



I am a heritage because I
bring you years of thought
and the lore of time ~
I impart yet I can not speak ~
I have traveled among the
peoples of the earth ~ I
am a rover ~ Oft-times
I stray from the fireside
of the one who loves and
cherishes me - who
misses me when I am
gone ~ Should you find
me vagrant please send
me home - among my
brothers - on the book
shelves of

ALFRED SANTELL



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



This is Volume Ten of a complete set of
THE CLASSICS—GREEK AND LATIN
consisting of fifteen volumes issued strictly as
a Limited Edition. In Volume One will be
found a certificate as to the Limitation of the
Edition and the Registered Number of this Set.



Le jugement de la mort

Peint par H. Le Roux.

THE CLASSICS

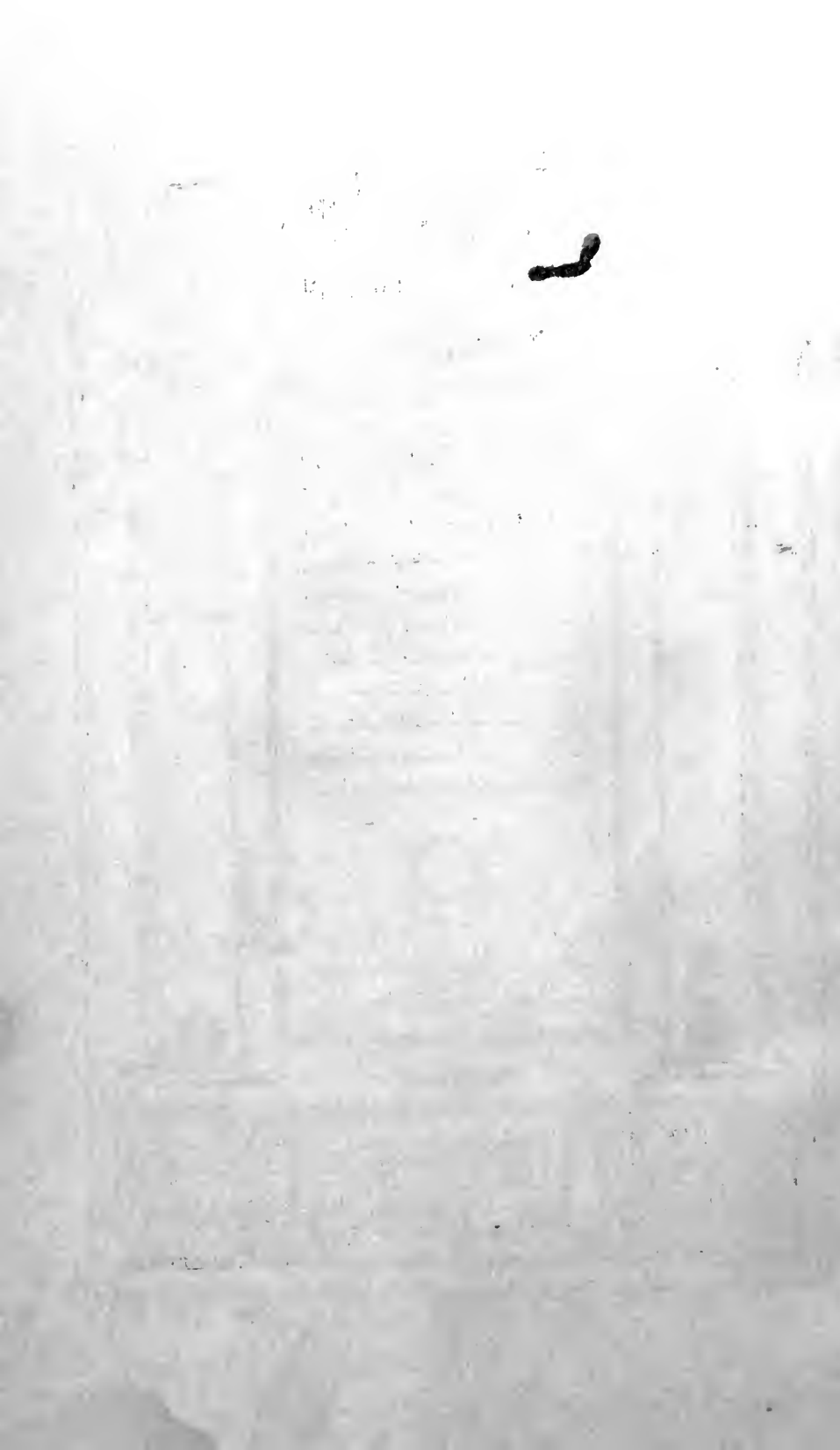
GREEK & LATIN

THE MOST CELEBRATED
WORKS OF HELLENIC
AND ROMAN LITERATURE, EM-
BRACING POETRY, ROMANCE,
HISTORY, ORATORY, SCIENCE,
AND PHILOSOPHY, TRANS-
LATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE
AND VERSE BY DISTINGVISHED
MEN OF LETTERS, WITH CRIT-
ICAL APPRECIATIONS BY AN
INTERNATIONAL COVNCIL OF
CLASSICAL SCHOLARS. * *



MARION MILLS MILLER, Litt.D.
(PRINCETON) EDITOR IN CHIEF

VINCENT-PARKE
AND COMPANY
NEW YORK



THE CLASSICS

GREEK AND LATIN

CONTRIBUTING CLASSIC COUNCIL

J. P. MAHAFFY, D.C.L., Trinity College, Dublin

SIR ALEXANDER GRANT, LL.D., Edinburgh

EDWARD POSTE, M.A., Oxford University

J. H. FREESE, M.A., Cambridge University

BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE, LL.D.,

Professor of Greek, Johns Hopkins University

JOHN HENRY WRIGHT, LL.D.,

Professor of Greek, Harvard University

HENRY P. WRIGHT, PH.D.,

Professor of Latin, Yale University

HARRY THURSTON PECK, L.H.D.,

Professor of Latin, Columbia University

SAMUEL ROSS WINANS, PH.D.,

Professor of Greek, Princeton University

CHARLES E. BENNETT, LITT.D.,

Professor of Latin, Cornell University

WILLIAM A. LAMBERTON, LITT.D.,

Professor of Greek, University of Pennsylvania

JOHN DAMEN MAGUIRE, PH.D.,

Professor of Latin, Catholic University of America

PAUL SHOREY, PH.D.,

Professor of Greek, University of Chicago

MARTIN LUTHER D'OOGHE, PH.D.,

Professor of Greek, University of Michigan

ANDREW J. BELL, M.A.,

Professor of Latin, University of Toronto

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MERRILL, L.H.D.,

Professor of Latin, University of California

MARY LEAL HARKNESS, M.A.,

Professor of Latin, Tulane University

MARION MILLS MILLER, LITT. D. (Princeton)

Editor-in-Chief

VINCENT PARKE AND
COMPANY. NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY
VINCENT PARKE AND COMPANY,
NEW YORK



THE LATIN
CLASSICS

VOLUME THREE

Horace and the
Satirists

PA
3606
C6
v.110

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION :	PAGE
THE ROMAN SATIRISTS	I
THE WORKS OF HORACE :	
Introductions and all Translations, except that of the Odes, by James Lonsdale, M.A., of Oxford, and Samuel Lee, M.A., of Cambridge	
GENERAL INTRODUCTION: THE LIFE AND WORKS OF HORACE	7
INTRODUCTION TO THE ODES OF HORACE	19
THE ODES OF HORACE	26
Translated by Charles Edwin Bennett, Litt.D., Pro- fessor of Latin in Cornell University	
INTRODUCTION TO THE SECULAR HYMN	126
THE SECULAR HYMN	128
INTRODUCTION TO THE EPODES	130
THE EPODES	132
INTRODUCTION TO THE SATIRES	148
THE SATIRES	155
INTRODUCTION TO THE EPISTLES	231
THE EPISTLES	237
INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF POETRY	292
THE ART OF POETRY	298
THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS AND SULPICIA :	
Translated into English Prose by the Rev. Lewis Evans, M.A., of Oxford, with Introductions by the Same	
INTRODUCTION: PERSIUS, THE STOIC SATIRIST	318
THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS	321
INTRODUCTION: SULPICIA, THE FEMALE SATIRIST	355
THE SATIRE OF SULPICIA	358

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION:	
JUVENAL, GREATEST OF SATIRISTS	364
By Henry P. Wright, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Latin in Yale University	
THE FIRST TEN SATIRES OF JUVENAL:	
Translated by S. H. Jeyes, M.A., of Oxford	369

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
THE SCHOOL OF VESTALS	Frontispiece
From a painting by H. Le Roux	
THE AUGURS	148
From a painting by Jean Léon Gérôme	
JUVENAL	368
From a drawing by D. Antonius Verderius	

INTRODUCTION

THE ROMAN SATIRISTS



FATHER ENNIUS (see volume one, page 3), was the first writer of Latin satire. From fragments remaining of his works it would appear that he wrote six books of satires, ranging in subject from the praise of the elder Scipio to expression of a host's disgust at the voraciousness of his guest. Quintilian speaks of a dialogue of Ennius between Life and Death, and Aulus Gellius records that he wrote the familiar fable of the Lark who remained with her young in the standing wheat so long as the Farmer only ordered his servants to reap it, but who flew away with her family when he determined to reap it himself; these works undoubtedly formed parts of his satires.

PACUVIUS, the nephew of Ennius, wrote satires which seem to have been imitations of his uncle's. They are of small worth.

These writings of Ennius and Pacuvius, however, were miscellaneous verse rather than satires proper. Indeed, its name *satura*, meaning an "olla podrida," or dish of mixed ingredients, very properly describes it. It was CAIUS LUCILIUS who shaped this amorphous order of composition into the clearly defined form in which it is afterwards found in Horace, Persius, and Juvenal.

LUCILIUS was born at Suessa Auruncorum, B.C. 180. He was a patrician, living on familiar terms with the younger Scipio (under whom he served in the Numantine War in Spain), and with his friend Lælius. He was the maternal uncle of Pompey the Great. He died at Naples, B.C. 103. Lucilius wrote thirty books of satires in which he fiercely assailed his contemporaries. Some 300 lines of these are preserved; while they are in a most fragmentary state, they nevertheless reveal the author as a genius bold and original

to the point of eccentricity. Thus he affected a cosmopolitanism unusual in a Rome of his time. "I write for the people of Cosentia and Tarentum and Sicily," he says; and he mixes Greek expressions indifferently with his Latin, already adulterated by the use of strange unliterary words either of improper coinage or of vulgar origin. Horace criticised him for the carelessness and haste with which he wrote and which always left something to be desired.

The satirical vein of Lucilius is illustrated in the following fragments:

Book I. 22. . . . that, like an angry cur, speaks plainer than a man.

Book II. 25. . . . him that wanders through inhospitable wastes there accompanies the greater satisfaction of things conceived in his mind.

Book III. 1. . . . At which that wise Lælius used to give vent to railings; addressing the Epicures of our order—"Oh thou glutton, Publius Gallonius! a miserable man thou art!" he says. "Thou hast never in thy life supped well, though all thou hast thou squanderest on that lobster and gigantic sturgeon!"

Book V. 2. For if what is *really* enough for man could have satisfied him, this had been enough. Now since this is not so, how can we believe that any riches whatever could satisfy desire?

Book VI. 1. . . . who has neither hackney nor slave, nor a single attendant. His bag, and all the money that he has, he carries with him. He sups with his bag, sleeps with it, bathes with it. The man's whole hope centers in his bag alone. All the rest of his existence is bound up in this bag!

Book XVIII. 2. . . . a fool never has enough, even though he has everything.

Book XIX. 12. . . . desire may be eradicated from a man, but never covetousness from a fool.

Book XX. 1. These bugbears, Lamiaë, which the Fauni and Numas set up—at these he trembles, and sets all down as true. . . . Just as little children believe that all the statues of brass are alive and human beings, just so these men believe all these fables to be true, and think there is a heart inside those brazen statues.

Book XXVI. 1. Men, by their own act, bring upon themselves this trouble and annoyance; they marry wives, and bring up children, by which they cause these.

Book xxix. 53. . . . while they are extricating others, they get into the mud themselves.

Book xxx. 12. . . . the milder she is, the more savagely she bites.

Contemporaneous with Lucilius was SPURIUS MUMMIUS. He was a brother of Lucius Mummius, and his legate at Corinth in 146-145 B.C., when Lucius captured that city. Like Lucilius he was an intimate friend of the young Scipio Africanus. In political opinions Spurius was opposed to his brother Lucius, being a noted aristocrat. He composed ethical and satirical epistles, which were extant in Cicero's day, and were probably in the style which Horace afterwards cultivated so successfully.

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS, known in modern literature as Horace (B.C. 65-8), was a writer of odes and satires, for his epodes and epistles many be considered as belonging to the latter class. His biography and his characteristics as a poet are presented elsewhere in this volume. It will suffice here to state that his satires were founded upon Lucilius; like him, he combined observations upon persons and customs of the day with literary criticism, but unlike him, he was modest, conciliatory, genial, full of kindly advice rather than sphenetic fault-finding:—he was anxious, says Simcox, to show the reader his faults without making him wince, to get him to join his monitor in a good-humored laugh at his own expense. If he is severe, it is with persons who deserve it.

Such a person was CASSIUS SEVERUS, at whom Horace directed his sixth Epode. This man was a celebrated orator and satirical writer, born about B.C. 50 at Longula, in Latium. He was a man of low origin and dissolute character, but was much feared for his caustic attacks upon the Roman nobles. Augustus, towards the latter part of his reign, banished Severus to the island of Crete on account of his libellous verses; but, as he still continued to write libels, he was removed by Tiberius in A.D. 24 to the desert island of Seriphus, where he died in great poverty in the twenty-fifth year of his exile, A.D. 33.

An avowed imitator of Lucilius and Horace was FLACCUS AULUS PERSIUS. He was born A.D. 34 at Volaterræ, in

Etruria, of a good equestrian family. He lost his father when six years old, and at the age of twelve he was sent to Rome to be educated. He sat under the instruction of the most eminent teachers, in particular, one Annæus Cornutus, who imitated him in the Stoic philosophy. Indeed, he remained the devoted friend and disciple of Cornutus throughout life, and dying before the master, bequeathed to him his library with a considerable sum of money.

In his youth Persius made a few attempts at lyric verse, but, becoming convinced that he had no true poetic faculty, he burned the effusion and thereafter devoted himself to satiric verse, taking as his masters Lucilius and Horace. On his early death in the year 62 A.D., the six satires which he left, after some slight revision by Cornutus, were published by his friend Cæsius Bassus.

Persius deals with the moral corruption of his age from the standpoint of a Stoic preacher of ethics. His mode of expression is frequently difficult and involved to the verge of obscurity, and therefore requires copious annotation. However, his power of epigram compensates for his lack of clearness and fluency of expression, many of his terse phrases having passed into literature.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS, the greatest of the Roman satirists, the son of a rich freedman, was born at Aquinum between A.D. 57 and 67. His biography and his characteristics as a satirist are presented elsewhere in this volume.

The last of the Latin satirists was SULPICIA, a Roman poetess who flourished towards the close of the first century A.D. She is celebrated for a number of love poems, addressed to her husband (see Tibullus, in volume four). To her is also ascribed a satirical poem, in seventy hexameters, on the edict of Domitian by which philosophers were banished from Italy. It was found in the monastery at Bobbio in Italy in 1493 A.D.

THE
WORKS OF HORACE

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH PROSE BY

JAMES LONSDALE, M.A.

LATE FELLOW AND TUTOR OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND
CLASSICAL PROFESSOR IN KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON

AND

SAMUEL LEE, M.A.

LATIN LECTURER AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, AND LATE
SCHOLAR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

*WITH EXCEPTION OF THE ODES, WHICH HAVE BEEN
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE BY*

CHARLES EDWIN BENNETT, LITT.D.

PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN CORNELL UNIVERSITY

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF HORACE

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS was born near the source of one of the southern tributaries of the impetuous Aufidus, now called Ofanto, the river of Apulia, often mentioned by him, and so dear to his early recollections that he exalts it to be a representative stream, as had been used the harmonious names of Mæander and Eurotas, and the other rivers of the poetry of Greece. Venusia, now Venosa, his birth-place, is situate in a beautiful country on the side of the Apennines towards the Adriatic. In this romantic region he wandered as a child near the pointed peaks of the mountain Vultur, or under Acherontia, built like a nest on a steep hill, or amid the woods and glens of Bantia, or by the lowly village of Forentum. The Apennines with their sombre forests of pine, and summits rising over each other, described so well in the Mysteries of Udolpho, had charms for Goethe, though a foreigner; and a poetic child born amongst them would find them a meet nurse. In the poetry of the ancients there are none of those elaborate and idealized descriptions of scenery found so often in modern writers; yet Horace, like Virgil, often gives a picture of places by epithets carefully chosen. When his fame as a poet was established, he would look back with a natural gratitude to the scenery of his childhood, and fancy that the gods protected the spirited boy from bears and serpents in his roamings among the hills, and that doves, the birds of Venus, like the robin redbreasts of later stories, threw on the sleeping child leaves of sacred myrtle and holy bay.

Venusia had been an important Roman colony for upwards of 300 years, ever since the days of the Samnite wars. Hither fled some of the Roman troops after the defeat at Cannæ. Nature never intended Horace for a soldier: but he, who was

born in a military town, became for a short time a tribune or colonel in the Roman army, and often expresses an admiration for Roman courage in war.

Horace nowhere makes mention of his mother, and we do not know whether she was a freed-woman, or free-born; he only says in one place that he was the child of lowly parents. It is likely enough that she died when he was young; else Horace, whose character is marked by affectionate gratitude, would probably have mentioned her. There is hardly anything more beautiful in the writings of antiquity than the way in which he speaks of that good father, whom he says he would not change for any parent who had held high office in the state. His father spared no expense and pains in his education. By him was the boy guarded from every taint of evil. None of the other Roman poets (except Terence, who was a slave, but born at Carthage, and of what rank there we do not know,) sprang from so humble an origin. His father had been a slave. No wonder, as Horace himself tells us, and as Suetonius in his *Life of Horace* observes, that his father's low estate and calling were made a reproach to the prosperous friend of Augustus and Mæcenas. How bravely Horace answered this taunt, every reader of the poet knows.

Horace must have profited much by the lessons which he had in Livius Andronicus, and the other early poets of Rome, though he did not, when a man, highly esteem those authors who had cost him many a flogging, even as he has caused many a flogging to schoolboys since. His teacher, Orbilius, was like many a teacher, sour-tempered, free-spoken, given to whipping, one who earned more fame than money, and had reason to complain of the interference of parents. But if Horace, when delivered from the rod of Orbilius, the grammarian, had received no more education, he had never been the Lyric poet of Rome. To a school was to be added a University, and kindly Athens, the only city in the world that could do it, was to finish what Rome had begun, and Greek literature was to crown Latin, that he, like his friend Mæcenas, might be learned in both tongues. How Horace's father obtained the means to send his son to Athens we may well wonder, when we consider the expense of an

education at that fashionable University. Horace, at the time he left Italy for Greece, must have taken leave of the good father, whom he was never to see again.

At Athens Horace became familiar with Greek literature, he was a seeker after truth in the groves of Academus, he tried his hand at Greek verses, Greek Iambics perhaps, or Greek Elegiacs, or Greek Lyrics, till, as he playfully imagines, one night when he was sleeping, behold, the divine founder of Rome, who recognised in him a true son of Italy, no mere imitator or translator of Greek poetry, appeared in a dream that issued after midnight from the gate of horn, and forbade his attempting such a superfluous work. Thus, as the scenery of the Apennines, the liberality of his father, his early residence at Rome, the teaching of severe Orbilius, all tended to make Horace what he was destined to be, so did Athens contribute its share towards this end, both directly and indirectly; directly by teaching him Greek literature and philosophy, indirectly by the circumstances into which he was thrown owing to the public events which were then taking place. There is hardly any one in whose case it is more plainly to be seen how all kinds of different things concur in training a man to be what he is meant to be. Walckenaer and Rigault both remark, that while Horace was a student at Athens the news came of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, that at that time Cicero sent his treatise on the Offices to his son, who then was also a student at Athens, in which treatise Cicero expresses his admiration of the act of the conspirators; that the students were many of them the sons of senators, that the statues of Brutus and Cassius were crowned with flowers together with those of Harmodius and Aristogiton.

Horace would be carried away by this enthusiasm. Youth is the age for republican impulses. When Brutus, Cato's son-in-law, came there, he would appear to the young Horace the true representative of republican principles. Even supposing that Horace was at that time an Epicurean, of which however we cannot be certain, his zeal for republicanism would prevent his taking offence at the Stoic opinions of Brutus. How Horace, so young and of such lowly origin, became a military tribune in the army of Brutus is as difficult

to understand as many points in history must always be. That in the service of Brutus, in the midst of his military life, he had those natural spirits and love of fun which were characteristics of his joyous nature, is plain from the seventh Satire of the first book, which is interesting, as being in all probability the earliest remaining production of the poet.

The military career of Horace and his republican enthusiasm were soon terminated by the decisive defeat of Philippi, after which, as Tacitus says, the republic, as republic, fought no battles. To Horace the day was not fatal, as to many others: like the lyric poet of Lesbos, the future lyric poet of Italy threw away his shield, which was not well, as he himself confesses. But this short portion of the life of Horace, forming such a contrast to his earlier and latter days, contributed its part towards making him the writer he became. Three times has he mentioned Cato, the father-in-law of Brutus, speaking in one place of his unconquered spirit, in another of his virtue, in a third of his glorious death. The exploits of republican Rome are dear to the poet. The worthies of the ancient commonwealth, Regulus, Æmilius Paullus, Camillus and Fabricius, are not unsung by him. He has a feeling for the ancient simplicity, and a belief in the morality, of the days of old. No one sets forth more strongly than he does the madness and impiety of civil war. Had he not seen the evil with his own eyes, himself a part of it? A courtier he became afterwards, but still a patriotic poet.

After the battle of Philippi he returned to Italy, with farm lost, humbled in hopes, like a bird whose wings are clipped. These were his dark days. He says that bold poverty drove him to write verses. From the days of his poverty and obscurity he no doubt learnt something, as all wise men do. Some of the sterner and more manly passages of his poetry, and those which recommend a spirit undisturbed by all the changes of fortune, owe something to his having known the hardships of adversity. However, the iron never entered deeply into his joyous soul. If it had, it might have crushed the poetic spirit and light heart within him. The evil days were few. Whether he knew Virgil in earlier days, or had met him at Athens, or whether Virgil, his elder by

five years, had seen some of his youthful poems, he found in him and Varius friends in the hour of need. This was the turning-point of his life. Horace tells us shortly how he appeared before the great man on that eventful day so full of fate to Horace, to Mæcenas himself, to literature. He was diffident and shy, and his speech was broken and stammering. He told the simple truth of himself, his father, his means. Few were the words of the patron in reply. Mæcenas did not give his friendship lightly: but, nine months after, Horace became his friend.

Horace owed not only the happiness of his life, but his fame as a poet and writer, to this interview with Mæcenas. The one or two bitter Epodes which he probably wrote in the days of his adversity are not to be compared with the happy outpourings of his soul in the days of his prosperity. Juvenal was right, when he says that Horace was comfortable on the day that he burst out in the praises of the God Bacchus. A joyous, not a bitter spirit, was needed for the writer of the Satires and Epistles of Horace. His Sabine farm¹ and his quiet valley inspired those of the Odes which breathe contentment and joy. The times of his adversity lasted about three years; the bright sun of prosperity shone upon him for full thirty years, and few and light were the clouds that passed over it, till the hour of his last illness, when death came swiftly upon him. Few men ever had a more pleasant life than the poet; he had a good father, a liberal education, genius, a Muse ready to his call, popularity, independence, contentment, honour, troops of friends. Against this are to be set troubles and difficulties soon over, a certain amount of rivalry and jealousy, and health that was not robust. Though he had not all the conditions of a happy life, which Martial enumerates, yet he had a goodly share of them.

Horace tells us that he wrote for his friends, not for the public. But we are all his friends now. The works of Varius

¹ This famous farm has recently been located by an archæologist at Tivoli, a suburb of Rome. It consisted of only two acres, but its proud owner gave it a fame that covers more space in literature than any other agricultural domain.—M. M. M.

are lost, and there was no opportunity for Virgil in his poems to mention his brother poet. Horace's name does not appear in the verses of Propertius or Tibullus, though to Tibullus Horace has written an Ode and an Epistle. Ovid is the only one of the contemporary poets who mentions him, saying that tuneful Horace charmed his ears by his finished odes sung to the Italian lyre. It is odd that Martial, enumerating the birth-places of famous Latin poets, has omitted Horace, for the Flaccus there spoken of is Valerius Flaccus, a very inferior Flaccus. However, in other places Martial joins Horace's name with Virgil; and it is plain from Persius, who lived only about sixty years after Horace, and from Juvenal and Quintilian, that Horace had soon become a standard author.

In the middle ages his fame fell far short of that of Virgil, probably it did not equal even that of Lucan; but since the revival of the classical literature Horace has been without comparison the most popular of Latin authors; indeed there is no Greek so popular, hardly any modern one. Dr. Douglas, an eminent physician in the days of George II., collected even then no fewer than 400 editions of Horace. Mr. Yonge, in his edition of Horace, says that the list of these editions given fifty years ago by Mitscherlich extends over a hundred pages.

Many who have little liking for the classics, and have an unpleasant recollection of their early drudgery in them, make an exception in favour of Horace, the one author in Greek and Latin whom they still read. And many scholars, who have not a few favourites among the ancient writers, give their dearest affection to Horace. With some men, as the witty Galiani and the Abbé de Chaupy, this love has risen to a passion of enthusiasm. Galiani went so far as to write a treatise on the principles of the Laws of Nature and Nations, deduced from the poems of Horace. The Abbé de Chaupy, says Rigault, used to thank those who spoke well of Horace. Old women that he disliked were to him so many Canidias; a young lady that pleased him was a Lalage. Malherbe said that he made Horace his breviary.

If Horace's wit endears him to Frenchmen, his strong com-

mon sense no less recommends him to Englishmen. And German editions of the poet are almost innumerable. Lessing counted Horace as one of those spirits to whose name he, like the Abbé de Chaupy, was unwilling that any taint of dishonour should attach.

Horace is especially the poet of the man of the world, of the gentleman: but on so many points do his writings touch, that they have an interest for those whose life is more laborious and eventful. Hooker, as Yonge tells us from Walton's *Life*, in the preface to his edition of Horace, was found in the fields tending his few sheep with a Horace in his hand. Condorcet had a Horace with him in the dungeon at Paris where he died; De Witt, a Pensionary of Holland, a man of capacity and integrity, is said, when the mob were about to murder him and his brother, to have repeated the verses of the Ode of Horace, which in Stoic style describe the righteous and resolute man as unshaken from his purpose by the fury of citizens who bid him do what is wrong.

Allusions to Horace are expected to be at once recognised. In the short compass of the first Epistle of the first book there are many passages that have become almost proverbial. Adaptations of his lines have been made continually. Thus, as Lord Lytton says in his *Introduction to the Odes*, Mr. Pitt never moved the House of Commons more than when to England contending with Napoleon he applied the passage of Horace which compares Rome in her struggle with Hannibal to the oak, "which lopped by axes rude receives new life, yea from the very steel."

What then are the causes of this marvellous popularity? It is said that his distinguishing characteristic is good common sense; and indeed, whether he is serious or jesting, he never forgets common sense. But this alone makes no poet popular. So to common sense must be added his wit, a wit fine, good-natured, pleasant, not overstrained, sensible. In him, as in Sydney Smith, is the union of wit and wisdom. He teaches the truth while he laughs. His irony does not weary his hearers as that of Socrates is said to have done, of whom it has been amusingly, though of course unjustly,

said "that he was put to death because he was such a bore."

To his wisdom and wit we must add, as another cause of his popularity, the form of his poetry. He says common things a little better than others say them, and, though often only a little above mediocrity, is still just above it. And we rightly honour the poet, who, though he has not been caught up into paradise, nor been in hell, though he does not fill us with the terrors of the imagination, or delight us with the magic forms of wonder, yet speaks happily and pleasantly of the ordinary sorrows and homely joys of life, whom we feel to be a genial companion, a trifler in small things, but no trifler in what is really good and grave. Wit, wisdom, terseness, grace, are the main causes of his popularity. Most of us like him best in his lighter vein, as Blair remarked long ago. He was free from Lucretius' awkwardness of form, Catullus' extravagance, Propertius' affectation, Virgil's solemnity, Ovid's conceits, Tibullus' excess of sadness, Lucan's pedantry, Persius' obscurity, Juvenal's bad taste. He has no fellow in literature. There was something in him that no Greek author, no modern has; Providence made but one Horace; we love him, and the reason why we cannot fully tell.

The man Horace is more interesting than his writings, or, to speak more correctly, the main interest of his writings is in himself. We might call his works "Horace's Autobiography." To use his own expression about Lucilius, his whole life stands out before us as in a picture. Of none of the ancients do we know so much, not of Socrates, or Cicero, or St. Paul. Almost what Boswell is to Johnson, Horace is to himself. We can see him, as he really was, both in body and soul. Everything about him is familiar to us. His faults are known to us, his very foibles and awkwardnesses. He seems almost as a personal friend to each of us. What would we not give to spend one evening with him, to take a walk over his Sabine farm with him, to sit by his fountain, to hear him tell a tale, or discuss a point? We feel bound to defend him, as we would defend an absent friend.

The philosophy of Horace is a subject not altogether

wanting in interest. The popular opinion is that he was an Epicurean, a disbeliever in Providence, to whom expediency was the measure of right, a pig, as he calls himself, of the sty of Epicurus. Niebuhr speaks of the irony of his Epicurean philosophy. On the other hand, Lord Lytton says "Horace is the poet of Eclecticism." And August Arnold, in his *Life of Horace*, tries to prove from certain passages of his works that Plato was the poet's favourite philosopher. A fourth opinion is that Horace's philosophy is little more than strong common sense, contentment, and a large experience of the world and society.

Now the truth is, Horace was bound in allegiance to no philosophic master. While his love of repose, his contentment, his irony, his easy good-nature, his simple habits, his dislike of vulgar pretence, of superstition, of arrogance, his bodily temperament, the prosperity of his life, inclined him to the gentlemanlike school of Epicurus, as he grew older it is plain he longed for something better, and desired to free himself from his faults, and was not content with his own advancement in virtue, and wished to improve in old age; and whither then should he go for this, except to divine philosophy? In his later writings the expressions of this wish increase.

Was he then the poet of Eclecticism? He was the poet of human nature in unaffected simplicity. He himself tells us how at one time he stood forth as true Virtue's guard and rigid sentinel, at another time glided insensibly into the adoption of the accommodating principles of Aristippus: but he does not speak as if he were satisfied with this inconsistency; rather, that he desires to make such progress as he may, though it may be little compared with perfection. Horace read and thought for himself, and doubtless judged differently at different times; but he was no eclectic philosopher in the sense of deliberately picking out and choosing parts from various schools. However, his philosophy was something more than mere common sense and experience. August Arnold, in his *Life of the poet*, appears to speak of his philosophy as the groundwork of his moral and poetical character. Rather, it was not so much the foundation of his char-

acter, as something added to it; not the groundwork, but the crown of his life, interesting him more and more in his latter days, his guide and support in old age, his comfort in those feelings of melancholy from which the tender and fine-strung nature of the poet was certainly not always free. The passages adduced to show that Plato was his favourite philosopher do not prove as much as this. We know that Horace in his youth studied in the groves of Academus, and that when older he read Plato, and advised others to do so, but the Roman poet both intellectually and morally was very different from the idealist Plato, or his master Socrates, and even his irony was of a distinct kind.

It has been often said that Horace's loves did not touch his heart deeply, or perhaps that they are almost imaginary, taken from Greek odes for the purposes of his poetry. But however this may be, at any rate his friendships were real and lasting. Horace is the poet of friendship. He tells us in one place that to rave is a pleasure, when a friend is regained; in another place, that so long as he keeps his senses there is nothing on earth he can compare to a pleasant friend, and that the light of that day is most welcome, which brings friends to him. The names of his loves scarcely appear in his Satires and Epistles; but the names of his friends are to be seen through all his writings. One of the first of the Odes expresses his wish for the safe voyage of his friend Virgil, while almost at the end of the *Art of Poetry* he pays a tribute to the sincerity of Quintilius. Horace's Muse is never so happily inspired as by the joys and sorrows of his friends. In other passages he wishes that friendship was as blind as love, and as partial as the affection of a parent; and longs for that mutual forbearance which would best form and maintain friendships. Nowhere does he speak in such severe terms as when he condemns the wretch, who for the sake of raising a laugh can backbite an absent friend. A friend is to be chosen not for his rank, but for his character. Chance does not make true friends. Mæcenas' house is a happy one, because all live there as friends, free from envy and intrigue. Horace cares that his friends should like his writings, and would grieve if they found no pleasure in reading them.

When he has obtained all that his own moderate wants need, he makes requests for his friends.

And never surely was a man blessed with more friends. In the last satire of the first book of Satires he enumerates some of them, Virgil and Varius, two names that always appear together, Mæcenas, Plotius, Pollio, Bibulus, Servius, and others; and yet those there enumerated are few out of the whole number. The dearest of his comrades was Pompeius Grosphus, with whom he shared the extreme dangers of the disastrous day at Philippi. His joy at welcoming him safe home is as keen as his sorrow at the death of honest Quintilius, the common friend of Virgil and himself, by whose criticisms it is likely enough that either poet profited.

Virgil, Varius, and Horace formed a literary triumvirate, as Walckenaer calls it, and Addison in the *Spectator* has observed that these three poets lived together in a happy union, unsullied by envy. Of Varius we know but very little, for his writings have met with a different lot from that of his two friends, either through chance, or because they were less worth preserving; and yet Virgil speaks of him as a poetic swan, and Horace as the vigorous writer of epic poetry, and as one who can describe martial exploits; and Quintilian says he would dare to match his Thyestes with any Greek tragedy. But Niebuhr well remarks that it is an unhappy subject, and that he would rather have his poem *On Death* than his tragedy. Virgil and Horace differed in genius, yet had this in common, that they both took the greatest care to give their verses the last finish.

Many of Horace's friends are scarcely known, save from his mention of them. One of the more famous was Pollio, a general of Julius Cæsar, who at one time reconciled Antony and Augustus, and to whom Virgil owed the recovery of his farm. When fresh troubles broke out between the two leading men of Rome, Pollio maintained an honest independence, and, after his successful expedition to Dalmatia, retired from the senate and forum, and wrote a history of the civil war between Pompey and Cæsar, in which he did not fear to praise Brutus and Cassius. Neither the history, nor any of his tragedies, compared by the grateful Virgil to those of

Sophocles, have come down to us. But he appears to have been a man of a brave and noble spirit.

Another of Horace's friends was Messala Corvinus. He had been third in command at Philippi, but was received into the friendship of Augustus; and yet he preserved a bold and independent bearing, never afraid to say that he had had the honour of being the lieutenant of Cassius. Horace and others mention him as a distinguished orator. He was the patron of Tibullus. Horace speaks of him as imbued with philosophic learning, and yet as one who did not scorn to be a pleasant companion. His writings, composed, according to Seneca, in pure Latinity, are all lost.

But the friendship of Horace which we know far the most of is that with Mæcenas, for Mæcenas is to be regarded much more as the friend than the patron of the poet. Horace dedicated eight odes and four epodes to him. Two satires are addressed to him, and in the Satires frequent mention is made of him. Three epistles are also addressed to him. It was the glory of the poet to think that he, the child of lowly parents, had been called "beloved" by Mæcenas. To the end their friendship lasted, and the dying statesman recommended the poet to the emperor, not knowing that his friend was so soon to follow him.

Other friendships, as of Epaminondas and Pelopidas, Scipio and Lælius, Cicero and Atticus, have received a more distinct and marked attention, but never was one more lasting, more honourable, more unaffected; and if we love the memory of Horace as a lyric poet, a satirist, a master of the art of writing epistles, he has hardly fewer claims upon our admiration and affection, as giving us the pattern of a sincere and grateful friend.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ODES

It is by the Odes, and, in a much slighter degree, by the Epodes, that we know Horace the poet. It is true that in them, as well as throughout the Satires and Epistles, he frequently appears as a moralist and a man of humour; but here only does he write as a poet, in the more usual sense of the word. Didactic verse is indeed in some points even better suited to his genius than the writing of lyric poetry; and so Dante, in the 4th canto of the *Inferno*, describes the poet as "Satirist Horace;" but the Odes have always been the most popular of his works, they were certainly his favourites and his pride, it was his glory to be pointed out as "the minstrel of the Roman lyre" [IV. 3, 23], and he feels that in the Odes he has reared for himself "a monument more enduring than brass" [III. 30, 1].

Horace is ready to acknowledge his obligations to the lyric poetry of Greece, from which he derived his metres, and also not a few of his ideas. He speaks of his lute as one which had been "first tuned by the Lesbian citizen" [I. 32, 5]; that is, by Alcæus, whom he seems to have taken as his model more than any other single poet; and he declares that Fate has granted to him "the delicate spirit of the Grecian Muse" [II. 16, 38]. But in those passages of Horace where he has imitated verses of Greek poetry of which we possess the originals, there is nothing like plagiarism, or a servile reproduction of his author. Not only is the style everywhere completely his own, but a different turn is given to the idea, and such a change is made in its expression, that it becomes, as it were, fairly his property. This defence, which may justly be set up in behalf of Virgil, is even more strongly in favour of Horace. The fact that the fault of plagiarism, which has very often been imputed to Virgil, has but seldom been seriously charged against Horace, is due partly to the unquestioned originality of the Satires and Epistles; but in some

degree it is to be explained by the chance which has lost to us most of the works which Horace appears to have chiefly adopted as his models; for he does not frequently imitate the extant Odes of Pindar.

Nor does Horace owe to any poet of his own country such obligations as Virgil owes to Lucretius. Catullus has indeed already imitated Greek lyrics, and written odes in one or two of the metres used by Horace, in Sapphics and in Choriambics. But a perusal of the 11th and 51st Odes of Catullus, which are written in Sapphics, will show at once how little Horace is indebted to his predecessor. The latter of these pieces of Catullus has much merit as a translation of one of the extant poems of Sappho; but it wants the compactness and harmony and finish, which give to the Odes of Horace a character which belongs to them alone. With regard to the Alcaic metre, the boast made by Horace, that he was the first to introduce it into Latin literature, is, so far as we can tell, well-founded. "Alcæus, celebrated by no Roman tongue before, I first as Latin lyricist have made known" [Epist. I. 19, 32]. Horace may truly be said to be, on the whole, an eminently original poet.

The Odes are written in numerous metres, which Horace selects with much skill to suit the many and various subjects of his poems. The two forms of the lyric stanza which he chiefly employs are the grave and stately Alcaic and the sprightly and rapid Sapphic. And yet sometimes, and especially in the Secular Hymn, he has succeeded in giving to the Sapphic verse an unwonted majesty and solemnity; and he has been no less happy in adapting the Alcaic stanza to some of his lighter songs.

If we divide the Odes into classes, we may enumerate those which sing of Love, Friendship, Religion, Morality, Patriotism; poems of eulogy addressed to Augustus and his relations; and verses written on miscellaneous subjects and incidents; and this latter class includes some of the most charming of the Odes.

It is a high compliment to the fascination of Horace's character, that those of his Odes which treat of love have attracted so much attention, and so much written disquisition.

Out of about a hundred Odes of Horace which we possess, hardly a dozen can fairly be called love poems; and in every one of these the love is very clearly and unmistakably little more than an ornamental and fictitious emotion; there is no depth of feeling, no absorbing passion. It has often been attempted to make one genuine exception in the case of Cinara, who gained the poet's affection early in his life, and died young. Mr. Theodore Martin says, "She, if anyone, had touched his heart, and haunted his fancy." Horace mentions her name on four occasions; in the first Ode of the 4th Book he says, "I am not the man that I was beneath kind Cinara's sway;" in the 13th Ode of the same Book, "Fate to Cinara granted fleeting years;" in the 7th Epistle of the first Book he speaks of the time when he used "to lament over the wine-cup the flight of saucy Cinara;" and in the 14th Epistle of the same Book he refers to himself, when young, as one who, "without a present, could please the grasping Cinara." It would be going far to assert that allusions such as these express anything like tender regret or true affection. The poet seems to grieve, not for the loss of Cinara, but for the youth and health and gaiety he once enjoyed. We do not see in Horace anything like the passionate fondness of Catullus.

But those of Horace's Odes which may be called poems of friendship present an almost startling contrast to the unreality and absence of true feeling which we notice in his songs on love. Horace as a friend is always genuine and affectionate. The ode which prays for the safe return of Virgil from Greece [I. 3], and that which so sorrowfully grieves for the death of Quintilius, the friend of Virgil and himself [I. 24], his song of joy on the return of his old comrade Pompeius Varus [II. 7], the pleasing Ode addressed to Septimius [II. 6], and the pathetic verses in which the poet promises Mæcenas that he will not outlive him [II. 17], all these undoubtedly express a sincere and earnest friendship. If Horace, as the poet of love, is but weak and changeable, his Odes (and his other writings no less) show him to us as one of the best and truest of friends.

Horace, like his friend Virgil, mixes together the ideas

of religion and fatalism. He has even coupled the names of Fate and the gods, as Powers of equal sovereignty. "Nothing more great or good than him have Fate and Heaven's grace bestowed on earth" [IV. 2, 47]. He once speaks of himself as "Heaven's niggard and unfrequent worshipper" [I. 34, 1]; and tells how he was recalled from "Wisdom's foolishness" to a belief in the gods, by a peal of thunder in a clear sky. It is hard to decide how far this ode was intended to be understood seriously; at the same time, there is, perhaps, more religious feeling in the Odes than has been generally allowed. Horace constantly ascribes to the due worship of the gods the splendid growth of the Roman dominion; and he attributes the recent calamities of the civil wars, and other disasters, to the national neglect of religious observances. Addressing the Roman people, he says "'Tis because you own yourself lower than the gods, that you rule the world. From thence is every beginning, to them ascribe every ending. Many a misfortune have the gods, when slighted, imposed upon afflicted Hesperia" [III. 6, 5]. These ideas are repeated so persistently, and with so much emphasis, that it is almost impossible to doubt the sincerity of the poet. The Ode addressed to Phidyle [III. 23] is clearly devotional in its spirit. Horace has been very successful in imparting to the Secular Hymn the tone of patriotic piety. He is fond of dwelling on the duty of resignation to the will of Heaven, as in the ode of Leuconoë [I. 11]. In one passage, the words of Horace bear a striking resemblance to the precept in the Gospels, ("If any man will come after me, let him deny himself,") and the blessing which follows. "The more that each man has denied himself, the more he will receive from Heaven" [III. 16, 21]. But it must be observed that the blessings which the poet contemplates are those only of contentment and peace of mind.

The morality which Horace teaches in the Odes is generally lofty and earnest in its spirit. He proclaims himself here, as he does elsewhere, the philosopher of moderation and contentment. In the Introduction to the Epistles, this leading feature of Horace's moral philosophy will be found to be more fully noticed. The moral teaching of Horace is well

and concisely stated in the following lines, which conclude the 9th Ode of the 4th Book. "More rightly does he assume the title of 'blest,' who has learned how to use wisely the gifts of Heaven, and to endure stern penury, and who fears disgrace worse than death; he for his dear friends or fatherland is not afraid to die." Nor can it be said that the ideal character here described is wanting in excellence or dignity.

Horace, when he acts as a censor, has only too copious a subject on which to employ invective and regret. For in truth, owing partly to the long-continued civil wars, and the consequent prevalence of insecurity and lawlessness, partly to the introduction of foreign luxury, and the increase of political corruption, the morality of Rome had already advanced on the road to utter and irretrievable decay. "Alas," he exclaims, "we blush for our scars, and guilt, and brothers slain" [I. 35, 33]! Perhaps the most striking Odes on the universal degeneracy are the 6th and 24th of the 3rd Book: few readers of Horace will refuse to recognise in these odes, and also in others, the genuine lover of his country and of virtue.

In connection with the patriotic odes, those odes may be properly noticed, which are poems of compliment to Augustus and his relations. As to the flattery which these odes contain, the defence which may be put forth in behalf of the poet (and which seems to be good as an excuse, if not as a justification,) has already been stated in the General Introduction, and need not be repeated here. These two classes of Odes are alike at least in one point; namely, in their style and form. They are both written in Horace's grander and more elevated manner. Though Horace charms us far less here than he does in his lighter pieces, he is, notwithstanding, successful in a high degree. The march of the verse is firm and vigorous; the compliments and praises are expressed with much skill and dignity; and the feelings of patriotism are uttered with happiness and enthusiasm. The 2nd, 3rd and 5th Odes of the 3rd Book are good examples of Horace as a patriot, and many lines which they contain have become almost proverbs; the 4th, 6th and two last Odes of the 4th Book

are specimens of panegyric; but still the eulogy is tempered with patriotism.

