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THE
SATIRES
OF
PERSIUS,

Translated into English Verse.

SATIRE the SIXTH.



L O N D O N:

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

LECTURE NOTES

PHYSICS 235

CLASSICAL MECHANICS

BY

JOHN H. COLEMAN

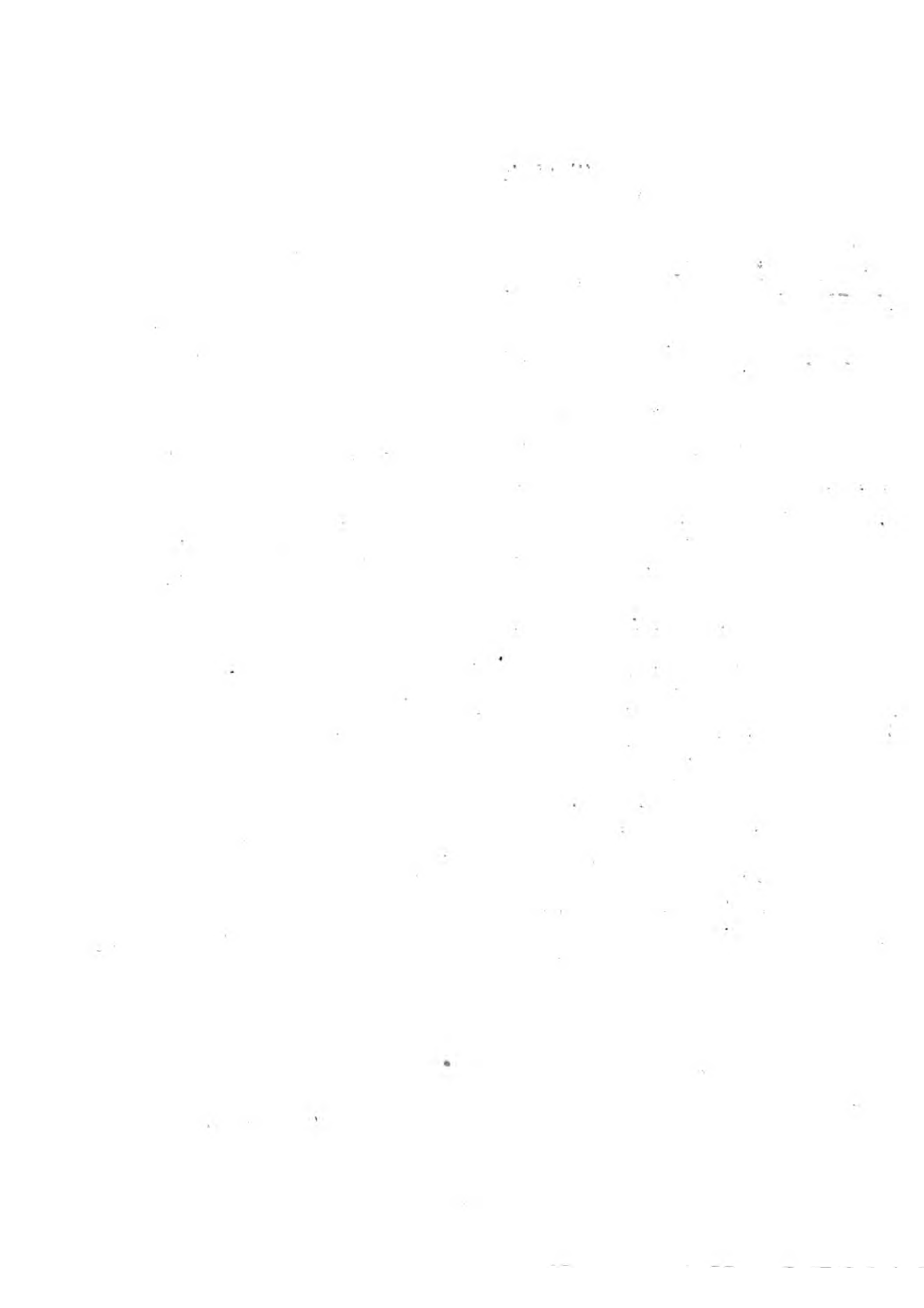
AND

T H E

A R G U M E N T.

