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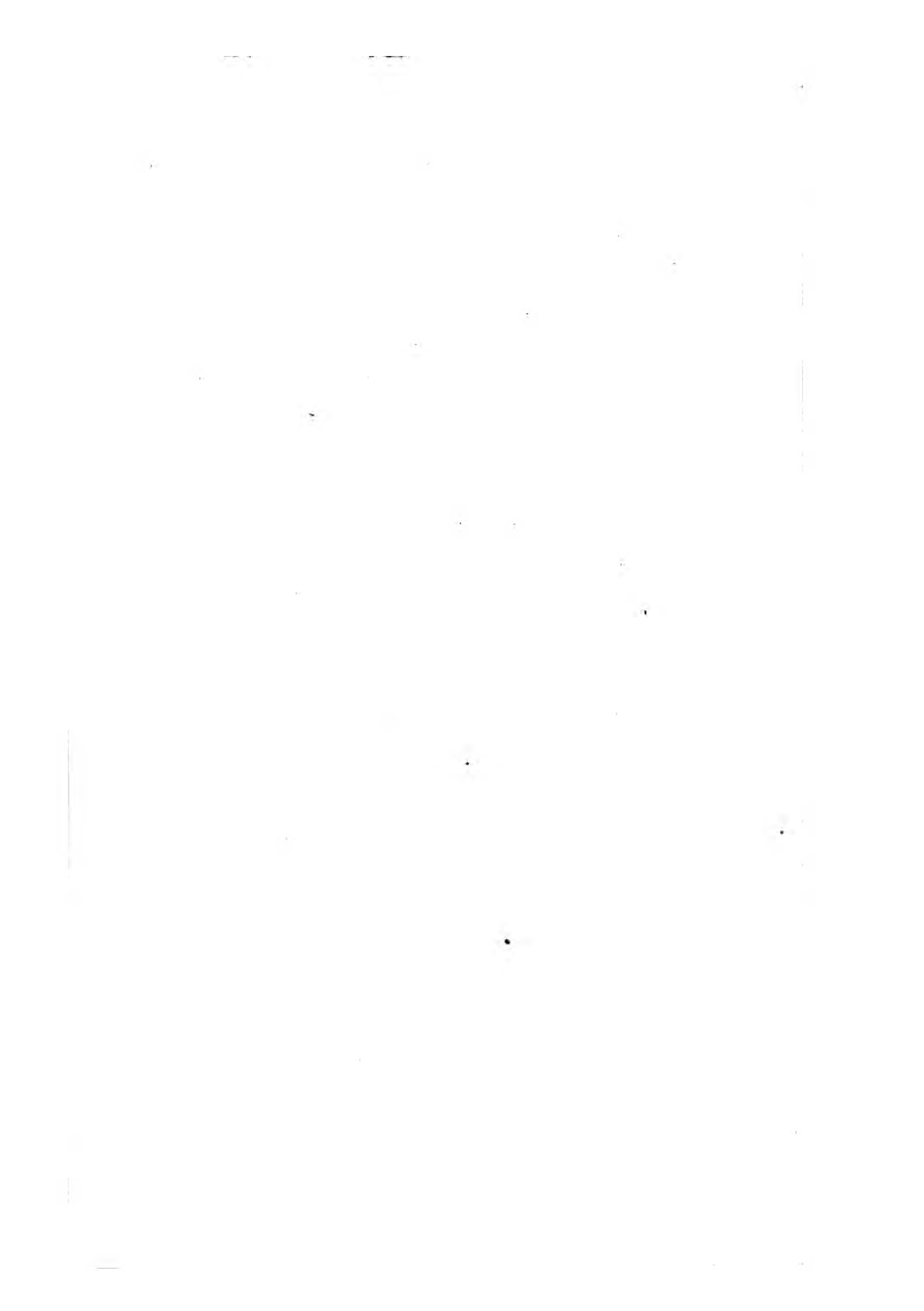
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THE
SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

TRANSLATED BY

CHARLTON BYAM WOLLASTON, Esq.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A TRANSLATION

OF

THE EPODES OF HORACE,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY CHAS. REYNELL,
LITTLE PULTENEY STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.

1841.



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PRINTED BY CHARLES REYNELL,
LITTLE PULTENEY STREET.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

So few copies of the translation of the ‘ Satires of Persius,’ by the late Charlton Byam Wollaston, Esq., were allowed by him to be printed for private distribution amongst his friends, that he had not a sufficient number even for that purpose, and he had many applications for copies, which he was unable to supply. It was therefore his intention to print a Second Edition, and he had prepared this copy, with various corrections, quite ready for the press.

There were also found amongst Mr Wollaston’s papers several translations from Juvenal, Horace, and other authors, and as the translations of the ‘ Epodes of Horace ’ appear in a more finished state than the rest,

and there is reason to believe he intended to print them, they are added to the present Edition ; and it is hoped they will not lessen that reputation for accuracy and spirit which his translation of Persius has so uniformly obtained.

TO
HENRY BANKES, Esq.,
OF KINGSTON HALL, IN THE COUNTY OF DORSET,
NOT LESS DISTINGUISHED IN PRIVATE LIFE,
BY HIS TASTE AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS AS A SCHOLAR ; THAN
IN PUBLIC LIFE,
BY HIS STEADY PRINCIPLES AND INDEPENDENCE :
TO WHOM THE TRANSLATOR IS GREATLY INDEBTED FOR
ASSISTANCE AND ENCOURAGEMENT IN THE
PROGRESS OF HIS WORK :
THESE SATIRES ARE DEDICATED
WITH THE
STRONGEST FEELINGS OF RESPECT AND REGARD.

I N T R O D U C T I O N .

THE Translator first became acquainted with the 'Satires of Persius' in consequence of an accidental conversation, in which the extraordinary beauties, and the powerful and even sublime passages which are to be found in the Second Satire, were pointed out and recommended to his notice. This led not only to the study of it, but afterwards to the translation of a few of the lines which struck him most forcibly. But much amusement and diversion of mind having attended this employment, the Second Satire, after some time, was completed: then another was undertaken, and then another, till the pursuit of the same fancy led to the execution of the whole; though, but for the ambition of making it a whole, the First and the Fourth Satires might have been passed over. The Fourth has little to attract; and the First, though it contains some ex-

cellent lines, and many specimens of manners, which have always been the object of curiosity, yet has so much of quotation from works that are lost, or imitation of the affected phraseology which was in fashion at that time, that such passages can only be disposed of in a translation by lines which can possess no other merit, if any, than that of being so constructed as to exhibit the same defects and absurdities as are intended to be exposed and ridiculed in the original.

But the Translator, who makes no pretension to the character of a Scholar, in the general sense of the word, much less of a critical scholar, is disposed to question himself, and might fairly be asked, how he could presume to take in hand the most obscure and most intricate of all the Latin Poets, whose crabbed phrases have exercised the learning and called forth the ingenuity of commentators and critics from the earliest to the present days, and many of whose sentences must be considered as mere enigmas to the modern reader, the solution of which can only be guessed at, and never ascertained, from the want of that knowledge as to facts or persons, which could alone satisfactorily explain and unravel them. To this question the circumstances already stated will give some answer, and perhaps furnish an excuse for the attempt; but it may be added, that having always found a particular amusement in those

relics of the ancients which are descriptive of their common life, give insight into their habits and manners, and tend to show, that under similar circumstances, and in similar states of society, as to knowledge and refinement, the same turns of thought, and the same practices have prevailed, though in far distant times and countries, the Translator has been led to the pursuit of the Epistolary and Satirical writers; as being most likely to find, in the familiar and unguarded style of the former, those little traits of sentiment and action, which best illustrate the manners and habits of the authors and their correspondents; and in the invective, and lively and acute observations, and descriptions of the latter, a detail of the prevailing fashions and vices, and occasional reference to the virtuous and amiable qualities of the times. In the works of Juvenal and Persius such a curiosity may undoubtedly be most highly gratified.

There is besides another kind of interest which may be excited and pursued, in the study of the Satirists, as well as of the philosophical and moral writers among the Romans, namely, in the information it supplies, and the observations it suggests, as to the serious, or what may be called, the religious feelings and opinions of learned and really virtuous men, who have looked for some fixed principle by which to guide

and regulate their conduct, but who, from the absence of the light of Revelation to direct and assist them, were involved in darkness and uncertainty. There are many passages in Juvenal and Persius of this nature; and some which savour so strongly of Christian sentiment, that one might almost suppose a glimmering of that light, which had spread to Rome before their time, might have shone upon them. It has been said by Bishop Burnet, that the Second Satire of Persius "may well pass for one of the best Lectures on Divinity." This view of the Satires presented another inducement to the Translator to make himself well acquainted with them.

But he has also his excuses to offer for his attempts as a Poet; for though a translator of poetry need not possess the principal and most necessary qualifications of a Poet, namely, invention, and the conception of poetical imagery; and even in his expression and language is confined to imitation, and a similarity to the manner and the diction of his original; yet, without some poetic feeling and warmth in the use of his own language, and in adapting a different idiom and combination of words to the ideas which are provided for him, and which he is bound to follow, he could not expect to produce any other effect than that of a literal prose interpretation. But if Horace would not allow

to the original Satirist the character of a Poet, much less can a Translator lay claim to such a distinction.

————— “ neque si quis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse Poetam.
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.”

HOR. Sat. 4, l. 61, v. 41.

In this attempt indeed, it having been the chief object of the Translator to keep as close as possible to his author, he would have found little room for the display of poetic talent, had he possessed it; and he has only to hope that he may be found to have kept clear of mean and homely, or inappropriate diction, though he cannot expect to have found a language in any degree worthy of the original.

In the course of the undertaking he has avoided borrowing from the published labours of others, though he has occasionally consulted former translations, and compared them with his own. To name Dryden, and to have ventured upon the same ground with him, may appear bold and presuming; but it may be admitted that the coarseness of some of his lines is not suitable to the taste of the present age; and besides, Dryden's Satires are not regular translations, but in many parts deviate into parody and imitation. Drummond's verses are elegant and highly finished, and would read well as

an original work, of which in many parts his Satires bear the character: for as Translations they are very free: and though in some passages he expresses with truth and great beauty the thoughts and sense of his author, in others he quits him entirely, passing over obscurities, and filling up the blank by indulging in his own fancy. There is a Translation of Persius by Brewster, which, though it may be almost called a Paraphrase from its being so much extended in length, has, notwithstanding, great merit in the easy flow of the lines, as well as in the satisfactory interpretation of doubtful passages. Gifford is close and in many parts excellent, and his notes are valuable; but he seems to take every opportunity of depreciating, and treating even with contempt, that most useful commentator and expounder, Madan, who has done more by his notes to throw light upon both Juvenal and Persius, to bring them within reach of the unlearned, and to make them accessible to those who might otherwise be ignorant of their value, than any of the most voluminous and ingenious Editors, who have bestowed their time and labour on these works. To him the present Translator acknowledges the full obligation which he has mentioned as generally due to him from the public.

But he cannot conclude this explanatory Introduction, without expressing his other obligations to several

of his friends, who have not only suggested to him corrections and improvements in his versification and constructions, but have supplied him with lines, which he has in some instances adopted instead of his own. These are, however, not so many, in proportion to the whole, as to take away what he may call his property in the Translation : and in some instances, where the difference between his own lines and those suggested to him, has appeared to consist only in a more easy poetical expression of a meaning in which they agree, the Translator has ultimately preserved his own, not because he is better satisfied with them, but indeed, while admitting the superiority of the suggested lines, because they are his own.

With regard to the peculiar style and manner of Persius, much has been written by editors and commentators. That he is obscure is obvious to every reader ; but that he was studiously so, in order to avoid any greater danger which he might have incurred, had his satirical allusions been written in a more plain and simple language, seems to be a groundless supposition : for if we, who read and translate a dead language in a distant age, can still see through such allusions, it is in the highest degree improbable that so thin a veil should have concealed them from those to whom they might have been obnoxious and offensive at the time when

they were made public. The obscurity, besides, is not confined to the severely satirical passages, but pervades the familiar and jocular addresses of the Poet to his friends. It must therefore be attributed to the peculiar turn of his mind, or of his hand, as the hand of a painter is marked and known by its peculiar manner. Of all writings, however, Satire is the most likely to be attended with obscurity in its interpretation, in times unconnected with those to which it refers; because, from its very nature, it deals more with individual, temporary, and local, than with general topics. The charge of obscurity therefore, except so far as it may be thus accounted for, must lie upon the language which the Poet has adopted.

In the course of the observations attending this attempt at a Translation, passages will occasionally be remarked upon, which bear the peculiar mark or stamp of this Poet—concise and close phrases conveying an extended meaning in few words—abrupt transitions and bursts of passion and feeling, addressed one cannot say to whom—sentences which seem to defy grammatical accuracy—coarse, or, what may be called, vulgar expressions—not to mention a few gross allusions offensively descriptive, and not fit for translation. Some of these peculiarities may be considered as the faults of his manner, which still ought to a certain degree to be

imitated, in order to preserve the spirit of the original: though the omitting them, or so softening them down as to leave but little trace of their singularity, may make a work, such as Drummond's, more pleasing to those who are not acquainted with the original, or who read without comparing, or observing, what the likeness may be between the original and the translation. It may indeed be observed, that a close translation of Persius, however it may be executed, can afford but little amusement, and must appear dull and uninteresting to the English reader only. But let us turn to the beauties—the sublimely moral passages—the strong, manly, and apparently sincere invectives, which have the more force, and become more striking, from the singular turns of expression made use of, and, in some instances, from the unusual and uneven structure of the verse.

As to the philosophical principles which Persius professed, it may be inferred, from the marked antipathy to vice, and the strong recommendation of virtue, which cannot but be observed in every Satire, as well as from his having been bred up under the care of his friend Cornutus, a Stoic philosopher, that he was a Stoic in the purest sense of that appellation, and that he adopted and practised the doctrine upon which the celebrity of that sect was founded, namely, that

the wise man alone was free, which may be understood to mean, that wisdom or virtue could alone produce freedom of the mind from the slavery of bad passions. But from the Fifth Satire, upon which the character of Persius as a Stoic is principally founded, it may also be inferred, that he stopped there, and withdrew from and disclaimed the absurd conclusions deduced from that principle, and which he attacks in several passages of it. Gifford, however, takes a different view of that Satire, and seems to consider it as a defence of the Stoic philosophy to its full extent; in which opinion Madan appears to concur. But the greater part of the Fifth Satire applies to the distinction between the civil liberty conferred by the formal emancipation of a slave, and the liberty of the mind: and the lines 119 to 121 must be considered as intended playfully to expose, rather than seriously to enforce, the conclusion drawn from the Stoic doctrine, that there could be no medium between the perfect wisdom, which they boasted of possessing, and the most glaring vices; so that any trifling fault, or even mistake, would sink the person committing it to a level with fools, or, in other words, the depraved and wicked. The instances of the various passions and their effects, which are illustrated with so much humour and variety, support this view of the Satire; the object being to show that those who suf-

ferred themselves to be led away by them, forfeited all claim to freedom, properly so called, or freedom of the mind.

The conclusion of the Satire, abrupt and unsatisfactory as it is, can only be considered as a contemptuous ridicule of the philosophers of the Stoic school, who carried their doctrines to that absurd length which it was the object of the Poet to expose.

It may be satisfactory to the readers of Persius to be reminded of the exact period when he lived, with a view to the explanation and illustration of his writings, and of the circumstances under which his Satires were composed. He appears to have been born in the seven hundred and eighty-seventh year of Rome, and the thirty-seventh from the Christian era, very near the end of the reign of Tiberius. He died at an early age—in his thirtieth year, on or about the ninth year of the reign of the Emperor Nero, so that he lived through the reigns of Caligula and Claudius.

Death of Tiberius	.	-	-	-	A.D. 38.
Caligula		-	-	-	42.
Claudius		-	-	-	55.
Nero		-	-	-	69.

He is represented as having been a man of property, of amiable manners, and unblemished character. His

father was of the Equestrian Order. Juvenal appears to have been born only a year or two later than Persius; but his Satires were written after those of Persius, and not till he had arrived at a more advanced age; and he lived to a great age, and to the times, as is said, of the Emperors Nerva and Trajan.

THE
PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

DRYDEN considers this as the Prologue to the First Satire; but the Delphin and other editors treat it as the Prologue to the Satires generally, to which it seems as well adapted as to the first singly. Many conjectures have been offered as to its meaning and intention. But as the Satires were written in the most dangerous days of the Empire, and might, in some passages, have been suspected of being personally directed against the reigning Emperor, it may reasonably be supposed that, when they were handed about, and copies of them were multiplied, the author would wish to conceal himself, by assuming a character which did not belong to him, and describing himself as a poor Poet writing for bread. The Prologue has in it much of the peculiar manner of the Poet; that closeness of language, and comprehensiveness of meaning, which so distinguish him, and which it is quite impossible to follow, and very difficult to express in a translation.

P R O L O G U S.

NEC fonte labra prolui Caballino,
Nec in bicipiti somniâse Parnasso
Memini, ut repentè sic Poëta prodirem.
Heliconidasque, et pallidam Pirenen,
Illis remitto, quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ sequaces. Ipse semipaganus,
Ad sacra vatum carmen affero nostrum.
Quis expedivit Psittaco suum “Χαιρε?”
Picasque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis, ingenîque largitor
Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.
Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
Corvos Pöetas, et Pöetrias picas,
Cantare credas Pegaseium melos.

THE PROLOGUE.

I NEVER sipp'd the hoof-struck fount,⁽¹⁾
 Nor on the double-crested mount,
 My head in dreaming fancy laid,
 And waked a Poet ready-made.
 I leave the Muses' sacred hill,
 And pale Pirene's mournful rill,⁽²⁾
 To those around whose sculptured heads
 The creeping ivy fondly spreads.
 A half-bred bard, my humble line
 I offer at the Poet's shrine. 10

Who has the parrot taught to borrow
 Our language, and to cry "Good morrow?"
 Or made the magpie stretch her beak,
 And words like our's attempt to speak?
 An empty stomach, teacher fit
 Of mimic tones, of art, and wit.
 Let gold but glitter in their eyes,⁽³⁾
 Trust me the very choughs and pies,
 Poets and Poetesses fair,
 Will chant a Pegasean air. 20

NOTES.

(1) L. 1. *The hoof-struck fount.*

“Caballino” alludes to the fountain on Mount Parnassus, which was supposed to have sprung up from the stamp of the foot of Pegasus. The word is used rather in an ironical sense, than as applicable to the winged Pegasus. It implies a horse of all work—

“Olitoris aget mercede caballum.”—Hor. Ep. 18, l. 1, v. 5.

Lubin says, “Non equino, eò quod Satyræ humiliora verba conveniunt.”

(2) L. 6. *And pale Pirene's mournful rill.*

“Pallidam Pirenen” has received different interpretations; but the most probable allusion is to the fable which represents Pirene as having dissolved into a fountain from excessive weeping for the loss of one of her sons. The fountain is on the Acro-Corinthus. It may be supposed to have been the subject of poetry, or the resort of poets.

(3) L. 17. *Let gold but glitter in their eyes, &c.*

The three last lines in the original seem to have been applied to low and contemptible versifiers, who were always ready to write for

profit. If a prize is held out, even crows and magpies will turn poets and produce verses (ironically described as) worthy of those who have drunk of the fountain of Parnassus. Madan gives a somewhat different turn to the lines. "Once," he says, "let the gilded bait come in view, and you will hear such a recitation of poetry as would make you think that ravens and magpies were turned poets and poetesses, and had been taught to recite their performances."

THE FIRST SATIRE.

THE object of this Satire appears to be to expose the bad taste of the Poets of the day. And as Nero was one of them, it may be supposed that the Poet ventured to glance at him and his verses, though it can hardly be imagined that he would dare to aim at him personally, or to quote or ridicule any compositions known to be his. The humour of the parodies or quotations is necessarily lost with the works they allude to. But he does not attack *Poets* only. The practice of the Recitations, the subjects recited, and the impurity which the audiences delighted in, are also exposed—and the bad taste of the Bar-oratory falls under his lash. He concludes by deprecating the praise of those he thinks unworthy to form any judgment on the merit of his verses.

PERSII SATIRA PRIMA.

PERSIUS.

O CURAS hominum! o quantum est in rebus inane!

Monitor. Quis leget hæc? *P.* Min' tu istud ais?

M. Nemo, Hercule. *P.* Nemo?

M. Vel duo, vel nemo. Turpe et miserabile. *P.* Quare?

Ne mihi Polydamas et Troiades Labeonem

Prætulerint? nugæ. Non, siquid turbida Roma

Elevet, accedas: examenve improbum in illâ

Castiges trutinâ: ne te quæsiveris extra.

Nam Romæ quis non! ah si fas dicere! sed fas,

Tunc cum ad canitiem, et nostrum istud vivere triste

Aspexi, et nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis: 10

Cum sapimus patruos, tunc tunc ignoscite. *M.* Nolo.

THE FIRST
SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

PERSIUS.

O CARES of man! alas! how vain! how weak!⁽¹⁾

Monitor. Say who will read such lines? *P.* To me
d'ye speak?

M. Not one I say. *P.* Not one? *M.* Yes, one or two,
Shameful and sad! *P.* Why?⁽²⁾ Lest the Trojan crew
Led by Polydamas, to me prefer

A scribbling Labeo—should I make a stir,
Or mind such trifles? In Rome's turbid state,

If Critics a false scale should elevate,

And authors in unequal balance weigh,

Follow not thou the humour of the day; 10

Think for thyself, and seek no other fame,

For all at Rome are—⁽³⁾ what I dare not name.

But 'tis allowable to speak one's mind,

When now at length to solemn thoughts inclin'd,⁽⁴⁾

Grey hairs advance, and marbles are laid by,

And we assume a stern severity;

Then, then, excuse it—*M.* No, not e'en then.

P. Quid faciam ? nam sum petulanti splene cachinno.

M. Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,
Grande aliquid quod pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet.

P. Scilicet hæc populo, pexusque togâque recenti,
Et natalitiâ tandem cum sardonyche albus,
Sede leges celsâ, liquido cum plasmate guttur
Mobile collueris, patranti fractus ocello,
Hic neque moré probo videas, neque voce serenâ
Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum 20
Intrant, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.
Tun', vetule, auriculis alienis colligis escas,
Auriculis, quibus et dicas cute perditus, ohe !
'Quo didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum, et quæ semel intus
'Innata est, rupto jecore exierit caprificus ?'
En pallor, seniumque ! o mores ! usque adæone
Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter ?
'At pulchrum est, digito monstrari, et dicier : hic est !
'Ten' cirratorum centum dictata fuisse,

P. But laugh I must. How shall I check my pen?

M. We in our closets write,⁽⁵⁾ some prose, some verse,
 Something sublime— *P.* Well suited to rehearse 20
 With panting lungs full stretched and failing breath.
 Made to delight the gaping mob beneath :
 When with trimm'd curls and mantle new and gay,
 The sparkling birth-day jewel you display.
 And fluently, from the exalted seat,
 Your voice with smoothing gargles tuned, repeat
 Lascivious lines, with soft and swimming eye,
 Which banish all restraint and decency,
 As thy great children, Titus ! pant and grin,
 And shew the tickling subject works within. 30
 Old as you are, will you with food supply
 Such itching ears ? 'till swell'd with praise, you cry
 Enough, enough ! . Oh spare my modesty. }
 “ But why the plague of study, if forbid⁽⁶⁾
 “ To make some ferment ? if the plant that's hid
 “ And swells within, break not its narrow room ?
 “ Like the wild fig-tree bursting from the tomb.”
 Behold the pallid cheek—the feeble frame,
 Oh foolish age ! must you thus seek for fame ?
 Is knowledge nothing worth, unless you show 40
 To others all that you pretend to know ?
 “ But to be pointed at, and nam'd aloud,
 “ That's he ! look at him ! by the gaping crowd,
 “ To have one's maxims read, and taught as truth,
 “ And giv'n as themes to curly-pated youth,

Pro nihilo pendas?" Ecce inter pocula quærunt 30
 Romulidæ sature, quid dia poemata narrent.
 Hic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna est,
 (Rancidulum quiddam balbâ de nare locutus ;)
 Phylidas, Hypsipylas, vatium et plorabile si quid,
 Eliquat ; et tenero supplantat verba palato :
 Assensere viri : nunc non cinis ille poetæ
 Felix ? non levior cippus nunc imprimat ossa ?
 Laudant convivæ : nunc non é manibus illis,
 Nunc non é tumultu fortunatâque favillâ
 Nascentur violæ ? " Rides," ait, " et nimis uncis 40
 " Naribus indulges. An erit, qui velle recuset
 " Os populi meruisse : et cedro digna locutus,
 " Linqere nec scombrorum metuentia carmina nec thus ?"
 Quisquis es, o modo quem ex adverso dicere feci,
 Non ego cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit,
 (Quando hæc rara avis est) si quid tamen aptius exit,
 Laudari metuum : neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.
 Sed recti finemque extremumque esse recuso
 'Euge' tuum, et 'Bellè:'

“ Deem you this nothing ? ” ⁽⁷⁾ See amidst the rout
 Of wine and feasting, Rome’s gay sons call out
 Some favorite poem’s strain divine to hear :
 Behold in violet-colour’d robe appear
 The trim reciter—who with drawling voice, ⁽⁸⁾ 50
 First gives a specimen of something choice,
 Then picks out a sad tale their taste to please,
 Of Phillesees, or of Hypsipyles,
 Melts in soft numbers, and with mincing lips,
 His half-form’d periods delicately clips :
 The worthies praise—Shall not the Bard be blest,
 And marble lie more lightly on his breast ?
 The guests applaud—shall not his ashes glow,
 And on his tomb the springing violets blow ?
 But “ you’re severe,” the adversary cries, 60
 “ And laugh too loud—who does not highly prize
 “ The public voice ? and would not leave behind
 “ Effusions fit for shelves with cedar lined,
 “ That need not fear the luckless fate of those
 “ Which high-dried fish or frankincense inclose ? ”
 You then, whose adverse arguments I use,
 And into fancied dialogue diffuse,
 Think not, if I, by chance, should show some wit,
 And make (a prodigy !) one happy hit,
 That all your praises I should treat with scorn ? 70
 No, no ! my nerves are not made dull as horn.
 But that your “ Bravos,” and that senseless cry,
 Prove that all’s right and perfect, I deny :

nam 'Bellè' hoc excute totum ;
 Quid non intus habet ? non hic est Ilias Acci 50
 Ebria veratro : non si qua elegidia crudi
 Dictarunt proceres ; non quicquid denique lectis
 Scribitur in citreis ? Calidum scis ponere sumen :
 Scis comitem horridulum tritâ donare lacernâ :
 Et verum, inquis, amo ; verum mihi dicite, de me.
 Qui pote ? vis dicam ? nugaris, cum tibi, Calve,
 Pinguis aqualiculus propenso sesquipede extet.
 O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,
 Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis altas ;
 Nec linguæ, quantum sitiât canis Appula, tantum ! 60
 Vos, o Patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est
 Occipiti cœco, posticæ occurrite sannæ !
 " Quis populi sermo est ? " quis enim, nisi carmina molli
 Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos
 Effundat junctura unguis. Scit tendere versum
 Non secus, ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.
 Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,
 Dicere res grandes nostro dat Musa Poetæ.

