage,  
Which slaughter'd Senates could alone assuage : 805  
So much of horror can one monster brew,  
From one colt's forehead see what scenes ensue !

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



Of his first marriage to destroy the fruits, 810  
 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  
 That caustic poisons lurk,—forbear to touch  
 Whate'er maternal kindness praises much. 815  
 Look well around ye, and with eye discreet,  
 Ere ye begin remark what others eat—  
 Or let the careful tutor taste your meat. }

Feign we these horrors, and does Satire stride  
 O'er realms and regions to her ken denied, 820  
 For loftier flights, say, does she plume her wings,  
 Sweep with an hand profane the tragic strings,  
 And chaunt a lay abhorrent to her own,  
 To Latian hills, to Latian skies unknown?  
 O would 'twere so, but hark to Pontia's voice, 825  
 'I slew them both, I slew them, and rejoice:  
 'Myself prepar'd the Aconite, and none  
 'Shall share the honor,—'twas my deed alone.'  
 Two at one meal, infernal viper, two?  
 That bloody deed she had rejoic'd to do, 830

V. 826. *I slew them both.* The history of this Pontia is not ascertained, but her monument was, and probably is, extant, unless there were two of the same name and nature, which is not likely.

'PONTIA TITI PONTII FILIA HIC SITA SUM QUÆ,  
 'DUOBUS NATIS A ME VENENO CONSUMPTIS AVARITIÆ  
 'OPUS MISERÆ MORTEM MIHI CONSCIVI. TU QUISQUIS  
 'ES QUI HAC TRANSIS, SI PIUS ES, QUÆSO A ME OCULOS  
 'AVERTE.'



Seven had there been, on seven!—O doubt no more  
 The tales of Progne, and the Colchian shore,  
 Those matchless monsters of their times,—but hold,  
 Their horrid deeds were prompted not by gold!  
 Admire discreetly,—difference it makes, 835  
 The hurried vengeance desperate passion takes.  
 One less admires, when all is flame within,  
 And hurls them headlong on to deeds of sin.  
 As when the fissur'd Cliff with bursting sound  
 Relieves the Mass long to its summit bound, 840  
 Headlong it rolls, attracting far and wide  
 The streaming soil, it sweeps the mountain's side;

V. 839. *As when the fissur'd cliff.* This beautiful simile had been already employed both by Homer and Virgil, especially by the former, in a much more distinct and expanded form. The lines in which I have paraphrased, and so far have taken liberty with it, were written after a visit to *Cader-Idris*, from the edge of whose awful precipices we had thrown down several stones of the largest size which it was possible to roll to the edge of the cliff; thus realizing the Homeric description with wonderfully fine effect: one particular of which

Ἵψι δ' αναθρωσκων πετεται

was exhibited in a very striking manner, in the swift recoil, the sudden leaps and sweeping curves which these immense masses described in their descent; sometimes starting off from a point of rock amidst a cloud of dust produced by the collision, then rolling on awhile in some of the gullies of the mountain, drawing within its vortex a stream of earth and loose soil, and after another bound or two reaching the level:

τοτε δ' ουτε κυλινθεται, εσσυμενος περ.

From rock to rock in curves fantastic thrown  
Descends, recoiling oft, the smoking Stone,  
Seems now to rest—revives yet once again, 845  
Then falls in distant thunders on the plain.  
But crimes which void of ire's tumultuous glow,  
Computed, cool, deliberately slow,  
I most abhor,—Behold Alcestis fly  
To save an husband's life, rejoic'd to die ! 850  
Were such vicarious death permitted twice,  
These, for a whelp, their lords would sacrifice.

Worthy of Belus' line thou still may'st meet,  
And Clytemnestras swarm in every street ;  
But she, their great example, void of skill, 855  
Wielded with aukward hand the murderous bill,  
Now, the envenom'd entrails of the toad  
Securely kills and stains no corpse with blood ;  
Yet if the shrewd Atrides should have quaff'd, [860  
Thrice conquer'd Monarch, thy protecting draught,  
They'd strike a blow thy drugs could never heal,  
And quit the poison,—for the surer steel !

## Argument.

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THIS very excellent Satire has always been highly esteemed. A melancholy unity runs through the piece—the ill success of literary labor; a subject with which the public ear is so familiar, that the case needs to be very strongly and pathetically stated to excite any interest. It *has* been so stated by one of the most interesting poets of our times, by Mr. Crabbe, whose unpatronized Scholar, divided between his Edition of Euripides and the intrusive solicitude ‘*de Codice paranda*,’ is an exquisite draught by the hand of no common master.

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 which follow, the genuine effusions of a fine and feeling mind; the Historian, the Lawyer, the Schoolmaster are sketches full of force and effect, and the whole is interspersed with touches of humor frequent and irresistible—Numitor who keeps a Mistress and a Lion, but cannot afford any thing as a Patron;—the bronze Lawyer;—the hired Sardonyx;—the *Arcadicus Juvenis*;—the allusion to Chiron and Achilles, and many more. Of the first of these Mr. 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 AND PLACES

### MENTIONED IN THE SATIRE.

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#### PERSONS.

*PACCIUS*, *Faustus*, *Thelesinus*, names of obscure Poets.  
That of the latter occurs frequently in Martial.

*Maculonus*, any Patron who had a house to lend, and lent it.

*Camerini*, *Bareæ*, the names of two illustrious Families at Rome. See Note on Satire III. ‘*Stoicus occidit Baream*,’ &c.

*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.

*Cotta*, a generous Patron, to whom Ovid says,

*Cumque labent alii jactataque vela relinquunt,  
Tu laceræ remanes anchora sola rati.*

*Lentulus*, who receives commendation from Cicero for that virtue which occasioned the introduction of his name by Juvenal.

*Fabius*, some particular individual of that flourishing family, which was so numerous that it was used in stating any hypothetical case requiring names. *Clav.* Ciceron. Ernest.

*Pedo*—*Causidicus ignotus*.

*Matho*, better known than his associate—a wretched Lawyer, and afterwards a flourishing Informer. We met with his litter in the first Satire.

*Tongillus*, a third 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 hired a Sardonyx Ring, in compliment to the discernment and integrity of the Court, where he was to plead.

*Basilus*, *Cossus*, poor, but able Lawyers.

*Vectius* or *Vettius*, a distinguished Rhetorician, commended by Pliny, xxix. 1.

*Chrysogonus*, *Pollio*. These 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 carried him through the offices of Prætor and Tribune to that of Consul. ‘*Indignante licet, et fremente populo Romano.*’

*Tullius*, Servius Tullius, the 6th of the Kings of Rome, whose story is again alluded to by Juvenal in the 8th Satire, where his history is stated in two lines:

*Ancilla natus, trabeam et diadema Quirini,  
Et fasces meruit regum ultimus ille bonorum.*

*Thrasymachus*, the name, according to the Scholiast, of a distinguished pupil of Plato and Isocrates, who 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.

Οὕτω δὲ δὴ τὸ συμπάν καὶ βασκανὸς καὶ ὑποπτος πρὸς πάντα ὁμοίως ἦν, ὥστε καὶ Καρίνῳ Σέκουρον ῥήτορα, φυγαδεύσαι ποτε, ὅτι λόγον τινα, ἐν γυμνασίᾳ κατὰ τυραννῶν εἶπεν. *Dion.*

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## PLACES.

*Aganippe, Fons Heliconis* in Bœotia, *Musis sacer*.

*Cirrha*, a city at the foot of Parnassus, sacred to Apollo, and often taken as a general name for the studies of which he was the accredited Patron.

*Quid tibi cum Cyrrha, quid cum Permessidis unda,  
Romanum prop' as, divitiusque Forum est.*

*Nisa*, a City of Arabia, on a spot near which Bacchus having been educated by the Nymphs, he built this city in gratitude : but no less than eleven cities of this name are said to be mentioned by different writers.—However, hence came one of his *cognomina*, *Dionysius* ; as here, *Dominus Nisæ*.

## Satire VII.

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LEARNING's sole hopes on Cæsar now depend,  
Of each desponding muse the generous friend ;

V. 1. *Learning's sole hopes.* The unreserved manner in which the character of the atrocious Domitian is exposed in the 4th Satire, has raised a doubt whether he be 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 (*quo nec præsentius aliquid, nec studiis magis propitium numen est*) ; and secondly, Paris, the actor, to whose approbation such important advantages are attributed in this Satire, flourished in the reign of Domitian. These considerations seem to entitle that Emperor to the compliments here given, and to prove that the 4th Satire was in date posterior to the present. Some give to Domitian, on the principle that

‘ *Praise undeserv'd is Satire in disguise,*

the commendations for which it seems there is historical foundation.

Their single patron in these evil days,  
 When bards of prosperous fame renounce the bays,  
 Heat water for the baths of Rome, or fly 5  
 To paltry towns, ignoble trades to ply.  
 Some urg'd by famine to condemn disgrace  
 Are glad to canvass for the Crier's place!  
 For Clio's self might starve within the grove,  
 In which in better times she lov'd to rove! 10

If in Pierian bowers unblest, unfed,  
 No coin be thine, to buy thy daily bread,  
 Turn Auctioneer at once, and learn to praise  
 Chest, vase, and tripod with seductive phrase  
 To gaping crowds: commend each ranting line 15  
 Of Thebes and Tereus: laud the fustian fine  
 Of Faustus, or for hungry Paccius see,  
 What greater dolt will buy Alcyone!

V. 13. *Turn Auctioneer at once.* The business of an Auctioneer at Rome, as appears from this, and from a parallel passage in the 3d Satire, was considered as particularly degrading. The articles of Roman furniture here mentioned

——— *Commissa quod auctio vendit*

*Stantibus,* ———

may, I suppose, be best studied amidst 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 1st Satire. Thebes, and the misfortunes of the house of Œdipus, 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. Martial, (who sympathized with Juvenal



E'en this were better than in Court to lie,  
 And earn the wretched bread of perjury. 20  
 Leave such resource for Asia's gentle knights,  
 For all whom hospitable Rome requites  
 With her best honors, whom she loves to greet  
 Sent from Bithynia's realms with shoeless feet!  
 — None, none shall henceforth be oblig'd to bear  
 Dishonest toils unmeet for Poet's care, [25  
 Who gnaws the bay and meditates the song,  
 Where numbers sweetly link'd the charm prolong,  
 Where silver streams of gentlest cadence roll,  
 And sense and sound combin'd allure the soul. 30  
 Go on, for now Imperial eyes regard  
 Your studious toils—Imperial hands reward.  
 But elsewhere dream ye yet of patronage,  
 And fill the yellow parchment's ample page,

in the abuse of so precious an article as paper,) had already deprecated in vain these stale subjects, *Miseræ ludibria chartæ*.

*Qui legis Œdipodem, caligantemque Thyesten,  
 Colchidas, et Scyllas, quid nisi monstra legis?  
 Quid tibi raptus Hylas, &c.*

Poor Œdipus, handled as he was by the poets of Juvenal's time, might have appealed to his countrymen indeed!

ω πατρας Θηβης ενοικοι, λευσσετ' Οιδιπους οδε  
 ες τα κλειν' αιγιγματ' ηδη και κρατιστος ην ανηρ,  
 ΕΙΣ ΟΣΟΝ ΚΑΤΑΩΝΑ ΔΕΙΝΗΣ ΕΥΜΦΟΡΑΣ  
 ΕΛΗΛΘΕΝ.

V. 34. *And fill the yellow Parchment's, &c. To this*

For fuel, Thelesinus, quickly call, 35  
 And to the spouse of Venus give them all!  
 Or find some hole, where thro' his favorite prey  
 The noiseless worm may work his secret way.  
 Yes, wretched man! doom'd never to succeed,  
 Blot all those battles out and smash thy reed, 40  
 Who in that dusty loft from day to day  
 Art meditating still the lofty lay,  
 To future bards an image to bequeath  
 Of a starv'd Poet—with an ivy wreath!  
 Hopes be there none, the paltry miser pays 45  
 Not with his coin, alas! but with his praise;  
 And (just as boys the peacock's tail admire)  
 Commends the notes, but never pays the lyre!  
 While years glide on, by these fond hopes betray'd,  
 Fit for the oar, the helmet, and the spade, 50  
 Till grey-hair'd, starving eloquence shall see  
 Its fault too late, and curse Terpsichoré.

Hear now his arts for whose applause ye pine,  
 And bid farewell to Phœbus and the Nine:

substance Persius gives the epithet *bicolor*. Holyday's explanation, that the *hair* was left on one side of the skin, seems to have little plausibility, and I know not what foundation. The ancients, it is known, were accustomed to give their MSS. a coat of cedar oil, to preserve it from the worm; and some say that this is the origin of the expression in the text, '*croceæ membrana tabellæ*.' But the word in question seems not unsuitable to the yellow tinge which parchment usually has, and always acquires by age, and which makes it so different in appearance from vellum.

Himself turns Poet, and writes verses too, 55  
 Verses, with which he pays his debt to you ;  
 Which only yield to Homer's on the score  
 That Homer liv'd a thousand years before !  
 Yet if all glowing for the dear delight  
 You thirst for mere applause, and must recite ; 60  
 Of Maculonus all the house command,  
 Where like a city with the foe at hand,  
 Gates strictly clos'd and all in iron bound,  
 In close blockade the massive door is found !  
 He'll place in groups his menials here and there, 65  
 Bid trains of clients come their parts to bear  
 In boisterous plaudits,—but will he defray  
 What thou must for the borrow'd benches pay,  
 For seats which step by step are rais'd on high,  
 And for th' orchestral chairs, a due supply ? 70  
 Still we go on—still drag the sterile plough,  
 And raise the furrow'd sand, where nought will  
 grow ;

V. 61. *Of Maculonus, &c.* We have already noticed the practice of recitation. This lending of one's house for the benefit of the reciter may be recognized in a somewhat similar modern arrangement (bating the illiberal part of it) in favor of a popular singer ; for as Holyday very faithfully tells us, none of the Roman patrons cared

*What the orchestra cost, rais'd for chief friends,  
 And chairs re-carried when the reading ends.*

*Anabathra* were the ascending seats, like stairs ; *subsellia*,  $\epsilon\phi\epsilon\delta\phi\alpha$ , the chairs in the area ; *tigillum*, the supporting timber or scaffold.

For would we quit at length th' ambitious ill,  
The noose of habit implicates us still !  
Strong in our strength, progressive with our age, 75  
By time but more confirm'd, this fatal rage,  
This lust for writing unimpair'd remains,  
No drug removes it, and no fear restrains.  
But HE, THE BARD, who delves no open vein,  
And holds the casual ore in proud disdain, 80  
Who with no vulgar impress stamps his gold,  
(Alas ! 'tis but in fancy I behold  
The gifted man !) with proud impatience bears  
Th' obtrusive clamor of terrestrial cares.  
Far from the haunts of men he loves to rove, 85  
And court the cherish'd stillness of the grove !—  
O never did the Muses welcome thee  
Within their bowers, dejected poverty !  
That sceptre-wand in wreaths of ivy dress'd,  
By frigid hand of thine may ne'er be press'd : 90  
When Horace glows with all the poet's fire,  
And Bacchus hangs enraptur'd o'er the lyre,  
HE HUNGERS NOT—else none had heard the strain—  
Mute and untouch'd that sounding shell had lain !  
Yes ! by th' immortal Muse possess'd alone, 95  
Strung to one lofty pitch, one rapturous tone,  
Led by the lords of melody and song,  
The Bard, the genuine Bard is borne along !  
O ! 'tis the work of no contracted mind  
To dull and cold realities confin'd, 100  
Or troubled lest approaching night should spread  
No rug to warm the shivering poet's bed,

In Fancy's brilliant colors to behold  
 Celestial steeds, and cars of burnish'd gold ;  
 'The huge Erynnis, whose tremendous scowl 105  
 Appall'd the terror-struck Rutulian's soul :  
 For not a ringlet had adorn'd her head,  
 Each writhing snake had hung collaps'd and dead,  
 Had needy Virgil been compell'd to roam,  
 In quest of casual bread—a casual home ; 110  
 That Blast had never blown ! but we require  
 The lofty buskin, and the ancient lyre

V. 105. *The huge Erynnis.* An allusion to Virgil, most happily introduced.

‘ *Horace is FULL, when once he Ohe ! cries,*’  
 says Holyday ; when poets are poor, the poetry is, we see, *in spite of*, not in consequence of, the poverty. The ancient bards, as far as their history is known, had seldom occasion to inculcate the discernment or the generosity of contemporaries.

*Meritis minor, aut ingratae*

*Curta fides patricæ.*

Their case was seldom that of Milton, Savage, or Butler,

‘ *Who ask'd for bread—and who receiv'd a stone.*’

Among the Greeks, in ‘the age of letters and the arts,’ the poet was protected by the public taste ; among the Romans, in the decline of both, by the affectation of individuals.

V. 111. *That blast had never blown.*

*Pastorale canit signum cornuque recurvo*

*Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omne*

*Contremuit nemus, et silvæ intonuere profundæ.*

Æn. l. vii.

*Juv.*

N

From Him, poor starving bard ! whose Atreus sent  
His very cloak in pledge for money lent !

Poor Numitor ! would take delight to cheer 115

The bard's cold garret,—but the times are dear !

Yet to his mistress ne'er 'the times' will plead ;

That lion's whelp 'twere cruel not to feed ;

The bowels of the beast at smaller charge

No doubt are fill'd !—your Poet's paunch is large !

In his vast mansions Lucan may recline, [120

And talk of FAME—far other wants are thine,

Serranus !—say, Saleius, what to thee

Will glory, lean and starving glory be ?

All Rome exulting runs to hear the lay, 125

When Statius kindly grants the promis'd day ;

He holds their eager minds in bondage sweet,

While all the crowd their lov'd Thebais greet !

V. 113. *From him, poor starving bard.* Of whom, by name Lappa, the Scholiast records that he was a poet of merit and in need.

Lucan was more fortunate in the article of fame with his contemporaries than with posterity. Not that in the zenith of his reputation his pretensions were unsifted, for he lived with Quintilian, and is declared by that profound critic to be rather an orator than a poet,—a decision which posterity has exactly ratified. His subject is indeed highly unfortunate, but is often nobly treated, and may I add that Mr. Rowe's translation of the *Pharsalia* is executed in a style singularly appropriate to such a work, and appears to have very uncommon merit.

But let each bench and form be broken down,  
 With loud applause the favor'd bard to crown, 130  
 He shall not cease to starve, till Paris buy  
 Agave's woes—his virgin Tragedy !  
 Paris, whose voice a sure promotion brings,  
 Who decks the poet with equestrian Rings !  
 What Nobles cannot, lo, the Player can ! 135  
 Quit thy delusive hopes, infatuate man,

V. 133. *Paris, whose voice, &c.* 'The character and high station of this eminent person, has been already mentioned in the Notes on Satire 6. That players very frequently became dangerous favorites in the later periods of the empire, is little to be wondered at: no species of talent more fascinating, and agreeable qualities are ever in higher demand, and give a far greater influence to the possessor, than the more solid and austere foundations of character.

Paris, however, at last incurred the suspicion, and was put to death by Domitian. He is here represented as dispensing imperial favors with little judgment, granting Commissions to the authors of '*prælia diu vigilata*,' and procuring their insertion, without the necessary qualifications in the roll of the Equestrian order, &c. Some interpret '*Semestri auro*,' as a periphrasis for the gold ring worn by the Eques; others as a six months' appointment—which I do not at all understand.

*Quod non dant procures, dabit histrio.*

To this sneer, rather at the profession of Paris than himself, it has been supposed that Juvenal owed his acquaintance with Ægypt—an harmless line indeed !

*Antoni gladios possit contemnere, si sic  
 Omnia dixisset !*

Statius, says Juvenal, would have starved, if he had not

In Barea's halls no longer idly wait,  
 Ne'er linger thou at Camerinus' gate,  
 Præfects, by lucky scenes and speeches made,  
 And Tribunes see, by Philomel array'd! 140  
 Yet look not with contempt upon the bard  
 Whom players patronise, and mimes reward,  
 A Fabius, Cotta, Lentulus, to thee  
 Will any, think'st thou, or Mæcenas be?  
 The days are gone, when 'twas worth while to  
 pine 145  
 And thro' December's cold abstain from wine.  
 Haply of better hope th' HISTORIAN'S TOIL,  
 That vast consumer both of time and oil.  
 Tho' the nine hundredth page before him lies,  
 Still the redundant theme yields fresh supplies; 150  
 Facts upon facts still force him to enlarge,  
 And reams of costly paper swell the charge!

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.

V. 152. *And reams of costly paper.* Reams, perhaps, is too technical. As to *this* article 'qua constet immortalitas hominum,' as Pliny expresses it, it is well known to have had its original and its name from the Papyrus of Egypt—the progressive series of substances employed for the purpose 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. This rush was divided and split, '*in prætenues sed quam latissimas filuras.*'



Enough—the harvest from this well wrought field ?  
 Harvest ! Far more the scribe's dull labors yield ;  
 True, but they live secluded and alone, 155  
 Men should go forth, be active, and be known.—

Ask then THE PLEADER's profits, whom attend  
 Huge bags of books and papers without end,  
 Gods ! How they bawl, but loudest then the cry,  
 When'er they catch the client's watchful eye, 160  
 Or if their side be sharply jogg'd by some,  
 Who to false claims with piles of parchment come,  
 Then with gigantic lies the laboring breast  
 Heaves bellows-like !—then froth pollutes the  
 vest.

V. 156. *Men should go forth, &c.* One would be puzzled in the choice of a profession, with Juvenal for an adviser: sour wine and pickled sprats were but poor encouragement to hold out to<sup>fr</sup> Barristers ! Notwithstanding what Athenæus said of the Grammarians ‘ that no occupation *except physic* was a more foolish one,’ *εἰ μὴ ἰατροὶ ἦσαν οὐδ’ αὖν ἡν τῶν γραμματικῶν μωροτέρων*, this latter was the most prosperous of the faculties of Rome. I wonder much that its professors so completely (with the exception of Themison) escaped the lash of Juvenal, seeing from the satirical chapter of Pliny, that there was such an ample stock of material on a subject which has been so much a favorite in modern times, on such far less tenable ground.

Had our poet by ill luck chosen to have entered the lists with the faculty, they might have said, as Martial does of his rough-handed Tonsor,

*Mitior implicitas Alcon secat Enterocelas.*

But would'st thou truly the rewards compute 165  
 Of the laborious pleader's long pursuit,  
 The profit of an hundred such compare  
 With yonder Jockey's, clad in scarlet there !—  
 The Bench is seated, pallid Ajax, rise,  
 With all thy eloquence the court surprise : 170  
 Before some clodpate judge thy vitals strain,  
 Relate, subjoin, correct, amend, explain,  
 So shall the Palm be to the Ladder bound,  
 Which leads us to the Loft where thou art found !  
 Well, but the gains ? part of a rusty chine, 175 }  
 Some salted fish, or Moorish onions join }  
 To five small cans of sour and meagre wine !  
 Or if one piece of gold, four causes bring,  
 Th' attorneys out of this their own will wring.  
 But let Æmilius take the cause in hand, 180  
 Plead e'er so ill, HE gets his full demand ;

V. 180. *But let Æmilius.* Human weaknesses, like human passions, being ever the same, and failing not to appear when ever and wherever their occasions arise, the ground of complaint in the text is probably far from being yet exhausted.

*Æmilio dabitur quantum licet et melius nos  
 Egimus.*

The same arts must still with the vulgar produce the same success, and even those who can lift the veil or walk behind it, are not seldom willing victims of a delusion : It may be said of name in a profession as of wealth.

*Unde habes quærit nemo, sed oportet habere.*

Æmilius, it seems, attracted notice by ostentation of the most absurd and incongruous kind. However, his brazen war-horse was after all more judicious than an attempt to exhibit on a

For in his hall the brazen Car on high,  
 Yok'd with four steeds abreast, attracts the eye,  
 Where reining in the rampant Charger's prance,  
 And poising steadily the ponderous lance, 185  
 With eye half clos'd, and fix'd upon the foe,  
 The blinking Statue meditates the blow!

Yet will not ostentation always pay—  
 See Matho bankrupt! Pedo runs away!  
 As soon Tongillus will, whose ponderous horn 190  
 Whene'er he goes to bathe, is duly borne,  
 Pest of the baths, with his tumultuous train!—  
 Whose monstrous paunch six slender Medes sus-  
 tain,  
 On poles which creak beneath th' enormous freight,  
 To bid for Vase, or Villa, Slaves, or plate. 195  
 His costly robe from Tyre, which all may see,  
 Is for the payment full security!—  
 No 'useless craft!—that Purple puts a price  
 On the spruce lawyer's credit and advice:  
 At that fine Gown see how the vulgar stare, 200  
 And scores of clients to his house repair!

living quadruped of the species, as many a worthy Præfect,  
 (*intra Pomæria*) could probably attest.

Princes always ride well, says a French author; he is so  
 good as to add the reason—'*because horses never flatter.*'

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

*Tam grave percussis incudibus æra resultant,  
 Causidicum medio cum Faber aptat Equo.*

t answers often well, this look of state—  
These pompous airs—this aping of the great.

Trust we to talent? is there any now  
Who would two hundred sesterces bestow 205  
On Tully's self; unless indeed there shone  
A diamond ring beneath his purple zone.

Has he eight slaves, a client fain would know,  
Ere to his counsel for advice he go—  
Do ten attendants in the van appear, 210  
And swings a splendid Litter in the rear?

This Paulus saw, and soon with vast applause,  
In an HIR'D SARDONYX he pleads a cause  
Than Cossus better paid, and more admir'd  
Than Basilus—for people soon are tir'd, 215  
And think it can't be eloquence, whene'er

They see the speaker's garment worn and bare!  
To Basilus shall strongest sense avail,  
Shall Basilus rehearse the matron's tale?  
Want would'st thou 'scape, the briefless lawyer's  
curse, 220

Gaul lies before thee—Africa, the nurse

V. 221. *Gaul lies before thee.* This is perhaps a second allusion to the rhetorical exercises at Lyons, mentioned in the first satire, on the line,

*Aut Lugdunensem Rhetor dicturus ad Aram.*

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, Africa is more entitled to be remembered by us Christians as a nurse of eloquence, since we

Of hopeful pleaders—thither, thither, hie,  
And 'midst her swarthy sons assiduous ply.—

Thoud'st teach declaiming? Vettius, with a  
breast

Of triple steel mayst thou be ever blest, 225  
When boy conspirators prepare the blow,  
And the large Class lays lofty tyrants low!  
All that one blockhead has just spelt and read  
Another spouts to thy distracted head!  
The self-same Theme, he sings it, verse for verse,  
O! repetition is the master's curse! [230  
The color of the action and the kind,  
Its leading points, and what may be rejoin'd,

owe to her the names of Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine.

The eloquence of the bar was at that time, one should 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, which the reader may not be sorry to find placed before him.

*Non de vi, neque cæde nec veneno,*

*Sed lis est mihi DE TRIBUS CAPELLIS.*

*Vicini queror has abesse furto :*

*Hoc judex sibi postulet probari.*

*Tu Cannas, Mithridaticumque bellum*

*Et Perjuria Punici furoris*

*Et Syllas Mariosque Mutiosque*

*Magna voce sonas, manuque tota—*

JAM DIC, POSTHUME, DE TRIBUS CAPELLIS.

All fain would know ; yet all dislike to pay—  
 Payment ! for what ? what have you taught him,  
 pray ? 235

The fault is mine !—with me the blame must rest,  
 Because forsooth your dull Arcadian's breast  
 With no emotion throbs, whose drawling tone  
 Full many a yawn attest, and many a groan  
 With his dire Hannibal !—what doubts occur 240

To check the progress of the conqueror,  
 Whether to march to Rome from Cannæ's plain,  
 Or made less confident by storms and rain,

By some long route circuitous, retreat,  
 His Cohorts drench'd, and all his Banners wet !—

Come—name your sum, I'll not refuse to pay, 245 }  
 Would but his father pass one blessed day, }  
 And hear his son, my hopeful pupil, bray ! }

These truths a score of Rhetoricians, blest  
 With such divine employment, could attest, 250  
 For real litigations quit they now

The wicked husband and the broken vow :  
 Poisons and Rapes and Unguents, to give sight  
 To aged blindness now no more invite—

O he would quit that hard and thankless field 255  
 If to my counsel Vettius would yield,

And seek for bread in some far different life,  
 Ere change th'unreal, for the real strife,  
 All, lest he want the pittance which may buy  
 The granary Token for the day's supply ! 260

V. 260. *The Granary token.*

*Summula ne pereat qua vilis tessera venit  
 Frumenti.*

Enquire, I pray thee, what the rich bestow  
 On learn'd Chrysogonus or Pallio,  
 Who to the sons of Wealth the wordy art  
 Of Theodore for scanty fees impart.  
 Six thousand sesterces these worthies pay 265  
 For a new bath !—throw thousands more away  
 For Porticoes, where not a summer shower  
 May check their wonted exercise an hour.  
 Pent in their Homes should these, I pray, remain,  
 'Till clouds once more disperse, 'till cease the rain ?  
 When here the ample Colonnade may tire [270  
 Their well kept mules, unsullied with the mire !

The *Curatores Amonæ* 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.

V. 263. *Who to the sons of Wealth.* Theodorus was a rhetorician born in Syria, who settled at Rome under Tiberius, and whose 'cognatæ maculæ,' recommended him to the favor of that Emperor.

Among the almost incredible luxuries of the Romans and their profusion in expensive buildings, their Baths and Porticos were the most conspicuous. The remains of several of the former of stupendous magnitude still attest this fact—Porphyry and marble were often brought from Numidia for this purpose.

See that fine passage in the fourteenth satire,

*Ædificator erat Centronius.*

And Martial's

*Gellius ædificat semper &c.—*

Numidian columns rear the vast saloon,  
 To court the radiance of the winter's Noon ;  
 This prodigal expence, however great, 275  
 The kitchen must maintain its proper state  
 A troop of skilful cooks their means afford  
 And others to arrange the costly board—  
 Yet two sestertia, two at most, shall pay  
 Quintilian for his long laborious day! 280  
 Vain and profuse in all these objects, one  
 Demands the careful parent's thrift—his Son !  
 How gain'd Quintilian then that vast estate ?  
 A single case !—Quintilian's fortunate. [285  
 Of this be sure—Wealth gives the best pretence,  
 To Person, Courage, Conduct, Wit, and Sense !

V. 285. *Of this be sure.* Lucian has a passage exactly parallel about riches οἷς ἀν παρῇ, καλοὺς τε αὐτοὺς καὶ σοφοὺς καὶ ἰσχυροὺς ἀπεργάζεται, τιμὴν καὶ δόξαν συναπτῶν, καὶ ἐξ ἀφανῶν καὶ ἀδοξῶν ἐνίοτε περιβλεπτοὺς καὶ αἰδιμοὺς ἐν βραχεί τιθῆσι. Mycillus et Gallus.

The silver crescent on the shoe or instep, was the badge of the Senatorial dignity—it was rather the letter C for centum the number of that order.

The passage which follows,

*Distat enim quæ  
 Sidera te excipiant modo primos incipientem  
 Edere vagitus et adhuc a matre rubentem,*

is one of those happy passages to which it is vain to expect that justice can be done :—Holyday's



The stain of humble birth it cancels too,  
 And weaves the silver Crescent on the shoe :  
 Be rich, and lo ! the undisputed meed  
 Of eloquence divine, to thee decreed !      290  
 Be rich—tho' hoarse catarrhs inflame thy throat,  
 Sing on—no Nightingale can match the note !

Much it avails, what planet in the sky  
 O'er-rul'd the hour of thy nativity ;  
 Red from thy mother, when the feeble moan      295  
 Escap'd thee first, what Constellation shone !  
 To Rhetoric bred, if Fortune so decree,  
 Ere long, my friend, a Consul may'st thou be !

' Oh there's strange difference what stars guard thy head,  
 ' When first thou criest and from fresh birth look'st red,

is exactly literal and less unhappy than most of the couplets  
 of that well read scholar.

V. 297. *To rhetoric bred.* On the subject of fortune (which  
 is to be met with, of course, in every Poet,) Juvenal has by far  
 the best common places and this is one of them. Though the  
 passage in the sixth Satire, where the goddess is represented as  
 smiling with complacency on exposed children, is singularly  
 beautiful, this is scarcely less striking. Cicero was an instance  
 (and some say Quintilian, but this is doubtful) of the 'de Rhe-  
 tore Consul.' Of the 'De Consule Rhetor.' Dionysius the  
 tyrant of Syracuse afforded an example,—he taught a grammar  
 school at Corinth, and was therefore an exception to the passage  
 so generally true.

*Ad generum Cereris sine cæde et vulnere pauci  
 Descendunt reges et sicca morte tyranni.*

Or change, if that Inconstant lay the train,  
 The Consul's for the Teacher's robe again ! 300  
 Ventidius, Tullius, what, I pray, were these,  
 But for their stars, and Fate's occult decrees ?  
 Who sets up slaves at will, and pulls them down,  
 Fits on the Fetter, or bestows the Crown ! [305  
 Fate's favorite child, what could Quintilian lack ?  
 A milk-white crow, while all the rest were black.  
 Much oftener does the luckless teacher's chair  
 Consign the wretch that fills it to despair :  
 O say, Thrasy-machus, Charinas, say,  
 What mercies mark'd your miserable day ? 310  
 Obtain'd ye ought from Athens, save the dole,  
 To drink oblivion from her hemlock bowl ?