But the private Odes (as they may be called when compared with those which treat of public events and public men,) have always been the most popular and attractive. Love, Friendship, Religion, and Morality are the subjects under which may be grouped the greater number of these Odes. Still, many of them are written on various other occasions: the legends of mythology, the changing seasons, the praise of wine, a quarrelsome party, an invitation, a fortunate escape from a wolf or the fall of a tree, such are some of the miscellaneous subjects of these poems. Sometimes they are sprightly and joyous, at other times they are more or less deeply marked by a tone of melancholy sadness. It is noticeable that the gayer of the Odes occur in the earlier Books; no doubt advancing years and failing health, added to the loss of many of his friends, subdued in no small degree the sprightliness of the poet's disposition. But indeed Horace has written very few Odes in a spirit of unmixed gaiety; when we have mentioned the lively and humorous remonstrance with Lydia [I. 8], the ode of playful encouragement of Xanthias [II. 4], the address to Barine [II. 8], and the enthusiastic eulogy of the virtues of wine [III. 21], it would not be easy to make any important additions to the list. More commonly, pensive and lively sentiments meet together in the same ode; as in that inscribed to his friend Quintus Hirpinus, where thoughts on the swift approach of age, the short-lived nature of youth and enjoyment, and the universal mutability of things, are introduced. "Spring flowers keep not always the same charm; nor beams the ruddy Moon with face unchanged; why harass with eternal designs a mind too weak to compass them?" [II. 11, 9]. These somewhat gloomy reflections are used as a reason why we ought to enjoy wisely the pleasures of life, and not to fret. And Horace is fond of dwelling upon the interchange of these ideas; for he does the same in several others, and not the least pleasing of the Odes.

As specimens of the excellence of the more or less serious of the private Odes, a few may be mentioned out of very

many. The prophecy of Nereus [I. 15] is perhaps the finest of those which are written on mythological subjects; the address to his page [I. 38], to the fountain of Bandusia [III. 13], and the dialogue between himself and Lydia [III, 9], are composed in Horace's lightest and most elegant manner. In the Ode on the longing of all men for rest [II. 16], the poet enforces his usual doctrines with much happiness and beauty of expression; while the two concluding Odes of the 3rd Book may be selected as good specimens, each in its different style, of Horace's more grave and elevated verse; the latter of these two Odes is probably the noblest of all poetical anticipations of immortality.

THE ODES OF HORACE

BOOK I

ODE I

DEDICATION TO MAECENAS

Some seek the glory of victory in the public games. Others aim at political distinction or success in trade. Self-indulgence, war, the chase furnish attractions to others still. As for Horace, his aspiration is to excel in poetry, especially in lyric composition.

MAECENAS, sprung from royal stock, my bulwark and my glory dearly cherished, some there are whose one delight it is to gather Olympic dust on the racing car, and whom the turning-post avoided with hot wheel and the glorious palm exalt as masters of the earth to the very gods. One man is glad if the mob of fickle Romans strive to raise him to triple honors;¹ another, if he has stored away in his own granary all the winnowings of Libyan threshing-floors. The peasant who loves to cleave his ancestral acres with the hoe, you could never induce by the terms of an Attalus² to become a trembling sailor and to plow the Myrtoan³ Sea in Cyprian bark. The trader, fearing the southwester as it wrestles with the Icarian⁴ waves, praises the quiet of the fields about his native town, yet presently refits his shattered barks, untaught to brook privation. Many a one there is who scorns not bowls of ancient Massic⁵ nor to steal a portion of the busy hours, stretching his limbs now 'neath the verdant arbuté-tree, now by the sacred source of some gently murmuring rill.

¹ The quaestorship, praetorship, and consulship. ² Attalus had been the name of several wealthy kings of Pergamos in Asia Minor. ³ The Myrtoan Sea lay between Greece and the Cyclades. It was proverbially tempestuous. ⁴ The Icarian Sea was another stormy body of water. ⁵ The Massic was one of the famous brands of Italian wine.

Many delight in camps, in the sound of the trumpet mingled with the clarion, and in the wars that mothers hate. Out beneath the cold sky, forgetful of his tender wife, stays the hunter, whether a deer has been sighted by the trusty hounds, or a Marsian¹ boar has broken the closely twisted nets.

Me the ivy, the reward of poets' brows, links with the gods above; me the cool grove and the lightly tripping bands of the nymphs and satyrs withdraw from the vulgar throng, if only Euterpe² withhold not the flute, nor Polyhymnia³ refuse to tune the Lesbian lyre.⁴ But if you rank me among lyric bards, I shall touch the stars with my exalted head.

ODE II

TO AUGUSTUS, THE DELIVERER AND HOPE OF THE STATE

In January, 27 B.C., Octavian, who had just entered upon his seventh consulship, suddenly announced his intention of resigning the extraordinary powers with which he had previously been invested and which he had exercised so effectively for the maintenance of public order. This announcement, though probably intended merely as a test of public opinion, was sufficient to arouse solicitude on the part of all patriotic citizens. Added to this, fierce storms had just visited the city, and the Tiber had risen in a wild flood above its banks. These portents naturally intensified the existing feeling, to which Horace gives expression in this ode.—Contents: Distress at the recent portents; Causes of the gods' displeasure,—the horrors of the civil wars. Who is the destined deliverer of the state? Is it Apollo? Or Venus? Or Mars? Or is it Mercury in the guise of Augustus? May Augustus long live to direct the destinies of Rome!

ALREADY upon the earth has the Father⁵ sent enough of dire snow and hail, and smiting with his red right hand the

¹ The Marsians inhabited a wild mountain district east of Rome.

² The muse of music including lyric poetry. ³ Polyhymnia was another muse of poetry and song. ⁴ *i. e.*, the lyre of the Lesbian poets, Alcaeus and Sappho. ⁵ Jupiter.

sacred hill-tops has filled with fear the City and the people, lest there should come again the age of Pyrrha,¹ who complained of marvels strange, when Proteus² drove all his herd to visit the lofty mountains, and the tribe of fishes caught in elm-tops, that till then had been the wonted haunt of doves, and the terror-stricken does swam in the o'erwhelming flood.

We saw the yellow Tiber, its waves hurled back in fury from the Tuscan shore, advancing to hurl down the King's Memorial³ and Vesta's shrines, showing himself too ardent an avenger of complaining Ilia,⁴ and spreading far and wide o'er the left bank without Jove's sanction,—fond river-god.

Our children, decimated by their sires' sins, shall hear that citizen whetted against citizen the sword whereby the hostile Parthian⁵ had better perished,—shall hear of battles too.

Whom of the gods shall the folk call to the needs of the falling empire? With what entreaty shall the holy maidens⁶ importune Vesta, who heedeth not their litanies? To whom shall Jupiter assign the task of atoning for our guilt? Come thou at length, we pray thee, prophetic Apollo, veiling thy radiant shoulders in a cloud; or thou, if thou wilt rather, blithe goddess⁷ of Eryx, about whom hover Mirth and Desire; or thou, our founder,⁸ if thou regardest the neglected race of thy descendants, thou glutted with the game of war, alas! too long continued, thou whose delight is in the battle-shout and glancing helms and the fierce look of the Marsian foot-soldier upon his blood-stained foe. Or thou, winged son⁹ of be-

¹ Wife of Deucalion. According to the myth, all mankind, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, had been destroyed by a flood. They renewed the human race by casting stones behind them; the stones hurled by Deucalion became men; those hurled by Pyrrha became women. ² Proteus was the "old man of the sea." He tended the seals of Neptune. ³ The Regia or official headquarters of the pontifex maximus, the chief priest of the Roman religion. ⁴ The mother of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome. According to the legend she had been thrown into the Tiber, who thus came to be looked upon as her spouse. ⁵ A warlike people dwelling to the south-east of the Caspian. ⁶ The Vestal Virgins. ⁷ Venus. ⁸ Mars, the father of Romulus and Remus. ⁹ Mercury, the god of trade and commerce.

nign Maia, if changing thy form, thou assumest on earth the guise of man, right ready to be called the avenger of Caesar. Late mayst thou return to the skies and long mayst thou be pleased to dwell amid Quirinus's folk; ¹ and may no untimely gale waft thee from us angered at our sins! Here rather love glorious triumphs, the name of "Father" and "Leader"; nor suffer the Medes ² to ride on their raids unpunished, whilst thou art our leader, O Caesar!

ODE III

TO VIRGIL SETTING OUT FOR GREECE

The poet wishes his friend a prosperous voyage. Courage of him who first braved the perils of the deep. Man's restless enterprise has ever led him to transgress proper bounds.

MAY the goddess ³ who rules over Cyprus, may Helen's brothers, ⁴ gleaming fires, and the father ⁵ of the winds, confining all but Iapyx, ⁶ guide thee so, O ship, that owest to us Virgil ⁷ entrusted to thee,—guide thee so that thou shalt bring him safe to Attic shores, I pray thee, and preserve the half of my own existence!

Oak and triple bronze must have girt the breast of him who first committed his frail bark to the angry sea, and who feared not the furious Southwester battling with the blasts of Aquilo, ⁸ nor the gloomy Hyades, ⁹ nor the rage of Notus, ¹⁰ than whom there is no mightier master of the Adriatic, whether he choose to raise or calm the waves. What form of Death's approach feared he who with dry eyes gazed on the swimming monsters, on the stormy sea, and the ill-famed cliffs

¹ The Romans. ² Another name for the Parthians. ³ Venus. ⁴ Castor and Pollux. In the electrical phenomenon known in modern times as St. Elmo's fire, the ancients recognized the protecting presence of these two brothers. ⁵ Æolus. ⁶ The northwest wind, favorable to those sailing from Italy to Greece. ⁷ The famous Roman poet. ⁸ The north wind. ⁹ These stars were the harbingers of stormy weather. ¹⁰ The south wind.

of Acroceraunia? ¹ Vain was the purpose of the god in severing the lands by the estranging main, if in spite of him our impious ships still dash across the depths he meant should not be touched. Bold to endure all things, mankind rushes even through forbidden wrong. Iapetus's daring son ² by impious craft brought fire to the tribes of men. After this descended from its home on high, wasting disease and a new throng of fevers fell upon the earth and the doom of death, that before had been slow and distant, quickened its pace. Daedalus ³ essayed the empty air on wings denied to man; the toiling Hercules burst through Acheron.⁴ No ascent is too steep for mortals. Heaven itself we seek in our folly, and in our sin we let not Jove lay down his bolts of wrath.

ODE IV.

SPRING'S LESSON

*Winter has fled; spring with its delights is again at hand.
Yet Death comes surely to all, nor may we cherish hope of
a long existence here.*

KEEN winter is breaking up at the welcome approach of spring and the Zephyr, and the tackles are hauling dry hulls ⁵ toward the beach. No longer now does the flock delight in the fold, or the ploughman in his fireside, nor are the meadows longer white with hoary frost. Already Cytherean ⁶ Venus leads her dancing bands beneath the o'erhanging moon, and the comely Graces linked with Nymphs tread the earth with tripping feet, while blazing Vulcan ⁷ visits the mighty forges

¹ A dangerous promontory on the west coast of Greece. ² Prometheus, who was fabled to have brought down fire from heaven to earth for mortals. ³ A mythical Athenian artificer. ⁴ In the last of his famous "twelve labors" Hercules is said to have passed over Acheron, a river of the underworld, and to have succeeded in bringing Cerberus, Pluto's watch-dog, to the realms above. ⁵ The ships have been drawn up on the shore during the stormy months of winter. ⁶ Venus was fabled to have sprung from the sea near Cythera, a small island to the south of Greece. ⁷ The god of fire.

of the Cyclops.¹ Now is the fitting time to garland our glistening locks with myrtle green or with the blossoms that the unfettered earth brings forth. Now also is it meet in shady groves to bring sacrifice to Faunus, whether he demand a lamb or prefer a kid.

Pale Death with foot impartial knocks at the poor man's cottage and at princes' palaces. Despite thy riches, Sestius, life's brief span forbids our entering on the hope of long existence here. Soon shall the night of Death and the ghostly shades enshroud thee and the bleak bourne where Pluto² dwells. As soon as thou com'st thither, no longer shalt thou by the dice³ obtain the lordship of the feast, nor gaze with wonder on the tender Lycidas, of whom all men are now enamored and soon the maidens will be.

ODE V

TO A FLIRT

What youth now courts thee, Pyrrha? Alas! he little knows how inconstant is thy fancy. Thankful am I to have escaped betimes.

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with perfumes, embraces thee amid many a rose, O Pyrrha, in the pleasant grotto? For whom dost thou tie up thy auburn hair in simple elegance? Alas! How often shall he lament changed faith and gods, and marvel in surprise at waters rough with darkening gales, who now enjoys thee, fondly thinking thee all golden, who hopes that thou wilt ever be free of passion for another, ever lovely,—ignorant he of the treacherous breeze. Ah, wretched they who have not had experience of thy dazzling charms! As for me, the temple wall with its votive tablet⁴

¹The servants of Vulcan, employed by him in forging the thunderbolts of Jupiter. ²The god of the underworld. ³At their convivial gatherings the Romans commonly chose one of their number to act as master of ceremonies. The choice was determined by throwing dice. ⁴In ancient times those who escaped from shipwreck often suspended to Neptune a votive offering, sometimes even the garments they had worn.

shows I have hung up my dripping garments to the god¹ who is master of the sea.

ODE VI

HORACE IS UNABLE WORTHILY TO SING THE PRAISES OF
AGRIPPA

Agrippa had asked Horace to write an epic poem in celebration of his own military successes and those of Octavian. —Contents: Varius is the poet to celebrate thy achievements, Agrippa. My lyric muse is unequal to epic themes. Wine and love are the subjects of my song.

THOU shalt be heralded by Varius, a singer of Homeric strains, as valiant and victorious o'er the foe, whatever exploit with ships or horse the bold soldier has achieved under thy leadership. I, Agrippa, essay to sing neither such deeds nor the fell anger of Peleus's son,² who knew not how to yield, nor the wanderings o'er the sea of the crafty Ulysses, nor the cruel house of Pelops,³—too feeble I for such lofty themes, since modesty and the Muse that presides o'er the lyre of peace forbid me lessen by defect of skill noble Caesar's⁴ glory and thine own. Who would fittingly tell of Mars clad in his adamantine tunic? Of Meriones⁵ begrimed with Trojan dust, or Tydides,⁵ a match, with Pallas's⁶ help, for the immortals? I, whether fancy-free or kindled by passion's torch, ever a poet of trifles, sing but of banquets, and feuds of maidens flying, albeit with harmless nails, at the faces of their lovers.

¹ Neptune. ² Achilles, whose anger against Agamemnon forms the subject of the Iliad. ³ The house of Pelops was noted for its tragic history. ⁴ Augustus. ⁵ Greek heroes of the Trojan War. ⁶ The Greek war goddess.

ODE VII

IN PRAISE OF TIBUR

Earth has many lovely spots, but fairest of all is Tibur by the falls of the dashing Anio. Nature is not always sad, nor should man be, Plancus. So, at your favorite Tibur (or wherever you may be) away with sorrow! Seek in mellow wine consolation for care! So did Teucer when driven by Telamon from his native Salamis.

LET others praise famed Rhodes, or Mitylene, or Ephesus, or the walls of Corinth, that o'erlooks two seas, or Thebes renowned for Bacchus, Delphi¹ for Apollo, or Thessalian Tempe.² Some there are whose only task it is to hymn in unbroken song the town³ of virgin Pallas and to place upon their brows the olive⁴ gathered from every quarter. Many a one in Juno's honor shall sing of horse-breeding Argos and of rich Mycenae. As for me, not hardy Lacedaemon, or the plain of bounteous Larisa has so struck my fancy as Albu-nea's⁵ echoing grotto and the dashing Anio, Tiburnus's⁶ grove and the orchards watered by the coursing rills.

As Notus⁷ is oft a clearing wind and dispels the clouds from darkened skies nor breeds perpetual showers, so do thou, O Plancus, remember wisely to end life's gloom and troubles with mellow wine, whether the camp gleaming with standards holds thee or the dense shade of thine own Tibur. Teucer,⁸ as he fled from Salamis and his father, is yet said to have bound with poplar garlands his temples flushed with wine, addressing thus his sorrowing friends: "Whithersoever Fortune, kinder than my sire, shall bear us, there let us go, O friends and comrades! Never despair under Teucer's lead

¹ Famous as the seat of the oracle of Apollo. ² The beautiful valley of the river Peneus in northern Greece. ³ Athens. ⁴ The olive is here used to symbolize victory in contests of poetic skill. ⁵ The nymph who dwelt at the foot of the fall of the river Anio at Tibur (the modern Tivoli). ⁶ Tiburnus was one of the founders of Tibur. ⁷ The south wind. ⁸ A Greek hero, brother of the Telamonian Ajax.

and Teucer's auspices! For the unerring Apollo pledged us that there should be a second Salamis¹ in a new land. O ye, brave heroes who have often suffered worse with me, now banish care with wine! To-morrow we will take again our course over the mighty main."

ODE VIII

SYBARIS'S INFATUATION FOR LYDIA

Lydia, why wilt thou ruin Sybaris with love? Why has he abandoned all manly sports? Why is he skulking, as did once Achilles?

IN the name of all the gods, tell me, O Lydia, why thou art bent on ruining Sybaris with love; why he hates the sunny Campus,² he who once was patient of the dust and sun; why he rides no more among his soldier mates, nor restrains the mouth of his Gallic steed with wolf-tooth bridle!³ Why does he fear to touch the yellow Tiber? Why does he shun anointing-oil more warily than viper's blood, nor longer show his arms aglow with weapon practice, he who once was famed for hurling, oft the discus, oft the javelin, beyond the farthest mark? Why does he skulk, as they say the son⁴ of sea-born Thetis did, when the time of Troy's tearful destruction drew near, for fear that the garb of men should hurry him to slaughter and the Lycian⁵ bands?

¹ Teucer was from the Greek island of Salamis near Athens. He founded a new Salamis in Cyprus. ² The Campus Martius, which was used for athletic exercises and sports. ³ A sort of bridle furnished with jagged teeth. ⁴ Achilles. That he might escape the certain destruction which it was foretold he should meet did he join the Trojan expedition, his mother concealed him at the court of Lycomedes on the island of Scyros. ⁵ The Lycians were allies of the Trojans, who are really meant.

ODE IX

WINTER WITHOUT BIDS US MAKE MERRY WITHIN

The snow is deep; the frost is keen; pile high the hearth and bring out the oldest wine! Leave all else to the gods! Think not of the morrow, but enjoy what Fortune bestows—love, the dance, and the other delights of youth!

SEEST thou how Soracte¹ stands glistening in the deep snow, and how no longer the straining woods uphold their burden, and the streams are frozen with the biting cold? Dispel the chill by piling high the wood upon the hearth, and generously bring forth in Sabine jar the wine four winters old, O Thaliarchus! Leave to the gods all else; for so soon as they have stilled the winds battling on the seething deep, the cypresses and ancient ash-trees are no longer shaken. Cease to ask what the morrow will bring forth, and set down as gain each day that Fortune grants! Nor in thy youth neglect sweet love nor dances, whilst thy life is blooming still and sour old age is far away! Now let the Campus² be sought and the squares, with low whispers at the trysting-hour as night draws on, and the merry laugh of maiden hiding in farthest corner, and the forfeit snatched from her arm or finger while she feigns resistance.

ODE X

HYMN TO MERCURY

Mercury is praised as the institutor of human speech and the inventor of the lyre; also as the guide of mortals, and the messenger of the gods.

O MERCURY, grandson eloquent of Atlas, thou that with wise insight didst mould the savage ways of men just made, by giving speech and setting up the grace-bestowing wrestling-ground, thee will I sing, messenger of mighty Jove and

¹ A mountain to the north of Rome. ² The Campus Martius.

of the gods, and father of the curving lyre; clever, too, to hide in sportive stealth whate'er thy fancy chose. Once in thy boyhood, as Apollo strove with threatening words to fright thee, should'st thou not return the kine thy craft had stolen, he laughed to find himself bereft of quiver too. 'Twas by *thy* guidance also that Priam,¹ leaving Ilium laden with rich gifts, escaped the proud Atridae,² the Thessalian watch-fires, and the camp that menaced Troy. 'Tis thou dost bring the pious souls to their abodes of bliss, marshalling the shadowy throng with golden wand, welcome alike to gods above and those below.

ODE XI

ENJOY THE PASSING HOUR!

Seek not to learn by signs, Leuconoë, what limit of life the gods have granted thee! Follow rather thy humble duties; enjoy the present, and put no trust in the future!

ASK not, Leuconoe ('tis impious to know), what end the gods have set for me, for thee, nor make trial of the Babylonian tables!³ How much better to endure whatever comes, whether Jupiter allots us added winters or whether this is last, which now wears out the Tuscan Sea against the opposing cliffs! Show wisdom! Busy thyself with household tasks; and since life is brief, put an end to distant hopes! Even while we speak, envious Time has sped. Reap the harvest of to-day, putting no slightest hope in what may come!

¹ Priam was guided by Mercury from the walls of Troy to the camp of the Greeks, where Achilles held the dead body of Hector, whom he had slain. ² Menelaus and his brother Agamemnon, the leaders of the Greeks. ³ *i. e.*, the calculations of the Chaldaean astrologers.

ODE XII

THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS

Invocation to the Muse. Praise of gods and heroes; of Roman kings and patriots; concluding with a panegyric of the Marcelli and the Julian house, particularly Augustus.

WHAT man, what hero dost thou take to herald on the lyre or clear-toned flute, O Clio?¹ What god? Whose name shall the playful echo make resound on the shady slopes of Helicon² or on Pindus's² top or on cool Haemus,² whence in confusion the trees followed after tuneful Orpheus, who by the skill his mother had imparted could stop the swift courses of the streams and rushing winds; persuasive, too, with his melodious lyre to draw the listening oaks in his train.

What shall I sing before the wonted praises of the Father³ who directs the destinies of men and gods, who rules the sea and lands and the world with its shifting seasons? From whom is begotten nothing greater than himself, nor doth aught flourish like or even next to him. Yet the nearest glory Pallas,⁴ bold in battle, hath secured. Nor will I fail to mention thee, O Bacchus, nor thee, O virgin goddess, a foe to savage creatures, nor thee, O Phoebus,⁵ to be dreaded for thine unerring arrow. I will sing Alcides,⁶ too, and Leda's sons,⁷ famed, the one for victories with horses, the other for his skill in boxing; and as soon as their clear star shines out for sailors, the dashing waves flow away from the cliffs, the winds subside, the clouds flee, and the threatening billow, because they so have willed, falls to rest upon the deep.

After these I know not whether to tell first of Romulus,⁸ of Pompilius's⁸ peaceful reign, or the proud fasces of Tarquinius,⁸ or of Cato's⁹ noble death. Regulus¹⁰ and the Scauri¹⁰ and Paulus,¹⁰ generous of his noble life, what time the

¹ The muse of history. ² Various haunts of the muses. ³ Jupiter.

⁴ Daughter of Jupiter and goddess of war. ⁵ Apollo. ⁶ Hercules.

⁷ Castor and Pollux. ⁸ Early Roman kings. ⁹ The reference is to the younger Cato (Uticensis), who committed suicide when the Republic fell a prey to the ambition of Julius Caesar. ¹⁰ Roman patriots of the early days.

Carthaginian prevailed,¹ will I gratefully celebrate in glorious song,—Fabricius,² too. Him and Curius² with his unshorn locks and Camillus,² stern poverty and the old homestead with its narrow dower bred fit for war. The glory of Marcellus,² like a tree, grows imperceptibly as time moves on. As the moon among the lesser lights, so shines the Julian constellation³ amid all others.

O Father and Guardian of the human race, thou son of Saturn, to thee by fate has been entrusted the charge of mighty Caesar;⁴ mayst thou be lord of all, with Caesar next! Whether he lead in well-earned triumph the vanquished Parthians, who threaten Latium, or the Seres⁵ and Indians lying far away on our eastern borders, second to thee alone shall he with justice rule the broad earth; be it thine to shake Olympus with thy ponderous chariot, and to hurl thy angry bolts on the polluted groves!⁶

ODE XIII

JEALOUSY

Thy praises of Telephus, Lydia, fill my heart with jealousy. I kindle, too, at his savage treatment of thee. Happy they whose union is perfect, untorn by dissension.

WHEN thou, O Lydia, praisest Telephus's rosy neck, Telephus's fair arms, my bosom swells with angry passion. Then my senses abide no more in their firm seat, nor does my color remain unchanged, and the moist tear glides stealthily down my cheek, proving with what consuming fires I am inwardly devoured. I kindle with anger whether a quarrel waxing hot with wine has harmed thy gleaming shoulders, or the frenzied lad has with his teeth imprinted a lasting mark upon thy lips. Dids't thou but give heed to me, thou wouldst not

¹ At the Battle of Cannae, 216 B.C. ² Roman patriots of the early days. ³ The comet which appeared after the death of Julius Caesar and was thought to represent his spirit. ⁴ Augustus. ⁵ A far eastern people, probably the Chinese. ⁶ Referring to the orgies connected with certain foreign religions which had established themselves at Rome.

hope for constancy in him who savagely profanes the sweet lips that Venus has imbued with the quintessence of her own nectar. More than thrice happy they whom an unbroken bond unites and whom the sundering of love by wretched quarrels shall not separate before life's final day.

ODE XIV

TO THE SHIP OF STATE

This ode seems to have been called forth by some threatened renewal of civil strife, possibly that which culminated in the rupture between Octavian and Antony in 32 B. C.—Contents: Beware, O ship, of fresh perils! Keep safely in the harbor! Thy masts and yards and hull are no longer staunch, nor hast thou favoring deities to protect thee in distress. Take heed lest thou become the sport of the gale!

O SHIP, new billows bear thee out to sea again. Beware! Make haste to reach the haven! Seest thou not how thy bulwarks are bereft of oars, how thy shattered mast and yards are creaking in the driving gale, and how thy hull without a girding-rope can scarce withstand the overmastering sea? Thy canvas is no longer whole, nor hast thou gods to call upon when again beset by trouble. Though thou be built of Pontic pine,¹ a child of far-famed forests, and though thou boast thy stock and useless name, yet the timid sailor puts no faith in gaudy sterns.² Beware lest thou become the wild gale's sport! Do thou, not long ago a teasing trial,³ but now⁴ my love and anxious care, avoid the seas that course between the glistening Cyclades!⁵

¹ The forests of Pontus in Asia Minor were rich in pine. ² The sterns of Roman ships were often decorated in bright colors. ³ The reference is probably to the period after Philippi, when Horace was still nursing his disappointment at the failure of the republican movement headed by Brutus and Cassius. ⁴ *i. e.*, since Horace's reconciliation to Augustus's administration. ⁵ These islands seem to have been surrounded by dangerous tide-ways.

ODE XV

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS

'As Paris hurries from Sparta to Troy with Helen, Nereus stills the winds and prophesies: "'Tis under evil auspices that thou art taking home thy bride. Greece will avenge the wrong and vain will be Venus's protection. Heedest thou not Ulysses, Nestor, and the other Grecian warriors? Though postponed for a while, Ilium's doom is inevitable.'

As the treacherous shepherd youth¹ was hurrying his whilom hostess Helen o'er the waves in Trojan bark, Nereus² checked the swift gales with an unwelcome calm, that he might foretell the cruel fates: "'Tis under evil auspices that thou art leading home a bride whom Greece with many a champion shall seek again, sworn to break thy wedlock and destroy the ancient realm³ of Priam. Alas! What toil for steeds, what toil for men is looming near! What disaster art thou bringing on the Trojan folk! Already Pallas⁴ makes ready her helmet, her aegis, her car, and is whetting her fury. In vain, emboldened by Venus's help, shalt thou comb thy tresses and sing to the music of the unwarlike lyre the songs that women love; in vain in thy chamber's retreat shalt thou shun the heavy spears and darts of Cretan reed, the battle's din, and Ajax⁵ fleet to follow. In spite of all, thou yet shall drag (alas! too late) thy adulterous locks in the dust. Heedest thou not Laertes's son,⁶ the scourge of thy race? No? Nor Pylia Nestor?⁷ Dauntlessly upon thee press Teucer⁷ of Salamis and Sthenelus⁷ skilled in battle, or, if occasion call to guide the car, no sluggish charioteer. Meriones,⁸ too, shalt thou come to know. Lo! Fierce Tydides,⁹ brave

¹ Paris. ² The marine deity. ³ Troy. ⁴ The Greek goddess of war. ⁵ One of the leading Greek champions of the Trojan War. ⁶ Ulysses. ⁷ Another famous champion of the Trojan War. ⁸ A Cretan warrior allied with the Greeks. ⁹ Diomedes, the bravest of the Greeks next to Achilles.

father's braver son, is furious to hunt thee out. Him shalt thou flee faint-hearted, with panting head thrown high, as the deer forgets its pasturage and flees the wolf seen across the valley, though to thy mistress thou didst promise a far different prowess.

The wrath¹ of Achilles's followers may put off the day of doom for Ilium² and the Trojan matrons; yet after the allotted years the Grecian fire shall burn the Ilian homes.

ODE XVI

THE POET'S RECANTATION

The poet had offended some fair one by the intemperate utterances of his verse; he now seeks forgiveness for the fault: "Destroy the guilty verses as thou wilt. The violence of anger surpasses all else; 'tis the 'mad lion' in our natures. I too once yielded to its fury. But now I repent and beg forgiveness."

O MAIDEN, fairer than thy mother fair, make any end thou wilt of my abusive lines, be it with fire or in the waters of the Adriatic!

Not Dindymene,³ not the god⁴ who dwells in Pytho's shrine, when he thrills the priestess' soul, not Bacchus, not the Corybants,⁵ when they clash their sounding cymbals, so agitate the breast as doth fierce anger, which neither the Noric sword represses, nor the sea that breaketh ships, nor fierce fire, nor even Jupiter, descending in awful fury.

Prometheus,⁶ as goes the tale, when forced to add to our primeval clay a portion drawn from every creature, put also in our breasts the fury of the ravening lion. 'Twas anger that

¹ Achilles's followers naturally sided with their leader when Achilles in his wrath temporarily withdrew from participation in the war against the Trojans. ² Troy. ³ Cybele, the goddess of Mt. Dindymus in Asia Minor. She was worshipped with furious dancing and wild clashing of cymbals. ⁴ Apollo, who inspired the Delphic priestess in prophesy. ⁵ The priests of Cybele. ⁶ One of the Titans.

laid Thyestes¹ low in dire destruction, and that has ever been the primal cause why lofty cities perished utterly, and the hostile hosts in exultation ran the plow over the fragments of their fallen walls. Restrain thy spirit! Me too in youth's sweet day eager passion tempted and drove in madness to impetuous verse. Now I would change those bitter lines for sweet, wouldst thou but be my friend and give me again thy heart, since I've recanted my harsh words.

ODE XVII

AN INVITATION TO COUNTRY JOYS

The god Faunus often delights to visit fair Lucretilis and to bless it with his presence. Hither come, my Tyndaris! Here thou shalt find rustic plenty, cool air, song, and wine, freedom, too, from the cruelties of an ill-matched lover, Cyrus.

IN swift passage Faunus² often changes Lycaeus³ for fair Lucretilis,⁴ and from my goats wards off the fiery heat and misty winds during all his stay. Harmlessly through safe thickets do the roaming consorts of the rank he-goat hunt the hiding arbutus and fragrant thyme. Nor do the kids have fear of poisonous snakes or of the wolf, the war god's favorite, when once, O Tyndaris, sloping Ustica's⁵ vales and smooth-worn rocks have echoed with the sweet pipe (of Pan). The gods are my protection; to the gods both my devotion and my muse are dear. In this spot shall rich abundance of the glories of the field flow to the full for thee from bounteous horn. Here in retired valley shalt thou escape the dog-star's

¹ The feud between Atreus and Thyestes led the former to kill Thyestes's sons and to serve their flesh at a banquet to their father. ² The god of shepherds. ³ A mountain in Arcadia in Greece, a favorite haunt of Faunus. ⁴ A mountain near Horace's Sabine farm. ⁵ Some eminence in the neighborhood of Horace's farm.

heat, and sing on Teian¹ lyre Penelope² and Circe³ of the sea, enamored of the self-same hero. Here shalt thou quaff bowls of harmless Lesbian wine beneath the shade, nor shall Thyoneus,⁴ child of Semele, engage in broils with Mars. Nor shalt thou, watched with jealous eye, fear the wanton Cyrus, lest he lay rude hands on thee, a partner ill-suited to his cruel ways, or lest he rend the garland clinging to thy locks, or thy robe all unoffending.

ODE XVIII

THE PRAISES OF WINE

Wine is a blessing of the gods, yet Bacchus's gift is not to be profaned in riotous brawl.

O VARUS,⁵ plant no tree in preference to the sacred vine about the mellow soil of Tibur and by the walls of Catilus! To the abstemious has the god ordained that everything be hard, nor are cankering cares dispelled except by Bacchus's gift. Who after drinking wine bewails the hardships of campaigns or poverty? Who does not rather glorify thee, O Father Bacchus, and thee, O comely Venus? And yet, that no one pass the bounds of moderation in enjoying Liber's gifts, we have a lesson in the Centaurs' contest⁶ with the Lapithæ, fought out to bitter end over the festal board; we have a lesson, too, in the Sithonians,⁷ hated by Bacchus when in passion's heat they distinguish right and wrong but by a narrow line. I'll not be the one, fair Bassareus,⁸ to rouse thee against thy will, nor to expose to the light of day thy

¹ Like that of the Greek poet Anacreon, who was born at Teos, and whose muse was devoted to the praises of love and wine. ² The faithful wife of Ulysses. ³ The enchantress who changed Ulysses's companions into swine. She became enamored of Ulysses. ⁴ Bacchus. ⁵ Quintilius Varus, a friend of Horace and Virgil. ⁶ The fight of the Centaurs and Lapithæ at the marriage-feast of Pirithous. ⁷ A Thracian tribe noted for their excessive indulgence in wine. ⁸ Bacchus.

mystic emblems covered with leaves of many kinds. Repress the cymbal wild along with Berecyntian¹ horn, orgies followed by blind self-love, by vainglory that lifts its empty head too high aloft, and by a faith that betrays its trust, transparenter than glass!

ODE XIX

THE CHARMS OF GLYCERA

I'm constrained to yield again to the might of love, charmed by Glycera's radiant beauty. Venus's power prevents my giving heed to other things. I'll appease the goddess with incense and a sacrifice. So will she relent.

THE Cupids' cruel mother² with the son³ of Theban Semele and sportive Wantonness bid me give heed again to ended loves. I'm enamored of Glycera's beauty, more dazzling than Parian marble; I'm enamored of her sweet forwardness and her face seductive to behold. Upon me Venus, leaving her Cyprus,⁴ has fallen with all her power, and suffers me not to sing of the Scythians or of the Parthians bold in flight, nor of aught irrelevant. Here set me up, O slaves, an altar of verdant turf! Here put sprays of leaves, and incense, with a bowl of last year's unmixed wine! The goddess will be less cruel at her coming, if I sacrifice a victim.

ODE XX

AN INVITATION TO MAECENAS

The poet warns his friend that the Sabine farm can offer but simple fare.

COME, drink with me—cheap Sabine,⁵ to be sure, and out of common tankards, yet wine that I with my own hand put

¹ Berecyntus was a mountain of Phrygia noted for the celebration of the wild rites of Cybele. ² Venus. ³ Bacchus. ⁴ A favorite haunt of Venus. ⁵ *i. e.*, the wine grown on Horace's own estate.

up and sealed in Grecian jar, on the day, dear Knight¹ Maecenas, when such applause² was paid thee in the Theatre that with one accord the banks of thy native stream³ and the sportive echo of the Vatican⁴ returned thy praises. At thine own home thou mayst drink Cæcuban⁵ and the juice of grapes crushed by Cales's⁵ presses; my cups are flavored neither with the product of Falernum's⁵ vines, nor of the Formian⁵ hills.

ODE XXI

IN PRAISE OF LATONA AND HER CHILDREN

Praise Diana and Apollo, O ye boys and maidens! May they ward off from Rome war, plague, and famine, and turn them against the foe!

PRAISE Diana, O ye maidens tender! Praise, O lads, unshorn Apollo, and Latona,⁶ fondly loved by Jove supreme! Praise ye, O maidens, her⁷ who delights in streams and in the foliage of the groves that stand out on cool Algidus⁸ or amid the black woods of Erymanthus⁹ and verdant Cragus!⁹ Do ye, O lads, with praises just as many, glorify Tempe¹⁰ and Delos, Apollo's natal isle, and the god's shoulder, adorned with quiver and with the lyre invented by his brother's¹¹ cunning! Moved by your prayer he shall ward off tearful war, wretched plague, and famine from the folk and from our

¹ Maecenas deliberately held aloof from political ambition, and remained by preference a simple knight to the last. ² Upon his recovery from dangerous illness in 30 B.C., Maecenas was greeted with applause at his first appearance in public. ³ The Tiber, the chief river of Etruria, Maecenas's native district. ⁴ The hill where St. Peter's now stands. ⁵ The Cæcuban, Calenjan, Falernian, and Formian were all superior vintages of Italian wine. ⁶ The mother of Apollo and Diana. ⁷ Diana. ⁸ Mt. Algidus in Latium. ⁹ Erymanthus and Cragus were mountains, the former in Arcadia, the latter in Asia Minor. ¹⁰ A romantic valley in northern Greece, a seat of Apollo's worship. ¹¹ Mercury was the inventor of the lyre.

sovereign Cæsar, and send these woes against the Parthian and the Briton.

ODE XXII

FROM THE RIGHTEOUS MAN EVEN THE WILD BEASTS RUN
AWAY

The upright man needs no weapon, wherever his path may lead him. The proof: A wild wolf fled from me in the Sabine wood as I roamed about unprotected. So wherever I may be, I'll ever love my Lalage.

HE who is upright in his way of life and free from guilt, needs not Moorish darts nor quiver loaded with poisoned arrows, Fuscus, whether he be going through the sweltering Syrtes¹ or the cheerless Caucasus, or the regions that storied Hydaspes² waters. For take my own experience: As I was singing of my Lalage and wandering far beyond the boundaries of my farm in Sabine woods, unarmed and free from care, a wolf fled from me, a creature such as martial Daunia³ nurtures not in her broad oak forests, nor the parched land⁴ of Juba, nurse of lions, breeds.

Place me on the lifeless plains where no tree revives under the summer breeze, a region of the world o'er which lower mists and a gloomy sky; set me beneath the chariot of the beating sun, in a land denied for dwellings! I will love my sweetly laughing Lalage, my sweetly prattling one.

ODE XXIII

FEAR ME NOT, CHLOE!

Thou shunnest me like a timid fawn, Chloë, but I'll do thee no harm. Cease to cling to thy mother! Thou art ripe for a mate.

THOU shunnest me, Chloë, like a fawn that seeks its timid mother o'er trackless hills, filled with needless terror of the

¹ The deserts of northern Africa. ² A river of the far East. ³ Apulia in southern Italy. ⁴Mauretania and Numidia.

breezes and the woods. For it quivers in heart and limb, if the brier has rustled with its moving leaves or the green lizards have pushed aside the bramble. Yet my purpose is not to crush thee like a savage tiger or Gaetolian¹ lion. Cease at length to follow thy mother, since now thou art ripe for a mate!

ODE XXIV

A DIRGE FOR QUINTILIUS

'Tis meet to indulge our sorrow for Quintilius. Dear he was to many, yet to no one more than thee, Virgil. But 'tis vain to pray for his return to earth. His loss is hard to bear; yet suffering softens pain.

WHAT restraint or limit should there be to grief for a soul so dear? Teach me a song of mourning, O Melpomene,² thou to whom the Father³ gave a liquid voice and music of the lyre!

Does, then, the sleep that knows no waking lie heavy on Quintilius? When shall Honor, and Justice's sister, Loyalty unshaken, and candid Truth e'er find a peer to him? Many are the good who mourn his death; but no one more than thou, O Virgil. Yet in vain, despite thy fond devotion, dost thou ask the gods to give Quintilius back, entrusted to this mortal life, alas! on no such terms. Yet even wert thou to strike more tunefully than Thracian Orpheus the lyre once heeded by the trees,⁴ would then the life return to the unsubstantial ghost, which with his gruesome wand Mercury,⁵ not kind to ope the portals of the Fates to our entreaty, has gathered once to Death's dark company? 'Tis hard, I know; but by endurance that grows lighter which we cannot change for good.

¹ Gaetulia was in northern Africa. ² The muse of tragedy. ³ Jupiter.

⁴ By his music Orpheus is said to have drawn the trees in his train.

⁵ The guide of the dead to their home in the lower world.

ODE XXV

LYDIA'S CHARMS ARE PAST

Admirers come less often and thou hearest their complaints less frequently than of old. Thou in turn shall pine for them, complaining that they prefer youth's freshness to withered age.

LESS often now do impetuous youths shake thy shutters with repeated blows; no longer do they steal thy slumbers from thee; and the door that once right willingly did move its hinges clings closely to its threshold. Less and less often hearest thou such complaints as this: "Sleepest thou, Lydia, while I, thy lover true, die throughout the livelong night?" Thy turn shall come, and, a hag forlorn in deserted alley, thou shalt mourn that thy former lovers show disdain for thee, when on moonless nights the Thracian north-wind raves, while burning love and passion, such as are wont to goad the stallions' dams, shall rage about thy wounded heart. Then shalt thou make moan that merry youths take more delight in ivy green and myrtle dark, consigning withered leaves to Eurus,¹ winter's mate.

ODE XXVI

IMMORTALIZE LAMIA, YE MUSES!

The Muse's favor bids me heed not wars and rumors of wars. Rather will I call on thee, O Muse, to aid me in weaving a chaplet of verse to honor my Lamia.

DEAR to the Muses, I'll banish gloom and fear to the wild winds to carry o'er the Cretan Sea, all unconcerned what ruler² of the frozen borders of the North is object of our fear, or what dangers frighten Tiridates.³

¹ The east wind. ² The allusion is probably to the Dacian king, Cotiso, who in 30 B.C. was threatening the northern frontier of the Roman dominions. ³ In 31 B.C. Tiridates, who had headed an unsuccessful movement against Phraates, the occupant of the Parthian throne, fled to Augustus for assistance.

O, sweet Pimpleis,¹ that takest joy in fountains fresh, weave gay blossoms, yea, weave them as a garland for my Lamia! Naught without thee avail my tributes. Him in new measure, him with Lesbian plectrum,² 'tis meet that thou and thy sisters should make immortal.

ODE XXVII

LET MODERATION REIGN!

Away with strife and quarrels from the festal board! I'll drain my goblet on one condition only: Let Megylla's brother confide to my trusty ear the object of his affections.

To fight with goblets meant for pleasure's service is fit for none but Thracians. Banish such barbarous ways! Protect from bloody brawls our Bacchus, who loves what's seemly. With wine and lamps the Persian³ sword is sadly out of keeping. Repress your impious uproar, mates, and lie with elbow resting on the couch! You wish that I too drink my portion of stout Falernian?⁴ Then let Opuntian⁵ Megylla's brother tell with what wound, what shaft, he languishes in bliss. Thy inclination falters? On no other terms will I consent to touch the draft. Whatever passion masters thee, it burns thee with a flame for which thou needs't not blush, and worthy ever is the love thou cherishest. Whatever 'tis, come, confide it to my trusty ear!—Ah! Wretched youth! In what a fatal pool thou'rt caught, lad worthy of a better flame! What witch, what wizard,—nay, what god, can rescue thee! Entangled, as thou art, in the

¹ *i. e.*, Muse, so called from Pimplea, in Pieria, a favorite haunt of the Muses. ² *i. e.*, in Aeolic verse. The plectrum was a short pick with which the player struck the strings of the lyre. ³ The poet means that the sword at banquets is fit only for such semi-civilized people as their traditional enemies, the Parthians. ⁴ One of the finer Italian wines. ⁵ *i. e.*, coming from Opus in Locris.

triple-formed Chimaera's¹ clutch, scarce Pegasus² shall loose thee from the toils.

ODE XXVIII, I

DEATH THE DOOM OF ALL

Thou, Archytas, art now confined in a small mound of earth, and it avails thee naught to have explored in life the realms of space, and to have measured earth and sea. So all the great have passed away. Death's path must be trodden by us all.