Examine well this 'Bravo,' and then see
 What trash may not excite such extasy?
 May not mad Accius' Iliad make its claim?
 And our young nobles seek to gain a name
 By some poor sonnet, or such lines as those
 Who loll on citron couches may compose?
 With a choice dish you make your table smoke, 80
 Or give a ragged friend a worn-out cloak,
 Then call for *Truth*—"tell me but truth," you cry,
 "Oh! if you love me, no more flattery!"
 But how can *they* speak out? If you *will* know,
 Yon trifle, bald-pate! see that paunch below.⁽⁹⁾
 O Janus! happy in thy double face!
 Safe and protected from unseen grimace!
 From pecking finger, and from gibes and sneers,
 Provok'd by wagging hands, like asses' ears,
 From lolling tongue, such as the Appulean hound 90
 Panting with thirst drops almost to the ground!
 But you! Patrician youths! whose sculls are blind,
 Watch well your jeering friends, and look behind!
 But still you ask "what does the public say?"
 What! but that now at last is found the way,
 To give to verse its soft harmonious flow,
 To smooth its rugged junctures—and to know,
 As with a line, its measures how to scan.
 Whether He ridicules the ways of man,⁽¹⁰⁾
 Rails at his luxury—or higher things } 100
 Attempting, paints the bloody feasts of kings,
 Our matchless Bard such lofty subjects sings. }

Ecce modo heroas sensus affere videmus
 Nugari solitos Græce, nec ponere lucum 70
 Artifices; nec rus saturum laudare, ubi corbes,
 Et focus, et porci, et fumosa Palilia fœno:
 Unde Remus, sulcoque terens dentalia, Quinti,
 Quem trepida ante bovem dictatorem induit uxor,
 Et tua aratra domum lictor tulit. Euge, Poeta!
 Est nunc, Brisei quem venosus liber Acci:
 Sunt, quos Pacuviusque et verucosa moretur
 Antiopa, "ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta."
 Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
 Cum videas, quærisne unde hæc sartago loquendi 80
 Venerit in linguas? unde istud dedecus, in quo
 Trossulus exultat tibi per subsellia lævis?
 Nilne pudet capiti non posse pericula cano
 Pellere, quin tepidum hoc optes audire, "decenter?"

Some now their skill in bold heroics try,⁽¹¹⁾
 Content before with Grecian melody ;
 Unskilful artists, even when they chuse
 The well known subjects of the rustic muse,
 The groves, the cottages, the teeming land,
 These humble themes all fail beneath their hand :
 Both pigs and poultry, feasts and jovial nights,
 When Pales' smoke the rustic train delights : 110
 Whence Remus and illustrious Quintus ! Thou,
 Whose timid consort call'd thee from the plough,
 And threw the robe of office o'er thy head,
 While his tired beasts the lictor homeward led.
 But on, my Poet ! for in this our age
 Hearers there are who to old Accius' page,
 Who to Paccuvius, their favour show,
 On harsh Antiopa applause bestow,
 When "her grief-stricken heart is propp'd by woe."⁽¹²⁾ }
 If such false precepts blear-ey'd sires instil, 120
 And their boys' heads with turgid nonsense fill,
 Ought we to wonder, that the bubbling sound⁽¹³⁾
 Of senseless words should in this age abound ?
 That the young smooth-fac'd Trossuli should greet⁽¹⁴⁾
 Such stuff with transport from their knightly seat.
 Is it not shameful you can not defend⁽¹⁵⁾
 The hoary head from an untimely end,
 But you must strive in such a desperate cause
 To catch the faintest murmur of applause ?

Fur es, ait Pedio. Pedius quid ? crimina rasis
 Librat in antithetis. Doctas posuisse figuras
 Laudatur. Bellum hoc. Hoc bellum ? an, Romule, ceves ?
 Men' moveat quippe, et cantet si naufragus, assem
 Protulerim ? cantas, cum fracta te in trabe pictum
 Ex humero portes ? verum, nec nocte paratum 90
 Plorabit, qui me volet incurvasse querelâ.

M. Sed numeris decor est, et junctura addita crudis.

P. Claudere sic versum didicit, "Berecynthius Attin."
 Et, "qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea delphin."
 Sic, "costam longo subduximus Appennino."

M. "Arma virum," nonne hoc spumosum, et cortice
 pingui ?

P. Ut ramale vetus prægrandi subere coctum.

M. Quidnam igitur tenerum, et laxâ cervice legendum ?

P. "Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
 "Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo 100
 "Bassaribus, et lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis,
 "Evion, ingeminat : reparabilis adsonat Echo."
 Hæc fierent, si testiculi vena ulla paterni
 Viveret in nobis ?

Says one to Pedius, "You're a thief;" ⁽¹⁶⁾ to this 130
 What answers Pedius? in antithesis
 He neatly balances his crimes, and hopes
 To gain applause by metaphors and tropes.
 This well! why Romulus you dote! should I
 A shipwreck'd sailor treat with sympathy,
 If begging still he sings, while on his back
 He bears the picture of his founder'd smack?
 Real distress alone, no specious lie
 Got up by night, will stir my charity—

M. But art gives charms to crude and simple verse. 140

P. Hear then the Poet his own lines rehearse
 Of "Attis and the Berecynthian crew" ⁽¹²⁾—
 "Blue Nereus by the dolphin cleav'd in two"—
 "A rib from Appeninus torn away"—

M. But what of favour'd Poets will you say?
 "Arms and the man"—is not that frothy stuff?
 Husk without substance? ⁽¹⁷⁾ *P.* No—not soft, but tough,
 Like some old bough with rugged bark o'ergrown.

M. What then is soft and tender, for the town
 To read at idle hours with head reclin'd? 150

P. "Harsh horns blew blasts of Mimallonian wind," ⁽¹²⁾
 "And Bassaris excited dooms to fall
 "The haughty victim's head, while Mænas' call
 "Evion repeats, guiding with ivy rod
 "Her harness'd lynx, and Echo sounds the God."
 Could this be borne if, us'd to nobler strains,
 Our fathers' vigour flow'd within our veins?

summâ delumbe salivâ

Hoc natat in labris ; et in udo est Mænas, et Attis :
Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorsos sapit ungues.

M. Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero

Auriculas ? vide sis, ne majorum tibi forte

Limina frigescant : sonat hic de nare caninâ

Litera. *P.* Per me equidem sint omnia protinus alba. 110

Nil moror : euge omnes, omnes bene miræ eritis res.

Hoc juvat ? hic, inquis, veto quisquam faxit oletum ;

Pinge duos angues. Pueri, sacer est locus : extra

Meiite. Discedo. Secuit Lucilius urbem ;

Te, Lupe ; te, Muti ; et genuinum fregit in illis.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico

Tangit : et admissus circum præcordia ludit,

Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

Men' mutire nefas, nec clam, nec cum scrobe ? *M.* Nusquam.

P. Hic tamen infodiam : “ Vidi, vide ipse, libelle ! 120

“ Auriculas asini quis non habet ? ” Hoc ego opertum,

Hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nullâ tibi vendo

Iliade.

This is but mawkish nonsense, nothing worth,
 Which from his lips the Poet sputters forth ;⁽¹⁸⁾
 Mænas and Attis each in froth prevails ; 160
 But he nor thumps his desk, nor gnaws his nails.

M. But why such bitter truths to tender ears ?
 Why snarl so sharply ? Have you not your fears,
 That your great patrons may be cold and shy
 To one who bites with such severity ?

P. Well then, henceforth let all be mark'd with white,
 All good and honest, all correct and right.
 Paint your two snakes,⁽¹⁹⁾ and mark the narrow mound,
 Commit no nuisance here, 'tis holy ground !
 I take my leave—Lucilius cut and slashed 170
 Lupus and Mutius, 'till his grinders gnash'd.
 Sly Horace would our vices gently hit,
 And while his laughing friend admir'd his wit,
 Play'd round his heart-strings, and without a frown,
 Smil'd at and lash'd the follies of the town.
 Is it a crime in me, if I'm but heard
 To mutter to myself? *M.* Yes, e'en a word.

P. Why, then, I'll dig and hide myself below,
 And to my tablets whisper what I know.⁽²⁰⁾
 "Who has not asses' ears? I've seen enough." 180
 And this my secret joke, this paltry stuff,
 So vile, so worthless held, I would not sell,
 For all your Iliads that succeed so well.⁽²¹⁾

Audaci quicumque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
Aspice et hæc : si forte aliquid decoctius audis,
Inde vaporatâ lector mihi ferveat aure.
Non hic qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere gestit
Sordidus, et lusco qui possit dicere, lusce ;
Sese aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus,
Fregerit heminas Areti Ædilis iniquas :
Nec qui abaco numeros, et secto in pulvere metas
Scit risisse vafer : multum gaudere paratus,
Si Cynico barbam petulans Nonaria vellat :
His mane edictum, post prandia Callirhoën do.

Whoe'er has felt the bold Cratinus' rage, ⁽²²⁾
 Or pallid grown at Eupolis's page,
 Or *his*, as great in pow'rs as age—look here,
 And if aught more refined and pure appear,
 Then turn yet warm to me with fav'ring ear. }
 Here none who meanly rails at folks who wear } 190
 Their shoes tied on with philosophic air,
 Who in plain truth will tell a man he squints,
 And thinks it wit—who at his honours hints,
 Because as Ædile of a paltry state
 He struts about, and breaks the cheating weight :
 Nor one who sand and horn-books would despise,
 And ridicule the way to make men wise,
 Who chuckles if, in public as he goes,
 A strumpet tweaks a Cynic by the nose :
 To such as these, for pastime I decree } 200
 Edicts by day, at night Callirhœe. ⁽²³⁾

NOTES.

(1) Line 1. *O cares of man! alas! how vain! how weak!*

The opening of this Satire requires some explanation. The Poet may be supposed to be repeating to himself the first line of his composition, when his friend comes in and overhears him, and he tells him that, in the taste of the town at that time, such serious reflections would not be listened to. The Poet remonstrates, but the friend perseveres in stating that perhaps one or two, but not more, might be induced to read his lines, but that it would be hard upon him, and a sad disappointment. "Why so?" says Persius. "Do you think I care, though a poor scribbler, such as Labeo, may be preferred to me?" and he then proceeds to justify himself, and to enter upon the subject he had proposed—namely, to expose the bad taste of the Poets of the day, and of the public that encouraged them.

(2) Line 4-6. *Lest the Trojan crew,
Led by Polydamas, to me prefer
A scribbling Labeo.*

Some have imagined that the Emperor Nero and his court are alluded to under the names of Polydamas and the Trojans, but it is probable that this passage in Homer (Il. 22, v. 100-5) was familiar to the Romans, and had become a common cant expression, applicable to any case when the reproaches of idle and ignorant persons might be apprehended. Gifford considers it in this light.

(3) L. 12. *What I dare not name.*

The commentators give different meanings to the break in the original—*quis non* ; but the most easy and obvious seems to be, who at Rome does not do *that* which is the subject of complaint, namely, form a false judgment by adhering to the opinions and bad taste of the critics of the day? It may be as well, however, to imitate the mystery of the original.

(4) L. 14. *And surely now to solemn thoughts inclin'd,*

Different interpretations have been given to the corresponding passage. *One* applying it to Persius himself, as excusing his Satires upon others, on account of his own grave and severe deportment ; *another* considering it as reflecting upon the affected gravity and severity of the vain and vicious characters of the day. To the *first*, the word "*canitiam*" may be objected, Persius being a young man ; but it is probable that he did not wish to describe himself, so as to be known ; and the language of the passage better suits the application to a *real*, than an *affected* gravity of character.

(5) L. 19. *We in our closets write,*

The dialogue is differently divided in different editions, as to the parts of the text ascribed to Persius or his Monitor. The Delphin does not mark the divisions of the dialogue, but leaves them to the judgment, or the fancy of the reader ; and this line might be given to the Poet, or his Monitor. At the fifteenth line in the original, the Poet assumes his own character and begins, and from thence pursues his subject ; and though he uses the second person, "*leges*" and "*collueris*," he does not address himself to the person introduced into the dialogue, but attacks all the vain scribblers of the day. In the 20th line of the translation, and 14th of the original, "*Grande aliquid*," the Poet is made, by some Translators and Commentators, to break in upon the Monitor, when he

mentions "*something sublime*," with his satirical invective on the public recitations; which seems more agreeable to the sense of the context, than putting those words into the mouth of the Monitor. He objects to the Poet's *publishing* his Satires, and recommends his writing in his closet, for the amusement of himself and his friends, when the Poet breaks out and pursues his Satire with much force and humour.

(6) L. 34. "*But why the plague of study, &c.*"

The corresponding lines are harsh and unmusical in their construction, and obscure in their interpretation; but that given in the translation is the most obvious. This remark (l. 24-25 of the original), and that which occurs l. 28-30, "At pulchrum est," seem to be objections thrown in by the Poet himself, which he answers; rather than the words of the Monitor, who is introduced at the beginning of the Satire. In l. 40, the word "*ait*" shows that the *Poet* is using the supposed words of some objector.

(7) L. 45. "*And giv'n as themes to curly-pated youth,*"

The line in the original (29) affords another instance of Persius's own peculiar language, "Te dictata fuisse."

(8) L. 49. *Behold in violet-color'd robe appear
The trim reciter—*

"Aliquis," in the original, seems to imply some coxcomb who recites the verses of *others*. "Vatum plorabile si quid," "cinis ille poetæ," and the "cippus," apply to some deceased poet, and *not*, as has been supposed by some, to the *reciter*, representing him as reciting his own verses.

(9) L. 84-5. *But how can they speak out? If you will know,
You trifle, bald pate! see that paunch below.*

How can you pretend to art or fancy, you, an old fellow, whose paunch shows nothing but gluttony?

(10) L. 98. *Whether He ridicules the ways of man, &c.*

This passage is considered as having reference to comedy, "in mores"—to satire, "in luxum"—and to tragedy, "in prandia regum," in allusion to the story of Thyestes; and this distinction has been observed in the translation. The whole passage from l. 95 to 102 of the translation, and 63 to 68 of the original, is the supposed language of the flattering friend, and has reference to l. 82-3.

(11) L. 103-114. *Some now their skill in bold heroics try, &c.*

This is one of the most puzzling passages to be met with in these Satires. The explanations given to it are various. It is probable that some particular poem is alluded to, in which the several subjects specified were jumbled together; and the reflection most probably intended to be conveyed seems to be, that those who cannot describe the commonest objects in tolerable verse, yet attempt heroics and a high strain of poetry. But a difficulty lies in applying this idea to the subjects alluded to in the three last of these lines, which, though they are connected with and might follow a description of the country, are not of the same humble character as those which precede them, and might furnish or belong to a higher strain of poetry.

(12) L. 119. *When "her grief-stricken heart is propp'd by woe."*

L. 142. *Of "Attis and the Berecynthian crew."*

L. 151. *"Harsh horns blew blasts of Mimallonian wind," &c.*

The Satire is, in these quotations or imitations, directed against some well-known poems of the day. The first is probably a line from a tragedy of Pacuvius. In translating these passages, the object is to show that it was intended to ridicule them; but the humour is lost with the original verses, though the bombastic absurdity is sufficiently obvious as a subject of satire. Line 95 in the original is supposed to allude to some poem on Hannibal's passage into Italy.

- (13) L. 122-3. *Ought we to wonder that the bubbling sound
Of senseless words should in this age abound?*

“Sartago,” l. 80 of the original, is literally a frying-pan. It may, therefore, imply the mixture of ingredients in the compositions of the day, and the hissing and bubbling sound of the cookery applied to the reciter.

- (14) L. 124. *That the young smooth-fac'd Trossuli should greet.*

Trossulus seems to be a cant name, applied generally to the young Knights who occupied the privileged benches, and not the proper name of any individual. Madan accounts for this name.

- (15) L. 126. *Is it not shameful you cannot defend.*

The Poet turns his Satire on the Orators or Pleaders of the day, who were more desirous of catching the faint applause of their audience, than of saving the lives of their clients, though accused of the most serious crimes.

- (16) L. 130. *Says one to Pedius, “You're a thief.”*

The abrupt call in the original is quite in the peculiar manner of Persius—“ait,” without a nominative case. And again, v. 93 (orig.) “didicit.”

- (17) L. 147-8. *No—not soft, but tough,
Like some old bough with rugged bark o'ergrown.*

The corresponding line in the original (l. 97) is obscure, and has had various interpretations given to it: but it seems clear that the Poet meant to defend the language of Virgil, which, instead of resembling the live bark of a tree, which is soft and spungy, has the solidity of an old bough, dried and hardened with the thick bark upon it.

(18) L. 158-9. *From the lips*

Of lisping flatterers which the Poet sips.

Some interpret this passage as alluding to the affected way of pronouncing such lines. Others, as representing that they were always in the mouths of the flatterers of those who composed them. The former interpretation is preferred.

(19) L. 168. *Paint your two snakes.*

This is another, which may be added to the several instances pointed out by an ingenious writer on "Serpent Worship," of the sacred character of the snake, and its application as an object of respect or religious fear.

(20) L. 178. *Why then I'll dig and hide myself below, &c.*

This passage alludes to the story of Midas's barber, who, when he saw the ass's ears, but did not dare to mention what he had seen to others, dug a ditch to vent himself by whispering into it—"and who," says Persius, "has not ass's ears?" Who of these poets is not as ignorant of real poetry, as Midas was of music? It has been said that line 121 in the original first stood "Mida rex habet," and so it stands in some editions, and Drummond has adopted that reading. The tradition is, that Persius was advised to alter the text to its other reading, lest it should appear too direct an allusion to the Emperor Nero.

(21) L. 183. *For all your Iliads that succeed so well.*

Several Poets of the day, and amongst them the Emperor Nero, are said to have written Poems on the destruction of Troy; but this allusion may apply to Homer, in the satirical sense of the passage.

(22) L. 184-190. *Whoe'er has felt the bold Cratinus' rage, &c.*

The corresponding expression in the original, "Vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure," has great difficulties. Two different interpretations

have been given to this passage. The word "*afflate*" favours *that* of the *inspiration* derived from the Poet, rather than *that* of feeling the effect of his *rage*, but the next line is more consistent with the latter interpretation. That has been adopted in the translation.

(23) Last line. *Edicts by day, at night Callirhœ.*

The last line in this Satire has been the subject of much learned and idle commentary and conjecture. At the best, the meaning can only be guessed at. Whether this Callirhœ was a courtesan, or an actress, or whatever character or person she might have been intended to represent, is unknown, and must remain so. The Delphin edition gives the easiest and simplest explanation of the passage. "Talibus hominibus imperitis et ineptis, artium liberalium et scientiarum incapibus, mando et indulgeo occupationes dignas se. Forum mane petant, ubi prætoris edicta excipiant, vacent avaritiæ et fœnori exigendo. Post Forum, prandeant et deinde per diem reliquum indulgeant voluptati."

In a very late work of considerable merit (Eugene Aram), allusion being made to this passage, the following interpretation is given of it— "Business in the morning, and the ladies after dinner." Vol. 2, p. 230.

The Translator has tried to adopt several conjectural interpretations, but at last he thought it best to resort to an almost literal translation of the line, without attempting to give *Callirhœ* a character or *Edictum* a precise meaning, but leaving both involved in the same obscurity in which he found them. Dr Stocker observes that notices were stuck on the walls like our play-bills, which the loungee stopped to read. Callirhœ may be another mawkish Poem to be recited:—"Do. Forum putealque Libonis *Donabo siccis.*"—Hor. 1, Epist. 19-8.—*Dr Stocker.*

THE SECOND SATIRE.

IN making a customary present to his friend Macrinus, on his birthday, Persius compliments him on the purity of his wishes, and of the prayers which he is likely to offer to the Gods ; and thence takes the opportunity of inveighing against, and ridiculing with much asperity, the absurdity and wickedness of those, who suppose that the Gods may be bribed by offerings from men ; and also of exposing the impious and pernicious wishes they are too apt to indulge in. This leads to a strain of morality, exhortation, and reproof, which might become a Christian Poet ; particularly towards the close of the Satire, where sentiments are expressed which savour strongly of Christian Doctrines.

PERSII SATIRA SECUNDA.

AD PLOTIUM MACRINUM.

HUNC, Macrine ! diem numera meliore lapillo,
Qui tibi labentes apponit candidus annos.
Funde merum Genio. Non tu prece poscis emaci,
Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere Divis :
At bona pars procerum tacitâ libabit acerrâ.
Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros
Tollere de templis, et aperto vivere voto.
Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clarè, et ut audiat hospes :
Illa sibi introrsum, et sub linguâ immurmurat ; O ! si
Ebullit patruï præclarum funus ! et O ! si ⁽¹⁾ 10
Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria, dextro

THE SECOND
SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

TO PLOTIUS MACRINUS.

MARK with the whitest stone this welcome morn
On which, Macrinus ! Thou ! my friend ! wast born.
To thy good Genius pour the choicest wine.
Thou art not one of those who, at the shrine
Of venal Gods, bribe high for what they seek,
And ask no boon they dare aloud to speak.
But half our nobles in still whispers pray,
And secret off'rings on the altar lay.
Few are there in the temple's daily crowd,
Who scorn such tricks, and think and wish aloud. 10
Good sense, fidelity, and honest fame,
These to the public freely they proclaim ;
Then drop the voice, the tongue scarce aids the breath,
“ O ! might a pompous funeral mark the death ⁽¹⁾
“ Of my rich uncle ! Would kind fate allow
“ A hoard of gold to chink beneath my plough !

Hercule ! pupillumque utinam, quem proximus hæres
 Impello, expungam ! namque est scabiosus, et acri
 Bile tumet. Nerio jam tertia conditur uxor.
 Hæc sanctè ut poscas, Tiberino in gurgite mergis
 Manè caput bis térque, et noctem flumine purgas.
 Heus ! age ! responde : minimum est, quod scire laboro.
 De Jove quid sentis ? Estne, ut præponere cures
 Hunc cuiquam ? cuinam ? vis Staio ? an scilicet hæres ?
 Quis potior judex, puerisque quis aptior orbis ? 20
 Hoc igitur, quo tu Jovis aurem impellere tentas,
 Dic agedum Staio. Proh Jupiter ! o bone, clamet,
 Jupiter ! at sese non clamet Jupiter ipse ?
 Ignovisse putas, quia, cum tonat, ociùs ilex
 Sulphure discutitur sacro, quam tuque domusque ?
 An quia non fibris ovium, Ergennâque jubente,
 Triste jaces lucis evitandumque bidental,
 Idcirco stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam
 Jupiter ? aut quidnam est, quâ tu mercede Deorum
 Emeris auriculas ? pulmone et lactibus unctis ? 30

“ Why should foul leprosy and jaundice spare
 “ That suffering ward of mine, to whom I’m heir ?
 “ O could I but extinguish his frail life !
 “ Nereus has lately buried his third wife.” ⁽²⁾ 20
 That these your vows may meet with due regard,
 No rites are thought too frequent or too hard,
 For twice and thrice each morn your head you lave,
 And purge the stain of night in Tiber’s wave.
 But stay, good sir ! I would one question try, ⁽³⁾
 What think you of this God, this Jove on high ?
 Would you prefer that he should hear your prayer,
 Or some one here below ?—Staius ? you stare !
 Is there a Judge who better knows the laws, ⁽⁴⁾
 A fitter guardian in an Orphan’s cause ? 30
 This then intended for Jove’s private ear,
 Take courage, and let honest Staius hear.
 Defend us, mighty Jove ! would he exclaim !
 And will not Jove cry out in his own name ?
 Think’st thou because the thunder’s threatening shock ⁽⁵⁾
 Glances above thy head, and spares thy flock,
 But strikes the shatter’d oak, that thou and thine
 Absolv’d and free have ’scap’d the wrath divine ?
 Because no omens have foretold thy lot,
 Nor lies thy corpse across th’ accursed spot, ⁽⁶⁾ 40
 Think’st thou that Jove, too stupid to be fear’d,
 Will suffer thee to pluck him by the beard ?
 Or that by flattery coax’d, and dainties pleas’d,
 The easy Gods will wink and be pleas’d ?

