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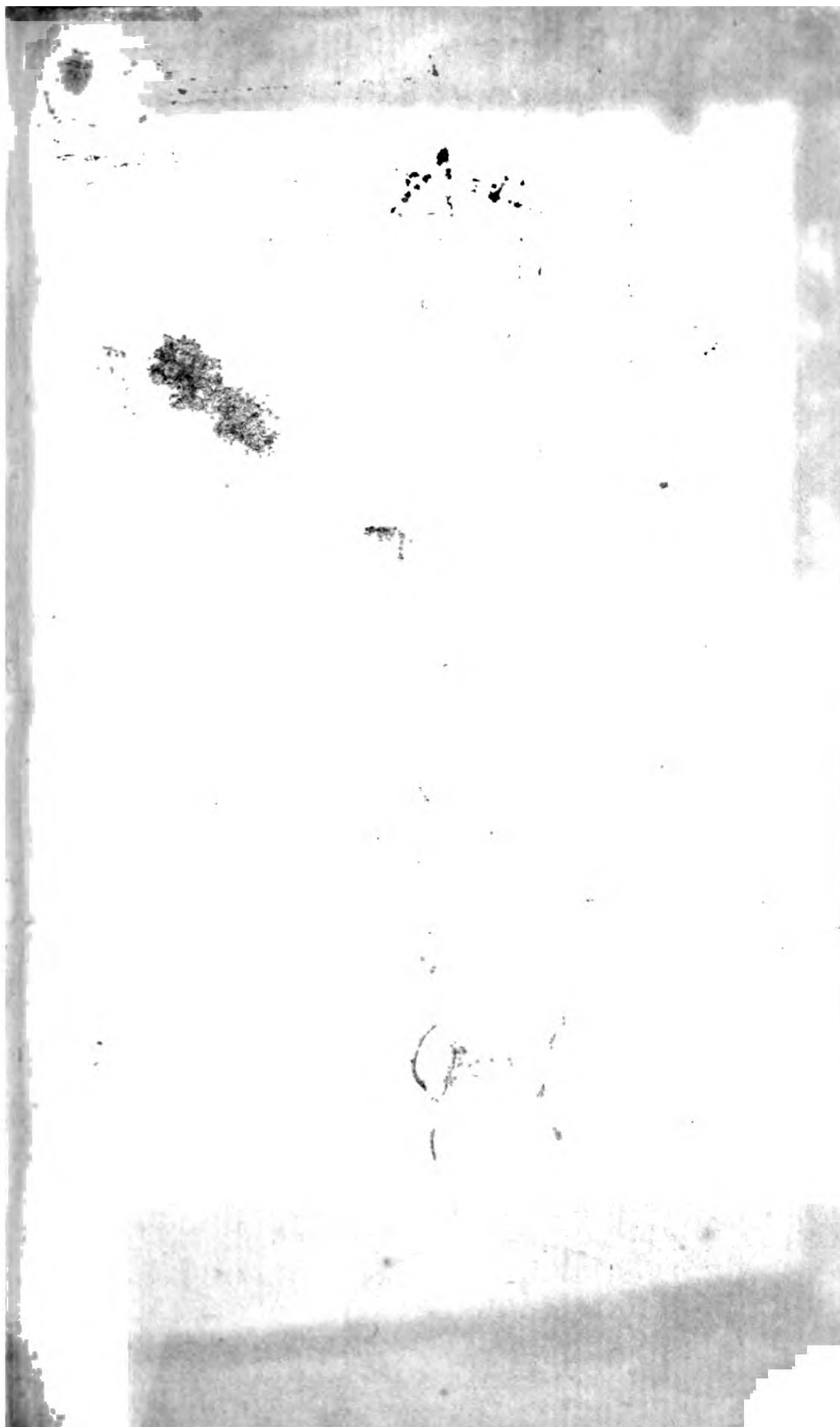
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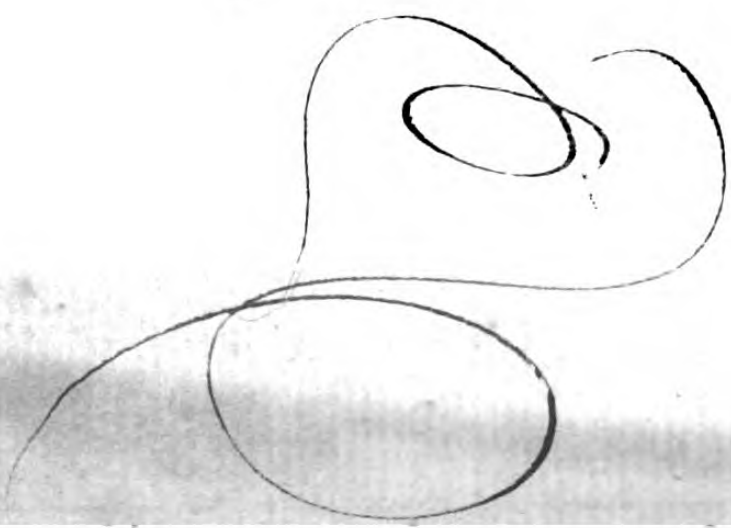
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MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.

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GULIELMUS HAY.

APPENDICEM fibi vendicant

COULEIUS & Alii.



LONDINI:

Prostant venales apud R. & J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall.

MDCCLV.

S E L E C T
E P I G R A M S
O F
M A R T I A L.

TRANSLATED and IMITATED

By W I L L I A M H A Y, Esq;

W I T H

An A P P E N D I X

Of some by COWLEY, and other Hands.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. D O D S L E Y in Pall-mall.

M D C C L V .

THE
LONDON

WILLIAM

AND

WILLIAM

BY

AN APPENDIX

OF

THE

OF

OF

OF

OF

OF

OF





P R E F A C E.

SOME years ago, the following performance was undertaken for amusement ; and it is hoped, the revival and publication will not be thought entirely vanity. If it may sometimes excite mirth in the reader ; that is not the principal aim and intention : which is to make him wiser, by exhibiting a picture of life by a masterly hand. What shall I call it ? It is a translation or imitation of Martial ; or both. Not of all his epigrams ; that would be unpardonable. Many are full of obscenity, beneath a man : others of adulation, unbecoming a Roman : and great numbers concerning his own writings are omitted, for fear of cloying the reader. Some few will not admit of a translation : and not a few are too trifling to deserve it : and of this last sort, perhaps I might have been forgiven, if I had retrenched more. What I have selected are generally moral or instructive ; in which a great variety of cha-

P R E F A C E.

acters is introduced; and the follies and foibles of many are justly ridiculed. These follies and foibles are the same in all ages; and among all people, resembling each other in opulence. For man, who in thought can traverse the universe, is confined in action to the narrow labyrinth of this life: where he is ever changing the walks in search of something new and entertaining; but in all the variety cannot discover one, which hath not been trod before. What was practised at Rome, near seventeen hundred years since, is now going on at London. Shift but the scene, and you would think Martial was lashing our times. The cap fits exactly. Therefore to entertain the reader, instead of attending him to the Capitol, I go with him to Paul's: and conduct him through the most remarkable parts of the town and its environs. Where instead of a consul or prætor, he meets with the speaker or lord mayor: and not with Marcus, Caius, or Publius, but with Jack, Tom, Harry, and the rest of his acquaintance. Many of the Roman customs are very different from ours: and in those cases I am forced to

P R E F A C E.

take a latitude ; and make the parallel suit as well as I can. For instance : supper was their best meal, and dinner is ours ; and therefore when the Roman sups, the Englishman often dines. I cannot make the last a candidate for the consulate ; but I can for a seat in parliament. He goes not to Baiæ, but Bath : not to Anxur, but Harrow. He baths not every day, but appears at Ranelagh, &c.

I have added in an appendix such epigrams as I found in Cowley, or the Spectator ; as a desert to a coarse entertainment. These I could not think of attempting ; since those by worse hands might make mine of little value. There may be many more dispersed in miscellanies ; but they have not fallen in my way. If I had met with any, which I have translated, I would not have made the world a worse present. For I am far from thinking, that I am a favourite of the muses ; or that Apollo will place me in any eminent station. On the contrary (*aurem vellit*) he admonishes me ; as my years ought to do ; and to make me say with a wiser man (*Nunc itaque et versus et cætera ludicra pono*) that I renounce
poetry

P R E F A C E.

poetry and trifles. But I have before mentioned my motive to this attempt : and of all species of verse, this is the least discouraging. It requires not (*os magna sonaturum*) pompous and sublime expressions ; but (*sermoni propiora*) the most easy and familiar. The translator or imitator is only to adapt the idioms and parallels ; the hint or thought is furnished by the original. And indeed, little can any of my countrymen now expect to succeed on their own fund. Parnassus hath been culled from top to bottom ; and scarce a wreath more is to be gathered there. English poetry hath been carried to its height ; and as the Latin from the Augustan age was in its decline ; ours is so at present. Not very many are the pieces now extant, and one may venture to prophesy, that fewer will appear hereafter, which can or will be read with pleasure, after Shakespear, Milton, Dryden, and Pope.

I have one favour to beg of the reader : that where ever any character is ridiculed, and I use any common name or title, he would not apply it to individuals. Such names and titles are taken up at adventure ;
some-

P R E F A C E. v

sometimes for the sake of sound or metre ; and in general to make the epigram appear more natural and familiar. And I can with truth and sincerity declare, that I never once had a particular person in my view. Were I to censure others, my own foibles would reprove me. And it would ill become me to ridicule my neighbour, who lay so open to ridicule myself. Nor have I the least provocation ; for, I thank God, I have no enemy. I know of none ; and should be sorry to create any ; and to offend, where I intended to divert. If any thing is applied, I am innocent : and there can be but one of these two persons to blame ; either he, who applies unjustly ; or he, who deserves the application.

A D V E R-

sometimes for the sake of the world; and in general to make the world more rational, and to bring it to a more perfect state of knowledge, than it ever was, and to give it a more liberal view. What I to continue others, my own feelings would reprove me. And it would fill become me to neglect my neighbours, who lay to open to various nations. I think I the least provocation; for, I think God, I have no enemy. I know of none; and should be sorry to create any; and to offend, where I intended to divert. If any thing is applied, I am innocent; and there can be but one of these two persons to blame; either he, who applies unjustly; or he, who believes the application.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE bookseller hath been at the expence of two different impressions of these epigrams, to accommodate the reader.

One is in Octavo ; with the English only ; that they may not be incumbered with the Latin, who do not understand it.

The other is in Duodecimo ; with the original in the opposite page ; for the ease of comparing it with the version. — He hopes, that this Edition will be received in schools, to introduce young gentlemen to an intimate acquaintance with the best parts of a valuable classic.

E R R A T A.

In the Latin.

- Pag. 16. lin. 8. *for* lautus erat, *r.* lautus eras.
76. lin. penult. *for* epigrammata, *r.* epigramma.
136. lin. 2. *for* fimilis, *r.* fimiles.
158. lin. 7. *for* specifer, *r.* spicifer.
168. lin. 6. *for* concurbitarum, *r.* cucurbitarum.
188. lin. 15. *for* nurm, *r.* nurum.

In the English.

- Pag. 7. lin. 15. *for* his aim, *r.* its aim.
87. l. ult. *for* seem, *r.* seems.
153. lin. 2. *for* wine, *r.* wind.
177. lin. 16. *for* friend, *r.* friends.
187. lin. 11. *for* revives, *r.* receives.
ibid. lin. 12. *for* taking plains, *r.* pains.
191. lin. 19. *for* my cause, *r.* your cause.

MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.



SELECT
EPIGRAMS
OF
MARTIAL.

B

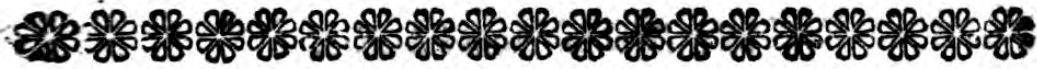


MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.

LIBER PRIMUS.

IV. *Ad librum suum.*

ARGILETANAS mavis habitare tabernas,
Cùm tibi, parve liber, scrinia nostra vacant.
Nescis, heu, nescis dominæ fastidia Romæ :
 Crede mihi, nimium Martia turba sapit.
Majores nusquam ronchi ; juvenésque senésque
 Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent.
Audieris cùm grande sophos, dum basia captas,
 Ibis ab excusso missus in astra sago.
Sed tu, ne toties domini patiare lituras,
 Néve notet lusus tristis arundo tuos ;
Ætherias, lascive, cupis volitare per auras :
 I, fuge ; sed poterás tutior esse domi.



S E L E C T
E P I G R A M S
O F
M A R T I A L.
B O O K t h e F I R S T.

Epigram IV. To his Book.

W H Y in Pall-mall with Doddsley will you dwell,
When in my desk you still might lodge so well ?
Little you know, how nice the taste in town :
The meanest of mankind are critics grown.
Sneerers abound; the beau, the man in years,
The boy at school, the scoff of Bentley wears.
They cry, ' Extremely fine ! ' You gorge the lye ;
But soon in rockets to the stars shall fly.
You, who castration dread, who hate my strokes,
And grave correction of your idle jokes,
On wanton wing now sigh abroad to roam :
Away : — but you might safer be at home.

IX. *Deciani dogma laudat.*

QUOD magni Thraseæ, consummatique Catonis
 Dogmata sic sequeris, salvus ut esse velis ;
 Pectore nec nudo strictos incurris in enses :
 Quod fecisse velim te, Deciane, facis,
 Nolo virum, facili redimit qui sanguine famam :
 Hunc volo, laudari qui sine morte potest.

XI. *De Gemello, & Maronillâ.*

PETIT Gemellus nuptias Maronillæ,
 Et cupit, & instat, & precatur, & donat.
 Adeone pulchra est ? imò fœdus nil est.
 Quid ergo in illâ petitur & placet ? tuffit.

XIV. *De Arria & Pæto.*

CASTA suo gladium cùm traderet Arria Pæto,
 Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis :
 Si qua fides, vulnus, quod feci, non dolet, inquit ;
 Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.

XVI. *Ad Julium.*

O mihi post nullos Juli memorande sodales ;
 Si quid longa fides, castaque jura valent :
 Bis jam penè tibi consul trigessimus instat,
 Et numerat paucos vix tua vita dies.
 Non bene distuleris, videas quæ posse negari ;
 Et solum hoc ducas, quod fuit, esse tuum.

Expectant

Ep. IX.

THAT you, like Thrasea, or like Cato, great,
Pursue their maxims, but decline their fate ;
Nor rashly point the dagger to your heart ;
More to my wish you act a Roman's part.
I like not him, who fame by death retrieves :
Give me the man, who merits praise, and lives.

Ep. XI.

To lady Mary Belair makes addressees ;
Presents he makes, sighs, presses, and professes.
Is she so fair ?—No lady so ill off.
What is so captivating then ?—her cough.

Ep. XIV.

WHEN the chaste Arria drew the reeking sword
From her own breast, and gave it to her lord ;
This wound, she said, believe me, I despise ;
I feel that deeper by which Pætus dies.

Ep. XVI.

THOU, whom (if faith or honour recommends
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends,
Remember, you are now almost threescore ;
Few days of life remain, if any more.
Defer not, what no future time insures :
And only what is past, esteem that yours.

Expectant curæque catenatique labores.

Guadia non remanent, sed fugitiva volant.

Hæc utrâque manu complexûque affere toto :

Sæpe fluunt imo sic quoque lapsa finu.

Non est, crede mihi, sapientis dicere, vivam.

Sera nimis vita est crastina ; vive hodie.

XXII. *De Porſenâ & Mucia Scævola.*

CUM peteret regem decepta fatellite dextra,

Ingeſſit facris ſe peritura focis.

Sed tam ſæva pius miracula non tulit hoſtis,

Et raptum flammis juſſit abire virum.

Urere quam potuit contempto Mucius igne,

Hanc ſpectare manum Porſena non potuit.

Major deceptæ fama eſt & gloria dextræ.

Si non errâſſet, fecerat illa minus.

XXVI. *Ad Fauſtinum.*

ED E tuos tandem populo, Fauſtine, libellos,

Et cultum docto pectore profer opus :

Quod nec Cecropiæ damnent Pandionis arces,

Nec fileant noſtri, prætereantque ſenes.

Ante fores ſtantiſſimam dubitas admittere famam ?

Téque piget curæ præmia ferre tuæ ?

Poſt te victuræ, per te quoque vivere chartæ

Incipiant. cineri gloria ſera venit.

Succeſſive cares and trouble for your ſtay ;
 Pleaſure not ſo ; it nimbly fleets away.
 Then ſeize it faſt ; embrace it ere it flies ;
 In the embrace it vaniſhes and dies.
 I'll live to-morrow, will a wiſe man ſay ?
 To-morrow is too late, then live to day.

Ep. XXII.

THE hand, which ſtruck the ſervant for the king,
 Did in the fire itſelf a victim fling.
 The dreadful wonder mov'd the pious foe :
 He ſnatch'd the man from flames, and let him go.
 Mucius unmov'd the hand to burn decreed ;
 Porſena could not view the tragic deed.
 That hand by failing gain'd a nobler fame ;
 And leſs had done, had it not miſs'd his aim.

Ep. XXVI.

YOUR book, Sir George, now give to public uſe ;
 From your rich fund the poliſh'd piece produce :
 Which will defy the Louvre's nicer laws ;
 And from our critics here command applauſe.
 Fame at your portal waits ; the door why barr'd ?
 Why loth to take your labour's juſt reward ?
 Let works live with you, which will long ſurvive ;
 For honours after death too late arrive.

XXXIV. *De Gelliâ.*

AMISSUM non flet, cùm sola est Gellia, patrem.

Si quis adest, jussæ profiliunt lacrymæ.

Non dolet hic, quisquis laudari, Gellia, quærit;

Ille dolet verè, qui finè teste dolet.

XXXVII. *Ad Lucanum, & Tullum.*

SI, Lucane, tibi, vel si tibi, Tulle, darentur,

Qualia Ledæi fata Lacones habent:

Nobilis hæc esset pietatis rixa duobus,

Quòd pro fratre mori vellet uterque prior:

Diceret infernas & quod prior îffet ad umbras:

Vive tuo, frater, tempore; vive meo.

XL. *Ad Decianum.*

SI, quis erit, raros inter numerandus amicos,

Quales prisca fides, famâque novit anus:

Si quis Cecropiæ madidus Latæque Minervæ

Artibus, & verâ simplicitate bonus:

Si quis erit recli custos, imitator honesti,

Et nihil arcano qui roget ore deos:

Si quis erit magnæ subnixus robore mentis;

Dispeream, si non hic Decianus erit.

XLIII. *De Porciâ uxore Bruti.*

CONJUGIS audisset fatum cùm Porcia Bruti,

Et subtracta sibi quæreret arma dolor:

Nondum

Ep. XXXIV.

HER father dead!—Alone no grief she knows,
 Th' obedient tear at every visit flows.
 No mourner he, who must with praise be fee'd !
 But he, who mourns in secret, mourns indeed !

Ep. XXXVII.

FRATERNAL love in such strong currents runs,
 That were your fate, like that of Leda's sons ;
 This were the single, but the generous, strife,
 Which for the other first should yield his life :
 He first would cry, who first should breath resign,
 Live thou, dear brother, both thy days and mine.

Ep. XL.

Is there a friend, like those distinguish'd few,
 Renown'd for faith, whom former ages knew ;
 Polish'd by art, in every science wise ;
 Truly sincere, and good without disguise ;
 Guardian of right, who doth by honour steer ;
 Who makes no prayer but all the world may hear ;
 Who doth on fortitude of mind depend ?
 I know indeed, but dare not name, that friend.

Ep. XLIII.

WHEN Porcia was inform'd, her lord was dead ;
 And the stoln dagger sought in vain ; she said,

Nondum scitis, ait, mortem non posse negari ?
 Credideram fati hoc vos docuisse patrem.
 Dixit, & ardentem avido bibit ore favillas :
 I nunc, & ferrum, turba molesta, nega.

LV. *Ad Fuscum.*

Si quid, Fusce, vacas adhuc amari ;
 Nam sunt hinc tibi, sunt & hinc amici :
 Unum, si superest, locum rogamus :
 Nec me, quòd tibi sum novus, recuses :
 Omnes hoc veteres tui fuerunt.
 Tu tantùm inspice, qui novus paratur
 An possit fieri vetus sodalis.

LVIII. *Ad Flaccum.*

Qualem, Flacce, velim, quæris, nolimve puellam ?
 Nolo nimis facilem, difficilémque nimis.
 Illud, quod medium est, atque inter utrumque, probamus.
 Nec volo, quod cruciat; nec volo, quod fatiat.

LXII. *Ad Licinianum, scriptores unde.*

VERONA docti syllabas amat vatis ;
 Marone felix Mantua est :

Censetur

‘ Think ye, the means are wanting to expire?
 ‘ Are ye so ill instructed by my fire?’
 The burning coals then greedily devour’d;
 Crying, ‘ Unkind attendants, keep the sword.’

Ep. LV.

You, whom your faithful friends surround,
 Can there within your breast be found
 One place another friend to grace?
 Oh! grant to me that happy place!
 Refuse me not, because untried;
 So once were all your friends beside.
 Weigh well the man; for from the new
 May grow a good old friend and true.

Ep. LVIII.

You ask me, dear friend, ‘ What last I’d enjoy:
 I would have one, that’s neither too coming nor coy,
 A medium is best, that gives us no pain,
 By too much indulgence, or too much disdain.

Ep. LXII.

WHILST Milton’s read, or silver Thames shall run,
 Will great Augusta boast her greater son.

Cenfetur Apona Livio fuo tellus,
Stellâque nec Flacco minùs :
Apollodoro plaudit imbrifer Nilus ;
Nafone Peglini fonant.
Duóſque Senecas, unicúmque Lucanum
Facunda loquitur Corduba.
Gaudent jocoſæ Canio fuo Gades ;
Emerita Deciano meo.
Te, Liciniane, gloriabitur noſtra,
Nec me tacebit Bilbilis.

Avon shall flow as proud of Shakespear's name ;
 Alike in genius, and the next in fame.
 Waller polite from Hertford's bounds removes,
 To court the fair in Penhurst's ravish'd groves.
 The lofty Denham, from Hibernia's shore,
 Makes Cooper's Hill what Pindus was before.
 Hear Cowley's infant cries! the town he hates :
 Bear him, ye swans, to Chertsey's green retreats.
 But let her Prior in the town remain,
 With well-wrought tales his town to entertain.
 The Coritani deck their Dryden's bays :
 Th' accomplish'd Addison his Belgæ praise.
 Pope's Windsor Dryads listen to his verse ;
 And at his grot the Naiads slack their course.
 Cornavian climes the merry Butler bore :
 And tender Otway grac'd my native shore. †

Ep. LXXIV

Notes explanatory of the foregoing Epigram.

† Milton was born in London, 1608.—Shakespear at Stratford on Avon, 1564.—Waller at Coleshil in Hertfordshire or the confines of Bucks, 1605.—Denham at Dublin, 1615.—Cowley at London, 1618.—Prior at London, 1664.—Dryden at Oldwincle in Northamptonshire, 1631.—Addison at Milford in Wiltshire, 1671.—Pope in Windsor Forest, —Butler at Strensham in Worcestershire, 1612.—Otway at Trotton in Sussex, 1651.

N. B. The Roman Coritani included Northamptonshire : the Belgæ, Wiltshire ; and the Cornavii, Worcestershire.

LXXIV. *Ad Cæcilianum.*

NULLUS in urbe fuit totâ, qui tangere vellet
 Uxorem gratis, Cæciliane, tuam ;
 Dum licuit : sed nunc postis custodibus, ingens
 Turba futurorum est. ingeniosus homo es.

LXXXVII. *De Novio micropsycho.*

VICINUS meus est, manûque tangi
 De nostris Novius potest fenestris.
 Quis non invidet mihi, putétque
 Horis omnibus esse me beatum,
 Juncto cui liceat frui sodale ?
 Tam longè est mihi, quàm Terentianus,
 Qui nunc Niliacam regit Syenen.
 Non convivere, nec videre saltem,
 Non audire licet : nec urbe totâ
 Quisquam est tam propè, tam procúlque nobis :
 Migrandum est mihi longiùs, vel illi.
 Vicinus Novio, vel inquilinus
 Sit, si quis Novium videre non vult.

XC. *Ad Cinnam.*

GARRIS in aures semper omnibus, Cinna ;
 Garris & illud, teste quod licet turbâ.

Rides

Ep. LXXIV.

YOUR wife's the plainest piece a man can see:
 No foul would touch her, whilst you left her free:
 But since to guard her you employ all arts,
 The rakes besiege her.—You're a man of parts!

Ep. LXXXVII.

SIR Formal's house adjoining stands:
 We from our windows may shake hands.
 Blest situation! you will say.
 Do not you envy me I pray,
 Who may, at early hours and late,
 Enjoy a friend so intimate?
 Sir Formal is to me, as near,
 As is the Consul at Algier.
 So far from intimacy is it,
 We seldom speak, we never visit.
 In the whole town no soul can be
 So near, and yet so far from me.
 'Tis time for him or me to start;
 We cannot meet, unless we part.
 Would you sir Formal keep aloof;
 Take lodgings under the same roof.

Ep. XC.

YOUR powder'd nose you thrust in every ear;
 And whisper that, which all the world may hear:

Rides in aurem, quereris, arguis, ploras :
 Cantas in aurem, judicas, taces, clamas.
 Adeóne penitus fedit hic tibi morbus,
 Ut sæpe in aurem, Cinna, Cæsarem laudes ?

C. Ad Calenum avarum.

Non plenum modò viciis habebas,
 Sed tam prodigus, atque liberalis.
 Et tam lautus erat, Calene, ut omnes
 Optarent tibi centies amici.
 Audit vota Deus, precésque nostras ;
 Atque intrà, puto, septimas Calendas
 Mortes hoc tibi quatuor dederunt.
 At tu sic, quasi non foret relictum ;
 Sed raptum tibi centies, abisti
 In tantam miser esuritionem,
 Ut convivia sumptuosiora,
 Toto quæ semel apparatus in anno,
 Nigræ fordibus explices monetæ ;
 Et septem veteres tui sodales
 Constemus tibi plumbeâ selibrâ.
 Quid dignum meritis precemur istis ?
 Optamus tibi millies, Calene :
 Hoc si contigerit, fame peribis.

MARTIALIS

In whispers smile, or wear a dismal face :
 In whispers state, or else lament, the case :
 Now hum a tune, judicious now appear,
 Now hold your tongue, now hollow, in the ear.
 Is this a secret too ? Your accent raise :
 We love the king, whom you in whispers praise.

Ep. C.

WHEN some time since you had not clear
 Above three hundred pounds a year,
 You lived so well, your bounty such,
 Your friends all wish'd you twice as much :
 Heaven with our wishes soon complied ;
 In six months four relations died.
 But you, so far from having more,
 Seem robb'd of what you had before :
 A greater miser every day,
 Live in a curst starving way :
 Scarce entertain us once a year ;
 And then not worth a groat the cheer :
 Seven old companions, men of sense,
 Scarce cost you now as many pence.
 What shall we wish you on our part ?
 What wish can equal your desert ?
 Thousands a year may heaven grant !
 Then you will starve, and die for want !

* N. B. The 56th by Cowley.—118th, by Oldham.—1st in Spectator 446.—69th in Spectator 113.



MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.
LIBER SECUNDUS.

III. *Ad Sextum.*

SEXTÆ, nihil debes ; nil debes, Sexte, fatemur :
Debet enim, si quis solvere, Sexte, potest.

V. *Ad Decianum.*

NE valeam, si non totis, Deciane, diebus,
Et tecum totis noctibus esse velim.
Sed duo sunt, quæ nos distinguunt, millia passûm ;
Quatuor hæc fiunt, cùm rediturus eam.
Sæpe domi non es : cùm sis quoque, sæpe negaris :
Vel tantùm caufis, vel tibi sæpe vacas.
Te tamen ut videam, duo millia non piget ire :
Ut te non videam, quatuor ire piget.

XI. *Ad*



S E L E C T
E P I G R A M S
O F
M A R T I A L.

BOOK the SECOND.

Ep. III.

YOU say, you nothing owe ; and so I say :
He only owes, who something hath to pay.

Ep. V.

MAY I not live, but, were it in my power,
With thee I'd pass both day and night each hour.
Two miles I go to see you ; and two more
When I return ; and two and two make four.
Often denied ; often from home you're gone :
Are busy oft ; and oft would be alone.
Two miles, to see you, give me no great pain :
Four, not to see you, go against the grain.

Ep. XI.

XI. *Ad Rufum de Selio.*

Quòd fronte Selium nubilâ vides, Rufe ;
 Quòd ambulator porticum terit ferus ;
 Lugubre quiddam quòd tacet piger vultus ;
 Quòd penè terram tangit indecens nasus ;
 Quòd dextra pectus pulsât, & comam vellit :
 Non ille amici fata luget, aut fratris.
 Uterque natus vivit, & precor vivat.
 Salva est & uxor, farcinæque, servique :
 Nihil colonus, villicusque decoxit.
 Mæroris igitur causa quæ ? domi cœnat.

XVI. *In Zoilum.*

Zoïlus ægrotat, faciunt hanc stragula febrem :
 Si fuerit fanus, coccina quid facient ?
 Quid torus à Nilo ? quid Sidone tinctus olenti ?
 Ostendit stultas quid nisi morbus opes ?
 Quid tibi cum medicis ? dimitte Machaonas omnes.
 Vis fieri fanus ? stragula fume mea.

Ep. XI.

SEE you the cloud on yonder mortal's face?
Walking the Mall, the last who quits the place:
In tragic silence, and in dumps profound,
His nose almost draws furrows on the ground:
His wig he twitches, and he canes the air.
Is he for friend or brother in despair?
'Tis no such thing. Two sons with him do dwell:
They both are promising, they both are well:
So his good wife, for whom we all do pray:
Safe are his bags; nor servants run away:
Duly accounts his steward for his rent;
And by his bailiff's care his crops augment.
Say, from what cause can such affliction come!
Is there not cause? ye gods! he sups at home.

Ep. XVI.