V. 311. *Obtain'd ye ought from Athens. Gelida cicuta*—  
 A species of the *νοξέιον*, namely, the *cicuta virosa* of Linnæus.  
 The *sorbitio dira cicutæ* is well known to have been one of  
 the modes by which capital punishment was inflicted by the  
 Athenians. As to the term *gelida*, it is not merely poetical  
 and applicable to all mortal poisons indifferently, but has a  
*special* application to the manner in which hemlock operates—  
*Semini et foliis refrigeratoria vis, quæ si enecat, incipiunt algere  
 ab extremitatibus corporis —necat sanguine spissando.* Plinii  
 Hist. N. 25.

With this account agree the directions given to Socrates by  
 the executioner. See the *Phædon* of Plato, which may cer-  
 tainly be regarded as a statement of the known effects of the  
 poison, equally with an express authority on the subject.

The subject of the vegetable poisons is much more curious  
 than that of the corrosive or mineral ones—they have proper-

Light lie the sod upon each sacred head,  
 Fresh o'er your graves may scented violets-spread ;  
 Wreaths still renew'd may pious fondness bring,  
 And your urns blossom with perpetual spring ;[315  
 Shades of our sires, who erst the sacred claim  
 Of parent, blended with the tutor's name !  
 Achilles, grown to manhood, trembled still  
 At Chiron's scourge upon his native hill ;        320  
 Tho' the preceptor's TAIL might well provoke  
 The laugh, his pupil join'd not in the joke ;  
 But Ruffus and the rest, distinction rare,  
 Hard blows and insults from the pupils bear.  
 Ruffus, at Tully's Latin who would smile,        325  
 Prompt to detect the rank provincial style !

Enceladus, Palemon, learned pair  
 From toils like yours, what profits do ye share

perties altogether peculiar to themselves, so as to be capable of producing their effects in small and regulated doses with the most infallible certainty, and have hence constituted the most dreadful instruments of revenge. In the interview between Locusta and Nero, in which they settle the death of Britannicus, the Emperor compels her by blows and menaces to produce something of quick and certain efficacy in his presence. What she first prepared was tried on a kid, which died in five hours. She boiled the preparation longer, and it then killed a pig immediately, and dispatched Britannicus the moment he had tasted it. *History of Inventions, &c.* Donellen's trial.

V. 325. *Ruffus, at Tully's Latin.* There is, however, a second interpretation of the line,

*Qui toties Ciceronem Allobroga dixit,*

GRAMMARIANS must compound for something  
 less,  
 Then e'en the toils of RHETORICIANS bless ; 330  
 The Boy's attendant, he that pays it too,  
 Abridge the fee before it comes to you ;  
 Let them, Palæmon ! and submit to fate ;  
 Venders of rugs, thou know'st, and cloaks, abate  
 Their full demand—the whole they will not take  
 Of that small pittance, for the wretched sake [335  
 Of which thou sittest ere a smith would rise,  
 Ere he who cards the wool, his labor plies !  
 For this content to bear the odious smell  
 Of lamps, not fewer than the boys who spell ; 340  
 What time to Maro's page, and Flaccus smear'd,  
 The smoke and soot of morning lamps adher'd :

and I know not whether it be not the better of the two ; viz. that Cicero in the affair of the Catilinarian conspiracy, on the suppression of which so much of his fame was built, had a secret understanding with the deputies of the Gauls. This insinuation indeed is countenanced by Sallust.

V. 341. *What time to Maro's page.* Horace and Virgil, it seems, were at the Roman schools as at our own the favorite Latin authors. The *invisum pueris virginibusque caput*, it also seems, summoned his class to their occupations before cock-crowing.

*Nondum cristati rupere silentia galli,  
 Murmure jam sævo verberibusque tonas.*

But Homer was also read in the higher classes, of which

And yet, how small soe'er, 'tis rarely paid,  
Without compulsion and the tribune's aid !

Unthinking parents ! ye alone impose, 345  
The bitter hardships which the tutor knows ;  
Ye who expect, that all and every page,  
On every subject, should his mind engage ;  
That vers'd in grammar's rules he should excel,  
And know each vapid history as well 350

As his own fingers—ready ev'ry day,  
When fools think fit to stop him by the way,  
(Glad to obstruct an harmless pedant's path,  
Towards the Thermal springs or Phœbus' bath)  
To tell who nurs'd Anchises !—‘ I'll engage, 355  
‘ You'll soon adjust our wager, at what age  
‘ (All, Sir, appeal with confidence to you.)  
‘ Acestes died—we were debating too,  
‘ How many casks of wine the Phrygians bore  
‘ From the kind monarch and Sicilia's shore.’ 360

Nor this the whole,—like those whose fingers lead  
The ductile wax, we must the morals heed,  
And with a parent's ever-watchful eye,  
The gestures of the motley circle spy,

there is evidence in many of the Greek epigrams, in one of which the starving teacher wishes that *the wrath of Peleus' son* had carried *him* off along with the Greeks.

Μηνις Αχιλληος και εμου προφασις γεγενηται  
ουλομενης πενιης γραμματικευσαμενω.  
Ειθε δε συν Δαναοις με κατεκτανε μηνις εκεινη  
πριν χαλεπος λιμος γραμματικης ολεση.

*Juv.*

Ο

Be this thy care, and when the year's complete, 365  
You'll earn the price of—ONE SUCCESSFUL HEAT !

## Argument.

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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 (*Απολει με το γενος, μη λεγ' ει φιλεις εμε, κ. τ. λ.*); 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 only, is but an act  
‘ of mere civility—an homage to the memory of an-  
‘ cestors 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 work-  
 ‘manship rude—it is to the feeling of piety that these  
 ‘forms, which would otherwise be objects of ridicule,  
 ‘owe the whole of their respect.’—

The comparison seems ingenious and happy; the respect we pay to the descendant of a great name clearly resolves itself into association merely.

‘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 recognize 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. Rhetoric. Chap. xvii. B. 2.



## PERSONS AND PLACES

### MENTIONED IN THE SATIRE.

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#### PERSONS.

*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 they were families of the most acknowledged excellence, in possession, while they lived, of the full respect of their contemporaries, and retaining their honors in the estimation of posterity.

*Osiris*, the Egyptian Deity, worshipped under the form of an ox, which obtained the name of *Apis*. The Egyptians, however, from some theory which does not appear, used to drown the representative of their God after a certain number of years, and look out for another, whose discovery was announced by the cry, *εὕρηκαμεν, συγχαιρομεν*.

*Cecrops*. It is almost needless to put down that he was the founder and the first King of Athens.

*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 carcase, into which this respectable king of Agrigentum used to put any persons to whom he had proposed questions of difficult solution, and whose responses were obtained by lighting a fire just under the spot where they were placed.

*Cosmus*, either a person who was very extravagant in the use of perfumes, or a celebrated perfumer in Rome: his name in the latter sense 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 thus made to express his merit, in the Greek epigram,

Βουκολε, ποι προθεειν με βιαζεαι; ισχειο νυσσων  
ου γαρ μοι τεχνη και τοδ' εδωκεν εχειν.

*Phidias*.—Who knows not that the ivory statue of Minerva in the Parthenon, as well as the exquisite sculpture which adorned the front of that superb edifice, were among the works of this celebrated artist?

*Mentor*, an artist of uncommon skill in the engraving or sculpture of cups—mentioned again in Satire xv.

——— *Stantem extra pocula caprum.*

Sat. i. 76.

*Dolabella*, two of the name; both prosecuted for corruption and peculation. Cn. Corn. Dolabella, Proconsul of Macedonia, A. U. 672, who had Julius Cæsar for his accuser, Cotta and Hortensius for his advocates; Cn. Dolabella, Proconsul of Cilicia, impeached by M. Scaurus, 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 Consulship.

*Marius*, the same celebrated in Satire 1, ‘*qui fruitur Dīs iratis.*’

*Damasippus*, probably a feigned name, Δαμασιππος: but it was also the *cognomen* of the Licinian family.

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

*Laureolus*, it was this person’s part in the Drama to be crucified: Domitian, having ordered the play, directed for the sake of effect, that this part of the performance should be *real*—meaning, without doubt, to illustrate Aristotle—δι’ ελεος και φοβου, &c.

*Corinthus*, an unknown, indifferent actor.

*Gracchus*, See Satire 2.

*Verginius*, the Roman General in Lower Germany; *Julius Vindex*, in Gaul; *Serg. Galba*, in Spain: all three revolted and conspired against Nero.



## PLACES.

*Euganea*, a district of ancient Italy, which should seem to correspond with Piedmont, or the confines of the Venetian territory,—though this is disputed.

*Idumea Porta*, a port or town of Idumæa, from which spices and perfumery were shipped for Rome,—or, as some say, agate of Rome, erected by Titus in honor of his Jewish victories.

## Satire VIII.

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AND what is birth ? avails it ought to show  
Of sires in marble rang'd the stately row,  
Æmilian chiefs in sculptur'd cars sublime,  
The Curii mouldering and defac'd by time,  
Corvinus blacken'd o'er with smoke and dust,     5  
Or Galba's noseless, mutilated bust ?—  
Why on the Lineal page so fond to trace  
The noble founders of thy ancient race,  
Or vaunt in terms that tell thy Mind's disease,  
Those, Masters of the Horse—Dictators, these,     10  
If thou, of imag'd Sires the worthless Son,  
Thro' all th' extremes of crime and folly run ?  
Wherefore these files of marshall'd statues, say,  
If thy pale vigils be consum'd at play,  
Uncheck'd by Scipio's interdicting frown,     15  
And all the chiefs that look indignant down ?  
Strange to thy couch, till rise that morning Star  
That saw their Camps in motion for the war !

Shall Fabius lord it o'er the lords of Rome,  
 His the great altar !—his th' Herculean dome !— 20  
 If, soft as lambs on fair Euganea's plain,  
 Made sleek with pumice, covetous and vain ;  
 Eager to gain the earliest advice  
 Of each new poison's properties and price,  
 'Midst those dishonor'd forms he plant his own, 25  
 Soon to the earth with insult to be thrown ?

V. 19. *Shall Fabius lord it, &c.* The *ara maxima* was erected in honor of Hercules, in the *forum boarium*, or beast market : its rites constantly devolved on the Fabian family, who claimed their descent from the Nero to whom it was dedicated.—‘ *Hoc debemus virtutibus* (they are the words of Tacitus,) *ut non præsentēs solum illas, sed etiam ablatas e conspectu colamus*’—This altar is mentioned by Virgil—

*Quæ maxima semper*

*Dicetur nobis et erit quæ maxima semper.*

V. 23. *Made sleek with pumice.* This volcanic stone was employed by the ancients as a depilatory ; it abounded in the district of Catana, whose inhabitants were constantly supplied with plenty of it by their ‘ *ill neighbour Ætna*.’ Its mention here and in other places, (Satire 2 and 9,) implies much more than a charge of *mere* effeminacy.

V. 26. *Soon to the earth.* Statues were with the ancients all, and more than portraits 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 unworthy, the public fury often vented itself, and Rome, before Britain, had its Iconoclasts.

Here, says Holiday, may be remembered that of Tacitus, Annal. 2, “ *Tunc Cotta Messalinus, ne imago Libonis exe-*

THE WANT OF WORTH NO MARBLES CAN SUPPLY,  
VIRTUE ALONE IS TRUE NOBILITY.

Paulus, or Drusus, in thy morals then  
Make haste to rival ; imitate the men 30  
Whose names ye boast—and let the generous deed  
Which stamps thy worth, thy Lictor's rods precede.  
Claim we one debt from the illustrious few,  
That grac'd by birth, they shine in merit too—  
Of pristine Faith the noble fame deserve, 35  
Ne'er from the paths of truth, of honor swerve  
In Word, in Act—now, now indeed I see  
Thy race illustrious stand confess'd in thee,  
Getulicus, Silanus, whatsoe'er  
Thy name, egregious citizen and rare ! 40  
As for a new Osiris, let the sound  
Through all our streets be heard, 'HE'S FOUND,  
HE'S FOUND.'

Noble shall he be deem'd on whom a name  
Confers its frail and solitary claim ;  
And who does nothing—nor intends to do 45  
Worthy the lineage he delights to view ?  
Yes—when we call some dwarf an Atlas, tell  
How Æthiopia's babes the swans excel,

*quias posterorum comitaretur, censuit*—it is spoken of Libo, who slew himself on an accusation of treason by Tiberius.

Here, I would add, may also be recorded that memorable expression of the same historian, on the exclusion of the statues of Brutus and Cassius from a public procession, "*Præfulgebant Bruti et Cassii imagines, eo ipso quod non visebantur.*"

On warp'd and stunted nymphs when men confer  
Europa's name, or for the mangy cur 50  
That crawls half-starv'd in quest of casual spoil,  
And licks from lamps extinct the fetid oil,  
Take from amidst the savage tribes, a name  
To mark the mongrel with conspicuous shame.  
Beware lest THUS, O Creticus, you hear 55  
Your name distinguish'd with emphatic sneer !

For whom these words of counsel you demand,  
For thee, O Plancus ! let the warning stand,  
For thee, vain-glorious of thy Drusian name,  
As if thyself had earn'd a wreath from fame ! 60  
Proud of the noble blood which in thee flows,  
The Julian mother who that blood bestows,  
No spurious babe of her that knits for bread,  
Hous'd for the night in yon wind-shaken shed ;  
' Hence, abject rabble !—vile Plebeians, go !— 65  
' What country claims ye, or what parents know ?  
' I sprung from Cecrops !'—all the joy be thine,  
The honors all of that illustrious line !  
Yet 'midst the herd, the object of thy scorn,  
Be some, whom sense and eloquence adorn, 70  
Who help the well-born dolt in many a strait  
And plead the cause of the unletter'd Great :  
Clad in Plebeian gowns there oft arise  
Who solve of law th' abstrusest subtleties :  
This valiant youth, fir'd with a soldier's pride, 75  
Intent on glory, seeks Euphrates' side ;  
Whilst that, his country's distant eagles gains,  
Which hold in custody Batavia's plains,



Whilst thou, to virtuous ardor all supine,  
 Art boasting still of thy ‘Cecropian line,’ 80  
 Yon head of Hermes, which on stones they hew,  
 For aught appears, in worth quite equals you;  
 Or if inferior, ’tis in this alone,  
 That life and action are denied to stone.  
 Say, child of Teucer!—do we e’er impute 85  
 A generous breed, save to a generous brute,  
 Is it not thus we praise th’ impatient steed,  
 Whose easy triumph and transcendent speed,  
 Palm after palm proclaim—while Victory  
 In the hoarse Circus stands exulting by! 90  
 His be the wreath, whatever pastures fed,  
 Whatever meads obscure the courser bred,

V. 81. *Yon head of Hermes.* This is mentioned rather than any other block, from its greater frequency of occurrence: for it was set up in the public ways, and at the doors of private houses. These Mercuries performed their tutelary functions at Athens as well as at Rome, and one of the first occasions of the disgrace of Alcibiades, arose from his being accused of defacing them in company with other young men, who seem to have practically anticipated the line of Juvenal, ‘*Cujus ad Effigiem, &c.*’ This frolic (μετα παιδιας και οινου) was taken up as a very serious matter, and had nearly lost him his share in the conduct of the Sicilian expedition: by which indeed in the sequel he would have held himself a gainer. *δοσοι* ‘ΕΡΜΑΙ ησαν λιθινοι εν τη πολει τη Αθηναιων (εισι δε κατα το επιχωριον, η ΤΕΤΡΑΓΩΝΟΣ ΕΡΓΑΣΙΑ, πολλοι δε εν ιδιοις προθυροις και εν ιεροις) μια νυκτι οι πλειστοι περιεκοπησαν τα προσωπα. Thucy. vi. 28, 29. They were therefore Tetragonal stone pillars or *Terms*, with an head carved on the top.

Whom clouds of dust which on the margin rise  
Of the wide plain, speak FOREMOST FOR THE  
PRIZE !

Meanwhile Coritha's undisputed race, 95  
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.  
For HERE, no ancestry contempt can stay,  
To the sire's shade HERE men no honors pay— 100  
Consign'd to frequent sale without remorse,  
However bred, behold the vanquish'd horse :  
Doom'd for some paltry price new lords to gain,  
And with gall'd neck, to lug the ponderous wain,  
The slow of foot is to the collar bound, 105  
And turns for life the mill of Nepos round !  
Present us then—for not thy sires alone  
Can make THEE honor'd—merits of thine own,  
Which with the titles that we gave and give,  
May on the sculptur'd stone united live. 110

Enough for him, to Nero's race allied,  
And fill'd as fame relates with empty pride

V. 111. *Enough for him, &c.* Rubellius Plautus was, by the mother's side, says Tacitus, as nearly related as Nero to Augustus. This was too near for the safety or repose of the Emperor, who therefore sent him a letter, to desire “that he would withdraw from the *Defamatory remarks* of the multitude, and take up his abode on the possessions of his ancestors in Asia Minor, where his youth might be passed without *alarm or hazard*,”—he took the hint, and very wisely withdrew thither with his wife Antistia.

From that illustrious birth—for small pretence  
May that same station claim to vulgar sense—  
But, Ponticus, the meed of solid worth, 115  
I wish for thee, which all the claims of birth  
Can ne'er confer ; I wish to see thee shine  
By self-earn'd praise—by merits truly thine !  
O ! 'tis for creatures spiritless and tame  
To lean incumbent on another's Fame, 120  
For but remove the Columns of thy trust,  
Lo, all thy honors prostrate in the dust—  
The widow'd Vine, strew'd helpless on the ground,  
Mourns the supporting Elm to which 'twas bound.  
A valiant Soldier in thy country's cause, 125  
Protect her soil—be mindful of her laws ;  
Th' uncertain or ambiguous call'd to prove,  
Judge ! Guardian ! Witness ! O let nothing move  
Thy soul to crime—tho' Phalaris command,  
Point to his bull, and raise the threatening hand, 130  
Deem it consummate guilt one day to gain,  
If violated truth that day obtain ;

V. 113. *For small pretence.* The meaning of *sensus communis* in this passage is disputed ; I think our colloquial expression renders it properly, and that it is here imputed to high rank as a want of common understanding to be over fond of any distinctions which were acquired by no merits of its own ;—the ordinary sense of mankind being certainly in opposition to this feeling, so universal among those who possess the smallest pretensions for the indulgence of it.

Thy peace for mere existence ne'er betray,  
 NOR BASELY BARTER LIFE'S GREAT END AWAY!

Hold thou in virtuous estimation dead 135  
 That man who lives from honest perils fled,  
 Tho' Cosmus every scented bath prepare,  
 Tho' Lucrine's rocks supply his sumptuous fare!

Lies the rich province prostrate at thy feet,  
 Her long-expecting Lord prepar'd to greet? 140  
 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,  
 The moisture drain'd, the bones all marrowless,  
 Of vassal princes,—Oh! respect thy trust, 145  
 Think what sweet recompence awaits the just!  
 Think how Rome's vengeance, in her Senate's vote,  
 The guilty Capito and Tutor smote,

V. 134. *Nor basely barter, &c.* For even the philosophers of antiquity held, that man was brought into existence for the purpose of exercising the higher capacities of his nature,—his moral faculties. To sacrifice these his greatest and best distinctions, was therefore, *vivendi perdere causas*, to relinquish the main distinctions of that higher part of the creation which Cicero terms '*ad honestatem natum*.'

V. 148. *The guilty Capito and Tutor.* The first of these Persons was brought to public justice by Pætus Thræsea, the illustrious Roman whose end has been noticed before. He was the son-in-law of the infamous Tigellinus, and was sent by his interest as Proconsul to Cilicia.—Plunder, prosecution, and punishment, succeeded in their turn. It is not without reason that he and his confederate were called *piratæ Cilicum*.

And how *the Pirates of Cilicia* far'd  
 For all the shameful pillage they had shar'd. 150  
 But wherefore?—since our friends are soon bereft  
 By Pansa's hands of all that Natta left.  
 Thy rags sold off, Chærippus, keep at home,  
 And spare the labor of a trip to Rome!

Less loud the groans and less acute the wound,  
 When copious spoils the recent victor found, [155  
 The Spartan chlamys and the shell of Cos  
 Fill'd every house—and gold was held for dross.  
 Parrhasius here display'd his art divine,  
 And matchless forms, attested, Myro, thine! 160

We may remark here, that piracy, properly so called, was among the earliest species of depredation. The danger of the element was nothing, when compared with the facility it gave for getting clear off with the booty (spoils which are *ευβαστακτα* being set down by Aristotle as most desirable to thieves,); and it is not doubtful that these daring adventurers, stimulated as they were by the love of gain, were among the earliest improvers of nautical skill, and the leaders of maritime enterprize. The islands of the Archipelago were in the early periods of Grecian History subject to perpetual incursions from this universal enemy, till Theseus suppressed them; Thucydides, indeed, gives this circumstance as a principal cause of the little permanency of the early settlements in Greece. Piracy therefore may be reasonably supposed to have led as much as Commerce to that *θαλασσης κρατος*, which afterwards constituted one of the leading distinctions of the Athenian commonwealth.

Here breathing ivory the gaze would meet,  
 The work of Phidias or of Polyclete :  
 The Goblet wrought by meaner hands was rare,  
 And Mentor's skill conspicuous every-where !

V. 161. *Here breathing ivory.*—*Phidiacum vivebat ebur.*  
 I do not know whether any remains of sculpture wrought in  
*this material (nuda et candida signa)* be still in existence.

Have the commentators done justice to the *taste* of Juvenal,  
 which is every-where conspicuous when the remains of anti-  
 quity fall in his way !—See that fine passage Sat. xi. 101,  
 where he describes, evidently with the horror of an anti-  
 quarian, the Roman Soldier,

*Tunc rudis, et Graias mirari nescius artes,*

breaking to pieces the beautifully sculptured cup, which he  
 found amidst the spoil of plundered cities, to ornament his  
 horse !

Of the perfection of this first of arts, among the Greeks,  
 what an evidence is supplied in that most beautiful passage in  
 the Hecuba, where Talthibius describes the sacrifice of Polyx-  
 ena !—The torn Peplum exposes a form (the poet tells us),  
 ‘ *as beautiful—AS A STATUE.*’

λαβουσα πεπλους εξ ακρας επωμιδος,  
 ερρηξε λαγονος εις μεσον, παρ' ομφαλον,  
 μαστους τ' εδειξε, στερνα θ' ὧΣ ΑΓΑΛΜΑΤΟΣ  
 ΚΑΛΛΙΣΤΑ.

V. 163. *The goblet wrought by, &c.* Mentor was an  
 engraver of great eminence : Pliny relates of Crassus, that  
 he purchased two cups figured by this celebrated artist for an  
 hundred sestertia ; and an epigram of Martial records, that  
 the reptiles he had worked upon the cup looked so lively that  
 people were afraid to handle them.

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

Fresh for the spoil, see Dolabella fly, 165  
 He took not all—we sent them Antony ;  
 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, 170  
 TRIUMPHS OF PEACE!—now more rapacious hands  
 Drive the last yoke of oxen from the lands ;  
 Not e'en the father of the herd they spare,  
 Nor leave the ruin'd farm a single mare !  
 Or if some sorry household God there be, 175  
 Of the small hut the single deity,  
 Discerns it soon the microscopic eye,  
 For mean and humble spoils which loves to pry.

Unwarlike Rhodes perhaps thou mayst despise,  
 And scented Corinth hold an easy prize ; 180  
 That feeble race 'tis easy to contemn,  
 Those resin'd limbs ! one fears no harm from them—

V. 171. *Triumphs of Peace. Occulta spolia et plures de pace triumphos!* What a line to meet the eyes of any plunderer ! but such have neither heads to comprehend nor hearts to be disturbed. This picture is one of the most highly colored in Juvenal ; it displays his whole strength, and every word embodies a distinct and impressive meaning.

V. 182. *Those resin'd limbs, &c.* Pliny, after mentioning the various species of adhesive resins, concludes (in relation to this practice) '*pudet confiteri maximum jam honorem ejus in evellendis ab virorum corporibus pilis!*' He also says (which I mention for the benefit of chemists,) '*Resina omnis oleo dissolvitur aut creta ;*'

*What dares their gumm'd youth enterprise like war?*

Holyday.

But the rough Spaniard, and the Gallic car,  
 And bold Illyria's sons—of these beware !  
 Touch not those hardy Reapers who supply 185  
 The wants of Rome's exhausted granary ;  
 Of Rome, whom fears of famine ne'er distress,  
 While thronging myriads to her Circus press.  
 Yet more, what objects worthy of the crime  
 Can tempt thee now in Afric's torrid clime ? 190  
 For was not Marius, worthy Marius, there,  
 Who took their very Zones, and left them bare !  
 Be it thy care no grievous wrong to do,  
 To nations valiant and despondent too ! [195  
 True ! thou mayst take their silver and their gold—  
 The Sword, remember, and the Spear they hold,  
 THE SPOIL'D HAVE ARMS, AND THOU SHALT  
 QUICKLY FIND,  
 TAKE WHAT THOU MAY'ST, THAT THESE WERE  
 LEFT BEHIND.  
 Nor deem the sentence mine—I read thee here  
 A solemn truth, as Sybil's page sincere ! 200

V. 185. *Touch not those hardy reapers.* He alludes to, and presently after mentions, the Africans ; for 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 they usually imported—hence *frumenti dominus* of the merchant in the 14th Satire. The Marius whose name presently occurs was mentioned with due applause in the 1st Satire—'*tenues discinxerit Afros*' is an expression to which it is impossible to do justice.



If of companions pure a chosen band,  
 Assembled in thy halls around thee stand,  
 If thy tribunal's favors ne'er were sold  
 By slaves and catamites for damning gold—  
 If thy chaste spouse, from stain of avarice free, 205  
 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,  
 Take for thy ancestors the Titan race, 210 }  
 And at the head of all, Prometheus place;  
 And be it still thy privilege to claim  
 From any book thou would'st, whatever Name:  
 But, if Corruption drag thee in her train,  
 If blood of Rome's allies for ever stain 215  
 Thy lictor's broken scourge, or if the sight  
 Of the dull axe, and wearied arm delight,  
 Then shall each Sire's refulgent honors shed  
 A torch-like splendor round thy guilty head.  
 For not a vice but takes a darker hue, 220  
 Whene'er high station holds it up to view.  
 Yes! if forg'd deeds thy hands for ever sign,  
 If all the temples teem with frauds of thine,

V. 223. *If all the temples.* It was usual, says Holyday, (from Britannicus) to dispatch the sealing of men's last wills in the temples. It was done in the morning and *fasting*, as was afterwards ordered in the Canon Law. I quote again from Holyday, '*Qui in sanctis audet jurare, hæc jejuniis faciat cum omni honestate et timore Dei.*'

If Night, and the Santonic hood disguise  
 Thy form from some adulterous enterprize,      225  
 What are to me the honors of thy race,  
 Which these eternal villainies disgrace?

Swift by the tombs behold his axle fly,  
 Where the whole race of Damasippus lie,  
 The drag-chain see the consul's hand prepare,      230  
 To lock the wheel and check the rapid car.  
 'Twas night—yet did yon moon the sight disclose,  
 And every glittering planet as it rose!—  
 Wait till the Consul's robe no more restrains,  
 At noon will Damasippus grasp the reins      235  
 And crack the whip,—then should some ancient  
 friend

Athwart his way unwilling footsteps bend,  
 No weak confusion shall his looks betray,  
 With nod familiar he'll unbind the hay,

V. 228. *Swift by the Tombs.* The Satirist now intermits the general design of the Satire, for the sake of introducing somewhat abruptly a particular example. Under the feigned name of Damasippus, he describes, without doubt, the misconduct and infamous practices of some well-known character, on whom the considerations of high birth and high station wrought not even to economize his vices—every thing shows a particular character, as the epithet *punguis*, a personal distinction, is enough to prove. 'Damasippus was sick,' says Holyday, 'of that disease which the Spartans called *ἵπποτροφή*, or horse-feeding, which they used for a curse, accounting a man sufficiently plagued that was infected with that humor, it being a chargeable and sure confusion!'

Fling off the trace, expertly loose the rein, 240  
 And to his hungry cattle pour the grain.  
 His sheep or ox if Damasippus bring  
 To pay great Jove the wonted offering  
 As Numa bade,—on Epōna he calls,  
 Whose painted face adorns the reeking stalls. 245  
 Next, if the tavern's vigils he resume,  
 The Syrophœnix, laden with perfume,  
 Runs from Idumæ's gate, and soothes his pride  
 With Lord, and King, and twenty names beside.  
 While Cyāne with vase replenish'd waits, 250  
 And all the hero's wants anticipates!

Some kind apologist perhaps will say,  
 'Ourselves did thus,'—and 'youth will have its  
 day'—

V. 249. *With Lord and King, &c.*

*Cum te non nossem Dominum Regemque vocabam,*

*Cum bene te novi, jam mihi priscus eris.*

Mart.

These seem to have been colloquial terms of respect, which were applied by common persons to such as they knew not, just like the '*honor*' of our own days. Damasippus is said in the original, to repair

——— *ad illos*

*Thermarum calices, inscriptaque lintea.*

By the last of these terms we learn that the signs suspended at the taverns or baths of Rome were wrought on a sort of flag or napkin, perhaps for the purpose of being suspended on a pole projecting from the wall, so as to be seen at a greater distance. Similar to this is the *Megalesiaca Mappa*, Satire xi.

Yes, but inform'd by riper years ye ceas'd, [255  
 SHORT BE THE SEASON OF OUR SINS AT LEAST.  
 With our first beard should some be shorn away—  
 But what excuse for Damasippus, say,  
 Who revels thus when all a soldier's cares  
 Are claim'd and busied in his country's wars ?  
 Of years the veteran's toils to undergo, 260  
 To seek the camp where Syria's rivers flow,  
 Or on the banks of Danube or of Rhine  
 The guardian squadrons of his Prince to join !—  
 Haste, send to Ostia, Cæsar,—quickly send,  
 Next bid thy messenger his footsteps bend 265  
 To yon foul Cells,—thy captain shall he find  
 'Midst sailors, thieves, and fugitives reclin'd :  
 Assassins, hangmen, funeral-jobbers, all  
 Assemble here, and hold their common Hall.  
 Here all are equals, here no second bed, 270  
 No second table more remote is spread,  
 Each calls on each familiarly, and none  
 The much employ'd, the common goblet shun !—  
 To Tuscan fetters wouldst thou not dismiss  
 A slave so base, O Ponticus, as this? 275

V. 264. *Haste, send to Ostia, Cæsar.* The sense seems to be, 'send off to secure the mouth of the Tiber as the first step of importance on a sudden invasion: next look for your General, &c.' The Galli, who form a part of the society in which he is found, were Priests of Cybele. They are mentioned more particularly in the 6th Satire.—I had not room for them in the goodly company of the translation.

But if your own, alas ! the vilest deed  
For pardon too successfully will plead  
Great sons of Troy, and what would tinge with shame  
A sordid cobbler's cheek, ye feebly blame !

Are these extreme examples ? what, I pray, 280  
If more remain, more foul, more vile than they ?  
Yes, Damasippus, all the world shall know,  
Who roar'd so well, *the Roscius of the show !*  
Who, in the sorry farce, perform'd *the clown*,  
Delighting half the rabble of the town. 285

' Why spare of Lentulus the tale to tell,  
' Who play'd Laureolus—and play'd it well ? '  
He did, and if the cause by me were tried,  
Deserv'd in *earnest*—to be crucified.  
Yet deem not we the people void of blame— 290  
Hard is the forehead, and inur'd to shame,  
Of such as can endure to sit, and see  
Their nobles humbled by buffoonery !  
Their Fabii tread the boards with naked feet,  
And grin at cuffs which the Mamerci meet ! 295

V. 289. *Deserv'd in earnest.* 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 :

*Nē coram populo, &c.*

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 !

How high the price, it boots not to enquire ;  
 Some at the games expose their lives for hire !  
 And tho' no Nero urges to the fight,  
 Will earn a Prætor's wages for the night !  
 Place herethe tyrant's sword, and therethe scene ; 300  
 Gods ! can a Roman hesitate between ?  
 Lives there a man so much afraid to die,  
 That he with Thymele will deign to vie, }  
 Or to outshine the dull Corinthus try ? }  
 Yet wherefore should we deem it strange, for say 305  
 When Princes *harp*, why may not nobles *play* ?

Can Rome's humiliations farther go ?  
 Hear her disgraces at the public show—

V. 300. *Yet with the Tyrant's sword.* The gladiatorial combats, are meant, says the scholiast ; which, though humiliating, were honorable compared to the exhibitions of the stage : as if the danger to which the individual was exposed, would, by enabling him to acquire a character for courage, cancel some of the ignominy. But I should agree with Dusaulex, that the opposition intended is not of the arena and the stage, (for every where Juvenal execrates both) but rather that it is demanded, whether a compulsory humiliation on the stage be not a greater evil to a generous mind, than the death which would be inflicted on refusal ? In this sense I have rendered the passage.