T H E Studios among the Romans, usually retired from Rome, about the Beginning of Winter, to apply themselves with the greater Attention to their Lucubrations. For this Purpose, both Persius and Bassus seem now to have retreated to their respective Country-Houses: the first to his, at the Port of Luna, in Liguria; the latter to his, in the Territories of the Sabines. Thither Persius addresses this Epistolary Satire: beginning with some Inquiries concerning his Friend's present manner of Life, and then proceeding to an Account of his own. He describes himself in his Retirement, as quite undisquieted, with regard to Cares or Passions: and with Respect to Expence, not profuse, nor yet parsimonious. Thence he advises others, to make a free Use of their Fortunes, likewise: deeming nothing so absurd as the Folly of those Wretches, who starve themselves, to enrich their Successors.

T H E



THE
SIXTH SATIRE
OF
P E R S I U S.

To CÆSIUS BASSUS, a Lyric Poet.

HAS Winter drawn thee, say, Poetic Friend,
To seek that Warmth thy *Sabine* Chimnies lend?
Wakes to thy solemn Quill, th'obedient Lyre,
And vibrates into Life each warbling Wire?
Say, mighty Master! *Thou*, whose Art alone, 5
Could teach the *Roman* String a manlier Tone!

Majestic, *now*, thy towering Numbers soar,
And all Creation's wondrous Works explore :

Ver. 3. *Quill &c.*] They played upon the Harp with a Quill or Stick, as we do upon the
Dulcimer]

Next, the gay Theme thy sprightlier Notes employs,
 And sportive Lyrics paint our *youthful* Joys :
 Strait, hoary Chiefs thy honouring Hand engage,
 And the chang'd Song recounts the Praise of *Age*.

Mean-time, I winter on the shelter'd Shores,
 Where my *Liguria's* Sea, tempestuous, roars :
 Where rising Cliffs on either Side are seen,
 While Sands extend their level Vales, between.

O LUNA, *lovely Port!* thy Fame remains
 Recorded erst, in *Ennius'* deathless Strains.

Ver. 14. *Where my Liguria's Sea &c*] Authors (says Monf. Bayle) are not agreed as to the Place of *Perfius's* Nativity. *Etruria* and *Liguria*, both contend for him, on that Score. So that in some Measure, *Perfius* may boast the same Fate with *Homer*, having his Birth-place disputed by two considerable Provinces. *Etruria* grounds her Claim to him, upon the Testimony of some ancient Writers, who affirm that *Perfius* was born at *Volaterra*. *Liguria* think her Right to him as sufficiently ascertained from the Passage now before us. The Poet, say they, speaks here of his native Country, and must have been born therefore at the *Port of Luna*. Don *Gasper Massa*, in a Dissertation he published upon the Life, Family, and Country of *Perfius*, has treated this extraordinary Controversy with abundance of learned Pains.

Strains ! in the Mould of sober Reason cast,
 When all his *transmigrating Dreams* were past. 20

Whether the Mob applaud me, or decry,
 In this Retreat, alike regardless I:
 Regardless I, though *Auster's* sultry Breath,
 To thin my Folds, prepare infectious Death :
 Though my next Neighbour boast a richer Spot, 25
 Regardless I, behold his luckier Lot.
 Nay, and though others too, as well as he,
 Exchange for Fortune's Heights, their low Degree ;
 Yet will not I breath one repining Wish,
 Nor baulk my Table of a single Dish : 30
 Nor to my Nose, one dreggy Flaggon thrust,
 To see the Seal stand faithful to its' Trust.
 No, no, not I --- I will not Health impair,
 Nor hasten shriveling Age, by carking Care.

My Notion this: but, doubtless, you may find 35
 Another Man, with quite another Mind.
 Twins, themselves, differ; on whose natal Hour
 The same *Ascendant* shed it's equal Power.

One, (an Excess, to common Days unknown;
 Such, as his Birth-day justifies alone) 40
 In a small Cup, a paltry Pickle buys,
 And dips each wither'd Herb with anxious Eyes:
 His sacred Pepper-box, none else may touch;
 A graceless Cook might use a Grain too much.

Not so his Brother: *HE*, a jovial Soul, 45
HE guttles down luxuriously his whole.

I, I will use, will use *my* Fortune too;
 But with Restriction, not as Spendthrifts do.

Ne'er

Ne'er shall *my* Board see sumptuous Turbots drest,
 And spread profusely, to the freed-man Guest : 50
 Ne'er shall *my* Tongue be taught by costly Use,
 To tell the *Female* Thrush's subtler Juice.