VAINLOVE is ill: his illness is his bed,
Made up of chintz and silks prohibited:
Near it an Indian screen, and work'd fettee,
Inflame his fever to a high degree.
When he is well, these fopperies are not seen:
They make him sick, and give us too the spleen.
Dismiss his doctors; and apply my spell;
Let him change beds with me, and he'll be well.

Ep. XVIII.

XVIII. *In Maximum.*

CAPTO tuam, pudet heu, sed capto, Maxime, cœnam :

Tu captas aliam. jam sumus ergo pares.

Manè salutatum venio : tu diceris îsse

Antè salutatum. jam sumus ergo pares.

Sum cœmes ipse tuus, tumidique anteambulo regis:

Tu comes alterius. jam sumus ergo pares.

Esse fat est servum : jam nolo vicarius esse.

Qui rex est, regem, Maxime, non habeat.

XXX. *In Caium.*

MUTUA viginti fessertia fortè rogabam,

Quæ vel donanti non grave munus erat.

Quippe rogabatur felixque, vetusque sodalis,

Et cujus laxas arca flagellat opes.

Is mihi, dives eris, si causas egeris, inquit.

Quod peto da, Cai, non peto consilium.

XXXII. *In Ponticum.*

LIS mihi cum Balbo est; tu Balbum offendere non vis,

Pontice : cum Licino est; hic quoque magnus homo est.

Vexat sæpe meum Patrobas confinis agellum ;

Contra libertum Cæsaris ire times.

Abnegat & retinet nostrum Laronia servum :

Respondes ; orba est, dives, anus, vidua.

Non bene, crede mihi, servo servitur amico :

Sit liber, dominus qui volet esse meus.

XXXVII. *In*

Ep. XVIII.

I HAUNT your table, led by my ill star :
 And you another's :—then we're on a par.
 Your levee I frequent : and you go far
 Unto another's :—still we're on a par.
 I, your led captain, walk before you bare :
 You are another's :—still we're we're on a par.
 Though servant, yet I'll be no servant's slave :
 A master should himself no master have.

Ep. XXX.

WHEN twenty pounds I'd borrow of a friend,
 One, who might give me more, as well as lend ;
 Blest in his fortune ; my companion old ;
 Whose coffers, and whose purse-strings, crack with gold ;
 ' Turn lawyer, and you'll soon grow rich, he cries :
 Give what I ask, my friend :—'tis not advice.

Ep. XXXII.

WILL and I differ ;—who so great as Will ?
 Too great for you.—And Tom is greater still.
 My neighbour Cringer trespasseth my land ;
 You dare not favourites at court withstand.
 The widow Scrapeall doth my goods withhold ;
 You answer, She is childless, rich, and old.
 How can I serve a friend, that is not free ?
 Free be the man, who would my master be.

Ep. XXXVII.

XXXVII. *In Cæcilianum.*

QUIDQUID ponitur, hinc & indè verris :
 Mammas fuminis, imbricémque porci,
 Communémque duobus attagenam,
 Mullum dimidium, lupúmque totum,
 Murænæque latus, femúrque pulli,
 Stillantémque alicâ suâ palumbum.
 Hæc cùm condita sunt madente mappâ ;
 Traduntur puero domum ferenda.
 Nos accumbimus otiosa turba.
 Ullus si pudor est, repone cœnam :
 Cras te, Cæciliane, non vocavi.

XLIII. *In Candidum.*

CANDIDE, κοινὰ φίλων hæc sunt tua, Candide, πάντα,
 Quæ tu magniloquus nocte diêque sonas.
 Te Lacedæmonio velat toga lota Galefo,
 Vel quam seposito de grege Parma dedit.
 At me quæ passa est furias & cornua tauri,
 Noluerit dici quam pila prima suam.
 Misit Agenoreas Cadmi tibi terra lacernas :
 Non vendes nummis coccina nostra tribus.
 Tu Libycos Indis suspendis dentibus orbes :
 Fulcitur testâ fagina mensa mihi.
 Immodici tibi flava tegunt chrysendeta mulli :
 Concolor in nostrâ, cammare, lance rubes.
 Grex tuus Iliaco poterat certare cinædo :
 At mihi succurrit pro Ganymede manus.

Ep. XXXVII.

You sweep my table : saufages, and chine,
A capon on which two at least may dine,
Smelts, salmon, sturgeon, birds of every feather,
Dripping with sauce, you wrap up all together ;
And give it to your servant home to bear ;
Leaving us nothing, but to sit and stare.
For shame restore the dinner ; ease our sorrow :
I did not ask you, sir, to dine to-morrow.

Ep. XLIII.

STILL in your mouth, and at your fingers ends,
These words ;—‘ All things are common amongst friends,
Fine cloth, or Genoa velvet, is your coat :
A tatter’d scare-screw mine, not worth a groat.
With tables of mahogany you’re stored :
I have but one, and that a beechen board.
The ample salmon fills your golden dish :
The crab my platter, colour’d like the fish.
Your servants spruce ; each seems a Ganymede :
Me a dumb-waiter serves whene’er I feed.
For old acquaintance do you nothing care ?
From so much riches can you nothing spare ?

Ex opibus tantis veteri fidóque sodali

Das nihil, & dicis, Candide, *κοινὰ φίλων*?

XLIV. *In Sextum.*

EMI seu puerum, togámve pexam,
 Seu tres, ut puto, quatuórve libras :
 Sextus protinus ille foenerator,
 Quem nóstis veterem meum sodalem,
 Ne quid fortè petam, timet, cavétque ;
 Et secum, sed ut audiam, fufurrat ;
 Septem millia debeo Secundo ;
 Phœbo quatuor ; undecim Phileto ;
 Et quadrans mihi nullus est in arcâ.
 O grande ingenium mei sodalis !
 Durum est, Sexte, negare, cùm rogaris :
 Quanto durius, antequam rogéris !

XLVIII. *Ad Rufum.*

CAUPONEM, laniúmque, balneúmque,
 Tonforem, tabulámque, calculósque,
 Et paucos, sed ut eligam, libellos :
 Unum non nimiùm rudem sodalem,
 Et caram puero meo puellam,
 Et grandem puerum, diúque levem :
 Hæc præsta mihi Rufe, vel Bitonti ;
 Et thermas tibi habe Neronianas.

Is your expression a vain song, which ends
Where it begun?—All's common amongst friends.

Ep. XLIV.

THE scrivener, who of late so rich is grown,
Whom we have long so intimately known,
Saw my coat laced, my boy in livery wait,
And on my side-board a small piece of plate :
He thence concludes, I'm now extravagant ;
And fearing I may his assistance want,
He mumbles to himself, that I may hear ;
‘ My God ! what will become of me this year !
‘ Seven thousand pounds to Gripe, to Shylock four
‘ I owe ; and to my broker as much more !
‘ And not one farthing by me ! nor can get !
How great, old friend, is your Change-alley wit !
To ask and be denied is hard, all know :
Before I ask, is most extremely so.

Ep. XLVIII.

WINE, and good fare, and my own person nice,
Backgammon-tables, and a pair of dice,
Books very few, but those all chosen right,
One only friend, and him not unpolite,
A man and maid, both honest, free from crime,
Both neat and handy, and in age's prime,
Grant me in any corner of the land :
Yours be the town ; or yours the world's command.

LVII. *In Zoilum.*

PEXATUS pulchre rides mea, Zoïle, trita.

Sunt hæc trita quidem, Zoïle ; sed mea sunt.

LXIV. *In Taurum.*

DUM modò caufidicum, dum te modò rhetora fingis,

Et non decernis, Taure, quid esse velis :

Peleos, & Priami transit, & Nestoris ætas ;

Et fuerat serum jam tibi definere.

Incipe : tres uno perierunt rhetores anno,

Si quid habes animi, si quid in arte vales.

Si schola damnatur ; fora litibus omnia fervent :

Ipse potest fieri Marfya caufidicus.

Eia age, rumpe moras ; quò te sperabimus usque ?

Dum, quid sis, dubitas, jam potes esse nihil.

LXV. *In Saletanum.*

CUR tristiozem cernimus Saletanum ?

An causa levis est ? extuli, inquis, uxorem.

O grande fati crimen ! ô gravem casum !

Illa, illa dives mortua est Secundilla,

Centena decies quæ tibi dedit dotis ?

Nollem accidisset hoc tibi, Saletane.

LXXI. *Ad Cæcilianum*

CANDIDIUS nihil est te, Cæciliane, notavi,

Si quando ex nostris disticha pauca legis,

Protinus aut Marfi recitas, aut scripta Catulli.

Hæc mihi das, tanquam deteriora legas.

Ep. LVIII.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown.
Thread-bare indeed it is:—but 'tis my own.

Ep. LXIV.

SOMETIMES a lawyer, sometimes a divine,
You say you'll be; yet neither are in fine;
Before you fix your choice, you lose an age;
Fit to retire, before you mount the stage.
Three bishops are gone off within the year;
If you have any soul, you'll now appear.
Or else; there's so much business in the laws,
A post, if rob'd, could never want a cause.
Rouse: in this world begin to preach or plead:
You'll make a sorry dean or serjeant dead.

Ep. LXV.

WHY seem you dead to all the joys of life?
Have I not cause? you say:—I've lost my wife.
Oh! curst fate! and oh! misfortune dire!
That one so wealthy should so soon expire!
Who left you twice five hundred annual rent!
—I'm sorry you have had this accident.

Ep. LXXI.

NOTHING I see your candour can exceed,
My distichs whensoever you please to read:
From Dryden or from Pope you cite a line,
To shew how much they both fall short of mine,

Ut collata magis placeant mea ? credimus illud.
Malo tamen recites, Cæciliane, tua.

LXXIV. *In Saufellum.*

CINCTUM togatis pòst & antè Saufellum,
Quantâ reduci Regulus solet turbâ,
Ad alta tonsum templa cùm reum misit,
Maternæ, cernis ? invidere nolito.
Comitatus iste sit, precor, tuus nunquam.
Hos illi amicos & greges togatorum
Fusciculus præstat, & Faventinus.

LXXVII. *In Cosconium.*

COSCONI, qui longa putas epigrammata nostra,
Utilis unguendis axibus esse potes.
Hâc tu credideris longum ratione colossum,
Et puerum Bruti dixeris esse brevem.
Disce, quod ignoras ; Marfi doctique Pedonis
Sæpe duplex unum pagina tractat opus.
Non sunt longa, quibus nihil est quod demere possis ;
Sed tu, Cosconi, disticha longa facis.

LXXVIII. *Ad Cæcilianum.*

ÆSTIVO ferves ubi piscem tempore, quæris ?
In thermis ferva, Cæciliane, tuis.

Such foils, no doubt, make mine appear more taking.
Yet I should chuse some verses of your making.

Ep. LXXIV.

WHAT trains before, what trains behind him ride!
What crouds of friends support him on each side!
Such multitudes did never with lord mayor
On solemn festival to Paul's repair:
You gazing cry, 'How times with him are mended!
May never friend of mine be thus attended!
Envy him not: the matter I'll explain:
You see his mortgage; and 'tis Trapland's train.

Ep. LXXVII.

MY epigrams are long in your conceit:
Much fitter for a groom than judge of wit.
Long in your sense the giants in Guildhall;
And short the British king on Ludgate wall.
Learn; that the Iliad and the Æneid shines,
Though each contains so many thousand lines.
Works are not long, from which you nought can take:
But long the very distichs, which you make.

Ep. LXXVIII.

WHAT place to keep your ice in I approve,
You ask:—Your kitchen chimney, or your stove.

LXXX. *De Fannio.*

HOSTEM cùm fugeret, se Fannius ipse peremit.

Hic, rogo, non furor est, ne moriari, mori?



Ep. LXXX.

HIMSELF he flew, when he the foe would fly :
What madness this, for fear of death to die.

N. B. The 53d, 68th, and 90th, by Cowley.





MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.

LIBER TERTIUS.

X. *In Philomusum.*

CONSTITUIT, Philomuse, pater tibi millia bina
Mensura, pèrque omnes præstitit illa dies.
Luxuriam premeret cùm craftina semper egestas,
Et vitiis essent danda diurna tuis,
Idem te moriens hæredem ex asse reliquit ;
Exhæredavit te, Philomuse, pater.

XXXI. *Ad Rufinum.*

SUNT tibi, confiteor, diffusi jugera campi,
Urbanique tenent prædia multa Lares :
Et servit dominæ numerosus debitor arcæ,
Sustentâtque tuas aurea mensa dapes.
Fastidire tamen noli, Rufine, minores.
Plus habuit Didymus : plus Philomelus habet.

XXXVIII. *Ad*



S E L E C T
 E P I G R A M S
 O F
 M A R T I A L.
 B O O K t h e T H I R D.

Epigram X.

Y O U R father gave you a large monthly pay ;
 And this continued to his dying day :
 Yet want still followed close your luxury ;
 And daily vices daily craved supply :
 But now he all hath left you, and is dead,
 By being heir you're disinherited.

Ep. XXXI.

I O W N, in manors you have large command ;
 And rich in houses are as well as land :
 You have in mortgages a vast estate :
 Your table elegant, and serv'd in plate :
 Despise not your inferiors on this score :
 More once had Verres, Cheatall now hath more.

Ep. XXXVIII.

XXXVIII. *Ad Sextum.*

QUÆ te causa trahit, vel quæ fiducia Romam,
 Sexte? quid aut speras, aut petis indè? refer.
 Causas, inquis, agam Cicerone disertius ipso,
 Atque erit in triplici par mihi nemo foro.
 Egit Atestinus causas, & Caius; utrumque
 Nôras: sed neutri pensio tota fuit.
 Si nihil hinc veniet; pangentur carmina nobis:
 Audieris, dices esse Maronis opus.
 Infanis: omnes gelidis quicumque lacernis
 Sunt ibi; Nasones, Virgiliósque vides.
 Atria magna colam. vix treis, aut quatuor ista
 Res aluit: pallet cætera turba fame.
 Quid faciam? suade. nam certum est vivere Romæ.
 Si bonus es, casu vivere, Sexte, potes.

XLIV. *Ad Ligurinum.*

OCCURRIT tibi nemo quòd libenter:
 Quòd quacumque venis, fuga est, & ingens
 Circa te, Ligurine, solitudo;
 Quid sit, scire cupis? nimis Poëta es:
 Hoc valde vitium periculosum est.
 Non tigris catulis citata raptis,
 Non dipsas medio perusta Sole,
 Nec sic scorpius improbus timetur.
 Nam tantos, rogo, quis ferat labores?
 Et stanti legis, & legis sedenti:
 Currenti legis, & legis cacanti.
 In thermas fugio; fonas ad aurem:

Ep. XXXVIII.

- A.* To town what cause, or rather what ill star,
 Hath brought my friend? say, what your prospects are.
- B.* More eloquent than Murray I will be:
 In the four Courts, not one shall rival me.
- A.* Some, whom we know, in hall their time have lost:
 Others have rid the circuit, and paid cost.
- B.* If that wo'nt do; verses compose I will,
 Equal to Maro's. *A.* That is wilder still.
 In window'd hose, and garments twice convey'd,
 Our Ovids and our Virgils are array'd.
- B.* Then I'll attend the great. *A.* How few thrive by it!
 The rest all starve upon so thin a diet.
- B.* Tell me then what to do: here live I must.
- A.* You're a good man; and in the Lord must trust.

Ep. XLIV.

You come: away flies every mother's son:
 On Bagshot Heath you can't be more alone,
 If you ask, why?—You are bewitch'd with rhyme:
 And this, believe me, is a dangerous crime.
 Robb'd of her whelps a tigress thus we shun;
 Or viper basking in the noon-day sun:
 Not more the dreadful scorpion's sting we fear,
 Than this incessant lugging by the ear.
 Standing or sitting, you repeat your lays:
 On my close-stool I hear them; in my chaise:
 Your trumpet on the water strikes my ear.
 I at Vaux-hall no other music hear.

Piscinam peto ; non licet nat̄are.
 Ad cœnam propero ; tenes euntem.
 Ad cœnam venio ; fugas sedentem.
 Lassus dormio ; suscitās jacentem.
 Vis, quantum facias mali, videre ?
 Vir justus, probus, innocens timeris.

XLVI. *Ad Candidum.*

EXIGIS à nobis operam finè sine togatam.
 Non eo, libertum sed tibi mitto meum.
 Non est, inquis, idem : multo plus esse probabo.
 Vix ego lecticam subsequor ; ille feret.
 In turbam incideris ; cunctos umbone repellet :
 Invalidum est nobis, ingenuúmque latus.
 Quidlibet in causis narraveris, ipse tacebo :
 At tibi tergeminum mugiet ille sophos.
 Lis erit ; ingenti faciet convicia voce :
 Esse pudor vetuit fortia verba mihi.
 Ergo nihil nobis, inquis, præstabit amicus ?
 Quidquid libertus, Candide, non poterit.

LX. *In Ponticum.*

CUM vocor ad cœnam, non jam venalis, ut antè :
 Cur mihi, non eadem, quæ tibi, cœna datur ?
 Ostrea tu fumis stagno saturata Lucrino :
 Sugitur inciso mytilus ore mihi.

When dinner waits, you seize me by the button:
 At table plac'd, you drive me from my mutton:
 From a sweet nap you rouse me by your song.
 How much by this yourself and me you wrong!
 The man of worth the poet makes us fly;
 And by your verse we lose your probity.

Ep. XLVI.

How often do you ask me to go down,
 To aid your interest in your borough town?
 I would do all to serve you that I can:
 Yet cannot go: but I will fend my man.
 You say, 'tis not the same: I'll prove it more:
 I scarce can follow you; he'll go before.
 Is there a mob? he'll elbow folks away;
 I am infirm; not used to such rough play.
 I can't repeat the popular things you say,
 He will extol them, more than once a day.
 Is there a quarrel? he'll be very loud:
 I am ashamed to bully in a croud.
 What! will my friend do nothing then? say you:
 All, that a servant cannot do, I'll do.

Ep. LX.

Me, as a friend, to supper you invite:
 Why have we then our supper different quite?
 Colchester oysters you, and muscles I?
 Yours perigord, and mine a mutton pye?

I have

Sunt tibi boleti ; fungus ego fumo fuillos.
 Res tibi cum rhombo est ; at mihi cum sparulo.
 Cereus immodicis turtur te clunibus implet ;
 Ponitur in caveâ mortua pica mihi.
 Cur finè te cœno, cùm tecum, Pontice, cœnem ?
 Sportula quòd non est, profit : edamus idem.

LXI. *In Cinna.*

Esse nihil dicis, quidquid petis, improbe Cinna ;
 Si nil, Cinna, petis ; nil tibi, Cinna, nego.

LXII. *In Quintum.*

CENTENIS quòd emis pueros, & sæpe ducenis :
 Quòd sub rege Numâ condita vina bibis :
 Quòd constat decies tibi non spatiosa supellex :
 Libra quòd argenti millia quinque rapit :
 Aurea quòd fundi pretio carruca paratur :
 Quòd pluris mula est, quàm domus empta tibi :
 Hæc animo credis magno te, Quinte, parare ?
 Falleris. hæc animus, Quinte, pusillus emit.

LXIII. *In Cotilum.*

COTILE, bellus homo es : dicunt hoc, Cotile, multi.
 Audio : sed quid sit, dic mihi, bellus homo ?
 Bellus homo est, flexos qui digerit ordine crines :
 Balsama qui semper, cinnama semper olet :
 Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat :
 Qui movet in varios brachia volsa modos :

I have no rarities, you eat them up :
Strange ! I should with you and without you sup !
Came I to see the king at table hither ?
If we must eat, pray let us eat together.

Ep. LXI.

'Tis a meer nothing, that you ask, you cry :
If you ask nothing, nothing I deny.

Ep. LXII.

UPON rich liveries no expence you spare :
Your rhenish older than the first French war :
Your little cabinet cost hundreds three :
And full as much your little carv'd settee :
Your gilded coach a moderate estate :
More than a house your pad is valued at.
Think you, you shew a foul by this expence ?
A little one it is, and void of sense

Ep. LXIII.

YOU'RE a fine man ; as all the world agree :
Tell me, what 'tis ; for 'tis unknown to me.
A fine man's one, who curls and powders well :
One, who of essence and perfume doth smell :
Can hum an opera air, or brisk or grave :
And his white hand in every gesture wave :

Inter fœmineas totâ qui luce cathedras

Defidet, atque aliquâ semper in aure sonat:

Qui legit hinc illinc missas, scribitque tabellas:

Pallia vicini qui refugit cubiti:

Qui scit, quam quis amet, qui per convivia currit:

Hirpini veteres qui bene novit avos.

Quid narras? hoc est, hoc est homo, Cotile, bellus?

Res pertriosa est, Cotile, bellus homo.

LXVI. *In M. Antonium.*

PAR scelus admisit Phariis Antonius armis;

Abscidit vultus ensis uterque sacros.

Illud, laurigeros ageres cum læta triumphos:

Hoc tibi, Roma, caput, cum loquereris, erat:

Antonî tamen est pejor, quam causa Photini:

Hic facinus domino præstitit; ille sibi.



Sitting the live-long day among the fair ;
 And ever tating somewhat in their ear :
 Still writing, reading, fending billetdoux :
 And fears you'll touch his stockings with your shoes :
 Knows who loves who : to every visit runs :
 Talks of a lord, or horse, their fires and sons.
 Of a fine man is this th' account you bring ?
 A fine man is a very trifling thing:

Ep. LXVI.

ALIKE great Pompey, and sage Tully bled :
 Sever'd alike each venerable head :
 Rome on that head her laurel'd triumphs saw ;
 Heard her free voice from this inforce her law.
 You, Antony, Photinus have outdone ;
 His was his master's crime ; but yours your own.





MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.

LIBER QUARTUS.

XVIII. *De puero sillicidio jugulato.*

QUA vicina pluit Vipfanis porta columnis,
Et madet affiduo lubricus imbre lapis ;
In jugulum pueri, qui roscida tecta subibat,
Decidit hyberno prægravis unda gelu :
Cùmque peregisset miseri crudelia fata,
Tabuit in calido vulnere mucro tener.
Quid non sæva sibi voluit Fortuna licere ?
Aut ubi mors non est, si jugulatis, aquæ ?

XXI. *De Seli.*

NULLOS esse Deos, inane cœlum
Affirmat Selius, probátque ; quòd se
Factum, dum negat hoc, videt beatum.

XXXII. *De*



S E L E C T
E P I G R A M S
O F
M A R T I A L.

B O O K t h e F O U R T H.

Epigram XVIII.

'T WAS from a spout, which pours into the street,
And makes the pavement slippery to the feet,
An icicle depending grew, until
By its own weight the ponderous ruin fell :
Struck on the neck a boy upon the ground ;
Wounded to death ; then melted in the wound.
From cruel fortune can we more endure ?
If waters stab, where can we be secure ?

Ep. XXI.

SELIUS asserts, there is no providence :
And what he thus asserts, he proves from hence ;
That such a villain as himself still lives ;
And, what is more, is courted too, and thrives.

Ep. XXXII.

XXXII. *De ape electro inclusâ.*

Et latet, & lucet Phaëthontide condita guttâ,
 Ut videatur apis nectare clausa suo.
 Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum:
 Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

XXXVII. *Ad Afrum.*

CENTUM Coranus, & ducenta Mancinus,
 Trecenta debet Titius, hoc bis Albinus,
 Decies Sabinus, alterumque Serranus:
 Ex in fulis, fundisque tricies soldum,
 Ex pecore redeunt ter ducena Parmensi,
 Totis diebus, Afer, hoc mihi narras:
 Et teneo melius ista, quam meum nomen.
 Numeres oportet aliquid, ut pati possim:
 Quotidianam refice nauseam nummis.
 Audire gratis, Afer, ista non possum.

XXXIX. *Ad Charinum.*

ARGENTI genus omne comparasti;
 Et solus veteres Myronis artes,
 Solus Praxitelis manus, Scopæque
 Solus Phidiaci toreuma cœli,
 Solus Mentoreos habes labores.
 Nec defunt tibi vera Gratiana,
 Nec quæ Callaico linuntur auro,
 Nec mensis anaglypta de paternis.
 Argentum tamen inter omne, miror,
 Quare non habeas, Charine, purum.

Ep. XXXII.

THE bee inclos'd, and through the amber shewn,
Seems buried in the juice, which was his own.
So honour'd was a life in labour spent :
Such might he wish to have his monument.

Ep. XXXVII.

TEN thousand pounds in bank, and South-Sea funds ;
Twenty in India stock, and India bonds
Five thousand more have you in three per cents :
A thousand are your Kent and Essex rents ;
Those from Barbadoes are of late the same.
All this I know, as well as my own name.
The daily tale is grown extremely dull :
I cannot hear it gratis on my soul.
For every time give me a guinea still ;
Repeat it then as often as you will.

Ep. XXXIX.

WROUGHT, grav'd, embost, of old and modern date,
In the best taste, how great your stock of plate !
Here Phidias, there Praxiteles doth stand :
Here the sole piece, that's left, of Mentor's hand.
This cistern did a Jerningham invent :
That bowl and cup were both design'd by Kent.
'Mongst all the things, where art and fancy join,
I wonder you no silver have in coin.

Ep. XLIV.

XLIV. *De Vesuvio monte.*

Hic est pampineis viridis modò Vesvius umbris :
 Presserat hìc madidos nobilis uva lacus.
 Hæc juga, quàm Nyfæ colles, plùs Bacchus amavit :
 Hòc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
 Hæc Veneris fedes Lacedæmone gratior illi :
 Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
 Cuncta jacent flammis, & tristi merfa favillâ :
 Nec Superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.

LIV. *Ad Colinum.*

O cut Tarpeias licuit contingere quercus,
 Et meritas primâ cingere fronde comas :
 Si fapis, utaris totis, Coline, diebus,
 Extremùmque tibi semper adesse putes.
 Lanificas nulli tres exorare puellas
 Contigit : observant, quem statuere, diem.
 Divitior Crispo, Thraseâ constantior ipso,
 Lautior & nitido sis Meliore licèt :
 Nil adicit penso Lachesis, fusòsque fororum
 Explicat, & semper de tribus una secat.

LVI. *In Gargilianum.*

MUNERA quòd senibus, viduísque ingentia mittis,
 Vis te munificum, Gargiliane, vocem ?
 Sordidius nihil est, nihil est te spurcius uno,
 Qui potes insidias dona vocare tuas.
 Sic avidis fallax indulget piscibus hamus :
 Callida sic stultas decipit esca feras.

Ep. XLIV.

VESUVIUS this ! so lately crown'd with vines !
Whence in full currents flowed the generous wines !
By Bacchus more than Nyssa's hills belov'd !
Upon whose top in dance the satyrs mov'd !
The seat of Venus, more than Sparta dear !
Proud of her name Heraclea once was here !
All drown'd in flames ! with ashes cover'd o'er !
The gods, who caus'd the ill, their power deplore.

Ep. LIV.

You, whom your country's honours high do raise,
And crown with merited, but early praise ;
If you are wise, make use of every hour ;
And never think another in your power.
No man could ever soften cruel fate ;
But what, that once decrees, must be our date.
Were you polite as Sidney, or as great,
Had Cato's soul, or Marlborough's estate ;
Still is life's line by the three sifter's sped :
Not one prolongs, but one still cuts, the thread.

Ep. LVI.

RICH presents, to old men and widows sent,
You hope, may prove you are munificent.
What can your fordid baseness more declare,
When for a present thus you send a snare ?
Such presents makes the angler to the trout :
Such presents in a mouse-trap are set out.

Quid sit largiri, quod sit donare; docebo,
Si nescis: dona, Gargiliane, mihi.

LXVI. *Ad Linum.*

EGISTI vitam semper, Line, municipalem:
Quâ nihil omnino vilius esse potest.
Idibus, & raris togula est excussa Kalendis:
Duxit & æstates synthesis una decem.
Saltus aprum, campus leporem tibi misit inemptum,
Sylva gravis turdos exagitata dedit.
Raptus flumineo venit de gurgite piscis:
Vina rubens fudit non peregrina cadus.
Nec tener Argolicâ missus de gente minister,
Sed stetit inculti rustica turba foci.
Villica vel duri compressa est nupta coloni:
Incaluit quoties faucia vena mero.
Nec nocuit tectis ignis; nec Sirius agris:
Nec merfa est pelago, nec fluit ulla ratis.
Supposita est blando numquam tibi tessera talo:
Alea sed parcæ sola fuere nuces.
Dic ubi sit decies, mater quod avara reliquit;
Nusquam est. fecisti rem, Line, difficilem.

LXIX. *Ad Pamphilum.*

Tu Setina quidem semper, vel Massica ponis,
Pamphile: sed rumor tam bona vina negat,
Diceris hâc factus cœlebs quater esse lagenâ.
Nec puto, nec credo, Pamphile, nec sitio.

If you would learn what's generous and free ;
A real present is one sent to me.

Ep. LXVI.

Your life has ever in the country been ;
And in a way, that nothing was so mean.
Scarce at a wedding a new bob did wear :
Your coat an old acquaintance of ten year.
From your estate your pork and venison came :
Your ponds supplied your fish, your woods your game.
And not a glass of wine throughout the year ;
Your cellar stock'd with only your own beer.
No French valet appear'd in spruce attire :
Only John trots about your kitchen fire.
You ne'er had drunken frolick in your life,
That ever aimed above a farmer's wife.
No loss by fire, or by tempestuous skies,
Of ships, insurance, freight, or merchandise.
You never played or ventured deep at White's :
The most was shilling whist on winter nights.
How is your mother's vast estate run out ?
You've brought a most surprising thing about !

Ep. LXIX.

With the best wines of France you entertain :
Yet that your wine is bad the world complain :
That you have lost four wives by it ; but I
Neither believe it, Sir,—nor am adry.

LXX. *De Ammiano ad Maronillum.*

NIHIL Ammiano, præter aridam restem,
 Moriens reliquit ultimis pater ceris.
 Fieri putaret posse quis, Maronille,
 Ut Ammianus mortuum patrem nolle t ?

LXXII. *Ad Quinctum.*

EXIGIS, ut donem nostros tibi, Quincte, libellos.
 Non habeo, sed habet bibliopola Tryphon.
 Æs dabo pro nugis, & emam tua carmina sanus ?
 Non, inquis, faciam tam fatuè : nec ego.