Ecce avia, aut metuens divûm matertera, cunis
 Exemit puerum, frontemque, atque uda labella
 Infami digito, et lustralibus antè salivis
 Expiat, urentes oculos inhibere perita :
 Tunc manibus quatit, et spem macram supplice voto,
 Nunc Licinî in campos, nunc Crassi mittit in ædes.

“ Hunc optent generum rex et regina : puellæ
 “ Hunc rapiant ! quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat.”

Ast ego nutrici non mando vota, negato
 Jupiter hæc illi, quamvis te albata rogârit.

40

Poscis opem nervis, corpusque fidele senectæ :
 Esto, age !—Sed grandes patinæ, tucetaque crassa
 Annuere his superos vetuere, Jovemque morantur.

Rem struere exoptas cæso bove, Mercuriumque
 Arcessis fibrâ.—“ Da fortunare penates,
 “ Da pecus, et gregibus foetum !” ⁽⁷⁾ Quo, pessime, pacto ;
 Tot tibi cum in flammis junicum omenta liquescant ?
 Et tamen hic extis, et opimo vincere farto
 Intendit ;—“ Jam crescit ager, jam crescit ovile,
 “ Jam dabitur, jam, jam,”—donec deceptus et exspes 50
 Nequicquam fundo suspirit nummus in imo.

The superstitious aunt or grandam wakes,
 And from his bed the slumbering infant takes :
 Then with her witchcraft and her nauseous charms,
 Guards him from evil eyes—and in her arms
 Fondling her feeble hope, her puny boy,
 Adds pray'rs to wishes, that he may enjoy 50
 Crassus's palaces, Licinius' fields,
 And confidently gives what fortune yields.
 " May some great King and Queen, by beauty won,
 " Adopt," she cries, " my darling as their son !
 " May virgins rush the favour'd youth to greet !
 " And roses spring where'er he sets his feet."
 If such the nurse's prayer, deny her, Jove !
 Tho' cloth'd in white she supplicate thy love.

You ask for health and vigorous old age.
 A fair request enough ! but then the rage 60
 For well-stor'd dishes with rich sauces drest,
 Checks the kind Gods, and blights the warm request.
 With bullocks slain you bribe the God of gold,
 And urge your household Gods to bless your fold.
 " Give me but fruitful herds ! I ask no more"—
 Fool ! with what face can you the Gods implore,
 While cauls of roasted heifers melt in grease ?
 And yet by these He sues for an increase, ⁽⁸⁾
 Adding rich cakes—and " now they grow, they breed,
 " My fields, my flocks," he cries, " my vows succeed !" 70
 " Now, even now"—till hopeless and deprest
 In vain one penny sighs within his chest.

Si tibi crateras argenti, incusaque pingui
 Auro dona feram, sudes : et pectore lævo
 Excutias guttas : lætari prætrepidum cor.
 Hinc illud subiit, auro sacras quod ovato
 Perducis facies, nam fratres inter ahenos,
 Somnia pituitâ qui purgatissima mittunt,
 Præcipui sunto, sitque illis aurea barba.

Aurum vasa Numæ, Saturniaque impulit æra,
 Vestalesque urnas, et Tuscum fictile mutat.

60

O curvæ in terras animæ, et cœlestium inanes !
 Quid juvat hoc, templis nostros immittere mores,
 Et bona Diis ex hâc sceleratâ ducere pulpâ ?
 Hæc sibi corrupto casiam dissolvit olivo,
 Et Calabrum coxit vitiato murice vellus.
 Hæc baccam conchæ rasisse ; et stringere venas
 Ferventis massæ crudo de pulvere jussit.
 Peccat et hæc, peccat : vitio tamen utitur. At vos,
 Dicite, pontifices ! in sancto quid facit aurum ?

If a rich friend a costly present makes,
 Goblets and bowls emboss'd—see, how it shakes
 Your every nerve—you tremble and you glow,
 Large drops of sweat your panting transport shew.
 Hence this suggestion rose, and we behold ⁽⁹⁾
 The sacred visages bedaub'd with gold,
 Ovations' relics—Let us then but chuse
 Those of the brazen brothers, who diffuse
 The best and purest dreams—on them be smear'd
 The fair distinction of a golden beard.

80

The simple vessels, pious Numa's care,
 Gold now supplants, the urn and Tuscan ware.
 O earth-born Souls! by earth-born passions led, ⁽¹⁰⁾
 To every spark of heav'nly influence dead!
 Think ye that what man values, will inspire
 In minds celestial the same base desire?
 That this corrupted flesh of ours below,
 Can ought of good on Gods above bestow?
 'Tis *this* that makes the olive's simple juice,
 With Cassia's spice, the rich perfume produce;
 That taints Calabria's fleece with purple dye;
 Extracts the pearl; and bids the forge supply
 Metallic stores. 'Tis *this* that thrives in ill,
 Sins and sins on, and profits by it still—
 Say then, ye Priests! doth gold the Gods delight,
 Or give to holy things a holier rite?

90

100

Nempe hoc, quod Veneri donatæ a virgine pupæ.
Quin damus id superis, de magnâ quod dare lance
Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago,
Compositum jus, fasque animi, sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto :
Hæc cedo ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo.

As much as dolls, on Venus' altar laid,
Pay to the Deity, or help the maid.
Give then, what proud Messala's blear-ey'd race ⁽¹¹⁾
Can never on their plenteous table place,
A heart where piety and justice rest,
Inwardly sound, by generous thoughts imprest.
Give me but these to offer at the shrine,
And one small cake shall sooth the pow'rs divine. 108

NOTES.

(1) Line 9-10. *O! si ebullit patruī præclarum funus!*

Dr Stocker reads *ebullit patruus* for "*ebullierit animam.*"—If his uncle would but breathe his last, what a magnificent funeral there would be! He observes that the poet has ingeniously contrived that their wishes should not appear to imply any injury to any one. It is the funeral only he wishes to see, if his uncle should die. There could be no harm in wishing the release of a suffering child, or in his mentioning a fact, that Nereus had married a third wife.

(2) L. 20. "*Nereus has lately buried his third wife.*"

In some Editions *ducitur* stands for *conditur*. The Delphin has *ducitur*, but *conditur* seems best to suit the context, and is followed in the translation. The word "*married,*" instead of "*buried,*" would adapt the line to the other reading. Dr Stocker prefers *ducitur*.

(3) L. 25. *But stay, good sir! I would one question try.*

It is observable how soon Persius forgets that he began by addressing his friend Macrinus, and asks questions which could not be intended for him,— as "*De Jove quid sentis?*" This being his characteristic style, it is better in a translation to conform as much as possible to the

original, and for this reason the second person is adopted in the verses corresponding with "Pocis opem nervis" (line 41), and "Rem struere exoptas" (line 44), to which the same observation, as to the Poet's not regarding the person to whom he is addressing himself, equally applies. To the English reader it might appear more intelligible, and less objectionable, to use a general term, as "Some ask for wealth" (line 57), and "another" asks (line 61).

(4) L. 29. *Is there a Judge who better knows the laws.*

This compliment to Staius must be considered as ironical, if, as most commentators suppose, he was intended to be represented as a man of notoriously bad character. The Delphin names such a person in Cicero's time, to whom the allusion is supposed to have been made.

(5) L. 35. *Think'st thou because the thunder's threatening shock.*

The corresponding passage in the original is sublime in the sentiment, as well as in the language, and is one of the most distinguished in these Satires.

(6) L. 40. *Nor lies thy corpse across th' accursed spot.*

When any spot was struck by lightning, it was inclosed and deemed devoted, and when any person was struck dead, he was buried near the spot, and a sheep of two years old (bidens) was sacrificed there. The word "bidental" appears to have been applied indiscriminately to the place struck, or to the person. Ergenna was the name of some noted soothsayer.

(7) L. 45-6. "*Da fortunare penates.*"

Dr Stocker reads "Da fortunare, Penates!" addressing the household Gods—"Fortunare facultates" understood.

(8) L. 68. *And yet by these He sues for an increase.*

A change in the person occurs here—after “*tot tibi,*” &c. (line 47, orig.) “*intendit*” follows (line 49). This being one of the Poet’s peculiarities, is imitated in the translation.

(9) L. 77-82. *Hence this suggestion rose, and we behold, &c.*

Because we are pleased ourselves with rich and costly presents, we foolishly think that such things must please the Gods. “*Hinc illud subiit,*” hence it occurs to us. “*Auro ovato,*” gold taken from an enemy, and carried in triumph, or on an ovation, and exposed in a procession, and therefore more valuable. “*Fratres inter ahenos.*” The brazen brothers were the fifty statues of the sons of Ægyptus, which stood in the Portico of the Temple of the Palatine Apollo. By some the “*fratres aheni*” have been supposed to mean Castor and Pollux;—whoever is meant, the allusion is ironical, and shews the Poet’s contempt for such traditions.

(10) L. 87-96. *O earth-born Souls! by earth-born passions led, &c.*

This is a most striking passage in the original, and not the less so in effect from the rough structure of the verse. It is remarkable for the reference to the “*corruption of the flesh,*” “*hac scelerata pulpa,*” and for the truly Christian doctrine which attributes various evils to this wicked inborn propensity.—“*Hæc sibi corrupto,* &c.” (line 61, orig.) “*Hæc baccam,* &c.” (line 66), and more particularly “*Peccat et hæc peccat*” (line 68)—the sin of the flesh.

(11) L. 103. *Give, then, what proud Messala’s blear-ey’d race.*

The corresponding lines in the original are remarkable for the sound morality which they inculcate, and which might be more strongly enforced by being more dilated, and treated more paraphrastically:

but it has been the object of the translator to keep as close as possible to the original; and "the heart inwardly sound" may perhaps be thought to express the idea implied in the "sanctos recessus mentis," if it may be supposed to mean the self-satisfaction arising from the consciousness of purity of intention. The last line in the original, the meaning of which is not very obvious, has been generally interpreted in the sense adopted in the translation, that with such dispositions and principles as are described, a trifle in substance or value will be accepted as a sufficient sacrifice.

THE THIRD SATIRE.

THE commencement of this Satire, which represents a Tutor rousing his sleepy pupils, and complaining of their idleness, and of their excuses for not proceeding with their studies, furnishes one of those amusing instances, that in all ages, and all countries, similar situations and circumstances produce similar feelings and passions. This scene at a Roman school might, by a simple parody, be made to represent the language and conduct of a set of English school-boys. The digression from thence leads to much valuable and interesting admonition and remonstrance on the indolence and dulness of some (v. 20 to 24), the arrogance and pride of others (v. 24 to 30), and the profligate turn of mind and habits of many (v. 31 to 34). The general object of the Satire seems to be to reclaim the young nobility from their idle and vicious practices. The Poet alludes to the defects of his own education in a light and easy strain, and ridicules the Stoic Philosophy, which might be expected to protect its followers from the consequences of such defects and errors.

PERSII SATIRA TERTIA.

NEMPE hoc assidue? jam clarum mane fenestras
Intrat; et angustas extendit lumine rimas:
Sertimus, indomitum quod despumare Falernum
Sufficiat, quintâ dum linea tangitur umbrâ.
En quid agis? siccas insana canicula messes
Jam dudum coquit, et patulâ pecus omne sub ulmo est.
Unus ait comitum, "Verumne? Itane? ocius adsit
"Huc aliquis! Nemon"? Turgescit vitrea bilis:
Finditur; Arcadiæ pecuaria rudere credas.

Jam liber, et bicolor positis membrana capillis, 10
Inque manus chartæ, nodosaque venit arundo.
Tum queritur, crassus calamo quod pendeat humor;
Nigra quod infusâ vanescat sepia lymphâ;
Dilutas queritur geminet quod fistula guttas.

O miser, inque dies ultrâ miser! huccine rerum
Venimus? at cur non potius, teneroque columbo,

THE THIRD
SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

WHAT, always thus? 'tis now almost broad day,
And the small chink admits the expanding ray;
We snore, enough to chace the fumes of wine,
While the fifth shadow touches on the line.

What mean you? at this hour the dog-star's fire
Parches the earth, and bids the flocks retire.

"Is it then day?" says one of the gay set.

"Call some one hither! What, not stirring yet?"

"How my bile swells." He bursts, he roars, you'd swear
All the Arcadian herds were braying near. 10

Now comes the Book set out upon its stand,
The parchment scrap'd, the paper in his hand,⁽¹⁾
The knotted reed prepared with pointed tip;
"This ink," he cries, "grows thick at ev'ry dip,
"See how it sticks," put water to it then—
"Now it's too light, it drops from off the pen."

O wretch and doubly wretch! what, come to this!
Go home then, and for pap your mother kiss,

Et similis regum pueris,⁽²⁾ pappare minutum
 Poscis ; et iratus mammæ lallare recusas ?
 “ An tali studeam calamo ? ” Cui verba ? Quid istas
 Succinis ambages ? Tibi luditur : effluis amens. 20
 Contemnere. Sonat vitium percussa, malignè
 Respondet, viridi non cocta fidelia limo.
 Udum et molle lutum es, nunc, nunc properandus, et acri
 Fingendus sine fine rotâ. Sed rure paterno
 Est tibi far modicum, purum et sine labe salinum,
 Quid metuas ? cultrixque foci segura patella est.
 Hoc satis ? an deceat pulmonem rumpere ventis,
 Stemmata quod Tusco ramum millesime ducis ;
 Censoremque tuum vel quod trabeate salutas ?
 Ad populum phaleras : ego te intus et in cute novi. 30
 Non pudet ad morem discincti vivere Nattæ ?
 Sed stupet hic vitio ; et fibris increvit opimum
 Pingue : caret culpâ, nescit quid perdat, et alto
 Demersus, summâ non rursus bullit in undâ.

Like noble imps, or unfledged birds, be fed, ⁽²⁾
 And scream and kick when you are lull'd to bed. 20
 "Look at my pen, how can I write?" To me
 Repeat such idle stories? you must see
 You waste your time, are laugh'd at, and despis'd:
 Ill-bak'd, ill-sounding cups are never priz'd:
 Your clay still soft—then let the wheel go round,
 While yet the potter's hand may turn you sound.
 But a paternal farm you have obtain'd,
 Enough for use—a salt-cellar unstain'd: ⁽³⁾
 Then be content—what have you more to wish,
 While smokes the altar from the sacred dish? 30
 Why pride yourself, and puff, and boast, and blow,
 Because some genealogist can show
 How, in degree a thousand times remov'd,
 Your Tuscan origin can still be prov'd?
 Because, when passing robed in knightly style, ⁽⁴⁾
 You greet your cousin Censor with a smile?
 Such trappings for the mob—I know you well,
 And all your inmost thoughts and turns can tell.
 Are you not, then, asham'd to court the fate
 Of one like Natta, a vile profligate? 40
 But he's so stupified and senseless grown,
 To his fat self his loss is scarcely known,
 And he escapes all blame—but sunk he lies
 Deep in the flood, never again to rise—

Magne Pater Divûm, sævos punire tyrannos
 Haud aliâ ratione velis, cum dira libido
 Moverit ingenium ferventi tincta veneno :
 Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ.

Anne magis Siculi gemuerunt æra juvenci :
 Aut magis, auratis pendens laquearibus ensis
 Purpureas subter cervices terruit ; “ imus,
 “ Imus præcipites,” quam si sibi dicat : et intus
 Palleat infelix, quod proxima nesciat uxor ?

40

Sæpe oculos, memini, tangebam parvus olivo,
 Grandia si nollem morituri verba Catonis
 Discere, non sano multum laudanda magistro,
 Quæ pater adductis sudans audiret amicis :
 Jure : etenim id summum, quid dexter senio ferret,
 Scire erat in voto : damnosa canicula quantum
 Raderet : angustæ collo non fallier orcæ :
 Neu quis callidior buxum torquere flagello.

50

Father of Gods ! when Tyrants' wild desire ⁽⁵⁾
 Prompts them to acts which rouse thy vengeful ire,
 When baneful lust provokes their fierce intent,
 And taints their blood,—Be this their punishment !
 To see before them virtue's brilliant ray,
 And pine and wither as they turn away ! 50
 From the fam'd Bull did groans more piteous break,
 Or deadlier fears the guilty conscience shake
 Of him, who in his purple robe array'd,
 Saw from the gilded roof th' impending blade ;
 Than pierce the wretch, who mutters with affright,
 “ I sink ! I sink to everlasting night,”
 And stung by conscience dares not to disclose
 E'en to his wife the secret of his woes !

Oft when a boy I made my eyelids smart, ⁽⁶⁾
 Rather than take the pains to learn by heart, 60
 And spout the dying Cato's pompous speech,
 Which my poor silly master lov'd to teach,
 And my fond father brought his friends to hear ;
 Sweating for my success, with anxious fear ;
 Not without cause : for truly every thought
 Was fix'd on what the happy dice-box brought,
 When size came uppermost ; and what the loss,
 When ace appear'd under the luckless toss :
 How in the bottle's neck the throw to win,
 And make the whirling top most strongly spin. 70

Haud tibi inexpertum curvos deprendere mores ;
 Quæque docet sapiens braccatis illita Medis
 Porticus : insomnis quibus et detonsa juvenus
 Invigilat, siliquis et grandi pasta polentâ.
 Et tibi, quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos,
 Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem.

Stertis adhuc ? laxumque caput compage solutâ
 Oscitat hesternum, dissutis undique malis ?
 Est aliquid quo tendis, et in quod dirigis arcum ? 60
 An passim sequeris corvos testâque lutoque,
 Securus quo pes ferat, atque ex tempore vivis ?

Helleborum frustra, cum jam cutis ægra tumebit,
 Poscentes videas. Venienti occurrere morbo.
 Et quid opus Cratero magnos promittere montes ?
 Discite, O miseri! et causas cognoscite rerum,
 Quid sumus, et quidnam victuri gignimur : ordo
 Quis datus : aut metæ quam mollis flexus, et undæ : ⁽⁹⁾
 Quis modus argento : quid fas optare : quid asper
 Utile nummus habet : patriæ, carisque propinquis 70
 Quantum elargiri deceat : quem te Deus esse
 Jussit ; et humanâ quâ parte locatus es in re.

You are well taught and old enough to know,
 How on gross morals censure to bestow,
 For you the painted Portico have sought, ⁽⁷⁾
 And seen how Greeks with trouser'd Persians fought.

Where fed with husks and cake, and shorn by rule,
 The sleepless youths watch o'er their rigid school.
 And by the branching Samian-letters guide, ⁽⁸⁾
 You choose the right, and leave the left aside.

Still do you snore, and let your muddled head,
 From last night's feast, drop lifeless on your bed, 80
 Yawning with jaws unhing'd?—what is your aim?
 Will you on trifling fancies rest your fame?

Pelt crows with mud, regardless of the way
 Your feet may lead, and live from day to day?

'Tis vain a course of medicine to begin,
 When fatal dropsy swells the bloated skin.
 Check growing ills; prevent the dire disease;
 Why promise Craterus large heaps of fees?
 Learn solid wisdom, thoughtless man! and pause—
 Observe of all around the final cause— ⁽⁹⁾ 90

Think what we are, and for what ends design'd;
 How we may best thro' life's long mazes wind;
 What we should wish for—how we may discern
 The bounds of wealth, and its true uses learn;
 How fix the portion which we ought to give
 To friends, relations, country—how to live
 As fits our station; and how best pursue
 What God has plac'd us in this world to do. ⁽¹⁰⁾

Disce : nec invidias, quod multa fidelia putet
 In locuplete penu, defensis pinguibus Umbris ;
 Et piper, et pernæ, Marsi monumenta clientis,
 Mænaque quod primâ nondum defecerit orcâ.

Hic aliquis de gente hircosâ Centurionum
 Dicat : “ Quod sapio, satis est mihi : non ego curo

“ Esse quod Arcesilas, ærumnosique Solones,

“ Obstipo capite, et figentes lumine terram ;

80

“ Murmura cum secum et rabiosa silentia rodunt,

“ Atque exporrecto trutinantur verba labello,

“ Ægroti veteris meditantés somnia, gigni

“ De nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil posse reverti.

“ Hoc est quod palles ? cur quis non prandeat, hoc est ?”

His populus ridet : multumque torosa juvenus

Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.

“ Inspice ; nescio quid trepidat mihi pectus, et ægris

“ Faucibus exuperat gravis halitus, inspice sodes,”

Qui dicit medico ; jussus requiescere, postquam

90

Tertia compositas vidit nox currere venas,

De majore domo, modicè sitiente lagenâ,

Lenia loturo sibi Surrentina rogavit.

“ Heus bone, tu palles.” “ Nihil est.” “ Videas tamen istud,

“ Quicquid id est : surgit tacitè tibi lutea pellis.”

Learn this, and envy not the tainted hoard
 Which some successful advocate has stor'd, 100
 Fees from rich Umbrians ; spices, Marsic hams,
 And pickles which in jars on jars he crams. ⁽¹¹⁾

Here cries a rough Centurion, " What care I
 " For these your teachers of philosophy ?
 " Enough I know thro' life's plain path to pass,
 " No Solon I, nor sage Arcesilas,
 " With head awry, and eyes upon the ground,
 " Like mad-men mumbling, and with hollow sound,
 " From lips protruded, weighing every word ;
 " Pouring out musty maxims, as absurd
 " As sick men's dreams, puzzling themselves to learn,
 " How nought from nothing comes, to nothing can return :
 " For stuff like this do you grow pale and pine,
 " And give yourselves no time to sup or dine ?"

The people laugh, and the stout hardy boys
 Curl up the nose, and grin, and join the noise.

Should one in terror to his Doctor say,
 " My heart beats strong, my breath is short ; I pray,
 " Look and advise me"—and then bid to rest,
 On the third day no longer so opprest, 120
 If then he bathes and of a rich friend asks
 Some luscious wine, to aid his failing casks ;
 " Take care, good sir !" he hears his friend reply, ⁽¹²⁾
 " You're pale again "—" It's nothing."—" To my eye
 " That yellow skin is a bad sign—beware
 " Of rising dropsy."—" Of yourself take care,

“ At tu deterius palles ; ne sis mihi tutor,
 Jampridem hunc sepeli : tu restas ? ” — “ Purge, tacebo.”
 Turgidus hic epulis, atque albo ventre, lavatur,
 Guttore sulphureas lentè exhalante mephites.
 Sed tremor inter vina subit, calidumque triental 100
 Excutit é manibus ; dentes crepuere relecti ;
 Uncta cadunt laxis tunc pulmantaria labris :
 Hinc tuba, candelæ. Tandemque beatulus alto
 Compositus lecto, crassisque lutatus amomis,
 In portam rigidos calces extendit : at illum
 Hesterni capite induto subiere Quirites.

“ Tange, miser ! venas ; et pone in pectore dextram ;
 “ Nil calet hic. Summosque pedes attinge, manusque :
 “ Non frigent.” Visa est si forte pecunia ; sive
 Candida vicini subrisit molle puella ; 110
 Cor tibi rite salit ? positum est argente catino
 Durum olus ; et populi cribro decussa farina :
 Tentemus fauces. Tenero latet ulcus in ore
 Putre, quod haud deceat plebeiâ radere-betâ.
 Alges, cum xcussit membris timor albus aristas :
 Nunc face suppositâ fervescit sanguis, et irâ
 Scintillant oculi : dicisque, facisque, quod ipse
 Non sani esse hominis, non sanus juret Orestes.

“ Yourself are paler—I no Tutor need,
 I’ve buried mine long since.”—“ I’ve done—proceed.”
 Then to the bath he goes as pale as death,⁽¹³⁾
 His throat scarce passing his sulphureous breath ; 130
 Cold shiverings rise,—he drops the cup he sips,
 Teeth chatter, and between his gaping lips
 The slabberd food falls down—then comes the show
 Of funeral pomp—lights flash and trumpets blow ;
 ’Tis this good fellow, laid out with due care,
 Perfum’d, embalm’d, and lifted high in air,
 His stiff feet foremost issues from his gate,
 By capp’d and new made Romans borne in state.⁽¹⁴⁾
 “ Wretch ! feel my pulse then, and my bosom try ;⁽¹⁵⁾
 “ No heat is there, nor does my heart beat high, 140
 “ Try, too, my fingers’ ends, my feet below.
 “ They are not cold—they neither chill nor glow.”
 But what if chance should bring beneath your hand
 A bag of gold ; or some fair maiden stand
 At the next window beckoning you within ;
 Would your firm heart in such a contest win ?
 Or if cold cabbage, and dry sifted fare,
 Were offer’d to your palate, would you bear
 To try your jaws, when your sore gums might ache,
 And hard plebeian roots your grinders break ? 150
 Pale terror chills your frame and lifts your hair,
 Your blood boils o’er with wrath, your eye-balls glare ;
 Till mad Orestes, not more mad than you,
 Would deem insane whate’er you say and do.

NOTES.

(1) L. 12-15. *The parchment scrap'd, the paper in his hand, &c.*

The *membrana* and *charta* are distinguished in the original, and must therefore imply two different substances used to write upon, *one* of skin, the rough side being scraped off "positis capillis;" the *other* consisting of vegetable substances, such as the papyrus. But paper made of cotton or linen rags is supposed not to have been in use before the eleventh century.—See Hallam's 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe,' p. 76. *Charta* is frequently and generally used to signify any material to write upon. The Delphin Editors allude, though they do not seem to assent, to another interpretation of the words "positis capillis," as applying to the student's putting aside his long hair when he takes to his book. It appears that pens were used which were made of hollow reed "nodosa arundo," and ink, of a liquor discharged from the cuttle-fish, mixed with water, "infusa vanescat sepia lympha;" also of a preparation of lamp black.