V. 307. *Can Rome's humiliations, &c.* Every body may not recollect the habit of the Roman arena : I will, therefore, copy what has been so often copied. The *Mirmillo*, called also *Secutor*, was armed like a soldier, with a sword, a shield, and a helmet ; the *Retiarius* had a net and a trident or three

See Gracchus, void of falchion and of shield,  
 And void of helmet too, his trident wield. 310  
 The decent arms which the Mirmillo wears,  
 He scorns, he hates, his face he boldly bares ;  
 And see, the balanc'd net in vain is thrown,  
 He flies—Ye Gods! to all th' Arena known!  
 Yes! we may trust the tunic and the gold, 315  
 Which from the bonnet falls, in waving fold—  
 Wound more severe than keenest falchion's blow,  
 Felt the Secutor match'd with such a foe!

Like virtuous Seneca who would not die,  
 Rather than live with Nero's infamy? 320  
 Whose guilt deserv'd, were amplest justice done,  
 More Serpents and more Sacks and Apes—than one.

pointed spear: it was his business to implicate in his net the head of his adversary. The least soldier-like part pleased Gracchus best;—but after all, no person can now enter into the feeling which makes the foundation of the Satire in this passage; it has perished, of course, with the occasion. Part of it arose, we see, from the greater exposure of the face, on the part of the *Retiarius*, who wore no helmet: '*Nec galea frontem abscondit! tota fugit agnoscendus arena*'—

V. 318. *Felt the Secutor.* That is, says the scholiast, because he was restrained from reprisals on a man of such rank. In ordinary cases, he might have acquired fame by *killing* his adversary; here he dared not; in short, Gracchus had merely to display his own skill, and the other to be the object of it. In the succeeding lines he makes a transition to Nero, whose crimes and follies are denounced with an unsparing hand. In illustration of all the accusations which follow the life of Nero must be consulted. History too well warrants the whole to be authentic.



'Tis true, Orestes wrought the same offence,  
But motives, motives make the difference.  
T' avenge his sire slain at the social board, 325  
And warn'd by Gods, Orestes rais'd his sword ;  
Electra's blood ne'er crimson'd o'er his blade,  
Nor was his Spartan spouse to death betray'd.  
Say, did Orestes e'er his friends invite  
To pledge their host—in bowls of aconite ? 330  
Ne'er were his warblings heard upon the stage,  
No paltry Troics did his pen engage ;—  
Of all the crimes that stain'd that reign ahhor'd,  
None, none more justly earn'd th' avenging sword  
Of Galba, Vindex, and Verginius—none 335  
More duly earn'd that fate he could not shun :—  
O Rome, thy Prince's vile ambition hear !  
Enough for him to charm the rabble's ear ;  
To sing on foreign boards for new renown,  
If he but win from Greece her parsley crown ! 340  
Go, round thy sires suspend the frequent prize,  
The wonders of thy voice to signalize ;  
And let Thyestes' robe, which sweeps the ground,  
Be, with the mask of Menalippe, bound

V. 339. *To sing on foreign boards.* The stage was infamous to all, particularly so to persons of rank ; but Nero even went '*peregrina ad pulpita*' 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.



To great Domitius' feet, and hang on high 345  
The harp so dear to thee and minstrelsy.

Say, Catiline, Cethegus, who than ye,  
In birth more honor'd and in ancestry ;  
Than ye, whose dastard spirits could conspire  
To wrap our dwellings and our fanes in fire, 350  
And 'midst the horrid din of midnight arms  
To fill our streets with murders and alarms,  
As tho' the offspring of the Gauls had come  
To yell in triumph 'midst the flames of Rome !  
Well ye deserv'd the tunic and the stake, 355  
But Rome was safe—her Consul was awake ;  
A nameless stranger of Arpinum's soil,  
Made haste the villain Nobles' schemes to foil ;  
With rapid step, no precious instant lost,  
He plants the guard at each suspected post, 360  
Soldiers, in arms, th' astonish'd traitor met  
Where'er he turn'd—found all his paths beset !  
And thus, within the walls, the civic gown  
Reap'd a more glorious harvest of renown,  
'Than did thy sword, Octavius ! in the field 365  
Of Thessaly, all drench'd in slaughter, yield !  
THY COUNTRY'S PARENT HAIL ! O ! glorious meed,  
By Rome, yet free, to Cicero decreed !

Arpinum's soil a second worthy fed,  
Who plough'd a Volscian mountain's side, for  
bread ; 370

V. 369. *Arpinum's soil a second, &c.* That other was  
the illustrious Caius Marius, who was called the third founder

A soldier next, whene'er his axe was slow,  
 His head sustain'd the knotty vine-twigs blow ;  
 HE quell'd the Cimbri, HE sustain'd alone  
 The last, worst peril, Rome had ever known :  
 And, while on Cimbrian carcasses to feed, 375  
 More huge they ne'er had seen, the Vultures  
 speed,

His noble colleague from that glorious day,  
 Tho' first in birth, reap'd but the *second* bay.

From no illustrious sires the Decii came,  
 Plebeian fortunes ! a Plebeian name ! 380  
 Yet these in place of tribes and legions stand,  
 To expiate the guilt of all the land !  
 Victims esteem'd sufficient to atone  
 The anger of the infernal gods, alone !  
 Sufficient to appease their parent earth, 385  
 Than those they sav'd, of far more precious worth !

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.*’

Son of a captive mother, it was<sup>e</sup> thine,  
 Of our good Kings the last of all the line,  
 The purple robe of Romulus to wear,  
 And to DESERVE his diadem to bear. 390

A consul's sons, whom it had well become,  
 For the still dubious liberty of Rome,  
 Some deed of glorious stamp to meditate,  
 Recal the exil'd tyrant to the gate !  
 Youths, who from birth might well to deeds aspire,  
 Which e'en th' intrepid Mutius might admire, [395

V. 391. The sons of that Brutus who expelled Tarquin conspired with some dissolute young men of the first families to restore him. The remainder of their story is beautifully told by Virgil, *Æneid. 6.*

*Vis et Tarquinius reges animumque superbum  
 Ultoris Bruti fascesque videre receptos ?  
 Consulis imperium hic primus sævasque secures  
 Accipiet, natosque pater nova bella moventes  
 Ad pœnam pulchra pro libertate vocabit,  
 Infelix !—*

V. 396. *Which e'en th' intrepid Mutius.* I do not think it necessary to detain the reader with the thrice-told tales of Mutius, of Cocles, or of Clælia ; nor do I think it interesting to meddle with the explanations of the words

—— *Servus*

*Matronis lugendus.* ——

In the concluding line of the Satire, I have taken a small liberty with the ancestors of the Roman Nobility—Juvenal more politely had said

*Aut Pastor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.*

Or She who fearless swam thro' Tyber's foam,  
While Tiber form'd the boundaries of Rome.  
A slave, by matrons mourn'd, the crime betray'd,  
And to the fathers the dire plot convey'd : 400  
'Twas theirs, the edge of Rome's *first axe* to feel,  
And bend their necks to the avenging steel.

I'd rather far Thersites were thy sire,  
So thou would'st to Achilles' deeds aspire ;  
Than that the name of Peleus thou should'st bear,  
Of all Thersites' infamy the heir. — [405  
Besides, thy very *nation's* fame derives  
From a foul herd of outlaw'd fugitives ;  
And he of all that boasted line the chief,  
Was—O disgrace ! A SHEPHERD, OR A THIEF ! 410

## Argument.

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THIS Satire bears the form of dialogue. The parties who sustain it are Nævolus, 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 AND PLACES

MENTIONED IN THE SATIRE.

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The few persons who occur in this Satire, are for obvious reasons mentioned under feigned names, for as Juvenal says,

*Res mortifera est inimicus pumice lævis.*

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## Satire IX.

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Come, tell me, Nævolus, I long to learn,  
What sad mischance has wrought this wondrous  
turn ;

The face of vanquish'd Marsyas more dismay  
Could ne'er exhibit, than does thine to-day !  
Nor Ravola's, betray'd by spiteful fate, 5  
With Rhodope, that maid immaculate !  
Not Pollio's wretched self look'd half so sad,  
When, chas'd by scores of clamorous duns, and  
glad

To offer triple interest, he found  
No fool to trust him, all the city round. 10

Thou once didst figure, nay, nor long ago—  
With all the graces of an half-bred beau ;

Then, civil hearers lov'd thy sprightly tale,  
 And thy POMÆRIAN wit was never stale :  
 Behold thee now the image of despair ! 15  
 Thy beard neglected, and uncomb'd thy hair ;  
 Bands of warm pitch no more thy limbs compress,  
 And all thy hide, one tangled wilderness ;  
 Meagre and pale, as they to whom return  
 The punctual fit, whom scorching Quartans burn.  
 Detect we oft the torments of the mind, [20  
 In the sick frame which love to lurk behind ;

V. 14. *And thy Pomærian jokes.*

*Et salibus vehemens intra Pomæria natis.*

The Pomærium, an open area adjoining the walls, forbidden to be built upon, is here taken for the city itself. Juvenal calls Nævulus, *Verna eques*, which cannot be translated, and only generally understood. Verna was the slave, *born* in a family, and so thoroughly domesticated as, probably, to be treated with greater indulgence, and to be among his fellow servants, as great as the Eques among inferior citizens. But the pleasantry of the expression is necessarily lost.

V. 17. *Bands of warm glue.* These were, probably, applications of common Resin, the word viscus (ἰσχυς quia vis ei magna) being of equivocal meaning. It is well known that such were in frequent use among the more effeminate as depilatories. Plin. xvi. 2. xxiv. 7.

V. 20. *The punctual fit.* Another allusion to ague, which, with every variety of remittent fever, was the common disease of Campania, and remains so to this day. An investigation of the prevalence of certain diseases, more than others, in different districts of our own country, is a branch of



Oft of suppress'd delight the lines we trace,  
Mark'd on the plastic features of the face.  
Hence must I judge 'thy occupation gone,' 25  
And all those plans of life so much thy own.  
Thee, I remember well, each temple knew,  
The fanes of Ganymede and Isis too,  
And Cybele, the far-fetch'd Phrygian dame,  
Who Rome's imported goddess, hither came: 30  
And, Ceres, thine ! for now what sacred ground,  
Fane, altar, grove, where lewdness is not found ?  
'Twas there thy thriving talents were confest,  
And to more labors than Aufidius prest.  
N. And thus have numbers thriv'd ; but yet to me  
Accrued no profit from the mystery ; [35  
Some cloak in texture coarse, in color vile,  
From looms of Gaul, the fruit of all my toil!

medicine which has been labored almost beyond any useful purpose. The diseases of warm climates have also found historians of ability and research ; it would be of more than equal interest and importance, if we possessed such a medical account of the different countries of Europe, at different seasons of the year, and a knowledge of the diseases which prevail in them respectively :—momentous inquiries in the projected removal of invalids ! it is, for instance, by no means generally known that low fevers prevail along the coast, to which, (as I fear with no important benefit) we send our invalids, a part of the Island where I have no doubt more fevers occur annually than in London. More than the half of this volume was written on a spot, which gave me abundant opportunity to ascertain this fact.

Some baser silver ; fate's despotic hour  
 Reigns and presides o'er each and every power : 40  
 If thy auspicious planet's influence fail,  
 Then what shall nature's every gift avail ;  
 Tho' gloating Virro leer with wanton eye,  
 Or with a thousand tender billets ply ?  
 (For such, as if by fascination's spell, 45  
 Glare on their victim, and his gaze compel)  
 Yet say, what sight more hideous than to view  
 A wretch by lewdness curst, and avarice too !  
 Which counts its cost, caresses and disputes,  
 Computes and flatters, flatters and computes, 50  
 And bids you o'er the various items run,  
*Here*, five sestertia, *there*, the labor done ;  
 He thinks, no doubt, full easy gains be these,  
 And that the pleasure pays the power to please !  
 Himself some Ganymede all form'd for love, 55  
 Fit for the ministry and cup of Jove !  
 Shall such as these the poor dependent pay,  
 Who in the crimes they love the niggard play ?

V. 46. *Glare on their victim.*

αυτος γαρ εφελκεται Ανδρα Κιναιδος.

A Parody on a line in the *Odyssey*, εφελκων οια μαγνητης λιθος—attracts like a magnet ; I have given another turn to the passage, which seems to agree much better with its general design ; the attractive power said to be exerted by certain species of serpents over birds—Fascination.

Such are the tender creatures, whom to screen,  
 We must provide the shade of grateful green; 60  
 Large strings of amber must by us be found  
 Whene'er a birth or new year's day comes round,  
 And 'tis our cost to mark with presents rare  
 Each feast upon the female calendar!

Say, tender Turtle, say for whom dost' keep 65  
 Those downs o'er which the kite can scarcely  
 sweep,

With wings untir'd, Those vast Apulian plains,  
 Vales, Forests, mountains, in thy wide domains?  
 Gaurus, and Cuma's much suspected brow,  
 (Dear to the vine) to bless thy board bestow 70

V. 60. *We must provide.* On the kalends 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, *Fæminicis kalendis*,

V. 69. *Gaurus, and Cuma's, &c.* On the epithet of 'suspected,' or 'suspicious,' as applied to one of these hills, there has been difference of opinion; some referring it to an historical passage of which Cuma was the scene, Liv. XXIII. '*Campani adorti sunt rem Cumanam suæ ditionis facere, &c.*' others, to a ridge critically impending over the town: but most to Vesuvius; which, though at some distance, might be, they say, an object of alarm at Cuma, and which is known to have been fruitful in vines beyond all the mountains of Campania,

Their choicest juice—then Trifolinus fills,  
 More casks for thee than all Campania's hills.  
 Wer't much to give a rood or two away,  
 The labors of thy wretched drudge to pay,  
 That cot, for instance, where supremely blest, 75  
 Sports the young whelp by village boy carest,  
 His own, his Mother's home ; on us conferr'd,  
 Say would it rob, thy foul dependent Herd ;  
 More meet for him thy cymbal-thumping friend,  
 Than us, who on thy base delights attend ? 80  
 ' Still craving ! still demands ! '—I'll tell thee why,  
 Debts must be paid, and wants require supply.  
 An hungry boy at home must still be fed,  
 Like smarting Polypheme he'll roar for bread.  
 Or think'st thou, I can thus my servants greet, 85  
 And warm their naked shoulders and their feet,  
 ' Cold !—never mind—a month or two, and then  
 ' *The grasshoppers, my lads, will come again.*'

V. 85. *Or think'st thou. Durate et expectate cicadas—*  
 a very facetious passage, preceded, however, by an allusion of  
 some little difficulty, of which I almost doubt whether I  
 have given the sense, ' that the slave without food would be as  
 clamorous as Polyphemus under the hands of Ulysses,' but it  
 is of no great importance: the words '*unicus*' followed  
 by '*alter emendus erit*,' if translated, according to their  
 simple meaning, are not well applicable to Nævolus, who was,  
 it seems, in no way to enlarge his establishment. Dusaulx, I  
 observe, has translated as I have done, '*criant aussi haut que*  
*Polypheme dont l'adroit Ulysse creva l'œil pour s'évader, &c.*'

As for the rest, conceal it as you may,  
One deed thou never canst enough repay. 90  
Had it not been for me, thy slave alone,  
Thy wife must still have worn her virgin zone.  
How oft didst thou implore my needful aid,  
And bring me to embrace the flying maid!  
She tore the contracts, was just signing new, 95  
One long whole night scarce made her peace with  
you!

Deny it not, for thou thyself wert near,  
And what thou could'st not see, thou well couldst  
hear.

The knot of wedlock nearly cleft in twain,  
Oft has the adulterer's care secur'd again! 100  
What farther subterfuge? ungenerous man,  
Come, underrate the service if you can,  
That you, thus aided, bid the sneerers see  
Convincing Documents—deriv'd from me!  
Thy honor'd door with flowers and boughs adorn,  
And tell the world, your heir, your heir is born: [105  
Yet think to whom thou ow'dst a father's name,  
'Twas I that hush'd th' insulting tongue of fame.  
Important rights, paternity secures,  
Friends may bequeath, and heritage be yours; 110  
No trifling benefits! but greater yet,  
If I, too civil to refuse! beget  
Another Brace—and then!—J. Indeed, indeed,  
You're hardly dealt with,—what does Virro plead?

Or what alledge?—N. Alledge? he tries to find  
Some biped Ass, more docile and resign'd! [115

But this is all in confidence—be sure,  
My wrongs repose in thine own breast secure;  
These punic'd friends become relentless foes,  
All terror lest their secret we disclose! 120

A blow well level'd makes the case secure,  
A stab well aim'd can secresy insure,  
Or, by your chamber door, when none is near,  
They plant a torch,—then poison's never dear!  
O deeply, deeply then be all conceal'd, 125  
Close as the court of Mars, and ne'er to be reveal'd.

J. Ah silly swain, where have those senses slept,  
To dream a rich man's secret can be kept.  
If slaves were silent, then the mules would tell,  
Dogs, pavements, walls, and posts would break the  
spell! 130

Your lattice close, adjust the curtains right,  
Shut fast the door, extinguish ev'ry light;  
Send all to sleep in rooms from thine remote,  
Yet, what thou didst ere the cock's matin-note,  
Before 'tis good broad daylight shall be known 135  
At the next vintner's shop; nor this alone,  
But what thy grooms and scullions choose to add,  
For can they make their masters seem too bad?  
T' avenge their countless wrongs will such be  
slack,

Or fail in slanderous tales to pay thee back? 140

E'en on reluctant hearers full of wine,  
They force the Tale he'd willingly decline—  
Secure their silence? no—they'll rather choose  
The glorious right, their masters to abuse,  
Than drink of stol'n Falernian at will, 145  
More than Laufella, at a gulp could swill.

Let virtue be thy inmate and thy prize,  
So, join'd to greater gains, shalt thou despise  
The tales of slaves, for of this tribe accurst,  
Blended with all that's bad, the tongue is worst ; 150  
Yet far more vile than e'en that tongue is he  
Who from the rogues he fattens, is not free.  
N. The counsel's good—but trite—and to pursue,  
Say, what wouldst thou persuade me now to do,  
When hopes have fail'd, my time and labor gone—  
Life's floweret droops, and withers ere 'tis blown ;  
Most brief its utmost date, and all the while  
We fill the cup, or court the fair one's smile,  
Age steals with noiseless tread, and ere we fear,  
The sad unwelcome visitant is here. 160

V. 146. *More than Laufella.* Or, as some make it, *Sau-feia*, '*pro populo faciens*,' sacrificing for the people. Another allusion to the mysteries of the *bona Dea*: this, of course, refers to some well-known anecdote of the time ; but it has perished.

J. Fear not, thou ne'er shalt want a pathic friend,  
 While those seven hills shall stand! to Rome they  
     tend,  
 To Rome in ships, to Rome in chariots come;  
 The nerveless Pathic's universal home!  
 Fear not—but eat Eringoes, friend, and thrive : 165  
 N. Alas, to luckier wights thy counsel give;  
 My Lachesis and Clotho are content,  
 If all my toils mere famine can prevent.  
 Ye humble Lares! ye, to whom I bring  
 Some scrap of incense for an offering;                      170  
 Ye, who with scanty wreaths I often crown,  
 When shall I say, Come, this is now 'my own?'  
 Of *this*, at least, the interest is sure,  
 And from the beggar's staff my age secure.  
 A cup which well might make Fabricius stare, 175  
 And two stout Mœsians to support my chair,

V. 161. *Fear not.* A dreadful prediction! but can it be said, as to its accomplishment,

*Montibus ignotum Rutulis cœloque Latino?*

V. 175. *A cup which well might make.* That is, a very small one. This censor, Fabricius Luscinus, obtained the removal of P. Cornelius Rufinus from the senate, because he had displayed upon his table more than ten pound weight of wrought silver! which was the maximum permitted by a sumptuary law.

What a prodigious effect on the general morals of a country must sumptuary laws have produced? Few, perhaps, which show a deeper acquaintance with human nature, or which reflect greater credit on the sagacity of the legislator!



Be these but mine !—perhaps too I might add,  
 But hold—already must you think me mad :  
 Ah fruitless wish ! for mine's a hopeless lot,  
 Fortune if I but name, she hears me not,      180  
 But stops her ear with wax, the lucky freight  
 Of the fam'd ship which shunn'd impending fate ;

V. 181. *The lucky freight.* 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 Syrens, 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.*

*Olli certamine summo*

*Procumbunt : vastis tremit ictibus area puppis*

*Subtrahiturque solum : tum creber anhelitus artus*

*Aridaque ora quatit, sudor fluit undique rivis.*

I transcribe the story of the Sirens from Pope's translation, in which the reader will observe several very beautiful lines

‘ 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 Dæmon 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 dissolv'd beneath the burning ray !

Seaward they turn'd the prow, toil'd every oar,  
With strokes redoubled, till the fateful shore  
Faded in mist, and land was seen no more ! 185

‘ Then every ear I barr’d against the strain,  
‘ And from excess of phrensy lock’d the brain.’

Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*, b. xii.

## Argument.

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IN this beautiful and impressive piece, the high moral character of Juvenal, his profoundly 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 numerous to admit, and 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.

## PERSONS AND PLACES

## MENTIONED IN THE SATIRE.

## PERSONS.

*Nurscia*, a goddess, worshipped in Etruria, the country of Sejanus, and the tutelary divinity of Volsinium, the birth-place of that minister

*Basilus*, not the same with the advocate mentioned with respect in the seventh Satire, but some knave, who disgraced the name.

*Themison*. See Note on the passage.

*Hamillus*, a notorious offender: the same vice imputed to him, by Martial, vii. 61.

*Hippia* has been introduced before, Sat. vi. The article Hipparcha, in Bayle, might suit her extremely well.

*Phiale*, an harlot worthy of being singled out even among the harlots of Rome—Fellatrix.

*Antilochus*, the promising heir of the kingdom of Pylus, who after rescuing his father Nestor in battle, fell by the hand of Memnon.

*Assaracus*, the founder of the family of Priam—Cassandra, Polyxena, two of his daughters—the first of them endowed by the poet with prophetic power; the other herself an instance much in point to the purpose of the Satire, since she was spared from the flames of Troy

to be butchered on the tomb of Achilles. Vide Euripid. Hecuba.

*Endymion*, a shepherd, who had the good fortune to please Diana.

*Oppia*, *Catulla*, unknown.

*Sardanapalus*, the last king of Assyria ; *idemque Mollissimus*.

In the progress of this work I have often half repented of my plan of prefixing the *dramatis personæ* to each Satire, from the great paucity of materials: it spared, however, a larger annotation in the earlier Satires, where the names are more numerous, and better known.

## Satire X.

---

**T**HROUGHOUT 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, unting'd by passion's hue, 5  
Thro' reason's lucid medium do we view?  
What unrepented project hast thou fram'd,  
What vow preferr'd, nor wish'd the gift re-  
claim'd?

Bought by the sire's too persevering prayer,  
The granted curse his ruin'd children share! 10  
Some covet sure destruction in the gown,  
Some in the soldier's perilous renown;  
That envied eloquence for which they sue,  
Oft brings to early tombs, the gifted few,  
And he that on a giant's strength relied, 15  
Fell in that strength, the victim of his pride.

How vast the throng who take delight to sweep  
From every side, and swell the golden heap!

Nor cease, till theirs, far as the British whale  
 Excels the Dolphin, o'er the rest prevail ! 20  
 Yet what but gold, when Nero gave the nod,  
 Drew a whole cohort to the fam'd abode  
 Of Lateranus ? lo ! the ample grounds  
 Of Seneca, too rich, a troop surrounds !—  
 No ruffian soldier shall the haunts explore, 25  
 Or burst into the garrets of the poor !

V. 21. *Yet what but gold.* A few words seem requisite on the instances here adduced. The accusation of 'Cassius Longinus was, according to Suetonius, '*quod in vetere gentili stemmate C. Cassii percussoris Cæsaris imagines retinuisset,*' this distinguished Lawyer, old and blind, and excessively rich, was desired with several others similarly qualified, *to hold themselves in readiness for death within an hour !*

The accusation of Seneca was not of the same covert kind ; they came expressly to the point *tanquam ingentes et privatum supra modum evectas opes* adhuc augeret, Hortorum quoque amœnitate et villarum magnificentia *quasi PRINCIPEM SUPERGREDERETUR.* Tacit. Annal. xiv. 52.

The Lateranus particularly mentioned, was treated with even greater severity. *Plautii Laterani consulis designati, necem proximam Nero adjunxit adeo propere ut non complecti liberos, non illud breve mortis arbitrium permetteret.* Tacit. Annal. xv.

Their palace was on the Cœlian hill—the site of it was granted to Sylvester by Constantine, the building raised there received, and the palace now standing retains, the name of the Lateran—

Χρῦσε, πατερ κολακῶν, οδυνης καὶ φροντίδος υἱε,

Καὶ το εἶχεν σε φόβος· καὶ μὴ εἶχεν σ', οδυνη.

Hast thou one silver spoon? good neighbour, stay—  
 Nor tempt the road before the dawn of day,  
 That prize of thine, the poignard shall invite,  
 Each rustling bough shall fill thy soul with fright—  
 With empty pockets one may tramp along, [30  
 And in the footpad's presence, chaunt the song!

Yet the first vows to ev'ry temple known,  
 Are still for wealth: 'O give us wealth alone!  
 'And of the piles, which in the Forum rest, 35  
 'Be ours, ye Gods! be ours—the largest chest!  
 What film, ye erring mortals, clouds your sight!  
 In earthen cups, there lurks no Aconite:  
 Fear ye the beryl'd vase, and trembling hold  
 The Setian juice which glows in cups of gold! 40  
 And shall we then extol those Sages twain,  
 Who look'd on all with pity and disdain,

V. 39. *Fear ye the beryl'd vase.* This is the place to make an *excursus* concerning Setian wine! The kind of wine, however, not by any means illustrating the beauty of the passage, I rather transcribe from *Comus*, two lines in which the same strong metaphor '*ardebit in auro*' is introduced with more than equal success, and by a more than equal hand.

*And first behold this cordial Julep here,*

THAT FLAMES AND DANCES IN HIS CRYSTAL BOUNDS.

*Comus, 672.*

V. 41. *Those sages twain.* Concerning these distinguished philosophers, I must be silent. Pliny imputes to Democritus, as a sad abatement of his character for wisdom, *an absurd expectation of the immortality of the soul*, (lvii. 55.) where he ridicules the folly of those 'who hold *that* to be almost a



Who, ere they mov'd a foot beyond the door,  
Found something new to laugh at, or deplore?  
Yet may we most admire—for all can sneer, 45  
What spring prolific still supplied the tear!  
Democritus would laugh—and loudly too,  
Tho' in his time attempts at pomp were few:  
Tho' gowns, and dull processions were unknown,  
In the poor annals of Abdera's town— 50  
O! had he seen, affectedly sedate,  
Our Prætor, perch'd aloft in car of state,  
Dividing as he went the countless crowd,  
'Midst shouts, and dust, and acclamations loud;  
His robe all stiff with tinsel and brocade, 55  
And (figur'd by the Tyrian needle's aid)  
Jove's borrow'd tunic on his back display'd;  
A crown, so vast the weight! that none can wear,  
Borne by the sweating slave behind his chair,

God which has now ceased to be a *Man*.' These sages nowhere make a better figure than in a Greek epigram, which I attempt for the benefit of a few readers.

*Life, Heraclitus, was less gloomy far,  
When thou in tears deplor'dst its weight of care;  
And far less mad when thy Associate smil'd,  
At the fond griefs of Nature's wayward child! —  
For me, as each by turns I seem to view,  
Methinks I'd weep with him,—and laugh with you!*

The next lines of the Satire contain a successful banter of a very silly and absurd pomp, of which the Romans were remarkably fond.

(The slave ordain'd in the same car to ride, 60  
 Lest its great lord should lose his wits with pride)  
 Rome's eagle on the polish'd sceptre wrought,  
 And, by th' alluring dole, securely brought,  
 Of clients clad in white a goodly train,  
 'Midst horns and trumpeters who tend the rein!— 65  
 On ev'ry spot frequented by his kind,  
 Subjects for scorn, he never fail'd to find—  
 Learn we from him that ev'ry soil may bear  
 Of highly-gifted minds its proper share ;  
 That virtue thrives, where fatten'd wethers lie, 70  
 On swampy lands, and in an hazy sky !

V. 71. *On swampy lands, &c.* This puts one in mind of the reply of some one to a question, concerning a *fine country*, through which he was passing—'very fine—for an Ox.' Pindar and Epaminondas were sufficient to rescue the ancient Bœotia from its imputation, while the land most distinguished in modern times for the crassitude of its air, boasts her Erasmus. Of all extrinsic causes which have been supposed to influence human character or genius, one should incline to give least to climate: Sir George Mackenzie's Iceland has cleared up some important points on this subject. But our own country which has produced, and is for ever producing, far more than her share of every species of talent, *crasso sub aëre*, (for ours is a region of clouds, compared with the sky of Southern Europe) is the most obvious and gratifying argument against the soundness of the physical hypothesis; and I might add, a sufficient proof of the solidity of that theory which rather assigns the developement and productiveness of genius to the operation of moral and of political causes.

At vulgar cares he smil'd, at vulgar joy ;  
 No sorrows of the mob could e'er alloy  
 His mood of mirth : reckless of fortune's grace,  
 He rudely flung the halter in her face, 75  
 Laugh'd at her frowns, and turn'd him from the  
 shrine,

Which erring mortals falsely deem divine.

But we to altars and to statues run,  
 Eager to gain, what it were best to shun,  
 And to their knees affix the frequent prayer, 80  
 For hurtful things—or what we best might spare.

Hurl'd from power's dangerous height, how  
 many mourn

All the bright page of honor rudely torn !

Here dragg'd in dust, dishonor'd statues view,  
 Thrown from their base,—there furious axes hew,

V. 80. *And to their knees.*

*Propter quæ fas est genua incerare deorum.*

A remarkable expression ; the knees were the seat of mercy :  
*in his sedes misericordiæ et quædam religio inest observatione  
 gentium. Hæc supplices attingunt : ad hæc manus tendunt :  
 hæc ut aras adorant.* Plin. l. ii. 45.

This passage is supposed to allude to the custom of writing  
 the petition on a tablet, and affixing it by means of wax to the  
 knees of the God whose assistance was sought : I have given  
 it this turn.

V. 84. *Here dragg'd in dust.* Dion well describes this  
 scene of the arrest of Sejanus ; after the letter of Tiberius was  
 read in the Senate, Regulus called to Sejanus, '*Follow me,*' he  
 made no reply, not from *Insolence*, says the Historian, for he  
 was now humbled, but because he was quite unaccustomed to  
 hear any thing in the nature of command addressed to himself.

From the triumphal car, its sculptur'd wheel, [85  
 While at each blow the marble horses reel !  
 And next behold the fiery current pour'd  
 Full on the features of that face ador'd :  
 He melts !—Sejanus melts !—'midst faggots hurl'd,  
 And see ! the second man in all the world, [90  
 Flows in the mold, and by the artist's skill,  
 Transform'd to cups, pans, platters—what you will.

ὥς δὲ καὶ δευτέρου καὶ τρίτου γὰρ ἐκείνος ἐμβόησας οἱ ΚΑΙ ΤΗΝ  
 ΧΕΙΡΑ ΑΜΑ ΕΚΤΕΙΝΑΣ ΕΙΠΕ ΣΕΙΑΝΕ ΔΕΤΡΟ ΕΛΘΕ, ἐπὶ ἡρώ-  
 τησέν αὐτὸν τοῦτο, ΕΜΕ ΚΑΛΕΙΣ ;

Having secured the man, they proceeded to the statues,  
 τὰς τε εἰκόνας αὐτοῦ πάσας ΚΑΤΕΒΑΛΟΝ καὶ ΚΑΤΕΚΟΨΑΝ,  
 καὶ ΚΑΤΕΣΤΡΟΝ.

But the ferocity exercised upon the children of Sejanus, especially upon his daughter, shows what a brutal people the Romans really were ! such a retribution would now be impossible in any civilized country.

V. 90. *He melts! Sejanus melts.* The whole passage which follows is most lively and descriptive: the abrupt dialogue of the Interlocutors, their acquiescence in the '*Verbosa et grandis Epistola*;' the quick recollection of the *faults* of Sejanus, on seeing his statues demolished, their fear for themselves, are all inimitably drawn. In the expression 'the mob of Remus,' (the general intention of which is sufficiently obvious,) there was of course something particularly expressive of degradation to a Roman ear. The bustle about melting Sejanus, is so admirably drawn, and the fire so well blown up, that the reader, like the listener in Burns' Holy Fair,

—————Thinks he hears it roaring !

' Haste! deck your door with laurels, to extol  
 ' This glorious day, lead to the capitol 95  
 ' A snow-white bull, the proud Sejanus torn,  
 ' And trampled lies, the very rabble's scorn :'  
 'Tis gladness all!—' what hideous lips are there!  
 ' Gods, what a face!—as for myself, I swear,  
 ' I lik'd him not, though'—'No, nor I, but pray, 100  
 ' What brought the villain down?' 'I cannot say,'—  
 ' Who first inform'd? what evidence was heard,  
 ' To prove his crimes?'—'Why none, as it ap-  
     'pear'd'—  
 ' None?'—'none at all—but in the Emperor's  
     ' name,  
 ' From Capreæ a long epistle came,'— 105  
 ' Ah! I conceive,'—'but tell me—do you learn,  
 ' How does the mob of Remus like the turn?'  
 ' Why just as usual,—THEY INTENSELY HATE  
 ' THE RUIN'D MAN, AND TAKE THE SIDE OF  
     FATE.'—

Had Nurtia prosper'd well our Tuscan's scheme,  
 And you, secure old dotard, ceas'd to dream, [110  
 That very mob had hail'd—that very hour—  
 Sejanus, lawful heir to Cæsar's power!