Thou, Archytas,³ measurer of the sea and land and countless sands, art confined in a small mound of paltry earth near the Matinian shore;⁴ nor doth it aught avail thee that thou didst once explore the gods' ethereal homes and didst traverse in thought the circling vault of heaven. For thou wast born to die! Death befell also Pelops's sire,⁵ though once he sat at the table of the gods; Tithonus,⁶ too, translated to the skies, and Minos,⁷ partner of Jove's own secrets; and Tartarus⁸ holds the son of Panthus,⁹ sent down a second time to Orcus,¹⁰ though by taking down the shield¹¹ he bore witness to Trojan times, and yielded to black Death naught but his sinews and his frame,—to thy mind¹² no common judge of Nature and of truth.

¹ A fabulous monster having the body of a goat, the head of a lion, and the tail of a serpent. ² The winged horse, Pegasus, destroyed the Chimaera with its hoofs. ³ A famous geometer and astronomer of 400 B.C. ⁴ Probably somewhere in the vicinity of Tarentum. ⁵ Tantalus. ⁶ Tithonus was beloved of the goddess Aurora and in answer to her prayers was translated to the skies, but was not made immortal. In Odes II, 16, Horace follows a different form of the legend. ⁷ Minos was king of Crete. ⁸ The lower world. ⁹ The philosopher Pythagoras. ¹⁰ The lower world. ¹¹ Pythagoras was the great apostle of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. In proof of his theories he once entered the temple of Argos and took down the shield of Euphorbus, declaring that he had been Euphorbus in an earlier stage of existence. ¹² Archytas was an adherent of the doctrines of Pythagoras.

But a single night awaiteth every man, and Death's path must be trodden once for all. Some, the Furies offer as a sight for cruel Mars; the hungry sea is the sailor's ruin. Without distinction the deaths of old and young follow close on each other's heels; cruel Proserpine¹ spares no head.

In our manuscripts and editions, this ode and the following appear as one poem.

ODE XXVIII, 2

A PETITION FOR SEPULTURE

I am another victim of the Adriatic wave, but do thou, O mariner, cast a bit of sand on my unburied head. So may all blessings be showered upon thee by Jove and Neptune! Three handfuls of sand suffice.

ME, too, Notus,² whirling mate of setting Orion,³ overwhelmed in the Ilyrian⁴ waves. But do not thou, O mariner, withhold the shifting sand, nor refuse to bestow a little of it on my unburied head and bones! Then, whatever threats Eurus⁵ shall vent against the Hesperian⁶ waves, may'st thou be safe, when the Venusian⁷ woods are beaten by the gale, and may rich reward redound to thee from the sources whence it cometh best,—from kindly Jove and Neptune, sacred Tarentum's guardian god!

Thou thinkest it a light matter to do a wrong that after this will harm thine unoffending children? Perchance the need of sepulture and a retribution of like disdain may await thyself sometime. I shall not be left with my petition unavenged, and for thee no offerings shall make atonement.

¹ Proserpina was the queen of the underworld and was said to cut a lock of hair from the head of each person who died. ² The south wind. ³ Storms were said to accompany the setting of this constellation. ⁴ Adriatic. ⁵ The east wind. ⁶ *i. e.*, the waves of the western sea. ⁷ Venusia, Horace's birth-place, was in Apulia.

Though thou art eager to be going, 'tis a brief delay I ask:
Only three handfuls of earth! Then thou mayst speed on thy
course.

ODE XXIX

THE SCHOLAR TURNED ADVENTURER

Can it be, Iccius, that in thy eagerness for wealth thou art preparing to join in foreign expeditions? But nothing is impossible. Even rivers may change their courses, when a scholar of thy promise changes philosophy for coat of mail.

ICCIUS, art thou looking now with envious eye at the rich treasures of the Arabians, and making ready for dire warfare on Sabaeen kings¹ as yet unconquered, and art thou forging fetters for the dreadful Mede?² What barbarian maiden, her lover slain by thee, shall become thy slave? What page from royal halls, with perfumed locks, shall be thy cup-bearer, taught with his father's bow to speed the arrows of the East? Who'll deny that the descending streams can glide backwards to the lofty hills and the Tiber reverse its course, when thou, that gavest promise of better things, art bent on changing Panaetius's³ famous books gathered from every quarter and the Socratic school for Spanish corselets?

ODE XXX

INVOCATION TO VENUS

Come, Venus, to Glycera's chapel; and with thee come Cupid, the Graces, the Nymphs, Youth, and Mercury.

O VENUS, queen of Cnidos⁴ and of Paphos,⁴ leave thy beloved Cyprus and betake thyself to the fair shrine of Glycera, who summons thee with bounteous incense! And with thee let hasten thy glowing child, the Graces, too, with

¹ Sabaea was a district in southern Arabia. ² *i. e.*, the Parthian, Rome's enemy. ³ A famous Stoic philosopher. ⁴ Seats of Venus's worship.

girdles all unloosed, the Nymphs, and Youth, that owes her charms to thee, and—the god of gain!¹

ODE XXXI

THE POET'S PRAYER

A poem written for the dedication of the Temple of Apollo erected by Augustus 28 B.C.—Contents: What is my prayer at the dedication of Apollo's shrine? Not gold or ivory or lands or costly wines, but health and a contented spirit, an old age of honor and of song.

WHAT is the poet's prayer to the enshrined Apollo? For what does his petition rise as he pours new wine from the bowl? Not for the rich harvest of fertile Sardinia, not for the pleasant herds of hot Calabria, not for Indian gold or ivory, nor for the lands that the silent Liris² washes with its placid flow. Let those to whom Fortune has vouchsafed it, trim the vine with Calenian³ pruning-knife, that the rich trader, forsooth, may drain from golden chalice the wine for which he gives his Syrian wares, dear to the very gods, since thrice and four times yearly he revisits all unscathed the western main. My fare is the olive, the endive, and the wholesome mallow. Grant me, O Latona's son,⁴ to be contented with what I have, and sound of body and of mind to pass an old age lacking neither honor nor the lyre!

¹ Glyceria expects her lovers to *pay* for her favors. ² A river of Campania. ³ The epithet is poetically transferred from the vines to the knife with which they were pruned. The vines of Cales in Campania produced one of the finest brands of Italian wine. ⁴ Apollo.

ODE XXXII

INVOCATION TO THE LYRE

Lend me thy aid, O lyre, to sing a Roman lay that shall be immortal! Vouchsafe thy help whenever I invoke thee duly!

I AM asked for a song. If ever in idle hour beneath the shade I have sung aught with thee that shall live not merely for this year, but many, come, give us now a Roman lay, thou lyre first tuned by the Lesbian patriot ¹ who, active in war, yet, whether amid arms or having moored his storm-tossed bark on the watery strand, sang unceasingly of Bacchus, the Muses, Venus, and the boy ² that ever clings to her, and Lycus ³ beautiful with black eyes and raven locks.

O shell, thou glory of Phoebus ⁴ and welcome at the feasts of Jove Supreme, O sweet and soothing solace of my cares, be propitious to me, when I invoke thee duly!

ODE XXXIII

THE FAITHLESS FAIR

Grieve not o'ermuch, Tibullus, over the faithless Glycera! So is it ever. Venus delights to bring to her yoke ill-mated hearts. I too have known this fate.

GRIEVE not o'ermuch, O Albius, ⁵ for thought of faithless Glycera, nor sing unceasing plaintive elegies because a younger rival outshines thee in her eyes, and her plighted troth is broken! Fair Lycoris with forehead low is consumed with love for Cyrus; Cyrus in turn inclines to unresponsive Pholoë; but sooner shall does mate with Apulian wolves than Pholoë yield to her hateful suitor. Such the decree of Venus, whose delight it is in cruel sport to force beneath her brazen yoke

¹ Alcaeus. ² Cupid. ³ A favorite of Alcaeus. ⁴ Apollo. ⁵ Albius Tibullus, the elegiac poet.

bodies and hearts ill-mated. I myself, when a worthier passion called, was held fast in pleasing bonds by slave-born Myrtale, more tempestuous than the waves of Hadria,¹ where it bends into Calabria's gulf.²

ODE XXXIV

THE POET'S CONVERSION

Compelled to renounce my former errors, I am making sail for a new haven. The cause: Jove recently hurled his thunderbolts in a clear sky. The god has power. He can abase the high and exalt the lowly.

I, a chary and infrequent worshipper of the gods, what time I wandered, the votary of a foolish wisdom,³ am now compelled to spread my sails for the voyage back and to retrace the course I had abandoned. For though it is the clouds that Jove is wont to cleave with his flashing bolts, this time he drove his thundering steeds and flying car through a sky serene,—thunders whereby the lifeless earth and spreading streams were shaken, Styx,⁴ and hated Taenarus's⁵ dread seat, and the bourne where Atlas⁶ has his stand. The god *does* have power. He can interchange the lowest and the highest; he abases the mighty and exalts the lowly. From one man Fortuna with loud rustling of her wings swiftly snatches away the crown; on another she delights to place it.

¹ The Adriatic. ² The Gulf of Tarentum near Calabria in southern Italy. ³ The reference is to the Epicurean philosophy, according to the tenets of which the gods had no control over the affairs of this world. ⁴ A river of the underworld. ⁵ Taenarus, a promontory in southern Laconia, was thought to be the entrance to the infernal regions. ⁶ Atlas was fabled to support the world on his shoulders.

ODE XXXV

TO FORTUNA

O goddess that art omnipotent to determine the affairs of men, all acknowledge thy might, all court, all fear. Thy attendants are Necessity, Hope, Faith. Preserve our Caesar, who is setting forth against the Britons! Forgive our past iniquity and guide our weapons against the foe!

O GODDESS that rulest pleasant Antium,¹ mighty to raise our mortal clay from low estate and change proud triumphs into funeral trains, thee the poor peasant entreats with anxious prayer; thee as sovereign of the deep, whoever braves the Carpathian Sea in Bithynian bark; thee the wild Dacian,² the roving Scythian,² cities, tribes, and martial Latium,³ and mothers of barbarian kings, and tyrants clad in purple, fearing lest with wanton foot thou overturn the standing pillar of the state and lest the mob incite the peaceable to arms,—yea to arms,—and so break down the ruling power.

Before thee ever stalks Necessity, grim goddess, with spikes and wedges in her brazen hand; the stout clamp and molten lead are also there. Thee Hope cherishes and rare Fidelity, her hand bound fast with cloth of white, nor refuses her companionship whenever thou in hostile mood leavest the houses of the great in mourning plunged. But the faithless rabble and the perjured harlot turn away; friends scatter as soon as they have drained our wine jars to the dregs, too treacherous to help us bear the yoke of trouble.

Preserve our Caesar, who will soon set forth against the Britons, farthest of the world! Preserve the freshly levied band of youthful soldiers, who shall raise fear in Eastern parts beside the Red Sea's coast.

Alas, the shame of our scars, and crimes,⁴ and brothers

¹ Antium, an old Volscian town near the coast of the Mediterranean, contained two temples of Fortune. ² Tribes dwelling on the northern frontier of the Roman dominions. ³ The district around Rome.

⁴ Referring to the bloody scenes of the civil wars.

slain! What have we shrunk from, hardened generation that we are? What iniquity have we left untouched? From what have our youth kept back their hands through fear of the gods? What altars have they spared? O mayst thou forge again on anvils new our blunted swords, and turn them 'gainst the Arabs and Massagetæ!¹

ODE XXXVI

A JOYFUL RETURN

*Let us make sacrifice in celebration of Numida's safe return!
A white mark to commemorate the day, and let indulgence
in wine and the dance know no bounds!*

WITH incense and with music and due offering of a bullock's blood let us appease the gods that have guarded Numida, who, now returned in safety from the farthest West, bestows kisses in abundance on his fond friends, yet on no one more than Lamia dear, recalling their boyhood passed under the self-same teacher and their togas changed together.

Let this day not lack a mark of white,² nor be there surcease of devotion to the wine-jar that has been brought out, nor pause of dancing after the Salian³ fashion! Nor let Bassus be outdone by strong-headed Damalis in drinking the Thracian *amystis*!⁴ Nor let roses, fresh parsley, or the quickly fading lily be wanting to our feast! All shall cast their languishing eyes on Damalis; yet shall she not be turned from her new lover, holding closer to him than the clinging ivy to the oak.

¹ An eastern people in alliance with the Parthians. ² The Romans signalized auspicious days with a white mark. ³ *i. e.*, after the fashion of the Salii, a college of priests, who performed a sacred dance carrying shields and weapons. ⁴ A long draught taken without drawing breath.

ODE XXXVII

THE FALL OF CLEOPATRA

In the summer of 30 B.C. Augustus had defeated Antony and Cleopatra and had entered Alexandria. Antony and Cleopatra both committed suicide.—Contents: Now is the time for drinking and dancing, now for offering to the gods our grateful thanksgiving. Cleopatra's crushing defeat at Actium sobered her wild dreams of conquest, and fear of Caesar drove her in terror over the sea. Yet her death was heroic and one that befitted a queen.

Now is the time to drain the flowing bowl, now with unfettered foot to beat the ground with dancing, now with Salian¹ feast to deck the couches of the gods, O mates! Before this day it had been wrong to bring our Caecuban² forth from ancient bins, while still a frenzied queen³ was plotting ruin 'gainst the Capitol, with her polluted band of gallants⁴ foul with lust,—a woman mad enough to nurse the wildest hopes and drunk with Fortune's favors. But the escape⁵ of scarce a single galley from the flames sobered her fury, and Caesar⁶ changed the wild delusions bred by Mareotic⁷ wine to the stern reality of terror, chasing her with his triremes, as she sped away from Italy, even as the hawk pursues the gentle dove, or the swift hunter follows the hare o'er the plains of snow-clad Thessaly, with purpose fixed to put in chains the accursed creature. Yet she, resolved to die a nobler death, showed for the dagger's point no woman's fear, nor sought to find out distant shores with her swift fleet; she even dared to gaze with face serene upon her fallen palace; courageous, too, to handle poisonous asps,⁸ that she might draw black venom to her heart, waxing bolder as she thought on death; scorning, too, the thought of being borne, a queen no longer,

¹ The banquets of the Salii (a college of priests) were proverbial for their sumptuousness. ² A choice brand of Italian wine. ³ Cleopatra. ⁴ Eunuchs. ⁵ Referring to the defeat of Actium. ⁶ Augustus. ⁷ A fiery sort of wine grown in Egypt. ⁸ Cleopatra is said to have committed suicide by means of an asp secreted in her bosom.

on hostile galleys to grace a glorious triumph,—no craven woman she!

ODE XXXVIII

AWAY WITH ORIENTAL LUXURY!

Bring hither no linden garlands nor wreaths of late-blooming roses! Chaplets of simple myrtle are enough.

EASTERN elegance, O lad, I hate, and fancy not the garlands made of linden bast. A truce to hunting out the spots where lingers late the rose! Strive not to add aught else to the plain myrtle! The myrtle befits both thee and me—master and servant—as I drink beneath the thick-leaved vine.

BOOK II

ODE I

TO POLLIO WRITING A HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WARS

Horace tells Pollio that his task is full of hazard and begs him to renew at an early day his devotion to the writing of tragedies. In imagination he sees already the great heroes and the thrilling deeds of Pollio's story, and all the world at Caesar's feet save dauntless Cato. But the thought of the horrors of the recent civil strife compels the poet to bid a truce to such dismal themes.

THOU¹ art treating of the civil strife that with Metellus's consulship² began, the causes of the war, its blunders, and its phases, and Fortune's game, friendships of leaders³ that boded naught but evil to the state, and weapons stained with blood as yet unexpiated,—a task of dangerous hazard full.

¹ Asinius Pollio was one of the most versatile Romans of his day, being statesman, general, poet, and advocate, as well as patron of men of letters. ² Metellus was consul in 60 B.C., at the time of the formation of the First Triumvirate. This coalition marked the beginning of the civil commotions which continued for the next thirty years. ³ Referring to the league of the Triumvirs.

Thou art walking, as it were, o'er fires hidden 'neath treacherous ashes.

For a brief time only let it be that thy stern tragic muse is absent from the stage, and when thou hast described events of state, renew thy lofty calling in the Attic buskin,¹ Pollio, famed support² of anxious clients and bulwark of the Senate in its councils, thou for whom, too, the laurel won lasting glory by thy Dalmatian³ victory. Even now with threatening blare of horns thou strik'st our ears; even now the clarions sound; even now the gleam of weapons strikes terror into timid steeds and into their riders' faces. Already I seem to hear the shouts of mighty captains begrimed in glorious dust of battle, and to see the world subdued complete, except stern Cato's soul.⁴ Juno⁵ and all the gods who, loving Africa, had helplessly withdrawn, powerless to avenge the land, have offered on Jugurtha's⁶ grave the children of his conquerors.

What plain has not been drenched with Latin blood, to bear witness with its graves to our unholy strife and to the sound of Hesperia's⁷ fall heard even by the Parthians!⁸ What pool or stream has failed to taste the dismal war! What sea has Italian slaughter not discolored! What coast knows not our blood!

But, lest, O heedless Muse, thou leave thy sportive themes and essay again the Cean⁹ dirge, seek with me in the shadow of some Dionean¹⁰ grotto measures of merrier mood!

¹ The Attic buskin is Attic tragedy, the buskin being the high shoe (coturnus) regularly worn by tragic actors. ² Pollio was famous as a defender of criminal cases. ³ Pollio won a triumph over the Dalmatians in 39 B. C. ⁴ Cato Uticensis. Rather than fall into Cæsar's hands he committed suicide. ⁵ Juno had been the patron deity of Carthage, the metropolis of Africa. Horace means that the gods abandoned Africa when at the time of Jugurtha they saw the Roman arms likely to prevail. ⁶ An African king defeated by the Romans 106 B. C. ⁷ Hesperia is Italy (Rome). ⁸ Rome's enemies, living far away on the eastern frontier of the empire. ⁹ *i. e.*, dirges in the style of Simonides of Ceos. ¹⁰ *i. e.*, in love's haunt. Dione was the mother of Venus.

ODE II

MONEY,—ITS USE AND ABUSE

Money is of no worth, unless it be put to wise uses. To subdue one's own desire for more is better than the widest dominion of the world. Only such men are really happy.

No lustre is there to silver hidden away in the greedy earth, O Sallustius Crispus,¹ thou foe to money unless it shine by wise use. Proculeius² shall live through distant ages, known for his fatherly spirit towards his brothers; him shall succeeding fame bear aloft on untiring pinions.

Thou shalt rule a broader realm by subduing a greedy heart than by joining Libya³ to distant Gades or by making the Punic settlers on both sides the Strait subject to thee alone. By indulgence the dreadful dropsy only grows worse, nor can the sufferer banish thirst, unless the cause of the malady first departs from the veins and the watery languor from the pale body.

Though Phraates⁴ has been restored to the throne of Cyrus,⁵ yet Virtue, dissenting from the rabble, will not admit him to the number of the happy, and teaches the folk to discard wrong names, conferring power and the secure tiara⁶ and lasting glory on him alone who can gaze upon huge piles of treasure without a backward glance of envy.

¹ A grand-nephew of the historian Sallust. ² When his two brothers lost their property in the civil war, Proculeius gave each of them a third of his own fortune. ³ *i. e.*, by joining Africa to Europe. Gades was situated on the site of the modern Cadiz in Spain. ⁴ Phraates was a Parthian king who had been driven from his throne and later restored in 27 B.C. ⁵ The Parthians claimed descent from Cyrus the Great, the founder of the Persian empire. ⁶ *i. e.*, the crown.

ODE III

ENJOY THE FLEETING HOUR!

Be courageous in adversity, modest in prosperity! Nature's charms are for all to enjoy. Let us seek them while we may! Be we rich or poor, high or low, our days on earth are numbered.

REMEMBER in adversity to keep a valiant heart; so likewise in prosperity guard against over-exultation, Dellius,¹ doomed to die, whether thou livest sad alway, or reclining in grassy nook takest delight on holidays in some choice vintage of Falernian wine. For what purpose do the tall pine and poplar white fondly join their branches in inviting shade? For what purpose does the hurrying water strive to press onward in the winding stream? Hither bid slaves bring wines and perfumes and the too brief blossoms of the lovely rose, while Fortune and youth allow and the dark threads of the Sisters² three. For thou must leave thy purchased pastures, thy house, and thy estate that yellow Tiber washes; yes, thou must leave them, and an heir shall become master of the riches thou hast heaped up high. Whether thou be rich and sprung from ancient Inachus, or dwellest beneath the canopy of heaven poor and of lowly birth, it makes no difference: thou art pitiless Orcus's³ victim. We are all being gathered to one and the same fold. The lot of every one of us is tossing about in the urn, destined sooner, later, to emerge and place us in Charon's⁴ skiff for eternal exile.

¹ An unprincipled character who had played a somewhat conspicuous part in the recent political history of Rome. ² The Fates. ³ Orcus was the god of the underworld. ⁴ The ferryman of the underworld; he transported the souls of the dead across the Styx.

ODE IV

LOVE FOR A SLAVE-GIRL

*Be not ashamed, O Xanthias, of thy love for a slave-maiden!
Thou art not the first. Doubtless she comes of noble
ancestry. Her beauty betokens this. But suspect me not!
I praise her charms from no unworthy motive.*

LET not affection for thy hand-maiden put thee to the blush, O Phocian Xanthias! Thou art not the first. Long ago the slave Briseis¹ with her snow-white skin stirred the heart of proud Achilles; yes, and captive Tecmessa's beauty stirred the heart of her master, Ajax, son of Telamon; and Atrides² in the midst of triumph was inflamed with love for the ravished maid Cassandra,³ what time the barbarian hosts of Troy were overcome by the Thessalians'⁴ victory, and Hector's loss gave over Pergamos⁵ to the wearied Greeks, an easy prey.

One cannot tell but that the parents of thy blond Phyllis are rich and will lend glory to their son-in-law; surely her line must be of royal origin, and she mourns unfair Penates.⁶ Be sure the maid thou lovest belongs not to the wretched rabble, and that one so loyal, so unmercenary could not be born of any common mother. 'Tis with no touch of passion that I praise her arms, her face, and her shapely ankles. Suspect not one whose life in rapid course has already brought its eighth lustrum⁷ to a close!

¹ A maiden captured by Achilles during the siege of Troy. Agamemnon took her away from Achilles and thus caused "the wrath of Achilles," the theme of the Iliad. ² Agamemnon. ³ Daughter of Priam. ⁴ Thessalians is here equivalent to Greeks. ⁵ Troy. ⁶ Household gods. ⁷ *i. e.*, forty years.

ODE V

NOT YET!

The maiden that thou lovest is still too young to return thy passion. Soon 'twill be otherwise. Then she shall seek thee of her own accord.

NOT yet can she bear the yoke on neck subdued, not yet fulfil the duties of a mate, or endure the vehemence of a master. Upon the verdant meads dwell the thoughts of thy love, who now assuages the oppressive heat amid the streams, and now is eager to sport with her comrades in the moist willow-grove. Away with desire for the unripe grape! Soon shall Autumn, gay with crimson, paint the clusters purple for thee. Soon shall she follow thee. For Time courses madly on and shall add to her the years it takes from thee. Soon with willing look shall Lalage herself make quest of thee, beloved as was not shy Pholoë, nor Chloris, gleaming with shoulder white, like the bright moon on midnight sea, nor Cnidian Gyges,¹ so fair that should you put him in a band of maids, those who knew him not, would, strange to say, fail to note his difference from the rest, disguised by his flowing locks and his girl-boy face.

ODE VI

PRAISE OF TIBUR AND TARENTUM

Fairest of all is Tibur. Yet Tarentum, too, is Fair.

O SEPTIMIUS, ready to go with me to Gades and to the Cantabrians³ not yet schooled to bear our yoke, and to the wild Syrtes,⁴ where the Moorish wave is ever tossing, may Tibur,⁵ founded by Argive⁶ settlers be the home of my declining years! May it be my resting-place when I am weary with sea, with roaming, and with war! But if the Fates

¹ Evidently some fair youth. ² On the site of the modern Cadiz in Spain. ³ A Spanish tribe. ⁴ The treacherous sands off the northern coast of Africa. ⁵ A picturesque town on the river Anio near Rome. ⁶ *i.e.*, from Argos in Greece.

cruelly keep me from that spot, I will seek the river of Galaeus,¹ loved by its skin-clad² sheep, and the fields once ruled by Spartan Phalanthus.³ That corner of the world smiles for me beyond all others, where the honey yields not to Hymettus,⁴ and the olive vies with green Venafrum,⁵ where Jupiter vouchsafes long springs and winters mild, and where Aulon,⁶ dear to fertile Bacchus,⁷ envies not the clusters of Falernum.⁸ That place and its blessed heights summon thee and me; there shalt thou bedew with affection's tear the warm ashes of thy poet friend!

ODE VII

A JOYFUL RETURN

Greetings on thy return, old comrade! Since Philippi's day our ways have lain apart. Now give thanks to Jove; fill up the cup; and let our joy know no restraint!

O FRIEND oft led with me into extremest peril, when Brutus⁹ was master of our hosts, who hath restored thee¹⁰ as a citizen to thy country's gods and to the sky of Italy. O Pompey,¹¹ first of my comrades, with whom I many a time have whiled away the lingering day with wine, first garlanding my locks gleaming with Syrian nard? With thee I knew Philippi's¹² day and the swift flight that followed, leaving my shield ingloriously behind, when Valor's self was beaten down and threatening spirits ignobly bit the dust. Me in terror Mercury¹³ bore swiftly through the foe in a dense cloud; thee

¹ Near Tarentum in southern Italy. ² Their fine fleece was protected from dirt and injury by means of skins fastened about their bodies.

³ The founder of Tarentum. ⁴ A mountain near Athens famous for its honey.

⁵ A Samnian town noted for the verdant olive orchards in its neighborhood. ⁶ Some hill or vale near Tarentum. ⁷ The god of wine.

⁸ An excellent wine was grown in the Falernian district, in Campania. ⁹ Referring to the campaign of Brutus and Cassius against Octavian in 43-42 B.C. ¹⁰ After the battle of Actium, Augustus had extended amnesty to all who had been in arms against him. ¹¹ His identity is unknown. ¹² Fought in 42 B.C. ¹³ As messenger of the gods, Mercury also served as protector of poets and others.

the wave drew back again into the abyss of war¹ and bore once more on troubled waters. So render unto Jove the banquet pledged and lay thy limbs with long campaigning wearied beneath my laurel-tree, nor spare the jars for thee intended! Fill to the brim with care-dispelling Massic² the polished goblets! Lavish perfumes from generous phials! Who will make haste to weave garlands of pliant parsley or of myrtle? Whom shall the Venus-throw³ make the master of our revel? I'll celebrate as madly as the Edonians.⁴ 'Tis sweet to put no bound to joy when a friend's regained.

ODE VIII

BARINE'S BALEFUL CHARMS

Faithless art thou, Barine; yet not less fair than faithless.

HAD ever any penalty for violated vows visited thee, Barine; didst thou ever grow uglier by a single blackened tooth or spotted nail, I'd trust thee now. But with thee, no sooner hast thou bound thy perfidious soul by promises than thou shinest forth much fairer and art the cynosure of all eyes when thou emergest. 'Tis actually of help to thee to swear falsely by the buried ashes of thy mother, the silent sentinels⁵ of night, the whole heaven, and the gods, who escape Death's chill. All this but makes sport for Venus, upon my word, it does! And for the artless Nymphs, and cruel Cupid, ever whetting his fiery darts on the bloody⁶ stone. Not only this! All our youth are growing up for thee alone, to be a fresh band of slaves, while thy old admirers leave not the roof of their heartless mistress, oft as they have threatened to. Thee matrons fear for their sons, thee frugal sires, thee wretched brides, but just now maidens, lest thy radiance make their husbands linger.

¹ Pompey had apparently participated in the stormy events that succeeded Philippi. ² A variety of wine. ³ The name given to the highest throw of the dice. ⁴ A Thracian tribe noted for the license of their carousals. ⁵ The stars. ⁶ The epithet is transferred from the shafts to the stone.

ODE IX

A TRUCE TO SORROW, VALGIUS!

Nature's phases, Valgius, are not always those of gloom; yet thou art ever sorrowful. Cease thy laments and let us celebrate the glories of great Caesar!

NOT forever do the showers fall from the clouds on the harvested fields, nor the rough blasts worry alway the Caspian waves, nor on Armenian borders, friend Valgius,¹ does the lifeless ice linger through all the months of the year, nor are Garganus's² oak-groves always whipped by the blasts of the North and the ash-trees reft of their leaves. But thou in tearful strains dwellest ever on the loss of thy Mystes,³ nor do thy words of love cease either when Vesper⁴ comes out at evening or when it flies before the swiftly coursing sun. Yet the aged hero⁵ who had lived three generations did not forever mourn his loved Antilochus,⁶ nor did his Phrygian parents⁷ and sisters lament without end the youthful Troilus.⁸ Cease at length thy weak laments, and let us rather sing of the new trophies of Augustus Caesar and ice-bound Niphates⁹ and the river of the Medes¹⁰ rolling in smaller eddies, now 'tis added to the list of vanquished nations, and the Geloni¹¹ riding now within bounds prescribed and within narrow ranges.

ODE X

THE "GOLDEN MEAN"

*Not too far out to sea, Licinius, nor yet too near the shore!
Be on thy guard in prosperity; in adversity cherish hope!*

BETTER wilt thou live, Licinius,¹² by neither always pressing out to sea nor too closely hugging the dangerous shore

¹ A poet of some note. ² A well-wooded mountain in eastern Apulia.

³ Some favorite youth, beloved by the poet. ⁴ The evening star.

⁵ Nestor, one of the Greeks at Troy. ⁶ Nestor's son. ⁷ *i. e.*, the parents of Troilus, Priam and Hector. ⁸ He was slain by Achilles.

⁹ A mountain of eastern Armenia. ¹⁰ The Euphrates. ¹¹ A Scythian tribe. ¹² Probably Lucius Licinius Murena, who was executed for a conspiracy against Augustus.

through cautious fear of gales. Whoso cherishes the golden mean, safely avoids the plainness of an ill-kept house and wisely, too, avoids a hall exciting envy. 'Tis oftener the tall pine that is shaken by the wind; 'tis the lofty towers that fall with the heaviest crash, and 'tis the tops of the mountains that the lightning strikes. "Hope in adversity; fear in prosperity," is the motto of the heart that's well prepared for weal or woe. Though Jupiter brings back the unlovely winters, he also takes them away. If we fare ill to-day, 'twill not be ever so. At times Apollo wakes with the lyre his slumbering song, and does not always stretch the bow. In time of stress show thyself stout and valiant! Yet wisely reef thy sails when they are swollen by too fair a gale!

ODE XI

ENJOY THE PASSING HOUR!

Away with needless worry! Youth and beauty are gliding swiftly by. Therefore under plane and pine let us have garlands and perfumes, wine and music.

WHAT the warlike Cantabrian¹ is plotting, Quinctius Hirpinus, and the Scythian,¹ divided from us by the intervening Adriatic, no longer have a care to seek, nor be anxious for the needs of life, since 'tis little that it asks. Fresh youth and beauty are speeding fast away behind us, while wizened age is banishing sportive love and slumbers soft. Not forever do the flowers of spring retain their glory, nor does ruddy Luna shine always with the selfsame face. Why weary with thoughts for the future thy soul unequal to the task? Why not rather quaff the wine, while yet we may, reclining under this plane and pine in careless ease, our hair garlanded with roses sweet and perfumed with Syrian nard? Bacchus dispels carking cares. What slave will swiftly temper the bowls of fiery Falernian with water from the passing stream? Who will lure from her home shy Lyde? With ivory lyre, come

¹ The Cantabrians were a Spanish tribe; the Scythians lived in what is now southwestern Russia.

bid her haste, her careless hair fastened in a knot, like some Laconian maid!

ODE XII

THE CHARMS OF TERENTIA

Horace had apparently been asked to commemorate in verse some of Augustus's achievements. Instead of complying, he sings the praises of Maecenas's wife Terentia, here designated by the pseudonym Licymnia.—Contents: No one would choose lyric verse to describe events of history. Therefore let prose be the vehicle of celebrating Augustus's glory, and do thou, Maecenas, essay the task! As for me, let me rather sing the praises of thy consort!

ONE would not wish to have the themes of fierce Numan-
tia's¹ tedious wars or doughty Hannibal² wedded to soft meas-
ures of the lyre, or the Sicilian Sea crimson with Punic blood,
or the savage Lapithæ³ and Hylæus⁴ roused with wine, or
the triumph of Hercules's hand over the sons⁵ of earth, at
whom the shining house⁶ of ancient Saturn shook with terror.
So you, Maecenas, would better treat, and treat in prose, of
Caesar's battles and the necks of kings, once threatening, led
along the streets.

Me the Muse has bidden to celebrate the sweet singing
of Mistress Licymnia, her brightly flashing eyes, and her
heart right faithful in mutual love,—her whom it graced
so well to trip amid the dancers' bands, to pass the jest, and
offer her arms to festal maids celebrating the sacred day⁷ of
thronged Diana. Would you exchange a lock of Licymnia's
tresses for all that rich Achaemenes⁸ once owned, or the Myg-
donian⁹ wealth of fertile Phrygia, or the opulent homes of
the Arabians, as she bends her neck toward your eager kisses,

¹ The reference is to the war of 143-133 B.C. ² Leader of the Carthaginians in the Second Punic War. ³ A Thessalian people, ruled by Pirithous. Their contest with the Centaurs was famous in ancient legend. ⁴ A Centaur. ⁵ The giants. ⁶ *i. e.*, Olympus, the home of the gods. ⁷ *i. e.*, at some annual festival. ⁸ Mythical founder of the Persian royal house. ⁹ Mygdon was an early Phrygian king.

or in teasing playfulness refuses to give them (yea, refuses, since she delights more to have them snatched than he who asks them), or at times actually snatches them herself?

ODE XIII

A NARROW ESCAPE

In 30 B.C. Horace had narrowly escaped death by the fall of a tree on his Sabine farm.—Contents: 'Twas on an ill-omened day that thou wast planted, O tree; and with a sacrilegious hand wast thou reared. Man never realizes the unseen dangers that threaten from every side. How narrowly did I escape passing to the realms of Proserpine, where Sappho and Alcaeus charm the shades with the music of their lyres!

THE man who first planted thee did it upon an evil day and reared thee with a sacrilegious hand, O tree, for the destruction of posterity and the countryside's disgrace. I'd believe that he actually strangled his own father and spattered his hearth-stone with a guest's blood at dead of night; he, too, has dabbled with Colchic¹ poisons and whatever crime is anywhere conceived,—the man that set thee out on my estate, thou miserable stump, destined to fall upon the head of thy unoffending master.

Man never heeds enough from hour to hour, what he should shun. The Punic sailor dreads the Bosphorus,² but fears not the unseen fates that threaten farther on from other quarters. The soldier dreads the arrows of the Parthians and their swift retreat;³ the Parthian fears the chains and rugged strength of Italy; but the fatal violence that has snatched away, and again will snatch away, the tribes of men is something unforeseen.

How narrowly did I escape beholding the realms of dusky

¹ *i. e.*, such potions as were brewed by Medea, the famous mythical sorceress, whose home was in Colchis on the Black Sea. ² The entrance to the Black Sea. ³ The reference is to the Parthian custom of wheeling in flight and discharging arrows upon a pursuing enemy.

Proserpine¹ and Aeacus² on his judgment-seat, and the abodes of the righteous by themselves apart, and Sappho³ complaining on Aeolian lyre of her country-women, and thee, Alcaeus,⁴ rehearsing in fuller strain with golden plectrum the woes of seaman's life, the cruel woes of exile, and the woes of war. The shades marvel at both as they utter words worthy of reverent silence; but the dense throng, shoulder to shoulder packed, prefer to drink in with listening ear stories of battles and of tyrants banished. What wonder, when lulled with such strains, the hundred-headed creature⁵ lowers his black ears and the serpents entwined in the locks of the Furies stop for rest! Yea, even Prometheus⁶ and Pelops's sire⁷ are beguiled of their sufferings by the soothing sound, nor does Orion⁸ longer care to chase the lions or the wary lynxes.

ODE XIV

DEATH IS INEVITABLE

Nothing, Postumus, avails to withstand the approach of death,—not goodness, nor rank, nor sacrifices. Life's joys are ours only to be renounced and handed over to worthier successors.

ALAS, O Postumus, Postumus, the years glide swiftly by, nor does righteousness give pause to wrinkles, to advancing age, or Death invincible,—not if with three hectacombs of bulls a day thou strivest to appease relentless Pluto,⁹ who constraineth Geryon¹⁰ of the triple frame and Tityos¹¹ by the gloomy stream¹² that must be crossed with certainty by all of us who reap Earth's bounty, be we princes or needy husbandmen. In vain shall we escape from bloody Mars and from the breakers of the roaring Adriatic; in vain through autumn-

¹ The consort of Pluto, god of the underworld. ² One of the judges in the underworld. ³ The Lesbian poetess. ⁴ A Lesbian poet. ⁵ Cerberus, the watch-dog of the infernal regions. ⁶ Punished for the offense of bringing fire to mortals. ⁷ Tantalus. ⁸ In his previous existence he had been a hunter. ⁹ God of the infernal regions. ¹⁰ A mythical monster with three heads. ¹¹ A monster who attempted to ravish Latona, who was beloved of Jove. ¹² The Styx.

tide shall fear the south-wind that brings our bodies harm.¹ At last we needs must gaze upon Cocytos² winding with its sluggish flow, and Danaus's daughters³ infamous, and Sisyphus,⁴ the son of Aeolus, condemned to tedious toil. Earth we must leave and home and darling wife; nor of the trees thou tendest now will any follow its short-lived master except the hated cypress.⁵ A worthier heir shall drink thy Caecuban⁶ now guarded by a hundred keys, and drench the pavement with wine choicer than that drunk at the splendid banquets of the priests.

ODE XV

THE INVASION OF LUXURY

Our princely estates bid fair to banish farming from the land. Far different was it in the days of old. Then private wealth was small and simple were men's abodes. But rich was the state and splendid were the public buildings.

A SHORT time and our princely piles will leave but few acres to the plough; on all sides will be seen our fish-ponds spreading wider than the Lucrine Lake,⁷ and the lonely plane-tree⁸ will drive out the elm;⁸ then will beds of violets and copses of myrtle and the whole company of sweet perfumes scatter their fragrance where once olive orchards bore increase to the former owner; then will the laurel thickets shut out the sun's hot rays. Not so was it prescribed under the rule of Romulus and unshorn Cato or by the standard of our sires. With them private estates were small, and the common weal was all. No private citizen had a portico measuring its tens of feet, lying open to the shady north; nor did the laws per-

¹ Alluding to the prevalence of malaria in the autumn. ² A river of the lower world. ³ The fifty daughters of Danaus had all slain their husbands on their wedding night. ⁴ For his crimes in life he was punished in the lower world by being compelled to roll a stone up hill unceasingly. ⁵ Emblematic of death. ⁶ A choice variety of wine. ⁷ A body of water near Naples. ⁸ The plane-tree was used for shade; the elm for training the vine.

mit our fathers to scorn the chance turf, but bade them at common cost adorn their towns and the temples of the gods with marbles rare.

ODE XVI

CONTENTMENT THE ONLY TRUE HAPPINESS

Peace and happiness are the quest of all; but these cannot be bought with jewels or with gold. Simple tastes and self-restraint must be the means. Let our hearts enjoy the present and refuse to borrow care for the future. Yet no one is completely happy.

“PEACE” is the prayer of the mariner o’ertaken on the open Aegean,¹ when the dark clouds have hid the moon and the stars shine no longer sure for the sailors; “Peace” is the prayer of Thrace² mad for war; “Peace” the prayer of the Parthian with quiver richly dight,—Peace, Grosphus, that cannot be bought with gems, with purple, or with gold. For ’tis not treasure nor even the consul with his lictors³ that can banish the wretched tumults of the soul or the cares that flit about the panelled ceiling. But he lives happily upon a little on whose frugal board gleams the ancestral salt-dish, and whose soft slumbers are not broken by fear or sordid greed. Why do we strive so hard in our brief lives for great possessions? Why do we change our own land for climes warmed by a foreign sun? What exile from his country ever escaped himself too? Morbid care mounts even the brass-bound galley, nor fails to overtake the troops of horse, swifter than stags, swifter than Eurus⁴ when he drives the storm before him. Let the soul be joyful in the present, let it disdain to care for what the future has in store, and temper bitterness with smile serene! Nothing is happy altogether. Achilles for all his glory was snatched away by an early death, and Tithonus⁵ despite his years shrivelled away; and to me mayhap the

¹ The sea lying between Greece and Asia Minor. ² The Thracians were noted for their warlike temper. ³ The attendants of the consuls. ⁴ The east wind. ⁵ Granted immortality, but not eternal youth.

passing hour will grant what it denies to thee. Around thee low a hundred herds of Sicilian kine; in thy stables whinnies the racing-mare; thou art clothed in wool twice dipped in Afric purple. To me unerring Fate has given a small domain, but she has vouchsafed the inspiration fine of Grecian song and a scorn for the envious crowd.

ODE XVII

DESPAIR NOT MAECENAS! ONE STAR LINKS OUR DESTINIES

This ode seems to have been called forth by a serious illness which befell Maecenas in the autumn of 30 B.C.—Contents: Think not that thou shalt die before me, Maecenas! Whatever planet guides our destinies, our fates are surely linked together. Thee Jove, me Faunus, saved from destruction. Therefore an offering to the gods in commemoration of their favor!

WHY dost thou crush out my life by thy complaints? 'Tis the will neither of the gods nor of myself that I should pass away before thee, Maecenas, the great glory and prop of my own existence. Alas, if some untimely blow snatches from me the half of my life, why do I, the other half, still linger on, neither as dear as before nor surviving whole? That fatal day shall bring the doom of both of us. No false oath have I taken; we shall both, yea both, shall go, whene'er thou ledest the way, prepared to travel as comrades the final journey. Me no fiery breath of Chimæra,¹ nor hundred-handed Gyas,² should he rise again, shall ever tear from thee. Such is the will of mighty Justice and the Parcae.³ Whether Libra⁴ or dread Scorpio⁴ or Capricornus,⁴ lord of the Hesperian⁵ wave, dominates my horoscope, the stars of us twain are wondrously linked together. To thee the protecting power of Jove, subduing that of baleful Saturn, brought rescue, and

¹ A fabulous monster, with the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent. ² A hundred-handed monster who had made a futile assault on Olympus. ³ The fates. ⁴ Various constellations. ⁵ *i. e.*, the Mediterranean.

stayed the wings¹ of swift Fate what time the crowds burst out three times in glad applause in the theatre. Me the trunk of a tree had well-nigh taken away by descending on my head,² had not Faunus,³ the protector of poets, with his right hand warded off the stroke. Remember then to offer the victims due and to build a votive shrine! I will sacrifice a humble lamb.

ODE XVIII

THE VANITY OF RICHES

No glittering splendor of gold or ivory marks my house. But loyal devotion to my friends and the inspiration of the muse are mine. These make me content. Others think only of rearing splendid palaces, even encroaching on the sea's domain. Yet Death is the doom of all alike,—prince as well as peasant.

NOT ivory or gilded panel gleams in my halls, nor do beams of Hymettian⁴ marble rest on pillars quarried in farthest Africa, nor have I, an heir of Attalus,⁵ become unwittingly the owner of a palace, nor for me do high-born dames trail robes of Laconian purple. But faith and genius' kindly vein are mine, and me, though poor, the rich man courts. I importune the gods for nothing more, and of my friend in power I crave no farther boon, happy enough in my cherished Sabine farm. Day treads upon the heel of day, and new moons haste to wane; yet thou on the grave's verge dost order slabs of marble to be cut,⁶ and forgetful of the tomb, dost rear a palace, eager to build out the coast of the sea that thunders by Baiae, not rich enough in the solid shore. What, that thou tearest down each neighboring post that marks thy

¹ Referring to Maecenas's recovery from illness on an earlier occasion. ² See Ode XIII. of this Book. ³ The patron god of shepherds. ⁴ From Mt. Hymettus near Athens. ⁵ The name of several kings of Pergamus in Asia Minor. ⁶ The Romans used to saw the marble into thin slabs, which were used to line the walls of houses or other buildings.

farm, and in thy greed dost overleap the boundaries of thy tenants! The man and wife are driven forth bearing in their arms their household gods and ragged children. And yet no hall more certainly awaits the wealthy lord than greedy Orcus's¹ destined bourne. Why strive for more and more? For all alike doth Earth unlock her bosom,—for the poor man and for princes' sons. Nor could Orcus's minion² be bribed by gold to ferry back Prometheus the crafty. Proud Tantalus and the son of Tantalus³ he⁴ holdeth fast, and called or no, he lends an ear to free the poor man when his toils are o'er.