(2) L. 17-19. *Regum pueris.*

The nobility were called *reges* by their dependants and followers. *Noble* instead of *royal* youths may be used in the translation.

(3) L. "A salt-cellar unstain'd."

The ancients had their superstition about salt, which has some

existence with us in the present day, and the "salinum" was held in great veneration.

(4) L. 37. *Because, when passing robed in knightly style.*

The Roman Knights were summoned to appear before the Censor wearing the trabea, and saluted him as they passed.

(5) L. 47-60. *Father of Gods! when Tyrants' wild desire, &c.*

The lines in the original from 35 to 43 exhibit a highly poetical burst of indignant moral feeling, and the apostrophe to the *conscience* of those who set virtue aside (39-43) is finely worked up, and seems to imply a dread of something after this life, which excites such bitter despair:—Line 38 is an instance of the close, powerful, and comprehensive character of the Latin idiom, which cannot be expressed in a translation but by expansion and circumlocution. It is not only the sight of virtue, but the turning away from her after having followed her, the effects of which the Poet imprecates as a punishment on tyrants and wicked persons in these few and impressive words.

(6) L. 61. *Oft when a boy I made my eyelids smart.*

The transition from the splendid moral passage just noticed to the idleness of a school-boy, and the profligate habits acquired by the youth of the day, which the Poet illustrates by his own case, as an instance of the defective education of the higher classes, though abrupt, yet follows up the original subject of the Satire.

(7) L. 73-5. *You are well taught, &c.*

The Poet addresses his pupil, and supposes him to be of a more advanced age than he was himself, when he played the tricks mentioned before, and that the pupil had been bred in the Stoic School of Phi-

losophy, and seen the painted Portico "braccatis illita Medis." It seems that the battles of the Medes and Persians with the Greeks were painted on the walls of the Portico. The *bracca* was the trousered dress of the Asiatics.

(8) L. 79. *And by the branching Samian-letters guide."*

The letter Y represented by its two branches the two different paths of *Virtue* and *Vice*, the right leading to the former, the left to the latter. This alludes to a doctrine of the Pythagorean philosophy—Pythagoras was born in the Island of Samos.

(9) L. 91. *Observe of all around the final cause.*

A fine strain of moral precept is observable in the lines from 66 to 72 of the original. In line 68 some editions have "unde." The Delphin says "Cavendum *unde*, id est, quo loco et tempore, cursus ad sapientiam instituat incipiaturque, ut et commode teneri possit, nec ad metam, id est, ad finem impingatur." "Asper nummus" is coined money, being rough on the outside. The expression seems used here for money or wealth generally.

(10) L. 100. *What God has plac'd us in this world to do.*

Quem te *Deus* esse Jussit—There are few examples in the Roman Poets where the word "*Deus*" is so absolutely and unequivocally used. It is singular and striking, and the corresponding word has therefore been adopted in its absolute sense in the translation.

(11) L. 104. *And pickles which in jars on jars he crams.*

The expression in the original, "prima quod non defecerit orca," seems to mean that another jar of the "mæna," whatever it may be, was sent to the advocate before the first was consumed.

(12) L. 125. It is supposed that the *friend*, and not the *Doctor*, holds the following conversation with the sick man.

(13) L. 131. *Then to the bath he goes as pale as death.*

The picture of the glutton appears to be a continuation of the preceding supposed case, or the progress of disease in the person who has held the dialogue with his Doctor. "Turgidus hic epulis" implies the same person, "qui dicit medico," &c. This picture, illustrating the consequences of intemperance, is powerfully drawn, and with much severe and appropriate humour.

(14) L. 139-40. It was the custom to carry a corpse feet foremost out of the house of the deceased, and the slaves whom he had made free attended the funeral. They became *Romans* by their manumission, but are distinguished by the epithet *hesterni*, as we say, *noblemen of yesterday*.

(15) L. 141. *Wretch! feel my pulse then, and my bosom try.*

This is the exclamation and remonstrance of *some person* accused of intemperance; but the patient, who had consulted the Doctor, being disposed of in the preceding lines, the indignation expressed at the accusation cannot be attributed to him; nor can the Doctor be supposed to be the accuser. Gifford supposes, and Dr Stocker adopts his interpretation, that this is the exclamation of the student introduced in the beginning of the Satire. The Delphin Editor gives the retort and exclamation to the *Hircosus Certurio*. "Tange miser, venas." "Nil calet hic." "Non frigent." The reply occupies the rest of this Satire. Is this so? are you not tempted by *avarice*, or by *lust*? can you submit to privations? Do you not become cold with fright, and hot and angry upon any provocation?—and so ends this Satire, without any winding up, or any conclusion or inference applicable to the whole subject of it.

And such is the termination of the greater number of these Satires, which one might suppose to be unfinished. The second concludes with a moral sentiment of a general character applicable to the original subject, viz., the absurd and unreasonable petitions offered to the Gods, "Quin damus id superis," &c. And the fourth ends with a general rebuke suited to the object of the Satire. To the *others* the above remark applies. It may be observed also of most of the Odes of Horace, that they want a winding up, or pointed end. Perhaps this is only a modern refinement.

THE FOURTH SATIRE.

It seems to be the general opinion of Commentators and Translators that the Emperor Nero is intended to be attacked under the cover of Alcibiades; and that Seneca, his Tutor, is represented by Socrates. To the 13th line (of the original) inclusive, the Satire must be considered ironical, but from the 14th line the attack is direct. It can scarcely be supposed that the author, in his lifetime, would circulate what could not be mistaken in its application, and which no pains are taken to conceal. The Satire is the shortest and the least interesting of the six; but it contains some excellent moral precepts, particularly as to the duty of self-examination (l. 23), a caution against the disposition to find fault with others while secret vices are indulged, with the difficulty of avoiding detraction which may provoke recrimination. It concludes with arraigning the profligacy of the young nobility, and their foolish vanity in resting their claims to applause on the judgment of the rabble. — See Dr Stocker's 'Introductory Argument,' who considers this Satire as possessing great merit.

PERSII SATIRA QUARTA.

REM populi tractas ? (barbatum hæc crede magistrum
Dicere, sorbitio tollit quem dira cicutæ.)
Quo fretus ? dic hoc magni pupille Pericli.
Scilicet ingenium, et rerum prudentia velox
Ante pilos venit ; dicenda tacendaque calles.
Ergo ubi commotâ fervet plebecula bile,
Fert animus calidæ fecisse silentia turbæ
Majestate manûs. Quid deinde loquère ? “ Quirites,
“ Hoc, puto, non justum est ; illud male ; rectius istud.”
Scis etenim justum gemimâ suspendere lance 10
Ancipitis libræ : rectum discernis, ubi inter
Curva subit ; vel cum fallit pede regula varo :
Et potis es nigrum vitio præfigere theta.

THE FOURTH
SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

WHAT! rule the state?—Hear that great sage who quaff'd,
And perish'd by the hemlock's deadly draught,—
'Tis he who speaks—Say then, how stands your claim?
Say, you who rest on Pericles' great name,
His pupil and his friend—Beyond your years,
Genius, forsooth! with lively sense appears;
You know exactly, in the noisy throng,
When to speak out, and when to hold your tongue;
And silence and attention can command
By the majestic motion of your hand. 10
Then comes the speech—"Romans, this seems amiss;⁽¹⁾
"And that unjust—my vote will be for this"—
For well you know in even scales to weigh
What's fair and right, and can discreetly say,
When virtue boldly should pursue her line,
When rules deceive, and force her to incline.
And none can guilt with surer judgment try,
Or the black theta with more truth apply.⁽²⁾

Quin tu igitur summâ nequicquam pelle decorus,
 Ante diem blando caudam jactare popello
 Desinis, Anticyras melior sorbere meracas.

Quæ tibi summa boni est? unctâ vixisse patellâ
 Semper, et assiduo curata cuticula sole.
 Expecta haud aliud respondeat hæc anus. I nunc,
 “Dinomaches ego sum”—suffla—“sum candidus”—esto, 20
 Dum ne deterius sapiat pannucia Baucis,
 Cum benè discinto cantaverit ocyma vernæ.

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere? Nemo.
 Sed præcedenti spectatur mantica tergo.
 Quæsieris, “Nostin’ Ventidi prædia?” “Cujus?”
 “Dives arat Curibus, quantum non milvus oberret.”
 “Hunc ais? hunc, dis iratis Genioque sinistro?
 “Qui quandoque jugum pertusa ad compita figit,
 “Seriolæ veteris metuens deradere limum,
 “Ingemit, hoc benè sit: tunicatum cum sale mordens 30
 “Cæpe, et farratam, pueris plaudentibus, ollam,
 “Pannosam fæcem morientis sorbet aceti.”

Nay, cease that graceful form of yours to shew,
 And wag your tail to the vile mob below : 20
 Haste to Anticyra, and drink the juice⁽³⁾
 Of the best Helebore those Isles produce.

What is your sum of good? Is it to live
 On high-dress'd meats, and sumptuous feasts to give?
 Is it to bask in sun-shine all the day,
 Sleek and anointed? But a moment stay!
 Hear that old hag. She's still in the same mood.
 Go to! "I claim Dinomaches' high blood."
 Puff then and boast.—"From grosser faults I'm free."
 Be it so—and thankful for the blessing be. 30
 Yet tatter'd Baucis, who her pot-herbs cries
 To slipshod slaves, is not less good or wise.

Why thus should all the world self-knowledge shun?
 Will no one search his heart? I answer none.
 We throw our faults behind, and eye the pack
 Which those before us carry on their back.
 "Know you," says one, "Ventidius' farm?" "Not I."
 "Indeed! why, it's so large no kite can fly
 "In one long stretch across his wide estate."
 "What! that base fellow? born with adverse fate : 40
 "Who at the annual feast, when labour's o'er,⁽⁵⁾
 "Unwilling to unseal his scanty store,
 "Looks round, then prays for luck, and groans within,
 "Gnawing his salted onion, skin by skin,
 "Doles to his thankful slaves their scanty fare,
 "And sucks content his mouldy vinegar."

At si unctus, cesses, et figas in cute solem,
Est prope te ignotus, cubito qui tangat, et acre
Despuat in mores.

Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis. 42

Vivitur hoc pacto : sic novimus. Ilia subter
Cæcum vulnus habes ; sed lato balteus auro
Prætegit ; ut mavis, da verba et decipe nervos,
Si potes. “ Egregium cum me vicinia dicat.
Non credam ? ” Viso si palles, improbe, nummo,
Si facis in penem quicquid tibi venit amarum,
Si puteal multâ cautus vibice flagellas,
Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris aures. 50
Repsue quod non es—tollat sua munera cerdo.
Tecum habita, et noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.

But while you thus indulge and live at ease,
 Some prying knave may follow you, and squeeze
 Your elbow as you pass, and with disgust,
 Rail at your secret and unmanly lust.⁽⁶⁾

50

'Tis thus we live—we deal about our blows,
 But leave some limb unguarded to our foes.
 An ulcer frets you, which you strive to hide
 Under the golden belt display'd with pride;
 Cheat others, and yourself too if you can.

“ But if my neighbours hail me as the man

“ For worth and wisdom valued far and near,

“ Must I not then believe in what I hear?”

What! while you sicken at the sight of gold?)

While your vile passions revel uncontroll'd?

60

While, guarded well, you nightly roam about,

And lash the Puteal with your noisy rout?

In vain the rabble's shouts shall greet your ears.

Throw off the mask, let others claim those cheers;

Look to yourself—and you can hardly guess

How scanty is the stock that you possess.

NOTES.

(1) L. 11. *Then comes the speech—Romans ! this seems amiss.*

The using the word "Quirites" in this speech of the supposed Alcibiades, is taking off the veil, if any was intended to be thrown over this Satire ; and it has been thought right to adopt the same address in this translation, though by some the Athenian character is preserved. The speech is in the language of ignorance and inexperience, which it has been attempted to imitate in the translation.

(2) L. 18. *Or the black theta with more truth apply.*

The Theta being the first letter of the word Death in the Greek, was applied to the names of those who were capitally condemned.

(3) L. 21. *Haste to Anticyra, and drink the juice.*

The Islands of Anticyra furnished the Helebore which was supposed to be a specific for the cure of insanity. The Poet (l. 14) throws off the ironical veil, and bursts forth against the folly and foppery of the supposed Alcibiades—telling him he is mad to think of governing a people while he exhibits such instances of incapacity and absurdity, and that he should take Helebore to bring himself to his senses.

(4) L. 27-30. *Hear that old hag, &c.*

The corresponding passage in the original is very difficult, and indeed scarcely intelligible; but a plausible meaning may be extracted from it. You seek, says the Poet, what *you* think is the sum of good, according to *your* estimate. So do these old women according to *theirs*. You boast high blood and beauty of person—but this Baucis is as wise as you are, and as happy, while selling her herbs. Dinomache is supposed to have been an ancestor of Alcibiades. The meaning of “*ocyma*” has been much disputed.

(5) L. 41-42. *Who at the annual feast, &c.*

“*Quandoque jugum pertusa ad compita figit.*”

This relates to a festival called “*Compitalia*,” when the peasantry assembled near the cross-roads, *pertusa*, *pervious*, where they erected something resembling our may-pole, on which the plough and yoke were hung, as *then* idle and unemployed—the festival being held either at the end of seed-time, or the harvest home—and where they feasted and indulged in jollity. The Satire represents the miser as unwilling to unseal his cask and produce his liquor on this occasion.

(6) L. 50. *Rail at your secret and unmanly lust.*

The six lines following line 35 of the original are not fit to be translated. They afford an instance of the same prurient imagination which appears much more frequently in Juvenal, and which seems to delight in a particularity and minuteness in the description of the abominations intended to be satirized, which would as well have been exposed and reprobated by the use of expressions more general and less offensive.

(7) L. 59. *What! while you sicken at the sight of gold.*

These rebukes might apply to the profligacy and the pranks recorded

of Alcibiades, but the introducing the " puteal," a marked place in the Roman Forum, removes the disguise.

As to the conclusion of this Satire, observe the note at the end of Satire 3. From line 23 in the original to near the end, a good moral lesson is inculcated against the ignorance or concealment of our own vices and errors, and the readiness and eagerness to disclose, and expose, the same faults and failings in others. The Poet seems here to depart from his original subject ; but he resumes it again in the last five or six lines, which are considered as applicable to the Emperor Nero.

THE FIFTH SATIRE.

THIS Satire, which is the longest, has been esteemed the best of the six. In the first part, under the cover of an attack on the false taste of the age, the Poet introduces an indirect compliment to himself, as a kind of explanation of the principle he had in view in writing (v. 10 to 18). There is something very pleasing in the praise bestowed on his preceptor and friend Cornutus, and in the expressions of gratitude to him for his instructions. He then inveighs, as in the third Satire, against the idleness and sloth of the young men of his time, and points out in what true freedom consists,—which leads him into an exposure of the doctrines of the Stoic philosophy; and in ridiculing the celebrated paradox of that sect, “that the wise man alone is free,” he shows that avarice, luxury, love, ambition, superstition, and other passions, exercise as despotic a control over those who give way to them, as the severest master over his slaves. The seventh Satire, B. 2, of Horace, is on the same subject, and very similar to it in several of the illustrations.

PERSII SATIRA QUINTA.

PERSIUS.

VATIBUS hic mos est, centum sibi poscere voces,
Centum ora, et linguas optare in carmina centum,
Fabula seu mæsto ponatur hianda tragædo,
Vulnera seu Parthi ducentis ab inguine ferrum.

Cornutus. Quorsum hæc? aut quantas robusti carmini
offas

Ingeris, ut par sit centeno gutture niti?
Grande locuturi nebulas Helicone legunto,
Si quibus aut Prognès, aut si quibus olla Thyestæ
Fervebit, sæpe insulso cœnanda Glyconi.
Tu, neque anhelanti coquitur dum massa camino, 10
Folle premis ventos; nec clauso murmure raucus
Nescio quid tecum grave cornicaris inepte;
Nec scloppo tumidas intendis rumpere buccas.

THE FIFTH
SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

PERSIUS.

Poets by custom claim a hundred tongues,
A hundred mouths, a hundred sets of lungs ;
Whether in doleful measures they supply
The ranting actor with a Tragedy,
Or paint the Parthian, in their Epic pride,
Drawing the weapon from his wounded side. ⁽¹⁾

Cornutus. Why so? Do you cram down harsh labour'd
stuff, ⁽²⁾

For which an hundred throats were scarce enough?
Let those, who grand and lofty subjects choose,
Call down from Helicon the cloud-capt Muse : 10
Whom Prognos', and Thyestes' feasts excite,
Dull Glycon's task and supper night by night.
You to no panting forge that works within
The bellows blow, nor with the murm'ring din
Of hollow sounds croak out sad solemn stuff,
Nor swell your bursting cheeks with boisterous puff:

Verba togæ sequeris, juncturâ callidus acri,
 Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores
 Doctus, et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.
 Hinc trahe quod dicas ; mensasque relinque Mycenis
 Cum capite, et pedibus ; plebeiaque prandia nôris.

Persius. Non equidem hoc studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
 Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo. 20
 Secreti loquimur : tibi nunc, hortante Camœnâ,
 Excutienda damus præcordia : quantaque nostræ
 Pars tua sit, Cornute, animæ, tibi, dulcis amice,
 Ostendisse juvat. Pulsa, dignoscere cautus,
 Quid solidum crepet, et pictæ tectoria linguæ.
 His ego centenas ausim deponere voces,
 Ut, quantum mihi te sinuoso in pectore fixi,
 Voce traham purâ ; totumque hoc verba resignent,
 Quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ.

Cum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit, 30
 Bullaque succinctis Laribus donata pependit ;
 Cum blandi comites ; totâque impune Suburrâ
 Permisit sparsisse oculos jam candidus umbo ;
 Cumque iter ambiguum est, et vitæ nescius error
 Diducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes ;
 Me tibi supposui : teneros tu suscipis annos
 Socratico, Cornute, sinu.

You write in gentle and in social phrase,⁽³⁾
 Words neatly fitting, strokes that lightly graze,
 That tenderly the pallid cheek expose,
 And faults with just, yet mild rebuke disclose. 20
 Go on then—leave Mycenæ's feasts of blood,
 With head, and feet; and stick to humbler food.

Persius. I aim not for my trifles to assume⁽⁴⁾
 A turgid style, that would give weight to fume.
 All this is private: but to thee, dear friend!
 The muse invites my bosom thoughts to send.
 Try—sift them well—and see how large a share,
 Cornutus! in my grateful mind you bear:
 Strike! ring my heart, none better knows than you,
 What whole and solid sounds, what's feign'd, what true. 30
 For this would I a hundred voices ask,
 With honest sounds to aid the pleasing task
 Of shewing to the world how closely press'd
 Within the inmost foldings of my breast,
 What none can see, no outward sign can prove,
 How deeply seated is my constant love.

The gown thrown off that check'd the timid boy;⁽⁵⁾
 The Lares' neck hung with the cast-off toy;
 Midst gay young friends, by my new honours known;
 And free to seek all quarters of the town; 40
 Doubtful what course to take, with none to guide,
 And prone in winding paths to step aside;
 For refuge to your friendly care I flew,
 And found a fostering Socrates in you.

Tunc fallere solers

Apposita intortos extendit regula mores ;
 Et premitur ratione animus, vincique laborat,
 Artificemque tuo ducit sub pollice vultum. 40

Tecum etenim longos meministi consumere soles ;
 Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes.
 Unum opus, et requiem pariter disponimus ambo ;
 Atque verecundâ laxamus seria mensâ.

Non equidem hoc dubites amborum fœdere certo
 Consentire dies, et ab uno sidere duci.

Nostra vel æquali suspendit tempora Librâ
 Parca tenax veri ; seu nata fidelibus hora
 Dividit in Geminos concordia fata duorum ;
 Saturnumque gravem nostro Jove frangimus unâ. 50
 Nescio quod certè est, quod me tibi temperat, astrum.

Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus :
 Velle suum cuique est, nec voto vivitur uno.
 Mercibus hic Italis mutat, sub sole recenti,
 Rugosum piper, et pallentis grana cumini ;
 Hic satur, irriguo mavult turgescere somno ;
 Hic campo indulget ; hunc alea decoquit ; ille
 In Venerem putret : sed cum lapidosa chiragra
 Fregerit articulos, veteris ramalia fagi,
 Tunc crassos transisse dies, lucemque palustrem, 60
 Et sibi jam seri vitam ingemuère relictam.

For then beguiled to virtue to incline, ⁽⁶⁾
 Your rule applied set right the crooked line ;
 While reason's power restrain'd the struggling will,
 Self-conquer'd, and new-fashion'd by your skill.
 With you I spent whole days of lengthen'd light,
 And stole our meals from the first shades of night. 50
 Our rest and labour we together shar'd,
 Relaxing only while we simply far'd.
 Sure the same star on both our birth-days shone,
 And both our destinies are marked as one.
 Whether true Fate, in Libra's equal scales,
 Together weighs us, as its ray prevails ;
 Or while the influence of the Twins presides,
 Between the two our faithful hearts divides :
 Soft'ning stern Saturn with our friendly Jove,
 Sure some kind Planet blends our mutual love. 60
 Man's nature varies in a thousand shades,
 Each has his will—no single wish pervades.
 This man for Italy's rich merchandise,
 Cummin and spice from eastern climes supplies ;
 This gorg'd and stuff'd in wasting sleep delights ;⁽⁷⁾
 Another in the field, in sports, or fights ;
 One among gamblers sees his substance melt ;
 Another rots in stews—but when they've felt,
 In their swell'd joints, hard as the knotted tree,
 The stony gout, they then begin to see 70
 Their days in gross and dull existence past,
 And wasted life, too late, bewail at last.

At te nocturnis javat impallescere chartis.
 Cultor enim juvenum, purgatas inseris aures
 Fruge Cleantheâ. Petite hinc, juvenesque senesque,
 Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.

“Cras hoc fiet.” Idem cras fiet. “Quid? quasi magnum,
 Nempe diem donas?” Sed cum lux altera venit,
 Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus: ecce aliud cras
 Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultrâ:
 Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno, 70
 Vertentem sese, frustrâ sectabere canthum,
 Cum rota posterior curras, et in axe secundo.

“Libertate opus est”—non hâc, quâ, ut quisque, Velinâ
 Publius emeruit, scabiosum tesserulâ far
 Possidet. Heu steriles veri, quibus una Quiritem
 Vertigo facit! Hic Dama est, non tressis agaso;
 Vappa et lippus, et in tenui farragine mendax:
 Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinus exit
 Marcus Dama. Papæ! Marco spondente recusas
 Credere tu nummos? Marco sub iudice palles? 80
 Marcus dixit, ita est.

But you in books delighting night and day,
 Grow pale with study, while you lead the way
 To youthful minds, and pour into the ear
 Precepts and rules, which Zeno's school might hear
 Seek then, both old and young, from truths like these,
 That certain aim which life's last cares may ease.

“This shall be done to-morrow”—⁽⁸⁾ a delay
 Occurs to-morrow—“What then, is one day 80
 So great a boon?” But when that sun has shone,
 Your yesterday's to-morrow will be gone;
 And then another comes—days drive on years;
 But still another in advance appears.
 Like wheels beneath one perch and close in view,
 In vain the hindmost you the first pursue.

“Freedom we want”—but not that empty name,⁽⁹⁾
 Which gives to any Publius a claim
 To take his ticket for his mouldy stuff.
 O ignorant! to think it were enough 90
 By one short turn true freedom to bestow,⁽¹⁰⁾
 And make a Roman by a single blow.
 Here's Dama, one not worth a groat, or half,
 Blear-ey'd—a cheat—who lies, and steals your chaff—
 But mark the change,—whisk'd round within a span,
 He's Marcus Dama, and a Gentleman.

No one can fear a creditor to be,
 When Marcus offers his security:
 When Marcus sits in judgment, who needs dread
 An unjust sentence? Marcus thus has said— 100

Assigna, Marce, tabellas.

Hæc mera Libertas! hoc nobis pilea donant!

“An quisquam est alius liber, nisi ducere vitam

“Cui licet ut voluit? licet ut volo vivere, non sim

“Liberior Bruto?” “Mendose colligis,” inquit

Stoicus hic, aurem mordaci lotus aceto.

“Hoc reliquum accipio: licet illud, et, ut volo, tolle.”

“Vindictâ postquam *meus* a prætore recessi,

“Cur mihi non liceat, jussit quodcunque voluntas;

“Excepto si quid Masuri rubrica vetavit?”

90

Disce; sed ira cadat naso, rugosaque sanna,

Dum veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.

Non prætoris erat, *stultis* dare tenuia rerum

Officia, atque usum rapidæ permittere vitæ;

Sambucam citius caloni aptaveris alto.

Stat contra Ratio, et secretam garrit in aurem,

Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiabit agendo.

Publica lex hominum naturaque continet hoc fas,

Ut teneat vetitos inscitia debilis actus.

Diluis helleborum certo compescere puncto

100

Nescius examen? vetat hoc natura medendi.

Enough—the signature of Marcus see!
The cap does this—so much for Liberty!