LXXIII. *De Vestino.*

CUM gravis extremas Vestinus duceret horas,
 Et jam per Stygias esset iturus aquas,
 Ultima volventes orabat pensa sorores,
 Ut traherent parvâ stamina pulla morâ.
 Jam sibi defunctus, caris dum vivit amicis :
 Moverunt tetricas tam pia vota Deas.
 Tum largas partitus opes, à luce recessit :
 Séque mori post hoc credidit ille senem.

LXXV. *De Nigrina.*

O felix animo, felix Nigrina, marito,
 Atque inter Latias gloria prima nurus.
 Te patrios miscere juvat cum conjuge census,
 Gaudentem socio, participique viro.

Ep. LXXI.

JACK'S father's dead; and left him without hope:
For he hath nothing left him, but a rope.
By a strange turn did fortune thus contrive,
To make Jack wish, his father were alive.—

Ep. LXXII.

YOU ask me for my books of poems still:
I have not one; but Doddsley's shop they fill.
What! spend my money! and such trifles buy!
I am not such a fool, say you:—nor I.

Ep. LXXIII.

WHEN on Time's precipice Alworthy stood,
Ready to launch into th' eternal flood,
The cruel Fates addressing thus he said,
' Ye goddesses one moment spare my thread:
' Lost though I am, let friends my bounty prove.
His pious prayers the rigid sisters move.
He his vast wealth divides; then quits the stage;
And in that moment liv'd a Nestor's age.

Ep. LXXV.

BLEST in thy spirit, in thy husband blest,
O thou of wives most honour'd, and the best;
Who your whole fortune to your consort spare;
And know no joy, in which he bears no share:

Arferit Evadne flammis injecta mariti,
 Nec minor Alcestim fama sub astra ferat.
 Tu meliùs : certo meruisti pignore vitæ,
 Ut tibi non esset morte probandus amor.

LXXVII. *In Zoilum invidum.*

NUMQUAM divitiis Deos rogavi,
 Contentus modicis, meoque lætus.
 Paupertas, veniam dabis, recede.
 Causa est quæ subiti, novique voti ?
 Pendentem volo Zoilum videre.

LXXIX. *In Afrum.*

CONDITA cùm tibi fit jam sexagesima messis,
 Et facies multo splendeat alba pilo ;
 Discurre totâ vagus urbe ; nec ulla cathedra est,
 Cui non manè feras irriquietus, ave.
 Et finè te nulli fas est prodire tribuno,
 Nec caret officio consul uterque tuo :
 Et sacro decies repetis Pallatia clivo,
 Sigeriósque meros, Partheniósque sonas.
 Hæc faciant sanè juvenes : deformius, Afer,
 Omnino nihil est ardelione fene.

LXXX. *Ad Mathonem.*

HOSPES eras nostri semper, Matho, Tiburtini.
 Hoc emis. imposui : rus tibi vendo tuum.

Evadne died in her lord's funeral flame;
 Nor less immortal is Alcestis' name;
 Yet less did they, when they resign'd their breath:
 Late is the proof of love, when after death.

Ep. LXXVII.

I NEVER did the gods importune,
 To grant to me a monstrous fortune;
 Contented with my little store:
 But now I own I wish for more.
 Whence comes this sudden love of pelf?
 —That Zoilus may hang himself.

Ep. LXXIX.

THRICE twenty years you've seen your grass made hay:
 Your eyebrows too proclaim your hair is grey:
 Yet through all quarters of the town you run;
 At every ball, and levee, you make one.
 No great man stirs, but you are at his heels;
 And never fail both them, who have the seals.
 You never miss St. James's; ever chat
 Of lord or bishop this, or general that.
 To youth leave trifles: have you not been told,
 • That of all fools no fool is like the old?

Ep. LXXX.

You still were welcome at my country seat.
 You buy it. It was yours before.—You're bit.

LXXXIV. *In Nævolum.*

SECURO nihil est te, Nævole, pejus: eodem

Sollicito nihil est, Nævole, te melius.

Securus, nullam refalutas, despicias omnes;

Nec quisquam liber, nec tibi gratus homo est.

Sollicitus, donas: dominum regémque salutas:

Invitas. esto, Nævole, sollicitus.



Ep. LXXXIV.

NOTHING more insolent than you in place:
And nothing more obliging in disgrace.
In place, you bow to none; scorn every soul;
'This fellow is a scrub; and that is dull.
'Tis, Dine with me,' 'Your servant, in disgrace;
—Is it then proper, you should have a place?

N. B. The 5th by Cowley.





MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.

LIBER QUINTUS.

XIII. *In Callistratum.*

SUM, fateor, sempérque fui, Callistrate, pauper,
Sed non obscurus, nec malè notus eques.

Sed toto legor orbe frequens, & dicitur, hic est:

Quódque cinis paucis, hoc mihi vita dedit.

At tua centenis incumbant tecta columnis,

Et libertinas arca flagellat opes:

Magnáque Niliacæ servit tibi gleba Syenes;

Tondet & innumeros Gallica Parma greges.

Hoc ego, túque sumus; sed quod sum, non potes esse:

Tu quod es, è populo quilibet esse potest.

XXIX. *Ad Aulum, de Mamercus.*

Ut bene loquatur, sentiátque Mamercus.

Efficere nullis, Aule, moribus possis:

Pietate



S E L E C T
E P I G R A M S
O F
M A R T I A L.
B O O K t h e F I F T H.

Epigram XIII.

I AM, I own, and ever have been poor,
But yet a gentleman, and not obscure.
Spread through the world my writings, and my name:
Few in the grave have reached my living fame.
You have a house on a vast colonnade:
More wealth, than merchant ever gained in trade:
Your farms in Evesham vale rich harvests crown:
Many your flocks which feed on Bansted down.
Such you and I: like me you cannot be:
Fortune may make a cobbler like to thee.

Ep XXIX.

To the best character he can't afford
One favourable thought, or civil word.

Could

Pietate fratres Curtios licet vincas,
 Quiete Nervas, comitate Rufones,
 Probitate Macros, æquitate Mauricos,
 Oratione Regulos, jocis Paullos :
 Rubiginosis cuncta dentibus rodit.
 Hominem malignum forsan esse tu credas :
 Ego esse miserum credo, cui placet nemo.

XLIII. *Amicis quod datur, non perire.*

CALLIDUS effractâ nummos fur auferet arcâ :
 Proster et patrios impia flamma Lares.
 Debitor usuram pariter, fortémque negabit :
 Non reddit sterilis femina jacta seges.
 Dispensatorem fallax spoliabit amica :
 Mercibus extructas obruet unda rates.
 Extra fortunam est, quidquid donatur amicis :
 Quas dederis, solas semper habebis opes.

XLIV. *De Thüide & Litaniâ.*

THAIS habet nigros, niveos Lecania, dentes.
 Quæ ratio est? emptos hæc habet, illa suos.

XLVIII. *De Philone.*

NUMQUAM se cœnasse domi Philo jurat ; & hoc est :
 Non cœnat, quoties nemo vocavit eum.

Could you a man, pious as Cranmer, find,
 Humble as Tillotson, as Hough resign'd ;
 Benevolent as Berkley, were there one ;
 Upright as Holt, polite as Addison ;
 Could one in eloquence with Somers vye ;
 Had Dorset's wit, or Pelham's probity ;
 Or could to one all these endowments fall ;
 Still would he snarl ; traduce and censure all.
 Seems he to you satyrical at worst ?
 I think, that man, whom none can please, is curs'd.

Ep. XLIII.

THIEVES may break locks, and with your cash retire :
 Your ancient seat may be consumed by fire :
 Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe :
 Or your ungrateful field the seed you sow ;
 You may be plundered by a jilting whore :
 Your ships may sink at sea with all their store :
 Who gives to friends, so much from Fate secures ;
 That is the only wealth for ever yours.

Ep. XLIV.

NELL's teeth are white ; but Betty's teeth are brown ;
 Hemmet's Nell's are : but Betty's are her own.

Ep. XLVIII.

Ned swears he never sups at home : then Ned,
 Not supping out, goes supperless to bed.

Ep. LIII.

LIII. *In Postumum.*

QUÆ mihi præstiteris, memini, semperque tenebo :
 Cur igitur taceo ? Postume, tu loqueris.
 Incipio quoties alicui tua dona referre,
 Protinus exclamat ; dixerat ipse mihi.
 Non bellè quædam faciunt duo : sufficit unus
 Huic operi : si vis, ut loquar, ipse tace.
 Crede mihi ; quamvis ingentia, Postume, dona
 Auctoris pereunt garrulitate sui.

LVII. *Ad Lupum.*

Cui tradas, Lupe, filium magistro
 Quæris sollicitus diu, rogâsque.
 Omnes grammaticosque rhetorasque
 Devites, moneo ; nihil fit illi
 Cum libris Ciceronis, aut Maronis.
 Famæ Tutilium suæ relinquat.
 Si versus facit, abdicet Poëtam.
 Artes discere vult pecuniosas ?
 Fac, discat, citharædus, aut choraules.
 Si duri puer ingenî videtur,
 Præconem facias, vel architectum.

LXI. *Ad detractorem.*

ALLATRES licet usque nos & usque,
 Et gannitibus improbis laceffas :
 Certum est hanc tibi pernegare famam,
 Olim quam petis in meis libellis,

Ep. LIII.

YOUR favours to me I remember well ;
 But do not mention them ; because you tell.
 Whenever I begin, I'm answer'd strait,
 ' I heard from his own mouth, what you relate.
 Two ill become the business but of one ;
 Be you but silent, I will speak alone.
 Great are your gifts ; but when proclaim'd around,
 The obligation dies upon the sound.

Ep. LVII.

You on one great concern your thoughts employ ;
 Still asking how to educate your boy.
 First, carefully avoid, if you are wise,
 All greek and latin masters, I advise.
 Let him both Cicero and Virgil shun ;
 Unless you wish him to be quite undone.
 Then, of a lad you never can have hope,
 Who verses makes, or reads a line in Pope.
 If he in gainful business would engage,
 Teach him to sing or play upon the stage.
 Or if he is too dull to be a player ;
 Teach him to job, and he may die a mayor.

Ep. LXI.

SNARL on : you never shall your purpose gain :
 What long you seek, you still shall seek in vain :
 Who aim at any, rather than no fame :
 I will not, to abuse you, use your name.

Qualiscumque legaris ut per orbem.
 Nam te cur aliquis sciat fuisse ?
 Ignotus pereas, miser, necesse est.
 Non deerunt tamen hâc in urbe forsan
 Unus, vel duo, trêsvè, quatuórve,
 Pellem rodere qui velint caninam.
 Nos hâc à scabie tenemus ungues.

LXII. *In Marianum.*

CRISPULUS iste quis est, uxori semper adhæret
 Qui, Mariane, tuæ ? crispulus iste quis est ?
 Nescio quid dominæ teneram qui garrit in aurem,
 Et fellam cubito dexteriore premit ?
 Per cujus digitos currit levis annulus omnes :
 Crura gerit nullo qui violata pilo ?
 Nil mihi respondes ? uxoris res agit, inquis,
 Iste meæ : sanè certus, & asper homo est :
 Procuratorem vultu qui præferat ipso ;
 Acrior hâc. Chius non erat Aufidius.
 O quàm dignus eras alapis, Mariane, Latini :
 Te successurum credo ego Panniculo.
 Rex uxoris agit ? res nullas Crispulus iste,
 Res non uxoris, res agit iste tuas.

LXIV. *Ad Ponticum.*

QUID sentis, inquis, de nostris, Marce, libellis ?
 Sic me sollicitus, Pontice, sæpe rogas.
 Admiror ; stupeo, nihil est perfectius illis :
 Ipse tuo cedit Regulus ingenio.

It never in my writings shall be seen,
 Or the world know, that such a wretch hath been.
 Try to make others angry, when you bellow,
 I scorn to meddle with a dirty fellow.

Ep. LXII.

Who is that beau? pray tell me, for you know;
 Still near your wife? pray tell me, who's that beau?
 Still pouring nonsense in her glowing ear;
 With his right elbow leaning on her chair;
 Who on his hand the sparkling brilliant wears;
 His hand almost as soft and white as hers?
 That man is, though he now so gay appears,
 A lawyer, who transacts my wife's affairs.
 A lawyer that! I vow, you make me stare!
 Surely lord Foppington's turn'd practiser!
 A lawyer that! you are a precious 'squire,
 Fit for a Gomez in the Spanish Fryar!
 Your wife's affairs! believe me, one so fine
 Transacts not her affairs, so much as thine,

Ep. LXIV.

OFTEN you ask, sollicitous as Bayes,
 That I would cast my eye upon your lays.
 I'm charm'd: astonish'd: nothing is so fine:
 'Tis Shakespear's spirit breathes in every line.

Think

Hoc sentis ? inquis ; faciat tibi sic bene Cæsar,
Sic Capitolinus Jupiter: imò tibi.

LXVII. *In Pontilianum.*

SÆPE salutatus, numquam prior ipse salutas :
Sic erit æternum, Pontiliane, vale.

LXXV. *De Pompeio & filiis.*

POMPEIOS juvenes Asia, atque Europa, sed ipsum
Terra tegit Libyes: si tamen ulla tegit.
Quid mirum, toto si spargitur orbe ? jacere
Uno non poterat tanta ruina loco.

LXXVII. *Ad Cinnam.*

PROFECIT pote Mithridates sæpe veneno,
Toxica ne possent sæva nocere sibi.
Tu quoque cavisti cœnando tam malè semper,
Ne posses unquam, Cinna, perire fame.

Think you so? say you; bless you for a true
Critic, as well as friend.—And God bless you.

Ep. LXVII.

I OFTEN bow; your hat you never stir:
So, once for all, your humble servant, Sir.

Ep. LXXV.

POMPEY'S dead sons Europe and Asia have:
Lybia, if any, was the father's grave.
The mighty ruin spread the world's wide face,
Too great to lie in any single place.

Ep. LXXVII.

THE king of Pontus, drinking poison still,
Attain'd the art to guard against the ill:
So you a like precaution do observe,
By dining always ill, to never starve.

N. B. The 20th and 58th by Cowley.



MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.

LIBER SEXTUS.

VIII. *Ad Severum.*

PRÆTORES duo, quatuor tribuni,
Septem causidici, decem Poëtæ,
Cujusdam modò nuptias petebant
A quodam sene. non moratus ille
Præconi dedit Eulogo puellam.
Dignum quid fatuø, Severe, fecit ?

XI. *In Marcum.*

Quòd non fit Pylades hóc tempore, non fit Orestes,
Miraris ? Pylades, Marce, bibebat idem.
Nec melior panis, turdúve dabatur Oresti :
Sed par, atque eadem cœna duobus erat.



S E L E C T
E P I G R A M S
O F
M A R T I A L.

BOOK the SIXTH.

Epigram VIII.

WE L S H judges two, four military men,
Seven noisy lawyers, Oxford scholars ten,
Were of an old man's daughter in pursuit.
Soon the curmudgeon ended the dispute,
By giving her unto a thriving grocer.
What think you? did he play the fool, or no, Sir?

Ep. XI.

WH E R E is there now a Pylades? you cry :
Act you Orestes' part, and he am I.
Their cup was common ; and it is averr'd,
They never supp'd, but each man had his bird.

You

Tu Lucrina voras : me pascit aquosa Peloris :
 Non minùs ingenua est & mihi, Marce, gula.
 Te Cadmea Tyros, me pinguis Gallia vestit :
 Vis te purpureum, Marce, sagatus amem ?
 Ut præstem Pyladem, aliquis mihi præstet Orestem.
 Hoc non fit verbis, Marce : ut ameris, ama.

XVIII. *Epitaphium Salonini, ad Priscum.*

SANCTA Salonini terris requiescit Iberis,
 Quâ melior Stygias non videt umbra domos.
 Sed lugere nefas ; nam qui te, Prisce, reliquit,
 Vivit, quâ voluit vivere parte magis.

XIX. *In Posthumum causidicum.*

NON de vi, neque cæde, nec veneno,
 Sed lis est mihi de tribus capellis,
 Vicini queror has abesse furto.
 Hoc iudex sibi postulat probari.
 Tu Cannas, Mithridaticumque bellum,
 Et perjuriam Punici furoris,
 Et Syllas, Mariosque, Mutiosque
 Magnâ voce sonas, manûque totâ.
 Jam dic, Postume, de tribus capellis.

XX. *In Phœbum.*

MUTUA te centum sestertia, Phœbe, rogavi :
 Cùm mihi dixisses, exigis ergo nihil?

Inquiris,

You feast on turbet, whilst I eat poor-jack :
 I like, as well as you, a glass of sack.
 Can I love you, in uncut velvet neat,
 In an old coat, that comes from Monmouth-street ?
 Be you a friend, if you a friend would prove :
 Fine words are vain ; love is the price of love.

Ep. XVIII.

OUR friend, who lately captive died in Spain,
 Went to the other world without a stain.
 To grieve is wrong ; for leaving you alive,
 He in his dearer part doth still survive.

Ep. XIX.

MY cause concerns nor battery, nor treason :
 I sue my neighbour for this only reason,
 That late three sheep of mine to pound he drove :
 This is the point, the court would have you prove.
 Concerning Magna Charta you run on ;
 And all the perjuries of old king John :
 Then of the Edwards, and Black Prince, you rant :
 And talk of John o' Stiles, and John o' Gaunt :
 With voice and hand a mighty pother keep.
 —Now, pray dear Sir, one word about the sheep,

Ep. XX.

You bid me take the freedom of a friend :
 I beg you but a hundred pound to lend ;

You

Inquiris, dubitas, cunctaris, méque diebus
Téque decem crucias: jam rogo, Phœbe, nega.

XXV. *Ad Marcellinum.*

MARCELLINE boni soboles sincera parentis,
Horrida Parrhasio quem tegit urfa jugo:
Ille vetus pro te patriúsque quod optat amicus,
Accipe, & hæc memori pectore vota tene:
Cauta fit ut virtus, nec te temerarius ardor
In medios enses, sæváque tela ferat.
Bella velint, Martémque ferum rationis egentes:
Tu potes & patriæ miles, & esse decus.

XXVII. *Ad Nepotem.*

Bis vicine nepos (nam tu quoque proxima Floræ
Incolis, & veteres tu quoque Ficelias)
Est tibi, quæ patrii signatur imagine vultûs,
Testis maternæ nata pudicitiae.
Tu tamen annofo nimiùm ne parce Falerno:
Et potiùs plenos ære relinque cados.
Sit pia, fit locuples, sed potet filia mustum;
Amphora cum dominâ nunc nova fiat anus.
Cæcuba non solos vindemia nutriat orbos:
Possunt & patres vivere, crede mihi.

XXVIII. XXIX. *Epitaphium Glauciae.*

LIBERTUS Melioris ille notus,
Totâ qui cecidit dolente Româ,

You shuffle, shift, delay, and we both lose
A fortnight's sleep:—I beg you to refuse.

Ep. XXV.

Thou true descendant of a worthy fire,
Whom in the field the Russian troops admire;
Take the advice, your friend at home thinks best;
And keep it like the military chest.
Let not your eager valour make you run
On a pike's point, or mouth of a great gun.
Thick sculls are best against a sabre: you
May guard your country, and may grace it too.

Ep. XXVII.

LET me exhort you, who my neighbour are,
As well in Yorkshire, as in Grosvenor-square;
And have a girl, your picture to the life,
Whose likeness is an honour to your wife;
Broach your best Burgundy, and never spare it;
Leave her a cask of guineas, not of claret:
Or should she, rich and virtuous, take a cup,
Let it be wine of her own nursing up.
I never can agree in any fort,
That batchelors drink claret, and you port.

Ep. XXVIII. XXIX.

LESS by his birth than by his merit known,
A favourite lamented by the town,

Cari deliciae breves patroni,
 Hôc sub marmore Glaucias humatus
 Juncto Flaminiae jacet sepulchro :
 Castus moribus, innocens pudore,
 Velox ingenio, decore felix.
 Bis senis modò messibus peractis
 Vix unum puer applicabat annum.
 Qui fles talia, nî fleas viator.
 Immodicis brevis est ætas, & rara senectus.
 Quidquid ames, cupias non placuisse nimis.

XXXII. *De morte Othonis.*

Cum dubitaret adhuc belli civilis Enyo,
 Forsitan & posset vincere mollis Otho :
 Damnavit multo staturum sanguine Martem,
 Et fodit certâ pectora nuda manu.
 Sit Cato, dum vivit, sanè vel Cæsare major :
 Dum moritur, numquid major Othone fuit ?

XXXIX. *In Cinnam.*

PATER ex Marullâ, Cinna, factus es septem,
 Non liberorum : namque nec tuus quispiam,
 Nec est amici, filiûsve vicini :
 Sed in grabatis tegetibûsque concepti
 Materno produnt capitibus suis furta.
 Hic qui retorto crine Maurus incedit,
 Sobolem fatetur esse se coci Santræ.
 At ille simâ nare, turgidis labris,

Of friends the exquisite but short-liv'd joy,
 Amongst the great interr'd, here lies a boy :
 A chaste behaviour, and a modest grace ;
 An early judgment; and a cherub's face.
 But soon, alas too soon ! his race was run !
 Scarce had he seen a thirteenth summer's fun !
 Ne'er may he grieve again, who drops a tear !
 Worth is short-lived ; then nothing hold too dear.

Ep. XXXII.

WHILST doubtful was the chance of civil war,
 And victory for Otho might declare ;
 That no more Roman blood for him might flow,
 He gave his breast the great decisive blow.
 Cæsar's superior you may Cato call :
 Was he so great an Otho in his fall ?

Ep. XXXIX.

'Tis a strange thing, but 'tis a thing well known,
 You seven children have, and yet have none :
 No genuine offspring, but a mongrel rabble,
 Sprung from the garret, hovel, barn, and stable.
 They every one proclaim their mother's shame :
 Look in their face, you read their father's name.
 This swarthy, flat-nos'd, Shock is Africk's boast ;
 His grandfire dwells upon the golden coast.

Ipsa est imago Pannici palæstritæ.
 Pistoris esse tertium, quis ignorat,
 Quicumque lippum novit & videt Damam ?
 Quartus cinædâ fronte, candido vultu,
 Ex concubino natus est tibi Lygdo :
 Præcide, si vis, filium, nefas non est.
 Hunc verò acuto capite, & auribus longis,
 Quæ sic moventur, ut solent asellorum,
 Quis morionis filium neget Cyrrhæ ?
 Duæ sorores ; illa nigra, & hæc rufa,
 Croti choraulæ, villicique sunt Carpi.
 Jámque hybridarum grex tibi foret plenus,
 Si spado Corefus, Dindymúsque non esset.

XLIII. *Ad Castricum.*

Dum tibi felices indulgent, Castrice, Baiaë :
 Canaque sulphureis nympha natatur aquis :
 Me Nomentani confirmant otia ruris,
 Et casa jugeribus non onerosa suis.
 Hic mihi Baiani Soles, mollisque Lucrinus ;
 Hic vestrae mihi sunt, Castrice, divitiæ.
 Quondam laudatas quocunque libebat ad undas
 Currere, nec longas pertimuisse vias.
 Nunc urbi vicina juvant, facilisque recessus,
 Et satis est, pigro si licet esse mihi.

LXV. *Ad Tuccam.*

Hexametris epigrammata facis, scio dicere Tuccam :
 Tucca, solet fieri ; denique, Tucca, licet.

The second is the squinting butler's lad ;
 And the third lump dropp'd from the gardener's spade.
 As like the carter this, as he can stare :
 That has the footman's pert and forward air.
 Two girls with raven and with carrot pate ;
 This the postillion's is, the coachman's that.
 The steward and the groom old hurts difable,
 Or else two branches more had graced your table.

Ep. XLIII.

WHILE you at Bath indulge each happy day,
 In bathing, drinking, dancing, or at play ;
 I at Barn-Elms a villa have of late,
 Healthy, and not too large for my estate.
 And here am I as rich, as you can be ;
 'Tis Bath, 'tis Tunbridge, every thing to me.
 Once every public place was my abode ;
 Nor was I better pleas'd than on the road.
 Now like a house, to which with ease I go ;
 And to be idle, find enough to do.

Ep. LXV.

WHAT? in long verse write epigrams? say you.
 I say, 'tis usual, and 'tis lawful too.

Sed tamen hoc longum est. solet hoc quoque, *Tucca*, licetque:

Si breviora probas, disticha sola legas.

Conveniat nobis: ut fas epigrammata longa

Sit transire tibi; scribere, *Tucca*, mihi.

LXX. *Ad Martianum.*

SEXAGESIMA, *Martiane*, messis

Acta est, & puto, jam secunda *Cottæ*;

Nec se tædia lectuli calentis

Expertum meminit die vel uno.

Ostendit digitum, sed impudicum,

Alconti, *Dasióque*, *Symmachóque*,

At nostri bene computentur anni,

Et, quantum tetricæ tulere febres,

Aut languor gravis, aut mali dolores,

A vitâ meliore separentur:

Infantes fumus, & fenes videmur.

Ætatem *Priamíque*, *Nestorísque*

Longam qui putat esse, *Martiane*,

Multùm decipitúrque, fallitúrque.

Non est vivere, sed valere, vita.

Then, they are long. This too is law and use,
 If you like short; do you the distichs chuse.
 Let us agree; the bargain does no hurt;
 I may write long; and you may read the short.

Ep. LXX.

If I judge right, our good old friend Sir John
 Next spring is sixty-three, or thereupon.
 Yet it was never known, I've heard it said,
 That in his life he one day kept his bed:
 Nor ever, but in joke, held out his pulse,
 To Sloane, to Mead, to Wilmot, or to Hulse.
 If from our life's account, we should strike out
 The hours we lose by fevers, or the gout,
 By spleen, by head-ach, every other ill;
 Though we seem old, we are but children still.
 If any think Priam or Nestor old,
 Though o'er the last three centuries had rolled,
 They're much deceiv'd; for sense and reason tell,
 That life is only life, when we are well.



M A R T I A L I S
 E P I G R A M M A T A
 S E L E C T A.
 L I B E R S E P T I M U S.

III. *Ad Pontilianum.*

CUR non mitto meos tibi, Pontiliane, libellos?
 Ne mihi tu mittas, Pontiliane, tuos.

IX. *De Casselio.*

CUM sexaginta numeret Casselius annos,
 Ingeniosus homo est: quando disertus erit?

X. *In Olum.*

PÆDICATUR Eros, fellat Linus: Ole, quid ad te,
 De cute quid faciant ille, vel ille, suâ?
 Centenis futuit Matho millibus: Ole, quid ad te?
 Non tu propterea, sed Matho pauper erit.



S E L E C T
E P I G R A M S
 O F
M A R T I A L.

B O O K the S E V E N T H.

Epigram III.

YOU ask me, why I have no verses sent?
 For fear you should return the compliment.

Ep. IX.

IF at threescore he lawyer do commence;
 Say, at what age he'll be a man of sense.

Ep. X.

JACK and Tom haunt each bawdy-house in town;
 What's that to you? Is not their skin their own?
 Harry at vast expence maintains a whore:
 What's that you? 'Tis Harry will grow poor.

In lucem cœnat Sertorius : Ole, quid ad te ?

Cùm liceat totâ stertere nocte tibi.

Septingenta Tito debet Lupus : Ole, quid ad te ?

Affem ne dederis, crediderisve Lupo.

Illud dissimulas, ad te quod pertinet, Ole,

Quódque magis curæ convenit esse tuæ.

Pro togulâ debes : hoc ad te pertinet, Ole.

Quadrantem nemo jam tibi credet : & hoc.

Uxor mœcha tibi est : hoc ad te pertinet, Ole.

Poscit jam dotem filia grandis : & hoc.

Dicere quindecies poteram, quod pertinet ad te :

Sed quid agis, ad me pertinet, Ole, nihil.

XXV. *In malum poëtam.*

DULCIA cùm tantùm scribas epigrammata semper,

Et ceruffatâ candidiora cute :

Nullâque mica falis, nec amari fellis in illis

Gutta fit, ô demens ! vis tamen illa legi.

Nec cibus ipse juvat morfu fraudatus aceti :

Nec grata est facies, cui gelasinus abest.

Infanti melimela dato, fatuâsque mariscas :

Nam mihi, quæ novit pungere, Chia sapit.

XXVII. *De apro sibi à Dextro misso.*

TUSCÆ glandis aper populator, & ilice multâ

Jam piger, Ætolæ fama secunda feræ,

Quem meus intravit splendenti cuspide Dexter ;

Præda jacet nostris invidiosa focus.

Ned spends the nights in gaming and in riot :
 What's that to you ? Cannot you sleep in quiet ?
 Dick owes five hundred pound unto a friend :
 What's that to you ? Does Dick ask you to lend ?
 Do you forget, what is your own affair ?
 Of what it more becomes you to take care ?
 'Tis your affair, to pay for your own coat :
 As 'tis, that none will trust you for a groat,
 'Tis your affair, that your wife goes astray :
 As 'tis, your daughter's portion soon to pay.
 Thousands are your affairs, which I decline
 To name ; for what you do is none of mine.

Ep. XXV.

In all the epigrams you write, we trace
 The sweetness, and the candour of your face.
 Think you, a reader will for verses call,
 Without one grain of salt, or drop of gall ?
 'Tis vinegar gives relish to our food :
 A face that cannot smile, is never good.
 Smooth tales, like sweet-meats, are for children fit :
 High-season'd, like my dishes, be my wit.

Ep. XXVII.

SURELY, Sir John, you must have been in liquor,
 To send a buck unto a country vicar :
 The fattest too, that you have shot this season.
 It crouds my kitchen up beyond all reason.

Pinguescant madido tetri nidore Penates,
 Flagret & exciso festa culina jugo.
 Sed coquus ingentem piperis consumet acervum,
 Addet & arcano mista Falerna garo.
 Ad dominum redeas : noster te non capit ignis,
 Conturbator aper. viliùs esurio.

XXVIII. *Ad Fuscum.*

Sic Tiburtinæ crescat tibi sylva Dianæ,
 Et properet cæsum sæpe redire nemus.
 Nec Tartessiacis Pallas tua, Fusce, trapetis
 Cedat, & immodici dent bona musta lacus.
 Sic fora mirentur, sic te Pallatia laudent,
 Excolat & geminas plurima palma fores :
 Otia dum medius præstat tibi parva December,
 Exige, sed certâ, quos legis, aure jocos.
 Scire libet verum : res est hæc ardua : sed tu
 Quod tibi vis dici, dicere, Fusce, potes.