Who squander, or who hoard, alike mistake :
 Mark *thou* thy Income ; that, thy Measure make.
 Live to thine utmost Sheaf ; grind, never spare ; 55
 Drain every Barn--- for, why should'st thou forbear ?
 'Tis but to plough, to harrow, as before ;
 Up comes another Crop, as much or more.

' But should the Ship-wreck'd Friend implore Redress ?---
 ' Sure, some kind Aid, were due to sad Distress. 60

Ver. 53. *Thrush's Sex.*] These Birds (in Latin called *Turdi*, and in English commonly translated *Thrushes*) were in great Reputation as Delicacies. A Man of elegant Discernment would tell, at first Taste, whether the Bird he was eating, was of the *Male* or of the *Female* Kind : but the Juices of the *latter*, were judged to be rather the more exquisite.

- ‘ If tho’, I, *thus*, each annual Income spend,
 ‘ How can I, then, relieve the Ship-wreck’d Friend?
 ‘ See there, his Ship receives the fatal Shock!
 ‘ Himself, see crawling up the rugged Rock!
 ‘ No friendly God comes piteous to his Call, 65
 ‘ No timely Hand to save his sinking All.
 ‘ *Now*, on the Shore, that echoes with his Cries,
 ‘ On the cold dreary Shore --- outstretch’d he lies.
 ‘ Round him, each *tutelary Figure* see,
 ‘ Torn from the Vessel, and distress’d as he! 70

Ver. 69. — *Each tutelary Figure.*] “I am apt to think (says *Eugenius*) from certain Passages of
 “ the Poets, that several Ships made choice of some God or other for their Guardians, as among
 “ the *Roman* Catholics every Vessel is recommended to the Patronage of some particular Saint.
 “ The Figure of the Deity was very large, and stood on one End of the Vessel that it patronised.
 “ This may give us an Image of a very beautiful Circumstance that we meet with in a Wreck
 “ described by *Perfius* &c. — I have often wondered at Mr. *Dryden* for passing so severe a
 “ Censure on this Author. He fancies this Description of a Wreck, is too good for *Perfius*,
 “ and that he might be helped in it, by *Lucan*, who was one of his Contemporaries. For my
 “ Part (says *Cynthio*) I am so far from Mr. *Dryden*’s Opinion in this Particular, that I fancy *Per-*
 “ *fius* a better Poet than *Lucan*: And that had he been engaged on the same Subject, he would
 “ at least in his Expressions and Descriptions have out-writ the *Pbarsalia*. He was indeed em-
 “ ployed on Subjects that seldom led him into any thing like Description, but where he has
 “ an Occasion of shewing himself, we find very few of the *Latin* Poets that have given a great-
 “ er Beauty to their Expressions. His Obscurities are indeed sometimes affected, but they
 “ generally arise from the Remoteness of the Customs, Persons and Things he alludes to —”
 See Mr. *Addison*’s Dial. on Medals: p. 72 and 141.

- ‘ The shatter’d Vessel ; on whose fever’d Sides
 ‘ The Cormorant sports, the Mew triumphant rides.’

Thou then in Time, left pennylefs he go

* Bearing his pictur’d Ship, relieve his Woe.

Is *Money* wanting, for the generous End? --- 75

Sell, fell some *Land* ; and *so* support thy Friend.

- ‘ O but my *Heir* ---- if I curtail the least,
 ‘ That Rogue deducts it in my funeral Feast :
 ‘ Consigns my Bones, *perfumeless*, to their Urn ;
 ‘ At best, makes *musty* Spices serve the Turn. 80

* See Sat. I. p. 19. in the Notes.

Ver. 79. *Consigns my Bones perfumeless.*] The Expences of the Dead were in this Article very extravagant. On *Sylla*’s funeral Pile were cast a hundred and ten Biers of *Spices* (which considering the Dearness of that Commodity at *Rome*, must have amounted to a vast Sum) besides his own and his *Lictor*’s Statue, made of Incense and Cinnamon as large as the Life. See *Plutarch*’s *Sylla*.

Nero, at *Poppea*’s Funeral, burnt more *Cinnamon* and *Cassia*, than the whole yearly Product of *Arabia*. Arbuth. Tabl. Moreover, the Friends of the Deceased usually obliged the People with a public Treat.