ODE XIX

BACCHUS, THINE'S THE POWER!

My heart still thrills with delight at my recent glimpse of Bacchus amid the rocks, teaching the nymphs and satyrs. And so I am moved to sing of the votaries of the god, and of the demonstrations of his power.

BACCHUS not long ago on distant crags I saw—believe me, ye of after time—teaching hymns, and I beheld the nymphs his pupils, and the goat-footed satyrs with their pointed ears. Evoe!⁵ My heart thrills with vivid fear, and tumultuously rejoices, since my breast is full of the god. Evoe! Liber!⁶ Spare me, Oh, spare me, thou god to be dreaded for thy mighty thyrsus!⁷ 'Tis meet for me to sing of the tireless Bacchanals,⁸ to tell of the fountains of wine, the rich streams of milk, and the honey distilling from the hollow tree-trunks. Meet too it is to sing of the crown of his consort⁹ deified, set now among the stars, and Pentheus's¹⁰ palace fallen in ruin

¹ God of the underworld. ² Charon, ferryman of the shades across the Styx. ³ The son of Tantalus was Pelops. ⁴ *i. e.*, Orcus. ⁵ The cry of Bacchus's followers. ⁶ Another name for Bacchus. ⁷ A staff wound about with fillets and foliage and carried by the votaries of Bacchus. ⁸ The followers of Bacchus. ⁹ Ariadne. ¹⁰ Pentheus was king of Thebes. His hostility towards the celebration of the worship of Bacchus brought upon him the vengeance of the god.

dire, and the fatal end of Thracian Lycurgus.¹ Thou mouldst to thy will the streams and the savage sea. On distant peaks, flushed with wine, thou bindest² the hair of the Bistonian women with harmless knot of serpents. Thou, too, when the impious crew of giants strove to scale the realms of Jove o'er Olympus's steep ascent, did'st hurl back Rhoetus³ with the dread lion's claw and tooth. Though thought fitter for the dance and mirth and game, and deemed ill-suited for the fight, yet thou did'st share in war as well as peace. Thee, too, adorned with golden horn, Cerberus⁴ looked upon and harmed thee not, brushing thee fondly with his tail, and at thy going touched thy legs and feet with his triple tongue.

ODE XX

THE POET PROPHESES HIS OWN IMMORTALITY

On mighty pinion shall I soar aloft. North and south, east and west, shall I fly in my course. Therefore refrain from tears and weeping; and rear no tomb in my honor when I am gone!

ON no common or feeble pinion shall I soar in new form through the liquid air, a poet still, nor linger more on earth, but victorious over envy I shall quit the towns of men. Not I, the son of parents poor, not I, whom you so call, beloved Maecenas, shall perish, or be confined by waters of the Styx.⁵ E'en now the wrinkled skin is gathering on my ankles, and I am changing to a snowy swan above, and o'er my arms and shoulders is spreading a plumage soft and smooth. Soon, a tuneful bird, I shall visit the shores of the moaning Bosphorus, escaping the fate of Icarus, born of Daedalus, I shall visit the Gaetolian Syrtes⁶ and the plains of the Hyperboreans.⁷ Me

¹ Punished by blindness for his opposition to Bacchus. ² The Bistonians were a Thracian tribe devoted to the celebration of Bacchic rites. ³ A giant. ⁴ The watch-dog of the underworld. ⁵ A river of the lower world. ⁶ Shoals off the northern coast of Africa. ⁷ A mythical folk dwelling in the far north.

the Colchian¹ shall come to know, and the Dacian,² who feigns not to fear our Marsian³ cohorts, and the far Geloni,⁴ and the Spaniard, and they who drink the waters of the Rhone.

Let dirges be absent from what you falsely think my death, and unseemly show of grief and lamentation! Restrain all clamor and forego the idle tribute of a tomb!

BOOK III

THE first six odes of Book III form an organic whole and were intended to emphasize the cardinal Roman virtues which had made Rome great in the past, and to which, the poet declares, the rising generation must steadfastly cling to ensure the perpetuation of that glory for the future.

ODE I

SIMPLICITY

As kings hold sway over their subjects and as Jove holds sway over kings, so over all men does inexorable Destiny pronounce her decrees. Not choice viands or the sound of music can bring sweet sleep, but only contentment with our lot. No palace, no galley, no purple, wines, or perfume, can secure us from fear and care.

I hate the uninitiate herd and keep them far away. Observe a reverent silence! I, the Muses' priest, sing for maids and boys songs not heard before.⁵

The might of awful kings is over their own peoples; but over the kings themselves is the might of Jove, glorious for his victory over the Giants, and controlling all things with the nod of his brow.

¹ Colchis was in the remote East at the extremity of the Black Sea.

² The Dacians lived near the Danube. ³ The Marsians, from eastern Italy, were famed as infantry. ⁴ A Scythian tribe, dwelling in what is now southwestern Russia. ⁵ The first few lines are introductory, not to the first ode, but to the entire group of six odes.

Though one man plant his vineyards over wider acres than his fellow; though one contestant who comes down to the Campus¹ be of nobler birth, another of greater worth and fame, while yet another has a larger band of followers, yet with impartial justice Necessity pronounces her doom on high and low alike. The spacious urn keeps tossing every name.

Over whose head the drawn sword hangs,² for him Sicilian feasts will furnish no sweet savor, nor will music of birds or lutes bring sleep to his couch. Sweet sleep scorns not the humble cottage of the peasant, nor the shady bank nor the valley by the zephyrs fanned. He who longs for only what he needs is troubled not by stormy seas, nor the fierce onslaught of setting Arcturus³ or rising Haedus,³—not by the lashing of his vineyards with the hail, nor by the treachery of his farm, the trees complaining now of too much rain, now of the dog-star parching the fields, now of the cruel cold.

The fishes note the narrowing of the waters⁴ by piers of rock laid in their depths. Here the builder with his throng of slaves, and the master who disdains the land, let down cut stone. But Fear and Threats climb to the selfsame spot the owner does; nor does black Care quit the brass-bound galley and even takes her seat behind the rider.

But if neither Phrygian marble nor purple brighter than the stars nor Falernian wine nor Persian nard can soothe one in distress, why should I rear aloft in modern style a hall with columns rousing envy? Why should I change my Sabine farm for splendor full of trouble?

¹ The Campus Martius, where the elections were held. ² An allusion to "the sword of Damocles." Damocles was a Syracusan, one of the courtiers of the elder Dionysius. When Damocles extolled the great felicity of his master, Dionysius placed him at a sumptuous banquet where Damocles saw a sword suspended over his head by a single hair,—a sight which quickly dispelled all his visions of happiness. ³ Stars whose rising was thought to bring tempestuous weather. ⁴ Referring to foundations for palatial residences built out over the water at Baiæ and elsewhere.

ODE II

ENDURANCE, AND FIDELITY TO ONE'S TRUST

Let our young soldiers learn to endure with patience the privations of the field and may they prove a terror to our foes! True worth recks not the judgment of the mob, but pursues serenely its own course. Praiseworthy, too, is he who is faithful to his trust. Let no other share my hearth!

LET the youth, inured by active service, learn to bear with patience trying hardships! Let him as a horseman, dreaded for his lance, harass the warlike Parthians and pass his life beneath the open sky amid thrilling deeds! At sight of him from foeman's battlements may the consort of the warring tyrant and the ripe maiden sigh: "Ah, let not my royal lover, unpractised in the fray, rouse the lion fierce to touch, whom bloody passion hurries through the midst of carnage!"

Sweet and glorious is it to die for fatherland. Yet Death o'ertakes not less the runaway, nor spares the limbs and coward backs of faint-hearted youths.

True worth, denying baseness in defeat, shines with undimmed glory, nor takes nor lays aside the axes¹ at the mob's behest. True worth, opening Heaven wide for those deserving not to die, essays its course by a path denied to others, and spurns the vulgar crowd and damp earth on fleeting pinion.

There's a sure reward for trusty silence, too. I'll forbid the man who has divulged the sacred rites of mystic Ceres² to abide beneath the same roof or to unmoor with me the fragile bark. Often has outraged Jupiter involved the innocent with the guilty; yet rarely does Vengeance, albeit of halting foot, fail to o'ertake the wicked, though he gain the start.

¹ The axes, carried by the consul's attendants, were symbolical of power. ² Ceres was the goddess of grain and harvests. The secrets of her worship were carefully guarded by her votaries.

ODE III

JUSTICE AND STEADFASTNESS OF PURPOSE

The man tenacious of his purpose in a righteous cause, no terrors of earth or heaven can move from his course. 'Twas such merit won divine honors for Pollux, Hercules, Bacchus, and Romulus. But the latter was admitted to heaven only on condition that no attempt ever should be made to rebuild the walls of Troy.

THE man tenacious of his purpose in a righteous cause is not shaken from his firm resolve by the frenzy of his fellow-citizens bidding what is wrong, not by the face of threatening tyrant, not by Auster,¹ stormy master of the restless Adriatic, not by the mighty hand of thundering Jove. Were the vault of heaven to break and fall upon him, its descent would smite him undismayed.

'Twas by such virtue that Pollux² and roaming Hercules³ strove and reached the starry citadels,⁴ reclining among whom Augustus shall sip nectar with ruddy lips. 'Twas by such virtue, O Father Bacchus, that thy tigers⁵ drew thee in well-earned triumph, wearing the yoke on untrained neck. 'Twas by such virtue that Quirinus⁶ escaped Acheron⁷ on the steeds of Mars, what time Juno, among the gods in council gathered, spake the welcome words: "Ilium,⁸ Ilium has been turned to dust by an umpire⁹ baneful and incestuous, and by a foreign woman,¹⁰—Ilium given over to me and virgin Pallas,¹¹ with its folk and treacherous king ever since Laomedon¹² cheated the gods of their covenanted pay. No longer does the in-

¹ The south wind. ² Twin brother of Castor. ³ Famous for his "twelve labors." ⁴ *i. e.*, heaven. ⁵ Legend represented Bacchus as passing in triumph through India drawn by tigers. ⁶ Another name for Romulus, founder of Rome. ⁷ A river of the underworld. ⁸ Troy. ⁹ Paris, son of Priam, who awarded the golden apple to Venus. ¹⁰ Helen, wife of Menelaus. ¹¹ The Greek goddess. ¹² Neptune and Apollo had erected the walls of Troy for king Laomedon, but upon completion of the work Laomedon refused to pay the stipulated price.

famous stranger¹ dazzle the eyes of his Spartan paramour,² nor does the perjured house of Priam with Hector's help longer baffle the contending Greeks, and the war³ prolonged by our dissensions has ended. From now on I will abandon my wrath and restore to Mars my hated grandson⁴ whom the Trojan priestess bore. Him will I suffer to enter the abodes of light, to quaff sweet nectar, and to be enrolled in the serene ranks of the gods.

Provided only a wide sea rage between Ilium and Rome, let the exiles reign happy in whatever place they choose; provided only the cattle trample over the tomb of Priam and Paris, and the wild beasts hide their whelps there with impunity, let the Capitol stand gleaming, and let warlike Rome dictate terms to the conquered Medes!⁵ Dreaded far and wide, let her spread her name to farthest coasts, where the Strait⁶ severs Europe from Africa, where the swollen Nile waters the corn-lands, stronger to spurn the undiscovered gold (better so bestowed, because the earth yet hides it) than to gather it for human use with a right hand that plunders every sacred thing. Whatever limit bounds the world, this let her reach with her arms, eager to see where tropic heats hold revel, where mists and dripping rains prevail.

But on this condition only do I foretell the fates to the martial Quirites:⁷ Let them not, too loyal and too trustful of their power, wish to renew the roofs of ancestral Troy! If Troy's fortune revive again, it shall be under evil omen, and her doom shall be repeated with dire disaster, I, Jove's consort and sister, leading the conquering hosts. Should her walls rise thrice of bronze with Phœbus's⁸ help, thrice shall they perish destroyed by my Argive⁹ warriors, thrice shall the captive wife mourn her husband and her children."

But this will not befit the sportive lyre. On what, O Muse, art thou bent? Cease wantonly to report the councils of the gods and to belittle lofty themes in thy trivial measures!

¹ Paris, who came as a stranger from Troy to Sparta, the home of Helen. ² Helen. ³ The Trojan war. ⁴ Romulus. ⁵ The Parthians. ⁶ The Strait of Gibraltar. ⁷ The Romans. ⁸ Apollo. ⁹ Greek.

ODE IV

WISDOM AND ORDER

Horace's boyhood adventure on Mt. Vultur. His devotion to the Muses, and their watchful care over him. The Muses cheer and protect Caesar, too, and impart wise counsel. Wisely ordered might will ever prosper, while brute force falls of its own weight,—witness the fate of Gyas and of others.

DESCEND from heaven, O Queen Calliope,¹ and play upon the flute a long-continued melody, or with thine own clear voice, dost thou prefer, or on the strings of Phoebus's² lyre! Do ye hear, my mates? Or does some fond illusion mock me? I seem to hear her and to be straying through hallowed groves, where pleasant waters flow and breezes stir.

In childhood's days, on trackless Vultur,³ beyond the borders of old nurse Apulia,⁴ worn out with play and overcome with drowsiness, the doves⁵ of story covered me o'er with freshly-fallen leaves, that all might marvel, they who dwell in lofty Acherontia's⁶ nest and Bantia's⁶ glades, and the rich fields of Forentum⁶ in the dale,—might marvel how I slept safe from bears and serpents black, how I was strewn with sacred⁷ bay and gathered myrtle, with the gods' help a fearless child.

As yours, yes, yours, O Muses, do I climb to my lofty Sabine farm, or to cool Praeneste,⁸ or sloping Tibur, or descend to cloudless Baiae,⁹ has it but caught my fancy. Friend of your springs and dancing choirs, not Philippi's rout¹⁰ destroyed me, nor that accursed tree,¹¹ nor the Sicilian wave¹²

¹ One of the muses. ² Apollo. ³ A mountain near Horace's boyhood home in southern Italy. ⁴ The district in which Horace was born. ⁵ Many ancient legends clustered about the dove. ⁶ Towns and hamlets in the vicinity of Horace's home. ⁷ The bay was sacred to Apollo. ⁸ A hill town near Rome. ⁹ A watering place near Naples. ¹⁰ The battle of Philippi, 42 B.C. ¹¹ Horace had narrowly escaped death by the fall of a tree on his Sabine farm; see Book 4, Ode XIII. ¹² Referring to some escape from shipwreck.

near Palinurus's headland. Whenever ye are with me, gladly will I as mariner essay the raging Bosphorus,¹ or as wanderer the blazing sands of the Syrian shore. I'll visit all unscathed the Britons, no friends to strangers, the Concanian² that delights in draughts of horses' blood, the Geloni³ that wear the quiver, and the Scythian stream.⁴

Ye in Pierian grotto⁵ refresh our noble Caesar,⁶ who seeks to soothe his cares, now that he has settled in the towns his cohorts wearied with campaigning. Ye give gentle counsel and delight in giving it, ye goddesses benign. Full well we know how the impious Titans⁷ and their frightful horde were struck down with the descending bolt by him⁸ who rules the lifeless earth, the wind-swept sea, cities, and the gloomy realms below, who alone with righteous sway governs the gods and throngs of men. Mighty terror had been brought on Jove by that insolent, hideous-handed crew, and by the brothers who strove to set Pelion⁹ on shady Olympus. But what could Typhoeus¹⁰ avail and mighty Mimas,¹⁰ what Porphyrion¹⁰ with his threatening mien, what Rhoetus¹⁰ and Enceladus,¹⁰ bold hurler of up-rooted trees, in their rush against the rattling aegis¹¹ of Minerva! On this side stood eager Vulcan, on that, matron Juno and he¹² who from his shoulder never lays aside the bow, who laves his flowing locks in Castalia's¹³ pure dew, who haunts the Lycian¹⁴ thickets and the forests of his native isle,¹⁵ Apollo of Delos and of Patara.¹⁶

Brute force bereft of wisdom falls by its own weight. Power with counsel tempered, even the gods make greater. But might that aims at wickedness alone, they hate. Be hundred-handed Gyas¹⁷ the witness of my verdict, Orion too, well-known assailant of chaste Diana, subdued by the maiden-god-

¹ The strait at the entrance to the Black Sea. ² The Concanians were a savage Spanish tribe. ³ A Scythian tribe. ⁴ The modern river Don. ⁵ *i. e.*, in a grotto haunted by the muses. ⁶ Augustus. ⁷ The gods who ruled before the Olympian deities (Jupiter, Juno, etc.). ⁸ Jupiter. ⁹ A mountain. ¹⁰ Giants and monsters. ¹¹ A breast-plate. ¹² Apollo. ¹³ A sacred spring on Mt. Parnassus near Delphi. ¹⁴ Lycia in Asia Minor was an important seat of Apollo's worship. ¹⁵ Delos. ¹⁶ A town of Lycia. ¹⁷ A giant.

dess' arrow! Earth, heaped upon her monstrous offspring,¹ mourns and laments her progeny hurled down to murky Orcus² by the thunderbolt. Nor yet has the swift-darting flame³ eaten through Aetna's pile, nor does the vulture leave the breast of lawless Tityos,⁴ set as a watchman o'er his infamy. And thrice a hundred chains hold fast the amorous Pirithous.⁵

ODE V

MARTIAL COURAGE

The decay of Roman courage, as exemplified by the conduct of Crassus's troops,—men who forgot their Roman birth-right. 'Twas no such spirit that Regulus displayed in the good old days. "Ransom not the man who has once surrendered!" he urged; "such a one will never again display true courage, no more than the deer will fight the hounds." Regulus's departure: sternly repulsing wife and children, kinsmen and friends, he went away, knowing well to what doom.

WE believe that Jove is king in heaven because we hear his thunders peal; Augustus shall be deemed a god on earth for adding to our empire the Britons and dread Parthians. Did Crassus's⁶ troops live in base wedlock with barbarian wives and (alas, our sunken Senate and our altered ways!) grow old in service of the foes whose daughters they had wedded,—Marsian⁷ and Apulian⁷ submissive to a Parthian king, forgetful of the sacred shields,⁸ the Roman name, the toga,⁹ and eternal Vesta, while Jove's temples and the town of Rome remained still standing?

¹ Earth was the mother of the giants, who after their defeat were imprisoned under various volcanic mountains. ² The underworld.

³ The giants were fire-breathing creatures. ⁴ A monster who had attempted to ravish Latona. ⁵ King of the Lapithae in Thessaly.

⁶ At the Battle of Carrhae in 53 B.C. the soldiers of Crassus had been defeated by the Parthians. Many were said to have remained in Parthia and to have married Parthian women. ⁷ These troops were ordinarily regarded as the flower of Roman infantry.

⁸ Sacred shields kept in the custody of the Salian priests. ⁹ The distinctive badge of Roman citizenship.

'Twas against this the far-seeing mind of Regulus¹ had guarded when he revolted from the shameful terms² and from an act destined to bring ruin for the time to come, should not the prisoners perish without pity. "With mine own eyes," he said, "have I seen our standards hung up in Punic shrines, and weapons wrested from our soldiers without bloodshed; with mine own eyes have I seen the hands of freemen pinioned behind their backs, the gates of Carthage open wide, the fields once ravaged by our warfare tilled again. Redeemed by gold, forsooth, our soldiers will renew the strife with greater bravery. To shame ye are but adding loss; the wool by lichens dyed never regains the hues it once has lost, nor does true manhood when it once has vanished care to be restored to degenerate breasts. If the deer gives fight when loosened from the close-meshed toils, then will *he* be brave who has trusted himself to perfidious foes, and *he* will crush the Carthaginians in a second war who has tamely felt the thongs upon his fettered arms and has stood in fear of death. Such an one, not knowing how to make existence sure, has confounded war with peace. Alas the shame! O mighty Carthage, raised high on Italy's disgraceful ruins."

'Tis said he put away his chaste wife's kisses and his little children, as one bereft of civil rights, and sternly bent his manly gaze upon the ground, till he should strengthen the Senate's wavering purpose by advice ne'er given before and amid sorrowing friends should hurry forth a noble exile. Full well he knew what torment³ the barbarian was making ready for him; and yet he pushed aside the kinsmen who blocked his path and the people who would stay his going, as if, having settled a case in court, he were leaving the tedious business of his clients, speeding to Venafran⁴ haunts, or Spartan Tarentum.⁵

¹ The hero of the First Punic War. ² Viz., that the Romans should ransom their captured soldiers from the Carthaginians. ³ Legend had it that Regulus was put to death with horrible tortures. ⁴ Venafrum was in Samnium, in central Italy. ⁵ Tarentum in southern Italy had been founded by Spartan colonists.

ODE VI

RELIGION AND PURITY

Restore, O Roman, the crumbling shrines and statues of the gods. All that thou art thou owest to the gods. Neglect of them has already brought upon Hesperia many woes. From the family and the home threaten the greatest perils. Our women are no longer pure. Not of such parentage were the warriors who in former days dyed the waves in Punic blood and crushed Antiochus and Hannibal.

THY fathers' sins, O Roman, though guiltless, thou shalt expiate, till thou dost restore the crumbling temples and shrines of the gods and their statues soiled with grimy smoke. 'Tis by holding thyself dependent on the gods that thou dost rule; with them all things begin; to them refer each happy issue! Outraged, they have visited unnumbered woes on sorrowing Hesperia.¹ Already twice Monaeses² and the band of Pacorus² have crushed our luckless onslaughts, and now beam with joy to have added spoil from us to their paltry necklaces. Beset with civil strife, the City has narrowly escaped destruction at the hands of Dacian³ and of Aethiop,⁴ the one for ships sore dreaded, the other better with the flying arrow. Teeming with sin, our times have sullied first the marriage bed, our offspring, and our homes; sprung from this source, disaster's stream has overflowed the folk and fatherland. The maiden prematurely takes delight in learning Grecian dances, and trains herself in coquetry e'en now, and plans unholy amours, with passion unrestrained. Soon she seeks young paramours at her husband's board, nor stops to choose on whom she swiftly shall bestow illicit joys when lights are banished; but openly, when bidden and with her husband's full complicity, she rises, be it some peddler summons her, or the captain of some Spanish ship, lavish purchaser of shame.

¹ Italy. ² Parthian chieftains. ³ The Dacians were a warlike tribe dwelling near the Danube. ⁴ Poetic for Egyptian.

Not such the sires of whom were born the youth that dyed the sea with Punic blood, and Pyrrhus overthrew and great Antiochus and Hannibal the dire; but a manly brood of peasant soldiers, taught to turn the clods with Sabine hoe, and at a strict mother's bidding to bring cut firewood, as the sun shifted the shadows of the mountain sides and lifted the yoke from weary steers, bringing the welcome time of rest with his departing car.

What do the ravages of time not injure! Our parents' age, worse than our grandsires', has brought forth us less worthy, and destined soon to yield an offspring still more wicked.

ODE VII

CONSTANCY, ASTERIE!

Weep not, Asterie! With spring's first zephyrs thy lover will be back again. Meanwhile he is true to thee. But do thou have a care lest thy heart be won by another!

WHY weepst thou, Asterie, for Gyges, whom at spring's first advent the cloudless zephyrs shall restore to thee, rich with Bithynian¹ wares, thy constant lover? He, by east winds driven to Oricum,² after the Goat's³ wild rising, passes the chill nights sleeplessly with many a tear. And yet the messenger of his enamoured hostess, telling of wretched Chloë's⁴ sighs and her affection for thy lover, craftily tempts him with a thousand arts. She tells how the faithless matron⁵ by charges false drove credulous Proetus to bring swift death upon too strict Bellerophon. She tells of Peleus,⁶ all but doomed to Tartarus⁷ for righteous shunning of Magnessian Hippolyte;

¹ From Bithynia in Asia Minor. ² A town in Greece. ³ The constellation. ⁴ The enamoured hostess. ⁵ Shenobœa had fallen in love with Bellerophon, who rejected her advances, whereupon she accused him to her husband Proetus of having insulted her, and thus wrought his destruction. ⁶ Peleus had been falsely accused by Hippolyte of improper conduct when he had repelled her advances. ⁷ The lower world.

and with subtle guile cites examples that encourage faithlessness. Yet all in vain, for deafer than the cliffs of Icaros,¹ he listens to her pleas, heart-whole as yet. But have *thou* a care lest to thee thy neighbor Enipeus prove more pleasing than he ought, though no one else is seen to be more skilful to guide his steed over the Campus's sward and no one swims so swiftly down the Tiber's channel. At nightfall close thy dwelling, nor bend thy gaze into the streets at the music of his plaintive flute, and though oft he call thee cruel, do thou remain unyielding.

ODE VIII

A GLAD ANNIVERSARY

What mean my flowers and offerings? 'Tis in commemoration of my escape from the falling tree. Share thou my celebration, Maecenas, and leave meanwhile the cares of state!

WHAT I, a bachelor, am doing on the Martian Kalends,² what mean the flowers, the casket full of incense, and the embers laid on glowing turf,—at this you marvel, you versed in the lore of either tongue!³ I had vowed to Liber⁴ a sumptuous feast and a pure white goat, what time I narrowly escaped destruction by the falling tree. This festal day, each time the year revolves, shall draw a well-pitched cork forth from a jar sealed in Tullus's consulship.⁵ So drain, Maecenas, a hundred cyathi⁶ in celebration of your friend's escape, and let the lamps not sleep till day! Banish far all angry brawls! Dismiss the cares of state! Crushed is the band of Dacian Cotiso; the hostile Parthians are fighting with each other in woful strife; our old Cantabrian foe of the Spanish coast, subdued by tardy shackles, is now our subject. Already the Scythians, with bows unstrung, are planning to quit their

¹ A rocky islet off the western coast of Asia Minor. ² March 1st, the feast of matrons. Horace, being a bachelor, had no mother-in-law to honor with presents on this occasion. ³ *i. e.*, both Greek and Latin. ⁴ Bacchus. ⁵ 33 B.C. ⁶ The cyathus was a ladle.

plains. Be for the nonce a private citizen, and cease to be too much concerned lest in any way the people suffer! Gaily enjoy the gifts of the present hour and abandon serious things!

ODE IX

RECONCILIATION

A dialogue between two lovers temporarily estranged.

"While I was dear to thee and no more favored youth flung his arms about thy dazzling neck, I lived in greater bliss than Persia's king."¹

"While thou wast enamoured of no other more than me, and Lydia ranked not after Chloe, in joy of my great fame I lived more glorious than our Roman Ilia."²

"Me Thracian Chloe now doth sway, skilled in sweet measures and mistress of the lyre; for her I'll never fear to die, if the Fates but spare my darling and suffer her to live."

"Me Calais, son of Thurian Ornytus, kindles with mutual flame; for him right willingly I twice will die, if the Fates but spare the lad and suffer him to live."

"What if the old love come back again and join those now estranged 'neath her compelling yoke; if the fair-haired Chloe be discarded and the door thrown open to rejected Lydia?"

"Though he is fairer than the stars, and thou less stable than the tossing cork, and stormier than the wanton Adriatic, with thee I fain would live, with thee I'd gladly die."

ODE X

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

No barbarian, Lyce, would be so cruel as art thou. Banish thy haughty disdain and have compassion on thy suppliant!

WERT thou wont to drink of Tanais's distant stream, O Lyce, wedded to some strict husband, yet wouldst thou be loth

¹ Proverbial for a person of great wealth and power. ² The mother of Romulus and Remus.

to expose me extended before thy cruel doors to the blasts of thy native North. Hearest thou how creaks the door, how the trees planted within thy fair abode are moaning with the gale? How in cloudless majesty Jupiter is glazing the fallen snow? Banish thy disdain, to Venus hateful, lest the rope run back¹ as the wheel revolves! No Penelope² art thou, unyielding to thy suitors, nor of Tuscan³ parents born. Though neither gifts nor prayers move thee, nor thy lovers' pallor tinged with saffron, nor thy husband's passion for Thessalian mistress, yet spare thy suppliants, thou less pliant than the unbending oak, and in heart no gentler than Moorish serpents! Not forever will my body endure thy threshold or the heaven's rain.

ODE XI

TAKE WARNING, LYDE, FROM THE DANAIDS!

O lyre of Mercury, cast thy spell over the stubborn Lyde, who now resists the claims of Cupid! Let her heed the fate of Danaus's daughters, impious all but one, who "gloriously false" to her pledge, saved her lover, well knowing what it meant.

O MERCURY (for taught by thy master hand did Amphion⁴ with his measures move the rocks) and thou, O shell,⁵ trained to respond with thy seven strings, thou that once wast neither eloquent nor lovely, but now art welcome to the tables of the rich and the temples of the gods, utter measures to which Lyde may lend her reluctant ears, Lyde, who now, like a filly three years old, gambols o'er the spreading plains, and shrinks from being touched, to wedlock still a stranger and not yet ripe for an eager mate.

Thou hast power to draw tigers and the forests in thy

¹ Apparently a reference to some mechanical contrivance in which the cable slips. ² Penelope, wife of Ulysses, is often cited as a type of wifely constancy. ³ The Tuscans were noted for their wealth and luxury. ⁴ Said to have reared the walls of Thebes to the music of the lyre. ⁵ Mercury was fabled to have attached strings to a tortoise-shell, thus inventing the lyre.

train, and canst stop the dashing streams. To thy persuasive charms Cerberus,¹ grim keeper of the gate, surrendered, though a hundred snakes guard his frightful head, and foul breath and gore flow from his three-tongued mouth. Nay even Ixion² and Tityos smiled through their anguish, and for a little while the jar stood dry, as with thy winning notes thou Danaus's daughters didst beguile. Let Lyde mark the maidens' sin and well-known punishment, and their vessel ever empty of water vanishing through the bottom, and the fate which, though long deferred, awaits wrong-doing even in Orcus's realms. Impious (for what greater crime could they have compassed?), impious, they had the heart to destroy their lovers with the cruel steel. One only of the many was there worthy of the marriage torch, gloriously false to her perjured father, a maiden noble for all time to come, who to her youthful husband said: "Arise, arise! lest unending slumber visit thee from a source thou fearest not. Elude thy father-in-law and my wicked sisters, who like lionesses that have seized young bullocks, are rending each, alas! I, tenderer than they, will neither strike thee nor hold thee under lock and key. Let my father load me with cruel chains for that in mercy I did spare my hapless husband! Let him send me in his ships to the farthest lands of the Numidians! Go whither thy feet and the breezes hurry thee, while night and Venus are propitious! God speed thee! And carve upon my sepulchre an elegy in memory of me!"

ODE XII

NEOBULE'S SOLILOQUY

*Hard is the lot of maidens who may not indulge Love's fancy.
Ah me! All heart for my wonted tasks is driven away by
the beauty of radiant Hebrus.*

WRETCHED the maids who may not yield to love, or drown their cares in sweet wine, or who lose heart fearing the lash-

¹ The watch-dog of the nether regions. ² Ixion attempted to ravish Juno, Tityos Latona. They are here represented as confined in the underworld for their offenses.

ing of an uncle's tongue. From thee, O Neobule, Cytherea's¹ winged child snatches away thy wool-basket, thy loom, and the tasks of busy Minerva,² so soon as the radiant Liparean Hebrus has bathed his well-anointed shoulders in Tiber's flood, a rider better than e'en Bellerophon,³ never defeated for fault of fist or foot, clever too to spear the stags flying in startled herd over the open plain, and quick to meet the wild boar lurking in the copse.

ODE XIII

TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA

Tomorrow, beauteous fount, shalt thou receive thy annual sacrifice. Immortal shalt thou be through the tribute of my verse.

O FOUNT BANDUSIA, brighter than crystal, worthy of sweet wine and flowers, to-morrow shalt thou be honored with a firstling of the flock whose brow with horns just budding foretokens love and strife. Alas in vain, for this offspring of the sportive flock shall dye thy cool waters with its own red blood. Thee the fierce season of the blazing dog-star cannot touch; to bullocks wearied of the plough-share and to the roaming flock thou dost offer gracious coolness. Thou, too, shalt be numbered among the far-famed fountains through the song I sing of the oak planted o'er the grotto whence thy babbling waters leap.

ODE XIV

THE RETURN OF AUGUSTUS

Augustus is returning in triumph from his Spanish victories. Let all rejoice! Bring hither perfumes, wine, and garlands! Command Neaera too to hasten to the feast!

CAESAR, O citizens, who but now was said to be in quest, like Hercules,⁴ of the laurel purchased at the price of death,

¹ Cytherea is Venus; her winged child is Cupid. ² Minerva was the patron goddess of spinning and weaving. ³ The rider of the winged horse Pegasus. ⁴ One of Hercules's "twelve labors" had taken him to Spain in quest of the cattle of Geryon.

rejoins again his household gods, victoriously returning from the Spanish shore. Rejoicing in her peerless husband, let his consort¹ now advance, first offering sacrifice to the righteous gods, and the sister² of our famous chief and, decked with suppliant fillet, mothers of maids and sons just saved.

Do ye, O lads and maidens that not yet have known a man, refrain from ill-omened words! This day for me shall truly festal be and shall take away black cares. Neither civil strife nor death by violence will I fear, while Caesar holds the earth.

Go seek perfumes, lad, and garlands and a jar that recalls the Marsian War,³ if any hath been able to escape the roving Spartacus!⁴ Tell also clear-voiced Neera to make haste and fasten in a braid her chestnut locks! If any delay be caused by the hateful doorkeeper, come away! My whitening hair softens a spirit prone to strife and wanton brawling; I had not brooked such treatment when hot with youth in Plancus's consulship.

ODE XV

OLD AND YOUNG

A truce to thy shameless flirtations, Chloris! Cease to frolic among maidens and to cast a shadow over their fair company!

O WIFE of humble Ibycus, put an end at length to thy wantonness and thy disreputable arts! Since thou art nearing the fitting time for death, cease to sport among the maidens and to cast a cloud over the shining stars! Though it become Pholoë, it does not quite become thee also, Chloris. 'Tis fitter for thy daughter to storm the homes of gallants, like some Bacchanal⁵ roused by the beating drum. Her, love for Nothus forces to gambol like a sportive doe. Thy fitting task is the wool shorn near famed Luceria, not the lyre nor

¹ The empress Livia. ² Octavia. ³ Some sixty-five years previously.

⁴ Leader of the slave revolt in 73 B.C. ⁵ A votary of Bacchus.

the damask blossom of the rose, nor wine-jars drained to their dregs, old woman that thou art!

ODE XVI

CONTENTMENT

The power of gold: It laughed at Acrisius's towers and guards; it corrupts courts; destroys citadels; works the ruin of dynasties. Its possession brings restlessness and care. True riches is to be contented with a little. Happy he to whom with sparing hand the god has given just enough.

TOWER of bronze, doors of oak, and the strict guard of watch-dogs had quite protected imprisoned Danaë¹ from nocturnal lovers, had not Jupiter and Venus laughed at Acrisius, anxious keeper of the hidden maiden. For they knew that the god, if turned to gold, would have safe and ready access. Gold loves to make its way through the midst of sentinels and to break through rocks, mightier than the thunderbolt. Plunged to destruction for the sake of gain, the house of the Argive prophet² fell in ruin. 'Twas by gifts of gold that the Macedonian³ burst open gates of cities and overthrew rival kings; gifts ensnare bluff admirals, too. Yet as money grows, care and greed for greater riches follow after. With reason did I dread to raise my head to be seen afar, Maecenas, thou glory of the equestrian order. The more a man denies himself, so much the more will he receive from the gods. Destitute, I seek the camp of those desiring naught, and, as renegade, am eager to leave the side of the rich, a more glorious master of the wealth I spurn than were I said to hide within my barns all the produce of sturdy Apulia's acres, a beggar in the midst of riches vast. My stream

¹ An oracle had declared to Acrisius that his daughter would bear a son who should kill his grandfather. To prevent this, Acrisius immured Danaë in a brazen tower. ² Amphiaraus, whose wife, under promise of a golden necklace from Polynices, persuaded him to go to destruction by joining the expedition of the Seven against Thebes. ³ Philip of Macedon.

of pure water, my woodland of few acres, and sure trust in my crop of corn bring me more blessing than the lot of the glorious governor of fertile Africa, though he fail to see it. Though neither Calabrian¹ bees bring me honey, nor wine lies mellowing for me in Laestrygonian² jar, nor thick fleeces are waxing for me in Gallic pastures, yet distressing poverty is absent, nor, did I wish more, wouldst thou refuse to grant it. By contracting my desires I shall better extend my revenues than were I to make the realm of Alyattes³ continuous with the Mygdonian³ plains. To those who aim at much, much is ever lacking; blest is he to whom the god with chary hand has given only what suffices.

XVII

PREPARE FOR A RAINY MORROW!

The crow fortells a rainy morrow; gather some firewood and let us prepare for a merry time within the house.

O AELIUS, famed scion of ancient Lamus (since from him, they say, were named the Lamiae of old and the whole line of their descendants through all recorded history), you draw your blood from him as founder who first is said to have held the walls of Formiae⁴ and the Liris⁵ where it floods Marica's⁴ shores, master far and wide. To-morrow a tempest let loose by Eurus⁶ shall strew with many leaves the grove, and the shore with useless seaweed, unless the ancient raven, prophet of rain, this time prove false. Pile up dry fagots, while you can! To-morrow attended by your household slaves released from tasks, indulge your bent with unmixed wine and a shote but two months old!

¹ Calabria was in southern Italy. Its honey enjoyed a high repute.

² The reference is to the Formian wine. Formiae, a Latin town, was identified with the Homeric Laestrygonia. ³ *i. e.*, join Lydia to Phrygia. ⁴ Places in Latium. ⁵ A river. ⁶ The east wind.

ODE XVIII

THY BLESSING, FAUNUS

Lend thy blessing to my flocks and fields, O Faunus! All rejoice when thou art near.

O FAUNUS,¹ lover of the flying nymphs, with kindly purpose mayst thou come amid my boundaries and my sunny fields, and propitious be thy going to the young offspring of the flocks, if at the year's full tide a tender kid falls sacrifice to thee and generous meed of wine fails not the mixing bowl, comrade of Venus, and the ancient altar smokes with store of incense. All the flock gambols o'er the grassy field when'er December's Nones² come round for thee; in festal garb the country folk make holiday amid the meads, along with resting steers; the wolf saunters among lambs that know no fear; in thy honor the forest sheds its woodland foliage; and the delver delights in triple measure with his foot to beat the hated ground.

ODE XIX

INVITATION TO A DRINKING-BOUT

No more learned lore! Let jollity rule the hour, with flute and lyre and roses!

You tell how far descended from Inachus³ was Codrus,⁴ who feared not death for fatherland, and you detail the line of Aeacus⁵ and the wars waged beneath the walls of sacred Ilium;⁶ but you have naught to say as to how much we shall pay for a jar of Chian wine, who with his fire shall heat the water, under whose roof and at what hour I am to escape the Paelignian⁷ cold.

¹ Patron god of shepherds. ² December 5th. ³ Inachus was the earliest king of Argos in Greece. ⁴ Codrus, the last king of Athens, sacrificed his life to save his country. ⁵ Aeacus was the ancestor of Achilles. ⁶ Troy. ⁷ *i. e.*, such cold as was common in the mountainous country of the Paelignians.

A health without delay, my lad, to the new moon, to midnight, to Murena's¹ augurship! With three cyathi,² or with nine, as may be fitting, let the draught be mixed! The rapt bard that loves the Muses of unequal number³ shall ask for cyathi three times three. The Grace linked with her sisters lightly clad, a foe to brawls, forbids to touch more than three. To mad revel doth the spirit prompt. Why pause the measures of the Berecyntian⁴ flute? Why idly hangs the pipe, along with the silent lyre? Hands that hold back, I hate. Fling round the roses! Let jealous Lycus and the maid that dwells hard by, for aged Lycus not well-suited, hear our wild uproar! Thee, glistening with thy clustering locks, O Telephus, like to the evening star, ripe Rhode seeks; me, consuming love for my own Glycera burns.

ODE XX

THE RIVALS

'Tis at great peril, Pyrrhus, that thou possessest thyself of Nearchus. Another soon will claim him. Meanwhile he himself stands indifferent.

SEEST thou not, Pyrrhus, at how great risk thou touchest the whelps of the Gaetolian lioness?⁵ Soon thou shalt shun fierce combats, a robber without spirit, when through the opposing crowd of youths she goes in quest of peerless Nearchus. Then great will be the struggle whether the prize is to fall to thee or whether she shall be victorious. Meantime, as thou drawest thy swift arrows, and she is sharpening her dreadful teeth, the arbiter of the battle is said to have trampled under foot the palm, and in the gentle breeze to be

¹ Horace's friend, Murena, had apparently just been elected augur.

² Ladles. ³ There were nine muses. ⁴ *i. e.*, such as was used in the noisy worship of the goddess Cybele. ⁵ The maiden who is a rival of Pyrrhus for the affection of Nearchus is likened to an African lioness.

cooling his shoulders covered with perfumed locks, like unto Nireus¹ or him² that was carried off from rainy Ida.

ODE XXI

IN PRAISE OF WINE

O goodly jar of Massic, manifold are thy powers: Thou makest stubborn hearts to yield; the secrets of the wise thou dost unlock, lending hope and courage to the troubled and the weak. If Liber, Venus, and the Graces but attend, we'll bide by thee till morn.

THOU goodly jar, born with me in Manlius' consulship,³ whether thou bringest lovers'-plaints, or mirth, or mad love and quarrels, or soft slumber,—for whatever end was gathered the Massic⁴ that thou guardest, fit to be brought out on auspicious day, descend, since Corvinus⁵ gives the order to fetch forth our mellowest wine! Though steeped in Socratic lore, not sternly will he ignore thee. Virtuous old Cato, too, is said often to have warmed with wine.

Pleasant compulsion dost thou apply to wits whose wont is dullness; thou unlockest the thoughts of the wise and their secret purpose by merry Bacchus's spell; thou restorest hope to hearts distressed, and addest power and glory to the poor man, who after thee trembles not at the crowns of angry kings or soldiers' weapons. Thee Liber⁶ and Venus, if she lend her gracious presence, and the Graces, loth to break their bond, and the burning lamps shall attend, till returning Phoebus⁷ puts to flight the stars.

¹ Characterized by Homer as fairest of all the Greeks who came to Troy. ² Ganymedes, son of Tros, carried off from Mt. Ida to be cup-bearer of Jupiter. ³ In 65 B.C. ⁴ A choice Italian vintage. ⁵ Marcus Valerius Messala Corvinus, patron of the poet Tibullus and friend of Horace. ⁶ Bacchus. ⁷ The sun.

ODE XXII

THY BLESSING ON MY PINE, DIANA!

O maiden goddess, helper of women in travail, bless the pine tree that overhangs my home!

O MAIDEN goddess, thou of triple form,¹ guardian of hill and grove, thou that, thrice invoked, givest ear to young mothers when in travail and rescuest them from death, lend thy protection to the pine that overhangs my dwelling, that gladly through the passing years I may offer to it the blood of a boar practising its first sidelong thrusts.

ODE XXIII

THE GODS LOVE THE GIVER RATHER THAN THE GIFT

A simple offering is enough, O Phidyle. Thou needest no costly sacrifice to make thy gods propitious.

IF thou raise thy upturned palms to heaven, each time the moon is born anew, O Phidyle, my country lass, if with incense, with grain of this year's harvest, and with a greedy swine thou appease the Lares,² thy teeming vine shall not feel the south wind's ravages, nor thy crop the barren blight, nor the young offspring of the flocks the sickly season at the harvest time. For the destined victim that is grazing on snowy Algidus³ amid the oaks and ilexes or is waxing fat amid the Alban grass, shall dye the axes of the priests with its neck's blood. To thee belongs not to importune the gods with copious sacrifice of sheep, if thou but crown their tiny images with rosemary and crisp myrtle. If pure hands have touched the altar, e'en though commended by no costly victim, they appease estranged Penates² with sacred meal mingled with crackling salt.

¹ Diana on earth, Luna (the moon) in heaven, Hecate in the underworld. ² Household gods. ³ A mountain in Latium.

ODE XXIV

THE CURSE OF MAMMON

Not by riches canst thou free thy soul from terror or the snare of Death. Truest service will he render to the state, who shall curb our present license. Character, not laws, is what we need. To the temples or the sea with our useless gauds! Let our sons learn hardihood, and their parents truth and justice!

THOUGH thou be richer than the unrifled treasures of the Arabs or blest India, and cover with thy palaces the Tuscan shore and the Apulian, if dire Necessity plant her nails of adamant in thy topmost roof, thou shalt not free thy soul from fear nor thy head from the snare of Death. Far better live the Scythians¹ of the steppes, whose wagons haul their homes from place to place, as is their wont; better far the Getae² stern, whose unfenced acres bring forth crops for all in common; nor with them is tillage binding longer than a year; another then on like conditions takes the place of him whose task is done.