XXXI. *Ad Regulum.*

RAUCÆ cortis aves, & ova matrum,
 Et flavas medio vapore Chias,
 Et fœtum querulæ rudem capellæ,
 Nec jam frigoribus pares olivas,
 Et canum gelidis olus pruinis
 De nostro tibi rure missa credis?

O quàm,

To dress it, I should build my chimney new :
 Without a cook, should borrow one of you.
 It would consume almost a cord of wood :
 Much wine and spice, to make the patty good.
 If I invite my parish ; without doubt,
 They would confound a hoghead of my stout.
 Then take it back ; for here it can't be dress'd :
 And it is Ember-week ; to fast is best.

Ep. XXVIII.

Soon may your new-cut coppices revive ;
 And your new-planted grove and garden thrive ;
 May laughing Ceres dance around your fields ;
 And your press flow with gifts Pomona yields ;
 May you a fee receive in every cause ;
 And hall, and houses hear you with applause ;
 If in the time the long vacations lend,
 You read my jokes, and censure as a friend.
 I want the truth, still backward to appear :
 Tell me, what you yourself would freely hear.

Ep. XXXI.

If I by chance a pullet have with egg :
 Of Christmas-lamb if I produce a leg ;
 With winter pease or 'sparagus I treat ;
 You think them sent me from my country seat.]

But

O quàm, Regule, diligenter erras!
 Nil nostri, nisi me, ferunt agelli.
 Quidquid villicus UMBER, aut colonus,
 Aut rus marmore tertio notatum,
 Aut Tusci tibi, Tusculive mittunt,
 Id tota mihi nascitur Suburrâ.

XXXIX. *De Cælio.*

DISCURSUS varios, vagumque mané,
 Et fastus, & ave potentiorum,
 Cùm perferre patique jam negaret;
 Cœpit fingere Cælius podagram.
 Quam dum vult nimis approbare veram,
 Et fanas linet obligatque plantas,
 Inceditque gradu laborioso;
 Quantum cura potest, & ars doloris!
 Desit fingere Cælius podagram.

XLIII. *In Cinna.*

PRIMUM est, ut præstes, si quid te, Cinna, rogabo:
 Illud deinde sequens, ut citò, Cinna, neges.
 Diligo præstantem; non odi, Cinna, negantem;
 Sed tu nec præstas, nec citò, Cinna, negas.

XLIV. *De imagine Maximi Cæsonii, ad Q. Ovidium.*

MAXIMUS ille tuus, Ovidi, Cæsonius hic est;
 Cujus adhuc vultum vivida cera tenet.

Hunc

But you're deceiv'd; for you must understand,
 I am my only stock upon my land.
 What Darking sends, in Leadenhall I found;
 In Covent-garden more than Chelsea ground.

Ep. XXXIX.

His lordship's mornings were in hurry spent,
 What with a levee, news, and compliment;
 That his good lordship was quite wearied out;
 And for his ease gave out he had the gout.
 'Tis fit a man of honour should say true:
 To shew he did, what did his lordship do?
 His foot, not founder'd, he in flannels bound;
 Limp'd on a crutch; nor touch'd with toe the ground.
 What may not man with care and art obtain!
 By feigning, long, his lordship did not feign.

Ep. XLIII.

THE kindest thing of all is to comply:
 The next kind thing is quickly to deny:
 I love performance; nor denial hate:
 Your Shall I, Shall I, is the cursed state.

Ep. XLIV.

SEE your great friend Cæsonius, who is gone!
 His likeness seem to animate the stone!

Whom

Hunc Nero damnavit : sed tu damnare Neronem

Aufus es, & profugi, non tua, fata sequi.

Æquora per Scyllæ magnus comes exulis îsti :

Qui modò nolueras consulis ire comes.

Si victura meis mandantur nomina chartis,

Et fas est cineri me superesse meo :

Audiet hoc præfens, venturâque turba ; fuisse

Illi te, Senecæ quod fuit ille suo.

XLVI. *Ad Priscum.*

COMMENDARE tuum dum vis mihi carmine munus,

Mæonióque cupis doctiùs ore loqui :

Excrucias multis pariter me téque diebus :

Et tua de nostro, Prisce, Thalia placet.

Divitibus poteris musas, elegósque fonantes

Mittere : pauperibus munera pexa dato.

XLVII. *Ad Licinium Suram.*

DOCTORUM Licini celeberrime Sura virorum,

Cujus prisca graves lingua reduxit avos :

Redderis (heu) quanto fatorum munere nobis,

Gustatâ Lethes penè remissus aquâ !

Perdiderant jam vota metum, securâque flebant

Tristia cum lacrymis : jámque peractus eras.

Non tulit invidiam taciti regnator Averni,

Et raptas fatis reddidit ipse colos.

Scis igitur, quantas hominum mors falsa querelas

Moverit, & frueris posteritate tuâ.

Whom Nero censur'd, spight of tyrant's hate,
You dar'd acquit, and dar'd to share his fate.
You, who refus'd a consul to attend,
Attend through dangerous seas an exil'd friend.
If any names shall in my writings live ;
Or if my own my ashes shall survive ;
Let it in every future age be said,
His love to Seneca that you repaid.

Ep. XLVI.

I UNDERSTAND, to send me you design
A present of fine verses, with your wine.
Why will you crack your brain ; and break my rest ;
And make of me your idle Clio's jest ?
Send rhymes to peers, to poor men send your treasure :
They may, I cannot, wait the muses' leisure.

Ep. XLVII.

O DOCTOR, learn'd as ever fill'd a chair ;
Whose doctrine's primitive, and life is fair ;
What an amazing providence did save,
And thus recall you, from the opening grave !
We cease to pray ; despairing we deplore ;
Our tears burst out ; we cry, ' He is no more !
Kind heaven relented ere it was too late :
And sent an angel to retard your fate.
Conscious, what sorrow from this rumour came,
You now inherit your own future fame.

Vive velut raptò, fugitiváque gaudia carpe :
 Perdiderit nullum vita reversa diem.

LXV. *In Gargilianum.*

Lis te bis decimæ numerantem frigora brumæ
 Conterit una tribus, Gargiliane, foris.
 Ah miser, & demens ! viginti litigat annis
 Quisquam, cui vinci, Gargiliane, licet ?

LXXVI. *Ad Philomusum.*

Quòd te diripiunt potentiores
 Per convivia, porticus, theatra,
 Et tecum, quoties ita incidisti,
 Gestari juvat, & juvat lavari :
 Nolito nimium tibi placere.
 Delectas, Philomuse : non amaris.

XCVIII. *Ad Castorem.*

OMNIA, Castor, emis : sic fiet, ut omnia vendas.

Lose not one day, that was so kindly given :
Employ each well, in gratitude to heaven.

Ep. LXV.

FOR twice ten years you to the hall resort ;
And now pursue your cause in the third court.
Would any madman let a process last
For twenty years, who sooner could be cast ?

Ep. LXXVI.

ALL the great men take you away
To dinner, coffee-house, or play.
Nor happier are, than when you chance
To hunt with them, or take a dance.
Yet do not pride yourself too soon :
You're not a friend, but a buffoon.

Ep. XCVIII.

You purchase every thing, which makes it plain
That every thing you soon will sell again.

N. B. The 101st in the Spectator, No. 52.



MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.

LIBER OCTAVUS.

V. *Ad Macrum.*

DUM donas, Macer, annulos puellis;
Desisti, Macer, annulos habere.

VI. *In Euctum.*

ARCHETYPIS vetuli nihil est odiosius Eucti,

Ficta Saguntino cymbia malo luto.

Argenti furiosa sui cùm stemmata narrat

Garrulus, & verbis mucida vina facit.

Laomedontæ fuerant hæc pocula mensæ;

Ferret ut hæc, muros struxit Apollo lyrâ.

Hoc cratere ferox commisit prælia Rhæcus

Cum Lapithis; pugna debile cernis opus.



S E L E C T
E P I G R A M S
O F
M A R T I A L.

B O O K the E I G H T H.

Epigram V.

YOU give so many girls a ring ;
That you yourself have no such thing.

Ep. VI.

In leathern jack to drink much less I hate,
Than in Sir William's antique set of plate.
He tells the gasconading pedigree,
Till the wine turns insipid too as he.
This tumbler, in the world the oldest the toy,
Says he, was brought by Brute himself from Troy.
That handled cup, and which is larger far,
A present to my father from the Czar :
See how 'tis bruis'd, and the work broken off ;
'Twas when he flung it at prince Menzicoff.

The

Hi duo longævo censentur Nestore fundi :
 Pollici de Pylio trita columba nitet.
 Hic scyphus est, in quo misceri jussit amicis
 Largius Æacides vividiúsque merum.
 Hâc propinavit Bytiæ pulcherrima Dido
 In paterâ, Phrygio cùm data cœna viro est.
 Miratus fueris cùm prisca toreumata multùm,
 In Priami cyathis Aftyanaëta bibes.

X. *De Basso.*

EMIT lacernas millibus decem Bassus
 Tyrias coloris optimi. lucrificit.
 Adeò bene emit ? inquis. imò non solvit.

XII. *Ad Priscum.*

UXOREM quare locupletem ducere nolim,
 Quæritis ? uxori nubere nolo meæ :
 Inferior matrona suo fit, Prisce, marito :
 Non aliter fuerint fœmina virque pares.

XIV. *In crudelem amicum,*

PALLIDA ne Cilicum timeant pomaria brumam,
 Mordeat et tenerum fortior aura nemus :
 Hybernis objecta notis specularia pueros
 Admittunt soles, & sinè fæce diem.
 At mihi cella datur, non totâ clausa fenestrâ,
 In quâ nec Boreas ipse manere velit.

Sic

The other with the cover, which is less,
 Was once the property of good queen Bess:
 In it she pledg'd duke d'Alençon, then gave it
 To Drake, my wife's great uncle: so we have it.
 The bowl, the tankard, flagon, and the beaker,
 Were my great-grandfather's, when he was speaker.
 What pity 'tis, that plate so old and fine,
 Should correspond no better with the wine.

Ep. X.

His lordship bought his last gay birth-day dress,
 And gay it was, for fourscore pound, or less.
 Is he so good at buying cheap? you say:
 Extremely good: for he does never pay.

Ep. XII.

A FORTUNE take for better and for worse!
 I would not have grey mare the better horse.
 For when the woman is inferior far,
 'Tis then that man and wife are on the par.

Ep. XIV.

YOUR oranges and myrtles, with what cost,
 You guard against the nipping winds and frost!
 The absent sun the constant stoves repair:
 Windows admit his beams without the air.
 My garret too hath windows, but not glasses:
 Where Boreas never stays, but often passes.

Sic habitare jubes veterem crudelis amicum ?
Arboris ergo tuæ tutior hospes ero.

XVII. *Ad Sextum.*

EGI, Sexte, tuam, pactus duo millia, causam.
Mifisti nummos quot mihi? mille. quid est ?
Narrâsti nihil, inquis, & à te perdita causa est :
Tanto plus debes, Sexte, quòd erubui.

XVIII. *Ad Cirinium.*

Sic tua, Cirini, promas epigrammata vulgo,
Vel mecum possis, vel prior ipse legi :
Sed tibi tantus inest veteris respectus amici,
Carior ut mea sit quàm tua fama tibi.
Sic Maro nec Calabri tentavit carmina Flacci,
Pindaricos nôset cùm superare modos :
Et Vario cessit Romani laude cothurni,
Cùm posset tragico fortiùs ore loqui.
Aurum, & opes, & rura frequens donabit amicus :
Qui velit ingenio cedere, rarus erit.

XIX. *De Cinnâ.*

PAUPER videri Cinna vult ; & est pauper.

XX. *Ad Varum.*

CUM facias versus nullâ non luce ducenos,
Vare, nihil recitas : non sapiis, atque sapiis.

XXIII. *Ad*

For shame ! to let an old acquaintance freeze !
I had much better live amongst your trees.

Ep. XVII.

You said, ten guineas, when your cause was done :
What ? do you think to fobb me off with one ?
Now you pretend, that I could nothing say.
The more you owe, my blushes to repay.

Ep. XVIII.

In epigram so happy is your strain,
You might be read, and I might write in vain :
But your regard to friendship so sincere,
Your own applause, than mine, you hold less dear.
So Maro left to Flaccus Pindar's flight,
Able himself to soar a nobler height :
And warm'd with a superior tragic rage,
To Varius gave the honour of the stage.
Friends oft to friends in other points submit ;
Few yield the glory of the field in wit.

Ep. XIX.

When Cinna to be poor pretends,
He's no pretender : between friends.

Ep. XX.

You make two hundred verses in a trice ;
But publish none : — The man is mad and wife.

F

Ep. XXIII.

XXIII. *Ad Rusticum.*

Esse tibi videor sævus, nimiùmque gulofus,
 Qui propter cœnam, Rustice, cædo cocum?
 Si levis ista tibi flagrorum causa videtur,
 Ex quâ vis causâ vapulet ergo cocus?

XXVII. *Ad Gaurum.*

MUNERA qui tibi dat locupleti, Gaure, fenique,
 Si sapias & sentis, hic tibi ait: morere.

XXIX. *de Distichis.*

DISTICHA qui scribit, puto, vult brevitate placere.
 Quid prodest brevitatis, dic mihi, si liber est?

XXXV. *In pessimos conjuges.*

CUM sitis similes, parésque vitâ,
 Uxor pessima, pessimus maritus;
 Miror, non bene convenire vobis.

XXXVII. *Ad Polycarum.*

Quòd Cajetano reddis, Polycarme, tabellas,
 Millia te centum num tribuisse putas?
 Debuit hæc, inquis. tibi habe, Polycarme, tabellas,
 Et Cajetano millia crede duo.

XXXVIII. *Ad Meliorem.*

Qui præstat pietate pertinaci
 Sensuro bona liberalitatis,

Ep. XXIII.

You take me for a glutton, and a finner,
Who beat my cook for spoiling of my dinner.
If, as a trifling cause, on this you look;
Tell me a better cause to beat a cook.

Ep. XXVII.

You'RE rich and old: to you they presents send:
Don't you perceive, they bid you die, my friend?

Ep. XXIX.

You hope, in distichs brevity may please:
A book of distichs gives us no great ease.

Ep. XXXV.

Both man and wife as bad, as bad can be:
I wonder, they no better should agree.

Ep. XXXVII.

You gave Jack up his judgment and his bond:
Have you then given Jack a hundred pound?
You say, he ow'd it: he will both restore,
Let him but owe you for a hundred more.

Ep. XXXVIII.

PRESENTS to living friends may have an eye
To greater favours, or a legacy.

100. EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA. Lib. VIII.

Captet forsitan, aut vicem reposcat :
At si quis dare nomini relicto
Post manes, tumulumque perseveret,
Quærit quid, nisi parcius dolere ?
Refert sis bonus, an velis videri.
Præstas hoc, Melior, Yciente famâ :
Qui sollennibus anxius sepulti
Nomen non finis interire Blæsi ;
Et de munificâ profusus arcâ
Ad natalitium diem colendum,
Scribarum memori piæque turbæ
Quod donas, facis ipse Blæfianum.
Hoc longum tibi vita dum manebit,
Hoc & post cineres erit tributum.

XLI. *Ad Faustinum.*

TRISTIS Athenagoras non misit munera nobis,
Quæ medio brumæ mittere mense solet.
An sit Athenagoras tristis, Faustine, videbo :
Me certè tristem fecit Athenagoras.

XLIII. *In Fabium & Chrestillam.*

EFFERT uxores Fabius, Chrestilla maritos ;
Funereámque toris quassat uterque facem.
Victores committe Venus : quos iste manebit
Exitus, una duos ut Libitina ferat.

Expences, lavish'd after their decease,
 May be perhaps to give our sorrows ease.
 Perhaps 'tis vanity: 'tis not the same,
 To covet and to merit a good name.
 All know, each year you costly tribute pay,
 To celebrate great William's natal day.
 All know, immortal is his memory.
 Can you then fear, his memory may die?
 Illuminations, liquor to the town,
 Add not to his, but may to your renown.
 The tale may now among your neighbours spread;
 But soon will die away, when you are dead.

Ep. XLI.

You'RE sorry, you forgot to send, you say,
 My usual present upon New-year's day.
 Whether you sorry are, 'tis time must shew:
 It certain is, that you have made me so.

Ep. XLIII.

FIVE wives hath he dispatch'd, the husbands five:
 By both alike the undertakers thrive,
 Venus assist! let them join hands in troth!
 And then one funeral may serve them both.

XLIV. *Ad Titulum.*

TITULLE, moneo, vive semper ; hoc serum est :
 Sub pædagogo cœperis licet, serum est.
 At tu, miser Titulle, nec senex vivis :
 Sed omne limen conteris salutator,
 Et manè sudas urbis osculis udus,
 Foroque triplici sparsus ante equos omnes,
 Ædémque Martis, & Colosson Augusti
 Curris per omnes tertiásque, quinctiásque.
 Rape, congere, aufer, posside : relinquendum est.
 Superba densis arca palleat nummis,
 Centum explicentur paginæ Calendarum :
 Jurabit hæres, te nihil reliquisse,
 Supraque pluteum te jacente, vel saxum,
 Fartus papyro dum tibi torus crescit,
 Flentes superbus basiabit eunuchos ;
 Tuoque tristis filius, velis nolis,
 Cum concubino nocte dormiet primâ.

LIII. *In Catullam.*

FORMOSISSIMA quæ fuere, vel sunt,
 Sed vilissima quæ fuere, vel sunt,
 O quàm te fieri, Catulla, vellem
 Formosam minùs, aut magis pudicam !

Ep. XLIV.

'Tis late: begin to live, old gentleman:
It would be late, if you at school began.
You a long race of misery have run;
But have not yet the race of life begun.
Your every morning is in labour spent,
This man to dun, or that to compliment.
With dirty stockings you to Hall resort,
A well-known party now in every court.
Through every quarter of the town you range,
Guild-hall, the Bank, the Custom-house, the Change.
Heap, scrape, oppress, use every fraudulent art;
Oh! dismal thought! your wealth and you must part!
Of cash and mortgages though huge your store.
Your graceless son will wonder 'tis no more.
And when the plumes shall o'er your coffin wave,
And sables' venal train attend your grave,
Chief mourner he, and heir to your embrace,
Shall with your whore that night supply your place.

Ep. LIII.

So very fair! and yet so very common!
Would you were plainer! or a better woman!

LVI. *Ad Flaccum.*

TEMPORIBUS nostris ætas cùm cedat avorum,

Creverit & major cum duce Roma suo :

Ingenium sacri miraris abesse Maronis,

Nec quemquam tantâ bella sonare tubâ.

Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones;

Virgiliúmque tibi vel tua rura dabunt.

Jugera perdiderat miseræ vicina Cremonæ,

Flebat & abductas Tityrus æger oves.

Risit Tuscus eques, paupertatémque malignam

Repulit, & celeri jussit abire fugâ.

Accipe divitias, & vatum maximus esto :

Tu licet & nostrum, dixit, Alexin ames.

Adstabat domini mensis pulcherrimus ille,

Marmoreâ fundens nigra Falerna manu ;

Et libata dabat roseis carchesia labris,

Quæ poterant ipsum sollicitare Jovem.

Excidit attonito pinguis Galatea poëtæ,

Thestylis & rubras messibus usta genas :

Protinus Italiam concepit, & arma virúmque,

Qui modò vix Culicem fleverat ore rudi.

Quid Varos, Marsósque loquar, ditatáque vatum :

Nomina, magnus erit quos numerare labor ?

Ergo ero Virgilius, si munera Mæcenatis

Des mihi ? Virgilius non ero, Marsus ero.

Ep. LVI.

SINCE never was an age so happy yet ;
So great the nation or the prince so great ;
You wonder, that no Addisons remain,
No bard to sing a fortunate Campaign.
Let but Mæcenas, Virgil will, revive :
Ev'n your own villa may a Virgil give.
When Tityrus bewail'd his flocks so dear ;
And to Cremona farms, alas ! too near ;
Benevolently smil'd the Tuscan knight ;
And put malignant Poverty to flight.
A poet be, and take my purse, he said ;
Take what you like ; take ev'n my favourite maid :
Attendant at his board the damsel stands ;
And fills his claret with her lilly hands ;
Sips it with rosy lips, which might inspire
With wanton thoughts the virtue of a friar.
Fat Galatea haunts his soul no more ;
Nor Thestilis, his sun-burnt country whore.
He, who once humble themes pursued, then sung
' Arms and the man, whence Roman grandeur sprung.
' Twere endless to recount each laurel'd shade
Rich and immortal by such bounty made.
I'll Virgil be, might I like favours hope :
No : 'tis not Virgil I will be, but Pope.

LIX. *In luscum furem.*

ADSPICIS hunc uno contentum lumine, cujus
 Lippa sub attritâ fronte lacuna patet?
 Ne contemne caput, nihil est furacius illo:
 Non fuit Autolyçi tam piceata manus.
 Hunc tu convivam cautus servare memento:
 Tunc furit, atque oculo luscus utroque videt.
 Pocula folliciti perdunt ligulasque ministri,
 Et latet in tepido plurima mappa sinu.
 Lapsa nec à cubito subducere pallia nescit,
 Et tectus lænis sæpe duabus abit.
 Nec dormitantem vernam fraudare lucernâ
 Erubuit fallax, ardeat illa licet.
 Si nihil invasit, puerum tunc arte dolosâ
 Circuit, & soleas furripit ipse suas.

LXVII. *In Cæcilianum.*

HORAS quinque puer nondum tibi nunciat, & tu
 Jam conviva mihi, Cæciliane, venis.
 Cùm modò distulerint raucæ vadimonia chartæ,
 Et Floralicias lasset arena feras.
 Curre, age, & illotos revoca, Caliste, ministros;
 Sternantur lecti: Cæciliane, sede.
 Caldam poscis aquam; sed nondum frigida venit:
 Alget adhuc nudo clausa culina foco.
 Manè veni potiùs. nam cur te quinta moretur?
 Ut jentes, serò, Cæciliane, venis.

Ep. LIX.

SEE you that fellow, with a harden'd front,
 One eye with patch, and one with knave upon't?
 Revere in him the captain of the band
 Once rul'd by Wild; more glewy is his hand.
 At table with him, take care what you do;
 His eye will be more watchful than your two.
 He'll make the servants hunt for spoons; and clap ✓
 His napkin in his breeches, not his lap. ✓
 Whip up a handkerchief, that's fallen down:
 Or slip another joseph on his own.
 His own portmanteau carry off unseen;
 And charge it on the master of the inn.

Ep. LXVII.

YOU as my guest appear, when 'tis not One
 By Paul's, or any other clock in town.
 The courts at Westminster are sitting still:
 The Speaker has not read one private bill.
 Make haste, good John, and never mind your hair ✓
 But lay the cloth; and set us each a chair. ✓
 Bring us the soupe.—There is no water yet.
 Where is the lamb?—It is not on the spit.
 You should be earlier, Sir; till noon why wait?
 You come to breakfast most extremely late.

Ep. LXVIII.

LXVIII. *Ad Entellum.*

QUI Corcyraei vidit pomaria regis,
 Rus, Entelle, tuæ præferat ille domûs.
 Invida purpureos urat ne bruma racemos,
 Et gelidum Bacchi munera frigus edat;
 Condita perspicuâ vivit vindemia gemmâ,
 Et tegitur felix, nec tamen uva latet.
 Fœmineum lucet sic per bombycina corpus:
 Calculus in nitidâ sic numeratur aquâ.
 Quid non ingenio voluit natura licere?
 Autumnum sterilis ferre jubetur hyems.

LXIX. *In Vacerram.*

MIRARIS veteres, Vacerra, solos,
 Nec laudas nisi mortuos poëtas.
 Ignoscas petimus, Vacerra: tanti
 Non est, ut placeam tibi, perire.

LXXIV. *In malum medicum.*

HOPLOMACHUS nunc es, fueras ophthalmichus antè:
 Fecisti medicus, quod facis hoplomachus.

LXXV. *De Gallo Lingono.*

DUM repetit serâ conductos nocte penates
 Lingonus à rectâ Flaminiâque recens:
 Expulit offenso vitiatum pollice talum,
 Et jacuit toto corpore fusus humi.

Quid

Ep. LXVIII.

HE, who hath seen the gardens at Versailles,
When he sees yours, will think their beauty fails.
Here, lest the purple branch be scorched by frost,
And Bacchus' gifts by cold devouring lost,
Shut in the glass the living vintage lies,
Securely cloath'd, yet naked to the eyes:
Through finest lace so female graces beam;
Pebbles are counted in the lucid stream.
What will not Nature yield to human skill?
When steril winter shall be autumn still.

Ep. LXIX.

THE ancients all your veneration have:
You like no poet on this side the grave.
Yet, pray, excuse me; if to please you, I
Can hardly think it worth my while to die.

Ep. LXXIV.

A DOCTOR lately was a captain made: ✓
It is a change of title, not of trade. ✓

Ep. LXXV.

TOM about One was from the tavern come:
And with his load through Fleet-street reeling home;
Striking his toe against the Lord knows what,
Into the kennel he directly shot.

What

NO EPIGRAMMATA SELECTA. Lib. VIII.

Quid faceret Gallus, quâ se ratione moveret ?

Ingenti domino servulus unus erat,

Tam macer, ut minimam posset vix ferre lucernam :

Succurrit misero casus, opémque tulit.

Quatuor inscripti portabant vile cadaver,

Accipit infelix qualia mille rogas.

Hos comes invalidus submissâ voce precatur,

Ut, quocumque velint, corpus inane ferant.

Permutatur onus, stipatâque tollitur altè

Grandis in angustâ sarcina sandapilâ.

Hic mihi de multis unus, Lucane, videtur :

Cui meritò dici, *mortue Galle*, potest,

LXXVI. *In Gallicum.*

Dic verum mihi, Marce, dic amabò :

Nil est, quod magis audiam libenter :

Sic & cùm recitas tuos libellos,

Et causam quoties agis clientis,

Oras, Gallice, me rogâsque semper.

Durum est me tibi, quod petis, negare.

Vero verius ergò quid fit, audi :

Verum, Gallice, non libenter audis.

LXXIX. *In Fabullam.*

OMNES aut vetulas habes amicas,

Aut turpes, vetulisque fœdiores :

Has ducis comites, trahisque tecum

Per convivia, porticus, theatra.

Sic formosa, Fabulla, sic puella es.

LXXXI. *De*

What must Tom do? he could not stir or speak :
 One only lad he had ; and he so weak,
 He scarce could bear his cloak ; and wanted might
 To set the fallen monument upright,
 But Tom's kind stars did present help supply :
 By chance an empty horse was passing by :
 The lad screams out, ' Good gentlemen, I pray,
 ' One moment stop, and take a corps away.
 There's no great ceremony with the dead :
 They squeeze him in, no matter, heels or head.
 Thus Fortune, in gay humour, did contrive,
 To make of Tom the best dead man alive.

Ep. LXXVI.

TELL me, say you, and tell me without fear
 The truth, the thing I most desire to hear.
 This is your language, when your works you quote :
 And when you plead, this is your constant note.
 'Tis most inhuman longer to deny,
 What you so often press so earnestly.
 To the great truth of all then lend an ear ;
 ' You are uneasy when the truth you hear.

Ep. LXXIX.

ALL the companions of her grace, I'm told,
 Are either very plain, or very old.
 With these she visits ; these she drags about,
 To play, to ball, assembly, auctions, rout :
 With these she sups : with these she takes the air.
 Without such foils is lady dutchess fair ?

LXXXI. *De Gelliâ.*

Non per mystica sacra Dindymenes,
 Nec per Niliacæ bovem juvencæ,
 Nullos denique per deos, deâsque
 Jurat Gellia: sed per uniones.
 Hos amplectitur, hos deosculatur:
 Hos fratres vocat, hos vocat sorores:
 Hos natis amat acriùs duobus.
 His si quo careat misella casu,
 Victuram negat esse se nec horam.
 Eheu quàm bene nunc, Papiriane,
 Annæi faceret manus Sereni?



Ep. LXXXI.

WHAT do you think is lady Betty's oath ?
 'Tis neither split me, dem me, faith, nor troth :
 Not by heaven's powers, or those of her own face :
 But her dear drop, and dearer Bruffels lace.
 She calls them her dear creatures, hugs, and kisses ;
 And loves them better than both little misses.
 Protests, if they were ravish'd from her power,
 She could not possibly survive that hour.
 Then grant, kind heaven, when next she sees the play,
 Some hand, like Pony's, snatch them both away.





MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.

LIBER NONUS.

VI. *In Paullam.*

NUBERE vis Prisco, non miror, Paulla: sapisti.
Ducere te non vult Priscus: & ille sapit.

VIII. *In Afrum.*

DICERE de Libycis reduci tibi gentibus, Afer,
Continuis volui quinque diebus ave.
Non vacat, aut dormit, dictum bis, tertiaeque reverso:
Jam satis est. non vis, Afer, avere: vale.

X. *Ad Bithynicum.*

NIL tibi legavit Fabius, Bithynice, cui tu
Annua, si memini, millia fena dabas.
Plus nulli dedit ille: queri, Bithynice, noli:
Annua legavit millia fena tibi.

XI. *In*



S E L E C T
E P I G R A M S
O F
M A R T I A L.

B O O K the N I N T H.

Epigram VI.

THAT you would wed Sir John is very wise:
That he don't care to wed, is no surprife.

Ep. VIII.

SINCE your return from Rome, I five days went,
To wish you well, and pay my compliment.
‘ Busy, not up, hath been my answer still:
Adieu: you will not let me wish you well.

Ep. X.

NOT in his will! who from you used to clear
A hundred pound in presents every year!
Cease to complain; you are dealt greatly by:
A hundred pound a year's a legacy.

Ep. XI.

XI. *In Cantbarum.*

CŒNES, Canthare, cùm foris libenter ;
 Clamas, & maledicis, & minaris,
 Deponas animos truces, monemus :
 Liber non potes, & gulosus esse.