“But who is truly free, if not the man
“Who as he likes can live? and *that* I can.
“Am I not free as Brutus?” “Stop, my friend,
“The premises I grant, but not the end.”
With ear acute hear the sharp Stoic cry,
“Your *can* and *will* and freedom I deny.”
“But since I’m by the Prætor’s wand dismiss’d,
“And *my own master*, why not as I list
“Follow my wayward whims? except indeed
“The law forbids; its rubrick as I read.”

110

Listen awhile! and smooth that wrinkling frown,
While all this old wife’s gossip I put down.
’Tis not the Prætor’s office, at his will,
A sense of tender duties to instil;
Or the free use of busy life to give
To fools who have not studied how to live.
As well might a musician tune his lyre,
And bid a gawky footboy strike the wire.
Reason forbids, and claims to interfere,
Whispering her lessons in th’ unwilling ear:
Think it a crime perversely to pursue
What you must spoil, if you attempt to do.
Weak minds, from things above their power to scan,⁽¹¹⁾
Nature restrains, and the known laws of man.
Doctors forbid you to pretend to mix
The patient’s dose, unskill’d the scale to fix.

120

Navim si poscat sibi peronatus arator
 Luciferi rudis ; exclamet Melicerta, perisse
 Frontem de rebus. Tibi recto vivere talo
 Ars dedit ? et veri speciem dignoscere calles,
 Ne qua subærato mendosum tinniat auro ?
 Quæque sequenda forent, quæque evitanda vicissim,
 Illa prius cretâ, mox hæc carbone notasti ?
 Es modicus voti ? presso lare ? dulcis amicis ?
 Jam nunc astringas, jam nunc granaria laxes ? 110
 Inque luto fixum, possis transcendere nummum,
 Nec gluto sorbere salivam Mercurialem ?
 Hæc mea sunt, teneo, cum vere dixeris ; esto
 Liberque et sapiens, prætoribus et Jove dextro.
 Sin tu, cum fueris nostræ paulò antè farinæ,
 Pelliculam veteram retines ; et fronte politus,
 Astutam vapido servas sub pectore vulpem ;
 Quæ dederam supra repeto, funemque reduco.
 Nil tibi concessit Ratio : digitum exere, peccas :
 Et quid tam parvum est ? sed nullo thure litabis 120
 Hæreat in stultis brevis ut semuncia recti.

If th' high-shod ploughman should propose to guide,
 Unskill'd in stars, a vessel thro' the tide, 130
 Would not the sea-gods justly take offence,
 And scream out at such matchless impudence?
 Have you then from true wisdom caught the art, ⁽¹²⁾
 To live uprightly, and to try the heart?
 Whether like gold o'er baser metals spread,
 Shining without, the sound betrays the lead?
 Have you well mark'd those rules by which to know
 What the wise man should shun, and what allow?
 Are your desires in modest bounds confin'd?
 Your table temperate, your manners kind? 140
 Have you learnt when to open or restrain,
 With close or liberal hand, your stores of grain?
 Can you your eyes and watering lips withhold,
 And pass unmoved before the tempting gold?
 These virtues if with confidence you claim, ⁽¹³⁾
 And time, the test of truth, confirms your fame,
 The Gods will with the Prætor's voice agree,
 And to the world pronounce you wise and free.
 But once our common nature doom'd to share,
 If you, unchang'd in skin, put on the air 150
 Of polish'd life, and in false trappings drest,
 Nourish low cunning in your vapid breast,
 I draw the tether in, my words recall,
 Reason has given you no weight at all:
 Point but the finger, and you break our rules; ⁽¹⁴⁾
 Not half a grain of good adheres to fools:

Hæc miscere nefas : nec cum sis cætera fossor,
Tres tantum ad numeros Satyri moveare Bathylli.

“ Liber ego.” Unde datum hoc sumis, tot subdite rebus ?

An dominum ignoras, nisi quem vindicta relaxat ?

“ I, puer, et strigiles Crispini ad balnea defer,”

Si increpuit, “ cessas nugator ?” servitium acre

Te nihil impellit ; nec quicquam extrinsecus intrat,

Quod nervos agitet. ⁽¹⁵⁾ Sed si intus et in jecore ægro

Nascuntur domini ; què tu impunitior exis, 130

Atque hic, quem ad strigiles scutica et metus urget herilis ?

Mane piger stertis : “ Surge,” inquit Avaritia ; “ eja
“ Surge.” Negas. Instat, “ Surge,” inquit. “ Non queo.”

“ Surge.”

“ Et quid agam ?” rogitas ? Saperdas advehe Ponto,

Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.

Tolle recens, primus, piper e sitiante camelo.

Verte aliquid : jura. “ Sed Jupiter audiet.” Eheu

Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum

Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.

Off'rings are vain—extremes can never meet ;
 No clown can dance with light Bathyllus' feet.

“ Again I say I'm free”—can you persist
 Clogg'd as you are ? and deem yourself dismiss 160
 From other lords, because the Prætor's wand
 Has freed you from one lord and master's hand ?

“ Go, boy ! and carry to Crispinus' bath
 “ These scrapers ! hasten ! or you'll feel my wrath !”
Such service you've escap'd,—no harsh command,
 No *outward* vengeance from a master's hand
 Need shake your nerves—but if you feel *within*
 Imperious lords ; if many a lurking sin
 Urges and governs ; are you more at ease,
 Than the poor slave, who doom'd one lord to please, 170
 And patiently obedient to his nod,
 If he forgets the scrapers, dreads the rod ?

Snoring each morn you lie—“ Awake ! arise !”
 Cries *Avarice*—you start : “ Up, up,” she cries—
 “ Not yet”—but hear her, how she calls in vain.
 “ I cannot stir”—“ Up, up,” she cries again.
 “ What shall I do then ?” Do you ask me ? bring
 Some dainty fish from Pontus' distant spring,
 Emollient wines from Coös Isle dispense,
 Castor, flax, ebony, and frankincense, 180
 Take pepper from the thirsty camel—swear, ⁽¹⁶⁾
 And turn a penny—“ But, if Jove should hear !”
 Then scrape and lick your salt, thou dolt and fool, ⁽¹⁷⁾
 If you pretend to live by Jove's strict rule.

Jam pueris pellem succinctus, et œnophorum aptas : 140
 Ocyus ad navem : nil obstat, quin trabe vastâ
 Ægæum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria, ante
 Seductum moneat, “ Quo deinde, insane, ruis ? Quo ?
 “ Quid tibi vis ? calido sub pectore mascula bilis
 “ Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ ?
 “ Tun’ mare transilias ? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto
 “ Cœna sit in transtro ? Veientanumque rubellum
 “ Exhalet, vapidâ læsum pice, sessilis obba ?
 “ Quid petis ? ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto
 “ Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces ? 150
 “ Indulge genio : carpamus dulcia ; nostrum est
 “ Quod vivis : cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.
 “ Vive memor lethi : fugit hora : hoc quod loquor, inde est.”
 En quid agis ? duplici in diversum scinderis hamo.
 Hunc sine, an hunc sequeris ? subeas alternus oportet,
 Ancipiti obsequio dominos, alternus oberres.
 Nec tu cum obstiteris semel, instantique negaris
 Parere imperio, “ rupi jam vincula,” dicas.

Now girt and ready for the sea, you pack
 Hampers and knapsacks on your servant's back,
 And hurry to the port—soon would you sweep
 In your capacious ship the Ægæan deep,
 Did not your old friend *Luxury* step in,
 And artfully your favour strive to win. 190
 “What are you doing, madman! think awhile!
 “This headlong whim has rais'd your heated bile,
 “Which hemlock's strongest draughts will not subdue.
 “Is a long voyage fit for such as you?
 “Would *you*, at supper with your mates, submit
 “On twisted cables 'twixt two posts to sit?
 “And ladle out from the broad-bottom'd jar,
 “Coarse muddy wine that smells of pitch and tar?
 “What would you have? are you not then content
 “With *five*, but must you sweat out *ten*, per cent? 200
 “Come, let us rather luxuries enjoy,
 “Indulge our genius, and our time employ
 “In pleasures which alone give life its zest;
 “You'll be a tale, and ashes, like the rest.
 “Live while we live, for death must come at last; ⁽¹⁸⁾
 “Time flies, some moments while we talk have past.”
 What in this puzzling conflict can you do?
 Two baits are offer'd, choose between the two.
 Which will you take? At last you will but play
 Between them both, and change from day to day. 210
 And boast not, if one victory you gain,
 Scorning commands, that you have snapp'd your chain.

Nam et luctata canis nodum arripit ; attamen illi,
Cum fugit, a collo trahitur pars longa catenæ. 160

“ Dave, cito, hoc credas jubeo, finire dolores
“ Præteritos meditor : ” (crudum Chærestratus unguem
Abrodens, ait hæc.) “ An siccis dedecus obstem
“ Cognatis ? an rem patriam, rumore sinistro,
“ Limen ad obscœnum, frangam, dum Chrysidis udas
“ Ebrius ante fores, extinctâ cum face, canto.”
“ Euge ! puer ! sapias : diis depellentibus agnam
“ Percute.” “ Sed censen’ plorabit, Dave, relictâ ?”
“ Nugaris : soleâ, puer, objurgabere rubrâ :
“ Ne trepidare velis, atque arctos rodere casses. 170
“ Nunc ferus et violens : at si vocet, haud mora, dicas.”
“ Quidnam igitur faciam ? ne nunc, cum accersat et ultro
“ Supplicet, accedam ? ” “ Si totus, et integer, illinc
“ Exieras, nec nunc.”—Hic, hic; quem quærimus, hic est ;
Non in festucâ, lictor quam jactat ineptus.

Jus habet ille sui, palpo quem ducit hiantem
Cretata Ambitio ? Vigila, et ciceringere largè
Rixanti populo, nostra ut Floralia possint
Aprici meminisse senes. Quid pulchrius ? at cum 180
Herodis venire dies, unctâque fenestrâ
Dispositæ pinguem nebulam vomuere lucernæ,
Portantes violas ;

The struggling dog that breaks the knotted thong,
And scampers off, still drags his chain along.

“ Davus ! at last ; believe me, and attend ! ⁽¹⁹⁾

“ My past vexations I resolve to end : ”

(Gnawing his nails the youthful lover cries)

“ Shall I my sober friend’s advice despise ?

“ Shall I my name disgrace, my wealth consume,

“ Singing at Chrysis’ door, amidst the fume 220

“ Of my expiring torch, a drunken lay ? ”

“ Well done ! boy ! to your Gods a victim slay ! ”

“ But, Davus ! will she weep when I am fled ? ”

“ Fool ! you deserve her slipper at your head,

“ To cure such idle nibbling at your toils ;

“ Fierce and determin’d when your anger boils,

“ But if she calls, then ready to give way.”

“ What shall I do then ? what if she should pray,

“ And send for me again, must I not go ? ”

“ If *whole* and *sound*, you’d boldly answer, No ! ” 230

This is the man we seek—this, this is he !

Not whom the silly Lictor’s wand sets free.

Is that man then himself, whom, in her folds, ⁽²⁰⁾

Coax’d into thirst of power, *Ambition* holds ?

Watch ! and throw peas among the scrambling crowd,

That old men may record with praises loud

Our Floral games—How fine ! But when the days

Of Herod come, and *Superstition* sways, ⁽²¹⁾

When greasy lamps pour forth their smoky flame,

And gaudy chaplets solemn rites proclaim ; 240

rùbrumque amplexa catinum
Cauda natat thynni, tumet alba fidelia vino ;
Labra moves tacitus, recutitaque sabbata palles.
Tunc nigri lemures, ovoque pericula rupto ;
Hinc grandes Galli, et cum sistro lusca sacerdos,
Incussère deos inflantes corpora, si non
Prædictum, ter manè, caput gustaveris allî.
Dixeris hæc inter varicosos centuriones,
Continuò crassum ridet Pulfenius ingens,
Et centum Græcos curto centusse licetur.

When earthen goblets foam, and the coarse dish,
Scarce holds within its rim the spreading fish ;
You move your silent lips, your colour's fled,
And with the circumcis'd the Sabbath dread.
Then black hobgoblins threaten and alarm ;
A broken egg requires some healing charm.
Then monstrous Gauls are seen to stalk about ;
And one-ey'd minstrels, with their noisy rout,
Threaten diseases from the Gods, unless
Three bites of garlic will their wrath repress.
Amongst our brawny guards should this be said,
The huge Pulfenius laughs and shakes his head,
And swears he would not give a single mite
For scores of Greeks, with all their rule of right.

250

NOTES.

(1) L. 4. "*Ducentis ab inguine ferrum.*"

By some this has been interpreted as drawing the arrow from the quiver, or the sword from the scabbard dangling from the side.

(2) L. 7. *Why so? Do you cram down harsh labour'd stuff.*

The corresponding lines in the original, 5-6 and 10-14, are in the powerful, but harsh style, which characterizes these Satires. An attempt has been made to give their meaning, rather than to imitate them more closely. "*Scloppo tumidas rumpere buccas*" applies to puffing out the cheeks, and then drawing them in suddenly with a slap.

(3) L. 17. *You write in gentle and in social phrase.*
"*Verba togæ sequeris.*"

This expression has had several interpretations. It seems most likely to mean the language used in good society.

(4) L. 23. *I aim not for my trifles to assume, &c.*

The Poet here discloses his object in writing—that it is not to make himself conspicuous to the public by high-flown verses, but to commu-

nicate his opinions and feelings in private intercourse with his friend : meaning probably that his Satires should only be circulated in a private circle, so as to avoid giving offence. He lived in dangerous times, and it is generally supposed that the Satires were not made public till after his death (which took place during the reign of Nero), and most probably not till after the death of Nero.

(5) L. 37. *The gown thrown off that check'd the timid boy.*

The prætexta was edged with purple, and worn by the young men of rank while they were subject to domestic instruction—"custos purpura"—and thrown off for the toga virilis at the age of seventeen. The Bulla was an ornament which was suspended from the neck, and thrown off at the same time as the prætexta, and then dedicated to the Household Gods. As these were the dresses of the young nobility and privileged citizens, this Satire may be supposed to be pointed particularly at them. The father of Persius is said to have been a Roman Knight—an order of nobility—so that what he says as of himself when sent out into the world, and of his obligations to Cornutus for redeeming him from a dissolute life, is probably a true picture. The "candidus umbo" has amused and puzzled the commentators; but whether a shield without any device was presented to young men on their introduction to the world, or whether it alludes only to the gathering up the folds of the toga on the shoulder, it certainly means some new distinction which entitled a young man, arrived at a certain age, to take liberties which he could not venture upon before.

(6) L. 45-48. *For then beguiled to virtue to incline, &c.*

The corresponding lines in the original, from "Tunc fallere solers," line 37, to the end of line 40, are obscure in their construction, and difficult in their interpretation. "Tunc" means THEN, when the Poet came under the care of Cornutus, and when the effects were produced which are described, and which an attempt has been made to express

in the translation. The most satisfactory interpretation of the words "fallere solers" is to be found in Madan's note and Gifford's translation. The being cheated or beguiled into virtue by the gentle and encouraging application of the principles of his master. The strong and close expression "vinci laborat," implying the struggling of the mind to conquer its evil habits, has been attempted to be preserved, but very imperfectly.

(7) L. 65. *This gorg'd and stuff'd in wasting sleep delights.*

The words "irriguo somno" in the original, translated by "wasting sleep," have been more generally interpreted as *refreshing after a debauch*, or, *fattening* rather than *wasting*; but the word "irriguo" will bear the meaning given to it, as *melting away* or *trickling down*, which seems best to suit the idea of the Poet.

(8) L. 79. *This shall be done to-morrow.*

The Satire now turns to the vice of *indolence* and *procrastination*. The illustration of the chariot-wheel is obscure in its language, but the meaning is sufficiently obvious, that, as the hind-wheel follows the fore-wheel, but never can catch it, so the morrow moving on will always be *the morrow* and before the existing day. "Dies enim hodierna crastinae conjuncta est." *Delph.* It has been found very difficult to keep closely to the language of the original in the translation.

(9) L. 87. *Freedom we want, but not that empty name, &c.*

The rest of this Satire, from line 73 in the original, "Libertate opus est," to the end, may be considered as a discussion of the Stoical doctrine, *That the wise only are free*, which is illustrated with much variety and humour—*first*, by arguing that the Prætor's enfranchisement does not confer *true freedom*, which consists in being released from the passions and vices which are most prominent: and then by showing that the Stoic Rule is deficient as a guide to *true wisdom* and accurate dis-

cernment in the conduct of life. The passions particularly instanced are, first, *Avarice* (line 132 orig.), *Luxury*, and *Effeminacy* (line 140). The fascinations of *Love* and *Licentiousness* (line 161), and, lastly, but shortly and obscurely, *Superstition* (line 180), with which the Satire ends abruptly.

(10) L. 90. *O ignorant! to think it were enough, &c.*

The corresponding words in the original are close and characteristic. "Quiritem" means something more than a Roman citizen, for that privilege was, in fact, conferred by the ceremony performed by the Prætor—it means a Roman in spirit, possessed of the true principles of freedom. This is illustrated by the instance of *Dama*, probably an imaginary character, but representing many similar cases—a worthless fellow made a Roman citizen, and enjoying all the advantages of that rank, but remaining still what he was before in disposition.

(11) L. 125-126. (98-99 orig.) *Weak minds, from things above their power to scan, &c.*

The last of the two lines in the original which correspond with these in the translation (lines 98-99) is so characteristically close and concise, as to be incapable of being adapted literally to a poetical translation. Madan's English words give it an intelligible explanation—"That weak ignorance should forbear from forbidden acts,"—and the meaning of the whole passage may be taken to be, that, as the laws of nature and society forbid us to undertake that for which, from ignorance and want of information, we are unfit, the consciousness of such ignorance and weakness ought to prevent our making the attempt. Drummond gives the line alluded to a more strict and literal translation than is in general to be found in his smooth and paraphrastic verses—

"The laws of nature and of man declare,
That ignorance from action should forbear."

(12) L. 133. *Have you then from true wisdom caught the art.*

The following lines (from 104 to 114 in the original) comprise some most excellent moral precepts, applicable to all conditions of life; and pointing out in what true wisdom and freedom of mind consist, in opposition to the absurd conclusion drawn from the Stoic principle. The peculiar language of line 112 of the original cannot be translated—the idea corresponds with what is vulgarly called *the mouth watering*, as by a glutton at the sight of food—and the allusion is to a trick practised by boys, who tie a string to a piece of money, which they stick in the mud, and then pull away when anybody stoops to pick it up.

(13) L. 145-148. *These virtues if with confidence you claim, &c.*

These lines are certainly an amplification of the two lines in the original, “*cum vere dixeris*,” when you can be sure you speak truth in asserting that you are proof against these temptations, and possessed of these virtues, *then* you may be proclaimed justly to be *wise* and *free*.

(14) L. 155. *Point but the finger, and you break our rules.*

This expression, “*digitum exere, peccas*,” alludes to a maxim of the Stoics that there was no medium between wisdom and folly—that the most trivial thing could not be done *right* by one who was not *perfectly wise*, according to their idea of wisdom. It seems evident that these exaggerations of the Stoical principle were introduced by Persius to expose them, though he adopts that sound doctrine, that true liberty must be found in the mind, and not in bodily or political emancipation; and illustrates this principle powerfully in that part of the Satire which immediately follows.

(15) L. 167. (L. 129 orig.). “*Quod nervos agitet.*”

Dr Stocker says this metaphor may be taken from puppets, which

are moved by strings.—See Hor. Sat. 7, B. 2, l. 82. “Duceris ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.” The passage in Horace, from line 75 to 82, is very similar in reasoning and principle to that of Persius, from line 124 to 130.

(16) L. 181. “Swear,” without regard to perjury, when it serves the purpose of selling your merchandise.

(17) L. 183. “*Then scrape and lick your salt.*”

This, in the original, is a proverbial expression, implying poverty—endeavouring to scrape a little salt from the bottom of your salt-cellar. If you are scrupulous about an oath, you will gain little, and remain poor.

(18) L. 205. *Live while we live, for death must come at last.*

This exhortation, “Vive memor lethi, fugit hora,” which seems at first sight to inculcate a moral Christian principle, that we should so live, as to be prepared for death and a future state, will not, upon examination with the context, bear such an interpretation, but rather, that we should enjoy life as long as we can, without restraint as to its enjoyments, because death must sooner or later deprive us of them. “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.”

(19) L. 215. *Davus! at last; believe me, and attend!*

Persius here introduces a scene adopted by Terence from Menander. The Phædria of one is the Chærestratus of the other, and the Parmeno of one the Davus of the other. The scene closes by recurring to the principle of *true freedom*, which the Poet has laid down. “Si totus et integer illinc Exieras, nec nunc.” If you had been whole and entire when you left her, and had shaken off your passion, you would not think

of going back to her even now. This would be real freedom—not freedom only from the stroke of the wand. In this dialogue, what may be attributed to the characters in the play, is not clearly distinguished from the language of the Poet. But it seems best to carry on the former to line 174 (of the original), at the break “Nec nunc”—what follows must certainly be attributed to the Poet.—See Hor. Sat. 7, B. 2, l. 89-94.

(20) L. 234 (179 orig.) The Delphin takes the word *palpo* in the nominative case—“jus habet ille sui palpo,” and Dr Stocker follows this reading, translating it a *coaxer*; but *palpo* may be the ablative case, from *palpum*, a gentle stroke with the hand, a coaxing; and this seems to agree best with the sense of the passage—*Ambitio* is the persuader, *palpo* the means of persuasion.

(21) L. 238 to the end. *When superstition sways, &c.*

The Satire ends very abruptly with an exposure of the vice and folly of *Superstition*. Some Jewish rites and practices are described, as adopted at Rome in those days; and other fancies are also alluded to, shortly, and obscurely, and with haste, as Gifford observes, as if hurrying to a conclusion. The allusion to what a rough soldier would say, applies generally to the Stoical doctrines, which have been discussed in the course of the Satire, sometimes with credit to the principle, sometimes with ridicule, but it furnishes a lame and ill-assorted close to the fine moral lessons which it inculcates.

THE SIXTH SATIRE.

It appears by this address of the Poet to his friend, that it was the custom with the Romans, as it is with us at present, to retire in the winter to enjoy the comforts of a fire and a warmer climate, with the amusements and the society of a country life. The object of the Satire seems to be to encourage the spending whatever income may be possessed, in the comfortable and reasonable enjoyment of life; and to point out the folly of saving a fortune, which may be thrown away by those who succeed to it, profusely and unwisely; or hoarded and accumulated for no better purpose than the boast of riches. This is the most pleasing of the Satires, as it shows the happy turn of the Poet's mind, and lets us into the occupations and amusements of persons in his condition of life, as well as his warmth of affection for his friend Bassus. The moral lessons also are excellent.

PERSII SATIRA SEXTA.

AD CÆSIUM BASSUM.

ADMOVIT jam bruma foco, te Basse, Sabino ?
Jamne lyra, et tetrico vivunt tibi pectine chordæ ?
Mire opifex numeris veterum primordia rerum,
Atque marem strepitum fidis intendisse Latinæ :
Mox juvenes agitare jocos ; et pollice honesto
Egregios lusisse senes ! Mihi nunc Ligus ora
Intepet, hybernatque meum mare, qua latus ingens
Dant scopuli, et multâ littus se valle receptat.
“ Lunaï portum est operæ cognoscere, cives.”

THE SIXTH
SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS.

HAVE winter's frosts, my Bassus, made thee move
To the snug comforts of thy Sabine stove ?
And dost thou to soft music tune thy lyre,⁽¹⁾
Or strike with rigid quill the twanging wire ?
Rare minstrel thou ! that canst in measur'd lay,
The wonders of creation's works display, ⁽²⁾
In manly verse the Lyric muse invoke,
Sometimes in youthful frolic lightly joke ; ⁽³⁾
Then mark the old and sage with harmless mirth,
Rally their frailties, and applaud their worth.
But, for myself, I seek a warm retreat,
Where on Ligurian rocks the billows beat,
In wintry foam ; and in the shelter'd bay,
By jutting rocks protected, spend the day.
“ 'Tis well to know the port on Lunas' shore,”

Cor jubet hoc Ennî : postquam destertuit esse 10
Mæonides, quintus pavone ex Pythagoreo.
Hic ego securus vulgi ; et quid præparet auster
Infelix pecori : securus et angulus ille
Vicini nostro quia pinguior : et si adeo omnes
Ditescant orti pejoribus, usque recusem
Curvus ob id minui senio, aut cœnare sine uncto ;
Et signum in vapidâ naso tetigisse lagenâ.
Discrepet his alius. Geminos, Horoscope ! varo
Producis genio. Solis natalibus est qui
Tingat olus siccum muriâ vafer in calice emptâ, 20
Ipse sacrum irrorans patinæ piper. Hic bona dente
Grandia magnanimus peragit puer. Utar ego, Utar :
Nec rhombos ideo libertis ponere lautus,
Nec tenuem solers turdarum nôsse salivam.
Messe tenus propriâ vive ; et granaria (fas est)
Emole ; quid metuas ? occa ; et seges altera in herbâ est.



So sang old Ennius, when he ceas'd to snore, ⁽⁴⁾
 Dreaming his soul had from a Peacock pass'd,
 Fifth in descent—how his strange lot was cast !
 How Homer first he was—and Ennius last !
 Here I retire, from noise and strife released,
 Careless what flocks may feel the blasting east,
 Careless if th'angle in my neighbour's field ⁽⁵⁾
 A more abundant crop than mine should yield :
 And tho' around me many I may see,
 Less nobly born, but much more rich than me,
 Yet shall not age for this my strength reduce,
 Nor will I in my board be less profuse,
 Nor lose my dainties, nor, with miser's eye,
 The vapid liquor's seal minutely spy.