There, matrons spare the children of another wife, nor do them harm, nor does the dowered wife rule o'er her husband or put faith in dashing paramour. Their noble dower is parents' worth and chastity that shrinks in steadfast loyalty from the husband of another. To sin is an abomination and its penalty is death.

Who'er will banish impious slaughter and intestine fury, who'er shall seek to have inscribed upon his statues, "Father of Cities," let such have courage to curb our lawless license, and so win fame among the men of after times; since we, alas, the shame! with envy filled, hate Virtue while it lives and mourn it only snatched from sight.

Of what avail sad lamentations, if wrong is not repressed by penalties? Of what avail are empty laws, if we lack prin-

¹ These dwelt north of the Black Sea. ² A tribe living west of the Black Sea.

cipe; if neither the regions of the world enclosed by burning heats nor the districts near the North with snow hard frozen on the ground keep off the trader; if our skilful mariners outride the stormy waves; and poverty, thought a base reproach, bids us do all, suffer all, and quits strict Virtue's path?

To the Capitol,¹ amid the plaudits of the noisy crowd, or to the nearest sea let us send our gems and jewels and our baneful gold, the cause of our immeasurable woe, if we repent us truly of our crimes. Destroy the causes of our wretched greed, and let our feeble hearts be trained in sterner tasks! The free-born lad, unpracticed, knows not how to ride his steed; he fears to hunt, more skilled in games, whether you bid him try with Grecian hoop or with the dice the law forbids; while his perjured father defrauds his partner and his friends, and hastens to lay up store of money for his unworthy heir. His gains ill-gotten grow apace, 'tis true, yet something is ever lacking to the fortune incomplete.

ODE XXV

A DITHYRAMB

Whither, Bacchus, dost thou hurry me? Like a Bacchanal beholding Hebrus's flood and the snowy plains of Thrace, I love to gaze on grove and river bank. Let me strike no mortal note, as I follow thee!

WHITHER, O Bacchus, dost thou hurry me, o'erflowing with thy power? Into what groves or grottoes am I swiftly driven in fresh inspiration? In what caves shall I be heard planning to set amid the stars in Jove's council peerless Caesar's immortal glory? I will sing of a glorious exploit, recent, as yet untold by other lips. Just so upon the mountain-tops does the sleepless Bacchanal² stand rapt, looking out o'er Hebrus³ and o'er Thrace glistening with snow, and Rho-

¹ *i. e.*, the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline. ² A votary of Bacchus. ³ A river of Thrace.

dope¹ trodden by barbarian feet,—even as I love to wander and to gaze with awe upon the vacant banks and grove.

O thou master of the Naiads² and of the Bacchanals that have might to uproot lofty ash-trees with their hands, nothing trifling or of humble sort, nothing mortal will I utter. Sweet is the peril, O thou lord³ of the wine-press, to follow the god, crowning my temples with verdant vine-sprays.

ODE XXVI

LOVE'S TRIUMPHS ARE ENDED

Not long ago I served with glory in the lists of Love; but now I offer up at Venus's shrine all tokens of my former triumphs.

TILL recently I lived fit for Love's battles and served not without renown. Now this wall that guards the left side of sea-born Venus⁴ shall have my arms and the lyre that has done with wars. Here, O here, offer up the shining tapers⁵ and the levers⁵ and the axes⁵ that threaten opposing doors!

O goddess queen⁶ that holdest wealthy Cyprus and Memphis,⁷ which knows not Thracian snows, touch with thine uplifted lash, if only once, the haughty Chloë!⁸

ODE XXVII

BON VOYAGE!

A blessing on thee, Galatea, wherever thou goest! Yet beware the rising storm! 'Twas such rashness sealed Europa's doom. Europa's lament, and Venus's answer.

MAY the wicked be led by the omen of a shrieking lapwing⁹ and a pregnant dog or a red she-wolf racing down

¹ A lofty mountain of Thrace. ² Nymphs. ³ Bacchus. ⁴ *i. e.*, some statue of the goddess. ⁵ Implements with which lovers stormed the houses of their mistresses. ⁶ Venus. ⁷ In Egypt. ⁸ Some maiden. ⁹ An evil omen.

from the *Lanuvian* fields, or a fox that has just brought forth! May a serpent break the journey they have begun, when darting like an arrow athwart the road it has terrified the horses! But for whom I, as a prophetic augur, cherish fear, for him will I rouse the singing raven¹ from the east with my entreaties before the bird² that forebodes threatening showers re-seeks the standing pools.

Mayst thou be happy, Galatea, and wherever thou preferrest to abide, there mayst thou live with memories of me, and may no woodpecker³ on the left or any roving crow³ forbid thy going! But thou seest with how great tumult sinking Orion rages. Full well I know what Hadria's⁴ black gulf can be and what the sins of clear Iapyx.⁵ May the wives and children of our foes be the ones to feel the blind onset of rising Auster⁶ and the roaring of the darkling sea, and the shores quivering with the shock!

So did Europa⁷ too entrust her snowy form to the treacherous bull and turn pale before the deep alive with monsters, and at the perils of mid sea,—she who before had been so bold. Erstwhile among the meadows, absorbed in flowers, and weaving a garland due the Nymphs, now she beheld naught in the dusky night except the stars and waves. Soon as she touched Crete mighty with its hundred cities, “O father,” she exclaimed, “O name of daughter that I have abandoned, and Duty, by frenzy overmastered! Whence have I come and whither? A single death is too light for maidens' faults. Am I awake and do I lament a base offence, or am I free from sin and does an empty phantom mock me, which escaping by the ivory gate brings a dream? Was it better to travel o'er the long waves or to pluck fresh flowers? If any one would now but deliver the infamous bullock to my anger, I would strive to rend it with the steel and break the horns of the monstrous creature just now so fondly loved. Shameless I left my household gods; shameless I keep Orcus⁸ waiting. Oh, if any god hears these laments, may I wander

¹A good omen. ²The raven. ³An evil omen. ⁴The Adriatic. ⁵The northwest wind. ⁶The south wind. ⁷Carried off by Jove in the guise of a bull. ⁸Death.

naked among lions! Before hideous wasting seizes upon my comely cheeks and the fresh life's blood departs from the tender victim, while still fair, I seek to feed the tigers. 'Worthless Europa,' my distant father urges, 'why dost thou hesitate to die? On this ash thou canst hang thyself with the girdle that fortunately has followed thee. Or if the cliffs and rocks sharp for death attract thee, come! give thy body to the hurrying gale, if thou dost not prefer to card a mistress' wool, thou of royal blood, and to be given o'er, a concubine, to some barbarian queen!'"

As she thus complained, Venus with treacherous laugh stood by, and her son¹ with unstrung bow. Soon when she had enough of sport, "Refrain from anger and hot passion!" she exclaimed, "when the hated bull shall give thee his horns to be mangled. Thou knowest not that thou art the wife of Jove invincible. Cease thy sobs! Learn to bear becomingly thy great destiny! A section² of the earth shall take thy name."

ODE XXVIII

IN NEPTUNE'S HONOR

Bring forth for Neptune's feast a jar of mellow wine, and let us sing in turn of Neptune and the Nereids, Venus and Night.

WHAT better could I do on Neptune's festal day? Nimble bring forth, O Lyde, the Caecuban³ stored away, and make assault on wisdom's stronghold! You see the day is waning, and yet, as though the fleeting hours were standing still, you hesitate to bring from out its store-room a waiting jar that dates from Bibulus's consulship.⁴

In responsive song we'll sing, I of Neptune and the Nereids⁵ sea-green tresses. You in answer on your curving lyre shall hymn Latona⁶ and the shafts of swift-moving

¹ Cupid. ² Europe. ³ A kind of wine. ⁴ In 59 B.C. ⁵ Sea deities. ⁶ Mother of Apollo and Diana.

Cynthia;¹ and in final song her² who holds Cnidos³ and the shining Cyclades, and visits Paphos³ with her team of swans. Night also shall be celebrated with a fitting lay.

ODE XXIX

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE MAKES US SUPERIOR TO FORTUNE

A freshly opened jar awaits thee at my house, Maecenas. Come tear thyself away from cares of state and taste of country joys! The future we may not guess, but each day's duty rightly met brings tranquil peace. While Fortune bides, I bless her; when she takes her flight, I trust the gods to bear me safe through every storm.

O MAECENAS, scion of Tuscan kings, a jar of mellow wine as yet untouched has long been waiting for thee at my house, along with rose-buds and a perfume for thy locks expressed. Delay no more! Gaze not ever at well-watered Tibur⁴ and the sloping fields of Aefula⁴ and the heights⁴ of Telegonus,⁵ the parricide! Abandon cloying luxury and the pile⁶ that nears the lofty clouds! Cease to wonder at the smoke, the riches, and the din of wealthy Rome! Often a change is pleasant to the rich, and a simple meal beneath the poor man's humble roof without rugs and purple has smoothed the wrinkles on the care-worn brow.

Already Andromeda's shining father⁷ reveals his hidden fires; already Procyon⁸ rages and the star of furious Leo,⁸ as the sun brings back the days of drought. Now with his listless flock the weary shepherd seeks the shade and stream and shaggy Silvanus'⁹ thickets, and the silent bank no longer knows the straying breeze.

Thy thoughts are set on what conditions fit the state; anxious art thou for the City, fearing what the Seres¹⁰ may be

¹ Diana. ² Venus. ³ Seats of Venus's worship. ⁴ Places in Latium visible from Rome. ⁵ Son of Ulysses and Circe. He slew his father. ⁶ Maecenas's palace at Rome. ⁷ The star Cepheus. ⁸ Constellations. ⁹ God of woodlands. ¹⁰ A far eastern people dwelling in what is now China.

plotting, or Bactra¹ once ruled by Cyrus, and the discordant tribes on Tanais's² banks. With wise purpose does the god bury in the shades of night the future's outcome, and laughs if mortals be unduly anxious. Remember to settle with tranquil heart whate'er betides! All else is borne along like some river now gliding peacefully in mid channel into the Tuscan Sea, now rolling polished stones, uprooted trees, and flocks and homes together, with echoing of the hills and neighboring woods, while the wild deluge vexes the peaceful streams.

Master of himself and joyful will that man live who day by day can say: "I have lived to-day; to-morrow let the Father fill the heaven with murky clouds, or radiant sunshine! Yet will he not render vain whatever now is past, nor will he alter and undo what once the fleeting hour has brought. Fortune, exulting in her cruel work and stubborn to pursue her wanton sport, is fickle in her favors, kind now to me, now to some other. I praise her while she stays; but if she shake her wings for flight, I give up all she gave, enwrap me in my virtue, and seek as partner honest Poverty, undowered though she be. Not mine, when masts are groaning with the Afric gales, to have recourse to wretched prayers and strike a compact with the gods that my Cyprian and my Tyrian wares shall not add new riches to the devouring sea. Then guarded by my two-oared skiff, the breezes and Pollux³ with his brother shall bear me safely through the tempests of the Aegean main."

ODE XXX

THE POET'S IMMORTAL FAME

These lays, I ween, shall be a loftier monument than brazen tablets or the Pyramids' royal pile, indestructible by storm or time. I shall not die, but while Rome endures, my fame shall be imperishable.

I HAVE finished a monument⁴ more lasting than bronze and loftier than the Pyramids' royal pile, one that no devouring

¹ A city of Persia. ² The modern Don. ³ Castor and Pollux were tutelary gods of mariners. ⁴ The first three Books of the Odes.

storm, no furious north-wind can destroy, or the countless chain of years and the seasons' flight. I shall not altogether die, but a mighty part of me shall escape the death-goddess. On and on shall I grow, ever fresh with the glory of after time. So long as the pontiff climbs the Capitol with the silent Vestal,¹ I, risen high from low estate, where wild Aufidus² thunders and where Daunus³ in a parched land once ruled o'er a peasant folk, shall be famed for having been the first to adapt Aeolian⁴ song to Italian verse. Accept the proud honor by thy merits won, Melpomene,⁵ and graciously crown my locks with Delphic⁶ bays.

BOOK IV

ODE I

VENUS, FORBEAR!

Cease, O goddess, to lure me again into the snares of passion! Seek the hearts of younger men! Paulus is meet to be thy standard-bearer. Me neither lad nor maid can longer charm, barring, my Ligurinus, one final pang for thee.

THE struggles⁷ long suspended thou, Venus, wouldst renew. Be merciful, I beg, I beg! I am not as I was under the sway of kindly Cinara.⁸ O cruel mother⁹ of sweet Cupids, strive no more to bend, when fifty years are past, one who responds no longer to thy soft commands! Hie thee rather thither where the winning prayers of young men call. More fitly, drawn on wings of purple swans, shalt thou haste in joyous revelry to the house of Paulus Maximus, if thou dost seek to kindle a fitting heart. For noble is he and comely, an eloquent defender of anxious clients, accomplished in a hundred ways; and he will bear the standard of thy service far and

¹ An allusion to some ceremonial custom. ² A river in Apulia near Horace's birth-place. ³ An early king of Apulia. ⁴ *i. e.*, the measures of Alcaeus and Sappho, Aeolic poets. ⁵ The muse. ⁶ The bay was sacred to Apollo. ⁷ *i. e.*, of love. ⁸ Some earlier flame. ⁹ Venus.

wide. And when o'er the gifts of lavish rivals he shall laugh in triumph, beside the Alban lakes he'll set thy marble statue 'neath a roof of citron wood. Rich perfumes shalt thou there inhale, and shalt take delight in music mingled of the lyre and Berecyntian flute;¹ nor shall the pipe be lacking. There twice each day shall boys, with maidens tender, hymning thy majesty beat with fair foot the ground in Salian fashion² and in triple time.

Me nor lad nor maid can more delight, nor trustful hope of love returned, nor drinking bouts nor temples bound with blossoms new.

But why, O Ligurinus, why steals now and then across my cheek a tear? Why halts my tongue, once eloquent, with unbecoming silence midst my speech? In visions of the night, I now hold thee fast, now follow thee in flight o'er the Campus Martius's sward, now midst the whirling waves, O thou hard of heart!

ODE II

THOU, NOT I, ANTONIUS, SHOULDST SING GREAT CAESAR'S
PRAISE

Hazardous were the attempt to rival mighty Pindar in dithyramb, in ode, in hymn, or mournful elegy. Far less ambitious must be the efforts of my muse. Thine be the task, Antonius, to sing the triumphs of glorious Caesar.

WHOEVER strives to rival Pindar, O Iulus, relies on wings of wax made with Daedalean craft, doomed to give his name to the crystal sea.

Like a river from the mountain rushing down, which the rains have swollen above its wonted banks, so does Pindar seethe and, brooking no restraint, rush on with deep-toned voice, worthy to be honored with Apollo's bays, whether he wield new words in bold dithyrambs and is carried on in measures freed from rule, or sings of gods and kings, the race of

¹ *i. e.*, the flute used in the worship of Cybele. ² *i. e.*, after the fashion of the Salian priests.

gods, at whose hands the Centaurs fell in death deserved, by whom was quenched the fire of dread Chimaera;¹ whether the Elean palm² lead any champions home, exalted to the skies, or whether he sings of boxer or of steed, and endows them with a tribute more glorious than a hundred statues, or laments the young hero snatched from his tearful bride, and to the stars extols his prowess, his courage, and his golden virtue, begrudging them to gloomy Orcus.

A mighty breeze lifts the Dircaean swan,³ Antonius, as often as he essays his flight to the lofty regions of the clouds. I, after the way and manner of the Matinian bee that gathers the pleasant thyme with industrious toil about the grove and banks of well-watered Tibur, I a humble bard, fashion my verses with incessant toil. Thou, a poet of loftier strain, shalt sing of Caesar, when, honored with the well-earned garland, in his train he leads the wild Sygambri⁴ along the Sacred Slope;⁵ a sovereign than whom the Fates and gracious gods have bestowed nothing greater, nothing better, on the earth, nor will they, even though the times went back to the ancient age of gold. Thou shalt sing of the festal days, of the city's public games to celebrate the return of brave Augustus vouchsafed to us, and the Forum free from suits. Then if I have any words worthy to be heard, the best powers of my voice shall swell the acclaim, and happy at Caesar's coming home, I'll sing: "O glorious day, with honor to be mentioned." And as thou, O Triumph, advancest along the ways, all of us together, and not once alone, will shout: "Io triumphe!"⁶ and incense will we offer to the kindly gods.

Thy vow, ten bulls and as many kine shall satisfy; mine a tender bullock, which having left its dam, is growing on the generous pasturage to fulfill my prayers, imitating with its brow the curving crescent of the moon at its third rising, snow-white where it bears a mark, but elsewhere tawny.

¹ A fabulous monster, with the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent. ² *i. e.*, the palm won at Olympia in Elis. ³ Pindar. ⁴ A recently conquered German tribe. ⁵ The Clivus Capitolinus at Rome, the route of triumphal processions. ⁶ An exclamation of rejoicing.

ODE III

MY GLORY IS THY GIFT, O MUSE

Thy favorite, Melpomene, is destined not for victory in boxing, in racing, or in war. Contemplation of stream and grove shall form his voice for song. 'Tis from thee alone, O Muse, that my glory springs.

WHOM thou, Melpomene,¹ hast once beheld with kindly gaze at his natal hour, him no Isthmian toil² shall make a famous boxer, no impetuous steed shall draw as victor in Achæan³ car, nor shall martial deeds show him to the Capitol, a captain decked with Delian bays,⁴ for having crushed the haughty threats of kings; but the waters that flow past fertile Tibur⁵ and the dense leafage of the groves shall make him famous for Aeolian song.

The children of Rome, queen of cities, deem it meet to put me among the pleasant choirs of poets; and already am I less attacked by Envy's tooth. O, thou Pierian maid⁶ that modulatest the sweet tones of the golden shell,⁷ O thou that couldst lend the music of the swan even to dumb fishes, didst thou so desire, this is all thy gift, that I am pointed out by the finger of those passing by as the minstrel of the Roman lyre. That I am filled with the breath of song, and that I please, if please I do, is of thy bestowing.

¹ A muse. ² *i. e.*, effort in the Isthmian games celebrated at Corinth.

³ Grecian. ⁴ *i. e.*, the bays sacred to Apollo, who was born at Delos.

⁵ A town on the river Anio near Rome. ⁶ *i. e.*, muse. ⁷ The lyre, made by attaching strings to a tortoise-shell.

ODE IV

DRUSUS AND THE CLAUDIAN HOUSE

Like a young eagle or a lion, did Drusus descend upon the Rhaetians and Vindelici, and show these long victorious hordes how resistless are the head and heart nurtured by Augustus's love and counsel. Not birth alone suffices. There must be wise breeding, too; else disgrace ensues. To the Claudian house, O Rome, thy debt is great. No failure can befall the Claudian arms, blessed as they are with Jove's favor and the wise direction of our emperor.

LIKE the lightning's winged servant,¹ to whom the king² of gods and men gave dominion o'er the roving birds, having found him faithful in the case of fair-haired Ganymede,³—at first youth and native strength drive him forth, ignorant of toils, from out his nest, and the spring gales, now that storms are past, have taught him unwonted efforts, despite his fears; next with eager onset he swoops down as enemy upon the sheep-folds; now love of plunder and the fight drives him against struggling snakes; or like to some lion just weaned from the rich milk of its tawny mother, which a doe, intent on bounteous pasturage, has espied, doomed to perish by its untried tooth: such was Drusus⁴ as the Vindelici beheld him waging war beneath the Rhaetian Alps. Whence drawn the custom that through all recorded time arms their right hands with the Amazonian battle-axe, I have forborne to seek, nor is it vouchsafed to know all things; but the hordes long victorious on many a field, vanquished by the young hero's wisdom, were made to feel the potency of head and heart fitly nurtured beneath an auspicious roof, and of Augustus's paternal spirit toward the youthful Neros.⁵

'Tis only from the sturdy and the good that sturdy youths are born; in steers, in steeds, appear the merits of their sires; nor do fierce eagles beget timid doves. Yet training increases

¹ The eagle. ² Jupiter. ³ The son of Tros, carried off by an eagle to be Jove's cup-bearer. ⁴ The step-son of Augustus. ⁵ Drusus and his brother Tiberius.

inborn worth, and righteous ways make strong the heart; but whenever morals fail, faults mar even good endowments.

What, O Rome, thou owest to the Neros, the Metaurus River¹ is a witness, and Hasdrubal's complete defeat, and that glorious day² when the gloom from Latium was dispelled, the day that was the first to smile with blessed victory, since the dire Carthaginian began his raids through the Italian towns, like as the fire rages through the pines, or Eurus³ o'er the Sicilian waves. Following this, the Roman youth, their tasks succeeding, waxed ever stronger, and the shrines laid waste by the impious havoc of the Carthaginians had their gods set up once more. And at last false Hannibal exclaimed: "Like deer, the prey of ravening wolves, we follow all in vain those whom to baffle and evade were a signal triumph. The race which, sturdy still after Ilium's destruction, brought to the Ausonian⁴ towns its sacred images tossed about on Tuscan waves, its children, and aged fathers, like some oak shorn of its leaves by heavy axes on Algidus⁵ rich in dark foliage, through loss, through slaughter, draws its strength and life from the very steel. Not the hydra,⁶ as its frame was hewn, grew mightier against Hercules, loth to yield; nor did the Colchians⁷ or Echionian Thebes⁷ rear a greater prodigy. Drown it in the depths! It comes forth fairer. Wrestle with it! It throws with great renown a fresh antagonist flushed with victory, and wages wars to be heralded by matrons. To Carthage no more will I send proud messengers; perished, perished is all hope and the fortune of our name since Hasdrubal's destruction."

Naught is there that the Claudian⁸ might will not achieve, which Jupiter defends with power benign, and which wise counsels⁹ guide through war's crises.

¹ The battle of the Metaurus River fought in the Second Punic War, in which the Punic general Hasdrubal was slain. ² The day of the Metaurus. ³ The east wind. ⁴ Italian. ⁵ A mountain in Latium. ⁶ The Lernaean hydra, a monster slain by Hercules. ⁷ Referring to the warriors that sprang from the dragon's teeth sown at Colchis by Jason and at Thebes by Cadmus. ⁸ *i. e.*, of Drusus and Tiberius. ⁹ *i. e.*, the wise counsels of Augustus.

ODE V

THE BLESSINGS OF AUGUSTUS'S SWAY

Return to thy people, O guardian of the race of Romulus, for whom we yearn as a mother for her son long absent across the sea. Under thy benign sway, fertility, peace, uprightness, chastity reign everywhere; yea, we even entreat thy name in prayer, and beg the gods that thou mayst live long to bless Hesperia.

SPRUNG from the blessed gods, best guardian¹ of the race of Romulus, too long already art thou absent.² Come back, for thou didst pledge a swift return to the sacred council of the Fathers. Give again, blest leader, to thy country the glory of thy presence! For when like spring thy face has beamed upon the folk, more pleasant runs the day, and brighter shines the sun. As with vows, with omens, and with prayers, a mother calls the son whom Notus³ with his envious gales keeps lingering far from his dear home across the stretch of the Carpathian Sea for longer than a year, and from the curving shore turns not her face; so moved by loyal love, the country yearns for Caesar. For when he is here, the ox in safety roams the pastures; Ceres⁴ and benign Prosperity make rich the crops; the seas o'er which our sailors course are cleared of pirate ships; and Honor shrinks from blame; polluted by no foulness, homes are pure; custom and law have stamped out impious vice; mothers win praise because of children like unto their sires; while Vengeance visits straight each wrongful act.

Who fears the Parthian, who the icy Scythian,⁵ who the hordes rough Germany doth breed, while our Caesar lives unharmed? Who minds the war in wild Iberia?⁶ On his own hillside each man spends the day, and weds his vines⁷ to waiting

¹ Augustus. ² Augustus had probably gone to Germany to direct a northern campaign. ³ The south wind. ⁴ The goddess of grain and harvests. ⁵ The Scythians, though dwelling in what is now southern Russia, were associated with the cold North. ⁶ Spain. ⁷ The Romans, like the Italians of to-day, trained their vines on trees.

trees; thence gladly to the feast repairs, and at its close invokes thee as a god. Thee with many a prayer, thee with pure wine poured from bowls he worships; and mingles with his household gods thy majesty, like Greece, of Castor mindful and great Hercules.

“Long holidays, blest leader, vouchsafe unto Hesperia!”¹ such is our prayer, dry-lipped, when day begins; such, too, when flushed with wine, as low beneath the Ocean sinks the sun.

ODE VI

INVOCATION TO APOLLO

In the year 17 B.C. Augustus commissioned Horace to write the Saecular Hymn, to be sung at the Saecular festival of that year. The present ode is an invocation to Apollo, begging help and inspiration for that important task.

O GOD, whom Niobe's offspring² came to know as the punisher of boastful words, whom the robber Tityos³ felt and Phthian Achilles⁴ when well-nigh victorious over lofty Troy, mightier than others, yet no match for thee, though he was the son of sea-born Thetis and as warrior shook the Dardanian⁵ towers with his awful spear. He, like to some pine stricken with the biting steel of some cypress o'erturned by Eurus,⁶ fell prostrate with his outstretched frame and bowed his neck in Trojan dust. He had never pent himself⁷ up in the horse that feigned sacrifice to Minerva, nor striven to deceive the Trojans keeping ill-timed⁸ holiday, or Priam's court taking

¹ Italy. ² Niobe, proud of her twelve children, had boasted herself superior to Latona, who had only two. In punishment of this arrogance, Apollo and Diana had slain all of Niobe's offspring with their arrows. ³ He had attempted to ravish Latona. ⁴ Achilles came from Phthia in Thessaly. ⁵ Trojan. ⁶ The east wind. ⁷ *i. e.*, Achilles would never have stooped to the deception of those who were shut up in the wooden horse. ⁸ Just before the capture of Troy the Greeks had departed. Thinking they had left for good, the Trojans began to make rejoicing and indulge in festive celebrations. But the Greeks returned by night and were admitted to Troy by those secreted in the wooden horse.

joy in dances; but with open cruelty to his captives (alas! alas!) had he burned with Grecian fires the lisping children, yea, the very infant hidden in its mother's womb, had not the Father of the gods, won over by thy appeals and those of winsome Venus, promised to Aeneas's destiny,¹ walls built under better auspices.

O Phoebus,² minstrel teacher of melodious Thalia,³ thou that lavest thy locks in Xanthus's⁴ stream, support the glory of the Daunian Muse,⁵ beardless Agyieus!⁶

'Tis Phoebus lent me inspiration, Phoebus the art of song, and gave me the name of poet. O noble maids⁷ and lads sprung from illustrious sires, favorites of the Delian goddess,⁸ who with her bow stops⁹ the fleeing lynxes and the stags, observe the Lesbian¹⁰ measure and my finger's beat, as ye duly hymn Latona's son¹¹ and the orb of night¹¹ waxing with her torch, ripener of crops, and swift to speed the passing months! Soon, wedded, thou shalt boast, "I joined in rendering the hymn welcome to the gods, trained in the measures of the bard Horatius, what time the cycle¹² brought around again the festal days."

ODE VII

SPRING'S RETURN

The snows have fled. Nature again clothes herself in living green, and Nymphs and Graces lead once more their dancing bands. The changing seasons bid us reflect how brief is our earthly life.

THE SNOW has fled; already the grass is returning to the fields and the foliage to the trees. Earth is going through her

¹ *i. e.*, had promised to Aeneas that some of the Trojans should be saved to found a new city,—Rome. ² Apollo. ³ A muse. ⁴ A river in Lycia. ⁵ Horace, from Apulia, the land of Daunus, an early king. ⁶ An epithet of Apollo. ⁷ The members of the chorus who are to sing the Saecular Hymn. ⁸ Diana. ⁹ Diana was a huntress. ¹⁰ *i. e.*, measures in the style of the Lesbian poets Alcaeus and Sappho. ¹¹ Apollo and Diana (the moon). ¹² The Saecular festival was celebrated only once in a saeculum (about 100 years).

changes, and the rivers are subsiding as they flow past their banks. The Grace with the Nymphs and her twin sisters ventures lightly clad to lead her bands. The year and the hour that robs us of the gracious day warn thee not to hope for unending joys. The cold is broken up by the zephyrs; spring is trampled under foot by summer, destined likewise to pass away, so soon as fruitful autumn has poured forth its harvest; and soon lifeless winter is back again.

Yet the swiftly changing moons repair their losses in the sky. But we, when we are gone whither righteous Aeneas, whither rich Tullus¹ and Ancus,¹ are but dust and shadow. Who knows whether the gods will add to-morrow's time to the sum of to-day? All things will escape the greedy clutches of thy heir which thou grantest thy own dear soul. When once thou perishest and Minos² pronounces his august judgment on thee, not family, Torquatus, nor eloquence, nor righteousness shall restore thee again to life. For Diana releases not the chaste Hippolytus³ from the nether darkness, nor has Theseus⁴ power to break the Lethean chains of his dear Pirithous.⁵

ODE VIII

IN PRAISE OF POESY

Gladly, O Censorinus, would I give bowls and bronzes, tripods, and statues such as Scopas chiselled, had I but store of these. But I have not, nor carest thou for such. A better gift I have,—my verse. 'Tis the poet that lendeth glory to the great. How else were Scipio and Romulus and Aeacus saved from oblivion?

GENEROUSLY would I give bowls and welcome bronzes to my comrades, Censorinus, and tripods, prizes of the manful Greeks, nor shouldst thou bear off the meanest of my gifts.

¹ Early kings of Rome. ² Judge in the underworld. ³ His rejection of the advances of his step-mother Phaedra cost him his life. ⁴ The friendship of Theseus and Pirithous was proverbial. ⁵ Pirithous had attempted to steal Proserpina from the lower world.

were I but rich in the treasures which Parrhasius¹ did produce or Scopas,² skilful, the one in marble, the other in colors, to portray now a hero, now a god. But I have no such store, nor does thy condition or thy spirit crave such toys. In songs is thy delight. Songs we can bestow, and declare the tribute's worth.

Not marble graven with public records, whereby breath and life return to goodly heroes after death, nor the swift retreat of Hannibal and his threats recoiling on himself, nor the burning of wicked Carthage, declare more gloriously the fame of him who won his name from Africa subdued, than do the Muses³ of Calabria. Nor wouldst thou reap reward, should the parchment leave thy worthy deeds unheralded. What to-day were the child⁴ of Ilia and Mars, had jealous silence blocked the path of Romulus's deserts! The powers of gifted bards, their favor, and their words rescue Aeacus⁵ from the Stygian waves⁶ and consign him to the "Islands of the Blest." 'Tis the Muse forbids the hero worthy of renown to perish. 'Tis the Muse bestows the boon of heaven. 'Tis thus that untiring Hercules shares Jove's hoped for table. 'Tis thus that Tyndareus's sons, gleaming fires,⁷ rescue storm-tossed ships from the sea's abyss, and Liber,⁸ his temples decked with verdant vine-sprays, brings prayers to happy issue.

¹ A famous Greek painter. ² A famous Greek sculptor. ³ Horace refers to the Annals of Ennius, an historical poem celebrating Roman heroes. Since Ennius was born in Calabria, his poetry is boldly referred to as the Calabrian Muses. The meaning is that Ennius's poetry was as much a factor in Scipio's fame as were Scipio's own achievements. ⁴ Romulus. ⁵ Ancestor of Achilles. He was famed for his goodness and justice. ⁶ *i. e.*, the underworld. ⁷ Castor and Pollux, who appeared as balls of fire ("St. Elmo's fire") on the yards of ships, when they wished to give token of their favor to mariners. ⁸ Bacchus.

ODE IX

IN PRAISE OF LOLLIUS

Think not my verse shall perish! Homer, 'tis true, is first of bards; yet the songs of other poets may hope to live as well. Helen was not the first to yield to the persuasive words of a paramour, and many a brave hero lived before Agamemnon's day. Why do we know them not? They lacked the bard to chronicle their deeds. Thee, Lollius, I'll save from such a fate. Here be thy lofty soul, thy integrity, fit subject of my song!—Unfortunately Lollius seems not to have deserved the high tribute Horace pays him in this poem.

THINK not the words will perish which I, born near far-sounding Aufidus,¹ utter for linking with the lyre, in a way not practiced hitherto! E'en though Maeonian Homer holds the place of honor, yet Pindar's Muse is not unknown, nor that of Ceos,² of threatening Alcaeus,³ or of Stesichorus,⁴ the stately. Nor has time destroyed whate'er Anacreon⁵ once sung in sport. Still breathes the love of the Aeolian maid,⁶ and lives her passion confided to the lyre.

Not Spartan Helen only became inflamed with love, marveling at a paramour's trim locks, his gold-bespangled raiment, his regal pomp and followers; nor was Teucer⁷ first to speed the shaft from Cretan bow. Not once alone has an Ilium been beset; nor have great Idomeneus⁷ and Sthenelus⁷ alone fought battles worthy to be sung by the Muses. Nor were doughty Hector and keen Deiphobus⁸ the first to encounter heavy blows for chaste wife and children. Many heroes lived before Agamemnon; but all are overwhelmed in unending night, unwept, unknown, because they lack a sacred bard. In the tomb hidden worth differs little from cowardice. But

¹ A river in southern Italy. ² *i. e.*, the poet Simonides, who was born on the island of Ceos. ³ The Lesbian poet. ⁴ A Sicilian poet. ⁵ Of Teos. ⁶ Sappho. ⁷ Teucer, Idomeneus, and Sthenelus were all Greek champions in the Trojan War. ⁸ A son of Priam.

thou art one, O Lollius, whom I will not suffer to go unhonored in my verse; nor will I let envious forgetfulness disparage thy many exploits. A mind thou hast experienced in affairs, well-poised in weal or woe, punishing greedy fraud, holding aloof from money that draws all things to itself, a consul not of a single year, but as long as with good and trusty spirit thou preferrest honor to expediency, rejectest with high disdain the bribes of guilty men, and bearest thy arms victorious through opposing hosts.

Not him who possesses much would one rightly call the happy man; he more fitly gains that name who knows wisely how to use the blessings of the gods, to endure hard poverty, and who fears disgrace as worse than death, not afraid to die for cherished friends or fatherland.

ODE X

BEAUTY IS FLEETING

Thy flowing locks and rosy cheeks, O Ligurinus, will soon have passed away. Then shalt thou regret thy present haughtiness.

O THOU, cruel still and dowered with Venus' gifts, when unexpected down shall come upon thy pride and the locks have fallen that now wave upon thy shoulders, and the bloom that now outdoes the blossom of the damask rose has faded, Ligurinus, and changed to a shaggy visage, as often as thou gazest in the mirror on thy altered features, shalt thou say: "Alas! why lacked I as a lad the purpose that I have to-day? Or why to my present spirit do not my blooming cheeks return?"

ODE XI

A JOYOUS BIRTHDAY

With wine and garlands, Phyllis, and a sacrifice, I'm making ready for a joyous feast, none other than the birthday of my dear Maecenas. Come learn the lay I meant for thee and banish care with song!

I've a jar full of Alban wine over nine years old; in my garden, Phyllis, is parsley for plaiting garlands; there is

goodly store of ivy, with which thou art wont to bind thy locks and look so fair! The house sparkles with silver vessels; the altar wreathed with sacred leafage yearns to be sprinkled with an offered lamb. The household all is hurrying; hither and thither rush the maids mingled with lads; the flames are dancing as they roll aloft in wreaths the sooty smoke. Yet that thou mayst know to what joys thou art invited, 'tis to celebrate the Ides that cleave in twain April,¹ the month of sea-born Venus, with reason a festal day to me, and honored almost more than my own natal day, because from this morn my Maecenas counts his passing years.

Telephus, whom thou seekest, a lad above thy station, a maiden rich and wanton has secured and holds him bound with pleasing chain. Scorched Phaëthon² serves as a warning to ambitious hopes, and winged Pegasus,³ who brooked not Bellerophon, his earth-born rider, affords a weighty lesson to follow ever what is worthy, and to shun one ill-suited to thee, thinking it wrong to hope for more than is permitted.

Come, now, of all my loves the last, (for hereafter I shall warm with passion for no other woman), learn verses to render with thy lovely voice! Dark care shall be diminished by the help of song.

ODE XII

THE DELIGHTS OF SPRING

Spring with its birds and breezes is again at hand. The season bids us quench our thirst with wine. Come, Virgil, join me in this pastime!

ALREADY the Thracian breezes, Spring's attendants, that smooth the sea, are swelling the sails of ships; no longer are the meadows frozen, nor do the rivers roar, swollen with

¹ The Ides of April fell on the 13th. ² Phaëthon was burned by driving the chariot of his father Phoebus too near the sun. ³ The winged horse.

winter's snow. Making tearful moan for Itys,¹ the ill-fated swallow builds its nest, everlasting disgrace of the Cecropian house, for having taken wicked vengeance on the barbarous lust of kings.

On the soft grass the keepers of the goodly sheep play songs upon the pipe, and delight the god to whom are dear Arcadia's flocks and sombre hills.

The season has brought thirst, O Virgil; but if thou, a follower of noble patrons, art eager to quaff a wine at Cales pressed, thou shalt earn thy wine by bringing spikenard. A tiny shell of spikenard shall lure forth a jar that now rests in Sulpicius's store-house, rich in promise to bestow fresh hopes, and to drown the bitterness of care.

If to these joys thou hastenest, come quickly with thy nard! Coming without thy portion, I purpose not to steep thee in my cups, like some rich lord in well-stocked house. But put aside delay and thirst for gain, and mindful of Death's dark fires, mingle, while thou mayst, brief folly with thy business cares! 'Tis sweet at the fitting time to cast serious thoughts aside.

ODE XIII

RETRIBUTION

Lyce, my prayers are heard. Thy youth is gone and now thou art the target for the gibes of gay young blades.

THE gods have heard my prayer, O Lyce, aye, the gods have heard it. Thou art becoming old, and yet desirest to seem beauteous and joinest in the merriment and drinkest hard and with quavering song seekest, already maudlin, to rouse unwilling Cupid. He nestles in the fair cheeks of Chia, buxom and skilled in playing on the harp. For disdainfully

¹ Procne, daughter of Pandion, king of Attica, had married Tereus, king of Thrace, and by him became mother of Itys. Tereus then dismissed Procne and married her sister Philomela. In revenge Procne killed Itys and served up the flesh of the child to his father. She then fled with Philomela. When Tereus followed them, Procne was changed into a swallow, Philomela into a nightingale.

he flies past withered oaks, and shrinks from thee, because yellow teeth and wrinkles and snowy locks disfigure thee.

No more do robes of Coan purple¹ or costly jewels bring back to thee the days that time in its flight has once laid away and locked up in the public archives.²

Whither has fled thy grace, alas! or thy bloom whither? Whither thy comely carriage? What dost thou retain of her, of her, I ask, who once breathed love, who stole me from myself? happy after Cinara was gone, thou once a famous beauty, and of winning ways. Brief years the gods to Cinara granted, that they might long keep Lyce to equal the age of the ancient crow, that hot youths with many a laugh might come to see the torch to ashes fallen.

ODE XIV

DRUSUS AND TIBERIUS

No praises are adequate for thy achievements, O Augustus, whose mighty hand has again been felt by our northern neighbors. For thine were the troops, thine the plan, thine the favoring gods through whose help Drusus and Tiberius gallantly crushed the foe. All nations own thy power, from East to West, from North to South.

WHAT care of Fathers and Quirites,³ O Augustus, shall with full meed of honors immortalize thy prowess by inscriptions and commemorative records, thou mightiest of princes where'er the sun shines on the habitable world, thou whose power in war the Vindelici,⁴ free till now from Latin rule, have come recently to know. For thine were the troops where-with keen Drusus with more than like requital hurled the Genauni⁴ down, a clan implacable, the swift Breuni,⁴ and their strongholds set upon the awful Alps. The elder⁵ of the Neros soon after joined in fierce battle and o'ercame the cruel Rhaetians⁴ under happy auspices, a wonder to behold in martial

¹ *i. e.*, purple silks from the island of Cos. ² *i. e.*, Lyce's triumphs are now ancient history. ³ Romans. ⁴ The Vindelici, Genauni, Breuni, and Rhaetians were all Alpine tribes. ⁵ Tiberius.

combat for the havoc with which he crushed the hearts dedicated to the death of freemen, indomitable well nigh as Auster¹ when he lashes the waves, as the band of Pleiads² cleaves the clouds, eager to harry the hosts of the foe and to drive his snorting charger through the midst of tumult. So does bull-formed Aufidus³ roll on, flowing past the realms of Apulian Daunus,⁴ when he rages and threatens awful deluge to the well-tilled fields, even as the scion⁵ of the Claudian house o'erwhelmed with destructive onslaught the mail-clad hosts of savages, and strewed the ground, mowing down van and rear, victorious without loss,—the troops, the plan, the favoring gods all lent by thee. For on the anniversary of the self-same day that suppliant Alexandria⁶ opened her harbors and her empty palace to thee, propitious Fortune three lustrums⁷ later brought a happy issue to the war and accorded fame and hoped for glory upon the fulfillment of thy commands.

At thee marvels the Cantabrian⁸ never before subdued, at thee the Mede⁹ and Indian, at thee the roving Scythian, thou mighty guardian of Italy and imperial Rome. To thee the Nile gives ear, the Nile that hides the sources of its springs, to thee the Danube, the swirling Tigris, the Ocean with monsters teeming, that roars around the distant Britons, to thee the land of Gaul that recks not death, and stubborn Iberia.¹⁰ Before thee stand in awe the slaughter-loving Sygambri,¹¹ with weapons laid to rest.

¹ The south wind. ² The Pleiades, whose rising was thought to bring tempestuous weather. ³ A river near Horace's birth-place. ⁴ An early king of Apulia. ⁵ Tiberius. ⁶ Alexandria had submitted to Augustus in 30 B.C. ⁷ Fifteen years. ⁸ The Cantabrians were a Spanish tribe. ⁹ *i. e.*, Parthians. ¹⁰ Spain. ¹¹ A German tribe.

ODE XV

AUGUSTUS

Phoebus forbids me to sing again of battles and conquered cities, but prompts me to tell the glory of Caesar's rule, whereby Fertility has returned to bless our fields; the standards of Crassus have been restored; shut is Janus's temple; and the old virtues that made Rome great have been revived again. With Caesar as our guardian, tranquillity is assured. And so, in the fashion of our sires, with wine and flute and song, let us celebrate the glorious men of old, along with Troy, Anchises, and all the famous progeny of Venus.

As I would sing of fights and cities won, Apollo checked me, striking loud his lyre, and forbade my spreading tiny sails upon the Tuscan Sea. Thy age, O Caesar, has restored to farms the fertile crops and to our shrines the standards¹ rescued from the proud columns of the Parthians; has closed Quirinus's fane² empty of war; has put a check on license, passing righteous bounds; has banished crime and summoned back the ancient ways whereby the Latin name and might of Italy waxed great, and the fame and majesty of our dominion were spread from the rising to the setting of the sun.

While Caesar guards the state, not civil rage, nor violence, nor wrath that forges swords, embroiling towns, shall banish peace. Not they that drink the Danube deep shall break the Julian laws,³ nor Getae, Seres, faithless Parthians, nor they by Tanais born. On common and on sacred days, amid the gifts of merry Bacchus, with wife and child we'll first duly pray the gods; then after our fathers' wont, we'll hymn the glories of the heroic dead, Troy and Anchises and blest Venus's son, in measures joined to strains of Lydian flutes.

¹ The standards captured at the Battle of Carrhae in 53 B.C., when Crassus was defeated by the Parthians. ² The temple of Janus, which was closed in time of peace. ³ The enactments of Augustus (Gaius Julius Caesar Augustus).

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECULAR HYMN

THIS hymn was written for the celebration by Augustus Cæsar of the beginning of the tenth "secle," or period of the Golden year. According to an oracle in Greek Hexameters preserved by Zosimus, the Sibylline books divided time into "secles" of a hundred and ten years each; and Horace in this hymn follows the same method of division. But Valerius Antias says that the term of a secle was one hundred years. Others have thought that the secle was not of any specific length, but that its duration was bounded by portents and signs given by the gods. So the haruspex Vulcatius announced that the comet which appeared shortly after the assassination of Julius Cæsar indicated the end of the ninth secle and the beginning of the tenth, the divinity of which was the Sun.