XV. *In amicum cœnipetam.*

HUNC, quem cœna tibi, quem mensa paravit amicum,
 Esse putas fidæ pectus amicitiaë ?
 Aprum amat, & mullos, & fumen, & ostrea, non te.
 Tam bene si cœnem, noster amicus erit.

XVI. *De Chloë.*

INSCRIPSIT tumulo septem celebrata virorum
 Se fecisse Chloë. Quid pote simplicius ?

XX. *In Sabellum.*

LAUDAS balnea versibus trecentis
 Cœnantis bene Pontici, Sabelle.
 Vis cœnare, Sabelle, non lavari.

XXIII. *Ad Pastorem.*

CREDIS ob hoc me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
 Propter quod vulgus, crassaëque turba rogat :
 Ut Setina meos consumat gleba ligones,
 Et sonet innumerâ compede Tuscus ager :
 Ut Mauri Libycis centum stent dentibus orbes ;
 Et crepet in nostris aurea lamna toris.:

Nec

Ep. XI.

SINCE you abroad love to fare plentifully ;
 Why do you bawl, and domineer, and bully ?
 This crabbed humour will not do ; for he
 Will seldom taste deserts, that is so free.

Ep. XV.

THIS honest friend, that you so much admire,
 No better is, than a mere trencher-squire.
 He loves not you ; but salmon, turkey, chine :
 Your friend, a better dinner will make mine. ✓

Ep. XVI.

CHLOE, her seven dead husbands to lament,
 Writes on each tomb, ' She raised this monument. ✓

Ep. XX.

YOUR verses on my lord mayor's coach declare,
 Not that you ride, but dine, with my lord mayor.

Ep. XXIII.

PERHAPS you think, more riches I desire,
 From motives, which the vulgar herd inspire.
 That the bright plough-share shine upon my lands ;
 And that my farm employ a hundred hands.
 My tables from carv'd frames derive an air ;
 From gilt ones my settee or elbow-chair.

That

Nec labris nisi magna meis cryftalla terantur,
 Et faciant nigras noſtra Falerna nives :
 Ut Canuſinatus noſtro Syrus affere ſudet,
 Et mea fit culto ſella cliente frequens :
 Æſtuet ut noſtro madidus conviva miniſtro,
 Quem permutatum nec Ganimede velim :
 Ut lutulenta linat Tyrias mihi mula lacernas,
 Et Maſſyleum virga gubernet equum.
 Eſt nihil ex iſtis : ſuperos, ac ſidera teſtor.
 Ergo quid ? ut donem, Paſtor, & ædificent.

XXXI. *In pietatem Nigrinæ.*

CAPPADOCUM ſævis Antiftius occidit oris
 Ruſticus. ô trifti crimine terra nocens !
 Retulit offa ſinu cari Nigrina mariti,
 Et queſta eſt longas non fatiſ eſſe vias :
 Cùmque daret ſanctam tumulis, quibus invidet, urnam,
 Viſa ſibi eſt raptò bis viduata viro.

XXXVI. *In Philomufam.*

ARTIBUS hiſ ſemper cœnam, Philomufe, mereris ;
 Plurima dum fingiſ, ſed quaſi vera refers.
 Sciſ, quid in Arfaciâ Pacorus deliberet aulâ ;
 Rhenanam numeras, Sarmaticamque manum.
 Verba duciſ Daci chartiſ mandata reſignas ;
 Viſtricem laurum, quàm venit, antè viſeſ.

That the huge massy golden cup be mine ;
 Or ice look crimsoned by my cooling wine.
 That two tall Irish men my chair support :
 Or at my levee beaux may pay their court.
 Or when my mellow guest is put to bed,
 He may admire the beauty of my maid.
 In harness gay my set of greys advance ;
 Or that my pad at Foubert's learn to dance.
 But, witness heaven ! and judge if I speak true !
 Not one of all those things have I in view.
 Building my passion is, and to extend
 Alms to the poor, and presents to a friend.

Ep. XXXI.

WHEN late his grace at Naples did expire,
 (A place we now may curse, and not admire)
 The pious wife brought home the dear remains ;
 And of the journey short, too short, complains.
 Envies the tomb, that robs her of his urn ;
 A loss, which she, as widow'd twice, doth mourn.

Ep. XXXVI.

By these stale arts a dinner you pursue ;
 You trump up any tale, and tell as true.
 Know, how the councils at the Hague incline :
 What troops in Italy and on the Rhine.
 A letter from the general produce,
 Before the offices could have the news.

Know

Scis, quoties Phario madeat Jove fusca Syene :

Scis, quota de Libyco littore puppis eat :

Cujus Iuleæ capiti nascantur olivæ ;

Destinet æthereus cui sua ferta pater.

Tolle tuas artes, hodie cœnabis apud me :

Hâc lege ; ut narres nil, Philomuse, novi.

XLVII. *In Gellium.*

GELLIUS ædificat semper : modò limina ponit,

Nunc foribus claves aptat, emítque seras :

Nunc has, nunc illas mutat, reficítque fenestras.

Dum tamen ædificet, quidlibet ille facit.

Oranti nummos ut dicere possit amico

Unum illud verbum Gellius, *ædifico.*

XLIX. *In Gallicum.*

HÆREDEM cùm me partis tibi, Gallice, quartæ

Per tua jurares sacra, capútque tuum ;

Credidimus, (quis enim damnet sua vota libenter?)

Et spem muneribus fovimus usque datis :

Inter quæ rari Laurentem ponderis aprum

Misimus, Ætolâ de Calydone putes.

At tu continuo populúmque patrésque vocásti :

Ruñtat adhuc aprum callida Roma meum.

Ipse ego (quis credat?) conviva nec ultimus hæsi :

Sed nec costa data est, caudáve missa mihi.

De quadrante tuo quid sperem, Gallice? nulla

De nostro nobis uncia venit apro.

Know to an inch the rising of the Nile :
 What ships are coming from each sugar isle :
 What we expect from this year's preparation :
 Who shall command the forces of the nation.
 Leave off these tricks ; and with me if you chuse
 To dine to-day, do so ; but then, no news.

*See next
p. 120*

Ep. XLVII.

He still is building : patches up a door,
 Alters a lock, or key ; and nothing more :
 Removes a window ; puts it in repair :
 So he but build, no matter what th' affair ;
 That he may answer, ask him when you will
 To lend you money, ' I am building still.

Ep. XLIX.

By all that's good and sacred you do swear,
 To make me of a quarter part your heir.
 I think, you would not gratis go to hell ;
 Nor would I starve a humour I like well.
 'Mongst other things I sent of bucks a brace,
 Fatter than any now on Enfield chace.
 Your corporation you invite to dine ;
 And cramm'd they were with venison which was mine.
 Though founder I, and not the meanest guest ;
 You gave me not one morsel with the rest.
 A little ominous an empty plate !
 Pray, don't forget a slice of your estate.

L. *De togâ à Parthenio sibi donatâ.*

HÆC est illa meis multum cantata libellis,
 Quam meus edidicit lector, amâque togam.
 Partheniana fuit, quondam memorabile vatis
 Munus; in hâc ibam conspiciendus eques:
 Dum nova, dum nitidâ fulgebat splendida lanâ,
 Dúmque erat auctoris nomine digna fui.
 Nunc anus, & tremulo vix accipienda tribuli,
 Quam possis niveam dicere jure tuo.
 Quid non longa dies, quid non consumitis, anni?
 Hæc toga jam non est Partheniana: mea est.

LI. *In Gaurum.*

INGENIUM mihi, Gaure, probas sic esse pusillum,
 Carmina quòd faciam, quæ brevitare placent.
 Confiteor: sed tu bis denis grandia libris
 Qui scribis Priami prælia, magnus homo es.
 Nos facimus Bruti puerum, nos Lagona vivum:
 Tu magnus luteum, Gaure, Giganta facis.

LIII. *Ad Quintum Ovidium.*

SI credis mihi, Quinte (quod mereris)
 Natales, Ovidi, tuos Apriles,
 Ut nostras amo Martias Calendas.
 Felix utraque lux, diésque nobis
 Signandi melioribus lapillis.
 Hic vitam tribuit, sed hic amicum:
 Plus dant, Quinte, mihi tuæ Calendæ.

Ep. L.

THIS is that coat, so often by me sung,
 Upon whose praise the raptur'd reader hung.
 His lordship's once ; a gift for poet meet :
 In which I walk'd respected in the street.
 New, and with all its glossy honours on,
 Worthy its donor, it divinely shone.
 Now old, a hangman scorns it for his fees :
 And if it shines at all, it shines with grease.
 All things by time, and length of years decline :
 Is this his lordship's coat ? for shame ! 'tis mine.

Ep. LI.

I AM no genius, you affirm : and why ?
 Because my verses please by brevity.
 But you, who twice ten ponderous volumes write
 Of mighty battles, are a man of might.
 Like Prior's bust, my work is neat, but small :
 Yours like the dirty giants in Guildhall.

Ep. LIII.

BELIEVING hear, what you deserve to hear :
 Your birth day, as my own, to me is dear.
 Blest, and distinguish'd days ! which we should prize
 The first, the kindest, bounty of the skies.
 But yours gives most ; for mine did only lend
 Me to the world, yours gave to me a friend.

LIV. *Ad eundem.*

NATALI tibi, Quincte, tuo dare parva volebam
 Munera. tu prohibes: imperiosus homo es.
 Parendum est monitis. fiat, quod uterque jubemus;
 Et quod utrumque juvat, tu mihi, Quincte, dato.

LV. *Ad cognatum.*

SI mihi Picenâ turdus palleret olivâ,
 Tenderet aut nostras fylva Sabina plagas;
 Aut crescente levis traheretur arundine præda,
 Pinguis & implicitas virga teneret aves:
 Cara daret solenne tibi cognatio munus,
 Nec frater nobis, nec prior esset avus.
 Nunc sturnos inopes, fringuillarúmque querelas
 Audit, & arguto passere vernat ager.
 Indè salutatus picæ respondet arator:
 Hinc propè summa rapax milvus in astra volat.
 Mittimus ergo tibi parvæ munuscula cortis,
 Quia si recipis, sæpe propinquus eris.

LVI. *Ad Flaccum.*

LUCE propinquorum, quâ plurima mittitur ales,
 Dum Stellæ turdos, dum tibi, Flacce, paro:
 Succurrit nobis ingens onerosaque turba;
 In quâ se primum quisque meúmque putat.
 Demeruisse duos, votum est: offendere plures,
 Vix tutum: multis mittere dona; grave est.
 Quâ possum solâ veniam ratione merebor:
 Nec Stellæ turdos, nec tibi, Flacce, dabo.

Ep. LIV.

WHEN I would send such trifles as I can ;
 You stop me short ; you arbitrary man !
 But I submit. Both may our orders give ;
 And do what both like best : let me receive.

Ep. LV.

IF a mew'd quail by accident I had ;
 Or snite or woodcock taken in my glade ;
 Could I a trout now with my angle get ;
 Or cover a young partridge with my net ;
 You cousin should have it sooner than another,
 As soon as my own father, or my brother.
 But now the fields with chattering magpies ring :
 Sparrows and swallows now proclaim the spring ;
 Now to the cuckow shepherds boys reply :
 The thieving kite now skims along the sky.
 So that I nothing but a fowl could send ;
 Which if you like, you're always welcome friend.

Ep. LVI.

WHEN Christmas turkeys round in presents flew ;
 One I design'd for Ned, and one for you.
 But most unluckily on this occasion,
 Fat turkeys make me friend to half the nation.
 Two I would fain oblige ; and none offend :
 But to give every one there is no end.
 I then determine after counsel heard,
 That Ned and you must go without your bird.

LX. *In Mamurram.*

IN septis Mamurra diu multúmque vagatus,
Hic ubi Roma suas aurea vexat opes ;
Inspexit molles pueros, oculisque comedit :
Non hos, quos primæ prostituere casæ ;
Sed quos areanæ servant tabulata catastæ,
Et quos non populus, nec mea turba videt.
Indè fatur, mensas, & opertos exuit orbes,
Expositúmque altè pingue poposcit ebur.
Et testudineum mensus quater hexaclinon,
Ingemuit citro non fatís esse suo.
Consuluit nares, an olerent æra Corinthonæ
Culpavit statuas &, Polyclete, tuas.
Et turbata brevi questus crystallina vitro,
Myrrhina signavit seposuítque decem.
Expendit veteres calathos, & si qua fuerunt
Pocula Mentoreâ nobilitata manu :
Et virides picto gemmas numeravit in auro,
Quidquid & in niveâ grandius aure sonat.
Sardonychis veros mensâ quæfivit in omni,
Et pretium magnis fecit iaspidibus.
Undecimâ lassus cùm jam discederet horâ,
Assè duos calices emit, & ipse tulit.

Ep. LX.

VAINLOVE the live-long day strolls up and down,
 To view the choicest rarities in town.
 Ravish'd admires a Ganymede's soft mien;
 Not such as is at common auctions seen;
 But an old painting, capital, and rare;
 Shewn to the curious, and preserv'd with care:
 Then takes an inlaid table from its case:
 Searches a china jar, or marble vase.
 A Turkey carpet measures ten times o'er;
 And grieves, it is too little for his floor.
 Of right japan then judges by his nose:
 In statues dares sir Andrew's taste expose:
 Finds the French ware too much to glass allied;
 The Dresden therefore marks, and sets aside.
 Baskets of filligrane he then takes up;
 By Kent innobled weighs a golden cup.
 Numbers the jewels that a ring may bear;
 And wants a pendant for a lady's ear;
 Looks till he diamonds of true water meets,
 And cheapens them, tho' half as big as Pitt's.
 At length fatigu'd, the hour of dinner come,
 He buys, and bears two glass decanters home.

LXXI. *In Cæcilianum.*

DIXERAT, Ô MORES! Ô TEMPORA! Tullius olim,
 Sacrilegum strueret cùm Catilina nefas :
 Cùm gener atque focer diris concurreret armis,
 Mœstâque civili cæde maderet humus.
 Cur nunc, Ô MORES! cur nunc, Ô TEMPORA dicis?
 Quod tibi non placeat, Cæciliane, quid est?
 Nulla ducum feritas, nulla est infania ferri :
 Pace frui certâ, lætitiâque licet.
 Non nostri faciunt, tua quòd tibi tempora sordent :
 Sed faciunt mores, Cæciliane, tui. ;

LXXXIV. *In futorem.*

DENTIBUS antiquas solitus producere pelles,
 Et mordere luto putre vetúsque solum :
 Prænestina tenes decepti rura patroni,
 In quibus indignor si tibi cella fuit.
 Rumpis & ardenti madidus crystalla Falerno,
 Et pruris domini cum Ganymede tui.
 At me literulas stulti docuere parentes :
 Quid cum grammaticis, rhetoribúsque mihi?
 Frange leves calamos, & scinde, Thalia, libellos,
 Si dare futuri calceus ista potest.

LXXIX. *Ad Picentinum.*

FUNERA post septem nupsit tibi Galla virorum,
 Picentine. sequi vult puto Galla viros.

LXXXII. *Ad*

Ep. LXXI.

OH! the degenerate age! great Tully cried,
 When Catiline design'd his parricide:
 When kindred chiefs join'd battle on the plain,
 Which mourn'd in tears of blood the subject slain.
 Oh! the degenerate age! you loudly chatter:
 What is the matter, Sir, what is the matter?
 No civil discord now: no tyrant's power:
 Peaceful and blisful passes every hour.
 If you esteem the age so wicked grown,
 Blame not our morals for it, but your own.

Ep. LXXIV.

WHO with your teeth the stretching leather drew,
 To patch a hole in an old dirty shoe;
 To you your cheated lord's possessions fall;
 In which you scarce deserve to have a stall.
 In amorous fits succeeding to his lasses:
 And in your drunken frolicks breaking glasses.
 My learning only proves my father fool:
 Why would he send me to a grammar school?
 Ah! cease my muse! your works consign to fire!
 If an old shoe may serve to raise us higher.

Ep. LXXIX.

YOUR spouse, who husbands dear hath buried seven,
 Stands a bad chance to make the number even.

LXXXII. *Ad Auctum.*

LECTOR & auditor nostros probat, Aucte, libellos :
 Sed quidam exactos esse poëta negat.
 Non nimiùm curo : nam cœnæ fercula nostræ
 Malim convivis quàm placuisse cocis.

LXXXIII. *In Munnam.*

DIXERAT astrologus periturum te citò, Munna ;
 Nec, puto, mentitus dixerat ille tibi :
 Nam tu dum metuis, ne quid post fata relinuas ;
 Haufisti patrias luxuriosus opes.
 Bisque tuum decies non toto tabuit anno :
 Dic mihi, non hoc est, Munna, perire citò ?

LXXXVIII. *Ad Lupercum.*

SEPTEM post calices Opimiani
 Denso cùm jaceam triente blæsus,
 Affers nescio quas mihi tabellas,
 Et dicis, modò liberum esse jussi.
 Nastam ; (servulus est mihi paternus)
 Signa. cras meliùs, Luperce, fiet.
 Nunc signat meus annulus lagenam.

XCIII. *Ad Condylum.*

QUÆ mala sint domini, quæ fervi commoda nescis,
 Condyle, qui servum te gemis esse diu.
 Dat tibi securos vilis tegeticula somnos :
 Pervigil in plumâ Caius, ecce, jacet ;

Ep. LXXXII.

MY works the reader and the hearer praise :
They're not exact ; a brother poet says :
I heed not him ; for when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest ?

Ep. LXXXIII.

TRUE spoke the conjurer, when he foretold
Your end, before that twice six moons had roll'd.
You took the hint ; spent your estate with care,
For fear of being bubbled by your heir.
Twice ten years income spent at once ; 'tis clear,
Live e'er so long, you cannot live this year.

Ep. LXXXVIII.

WHEN I am half seas o'er, and cannot read,
My lawyer brings me a long parchment deed :
Tells me, I promised when the term began,
To seal a lease to Tim, my father's man.
It will be better by to-morrow's light :
I'll touch no wax, but that on corks to-night.

Ep. XCIII.

MORE ease than masters servants lives afford :
Think on that, Tom ; nor wish to be your lord.
On a coarse rug you most securely snore :
Deep sunk in down he counts each sleepless hour.

Anxious

Caïus à primâ tremebundus luce salutat

Tot dominos : at tu, Condyle, nec dominum.

Quod debes, Cai, redde, inquit, Phœbus, & illinc

Cinnamus : hoc dicit, Condyle, nemo tibi.

Tortorem metuis ? podagrâ, cheragrâque fecatur

Caïus ; & mallet verbera mille pati.

Quod nec manè vomis, nec cunnum, Condyle, lingis,

Non mavis, quàm ter Caïus esse tuus ?

XCV. *De Hippocrate.*

SANTONICA medicata dedit mihi pocula virgâ,

Os hominis ! mulsam me rogat Hippocrates.

Tam stupidus numquam nec tu puto, Glauce, fuisti,

Chalcea donanti Chrysea qui dederas.

Dulce aliquis munus pro munere poscit amaro ?

Accipiat, sed si potat in elleboro.

XCVI. *De Athenagorâ.*

ALFICUS antè fuit, cœpit nunc Olficus esse,

Uxorem postquam duxit Athenagoras.

Nomen Athenagoræ credis, Calistrate, verum ?

Si scio, dispeream, quis fit Athenagoras.

Sed puto me verum Callistratè, dicere nomen :

Non ego, sed vester peccat Athenagoras.

XCII. *De Herode.*

CLINICUS Herodes trullam subduxerat ægro :

Deprensus dixit ; stulte, quid ergo bibis ?

Anxious betimes to every statesman low
 He bows ; much lower than to him you bow.
 Behold him with a dun at either ear,
 ‘ Pray, ‘ pay, the word ; a word you never hear.
 Fear you a cudgel ? view his gouty state ;
 Which he would change for many a broken pate.
 You know no morning qualm ; no costly whore :
 Think then, though not a lord, that you are more.

Ep. XCV.

WHAT blest assurance ! when my doctor thought
 To get my claret, for his wormwood draught.
 Glaucus of old was not a greater ass,
 Who gave his golden arms for arms of brass.
 But I will send it ; if he will agree
 To drink it from the bottle sent to me.

Ep. XCVI.

Bob’s name was Booby, now ’tis Bou—ou—bee :
 His wife would not plain Booby be, not she.
 If we doubt which is right, and which is wrong,
 I shall not know, if Bob is Bob, ere long.
 I think that Booby is his real name :
 If I mistake ; is Bob or I to blame ?

Ep. XCVII.

A QUACK, who stole his patient’s cup, did cry,
 Caught in the fact, ‘ What ? would you drink, and die ?

Ep. XCVIII.

XCVIII. *Ad Juliam.*

RUMPITUR invidiâ quidam, carissime Juli,
 Quòd me Roma legit, rumpitur invidiâ.
 Rumpitur invidiâ, quòd turbâ semper in omni
 Monstramur digito, rumpitur invidiâ.
 Rumpitur invidiâ, tribuit quòd Cæsar uterque
 Jus mihi natorum, rumpitur invidiâ.
 Rumpitur invidiâ, quòd rus mihi dulce sub urbe est,
 Parvâque in urbe domus, rumpitur invidiâ.
 Rumpitur invidiâ, quòd sum jucundus amicis,
 Quòd conviva frequens, rumpitur invidiâ.
 Rumpitur invidiâ, quòd amamur, quòdque probamur :
 Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidiâ.

XCIX. *Ad Quintum Ovidium.*

VINDEMIARUM non ubique proventus
 Cessavit, Ovidi ; pluvia profuit grandis.
 Centum Coranus amphoras aquæ fecit.

CI. *Ad librum.*

Tu qui longa potes dispendia ferre viarum,
 I, liber, absentis pignus amicitix.
 Vilis eras, fateor, si te nunc mitteret emptor.
 Grande tui pretium muneris auctor erit.
 Multùm, crede mihi, refert, à fonte bibatur
 Quæ fluit, an pigro quæ stupet unda lacu.

Ep. XCVIII.

BURSTING with envy is a wretch unknown ;
 Because my works have taken with the town.
 With envy bursting, that the admiring throng
 Point to their poet, as they pass along.
 With envy bursting, that by royal grace,
 Under my sovereign I enjoy a place.
 With envy bursting, at my house in town,
 And at my little box on Bansted Down.
 Bursting with envy, that I am carest
 By all my friends, to all a welcome guest.
 From love, and from esteem, if envy springs ;
 May he e'en fret his guts to fiddle-strings !

Ep. XCIX.

PRAY, don't imagine without reason :
 The vintage is all lost this season :
 The heavy rains, which fell, produce
 A hundred pipes for Dashwell's use.

Ep. CI.

MY book, a better traveller, I send,
 To shew my honour for an absent friend.
 The value from a bookseller were small ;
 The author's present is the all in all.
 Much better tastes the water, which you take
 From a spring-head, than from a standing lake.

Ep. CV.

CV. *De geminis fratribus.*

Quæ nova tam similis genuit tibi Leda ministros?

Quæ capta est cygno nuda Lacæna alio?

Dat faciem Pollux Hiero, dat Castor Afillo:

Atque in utroque nitet Tyndaris ore soror.

Ista Therapnæis si forma fuisset Amyclis,

Cùm vicere duas dona minora deas;

Manfisses Helene, Phrygiámque redisset in Idam.

Dardanius gemino cum Ganymede Paris.



Ep. CV.

WHENCE so much likeness, so much sweetness, grew?
To bear these twins did Leda brood a-new?
If this is Pollux, that is Castor's face:
In both alike there shines the sister's grace.
When rivals yielded to the Cyprian queen;
At Sparta's court had so much beauty been,
The Phrygian Paris had reversed his deed;
And leaving Helen, stole each Ganymede.





MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.

LIBER DECIMUS.

II. *Liber ad lectorem.*

FESTINATA prior decimi mihi cura libelli:

Elapsum manibus nunc revocavit opus.

Nota leges quaedam, sed limâ rafa recenti:

Pars nova major erit, lector, utrique fave:

Lector opes nostræ, quem cum mihi Roma dedisset;

Nil, tibi quod demus, majus habemus, ait.

Pigra per hunc fugies ingratae flumina Lethes,

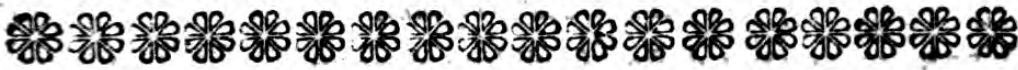
Et meliore tui parte superstes eris.

Marmora Messalæ findit caprificus, & audax

Dimidios Crispi mulio ridet equos.

At chartis nec furta nocent, & secula profunt;

Solâque non nôrunt hæc monumenta mori.



S E L E C T
E P I G R A M S
O F
M A R T I A L.

B O O K the T E N T H.

Epigram II.

THE verses in this book too soon took air:
 My want of care at first renew'd my care.
 Some, that are old, you here retouch'd will find:
 The greater part are new: to both be kind.
 When Fate to me a constant reader gave;
 Receive, she said, the greatest boon I have.
 By this beyond oblivion's stream arrive;
 And in your better part by this survive.
 Statues may moulder; and the clown unbred
 Scoff at young Ammon's horse without his head.
 But finish'd writings theft and time defy;
 The only monuments, which cannot die.

Ep. III.

III. *Ad Priscum.*

VERNACULORUM dicta, fordidum dentem,
 Et fœda linguæ proba circulatoricis,
 Quæ sulphurato nolit empta ramento
 Vatiniorem proxeneta fractorum,
 Poëta quidam clancularius spargit ;
 Et vult videri nostra. credis hoc, Prisce,
 Voce ut loquatur psittacus coturnicis,
 Et concupiscat esse Canus ascaules ?
 Procul à libellis nigra fit meis fama,
 Quos rumor albâ gemmeus vehit pennâ.
 Cur ego laborem notus esse tam pravè,
 Constare gratis cùm silentium possit ?

IV. *Ad Mamurram.*

QUI legis Oedipodem, caligantemque Thyesten,
 Colchidas, & Scyllas, quid nisi monstra legis ?
 Quid tibi raptus Hylas, quid Parthenopæus, & Atya ?
 Quid tibi dormitor proderit Endymion ?
 Exutúsve puer pennis labentibus ? aut qui
 Odit amatrices Hermaphroditus aquas ?
 Quid te vana juvant miseræ ludibria chartæ ?
 Hoc lege, quod possit dicere vita, meum est.
 Non hîc Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiásque
 Invenies : hominem pagina nostra sapit.
 Sed non vis, Mamurra, tuos cognoscere mores,
 Nec te scire : legas αἴτια Callimachi.

Ep. III.

THE porter's joke, the chairman's low conceit,
The dirty style of angry billingsgate,
Such as a stroling tinker would not use,
Nor hawker of old cloaths, or dreadful news,
A certain poet privately disperfes,
And fain would fob them off for Martial's verses.
Will then the parrot steal the raven's note ?
At country wakes Italians strain their throat ?
Far from my writings be th' envenom'd lye :
My name on purer wings shall mount the fky.
Rather than strive an evil fame to own,
Cannot I hold my tongue, and die unknown ?

Ep. IV.

WHO reads of Oedipus or Scylla now,
As well may read of Warwick's monstrous cow.
Leave all the stories of a cock and bull,
Which you in Ovid find, to boys at fchool.
From idle tales what pleasure will remain ?
Read for to live ; all reading elfe is vain.
Never on monfters my invention ran ;
My every page an effay is on man.
If you diflike your felf at all to know ;
Proceed in your romance, transported beau.

Ep. VIII.

VIII. *De Paullâ.*

NUBERE Paulla cupit nobis, ego ducere Paullam
 Nolo : anus est. vellem, si magis effet anus.

XI. *In Calliodorum.*

NIL aliud loqueris, quàm Thesea, Pirithoúmque,
 Téque putas Pyladi, Calliodore, parem.
 Dispeream, si tu Pyladi præstare matellam
 Dignus es, aut porcos pascere Pirithoi.
 Donavi tamen, inquis, amico millia quinque,
 Et lotam (ut multum) térque quatérque togam.
 Quid ! quòd nil umquam Pyladi donavit Orestes ?
 Qui donat quamvis plurima, plura negat.

XIII. *Ad Tuccam.*

CUM cathedralitios portet tibi rheda ministros,
 Et Libys in longo pulvere fudet eques ;
 Stratáque non unas cingant triclinia Pajias,
 Et Thetis unguento palleat uncta tuo ;
 Candida Setini rumpant crystalla trientes,
 Dormiat in plumâ nec meliore Venus :
 Ad nocturna jaces fastosæ limina mœchæ,
 Et madet (heu) lacrymis janua surda tuis ;
 Urere nec miserum cessant suspiria pectus.
 Vis dicam, malè sit cur tibi, Tucca ? bene est.

Ep. VIII.

ME would the widow wed: she's old, say I:
But if she older were; I would comply.

Ep. XI.

PIRITHOUS his name you oft repeat:
And equal Pylades in your conceit.
Not fit to fill to Pylades his wine;
Not fit to feed Pirithous his swine.
Once, as you boast, you gave your friend a note
For fifty shillings; - twice an old scour'd coat.
True; you than Pylades more presents make:
He never gave, he let Orestes take.

Ep. XIII.

ALTHOUGH your berlin always moves in state;
And a long train on horseback with it sweat;
Although your house, in many an airy room,
Receives a flowery garden's rich perfume;
Although your glass sparkle with burgundy;
No dutches on a softer bed can lie;
You for a paltry actresses sigh in vain,
Stung to the heart whole nights by her disdain.
Little you guess, sweet Sir, what 'tis doth teaze ye;
An easy fortune makes you thus uneasy.

Ep. XIV.

XIV. *Ad Crispum.*

CEDERE de nostris nulli te dicis amicis.
 Sed fit ut hoc verum, quid, rogo Crispe, facis ?
 Mutua cùm peterem festertia quinque, negásti :
 Non caperet nummos cùm gravis arca tuos.
 Quando fabæ nobis modium farrísve dedisti,
 Cùm tua Niliacus rura colonus aret ?
 Quando brevis gelidæ missa est toga tempore brumæ
 Argenti venit quando selibra mihi ?
 Nil aliud video, quo te credamus amicum,
 Quàm quòd me coram pedere, Crispe, soles.