V. 112. *That very mob, &c.* What Juvenal most truly tells us that a mob, any mob, would do, Tacitus records that they did on another occasion.

When, after the murder of Galba, they rush in a'body to the Palace, and demand the blood of Otho, and the Conspirators, the historian adds these memorable words—*Neque illis judicium, nec veritas, quippe eodem die DIVERSA PARI CER-*

Within our breasts, such cares have ceas'd to dwell,  
Since we have had no suffrages—to sell ; 115

Supine to every care, that lofty pride,  
Chairs, Fasces, Thrones, which, granted or denied,  
Begg but two boons of all it priz'd before,  
Bread and the Circus,—and desires no more !

‘ Many, they say, will perish’—‘ doubt it not, 120

‘ The fire is huge and desperately hot !—

‘ Close to the fane of Mars, a little pale

‘ Brutidius (who no doubt had heard the tale,)

‘ Walk'd swiftly by—I fear on some pretence,

‘ Ajax will scourge us for his ill defence. — 125

‘ Come, haste we then, ere in the stream he's  
thrown,

‘ And to the kicks of others join our own :

‘ But call we first our slaves, that they may know

‘ How much their masters hated Cæsar's foe.

TAMINE POSTULATURIS ; *sed tradito more quemcunque Principem adulandi Licentia, adclamatione et studiis inani-*  
*bus, &c.*

V. 125. *Ajax will scourge us.* Juvenal is fond of complimenting some of his favorites among the Emperors, with a name from the Iliad ; that of this boisterous hero, surnamed *μαστιγοφορος*, is particularly well applied to Tiberius, who like his namesake rushed into the most frantic excesses, and slew with almost as little discrimination all who could rouse his slightest suspicion : as devoid of reason in his cruelties as the son of Telamon, save that the latter, while he scourged and hewed down cattle, judged them to be men, while Tiberius treated men as if he judged them to be cattle.

‘Lest of these rascals, any choose to swear, 130  
 ‘That we stood idle by or were not there!’

Thus of Sejanus, as he prostrate lay,  
 The crowd discours’d—dispers’d, and went their  
 way.

Would’st THOU be thus saluted? would’st thou fill  
 That dangerous post of his? dispose at will 135  
 Of curule chairs, of armies—or yet more,  
 Hold o’er thy pupil Prince, a guardian’s power?  
 Thy Prince, who sits ’midst his Chaldean herd,  
 To Rome, the crags of Capreæ preferr’d!

V. 136. *Of Curule chairs.* ‘The seats called *Sellæ Curules* were a mark of distinction which belonged to certain ranks of the Roman magistracy: there are two of them in the cabinet: at Rome they were usually of Ivory, here they are of bronze, a palm and seven inches in height, and two palms seven inches in breadth. The arms and feet are composed of pieces crossing each other, in the form of the letter X, with the parts below their junction turned into a spiral. It must be added that the feet terminate in the head of some imaginary animal whose lengthened bill or snout bears on the ground.’

Winkelman’s account of Discovery at Hercul. p. 75.

V. 138. *Thy Prince who sits.* Some copies read *augusta*, others *angusta rupe*, the sense of either equally good: as to the fact, it is well known that Tiberius made the island of Capreæ the scene of his infamous and unexampled debaucheries, ‘*Capreas se contulit præcipue delectatus insula quod uno parvoque littore adiretur, septa undique præruptis immensæ altitudinis rupibus et profundo maris.*’ Suet. Tiber. See also Tacit. Ann. l. iv. near the end.

‘As to his ‘Chaldæan herd,’ *εμπειροτάτος δια των αστρων*



Yes ; thou would'st gladly see the cohort stand, 140  
 The well-appointed horse at thy command,  
 The camp around thy door,—‘ and why refuse?—  
 ‘ ’Tis well to have the power—tho’ not to use.’  
 But tell me, dost thou rate the joy so high, [145  
 When with the POWER the PERIL still must vie?  
 Say, would'st thou rather bear HIS purple train  
 Than at Fidenæ, Gabii, safely reign

μαντικῆς ἡν. The reader may turn back to further illustration of his love of astrology and divination in the notes on the 6th Satire.

This wretched and abandoned character, in the latter scenes of his life, illustrated in the minutest particulars, that eloquent description of the miseries contingent to unprincipled royalty. Xenophon. Agesil. vi. 4.

Το δε φοβεισθαι μὲν ὄχλον, φοβεισθαι δὲ ἐρημίαν, φοβεισθαι δὲ αὐτοκρατορίαν, φοβεισθαι δὲ καὶ αὐτοὺς τοὺς συλλασσοντάς, καὶ μητὲ ἀνοπλοὺς ἐθέλειν, εἶναι περὶ αὐτὸν μὴ ὥπλισμένους ἡδέως θεασθαι πῶς οὐκ ἀργαλέον ἐστὶ πρᾶγμα; Ἐτιδὲ ξένοις μᾶλλον μὲν ἢ πολίταις πιστεύειν, τοὺς μὲν ἐλευθέρους δούλους εἶναι, τοὺς δὲ δούλους ἀναγκαζεσθαι ποιεῖν ἐλευθέρους οὐ πάντα σοὶ ταῦτα δοκεῖ, ψυχῆς ὑπὸ φόβων καταπεπληγμένης τεκμηρία εἶναι.

V. 146. *Say, would'st thou rather.* The fall of Sejanus was well merited ; his power had become little short of absolute dominion, his image was every-where 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 in saying,



And break *illgal measures*, and display  
In all its petty pomp, the *ÆDILES'* sway,

— *Populus, si Nurscia Tuscum  
Favisset, si oppressa foret secunda senectus  
Principis ; hac ipsa Sejanum diceret hora,  
Augustum !*

At length this celebrated minister became as imprudent as he was prosperous, and treated Tiberius as the *Governor of a small Island*, so that, to speak in a word, says Dion, (συνελόντι ειπειν)—αυτον μεν αυτοκρατορα τον δε Τιβεριοι ΝΗΣΙΑΡΧΟΝ ΤΙΝΑ ειναι δοκειν.

He now became excessively jealous of any failure of attentions, any remissness in the punctuality of courtesy, on the part of the Roman Nobility: on which trait of character the historian excellently remarks, ‘that those who are conscious of their own respectability neither eagerly require such submissions, nor feel hurt at the omission of them, knowing that contempt *cannot* be the origin of the neglect ;’ but that those whose dignity consists essentially in such marks of reverence, are greatly disturbed when they fail of receiving them.—*χαν αρα και εκλειφθη τι αυτων ουκ εγκαλουσι σφισιν, ατε και εαυτοις ΣΥΝΕΙΔΟΤΕΣ ‘ΟΤΙ ΜΗ ΚΑΤΑΦΡΟΝΟΥΝΤΑΙ : οι δε ΕΠΑΚΤΩΙ ΚΑΛΩΠΙΣΜΑΤΙ χρωμενοι, παντα ΙΣΧΥΡΩΣ ταττοιαυτα, ως δη ες την του αξιωματος σφων πληρωσιν αναγκαια, επιζητουσι.*

Sejanus was as well warned as it was possible for a minister to be, by omens and prodigies. Crows lighted on his head and flapped their wings in his face as he went to sacrifice ; (*χορακες περιπταμενοι και ΠΕΡΙΚΡΩΞΑΝΤΕΣ αυτον*) ‘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

Who seated in his patch'd and mended gown, 150  
 Rules o'er Ulubræ's unpretending town?  
 Thou would'st not be Sejanus?—then admit  
 He knew not what for man to ask was fit;  
 Knew not, that blinded by the lust of power,  
 He rear'd the stages of a lofty tower, 155  
 Only to strew a mightier ruin round,  
 And hurl the hapless builder to the ground.  
 What wrought the Crassi's fall, or Pompey's woes,  
 Or His who scourg'd the Romans as he chose?  
 What but this vow with ceaseless care preferr'd, 160  
 And Gods malign, who in displeasure heard!

head to see the cause, a great snake leapt up, οφίς μέγας ανεπηδυσεν. Then, the Statue of Fortune turned upon her heel when he passed by, and looked another way—and Sejanus began to be afraid.

Now followed the '*verbosa et grandis epistola*,' as Juvenal calls it. ἡ ἐπιστολὴ ἐν τούτῳ ἀνεγνωσθή ΗΝ ΔΕ ΜΑΚΡΑ.—and most artfully did it contrive to 'damn with faint praise,' and to accomplish its purpose by opposites. Never was a greater master than Tiberius in the art of dissembling—οὐδὲν ΛΘΡΟΟΝ κατὰ τοῦ Σηιανου εἶχεν (ἡ ἐπιστολὴ) ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν πρῶτα ἄλλο τι, εἰτα ΜΕΜΨΙΝ τίνα κατ' αὐτοῦ ΒΡΑΧΕΙΑΝ· καὶ μετ' αὐτὴν ἙΤΕΡΟΝ ΤΙ, καὶ κατ' ἐκείνου ἈΛΛΟ· At the end he hinted that it might be as well under the circumstances, *to put Sejanus in custody!*

But this note is already too long; 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.

Few bloodless Kings to Pluto's realms repair,  
Without a stab are found few Princes there.

To seek by eloquence a path to fame,  
To earn Demosthenes', or Tully's name,      165  
This wish already warms his ardent sense,  
Who courts Minerva's aid with punctual pence,  
Who marches on, to daily school consign'd,  
The satchel and the guardian slave behind.  
Of BOTH that splendid talent wrought the doom,  
That flood of genius bore them to the tomb; [170  
Heap'd coward insults on the Consul dead,  
And on the rostra fix'd that honor'd head!  
None e'er beheld that lofty station yet,  
With the warm blood of poor declaimers wet. 175

V. 162. *Few bloodless Kings.* This regicide doctrine was abundantly acted upon in the latter ages of the Roman empire, which had a more rapid succession of masters than probably any other period in the history of the world can parallel. But unluckily after all, the worst of them sometimes contrived to live longer than the better sort, and Augustus and Tiberius managed to leave the world, after all, *sicca morte*.

V. 167. *Who courts Minerva's aid.* The *Quinquatria* was a Festival of 5 days long, in honor of the Athenian Goddess. On this occasion, say the commentators, a small Fee, called *Minerval*, was presented to the teacher by the young pupil, who dated his school from this feast. On this occasion too, the old pupils (Horat. Epist. ii. v. 197.) were indulged in an holiday.

‘ O happy Rome, thy natal day may date  
 ‘ From the proud period of my Consulate.’  
 Ah ! had he always spoken thus, the sword  
 Of Anthony had ne’er his bosom gor’d :  
 Rhymes which provoke derision I would claim, 180  
 Ere that Philippic of conspicuous fame,  
 The second on the roll !—a fearful end  
 Awaited him, who knew at will to bend  
 His own admiring Athens, and could rein  
 The raging Theatre to sense again. 185  
 Blear’d from the forge, him did his sire consign,  
 (Born under adverse Gods and fates malign)

V. 176. *Oh, happy Rome.*

*O fortunatam natam me Consule Romam.*

This miserable jingle is not badly imitated by Martignac,

*O Rome fortunée,  
 Sous mon consulat née.*

V. 182. *The second on the roll.*

*Volveris a prima quæ proxima.*

That by this periphrasis the second Oration of Cicero against Antony is intended, there can be no doubt. Whether it were the second roll of the set (for there were fourteen Orations in all) or the second on a roll which contained more than one, is immaterial. This celebrated speech, in which the orator sharply reprehends all the crimes and excesses of Antony, made the latter, of course, his implacable enemy, and led by no remote consequence to the destruction of Cicero.

V. 187. *Blear’d from the forge.* This illustrious orator,

To con the rules which Orators impart,  
And learn the secrets of a dangerous art ! 190

The Spoils of war, the Trophies rais'd on high,  
Which tell the tale of glorious victory,  
The shatter'd fragments of an helmet cleft,  
The coat of mail, the car of Pole bereft,  
The vanquish'd Trireme's flag, the lofty arch, 195  
Where the proud conqueror leads his glorious march,  
And bands of gazing captives rang'd above,  
Some hold the noblest joys that man may prove !  
Greek, Roman, and Barbarian, all have sought  
The Warrior's wreath, by toils and peril bought ;  
Nor other motive knew, nor other cause, [200  
Than what we thirst for most of all—Applause !  
APPLAUSE MORE PRIZ'D THAN VIRTUE !—FOR

REMOVE

DISTINCTION'S PLUME, AND WHO SHALL VIR-  
TUE LOVE ?

whose astonishing powers are described just above by a bold and striking metaphor, was the son of an artisan of Athens, as the most say, of a smith, at any rate, of a sword-maker. *επεκαλειτο μαχαιροποιος, εργαστηριον εχον μεγα και δουλους τεχνιτας*. His instructor in eloquence was Isæus ; but according to Plutarch, his father died when Demosthenes was seven years old, and was therefore guiltless of his misfortunes. On the same authority he was not placed with Isocrates, the great master of that time, *only* from inability to pay the higher fees, which *he* exacted from his pupils !

V. 197. *And bands of gazing captives.* The line

—— *Summo tristis captivus in arcu*

*Juv.*

S

This restless lust of fame, this fatal pride      205  
 To mark the stones which shall their ashes hide,  
 Where some wild fig-tree soon perchance shall coil,  
 Nor needs there more to loosen all the pile!  
 (Tombs have their date!)—this phrenzy of a few  
 Oft works their ruin and their country's too!      210

That Urn of ashes to the balance bear,  
 And mark how much of Hannibal be there;  
 E'en from the confines of Nile's tepid wave  
 To shores where loud Atlantic billows rave,  
 From Æthiopia's frontier, to the plains      215  
 Of India's elephant the wide domains,

would naturally be interpreted (on recollection that a principal part of a Roman triumph consisted in the magnanimous exposure and humiliation of the captives!) as I have translated it. This sense Dryden has adopted in two exquisite lines which I have cited in the introduction. But the commentators come with the intelligence that nothing more is meant, than an emblematical figure of a captive, carved at the head of the arch: it may be so, yet if this be the meaning, the proper authority would be some one of the triumphal arches which still remain in good preservation. The decision however is of no very great importance in a passage so full of beauty, and well capable of either interpretation.

V. 207. *Where some wild fig-tree.* 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.

*Marmora Messalæ findit caprificus.*

Mart. x. 2.

All Africa was his—for Spain he sighs—  
 Bounds o'er the Pyrenees!—new conquests rise,  
 And in dim perspective enchant his eyes! }  
 Nature would vainly to his march oppose 220  
 Primæval Alps and everlasting snows!  
 He bursts her barrier rocks—corrodes her stone—  
 Storms all her cliffs—and Italy is won!  
 Ah! wherefore won! 'Soldiers, think nothing ours,'  
 He cries, 'till o'er yon Fanes and ruin'd towers 225  
 'Our banners wave—till in those streets abhorr'd,  
 'The vassal Roman greet his Punic lord!'  
 O for a Portrait to those features true,  
 By which the world that alter'd brow might view,

V. 222. *He bursts, &c.* It is certain that this exploit of Hannibal's, the corrosion of the rock, is not mentioned by Polybius, who has very circumstantially related the history of Hannibal's campaigns. The work of Mr. Whitaker is not at hand, but it seems not unlikely that this artful General should have raised and spread abroad a story of this nature, for the mere purpose of intimidating his enemy, by raising apprehensions of his astonishing energy and disregard of all obstacles; in which way Livy might have it.

V. 228. *O for a Portrait.* No general likeness of Hannibal, such as those of distinguished Romans on coins, is, I believe, in existence. The ugly Saracen's head in Holyday's Translation would make any one exclaim with Juvenal, '*O qualis facies.*'—Perhaps Hannibal thought with Agesilaus, that it became the dignity of a great man, to leave to posterity the image of his mind and not of his body. και του μεν σωματος εικονα στησασθαι απεσχετο. της δε ψυχης ουδεποτε επαυετο μνημεια διαπονουμενος.



When his Getulian brute the Chief bestrode, 230  
 The ONE-EYED CHIEF, and ruminating rode !  
 And what his end ?—delusive Glory, say,  
 Would'st thou not blot that memorable day,  
 Which saw thy vanquish'd Favorite's footsteps bent  
 To a Bithynian king's Prætorian tent ? 235  
 And there behold the once illustrious Chief  
 Waits till he wake, a suppliant for relief !

Nor sword, nor spear, nor vollied stones shall harm  
 The life that fill'd the nations with alarm :  
 'Tis thine, O little Ring ! t' avenge the day 240  
 And all the blood that blends with Cannæ's clay !—  
 Go, Maniac ! go, in glory's phrenzied dream  
 Roam o'er the Alps—the Látian schoolboy's theme !  
 One world too small the Youth of Pella found ;  
 Cramp'd and confin'd within its narrow bound 245  
 He chafes as tho' Seripho's flinty chain,  
 Or Gyaræ, his mighty soul restrain ;  
 Yet when arriv'd the long, long look'd-for, day,  
 His own the City with her walls of clay !

V. 230. *When* his Getulian brute. This passage is well explained by Livy, l. 22. c. 2. 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. '*Ipse, æger oculis, ex verna primum intemperie calores et frigora variante ; Elephanto qui unus superfuerat, quod altius ab aqua extaret vectus : vigiliis tandem et nocturno humore palustrique cælo caput gravante, et quia medendi nec locus nec tempus erat, altero oculo capitur.*'

V. 248. *Yet when arrived.* He next instances in Alexander



Behold! the mighty victor doom'd to die, 250  
Doom'd in a small Sarcophagus to lie!

Death, death alone makes thoughtless man confess  
The humbling secret of his littleness!

A wondrous passage once to oar and sail  
(Or trust we ne'er again to Grecian tale) 255  
Huge Athos gave,—but Greece for ever lies,  
And who shall trust her daring rhapsodies?—

the vanity of military fame, who, after he had taken possession of Babylon, terminated there his ambition and his life.—It is needless to waste time on the trite story of Semiramis having surrounded her city '*coctilibus muris*,' known as it is to all who have read the moving '*Tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe*' in Ovid.

In this city, he became, as the Poet tells us, the tenant of a Sarcophagus, a stone chest or coffin which had the property, as Pliny relates, of destroying the animal remains (hence its name, though this was afterwards applied to any stone coffin.) From the remarks of Dioscorides, *περι Ασίου Λιθου*, in which he relates that this stone is light, friable, acrid to the taste, of caustic properties, which make it fit for application to ulcers, having also a saline efflorescence (*ανθος αλμυρις*), on the surface, or *exposed* part of the stone: may not this have been an aluminous clay? The quarry is on the sea-shore of Assus, a promontory of Troas; and Galen's hypothesis about the efflorescence is, that it is the sea spray, dried by the sun.

V. 252. *Death, death alone.* So Pope in those beautiful lines,

O death, all eloquent, you only prove,  
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love!

Strew'd was the sea by wondrous art controll'd  
 With ships—on floating floors huge chariots roll'd !  
 And some believe the Mede, for lack of wine 260  
 Drank rivers dry, where'er he stopp'd to dine!——  
 So Sostratus, when he has dipp'd his wing  
 In cups of inspiration, loves to sing.

How went he BACK from Salamis, whose scourge  
 The refractory winds would madly urge ! 265  
 (The Winds, which ne'er endur'd such stripes before,  
 In those vast caverns where confin'd they roar ;)  
 Who o'er that God whose trident shakes the land  
 His Fetters threw—but meekly spar'd the Brand !  
 ('To such a kind and condescending lord 270  
 Gods might be proud their service to afford !)  
 How went he back ? one 'rescued bark, his own,  
 He steers thro' blood-stain'd waves, and flies alone !

V. 268. *Who o'er that God.* Ennosigæus, εννοσιγαιος.  
 Every body has heard of the ridiculous conduct of Xerxes on  
 this occasion, which has, however, been nearly equalled by the  
 folly of other monarchs in other countries, (not very unlike to  
 it was the sailing of the Invincible Armada,) and *finely con-*  
*trasted by the well known anecdote of Canute, in our own.*—  
 Juvenal, in the passage just above,

*Quicquid Græcia mendax*

*Audet in Historia—*

could only mean to sneer at their representation of the  
 Invasion of Xerxes, which no doubt they *did* exaggerate—  
 ' *honoris causa.*'

The cumber'd keel moves sullenly and slow,  
 And many a buoyant corpse obstructs the prow !  
 Thus with the penalties, their prayers invite, [275  
 Is Glory wont her followers to requite.

‘ Lengthen life’s narrow bounds, ye Gods, I pray,  
 ‘ And make the day of death a distant day !’  
 From blooming health, from sickness, still arise 280  
 These well known vows, familiar to the skies :  
 But ah ! how great the pangs, how vast the care,  
 Which Age, before it close, must look to bear !  
 That joyless, sear, unprepossessing face,  
 On which a thousand furrow’d lines we trace, 285

V. 284. *That joyless, sear, &c.* 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 should 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

A skin unsightly plough'd with lines profound!  
Such, where Numidia's forests clothe the ground,

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 moderate 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 but to the lot of few.

The philosophy of the Brachinans furnished better consolation than this—though still for *philosophers*! They saw the necessity of looking *forward* in place of *backward* for comfort, and from the light of nature seem to have inferred, that death was in some sense *a birth into a higher state of existence*.  
τον μεν ενθαδε βιον ὡς αν ακμην κυομενων ειναι τον δε θανατον γεγεσιν εις ΤΟΝ ΟΝΤΩΣ ΒΙΟΝ και τον ευδαιμονια τοις φιλοσοφησασι.

Strabo, l. xv. cited in Butler's Analogy, chap. 1.

V. 287. *Such, where Numidia's forests.* The ape swarms in Africa: Herodotus mentions a tribe which lives upon the flesh of this animal, (πιθηκοφαγεουσι) and Strabo relates an

Such, on her visage might the grandam ape  
 In woods of Tabraca, delight to scrape—  
 In youth a sweet diversity we find, 290  
 And various loveliness with force combin'd ;  
 But age is all alike ; the limbs deny  
 To bear their load, the accent seems to die  
 Upon the faltering tongue—the scalp is bare,  
 And the moist nose of infancy is there ! 295  
 His bread the wretch must break with boneless gum,  
 So grievous to his dearest friends become,  
 That Cossus,—with the will before his eyes—  
 Might with disgust be taken by surprise !—

adventure of Posidonius, who being cast on the coast of Lybia, found himself in the midst of a whole community of these entertaining companions, of whom some were nursing, some bald, some sick, and some waiting upon them, &c. That the face of the ape becomes very much wrinkled is well known :

*Simia quam similis turpissima bestia nobis !*

V. 298. *That Cossus, with the will, &c.* An admirable by-blow at this person, who belonged to the numerous corps of 'captatores'—though they were sometimes complimented with the name of 'vultures.'—*Amico agro aliquis assidet : probamus. At hoc si hereditatis causa facit, vultur est, cadaver expectat.* Senec. Epist. 95.

*Cujus Vulturis hoc erit cadaver.*—Mart.

Lucian amuses himself as much with the bodily infirmities of age, as Juvenal, ὑπεστεινε γουν και ὑπεβηγτε και ενεχρηματετο, μυχιον τι και δυσπροσοδον ωχρος ων ἰλος και διωδηκως. *Micyllus et Gallus.*

That torpid palate can no longer taste 300  
 Or food or wine,—the banquet's joys are past!  
 Love's tender rites in deep oblivion lie,  
 Or nature, urg'd in vain, makes no reply,  
 And all is cold and sad sterility!  
 Another organ fails—now sing who may 305  
 Or strike the chord, he hears no more the lay,

Some lines of Lord Dorset on the same theme are free from this sorry sort of pleasantry.

“ But who had sene him sobbinge howe he stoode  
 “ Unto himselfe, and howe he would bemone  
 “ His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good  
 “ To talke of youth, al were his youth foregone,  
 “ He would have mused, and mervayled much whereon  
 “ This wretched AGE should life desyre so fayne,  
 “ And knowes ful wel life doth but length his payne.

“ Crooke-backt he was, tooth-shaken and blere-iyed,  
 “ Went on three feete, and sometime crept on fower,  
 “ With old lame bones that ratled by his side,  
 “ His skalpe all pilde, and he with elde forlore,  
 “ His withered fist still knocking at deathes dore,  
 “ Fumbling and driveling, as he draws his breth,  
 “ For brieve, the shape and messenger of death.

“ And fast by him pale *Maladie* was plaste,  
 “ Sore sick in bed, her colour al forgone,  
 “ Bereft of stomake, savour, and of taste,  
 “ Ne could she brooke no meat but brothes alone.  
 “ Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one  
 “ Abhorring her, her sickenes past ne cure.  
 “ Detesting phisicke, and all phisickes cure.

Not tho' Seleucus' hand awake the strain,  
Not tho' the whole Orchestra's glittering train !  
It matters not how favorably plac'd  
HE sits, who scarce can hear the trumpet's blast, 310  
In whose dull ear the shouting slaves proclaim  
The passing hour and every caller's name !  
Nor this the whole—the scanty blood, that flows  
Thro' his chill frame, with fever only glows ;  
Of fell Diseases the conspiring crew 315  
Dance round their victim and his life pursue.  
Ask not their names—for I could sooner say  
In Hippia's arms how many lovers lay ;  
How many patients Themison may kill  
In one brief autumn—with unquestion'd skill ; 320  
How many ruin'd orphans curse the hour  
That plac'd their every hope in Hirrus' power ;  
How many pillag'd clients, at the name  
Of scoundrel Basilus their wrongs proclaim ;

V. 317. *Ask not their names.* 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, and his name is put '*Pro quovis medico.*' He was a native of Laodicea, and the founder of the Methodiè sect.

In the time of Boileau the parties ran high about the virtues and vices of antimony : Guenauld was one of the advocates for its employment, to which circumstance he, as well as some Hippia of the day, are indebted for their immortality.

Tall Maura's merciless amours, or those 325  
 Hamillus loves, 'twere easier to disclose,  
 Or reckon up the mansions and the lands  
 Which bless my once industrious Barber's hands !

Stretch'd on the couch, or limping on the crutch,  
 Or guarding well the toe that dreads the touch ;  
 This, with both orbs quench'd in eternal night, [330  
 Envies his purblind friend's faint beam of light :  
 These mumble every scrap ; those, with pale lip,  
 From cups by other hands supported, sip ;  
 This sees the supper, and extending wide 335  
 His feeble jaws, he gapes to be supplied,  
 Like unfledg'd swallows, whose extended bills  
 The parent bird with food she tastes not, fills !  
 But worse than all—the mind, the mind is gone !  
 The names of friends, of servants all unknown ; 340  
 Show him with whom he supp'd but yester night,  
 He stares with vacant eye—unconscious quite :  
 Nay, his own offspring he remembers not,  
 And from his Will without design may blot ;  
 As Phiale directs !—so much avails 345  
 From harlot lips the vapor which exhales !  
 Well practis'd she, and knows her calling well,  
 Conn'd o'er at leisure in the brothel's cell.

*J' aurois plutôt compté, combien dans un printems  
 Guenauld, et L'Antimoine ont fait mourir de gens,  
 Et combien LA-NEVEU avant son mariage  
 A de fois au Public, vendu son pucelage !*



But let the mind escape this dreadful doom,  
It must be yours to follow to the tomb 350  
Your valiant Sons, to see the funeral pyre,  
Rais'd for the object of your soul's desire—  
A much-lov'd wife, or brother : yours to mourn,  
O'er the cold ashes of a sister's urn !  
These penal sorrows age must ever pay, 355  
To lead new funerals forth from day to day ;  
'Midst many griefs, the pains of age to know,  
In mourning weeds and solitary woe !

The Pylian king—at least so Homer says—  
Made Ravens jealous of his length of days, 360  
Ages had past ! and now the hoary man  
To count his years on his Right Hand began !  
' Thrice happy Nestor ! he, when all were gone,  
' Drank the NEW WINE, and fill'd his cup ALONE.'  
You call old Nestor happy, nay but wait, 365  
And hear himself lament the laws of fate,  
When at the mounting flame the mourner gaz'd,  
And young Antilochus before him blaz'd.

V. 349. *But let the mind.* The whole of this passage is extremely tender and beautiful. Neither Ovid, Tibullus, nor even Virgil, have any thing more softly and delicately drawn : the examples too are finely introduced, although the instance of Priam had long been a common-place on the subject of the infelicity of age.

In illustration of the line 'to count his years,' &c. it is only necessary to remark that for summing up expeditiously numbers under 100, the ancients made use of the left hand, from 100 to 200 of the right, after which they reverted again to the left.

‘ Tell me, my friends,’ he cries, ‘ ah tell me why  
 ‘ I still am here, nor merit yet to die, 370  
 ‘ Tell me for what unexpiated crime  
 ‘ The gods prolong THE PUNISHMENT OF TIME ?’  
 In sounds like these the aged Peleus too  
 Bewail’d Achilles ravish’d from his view.  
 And he who well, by long disasters led, 375  
 Might mourn the living Ithacus for dead.—

The shades of all his sires, had fate been kind,  
 With every solemn rite had Priam join’d,  
 Then ’midst the dames of Troy, with streaming  
 eyes,  
 Had Hector join’d his Father’s obsequies, 380  
 His own Polyxena had led the throng,  
 His own Cassandra rais’d the funeral song.—  
 Ah ! had he died ere yet his Son design’d  
 Those fatal prow, invok’d that lawless wind !  
 What did he live for, say ? O sight abhorr’d, 385  
 To see all Asia wasted by the sword,—

V. 369. *Tell me, my friends, he cries.* In the same spirit  
 is that most exquisite passage in the *Æneid*, l. viii. where  
 Evander exclaims,

*Si visurus eum vivo et venturus in unum,  
 Vitam oro : patiar quemvis durare Laborum.  
 Sin aliquem infandum casum Fortuna minaris,  
 NUNC O NUNC LICEAT CRUDELEM ABRUMPERE  
 VITAM !*

*Dum curæ ambiguae, dum spes incerta futuri,  
 Dum te, care puer, mea sera et sola voluptas,  
 Amplexu teneo.*

Liv'd, his Tiara laid aside, to wield  
 With nerveless arms the Javelin and the Shield :  
 To Jove's high altar for protection ran,  
 At Jove's high altar fell the wretched man. 390  
 So some old steer, unfit for labor now,  
 Dismiss'd with scorn from the ungrateful plough,  
 His wither'd neck extending to the knife,  
 Resigns the wretched remnant of his life.  
 So Priam fell—yet by a common lot— 395  
 His spouse her hapless lord remembering not  
 In canine howlings life's sad remnant past,  
 And left the world in brutish guise at last !

I haste to Roman themes, nor longer stay  
 To name the king of Pontus, nor delay 400  
 To tell of him whom Solon bade suspend  
 His views of life, till life had reach'd its end.

V. 396. *His spouse her hapless Lord.* The story of Hecuba after the destruction of her family is, that she was transformed into a bitch, and it is impossible not to regret that Juvenal should have here introduced it where its absurdity takes off not only from the general beauty of the passage, but appears as a particular deformity immediately following the exquisite lines,

*Ut vetulus Bos*

*Qui domini cultris tenue et miserabile collum, &c.*

V. 401. *To tell of him whom.* This sentiment of Solon delivered to Cræsus, was adopted by many of the Grecian Poets, and by the Greek Tragedians : and was founded of course upon observation of the instability of human happiness, *δηλον γὰρ ὡς συνακολουθοῦμεν ΤΑΙΣ ΤΥΧΑΙΣ, τον αυτον ΕΤΔΑΙΜΟΝΑ, και παλιν ΑΘΑΙΟΝ εβρουμεν, πολλανις ΧΑΜΑΙ-*

He that in vanquish'd Carthage begg'd his bread,  
 Hid in Minturnum's swamp his outlaw'd head,  
 And view'd in deep despair a dungeon's wall, 405  
 Had life, extended life, to thank for all !  
 Could the wide world, could Rome itself supply,  
 Than his, a happier, nobler destiny,  
 Had he expir'd in that Teutonic car,  
 And breath'd his soul amidst the pomp of war ? 410

ΛΕΟΝΤΑ ΤΙΝΑ ΤΟΝ ΕΥΔΑΙΜΟΝΑ ΑΠΟΦΑΙΝΟΝΤΕΣ. Arist. Eth. L. I. x. In the succeeding chapter, he combats the opinion and shows that to be *εκτος των κακιων και δυστυχηματων* is not the essential of happiness, which, as he defines it, consisting in *virtuous principle carried into consistent practice*, ought to be in great measure independent of the casualties of life, these casualties affording perpetual occasion for the exercise of the virtuous energies in which happiness consists.—

The sentiment here attributed to Solon is very beautifully uttered by the chorus in contemplation of the accumulated distresses of Œdipus.

Ιω γενεαι βροτων  
 'Ως υμας ισα και το μηδεν  
 Ζωσας εναριθμω  
 Τις γαρ τις ανηρ πλεον, &c.

Œd. Tyr. 1186.