Virgil identified this system of secles with that of the "Great Year" of the world, which was also called the "Platonic Year," because the doctrine was especially cultivated by the Platonists and Stoics. This "year" was supposed to be completed when all the heavenly bodies should return to the same position that they were in at the beginning of the world. When this should happen, it was said that every part of the universe, including man, would repeat its past history. It appears that Virgil looks upon the secles of the Sibylline books as corresponding to the "months" of the Great Year. The idea which lies at the root of the system of secles and that of the Great Year seems to be the same; namely, that all the universe is passing through a perpetual series of revolutions, and repeats itself at settled periods.

It is clear that the Romans were by no means certain or agreed as to when the end of a secle was really completed. The emperor Claudius said that Augustus had anticipated the time, and that the term was really ended in his own reign. Domitian also celebrated Secular games.

The Secular hymn was sung on the last of the three days during which the feast continued, by a chorus of twenty-seven boys and the same number of maidens, each of whom had both parents still living.

In this poem Horace appears as a kind of poet laureate, writing by the direction of Augustus. It was written in the forty-ninth year of the poet's life. The hymn does not possess a great measure of the genius and spirit which mark many of the odes: but it has a solemnity and dignity which are well suited to the subject of religion. For Horace is here a religious poet, singing by the command of the chief of the state, and according to the admonition of the Sibylline verses, which were made known to the Roman people, when the Senate ordered the "Fifteen Men," who were the keepers of these books, to consult the holy oracles. Anything like fervour or excitement would have been out of place in the hymn of the orthodox poet of the City. The religion of Rome was very different from that of Greece. It was unimaginative and formal. It was a strictly national religion, with the advantages and disadvantages of established forms.

The Romans were singularly averse to change in the minutest points of their rites and ceremonies. To the scrupulous observance of these they attributed the successful growth of their empire. In later times the decline and disaster of the state were imputed to the spread of Christianity, and the consequent neglect of the orthodox gods. This hymn, so grave and majestic, is quite in keeping with this feeling. If we may say so, it is almost Virgilian in character.

The praise which the elder Scaliger gives the hymn, that it is "learned, full, terse, elaborate, happy," is well deserved.

THE SECULAR HYMN

The opening address to Apollo and Diana, first together, then separately: prayers to other divinities. The two Powers are intreated to bless the Roman people, and Augustus. Description of the happy state of the empire under Cæsar's rule. The final invocation of Apollo and Diana. The conclusion.

PHŒBUS, and Diana mistress of the woods, ye that are the shining beauty of the sky, ye that are ever adorable and adored, grant the blessings we pray for at a hallowed season; at which the verses of the Sibyl have counselled that chosen maidens and chaste youths recite a hymn to the gods who take pleasure in the Seven Hills.

Kindly Sun, who with thy glittering car dost draw forth and hide away the daylight, and dost rise to life, another and the same, mayest thou be able to gaze on nought that is greater than the city of Rome.

Ilithyia, who dost give thy grace duly to bring forth at their full time the offspring, protect our matrons, whether thou deemest it meet to be invoked as Lucina or as Genitalis.

Goddess, rear the young to ripeness, and further the decrees of the Fathers, on the marrying of women and on the law of matrimony, that is to be fruitful in the birth of a new generation: so that the settled round, which runs through years eleven times ten, may bring again the hymns and games with their attending crowds, thrice in the bright day, and as often in the pleasant night.

And ye, O Fates, that have the power truly to predict that which has been uttered once for all, and which the ordained issue of events keeps sure, add propitious destinies to those that are now accomplished.

May Earth, prolific in fruits and flocks, present Ceres with

her garland of ears of corn; may the healthful showers and gales of Jove nurse the springing plants.

Gracious and gentle with thy shaft laid by, Apollo, hear the boys who pray to thee; hear the girls, O Luna, crescented queen of the stars.

If Rome is your workmanship, and bands from Ilium reached the Tuscan shore, a number bidden to change, by a prosperous voyage, their household gods and city; for whom, unharmed, through burning Troy, holy Æneas, outliving his country, opened a free path, he, destined to give them more than they had left;—ye gods, grant morals fair to docile youth; ye gods, to quiet old age grant repose; grant to the people of Romulus wealth and progeny and every glory!

And may the illustrious descendant of Anchises and Venus obtain the blessings for which he worships ye with the homage of white oxen,¹ still superior to his enemy, still merciful to the prostrate foe!

Now by sea and land the Median² fears our mighty forces and the Alban axes; now the Scythians beg replies from us, though lately haughty, and the Indians too.

Now Faith, and Peace, and Honour, and antique Modesty, and neglected Virtue dares to return, and Plenty appears to view, rich with her o'erflowing horn.

And may Augur Apollo, adorned with flashing bow, and dear to the Muses nine, he who raises up by his health-giving art the body's exhausted limbs, if he graciously beholds the heights of the Palatine hill, ever prolong the Roman state, and Latium in happiness, to another lustre and a better age.

And may Diana, who possesses Aventinus and Algidus, hearken to the supplications of the Fifteen Men, and lend propitious ears to the children's prayers.

That Jove and all the gods confirm these vows, I bear back home a good and stedfast hope, I, a chorister trained to rehearse the praises of Phœbus and Diana.

¹ As prescribed by the Sibyl.

² The Parthian.

INTRODUCTION TO THE EPODES

THE name Epode is a misnomer, due to the fact that the poems of Horace so called followed after, or upon (*epi*) the Odes in collections of his works. Horace himself calls them in his Epistles "Parian Iambics;" that is, Iambics after the manner of Archilochus of Paros. In the 16th Ode of the first book he is thought by some to allude to them under the name of "swift Iambics," which he had written in the fervour of pleasant youth, and for which in jest he professes his repentance. From his boast that he was the first to introduce them into Latium, it would seem that Horace published them in his lifetime, rather than that they were collected and published after his death, as Walckenaer says. They were all, like the Odes, written on particular occasions, addressed to particular friends, or were attacks on certain enemies; thus they would become more or less known one by one; that these Epodes were the poems which the necessities of "a bold poverty" drove Horace to write, it is impossible to say for certain.

The Epodes are all marked by a style of comparative youth. Hardly any of them have that terseness and refinement which characterise the Odes and Epistles. And many of them, as those about Canidia, Mævius, Cassius, are marked by a virulence of expression, not unnatural at a time when Horace's prospects were gloomy, on his return to Rome after the battle of Philippi; but from which he freed himself in his later writings, as a prosperous and contented man of the world, still more as one taught by divine philosophy to become gentler and better with the advance of old age.

Lord Lytton rightly considers the Epodes as a link between the earlier Satires and the Odes. Some of them approach nearer to Satires, some are more akin to Odes. Thus the 6th is an Epode of which it cannot be said that it is free from the spirit of Archilochus. The 11th, on the other hand,

is an Ode of great beauty, probably taken pretty closely from some Greek original, now no longer extant. The 13th Epode is one of the same character. Again, some of the Epodes have a mixture of poetry and satire in them. Thus, when Horace sings of the charms of the country which he loved so well, in tones evidently genuine, not ironical, the expression of a true affection, not of a passing fancy, he is pleased to give a touch of satire at the end, by pretending that the speaker is an usurer, whose real interest in life is gain. The least pleasing of the Epodes are those connected with Canidia. Horace appears in them as a second Archilochus, in a temper and spirit alien from his own kindly nature, armed by rage with suitable Iambics. The 8th Satire, inferior to the other Satires, is an attack on the same person, whose real name, as the scholiasts tell us, was Gratidia, a seller of perfumes at Naples. After all, we are unable to tell what so moved the anger of the kindly poet, or indeed, how much of his wrath was real. The last mention of Canidia is indirect, at the close of the Satires.

Generally, no doubt, the Epodes are the least agreeable and the least striking of the writings of Horace; compared with his other productions they are almost rough and unpolished; the Satiric parts of them are very inferior to the Satires, almost in a different style and tone altogether; the lyric parts fall far short of the excellence of the odes; still, they give a picture of the times in which they were written; they illustrate a particular portion of the life of the poet, the dark days of poverty and obscurity, and the time when he came into the notice of the great, and first obtained competency and fame; they breathe the spirit of patriotism and independence; in places they have many touches of beauty, are as vigorous as any of his writings, and are interesting as containing the signs of those gifts which have made the name of Horace dear to many a reader.

THE EPODES

I

Horace expresses his readiness to accompany Mæcenas to any part of the world, and especially on the expedition here spoken of. He is influenced by the disinterested feeling of gratitude to his benefactor.

You will go, my friend, with the Liburnian galleys¹ amidst the tall turreted² ships, prepared, Mæcenas, to undergo every danger of Cæsar, and make it all your own. What am I to do, I to whom life is sweet while you live, otherwise a burden? Shall I, as bidden, follow the path of ease not pleasant save in your company, or shall I endure this toil with the spirit that becomes a manly soul? Yes, endure it I will, and you either o'er the Alpine summits, and the inhospitable Caucasus, or even to the furthest bay of the West will I follow with brave spirit. You may ask, how can I lighten your toil by mine, I who lack strength for wars? I reply, my alarms in your society will be less, for fear possesses us more in absence; even as the bird, that tends her brood of unfledged young, dreads the stealthy approach of the serpent more if she has left them, not that, though she were in the nest, she could give more aid by her presence. Right gladly will I serve in this and every war for the hope of your favour, not that more oxen may be yoked to my laborious ploughs, nor that my cattle may change Calabrian for Lucanian pastures before the rising of the scorching dog-star,³ nor that my bright marble villa may reach the Circæan

¹ The Liburnians were pirates along the Illyrian coast. Their ships were swift and light.

² The Roman warships were tall, some having ten banks of oars, and carrying towers, from which the soldiers fought.

³ *i. e.*, be driven from the hot plains to the cool highland pastures before midsummer.

walls of Tusculum¹ on the hill. Enough and more than enough has your bounty enriched me; I care not to amass stores that I may bury them, like the miser Chremes, in the earth, or waste them, as a thriftless prodigal.

II

The usurer Alphius praises the charms of country life, its freedom from alarms and cares, its humble duties, simple fare, pleasant sights. But after all his love of money is too strong for his sentimental feelings.

“BLEST is the man who far away from business, as the antique race of mortals, tills his paternal farm with his own oxen, from all usurious dealings free: he is not startled by the fierce notes of the martial trump, nor shudders at the raging sea; he shuns the forum and the insolent thresholds of citizens raised to high estate. So then, either he weds the full-grown shoots of the vine to the tall poplar, or in some retired dell gazes at the winding herds of lowing cattle, or, pruning with his hook unfruitful boughs, grafts in others more productive, or stores in clean jars the honey strained from the comb, or shears the tender sheep: or else, when Autumn lifts o’er the fields his head with a goodly crown of mellow fruit, how does he joy to pluck the pears he has grafted, or grape that vies with purple in its hue, meet present for thee, Priapus, or thee, Silvanus, guardian of his bounds! As Fancy bids, he lies either beneath an ancient oak, or at times in the close grass; meanwhile, within deep banks glide on the streams, the birds make their plaint in woods, and fountains splash with jets of water clear; all sounds to invite light slumbers. But when the wintry season of thundering Jove gathers its rains and snows, then with his pack of hounds he drives from either side the fierce boars into the nets that stop their course, or on smooth pole stretches the fine-meshed nets, snares to entrap the greedy thrush, and captures in the noose the timorous hare or foreign crane, the pleasant prizes of the chase. Midst scenes like these who does not forget the

¹ Founded by Telegonus, son of Circe.

painful cares attendant on love? But should a chaste wife give her share of help to bless his home and dear children, true as Sabine matron, or sunburnt wife of industrious Apulian swain, as she piles up on the holy hearth logs of seasoned wood to greet the return of the tired master, or as she pens up within the close-woven hurdles the joyous flock, milking their full udders, or, bringing forth from the sweet cask this year's wine, prepares the unbought meal: then the Lucrine fish¹ would not please me more, nor turbot, nor scar, that storm roaring upon the Eastern waves may drive to our sea; the African bird² is not more pleasant to my palate, nor the Ionian moor-fowl, than olive picked from the choicest boughs of the trees, or herb of sorrel that loves the meadow, or mallow that gives health to the oppressed body, or lamb slain at the feast of the god of bounds,³ or kid saved from the fangs of the wolf. During these repasts, how joyous the sight of well-fed sheep hastening home, of tired oxen bringing the inverted plough-share on their drooping necks, and the home-born slaves of the wealthy house, like a swarm of bees, ranged round the Lares shining in the fire-light!" Such were the words of the usurer Alphius; he was just on the point of turning rustic; he got in all his money on the Ides; when the Calends come, he wants to put it out again.

III

Horace in this epode addressed to Mæcenus expresses his humorous horror of garlic.

MAY the man, whoe'er he be, that with unnatural hand has strangled his aged father, eat garlic, herb more noxious than hemlock! Ye reapers, oh how tough are your stomachs! What is this poison raging in my entrails? Was blood of vipers boiled in these herbs, and I knew it not? or did Canidia's hand dress this cursed dish? When Medea

¹ *i. e.*, oysters, for which the Lucrine lake near Baiaë was famous.

² Perhaps the guinea-fowl.

³ Terminus. The feast was celebrated in February, at the close of the old year.

admired beauteous Jason above all the Argonauts, with the juice of garlic she anointed all his body, as he went to yoke the untried oxen; in garlic her gift was steeped, when on her rival she took her vengeance, and then fled on car of winged snakes. Ne'er yet on thirsty Apulia settled such heat of dog-star, nor did the present sent to Hercules the doer burn with greater fury on his shoulders. But you, Mæcenas, full of your jokes, if e'er you fancy such a herb as this, may your mistress put up her hand to stop your lip, and lie at the end of the couch!

IV.

An attack upon a man of low birth, who gave himself great airs on account of his having been made military tribune.

As is the natural antipathy between wolves and lambs, such is mine to you, with your back galled by Iberian cords,¹ and your legs by hard fetters. Strut insolent in your wealth: money changes not birth. As with measured gait you walk in the Sacred Way,² clad in toga six ells broad, can you not see how that all passing either way turn their faces in undisguised indignation? "Why! this is the man lashed by the triumvirs'³ rods even to the disgust of the common crier, but now he ploughs a thousand acres of Falernian land, and with his nags wears the Appian way, and sits in the front rows, magnificent knight, braving Otho's law.⁴ What boots it then that so many ships,⁵ pointed with beaks of ponderous weight, should sail against pirates and bands of slaves, when this man, even this, is tribune of the soldiers?"

¹ *i. e.*, made of Spanish broom.

² The Broadway of Rome.

³ Police magistrates.

⁴ This law reserved the fourteen front rows of the theatre for the gentry.

⁵ The fleet of Sextus Pompeius.

V

The piteous lamentation of a boy of noble birth, doomed to die by a lingering death, that thence may be made a love potion to be administered to Varus, who had been faithless to Canidia. She is held up at once to ridicule and execration. Compare Epode 17 and Satire 8 in Book I, probably both written about the same time.

“BUT, oh ye Powers of heaven, ruling the earth and race of man, what bodes this scene tumultuous? Or why are all your faces turned so fiercely on me alone? I pray you by your children, if ever Lucina came to your call at real birth-pains, by this my purple stripe¹ which graces me for nought, by Jove who will surely rebuke deeds like these, why on me do you gaze, as a stepmother, or as wild beast assailed by iron weapons?” Uttering such wailings from the quivering mouth, stood there the boy stripped of his ornaments, a tender frame, such as might soften the impious hearts of Thracians; meanwhile Canidia, her locks entwined with short snakes, and head dishevelled, bids burn in magic flames wild fig-trees torn from graves, and cypresses, funereal trees, and eggs smeared with blood of hideous toad, and feathers of screech-owl, bird of night, and herbs Iolcos sends, and Iberia fruitful in drugs, and bones snatched from the teeth of starving bitch. Then Sagana, with vest tucked up, sprinkles o’er all the house waters of lake Avernus, her hair erect, as the sea-urchin bristles rough, or running boar. But Veia checked by no remorse began to throw up the ground with sturdy mattock, that in a pit the boy might pine away, gazing on the food changed twice or thrice during the weary day; with face prominent as far as bodies poised upon the chin² rise above the water; for his dried marrow and shrivelled liver were to make a love potion, so soon as his eyeballs had withered away, fixed on the forbidden food. That Folia of Ariminum was not absent then is the belief of Naples, city of leisure, and of

¹ The mark of a freeborn citizen.

² *i. e.*, swimmers.

each neighbouring town; she by Thessalian song plucks from the sky the enchanted stars and moon. Then savagely Canidia gnaws with her yellow tooth the uncut nail of her thumb; what said she then? or what forbore to say? "Hail each of you," she cried, "no unfaithful arbitresses to my deeds, thou, Night, and thou, Hecate, queen of silence during the sacred mysteries; now, e'en now be here, now on this hostile house your wrath and power direct. Whilst in the awful woods the beasts lie hid, relaxed in pleasant sleep, may the dogs of the Subura¹ howl at the adulterous old man, that all may laugh at him smeared with such spikenard, so that more perfect never my hands prepared.—But what has happened? why have my poisons, worthy of Colchian Medea, lost their power? With drugs such as these she vengeance took on her haughty rival, child of great Creon, then fled: that day the robe, a gift in venom steeped, destroyed the bride in a sheet of fire. Surely no herb or root concealed in savage haunts has escaped my search! He sleeps on couches smeared with oblivion of all my rivals. But ah! he walks at large, free through the charm of some more learned sorceress. Yet by no common potion, Varus, O soul doomed to suffer much, shall you come hastening back to me; no Marsian enchantments² shall recall your reason: a draught more potent I will prepare, and mix it stronger for your disdainful heart; and sooner shall the heavens sink beneath the sea, while the earth is spread above, than you not burn with my love, as this bitumen burns in black fires." Hereupon the boy no more, as he had done, essays to soothe the impious hags with gentle prayer, but, at a loss how to break silence, yet uttered Thyestean curse: "Magic drugs," he cried, "can confound the power of right and wrong, they cannot avert the retribution due to mortal deeds; with curses I will pursue you, the curses of hate no victims will atone. Nay when, as you ordain, I have breathed forth my life, I will, as a spirit of Frenzy, haunt you in the night; in ghostly form I will attack your faces with crooked talons; such is the power of the Manes, those gods below; as night-

¹ Poor quarter of Rome.

² The Marsian witches were famous.

mare sitting on your restless breasts I will with panic scare away your sleep. From street to street on all sides the crowd pursuing will stone you to death, ye unclean hags, and last of all your unburied limbs shall be torn by wolves and birds of the Esquiline hill.¹ My parents alas! survive my death, but surely shall be witnesses of this sight."

VI

Addressed to one who slandered the defenceless. Horace assures him that he can and will defend himself.

WHY trouble innocent strangers, like a dog cowardly against the wolf? Why not turn on me, if you dare, your idle menaces, and attack one ready to bite in return? I will pursue you, even as Molossian hounds, or tawny dogs of Sparta's breed, a power that befriends the shepherds, prick up their ears, and drive through the deep snow whatever beast runs before them: you with tremendous bayings fill the wood, then snuff the food thrown to you. Beware, beware: against the bad I am all roughness, and ready with uplifted horn, like him rejected² as son-in-law by faithless Lycambes, or as Bupalus' fierce foe.³ What! shall I, attacked by the tooth of malice, weep like a helpless boy?

VII

The blood of Remus slain by his brother is atoned for by the blood of his descendants in civil war.

"WHITHER, whither rush ye, a guilty race? Why do your hands grasp swords but lately sheathed? Has then too little Latin blood been shed on the plains and o'er Neptune's realms, not that Rome might burn the haughty towers of rival Carthage, or that the Briton as yet untouched by war

¹ On this spot criminals were executed, and their bodies torn by vultures.

² Archilochus.

³ Hipponax.

might walk in chains along the Sacred Slope,¹ but that, as Parthians would pray, our city should fall by its own act? E'en wolves and lions have not such a nature, savage indeed, but not against their kind. Is it blind frenzy, or some fiercer power, or sin that drives you on? Reply." Speechless are they, and a sickly pallor discolours their countenance, and their minds are stricken with stupor. E'en so it is: Rome is pursued by bitter fates, and the guilt of a brother's murder, from the day there was shed upon the ground the blood of innocent Remus bringing a curse upon his descendants.

IX

Addressed to Mæcenas, as is supposed, after the news of the battle of Actium had reached Rome, B.C. 31.

WHEN shall I quaff in joy for Cæsar's victory the Cæcuban wine reserved for holyday repasts, with you, O blest Mæcenas, beneath your lofty roof; a duty Jove accepts; while sounds the lyre in unison with the flutes, as they give the Phrygian, it the Dorian strain? E'en as of late, when driven from the [Sicilian] straits fled Neptune's son,² the Captain, after his ships were burnt, and he had threatened Rome with those bonds, which, friend of faithless slaves, he had taken from their hands. A Roman soldier alas! (but ye, posterity, will refuse belief,) sold into slavery to a woman [Cleopatra], carries stakes and arms, and stoops to serve wrinkled eunuchs, and midst war's standards the sun beholds the disgrace of an awning. Then to our side two thousand Gauls wheeled their neighing steeds, in chorus singing Cæsar; and the sterns of the hostile ships, rowed backwards to the left, lie hidden in the harbour. Io Triumphe! Why delayest thou the car of gold, and heifers never yoked? Io Triumphe! So great a captain³ thou didst not bring back from the Jugurthine war, not so great returned Africanus, to whom upon the ruins of

¹ That part of the Sacred Way or Street which sloped down from the Capitol.

² Sextus Pompeius, who so called himself.

³ Marius.

Carthage Valour raised a monument. By land and sea the enemy defeated has doffed his purple cloak, and now is clad in mourning; he is carried either to Crete, isle famed for a hundred towns, by gales that bless him not, or sails for the Syrtes troubled by Notus, or is borne by capricious waves. Bring hither, boy, cups of a larger size, and wine of Chios or Lesbos, or mix for us Cæcuban to stay our qualmish sickness. I joy to drown my care and fear for Cæsar's fortunes in sweet cups of the god who frees the soul.

X

In this Epode, the opposite of Ode 3, Book 1, Horace expresses his hope that a storm may overtake Mævius and drown him in the sea.

WITH evil omens from its mooring sails the ship freighted with noisome Mævius: ¹ forget not, Auster, to lash either side of the vessel with rough billows! Let black Eurys upheave the main, and tear the rigging and scatter the shivered oars; let Aquilo rise as mighty as when are snapped the quivering oaks on the high mountains; nor any friendly star appear on the dark night, when sets the grisly Orion; and may he be borne o'er waters as tumultuous, as those which troubled the victorious Grecian host, when Pallas turned her wrath from the ashes of Troy on the ship of impious Ajax! How soon shall your mariners be bathed in sweat, and how sickly shall be your pallor! Unmanly are your wailing cries, and prayers from which Jove turns his face, when the Ionian bay shall roar with the rainy Notus, and break your keel. But if your body lies on the winding shore, a rich prey to gladden the birds of the sea, then to the Tempests I will offer a lusty goat and lamb.

¹ The bad poet whom Virgil also disliked.

XI

Horace tells his friend Pettius he cannot write verses, as once, for Love's hand is upon him, and the remedies of love are uncertain.

I FEEL no heart, as once, friend Pettius, to write tender verses, smitten as I am by grievous love, by love, who singles me out of all for his flames to burn me. This is the third December, which shakes the glory from the woods, since my mad passion for Inachia ceased. Woe is me, throughout the city—I am ashamed of such ill-doing—was I the talk of all. And for those banquets I must grieve, where dull spirits, and silence, and sighs drawn deep betrayed the lover. “Is the honest genius of a poor man no match for gold?” So used I to make my appeal to your sympathy, when I was heated with more generous wine, and the god who knows not reserve had drawn my secrets forth. “But now that anger surges in my soul so free, that to the winds it scatters these thankless remedies, which bring no relief to my sore wound, my shame is gone, and I shall cease to vie with unworthy rivals.” Such was the course I praised with virtuous words when in your presence: you bid me go back home; but my wavering feet bore me to doors alas! unfriendly, and to thresholds, woe to me! how hard! against which I bruised my loins and side.

XIII

While nature is stormy without, let friends be joyous within. Life is short and full of troubles, but has its pleasures and alleviations.

THE heavens frown with rough weather, and Jove is downward drawn with rain and snow; now seas, then woods war with the Thracian blasts; let us, my friends, snatch our opportunity from the present day, and whilst our limbs are vigorous still, and joy becomes us, let age be cleared from off our clouded brow. Bring you forth the wine made when Torquatus was consul in my natal year.¹ Care not to speak

¹ B.C. 65.

of aught beside: God perchance will settle back in peace our lot by kindly change. To-day right joyously I bedew myself with Achæmenian¹ nard, and on the lyre of Mercury lighten my heart of dreaded cares; even as the noble Centaur sang to his tall pupil: "Mortal child of immortal Thetis, for you, destined to be invincible, waits the land of Assaracus,² which the cool streams of little Scamander and rolling Simois divide; unalterable is the woof by which the Fates have cut off your return; never shall your azure mother³ bear you home; when there, you must lighten every toil by wine and song, the two sweet comforters of unsightly sorrow."

XIV

Addressed to Mæcenas to excuse himself for not having completed a long-promised poem.

MÆCENAS, true friend, you will be the death of me, if you ask so often, why a soft indolence has spread itself into my inmost soul, as though with thirsty throat I had drained cups inducing Lethæan slumbers: a god, yes, a god forbids my bringing to the finishing point the iambics I began, my long promised poem. Not otherwise, 'tis said, Anacreon of Teos loved Samian Bathyllus, and oft on hollow shell mourned for his passion, in measures freely flowing. You yourself are burning woefully;⁴ but if no brighter beauty kindled with fire beleaguered Troy, rejoice in your lot: I am racked by love of Phryne, a freedwoman, a mistress not content with a single admirer.

¹ Persian.

² Troy, of which Assaracus was king.

³ Thetis, goddess of the azure sea.

⁴ Terentia, the wife of Mæcenas, tormented him with other flames besides those of love. She was divorced by him and again taken back, so that it was said he was married often, but had only one wife. *Od.* II. 12, 13.

XV

Horace complains of the broken faith of one Neæra, who had abandoned him for a wealthier rival, and he warns him that he will meet with the same perfidy.

'TWAS night, in cloudless sky the moon was shining amid the lesser stars, when you, fearing not to profane the divinity of the great gods, swore to the oath that I dictated; and clinging to me with twining arms, closer than tall oak is embraced by ivy, vowed that whilst wolves are the enemies of sheep, and Orion, the disturber of the stormy sea, is the dread of sailors, whilst wave in the breeze the flowing locks of Apollo, so long my love should be returned. But ah! Neæra, destined are you to grieve through my resolution; for if in Flaccus there be aught of manhood, he will not brook that you ever to a rival give your hours, and, angry with you, will look for one who will return his love. Nor will his resolve give way to your beauty which has once displeased him, if settled wrath has passed into his soul. And you, whoe'er you be, happier now, who shew yourself so proud at my expense, rich you may be in flocks and many an acre, for you Pactolus may flow with gold, and known to you perhaps are the mysteries of Pythagoras, the seer born to many a life, in beauty you may surpass Nireus;¹ yet with sighs shall you mourn her love transferred elsewhere, and I in turn shall laugh.

XVI

1—13. *Describes the threatened ruin of Rome by civil wars.*

A SECOND age is now wearing away in civil wars, and Rome by her own act is falling through her own strength. The city, which neither the neighbouring Marsians had power to destroy, nor Tuscan troops of menacing Porsena, nor the rival valour of Capua, nor Spartacus fierce in war, nor the Allobroges faithless in days of change; the city unsubdued by

¹ The beautiful poltroon of the Iliad.

wild Germany with its blue-eyed warriors, or by Hannibal, name abhorred by parents; this city we shall ourselves destroy, an impious age whose blood is doomed, and again wild beasts shall be the lords of the soil. A conqueror and barbarian, alas! shall trample on our ashes, and the horsemen strike our city's streets with echoing hoof; and insolently scatter (oh unholy sight!) the bones of Quirinus, sheltered now from wind and sun.

14—40. *An exhortation to his countrymen to bind themselves by oath to a voluntary and perpetual exile.*

Perchance all in common, or at least the better-minded part of you, are consulting how best to escape from woeful troubles. Let no opinion be preferred to this; even as the state of Phocæa's people fled into exile, bound by a solemn curse,¹ as they left their fields and own sacred homes and their shrines to be a dwelling-place for wild boars and ravening wolves; to go whither feet can carry, whither o'er the billows Notus invites or wanton Africus. Is this your pleasure? or has any one better advice to give? Why delay at once to embark with propitious omens? But let this be our form of oath: "As soon as stones lifted from the lowest depths swim on the surface, then to return may not be a sin; that we need not repent setting our sails homeward on the day that the Po washes Matinum's peaks, or the lofty Apennine juts into the sea, and a wondrous love forms monstrous unions with strange passion, so that tigers may gladly pair with stags, and the dove mate with the kite, and trusting cattle lose their dread of glaring lions, and the he-goat, now smooth, haunt the briny main." To such oaths as these, and others like them, that may cut off a return to dear home let us bind ourselves, and go, the whole state, or the part wiser than the crowd who will not learn; let the craven and despairing still press their ill-starred beds; but you of a manly spirit away with womanish sorrow, and wing your voyage beyond the Tuscan shores.

41—66. *A full description of the happy isles.*

Us Ocean waits, that wanders round the world; let us

¹ See Herodotus.

speed to the fields, the blessed fields, and to the isles of wealth, where Earth unploughed supplies her corn each year, and ever flourishes the unpruned vine, and the topmost bough of the olive shoots and never disappoints, and the dusky fig adorns its proper tree; from hollow oak flows honey, lightly the rill with tinkling foot bounds down the mountain heights. There the unbidden goats come to the pails, and the kindly flock brings back distended udders; nor roars around the fold the evening bear, nor does the deep soil heave with vipers. More too in our bliss we shall admire; how that watery Eurus ne'er sweeps the fields with drenching showers, nor are the seeds rich in promise scorched in the arid earth, as the king of heavenly Powers tempers either extreme. Hither sped not the ship Argo with her rowers, the shameless Medea set not foot here, nor did sailors of Sidon turn sail-yards hitherward, nor Ulysses' toilsome crew. No ill contagion hurts the cattle, the burning violence of no star scorches the flock. Jove set apart those shores for a pious race, when he debased the days of gold with brass; when he hardened the ages with brass, and then with iron; from which an auspicious flight is granted to the pious, with me for their seer.

XVII

I—52. *Horace represents himself as entreating Canidia for mercy. He retracts the charges he had made against her, in an ironical recantation.*

Now, now to witchcraft's workings I surrender, and humbly beseech by Proserpine's realms, by Hecate's powers not lightly to be provoked, and by the magic books able to unfix the stars and call them down from heaven, Canidia, forbear at last your charms of imprecation, and unroll backwards, unroll your rapid wheel.¹ Telephus to pity moved the grandson of Nereus,² though in his pride he had marshalled against him the Mysian lines, and hurled his pointed spears. The matrons of Troy anointed the body of Hector the slayer of

¹ The rhombos, or enchanter's wheel. See Idyl II. of Theocritus.

² Achilles, who first wounded, then cured Telephus, king of Mysia.

heroes, when doomed to wild birds and dogs, after that the king went forth from the city, and threw himself, sad sight, at the feet of the obstinate Achilles. The toilsome mariners of Ulysses stripped their limbs of rough bristling hides, for so consented Circe; then reason and speech returned to them gradually, and the familiar grace of the human countenance. Enough and more than enough is the atonement I have paid to you, sweetheart of many a boatman and huckster. My youthful look is gone, the hue of modesty has left my bones clad now with yellow skin; my hair is grey through your ointments, no ease succeeds my toil to give me rest; night follows close on day, and day on night, nor can I relieve the tightened breathing of my chest. So then, wretched man that I am, I am forced to believe a truth I once denied, that Sabine enchantments can trouble the heart, and Marsian chants can split the head. What would you more? O sea! O earth! I burn, as ne'er burned Hercules smeared with the poisoned blood of Nessus, nor the undying Sicilian flame in glowing Ætna; but till I am reduced to dry cinders and borne by insulting winds, you glow like crucible with Colchian drugs. What end awaits me now? what payment can I make? Declare; impose your penalty, with good faith will I pay it, ready to make atonement should you name a hecatomb of bullocks, or from my lying lute demand a song, how chaste you are, yes you, how honest; so shall you range among the stars, a golden constellation.¹ Castor and the brother of great Castor, offended on account of Helen defamed, yet, overcome by prayer, restored the bard² his eyesight taken from him. And you, (for you have power,) free me from my frenzy, you, a woman disgraced by no shame of father, you, no hag skilled to scatter the ashes on the ninth day³ among the graves of the poor. You surely have a heart kind to strangers, your hands are pure, Pactumeius is your true son, and of your childbirth there is no doubt, whenever you come forth strong after your travail.

¹ *i. e.*, like Ariadne.

² Stesichorus, whose recantation was famous.

³ The day on which the ashes of the dead were buried.

53—81. *Canidia is made to speak as one who is deaf to Horace's prayers.*

Why do you pour forth prayers to stopped ears? The rocks are not deafer to the naked sailors, when wintry Neptune buffets them with dashing surge. What! are you with impunity to divulge and deride the mysteries of Cotytto,¹ the rites of Cupid unchecked by law, and unpunished to fill the city with my name, as though you were high-priest of witchcraft on the Esquiline hill? what then would be the good to have enriched Pelignian hags, and to have mingled poison full swift in its effects? But no, a death more lingering than you pray for awaits you, and you must prolong a wretched thankless life only for this, that you may ever survive to bear fresh pains. So longs for rest the father of faithless Pelops, Tantalus craving ever for the bounteous repast; so longs Prometheus to a vulture bound; so longs Sisyphus to set the stone on the summit; but Jove's laws forbid. At times you will wish to spring from lofty towers, anon to lay your breast bare with the Noric sword;² in vain will you bind a noose around your throat in the despair of your sickening grief. Then shall I ride mounted on your hated shoulders, and the earth shall yield to my arrogance. I can give motion to images of wax,³ as your own prying eyes have seen, and from the sky my charms can pluck the moon, I can wake the dead from their ashes, and mix cups of pining love, and am I to lament the issue of my craft as unavailing against you?

¹ A worship introduced into Athens from Thrace.

² Noricum, now Carinthia, Styria, and parts of Bavaria, was famous for its steel.

³ Enchanters were thought to be able to do this. See Theocritus, Idyl II.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SATIRES

SATIRE arose, as poetry in general arose, from the rude devotion and festive revels of the rustics in days of old. The Greek plays, tragic and comic alike, had the same origin. Ceres and Bacchus were the teachers and inspirers of these rough and unlettered poets. Often have been quoted the standard passages of Virgil, Horace, and Tibullus, in which is described the worship of the stout swains of old, their rural songs, their alternate strains and boisterous raillery. It seems indeed a long way from the uncouth and extemporaneous effusions of these husbandmen at the end of harvest to the highly-polished satires of Boileau and Pope; but it is a way easily followed; and, after all, the difference is more one of form and style than real feeling. In the unshapen poetry of an early and uncivilized people, all styles and kinds are found mixed together, as yet undistinguished, in what may be called a formless and confused chaos; presently the various parts of poetry separate from one another, just as is the case in all things, in nature, in language, in society; from the rustic gibe poured forth in alternate verse came the farces, then the plays of Livius Andronicus; whilst Ennius, amongst his other works, and after him Pacuvius, wrote compositions which they called Satires. These satires embraced all varieties of subjects, serious and gay, were composed in metres mingled together in the same poems, were like a dish [*satura*] laden with a medley of all sorts of food, (whence came the name "satire,") and contained fables, dialogues, allegories, precepts, description, eulogy, censure, all thrown together. They could not then have been altogether unlike the satires of Horace.

And yet Lucilius passes for the inventor of Satire. In what particular points Lucilius differed from Ennius, and how he deserves the honourable name of "the inventor of Satire," it is hard to say. Indeed Quintilian only says that



Le page 9 v

Goupi gravure

in Satire Lucilius first obtained distinguished praise. Probably Lucilius first gave a regular form to Satire. It is likely, too, that his satires were a great advance in excellence on those of Ennius. He used chiefly the hexameter verse, and did not mingle together different metres in the same book, as Ennius did. Probably, too, his books had greater unity than those of Ennius, and less variety of incongruous matter. If so, his Satires would be a step forward, and less according to the original meaning of the name, but would approach nearer to the notion which the word Satire now conveys.

Quintilian claims Satire as entirely Roman, and Horace speaks of it as a kind of writing untouched by the Greeks; and yet in another place he says that Lucilius owes all to writers of the old Greek comedy. There is no contradiction in these statements. In form no doubt Satire is not Greek. The Greeks have nothing exactly like the Roman Satire. There is no Greek Horace, or Greek Juvenal. The writings of Archilochus, bitterer than gall, which are said to have driven those attacked by them to suicide, whatever may have really been their force and power, were doubtless more like lampoons than satires. They were attacks on particular persons, like some of the Epodes of Horace, and some of the less pleasing poems of Catullus. Whilst the Roman comedies of Terence were formed on the model of the new Greek comedy, the Satires of Rome were like the old Greek comedy, in personality, wit, vigour, freedom.

Horace appears to have given much offence by his remarks on the defects of Lucilius. Either it was orthodox to admire Lucilius, or the detractors of Horace were glad of a handle for attacking him. Quintilian says that some were such devoted admirers of Lucilius as to prefer him not only to other satirists, but to all other poets. He says that he holds a middle judgment between such admirers and the depreciator Horace, who compares Lucilius to a muddy river. "For," says Quintilian, "there is in him an admirable erudition, freedom too, and an abundance of salt." Cicero long before had often mentioned Lucilius as erudite and polished, as one who wrote neither for the most learned, nor for the illiterate, as witty and free-spoken and ready. However, if we can judge

at all by the fragments of Lucilius still preserved (which, though numerous, are all of them very short, and probably very corrupt), we should say that what Horace says of him is true, and in fact short of the truth.

Like indeed to Horace was Lucilius in many points. Both served in wars in their early youth. As Horace lived on familiar and intimate terms with Augustus and Mæcenas, so did Lucilius with Scipio and Lælius. Both poets were men of a free and independent character. It is, however, probable that Lucilius was much the severer and sharper critic of the two. Macrobius speaks of him as a keen and violent writer. Lactantius mentions him in conjunction with Lucian. Persius and Juvenal both speak of the way in which he scourged the vices of his times, whilst the same Persius describes Horace as moving laughter, and by his playful satire stealing into the hearts of his readers. Still Lucilius and Horace had many points in common. Horace was his own biographer, so was Lucilius. Both met with envy and jealousy, and defended themselves with vigour. Both set themselves up to criticise the writings of other authors. Horace's satires are full of dialogues. The same appears to have been the case with those of Lucilius. Avarice and extravagance were the vices which either satirist especially attacked. Both condemned the luxury that prevailed in their times, and themselves preferred a quiet and rural simplicity. Lucilius is supposed to have laughed at the pedantry of philosophers, as Horace afterwards did. Lucilius' journey to the shores of the Sicilian strait is said to be the model of Horace's journey to Brundisium. The journey of the earlier poet appears not to have been to accompany any great man, as Horace accompanied Mæcenas, but to have been a tour of pleasure, after the same simple fashion in which Horace tells us he liked to travel.

Yet in one point the two satirists were utterly different. Lucilius, as Horace tells us, and as we cannot help judging from the fragments of his verses still extant, was a rapid and careless writer, not so very far removed from the rude vine-dressers and early husbandmen of Italy. He regarded quality less than quantity, and, as though it were a great feat, would

dictate two hundred verses in an hour, standing on one foot. Horace was careful and exact, never diffuse, considering and weighing each line; he was, as Keightley says, the most elliptic of writers, in a language which is the most elliptic of languages. Lucilius was a clumsy and harsh writer; but, if his thirty books of satires had come down to us, we should no doubt have had a faithful, if rough picture of the troublous and restless times in which he lived, of the advance of luxury in the republic, of the character of Scipio, and of the manners of Lælius, much truer than that given in the dialogue of Cicero. We, who have the eighteen satires of Horace, know what we should have lost, if time had robbed us of them. They are far better to us than the pages of regular history. They let us into a thousand little things, of which history is ignorant or disdainful. However minutely Lucilius may have described the society of his times, he could hardly have excelled Horace in this point, while the charm of Horace's style is his own and unrivalled. Finish and care are apt to make writings dull, as Massillon is said to have taken the life out of his sermons by continually retouching them. The finish of Boileau's writings gives them a certain tameness. But the marvel of Horace is, that, though he is so finished, he is never dull. All comes as fresh from him as if he spoke the utterances of a child of nature.

"Satires," he calls these writings sometimes; at other times he calls them "Discourses" (Sermones). And indeed they by no means answer to the idea of satires, as we now understand the word, but are more like easy conversations with himself and others. They are free from ill-will and malice. He has faithfully kept the promise he has made about this. They are good-natured. They contain a variety which is admirable. At times they are satires, direct or indirect, on particular persons, or in general, on avarice, ambition, profligacy, luxury, superstition, on the follies and foibles of mankind. But mingled with these attacks are all kinds of subjects. Thus, for instance, in his journey to Brundisium there is scarcely any satire, as we should call it. Up and down the satires he has plenty to say about his friends. He is no niggard of praise towards them. Dryden says of him, "Folly

is his quarry, not vice." He is no set philosopher, as Persius was, no declaimer like Juvenal. He has much salt, little gall. His metaphors and figures are not strained, as those of Persius are. He has turns, sudden and unexpected, and never wearies by dwelling too long on one subject. He enlivens his writings by dialogues inserted abruptly. He has little fables and similes and tales introduced quite naturally. He never speaks of himself as of a great author, and disarms criticism by the way in which he confesses his own faults and weaknesses. He appears to be writing easily, and as one who plays with literature, and for all that he is a consummate artist. If aught were omitted or transposed, the effect would be much marred. Many of his lines, from their point and brevity, have passed into proverbs. He takes care to end nearly every satire with a light jest, and lets himself fall gently before he closes. When he describes his good father, the education he had received, his daily life, the little troubles and inconveniences which ruffled the surface of a comfortable and contented existence, he is more charming than ever.

Some satires, as the 9th of the 1st book, give a complete picture of a single event. The 2nd book is on the whole more powerful, but less easy and natural than the 1st, and one can see that Horace writes in the 2nd book with a certain amount of authority, and there is in it more satire, strictly so called, than in the 1st book. And yet the 6th satire in the 2nd book, which describes his simple happiness in the country, his bores and interruptions in the city, his easy conversation with his patron, and which ends with the story of the two mice, has hardly a word of satire in it. As Walckenaer says, in the sense which we now attach to satire, but which was not yet attached to it by the Romans even in the days of Augustus, it seems strange to give the name of Satire to a piece so full of elegance and gentleness, with no malice or ill-nature in it, no indignation or severity. In this satire we have the picture of a man modest, content, grateful, free from ambition, enjoying a happiness much more secure than that of the country mouse, (who is here the type of Horace,) when drawn against his better judgment from the country to

town. The mouse living on the hill-side with its grove of trees represents to us the poet in his villa in the deep valley under the hill *Lucretilis*.

Juvenal, the other great satirist of Rome, has often been compared with Horace. A great poet has compared them. Dryden, in his famous "Letter to the Earl of Dorset," called also "a Discourse on Satire," at great length and in brilliant language has given the reasons why he prefers Juvenal. He calls Horace more general and various, more copious in his instructions, one who insinuates virtue by familiar examples: but Juvenal, he says, is more vigorous and masculine, his expressions are more sonorous, his verse more numerous, his indignation more vehement, his spirit has more of the commonwealth of genius. A man of Dryden's turn of mind would be sure to prefer Juvenal. A man like Boileau or Pope would be sure to set more store on Horace. Dryden himself, with much good sense and ingenuousness, allows that he prefers Juvenal, because he suits his own taste better. There can hardly be a greater contrast than that between the man of a delicately playful wit and gentle humour, and the man of fierce invective and rhetorical morality. Juvenal owes nothing to Horace. He is one of the most original of writers. What is said of the want of originality in Latin poets certainly does not apply to Juvenal. His own indignation, and the depravity of the times in which his lot was cast, no study of any other writer, made him a satirist. He lived in days "bad for the man, good for the satirist." But he never can be a companion or familiar friend, as Horace is. For one edition of Juvenal it would be curious to know how many there have been of Horace.