XVIII. *De Mario.*

NEC vocat ad cœnam Marius, nec munera mittit,
 Nec spondet, nec vult credere : sed nec habet.
 Turba tamen non deest, sterilem quæ curet amicum.
 Eheu quàm fatuæ sunt tibi, Roma, togæ !

XXI. *Ad Sextum.*

SCRIBERE te, quæ vix intelligat ipse Modestus,
 Et vix Claranus, quid rogo, Sexte, juvat ?
 Non lectore tuis opus est, sed Apolline libris :
 Judice te major Cinna Marone fuit.
 Sic tua laudentur : sanè mea carmina, Sexte,
 Grammaticis placeant, & finè Grammaticis.

Ep. XIV.

You say, I have no better friend than you :
What do you do, to make me think it true ?
I wanted but five pounds, which you deny ;
Though you have useless thousands lying by.
From all the fertile harvests of your plain,
When did you send to me one single grain ?
When a short cloak, to guard me from the cold ?
To line my purse, when a small piece of gold ?
I see no mark of friendship on your part ;
But, before me you are free enough to fart.

Ep. XVIII.

No dinners ! presents ! he is no man's bail !
He cannot lend, because his riches fail !
Yet crowds attend his future power and grace.
For fools of all sorts London is the place.

Ep. XXI.

WHAT pleasure is it, that your writings are
Almost too hard for Bentley or for Hare ?
You write not to be read, but criticis'd :
Perfius you follow ; Virgil is despis'd :
This be your praise : but may my every line,
Or with a comment, or without it shine.

XXIII. *De M. Antonio.*

JAM numerat placido felix Antonius ævo
 Quindecies actas Primus Olympiadas :
 Præteritósque dies, & tutos respicit annos :
 Nec metuit Lethes jam propioris aquas.
 Nulla recordanti lux est ingrata, gravísque :
 Nulla subit, cujus non meminisse velit.
 Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus : hoc est
 Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.

XXXII. *De imagine Marci Antonii, ad Cæditianum.*

HÆC mihi quæ colitur violis pictura, rosísque,
 Quos referat vultus, Cæditiane, rogas?
 Talis erat Marcus mediis Antonius annis
 Primus : in hóc juvenem se videt ore senex.
 Ars utinam mores, animúmque effingere posset !
 Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.

XXXIII. *Ad Munatium Gallum.*

SIMPLICIOR priscis, Munati Galle, Sabinis,
 Cecropium superas qui bonitate senem ;
 Sic tibi confoceri claros retinere Penates
 Perpetuâ natæ det face casta Venus :
 Ut tu, si viridi tinctos ærugine versus
 Fortè malus livor dixerit esse meos,
 Ut facis, à nobis abigas : nec scribere quemquam
 Talia contendas carmina, qui legitur.
 Hunc servare modum nostri novere libelli ;
 Parcere personis, dicere de vitis.

Ep. XXIII.

HIS lordship is arriv'd at seventy-five,
With all the ease and comfort life can give.
Safe from the voyage of a length of years,
Looks back with joy ; nor death approaching fears.
Not one of all his days can irksome find :
Not one, but he with pleasure calls to mind.
Thus a good man prolongs his mortal date ;
Lives twice, enjoying thus his former state.

Ep. XXXII.

THIS picture see ! on which no cost I spare ;
But set in gold, and in my snuff-box wear.
At twenty-one such was lord Worthy's face ;
Who, now grey-hair'd, here views what once he was,
Could but the piece his mind and morals shew ;
'Twould choicer be than Raphael ever drew.

Ep. XXXIII.

BLEST with the morals of a former age,
In goodness passing the Athenian sage,
May your fair daughter's virtues fix her spouse,
And his allies fast friends unto your house,
If when you meet a malice-tinctur'd line,
And flandering Fame report that it is mine,
You vindicate your friend ; and boldly plead,
I ne'er compose, what 'tis a shame to read :
For in my writings 'tis my constant care,
To lash the vices, but the persons spare.

XXXVI. *In Munnam.*

IMPROBA Massiliæ quidquid fumaria cogunt,
 Accipit ætatem quisquis ab igne cadus;
 A te, Munna, venit: miseris tu mittis amicis
 Per freta, per longas toxica sæva vias:
 Nec facili pretio, sed quo contenta Falerni
 Testa sit, aut cellis Setia cara suis.
 Non venias quare tam longo tempore Romam,
 Hæc, puto, causa tibi est; ne tua vina bibas.

XXXVIII. *Ad Calenum.*

O molles tibi quindecim, Calene,
 Quos cum Sulpiciâ tuâ jugales
 Indulfit deus & peregit annos:
 O nox omnis & hora, quæ notata est
 Caris litoris Indici lapillis!
 O quæ prælia, quas utrimque pugnæ
 Felix lectulus, & lucerna vidit
 Nimbis ebria Nicerotianis!
 Vixisti tribus, ô Calene, Iustris;
 Ætas hæc tibi tota computatur,
 Et solos numeras dies mariti.
 Ex illis tibi si diu rogatam
 Lucem redderet Atropos vel unam,
 Malles, quàm Pyliam quater senectam.

Ep. XXXVI.

ALL the worst cyder Hereford could make,
 Mixt up, and boil'd, for taste and colour's sake,
 A hundred miles you by the carrier send:
 Have you a mind to poison every friend?
 And make us pay such monstrous prices for't,
 It dearer comes than Malaga or Port.
 Perhaps you now have been so long from town,
 For fear of drinking cyder, once your own.

Ep. XXXVIII.

TWICE seven years, and one above it,
 You have been yok'd with Mrs. Loveit.
 A heavenly blessing such a wife!
 You must have led a charming life!
 Oh! happy days! in which no hour
 You can forget in twenty-four.
 What nights! still spent in curtain-lecture!
 What struggling, who should be director!
 What blest debates! which oft have lasted,
 Until the candle quite was wasted.
 The number of your years I ween,
 Don't even now exceed fifteen:
 I count not those, which time did give;
 But those, you felt yourself alive.
 And if, like these, Fate add one more;
 That one may seem to you fourscore.

XLIII. *Philerotem.*

SEPTIMA jam, Phileros, tibi conditur uxor in agro.
Plus nulli, Phileros, quàm tibi reddit ager.

XLIV. *Ad Q. Ovidium.*

QUINTE Caledonios Ovidi visure Britannos,
Et viridem Tethyn, Oceanúmque patrem :
Ergo Numæ colles, & Nomentana relinquis
Otia ? nec retinet rúsque focúsque senem ?
Gaudia tu differs : at non & stamina differt
Atropos, atque omnis scribitur hora tibi.
Præstiteris caro (quis non hoc laudet ?) amico,
Ut potior vitâ sit tibi sancta fides.
Sed reddare tuis tandem mansure Sabinis,
Téque tuas numeres inter amicitias.

XLVIII. *Parat convivium.*

NUNCIAT octavam Phariæ sua turba juvencæ,
Et pilata redit jámque, subítque cohors.
Temperat hæc thermas, nimios prior hora vapores
Halat, & immodico sexta Nerone calet.
Stella, Nepos, Cani, Cerealis, Flacce, venitis ?
Septem sigma capit, sex fumus, adde Lupum.
Exoneraturas ventrem mihi villica malvas
Attulit, & varias, quas habet hortus, opes.

Ep. XLIII.

SEVEN wives ! and in one grave ! there is not found
On the whole globe a richer spot of ground.

Ep. XLIV.

Do you an India voyage then design ?
And twice to cross the Tropic and the Line ?
In your old age quit Paul's and Harrow spire ?
A chearful house, and comfortable fire ?
Postpone not life : life still is posting on :
And makes you debtor for each moment gone.
A noble proof of friendship you afford,
Who hold your life less sacred than your word.
Soon to your friends return ! and in your breast
Leave for your self a place amongst the rest.

Ep. XLVIII.

THE clock strikes two : now every powder'd spark
Sallies self-satisfied into the Park.
From one to two himself he did peruse :
From twelve to one his chocolate and news.
At three precisely I shall dine at home ;
Will, Jack, and Tom, and Dick, and you will come :
That makes us six ; I have one place to spare ;
Bring Ned ; and listen to your bill of fare.
A wholesome sallad will adorn the board,
Luxurious, as my garden will afford.

In quibus est lactuca sedens, & festile porrum;
 Nec deest rustatrix mentha, nec herba salax.
 Secta coronabunt rutatos ova lacertos,
 Et medium thynni de sale fumen erit.
 Parvus in his unâ ponetur cœnula mensâ,
 Hœdus inhumani raptus ab ore lupi.
 Et, quæ non egeant ferro structoris Ofellæ,
 Et faba fabrorum, prototomique rudes.
 Pullus ad hæc, cœnisque tribus jam perna superstes
 Addetur: saturis mitia poma dabo.
 De Nomentanâ vinum sinè fæce lagenâ,
 Quæ bis Frontino consule plena fuit.
 Accedent sinè felle joci, nec manè timenda
 Libertas, & nil quod tacuisse velis.
 De Prasino conviva meus, Venetóque loquatur;
 Nec facient quemquam pocula nostra reum.

LI. *Ad Faustinum.*

SIDERA jam Tyrius Phryxci respicit agni
 Taurus, & alternum Castora fugit hyems.
 Ridet ager, vestitur humus, vestitur & arbor:
 Ismarium pellex Attica plorat Ityn.
 Quos, Faustine, dies, qualem tibi Roma Ravennatæ
 Abstulit? ô soles, ô tunicata quies!
 O nemus, ô fontes, solidúmque madentis arenæ
 Litus, & æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis:
 Et non unius spectator lectulus undæ,
 Qui videt hinc puppes fluminis, indè maris!

The lettuce cooling ; leakes that claim the knife ;
 Mint good for wine ; and rocket for the wife ;
 Parsnips with eggs shall hide a salted fish :
 Delicious pickled pork, another dish.
 Lamb, which perhaps you'll think is better meat ;
 A morsel, Reynard had a mind to eat.
 Cutlets, which want no carving till they're cold :
 The youngest sprouts ; and beans that are too old.
 Fowl, and a ham that thrice appear'd before,
 Ripe nonpareils for those, who wish for more.
 Parsons his stout (I entertain with beer)
 Brew'd when Lord Mayor elect the second year.
 No dangerous secret ; no ill-natur'd jest ;
 No freedoms, which next day will break your rest :
 But tales of betts the last Newmarket season :
 None of my friends shall in his cups talk treason.

Ep. LI.

Now the gay hours to meet the Pleiads run ;
 And Winter flies before the vernal sun ;
 Now smiles new-clad the woodland and the plain ;
 And plaintive Philomel renews her strain ;
 What happy days the town now steals from Kent !
 There in pure air and ease unformal spent !
 Think on your grove, your fountains, Dover's strands,
 And o'er the waves her high commanding lands ;
 Which to your bed a double view afford,
 Of ships at sea, and ships in harbour moor'd.

Sed neque Marcelli, Pompeianúmque, nec illic
 Sunt triplices thermæ : nec fora juncta quater :
 Nec Capitolini summum penetrale Tonantis,
 Quæque nitent cœlo proxima templa suo.
 Dicere te lassum quoties ego credo Quirino?
 Quæ tua sunt, tibi habe : quæ mea, redde mihi.

LXII. *Ad magistrum ludi.*

LUDI magister, parce simplici turbæ :
 Sic te frequentes audiant capillati,
 Et delicatæ diligat chorus mensæ :
 Nec calculator, nec notarius velox
 Majore quisquam circulo coronetur.
 Albæ leone flammeo calent luces,
 Tostámque fervens Julius coquit messem.
 Cirrata loris horridis Scythæ pellis,
 Quâ vapulavit Marfyas Celenæus,
 Ferulæque tristes, sceptrâ pædagogorum,
 Cessent, & Idus dormiant in Octobres :
 Æstate pueri si valent, fati discunt.

What, though there be no crouded theater ;
No senate, and no courts of justice there ;
No palace, where our honour'd monarch lies ;
No Paul's with gilded crosses invade the skies ;
I seem to hear you thus reproach the town ;
• Keep to yourself your things ; give me my own.

Ep. LXII.

THOU monarch of eight parts of speech,
Who sweep with birch a youngster's breech,
Oh ! now awhile withhold your hand !
So may the trembling crop-hair'd band
Around your desk attentive hear ;
And pay you love instead of-fear :
So may yours ever be as full,
As writing or as dancing school.
The scorching dog-day is begun ;
The harvest roasting in the sun :
Each Bridewell keeper, though requir'd
To use the lash, is too much tir'd.
Let ferula and rod together
Lie dormant, till the frosty weather.
Boys do improve enough in reason,
Who miss a fever in this season.

Ep. LXIII.

LXIII. *Epitaphium nobilis matronæ.*

MARMORA parva, quidem, sed non cessura, viator,
 Mausoli saxis Pyramidumque legis.
 Bis mea Romano spectata est vita Terento,
 Et nihil extremos perdidit ante rogos.
 Quinque dedit pueros, totidem mihi Juno puellas:
 Clauserunt omnes lumina nostra manus.
 Contigit & thalami mihi gloria rara, fuitque
 Una pudicitiae mentula nota meae.

LXX. *Ad Potitum.*

QUOD mihi vix unus toto liber exeat anno,
 Desidia tibi sum, docte Potite, reus.
 Justius at quanto mirere, quod exeat unus,
 Labantur toti cum mihi saepe dies.
 Nunc resalutantes video nocturnus amicos:
 Gratulor & multis; nemo, Potite, mihi.
 Nunc ad luciferam signat mea gemma Dianam:
 Nunc me prima sibi, nunc sibi quinta rapit.
 Nunc consul, praetorve tenet, reducensque choreae:
 Auditur toto saepe poeta die.
 Sed nec caufidico possis impune negare,
 Nec si te rhetor, grammaticusve rogent:
 Balnea post decimam lasso, centumque petuntur
 Quadrantes. fect quando, Potite, liber?

LXXIV. *Ad Romam.*

JAM parce lasso, Roma, gratulatori,
 Lasso clienti: quamdiu saluator

Ep. LXIII.

By this small stone as great remains are hid,
 As sleep in an Egyptian pyramid,
 Here lies a matron, for her years rever'd;
 Who through them all with spotless honour steer'd.
 Five sons, as many daughters, nature gave,
 Who drop'd their pious tears into her grave.
 Nor her least glory, though too rarely known;
 One man she held most dear, and one alone.

Ep. LXX.

THAT scarce a piece I publish in a year:
 Idle perhaps to you I may appear.
 But rather, that I write at all, admire;
 When I am often robbed of days entire.
 Now with my friends the evening I must spend:
 To those prefer'd my compliments must send.
 Now at the witnessing a will make one:
 Hurried from this to that, my morning's gone,
 Some office must attend; or else some ball;
 Or else my lawyer's summons to the hall.
 Now a rehearsal, now a concert hear;
 And now a latin play at Westminster.
 Home after ten return, quite tir'd and dos'd.
 When is the piece, you want, to be compos'd?

Ep. LXXIV.

TIR'D with the town, too much of life I've spent,
 In formal levees, and dull compliment.

Anteambulones, & togatulos inter
 Centum merebor plumbeos die toto?
 Cùm Scorpis unâ quindecim graves horâ
 Ferventis auri victor auferat faccos:
 Non ego meorum præmium libellorum,
 (Quid enim merentur?) Apulos velim campos;
 Non Hybla, non me specifer capit Nilus;
 Nec quæ paludes delicata Pomptinas
 Ex arce clivi spectat uva Setini.
 Quid concupiscam, quæris ergo? dormire.

LXXVI. *De Mævio.*

Hoc, fortuna, tibi videtur æquum?
 Civis non Syriæve, Parthiæve,
 Nec de Cappadocis eques catastis,
 Sed de plebe Remi, Numæque verna,
 Jucundus, probus, innocens, amicus,
 Linguâ doctus utrâque; cujus unum est,
 Sed magnum vitium, quòd est poëta;
 Pullo Mævius alget in cucullo:
 Cocco mulio fulget Incitatus.

LXXIX. *De Torquato & Otacilio.*

Ad lapidem Torquatus habet prætoria quartum:
 Ad quartum breve rus emit Otacilius.
 Torquatus nitidas varia de marmore thermas
 Extruxit: cucumam fecit Otacilius.

Disposuit

For long attendance what reward we meet !
 A word ! at most a dinner from the great !
 One hour to Figg did greater gains afford,
 Much greater, for a flourish of his sword.
 Were I to pay the labours of my muse ;
 (Small her desert) not Chelsea fields I'd chuse ;
 Nor Hybla's honey ; nor Arabia's spice ;
 Nor pleasant gardens, hung on Highgate's rise,
 O'erlooking Hackney-marshes fed with sheep.
 Ask you, what is it then I want? — to sleep.

Ep. LXXVI.

OH ! Fortune ! is your justice lost ?
 Behold this man, no knight o' th' post :
 Who is no alien, French, or Swiss :
 But Englishman, and Cockney is :
 Pleasant, sincere, good-natur'd, meek,
 Well skill'd in latin and in greek :
 Who hath no individual crime,
 But that he is possess'd with rhyme.
 Should he, half starv'd, wear shabby black ?
 When grooms have gold upon their back.

Ep. LXXIX.

FOUR miles from town his lordship's buildings stand :
 So does Tom's cottage with a bit of land.
 A marble green-house lately built my lord :
 Tom for his flowers erects a shed of board.

Disposuit daphnona suo Torquatus in agro :
Castaneas centum sevit Otacilius.

Consul Torquatus, vici fuit ille magister ;
Nec minor in tanto visus honore sibi.

Grandis ut exiguam bos ranam ruperat olim ;
Sic, puto, Torquatus rumpet Otacilium.

LXXX. *De Erote.*

PLORAT Eros, quoties maculosæ pocula myrrhæ
Inspicit, aut pueros, nobiliúsve citrum.

Et gemitus imo ducit de pectore, quòd non
Tota miser coëmat septa, ferátque domum.

Quàm multi faciunt, quod Eros, sed lumine sicco !
Pars major lacrymas ridet, & intus habet.

LXXXII. *Ad Gallum.*

SI quid nostra tuis adicit vexatiò rebus,

Manè, vel à mediâ nocte togatus ero.

Stridentésque feram flatus Aquilonis iniqui,

Et patiar nimbos, excipiámque nives.

Sed si non fias quadrante beatior uno,

Per gemitus nostros, ingenuásque cruces:

Parce, procor, lasso, vanósque remitte labores,

Qui tibi non profunt, & mihi, Galle, nocent.

LXXXV. *De Ladonte nautá.*

JAM senior Ladon Tiberinæ nauta carinæ

Proxima dilectis rura paravit aquis.

His park with oaks his lordship planted round :
 Tom put a hundred acorns in the ground.
 My lord was treasurer : Tom overseer ;
 As great, in his opinion, as the peer.
 As the ox burst the frog, (so fables speak)
 Aping my lord, I fear poor Tom will break.

Ep. LXXX.

At Chenevix' poor little master cries,
 When boxes, seals, and rings, and dolls he spies ;
 And from his soul sincerest sorrows come,
 That he can't buy the room, and bear it home.
 How many with dry eyes act master's part ?
 And, when they smile, for trifles sob at heart.

Ep. LXXXII.

If your affairs my diligence could mend,
 Early and late I ready would attend :
 Expos'd to storms, when angry winds do blow ;
 And on my breast receive the driving snow.
 But if you not one farthing happier are,
 By my fatigue, and by my generous care ;
 Spare one worn out, oh ! spare a labour vain,
 Which helps not you, but gives me real pain.

Ep. LXXXV.

A worn-out sailor, charm'd with Deptford strand,
 Close to the river bought a piece of land.

Quæ cum sæpe vagus premeret torrentibus undis
 Tybris, & hyberno rumperet arva lacu:
 Emeritam puppim, ripâ quæ stabat in altâ,
 Implevit faxis, opposuitque vadis.
 Sic nimias avertit aquas. quis credere posset?
 Auxilium domino merfa carina tulit.

C. *In commiscentem versus operi suo.*

Quid, stulte, nostris versibus tuos misces?
 Cum litigante quid tibi, miser, libro?
 Quid congregare cum leonibus vulpes,
 Aquilisque similes facere noctuas quæris?
 Habeas licebit alterum pedem Ladæ,
 Inepte, frustra crure ligneo curre.

CI. *De Capitolino.*

ELYSIO redeat si fortè remissus ab agro
 Ille suo felix Cæsare Galba vetus;
 Qui Capitolinum pariter, Galbâque jocantes
 Audierit: dicet, rustice Galba, tace.

CIII. *Ad municipes suos Bilbilitanos.*

MUNICIPES, Augusta mihi quos Bilbilis acri
 Monte creat, rapidus quam Salo cingit aquis;
 Ecquid læta juvat vestri vos gloria vatis?
 Nam decus & nomen, famaque vestra sumus.
 Nec sua plus debet tenui Verona Catullo,
 Mèque velit dici non minùs illa suum.

The winter tides prevail'd against the mound ;
 And in strong torrents overflow'd his ground.
 His cast-off bark, which luckily lay near,
 He fill'd with stones, converted to a pier,
 And stop'd the breach : and, who would have believ'd?
 That a sunk ship a tar's affairs retriev'd.

Ep. C.

Fool that you are to mix your verse with mine ;
 Of theft indicted by each other line.
 To herd with lions will the fox delight ?
 Eagles resemblance bear to birds of night ?
 Can you expect to run with one leg good,
 When you another have, which is of wood ?

Ep. CI.

COULD witty Rochester return again,
 With jokes his merry prince to entertain ;
 And he and you could with the monarch fit ;
 He'd silence Rochester for want of wit.

Ep. CIII.

MY friends, who round mount Caburn do abide,
 Drink Lewes' stream, or o'er her carpet ride ;
 Are you not anxious for your poet's fame ?
 His honours yours, and yours his deathless name.
 Much Twick'nam owes to Pope : now he is gone,
 May you not wish some poet for your own ?

You

Quatuor accessit tricesima messibus æstas,
Ut finè me Cereri rustica liba datis.
Mœnia dum colimus dominæ pulcherrima Romæ;
Mutavere meas Itala regna comas.
Excipitis reducem placidâ si mente, venimus:
Aspera si geritis corda, redire licet.



You without me, now thirty years at least,
In social mirth enjoy your Christmas feast.
While in this fair metropolis we stay,
Our hairs, alas! (as soon you'll see) are grey.
If well receiv'd, with you will we remain :
If not ; a chaise conveys us back again.

N. B. The 47th and 96th by Cowley.





MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.
LIBER UNDECIMUS.

I.

QUO tu, quò, liber ociose, tendis,
Cultus Sindone non quotidianâ ?
Numquid Parthenium videre ? certé.
Vadas, & redeas inevolutus.
Libros non legit ille, sed libellos:
Nec Musis vacat, aut suis vacaret.
Ecquid te fatîs æstimas beatum,
Contingunt tibi si manus minores ?
Vicini pete porticum Quirini:
Turbam non habet otiosîorem
Pompeius, vel Agenoris puella,
Vel primæ dominus levis carinæ.

Sunt



S E L E C T
 E P I G R A M S
 O F
 M A R T I A L.
 B O O K the E L E V E N T H.

Epigram I.

WHITHER, ah! whither, idle Muse,
 Stray you from Doddsley's shop so spruce?
 To minister of high condition,
 Less us'd to poem, than petition?
 By him received, you may lie still,
 With that, or with a tradesman's bill.
 Or if to verse he should incline;
 More to his own, perhaps, than mine.
 Are you content to lie on stall,
 A common prostitute to all?
 Go then, and catch some loitering beau,
 Whilst he is walking to and fro;

Who

Sunt illic duo, trésvé, qui revolvant
 Nostrarum tineas ineptiarum :
 Sed cùm sponfio, fabulæque lassæ
 De Scorpo fuerint, & Incitato.

XXXII. *In Cæcilianum.*

ATREUS Cæcilius ^uconcurbitarum
 Sic illas quasi filios Thyestæ
 In partes lacerat, fecâtque mille.
 Gustu protinus has edes in ipso,
 Has primâ feret alterâve cœnâ ;
 Has cœnâ tibi tertiâ reponet.
 Hinc feras epidipnidas parabit ;
 Hinc pistor fatuas facit placentas ;
 Hinc & multiplices struit tabellas ;
 Et notas caryotidas theatris :
 Hinc exit varium coco minutal,
 Ut lentem positam fabâmque credas :
 Boletos imitatur, & botellos,
 Et caudam cybii, brevésque mænas :
 Hinc cellarius experitur artes,
 Ut condat vario vafer sapore
 In rutæ folium capellianæ.
 Sic implet gabatas, paropfidásque,
 Et leves scutulas, cavásque lances.
 Hoc lautum putat, hoc putat venustum,
 Unum ponere ferculis tot assem.

Who in the playhouses delights,
 Or Tom's, or Cocoa-tree, or White's.
 How few will take from mice their due!
 Nor will your follies by those few
 Be told; but when their stories flag
 Of some new bet, or running nag.

Ep. XXXII.

THOU Atreus of a cucumber,
 Which, like Thyestes' sons, you tear,
 And in ten thousand pieces slice;
 And in ten thousand ways disguise.
 This in your soup at first you use:
 And this in every course produce.
 Hence your confectioner still takes
 His jellies, sweetmeats, and his cakes;
 Decking his dishes in a row
 Of high-raised pyramids for show.
 Your cook from this hath found the means,
 To furnish us with pease and beans;
 And by his magic art create
 A mushroom, sausage, cod, or scate.
 Your house-keeper, as far as can go
 Her seasoning art, turns this to mango.
 Thus you, who fill by this device
 Your dishes of all sorts and size,
 Would modish and polite be thought
 By serving up one single groat.

XXXV. *De Apro*

ÆDES emit Aper, sed quas nec noctua vellet
 Esse suas: adeò nigra, vetúsque casa est.
 Vicinos illi nitidus Maro possidet hortos.
 Cœnabit bellè, non habitabit Aper.

XXXVI. *Ad Fabullum.*

IGNOTOS mihi cùm voces trecentos,
 Quare non veniam vocatus à te,
 Miraris, quererísque, litigásque.
 Solus cœno, Fabulle, non libenter.

XL. *In Charidemum.*

CUNARUM fueras motor, Charideme, mearum ;
 Et pueri custos, assiduúsque comes.
 Jam mihi nigrescunt tonsâ sudaria barbâ,
 Et queritur labris puncta puella meis.
 Sed tibi non crevi : te noster villicus horret :
 Te dispensator, te domus ipsa pavet.
 Ludere nec nobis, nec tu permittis amare :
 Nil mihi vis, & vis cuncta licere tibi.
 Corripis, observas, quereris, suspiria ducis ;
 Et vix à ferulis abstinet ira manum.
 Si Tyrios sumpsi cultus, unxíve capillos ;
 Exclamas, numquam fecerat ista patër.
 Et numeras nostros adstrictâ fronte trientes,
 Tanquam de cellâ fit cadus ille tuâ.
 Define : non possum libertum ferre Catonem.
 Esse virum jam me dicet amica tibi.

Ep. XXXV.

JACK buys an ancient cottage, dismal, foul,
 And scarce a decent harbour for an owl,
 Near to an hospitable neighbour's feat.
 Jack will not lodge so well as he will eat.

Ep. XXXVI.

THAT I your invitation should decline,
 Why do you wonder? why do you repine?
 When hundreds you invite to me unknown:
 I do not choose, dear friend, to dine alone.

Ep. XL.

You were for ever by my infant side;
 My guardian, my companion, and my guide.
 The razor now grows blunt against my beard;
 And every girl complains that it is hard.
 With you I am but little master still:
 And all my servants tremble at your will.
 To game, or to intrigue, I must not dare:
 All things to you, to me none, lawful are.
 You check, remark, complain, and cry 'Good God!
 And in your passion scarce forbear the rod.
 If my toupee, or velvet, I put on;
 You say, Oh! how unlike your father gone!
 You count each bumper with a serious look;
 As if from your own vault the wine I took.
 Such censor I no longer suffer can:
 Pray, ask my maid, if I am not a man.

XLV. *Ad senem orbem*

ORBUS es, & locuples, & Bruto consule natus ;
 Esse tibi veras credis amicitias ?
 Sunt veræ : sed quas juvenis, quas pauper habebas :
 Qui novus est, mortem diligit ille tuam.

LVI. *De Lupo, ad Urbicum.*

HORTATUR fieri quòd te Lupus, Urbice, patrem ;
 Ne credas. nihil est, quod minùs ille velit,
 Ars est captandi, quod nolis, velle videri :
 Ne facias optat, quod rogat ut facias.
 Dicat prægnantem tua se Cosconia tantùm :
 Pallidior fiet jam pariente Lupus.
 At tu consilio videaris ut usus amici ;
 Sic morere, ut factum te putet esse patrem.

LVII. *In Chæremonem.*

QUOD nimiùm laudas, Chæremon Stoïce, mortem,
 Vis animum mirer suspiciàmque tuum.
 Hanc tibi virtutem fractâ facit urceus anâ,
 Et tristis nullo qui tepet igne focus.
 Et teges & cimex, & nudi sponda grabati,
 Et brevis atque eadem nocte dièque toga.
 O quàm magnus homo es, qui sæce rubentis aceti,
 Et stipulâ, & nigro pane carere potes !
 Leuconicis agetum tumeat tibi culcita lanis :
 Constringatque tuos purpura pexa toros :

Dormiat

Ep. XLV.

CHILDLESS, and rich, and born in Charles's reign,
 Can you expect that cordial friends remain?
 If such; they are, whom young and poor you found:
 The new will love you only under ground.

Ep. LVI.

NED prays, that heaven may you with issue bless:
 Believe him not: nothing he wishes less.
 To wish what he dislikes is fawning art:
 And when he speaks, his tongue belies his heart.
 Let but your lady feel a breeding throe,
 Ned will look pale, as he were breeding too.
 Yet with a friend's desire so far comply;
 That he may think you did not childless die.

Ep. LVII.