‘ With deadning Gums th’ adulterate *Cassia* join’d,
 ‘ Each Aromatic Atom has resign’d;
 ‘ It’s every Sweet, the *Cinnamon* has loft,
 ‘ Refuse of Shops ---- thinks he, *the less the Cost.*
 ‘ *You, who sold Land, expect you Drugs of Price?* 85
 ‘ *No, no, your Carcase must not be so nice.*

‘ Next, *Bestius* rails--- ‘ Ay, this has been the Trade,
 ‘ Since first those scholard *Greeks* their Entrance made.
 ‘ Pack’d up with Dates and Pepper, here they throng,
 ‘ And ship their damn’d *Philosophy*, along. 90
 ‘ When once this foreign Foppery got to Town,
 ‘ Old *Roman* Plainness would no longer down.
 ‘ Then Ploughmen truly! could no longer eat,
 ‘ Without rich Oils to spoil their wholesom Meat.’

Friend, let him rail : when thou art turn'd to Clay, 95
Matters it what surviving Blockheads say ?

Then, for thy *Heir*--- admit, he proves unjust ;
Grudges due Honours, and defrauds thy Duft :
On this poor Pretext, shalt thou, *living*, dread
The Want of funeral Frippery, when *dead* ? 100

Were the Case mine, I honestly declare,
Thus flat and plain, would I address *my* Heir :

‘ You (*Jove* knows whom) that gape for my Decease,
‘ Draw near; a Word in private, if you please.
‘ Here’s glorious News, it seems, arriv’d to-day: 105
‘ Have not you heard, Sir, what th’ Expresses say ?

‘ The

- ‘ The laurel’d Letter speaks our *Chieftain* great :
 ‘ Speaks *Cæsar’s* Conquest, *Germany’s* Defeat.
 ‘ Our Altars, lo, their dustless Hearths display !
 ‘ Lo, their cold Ashes all are swept away ! 110
 ‘ Our *Empress* has declar’d her royal Will ;
 ‘ Our ready Marshals her Behests fulfil.
 ‘ E’en now, they bid triumphal Pillars rise,
 ‘ And glad with regal Spoils our wondering Eyes :
 ‘ E’en now, they change the hapless Captive’s Dress, 115
 ‘ And make dark Frize his humbled State express.
 ‘ Here, they rank hostile Chariots ; there, ordain
 ‘ Huge *German* Slaves to drag th’unwilling Chain.
 ‘ Then, to find Fencers, I my-self engage ;
 ‘ A hundred Pair, I bring upon the Stage. 120
 ‘ A large Expence ; but how, for such Success,
 ‘ How can I give the *Gods*, or *Cæsar’s* Genius less ?

Ver. 108. *Cæsar’s* Conquest.] Tho’ *Caligula’s* Expedition ended in nothing more than a farcical gathering of Cockle Shells upon the Sea-shore, yet in the Advices he dispatched to *Rome* he demanded a Triumph as for a formal Victory. See *Suetonius*.

‘ Wha

‘ What I decree, Who dares oppose? --- dare *you* ?

‘ Look to’t---’tis at your Peril, if you do.

‘ Nay, fuller yet my Raptures to declare, 125

‘ A public Dole the Populace shall share.

‘ To *this* object you? --- come, speak out--be free--
Object ! no sure Sir, it becomes not me.

‘ Extremely civil this! good Reason why;

‘ My fine fat Manor lies beneath your Eye. 130

But as for *Heirs*, suppose I had not One;

Aunts, Uncles, Nephews, Nieces, dead and gone.

Of each dear Relative, thus quite bereft,

(Not e’en my Grannum’s Cousin’s Cousin left,)

Away walk I; at farthest, to *Bovill*, 135

Or where *Aricia* tops the neighbouring Hill ;

Lo *Manius*, at the Stand of Beggars, there! ---

For one Word’s speaking, *He* will be my Heir.

‘ *An upstart Wretch! --- A Son of Earth!* you cry :
 ‘ *Make him your Heir ?*’ -- Why not Sir, tell me why? 14
 ‘ *His Race, his Sire, is utterly unknown.*’

Four Generations backward, fo’s my own.

No, who was mine, I could inform you too :

But ’twere, in troth, as much as I could do.

One Degree more, trac’d upwards from my Birth, 14

Makes *my* Fore-father too, a *Son of Earth.*

To *him* related, may this *Manius* be ;

To *him* related, and of Course to *me.*

‘ But *you*, it seems, plead still the *nearer* Merit---’

However let *me* die, e’re *you* inherit. 15

Wave your Pretensions, till the Course be done ;

Who claims the *Torch*, e’re yet the Race is run ?