A more natural comparison is that between Horace's own satires and epistles. Now his satires are not altogether unlike letters, and his epistles are not quite unlike satires, at any rate satires in the sense in which Horace uses the word. Still there are contrasts. His satires were written in his earlier days, the epistles in his declining years. In the epistles he writes with greater authority than he ventures to assume in most of the satires. There is more spirit, life, vigour, versatility in the satires; in the epistles there is a more soft

and gentle tone. The satires are more about his detractors, the epistles more about his friends. In the epistles there is less to offend modern notions of taste and feeling. The satires are written in a joyous spirit, which is tinged with melancholy in the epistles. The satires give us on the whole more pictures of life in general, of the state of Rome, of society, its habits, feasts and amusements, its jokes and rivalries: in the epistles we have more of a calm spirit. The epistles are nobler than the satires, and mark an improvement in the character of the poet. They have a more perfect finish, and are more refined and thoughtful. The sentences are shorter and rounder in their compass. Horace may be regarded, as Keightley says, as the inventor of the Poetic Epistle. If he had never written anything after the satires, we might have thought that nothing could have surpassed their characteristic charm; but when we read the epistles, we may say that Horace has surpassed not others only, but himself also.

THE SATIRES

BOOK I

I

1—22. *The general discontent of mankind is unreal, and might well irritate the good-natured gods.*

How comes it to pass, Mæcenas, that no one lives contented with the lot which either choice has given him, or chance thrown in his way, while he admires the fortune of those who follow a different profession? "O ye happy traders!" says the soldier laden with the weight of years, whose strength is broken with hard toil. On the other hand the trader, as the south winds toss his ship, says: "A soldier's life is better; for how stands the case? the armies clash in battle; in the turning-point of a short hour comes swift death, or victory and joy." The farmer's life is admired by him who is learned in the law and statutes, when at early cock-crowing his client comes knocking at his doors. The other, when having given bail he is dragged from the country to the town, loudly declares none to be happy but those living in town. Other instances of the same kind are so numerous, that they could tire out even loquacious Fabius.¹ Not to delay you, hear the point of my argument. If some god were to say: "Lo, here I am to do what you want: you, sir, who a minute ago were a soldier, are to be a trader; you, who just now were a lawyer, see, you are now a farmer; there, change sides and characters as on the stage: away with you: but why do you stand still? Can they be unwilling to change? And yet they might be as happy as they fondly wish." What reason is there to prevent Jove in his anger puffing out his cheeks against them, and declaring that he will not be so weak for the future as to listen to their prayers?

¹ A long-winded Stoic philosopher.

23—40. *A discontented avarice is reprov'd even by the brute creation.*

Further, that I may not, like a jester, joke as I go through the subject; (and yet a man while joking may surely tell the truth, as often schoolmasters give cakes to boys to wheedle them into willingness to learn their alphabet;) however, let us put aside jokes and turn to serious things. Yon farmer, that turns up the earth with strong plough, this cheating landlord here, soldiers and sailors that boldly scour o'er the sea, declare that this is the meaning of their enduring such toil; when they are old, they will retire into ease and security, having collected for themselves a small pittance; just as the ant (for this is their example), a creature little, but great in industry, drags with its mouth all it can, and adds to the heap it raises, an animal not ignorant or improvident of the future; but she, as soon as Aquarius saddens the inverted year, creeps out in no direction, but uses her store, a wise creature: whereas, neither by torrid heat, nor by winter, fire, water, sword, can you be turned aside from gain, finding no obstacle to stop you, if only your neighbour be not richer than you.

41—60. *What is the use of unemployed money? Enough is a feast. Great wealth is useless, and dangerous too.*

What pleasure is there so stealthily deep in a hole of the earth timorously to hide an immense weight of gold and silver? "Ah," says the miser, "because, if I lessen it, it will at last be reduced to a worthless penny." "But unless," I reply, "you do so lessen it, what is the charm of this heap piled so high? Suppose your floor has threshed out a hundred thousand bushels of corn, will your stomach on that account hold more than mine? just as if it so happened that you among the slaves carried the bag full of loaves on your laden shoulder, you would not therefore receive more than he who carried nothing. Or say, what odds does it make to him who lives within the bounds of nature, whether he farms a hundred or a thousand acres? But you will say, 'Ah, 'tis pleasant to take from a large heap.' Nay, but so long as you let us take as much from our little, why should you praise your granaries more than our tiny bins? It is as if you wanted a pitcher-full or a glass-full of water, and were to say: 'I had

rather take this quantity from a great river, than from this little well;’ the natural result is, that those who take delight in an unreasonable quantity are carried off with the bank, and hurried down by the impetuous Aufidus; whilst he who wants just as little as is needful neither draws up muddy water, nor loses his life in the swollen stream.”

61—91. *The miser has a wretched kind of self-applause; but he, like Tantalus, is never satisfied; he knows not the real use of money, lives in dread, is lonely in sickness, meets with no love, even from relations.*

But a large part of mankind are deceived by a vain covetousness, and say one never can have enough, for that money is the measure of worth. Now what can you do with such a man, but bid him go and be wretched, since he has a fancy so to be? As of a certain man at Athens it is told that he, being rich and mean, used to despise the hootings of the people thus: “The people, they hiss me, but I, I applaud myself at home, as soon as I contemplate my coins in my chest.” Thirsty Tantalus catches at the streams as they fly from his lips. You laugh; why so? change but the name, and of you the tale is told: you heap up money-bags collected from all quarters, you sleep on them, gape over them, you are compelled to spare them, as though they were holy, or to take the pleasure in them that you would in pictures. Do you not know the good of money, the end it serves? Why, buy bread with it, vegetables, a pint of wine, in addition, such things as nature suffers pain, if bereaved of. What, to be wide awake half dead, through fear, night and day to live in dread of rascally thieves, fire, your slaves, lest they plunder you and run away, is this so delightful? Of such goods as these may I ever be utterly destitute! But if your body, attacked by a chill, becomes full of pain, or any accident confines you to your bed, have you any one to sit by you, get your fomentations ready, entreat the doctor to raise you up, and restore you to your children and affectionate relations? No, your wife does not want you to get well, nor does your son; all hate you, even your acquaintance, boys and girls alike. Can you wonder, when you put money above all else, that no one shews you the affection you deserve not? What, if you choose to

retain and keep the affection of those relatives given you by nature with no trouble of your own, would you then be so unlucky as to lose your labour? Would not that be like training a donkey to run as a racer on the Campus Martius, obedient to the bit?

92—100. *Set bounds to your desires. There are other evils besides poverty, as Ummidius found.*

In short, put bounds to your pursuit of wealth, and, as you have amassed more, so dread poverty less, lest your end be that of a certain Ummidius—it is a short story—so rich was he, that he measured, not counted his money; so mean was he, that he dressed no better than a slave, to his last hour he lived in perpetual dread of actual starvation: not so came his end, for his freed-woman cleft him through with an axe; she was as brave as any Clytemnestra.

101—107. *Do you, then, advise me to be a spendthrift? No, not so; surely in all things there is a mean.*

What then, sir, is your advice? to live like spendthrift Mænius, or the gourmand Nomentanus?¹ Not so: why, you proceed to set contraries against contraries face to face: when I say, Be not a miser, I do not say, Be a worthless prodigal. There is a mean between Tanais and the father-in-law of Visellius. There is a mean in all things; in short there are fixed limits, beyond which on either side truth and right cannot be found.

108—120. *The miser is never contented, always envious, thinks only of those richer than himself, can never say, no, not when dying, I have had enough.*

I return to the point whence I digressed, how that no miser is ever content, but envies those who have followed another line of life, pining with envy, if his neighbour's goat gives more milk, forgetting to compare himself with the crowd of poorer men, ever striving to surpass this or that wealthy man. Thus, in his haste to be rich, ever before him stands a richer man: it is as when chariots start from the barrier, the running horses bear them swiftly on, then hard on the steeds that beat his own presses the charioteer, making small account of him

¹ Sallust the historian hired his cook for 100,000 sesterces (\$5,000).

whom he has passed, and who slowly goes amongst the hindmost. Thus rarely can we find the man who says he has had a happy life, and who, contented with his portion of days, leaves the banquet like one who has had his fill. But enough; you will think that I have been pilfering the desks of bleary-eyed Crispinus; ¹ so I will not add a word more.

II

1—24. *Men fall into one of two extremes, avarice or prodigality, and think to escape from one fault by running into its opposite.*

THE guilds of singing girls, the vendors of drugs, beggars, actresses in farces, buffoons, all that sort of people, are sad and troubled at the death of the singer Tigellius: no wonder, for he was generous to them. The man of the opposite character dreads the name of spendthrift, and grudges a poor friend as much as would ward off from him cold and pinching poverty. If you ask another why so lavishly he wastes the noble property of his grandfather and father on his thankless appetite, buying up every dainty with borrowed money, he answers that he should not like to be thought mean and narrow-minded. One set praises him, another condemns him. Fufidius rich in lands, rich in money put out to interest, dreads the character of a worthless prodigal; he cuts away sixty per cent from the principle, and the more deeply in debt the ruined man is, the more hardly he presses him; he is ever on the look-out for bonds of minors who have just put on their toga, and whose fathers keep them tight. "Great Jupiter!" we exclaim, as soon as we hear of this extortion: "but then surely he lives in a style proportionate to his gains?" Not so: you would hardly believe how severe he is to himself, so that the father in the play,² whom Terence brings on the stage as leading a miserable life after he has driven away his son, does not torture himself worse than Fufidius does.

¹ A Stoic prig.

² Menedemus, in the play of *The Self-Tormentor*, q. v., vol. one.

Now, if you ask me what I am driving at, I reply, This is what I want to shew, that while fools avoid one vice, they run into its opposite.

III

I—19. *The account of Tigellius, the most inconsistent of men.*

IT is a general fault of all singers, that, when among their friends, they never can make up their mind to sing, however much pressed; when no one asks them, they never stop singing. This was a characteristic of Tigellius, a worthy child of Sardinia:¹ Cæsar, who might have compelled him, could not persuade him, though he intreated him by the friendship he and his father had for him: if the whim took him, then he would chant "Io Bacche!" from the first course to the dessert, one minute in the highest key, then in the lowest on the tetrachord. There was no consistency in the man: he would often run as one fleeing from an enemy, very often walk as solemnly as one bearing the sacred basket of Juno: often he kept two hundred slaves, then only ten; sometimes his talk was of kings and tetrarchs, all in the magnificent style; anon his language was, "Give me a three-legged table, a shell of clean salt, a coat, never mind how coarse, to keep off the cold." Supposing you presented this thrifty contented man with a million sesterces, in a few days he had not a farthing in his pockets. He would sit up all night till the morning appeared, then all day he snored. Never was such an inconsistent creature.

19—37. *It is easy to see other people's faults. Self-love is foolish and wrong; let us examine ourselves.*

But now perhaps some one may say to me: "You, sir, have you no faults?" To be sure I have, but of another sort, and perchance not so bad. Whilst Mænius was carping at Novius behind his back, "You there," says one present, "do you not know yourself, or as one unknown do you think to impose on us?" "I for my part," says Mænius, "make

¹ Sardinia had a bad name; thus a Sardonic smile was a sneer.

allowances for myself." This love is foolish and extravagant, and deserves the brand of censure. Whilst you look at your own failings, much as a blear-eyed man might whose eyes are unanointed, why is your sight of your friend's faults as keen as that of eagle or Epidaurian serpent?¹ Then to you in your turn it comes to pass, that your acquaintance peer into your faults. Here is a man a little quick-tempered, ill able to bear the sharp criticism of our modern wits; no doubt he is open to ridicule, as one is who is shorn in country style, whose toga hangs loosely, whose badly fastened shoe fits his foot ill; and yet he is a good man, so that you will not find a better; a friend to you, and under a rough exterior is concealed a great genius. In short, sift and examine yourself, whether any faults are not implanted in you, either by nature, or by bad habits: for in the neglected field grows the fern whose end is to be burnt.

38—42. *It were well, if friends, like lovers, could be blind.*

Now, let us first look at the fact that a lover either sees not the ugly blemishes of his mistress, or is even charmed with them, as Balbinus was with the polypus in Hagna's nose. Would to heaven we could make the like mistakes in friendship, and that such errors had a fair name given them by right feeling!

43—66. *We should do as parents do, give gentle names to the faults of our friends: but now their very virtues have the names of vices given to them.*

We should not be offended at any fault of a friend, more than a parent is with the defects of a child; a boy squints, his father talks of the cast of his eye; or he calls him a little dear, when he is quite a dwarf, like that abortion Sisyphus² not long ago; another child with misshapen legs is called a Varus;³ or if he can barely balance himself on his crooked ankles, then his father with a lisp speaks of him as a true Scaurus.³ So, if a friend lives rather nearly, let us call him a thrifty man. Another is rather wanting in tact, and somewhat vain; he

¹ There were serpents at the shrine of Æsculapius in Epidaurus.

² Antony's dwarf, two feet high, so named for his cunning.

³ Cognomens of families originally given for bodily peculiarities.

expects to appear complacent to his friends; or, if he be rather rough and too free, let him pass for an honest blunt man; if rather hot-tempered, let him take his place among men of spirit. As I imagine, such charity would make and keep friends. But we invert even virtues, and, when a vessel is pure, desire to smear it. There lives amongst us an honest soul; "Ah," say we, "a poor creature:" to the cautious man we give the name of dull. Another avoids every snare set for him, and never exposes himself to attack, as he lives in the present age, where keen envy and calumnies are so rife; he is a sober-minded careful man, but we call him false and sly. Or is there one of character too undisguised (just as I at times have thrust myself on you, Mæcenas), one who, when his friend is reading or meditating, interrupts and annoys him with trifling talk; then we say, "Plainly this man has no common tact."

66—98. *We all have our faults, so we must pardon one another, and not condemn little failings as we would great sins. The Stoic dogma that all transgressions are equal is against sense, right feeling, and expediency.*

Alas, how ready we are to sanction a law that presses hard on ourselves! For no man by nature is faultless; the best man is he whose soul is troubled with fewest faults. A pleasant friend, as is but fair, will balance my faults by my good qualities, and incline the weight of his judgment to the latter, if they be more numerous, in case he desires my love; on this condition I too will weigh him in the same scales. He who expects not to offend his friend by his own lumps, must pardon that friend's warts: it is a fair rule, if one looks for allowance to failings, to give like measure in return. In short, inasmuch as it is impossible utterly to eradicate the fault of a passionate temper, and other defects that cling to us who are no philosophers, why does not right reason use its own weights and measures, and correct each offence with a suitable punishment? Were a master to crucify a slave, because, when told to remove a dish, he licked up the half-cold sauce of the half-eaten fish, men in their senses would count him madder than Labeo. How much more outrageous and great is your sin, when a friend has committed a little offence, for resent-

ing which you are regarded as unamiable, if then you with bitter feeling hate and avoid him, as Ruso was shunned by his debtor! to the poor man came the black Calends, then, if he could not raise somehow or another the principal and interest, with outstretched neck he had to listen, like a captive, while his creditor read his wearying histories. My friend, suppose, has knocked off the table a dish that old Evander¹ often held in his hands; for this, or because, being hungry, he took before me a chicken that was placed in my share of the dish, should I regard him as a less agreeable friend? What am I to do, if he is guilty of theft, or breach of trust, or disowns his covenant? Those who hold all his sins to be equal² are hard pressed, when brought to the test of real life; feelings and habits make against them, and expediency³ itself, which is pretty nearly the source of justice and equity.

99—124. *The Epicurean doctrine touching the first state of man, and the origin of law. This doctrine is agreeable to common sense.*

When men like animals crawled forth upon the early earth, as dumb and low as brute beasts, for acorns and beds of leaves they used to fight with nails and fists, and presently with clubs, and so in order of time with the arms that necessity invented, until they discovered words and names to express their utterances and feelings; afterwards they began to desist from war, to fortify towns and enact laws against theft and robbery and adultery. For before the age of Helen, woman was the most pernicious source of war; but by obscure deaths fell they, whom he who was superior in might struck down, as a bull does in the herd. That laws were introduced through dread of injuries one must needs confess, if one would search into the annals and records of the world.⁴ Nor

¹ Either a mythical king of Italy or a contemporaneous wood carver.

² *i. e.*, the Stoics, the pedants of antiquity, the foes of common sense, and of kindly feeling.

³ This is the Epicurean doctrine; but Horace with his usual good sense qualifies the assertion by the word "nearly."

⁴ The opposite view was that of the Stoics, namely, that law was anterior to wrong.

can nature put such a separation between right and wrong as it does between advantages and their opposites, things to be avoided and things to be desired; nor will true reason ever prove that the sin is as great and the same, for a man to gather the young cabbages of his neighbour's garden, and to filch away by night the sacred vessels of the gods: let us adopt a rule appointing suitable punishments to each case, so that you may not cut one deserving only the whip with the horrible scourge. For as to your striking one with a switch who deserves a severer lashing, I confess I am not afraid, though you say theft is as bad as robbery with violence, and threaten to cut down with the same hook tall and short shrubs alike, if men entrusted you with royal power.¹

124—142. *Horace laughs at the doctrine of the Stoics that the philosopher of that school is not wise only, but knows all arts, is beautiful, a king.*

If the philosopher is rich and a good cobbler, and the only beautiful one, and a king, why wish for what you already have? "Ah," says the Stoic, "you do not see the meaning of father Chrysippus."² The philosopher never made himself a pair of shoes or sandals, and yet he is an excellent shoemaker." "How so?" I ask. "Why, as Hermogenes, albeit he opens not his mouth, is yet an excellent singer and musician, as Alfenus is a good workman, though he laid aside all his tools and closed his shop, so the philosopher is the best workman of every work, yea he alone, yea and king too." "What!" say I; "why, the mischievous boys pluck you by the beard, and unless you keep them in order with your club, the surrounding crowd press and throng you, and you, poor wretch, burst with anger and howl like a dog, O mightiest of mighty monarchs! To be short, whilst your royal highness goes to a penny bath, and no body-guard attends you except that bore Crispinus, my kind friends will pardon my peccadillos, for I am no philosopher, and I in my turn will

¹ The allusion is to the assertion of the Stoics, that the philosopher is the genuine king.

² The glory of the school of Stoics, whose fame eclipsed that of the founder, Zeno.

gladly bear with their shortcomings, and, though a subject, live happier than your Majesty."

IV

I—13. *The merits and defects of Lucilius the satirist.*

EUPOLIS and Cratinus and Aristophanes the poets, and other authors of the Old Comedy, if any one deserved to be portrayed as a rogue and a thief, an adulterer, an assassin, or was for other reasons infamous, without reserve used to brand him as such. Lucilius in all points adheres to them, then he follows, he has changed only the feet of the verse and metre,¹ a writer not inelegant, of quick discernment, but harsh in the composition of his lines, for in this point he was faulty: within the hour he would often dictate two hundred verses, as though it were a mighty exploit, standing on one foot. As he flowed on like a muddy stream, one would have been glad to remove a good deal; a verbose author, too lazy to endure the labour of writing, correct writing, I mean, for as to quantity, I do not regard that.

13—38. *Horace is unlike Crispinus in facility of composition, and unlike Fannius in fondness for public recitation: and besides, he knows how unpopular is his sort of writing.*

See, here is Crispinus, he challenges me, giving me long odds. "Take," says he, "if you please, writing tablets, so will I; name your place, hour, umpires; let us see which of us two can compose most." "No," say I, "I thank Heaven for having given me a poor and humble genius, that speaks but seldom and very little; whilst do you, if so you please, imitate the air enclosed in bellows of goat-skin, puffing hard till the fire softens the iron. Fannius² was fond of his own writings; without any one asking him he brought his desks and bust; whilst my writings no one reads, as I fear to recite in public, because there are persons not at all fond of this sort of literature, as is natural, when most of them deserve censure. Draw any one you please out of the middle of the

¹ He wrote in hexameter.

² A vain poet who took his works and bust to the public library.

crowd: he is troubled either with avarice or wretched ambition; or he is maddened with adulterous passion; or he is dazzled by the brightness of plate, or, as Albius, has a stupid admiration for vessels of bronze: another barter merchandise from the quarter of the rising sun to the region warmed by its evening rays, nay through all dangers headlong he is borne, like a cloud of dust by a whirlwind, dreading lest he should lose a farthing of his property, or not increase it. All these people fear verses, hate poets. "See," say they, "the wisp of hay on his horn; give him a wide berth; if he can but raise a laugh for himself, there is not a friend he would spare; whatever he has once scribbled on his paper, he longs for all to know as they return from the bakeries and reservoirs, boys and old women, all alike."

38—62. *Horace does not pretend to be a poet; indeed comedy, and satire, the daughter of comedy, are hardly poetry at all.*

Now come awhile, and hear a little in answer. In the first place I will except myself from the list of those whom I allow to be poets; for you surely would not consider it enough to write lines of the proper number of feet, nor would you regard as a poet one who, like me, composes what is akin to common prose. The honoured name of poet you would give to the man of genius, to one inspired in soul, to the tongue that is to utter noble things. For this reason some have made it a question whether comedy be poetry at all, for there is no inspiration and vigour either in the diction or the subjects; except so far as by a certain scansion it differs from prose, it is mere prose. Perhaps you will object, "See, how the angry father rages, because his prodigal son, madly in love with a mistress, refuses a wife with a large dowry, and utterly disgraces himself by walking drunken in the streets, torch in hand, in the daylight." "But," I reply, "would not profligate Pomponius hear language as strong as this, if his father were alive?" So then it is not enough to make a mere verse of plain words; for if you broke the line up, then any father would storm in the same fashion as the father on the stage. And if from my present writings, or those of old Lucilius, you were to take the regular scansion and measures, placing

the first word last, and inverting the order, the case would be quite different from breaking up the following:

After that Discord grim

Burst wide War's posts and portals bound with steel. [*Ennius.*]

Here would you still find the pieces of the dismembered poet.
63—93. *Horace hopes he is not ill-natured, nor vain, nor malignant, but only fond of a harmless banter.*

But enough of this: on some other occasion I will enquire whether comedy is true poetry or not; now all I ask is, whether you are reasonable in disliking this sort of composition. Keen Sulcius and Caprius, wretchedly hoarse, walk up and down with their bills of indictment, both of them a great terror to robbers: but he that leads a good life, whose hands are clean, need fear neither. However like you are to Cælius and Birrus the robbers, I am not like Caprius and Sulcius;¹ why dread me? I do not wish my works to appear in any shop or at any columns,² that the hands of the people and of Hermogenes Tigellius³ may sweat over them: I do not recite to any one but friends, and that upon compulsion, not anywhere, nor before anybody. Many recite their writings in the middle of the forum, or in the bath; they say the voice sounds sweetly in the enclosed place. Vain people may be pleased with this, as they stay not to enquire, whether thus they do not behave without tact, and out of season. "You take delight," says he, "in annoying, and do this from malice prepense." I reply, "Whence have you picked up this stone to cast it at me? Is your authority for this actually one of those with whom I have passed my life? He who backbites an absent friend; who does not defend him when another blames him; who tries to raise the horse-laughter of the company and to get the name of a wit; who can make up a story about what he has never seen; who cannot keep a secret entrusted to him; that man is a black sheep, of him, Roman,

¹ Two lawyers and informers.

² The booksellers put their books in stalls in the porticos.

³ See *Sat.* II. 3; *Sat.* III. 4.

you must beware. Often may you see four at dinner on each of the three couches; one of these will sprinkle his banter on all except the host, on him too, when he has well drunken, and when the truth-speaking god of liberty opens the seals of the heart with wine. Not such an one appears agreeable and polite and free-hearted to you who are an enemy to malice. And I, if I have had my laugh at vain Rufillus who smells like a scent-box, and at Gorgonius stinking like a he-goat, do I seem to you a spiteful backbiter.

94—103. *A sample of real malignity.*

If any mention of the thefts of Petillius Capitolinus¹ arises in your presence, you would defend him after that way of yours, saying: "I have been a comrade and friend of Capitolinus since we were boys, and at my request he has done much for my sake, and I am glad he lives in our city uncondemned; but yet I do wonder how he was acquitted on that trial." Now this is as the juice of the black cuttle-fish, this is like very verdigris: that such ill-nature shall be far from my writings and from my heart first, I promise as truly as I can promise anything.

103—129. *Horace says if he is a little too free, it is to be attributed to the education he had from his worthy father.*

If my language is ever too free, too playful, such an amount of liberty you will grant me in your courtesy: for to this my good father trained me, to avoid each vice by setting a mark on it by examples. Whenever he would exhort me to live a thrifty, frugal life, contented with what he had saved for me, he would say, "Do you not see how hard it is for the son of Albius to live, and how needy Barrus is, a signal warning, to prevent any one from wasting his inheritance." If he would deter me from dishonourable love, he would say, "Do not be like Sectanus:" to save me from an adulterous passion, when I might enjoy an unforbidden love, he used to say, "Trebonius' exposure was not creditable. A philosopher will give you the right reasons for shunning or choosing things; I am contented, if I can maintain the custom handed

¹ It was a Petillius who stole the golden crown from the statue of Jupiter in the Capitol, whence the cognomen.

down from our ancestors, and, so long as you need a guardian, preserve your life and character from ruin; when mature age has strengthened your body and soul, then you will swim without a cork." Thus he moulded my boyhood by these words, and if he advised me to any course of conduct, he would say, "You have an authority for so acting," and put before me one of the select judges;¹ or if he would forbid me, then said he, "Can you possibly doubt, whether this is disreputable and injurious, when this man and that man are notorious for an evil report. As the funeral of a neighbour frightens to death the intemperate when sick, and, through dread of their own end, makes them careful, so minds still docile are often deterred from vice by the disgrace of others."

129—143. *The result of this training, as Horace hopes, is that he is free from gross vices, and has a desire to improve himself.*

Through this education I am sound from all ruinous vices, though I am troubled with moderate and pardonable failings; perhaps, too, a large deduction even from these has been made by advancing years, free-spoken friends, my own reflections; for I am not wanting to myself, whenever my little couch or arcade receives me. "This, I think, would be more correct; acting so, I shall do better: so will my friends find me pleasant. A certain one in this did not so well: am I to be so heedless, as to behave like him?" Such are my silent meditations; when I have a little leisure, I amuse myself by my writings; now this is one of those moderate faults of mine, and if you will not pardon it, a great band of poets will come to succour me, (for indeed we are a clear majority,) and, like the Jews, we will make a proselyte of you, and force you to join our company.

¹ 360 men, chosen yearly by the Prætor of the city to be jurymen to try criminal cases. Here they are regarded as models of respectability.

V¹

1—26. *Horace with Heliodorus travels to Forum Appii. Then by a canal during the night to Feronia, and so to Anxur on the hill.*

AFTER my departure from great Rome, Aricia received me in a poor inn; my companion was Heliodorus, by far the most learned of all the Greeks; then on we went to Forum Appii, a town crammed full of boatmen and extortionate tavern-keepers. This journey we were so indolent as to divide into two; it is only one to the more active; the Appian Way is less tiresome to the leisurely traveller. Here I, on account of the utter badness of the water, proclaim war against my stomach, and have to wait for my companions at dinner with impatient temper. And now night began to draw its shades over the earth, and to dot the sky with stars:² then the slaves bantered the boatmen,³ and the boatmen the slaves: "Bring to here," cries one: "why you are putting in hundreds; stay, that's enough." Whilst the fare is demanded, and the mule fastened, a whole hour is gone. Troublesome musquitoes and marsh frogs keep sleep from our eyes, while the boatman drenched with much sour wine sings of his absent mistress, and a passenger rivals his song; at last the weary traveller drops asleep, and the lazy boatman fastens to a stone the halter of the mule, and turns it out to graze, and snores on his back. And now day was dawning, and we find that the boat is not going on; till up springs a choleric fellow, and belabours with willow cudgel the head and ribs of mule and boatmen; so it is the fourth hour,⁴ and we are hardly landed.

¹ This satire is said to be imitated from a similar poem of Lucilius. The journey seems to be that of Mæcenas in the year B.C. 37, when Antony went to Brundisium, and then, not being allowed to land, went on to Tarentum.

² A mock heroic passage, very likely from some old writer.

³ The canal is mentioned by Strabo as running parallel to the Appian road, and often used by passengers by night.

⁴ About 9 A.M.

Then our faces and hands we bathe in thy fair water, Feronia; and after breakfast crawl on three miles, and go under the gate of Anxur,¹ a town built on rocks that shine white from afar.

27—51. *From Anxur they travel through Fundi, Formiæ, Sinuessa, over the Campanian bridge, through Capua, to Cocceius' villa at Caudium. Horace meets with Mæcenas, Virgil, and Varius, his dear friends, and with others.*

Here we expected good Mæcenas, and Cocceius, both sent as envoys on important matters, whose habit it was to mediate between estranged friends. And here I put on my sore eyes black ointment; meanwhile Mæcenas arrives, and Cocceius with him, and at the same time Capito Fonteius, that accomplished gentleman; Antony had not a greater friend than him. We are only too glad to leave Fundi under the prætorship of Aufidius Luscus, where we laugh at the badges of office worn by the crazy scribe, his prætexta and laticlave, and pan of live coals.² Next, being tired, we pass the night in the city of the Mamurra family, where Murena lends us a house, Capito entertains us at dinner. The following day shines upon us, as much the pleasantest day in our journey; for at Sinuessa there meet us Plotius,³ Virgil and Varius,³ the world cannot show souls freer from stain, or more devoted friends to me. Oh, what embraces there were! oh, how great was our joy! As long as I have my senses, I would compare nothing to a delightful friend. Then the little villa next to the Campanian bridge⁴ gave us a roof over our heads, and the purveyors,⁵ what they are bound to supply, all necessaries. Leaving this place, our sumpter mules are eased of their pack-saddles early in the day at Capua;

¹ Now Terracina. It was formerly a bathing-place, resorted to in summer.

² Prætexta," *i. e.*, toga, with purple border. "Laticlave," "broad purple stripe." "Pan of live coals," probably used for sacrifice.

³ These two, here and in *1 Sat. x. 81*, joined with Virgil, revised his *Æneid* after his death.

⁴ Over the river Savo.

⁵ Appointed by the government to furnish those travelling on public business at a certain rate.

Mæcenas goes to play at ball, Virgil and I to sleep; for it is bad for the sore-eyed and dyspeptic to play at ball. At the end of the next stage we are received in Cocceius' well-stored villa situated above the taverns at Caudium.

51—70. *A jocular description of a contest of words between two parasites of Mæcenas.*

And now, O Muse, be so kind as briefly to record for me the battle of words between Sarmentus the buffoon and Messius the game-cock; and sing to me who were the parents of either combatant. Messius was of the glorious stock of Osci;¹ as to Sarmentus, his mistress still lives;² such were the ancestors of these who met in fight. Sarmentus began the action thus: "I say you are like a wild horse." We all laugh; and Messius says, "I accept your simile," and fiercely shakes his head. Then says the other: "Ah, if the horn had not been cut out of your forehead, what would you not do, seeing, though mutilated, you thus threaten?" For an ugly scar disfigured the left side of his shaggy forehead. He had many a joke too on his Campanian disease, and on his face, asking him to dance the Cyclops' pastoral dance; no need had such as he of mask or tragic buskin. Much had Messius the game-cock to say to this, asking him, whether, according to his vow, he had yet dedicated his chain to the Lares; if he was a scribe, yet this did not one whit abate his mistress' claim upon him; then he enquired why he had ever run away at all, one pound of meal was enough for such a lean pigmy. Thus very pleasantly our dinner passed.

71—93. *The fire at the inn at Beneventum. They cross the hills familiar to Horace, pass Equotutium, and reach Canusium.*

From hence we go straight on to Beneventum, where our bustling landlord nearly burnt his house down, whilst roasting lean thrushes; for the wandering tongue of flame, as the fire-god glided up the old kitchen, hastened to lick the top of the roof; then might you see the hungry guests and frightened slaves all eager to save the dinner and extinguish the fire.

¹ *i. e.*, one of the common people of the country.

² *i. e.*, he was a runaway slave.

From that point Apulia begins to show to my eyes its familiar mountains scorched by the Altino [east wind]; these mountains we had never got over, had not a neighbouring villa at Trivicum welcomed us; there the fire drew tears from my eyes, as on the hearth was burning green wood with the leaves on. Thence onward we are whirled in carriages twenty-four miles, to reach at night a little town with a name I may not speak in verse;¹ however, I can very easily describe it; here is sold water, the commonest of all things; but the bread is most excellent, so that the traveller, who knows the road, carries it on his shoulders a stage further; for the bread at Canusium is gritty; the town is no better supplied with water; brave Diomede of old was its founder. Here Varius sorrowfully leaves his weeping friends.

94—104. *He then travels from Rubi to Brundisium; at Egnatia he is, as a philosopher, sceptical about a miracle.*

Thence we arrived at Rubi quite fatigued, as was to be expected, the stage being long and the road broken up by the rain. Next day's weather was better, but the road still worse, even to the walls of Barium, a fishing town: then Egnatia, a place built when the Nymphs were angry,² gave us theme for laughter and joke, where they try to persuade us that frankincense melts without fire in the entrance of the temple. The Jew Apella may believe it, not I; for I have been taught that the gods lead a life free from care, and that if nature works wonders, it is not that the gods trouble themselves to send them down from the roof of heaven. Brundisium is the end of my long narrative and long journey.

VI

1—17. *Maecenas, though himself as nobly born as any one, yet never attached too much value to high birth.*

THERE is none in all the inhabitants of Lydian Etruria³

¹ Supposed to be Equotutium or Equotuticum, a name ludicrous from suggestions both of sound and sense, *equus* meaning "horse," and *tutus*, "safe."

² *i. e.*, the water was bad there.

³ So called because reputed to have been settled by Lydians

more nobly born than you, Mæcenas; and your ancestors, maternal and paternal alike, commanded in the days of old mighty legions; and yet you do not, like most, turn up your nose at men of lowly origin, such as me, the son of a freed-man. When you say that it makes no difference who a man's father is, provided he himself be free-born, you are right in your persuasion that even before the reign of Servius, the king so lowly born,¹ often many, sprung from ancestors of no account, have yet lived lives of probity, and risen to high honours; on the other hand that Lævinus, though descended from that Valerius by whom Tarquinius Superbus was driven forth and fled from his regal power, was never valued at more than a single farthing in the judgment even of that people who set a mark of censure on him: you know that people well, how in their folly they often give honours to the unworthy, and are the vainglorious slaves of fame, and stare awe-struck at inscriptions and busts. How then ought we to act, we so far, so very far removed from the vulgar?

18—44. *A man should keep in the station he was born in, if he would avoid a thousand troubles and annoyances, for the people cannot endure these upstarts.*

For, granted that the people at the elections should prefer Lævinus to Decius,² a new man, and that the censor Appius³ should remove me from the senate as the son of a freed-man: well, it would only be what I deserved for not being content to remain in my own skin. But the truth is, Vanity draws all bound to her glittering car, low-born and high-born alike. How did it benefit you, Tullius, to resume the laticlave you laid aside, and to become a tribune? Envy fastened closer on you: in your private station it had been less. For as soon as any foolish man binds round his leg the four back straps of leather,⁴ and wears the laticlave down his breast, straightway he hears it said: "Who is this man? who is his father?" Just as if one is disordered with that

¹ "Servius" Tullius, the son of a slave.

² A hero of the battle of Vesuvius, who was of low birth.

³ The model censor of B.C. 312.

⁴ The mark of a senator.

vanity of Barrus, desiring to be thought handsome, then, wherever he goes, he makes the girls curious on each point, his face, his calf, his foot, teeth, hair; so he, who offers to take care of the citizens, the city, the empire, Italy and the shrines of the gods, forces all men curiously to enquire who is his father, and whether he is dishonoured by birth from an unknown mother. "What! do you, the son of some slave, a Syrus, or a Dama, or a Dionysius, do you dare to throw down Roman citizens from the Tarpeian rock, or hand them over to Cadmus?"¹ "But," says he, "my colleague Novius sits one row behind me, for he is what my father was." On this account do you imagine yourself a Paullus or Messala?² and then this Novius, if two hundred wagons and three funerals meet in the forum, will shout with a voice able to drown horns and trumpets; and this at any rate impresses us people.

45—64. *An account of Horace's introduction to Mæcenas.*

Now to return to myself, the son of a freedman, whom all carp at as the son of a freedman, at present, because I am intimate with you, Mæcenas, formerly, because I was a tribune in command of a Roman legion. The two cases are unlike; the first honour might perhaps with reason be envied, but not your friendship, the less so, as you are cautious to admit none but the worthy to your intimacy, and keep far from you base flattery. Neither in this can I call myself lucky, as though by chance I had got your friendship, for it was no luck that brought me to your notice: the good Virgil first, then Varius, told you my character. The day I came to see you, I spoke but little, and that nervously; silent shame stopped me from speaking more. I tell you no tale of an illustrious father, or of my riding about my farm on a nag of Saturium, but the plain truth of myself. You answer, such is your way, but little; I left you; then, nine months after, you send for me again, and bid me be in the number of your friends. I account it a great honour that I pleased you, for you can distinguish between a true gentleman and one

¹ The public executioner.

² Patrician names.

that is base, not judging by the distinction of the father, but by a life and heart unsullied.

65—88. *Whatever I am, I owe it to my good father, who spared no expense or care on my education.*

And yet, if the faults and defects of my nature are moderate ones, and with their exception my life is upright, (just as if one were to censure blemishes found here and there on a handsome body,) if no one can truly lay to my charge avarice, meanness, or frequenting vicious haunts, if (that I may praise myself) my life is pure and innocent, and my friends love me, I owe it all to my father! he, though not rich, for his farm was a poor one, would not send me to the school of Flavius, to which the first youths of the town, the sons of the centurions, the great men there, used to go, with their bags and slates on their left arm, taking the teacher's fee on the Ides of eight months in the year: but he had the spirit to carry me, when a boy, to Rome, there to learn the liberal arts which any knight or senator would have his own sons taught. Had any one seen my dress, and the attendant servants, so far as would be observed in a populous city, he would have thought that such expense was defrayed from an old hereditary estate. He himself was ever present, a guardian incorruptible, at all my studies. Why say more? My modesty, that first grace of virtue, he preserved untainted, not only by an actual stain, but by the very rumour of it; not fearing that any one hereafter should make this a reproach, if as auctioneer, or collector, like himself, I should follow a trade of petty gains; nor should I have grumbled at my lot; but as the case is now, to him more praise is due. I owe him greater thanks.

89—III. *Horace would not change his father or his lot, if he could. Many are the advantages of his present easy and humble life.*

So long as I have my senses, I trust I never shall be sorry of having had such a father; and may I never defend myself as so many do, who say it is no fault of theirs, that their parents were not free-born and illustrious. Utterly different is my language and my sentiments from theirs: indeed, if nature bid us resume the journey of life from a certain year,

and choose such parents as each would prefer to suit his ambitious longings, I should be content with mine, and unwilling to select those distinguished by the fasces and chairs of office: the people would count me mad, but you perchance would think me sound-minded, for being unwilling to carry an irksome burden to which I have never been accustomed. For then directly I should have to make my fortune larger, then I should have more visitors, I should have to take me two or three clients, lest forsooth I go to the country or travel abroad alone; I should have to keep more grooms and horses, and to take carriages with me. But now on dumpy mule I may go, if so I fancy, as far as Tarentum, whilst the weight of the saddle-bags chafes its loins, the rider its shoulders: so no one will taunt me with meanness, as they do you, Tillius, when, on the road to Tibur, you, the prætor, are attended by five slaves bearing your kitchen utensils and case of wine. So far do I live in greater comfort than you, illustrious senator, and a thousand others.

III—131. *An account of the manner in which Horace spent his day.*

Wherever the whim takes me, I walk leisurely alone, I enquire the price of vegetables and flour, and often in the evening take a turn through the cheating Circus and Forum; I stop and listen to the fortune-tellers, and then home I return to my dish of leeks, chick-peas and pancake. My dinner is served by three servants, my marble side-table holds two cups with a ladle; close at hand is a common vessel, a jug with a bowl, all Campanian earthenware. Then I go to bed, not troubled with the thought that to-morrow I shall have to rise early and meet Marsyas, who says that he cannot stand the cheek of the younger Novius.¹ I lie till the fourth hour, then I take a stroll, or, after reading or writing in quiet as much as is agreeable, I anoint myself with oil, unlike that which dirty Natta robs the lamps of. But when I am tired, and the sun's increasing heat has warned me to go to the bath, I shun the Plain of Mars and the game at ball. Having taken a sparing luncheon, such as just will prevent my pass-

¹ A fraudulent usurer.

ing the day on an empty stomach, I take my ease at home. This is the life of those who are free from the wretched burdens of intrigue; thus I comfort myself with the thought that I shall live more pleasantly, than if my grandfather, father, and uncle had all been quæstors.

VII¹

1—20. *A contest between Rupilius Rex of Præneste and Persius, supposed to have taken place while Horace was serving in the army of Brutus.*

ON the proscription list was Rupilius Rex, the king, a man all slime and venom; him the Hybrid Persius² took vengeance on; a story, I imagine, known to all sore-eyed men and all barbers. This Persius was a rich man, and had very large business at Clazomenæ;³ also a troublesome lawsuit with the king: Persius was a hard man, in power of annoyance he could beat the king, confident was he and swelling with passion, so foul-mouthed as to distance the Sisennæ and the Barri with the fleetness of white coursers. To return to the king: these two men could come to no terms; and indeed all men are contentious in proportion to their courage, when they go to war with one another; thus between Priam's son Hector and the spirited Achilles deadly was the anger, so that death alone could part them, the reason being only this, that either chieftain was of the highest courage: whereas, if discord troubles two cowards, or if the combatants are unequally matched, as were Diomede and Lycian Glaucus,⁴ then let the less valiant be only too glad to get off, and tender presents besides: however, when Brutus was prætor of the wealthy province of Asia, then engaged Rupilius and Persius, such a pair that Bacchius was not more fairly matched with

¹ Supposed to be Horace's first poem. It is certainly one of his poorest.

² He had an Asiatic father and a Roman mother.

³ An Ionian city.

⁴ See Iliad vi.

Bithus.¹ Fiercely they rush forward to the trial; a fine exhibition, both of them.

21—35. *The account of the contest.*

Persius opens his case; a laugh is raised by all in court; he praises Brutus, he praises his retinue; as to Brutus, he calls him the sun of the province; his officers are stars of salubrious influence; except the king, who had risen like the dog-star, the farmers' enemy: on rushed Persius like a winter torrent through a forest, where the axe seldom comes. Then the man of Præneste, in answer to his adversary's full stream of bitter words, retorts with abuse taken from the vineyard, like a vine-dresser stout and unconquered, to whom often has to yield a passer-by with mighty voice crying to him, "Cuckoo!" But Persius, a Greek, being steeped besides in Italian vinegar,² shouts aloud: "In the name of the great gods, Brutus, I entreat you, for it is your habit to rid us of kings, why not cut the throat of this king also? This, believe me, is one of your proper works."

VIII

1—22. *Priapus, set up by Maecenas in his newly-made gardens, is introduced as contrasting the former state of the site with the present.*

ONCE I was the stem of a fig tree, a good-for-nothing log of wood, when the carpenter, doubting whether to make of me a bench or a Priapus, thought it best to make me a god. So a god am I, of thieves and birds the special terror, for my right hand keeps thieves off, whilst the crown of reeds fixed on my head scares the troublesome birds, and prevents their lighting in the new gardens. To this ground formerly any fellow-slave would hire bearers to carry on a poor bier the bodies thrown out of their narrow cells.³ Here was a common burying-place for wretched paupers, for Pantolabus the buffoon and the spendthrift Nomentanus. Here a stone marked out a thousand feet in front, and three hundred in

¹ Bacchius and Bithus were gladiators.

² *i. e.*, intensifying his native sharpness.

³ Slave quarters.

depth, with the inscription upon it, that the monument might not pass to the heirs. Now one may live on the Esquiline,¹ for it is a healthy spot, and one may take a walk on the sunny terrace, whence but lately with sad thoughts men looked on the ground hideous with bleaching bones; whilst to me it is not so much the birds and beasts wont to infest the spot that give me distress and trouble, as the witches who with charms and poisons torture the souls of men: these women I cannot destroy, nor anyhow stop them from gathering bones and noxious herbs, as soon as the wandering moon shows her beautiful face.

23—50. *Priapus was a witness of the abominable proceedings of Canidia and Sagana, and gave them a good fright.*

I myself saw Canidia stalking along with her sable robe tucked up, naked were her feet, dishevelled her hair, she howled in company with the elder Sagana: their ghastly colour made them both horrible to look on. Then they began to scrape the earth with their nails, and to tear with their teeth a black lamb; the blood was all poured into a trench, that from it they might entice the spirits of the dead, the souls that were to give responses. There was an image of wool there with another of wax; the larger was that of wool; it was to punish the smaller form; for the waxen one seemed, as in suppliant guise, just about to perish, as by a slave's death. One of the witches calls on Hecate, the other on fierce Tisiphone; then might you see serpents and hell-hounds roaming about, and the moon blushing and hiding herself behind the tall sepulchres, that she might not witness such deeds. Why need I describe the details? how the ghosts in converse with Sagana made the place echo to their sad shrill cries, and how they buried in the ground the head of a wolf, with the teeth of a spotted snake, and how the fire blazed more freely, fed by the effigy of wax, and how I shuddered at the words and deeds of the two witches, I, witness, but not unavenged; for as loud as the noise of a bursting bladder was the crack of my fig wood; off ran the two into the city; then might you see not without laughing much and much amusement the false

¹ This hill was the fine residential district of Rome.

teeth of Canidia fall out, and the lofty head-dress of Sagana tumble down, and the herbs and enchanted bonds¹ of their arms fly about.