WHEN you too stoically scorn the grave,
 You want me to admire a soul so brave.
 A broken pot this virtue doth inspire:
 A dismal chimney ever void of fire:
 A lousy rug; a bed of blankets bare:
 And but one jacket for all seasons wear.
 Oh! the great man! that can a mat resign;
 A hard brown crust; and dregs of acid wine.
 In downy ease let me suppose you laid,
 With crimson damask curtains round your bed;

Dormiat & tecum, qui, cùm modò Cæcuba miscet,
 Convivas roseo torferat ore, puer :
 O quàm tu cupies ter vivere Nestoris annos,
 Et nihil ex ullâ perdere luce voles !
 Rebus in angustiis facile est contemnere vitam ;
 Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

LX. *De Charino.*

SENOs Charinus omnibus digitis gerit,
 Nec nocte ponit, annulos ;
 Nec cùm lavatur. causa quæ fit, quæritis ?
 Dactyliothecam non habet.

LXVII. *In Vacerram.*

Et delator es, & calumniator :
 Et fraudator es, & negociator :
 Et fellator es, & lanista. miror
 Quare non habeas, Vacerra, nummos.

LXVIII. *In Maronem.*

NIL mihi das vivus : dicis post fata daturum.
 Si non es stultus, scis, Maro, quid cupiam.

LXIX. *Ad Mathonem.*

PARVA rogas magnos : sed non dant hæc quoque magni.
 Ut pudeat levius te, Matho, magna roga.

And in that bed a brisk and amorous fair,
 Who at your table charms us with her air ;
 Thrice Nestor's age would scarce content your soul,
 Which would not lose one moment from the whole.
 'Tis easy life to scorn, by need subdu'd :
 To bear afflictions is true fortitude.

Ep. LX.

Six rings on every finger Vainlove keeps :
 In them he goes to stool ; in them he sleeps.
 If you are curious, and the cause would trace ;
 It is because he did not hire the case.

Ep. LXVII.

You an informer are ; and a back-biter :
 A common sharper ; and a hackney writer :
 A whore-master ; and master of defence :
 Jack of all trades ; strange ! that you want the pence ;

Ep. LXVIII.

You nothing give me now : when you expire,
 You promise all.—You know what I desire.

Ep. LXIX.

AN ensign's post you ask ; and that's denied :
 Ask for a colonel's ; less 'twill hurt your pride.

LXXVII. *Ad Pætum.*

SOLVERE, Pæte, decem tibi me festertia cogis :
 Perdiderit quoniam Bucco ducenta tibi.
 Ne noceant, oro, mihi non mea crimina : tu qui
 Bis centena potes perdere, perde decem.

LXXX. *Ad Pætum.*

AD primum decimâ lapidem quòd venimus horâ,
 Arguimur lentæ crimine pigritiæ.
 Non est ista viæ, non est mea sed tua culpa ;
 Misisti mulas qui mihi, Pæte, tuas.

LXXXIII. *De Philostrato.*

A Sinuessanis conviva Philostratus undis
 Conductum repetens nocte jubente larem,
 Penè imitatus obit sævis Elpenora fatis,
 Præceps per longos dum ruit usque gradus.
 Non esset, Nymphæ, tam magna pericula passus,
 Si potius vestras ille bibisset aquas.

LXXXIV. *Ad Sofibianum.*

NEMO habitat gratis, nisi dives & orbis apud te.
 Nemo domum pluris, Sofibiane, locat.

LXXXV. *De Antiocho tonsore.*

QUI nondum Stygias descendere quærit ad undas,
 Tonsorem fugiat, si sapit, Antiochum.

Ep. LXXVII.

TEN pounds, I owe, you call for in a pet ;
 Because Tom broke two hundred in your debt.
 Hard ! I should bear the faults of other men ,
 You, who could lose two hundred ; pray lose ten.

Ep. LXXX.

FROM Kew to town four hours I spent : you rail,
 As if I travell'd slower than a snail.
 The road was good : not I, but you, to blame ;
 Who sent your equipage, in which I came.

LXXXIII.

AT Bristol, Tom from the mayor's feast was led :
 And home return'd was going up to bed :
 From the stair-head he like Elpenor fell :
 And, like Elpenor, almost drop'd to hell.
 My sober friend ! reflect upon this matter !
 How safe are you, who drink but Bristol water !

Ep. LXXXIV.

GRATIS your house old batchelors frequent :
 Yet none can let a house at higher rent.

Ep. LXXXV.

YOU, who wish not to die before your hour,
 Trust not your face to barber Scrapeill's power.

Alba minùs sævis lacerantur brachia cultris,
 Cùm furit ad Phrygios enthea turba modos,
 Mitior implicitas Alcon fecat enterocelas,
 Fractâque fabrili dedolat ossa manu.
 Tondeat hic inopes Cynicos, & Stoica menta,
 Collâque pulvereâ nudet equina jubâ.
 Hic miserum Scythicâ sub rupe Promethea radat :
 Carnificem nudo pectore pascat avem.
 Ad matrem fugiet Pentheus, ad Mænadas Orpheus :
 Antiochi tantùm barbara tela sonent.
 Hæc quæcunque meo numerâsti sigmata mento,
 In vetuli pictâ qualia fronte sedent.
 Non iracundis fecit gravis unguibus uxor :
 Antiochi ferrum est, & scelerata manus.
 Unus de cunctis animalibus hircus habet cor ;
 Barbatus vivit, ne ferat Antiochum.

XCIII. *In Zoï'um.*

MENTITUR, qui te vitiosum, Zoïle, dixit.
 Non vitiosus homo es, Zoïle, sed vitium.

XCIV. *De Theodoro.*

PIERIOS vatis Theodori flamma Penates
 Abstulit. hoc Musis, hoc tibi, Phœbe, placet ?
 O scelus, ô magnum facinus, criménque deorum,
 Non arsit pariter quèd domus, & dominus.

A soldier's skin is less severely rent,
Who runs the gantlope through his regiment.
Hawkins by far cuts easier for the stone ;
And any surgeon sets a broken bone.
A barber, fit for beggars in a lane ;
To dock a horse's tail, or cut his mane.
A felon martyr'd by such hands as these,
Would call upon the hangman's hand for ease.
Debtors for refuge would to bailiffs fly,
And tars to prefs-gangs, when his razor's nigh.
Look on these scars ! how movingly they speak !
And seem as I were burnt in either cheek !
Not of an angry wife they records stand ;
But Scrapeill's razor, and his bungling hand.
A goat is wisest of the brutish herd ;
Who, to avoid a Scrapeill, wears his beard.

Ep. XCIII.

HE says not right, who says, that you are evil :
You an ill man !——you are a very devil.

Ep. XCIV.

POOR poet Dogrel's house consum'd by fire !
Is the Muse pleas'd ? or father of the lyre ?
O cruel Fate ! what injury you do,
To burn the house ! and not the master too !

Ep. CVIII.

CVIII. *Ad Septicianum.*

EXPLICITUM nobis usque ad sua cornua librum,

Et quasi perlectum, Septiciane, refers.

Omnia legisti. credo, scio, gaudeo, verum est.

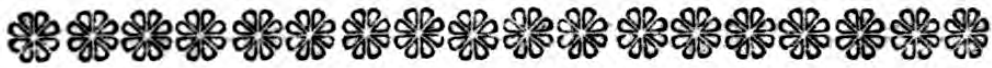
Perlegi libros sic ego quinque tuos.



Ep. CVIII.

THE leaves all foil'd, some turn'd, the corners worn.
Shew you've perus'd my work, which you return.
I'm glad you've read it all; I see 'tis true;
So I have read five volumes writ by you.





MARTIALIS
EPIGRAMMATA
SELECTA.

LIBER DUODECIMUS.

VII. *De Ligiâ.*

TOTO vertice quot gerit capillos,
Annos si tot habet Ligia, trîma est

X. *De Africano.*

HABET Africanus millies, tamen captat.
Fortuna multis dat nimis, fatîs nulli.

XII. *In Postumum.*

OMNIA promittis, cùm totâ nocte bibisti :
Manè nihil præstas : Postume, manè bibe.

XIII. *Ad Auctum.*

GENUS, Aucte, lucri divites habent iram.
Odisse, quàm donare, vilius constat.

XIV. *Ad*



S E L E C T
E P I G R A M S
O F
M A R T I A L.

BOOK the TWELFTH.

Epigram VII.

HER years if number'd by her hairs; I ween,
That lady Elderly is scarce nineteen.

Ep. X.

HE fawns for more, though he his thousands touch:
Fortune gives none enough, but some too much.

Ep. XII.

IN midnight cups you grant all we propose:
Next morn neglect: pray, take a morning dose.

Ep. XIII.

RICH men, my friend, by anger know to thrive.
'Tis cheaper much to quarrel, than to give.

Ep. XIV.

XIV. *Ad Priscum.*

PARCIUS utaris, moneo, rapiente veredo,
 Prisce, nec in lepores tam violentus eas.
 Sæpe satisfecit prædæ venator, & acri
 Decidit excussus, nec rediturus equo.
 Infidias & campus habet: nec fossa, nec agger,
 Nec sint fæxa licèt, fallere plana solent.
 Non deerunt, qui tanta tibi spectacula præstent,
 Invidiâ fati sed levioe cadant.
 Si te delectant animosa pericula: Tuscis
 (Tutior est virtus) infidiamur apris.
 Quid te frena juvant temeraria? sæpius illis,
 Prisce, datum est equitem rumpere, quàm leporem.

XVII. *In Lentinum.*

QUARE tam multis à te, Lentine, diebus
 Non abeat febris, quæris, & usque gemis.
 Gestatur tecum pariter, paritèrque lavatur:
 Cœnat boletos, ostrea, fumen, aprum.
 Ebria Setino fit sæpe, & sæpe Falerno:
 Nec nisi per niveam Cæcuba potat aquam:
 Circumfusa rosis, & nigra recumbit amomo;
 Dormit & in plumâ, purpureoque toro.
 Cùm fit ei pulcre, cùm tam bene vivat apud te,
 Ad Dammam potius vis tua febris eat?

Ep. XIV.

DEAR 'squire, take my advice ; your hunter spare :
Nor with such violence pursue a hare.
The sportsman often does the prey become ;
And from his horse receive his final doom.
No ground is safe : if ditch nor bar remain,
Nor pit ; your horse may stumble on a plain,
There are enough, at distance to divert,
And break their neck, who have not your desert.
If manly exercise such pleasure yields ;
Safer and nobler seek in Belgic fields.
Why ride at all ? and madly Fate defy ?
Roper at last before the fox did die.

Ep. XVII.

YOUR fever still attends you, though you grieve ;
Though you complain, will not one moment leave.
With you it travels in a chariot ; dines
With you, on truffles, oysters, sweetbreads, chines :
Drinks hock ; in Burgundy is very nice ;
Nor will taste claret, till 'tis cool'd in ice ;
Reclines at ease ; and smells to some perfume ;
Lodges on down, in a well furnish'd room.
Think you, a fever, which you treat so well,
Will with a porter or a cobbler dwell ?

Ep. XVIII.

XVIII. *Ad Juvenalem.*

Dum tu forsitán inquietus erras
 Clamosâ, Juvenalis, in Suburâ,
 Aut collem dominæ teris Dianæ :
 Dum per limina te potentiorum,
 Sudatrix toga ventilat, vagúmque
 Major Cœlius, & minor fatigant :
 Me multos repetita post Decembres
 Accepit mea, rusticúmque fecit
 Auro Bilbilis, & superba ferro.
 Hîc pigri colimus labore dulci
 Bothrodum, Plateámque : Celtiberis
 Hæc sunt nomina crassiora terris.
 Ingenti fruor, improbóque somno,
 Quem nec tertia sæpe rumpit hora.
 Et totum mihi nunc repono, quidquid
 Ter denos vigilaveram per annos.
 Ignota est toga ; sed datur petenti
 Ruptâ proxima vestis è cathedrâ.
 Surgentem focus excipit superbâ
 Vicini strue cultus iliceti,
 Multâ villica quem coronat ollâ.
 Venator sequitur ; sed ille, quem tu
 Secretâ cupias habere sylvâ.

Ep. XVIII.

WHILE you perhaps now crowd thro' Temple-bar,
Stun'd with the din of rattling coach and car ;
Or towards Paul's are mounting Ludgate-street ;
Or running to the levee of the great ;
Or in your lawyer's gown are driving hard ;
Either through great or little Palace-yard ;
My native Suffex, and her favourite shore,
Of golden harvests proud, and iron ore,
Me, her too long absenting renegade,
Again revives, and hath a farmer made.
Busy but pleas'd, and idly taking plains,
Here Lewes Downs I till, and Ringmer plains ;
Names which to each South Saxon are well known,
Though they sound harsh to powder'd beaux in town.
None can enjoy a sounder sleep than mine ;
I often do not wake till after nine ;
And midnight hours with interest repay,
For years in town diversions thrown away.
Stranger to finery, myself I dress,
In the first coat from an old broken press.
My fire, as soon as I am up, I see
Bright with the ruins of some neighbouring tree ;
And early by a country cook-wench crown'd
With boiling pots and skillets all around.
Next comes my dairy-maid ; and such a one,
As Pan himself might wish to meet alone.

Dispensat pueris, rogátque longos
 Levis ponere villicus capillos.
 Sic me vivere, sic juvat perire.

XX. *Ad Fabullum.*

QUARE non habeat, Fabulle, quæris,
 Uxorem Themison? habet sororem.

XXI. *Ad Marcellam.*

MUNICIPEM rigidi quis te, Marcella, Salonis?
 Et genitam nostris quis putet esse locis?
 Tam rarum, tam dulce sapis: Pallatia dicent,
 Audierint si te vel semel, esse suam:
 Nulla nec in mediâ certabit nata Suburâ,
 Nec Capitolini collis alumna tibi.
 Nec citò ridebit peregrini gloria partûs,
 Romanam deceat quam magis esse nurm.
 Tu desiderium dominæ mihi mitius urbis
 Esse jubes: Romam tu mihi sola facis.

XXIII. *In Læliam.*

DENTIBUS, atque comis, nec te pudet, uteris emptis.
 Quid facies oculo, Lælia? non emitur.

XXIV. *Ad Juvenicum, de covino curru.*

O Jucunda, covine, solitudo,
 Carrucâ magis, effedóque gratum

My boys, whose heads, rough as a filly's, grow,
 Are fummon'd by my bailiff to the plough.
 Such is my life, a life of liberty:
 So would I wish to live, and so to die.

Ep. XX.

You lately were enquiring, why Silvester
 Has not yet got a wife?—He has a sister.

Ep. XXI.

THAT you were born, and ever since have liv'd
 In Derby Peak, is scarce to be conceiv'd.
 Wit so uncommon, and diverting too,
 Courts might admire, and challenge as their due.
 No Pall-mall lady can with you compare;
 None, who sees company in Grosvenor-square.
 Nor soon again will shine in tracts unknown,
 One, who would be an ornament to town.
 You for the lost metropolis attone;
 And London I enjoy in you alone.

Ep. XXIII.

YOUR hair and teeth you're not ashamed to buy.
 What will you do, should you lose t' other eye.

Ep. XXIV.

How pleasant is this one-horse chair!
 In which alone I take the air:

Facundi mihi munus Æliani;
 Hic mecum licet, hic, Juvence, quidquid
 In buccam tibi venerit, loquaris.
 Non rector Libyci niger caballi,
 Succinctus neque cursor antecedit.
 Nusquam mulio : mannuli tacebunt.
 O si conscius esset hic Avitus,
 Aurem non ego tertiam timerem.
 Totus quàm bene sic dies abiret !

XXV. *In Thelesinum.*

CUM rogo te nummos finè pignore : non habeo, inquis.
 Idem, si pro me spondet agellus, habes.
 Quod mihi non credis veteri, Thelesine, sodali,
 Credis colliculis, arboribusque meis.
 Ecce reum Carus te detulit : adfit agellus.
 Exilii comitem quæris ? agellus eat.

XXVI. *In avarum amicum.*

SEXAGINTA teras cùm limina manè senator,
 Esse tibi videor defidiosus eques :
 Quòd non à primâ discurram luce per urbem,
 Et referam lassus basia mille domum.

'Tis Pleadwell's present : for my age,
 There is no better equipage.
 Now with thy master, Ball, be free ;
 And say whate'er you please to me.
 No master of the horse have I,
 Or groom or running-footman by.
 And though your curb and harness rattle,
 The devil's in it, if they tattle.
 Would that my honest friend Ned Hearty
 Were here but with us of the party !
 I should not fear, that he would tell :
 We three might pass the day full well.

Ep. XXV.

IF I want money ; you have none, you cry :
 But lend it, if my field's security.
 With what you would not trust your ancient friend,
 That to my acres, and my trees you lend.
 Are you indicted for a breach of laws ?
 Go to my field, and let him plead my cause.
 Want you a friend your banishment to ease ?
 Let my field travel with you, if he please.

Ep. XXVI.

When in your borough you yourself bestir,
 I do appear to you an idle cur ;
 That by day-break I run not up and down,
 And kiss each voter's wife throughout the town

Sed tu purpureis ut des nova nomina fastis,
 Aut Numidûm gentes, Cappadocûmve petas :
 At mihi, quem cogis medios abrumpere somnos,
 Et matutinum ferre, patique lutum,
 Quid petitur? ruptâ cûm pes vagus exit alutâ,
 Et subitus crassæ decidit imber aquæ :
 Nec venit ablatis clamatus verna lacernis ;
 Accedit gelidam fervus ad auriculam,
 Et, rogat ut cœnes secum Lætorius, inquit.
 Viginti nummis non ego malo famem ;
 Quòd fit cœna mihi, tibi sit provincia merces,
 Et faciamus idem, nec mereamur idem.

XXVII. *In Seniam.*

A latronibus esse te fututam
 Dicis, Senia : sed negant latrones.

XXVIII. *In Cinnam.*

Poro ego sextantes : tu potas, Cinna, deunces.
 Et quereris, quòd non, Cinna, bibamus idem.

XXX. *Ad Aprum.*

Siccus, sobrius est Aper : quid ad me ?
 Servum sic ego laudo, non amicum.

BY this you may gain credit in the nation ;
 Or be made governor of some plantation.
 But as for me, what end can I obtain ;
 Whom you compel to break my rest in vain :
 And early march along a dirty street,
 With scarce a shoe entire upon my feet :
 And if a sudden heavy shower descends,
 Without a boy, who with a cloak attends.
 Your servant whispers to me in this plight,
 ' His honour begs you'll sup with him to-night.
 Had I not rather by myself keep Lent ?
 Let not our pains and pay be different !
 Is it not hard, that this should be the case ?
 I but a supper get, and you a place.

Ep. XXVII.

SHE ravish'd was by highwaymen, she cries :
 Flatly the fact each highwayman denies.

Ep. XXVIII.

I DRINK a pint ; a gallon you : for shame !
 Can you complain, the wine is not the same ?

Ep. XXX.

TOM never drinks : that I should much commend
 In Tom my coachman, but not Tom my friend.

XXXI. *De hortis Marcellæ uxoris.*

Hoc nemus, hi fontes, hæc textilis umbra supini

Palmitis, hoc riguæ ductile flumen aquæ :

Pratâque, nec bifero cessura rosaria Pæsto :

Quódque viret Jani mense, nec alget olus :

Quæque natat clusis anguilla domestica lymphis,

Quæque gerit similes candida turris aves :

Munera sunt dominæ post septima lustra reverso ;

Has Marcella domos, parvâque regna dedit.

Si mihi Nauficæ patrios concederet hortos,

Alcinoo possem dicere, malo meos.

XXXIV. *Ad Julium Martialem.*

TRIGINTA mihi, quatuórque messes

Tecum, si memini, fuere, Juli :

Quarum dulcia mixta sunt amaris :

Sed jucunda tamen fuere plura.

Et si calculus omnis huc, & illuc

Diversus bicolórque digeratur :

Vincet candida turba nigriorem.

Si vitare velis acerba quædam,

Et tristes animi cavere morsus,

Nulli te facias nimis sodalem.

Gaudebis minùs, & minùs dolebis.

XXXV. *Ad Callistratum.*

TAMQUAM simpliciter mecum, Callistrate, vivas :

Dicere præcisum te mihi sæpe soles.

Ep. XXXI.

THIS grove ; these fountains ; t'nsile Linden's shade ;
 Refreshing streams, by ductile waters made ;
 These flowering meadows, still like Eden gay ;
 These pot-herbs green, that dare the coldest day ;
 This eel, which swims familiar to the fight ;
 This towering dove-house, cover'd with its flight ;
 I to my wife, after long absence, owe :
 'Tis she this house, this kingdom, did bestow :
 Could I with the first fair have paradise,
 Blest as I am, the boon I would despise.

Ep. XXXIV.

WE two, in fair and in foul weather,
 Thirty-four years have pass'd together :
 Nor sweet nor sour our cup did want ;
 The sweet hath been predominant :
 And bring life's chequer'd board to light,
 Fewer the spots of black than white.
 Would you shun many things to curse,
 And guard against the mind's remorse,
 With none too intimately live ;
 Less you'll rejoice, and less will grieve.

Ep. XXXV.

FREE from reserve you would to me appear ;
 And tell me, you are pox'd, to seem sincere.

Non es tam simplex, quàm vis, Callifrate, credi:

Nam quisquis narrat talia, plura tacet.

XXXVI. *In Labullum.*

LIBRAS quatuor, aut duas amico,
 Argentémque togam, brevémque lænam,
 Interdum aureolos manu crepanteis,
 Possint ducere qui duas calendas,
 Quòd nemo, nisi tu, Labulle, donas;
 Non es, crede mihi, bonus. quid ergo?
 Ut verum loquar, optimus malorum.
 Pisones, Senecásque, Memmiósque,
 Et Crispos mihi redde, sed priores:
 Fies protinus ultimus bonorum.
 Vis cursu, pedibúsque gloriari?
 Tigrim vince, levémque Passerinum.
 Nulla est gloria præterire asellos.

XL. *In Pontilianum,*

MENTIRIS? credo: recitas mala carmina? laudo:

Cantas? canto: bibis, Pontiliane? bibo.

Pedis? dissimulo: gemmâ vis ludere? vincor.

Res una est sine me, quam facis, & taceo.

Nil tamen omnino præstas mihi. mortuus, inquis,

Accipiam bene te. nil volo: sed morete.

But with a friend this is not dealing well ;
For he must more conceal, who this could tell.

Ep. XXXVI.

THOUGH you bestow upon a man of worth,
A jacket, joeseph, dinner, or so forth ;
A piece or two in hand, which soon must fail,
And save but two months longer from a jail ;
And though scarce one besides yourself does thus ;
Believe me, Sir, you are not generous.
What am I then ? say you. Why truly, I Sir
Think you at best a better sort of miser.
Recall to mind the Pisos, Senecas ;
(Bounty, which is not now, but such as was)
Compar'd with them, how much are you surpass'd !
Of all the generous men you are the last.
If for Newmarket plate you would contend ;
'Tis strength, 'tis swiftness, that must recommend.
The glory is, from the best horse to gain ;
Not to o'ertake an ass upon the plain.

Ep. XL.

I PRAISE your dogrel verse : believe your lye :
You sing, I sing : you drink, and so do I.
You fart, I strive : we play, you win the game :
One thing, you do without me, I don't name.
And yet you nothing give me : when you die,
You promise much :—but one more wish have I.

XLV. *Ad Phœbum.*

HOEDINA tibi pelle contegenti
 Nudæ tempora verticemque calvæ;
 Festivè tibi, Phœbe, dixit ille,
 Qui dixit caput esse calceatum.

XLVI. *Ad Clasicum.*

VENDUNT carmina Gallus, & Luperus.
 Sanos Clasicæ, nunc nega poëtas.

XLVIII. *In lautum invitatores.*

BOLETOS & aprum si tanquam vilia ponis,
 Et non esse putas hæc mea vota: volo.
 Si fortunatum fieri me credis, & hæres
 Vis scribi, propter quinque Lucrina: vale.
 Lautam tamen cœna est: fateor, lautissima: sed cras
 Nil erit, imò hodie; protinus imò nihil;
 Quod sciat infelix damnatæ spongia virgæ,
 Vel quicumque canis, junctaque testa viæ:
 Mullorum, leporumque, & fuminis exitus hic est;
 Sulphureusque color, carnificesque pedes.
 Non Albana mihi fit commissatio tanti;
 Nec Capitoline, pontificumque dapes.
 Imputet ipse Deus nectar mihi, fiet acetum,
 Et Vaticani perfida vappa cadi.
 Convivas alios cœnarum quære magister,
 Quos capiant mensæ regna superba tuæ:
 Me meus ad subitas invitet amicus ofellas:
 Hæc mihi, quam possum reddere, cœna placet.

Ep. XLV.

WHEN to secure your bald pate from the weather,
 You lately wore a cap of black neats leather ;
 He was a very wag, who to you said,
 ‘ Why do you wear your slippers on your head ?’

Ep. XLVI.

WHEN Scribler makes us for his verse subscribe
 All are not mad of the poetic tribe.

Ep. XLVIII.

As common fare, when sausages and chine
 You place before me ; I with pleasure dine.
 But if you think to please me ; or conceive
 By soups to be my heir ; I take my leave.
 Your dinner’s nice ; extremely nice, I own ;
 Yet it is nought the moment it is down.
 Perchance, it to a dirty mop may fall,
 A hungry dog, closestool, or urinal.
 In what ends mullet, hare, and season’d meat ?
 In ashy countenance, and gouty feet.
 Dear at that rate the most delicious cheer :
 A coronation feast by much too dear !
 Think you, when you your Burgundy do pour,
 You honour me ? the thought will turn it four.
 Proud entertainer, seek another guest
 To praise the regal splendour of your feast.
 Me let a friend to a chance scrap receive :
 I like a dinner, such as I can give.

XLIX. *Ad Linum pædagogum.*

CRINITÆ Line pædagoge turbæ,
 Rerum quem dominum vocat suarum,
 Et credit cui Postumilla dives
 Gemmas, aurea, vina, concubinos :
 Sic te, perpetuâ fide probatum,
 Nulli non tua præferat patrona :
 Succurras misero, precor, furori,
 Et ferves aliquando negligenter
 Illos, qui malè cor meum perurunt :
 Quos & noctibus & diebus opto
 In nostro cupidus sinu videre :
 Formosos, niveos, pares, gemellos ;
 Grandes, non pueros, sed uniones.

L. *In habentem amœnas ædes.*

DAPHNONAS, platanonas & aërias cyparissos,
 Et non unius balnea solus habes ;
 Et tibi centenis stat porticus alta columnis,
 Calcatúsque tuo sub pede lucet onyx ;
 Pulvereúmque fugax hippodromon ungula plaudit,
 Et pereuntis aquæ fluctus ubique sonat.
 Atria longa patent : sed nec cœnantibus usquam,
 Nec somno locus est. quàm bene non habitas !

LI. *De Fabullo.*

TAM sæpe nostrum decipi Fabullinum
 Miraris, Aule ? semper bonus homo tiro est.

Ep. XLIX.

THOU master of Tête de Mouton,
 Thou Calverly of high renown,
 To whom my lady Wealthy sent,
 Her girl with every ornament.
 Long be you famous for your care ;
 And mothers you to all prefer.
 Pity on me, some pity, have,
 To a strong passion quite a slave.
 Nor guard so close what I admire,
 And what hath set my heart on fire :
 Which night and day I long to hold ;
 And eager on my breast infold :
 Bright, sparkling, lively, lovely, fair.
 —I speak of miss's solitaire.

Ep. L.

NONE equal you in trees for ever green :
 Your bath's the most majestic can be seen :
 Your colonnade is lofty, spacious, fine :
 And underfoot your marble pavements shine :
 Round your wide park the fleeting coufer bounds :
 Many cascades salute us with their sounds :
 Apartments grand : no place to eat or sleep !
 What a most noble house you do *not* keep !

Ep. LI.

WONDER you, Meanwell is so often bit ?
 An honest man's a child in worldly wit.

LVII. *Ad Sparsum.*

CUR sæpe ficci parva rura Nomentî,
 Larémque villæ sordidum petam, quæris?
 Nec cogitandi, Sparse, nec quiescendi
 In urbe locus est pauperi. negant vitam
 Ludimagistri manè, nocte pistores,
 Ærariorum marculi die toto.
 Hinc ociosus sordidam quatit mensam
 Neronianâ nummularius masâ:
 Illinc paludis malleator Hispanæ
 Tritum nitenti fuste verberat saxum.
 Nec turba cessat entheata Bellonæ,
 Nec fasciato naufragus loquax trunco,
 A matre doctus nec rogare Judæus,
 Nec sulfuratæ lippus insitor mercis.
 Numerare pigri damna qui potest somni,
 Dicet, quot æra verberent manus urbis,
 Cùm secta Colcho luna vapulat rhombo.
 Tu, Sparse, nescis ista, nec potes scire,
 Petilianis delicatus in regnis,
 Cui plana summos despicit domus montes,
 Et rus in urbe est, vinitorque Romanus.
 Nec in Falerno colle major autumnus,
 Intrâque limen clausus effedo cursus,
 Et in profundo somnus, & quies nullis
 Offensa linguis; nec dies, nisi admissus.
 Nos transeuntis risus excitat turbæ,
 Et ad cubile est Roma: tædio fessis
 Dormire quoties libuit, imus ad villam.

Ep. LVII.

WHY to a homely cottage I retire,
On a dry spot, not far from Harrow spire ?
Because a man, so poor as I, may creep
Round town ; nor find a hole to think or sleep.
Is it to live ? to lodge as in a mill :
Disturb'd each morn by chimney-sweepers shrill :
With pewterers' hammers tinkling in ones ears :
With alley jobbers crying bulls and bears.
Here Irish bog-trotters, now paviers grown,
Ram with loud hems and thumps the shining stone.
There soldiers marching to their duty come,
With trumpets founding ; and with beat of drum.
Dun'd by a sailor with a wooden leg ;
Or little Palatine brought up to beg.
Stun'd by a train of ragged dirty wretches,
Hawking a Grubstreet paper, or card matches.
The ways to lose one's sleep whoever tells,
Might count the changes on St. Martin's bells.
But you, my lord, know none of all this ill,
Whose palace looks o'er Constitution Hill.
Your *rus in urbe* delicately yields
A prospect fair o'er Chelsea's twice-mow'd fields.
Within your gate a yard to turn a coach :
Your chamber safe from noise and day's approach.
No passing mob with idle jokes to noise it ;
Nor lodging-room with London for its closet.
Fatigued with all this hubbub, far we fly it,
To pass in country cot the night in quiet.