}

20

All think not thus—nurs'd by the self-same star,

30

E'en twins by blood, in temper differ far.
This, on his birth-day only will afford,
 To dip in purchased brine his musty hoard,
 From the small cup—himself, with selfish care,
 Sprinkling his sacred pepper on his fare.
The other, will his generous blood display,
 And eat up his whole fortune in a day.

But I of what I've got will make good use,
 I'll use ; but neither with a board profuse,
 On pamper'd freedmen costly turbots waste,
 Nor choose hen thrushes for their daintier taste.
 Live on your means ; from your stor'd granaries feed ;
 Fear not—plough on—and crop will crop succeed.

40

“ Ast vocat officium. Trabe ruptâ Bruttia saxa
 “ Prendit amicus inops : remque omnem surdaque vota
 “ Condidit Ionio : jacet ipse in littore, et una
 “ Ingentes de puppe dei : jamque obvia mergis 30
 “ Costa ratis laccræ.” Nunc et de cespite vivo
 Frange aliquid : largire inopi ; ne pictus oberret
 Cæruleâ in tabulâ. Sed cœnam funeris hæres
 Negliget, iratus quod rem curtaveris : urnæ
 Ossa inodora dabit : seu spirent cinnama surdum,
 Seu ceraso peccent Casiæ, nescire paratus.
 Tune bona incolumis minuas ? Sed Bestius urget
 Doctores Graios, ita fit, postquam sapere urbi
 Cum pipere et palmis venit nostrum hoc maris expers,
 Fœnisecæ crasso vitiarunt unguine pultes. 40
 Hæc cinere ulterior metuas ? At tu, meus hæres
 Quisquis eris, paulum a turbâ seductior, audi :
 O bone, num ignoras ? missa est a Cæsare laurus,
 Insignem ob cladem Germanæ pubis ; et aris
 Frigidus excutitur cinis ; ac jam postibus arma,
 Jam chlamydas regum, jam lutea gausapa captis,
 Essedaque, ingentesque locat Cæsonia Rhenos.

“ But duty calls me—on th’ Ionian shore,
 “ My luckless friend has lost his precious store ;
 “ His goods, his all, are sunk beneath the main,
 “ He grasps the rocks, his vows pour’d forth in vain,
 “ The huge carv’d gods lie near the stranded wreck,
 “ And seagulls hover o’er the splinter’d deck.”
 Then sell a field or two, its price bestow,⁽⁶⁾ 50
 And let him not his pictur’d miseries show.⁽⁷⁾
 But if your fortune’s spent, your angry heir
 Will of your funeral banquet take no care,
 Lay your unscented bones within their urn,
 Careless if cinnamon or cassia burn,
 Yielding pure odours, or a base perfume ;
 And can you safely thus your wealth consume ?
 But Bestius rails at all this Grecian lore ;⁽⁸⁾
 With dates and pepper since our native store
 Came to be seasoned, e’en the labouring clown 60
 Must souse his cakes before they will go down.
 And why beyond the grave this anxious care ?
 Hear then one word, you, who would be my heir,⁽⁹⁾
 Know you, good Sir, that there has come of late,
 From Cæsar’s camp, a messenger of state,
 With laurel badge proclaiming as he goes,
 A signal victory o’er German foes ?
 Altars are ready swept, the shield and spear
 Display’d on temples—coarse-clad slaves appear,
 Mantles of kings and British chariots shine, 70
 Cæsonia shows huge captives from the Rhine ;⁽¹⁰⁾

Diis igitur, genioque ducis centum paria, ob res
 Egregie gestas, induco. Quis vetat? aude.
 Væ nisi connives! oleum artocreasque popello 50
 Largior: an prohibes? dic clare. “Non adeo,” inquis,
 “Exossatus ager juxta est.” Age, si mihi nulla
 Jam reliqua ex amitis, patruelis nulla, proneptis
 Nulla manet; patruis sterilis matertera vixit,
 Dequæ aviâ nihilum superest: accedo Bovillas
 Clivumque ad Virbî: præstó est mihi Manius hæres.
 “Progenies terræ.” Quære ex me, quis mihi quartus
 Sit pater: haud promptè, dicam tamen. Adde etiam unum,
 Unum etiam; terræ est jam filius: et mihi ritu
 Manius hic generis, prope major avunculus exit. 60
 Qui prior es, cur me in decursu lampada poscis?
 Sum tibi Mercurius; venio Deus huc ego, ut ille
 Pingitur. An renuis? vin’ tu gaudere relictis?
 “Deest aliquid summæ.” Minui mihi, sed tibi totum est,
 Quicquid id est. Ubi sit fuge quærere, quod mihi quondam
 Legârat Tadius, neu dicta repone paterna,
 “Fœnoris accedat merces, hinc exime sumptus.”

Expect then that at least I must bestow
 A hundred pair of combatants, to show
 To the kind Gods my thanks, and my respect
 To this our glorious chief. Who can object?
 Wo! if you don't approve; for I'll do more,
 Pasties and oil upon the mob I'll pour:
 Will you prevent me? Speak. "Exhausted land"⁽¹¹⁾
 "Is not worth having." Then, if I've at hand
 No near relation, cousin, niece, or aunt, 80
 Bovillæ and the Verbian hills I'll haunt,⁽¹²⁾
 To the first beggar give the wealth I own,
 And Manius make my heir. "What! that base clown,
 "Son of the earth?" Why, if I'm asked to name
 My ancestor, four deep, from whom I claim,
 I pause; but reckoning backwards birth by birth,
 See that I likewise sprung from mother earth;
 I then and Manius are of the same race,
 And his near kinsman on my stem I place.⁽¹³⁾
 You're in advance—Why ask the torch of me? 90
 I come to you a very Mercury:⁽¹⁴⁾
 This chance I offer, that you may receive—
 Do you refuse?—the whole of what I leave—
 "Something will be withdrawn"—from *me* 'tis true,
 A *whole* will come, such as it is, to *you*.
 What right have you to ask me what's become
 Of Tadius' bounty, tho' a goodly sum?
 Or to require me, with a parent's care,
 To spend the interest—but the fund to spare?

“Quid reliquum est?” reliquum? nunc nunc impensis ungue,
Unge puer caules. Mihi festâ luce coquatur
Urtica, et fissâ fumosum sinciput aure, 70
Ut tuus iste nepos olim satur anseris extis,
Patriciæ immeiat vulvæ? Mihi trama figuræ
Sit reliqua, ast illi tremat omento popa venter?
Vende animam lucro: mercare: atque excute solers
Omne latus mundi, ne sit præstantior alter
Cappadocas rigidâ pingues plausisse catastâ.
Rem duplica. “Feci. Jam triplex; jam mihi quarto;
“Jam decies redit in rugam. Depunge ubi sistam
“Inventus, Chrysisse, tui finitor acervi.”

“ But tell me what is left ?” Left ! do you ask ? 100
Then spend away, my boy ! be it your task
To dress my greens with sauces rich and good.
But *you* would have me live on homely food,
A mess of nettles on a feast display,
And a smok’d pig’s-head on a holy day,
That your rich grandson, pamper’d with high food,
May waste his life on dames of noble blood,⁽¹⁵⁾
And while half-starv’d my dwindled form I show,
His pamper’d paunch may swell and swag below.
Sell then your soul for gain—traffic : run o’er 110
All quarters of the globe—increase your store :
Let no experienc’d dealer better know,
His well-fed slaves in their close cage to show.
Double your capital—“ ’tis done—and then
“ From three, and four-fold, I advance to ten—
“ Where shall I stop ? Chrysippus, be my friend !⁽¹⁶⁾
“ Teach me thy growing heap in time to end.”

NOTES.

(1) L. 3. *And dost thou to soft music tune thy lyre.*'

It has been supposed that the *Lyre* is here intended to represent *Lyric Poetry*, and the chords struck *tetrico pectine*, a *severer kind of composition*.

(2) L. 6. "*The wonders of creation's works display.*"

This interpretation seems to agree better with the original words "*veterum primordia rerum*," than that of Dr Stocker—"Of wondrous skill in adapting to minstrelsy the early forms of ancient words"—which supposes Bassus to have been an antiquary, and "to have successfully transferred to his odes some of the nervous words of the older dialects"—

"Cæsius Bassus was an eminent Lyric Poet."

DR STOCKER.

(3) L. 8. *Sometimes in youthful frolic lightly joke.*

The passage (line 5 and 6 in the original) "*et pollice honesto Egregios lusisse senes*," has given rise to various opinions, and is capa-

ble of different interpretations, either as referring to some work of Bassus, in which the wisdom of the sages, and the noble actions of the heroes, of ancient times had been celebrated ; or to some lighter poem, in which the philosophers of his own time had been satirized gently and without severity. Both Madan and Gifford give the more serious interpretation. Gifford's line is,

“ And hymn the Heroes of another age.”

Brewster also adopts that sense of the passage. Dryden has “ virtuous age and venerable truth.” The Delphin says “ Tangens pollice honesto, id est, insignes virtute viros, heroum facta celebrans nobili carmine ”—“ luisse ”—“ cecinesse ”—and quoting Virgil, “ Ludere quæ vellem,” &c. Lubin says “ Honesto pollice—decoro et docto poemate, egregios senes, eorum sales et jocos describendo.” This latter interpretation seems to agree best with the word “ luisse,” which may be considered as implying something of a jeer, and not the less so, from being joined with “ egregios,” which sometimes has been used in an ironical sense.—“ Egregiam vero laudem,” &c. Virg. *Æn.* 4. 93. “ Quid tam *egregium*, si fœmina forti Fidis equo ?” *Æn.* 11. 705. And the expression “ pollice honesto ” gives countenance to the ironical or satirical turn of the sentence. If the allusion was to *direct* praise or panegyric, there would have been no occasion to guard it by a sort of explanation that the Poet, though *plain and honest*, did not mean to be rude or severe, which seems to be a more appropriate interpretation of “ honesto,” than “ docto,” “ decoro,” or “ nobili.” But with the authorities of Dryden, Brewster, Madan, and Gifford against him, together with the heavy weight of the Delphin Editors, the translator has not ventured to adopt the satirical interpretation, though according best with his own opinion ; and he has endeavoured to get rid of the difficulty, or rather has admitted it, by lines which may be said to partake of both interpretations. He was rather disposed to introduce into his text

“ Then change thy hand to Satire's honest lay,
And jeer the leading sages of the day,”

two lines suggested by a friend. Dr Stocker gives another interpretation to this disputed passage—"Bonum civem ludere," to play the good old man, by assuming an air of authority and sententiousness.

(4) L. 16. *So sang old Ennius, &c.*

The commentators have made much of the words in the original (line 11) "Quintus pavone ex Pythagoreo," some supposing Quintus to be the prænomen of Ennius: others, that it implies that he imagined himself to be fifth in descent from a Peacock, and doubting also whether Pythagoras himself made one of the steps in the descent. It is sufficient to preserve the intention of the Satire, namely, the ridicule of the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration, which it appears that Ennius had imbibed for a time, thinking that Homer's soul had passed into him; but of which delusion he was probably cured when he wrote the prosaic line quoted in the text of Persius. "Destertuit esse Mæonides," is a phrase in his bold and original manner. The word "destertiut" is his own—"unsnored," or ceased to snore and dream of this change.

(5) L. 22. *Careless if th' angle in my neighbour's field.*

It cannot be doubted that Persius had in view the "angulus ille" of Horace, and with the same feeling might have considered his neighbour's corner as an object of envy, though he denies any such effect upon himself.

(6) L. 50. (31 orig.) *Then sell a field or two, &c.*
Nunc et de cespite vivo Frange aliquid.

By the words "curtaveris," and "minuas," (l. 33, 36) it is obvious that these are the words of the Poet, and not the continuation of a dialogue. After advising the selling some land, in order to assist his shipwrecked friend, the Poet goes on—But you may say, that if I do so, my heir will not pay due respect to my funeral obsequies, &c.

(7) L. 51. *And let him not his pictur'd miseries show.*

A similar allusion to shipwrecked sailors carrying about with them some representation of their misfortune, in order to attract attention and charity, occurs before, Satire 1, line 89, "cum fractâ in trabe pictum Ex humero portes." The same practice is familiar to us.

(8) L. 58. *But Bestius rails at all this Grecian lore, &c.*

Bestius may be intended to represent some covetous legacy-hunter, who is angry that philosophers should have recommended and taught generosity, and that the custom of expensive funerals should have been introduced, which diminish a testator's effects. In the translation no attempt has been made to give any interpretation to the words "maris expers" (line 29 orig.), which has so divided and puzzled the commentators. Whether "maris" is to be taken as the genitive case of "mas," or of "mare," in either case the expression is obscure, and not easily reconciled with the context. It is most probable that Persius adopted the phrase from Horace (Sat. 8, l. 2, l. 19), but how does he apply it? Dr Stocker interprets these words "want of manliness."

(9) L. 63. (41 orig.) "*At tu,*" &c.

The Poet returns to his subject, taking no notice of the remark introduced as from Bestius, Do you regard what may happen to you after your Death? I will give a lesson to my own Heir on this subject, and let him know what I will do, if he complains of my spending my money.

(10) L. 71. *Cæsonia shows huge captives from the Rhine.*

Cæsonia was the wife of the Emperor Caligula, whom it is intended to ridicule for his pretended triumph over the Germans; she having hired persons to represent captive Germans.

(11) L. 78. *Will you prevent me? Speak. Exhausted land, &c.*

This "exossatus ager juxta" (line 52 orig.) has been the subject of much comment and conjecture. The sense given by Madan seems the most satisfactory—"Such land will not be worth having"—though it is not easy to reconcile it with the text. Gifford adopts nearly the same idea. The Delphin gives the several interpretations, and leans to that above-mentioned. "Exossatus" may mean "exhaustus," and therefore *poor*—or *cleared of stones*, and therefore more productive. In Dr Stocker's edition the Heir is made to answer "non adeo," not exactly so; and the Poet, to resume, *Exossatus ager juxta est*, "suppose my estate to be so reduced that I have but a single field near, and that worn out, still I shall find an Heir."

(12) L. 81. *Bovillæ and the Verbian hills I'll haunt.*

Bovillæ was a town on the Appian way, and the Verbian hills about four miles from Rome, both near Aricia, which was a noted place for beggars and vagabonds of every description.

(13) L. 60. *Prope major avunculus exit.*

This passage is not very easily explained. It seems to mean, if Manius and I both sprung from the earth, he may be a relation of mine—perhaps a distant uncle. The first Manius is said to have consecrated the grove to Diana. His descendants were numerous, and very poor. (Dr Stocker's note.)

(14) L. 88-90. *Why ask the torch of me?*

The allusion is to a Grecian game, or festival, at which young men ran a race with lighted torches in their hands; and the object was to arrive first at the end of the race with the torch still lighted. If the first tired, he gave the torch to the next, and so on; and the youth who

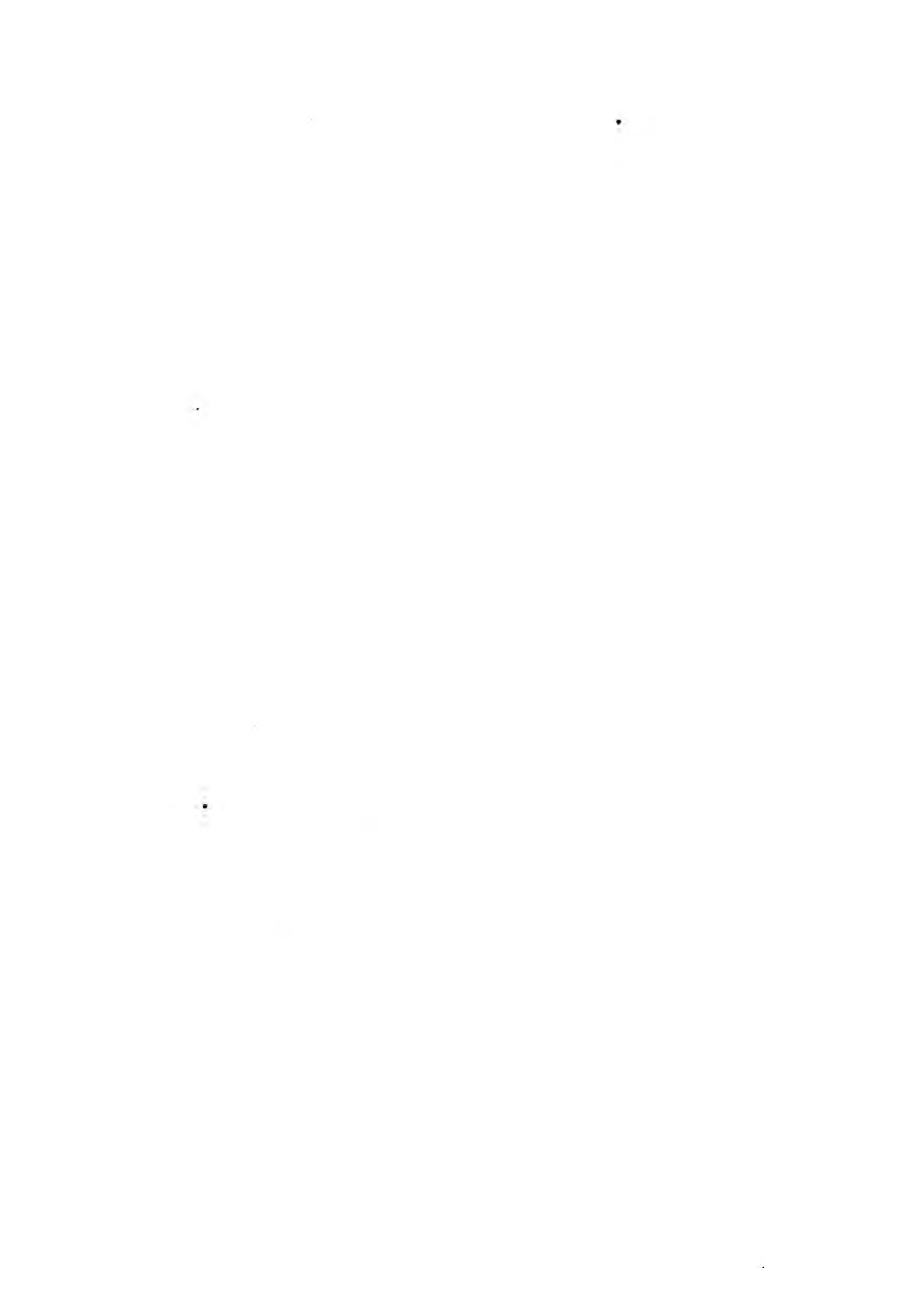
carried his torch lighted to the end, won the race. Persius supposes himself addressing his presumptive heir who is older than himself. Why should you suppose that my torch should be extinguished before yours? But I make you an offer, not as your near relation, but as your Mercury, the God of Chance. You ought to consider this offer as a piece of good fortune.

(15) L. 105-6. *May waste his life on dames of noble blood, &c.*

The 72nd line in the original is omitted; line 73 is not translated literally. It affords another instance of the prurient imagination of these ancient Satirists. But the whole passage seems to allude to a loose and disorderly connexion with Patrician ladies, under the excitement of high living, and not merely to the extravagance of marrying a Patrician wife.

(16) L. 116. *How shall I stop? Chrysippus be my friend!*

The last line of this Satire has been the subject of almost as much conjecture and commentary as that of the first Satire. But there seems no doubt that the allusion is to a long string of logical deductions, one arising out of another, called a *Sorites*—attributed to Chrysippus, which may be carried on indefinitely without leading to a reasonable conclusion. In such difficulties, the more literal a translation is, the better; and if the lines are obscure the excuse must be found in the original. The last lines of the Satire are put into the mouth of the miser, who finding his riches increase beyond his expectations, knows not how to stop. The observation already made of the want of a winding up, applies to this Satire.



THE
EPODES OF HORACE
TRANSLATED.

EPOD. I. *Ad Mæcenatem.**

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,
Amice, propugnacula,
Paratus omne Cæsaris periculum,
Subire, Mæcenas, tuo ?
Quid nos ? quibus te vita sit superstite
Jucunda ; si contra, gravis ?
Utrumne jussi persequemur otium,
Non dulce, ni tecum simul ?
An hunc laborem mente laturi, decet
Quâ ferre non molles viros ? 10
Feremus : et te vel per Alpium juga,
Inhospitalem et Caucasum,
Vel occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum,
Forti sequemur pectore.
Roges, tuum labore quid juvem meo,
Imbellis, ac firmus parum ?
Comes, minore sum futurus in metu,
Qui major absentes habet :
Ut assidens implumibus pullis avis
Serpentium allapsus timet 20
Magis relictis : non, ut adsit, auxiliâ
Latura plus præsentibus.

* See an introductory explanation of each Epode in the notes at the end.

EPODE I. *To Mæcenas.*

Shall you in your light galley meet,
 The lofty, well-arm'd, hostile fleet?
 Shall you, my friend, your life expose
 With Cæsar to his daring foes,
 While I, who only am alive
 To joy and mirth if you survive,
 Should feel myself, if you were gone,
 A useless burden, and alone?
 And shall I, as you wish, pursue
 That ease which all depends on you? 10
 Or rather meet the toil and care
 The hardy and the brave must bear?
 Yes, I will follow, without fear,
 Thee, o'er the Alpine mountains drear,
 E'en savage Caucasus transcend,
 And western world's remotest end.
 You ask me, what relief could I,
 A weak and timid wretch, supply?
 Close by you I should fear the less:
 More fears the absent friend possess: 20
 The bird, her unfledg'd young in sight,
 Dreads for them less the serpent's bite,
 Than when she roams to seek their food;
 Though, present, will she save her brood?

Libenter hoc et omne militabitur
 Bellum in tuæ spem gratiæ :
 Non ut juvencis alligata pluribus
 Aratra nitantur mea ;
 Pecusve Calabris ante sidus fervidum
 Lucana mutet pascua ;
 Nec ut superni villa candens Tusculi,
 Cirœa tangat mœnia. 30
 Satis superque me benignitas tua
 Ditavit : haud paravero
 Quod aut, avarus ut Chremes, terrâ premam,
 Discinctus aut perdam ut nepos.

 EPOD. II.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
 Ut prisca gens mortalium,
 Paterna rura bubus exercet suis,
 Solutus omni fœnore :
 Neque excitatur classico miles truci,
 Neque horret iratum mare :
 Forumque vitat, et superba civium
 Potentiorum limina.
 Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
 Altas maritat populos, 10
 Inutilesque falce ramos amputans,
 Feliciores inserit ;

But tho' in this, or any war,
 To please you I would venture far ;
 Think not I wish you to bestow
 More oxen on my labouring plough ;
 Or in the dog-days to exchange
 Lucania's for Calabria's range ;
 Or that my villa's glittering hall
 Should reach to Tusculum's high wall :
 Enough your bounty has supplied,
 And more—nor would I wealth provide
 To hide, like Chremes in the play,
 Or, like a spendthrift, throw away.

30

 EPODE II.

Happy the man, who, far from care,
 As they who lived before us were ;
 With his own oxen tills his land,
 And fears no usurer's griping hand :
 Whom no shrill trumpet calls to arms,
 Nor Ocean's angry wave alarms :
 Who always shuns the Forum's strife,
 Nor courts the great to lead their life :
 But round the poplar loves to twine
 The tendrils of the creeping vine ;
 And pruning off the useless shoot,
 Grafts healthier stems and better fruit ;

10

Aut in reductâ valle mugientium
 Prospectat errantes greges ;
 Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris ;
 Aut tondet infirmas oves :
 Vel quum decorum mitibus pomis caput
 Autumnus arvis extulit,
 Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
 Certantem et uvam purpuræ, 20
 Qua muneretur te, Priape ! et te, pater
 Sylvane ! tutor finium.
 Libet jacere, modo sub antiquâ ilice,
 Modo in tenaci gramine :
 Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ,
 Queruntur in sylvis aves,
 Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
 Somnos quod invitas leves.
 At quum Tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
 Imbres nivosque comparat,
 Aut trudit acres hinc et hinc multâ cane 30
 Apros in obstantes plagas ;
 Aut amite lævi rara tendit retia,
 Turdis edacibus dolos :
 Pavidumque leporem, et advenam laqueo gruem
 Jucunda captat præmia.
 Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
 Hæc inter oblviscitur ?

Or watches in the shelter'd mead
The lowing cattle as they feed ;
Press'd honey stows in jars to keep,
Or shears the weak and tender sheep ;
And when ripe fruits adorn the year,
And Autumn's yellow gifts appear,
What joy to pluck the grafted pear,
Or purple grape, his former care ! 20
A gift, Priapus ! to thy shrine ;
Father Sylvanus, or, to thine.
'Tis his to court the ilex' shade,
Or rest upon the matted blade,
While down the neighbouring hillock's side
The scanty waters gently glide ;
And birds pour forth their plaintive lays,
And near the bubbling fountain plays ;
Sounds that in distant murmurs creep,
And softly soothe, and tempt to sleep. 30
But when Jove's wintry thunders sound,
And rains and snow-storms gather round,
Then the fierce boar, with dogs beset,
He drives upon th' opposing net ;
Or lighter toils, from bush to bush,
Stretches to catch the hungry thrush ;
Or should a hare, or wandering crane,
By chance fall in, that chance is gain.
Who with such pleasures would compare
Love's evils and unceasing care ? 40

Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvet
 Domum atque dulces liberos, 40
 Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
 Pernicis uxor Appuli,
 Sacrum et vetustis exstruat lignis focum
 Lassi sub adventum viri ;
 Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus,
 Distenta siccet ubera ;
 Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,
 Dapes inemptas apparet ;
 Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia,
 Magisve rhombus, aut scari, 50
 Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
 Hiems ad hoc vertat mare ;
 Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
 Non attagen Ionicus
 Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguisissimis
 Oliva ramis arborum,
 Aut herba lapathi pratium amantis, et gravi
 Malvæ salubres corpori,
 Vel agna festis cæsa Terminalibus,
 Vel hædus ereptus lupo. 60
 Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas oves
 Videre properantes domum !