V. 410. *And breath'd his soul.* The poet here runs over the *δυστυχηματα* of Marius : expelled from Rome, by the ascendancy of Sylla, he fled to Minturnum, and concealed himself in the marshes on the bank of the Liris, from his pursuers who followed him thither : he was betrayed, but none of the faction daring to put him to death, he was sent off to Africa, and the manner and time of his death are uncertain :

Campania, prescient of her favorite's fate,  
 Provides a fever to abridge the date  
 Of Pompey's chequer'd life—her towns assail  
 The gods with ceaseless prayers ; the prayers pre-  
 vail ! 415

Ah treacherous gift ! Rome's fortune and his own  
 Reserv'd their victim, not for death alone :  
 And yet Cethegus, Lentulus, had lain,  
 Whole and untouch'd by insult 'midst the slain,

part of this melancholy tale is related in very interesting language by Patereulus.

*Marius post sextum consulatum annoque septuagesimo, nudus, ac limo obrutus, oculis tantummodo et naribus eminentibus, extractus arundinetis—injecto in collum loro in carcerem Minturnensium perductus est, ad quem interficiendum missus cum gladio servus publicus, natione Germanus, ut agnovit Marium magno ejulatu expromenti indignationem casus tanti viri abjecto gladio profugit e carcere. Tam cives—instructum eum viatico, collataque veste, in navem imposuerunt ; at ille—cursum in Africam direxit ; inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginensium toleravit.*

See also Plutarch's Life of Marius, and Otway's Life and death of C. Marius.

V. 412. *Campania prescient, &c.* The whole passage in Patereulus is so exactly similar, that Juvenal may be reasonably supposed to have had it in his view.

*Qui, si ante biennium, quam ad arma itam est—gravissima tentatus valetudine decessisset in Campania (quo quidem tempore, universa Italia vota pro salute ejus, primo omnium civium, suscepit,) defuisset fortunæ destruendi ejus locus ; et quam apud superos habuerat magnitudinem, illibatam detulisset ad inferos.*

Vell. Paterc. Hist. L. ii. 48.

Juv.

T

Nor to the axe would injur'd Rome resign,      420  
The breathless corpse of traitor Catiline !

The anxious mother breathes an ardent prayer  
To Venus, that her daughters may be fair ;  
In gentler whispers supplicates the fane,  
In favor of her boys—‘and why restrain,      425  
‘ What nature prompts ? Latona will survey  
‘ Her Dian’s charms with pride, as Poets say.’  
True ! but Lucretia’s fate forbids the prayer  
Of those, who like Lucretia would be fair.  
Would not Virginia, think’st thou, gladly take 430  
A hump like Rutila’s for safety’s sake ?  
Of this be sure, a thousand fears alloy,  
For his too comely son, a parent’s joy ;  
What tho’ the stern and stately discipline  
Of Sabine morals in thy dwelling shine,      435  
Virtue and beauty are not often known  
To make the same distinguish’d youth their own !

But let the mind be pure, and let the cheek,  
With modest tinge, most eloquently speak.

V. 420. *Nor to the axe.* The antients held in great abhorrence the mutilation of the body after death : hence Shakespeare with great propriety puts the sentiment into the mouth of Brutus.

Let us be Sacrificers, but not 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 carcase for the hounds !—

(What more could nature give,—more powerful  
far, 440

Than all our vigilance and all our care :)

To blast their manhood—let it not be told,

Unblushing villainy will dare to hold

Before parental eyes the damning gold!

But ne'er did wanton tyrant yet deny

445

To ugliness its full security ;

Nero himself ne'er harbour'd foul designs,

On tumid paunches, or distorted loins.

He that had bandy legs was ever free,

And safely slept in strumous puberty.

450

Go now ! rejoice ! none of these perils wait

Thy graceful youth :—arriv'd 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,

455

Which vengeance, and the husband, oft bestow.

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,

[460

Of some kind dame the *lov'd 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 ;

465

Ne'er against lust did vanity rebel !—

Shall Appia, shall Catulla, e'er be crost,

Or thwart their lewdness at whatever cost ?

‘ But beauty injures the corrupt alone ;  
 Nay ! ask Hippolytus, Bellerophon : 470  
 Fir’d at the cold refusal, Phædra burns !  
 With quicker throb, the fervid stream returns :  
 Glows Sthenobæa with an equal flame,  
 A mighty conflict ! anger, lust, and shame !  
 Then, then indeed, is all the woman tried, 475  
 When hope confounded points the sting of pride !  
 Come ! your advice for ONE to Cæsar’s bed,  
 By Cæsar’s daring wife reluctant led.  
 Best of the good, and noblest of the great,  
 Lewd Messalina’s glance decides his fate ! 480

V. 470. *Nay ! ask Hippolytus.* 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 favorite 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,

κρυπτάδιη φιλοστογητι μιγήμεναι.

The Lady was Antea, the wife of Prætus, who, on being repulsed, excited her husband, as usual, by a fabricated story to destroy his guest. Hom. Il. vi. 150.

V. 477. *Come ! your advice.* Juvenal here relates at some length the last enormity of the life of Messalina, which is circumstantially detailed by Tacitus. Ann. xi. 5. 12. 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.



In the bright flammeum of the bride array'd,  
She bids the couch be dress'd, the dower be paid :  
Bids Augurs come to auspicate the rite,  
In order all, full in the public sight !  
Your choice ? and first, be sure, if you deny, 485  
Before the evening lamps 'tis yours to die :  
Consent, and claim a somewhat longer space,  
Till the dull prince discern his own disgrace,  
Till on his ears the loud dishonor fall ;  
Long since in every street discuss'd by all : 490  
From fate then wouldst thou seek a short reprieve,  
Compliance gains it, yet for truth receive,  
That neck of thine, howe'er thou shalt decide,  
So lov'd ! so fair ! the sword shall soon divide.

What then, does life supply no object, none ; 495  
Is there no good to ask, no ill to shun ?  
Nay, but do thou permit the Gods to choose,  
What it is meet to grant, and what refuse,  
Giving whate'er is good, they oft deny  
What only seems so, to our erring eye ; 500  
Dear to himself is man, but far more dear  
To them who mark how passion wins his ear ;  
A wife, an home, and sweet domestic peace,  
These boons *he* seeks with pray'rs that never cease ;  
*They*, to whose altars and whose shrines he runs,  
Discern the future wife, the future sons ! [505  
Yet, that thou may'st 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 : 510

'Gainst which life's various cares in vain conspire,  
And strange alike to anger and desire ;  
Which views the close of life, from terrors free,  
As a kind boon, Nature ! bestow'd by thee :  
Which would the soft Assyrian's down resign, 515  
All his voluptuous nights, and all his wine,  
For brave and noble darings ! Mortal, learn,  
The boon of bliss thyself alone can'st earn ;  
To tranquil life one only path invites,  
Where Virtue leads her pilgrim and requites ; 520  
No more a Goddess, were thy votaries wise,  
Whose fond delusion lifts thee to the skies,  
Thy place in Heaven, O Fortune ! we bestow,  
Divine we call thee ; and WE MAKE THEE SO !

## Argument.

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THIS Satire, like the fifth, is substantially devoted to one and 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, v. 77. But let us not forget in reading this Satire, that the vice which it principally chastises, *μαλακῆς καὶ ἀσθενοῦσης τρυφῆς ψυχῆς ἐπιθυμηματα*, is far from having made inconsiderable progress on our own shores. This too was one of the indulgences imputed to Monachism, as an excellent epigram on the stately kitchen of Glastonbury, which remains alone amidst the ruins of the Fane, pleasantly commemorates.

*Templa ruunt et sacra Dei, sed tanta palati  
Cura fuit Monachis, tuta Culina manet.*

Their Kitchen stands, their ruin'd Altars nod;  
The reason's plain—their belly was their God!

## PERSONS AND PLACES

MENTIONED IN THE SATIRE.

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As for the Persons and Places in this Satire, there are none which require any particular mention, the allusions being few and obvious. I should have mentioned above a long epigram of Martial which is almost the model of this Satire: it is on several accounts worth consulting.

*Nuntiat octavam Phariæ sua turba juvencæ.*

L. X. 48.

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## Satire XI.

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IF Atticus the sumptuous feast prepare,  
'Tis well—for Atticus the charge can bear ;  
Madness in Rutilus ! the very crowd  
At a distrest Apicius laugh aloud.  
Baths, porches, taverns with his follies teem, 5  
The street's, the public walk's, eternal theme ;  
Who fill'd with youth's prime vigor, with the tide  
Of fervid health, his country's claims denied.  
Forc'd by no tribune, yet alas ! by none  
Restrain'd—his wealth in mad profusion gone, 10

V. 9. *Forc'd by no tribune.* The power of *compelling* individuals to the combats of the amphitheatre certainly did not belong to this officer, as such ; to understand the passage, we must recollect that the *Tribunitia potestas* was affected by the *Emperors*, on whose coins it always appears equally with the title of PONT. MAXIM. Juvenal also, in this place, exposes that most culpable indifference to the honor of the nobility, which it should have been the most obvious wisdom in the head of the state to have protected : a consideration, which should have led the Emperors to prohibit what some of them, in fact, encouraged, and some commanded.

Flies to the Fencer's much frequented school,  
Its idiom learns, and cons each pompous rule.

Delusion strange ! of bankrupts not a few,  
Whom baffled creditors in vain pursue,  
Amidst the crowds who merely live to eat, 15  
Still by the market and the stall they meet !  
Through the flaw'd wall tho' light already shine,  
Tho' ruin stare them in the face, they dine !  
Dine ! why they ransack every element,  
Untried, unthought of, dainties to invent ; 20  
Price moves them not, profusion seems their boast,  
And that the most esteem'd which costs the most.  
The last remains of plate are still in store,  
The glutton's sure resource for one day more ;  
These gone, the honors of the house amerc'd, 25  
He sells his father's bust—but breaks it first !  
And tho' twice only serv'd on humble clay,  
They'd spend a knight's estate the treat to pay :  
Thus by progressive steps they soon repair [30  
To the hir'd swordsman's coarse and humble fare.

V. 29. *Thus by progressive steps.*

*Sic veniunt ad miscellanea ludi.*

The meaning of this expression has been very variously interpreted, but the better authorities concur in giving it the sense expressed above ; and the general meaning of the passage is not that by mere expense they are reduced to want, (which would be flat) but that by a shameful profligacy in a *par-*

Who gives the feast? here should the question lie.

'Tis this makes all the fame or infamy ;  
 In Rutilus mere folly and pretence,  
 In rich Ventidius, magnificence !  
 In trifles learn'd, him may I well despise, 35  
 Who tells how high the peaks of Atlas rise,  
 Yet what concerns him more will ne'er discern,  
 Nor between Chest and Purse the difference learn.  
 MAN, KNOW THYSELF ; O precept most divine !—  
 Deep treasur'd in thy memory make it thine, 40  
 Fix and revolve it oft, within thy breast,  
 Whether ambitious dreams disturb thy rest,  
 Whether to shine in senates thou aspire,  
 Or court the name of husband and of sire.  
 Thersites' self would feel some tinge of shame 45  
 To ask those arms Ulysses fear'd to claim.

*ticular* article, they gradually come to the coarsest and the worst kind of it, or that gluttony leads to famine.

V. 31. *Who gives the feast?* Juvenal makes a very natural transition, from what is becoming in regard to splendor and hospitality, to the same consideration on other subjects. In this person these indulgences are commendable, in that they assume a quite opposite character from their inconsistency with the situation of the individual. Aristotle had given to display of this kind (when exercised, of course, by persons who could *consistently* exercise it,) a place among the virtues, under the imposing name of Μεγαλοπρεπεια. αρετη εν δαπανημασι μεγεθους ποιητικη.—Μικροψυχια δε και Μικροπρεπεια τουναντιον.

Some cause of doubt and peril would'st defend,  
 To nature's gentle intimations lend  
 A willing ear, and resolutely ask  
 If thine be talents equal to the task ; 50  
 Canst thou appease that restless multitude  
 By thy impassion'd eloquence subdued ?  
 Like Curtius—Matho—canst thou merely roar,  
 Or glows thy breast with all the orator ?  
 Gauge thine own depth—by just admeasurement  
 Learn of thy powers the value and extent ; [55  
 In things, or great, or small, these powers respect,  
 E'en in the purchase of a fish, reflect !  
 Nor think of Mullets, if thy purse deny  
 One scanty dish of Gudgeons to supply. 60

Thy thirst more urgent, as thy cruise grows low,  
 O what resource is thine from coming woe !  
 All that thy frugal father hoarded, see  
 Merg'd in the deep abyss of gluttony !  
 That deep abyss which every Kind can hold, 65  
 Lands, cattle, contracts, houses, silver, gold !

V. 53. *Like Curtius, Matho.* Probably the Curtius Montanus mentioned in Satire IV. and certainly the same Matho, who occurs in the first Satire. Juvenal gives them the name of *Buccæ*, a term of contempt, expressive of mere noise : it is applied Sat. III. to the trumpeters of the show : but without a metaphor.

*Notæque per oppida Buccæ.*

V. 65. *That deep abyss, &c.* The original is here remarkably expressive, and highly satirical :



Last quits the ring our humbled spendthrift's hand,  
And hapless Pollio takes the beggar's stand!

Yet fears not luxury an early tomb ;

Its just alarms, are age, and want to come ! 70

Mark now the steps of ruin—first they spend

All but the whole, before the fools that lend,

And when a scanty sum,—I know not what—

Remains, and he that lent despairs of that,

The bankrupt takes the hint and wisely flies 75

To Ostia, or conceal'd in Baiæ lies ;

—————*ventrem, fœneris atque*

*Argenti gravis, et pecorum, agrorumque capacem !*

What follows about Pollio, who sells his ring and then begs *digito nudo*, does not appear to be allusive to any particular story then current ; nor is it known who this Pollio was.

V. 75. *The Bankrupt, &c.* A difficulty adheres to this passage, and the text varies in different editions : some preferring Ostrea, to Ostia, as more in the general tendency of the passage. It seems, however, rather inconsistent to send the spendthrift bankrupt to a place so near to Rome, and so well known as Baiæ ; whereas it was his business to avoid a rencontre with his creditors. Had it not been for the express mention of this last favorite and luxurious retreat, I should have concluded Ostia (at the mouth of the Tiber—Gravesend,) to have been the right reading, and synonymous with embarkation and flight : neither do I pretend to explain what is meant by the line almost immediately following, where he says, that the only grief these persons feel, arises from the necessity of missing the Circus for one year.

*Caruisse anno Circensibus uno.*

Rome 'tis to them as easy to resign,  
 As quit Suburra for the Esquiline.  
 Or if a few the exile's fate deplore,  
 'Tis that the circus he frequent no more ! 80  
 Alas, no tinge of honest blood remains,  
 The harden'd front no warm suffusion stains ;  
 Shame hastens to depart from Rome, and few  
 Seek to delay her exit, or pursue !  
 To thee, O Persicus, this day shall tell 85  
 Whether I truly love what sounds so well :  
 Or cant of herbs and water from the spring,  
 And call for pottage—which they dare not bring :  
 A poor Evander to my promis'd guest,  
 And like Evander in my inmate blest, 90

As if the lapse of such a period could either invalidate the rights of the creditor, or restore the bankrupt to a condition of making restitution.

V. 88. *And call for pottage.* The mess, which occurs several times in Juvenal, under the name of *Pultes*, was the ancient food of the Romans. It was merely boiled flour, to which, in after-times, they added eggs and honey. In this passage another allusion is made to the despicable conduct of some of the Roman entertainments, which must have been gross indeed, since Juvenal thought the subject deserving of an entire Satire ; for without doubt, the fifth Satire is more levelled at the insolence of the host who inflicts, than of the Parasite who endures.

V. 89. *A poor Evander.*

————— *Dum tecta subibant,  
 Pauperis Erandri.*

Come as to him the good Tyrinthius came,  
Or he to heaven who held an equal claim,

An allusion to that most beautiful passage in the *Æn.* Lib. 8.  
in which Æneas and his followers

resort,

Where poor Evander kept his country court ;  
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall,  
(Once oxen low'd where now the lawyers bawl)  
Then stooping thro' the narrow gates they press'd, &c.

Dryden's *Virgil*.

Tyrinthius was a name of Hercules, from Tyrintha a city  
of Peloponesus : *he* had also been entertained by Evander.

Æneas disappeared and was supposed to be drowned.  
*Numici unda* ; and Hercules, unable to endure the torments of  
the poisoned robe, presented to him by Dejanira, threw himself  
into a fire on mount Ceta, from which exit Juvenal calls him

*Flammis ad sidera missus.*

In Sophocles this hero causes himself to be thrown into the  
pile which he directs Hyllus to raise for that purpose, to whom,  
having first exacted an unconditional promise of obedience, he  
gives the following commands,

Ενταυθα νυν χρη τουμον εξαραντα σε  
σωμ' αυτοχειρα και συν οἷς χρηζεις φιλων,  
πολλην μεν ὕλην της βαθυρριζου δρυος  
κειραντα, πολλον δ'αρσεν' εκτεμονθ' ὁμου  
αγριον ελαιον, σωμα τουμον εμβαλειν  
και πευκινης λαβοντα λαμπαδος σελας  
πρησαι.

Trachin. v. 1195.

To which passage I subjoin another in further illustration  
of the original.

For since by promise thou'rt my guest, I'll be,  
Evander : thou Tyrinthius to me :

And 'midst the stars an equal honor found,  
 Tho' this was wrapt in flames, and that was drown'd.

Hear now what dainties thy arrival wait, 95  
 Which ne'er past muster at the market gate.  
 Know first, in Tibur's richest meadows feeds  
 A fatten'd kid, which at thy coming bleeds.  
 Whose teeth ne'er champ'd the herb, nor crush'd  
 the shoots,

Which spring around the humid Osier's roots. 100  
 More full of milk than blood—our hills around  
 With store of wild asparagus abound,  
 My bailiff's dame, her distaff thrown aside,  
 Shall cull the dainty from the mountain's side ;  
 Eggs large and white, they bring us every day, 110  
 Warm from the recent nest of twisted hay ;  
 Next, tender pullets the repast shall join,  
 And grapes preserv'd, but fresh as from the vine,  
 Apples, which with Picenum's might compare,  
 Shall meet the Signian and the Syrian pear, 110  
 And now, from the crude juice of Autumn free,  
 Eat, for thou may'st, with full impunity.

Senates, become less frugal than before,  
 Still sought no better feast in days of yore.

Or that less guest (*yet Venus was his mother,*)  
*Water sent one to heaven, and Fire the other.*

Holyday.

V. 113. *Senates, become less frugal.* The picture which Juvenal here so beautifully draws of antient times, and many

From his small glebe when Curius would retire,  
 To seethe his pottage o'er a scanty fire. [115  
 The earth's cheap produce then their only fare,  
 Which fetter'd felons now would scorn to share,  
 Remembering well where on the paps of swine  
 Hot from the cauldron they were wont to dine. 120  
 The fitch suspended high in slender crate  
 Was once preserv'd apart for days of state.  
 Bacon was then esteem'd a birth-day treat,  
 And if a victim chanc'd to furnish meat,  
 Then was the fulness of the feast complete! 125 }  
 And they who councils, and who camps, had sway'd,  
 In honor's purple garb the thrice array'd,  
 For feasts like these would quit the mountain's soil,  
 An hour abridg'd from customary toil !

others in which he is in the best sense, '*Laudator temporis acti*,' fully develope the character of his mind, which evidently, amidst the shocking scenes he was compelled to describe, and to paint in strong colors, delighted to repose on the simplicity of ancient times, and to cherish the memory of the illustrious persons connected with them.

V. 119. *Remembering well where, &c.* 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 is set down below, and what appears from unquestionable authority to have been numbered with their delicacies !

*Vulva suilla in deliciis erat Romanis et magis quidem ejec-  
 titia, εκβολιμος μητρα εκβολαδος, ejecto per abortum partu  
 quam porcaria, &c.* Ruperti, Plin. VIII. 51. IX. 37.

A Cato's name, a Scaurus, Fabius, then 130  
 With deepest awe inspir'd their countrymen,  
 And e'en the censor's dignity would fear  
 Of his own colleague the rebuke severe ;  
 None 'midst his graver cares allow'd to dwell  
 The foreign Tortoise and that clouded shell, 135  
 Which future times were destin'd to employ,  
 To build rare Couches for the Sons of Troy !  
 The brazen frontlet of th' uncurtain'd bed  
 Shew'd the rude sculpture of an ass's head ;

V. 135. *The foreign Tortoise.* 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.

*Testudinum putamina secare in laminas, lectosque et repositaria his vestire, Carbilius Pollio instituit, prodigi et sagacis ad Luxuriæ instrumenta ingenii.*

A curious passage from Seneca seems to show that they had an art of staining Tortoise-shell. *Video elaboratam scrupulosa distinctione testudinem, et fœdissimorum pigerri-morumque animalium testas, ingentibus pretiis emptas, in quibus illa ipsa quæ placet varietas subtilis medicamentis in similitudinem veri coloratur.* De Benef. vii. 9.

V. 138. *The brazen frontlet of, &c.* Some copies, it seems, have *vite coronati*, in place of *vile*, &c. and Ferrarius shows from Hyginus, that the ass's head, crowned with vine leaves, was a common provincial ornament, the reason of this honor being, 'that this sagacious animal found out the sweetness of the grape, and gave the hint to mankind.'

I think that the interpretation of the passage cited by Holyday, from Scoppa, is far better, viz. that according to

The Soldier then, if cities overthrown 140  
 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 glittering fragments he might deck  
 His much-delighted Charger's stately neck ; 145  
 Or counted that his helmet might display,  
 Bought with the spoils his valor earn'd to-day,  
 The pictur'd story of Rome's infant state,  
 The wolf grown gentle, such the will of Fate,  
 The twin Quirini, in the cavern's shade, 150  
 And Mars, their sire, with spear and shield array'd.  
 Then the resplendent metal hardly known,  
 On arms their scanty store of silver shone ;

an Etrurian superstition, the skull of an ass protected the fields and vineyards from blights—this practice resting on the classical authority of Palladius. *Item equæ calvaria, sed non virginis intra hortum ponenda est, vel potius asinae. Cre-dantur enim sua presentia fecundare quæ spectant.* The couch or bed is described in this passage, *nudo latere*, with no back or side, a mere bench.

V. 149. *The wolf grown gentle.* This *cælatura* is familiar to every one,

*Fecerat et viridi factam Mavortis in antro  
 Procubuisse Lupam : geminosque huic ubera circum  
 Ludere pendentes pueros et lambere matrem  
 Impavidos ; ILLAM TERETI CERVICE REFLEXAM  
 MULCERE ALTERNOS ET CORPORA FINGERE LINGUA.*

Virg. viii. 630.

It would be scarcely possible to point out a passage more full of spirit than that which led to this Note, beginning,

Flour form'd their food, on Tuscan clay they ate!—  
 Ah happy swains! Ah times thrice fortunate! 155  
 Temples inspir'd a reverence more profound,  
 'Twas then the midnight voice in solemn sound,  
 Ere yet the Gaul arriv'd from ocean's shore,  
 With kind alarm bade Rome to sleep no more.  
 Then in prophetic strains th' eternal powers 160  
 Kept anxious vigils for these walls of ours,  
 And Jove himself the fates of Rome controll'd,  
 Jove wrought from clay! nor mock'd as yet with  
 gold!

Those times, those simple times, no tables knew,  
 Save of the wood which our own forests grew: 165  
 If some old chesnut, which the blast had borne  
 For many an age, from the hill's side was torn,

*'Tunc rudis et Graias,'* on a part of which Dusaulx demands  
 --and it is quite the interrogation of a modern reviewer,  
 ---*'si le soldat était assez grossier pour être insensible aux  
 arts de la Grece, pouvoit il s' intéresser beaucoup aux arts du  
 Latium, en supposant qu'ils existassent?'* He, however, says  
 something afterwards about Poets claiming exemption from  
 cross-examinations of this kind—a consideration which would  
 have saved the Note.

V. 157. *Then, the midnight voice.*

*'Templorum quoque majestas præsentior.'*

This story is related by Livy and by Plutarch, (Life of Camillus.) Marcus Ceditius was addressed, as he walked along the street at midnight, by a voice which said to him, 'Marcus Ceditius, make haste to the Tribunes before day-break, and tell them to expect the Gauls.' He took the hint, and so did the Tribunes.



That tree supplied, hewn from its ample stem,  
 A table, unadorn'd, but priz'd by them.  
 Now from the banquet the fastidious guest 170  
 Will sourly turn,—his meats have lost their zest,  
 His wines are flat, their smell the roses lose,  
 Unless on burnish'd ivory frame he views  
 The costly circles, and with teeth display'd  
 A grinning Pard beneath the board be laid ; 175  
 Wrought from the tusks, Syenes' valued store,  
 By the swart Indian gather'd, or the Moor,  
 In Nabath's trackless forest where the beast  
 Drops his huge burthen, by the weight oppress.

V. 178. *In Nabath's trackless forest.* 'Ivory was usually brought from Æthiopia. We may farther 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 *in saltu Nabathæo*; Arabia being called here Nabathæa from Nabath or Nebaioth, the eldest son of Israel.'—Holiday. 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, *nimios capitique graves*, as the stag does his horns, which, if true, is the 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.'

These, these alone, (for silver's out of date,) 180  
 Excite the bile, and appetite create.  
 Guests so obliging may I never see  
 Who at my household sneer, and pity me ;  
 For not an ounce of ivory have I,  
 No, not a counter, not a single die : 185  
 The handles of my knives are only horn,  
 Yet may the flavor of my meats be born ;  
 Tastes not one dish the worse, nor yet I ween,  
 Less bright the blade appears, the edge less keen.  
 No Carver's affectations will you see, 190  
 Of Trypherus no scholar lives with me,  
 Whose pupils, with blunt knife and pompous air,  
 Slice down the wooden boar, the kid, the hare ;  
 His matchless art the Oryx and Gazelle,  
 And huge Flamingo, oft dismember'd tell, 195  
 While through the clattering feast he goes his rounds,  
 And the elm banquet thro' Suburra sounds !

V. 191. *Of Trypherus no Scholar.* Trypherus, most likely a feigned name, *τρυφερος*. 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.

My rustic lad, with no such problems tried,  
A pullet's wing would awkwardly divide.  
With prompt attention but with hands untaught, 200  
He'll bring you cups of cheap material wrought ;  
No Phrygian youth within my walls is seen,  
No shivering Lycian with dejected mien !—  
Our Latin tongue must make your pleasures known,  
He speaks no other language than his own. 205  
That is my Shepherd's son ; my Herdsman's this,  
Oft he recals his mother's parting kiss,  
His Cottage-Home sighs once again to view,  
And the dear kids whose every face he knew !  
He bears an honest brow, an artless face, 210  
Ting'd with the modest bloom of genuine grace,  
Such bashful air might well those youths become,  
Who proudly wear the purple garb of Rome.  
The wine he brings you on the hills was made,  
Beneath the brow of which his childhood play'd. 215  
Expect no Spanish girls with kindling glance  
To thread the mazes of the prurient dance,

V. 216. *Expect no Spanish Girls.* Two kinds of applause are mentioned in Suetonius (Nero) one *per bombos*—the other probably of the same kind with the *testarum crepitus* of Juvenal. They used a sort of *crotalum* or 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.' 'Cadiz, in Spain,' says the same

Those acrid nettles, which anew excite  
 The feeble calls of perish'd appetite !  
 His be the privilege these arts to learn, 220  
 From which e'en brothels with disgust would turn,  
 And robeless harlots use not—let him view  
 Lust's every art, and learn its Idiom too,  
 Who daily stains his polish'd orbs with wine,  
 Whose marble pavements with excesses shine ! 225  
 If vile plebeians dare to game or whore,  
 What can excite one's indignation more ?  
 But in the rich, reprov'd by gentler name  
 Of 'gay' and 'lively', is the vice the same ?

author, 'did in those times afford to the Romans many impudent and notorious harlots.'

V. 224. *Who daily stains his polish'd orbs, &c.* The quantity and the *quality* of what has been not only written but printed on this line,

*Qui Lacedæmonium Pytismate lubricat orbem,*

is truly marvellous. It probably alludes to the filthy remains of an intemperate banquet—a tavern table after a public dinner. An opposition perhaps is intended in the terms employed, so as to convey *this* sense, that the beautiful inlaid marble tables (the marble of Tænarus, being prized for this use—hence *Lacedæmonium orbem*) were all soiled and disfigured by the excesses of the guests. However, I have given a still more general sense to a line, on which the commentators have been very blameably and abominably particular ; the general sense being all the while quite obvious.

Far other sports our banquet boasts to-day, 230 }  
 We'll hear the Iliad, or that other Lay }  
 Which holds in deep suspense the dubious bay. }

But come, and since the livelong day is ours,  
 'To ease and friendship give the fleeting hours ;  
 Talk not of bonds, nor tell me how at night 235  
 Thy spouse returns, who left thee ere 'twas light,  
 With garments discompos'd, with glowing face,  
 And all the symptoms of thy sad disgrace !  
 Before my threshold, all that gives thee pain  
 Dismiss—thy house and all the servile train, 240  
 Whate'er they break or steal—but most dismiss  
 The theme of thankless friends, on days like this.

You'll gladly lose Rome's aggravated din,  
 To-day the Megalesian games begin ;

V. 231. *We'll hear the Iliad.* There is a time for all things, and this promise of recitation at dinner would now be better left out of the card. What would the reader think of being threatened with Milton at a social *tete a tete* meeting with a friend? They must have had very small resources to require, and very great patience to endure it, especially with the additional chance of an *indifferent reader*.

*Quid refert tales versus qua voce legantur.*

V. 243. *You'll gladly lose.* The Megalesian Games (απο της μεγαλης μητρος) were instituted in honor of Cybele, 'called also Berecynthia, Dindymene,' who was originally worshipped at Ida, in Phrygia, but fetched to Rome on the authority of the Sybilline books, when Hannibal was in Italy.

There the horse-ruin'd Prætor sits on high      245  
 As if in triumph for a victory !  
 And (no offence to that unnumber'd train)  
 All Rome to-day that Circus will contain.  
 Hark ! those ear-rending shouts ! the pause between !  
 Oh ! I predict the triumph of ' the Green '—      250  
 Were it not so, and should the favorite yield,  
 Distraction more than that of Cannæ's field,  
 Our Consuls in the dust, our Fame disgrac'd,  
 In each desponding visage might be trac'd !  
 Well ! be it theirs to view the splendid sight,      255  
 The youths whom wagers bold and shouts delight,  
 Let the gay nymph and let the matron there,  
 The sober matron, with her lord repair,

The Prætor, in most of the editions, is called *Prædo cabal-  
 lorum*—parum apte. *Præda*, the excellent alteration of  
 Gronovius, is adopted in the edition of Ruperti. Juvenal  
 styles this officer, ' *The Victim of Horses*,' for these, of  
 course, would form the most heavy objects of the expense  
 incurred by that magistracy.

V. 250. *Oh, I predict the triumph.* Juvenal here sharply  
 reproves the intense ardor of the Romans for the horse-races  
 of the Circus ; he calls the livery *pannus*, in contempt : from  
 the rest of the passage it would seem, that the '*clamor et  
 audax sponsio*' gave way to more indecent exhibitions, unless  
 it be true, as alledged by Canterus, that this line is out of its  
 place and should follow 164,—a supposition which seems  
 very probable : but Ruperti thinks the line altogether an  
 interpolation.

For us, my friend, whose skin grows old and dry,  
To some warm sunny nook we'll rather fly,      260  
Throw off the gown, nor deem it here too soon  
To bathe, altho' it want an hour of noon—  
Yet five such days would tire you of the Farm,  
Rareness gives leisure more than half its charm.

## 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 so of the set.

Whatever is known of the Characters whose names occur in the Satire, I reserve for the Notes.



## Satire XII.

---

THAN my own birth-day's festival more sweet,  
This morn, my friend, this happy morn I greet.  
Rear'd from the flowery turf the altar stands,  
And waits the promis'd victim at our hands :  
To the GREAT QUEEN a snow-white lamb we lead,  
A fleece as fair for Pallas is decreed. [5  
Yon heifer that disdains his narrow scope,  
Butts at the stake, and shakes th' extended rope,  
Fit for the axe, the altar, and the wine,  
To great Tarpeian Jove, I long design ; 10  
Now of full growth, he quits the teat in scorn,  
And tears the tender shoots with nascent horn.

O would my means a monstrous bull allow,  
A monstrous bull in gratitude I'd vow,  
Whose march its own enormous bulk impedes, 15  
Fill'd with the fatness of the Umbrian meads,

V. 16. *Fill'd with the fatness of, &c.* Umbria was noted for its rich pastures, one of its rivers, the Clitumnus, which Juvenal here mentions, is celebrated also by Propertius and by Virgil ;

Huge as Hispulla, scarcely to be slain  
 E'en by the stoutest servant of the train—  
 So would I hail my friend, whose thoughts explore  
 The perils past, and scarce believes them o'er! 20  
 For not to name the sea's tumultuous swell,  
 Heaven's fiery bolt just miss'd him as it fell :  
 From the dark bosom of a swarthy cloud  
 Glanc'd the quick flash—and straightway blaz'd the  
     shroud :  
 Stunn'd by the shock, each thought he felt the  
     blow, 25  
 And shipwreck was esteem'd a trifle now,  
 (Tho' greater storm ne'er yet did Poet raise,)  
 Compar'd to crackling masts and sails that blaze !

the plains through which it flows were famous for the white color of its cattle, and constituted therefore the great resource for the consumption of the altar. It is worthy of remark that the *Pagan* sacrifices required that the animal offered should be perfect in its kind, unmaimed, unreluctant, and the more acceptable if without spot or blemish.