LX. *Ad suum natalem.*

MARTIS alumne dies, roseam quo lampada primùm,
 Magnaque fiderei vidimus ora dei :
 Si te rure coli, viridésque pigebit ad aras,
 Qui fueras Latiâ cultus in urbe mihi :
 Da veniam, servire meis quòd nolo calendis,
 Et quâ sum genitus, vivere luce volo.
 Natali pallere suo, ne calda Sabello
 Desit, & ut liquidum potet Alauda merum,
 Turbida sollicito transmittere Cæcuba sacco ;
 Atque inter mensas ire, redire suas ;
 Excipere hos, illos, & totâ surgere cœnâ
 Marmora calcantem frigidiora gelu :
 Quæ ratio est, hæc sponte tuâ perferre, patique,
 Quæ, te si jubeat rex dominúsve, neges ?

LXI. *De Ligurrâ.*

VERSUS, & breve vividúmque carmen
 In te ne faciam times, Ligurra ;
 Et dignus cupis hóc metu videri :
 Sed frustra metuis, cupísque frustra.
 In tauros Libyci fremunt leones ;
 Non sunt papilionibus molesti.
 Quæras, censeo, si legi laboras,
 Nigri fornicis ebrium poëtam ;
 Qui carbone rudi, putrique cretâ
 Scribit carmina, quæ legunt cacantes.

Ep. LX.

HAIL Taffi's day ! on which my race begun :
On which I first beheld the glorious sun.
That day I now in rural ease will spend ;
In banquet whilom pass'd with many a friend.
No longer slave to forms, I will contrive,
Upon that day, which gave me life, to live.
Is it to keep the day ? in pain to sup,
About Sir Harry's hock, and Ned's spice-cup.
Anxious the punch well zested be, and bright :
The tables, dishes, company placed right.
Rising each moment during the whole feast ;
And catching cold to compliment each guest.
Were this commanded, we should not comply :
Why therefore chuse such formal slavery ?

Ep. LXI.

You dread my verse, and sting of wit,
Which put you in a shaking fit :
Would seem of rank to entertain
Such fears : your fears and hopes are vain.
'Tis at the bull that lions fly,
While rats run unregarded by.
Find other poets, if you long
To be the burden of a song :
Some drunken bard from Grubstreet hole,
Who, with a piece of chalk or coal,
May draw a line or two of satire,
Which we may read in easing nature.

Your

Frons hæc stigmatè non meo notanda est.

LXIII. *Ad Cordubam.*

UNCTO Corduba lætior Venafro,
 Histrâ nec minùs absoluta testâ,
 Albi quæ superas oves Galesi,
 Nullo murice, nec cruore mendax,
 Sed tinctis gregibus colore vivo:
 Dic vestro, rogo, sit pudor poëtæ,
 Ne grati recitet meos libellos:
 Ferrem, si faceret bonus poëta,
 Cui possem dare mutuos honores:
 Corruptit finè talione cœlebs.
 Cæcus perdere non potest, quod aufert.
 Nil est deterius latrone nudo:
 Nil securius est malo poëtâ.

LXVIII. *Ad clientes.*

MATUTINE cliens, urbis mihi causa relicta,
 Atria, si sapias, ambitiosa colas.
 Non sum ego causidicus, nec amaris litibus aptus:
 Sed piger, & senior, Pleridumque comes.
 Ocia me, somnûsque juvant, quæ magna negavit
 Roma mihi: redeo, si vigilatur & hic.

Your coxcomb may deserve the burden,
Not of my verse, but of my jordan.

Ep. LXIII.

O GRUBSTREET ! fam'd for dying speech,
And many a scrap to wipe the breech:
With pamphlet and with journal vying
In downright, true blue, native lying:
Pray tell your shameless bard, who gratis
Repeats my works ; that 'tis *plus satis*.
From a good poet such behaviour
I'd bear, and might return the favour.
When batchelors supply your place,
There's no retaliating the case.
If a blind man beats out your eye,
You can't return the injury.
As beggars are from suits insur'd ;
So a bad poet is secur'd.

Ep. LXVIII.

Your morning client, this is my retreat :
Go to the town and palace of the great.
No lawyer I, nor can your cause defend ;
But old, and idle, and the muse's friend.
Ease and repose I love ; but if in vain
I seek them here ; why not to town again ?

LXX. *De Apro.*

LINTEA ferret Apro vacuus cùm vernula nuper,
 Et supra togulam lusca sederet anus;
 Atque olei stillam daret enterocelicus unctor:
 Udorum tetricus censor & asper erat:
 Frangendos calices, effundendúmque Falernum
 Clamabat, biberet qui modò lotus eques.
 A fene sed postquam patruo venere trecenta;
 Sobrius à thermis nescit abire domum.
 O quantum diatreta valent, & quinque comati!
 Tunc, cùm pauper erat, non fitiebat Aper.

LXXII. *Ad Pannicum.*

JUGERA mercatus prope busta latentis agelli,
 Et malè compactæ culmina sulca casæ,
 Deseris urbanas, tua prædia, Pannice, lites,
 Parváque sed tritæ præmia certa togæ.
 Frumentum, milium, ptisanámque, fabámque solebas
 Vendere pragmaticus: nunc emis agricola.

LXXIV. *Ad Flaccum.*

CUM tibi Niliacus portet crystalla cataplas,
 Accipe de circo pocula Flaminio.
 Hi magis audaces, an sunt, qui talia mittunt
 Munera? sed geminus vilibus usus inest.
 Nullum sollicitant hæc, Flacce, toreumata furem,
 Et nimiùm calidis non vitiantur aquis.
 Quid, quòd securo potat conviva ministro,
 Et casum tremulæ non timere manus?

Ep. LXX.

TOM had a lad lame with a broken thigh ;
And an old housekeeper with but one eye :
On greasy steake from chop-house did regale :
And against drunkards most devoutly rail.
Did you for bottles after dinner call ;
He damn'd the bottles, glassses, wine, and all.
Now an estate is from an uncle come ;
He from the tavern ne'er goes sober home ;
Such the effect of plate and lacqueys five !
When poor, Tom was the soberest man alive.

Ep. LXXII.

A LITTLE farm you purchase near the town,
With a poor timber house, just dropping down.
And business quit, a better farm by far ;
I mean the certain profits of the bar.
Of wheat, oats, beans, and barley, large supplies
The lawyer got ; which now the farmer buys.

Ep. LXXIV.

THOUGH ships from China bring you cup and jar ;
Acept this mug of homely Lambeth ware.
Bold is the man, who such a present sends ;
Though a cheap pot many answer several ends.
A thief for this will hardly risk his neck :
Nor easily will scalding water break.
The servant brings it in no pain at all,
Nor have you any, lest you let it fall.

You

Hoc quoque non nihil est, quòd propinabis in istis,
Frangendus fuerit si tibi, Flacce, calix.

LXXVII. *De Æthonte.*

MULTIS dum precibus Jovem salutat,
Stans summos resupinus usque in ungueis,
Æthon in Capitolio pepedit ;
Riserunt comites : sed ipse divùm
Offensus genitor, trinoctiali
Affecit domicœnio clientem.
Post hoc flagitium misellus Æthon,
Cùm vult in Capitolium venire,
Sellas antè petit Patroclianas,
Et pedit deciésque, viciésque :
Sed quamvis sibi caverit crepando,
Compressis natibus Jovem salutat.

LXXXIII. *De Menogene.*

EFFUGERE in thermis, & circa balnea non est
Menogenen, omni tu licèt arte velis.
Captabit tepidum dextrâ, lævâque trigonem,
Imputet exceptas ut tibi saepe pilas.
Colliget, & referet lapsum de pulvere follem,
Et si jam lotus, jam soleatus erit.
Lintea si fumes, nive candidiora loquetur,
Sint licèt infantis fordidiora sinu.
Exiguos secto comentem dente capillos,
Dicet Achilleas disposuisse comas.

You pledge not him, you think has a disease;
But drop the cup, and break it, if you please.

Ep. LXXVII.

WHILE Spintext, in his sermon long and loud,
On tip-toe catechis'd the listening croud;
He from the pulpit did a fart let fly.
The congregation lost their gravity.
Th' offended bishop did the thing resent:
A cruel penance Spintext underwent:
Doom'd to his lordship's board no more to come;
But on light diet live three months at home.
And 'tis with Spintext now a constant rule,
Before he mounts the desk, to go to stool.
And after all that caution, less does mind
His prayers at church, than to hold fast behind.

Ep. LXXXIII.

To breakfast if to Ranelagh you stray,
And Supple meet; he's not shook off that day.
The boiling kettle with both hands he'll seize;
And hand the cakes; that you may sit at ease.
In the canal the wind your beaver blows;
To take it out, he ventures over shoes.
If you take snuff; your box he magnifies,
Although of iron, and the lowest price.
Then with his comb will set young master's hair:
And swear, no wig can with those locks compare.

Fumofæ feret ille tropin de fæce lagenæ,
 Frontis & humorem colliget ufque tuæ.
 Omnia laudabit, mirabitur omnia, donec
 Perpeffus dicas tædia mille, *veni*.

XCI. *De Marone.*

PRO sene, fed caro, votum Maro fecit amico,
 Cui gravis, & fervens hemitritæus erat:
 Si Stygias æger non iret missus ad undas,
 Ut caderet magno victima grata Jovi.
 Cœperunt certam medici spondere salutem.
 Ne votum folverat, nunc Maro vota facit.

XCIII. *Ad Prifcum.*

SÆPE rogare soles, qualis fim, Prifce, futurus,
 Si fiam locuples, fimque repente potens.
 Quemquam posse putas mores narrare futuros?
 Dic mihi, si fias tu leo, qualis eris?

XCIV. *De Fabullâ.*

QUA mœchum ratione bafiaret
 Coram conjuge, reperit Fabulla.
 Parvum bafiat ufque morionem:
 Hunc multis rapit osculis madentem
 Mœchus protinus, & fuis repletum
 Ridenti dominæ statim remittit.
 Quante morio major est maritus?

Attends him to the necessary place :
 And wipes a drop of sweat from off his face.
 All he admires and praises ; till in fine
 Fatigued you cry, ' To-day, pray, with us dine.

Ep. XCI.

WEALTHY was of a fever like to die ;
 When a most solemn vow was made by Sly :
 If his friend Wealthy gave not up the ghost,
 A church he'd build at his own proper cost.
 Wealthy gets well : thinks Sly, left in the lurch,
 Since private prayer prevail'd, there needs no church.

Ep. XCIII.

WHAT would I do, the question you repeat,
 If on a sudden I were rich and great ?
 Who can himself with future conduct charge ?
 What would you do, a lion, and at large ?

Ep. XCIV.

MY lady Modish doth this way devise,
 To kiss her spark before her husband's eyes.
 She flavers o'er her little boy with kisses,
 And the gallant receives the reaking blisses :
 Then to the little Cupid gives a smack ;
 And to his laughing mother sends him back.
 But if the husband is this way beguil'd ;
 The husband is by much the greater child.



A P P E N D I X.

L I B E R P R I M U S.

I. *Ad Catonem.*

NOSSES jocosæ dulce cùm sacrum Floræ,
Festósque lusus, & licentiam vulgi,
Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti ?
An ideo tantùm veneras, ut exires ?

LVI. *Ad Frontonem.*

VOTA tui breviter si vis cognoscere Marci,
Clarum militiæ, Fronto, togæque decus :
Hoc petit : esse sui nec magni ruris arator,
Sordidâque in parvis otia rebus amat.
Quisquam picta colit Spartani frigora faxi,
Et matutinum portat ineptus ave ;
Cui licet exuviis nemoris rurisque beato
Ante focum plenas explicuisse plagas ;
Et piscem tremulâ salientem ducere setâ,
Flavâque de rubro promere mella cado ?

Pinguis



APPENDIX.

BOOK the FIRST.

EPIGRAM I. SPECTATOR, N^o 446.

WH Y dost thou come, great censor of the age,
 To see the loose diversions of the stage ?
 With awful countenance, and brow severe,
 What in the name of goodness dost thou here ?
 See the mixt croud ! how giddy, lewd, and vain !
 Didst thou come in but to go out again ?

Ep. LVI. COWLEY.

WELL then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
 The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend :
 He does not palaces nor manners crave,
 Would be no lord, but less a lord would have :
 The ground he holds, if he his own can call ;
 He quarrels not with heaven because 'tis small :
 Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,
 He loves of homely littleness the ease.
 Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
 And his dear hours in humble visits spend ?

Pinguis inæquales onerat cui villica menfas,
 Et sua non emptus præparat ova cinis;
 Non amet hanc vitam, quisquis me non amat, opto:
 Vivat & urbanis albus in officiis.

LXIX. *De Rufo.*

QUIDQUID agit Rufus, nihil est nisi Nævia Rufo.
 Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur.
 Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, innuit; una est
 Nævia; si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
 Scriberet heffernâ patri cùm luce salutem;
 Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia lumen ave.
 Hæc legit, & ridet demisso Nævia vultu.
 Nævia non una est: quid, vir inepte, furis?

CXVIII. *In Lupercum.*

OCURRIS quoties, Luperce, nobis:
 Vis mittam puerum, subinde dicis,
 Cui tradas epigrammaton libellum,
 Lectum quem tibi protinus remittam.

When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may
 With various healthful pleasures fill the day ?
 If there be man (ye gods) I ought to hate,
 Dependance and attendance be his fate.
 Still let him busy be, and in a croud,
 And very much a slave, and very proud :
 Thus he perhaps powerful and rich may grow ;
 No matter, O ye gods ! that I'll allow ;
 But let him peace and freedom never see ;
 Let him not love this life, who loves not me.

Ep. LXIX. SPECTATOR, N^o 113.

LET Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
 Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk :
 Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
 Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
 He writ to his father, ending with this line,
 I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

Ep. CXVIII. OLDHAM.

As oft, Sir Tradewell, as we meet,
 You're sure to ask me in the street,
 When you shall send your boy to me,
 To fetch my book of poetry,
 And promise you'll but read it o'er,
 And faithfully the loan restore :

Non est, quòd puerum, Luperce, vexes,
Longum est, si velit ad Pyrum venire,
Et scalis habito tribus, sed altis.
Quod quæris, propiùs petas licebit :
Argi nempe soles subire letum.
Contra Cæsaris est forum taberna,
Scriptis postibus hinc & indè totis,
Omnes ut citò perlegas Poëtas.
Illinc me pete ; me roges Atrectum :
Hoc nomen dominus gerit tabernæ.
De primo dabit, alteróve nido
Rasum pumice, purpurâque cultum
Denariis tibi quinque Martialem.
Tanti non es, ais. sapias, Luperce.

But let me tell you as a friend,
You need not take the pains to send:
'Tis a long way to where I dwell,
At farther end of Clerkenwell:
There in a garret near the sky,
Above five pair of stairs I lie.
But if you'd have what you pretend,
You may procure it nearer hand:
In Cornhill, where you often go,
Hard by th' Exchange, there is, you know,
A shop of rhyme, where you may see
The poets all clad in poetry:
There H—— lives of high renown,
The noted'st Tory in the town:
Where, if you please, enquire for me;
And he, or's prentice, presently
From the next shelf will reach you down
The piece well bound for half a crown:
The price is much too dear, you cry,
To give for both the book and me:
Yes doubtless for such vanities;
We know, Sir, you are too too wise.



LIBER SECUNDUS.

LIII. *In Maximum.*

Vis fieri liber ? mentiris, Maxime, non vis :

Sed fieri si vis, hâc ratione potes.

Liber eris, cœnare foris si, Maxime, nolis :

Veientana tuam si domat uva sitim :

Si ridere potes miseri chrysendeta Cinnæ :

Contentus nostrâ si potes esse togâ :

Si plebeia Venus gemino tibi vincitur asse :

Si tua non rectus testa subire potes.

Hæc tibi si vis est, si mentis tanta potestas :

Liberior Partho vivere rege potes.

LXVIII. *Ad Olum.*

Quòd te nomine jam tuo saluto,

Quem regem, & dominum priùs vocabam :

Ne me dixeris esse contumacem :

Totis pilea sarcinis redemi.

Reges



BOOK the SECOND.

Ep. LIII. COWLEY.

WOULD you be free? 'tis your chief wish, you say;
 Come on; I'll shew thee, friend, the certain way:
 If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
 Whilst bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
 If thou the goodness of thy cloaths do'st prize
 By thine own use, and not by others' eyes;
 If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
 In a small house, but a convenient shell;
 If thou without a sigh, or golden wish,
 Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish;
 If in thy mind such power and greatness be;
 The Persian king's a slave compar'd with thee.

Ep. LXVIII. COWLEY.

THAT I do you with humble bowes no more,
 And danger of my naked head adore;
 That I, who lord and master cry'd ere while,
 Salute you in a new and different style,
 By your own name, a scandal to you now,
 Think not that I forget myself and you:
 By loss of all things by all others fought,
 This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.

Reges & dominos habere debet,
 Qui se non habet, atque concupiscit,
 Quod reges dominique concupiscunt.
 Servum si potes, Ole, non habere;
 Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.

XC. *Ad Quintilianum.*

QUINCTILIANE, vagæ moderator summe juventæ,
 Gloria Romanæ, Quinctiliane, togæ;
 Vivere quòd propero pauper, nec inutilis annis;
 Da veniam: properat vivere nemo satís.
 Differat hoc, patrios optat qui vincere census,
 Atriáque immodicis arctat imaginibus.
 Me focus, & nigros non indignantia fumos
 Tecta juvant, & fons vivus, & herba rudis.

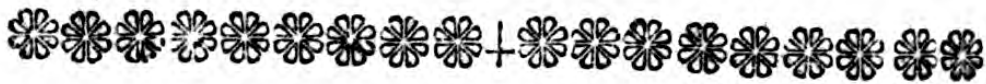
A lord and master no man wants, but he,
 Who o'er himself has no authority;
 Who does for honours and for riches strive,
 And follies, without which lords cannot live.
 If thou from fortune do'st no servant crave,
 Believe it, thou no master need'st to have.

Ep. XC. COWLEY.

WONDER not, Sir, (you who instruct the town
 In the true wisdom of the sacred gown)
 That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
 Patiently out, till I grow rich and old.
 Life for delays, and doubts no time does give;
 None ever yet made haste enough to live.
 Let him defer it, whose preposterous care
 Omits himself, and reaches to his heir.
 Who does his father's bounded stores despise,
 And whom his own too never can suffice.
 My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
 Or rooms that shine with ought but constant fire.
 I will content the avarice of my sight
 With the fair gildings of reflected light :
 Pleasures abroad, the sport of nature yields
 Her living fountains, and her smiling fields.
 And then at home, what pleasure is't to see
 A little cleanly chearful family !
 Which if a chaste wife crown, no less in her
 Than fortune, I the golden mean prefer.

Sit mihi verna sator : sit non doctissima conjux :

Sit nox cum fomno : sit finè lite dies.



LIBER QUARTUS.

V. *Ad Fabianum.*

VIR bonus & pauper, linguâque & pectore verus,

Quid tibi vis, urbem qui, Fabiane, petis?

Qui nec leno potes, nec comissator haberi,

Nec pavidos tristi voce citare reos :

Nec potes uxorem cari corrumpere amici :

Nec potes argentes arrigere ad vetulas :

Vendere nec vanos circa palatia fumos :

Plaudere nec Cano, plaudere nec Glaphyro.

Unde miser vives ? homo fidus, certus amicus.

Hoc nihil est. nunquam sic Philomelus eris.

Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
 No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.
 Thus let my life slide silently away,
 With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.



BOOK the FOURTH.

Ep. V. COWLEY.

HONEST and poor, faithful in word and thought,
 What hath thee, Fabian, to the city brought?
 Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd can'st play;
 Nor with false whispers th' innocent betray:
 Nor corrupt wives; nor from rich beldams get
 A living by thy industry and sweat:
 Nor with vain promises and projects cheat;
 Nor bribe nor flatter any of the great.
 But you're a man of learning, prudent, just;
 A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust.
 Why, you may stay, and live unenvied here;
 But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.



LIBER QUINTUS.

XXI. *Ad Julium Martialem.*

Si tecum mihi, care Martialis,
Securis liceat frui diebus ;
Si disponere tempus otiosum,
Et verè pariter vacare vitæ :
Nec nos atria, nec domos potentum,
Nec lites tetricas, forúmque triste
Nossemus, nec imagines superbas :
Sed gestatio, fabulæ, libelli,
Campus, porticus, umbra, virgo, thermæ ;

Hæc



BOOK the FIFTH.

Ep. XXI. COWLEY.

IF, dearest friend, it my good fate might be
 T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee ;
 If we for happiness could leisure find,
 And wand'ring time into a method bind ;
 We should not sure the great men's favour need,
 Nor on long hopes, the court's thin diet, feed.
 We should not patience find to daily hear
 The calumnies, and flatteries spoken there.
 We should not the lords tables humbly use,
 Or talk in ladies chambers love and news ;
 But books, and wise discourse, gardens and fields,
 And all the joys that unmixt nature yields.
 Thick summer shades, where winter still does lye,
 Bright winter fires that summer's part supply.
 Sleep not controll'd by cares confin'd to night,
 Or bound in any rule but appetite.
 Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth,
 Rich wines to give it free and easy birth.
 A few companions, which ourselves should chuse,
 A gentle mistress, and a gentler muse.

Hæc essent loca semper, hi labores.
 Nunc vivit sibi neuter, heu, bonosque
 Soles effugere, atque abire sentit;
 Qui nobis pereunt, & imputantur.
 Quisquam vivere cum sciat, moratur?

LIX. *Ad Postumum.*

CRAS te victurum, cras dicis, Postume, semper;
 Dic mihi cras istud, Postume, quando venit?
 Quam longè cras istud? ubi est? aut unde petendum?
 Numquid apud Parthos, Armeniosque latet?
 Jam cras istud habet Priami vel Nestoris annos.
 Cras istud quanti, dic mihi, possit emi?
 Cras vives: hodie jam vivere, Posthume, serum est.
 Ille sapit, quisquis, Postume, vixit heri.



LIBER SEPTIMUS.

CI. *Ibidem de vetulâ.*

TACTA places, audita places; si non videare,
 Tota places: neutro, si videare, places.

Such, dearest friend, such without doubt should be
 Our place, our business, and our company.
 Now to himself, alas, does neither live,
 But see good suns, of which we are to give
 A strict account, set and march thick away ;
 Knows a man how to live, and does he stay ?

Ep. LIX. COWLEY.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry ;
 In what fair country does this morrow lye,
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive ?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?
 'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say ;
 To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.



BOOK the SEVENTH.

Ep. CI. SPECTATOR, N^o 52.

WHILST in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
 And heard the tempting fire in thy tongue,
 What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd !
 But when the candle enter'd I was cur'd.



LIBER DECIMUS.

XLVII. *Ad Julium Martialem.*

VITAM quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
Res non parta labore, sed relicta ;
Non ingratus ager, focus perennis,
Lis nunquam ; toga rara ; mens quieta ;
Vires ingenuæ ; salubre corpus ;
Prudens simplicitas ; pares amici ;

Convictus



BOOK the TENTH.

Ep. XLVII. COWLEY.

SINCE, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see
 A true receipt of happiness from me ;
 These are the chief ingredients, if not all,
 Take an estate neither too great nor small,
 Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call.
 Let this estate from parents' care descend ;
 The getting it too much of life does spend.
 Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
 A fair encouragement for industry.
 Let constant fires the winter's fury tame,
 And let thy kitchen's be a vestal flame.
 Thee to the town let never suit at law,
 And rarely, very rarely, business draw.
 Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
 In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep.
 Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
 Without which all the composition's vain.
 In the same weight prudence and innocence take,
Ana of each does the just mixture make.

}

Ept

Convictus facilis ; sinè arte mensa ;
 Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis ;
 Non tristis torus, & tamen pudicus ;
 Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras ;
 Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis :
 Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

XCVI. Ad Avitum,

SÆPE loquar nîmiùm gentes quòd, Avite, remotas,
 Miraris, Latiâ factus in urbe senex ;
 Auriferùmque Tagum sitiam, patriùmque Salonem,
 Et repetam saturæ fordida rura casæ.
 Illa placet tellus, in quâ res parva beatum
 Me facit, & tenues luxuriantur opes.
 Pascitur hîc : ibi pascit ager : tepet igne maligno
 Hîc focus, ingenti lumine lucet ibi.
 Hîc pretiosa fames, conturbatôrque macellus,
 Mensa ibi divitiis ruris operta sui.

But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By nature and by fortune fit for thee.
Instead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
If any cares into the day-time creep,
At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep.
Let rest, which nature does to darkness wed,
And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be satisfied, and pleas'd with what thou art ;
Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part ;
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear, nor wish th' approaches of the last.

Ep. XCVI. COWLEY.

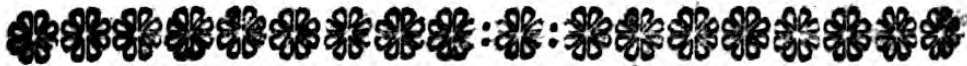
ME, who have lived so long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat,
And a retreat so distant as may shew
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a country how remote so e'er,
Where happiness a moderate rate doth bear ;
Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
And all the solid use of riches knows.
The ground about the house maintains it there ;
The house maintains the ground about it here.
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board
Devours the vital substance of the lord.
The land itself does there the feast bestow,
The land itself must here to market go.

Quatuor hìc æstate togæ, plurêve teruntur ;

Autumnis ibi me quatuor una tegit.

I, cole nunc reges ; quicquid non præstat amicus,

Cùm præstare tibi possit, Avite, locus:



LIBER DUODECIMUS.

XLVII. *In habentem varios mores.*

DIFFICILIS, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem :

Nec tecum possum vivere: nec finè te.

LIV. *l*

Three or four suits one winter here does waste ;
One suit does there three or four winters last.
Here every frugal man must oft be cold,
 And little luke-warm fires to you sold :
There fire's an element as cheap and free
 Almost as any other of the three.
Stay you then here, and live among the great,
 Attend their sports, and at their table eat ;
 When all the bounties here of men you score,
 The place's bounty there will give you more.



BOOK the TWELFTH.

Ep. XLVII. SPECTATOR, N^o 68.

In all thy humours whether grave or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow ;
 Hast so much wit and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee, or without thee.

Ep. LIV.

LIV. *In Zoilum.*

CRINE ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine lætus,

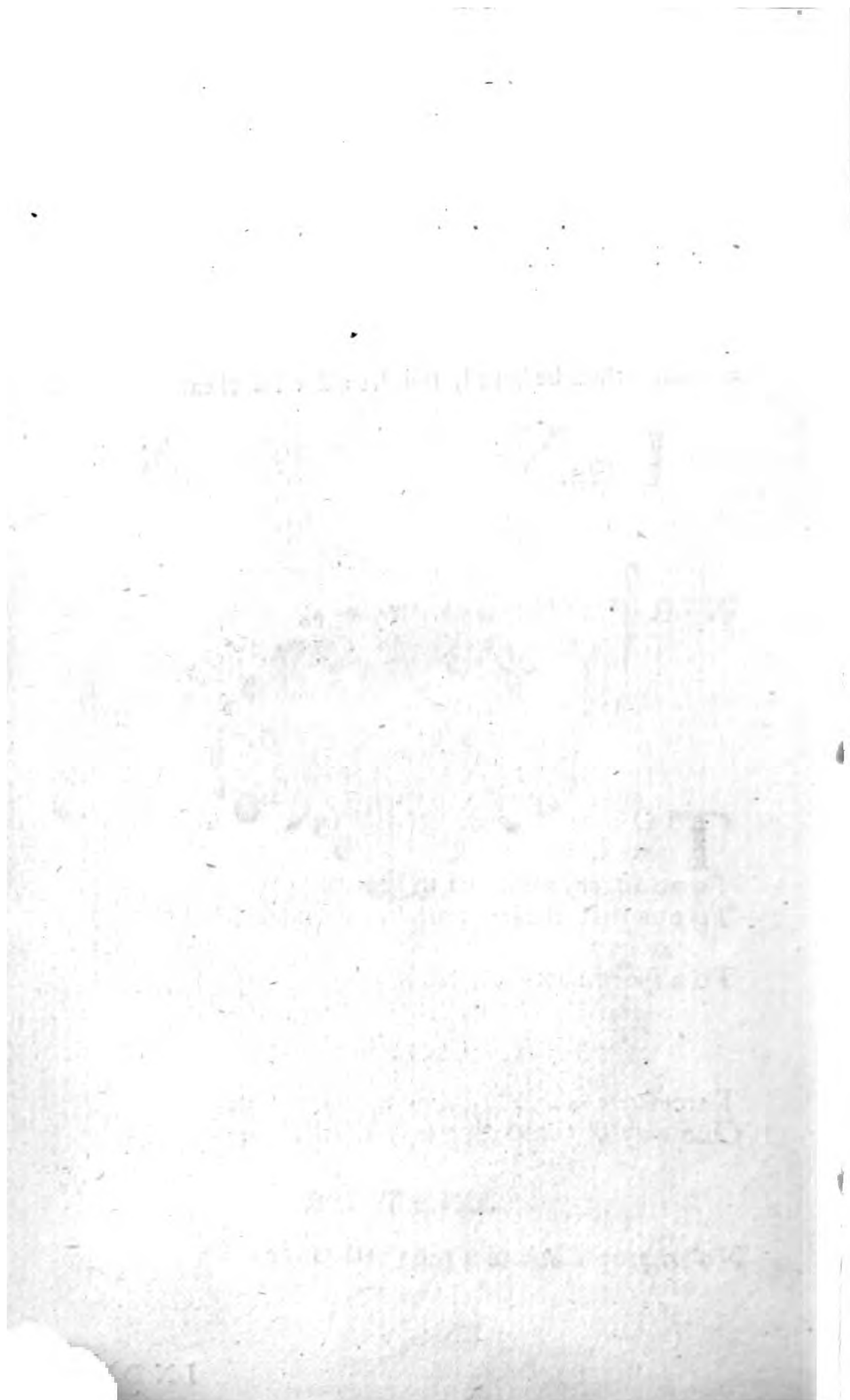
Rem magnam præstas, Zoïle, si bonus es.



Ep. LIV. SPECTATOR, N^o 86.

THY beard and head are of a different dye ;
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye :
With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish cheat.







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