But if a chaste and prudent wife
Sweetens and shares the ills of life,
And tends the household, as we're told
The Sabine women did of old ;
Or meriting the virtuous name
Apulia's sun-burnt matrons claim,
On the pure hearth 'tis her delight
To strew the well-dress'd logs each night,
And her returning husband wait
When labour's o'er, fatigued and late ; 50
If she the hurdled cattle tends,
And home th' o'erflowing produce sends ;
With sweet fresh wine her partner greets,
And spreads his board with unbought meats ;
Not more the Lucrine Lake to me
Its oysters yields, nor eastern sea
Turbots and chars, when winter's wind
Drives on, and leaves its stores behind ;
Nor do I taste and swallow down
Heathcocks and fowls of high renown, 60
With half the zest that from my fields
The rich well-chosen olive yields ;
Or the low sorrel, or the leaf
Of homely mallow, the relief
Of stomachs sick—or for a guest,
On festal days, a lambkin drest,
Or tender kid, in larder stored,
Saved from the wolf to grace our board.

Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
 Collo trahentes languido !
 Positosque vernas, ditis examen domûs
 Circum renidentes Lares !
 Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alpheus,
 Jam jam futurus rusticus,
 Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
 Quærit Calendis ponere.

70

EPOD. III. *Ad Mæcenatem.*

Parentis olim si quis impiâ manu
 Senile guttur fregerit,
 Edat cicutis allium nocentius.
 O dura messorum ilia !
 Quid hoc veneni sævit in præcordiis ?
 Num viperinus his cruor
 Incoctus herbis me fefellit ? an malas
 Canidia tractavit dapes ?
 Ut Argonautas præter omnes candidum
 Medea mirata est ducem,
 Ignota tauris illigaturum juga,
 Perunxit hoc Jasonem :

10

Thus feasting, what a grateful sight,
 To watch the well-fed flock at night, 70
 Come trotting home; or, pacing slow,
 The oxen with th' inverted plough;
 And slaves that in rich farms abound,
 Drawn up the household gods around!
 Thus spoke the Usurer, fix'd his gain
 In land t' invest and turn a swain.
 But soon convinced that bonds were best,
 Again all goes at interest;
 And scores, on former Ides defaced,
 Returning Calends saw replaced. 80

EPODE III. *To Mæcenas.*

Henceforth whoe'er has used his knife
 To shorten an old father's life,
 A dose of deadly garlic send him,
 Hemlock is not more sure to end him.
 What stomachs must our labourers have!
 What poison this, that makes me rave!
 Were my herbs soak'd in viper's blood?
 Or has Canidia cook'd my food?
 Medea, when, all chiefs above,
 On Jason's form she fix'd her love, 10
 With *this* prepared, she daub'd him o'er,
 To yoke the bulls untamed before.

Hoc delibutis ulta donis pellicem,
 Serpente fugit alite.
 Nec tantus unquam siderum insedit vapor,
 Siticulosæ Apuliæ :
 Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis
 Inarsit æstuosius.
 At si quid unquam tale concupiveris,
 Jocose Mæcenas, precor, 20
 Manum puella suavio opponat tuo,
 Extremâ et in spondâ cubet.

EPOD. IV.

Lupis et agnis quanta sortitò obtigit,
 Tecum mihi discordia est,
 Ibericis peruste funibus latus
 Et crura dura compede.
 Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ,
 Fortuna non mutat genus.
 Videsne, sacram metiente te viam,
 Cum bis ter ulnarum togâ,
 Ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
 Liberrima indignatio ? 10
 “ Sectus flagellis hic Triumviralibus,
 “ Præconis ad fastidium,

With *this* her rival gifts she smear'd,
 And on a dragon disappear'd.
 No noxious blast like this prevails
 To scorch Apulia's thirsty vales :
 Nor did Alcides suffer more
 Under the gift his shoulders bore.
 But if, Mæcenas, you should wish
 To taste, yourself, this favour'd dish,
 Allow you must your girl to place
 Her hand in bed before your face,
 To stop your breath, and lie far wide,
 Out of your way, on t'other side.

20

 EPODE IV.

As wolves to lambs, 'twixt you and me
 As natural is the enmity.
 Wretch ! with thy back by lashes torn,
 Thy limbs by logs and fetters worn :
 Tho' now the rich thou darest to face,
 Fortune can never change thy race.
 Mark ! when amidst th' indignant throng,
 With mantle trailing three ells long,
 Thou sweep'st in state the sacred way,
 Mark ! how they stare, and what they say !
 " This fellow flay'd across the back
 " Till e'en the Lictor's arm grew slack,

10

“ Arat Falerni mille fundi jugera,
 “ Et Appiam mannis terit :
 “ Sedilibusque magnus in primis eques,
 “ Othone contempto, sedet.
 “ Quid attinet tot ora navium gravi
 “ Rostrata duci pondere,
 “ Contra latrones atque servilem manum,
 “ Hoc, hoc tribuno militum ?”

EPOD. V. *In Canidiam Veneficam.*

“ At O ! Deorum quicquid in cælo regit
 “ Terras et humanum genus !
 “ Quid iste fert tumultus ? et quid omnium
 “ Vultus in unum me truces ?
 “ Per liberos te (si vocata partibus
 “ Lucina veris adfuit),
 “ Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor,
 “ Per improbaturum hæc Jovem,

“ Now many hundred acres tills
 “ On choice and rich Falernian hills.
 “ The Appian with his horse’s feet
 “ Grinds down in prancing thro’ the street :
 “ On the first benches, as a knight,
 “ Sits high, of Otho’s laws in spite :
 “ Why should we then our fleets expose,
 “ And point their heavy beaks and prows 20
 “ ’Gainst rogues, and thieves, and servile bands,
 “ When such a slave as this commands ?”

EPODE V. *On Canidia, a Sorceress.*

1.

“ What then ! O all ye Powers, whose care
 “ Protects weak mortals from the skies !
 “ What means this tumult ? and why glare
 “ On me alone those baneful eyes ?

2.

“ By your own children (if that brood
 “ Was born of you that bears the name) ;
 “ By these vain marks of noble blood ;
 “ By gods, who your vile rites disclaim ;

“ Quid ut noverca me intueris, aut uti
“ Petita ferro bellua ?” 10

Ut hæc tremente questus ore constitit
Insignibus raptis puer,
Impube corpus, quale posset impia
Mollire Thracum pectora :
Canidia, brevibus implicata viperis
Crines et incomptum caput,
Jubet sepulchris caprificos erutas,
Jubet cupressus funebres,
Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine,
Plumasque nocturnæ strigis, 20

Herbasque quas Iolchos atque Iberia
Mittit venenorum ferax,
Et ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis,
Flammis aduri Colchicis.

3.

“ O ! why should I stand shivering here ?
 “ Why taunted—I entreat you, say— 10
 “ With a harsh step-dame’s cruel sneer ?
 “ Why snarl’d at, like a beast at bay ?”

4.

Such was the trembling boy’s lament,
 As stripp’d, and fix’d to earth, he strove ;
 A spotless form and innocent,
 Which e’en a Thracian’s heart might move.

5.

But unabash’d Canidia stands,
 Her head uncomb’d, with tangled hair,
 And stunted snakes in twisted bands ;
 Then bids her fiends from tombs to tear 20

6.

The fig-tree, and the cypress shoots,
 And eggs with blood of toads besmear’d,
 The screech-owl’s wing, the poisonous roots
 In Colchos and Ileria rear’d,

7.

The fragments of the starving hound,
 From his clos’d foaming grinders torn ;
 Such are the charms she gathers round,
 Such to th’ enchanted flame are borne.

At expedita Sagana, per totam domum
Spargens Avernales aquas,
Horret capillis, ut marinus, asperis,
Echinus, aut Laurens Aper.
Abacta nullâ Veia conscientîâ .
Ligonibus duris humum 30
Exhauriebat, ingemens laboribus,
Quo posset infossus puer
Longo die bis terque mutatæ dapis
Inemori spectaculo ;
Cum promineret ore, quantum extant aquâ
Suspensa mento corpora :
Exusta uti medulla, et aridum jecur
Amoris esset poculum,
Interminato cum semel fixæ cibo
Intabuissent pupulæ. 40
Non defuisse masculæ libidinis
Ariminensem Foliam,
Et otiosa credidit Neapolis,
Et omne vicinum oppidum ;

8.

The fam'd Avernus' waters dead
 A sister sprinkles on the floor ; 30
Short-lac'd, and bristling on the head,
 Like prickly crab, or angry boar.

9.

And Veia, whom no conscience shakes,
 The earth's dry sods with crow and spade
To make a pit, hard labouring, breaks,
 Where the poor boy may pine and fade,

10.

Seeing rich feasts and dainty food
 Spread out, and changed, to tempt his eye,
Like one just rais'd above the flood,
 With longing doom'd at last to die ; 40

11.

That his shrunk bones and liver may
 To a love-potion slowly melt,
As his fix'd eye-balls pine away,
 Watching, while hunger could be felt.

12.

Folia, another too, was there,
 As Naples and her towns proclaim,
A man in lust, a man in air,
 A woman only in the name ;

Quæ sidera excantata voce Thessalâ,
Lunamque cælo deripit.
Hic irsectum, sæva, dente livido
Canidia rodens pollicem,
Quid dixit ? aut quid tacuit ? “ O rebus meis
“ Non infideles arbitræ, 50
“ Nox, et Diana, quæ silentium regis,
“ Arcana cum fiunt sacra ;
“ Nunc, nunc adeste ; nunc in hostiles domos
“ Iram atque numen vertite ;
“ Formidolosæ dum latent silvis feræ,
“ Dulci sopore languidæ.
“ Senem (quod omnes rideant) adulterum
“ Latrent Suburanæ canes,

13.

Who by her spells and potent lays
 Could call down planets from on high, 50
 And the moon's orb and placid rays
 Pluck from their region in the sky.

14.

At length Canidia silence broke,
 With looks that meant and threaten'd more ;
 And with her foul teeth, as she spoke,
 Her unpar'd talons gnaw'd and tore.

15.

“ O ye! who watch these mystic rites,
 “ And guide and regulate my power ;
 “ Whom the profoundest calm delights,
 “ For secret deeds the fittest hour ; 60

16.

“ O night ! and thou, chaste Dian ! here,
 “ Attend propitious at my call !
 “ Against my foes like Gods appear,
 “ On them let your fierce anger fall !

17.

“ Whilst in their dens wild beasts repose,
 “ And their tir'd limbs in slumber stretch,
 “ May barking dogs his haunts disclose,
 “ And laughter shame th' adult'rous wretch !

- “ Nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius
 “ Meæ laborarint manus— 60
 “ Quid accidit ? cur dira barbaræ minus
 “ Venena Medeæ valent,
 “ Quibus superbam fugit ulta pellicem,
 “ Magni Creontis filiam,
 “ Quum palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam
 “ Incendio nuptam abstulit ?
 “ Atqui nec herba, nec latens in asperis
 “ Radix fefellit me locis.
 “ Indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
 “ Oblivione pellicum. 70
 “ Ah ! ah ! solutus ambulat veneficæ
 “ Scientoris carmine.
 “ Non usitatis, Vare, potionibus,
 “ O multa fleturum caput !

18.

“ Smear’d and perfum’d with ointment rare,
 “ Philtres devis’d to burst his bands, 70
 “ With more than common cost and care
 “ Made perfect by these lab’ring hands—

19.

“ But what is this? What means this pause?
 “ Why are my spells less strong than those
 “ That aided fell Medea’s cause,
 “ And triumph’d o’er her haughty foes?

20.

“ That made great Creon’s daughter feel,
 “ A fated bride, the burning robe?
 “ What herbs from me their pow’r conceal?
 “ What roots have charms I cannot probe? 80

21.

“ But still this faithless truant lies
 “ In any strumpet’s scented bed—
 “ Ah! some more powerful sorceress plies
 “ Her arts to guard his favour’d head!

22.

“ But, Vauss! thou shalt to my arms
 “ By some new spell be brought again:
 “ Much must thou bear, nor counter-charms
 “ Restore thy mind nor ease thy pain.

“ Ad me recures : nec vocata mens tua

“ Marsis redibit vocibus.

“ Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi

“ Fastidienti poculum.

“ Priusque cœlum sidet inferius mari,

“ Tellure porrectâ super,

80

“ Quam non amore sic meo flagres, uti

“ Bitumen atris ignibus.”

Sub hæc puer jam non, ut ante, mollibus

Lenire verbis impias ;

Sed dubius unde rumperet silentium,

Misit Thyesteas preces.

“ Venena magnum fas nefasque, non valent

“ Convertere humanam vicem.

“ Diris agam vos : dira detestatio

“ Nullâ expiatur victimâ.

90

“ Quin ubi perire jussus expiravero,

“ Nocturnus occurram Furor,

“ Petamque vultus umbra curvis unguibus,

“ Quæ vis Deorum est Manium ;

23.

“ For yet another cup’s prepared,
 “ A deadlier cup, thy scorn to meet : 90
 “ And sooner shall the heav’ns be scar’d,
 “ And crouch beneath old Neptune’s feet,

24.

“ Leaving the earth to swing above,
 “ And lift on high its far-stretch’d pole,
 “ Than thou shalt fail to scorch with love,
 “ Like bubbling pitch or burning coal.”

25.

But now the sinking boy no more
 In suppliant tone the fiends address’d ;
 Doubting how best his wrath to pour,
 Thyestes’ ravings eas’d his breast. 100

26.

“ Poisons may good and ill confound,
 “ But cannot change man’s certain fate :
 “ In all your ears my curse shall sound,
 “ That curse which nought can expiate.

27.

“ And by your doom when I expire,
 “ I’ll haunt you while the night is dark ;
 “ Spirits have power to vent their ire ;
 “ Your cheeks, vile hags ! shall bear the mark.

“ Et inquietis assidens præcordiis,
 “ Pavore somnos auferam.
 “ Vos turba vicitim hinc et hinc saxis petens
 “ Contundet obscœnas anus.
 “ Post, insepulta membra different lupi,
 “ Et Esquilinæ alites : 100
 “ Neque hoc parentes, heu ! mihi superstites,
 “ Effugerit spectaculum.”

EPOD. VI. *Ad Cassium Severum.**

Quid immerentes hospites, vexas, canis,
 Ignavus adversum lupos ?
 Quin huc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,
 Et me remorsurum petis ?
 Nam, qualis aut Molossus, aut fulvus Lacon,
 Amica vis pastoribus,
 Agam per altas, aure sublata, nives,
 Quæcunque præcedet fera.
 Tu, quum timendâ voce complêsti nemus,
 Projectum odoraris cibum. 10

* This Epode is addressed to some cowardly slanderer ; but it is stated that the name of Cassius Severus, given to it, is of doubtful authority.

28.

“ Think not to sleep ; the fear of me
 “ Shall heap a load upon your breast ; 110
 “ Pursued by day whene'er you flee,
 “ By thick-shower'd stones and crowds opprest :

29.

“ By wolves and eagles, in their flight,
 “ Your limbs unburied torn shall be ;
 “ Nor shall my parents lose that sight—
 “ Parents, alas ! surviving me.”

EPODE VI. *To Cassius Severus.*

Thou cur ! why helpless guests assail,
 And cowardly to wolves turn tail ?
 Turn rather here your threats, tho' vain,
 For surely I shall bite again :
 And like the bold Molossian hound,
 That guards the shepherd's pasture ground,
 Or of Laconia's tawny breed,
 O'er mountains and o'er snows I'll speed,
 And pressing on with pointed ears,
 Drive off whatever beast appears. 10
 But thou, loud barking in the wood,
 Stop'st short to take the well-laid food—

Cave, cave ! namque in malos asperrimus
Parata tollo cornua ;
Qualis Lycambæ spretus infido gener,
Aut acer hostis Bupalò.
An, si quis atro dente me petiverit,
Inultus ut flebo puer ?

EPOD. VII. *Ad Populum Romanum.*

Quo, quo scelesti ruitis ? aut cur dexteris
Aptantur enses conditi ?
Parumne campis atque Neptuno super
Fusum est Latini sanguinis ?
Non ut superbas invidæ Carthaginis
Romanus arces ureret ;

But look about—those shafts beware
 Which for such miscreants I prepare ;
 Such as made base Lycambes* smart,
 When the spurn'd Poet tipp'd the dart :
 Or such as, from a deadly foe,
 Struck Bupalus,† and laid him low.
 And must I act the fractious boy,
 And weep while envious teeth annoy ?

20

EPODE VII. *To the Roman People.*

Romans ! why thus run on to stain
 With civil broil your guilty hands ?
 Why draw your long-sheathed swords again ?
 And whither tend your hostile bands ?

Has not enough of blood been shed,
 Of brothers' blood, by land and sea ?
 No Carthage now holds up her head,
 And summons you to victory ;

* This alludes to the Poet Archilochus, to whom Lycambes promised his daughter in marriage, but gave her to another, when the Poet avenged himself by writing bitter satires against him.

† The allusion here is to the Poet Hipponax, who was deformed in person, and of whom Bupalus made a statue, exposing his deformities ; to revenge which, he wrote such bitter satires on the Statuary and his brother, that it occasioned their hanging themselves.

Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
 Sacra catenatus via ;
 Sed ut, secundum vota Parthorum, sua
 Urbs hæc periret dextra. 10
 Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit lionibus,
 Nunquam, nisi in dispar, feris.
 Furorne cæcus? an rapit vis acrior?
 An culpa? Responsum date.
 Tacent: et ora pallor albus inficit,
 Mentesque percussæ stupent.
 Sic est: acerba fata Romanos agunt,
 Scelusque fraternæ necis:
 Ut immerentis fluxit in terram Remi
 Sacer nepotibus cruor. 20

EPOD. VIII. Ad anum libidinosam.

Nor is the untamed Briton now
 Destined to tread the triumph's course; 10
Alas! the fatal Parthian vow!
 That Rome should fall by her own force!
But neither wolf nor lion turns
 His fangs 'gainst any of his kind:
What impulse guides? what madness burns?
 Tell me;—what guilt infests your mind?
You're silent—see the pallid hue,
 The look of stupor and of shame:
This vengeance to our crimes is due,
 A brother's slaughter taints our name. 20
'Tis Remus' blood that stains the earth:
 His guiltless blood we now deplore;
Fatal to those who since had birth,
 Fatal to ages yet in store.

EPODE VIII. Not fit to be translated.

EPOD. IX. *Ad Mæcænatem.*

Quando repostum Cæcubum ad festas dapes,
Victore lætus Cæsare,
Tecum sub altâ (sic Jovi gratum) domo,
Beate Mæcenas, bibam,
Sonante mixtum tibiis carmen lyrâ,
Hâc Dorium, illis Barbarum?
Ut nuper, actus quum freto Neptunius
Dux fugit, ustis navibus,
Minatus urbi vincla, quæ detraxerat
Servis amicus perfidis.
Romanus (eheu! posteri negabitis)
Emancipatus fœminæ,
Fert vallum et arma miles, et spadonibus
Servire rugosis potest!
Interque signa turpe militaria
Sol aspicit conopium?

EPODE IX. *To Mæcenas.*

When, my Mæcenas! shall we meet
 Happy, beneath thy splendid dome,
 With wines laid up in store, to greet
 Cæsar's return in triumph home,
 While in mix'd sounds of flute and lyre
 Dorian and Phrygian tones conspire?

* As, not long since, when from our shore
 His shattered force, and half burnt fleet,
 The boasted son of Neptune bore,
 With all his threats, in full retreat : 10
 Vain threats! to fix on Roman hands
 The fetters of his servile bands!

O shame! a Roman born to see
 Slave to an artful woman's charms,
 (Believe it not, posterity)
 By wrinkled eunuchs led to arms!
 And 'midst the banners of the war,
 The Egyptian network shining far!

* Referring to a *former* occasion of rejoicing in a victory over Sextus Pompeius, who collected a band of slaves and fugitives, and called himself the son of Neptune. In line 11, the Poet returns to his subject, the victory at Actium, and the unworthy conduct of Anthony.

Ad hoc frementes verterunt bis mille equos
 Galli, canentes Cæsarem :
 Hostiliumque navium portu latent
 Puppes, sinistrorsum citæ. 20
 Iö Triumphe ! tu moraris aureos
 Currus, et intactas boves :
 Iö Triumphe ! nec Jugurthino parem
 Bello reportasti ducem :
 Neque Africanum, cui super Carthaginem
 Virtus sepulchrum condidit.
 Terrâ marique victus hostis, Punico
 Lugubre mutavit sagum.
 Aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus,
 Ventis iturus non suis ; 30
 Exercitatas aut petit Syrtes Noto ;
 Aut fertur incerto mari.
 Capaciores affer huc, puer, scyphos,
 Et Chia vina, aut Lesbia :
 Vel quod fluentem nauseam coerceat,
 Metire nobis Cæcubum.
 Curam metumque Cæsaris verum juvat
 Dulci Lyæo solve.

The Gauls in thousands, at this sight,
 Their foaming steeds indignant wheel'd, 20
 Changing the fortune of the fight,
 Shouting for Cæsar in the field :
 And ships that hostile succours bore,
 Haste back to port, and seek the shore.

Triumphant God ! prepare thy car,
 Thy victims by the yoke untried.
 No hero in Jugurtha's war,
 Not even Scipio in his pride,
 From Carthage brought such glory home : .30
 The ruin'd walls his noblest tomb.

Forlorn, and beat by land and sea,
 His purple robe the chief lays down,
 In mourning looks for sympathy,
 And seeks the towers of Crete's famed town ;
 Or, driven by ill-fated gales,
 'Midst rocks and sands uncertain sails.

Boy ! bring us larger draughts to-night,
 Of Chian and of Lesbian store ;
 Or, to provoke the appetite,
 Strong Cæcuban in goblets pour ! 40
 Let us forget our late alarms
 For Cæsar's fate, in Bacchus' charms.

EPOD. X. *Ad Mævium Poetam.*

Malâ soluta navis exit alite,
 Ferens olentem Mævium :
 Ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
 Auster, memento, fluctibus.
 Niger rudentes Eurus, inverso mari,
 Fractosque remos differat :
 Insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
 Frangit trementes ilices :
 Nec sidus atrâ nocte amicum appareat,
 Quâ tristis Orion cadit ; 10
 Quietiore nec feratur æquore,
 Quam Graia victorum manus,
 Quum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Ilio
 In impiam Ajacis ratem.
 O quantus instat navitis sudor tuis,
 Tibique pallor luteus ;
 Et illa non virilis ejulatio
 Preces et aversum ad Jovem :
 Ionius udo quum remugiens sinus
 Noto carinam ruperit ! 20
 Opima quodsi præda curvo litore
 Porrecta mergos juveris ;
 Libidinosus immolabitur caper,
 Et agna tempestatibus.

EPODE X. *To the Poet Mævius.*

Unlucky omens speed the boat
 In which vile Mævius is afloat !
 Thou western blast, as on it glides,
 With furious waves beat both its sides !
 May th' adverse east wind, as it roars,
 Snap ev'ry rope, and break its oars !
 The fell north rise, as when the breeze
 Increasing bends the mountain trees !
 Nor let a favouring star give light,
 When sad Orion sinks in night !
 Nor seas more calm, than when of yore
 The Greeks' victorious bands they bore ;
 When Pallas, leaving Troy on fire,
 'Gainst Ajax' vessel turn'd her ire.
 See how the boatmen sweat and strive :
 See thy pale visage scarce alive :
 Hear too thy shrill unmanly cries,
 And pray'rs to the unpitying skies ;
 When, batter'd by the southern gales,
 At length the crazy vessel fails :
Then, if on shore thy carcass cast,
 Affords to gulls a choice repast ;
 A lusty goat and lamb to thee,
 Thou God of Storms ! our gift shall be.

10

20

EPOD. XI. *Ad Pettium.*

Petti! nihil me, sicut antea, juvat
Scribere versiculos amore perculsum gravi;
Amore, qui me præter omnes expetit
Mollibus in pueris aut in puellis urere.
Hic tertius December, ex quo destiti
Inachiâ furere, silvis honorem decutit.
Heu me! per urbem (nam pudet tanti mali)
Fabula quanta fui! conviviorum ut pænitet,
In quis amantem et languor et silentium
Arguit, et latere petitus imo spiritus! 10
Contrane lucrum nil valere candidum
Pauperis ingenium? querebar, applorans tibi:
Simul calentis inverecundus Deus
Fervidiore mero arcana promorat loco.

EPODE XI. *To Pettius.*

No longer, Pettius, as before,
 I scribble verses by the score ;
 More serious love now blinds my eyes,
 And all my senses occupies.
 Love, which at all times made me burn
 For this fair form, or that, in turn.
 The third December now has past,
 And shorn the forests by its blast,
 Since for Inachia's charms I raved ;
 O what a load of shame I've saved !
 I was the talk of all the town :
 My follies I don't like to own ;
 How over the convivial bowl
 My looks betray'd my captured soul ;
 My silence, and my languid eye,
 And from the breast the deep-fetch'd sigh ;
 " What, then, shall the ingenuous mind
 " By poverty be so confined ?
 " Shall love by wealth alone be gain'd ?"
 To thee thus oft I have complain'd,
 When warm'd by wine, what lay conceal'd,
 Was by th' unguarded God revealed.