Ver. 152. Who claims the *Torch*.] At a Festival instituted by the *Athenians* in Honour
Vulcan, there was a Race run by three young Men with lighted *Torches* in their Hands.
 who took his Turn first, delivered the *Torch* to the second ; and the second, in like Manner
 to the third. The Victory was his that carried the *Torch* lighted, to the End of the Race.
Pott. Græc. Antiq. p. 399.

Here, like the *God of Gain*, behold I stand ;
 As he's describ'd in Picture, Bag in Hand !
 Refuse you, say, or deign you to receive, 155
 The Fortune I was left, and I can leave ?

'Tis somewhat sunk, you surely must allow ;
 ' Here can't be all'--- Here's all remaining now :
 The rest, I us'd---But, what thou see'st is thine ;
 Then thankful take it, and ne'er once repine. 160
 Let *me* no Murmurings hear ; nor idle Prate
 Of this, or that, or t'other, *spent* Estate.
 Say not one Word of *Tadius*, and the Sum
 By him bequeath'd ; but prudently be dumb.
 Call *me* to no Account ; nor dare to teach 165
Me saving Lessons, such as Fathers preach :

Son! put your Fortune out to Use, be-sure :

The Product spend, the Principal secure.

Well, on that Head, I spare my fruitless Pains ;
 ‘ But let me ask, *how much remains?*’ -- REMAINS! 170
 Oil, oil, my Slave! nor longer boggling stand :
 Oil, Oil my Herbs with liberal, lavish Hand.
 What! shall a Swine’s insipid, leathery Ear,
 And Smoak-dry’d Snout, compose *my* constant Cheer?
 Nay, with boil’d Nettles garnish’d round, compleat 175
My genial Holy-Day’s most jovial Treat?
 Gods! shall I starve, on such poor pinch-gut Fare,
 I starve *my-self*, to pamper up my *Heir*?
 To make a Rake-hell Rogue in Dainties deal,
 And cram with *Goose’s Liver*, every Meal? 180

Then

Ver. 180. *Goose’s Liver.*] This was esteemed by the *Romans* a most delicious Morfel. They had a Method of cramming the Animal with a certain Food (in which Figs were the main Ingre-

Then have his high-born Whore, at once to drain
 His swelling Pockets, and his throbbing Vein ?
 Shall then, forsooth ! shall *my* emaciate Trunk,
 Quite to a skinny Skeleton be shrunk ?
 But *his* unweildy Worship walk in Strut, 185
 Behind a priestly Paunch, and swaggy Gut ?

Yes sure, thy Riches let no Bounds restrain ;
 Sell, my Friend, sell thy very Soul for Gain.
 Yes, that thy *Heir* may grand Possessions boast,
 Sail *thou* the World around ; sift every Coast, 190
 Gull every Mart : Nay, practise every Guile,
 Each lucrative Deceit, and wholesom Wile,
 Thy very Fellow-Creatures, buy and sell ;
 Cage the convenient Knaves, and stuff them well.

redient) that made the Liver grow to an amazing Size. Who was the happy Discoverer of so worthy a Receipt (whether it was *Scipio Metellus* a Man of consular Dignity, or *Marcus Sestius* a Roman Knight) *Pliny* himself will not undertake to say. Lib. 10. c. 22.

Let

Let none surpass thee in the vending Knack : } 19
 Let thy Palm learn the recommending Thwack, }
 * To clap the Side, and praise the brawny Back. }
 Then count thy Gains ; and double then thy Store.
 ‘ ---’Tis done ; ’tis Three---’tis Five---’tis Ten-times more
 ‘ O good *Chryfippus* ! when thou can’st assign } 20
 ‘ Bounds to *thy HEAP*, next limit *this of mine* !

* Read *plausisse* (not *parisse*) Catasta.

Ver. 200. *Chryfippus* his *Heap*.] This Philosopher took abundance of fruitless Pains to find out the Solution of a Sophism, which, from it’s consisting of an *HEAP* of Interrogations, was called *Sorites* : *Chryfippus* could devise no better Expedient than to answer only to a certain Number of these Interrogations, and then to be silent. *Cic. Academ. L. 4. c. 28.*

P. S. It may have been expected perhaps, that, thro’ the Course of the present Translation, some Notice should have been taken of the Errors committed in *former* Versions. But this disagreeable Task, the Translator has rather chose to decline; imagining that, if he has been happy enough himself, to discover his Author’s true Meaning, it would be but of small Importance to the Reader, to be told where others have mistaken it.

The End of the SIXTH SATIRE.