V. 17. *Huge as Hispulla.* ' *Il n'auroit pas été digne d'un Poet aussi grave que Juvenal de reprocher a cette Femme son embonpoint excessif, si d'ailleurs, elle n'avoit pas été dif-famée : mais on a vu, Sat. vi. Hispulla tragædo gaudet.*'

The above will prove, if the reader still doubt, the capability of any passage for a note, and will demonstrate that a French critic can occasionally get drowsy as well as a German one.

V. 27. *'Tho' greater storm ne'er yet did Poet.* Homer in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Virgil, Lucan, Statius, Ovid, Valerius Flaccus, have all, says Dusaulx, described tempests—and no wonder.

Claim we thy pity to a new distress,  
Tho' shipwreck'd thousands have endur'd no less ;

The frequency of Shipwreck too, in the infancy of navigation, furnished matter for Poets, as well as for Painters. There are many beautiful epigrams in the Anthologia on this subject, the following is from Callimachus. An inscription for a Cenotaph.

Void of a grave, this monumental stone  
Of hapless Naxos bears the name alone,  
Deep in the whirlpools of Ægina's sea,  
His body lies a warning meet for thee !  
Tempt not the winds, forewarn'd of dangers nigh,  
When the Kid glitters in the western sky.

But let not the Poets have all the merit of describing tempests ; the account, which Tacitus gives of the distresses endured by the fleet of Germanicus after they got out of the mouth of the Ems, upon the ocean, (Annal. II. 23.) is equal to any description of the kind in existence.

*' Ac primo placidum æquor mille navium remis strepere aut velis impelli: mox atro nubium globo effusa grando, simul variis undique procellis incerti fluctus prospectum adimere, regimen impedire ; milesque pavidus et casuum maris ignarus dum turbat nautas vel intempestive juvat, officia prudentium corrumpebat. Omne dehinc cælum'*—but the passage is too long to transcribe.

Lucian tells the historian that he will now and then have occasion for ' a poetical wind,'—de Hist. Conscrib.

δειξει γὰρ τότε ὁ συγγραφεὺς ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΟΥ ΤΙΝΟΣ ΑΝΕΜΟΥ  
ἐπουρίασαντος τὰ ἀκατὰ.

Hence all the tablets, and the emblems rude, [30  
 In every fane and temple to be view'd ;  
 (If storms should fail and shipwrecks were no more,  
 The famish'd painters might their case deplore !)

The hold was filling fast, the impetuous wave 35  
 Threaten'd the vessel's yielding sides to stave  
 At every blow, and now but just afloat,  
 The hoary Pilot view'd his helmless boat !  
 Catullus deem'd it prudent to divide  
 His goods and chattels with the wind and tide, 40  
 Taught by the beaver who, for safety's sake,  
 An eunuch of himself compell'd to make,

V. 32. *In every fane and temple.* The votive tablet was an account of the particular misfortune which the votary had escaped, hung up in the temple of the god or goddess whom he had invoked in his danger. Isis was particularly in request on these occasions, and the painter was applied to by the rescued party, to paint a picture of his particular wreck in order the more to show his own gratitude, and the wonderful interposition of the goddess. A festival was annually held at Rome in her honor, and a boat was launched called *Navigium Isidis*, after which, the rest of the day was spent in festivities.

V. 39. *Catullus deem'd it prudent.* First of the text ;  
 ‘ *Heinsius nous assure que les plus anciens manuscrits portent ici Testiculi, au lieu de Testiculorum !*’ Dusaulx. The comparison which Juvenal here institutes between his friend throwing his goods overboard, and the intelligent beaver biting off the organ alluded to, is certainly very humorous. As to the fact, it is needless to say that the Poet only makes use of a popular story, without any foundation.

Of his own value conscious, bites away,  
 And leaves behind, his medicated prey.  
 Come, said Catullus, heave into the deep 45  
 All that is here of mine,—nought would he keep,  
 In such extremes, and many a purple vest,  
 Ere he had ceas'd to speak, the storm possess'd,  
 Of wool, which, while on Bætic pastures grew  
 The living fleece, was ting'd with native hue 50  
 By Bœtic herbs, altho' a stream be nigh,  
 To aid the powers of Andalusia's sky.  
 He doubted not, in perils such as this,  
 The labors of Parthenius to dismiss ;  
 Goblets, which held whole urns, away he rolls, 55  
 Huge plates of silver, with enormous bowls,  
 Worthy the thirst of Centaurs to allay,  
 Or Fuscus' wife, more thirsty still than they.

V. 49. *Of wool, which, while.* The Bætis, Guadalquivir, a river of Spain, which gave name to the district, flows through a country still famous for its breed of sheep ; the color of their fleeces had a reddish tinge, which probably still distinguishes them.

*Colorum plura genera—Hispania nigri velleris præcipuas habet. Pollentia juxta Alpes cani: Asia rutili quas Erythræas vocant: item Bætica.*

V. 57. *Worthy the thirst of Centaurs.* As the vase here mentioned was Urnæ Capacem (4 gallons and a half) it was indeed a draught not unfit for that meritorious centaur, by name Pholus, (I beg his pardon for leaving it out) who at the feast of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs, presented to Hercules such

Cups too of rare device, (which once were his  
 Whose cunning took Olynthus by surprise ; 60  
 By *bargain*, not by *storm*,) away they swept :  
 Who else had life on such conditions kept ?  
 A second man do earth's wide confines hold,  
 Preferring love of life to love of gold ?

The needless perish'd ; of the useful too 65  
 In vain the larger part away they threw.  
 The adverse gales still vehemently blow,  
 The axe is call'd for, now the mast must go !  
 To this disastrous toil all hands apply,  
 And one more desperate chance for life they try. 70  
*Now* trust those winds that have for ever lied,  
 To yielding planks thy life once more confide,

a pailfull of wine, after setting him a proper example.—As to the wife of Fuscus, the interpreters refer us very properly to her husband, who may be met with in the sixteenth Satire.

V. 59. *Cups too of rare device.* The memorable city of Olynthus in Thrace, situated at the head of the Sinus Toronai-cus, was betrayed to Philip by Lasthenes Euthycrates. This ‘*Callidus Emptor Olynthi*,’ was in the habit of buying cities, and occasioned the passage in Horace.

*Diffidit urbium*

*Portas vir Macedo, &c.*

V. 71. *Now trust those winds, &c.* This very seasonable and too literally faithful expostulation had been given, it seems, before. *Laertius* LIB. I. *memorat, Anacharsidem quum audisset τετταρας δακτυλους ειναι το παχος της νεως dixisse, τοσουτον θανατον τους πλεοντας απεχειν, et Dio Chry-*

THAT SO, A BOARD THREE INCHES THICK, MAY  
BE,

THE MEASUR'D DISTANCE BETWIXT DEATH AND  
THEE !

Yet stay, for if the deal be very wide, 75

Then six or seven may thee and fate divide !

O when your sea stores safe on board you view,  
Think, think of storms, and take the hatchet too.

But when the raging ocean smil'd again,  
And Fate prevail'd o'er Eurus and the main, 80

When a new thread the Sister hands began,

And whiter flax along their fingers ran,

When scarcely stronger than the summer gale

The wind subsiding softly swell'd the sail ;

(One sail alone upon the prow was left) 85

In wretched plight, of mast and oar bereft,

With stretch'd-out garments eagerly they try

T'arrest the favoring breeze which passes by.

The south wind fell, and now a sunny beam

Breaks thro' the haze, and warms with cheerful  
gleam ; 90

And next, high towering in the distant sky,

The lofty shores Iulus lov'd they spy ;

*sost. Orat. LXIV. de Fortuna, navem adpellat τριδακτυλον  
ξύλον πευκινον. Ruperti.*

V. 92. *The lofty shores Iulus lov'd.* The high lands of *Alba Longa* are several miles distant from the shore. They were named from the event which took place on the landing of Æneas, '*lætis Phrygiibus mirabile sumen*'—Juvenal's re-

E'en to Lavinum's plains, the youth divine  
 That hill preferr'd, on which the milk-white swine  
 Its name impos'd, which by the Sons of Troy, 95  
 Spied afar off, might well be seen with joy !  
 Ere long those mighty Mounds of stone they gain,  
 On which included waters beat in vain.  
 The Tyrrhene tower—the arms that wide extend,  
 And in mid-sea towards each other bend, 100  
 Leaving far, far behind (O talk no more  
 Of nature's harbours) the Italian shore !  
 His crippled ship now safe within the pier,  
 The hoary helmsman cautious still from fear  
 Steers to the inmost shallows, where the boat 105  
 Of Baiæ's fishers may securely float ;  
 Then with shorn crowns, all press on shore to tell  
 The tale which shipwreck'd seamen love so well.

spect for this story seems to have been much on par with the reverence he entertained for the rest of the mythology of his country.

The lines, which presently follow, are a well-known description of the Port of Ostia, which may be recognised in Suetonius, 'Portum Ostiæ extruxit, circumdato dextra sinistraque brachio, et ad introitum, profundo jam Salo, mole objecta, quam quo stabilius fundaret, navem ante demersit, qua magnus obeliscus ex Ægypto fuerat advectus, congestisque pilis superposuit altissimam turrin in exemplum Alexandrini Phari, ut ad nocturnos ignes cursum navigia dirigerent.'

Juvenal, then, calls this light-house at the pier-head of Ostia, *Tyrrhena Pharos*, in opposition to the celebrated structure at Alexandria, which had been so called, κατ' ἐξοχήν.



Come, then, with garlands to the fanes repair,  
Be every rite and happy omen there, 110  
Pile the green glebe and let the altar rise.  
Thence, when the rites of grateful sacrifice  
Are duly done, I'll to my small abode ;  
There shall each much rever'd domestic god  
Sustain his wreath of flowers : there I'll bring 115  
To Jove my best and fairest offering ;  
Violets with lavish hand around I'll strew,  
Of every odour, and of every hue.  
'Tis ready all—with boughs the door is drest,  
And matin lamps the festival attest,— 120  
O be not thou suspicious of my joys,  
Blest is Catullus with three thriving boys.  
That such a sterile friend as he might live,  
An hen, with half-shut eyes, say, who would give?  
An hen!—no mortal would a quail bestow! 125  
To snatch from death a sinking parent now !  
But let Gallita, Paccius, heirless,—old—  
Flush with suspicious heats, or shake with cold,  
Then all the porch with tablets they invest,  
And with assiduous prayers each Fane molest. 130

V. 120. *And matin lamps.* This custom prevailed on all occasions either of public or private rejoicing: Persius alludes to the practice, or rather expressly mentions it. Sat. v. 181.

*Unctæque fenestræ  
Dispositæ pinguem nebulam vomuere lucernæ.*

Some compromise for Hecatombs ! for here  
 As yet no Elephants, for sale, appear—  
 Alas, that Latian plains, a Latian sky,  
 Should such a beast for such an use deny  
 To all but Cæsar !—he whole herds displays, 135  
 Hither from swarthy nations sent, to graze  
 Amidst the land of Turnus, and to rove  
 The stately stranger of the Latian grove !  
 Their sires perhaps the Punic chieftain taught,  
 Or the Molossian, with whole cohorts fraught 140  
 Th' embattled tower, pois'd on their necks, to bear  
 Themselves no slender portion of the war !

V. 132. *As yet no elephants.* 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 disembarkation 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 (*fas est et ab hoste doceri*) by the Romans themselves.

We must not overlook the opposition of the quail to the elephant. The latter, Novius or Pacuvius would have been glad, he says, to lead to the altar, while the quail would have been too expensive even to save a father's life. Now the quail was not only a small bird, but in disesteem with the Romans, on the grounds that it was observed to eat the seeds of hellebore, and other poisonous vegetables, and to be subject to some sort of fit, or epilepsy—most likely in consequence.

Such would Pacuvius, such would Novius slay  
Before Gallita's gods without delay!  
Is there a victim or a boon too great 145  
To snatch Gallita from impending fate?  
These to the altar would their slaves devote,  
Those of their ancient servants cut the throat;  
This some fair maid would to the temple vow,  
And bind, himself, the fillet on her brow! 150  
If on her ruffian sire a daughter smil'd,  
He'd make the altar welcome to his child,  
And Iphigene must bleed, of tragic lore,  
Altho' the wondrous hind be hop'd no more!

I praise my countryman of wisdom rare, 155  
Nor deem that any would a *will* compare  
To *twice five hundred ships*! for if the tomb  
His friend escape and Libitina's doom,  
Attentions so refin'd must needs er se  
All former names, and every claim efface! 160  
Heir of the whole behold Pacuvius stalk,  
And 'midst his rivals insolently walk;  
See to what good account a tragic lay  
May turn; how well judicious murders pay!

V. 153. *And Iphigene must bleed, &c.* 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.

O may Pacuvius long as Nestor last, 165  
All Nero plunder'd by his wealth surpast,  
And when to mountain height his heaps be grown,  
May he be, *none beloved*, lov'd by none !

V. 165. This poetical execration is perhaps imitated, says  
Dusaulx, from Ovid,

*' Sisque miser semper, nec sis miserabilis ulli.'*

## Argument.

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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 should 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 developement 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 IN THE SATIRE.



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

*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 favorite of Anacreon, and of Polycrates, who caused a fine statue to be raised to the honor of his form.

*Gallicus Rutilius*, made Prefect of the city by Domitian,  
*Quem penes intrepidæ mitis custodia Romæ.*

*Chrysippus*, a Stoic Philosopher, Sat. 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.

*Cæditus* was, according to the Scholiast, one of the ferocious spirits which formed the Privy Council of Nero, and is therefore well coupled with Rhadamanthus.

## Satire XIII.

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THAT crimes, successful crimes, the soul annoy  
And mar the conscience-stricken culprit's joy,  
That guilt, by self-inflicted terrors curst,  
This smart sustains, the surest and the first,  
O! who can doubt, tho' knavish prætors dare     5  
By lying urns the crimes they judge to share!

V. 5. *Tho' knavish prætors dare.* Or as I had first translated the passage,

Altho' the Prætor's hand with shameful fraud  
Dismiss complaint, and venal crowds applaud.

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



Think not that men are to thy wrongs unjust,  
 Nor lightly deem of violated trust,  
 But they are pleas'd that thou canst better bear  
 The loss than some—nor is thy hardship rare, 10  
 A case long since to suffering thousands known,  
 The news of every day familiar grown,  
 Which from promiscuous heaps the Goddess drew,  
 Without design, and gave the lot to you!  
 Cease then to sigh and let us soon dismiss 15  
 A grief too vehement for wrongs like this ;  
 A manly sorrow never should be found  
 In weak excess, and greater than the wound.  
 Behold ! of evils small, the smallest share  
 Your troubled spirit thinks it much to bear, 20  
 Is it so strange a scoundrel-friend should hold  
 In perjury's despite your trusted gold ?  
 What ! with full sixty years behind thee left,  
 Be scar'd by fraud or startled at a theft !  
 So little taught, by much experience school'd, 25  
 Grown grey with age, born when Fonteius rul'd ?

of that, by their agitation in the vase, the *sortitio* might be entirely an affair of chance ; but angular pieces of wood were afterwards made use of, as appears from a curious citation of Holyday, from a collection of ancient inscriptions..... IS. PRÆTOR. SORTICULAM. UNAM. BUXEAM. LONGAM. DIGITOS. IIII. LA.—

V. 26. *Born when Fonteius rul'd.* Lucius Fonteius Capito was Consul under Nero and colleague of Caius

Wisdom, th' impatient spirit to rebuke,  
 Pens many a precept in her sacred book ;  
 Yet happy those whom life itself can train  
 To bear with dignity life's various pain, 30  
 And who by long experience have been broke  
 To toss not, but with meekness bear the yoke.  
 What day so sacred that one shall not meet  
 A ruffian or a rogue in every street ?  
 Gains sought for and secur'd, by crimes abhorr'd, 35  
 And money earn'd by poison and the sword ?  
 For O ! the just are rare, a race so small,  
 The gates of Thebes would more than equal all ;

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 reach to the latter years of the reign of Tiberius.

V. 38. *The gates of Thebes.* The city of this name in

Or the seven mouths of Nile—and we are blest  
 With a ninth age, outsinning all the rest, 40  
 Which nature's self has left without a name,  
 Nor deem'd one metal worthy of the shame.

Go, cry to all the Gods in strains more loud  
 Than those for which Fessidius pays the crowd,

Ægypt, which he mentions in the beginning of the 15th Satire,

*Dimidio Magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,*

had an hundred gates, *ἐκατομυλος*, the still more celebrated Thebes of Bœotia had but seven. The reader, according to his opinion of human nature and of Juvenal, must guess which of the two are here in contemplation; I am afraid the '*divitis ostia Nili*' is conclusive.

V. 40. *With a ninth age.* We no-where else read of more than four ages, but the context here,

*Quorum scelere non invenit ipsa*

*Nomen, et a nullo posuit Natura metallo*

appears to prove that a farther refinement had taken place, and that all the metals then known were employed in aid of it.

Lord Peterborough had a good practicable notion of the golden age; in a letter to Pope, he says, "your notion of the golden age is, that every shepherd might pipe where he pleased: I have lived longer, am more moderate in my wishes, and would be simply content with the liberty of not piping, where I am not pleased."

V. 44. *Than those for which Fessidius.* *δεινως και σαρκαστικως*, as Ruperti says! The Sportula appears to have been an instrument of great power, and for the sake of something equivalent to it, there will always be found a sufficient

Whene'er he pleads?—O fit to wear once more 45  
 The golden Bulla which thy nonage wore.  
 Hast' liv'd so very long not yet to know,  
 From money not one's own what pleasures flow?  
 The smile on ev'ry face around thee see,  
 The smile still rais'd at thy simplicity, 50  
 Who preachest much of oaths, and that the shrine  
 Of ev'ry God should be esteem'd divine!  
 And how by fanes, and blazing altars nigh,  
 Abides some stern observant Deity!  
 These dreams might suit the lives our rustics led 55  
 Ere Saturn doff'd the diadem and fled;  
 A little virgin yet when Juno ran,  
 And Jove himself a private gentleman;  
 When public dinners were in heaven unknown,  
 And Gods and Goddesses still din'd alone: 60

number of well dressed, respectable, persons, to cry *Bene, Pulchre*, at decent intervals, and in the right place too!

— *Rara in tenui facundia panno.*

V. 56. *Ere Saturn doff'd his diadem.* Here we get into a period of ancient history of which the records are few. Juvenal's account of it is an admirable specimen of humor, '*Tunc quum Virguncula Juno, &c. — Prandebat sibi quisque Deus, — Nec turba Deorum Talis, ut est hodie,*' &c. &c.

Homer treats Vulcan with similar disrespect. Il. *α.* 597. and less liberality, for he inhumanly ridicules his lameness—which was his misfortune; while Juvenal reprehends his dirtiness—which was his fault.

When yet no goblet sparkled in the hand  
 Of the fair youth that came from Ilium's strand,  
 Or her's, of Hercules the buxom dame :  
 With hands unwash'd ere limping Vulcan came,  
 From all the smoke and soot of Lipari, 65  
 And soak'd the nectar till the cup was dry.  
 O golden times when Gods were scarce and few,  
 Not such a motley crowd as now we view !  
 The skies a small establishment possest,  
 And with a lighter load was Atlas prest. 70  
 Obey'd no Monarch then the sad profound,  
 By his Sicilian bride no Pluto frown'd :  
 Wheels, furies, vultures, rocks, unheard-of things,  
 And the gay ghosts were strangers yet to kings !  
 'Twas in that age, in those forgotten times, 75  
 That men were startled and alarm'd at crimes ;  
 And crime it was, of expiation dire,  
 If all arose not to the hoary sire :

V. 77. *And crime it was.* The Poet here, after his manner on many other occasions, contrasts with the wickedness of his own age, the simplicity of former times, and particularly selects a feature of such great importance, that much may be inferred from it alone; respect to years.—Juvenal always goes far enough back for ages of virtue and innocence !

*' Plura domi fraga, et majores glandis acervos !'*

Under Tiberius, the younger Sylla refused at a combat of gladiators to give place to Domitius Corbulo, an aged magistrate of Rome. Even at this degenerate period of Roman history, in this senescence of Roman morals, the vitality of

E'en boys in turn to bearded men gave way,  
 Tho' rear'd and fed in prouder homes than they :  
 Homes with a larger stock of acorns stor'd, [80  
 Or of wild strawberries an ampler hoard ;  
 So great a thing precedence became,  
 Of four brief years ! such honors age would claim,  
 That on the cheek the earliest down that grew, 85  
 Possess'd its share of privileges too !  
 Now if a friend prove faithful to his trust,  
 And give you back your coin with all its rust,  
 Prodigious faith ! let Lambs with garlands drest,  
 And Tuscan chronicles the deed attest ! 90  
 If of the ancient strain I chance to find  
 A man of undesigning artless mind,  
 Like some two-headed beast I seem to see  
 A freak of nature's eccentricity !  
 To mules with foal, the monster I compare, 95  
 To fishes found beneath the wondring share !

former good principles displayed itself ; complaint was made to the Senate ; the affair discussed ; the young man reprimanded '*exemplo majorum, qui juventutis irreverentiam gravibus decretis notavissent.*'

Prejudices *really* founded in nature, or productive of benefit on the whole from association, ought not to be shocked. On this account one of the first female writers of the age, in one of her many excellent productions, has erred in causing the great and conclusive event of her story, to turn upon the desperate hypocrisy and perjury of an aged man, whose external appearance is studiously represented as quite imposing.—But what has this to do with Juvenal ?

V. 96. *To fishes found.* We have here a list of Roman

If it rain'd stones t'would give me less alarm,  
 If clustering bees should on the temples swarm,  
 If streams of milk from wondrous gulphs below  
 In bursting torrents o'er the land should flow! 100

Cheated of ten sestertia, ten alone,  
 By sacrilegious fraud—We hear thee groan!  
 What if two hundred in their place? and what  
 If like a third complainant's, 'twere thy lot  
 Whose trusty friend, what almost fill'd a chest 105  
 Receiv'd in charge, with no one to attest.  
 Of mortal kind—and if to man unknown,  
 Who cares for frauds discern'd by Gods alone?  
 Mark with how loud a voice the wretch denies!  
 With what a steady countenance he lies! 110  
 Tarpeian thunders, Solar beams he cites,  
 And all the darts of Cirrha's Lord invites;

prodigies. A considerable shoal was sometimes caught under the plough, to assure myself of which fact I have turned, as directed, to Pliny, l. ix. 57. Whether we adopt the reading, *miranti sub aratro*, or, *mirandis sub aratro piscibus*—Whether we make the plough-share astonished at disturbing the fishes, or confer the astonishment on its conductor, does not, I presume, greatly affect the meaning of the passage, or the authenticity of the miracle.

As to the bees swarming '*culmine delubri*,' it was a prodigy of portentous meaning, and almost as alarming as the lighting of a swarm on a ship at sea.

V. 111. *Tarpeian thunders*. To this excellent manual of classical adjurations, which comprises

*Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cæli,*

The lance of Mars, the quiver and the reed,  
 Borne by the Goddess of the chase, succeed ;  
 Thy trident, Parent of th' Ægean wave,      115  
 Thy lance, Minerva, will he boldly brave,  
 Heaven's whole artillery—he runs it o'er,  
 Oath upon oath, and wishes it were more :  
 ' Behold the head of this my darling child,  
 ' Compel me, all ye Gods ! to eat him boil'd,      120  
 ' And steep'd in Egypt's vinegar, if I  
 ' But in the smallest point or item lie.'

There are who trust to casualty for all,  
 And deem no Ruler moves this earthly ball,  
 Light, darkness, and the changing year assign      125  
 To nature, and deny the Power Divine ;  
 These boldly in the temple's precincts stand,  
 And touch the altars with intrepid hand.

Some hold, that Gods there be—who punish lies,  
 And in their terrors thus soliloquise.      130  
 ' With this, my body, howsoe'er she like,  
 ' Let Isis deal ; with furious Sistrum strike

the swearer imprecates upon himself the fate of Thyestes, to eat his own child, ' serv'd up in Pharian, that is Ægyptian, vinegar, which was noted for its special sharpness, and is added as an ironical aggravation.'

V. 131. *With this, my body, &c.* If I thought with Holyday that the consideration of the *Sistrum* was 'both instructive and delightful,' I should be happy to avail myself of a long note in his translation ; but easily anticipating the ingratitude of modern readers, I must confine myself to



- ‘ Both Orbs at once, provide she let me keep  
 ‘ The full possession of the blessed heap.  
 ‘ Let the foul abscess, let the hectic vent 135  
 ‘ Its worst on me, with gold, with gold content.’  
 ‘ Would Ladas’ self,—unless the fool were mad,  
 ‘ Not take the rich man’s palsy, and be glad?  
 ‘ Of the fleet footstep and th’ elastic bound,  
 ‘ With Pisa’s branch of starving olive crown’d, 140  
 ‘ Lightly I deem—and then suppose it great,  
 ‘ The anger of the gods at least is *late*.  
 ‘ If on all rogues some judgment they decree,  
 ‘ When, when, I wonder, will they come to me?

tell them, on his authority, that the *Sistrum* is an instrument (probably musical,) found in the hands of Isis, on coins and bas reliefs; that it is supposed to derive its name from *σειειν concutere*, because when shaken, a number of loose rings attached to its outer margin, like the bells of a tambourine (which is indeed a *sistrum*) were made to jingle; its figure was oblong or triangular, it had some transverse bars in place of parchment, and was provided with a handle—indeed it bears no inconsiderable resemblance to a grid-iron.

V. 143. *If on all rogues, &c. Pœna pede claudo.* This consideration will of course often be the refuge of such as commit crimes, knowing them to be objects of divine punishment; but they should set off against it,

χρόνια μὲν τὰ τῶν θεῶν πῶς εἰς τέλος δ’ οὐκ ἀσθενῇ.

These considerations, the nearness of the apprehended good, and the remoteness of the annexed evil, or possibility of its non-arrival, had been long before pointed out by Aristotle as the inducements to transgression, which operate on weak or corrupt minds; in his admirable analysis of the motives to injus-

‘Never perhaps at all,—’tis weak to fear!      145  
 ‘Or—I may pray, and they perchance may hear:  
 ‘Some must escape—the Gods (we see) dispense  
 ‘Far different Lots, to quite the same offence.  
 ‘And Villains, as Fate’s beam moves up or down,  
 ‘Writhe on a Cross, or sparkle in a Crown.’      150

Thus they confirm their souls whene’er they feel  
 The dread of vengeance on their bosoms steal.  
 If summon’d now before the shrines to swear,  
 They confidently march before you there.  
 Nay, would almost compel you to receive      155  
 The oath which you require not—nor believe.  
 (For dauntless courage in a desperate cause,  
 Obtains not merely credence, but applause,  
 And these of simple truth so act the part,  
 Plays not Catullus’ slave with happier art.)      160  
 With voice Stentorian now thy anger pour,  
 Like Homer’s Mars magnificently roar;

tice, the persons most prepared to inflict, or most liable to suffer it, (*Rhet. chap. xii. et seq.*) this subject is largely discussed—the unjust calculate, he tells us, *η λαβειν πραξαντες, η μη λαβοντες μη δουναι δικην η δουναι μεν, αλλ’ ελαττω την ζημιαν ειναι του κερδους*. All that Juvenal says on the subject is admirable, and the conclusion of it, corresponding as it does to fact,

*Multi*

*Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato:*

*Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema,*

one of the strongest arguments afforded by the light of nature, for a future and exact retribution.

V. 160. *Plays not Catullus’ slave.* Probably the same alluded to in Satire 8.

*Clamosum ageres ut phasma Catulli.*

‘ Wilt thou not crush this infamous design,  
 ‘ Nor move those brass or marble lips of thine

V. 163. ‘ *Wilt thou not crush.* This facetious remonstrance with the *Hominum pater atque deorum*, which shows us how much of Juvenal’s good opinion was enjoyed by Jupiter, concludes with a passage somewhat disputed.

————— *cur*

*In carbone tuo charta pia thura soluta*

*Ponimus.*

Some understanding the expression *charta soluta*, of the envelope of the incense. The reason alleged by Holyday against this interpretation, namely, ‘ that it is a too uncere-  
 monious and degrading way of offering incense,’ may be surely used in defence of it; for the whole passage is of this complexion. The conjecture of Rutgersius gives the following sense: ‘ Why do we *on removing or loosening our papers*, or petitions (*propter quæ fas est genua incerare deorum*,) pour incense on the coals.’ I prefer the translation of Holyday, before he met with the amendment.

From paper rowls,

Why else falls our free incense on thy coals.

The use of incense, or fragrant vapors, must have found its way into the pagan worship, together with that of sacrifice, and from the same source: neither these practices, nor the slaughter of animals, were likely to take their origin from the mere apprehension of man.

Holyday on this passage quotes a story from Lubin, who quotes from Herodotus; in which Jupiter *Marmoreus vel ætheneus*, did interpose. One Archetimus left with his friend Cydias a sum of money, which the other chose to keep: the knave was summoned to the temple, and there desiring Archetimus

‘ O long-enduring Jove ! not once reply,                    165  
 ‘ Nor of this harden’d wretch confute the lie ?  
 ‘ Wherefore with incense come we to thy shrine  
 ‘ With heifers’ liver, or the caul of swine ?  
 ‘ On Jove or on Bathyllus if we call,  
 ‘ Heedless of us alike ! why pray at all ?’                    170  
     Patience !—and hear what counsels we can lend,  
 Whom dogmas daunt not, whom no systems bend,  
 Who, nor the Stoic nor the Cynic heed,  
 (They differ more in tunics than in creed !)  
 Whom Epicurus with his calm delight,                    175  
 In herbs and plants ne’er made a proselyte.  
 To greater skill let doubtful cases fly,  
 Thy vein the merest bungler’s hand may tie,  
 If since the birth of time such crimes before  
 Were never heard, convinc’d, I urge no more ; 180

*to hold his staff for him, while he swore*, he asserted with a great oath that he had indeed taken charge of the gold, though he *had* already restored it. On this his friend, transported with rage, bangs down his staff on the pavement, the cane splits to pieces, and the Rouleaus make their appearance to the great delight of the party and much to the credit of the god.

V. 174. *They differ more in tunics*. The Cynics wore two garments, the Stoics but *one*, which was, as we read in Sat. 3. called *Abolla*, which peculiarity of dress procured for these Sages the name of *αχιτωρες*.

Concerning Philippus, the care of whose assistant, Juvenal says below is sufficient for such a common case as his friend’s, his fame has perished with him. I find no other Philip but the physician of Alexander.

I bid thee not forbear to thump thy pate,  
 Nor beat thy bosom black, nor bar thy gate.  
 (For more the loss of money will appal,  
 Than death itself and solemn funeral !  
 None are reduc'd to feign a sorrow here, 185  
 Nor vex their eyes for an unready tear,  
 None need contrive to make the *cautious* rent,  
 On the robe's upper marge their grief to vent.  
 With *genuine* tears we sob for cash no more,  
 With pungent grief departed coin deplore !) 190  
 But if all Courts and Forums every-where,  
 Be fill'd with like complaints—with like despair,  
 If ten times witness'd deeds men disavow,  
 And e'en their hand and seal no more allow,  
 Altho' their own Sardonyx prove the lie, 195  
 Securely kept in desk of Ivory,

V. 195. *Altho' their own Sardonyx.* The engraved gem kept under safe custody, and only accessible to its owner, kept in his Ivory desk ; even the evidence of this, he was ready to forswear.

*Claudius Cæsar smaragdus induebat et sardonychas. Primus autem Romanorum Sardonyche usus est prior Africanus, ut tradit Demonstratus, et inde Romanis hanc gemmam fuisse celeberrimam ?*—That kind of carnelian, or sardonyx, which was not clear, was called *cæca*, for the sard of antiquity, on which the finest engravings are found, was a highly transparent carnelian, almost as clear as glass. There was another very dissimilar stone, which went by the same name, formed of alternate layers or strata of white with black or brown. '*Arabicæ excellunt candore circuli præluceo eaque non gracili*——*in ipsis*

O weakness ! to expect that thou wert not  
 Ordain'd to mingle in the common lot !  
 That egg of thine did some white pullet lay,  
 Ourselves the vulgar chicks of every day !      200  
 More grievous crimes explore, and what you deem  
 Enormous vice, shall venial error seem.  
 The hir'd assassin, and the kindling match,  
 Adroitly plac'd the chamber-door to catch ;  
 The daring Few, from fanes who take away      205  
 The gifts which piety delights to pay,  
 Goblets to which the rust of ages clings,  
 And crowns presented by some ancient kings !  
 These are there not—some pilfering knave will try  
 From Neptune's cheek, or great Alcides' thigh, 210

*umbonibus nitente præterea substrato nigerrimi coloris.*—  
 Plin. xxxvii. 6. This writer says of the Sard, that it is the  
 only gem to which the wax does not adhere.