10

20

Quod si meis inæstuat præcordiis
 Libera bilis, ut hæc ingrata ventis dividat
 Fomenta, vulnus nil malum levantia ;
 Desinet imparibus certare summotus pudor.
 Ubi hæc severus te palam laudaveram,
 Jussus abire domum, ferebar incerto pede 20
 Ad non amicos heu ! mihi postes, et heu !
 Limina dura, quibus lumbos et infregi latus.
 Nunc glorientis quamlibet mulierculam
 Vincere mollitiâ, amor Lycisci me tenet :
 Unde expedire non amicorum queant
 Libera consilia, nec contumeliæ graves :
 Sed alius ardor, aut puellæ candidæ,
 Aut teretis pueri longam renodantis comam.

Note.—The indiscriminate nature of the poet's passion, which the manners and habits of the times in which he lived tolerated, and which appears in the fourth and the last six lines of this epode, in the original, is concealed in the translation.

EPOD. XII. In anum libidinosam.

But if my freeborn spirit rise,
 And scatter to the winds and skies
 These follies, that my bosom fill,
 And only aggravate the ill ;
 Subdued, my pride and shame will yield,
 And to my rivals quit the field.
 When thus to thee I had confess'd,
 And gravely my resolve profess'd, 30
 You bade me seek my home in peace.
 Then wandering, after my release,
 I passed, alas ! the hated door,
 Alas ! not to be enter'd more ;
 That cruel door, now closed in spite,
 'Gainst which I flay'd my back at night.
 But now another's charms perplex,
 Soft as the softest of the sex,
 And neither kind advice can move,
 Nor harsh remonstrance cure—my love : 40
 The only chance, should I be fired
 By some new object, more admired.

EPODE XII. Not fit to be translated.

EPOD. XIII. *Ad Amicos.*

Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit, et imbres
 Nivesque deducunt Jovem: nunc mare, nunc siluæ,
 Threicio Aquilone sonant: rapiamus, amici,
 Occasionem de die; dumque virent genua,
 Et decet, obductâ solvatur fronte senectus.
 Tu vina Torquato move Consule pressa meo.
 Cetera mitte loqui: Deus hæc fortasse benignâ
 Reducet in sedem vice. Nunc et Achæmenio
 Perfundi nardo juvat, et fide Cyllenea
 Levare diris pectora sollicitudinibus: 10
 Nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno;
 “Invicte mortalis Deâ nate puer Thetide,
 “Te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
 “Findunt Scamandri flumina, lubricus et Simois:
 “Unde tibe reditum, certo subtemine, Parcæ
 “Rupere; nec mater domum cærula te revehet.
 “Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
 “Deformis ægrimonix dulcibus alloquiis.”

EPODE XIII. *To his Friends.*

Dark storms deface the heavens, the driving snow
 And pelting rains bring down Jove's wrath below ;
 The seas, the woods roar with the Thracian blasts ;
 Let us employ this season while it lasts,
 And while our limbs are sound, and when we may,
 Drive care, with age's wrinkled front, away.
 Old as Torquatus' time bring forth the wine,
 Let other cares be hush'd by help divine :
 All will come right : now let rich scents conspire,
 Perfumes from Persia, with the soothing lyre, 10
 Cylene's son's delight, to ease the breast
 With fears and sad anxieties oppress'd.
 The Centaur thus to his great pupil sung :
 " Unconquer'd mortal ! from a Goddess sprung !
 " Troy's plains await, which cold Scamander laves,
 " And gliding Simois with his scanty waves ;
 " But there the too-sure Fates have fix'd thy doom,
 " Nor shall thy sea-born mother bring thee home :
 " There, then, with wine and music seek relief ;
 " Nothing so sure to lighten pain and grief." 20

EPOD. XIV. *Ad Mæcænatem.*

Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
 Oblivionem sensibus,
 Pocula Lethæos ut si ducentia somnos
 Arente fauce traxerim,
 Candide Mæcænas, occidis sæpe rogando :
 Deus, Deus nam me vetat
 Inceptos, olim promissum carmen, Iambos
 Ad umbilicum adducere.
 Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
 Anacreonta Teïum ;
 Qui persæpe cavâ testudine flevit amorem,
 Non elaboratum ad pedem.
 Ureris ipse miser ; quod si non pulchrior ignis
 Accendit obsessam Ilium,
 Gaude sorte tuâ : me libertina, neque uno
 Contenta, Phryne macerat.

10

EPODE XIV. *To Mæcenas.*

Why thus in listless indolence,
I lose all memory and sense,
As if of Lethe drinking deep,
With thirsty lips, I'd fallen asleep,
Mæcenas! my kind friend, you ask,
And urge me to complete my task.
The God, the God will not allow
That I should execute my vow :
Whate'er my verses may pretend,
They ne'er can reach their promised end. 10
So too the Teian Bard was moved,
When he the cruel Samian loved,
And on his lyre bewail'd his pains
In frequent, but unmeasured strains.
You too are scorch'd, but if the fame
Of her who set old Troy in flame,
Eclipses not your favour'd choice,
Well may you in your luck rejoice.
Me, Phryne, whom not *one* contents,
Phryne, tho' lowly born, torments.

EPOD. XV. *Ad Neæram.*

Nox erat, et cælo fulgebat Luna sereno,
 Inter minora sidera,
 Quum tu, magnorum numen læsura Deorum,
 In verba jurabas mea,
 Arctius, atque hederâ procera astringitur ilex,
 Lentis adhærens brachiis :
 “ Dum pecori lupo, et nautis infestus Orion
 “ Turbaret hibernum mare,
 “ Intonsosque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
 “ Fore hunc amorem mutuum.” 10

O dolitura meâ multum virtute, Neæra !
 Nam, si quid in flacco viri est,
 Non feret assiduas potiori te dare noctes,
 Et quæret iratus parem ;
 Nec semel offensæ cedit constantia formæ,
 Si certus intrârit dolor.
 At tu, quicumque es felicior, atque meo nunc
 Superbus incedis malo,
 Sis pecore et multâ dives tellure licebit,
 Tibique Pactolus fluat, 20

EPODE XV. *To Neæra.*

'Twas night, the moon illumined bright
 The starry canopy ;
 When thou, of the great Gods in spite,
 Didst plight thy faith to me :
 Close as the ivy round the oak,
 Twin'd in thy soft embrace,
 All nature's powers thou dared'st invoke :
 " While wolves the lambs shall chase,
 " While fell Orion on the seas
 " Shall stir the wintry blast, 10
 " While Phœbus' locks shall catch the breeze,
 " Our mutual love shall last."
 Neæra ! thou wilt sorely grieve
 To feel my honest pride ;
 How could I bear thou shouldst receive
 My rival by thy side ?
 I too will find another friend,
 Nor shall thy form prevail ;
 Offended once, Love's transports end
 In grief, attractions fail. 20
 Thou happier man ! whate'er thy name,
 Exulting in my fall ;
 Tho' rich possessions give thee fame,
 Pactolus at thy call,

Nec te Pythagoræ fallant arcana renati,
 Formâque vincas Nirea ;
 Eheu ! translatos alio mærebis amores :
 Atque ego vicissim risero.

28

EPOD. XVI. *Ad Populam Romanum.*

Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas,
 Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.
 Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi,
 Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus,
 Æmula nec virtus Capuæ, nec Spartacus acer,
 Novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox ;
 Nec fera cæruleâ domuit Germania pube,
 Parentibusque abominatus Hannibal :
 Impia perdemus devoti sanguinis ætas ;
 Ferisque rursus occupabitur solum. 10
 Barbarus heu ! cineres insistet victor et Urbem
 Eques sonante verberabit unguâ ;
 Quæque carent ventis et solibus, ossa Quirini,
 Nefas videre ! dissipabit insolens.
 Forte, quid expediat, communiter, aut melior pars,
 Malis carere quæritis laboribus.
 Nulla sit hâc potior sententia, Phocæorum
 Velut profugit execrata civitas,

Pythagoras's secret skill,
 And Nereus' form be thine ;
 Thy place another soon shall fill,
 The laugh will then be mine.

28

EPODE XVI. *To the Roman People.*

Age upon age of civil broil succeeds,
 And Rome by her own offspring bleeds.
 She, whom the neighbouring Marsi could not harm,
 Nor Porsena's fierce bands alarm ;
 Nor Capua's pride, nor Spartacus derange,
 Nor th' Allobroge, who bears no change ;
 Nor fierce Germania's blue-eyed train,
 Nor Hannibal, the mother's bane ;
 Now falls devoted by our impious race,
 Wild beasts will now usurp her place. 10
 The barbarous conqueror will insult the dead,
 While clanking hoofs her pavements tread,
 Nor Romulus' deep-buried relics spare,
 Scatter'd, O scandal ! to the air.
 But some, perhaps the better part of Rome,
 Would shun these ills, and leave their home :
 Then let them follow the Phocæans' fate,
 Like them their country execrate ;

Agros atque Lares proprios, habitandaque fana
 Apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis ; 20
 Ire, pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per undas
 Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus.
 Sic placet ? an melius quis habet suadere ? Secundá
 Ratem occupare quid moramur alite ?
 Sed juremus in hæc :* Simul imis saxa renarint
 Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas :
 Neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
 Padus Matina laverit cacumina ;
 In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenninus ;
 Novâque monstra junxerit libidine 30
 Mirus amor, juvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
 Adulteretur et columba miluo ;
 Credula nec rivos timeant armenta Leones ;
 Ametque salsa lævis hircus æquora :
 Hæc, et quæ poterunt reditus abscindere dulces,
 Eamus omnis execrata civitas ;
 Aut pars indocili melior grege : mollis, et exspes
 Inominata perprimat cubilia.
 Vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,

* This proposed imprecation is an imitation of that of the Phocæans, who, rather than submit to the power of the Greeks, abandoned the city, and bound themselves not to return before a mass of iron, which they threw into the sea, should rise to the surface.

From temples, houses, lands, fly far away,
 Left to fierce bears and wolves a prey : 20
 Where their steps fall, where chance may lead them, go ;
 Where waves may drive, or winds may blow.
 Shall this be so ? or other schemes prevail ?
 Why not embark, and catch the gale ?
 But let us swear—let this our limit be—
 When to the surface of the sea
 Huge stones shall rise and swim ; when from its beach
 The swelling Po the tops shall reach
 Of steep Matinus' cliffs ; we then once more
 May turn our prows towards the shore : 30
 Or when the Apennines shall stem the flood,
 Or monstrous passions warm the blood,
 And gentle deer the tiger's love admit,
 And doves and hawks in dalliance sit ;
 Tame herds no more to shun fierce lions strive,
 Goats become smooth, and learn to dive ;
 Then let us our lov'd city's walls abjure,
 That we may ne'er return secure :
 Only the mean and spiritless remain,
 And their devoted homes retain. 40
 You virtuous youths ! unmanly grief lay by,
 And far beyond Etruria fly :

Etrusca præter et volate littora. 40
 Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus; arva beata
 Petamus arva, divites et insulas,
 Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
 Et imputata floret usque vinea;
 Germinat et nunquam fallentis termes olivæ;
 Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem;
 Mella cava manant ex ilice; montibus altis
 Levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
 Illic injussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ,
 Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera: 50
 Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovilé;
 Nec intumescit alta viperis humus.
 Nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
 Gregem æstuosa torret impotentia.
 Pluraque felices mirabimur; ut neque largis
 Aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,
 Pinguia nec siccis urantur semina glebis;
 Utrumque rege temperante Cœlitum.
 Non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus,
 Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem: 60
 Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautæ,
 Laboriosa nec cohors Ulixei.

The Poet alludes to the Fortunate Islands, which were supposed to exist somewhere in the Ocean. "Divitibus consacrat insulis." Od. 8. B. IV. L. 27.

The ocean is before us, and those isles,
Where wealth abounds, and fortune smiles ;
Where yearly produce crowns the untill'd soil,
And vineyards flourish without toil ;
The olive never fails to yield its fruit,
Nor the rich fig-tree's buds to shoot ;
Where honey from the hollow oak distils,
And murmur soft the bubbling rills ; 50
Where without call the herds in order stand,
And court the milkman's friendly hand ;
No prowling bear growls and besets the fold,
Nor swelling tufts the viper hold ;
The flocks no murrain's fell contagion dread ;
No stars their scorching influence shed.
More comforts yet—for there no driving rains,
Borne by foul east winds, sweep the plains ;
No crops are wither'd by the sun's fierce beam ;
Propitious heav'n guards each extreme. 60
The Argo reach'd not this untainted shore,
Nor thither the bold Colchian bore ;
There no Sidonian crews were known to land,
Nor vex'd Ulysses' wandering band.

Jupiter illa piæ secrevit littora genti,
Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum :
Ære, dehinc ferro duravit sæcula, quorum
Piis secunda, vate me, datur fuga.

EPOD. XVII. *Ad Canidiam. Excusatio Ironica.*

Jam, jam efficaci do manus Scientiæ
Supplex, et oro regna per Proserpinæ,
Per et Dianæ non movenda numina,
Per atque libros carminum valentium
Defixa cælo devocare sidera,
Canidia ! parce vocibus tandem sacris,
Citumque retro solve, solve turbinem.
Movit nepotem Telephus Nereium,
In quem superbus ordinarat agmina
Mysorum, et in quem tela acuta torserat. 10
Unxere matres Iliæ addictum feris
Alitibus atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,

Jove for the good this favour'd region placed,
 Ere th' age of gold to brass debased,
 Harden'd still more in iron chain was bound,
 From which this refuge still was found ;
 Whither, if bards may truly prophecy,
 Our virtuous citizens may fly.

70

EPODE XVII. *To Canidia. A pretended Recantation.*

Yes, yes, I own thy sov'reign sway,
 And to thy potent charms give way :
 Suppliant, I deprecate thy spell,
 By Proserpine, the Queen of Hell ;
 By stern Diana's stedfast look ;
 By mystic verses in thy book,
 That can the lights of heav'n unfix,
 And stars in wild confusion mix ;
 Let me no more thy curses feel,
 Canidia ! spare ! untwine thy reel.
 The pardon of great Thetis' son,
 By humbled Telephus was won ;
 Tho' he had brought his armies near,
 And 'gainst him hurl'd his angry spear.
 The Trojan matrons were allowed
 To wrap fierce Hector in his shroud,

10

Postquam relictis mænibus rex procidit
 Heu! pervicacis ad pedes Achilleï.
 Setosa duris exuere pellibus
 Laboriosi remiges Ulixei,
 Volente Circa, membra : tunc mens et sonus
 Relapsus, atque notus in vultus honor.
 Dedi satis superque pænarum tibi,
 Amata nautis multum et institoribus. 20
 Fugit juventas, et verecundus color
 Reliquit ossa, pelle amicta luridâ :
 Tuis capillus albus est odoribus,
 Nullum a labore me reclinat otium.
 Urget diem nox, et dies noctem; neque est
 Levare tenta spiritu præcordia.
 Ergo negatum vincor ut credam miser,
 Sabella pectus increpare carmina,
 Caputque Marsâ dissilire næniâ.
 Quid amplius vis? O mare, et terra! ardeo 30
 Quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules
 Nessi cruore, nec Sicana fervidâ
 Furens in Ætnâ flamma. Tu donec cinis
 Injuriosis aridus ventis ferar,
 Cales, venenis officina Colchicis.
 Quæ finis? aut quod me manet stipendium?
 Effare: jussas cum fide pænas luam:

And bear his mangled corse away
 From birds and beasts—their lawful prey—
 When the old King had stoop'd to greet
 The boon, at proud Achilles' feet. 20
 Ulysses' boatmen laid aside
 Their bristled necks and hardened hide,
 Relieved by Circe's wand, and then
 Regained their looks, and talk'd like men.
 Painful enough thy powers have proved,
 O thou! by crews and traders loved!
 My youth is gone, my colour fled,
 My skin on my dry bones looks dead:
 By your perfumes my hair's turn'd grey;
 No rest from toil by night or day; 30
 Each urges on, nor may I heave
 One sigh, my bosom to relieve.
 Once I denied; but now I find,
 That Sabine verse disturbs the mind:
 Alas! too well convinc'd, I dread
 Lest Marsian ditties split my head.
 What would you more? O earth! O seas!
 I burn more fierce than Hercules,
 When smear'd by Nessus' poisonous blood;
 More hot than Ætna's flaming flood. 40
 But you your Colchian nostrums ply,
 While blown about by winds I fly,
 Light as a cinder and disperst.
 But let me know, is this the worst?

Paratus expiare, seu poposceris
 Centum juvencos, sive mendaci lyrâ
 Voles sonari, " tu pudica, tu proba, 40
 " Perambulatis astra, sidus aureum."
 Infamis Helenæ Castor offensus vice,
 Fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece
 Ademta vati reddidere lumina.
 Et tu, potes nam, solve me dementiâ,
 O! nec paternis obsoleta sordibus,
 Nec in sepulchris pauperum prudens anus
 Novendiales dissipare pulveres.
 Tibi hospitale pectus, et puræ manus.*

Note.—The lines 50 and the two following of the original, which have been the subject of much commentary, and various attempts at explanation, remain obscure; and have been omitted on account of their indelicacy as well as their difficulty. The most satisfactory interpretation seems to be, that there was a person, named Pactumeius, whom Canidia called her son, but who was suspected to have been stolen by her—and the turn of the lines is ironical, as admitting the birth and the consequences of it, though Canidia showed no appearance of having been delivered.

What other tribute must I pay ?
Tell me, I'm ready to obey :
Whether a hundred beasts you claim,
A sacrifice to your dread name ;
Or sounding notes of praise require,
From that false instrument, the lyre,
And wise and pure would proudly move
Amongst the brightest stars above.
The brothers, vex'd at Helen's shame,
Both powerful and great in name,
Yet did not humble prayers despise,
But gave the Poet back his eyes :
Do, for thou can'st, then, I implore,
My mind relieve, my sense restore ;
O thou ! that wast not by thy lot,
By parents base or mean begot ;
Who never with old women's care,
Did'st grub, or scatter to the air,
On the ninth day, the poor man's dust !
Thy heart is kind, thy actions just.

50

60

Canidia Responsio.

Quid obseratis auribus fundis preces? 50
Non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo.
Inultus ut tu riseris Cotyttia
Vulgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis?
Et Esquilini pontifex venefici
Impune ut urbem nomine impleris meo?
Quid proderat ditasse Pelignas anus,
Velociusque miscuisse poculum?
Sed tardiora fata te votis manent. 60
Ingrata misero vita ducenda est, in hoc,
Novis ut semper suppetas doloribus.
Optat quietem Pelopis infidus pater,
Egens benignæ Tantalus semper dapis;
Optat Prometheus obligatus aliti;
Optat supremo collocare Sisyphus

Canidia's Answer.

Why thus my close-barr'd ears assail
 With pray'rs that never can prevail ?
 To shipwreck'd crews deaf as th' rock,
 That stems the wintry billows' shock.
 Shalt thou our sacred rites defy,
 And publish free—love's mystery ? 70
 Proclaiming boldly, without shame,
 Priest of the poisoning craft my name ?
 What profit then from sums I paid,
 To the old hags to learn their trade :
 How, mixing drugs with ease and skill,
 The quick consuming draught to fill ?
 But thee a lingering, lengthen'd fate,
 Thy prayers unheeded, will await.
 Wretched thy life, without relief,
 Pains heap'd on pains, and grief on grief. 80
 Base Tantalus for pity cries,
 But still in vain the banquet eyes :
 Prometheus too calls out for rest,
 Chain'd to the bird that gnaws his breast :
 And Sisyphus with many a groan,
 Pushes, and strives the rolling stone
 To fix upon the mountain's brow,

In monte saxum : sed vetant leges Jovis.
Voles modo altis desilire turribus ; 70
Modo ense pectus Norico recludere :
Frustraque vincla gutturi nectes tuo,
Fastidiosâ tristis ægrimoniâ.
Vectabor humeris tunc ego inimicis eques,
Meæque terra cedit insolentiæ.
An, quæ movere cereas imagines,
Ut ipse nôsti curiosus, et polo
Deripere Lunam vocibus possim meis,
Possim crematos excitare mortuos,
Desiderique temperare poculum, 80
Plorem artis, in te nihil agentis, exitum ?

But cruel Jove will not allow.
Now would you from a lofty tower
Spring headlong down, to try my power ; 90
Now to your bosom point the sword ;
Now to your neck apply a cord :
But these attempts you make in vain,
Weary of life, and worn by pain ;
Whilst I, upon your shoulders borne,
Look down upon the world with scorn.
Shall I, who waxen dolls can move,
As your own prying eyes can prove ;
Who can my potent voice apply,
To tear the moon from out the sky ; 100
The ashes of the dead revive,
And love's well-temper'd draughts contrive,—
Shall I, resisted thus by thee,
Deplore my failing mystery ?

The Introductory Explanations are principally taken from the Editor of 'Horace' by Anthon, which contains much ingenious criticism, and a very useful explanatory commentary, and not the less useful to ordinary readers from being in English.

NOTES.

EPODE I. *Ibis Liburnis, &c.*

This epode was written a short time *previous* to the Battle of Actium, when Mæcenas was about to embark to attend Augustus. The Poet offers to accompany him, but his offer appears to have been refused by Mæcenas, from apprehension for his safety. Notwithstanding the apparent warmth of the proposal, it is probable that, from his habits and general character, he was not much disappointed by its being declined.

EPODE II. *Beatus ille, &c.*

There seems to be a double object in this epode—to describe the charms of a country life, which Horace himself witnessed and enjoyed; and also to expose the difficulty with which one who has been used to accumulate riches disengages himself from the pursuit of them, or tries to acquire them by prudence and perseverance rather than by speculation and chance.

EPODE III. *Parentis olim, &c.*

The Poet had been treated, at one of the suppers of Mæcenas, with a dish seasoned with garlic, which had disagreed with him, and which led to this ironical but highly-wrought invective against that article of cookery.

EPODE IV. *Lupis et agnis, &c.*

This epode is indignantly addressed to some upstart individual, who from the condition of a slave had been raised, amidst the disorders of the state, to a high military rank—to those civil distinctions which had formerly been confined to persons of high birth and character. In the Delphin and other editions, this epode is inscribed to Menas, who had been a freedman to Pompey, and afterwards was raised to rank and command by his son Sextus; and having deserted his cause, was further promoted by Augustus. This application seems to be conjectural.

EPODE V. *At O Deorum, &c.*

The object of this epode is to expose a practice, of the prevalence of which among women, even of the higher class, at Rome, at that time, there can be no doubt—namely, the application of superstitious rites and incantations to promote the gratification of their passions. The Eighth Satire of the First Book of Horace has the same object, and Canidia is there again named; and Sagana, who is introduced in line 25 of this epode. Some editors have supposed that Horace had himself been nearly driven out of his senses by a potion given to him by a Neapolitan courtesan, and that he intended to satirize *her* under the name of Canidia, and to represent his own case under that of Varus. It has also been supposed that the machinery of the boy is not entirely invention, but that some such operation had been performed on a boy of noble birth for the purpose described. The imagery and language are very powerful and highly poetical.

EPODE VI. *Quid immerentes, &c.*

The object of this epode has already been explained in a note following the text.

EPODE VII. *Quo, quo scelesti ruitis ?*

This epode is supposed to have been written when the civil war was about to be renewed between Anthony and Octavianus, afterwards the Emperor Augustus.

EPODE VIII. *Rogare longo, &c.*

The title of this epode explains its nature and subject, and it is accordingly omitted.

EPODE IX. *Quando repostum Cæcubum, &c.*

Supposed to have been written when the final news of the victory at Actium was received at Rome. Mæcenas was then at the scene of action.

EPODE X. *Mala soluta navis, &c.*

Addressed to Mævius, a contemptible and vicious poet of the day. He is alluded to by Virgil in his Third Eclogue.

EPODE XI. *Petti nihil me, &c.*

He makes a new passion his excuse for ceasing to write verses. The nature of that passion is too obvious. It took place of another of a less criminal kind, but not less violent. This epode shows the scandalous excesses in which the Poet indulged without restraint, and the profligacy of the times, which allowed of his exposing and boasting of them.

EPODE XII. *Quid tibi vis, &c.*

The title of this epode also explains its omission.

EPODE XIII. *Horrida tempestas, &c.*

Addressed to a party of friends, whom he presses to spend a tempestuous day with him, and to indulge in wine and festivity.

EPODE XIV. *Mollis inertia, &c.*

An excuse to Mæcenas for not having sent to him an Iambic poem which he had promised. The excuse has the same loose and profligate turn which appears in the Eleventh Epode.

EPODE XV. *Nox erat et cælo, &c.*

The Poet complains of Neæra for deserting him for another, but consoles himself by telling her that he shall look out for one to supply her place, and that she will soon be deserted in turn by her new lover.

EPODE XVI. *Altera jam teritur, &c.*

This epode was written before the Battle of Actium, (and consequently previous to Epode IX, which relates to that victory,) when a contest between Octavianus and Anthony was threatened, and likely to break out into another civil war. From the apprehensions expressed by the Poet, and his advice to his fellow-citizens, the event of the contest must at that time have been considered as uncertain; and his alarms appear to have been excited by the dread of the defeat of Augustus, though his friendly connexion with him was formed long afterwards.

EPODE XVII. *Jam, jam efficaci, &c.*

This epode should follow the fifth, it having immediate reference to it. In the Delphin edition the two parts are considered, and numbered, as separate epodes. The ironical nature of both is quite obvious.