V. 209. *These are there not.* More ridicule of temples !  
*Radit inaurati femur Herculis*—for the ancient artists were  
 well acquainted with the art of gilding: it was performed by  
 the application of plates or leaves of the metal to the surface  
 to be gilt, but as they could not beat the gold thin, it was an  
 expensive way, and the leaf well worth peeling off. See  
 in the Odyssey, (B. III. v. 432.) the process for gilding the  
 horns of the cow brought by Nestor as a present to Minerva.

With reverend hand the Prince presents the gold, }  
 Which round th' intorted horn the gilder roll'd, }  
 So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold. }

To scrape the gilding—or from Castor steal  
All of his plating that their hands can peel ;  
Trifles to those who melt whole Thunderers down,  
And coin them into trinkets for the town !—  
Those artists next review, whose hands prepare 215  
Drugs of small bulk, and efficacy rare,  
And last the wretch that merits to be sewn  
In leathern sack and into ocean thrown,  
An harmless ape by evil fate conjoin'd,  
To perish with the basest of mankind. 220  
Alas ! how few of all the crimes are here,  
Which daily meet the city prefect's ear.  
Which Gallicus, or ere the day's begun,  
Has heard, and hears, till the departing sun.  
Of human vice the abstract wouldst thou view, 225  
Thy painful studies in his hall pursue !  
Frequent his court a week—then, if you can,  
Style yourself still a miserable man !—  
Who at swoln necks 'midst Alpine vallies stares ?  
Who, when in Meroë's plains the mother bares 230

V. 217. *And last the wretch.* An allusion, which it is almost needless to mention, to the punishment inflicted by the Roman laws on parricides.

Gallicus was, it seems, a sort of police magistrate, and when we consider the size of Rome at that time, we may not doubt that his office was fit to be recommended for the study of human nature—on its worst side.

V. 229. *Who at swoln necks.* An allusion to the goitre, extremely frequent in the Alps and there connected with idiocy or imbecility of mind: quite unconnected with the

Than her huge child a breast of huger size ?  
 Who wonders at the German's azure eyes,  
 Or at his horn-like curl of yellow hair ?—  
 Distinctions these which a whole nation share !  
 Of his wing'd foes whene'er the sounding cloud  
 Alarms the Pigmy chief with clamors loud, [235

latter misfortune, it is a disorder particularly frequent in many parts of Britain, in South and North Wales so common, that on a market day, in many Welsh Towns, thirty or forty specimens of it will be seen, and this, as I have frequently noticed, not in one or two towns, *nor* in particularly mountainous situations, but generally over the whole country. In three places, Abergavenny, Ludlow, Carnarvon, I have particularly noticed it. They never think of applying for remedies, which is lucky, as there are none. Vitruvius attributes this complaint, as later writers have done, to the snow water of a mountainous region, but quite without foundation. With us, women only are the subjects of this singular disorder, which does not in the smallest degree affect the general health, nor, so far as I know, any particular constitutions.

As to the screw curls and blue eyes of the Germans, Tacitus records both the natural peculiarity, (*truces et cærulei oculi*) and the national fashion (*'Insigne gentis obliquare crinem nodoque substringere'*). In like manner we learn from Thucydides that it was the custom of the ancient inhabitants of Attica to confine their hair in a knot with golden grasshoppers.

V. 235. *Of his wing'd foes.* 'The pigmies . . . . . who being but one foot high (as some size them) wage war with the Thracian fowls, the cranes; against whom they make an expedition every spring, riding on the backs of rams, and being armed with darts and stones, spend three months in destroying their eggs and young ones.' Holyday.



He girds his little arms, but girds in vain,  
 Clutch'd in the powerful talons of the Crane :  
 Swift through the air with her illustrious prize,  
 The bird with unincumber'd pinion flies. 240

This scene in realms of ours should any view,  
 He'd split with laughter—there 'tis nothing new—  
 None smiles, because they witness every day  
 The self-same issue of the self-same fray : [245  
 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 ?’  
 Suppose him therefore dragg'd in ponderous chain,  
 Or, (what would vengeance more?) suppose him  
 slain— 250

Yet shall not the revenge for which you long,  
 Refund the loss or recompense the wrong.  
 ‘ O, but revenge, than life I value more !’—  
 Of minds untaught the most pernicious lore !  
 Of bosoms where occasions none or slight 255  
 The fiercest flames of causeless anger light—

*Ἦντε περ κλαγγῇ γερανῶν πέλει οὐρανοῦ προ,  
 Αἰτ' ἐπεὶ οὖν χειμῶνα φύγον καὶ ἀθεσφατον ὀμβρον  
 Κλαγγῇ ται γέ πετονται ἐπ' Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοαῶν,  
 Ἀνδράσι πυγμαῖοισι φονὴν καὶ κῆρα φέρουσαι. ΙΛ. Γ. 4.*

*On raconte qu'une de leurs armées ayant attaqué Hercule  
 endormi, ce Héros pendant la siege enveloppa tous ces com-  
 battans dans sa peau de Lion et les emporta—Dusav<sup>1</sup>κ.—This  
 is Gulliver anticipated.*

Not thus Chrysippus—nor the spirit mild  
 Of Thales—gentle Nature's meekest child !  
 Not thus the sage who near Hymettus dwelt ;  
 Rever'd old man ! not such the joys he felt ! 260  
 Thro' his own veins the draught so soon to flow,  
 He would not have divided with his foe  
 'Midst those injurious bonds !—our passions all  
 Before the genuine voice of wisdom fall,  
 And minds of mean and narrow scope alone 265  
 To vengeance and its paltry joys are prone.  
 For who like women, wrong with wrong requite,  
 Or who in base revenge so much delight ?

Yet why suppose that these escape the meed  
 Annex'd by nature to the guilty deed ? 270

V. 259. *Not thus the sage. Dulci vicinus Hymetto—*  
 Socrates, whose character was by far the most perfect, whose  
 philosophy by far the most useful, in all antiquity.

V. 269. *Yet why suppose.* 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 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, ἡ δὲ Πυθίη  
 εἶπεν, το πειρηθῆναι τοῦ θεοῦ καὶ το ποιῆσαι, ἴσον δυνατόν.  
 The Spartan orator who relates this tale to the Athenians,  
 concludes thus : ' I shall now tell you, Athenians, *why* I intro-

Whose souls the rising consciousness can quell,  
 And scourge them with a lash inaudible—  
 Whose anguish'd spirit wields a viewless thong,  
 And lictor-like repays the secret wrong.  
 Such pains, Cæditius! thou could'st ne'er devise,  
 Nor Rhadamanthus; as the pang that tries [275  
 The wretch who bears a witness in his breast  
 That haunts by day, that nightly breaks his rest.  
 Erst to a Spartan rogue the voice divine  
 This answer render'd from the sacred shrine: 280  
 ' That he who doubted to restore his trust,  
 ' And *reason'd* much,—*reluctant* to be just,  
 ' Should for *those* doubts and *that* reluctance prove  
 ' The deepest vengeance of the powers above.'  
 (The knave t' explore Apollo's mind would send,  
 Perhaps the god—the vicemight recommend!)[285  
 By fear made honest, not by morals mov'd,  
 True, he restor'd, but soon his story prov'd  
 No idle menace this, pronounc'd in vain;  
 But truth itself and worthy of the Fane. 290  
 His house, his sons, one common ruin shar'd,  
 Not one of his remotest kindred spar'd!  
 Thus the mere wish to sin the suffering wrought,  
 And crime was punish'd but conceiv'd in thought!

duced this story; there is no longer with us any vestige of  
 Glaucus;

ἐκτετριπται τε προοριζος ἐκ Σπαρτης.' Herod. Erato. 86.

For he the Sin that meditates alone, 295  
Its guilt incurs—ah what if it be done !  
Farewell, a long farewell he bids to peace,  
His soul's alarms shall never, never cease :  
With feverish mouth, with tongue for ever dry,  
To gulp the joyless, tasteless meat he'll try ; 300  
Large and more large it swells, and now he sips,  
Then casts the wine untasted from his lips :  
The precious age of Alba's richest store  
Seems void of flavor and can please no more.  
His brow to wrinkles drawn, which scarce the juice  
Of harsh Falernum's vintage might produce. [305  
At night, if care permit a brief repose,  
Nor longer o'er the couch his limbs he throws  
Forthwith the altar and th' insulted fane,  
And (what inflicts more aggravated pain) 310  
While copious sweats betray the secret storm,  
Before his eyes still flits thy angry form !  
Greater than human, stalks his bed around,  
And rends anew the never-closing wound.

V. 313. *Greater than human.* Many spectral impressions of this kind are recorded in history, as presenting themselves to persons in some way prepared for the vision, though not generally of the injured person whose visit would be most appropriate, as in Clarence's dream. It is singular enough, however, that in ancient times, when prodigies and monsters were accredited on very slight grounds, and omens were held sufficient to determine the most important transactions both to the state and to individuals, scarcely any downright ghost stories re recorded. I recollect none except that

These, these be they whom coward terrors try, 315  
 With every cloud that growls along the sky.  
 Pale at each flash, and half extinct with dread,  
 When the dark volume bellows o'er their head ;  
 No storm as Nature's casualty they hold,  
 They deem without an aim no thunders roll'd. 320  
 Where'er the lightning strikes, the flash is thought  
 Full charg'd with wrath, with Heaven's high ven-  
 geance fraught.

which is related in Pliny's Epistles, the ghost of Brutus at Philippi, and that of Varus, which is so finely told by Tacitus. '*Ducemque terruit dira quies, nam Quinctilium Varum sanguine oblitum et paludibus emersum cernere et audire visus est, velut vocantem, non tamen obsecutus et manum intendentis repulisse.*'

V. 315. *These, these be they.* Caligula, who despised the gods in fine weather, was accustomed, says Suetonius, when it lightened, to hide himself under the bed clothes! '*ad minima tonitrua et fulgura connivere, caput obvolvere, ad majora vero proripere se e Strato sub lectumque condere solebat.*

Let the great Gods

That keep this dreadful pothor o'er our heads  
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes  
 Unwhipt of justice : hide thee, thou bloody hand :  
 Thou perjur'd and thou simular man of virtue,  
 Thou art incestuous—Caitiff to pieces shake,  
 That under covert and convenient seeming  
 Hast practised on man's life ! Close pent up guilts,  
 Rive your concealing continents and cry  
 These dreadful summoners grace—— *Lear.*

*Juv.*

Z

Passes this by, with yet more anxious ear  
 And greater dread the future storm they fear.  
 Its burning vigil, deadliest foe to sleep, 325  
 In their distemper'd frame if fever keep,  
 Or sharp pleuritic pains their rest prevent,  
 They deem that every god his bow has bent !  
 That pains and aches are stones and arrows hurl'd  
 At bold offenders in this nether world ! 330  
 Or crested cock, when languid on the bed  
 They dare not vow, nor bleating quadruped,  
 For what can sickness hope, with sin conjoin'd,  
 Or than itself what viler victim find ?

Light and capricious ever is the mood 335  
 Of minds, with virtue's counsels unimbued.  
 In vice alone inflexible, they shun  
 The voice of conscience till the deed be done ;  
 Then, will they ponder much of right and wrong,  
 But habits form'd will ne'er be thwarted long, 340  
 Nature unchangeable, in spite of vows,  
 Relapses to the deeds she disallows !  
 Who can assign a barrier to his sins,  
 Or knows their utmost verge when he begins ?  
 Once, once, expung'd ! 'tis vain again to seek 345  
 The crimson tinge that mantled in the cheek.

V. 331. *Or crested cock.* This was the usual sacrifice  
 of the convalescent, or of the sick to Æsculapius. See *Platon. Phædon.*

V. 345. *Once, once, expung'd.*

*Quando recepit*

*Ejectum semel attrita de fronte pudorem.*

Amidst the race of man, select me one,  
 Contented with a first offence alone.  
 Thus step by step the traitor shall pursue  
 His desperate course, and find at length his due. 350  
 Ere long the dungeon shall his crimes coërcé,  
 Or on Ægean rocks his fate he'll curse  
 'Midst banish'd thousands : then shalt thou rejoice—  
 But 'midst thy joy, confess with alter'd voice,  
 That deafness, in the skies, no prayer repels, 355  
 That 'midst the Gods no blind Tiresias dwells.

Thus in that very humorous Dialogue of Lucian, where he brings all the sages of antiquity to be sold by auction (Jupiter the auctioneer and Mercury the clerk,) Diogenes, being put up, advises his purchaser first to get rid of all power of blushing, as a property very inconvenient to a philosopher, *το ερυθρίαν αποξυσον του προσωπου παντελως*, and this accomplished, he tells him all the rest is easy, *ουδεν σε κωλυσει θαυμασιον ειναι, ην μονον η αναιδεια και το θρασος παρη*.

## Argument.

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IN this Satire, which carries conviction in every line, Juvenal appears both as a Poet and a Moralist to the greatest advantage. If the Satires were written in the order in which they stand (the 15th being altogether of a detached kind) one would incline to say, that Juvenal here closed his important function. He had alledged the depravity of Rome as a reason for assuming it, (Satire I.); he had exposed hypocrisy and obscenity, (Satire II. IX.); luxury, and the meanness of the parasite, (Satire IV. XI.); vices of the female sex, (Satire VI.); decline of letters, (Satire VII.); folly of the pride of birth in vicious characters, (Satire VIII.); vanity of human wishes, (Satire X.); baseness of legacy-hunting,—a flourishing employment at Rome, (Satire XII.); perjury, dishonesty, and the train of crimes which follow them, (Satire XIII.);—and now solemnly warning his countrymen of the consequence of ill example, the certainty of their children in-



heriting their vices, and even adding to them, he impressively exhorts them to reformation: he shews how naturally and how soon the elements of vice are learned, traces the whole to the progress of luxury, and the practice of the pernicious arts by which it is supported, and concludes by inculcating simplicity, œconomy and contentment.

## PERSONS

### MENTIONED IN THE SATIRE.

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*Fuscinus, Rutilus*, are both unknown characters.

*Antiphates*, a cannibal king of the Læstrigons, from being eaten by whom, Ulysses, among his various casualties, very narrowly escaped. Ovid xiv. 235. Odyss. x. 114.

*Posides*, an eunuch of Claudius Cæsar, from whom our British ancestors had the honor of a visit.

*Libertorum præcipue suspexit Posidem spadonem, quem etiam Brittanico Triumpho, inter militares viros, hasta pura donavit.*

*Archigenes*, see Note on Satire vi.

*Licinus*, probably the same person, or of the same family, with that noticed in Satire i.

———— *Ego possideo plus*  
*Pallante et Licinis.* ————

## Satire XIV.

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O THERE are deeds, Fuscinus, deeds of shame,  
Which blot the honors of the fairest fame,  
By Parents in their Children's presence done,  
And handed down, alas ! from sire to son !  
Is gaming the infatuate parent's vice ? 5  
His stripling son soon learns to shake the dice—  
Or does that youth a fairer hope inspire,  
Who, apt disciple of a glutton sire,  
Peels his own truffles ! and in order due  
Pours in th' ingredients of his favorite stew ? 10  
Ere yet of life the first seven years be flown,  
Or all the teeth renew'd, the work is done !  
Place scores of bearded teachers here and there,  
To preach of temperance ; for sumptuous fare,  
Your well-train'd son shall now for ever pine, 15  
Nor once, be sure, degenerately dine !—

To mild affections and a generous mind,  
 Which holds both lord and slave the same in kind,  
 His child can, think'st thou, Rutilus invite,  
 Whom rods and sounding scourges much delight, 20  
 Who deems no Syren's equal to the lay  
 Of screaming slaves, whom fell tormentors flay!  
 Whose trembling household in its tyrant sees  
 A Polyphemus or Antiphates,  
 Then truly blest, whene'er the glowing brand 25  
 Stamps its red terrors on the pilferer's hand!

V. 18. *Which holds both lord and slave.* Juvenal, says Dusaulx, probably imitated Seneca in this enlightened passage. Epist. 48. *Vis tu cogitare illum, quem tuum servum vocas ex iisdem seminibus ortum, eo frui cælo, æque spirare, æque vivere, æque mori.*

The French critic, however, seems to have attached too much consequence, in an opposite view, to an expression of Cicero, which certainly contemplated nothing but his personal loss of an individual not of his immediate family. "I have just lost an amiable youth called Sositheus, who was my reader, and am more troubled at it than perhaps one ought, at the death of a servant." Epistles to Atticus. L. 12.

V. 25. *Then truly blest.* Though *ergastulum* properly signifies a provincial Bridewell, the *inscripta ergastula* means 'branded slaves.' Humanity has long since banished at least the execution of this terrible punishment from our law. That society is protected when the criminal carries his mark with him, (which is certainly one end of the infliction of punishment,) is a consideration in favor of and which probably suggested this measure. That the consciousness of that mark

What are his lessons, whose misguided boy  
Beholds a parent's base vindictive joy,  
Whom in retirement at his country seat,  
The clank of fetter'd slaves for ever greet ? 30  
Shall not her daughter with the mother vie,  
And tread the steps of Larga's infamy,  
Larga, whose doors admit so vast a train,  
That the poor child must breathe, and breathe again,  
Ere she could tell their names ; a party made 35  
To all the sins within her home display'd,  
The dame's accomplice soon the daughter grew,  
And learnt to scrawl her infant billet doux !

Thus Nature wills—more swift the mischief flies  
When dire corruption meets the infant eyes 40  
Within domestic walls, and wins its way,  
Sanction'd by those—'twere sin to disobey !  
Just here and there, an heart with hand benign,  
Prometheus forms, perhaps of clay more fine :  
These the seduction scorn—alas ! the rest 45  
Will tread the footsteps which their parents prest,  
Move in the orbit long familiar grown,  
Their sire's since memory was, and now their own !

O, cease from sin !—should other reasons fail,  
Lest our own frailties make our children frail ; 50  
All, all are born with sad docility  
To imitate the vices which they see :

hardens the offender, and makes him indifferent to that, which no endeavour of his own can now redeem, is a still more weighty one against it.

Survey each clime the universe around,  
 And scores of CATILINES may yet be found ;  
 A second Brutus, wouldst thou hope to know, 55  
 On the vain search—ah ! whither wouldst thou go ?  
 Let nought which modest eyes, or ears would  
 shun

Approach the sacred dwelling of thy son !  
 Far be the harlot from thy home away,  
 And of carousing guests the wanton lay— 60  
 HIS CHILD'S UNSULLIED PURITY DEMANDS  
 THE DEEPEST REVERENCE AT A PARENT'S HANDS !  
 Slight not his infant years,—O turn in time  
 For the boy's sake, from half-projected crime ;  
 If Rome defied, at length his sins pursue, 65  
 And censors scourge the crimes he learnt from you,

61. *His child's unsullied purity demands.* It is impossible, I think, to proceed far in this Satire, without renewed admiration of the wisdom, the truly enlightened mind, and the sound principle of the Poet ; without feeling that there never was a period of society to which he would not have been an ornament. Much has been written, and excellently written, on the subject of education, but in the great and broad result, the doctrine of this Satire, that example is every thing, and that bad example is more infallibly acted upon than good, a very moderate experience is sufficient to convince us.

*Ne tu pueri contemseris annos.*

Plutarch, in his life of Cato, relates that this illustrious Roman spoke in the presence of his son with as much precaution as he would have used before a vestal.

Child of thy morals, not thy form alone,  
 If he improve the vice he makes his own,  
 With many a harsh invective thou'lt declare  
 The will annull'd, and him no longer heir! 70  
 What? dost thou dare assume a parent's face,  
 Whose age persistive vices still disgrace?  
 Thou on whose brainless, void, and silly head,  
 Th' exhausted cups should long, long since, have fed?  
 Expects thy dwelling soon a stranger guest? 75  
 Behold! not one of all thy menials rest;—  
 Down comes the spider's web, with all its dust—  
 'You sweep the pavement—you scour off the rust'—  
 To this the dish, to that the vase consign'd,  
 While raves the master with his whip behind! 80

74. *Th' exhausted cups.* This remedy, like the use of the leech, is very ancient, *Celsus et Aretæus passim*—but it was already ancient in *their* time. Celsus describes the instrument as of two kinds, one of horn with a hole in the top to be exhausted from without; the other of brass, 'into which burning linen is put, and then its mouth is suddenly clapped upon the parttill it adhere.' The cutting part of the apparatus, which makes this practice so much more simple and easy, is of course modern,—the ancient surgeons made their incision with a lancet. Concerning the leech there is a remarkable passage in Pliny, L. xxxii. 10.

'Decidunt satietate et pondere ipso sanguinis detractæ, aut sale aspersæ—aliquando tamen affixa relinquunt capita, quæ causa, vulnera insanabilia facit, et multos interimit; *sicut Messalinum e Consularibus Patriciis cum ad genua admisisset.*'

Wretch, art thou troubled lest thy friend descry  
 Some unswept corner, with enquiring eye?  
 Lest marks unseemly on thy porch be seen,  
 Which sand, and any single slave may clean,  
 And is it nothing, nothing that thy child 85  
 Should see thy house with vices undefil'd?  
 From moral stains immaculate and free,  
 The home of righteousness and sanctity?

Go, rear thy son to till his country's soil,  
 The cares of civil life, of wars the toil, 90  
 Equal alike to bear—and vaunt thee then  
 The father of an useful citizen!  
 Vast! vast! the difference in what morals train'd,  
 Or in what school the infant lore be gain'd!

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 carcase by the way, 100  
 Brings home its share of carrion to the tree,  
 Where rests the rav'nous vulture progeny,  
 These, when of age their proper nest to build,  
 With the same rank repast are daily fill'd.

V. 89. *Go, rear thy son, &c.* την πατριδα ωφελησειν, was the great object of the virtuous characters of antiquity; in this desire, Agesilaus, as Xenophon records, ου πονων υφιετο, ου κινδυνων αφιστατο, ου χρηματων εφειδετο, ου σωμα, ου γηρας προφασιζετο.



Jove's eagle and the generous 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,  
 Was all they knew—their latest and their first ! 110

Centronius lov'd to build ; and now the shore,  
 Of curv'd Caieta priz'd—now charm'd him more,  
 The cliffs of Tibur ; —next some lofty site,  
 Amid Præneste's mountains would invite.  
 The villas rose !—thither were marbles brought, 115  
 From Græcian and more distant quarries sought :

V. 111. *Centronius lov'd to build.* On such a character  
 Martial has an excellent epigram :

*Gellius ædificat semper : modo limina ponit,  
 Nunc foribus claves aptat, emitque seras :  
 Nunc has, nunc illas mutat, reficitque fenestras,  
 Dum tamen ædificet, quidlibet ille facit :  
 Oranti nummos ut dicere posset amico,  
 Unum illud verbum Gellius, Ædifico.*

Dupe of the arts, which he presumes to guide,  
 Still Gellius builds, while knowing friends deride ;  
 On some new project desperately hot,  
 So he but build, good Gellius cares not what.  
 No needy friend can take him by surprise,  
 ' Ah ! you forget I'm building ! ' Gellius cries.

The conclusion of this tale of Centronius is admirable.

——*totam hanc turbavit filius amens,  
 Dum meliore novas adtollit marmore villas.*

The history of this case is much like that of the female  
 Athletæ—' I want something to do.'

Fortune's great fane, the crowds no more admir'd,  
 That from his spacious palaces retir'd!  
 (So, one rich eunuch's ostentatious dome  
 Eclipses far the capitol of Rome!) 120  
 Thus built Centronius on—his means declin'd,  
 Yet left his son a large estate behind.  
 OF MARBLES FINER STILL THAT FRANTIC SON,  
 MORE VILLAS STILL WOULD RAISE—AND WAS  
 UNDONE.

Some from the sabbath-fearing race descend, 125  
 To skies and clouds with superstition bend,

V. 117. *Fortune's great fane.* At Præneste 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 admired and well known temple in Rome, the remains of which exist no longer.

The Eunuch Posides was a freedman of Claudius, and Pliny celebrates his magnificent suite of Baths at Baiæ.

V. 126. *To skies and clouds.* That is, they adored *no visible representation* of the deity—but that Juvenal should ridicule them for this; Juvenal, who covers image worship with contempt, is singular enough, for at any rate, if he gave them no credit for a more pure abstract 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 adhered 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 the greatest injustice: had Providence permitted to him the

As human flesh, the flesh of swine abhor,  
Slave to each badge, their bigot parents wore,  
The laws of Rome they impudently slight,  
In deepest reverence hold each Jewish rite : 130  
To Moses and his mystic volume true,  
They set no traveller right—except a Jew !  
By them no cooling spring was ever shewn,  
Save to the few—the circumcis'd alone !  
And why ? because life's every use destroy'd, 135  
Each seventh day, their sires made null and void.

Youth will to other sins spontaneous run,  
We are, it seems, at pains to teach them one.  
Nor hard the task, for looks sedate that seem  
Alien to vice, we falsely virtue deem : 140  
Hard of detection is the specious cheat,  
Which, aping virtue, oft in vice we meet :  
Thus the vile wretch whose soul on gold is bent,  
Men oft applaud as frugal, provident !  
His money did the Pontic dragon keep, 145  
'Twere easier far to lull the brute to sleep,  
And people think—a farther claim to praise—  
That man an able Artist who can raise

use of that volume of their great law-giver, 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 !'

*Nunc totus Graias nostrasque habet orbis Athenas. .*

Such monstrous piles ;---for wealth will still en-  
crease,

When all the arts that court it never cease,      150

When (as with him) with everlasting strokes,

The anvil rings, and still the furnace smokes !

The wealth-adoring parent must suppose,

That with it joy inseparably grows :

No sole nor single instance credits he,      155

Of happiness in league with poverty !

So, he exhorts his son that way to choose,

Which the blest sect so ardently pursues !

Vice has its feculence, its nauseous lees,

He tries to saturate his soul with these,      160

Till the dire lust of gain possess the man,

Which nothing ever sates nor ever can !

His murmuring slaves receive their scanty meal,

From his own famish'd paunch he loves to steal ;

Damp crusts of bread, tho' blue and musty now,

Not without some restriction he'll allow,      [165

Whose frugal habit puts the scraps away,

The remnant of the hash of yesterday !

Who in September's heat still sets aside

Some portion of his beans to-day denied ;      170

Who, lest one savory fragment should be gone,

Of a half-stinking Mackerel seals the bone !

V. 172. *Of a half stinking mackerel.* It is impossible not to feel the humor of this catalogue of curiosities.

*Filæque sectivi numerata includere porri.*

And ere it quit his sight, counts every streak,  
 And numbers every coat upon the leek !  
 Dainties, on which a beggar would decline, 175  
 Kindly invited from the bridge, to dine !

Why bear for wealth alone this ceaseless pain ?  
 'Tis madness, phrenzy, manifest and plain,  
 That thou mayst die at last secure from want,  
 To live for ever, like a mendicant. 180  
 Though every bag with turgid mouth o'erflow,  
 WITH MONEY STILL WILL LOVE OF MONEY  
 GROW !

With the possession doom'd the pains to share,  
 Those who possess the least, have least to bear.  
 Go, buy more Farms, build larger Villas, see ! 185  
 These narrow bounds beseem not such as thee !  
 Next to thine own some neighbour's corn-field  
 join,  
 Better it seems, and larger too than thine ;  
 This, and the neighbouring copse contiguous lie,  
 That hill all white with olive tempts thine eye— 190  
 Yet, if the present lord refuse all price,  
 A way there is—and be not over nice,  
 Turn in by night thy cattle starv'd and lean,  
 Amidst those growing crops of waving green,

Martial describes the leek by a similar epithet.

*In quibus est Lactuca sedens, et sectile porrum,  
 Nec deest ructatrix Mentha.*

V. 193. *Turn in by night.* Of the existence of this atrocious and ruinous piece of tyranny the text leaves us not

Nor lead them home till all the field be bare, 195  
 As if a thousand sickles had been there  
 (Alas! how many of such crimes could tell,  
 Driv'n by successive wrongs their lands to sell!)  
 But didst thou know the shameful tales afloat,  
 And Fame's foul trumpet! O that harms me not :  
 I set more value on a Lupin's skin, [200  
 Than all the praise my humbler lot might win,  
 If known to reap with unassisted arm  
 The meagre harvest of a scanty farm !

True!—you can bid disease and sickness fly, 205  
 Escape from pain, life's every care defy,  
 Fate sooth'd by gold, more length of days ensures,  
 Provided such enlarg'd domains be yours,  
 As, on the regal chair while Tatius sate,  
 Form'd the first confines of the Roman state!—

to doubt, nor even of their frequency ; another proof of the omnipotence of example, as Juvenal observes in the sixth Satire.

—*Quis non faciet quod principis uxor ?*

The Emperors must have been tolerably versed in the practice of depriving their subjects of any possession which happened to excite their cupidity, when their emissaries, as Juvenal facetiously assures us, lay hid among the sea weed to keep a look out for the best fish which should be caught ; and this not to buy, but to take it.

V. 201. *I set more value.*

Tunicam mihi malo lupinæ,  
 Quam si me toto laudet vicinia pago,  
 Exigua ruris paucissima Farra secantem.

Which I had thus translated.

In later days, the soldier worn with years, [210  
Who oft had hewn his way through Punic spears,

I set more value on a Lupin's pod,  
Than if the village held me for a god,  
If I, to earn the claim of blessedness,  
Must lose one field, or mow one acre less.

V. 209. *As on the regal chair.* The Romans at this time had little more than the ground on which their huts were built, till Tatius the chief of the Sabines entered into allegiance 'offensive and defensive,' with Romulus.

In the early ages of the Republic, the greatest men in the state, and those who had rendered it the largest services, felt themselves requited with a small possession in their native soil. Fabricius, after driving Pyrrhus from Italy, reserved for himself only seven acres of the lands he had relieved from the enemy; and the estate, settled upon the family of Curius Dentatus after vanquishing the Sabines, consisted of four!

*Merces hæc sanguinis atque laboris!*

Interest as well as gratitude require of every country to maintain its retired soldiers, and to leave none to accuse her of ingratitude. We have noble establishments for that purpose, though necessarily limited in their application. A plan said to be partially adopted in France, of marking the *miles* all over the kingdom, by cottages built at the public expence, and given with an allotment of ground to the meritorious soldier, would at once discharge the debt, and place the individual in a *responsible* situation.

The Romans held agriculture (*gratæ munus aristæ*) in the highest reverence; it was a perpetual theme with the Poets, nor has any done more honor to it than Juvenal in this and in many other passages. His

Bearded fierce Pyrrhus and his barbarous hordes,  
 And brav'd the points of his Molossian swords,  
 Pension'd with scarce two acres, was content 215  
 For all the wounds he bore—the blood he spent !  
 How great soe'er his merits, none accus'd  
 His niggard country or her boon refus'd !  
 One little glebe the father amply fed,  
 And all the tribe within the cottage bred, 220  
 Four sturdy children—three his lawful heirs :  
 The fourth their home, without their honor, shares.  
 It fill'd them all, and left abundance still  
 Their grown-up brothers from the plough to fill.  
 Of all the crimes, that agitate the mind, 225  
 None oftener skulks in muffled cloak behind,

*Vive bidentis amans et culti villicus horti*

is quite in the spirit of Xenophon's eulogy on Rural Œconomy.

εμοι μιν θαυμαστον δοκει ειναι ει τις ελευθερος ανθρωπος η κτημα  
 τι τουτου ηδιον κεκτηται η επιμελειαν ηδιωτινα ταυτης, εύρηκεν  
 εις τον βιον.

V. 225. *Of all the crimes.* A little paraphrased.—The original is

*Nec plura venena*

*Miscuit, aut ferro grassatur sæpius ullum*

*Humanæ mentis vitium, quam sæva cupido*

*Indomiti census.*

What follows is worthy of the deepest attention ; and as immediately subjoined to a lesson so impressive, how beautiful the succeeding passage !

*Vivite contenti casulis et collibus istis, &c.*



Than lust of gain—none oftener drugs the bowl,—  
That deeply rooted passion of the soul!

For he, whom love of wealth hath made its prey,  
Demands it *soon*, and will not brook *delay*. 230

What reverence of the laws, fear, honor, shame,  
The wretch that HASTENS TO BE RICH can tame?

‘Live in your cottage-homes content, and still

‘With fond attachment view your native hill.’

So spake th’ Hernician or the Marsian sage 235

In days of yore, in Latium’s golden age.

‘Enough of bread your plough-share will supply

‘(Prosper the plough each rural deity,

‘By whose kind gift the harvest’s golden store

‘To man was giv’n, and acorns priz’d no more).

‘Who wears his country shoes with honest pride,

‘And turns the hail storm with inverted hide,

‘Knows not the will to sin—’tis purple leads

‘(Be what it may!) the growth of foreign meads!

‘To unrestrain’d desires, unhallow’d deeds!’ 245

The Patriarch’s counsels these, in days of yore!

But now the father, vers’d in different lore,

Rouses his son ere day-break from his bed—

‘What! sleeping still? those tomes of law unread?

‘Up! up! write, read—or dost thou hate the pen,

‘And love the sword, haste thee 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’d thy commission, with destructive arm 255  
 ‘ Thro’ Moorish huts spread terror and alarm ;  
 ‘ The British forts to fire and sword consign,  
 ‘ Then, at threescore, an Eagle shall be thine !  
 ‘ Or seem these toils too many and too great ?  
 ‘ Thy bowels do the clarions agitate ?                      260  
 ‘ Buy what shall bring thee cent per cent again,  
 ‘ No kind of filthy merchandise disdain :  
 ‘ Spices—or hides—they’ll answer just as well—  
 ‘ THE SMELL OF LUCRE IS A PLEASANT SMELL.

V. 258. *Then, at threescore, an eagle.* I copy the substance of a Note from Dusaulx—‘The time stated for the attainment of this object, to which Juvenal gives the epithet ‘*locuples*,’ is somewhat exaggerated, the Romans dispensing with military service at 55. Before Marius, the standard was not the Eagle particularly ; a great many different animals and birds were used for that purpose.

This well-known emblem was of gold or silver, about the size of a pigeon, with wings extended, and sometimes holding a thunderbolt in its talons. The Romans regarded their eagles with something more of *reverence* than belongs to the attachment of a soldier to his standard. ‘*Irent—sequerentur Romanas aves, propria legionum numina.*’ Tacit. Ann. l. ii. 17.

V. 263. *Spices or hides.* This opinion so humorously delivered was adopted, it seems, by Vespasian : his son having found fault with the Emperor’s ‘*urinæ vectigal*,’ was desired to smell a piece of coin, and to say whether he found it unpleasant. As to the accident mentioned in the text,

‘ 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  
 NOR CARE !’

O Apothegm divine, O adage rare !  
 ‘Tis the first rule that boys from grandams get,  
 And girls learn long before their alphabet ! 270

To parents, whom such sage advice may please,  
 One might reply, methinks, in terms like these :  
 Stay, thoughtless, stay ! why drive him on so fast,  
*Teacher* by *Pupil* will be soon surpast,  
 And thou, (by Ajax as brave Telamon 275  
 Or Peleus by Achilles) be outdone !

Allow for tender years—he’ll soon begin—  
 HIS MARROW IS NOT YET QUITE STEEP’D IN SIN ;  
 Soon as his beard the tonsor’s blade demands,  
 Behold a perjur’d witness to thy hands ! 280  
 His oath for every paltry gain he’ll vend,  
 Swear by the altar, to the statue bend,  
 Or should his portion’d wife thy threshold tread,  
 Her fate is fix’d, count her already dead !

When the first slumbers o’er her senses steal, 285  
 Grasping her throat, whose fingers shall she feel ?

*Si trepidum solvunt tibi cornua ventrem,  
 Cum lituis audita, —*

Ruperti refers his reader for a physical explanation of the phænomenon (and I beg leave without consulting the authority to do the same) to Macrobian vii. 11. and Aulus Gellius, xix. 4.

You bade him seek o'er land and sea—a way  
More short and easy far before him lay !

' Gave I these counsels horrible ? did I

' E'er hint such villanies as these ?"—you cry ! 290

Yes !—with thyself the root and origin

Of all the mind's perversions did begin.

WHOE'ER INSTILS THE LUST OF WEALTH BE-  
TIMES,

BY STRICT NECESSITY EXHORTS TO CRIMES.

Whoe'er *in fraud* points out a road *to gain*, 295

Throws on the coursers' necks the guiding rein,

A gift once made, which none shall e'er revoke,

Adieu the goal—whirls on the rapid spoke !—

Those paltry sins—that cramp'd delinquency,

Who shall observe, that's measur'd out by thee ? 300

Wide and more wide, the license, which they want,

With kind indulgence to themselves they grant !

' *Boy*, he that lends his money is *a fool*,

' Or cares for poor relations'—in such school

What will he, can he, learn, but how to cheat, 305

And compass gain by plunder or deceit ?

Gain ! which thou lov'st, with more devotion far,

Than erst the Decii to their country bare,

V. 307. *With more devotion far.* The Decii devoted themselves *Diis Manibus terræque Parenti*. See Satire viii. 254. for the instance of Menæceus, the Son of Creon. He merely accomplished the prediction of Tiresias, by casting himself from the walls of Thebes. The crop of soldiers which follows is too trite a story to be worth putting down.

With more devotion than Menœceus prov'd,  
 (If Greece invent not,) to the Thebes he lov'd, 310  
 In whose tooth-planted furrows legions grew,  
 And fought as if the blasts of battle blew,  
 Or scores of trumpeteters had risen too !  
 The *sparks* were thine—the blaze shall quickly roll  
 Involving all around and mock control, 315  
 Nor spare thy wretched self—within the den  
 Thy *growling cub* shall his old keeper pen,  
 Tear with strong talons and tremendous roar  
 Those hands, his meal of blood which duly bore !  
 The astrologic seers perhaps foretell 320  
 A long and happy life—my friend, 'tis well !

V. 314. *The sparks were thine.*

*Ergo ignem, cujus scintillas ipse dedisti  
 Flagrantem late, et rapientem cuncta videbis.*

So Demosthenes, ὁ γὰρ το σπερμα παρὰσχων οὗτος ἦν των  
 φοντων κακων αιτιος. De Coron.

V. 317. *The growling cub.* It is generally thought  
 that Juvenal here makes some allusion to a story current at  
 the time of a lion which suddenly attacked his keeper.  
 (ἡ χάρις ἀλλάξαι τὴν φύσιν οὐ δύναται.)—‘The master of the  
 lion had exasperated his natural ferocity in order to render  
 him more deserving the attention of the amphitheatre.’—  
 (Gibbon).

As to the *cervina senectus*, which occurs just below, the  
 longevity of the animal there alluded to is well known; it  
 is said to live 40 years, and its age is therefore mentioned  
 relatively.

'Till *all that thread is spun*, he'll never wait  
 But snap it off at once and laugh at fate.  
 Long since he frets—your kind and hopeful boy ;  
 Thy stag-like age alone obstructs his joy. 325  
 To sage Archigenes for safety fly,  
 The dose of Mithridate make haste to buy  
 Another rose dost thou expect to cull,  
 Or from the tree another fig to pull !  
 Ne'er be without that medicated draught, 330  
 Alike, by kings and fathers to be quaff'd  
 Ere they sit down to dine!—methinks I shew  
 More joys than Prætors' games, or plays bestow !  
 O ! would'st thou reckon what it costs to hold,  
 In terror of thy life, those bags of gold ! 335  
 (Which now since Mars has lost his helmet, I  
 Would recommend to Castor's custody,)  
 Oh, what are Cybele's or Flora's games,  
 (Whatever shews, known by whatever names—)  
 Toils of the hand and terrors of the heart, 340  
 Endur'd for gold, more mirth may well impart.

V. 336. *Which now since Mars.* The Deity treated in this very unceremonious manner had probably lost his hat, in the time of Juvenal, in which he tells us that rogues had not only acquired sufficient boldness to *peel* Mercury and Neptune, but to *melt* down Jupiter whenever they could find him,

*Totum conflare Tonantem? ———*

The feet of those that tread th' extended line  
 Walk on a soil secure, compar'd to thine !  
 O what a sight ! to see thee on the deck,  
 'Midst every gale, and heedless of the wreck    345  
 Of thy Corycian bark, whose desperate breast  
 One master passion rules, to purchase best  
 Thy spices and perfumes ! or on the shores  
 Of Crete the opulent, collecting stores  
 Of oily syrup, then thy voyage crown'd    350  
 With Jove's compatriot pitchers—homeward bound !  
 He, whose misgiving feet in terror tread  
 Yon trembling rope, does it for clothes and bread.  
 A thousand talents or an hundred farms  
 Pay for thy life's perpetual alarms !    355  
     Ship after ship the dangerous ocean braves,  
 And half the human race is on the waves !

V. 342. *The feet of those.* From this passage I have excluded the Petaurus, a machine on the Roman stage, the effect of which was to carry the performer into the air; the passage quoted from Manilius by Dusaulx, makes the exhibition ridiculous enough, *un espece de Bascule qui elevoit rapidement l' un, tandis que l' autre descendoit.*

*Ad numeros etiam ille ciet cognata per artem  
 Corpora, quæ valido saliant excussa Petauro  
 Alternosque cient motus, elatus et ipse*

NUNC JACET ATQUE HUIUS CASU SUSPENDITUR ILLE.

This puts one in mind rather of a country fair; but, as Manilius lived in the reign of Augustus, he must be allowed to have known what he described.

Wherever gain, or hope of gain is found,  
 Thither th' adventurous fleet is quickly bound :  
 Carpathia's turgid billows roll in vain, 360  
 Nor can Getulian storms the rage restrain ;  
 Calpè despis'd, they'll hear the sun-beams cool  
 And hiss extinguish'd in th' Herculean pool !  
 And well it pays ! for see with bags how wide  
 Return'd shalt thou discourse with wondrous pride,  
 And tell of ocean's monsters rarely seen, [365  
 And youths 'midst azure waves with tresses green !

Various the ravings which the mad befall ;  
 Not one hallucination seizes all ;

V. 367. *And youths 'midst azure waves.* This was 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.—*Ut quis e longinqua revererat, miracula narrabant, vim turbinum, et inauditas volucres, monstra maris, ambiguas hominum et belluarum formas.* Tacit. Ann. ii. 24.

V. 369. *Not one hallucination.* The story of Orestes, and his visitation by the Furies, is alluded to below. The particular passage in the Play of Euripides is perhaps the following :

OP. ω μητερ ικετευω σε, μη 'πισει μοι  
 τας αιματωπους και δρακοντωδεις κορας  
 αυται γαρ αυται πλησιον θρωσκουσι μου.

For the feats of the Son of Telamon under his distraction, see the Ajax of Sophocles.



This, whom the furies drove, with horrent hair 370  
 Springs from his sister's arms—'the *Dæmons there*;  
 While that is sure he hears Atrides roar,  
 And flogs the bull more fiercely than before.

Much he requires a keeper, tho' he fail  
 His cloak, or chairs, or tables to assail, 375  
 Who piles his bark with an enormous freight,  
 And shares himself its fortunes desperate.

A LITTLE LEGEND AND AN IMAGE SMALL  
 STAMPT ON A SCRAP OF GOLD THE CAUSE OF ALL!  
 The lightnings flash—clouds intercept the day, 380  
 'Tis but a summer storm, get under weigh—  
 'As for those livid streaks—they'll blow away ;'  
 So cries the Master of the spice and corn—  
 Infatuate ! haply ere another morn  
 Those much-strain'd planks may burst, and while  
     the wave 385  
 Breaks o'er his head, and storms around him rave,

V. 378. *A little legend.*

*Concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas !*

And is this all?—In the succeeding lines the poet's powers of description are in full exercise. I scarcely know a passage which produces a more vivid and sensible impression of the image, than this which describes the merchant swimming for his life, struggling all the while not to lose his hold of the zone in which his money was contained ! His disregard of the weather is excellent.

*Nil color hic cæli, nil fascia nigra minatur.*

So long as 'midst the waters he can gasp,  
With teeth fast clench'd, lock'd in convulsive grasp,  
Still to his zone he clings!—the man behold!  
Of Tagus and Pactolus all the gold 390  
But yesterday had left dissatisfied!  
Now, round his loins a scanty covering tied,  
A scrap of meat, a daubing of the storm,  
To move compassion—all his fortunes form!  
The wealth, alas! by toil and peril gain'd, 395  
By greater toils and perils is retain'd:  
The buckets rang'd, all night the servants stand  
In watchful ranks at Licinus' command,  
Alas, too rich! his busts and statues keep,  
His ivory and his gold, their lord from sleep! 400  
The *tubs of Cynics* blaze not! if they burst,  
One just as good will soon replace the first,  
Or molten lead will soon repair the flaw:—  
In such an house when Alexander saw

V. 404. *In such an house.* He here reverts again to one of the heads of the 10th Satire; indeed to one of the particular instances of infelicity quoted there, and indulges himself in one more parting blow against the Goddess, whose divinity he for ever abjures. The versification of the whole passage seems to me to flow with uncommon freedom, a merit which Mr. Gibbon claims for the composition of Juvenal as an whole,—but in which few of his readers perhaps would be found to acquiesce.

For a full account of Diogenes, I must refer the reader to Bayle, he will there read of this celebrated Cynic enough—more than enough.

Its great inhabitant, then first he knew 405  
The world was right, and found the axiom true,  
That held him happier far who nought desir'd,  
Than whom the restless love of empire fir'd,  
Doom'd still to be a stranger to repose,  
AND PAY IN PERILS FOR THE LIFE HE CHOSE. 410  
Where Prudence dwells, was fortune never known,  
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, 415  
When hungry, food—and when it freezes, fire.  
The garden-loving sage requir'd no more,  
Nor Socrates, that gentle sage before;  
I do not cheat thee under *Nature's* name,  
*Nature and real Wisdom are the same.* 420  
'But these be high examples—come, descend,  
'From ancient themes, to Roman manners bend;  
'Well, what the Twice seven rows enjoin, possess,  
'Thy largest wish, a sum so large may bless'—  
What frowning, pouting still?—come then take *two*,  
Two knights' estates—there's no contenting you—  
The wealth of Croesus—Persia's realms were vain,  
The gold of rich Narcissus thou'dst disdain!

V. 423. *Well, what the twice seven rows.* This allusion to the 14 seats of the amphitheatre reserved for the equestrian order has been explained in Satire III. The census of that order was 400 sester tia.

Ask what he would, who found old Claudius blind,  
Whose nod an Emperor's wife to death consign'd.

V. 428. *The gold of rich Narcissus.* This was a freedman of Claudius, and one of his greatest favorites. See Suetonius Claud. 28. Tacit. Ann. xi. 12. 26. 38. The English reader must often be surprised to find the prodigious influence exercised in the Roman state by the *liberti* or *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!

*The same surprise did our ancestors conceive.* Nec defuit Polycletus (a freedman of the same Emperor) sed *hostibus* irrisui fuit, apud quos flagranti etiam tum libertate nondum *cognita Libertorum potentia erat*: MIRABATURQUE QUOD DUX ET EXERCITUS TANTI BELLII CONFECTOR SERVI-  
TIIS OBEDIRENT.

## Argument.

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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.

## Satire XV.

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WHO knows not that mad Egypt will adore  
All kinds of ugly monsters by the score !  
This at the Crocodile's resentment quakes,  
And that adores the Ibis, gorg'd with snakes !

V. 1. *Who knows not.* "That the Ægyptians were monstrous in their way of religion we have the testimony of Moses. Exod. 8. 26. ' Shall we sacrifice *the abomination* of the Ægyptians 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—it may be reasonably thought that some of the credit of ancient Ægypt was derived from its use of the strange Character peculiar to them. '*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*' It seems, however, quite absurd to make one sort of idolatry more respectable than another, although Cicero says, *Ipsi illi qui irridentur nullam belluam nisi ob aliquam utilitatem quam ex ea caperent consecraverunt.*

Where the first radiant beam of morning rings 5  
 On mutilated Memnon's magic strings,  
 Where Thebes to ruin all her gates resigns,  
 Of an huge Ape 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 impious quite  
 To wound an onion with forbidden bite !  
 Ye holy 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,  
 Plac'd at the board, Alcinous beside,  
 One half the party would have sworn he lied ;

V. 5. *Where the first radiant beam.* This famous statue was in ruins in Juvenal's time : Pausanias says it was broken by *Cambyzes* 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 Brottier (Tacit. 1. 382.) show that the sounds still issued from the statue in the reign of Domitian and Adrian, and in that of 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.

V. 18. *Plac'd at the board, Alcinous beside.* Alcinous,

‘ What! is there none to cast this precious Knave, 20  
 ‘ Who talks of Cannibals with look so grave,  
 ‘ Into the sea at once?—who for his pains  
 ‘ Merits the fell Charybdis which he feigns?  
 ‘ I’d sooner trust his tales of Scylla far,  
 ‘ The Azure rocks that in mid-ocean jar, 25  
 ‘ Tempests 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 exprest,  
 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

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 color) two rocks situated at the entrance of the Euxine, and very frequently mentioned both by the Greek and Latin Poets.

The country of the Phæacians was Corfu or Corcyra, so celebrated in every period of the Grecian history and lately in our possession. It is with islands and with continents as with gardens and with fields.

Αγρος Αχαιμενίδου γενομένη ποτε, νυν δε Μενιππου,

Και παλιν εξ ἑτέρου βησομαι εἰς ἕτερον.

Και γαρ ἐκεῖνος εἶχεν με ποτ’ ὡτο, και παλιν οὗτος

Οἶεται. εἰμι δ’ ὅλως ΟΥΔΕΝΟΣ. ἀλλὰ ΤΥΧΗΣ.



A nation's crime ! a crime which thousands share !  
 At Coptus done, when Junius fill'd the chair.—  
 From Pyrrha's times thro' each succeeding age,  
 Evolve of tragic lore each moving page,  
 No muse has plung'd *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. 45

V. 37. *At Coptus done.* Coptus was a city of Upper Egypt, much resorted to as a medium of commerce between Arabia and Ethiopia.

There were two consuls of the name of Junius, one the colleague of Domitian, the other of Adrian ; thirty-six years elapsed between the two : some doubts exist of the text, (certain MSS giving Juno, Junco, Vineo) otherwise this is another date for determining not only the age of Juvenal, but the period of his banishment to Egypt.

V. 43. *The Ombian people and the, &c.* The reader may consult a long note in the translation of Dusaulx, which gives the substance of the opinions of Barthelemy, L'Archer, and Brotier, on this passage, concerning which a geographical difficulty has been started, founded on the words *Inter Fini-timos*, it appearing that these districts were not immediately neighbours, but thirty leagues distant. Were history, not poetry, at stake, it would be important perhaps to enter upon them ; as it is, the general fact is enough, and it is perhaps the earliest instance of a quarrel founded on a subject so fruitful in after times, *Religious Intolerance*.

*Quod Numina Vicinorum  
 Odit uterque Locus.*

High runs the feud—and this the cause of all—

Each holds the others' gods, no gods at all.

Each at his neighbours' scoffs, and deems his own  
To claim observance and to claim alone.

The Ombians held a feast ; occasion meet 50

To a vindictive foe to spoil their treat,

And in the midst of revels to destroy

An unsuspecting people's thoughtless joy !

The feast was spread along the public ways,

On which a seventh day's sun oft sheds his rays, 55

(For in excess, as I myself beheld,

Not by Canopus are these tribes excell'd:)

O'er reeling drunkards and the stammering tongue,

Victorious Pæans may be quickly sung !

Here thousands danc'd their swarthy piper round, 60

In festive joy, with blooming chaplets crown'd ;

There Sober Malice watch'd—first brawls began

To kindle wrath, ere to the fight they ran :

The furious skirmish soon, with shouts and blows

By kicks and cuffs inflicted, fiercely glows. 65

Nor swords nor spears were here—yet on they  
rush'd,

And many a comely feature soon was crush'd,

Claw'd with the nails, or mangled with the stone,

Thro' the torn flesh starts many a fractur'd bone.

With blood the eyes were smear'd, the fists were  
dyed, 70

Yet this mere children's play they soon deride :

Crush'd was no corpse beneath their hoofs, and why

Should thousands fight, if none are yet to die ?

To glean the stones o'er all the field they ran,  
 These gain'd, a fiercer onset soon began : 75  
 Th' artillery of mobs in volleys flew,  
 Inflicting blows and wounds of many an hue.  
 Not like the mass of rock which loudly rung  
 Full on the Trojan's hip, adroitly flung  
 By Ajax, Turnus, or by Diomed ; 80  
 Thin'd was that race, ere Homer's self was dead !  
 But such as powerless fingers like our own,  
 In these degenerate ages, might have thrown, !  
 For now a puny nerveless breed is born,  
 Of gods and heroes held in sovereign scorn ! 85  
 But we digress—new subsidies arrive  
 And stones in vain with swords and arrows strive,  
 Press'd by his cruel foe, who near the shade  
 Of Tentyra's palms his settlements has made.  
 The Ombian flies !—one with excess of fear 90  
 Tripp'd, fell, was seiz'd,—the savage foe was near—  
 The yelling crew to shreds their victim tore,  
 And each his smoking piece in triumph bore :  
 Soon with delight devour'd !—no cauldrons heat,  
 No spits transfix, the crude and quivering meat ! 95  
 And here, it much delights me to record  
 That the pure flame escap'd these scenes abhorr'd.

V. 78. *Not like the mass of rock.*

*Saxum circumspicit ingens,  
 Saxum antiquum, ingens campo quod forte jacebat  
 Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.*

That glorious booty, that ethereal prize,  
 Which bold Prometheus pilfer'd from the skies :  
 Great element ! the poet and his friend 100  
 To thee their compliments rejoice to send !  
 Ne'er to this hour with greater relish fed,  
 The savage wretch that first attack'd the dead,  
 For question not what pleasure he could feel,  
 Who broach'd the blood and first commenc'd the  
 meal.— 105

The last, amidst the remnant of the scene,  
 Dabbled his hands, and lick'd his fingers clean !  
 Time was, the Vascons, as old tales relate,  
 Thus fed, contended long with cruel fate.  
 Want's sharpest pangs ! th' extremities of war, 110  
 The long, long siege drove every scruple far :  
 If when the herb was perish'd all, and dry,  
 Their cattle gone, and e'en their enemy,  
 Saw not their wasted limbs without a sigh ;

V. 108. *Time was, the Vascons, as.* Two or three instances are related in which the severest hardships, and the most pressing famine, scarcely brought the unhappy subjects of these difficulties to touch human flesh, notwithstanding they were strangers to that philosophy which teaches that life itself may be kept at too great a price.

The Vascons were a people of Hispania Tarraconensis, (The Modern Catalonia), at the foot of the Pyrenees. Their town Calaguris (Calohorra). The siege above alluded to, by which they suffered so much, was carried on against them by Pompey and Metellus.

Saguntus, (Morviedro) is the second instance : its story, besieged and taken by Hannibal, as it lately was by the French, is well known.

If then upon each other's flesh they prey'd, 115  
 Almost upon their own—'twas famine bade.  
 What man, what god his pardon could forbear,  
 To pangs like these, to miseries so rare?  
 For whom, their very victims' ghosts would plead,  
 And be the first to justify the deed. 120  
 We, by sage Zeno's precepts better taught,  
 Know life itself may be too dearly bought,  
 But whence could the fierce Spaniard, in the age  
 Of old Metellus, con the stoic page?  
 Now through the world a brilliant light has shone,  
 Shed by that other Athens and our own. [125  
 The very Britons leave the toils of war,  
 And taught by Gaul are studious of the bar;  
 E'en distant Thule's solitary coast,  
 Will have ere long its Rhetoric school to boast. 130  
 These were a loyal race! of hardships more,  
 With equal constancy Saguntus bore,  
 And each shall claim excuse—more bloody far,  
 Fell Ægypt! art thou, than the altars are,  
 Of fierce Mœotis:—that infernal rite, 135  
 Of Tauris kills indeed, but not in spite,

V. 123. *But whence could the fierce Spaniard.*

*Cantaber sera domitus catena.—Hor.*

The most warlike people of antient Spain, who inhabited the provinces of Biscay, the Asturias, and Navarre.

V. 135. *Of fierce Mœotis.* At the Tauric Chersonese or peninsula, the worship of Diana was attended with human sacrifices; the story of Iphigenia is here principally in contemplation.

Nor does inveterate Malice edge the knife,  
Which frantic Zeal has rais'd 'gainst human life !

What arms to crimes so monstrous can compel  
This brutish tribe, what tales have they to tell ? 140  
What hostile bands to hem their ramparts in,  
And prompt them to inexpiable sin ?

By crimes less human, or by rites more vile,  
The rising flood of fertilising Nile  
Could they have stay'd—a dastard people view, 145  
Which paddles on the stream in light 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 ! 150  
'Tis vain to punish, where 'tis vain to teach !

Alas ! what lessons can the Savage reach,  
With whom mere vengeance makes a stronger plea  
Than Famine, War, and dire Necessity !  
That Nature planted Pity in the breast 155  
Let her distinctive boon, *the Tear*, attest !

V. 146. *Which paddles on the stream.* These canoes or boats (earthen ships, as Holyday calls them) were the miserable resource of a people under the temptation to avail themselves of the advantage of a great river, and living in a country almost destitute of wood.

V. 155. *That Nature planted, &c.* This is beyond question, that passage in Juvenal which gives the best impression of his heart. Destitute of the smallest vestige of the declamatory style, it appears as easy and as

The sorrows of a friend, she bids bewail,  
 She bids us listen to the captive's tale :  
 Or when the much-wrong'd orphan meets the view,  
 Compell'd by cruel fraud in courts to sue,      160  
 She draws compassion for a face so fair,  
 Those tear-dim'd eyes, that soft and glossy hair.  
 'Tis Nature, Nature, prompts us when we sigh  
 For some fair girl whose funeral passes by,  
 Or for the Pyre too small whene'er we see      165  
 Earth closing over lovely infancy !  
 What man is he, whose hands the sacred light,  
 May bear unblam'd in Ceres' mystic rite,

natural as the most tender passages in Euripides and Virgil, nor is it, I think, possible to deny to its author on the least attentive consideration, a large participation of the best qualities of the heart.

V. 166. *Earth closing over, &c.* The bodies of infants under seven months old were buried, not burnt. *Hominem priusquam genito dente cremari, mos gentium non est.* Dusaulex well observes that the custom of destroying the animal remains by fire, though of such familiar mention among the Greek and Roman authors, was yet not so antient as that of burial.

Our custom of burning the body, says Pliny, took its origin from our foreign wars, wherein we burnt the slain to save them from insult. The funeral pile continued to the time of Theodosius.

Virgil's beautiful allusion to the death of infants must be fast in the memory of most readers :

The sorrows of his kind that proudly spurns  
 And from his neighbour's grief unpitying turns ? 170  
 Strange to the herd, to us alone was given,  
 This precious sense, the kindest gift of heaven,  
 And while for things divine receptive powers,  
 Wisdom and skill for noblest arts are ours,  
 To us alone, compassion was consign'd, 175  
 Denied the prone, earth-contemplating kind !

The common parent, when the world began,  
 To both gave life, but mind alone to man—  
 That ties of love reciprocal might lead,  
 To mutual offices in mutual need, 180  
 To walk together on life's common way,  
 And give to-morrow what we ask to-day !  
 That mutual love and mutual aid might draw  
 The race dispers'd and bind by social law,  
 That men might quit the forest and the grove 185  
 Nor o'er the wild in lawless wanderings rove.  
 But join the thresholds of their homes, that so  
 Sound sleep from mutual confidence might grow.

When fall'n and fainting from a mighty wound,  
 A dear compatriot bleeds upon the ground, 190  
 'Tis ours ! the glorious privilege ! to fly,  
 And snatch him from the foe or with him die !

*Continuo auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens  
 Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo :  
 Quos dulcis vitæ exortes et ab ubere raptos,  
 Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo !*



To rouse and rally at the self-same note,  
Of the hoarse trumpet's 'war denouncing' throat.  
Share the same toils, man the same walls and  
towers, 195

And close the barriers with one key—are ours.

And wherefore ours? of discord less we find,  
'Midst the suspicious brood of serpent kind;  
His kindred specks behold the pard will spare;  
Behold the Lion race—and none are there, 200  
Who slay their weaker kind, no grove resounds  
While the fierce boar, his feeblér comrade wounds,  
E'en India's rabid Tygers will agree,  
And Bears together dwell in harmony!

'Twas a small evil first to point the dart 205  
And edge the falchion with destructive art,

V. 199. *His kindred specks.*

So Otway:

Amidst the herd the Leopard knows his kind,  
The Tiger preys not on the Tiger brood.  
Man only is the common foe of man!

---

The hunting tribes of air and earth,  
Respect the brethren of their birth;  
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,  
Less cruel chase to each assign'd:  
The Falcon pois'd on soaring wing,  
Watches the wild duck by the spring,  
The slow hound wakes the fox's lair,  
The Grey-hound presses on the hare, &c.

Rokeby, Canto 3.

(Tho' earlier workmen only knew to bend  
The crooked share ; nor did their skill extend,  
From murderous spades, and rakes, to mould the  
blade

And find in war a profitable trade) : 210

'Twas a small evil—here a race behold,

Whose fury dies not when the foe is cold !

Which finds in human muscles, bones, and blood,

A new repast, a pleasant sort of food !

What had he said, or whither had he flown 215

Had sage Pythagoras these monsters known ?

Who deem'd all flesh to savour of his kind,

Nor in all herbs a safe repast could find.

## Argument.

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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. 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.

## Satire XVI.

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THE boons that ramparts, mounds, and camps,  
bestow,  
And all th' immunities from arms that flow,  
Ah who can tell? Be mine a lucky star,  
At the camp gate a novice yet in war,  
And that distinction shall await me more 5  
Than if a note from Venus' self I bore  
To blustering Mars; 'twould serve my fortunes less,  
Were Juno's self my honor'd patroness!

V. 5. *And that distinction, &c.* 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,

*Quam si nos Veneris commendat epistola Marti,  
Et Samia genetrix quæ delectatur arena.*

And first of smaller benefits, we learn  
 A soldier's blow, no gownsmen dare return : 10  
 Who'd show the judge and hope to be forgiven  
 Those bleeding sockets whence his teeth were driven?  
 Of livid bumps and bruises who'd complain  
 And live to bear a livid bruise again?  
 Or with one doubtful eye, the prætor's chair 15  
 Attend, and tell his tale of suffering there?

To sift that too suspicious tale of thine,  
 A judge in greaves and helmet they assign!  
 Thus the camp statute 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 chastisement the ruffian shall not fail,  
 'I'll tell the truth, and truth shall still prevail'—  
 What! when five thousand ruffians more, at hand,  
 On that one ruffian's side have sworn to stand? [25  
*A soldier's outrage* is a grievous curse,  
 Yet is a *cohort's vengeance* something worse!  
 If all the nails of all those hoofs conspire,  
 And thou hast still two legs, and those entire, 30

V. 17. *To sift that too suspicious tale.* 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.

V. 29. *If all the nails of all, &c.* The ponderous and  
*Juv.* 2 C

The soul of stout Vagellius it should need  
 In *such* a court thy dangerous cause to plead!  
 And where's the Pylades, the faithful friend  
 That shall thy journey to the camp attend?—  
 Dry up thy tears, see those tremendous shoes! 35  
 Nor ask a service which e'en fools refuse.

At length, '*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 venture—I 40  
 At once outbeards our bearded ancestry!

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 soal without an upper leather tied to the foot with thongs, somewhat like wooden pattens. It afterwards signified merely a shoe, according to that of St. Jerom, Epist. 47. cap. 3. speaking of an *immodest maid that went in creaking shoes*, '*Caliga quoque ambulantis nigella ac nitens, stridore ad se juvenes vocat.*' 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 3d Satire) it was then made of wood and leather, with many nails underneath, that they might last in long journies. Sometimes the Emperors gave them a *largess of nails*—*donativum clavarium*,'—(perhaps, however, this was only a name, like pin money.) 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.

To swear away a townsman's life, a score  
 Of perjur'd witnesses you'll find, or more,  
 Ere one on desperate perils prompt to rush,  
 And put *a soldier's honor* to the blush ! 45

Yet far more solid gains than these are known  
 The boisterous soldier's meed and his alone.  
 Suppose, some powerful knave refuse to yield,  
 Seiz'd by main force th' hereditary field,  
 Or dare to move the SACRED STONE away, 50  
 Where thy first fruits at every harvest lay.—  
 Suppose his hand and seal some rogue deny,  
 And to retain our due, most stoutly lie,  
 We poor Plebeians wait the lingering year  
 Before a court will meet, our tale to hear : 55  
 A thousand tedious avenues are past,  
 A thousand checks athwart our way are cast,

V. 50. *Or dare to move.*

—— *Convallem ruris aviti*

*Improbis, aut campum mihi si vicinus ademit .*

*Et sacrum effodit , medio de limite saxum,*

*Quod mea cum vetulo, coluit puls annua libo.* <sup>1</sup>

a passage, as Holyday observes, 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,

It takes an hour to lay the cushions strait—  
 Then, ere Cæditius loose his cloak we wait  
 Another hour; then Fuscus steps aside, 60  
 And still our patience, not our cause, is tried.  
 For those whom greaves and leathern belts surround,  
 A time and place are in a moment found.  
 To hearing prompt their slightest cause consign'd  
 The law's long trailing drag-chain left behind! 65  
 The belted soldier by especial rights,  
 His father living, his own will indites;  
 For whatsoe'er of wealth the Sabre gains,  
 From 'lands and tenements' apart remains.  
 And thus Coranus, who still earns his pay 70  
 And lays it by,—as frugal ensigns may,  
 By his old sire is coax'd, who hopes to bear,  
 All drivelling as he is, the name of heir!  
 The road to wealth his honest toils prepar'd,  
 And well-tried valor brought its just reward. 75

V. 58. *It takes an hour, &c.* It is impossible to deny that this passage is much in the style of Juvenal: on the contrary, few of his strokes of pleasantry are better aimed than

——— *Jam facundo ponente Lacernas*  
*Cæditio, et Fusco jam micturiente, &c.*

and the hand of the master may also be discerned in that excellent allusion to the procrastinating spirit of the laws, a few lines below.

*Nec res atteritur longo sufflamine litis.*



And 'tis the general's interest and concern,  
The well-deservings of his men to learn,  
His ready ear, to noble deeds to lend,  
And on the brave the frequent badge suspend.

V. 76. *And 'tis the General's, &c.* 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.

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FINIS.

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