IX²

1—20. *Horace is beset by an impertinent man.*

I HAPPENED to be walking along the Sacred Street, as is my wont; I was thinking of some trifle or another, quite lost in it: up runs to me a man I only knew by name, and, seizing my hand, says, "How do you do, my dearest friend?" "Pretty well," say I, "as times go, and am quite at your service." As he kept sticking close to me, I anticipate him by saying, "Have you any further commands?" But he to me: "You must know me, I am a scholar." Then say I, "On that account I shall esteem you more." I was wretchedly anxious to get away from him; so at one moment I quickened my pace, at times I came to a stop, I whispered anything in my servant's ear, whilst the perspiration was trickling down to my very ancles. "O Bolanus, how I envy you your hot temper," said I to myself; he meanwhile went on chattering about anything, praising the streets, the city. As I did not answer him a word, he says, "You are dying to get away, I have seen it from the first; but it is no good, I shall stick to you, and accompany you all the way you are going." Then said I, "There is no need for you to take such a long round, I want to visit some one you do not know; it is across the Tiber, a long way off, he is ill in bed, it is near Cæsar's gardens."³ He answers, "I have nothing particular to do, and I am a good walker; I shall go with you all the way." Down go my ears, like those of a sulky donkey, when it feels the weight too heavy for its back.

21—34. *The man praises himself. Horace's humorous despair.*

¹ Looped threads of various colors.

² For a metrical translation of this ode see the introduction to Propertius (whom some think to be the impertinent man) in volume four.

³ Bequeathed to the Roman people by Julius Cæsar.

Then he begins: "Unless I deceive myself, you would not esteem Viscus or Varius as friends more than me: for who is a better or readier poet than I am? who can dance with more ease than I? Hermogenes¹ himself might envy my singing." Here was an opportunity of putting in a word: "Is your mother alive? have you relations to whom your life and health are important?" "No," says he, "I have not one; I have laid them all at rest." "Happy people!" say I, "now I am left; so despatch me at once; for my sad fate is now at hand, predicted to me, when a boy, by a Sabine old woman, after she had shaken her divining urn: 'This boy will neither poisons dire, nor hostile sword destroy, nor pleurisy, nor cough, nor gout that makes men limp; on some future day a chatterbox will end his life; wherefore all great talkers let him, if wise, avoid, as soon as he has grown to man's estate.'"

35—48. *The object of the persecutor now appeared, which was to get, through Horace, an introduction to Maecenas.*

So we had reached Vesta's temple, and fourth part of the day was gone, and it chanced he was bound to appear to answer to one to whom he had given bail, or, if he failed, to lose his cause. "If you love me," says he, "give me your aid in court." I answered, "May I perish, if I can appear before a prætor, or know aught of common law; and I am in a hurry to get you know where." "I am doubtful," says he, "what to do, to leave you or my case." "Me, I pray!" said I. "No, I won't," said he; and then went on before me: I, for it is hard work to contend with one's conqueror, even follow. Then he resumes his attack: "On what terms are you with Mæcenas? he is select in his friendship, being a man of sense; no one ever made a more adroit use of his fortune. You would have in me a powerful backer, able to play the second part, if you would but introduce me: may I utterly perish, if you would not make for yourself a clear stage!"

48—60. *Horace pays Maecenas an indirect compliment.*

I replied: "We do not live on the terms that you imagine; there is not a house more honest than that, or more free from

¹ See I Sat. III. 129.

such intrigues; it never annoys me, if another there is richer or more learned than I am; each has his own position there." "What you tell me," said he, "is wonderful, almost incredible." "But," say I, "it is the truth." "Well," said he, "you increase my desire for his intimacy." I reply, "You have only to wish for it; such is your virtue, you will take him by storm; he is one that may be won, and this is the reason why he is so hard to approach at first." "I will not be wanting to myself," said he: "I will bribe the servants; if the door be shut in my face to day, I will not give up; I will watch my opportunities; I will meet him at the corners of the streets; I will attend him to his home. Life nothing grants to man, save through great toil."

60—74. *The appearance of Aristius Fuscus on the scene.*

While he is thus busy in his talk, lo, Fuscus Aristius¹ meets us, a dear friend of mine, and one who knew the man right well. We stop; we exchange salutations. I begin to pull and pinch his arms that are as dead, I nod, I wink to him to deliver me. The mischievous wit laughs, pretending not to know what I mean; I begin to wax warm with anger, observing to him, "Surely you did say you had something secret to speak to me of." Fuscus says, "Yes, I remember well; but I will talk to you of it at a more convenient season; to day is the thirtieth sabbath; you would not, surely, scandalize the circumcised Jews." "Oh," says I, "I have no such scruples." "But I have," said he; "I am a weaker brother, one of the many; so pardon me; I will speak to you at another time." "Alas!" I exclaimed, "Oh, this day, how black it has arisen for me!" Off goes the wicked wag, and leaves me like a victim with the knife at my throat.

74—78. *Horace's unexpected delivery.*

By chance the plaintiff meets him face to face, who with loud voice shouts to him, "Whither, thou basest of men?" Then thus to me, "May I make you a witness?" I give my

¹ One of Horace's literary friends, to whom he addressed the 22nd Ode of his first book. He is a wag, and trumps up a nonsensical objection in the "thirtieth sabbath" as an excuse for ignoring Horace's hint.

ear to be touched.¹ He hurries the man off to trial; on either part a shout was raised; people rush together from all sides; so was I saved by Apollo.

X

Lucilius is amended by Cato.

[LUCILIUS, how full of your faults you are, I can clearly prove by the witness of Cato, your own advocate, for he tries to improve your ill-composed verses. This, as he was a better man, he did much more gently, and with a much nicer taste than that other critic, who, when a boy, was much encouraged by the whip and green rope, that so he might arise to help the ancient poets against modern fastidiousness, he, the most learned of grammarian knights. But to return.]²

1—19. *Horace blames the roughness of Lucilius.*

Yes, I did say³ that rough was the measure of the verses of Lucilius: who is such an unreasonable partisan of Lucilius as not to allow this? And yet he is praised in the same satire for having rubbed the city down with so much Attic salt. However, though I allow this, I am not prepared to allow other points; for so I should admire even Laberius' farces, as though they were fine poems. For it is not enough to make the hearer's jaw open wide with laughter; although there is a certain merit even in this; but conciseness is required, that the thoughts may run on, unembarrassed by words loading the wearied ears: we need, too, language sometimes severe, often gay, maintaining the character sometimes of an orator or poet, then awhile of a polished wit, who puts not forth his strength, but husbands it on purpose. A joke often decides weighty matters more powerfully and better than does severity. Those famous writers of the old comedy took their stand on this point, in this are worthy of all imitation; though that coxcomb Hermogenes never reads them, nor that mon-

¹ The form of assent to a legal summons.

² These lines, though not written by Horace, are very ancient.

³ *i. e.*, in the fourth Satire, which evidently had been censured.

key,¹ whose only skill is in singing the verses of Calvus and Catullus.²

20—39. *Lucilius' much-praised medley of Greek and Latin words is not worth much, and is unnatural, and does not suit Horace's own unpretending ways.*

But it is said: "Lucilius did well in his medley of Greek and Latin words." "Ah, backward are ye in your learning, for how can ye think that to be difficult and admirable, which Pitholeon of Rhodes attained?" But you say: "A style neatly set in words of either language is charming, just as when one mixes a cask of Falernian wine with Chian." "Is this so," I ask you, "only when you write verses, or would you do it, if you had to undertake the difficult defence of Petillus?³ While the brothers Poplicolæ, Pedius⁴ and Corvinus,⁵ plead with energy in the Latin tongue, would you, forsooth, forgetting your fatherland and father, prefer to mix words fetched from abroad with those of your own country, like the native Canusium with his mongrel talk?⁶ And indeed I, born on this side the sea, tried once to write Greek verses: then Quirinus appeared to me in a vision after midnight, when dreams are true, and forbad me in these words: 'Twere as mad to carry logs of wood into a forest, as to desire to fill up the numerous ranks of the Grecian host.' Bombastic Alpinus⁷ murders Memnon, and by his fictions

¹ Supposed to be the Demetrius of vv. 79 and 90.

² "Calvus," a contemporary of Cicero; he was an orator as well as poet. "Catullus." This is the only passage in Horace where Catullus is mentioned.

³ "Petillus." See *Sat.* I. 4, 94.

⁴ "Pedius" was adopted by the nephew of Julius Cæsar.

⁵ "Corvinus" Messala, praised by Horace, Tibullus (whose patron he was), Velleius, Paterculus, Quintilian, Pliny, Seneca, Tacitus. His writings, famous for their Latinity, are lost. He was Horace's friend in Brutus' army. He was a warrior as well as orator, and retained his republican frankness.

⁶ Oscan and Greek.

⁷ Furius is so called, because, besides murdering Memnon, and muddying the Rhine, he made Jupiter spew over the Alps. See 2 *Sat.* v. 40.

muddles the source of the Rhine; meanwhile I amuse myself with my writings not intended to contend for a prize in the temple with Tarpa¹ for judge, nor to be brought out over and over again on the stage."

40—49. *Horace's contemporaries excelled in various branches of poetry; he himself ventured on Satire.*

Of all men living, Fundanius, you are the one to write pleasant chatty comedies, in which the cunning courtesan and Davus cheat old Chremes; in trimeter iambics Pollio sings of regal feats; spirited Varius draws forth the vigorous epic, as no one else can; delicacy and grace is Virgil's gift from the Muses, whose joy is in the country. My kind of composition, attempted by Varro Atacinus and by some others without success, perhaps I can write better than they; inferior am I to the inventor,² nor would I venture to pluck from his brows the crown that is fixed there with so much glory.

50—71. *His censure of Lucilius' faults does not imply he thought himself his superior; Lucilius himself, if now alive, would try to improve his own verses.*

No doubt I did liken Lucilius to a muddy stream, which often bears in its channel more that should be removed than left. Come now, prithee, do you, a scholar, find no fault in great Homer? Would courteous Lucilius desire no change in the tragedies of Accius?³ Does he not laugh at Ennius' verses as wanting in dignity, though he speaks of himself as not greater than those he censures? And why should not I, while reading the writings of Lucilius, raise the question, whether it was his own fault, or the impracticable nature of his subject, which denied to him verses more polished and with a softer flow than could be looked for from one who, contented with the mere making of an hexameter verse, was pleased to have written two hundred lines before dinner, two hundred after? Such was the genius of Etrurian Cassius, like the torrent of a rapid river: fame tells that the author's own works and

¹ Tarpa licensed plays.

² *i. e.*, Lucilius.

³ A tragic poet born B.C. 170, whose poems, taken from the Greek, are often quoted by Cicero.

writing-cases made his funeral pile. Granted, say I, Lucilius was a pleasant polished writer, more finished than the author of the rough kind of poetry untouched by the Greeks,¹ and than the crowd of earlier poets,² yet he also, had fate put off his days to our age, would rub out many a line, and prune all that exceeded a perfect finish, and, as he made his verse, would often scratch his pate, and bite his nails to the quick.

72—92. *Horace, though he disregards a vain popularity, yet would be much grieved if his writings did not please the circle of his own accomplished friends.*

Often must you erase, if you mean to write verses worthy of a second perusal; labour not for the admiration of the vulgar, be content with a few readers. Can you be so foolish as to desire your poems to be dictated in common schools?³ “I desire it not, satisfied if the knights applaud me,” to use the words of bold Arbuscula, who despised the rest of the spectators, when hissed off the stage. Am I to be disturbed by that offensive Pantilius, or troubled if Demetrius pulls my verses to pieces behind my back, or if that impertinent Fannius, the parasite of Hermogenes Tigellius, depreciates me? Only may my writings meet with the approval of Plotius and Varius, Mæcenas and Virgil, of Valgius and excellent Octavius and Fuscus; and may either Viscus praise them. Apart from vanity, I may name you, Pollio, and you, Messala, with your brother; and you too, Bibulus, and Servius, and you likewise, blameless Furnius; very many others, learned friends of mine, purposely I omit, hoping they may smile on my lines, be their merit what it may, for grieved should I be, if their pleasure fell short of my hopes. But you, Demetrius, and you, Tigellius, I bid you go and wail amidst the chairs of your female scholars. Haste, my boy, and quickly add these words to my book of satires.

¹ *i. e.*, satire.

² Livius, Nævius, Ennius, Accius, Pacuvius.

³ Like the poems of Livius, which got Horace many a whipping. Horace, in spite of his wish, has been used in many a school, common, and good too.

BOOK II

I

1—23. *A dialogue between Horace and the lawyer Trebatius, who advises Horace not to write Satires, but to write Cæsar's praise. Horace professes his inability for such ambitious poetry.*

HORACE.

To some my satire seems too keen, and my work strained beyond its proper sphere; others think all my compositions weak, and that a thousand verses as good as mine could be spun in a day. I come to consult you, Trebatius.¹

TREBATIUS.

Keep quiet.

HORACE.

Do you mean, I am not to write verses at all?

TREBATIUS.

I say so.

HORACE.

May I perish utterly, if your advice is not the best: but the truth is, I cannot sleep.

TREBATIUS.

I say that those who cannot sleep soundly should anoint themselves and thrice swim across the Tiber, and, as night draws on, soak themselves well with strong wine; or, if such a mighty passion for writing possesses you, venture to sing the exploits of invincible Cæsar; you will gain many a reward for your labours.

¹ Trebatius Testa, the friend of Cicero, to whom Cicero wrote letters, and addressed his *Topics*. He was younger than Cicero, older than Horace, a man of a quiet spirit.

HORACE.

That were my ambition, excellent father, but I lack the ability; for it takes more than a common writer to sing of ranks which bristle rough with darts, or Gauls who fall, the spear-head breaking short, or wounded Parthian sinking from his horse.

TREBATIUS.

But still you might write of Cæsar, just and firm of purpose, as wise Lucilius did of Scipio.¹

HORACE.

I will not be wanting to the occasion, when a fit one offers: but only at a lucky moment will the words of Flaccus find Cæsar's ear attentive: he is like a horse, which if you stroke clumsily, out he kicks guarded on every side.

TREBATIUS.

But better is this, than in stinging verse to wound Pantolabus the buffoon, and Nomentanus the spendthrift, when each one fears for himself, though you touch him not, and hates you.

24—34. *Horace's taste is for satire.*

HORACE.

What would you have me do? Milonius dances, as soon as the fumes of wine reach and affect his head, and the lustres double; Castor delights in steeds, Pollux, sprung from the same egg, in boxing; as many men alive, so many thousand tastes; my pleasure is to get my words into lines in the style of Lucilius, a better man than either of us. He in days of old would trust his secrets to his books as to faithful companions; let things turn out ill or well, to them he had recourse; so that all the life of the old poet is open to our view, as though painted on votive tablet.

¹ Scipio the younger. Lucilius served under him in the Numantian war.

34—60. *Horace will not begin the attack on others, but will defend himself. The instinct of self-preservation bids him do this.*

Him I follow, I half Lucanian, half Apulian; for the colony of Venusia ploughs close up to the boundaries of the two countries; old tradition tells how that, when the Samnites were driven out, they were sent thither to prevent the enemy's incursions on Rome through an open frontier, were it Apulia or Lucania that made violent attacks in war; now this pen of mine shall not wantonly attack any living wight, and shall guard me, as sword kept close in sheath; for why should I try to draw it, while safe from the attack of robbers? My prayer is this: "O Jove, father and king, my unused weapon would that rust may eat, nor any one injure me a lover of peace!"

But he who troubles me—Better not touch me, I cry—he shall rue it, and be a marked man, and the talk of the whole town. Cervius,¹ when angry, menaces us with laws and the judicial urn; Canidia threatens her enemies with the poison Albutius used; Turius speaks of a mighty mischief, if you go to law when he is a judge: now that each terrifies his foes by that in which lies his power, and that this is in obedience to the strong law of nature, you may follow me in inferring from the fact that the wolf attacks with fangs, and the ox with horns, so taught only by instinct. Scæva was a spendthrift; his mother would not die; trust her to him, for his right hand is too dutiful to commit any crime: strange, aye about as strange as that wolf does not attack with heel, or ox with tooth: but the deadly hemlock will carry off his old mother in the poisoned honey. Not to delay you, I will only say that whether a calm old age awaits me, or death around me hovers with black wings, be I rich or poor, at Rome, or should fortune so ordain, in exile, whate'er my life's complexion, write I will.

60—79. *Trebatius cautions Horace: he replies that Lucilius, though a keen satirist, was safe, and acceptable to the great men of his day.*

¹ No doubt an informer.

TREBATIUS.

Young man, I fear, your days can ne'er be long; some of your great friends will strike you with a chill.

HORACE.

How so? Lucilius first of all men ventured to write in this style; he plucked off the hide, in which men walked so fair before the public view, while inwardly so foul; were Lælius¹ or he who drew from the overthrow of Carthage a title fairly won,² offended by his satiric genius, or were they angry because Metellus³ was attacked, and Lupus overwhelmed by verses that brand with infamy? And yet he fastened on the chief men of the state, and on the people tribe by tribe; for of a surety he favoured virtue only and her friends. Nay, when from the crowd and stage of life withdrew into retirement the virtue of Scipio, and the gentle wisdom of Lælius, they would trifle with him, and at their ease amuse themselves, until the herbs were dressed for dinner. Be I what I may, though far below Lucilius in station and genius, yet, that I have lived with the great, Envy can never deny, though fain she would, and while seeking to fix her tooth on something fragile, will meet with what is solid—unless, learned counsellor, you take some exception.

79—86.

TREBATIUS.

Indeed I can propose no amendment here. But yet would I warn you to beware, lest ignorance of our sacred laws perchance bring you into trouble: there is a right of action and suit, if any one compose against another ill-natured libels.

HORACE.

Ill-written, if you please, sir; but if one compose well-

¹ The friend of Scipio, so well known as a speaker in Cicero.

² That of Africanus.

³ Metellus Macedonicus, a political opponent of Scipio.

written verses, and Cæsar's judgment approve them; if one, whose life is blameless, has his bark at one who deserves disgrace; why then, the prosecution will break down amidst laughter; and you will leave scot-free.

II

1—22. *The excellencies of a simple fare and of plenty of exercise.*

WHAT and how great the virtue to live on little (nor is this my own doctrine, but these are the precepts of Ofellus, a rustic sage, wise without rules, a man of home-spun wit), learn, my friends not amongst dishes and polished tables, where the eye is dazzled by senseless splendours, and the mind, staying itself on a lie, refuses the better part; but here, before we dine, let us discuss the point. Why so? I will explain, if I can. Badly is the truth weighed by any corrupt judge. Go, hunt the hare, and tire yourself by riding on an unbroken horse, or if Roman exercises exhaust you who have adopted Grecian fashions, and if the swift-flying ball or the quoit is your pleasure, your interest in which gently beguiles the severity of the toil, go, I say, strike the yielding air with the quoit; then, when the toil has beaten out of you your daintiness, then, when you are dry and empty, despise, if you can, plain food, and refuse to drink any mead, unless made of the best wine and best honey. The butler is not at home, and stormy is the dark sea, and the fish are safe; bread with salt will appease your growling stomach. How do you suppose this end is obtained? The height of the enjoyment is not in the savour that costs so dear, but in yourself. Therefore earn you your sauce by hard exercise; the man bloated and sickly-pale with gluttony, no oyster, or scar, or foreign la-gois¹ will delight.

23—38. *There are all kinds of fancies about what we eat.*

However, I shall hardly get out of you the desire of tickling your palate with a peacock on your table rather than a chicken; vain appearances mislead you; just because the pea-

¹ This, whether bird or fish, seems to be so called from having a taste like a hare.

cock is a rare bird, and a gold coin must buy it, and on its painted tail a gaudy show is spread to view; as if that were aught to the point. For do you eat those admired feathers? When the bird is dressed, where is its beautiful plumage? Yet though there is no difference, you prefer one meat to the other: it is plain you are deceived by the difference of the appearance. But grant this is so: yet what sense tells you whether this fish was a river pike or caught out at sea, nay, whether it had been tossed among the bridges or at the mouth of the Tuscan river? In your folly you praise a three-pound mullet; and yet you must cut it in pieces to eat it with your bread. Your eye is your guide, I see; wherefore then dislike large pikes? Because forsooth nature made these large, the others light of weight. A hungry stomach seldom scorns plain food.

39—52. *Luxury so excessive did not always prevail; and there are still the remnants at our dinners of former simplicity.*

“Ah would that I could gaze on a lordly mullet stretched on lordly dish!” so says the gourmand’s throat that would not have disgraced the devouring Harpies. But come from heaven, ye siroccos, and cook these men their dainties! Though without your breath the boar and fresh turbot are tainted, when a surfeiting plenty troubles the sickened stomach, which sated prefers turnips and acid elecampane.¹ There still is left some old simplicity in the feasts of our great men, where cheap eggs and black olives yet find a place. It is not so very long ago that the table of Gallonius the auctioneer² was infamous for a sturgeon. What! did the sea produce no turbot in those days? Safe was the turbot then, safe in its nest the stork, until you epicures were taught by an authority, a would-be prætor.³ And now if any one issued an edict that

¹ A plant whose root had a pungent taste, and was of much repute as a stomachic.

² Mentioned in Lucilius; he spent all his money on this sturgeon, and other fish, and yet never dined well in his life.

³ Asinius, or Sempronius Rufus, who was rejected when he stood for the prætorship. So, a wag said, the people had avenged the death of the storks on which he had dined.

roasted sea-gulls were delicious, the Roman youths, apt pupils in depravity, would yield obedience.

53—69. *Yet we should avoid the opposite fault of meanness.*

A mean style of living will differ from a moderate one in Ofellus' judgment; indeed, in vain have you avoided one fault, only to turn aside perversely to its opposite. Avidienus, to whom the name of 'dog' clings, drawn from his nature, eats olives five years old, and the fruit of the wild cornel tree, and is too stingy to draw his wine till it is turned; as to his oil, its smell is intolerable, though he is celebrating the day that follows a wedding, or a birthday, or some other holyday, in robe whitened by the fuller; from a horn of two pints' size with his own hand he drops this oil on the cabbage, liberal enough of his old vinegar. What manner of living then will a wise man adopt, and which of these two will he follow? "On one side a wolf attacks, on another a dog worries you," as they say. His mode of life is decent, who does not offend by meanness, and neither on this side nor on that is unfortunate in his style of living. For he will neither be like old Albutius, savage to his slaves, while apportioning to them their duties; nor, as easy-natured Nævius, will give his guests greasy water; this too is a great fault.

70—93. *The disadvantages of excess, the advantages of a frugal diet; the praise of the men of old.*

Now hear the great blessings of a frugal diet. In the first place good health; how injurious variety of food is to a man, you may well believe by remembering how at times a simple fare has settled on your stomach; whereas as soon as you mix boiled and roast, shell fish and thrushes, sweets into bile will turn, and the thick phlegm will cause intestine war. See how pale rises each guest from a dinner distracting by its variety! Nay, the body laden with yesterday's excess weighs down its companion the soul, and fastens to the earth that particle of the divine Essence. But the temperate man in an instant consigns to sleep his refreshed body, then rises all fresh to his appointed duties. And yet he too now and then can pass to more generous fare, when the returning year shall bring some holy time, or he would invigorate his weakened frame, when too years advance, and the infirmity of age looks for kinder

treatment; but what can you add to that indulgence anticipated by you in the days of youth and strength, if ill-health comes upon you, or sluggish age? Our fathers praised a high boar; not, I suppose, because they had no nose, but this was their meaning, that a friend, arriving late, would eat it when tainted with more comfort than the greedy master of the house would dine on it though still fresh. Oh, that the early world had produced myself among heroes such as those!

94—111. *Luxury brings disgrace and ruin. If we are ever so rich, could not we spend our money better? The future too is uncertain for all.*

Do you not allow something to the voice of fame? Sweeter than song it fills the human ear. Great turbots on great dishes bring huge discredit and loss. Then angry is your uncle,¹ all your neighbours, you condemn yourself, in vain you long for death, for in your need you lack a penny to buy a halter with. "Right is it," says the wealthy man, "for Trausius to be reproved by your words: but I have a noble revenue, and wealth ample for three monarchs." Be it so: is there nothing better on which to spend your superfluity? Why is any worthy man so poor, and you so rich? Why are the ancient temples of the gods in ruins? Why, worthless man, do you not measure out a portion of that great heap of your country? Ah, you alone of all, I suppose, can never meet with mishap! Some day your enemies will have a great laugh at you. For which of the two can trust himself best to meet the accidents of chance, he who to superfluities accustoms his soul and pampered body, or he who, blessed with little and cautious for the future, in peace, as a wise man, provides fit arms for war?

112—136. *Ofellus describes his life; he was thrifty in former days, and so has been able courageously to meet unlooked-for misfortunes.*

To induce you to believe my words, I will tell you how, when a little boy, I remember Ofellus using his means then undiminished as moderately as now, when impaired. You

¹ An uncle was proverbial among the ancients for harshness.

may see him in the allotted farm¹ with his cattle and his sons, a stalwart tenant-farmer, telling thus his tale: "It was no wont of mine on a working day to dine on more than vegetables, and a smoked ham. And if a friend I had not seen for long should visit me, or if to me when at ease some neighbour, a welcome guest, came walking through the rain, then we enjoyed ourselves, not with fish fetched from town, but on a chicken or kid; presently raisins and walnuts with dried figs graced our second course. After that, our amusement was to drink, with the law of forfeits for the master of our feast; and Ceres, whom we honoured on condition that so with lofty stem she would deign to rise, cleared from our wrinkled brow with wine our serious cares. Let fortune raging stir new civil turmoils; how much from my means will she take? Have I, or you, my boys, been less sleek since this new landlord came? Nature has established neither him, nor me, nor any one, lord of this land in perpetuity; he ejected me; some villainy, or ignorance of tricky law, at any rate in the end an heir, who longer lives, will eject him. The farm is now Umbrenus'; once it was called Ofellus'; of no man is it the absolute property; but passes to the use, now of me, now of a successor. Wherefore with courage live, and with courageous breasts stem adverse fate."

III

1—16. *Damasippus, a new convert to Stoicism, taunts Horace with his Epicurean indolence.*

DAMASIPPUS.

So seldom do you write, that not four times in a whole year do you call for your parchment, while you retouch your writings, and are out of temper with yourself, because, so freely indulging in wine and sleep, you give us no poems worthy of the talk of men. What will you produce now? For we look for something, as from the midst of the Saturnalia you have taken refuge here.² In your retirement from

¹ The reward of a veteran.

² At your farm.

the revels give us something worthy of your professions. Begin. Why, there is nothing. In vain you blame your pens, and make the innocent wall¹ suffer, born in an hour when gods were angry, aye and poets too. And yet yours was the countenance of one who threatened many glorious poems, if your little villa once received you at your leisure under its cosy roof. What did you mean by packing up Plato and Menander, and taking with you into the country such illustrious attendants as Eupolis and Archilochus? Are you trying to appease envy by the abandonment of virtue? You will be despised, wretched man. Avoid that wicked Siren, sloth; or else, whatever you have made your own in better days, you must be prepared now to resign.

16—42. *An account of Damasippus' bankruptcy, his idle life as a virtuoso, his intended suicide, his changed life.*

HORACE.

May the gods and goddesses present you, Damasippus, with a barber² in return for your good advice! But how come you to know me so well?

DAMASIPPUS.

After the shipwreck of all my fortunes at the middle Janus,³ I have attended to other people's business, having been dashed by the storm out of my own. There was a time when I was fond of looking out for bronze vessels in which old Sisyphus,⁴ that man of craft, might have washed his feet; I judged what was sculptured unskilfully, what cast roughly; as a connoisseur I valued this or that statue at a hundred thousand sesterces; gardens and fine houses I, above all other men, knew how to buy at a profit; whence the crowded streets gave me the name of the very god of gain [Mercury].

¹ The thumped wall is personified.

² He had grown a philosopher's beard.

³ The central of the three arcades on the north side of the Forum. The expression is equivalent to "on the Street," or "Exchange."

⁴ Founder of Corinth, which city was famous for its bronze.

HORACE.

Oh, I know, and wonder to find you cured of that disease.

DAMASIPPUS.

And yet the old disease was driven out in a strange way by a new one, as happens, when into the stomach passes the pain of the foot, side, or head; or as from a lethargy up starts a man as a pugilist, and pounds his doctor.

HORACE.

Provided anything like this does not happen to me, let it be as you like.

DAMASIPPUS.

My friend, not to deceive yourself, know that you are mad and nearly all fools, if there be one word of truth in Stertinius' ¹ talk; from his mouth I, an apt pupil, wrote down these admirable precepts on the day that he comforted me, and bid me nurse my philosophic beard, and return from the Fabrician bridge, no longer despondent. For after my bankruptcy I was going to throw myself with veiled head into the Tiber; then he, as my lucky genius, stood by me, and said: "Beware of doing anything unworthy of yourself; false shame," quoth he, "troubles you, who fear to be thought mad in the midst of madmen. For in the first place I will enquire what frenzy is; and if it shall be found in you alone, I will not say a word more to stop you from dying bravely."

43—63. *The Stoic dogma that all the world is mad except the Stoics; though madness assumes different and even opposite forms.*

Him, whom perverse folly and ignorance of the truth blind and hurry onward, the Stoic Porch and school pronounce insane. This definition comprises nations and mighty monarchs, all men, saving only the philosopher. Now hear, why men who have put on you the name of madman, are all

¹ A Stoic professor.

as demented as you are. It is as in a forest, where men stray in every direction, their error takes them out of the right path; one wanders away to the left, another to the right; each is equally in error, but they are misled by different ways: so believe yourself to be insane only so far, that the man who laughs at you is quite as mad with his own tail hanging behind him. One set of fools fear when there is no danger, complaining that fire, rocks, rivers are in their way on a level plain; another set diverse from this, but not a whit more sensible, rush through fire and rivers; there shout to them affectionate mothers, respectable sisters, relations, fathers, wives: "Look out," they bawl, "here is a deep pit, here a huge rock." But they are as deaf, as was drunken Fufius once; he acted slumbering Ilione, and remained sound asleep, though two hundred thousand Catienses¹ shouted, "Mother, on you I call." Now I will prove to you that the mass of mankind are mad after a similar pattern.

64—76. *The extravagant man is insane; but it is a question, whether the money-lender is not equally so.*

Mad is Damasippus, the purchaser of old statues: sane, I suppose, is Damasippus' creditor; well, be it so: but if I say to you, "Accept some money that you need never return to me," are you mad, if you accept it, or would you not rather be so, if you refused the gain offered to you by propitious Mercury? Draw up ten obligations as strong as Nerius² can draw them; if that is not enough, add a hundred after the model of Cicuta,² that knotty man of the law, add a thousand bonds; yet from all will slip this scamp, this modern Proteus. When you drag him off to court, he will laugh immoderately, he will transform himself into a boar, bird, rock, or, if he pleases, a tree. A madman manages his affairs ill, a man in his senses well; then, believe me, Perillus is much more addle-pated, who gives you security to sign, from which he can never recover the debt.

77—81. *The world is as one great asylum. There are four great classes of madmen.*

¹ Catiensus was his fellow-actor.

² Usurers.

Attend and arrange your toga,¹ all ye that are pale with the disease of perverse ambition, or avarice, or luxury, or gloomy superstition, or have any other fever of the mind: come near me all in order, and I will prove that you are mad, every one of you.

82—103. *The avaricious are as numerous a class as any, of whom Staberius was a notable instance, yet Aristippus his opposite was nearly as bad.*

By far the largest quantity of hellebore should be administered to misers; indeed, perhaps, sound reason would assign to them all the crops of Anticyra.² The epitaph of Staberius was the sum total of his property: this his heirs had to engrave on his monument, being bound by the penalty of exhibiting to the people a hundred pairs of gladiators, and a banquet at the discretion of Arrius,³ and as much corn as the province of Africa reaps. "This is my will," wrote Staberius; "as to whether it is a perverse one or a right one, do not attempt to lecture me." Now, I suppose, this was a proof of the foresight of Staberius. For what was his meaning, when he directed his heirs to put on the stone of his grave the sum total of his property? This, surely, that all his life long he considered poverty a shocking vice, and guarded against nothing so carefully; if he had perchance died poorer by a single farthing, so much a worse man would he have thought himself; for all things, virtue, character, honour, things celestial and terrestrial alike, are the servants of fair wealth: and he who amasses it, he is illustrious, valiant, just. What, and wise too? Even so, and a king too, and whatever he has a fancy to be. This his wealth, earned by his virtue, he believed would redound to his glory. In no ways like him was the Greek, Aristippus,⁴ who bid his servants throw away his gold in the midst of Africa, because, forsooth, the weight of it delayed

¹ *i. e.*, compose yourselves.

² An island in the Maliac gulf, where hellebore, the cure of melancholy, grew abundantly.

³ A vulgar, ostentatious man.

⁴ The founder of the Cyrenaic sect, who carried Epicureanism to an extreme.

their journey. Which of the two is the greater madman? Nothing is proved by an instance which solves one hard case by another.

104—128. *The love of hoarding money is perfectly unreasonable, but so common that we do not see its utter folly.*

If a man were to buy up lyres, and store them together when bought, being a person without any taste for music or any accomplishment; if knives and lasts, he who was no shoemaker; sails, he who was set against a merchant's life; all would with reason pronounce such men crazy and demented. How differs from them the man who amasses golden coins, ignorant how to use his stores, fearing to touch them, as though it would be sacrilege? One stretched at full length watches by the side of a great heap of corn, continually, with a big club in his hand; he, the hungry owner of it all, does not dare to touch a single grain, and would rather eat bitter leaves, so stingy is he; in his cellar are casks of Chian and old Falernian, a thousand of them, nay, that is a mere nothing, three hundred thousand; and yet he drinks sour vinegar; see, he sleeps on straw, he, a man in his eightieth year, while coverlets, on which feast chafers and moths, lie spoiling in his chests: still, I suppose, few would count this miser insane, because a large majority of mankind are troubled with the same malady. That a son, or perhaps a freedman, may inherit and waste all this property, do you so guard it, you old dotard, Heaven's enemy? Is it that you dread want? Little will each day dock from your savings, if you begin to dip your cabbage in better oil, and to anoint your scurfy pate. Why, if almost anything is enough for you, do you perjure, steal, plunder from every where? Is a man like you sane?

128—141. *The madness of Orestes preceded, not followed, the murder of his mother.*

Supposing you were to take to killing with stones the public, and your own servants bought with your own money, all would cry out against you as a madman, boys and girls alike: when you strangle your wife, or poison your mother, are you sane? Why not? for you do not the deed at 'Argos, nor is it with the sword that you kill your mother, as did Orestes, who was mad. But now do you think that it was only after

the murder of his mother that Orestes went mad? Was he not rather driven into frenzy by those wicked Furies, before he pierced his mother's throat with the reeking point of his sword? Nay, from the time that Orestes passed for being unsound of mind, he did nothing in any way to be condemned; he never dared wound with his sword either his friend Pylades, or his sister Electra; he merely abused both, calling one a Fury, the other some other name suggested by his magnificent anger.

142—157. *The story of Opimius, in whom the ruling passion was strong in death.*

Poor was Opimius, for all his stores of silver and gold; wine of Veii¹ was his beverage on holidays out of a cup of Campanian earthenware, on working-days he drank wine turned sour; once he fell into a deep lethargy; and round about his coffers and locks his heir was running in extravagant joy. But he had a doctor very prompt and trusty, who roused him in the following way: he ordered a table to be set, on it to be poured sacks of coin, and sent for many to count the money; in this way he wakens up the dying man; then says to him: "Unless you guard your property, a greedy heir will presently carry it off." "What, in my lifetime?" says Opimius. "Be on your watch then, that you do not die; give your mind to this." "What would you have me to do?" says the sick man. "Your blood is poor, and your powers will fail you, unless a great stay from food supports your sinking stomach. Do you hesitate? Come now, take this little cup of rice-gruel." "What did it cost?" says he. "Oh! very little." "But how much?" "Eight pence." "Alas," says the sick man, "what odds, whether I die by disease, or by theft and robbery?"

158—167. *As in the body, so in the soul freedom from one evil does not imply freedom from all.*

Who then, after all, is sane? "He who is free from folly." What, as to the miser? "He is a fool and madman." But if a man is not a miser, does it follow he is sane? "Certainly not." How so, Sir Stoic? "I will explain. 'The patient

¹ "Vin ordinaire," cheap and sour.

has no disease of the stomach,' imagine Craterus¹ to be the speaker: 'is he therefore well, and may he get up?' 'No,' says that eminent physician; 'his ribs or his kidneys are attacked by acute disease.' So this man is not perjured, he is no mean miser: let him offer his pig to the propitious Lares: not so, for he is ambitious and rash; therefore let him take ship for Anticyra. It is all the same, whether you present all your substance to a greedy gulf, or never use your savings." 168—186. *Oppidius on his death-bed warned his two sons, each of an opposite folly.*

Servius Oppidius had two farms at Canusium, he was possessed of an ancestral fortune, and 'tis said that he divided them between his two sons, and on his death-bed gave them this advice: "I have observed you, Aulus, carrying carelessly in the folds of your toga your dice and walnuts, giving them away, throwing them about in play; you, Tiberius, gloomily counting them, hiding them in holes; I am greatly frightened, lest opposite kinds of madness should possess you; and one follow the steps of Nomentanus, the other of Cicuta. Wherefore I entreat you both by our household-gods, one not to lessen, the other not to increase the property your father thinks sufficient, and nature sets as a limit. Further, that vainglory may not tickle you, I will bind you both by this oath: whichever of you shall be elected an ædile or prætor, let him be as one outlawed, and accursed. Are you going to waste your substance on vetches, beans, and lupines,² that with broad toga you may strut in the circus, or have a bronze statue set up to your honour, stripped of your lands, stripped of the money of your inheritance, you madman; that, forsooth, you may get the applause which Agrippa³ gets, like a cunning fox mimicking a noble lion."

187—223. *Ambition is madness, as is shown by the instance of Agamemnon, told in the form of a dialogue.*

"Son of Atreus, why do you forbid any one to think of burying Ajax?" "I am a king." "I ask no more, being but

¹ An eminent physician.

² To distribute among the populace.

³ An ædile noted for his munificence.

one of the common people." "And just also are my commands; but if I seem to any one unrighteous, I allow him with impunity to say what he thinks." "Mightiest of monarchs, may the gods grant to you to take Troy, and bring your fleet safe home! Am I really allowed to ask for an opinion, and give one in my turn?" "Yes, ask what you please." "Well then, I ask, why rots the body of Ajax, a hero second to Achilles alone, often the illustrious saviour of the Greeks, so that Priam and Priam's people rejoice at his having no burial, by whose valour so many of their youths lost a sepulchre in their native soil?" "Because in his madness he slaughtered a thousand sheep, crying out that he was killing renowned Ulysses, and Menelaus, and myself." "But you, when before the altar you place your darling daughter at Aulis in the stead of a heifer, and sprinkle her head with meal and salt, you wicked man, are you not deranged?" "How so, sirrah?" "Mad as he was, when he laid the cattle low with his sword, what did Ajax do? He did no violence to wife or son; he uttered many a curse on the Atridæ, but Teucer and even Ulysses he never injured." "But I, that I might start on their way the ships fastened to the unfriendly shore, knowing full what I did, appeased Heaven with blood." "Yes with your own blood, you raving madman." "My blood certainly, but no madman am I." "He who entertains imaginations opposed to truth, and bewildered by the confusion of crime, he will be considered insane, and, whether it be through folly or passion that he errs, it makes no difference. Ajax slew innocent lambs, and was insane; you, knowing what you were doing, committed a crime for vain renown, and are in your senses, and is your mind, so swollen with ambition, free from fault? Supposing a man was fond of carrying about in a litter a pretty lamb, was to treat it as a daughter, provide for it dress, maids, gold, call it by endearing names, betroth it to a gallant gentleman; would not the prætor interfere, and take from him every legal right?¹ And so the care of him would pass to his sane relations. And if one sacrifices a daughter as though she were a dumb lamb, is he in his senses? you cannot

¹ *i. e.*, as an insane man.

say he is. Thus, where there is depravity and folly, there is the very height of madness; the criminal is raving mad, and he who is dazzled by the glitter of glory, has thundering round him Bellona, goddess who delights in blood-stained votaries." 224—246. *Extravagance is a third form of insanity. The instances of Nomentanus, of Clodius, and the sons of Arrius.*

Come now, let us together attack extravagance, and extravagant Nomentanus; for right reason will demonstrate that spendthrifts are fools and madmen. No sooner had he inherited a thousand talents, than prætor-like he issues his decree for fishmonger, fruiterer, poulterer, perfumer, all the ungodly set of the Tuscan street, fowl-fattener, parasites, all the market, and all Velabrum,¹ to come to his house next morning. Naturally, they came in crowds; the spokesman was the pander: "Whatever I have, whatever each of these have at home, is, believe us, at your service; send for it to-day or to-morrow." Now hear the reply of this considerate young man: "In Lucanian snows you sleep booted, that I may have a boar for dinner; you again sweep the stormy seas for fish. Idle man am I, unworthy of such possessions; take it; receive a million sesterces; you, three million, from whose house comes running your wife, when called at the dead of night." The son of Æsopus² took from the ear of Metella a famous pearl, and with the idea, as I suppose, of swallowing a million sesterces in one gulp, diluted it in vinegar; how was he less mad than if he had thrown it into the rapid river or the sewer? The children of Quintus Arrius, a precious pair, twins in profligacy, in childish folly and depraved fancies used to lunch on nightingales, a most costly dish. How would you set them down? Would you mark them with white chalk or black charcoal?

247—280. *Love is as silly as any childish game, it is inconsistent, superstitious, doting, and often leads to crime.*

If a man with a beard found delight in building baby-houses, in yoking mice to a toy-cart, in playing at odd and

¹ A business street.

² Clodius. Æsop was a famous actor.

even, in riding on a long stick, one would say that madness possessed him. But if right reason demonstrates that love is something still more childish, and that it makes no difference, whether you are busy with raising your toy-houses in the sand, as you did when three years old, or whether you maunder troubled with love, I demand of you, Will you do as Polemo did, when he became a changed man?¹ Will you lay aside the livery of your mental malady, the bandages, cushions, neck-wrappers; as 'tis said that he, after his drinking bout, stealthily plucked the chaplets from his neck, as soon as he heard the reproving voice of his fasting tutor? You offer fruit to a sulky child: he refuses it; you say "Take it, darling:" he says he will not: if you do not offer it, he longs for it: how differs from the child the lover,² when the door is shut in his face, and he deliberates, shall he go or not, and yet is sure to return, even if not sent for, and hates the doors, and yet cannot tear himself from them? "What, shall I not go, now that she makes the advances? Or rather, shall I not resolve to put an end to my pains? She has turned me out of the house: now she calls me back: shall I return? No, not if she entreats me." Now hear what says the slave, a deal wiser than his master: "Sir, things without method and sense cannot be dealt with on any system or method. Such is the evil nature of love; it means war, then peace: it is as changeable as the weather, it floats as if by blind chance; and if any one tries to make it regular in his own case, he will manage about as well as if he were to endeavour to be mad on a regular system and method." What! you pick out the pips of Picenian fruit,³ and rejoice, if you happen to hit the ceiling with them; are you in your senses? On your old palate you strike out lispings words: are you less silly than the child that builds card-houses? Add blood to folly, and stir up the fire with a sword. To take a late instance, Marius stabbed Hellas, and then threw himself down; was he not

¹ He was converted by Xenocrates, the philosopher (see THE GREEK CLASSICS, page 296).

² A character in the *Eunuch* of Terence.

³ See below, *Sat.* II. 4, 70.

a lunatic? or would you acquit the man of madness, to find him guilty of a crime, applying, according to usage, cognate terms to things.

281—299. *Superstition is a fourth kind of madness.*

There was a freedman, he was old and sober, in the morning he would wash his hands, then would run to the places where streets meet,¹ and there would he pray, "Deliver me, yes, me alone from death: what so much to ask? 'Tis a light thing for the gods to do:" the man was sound in both his ears and eyes; but if he were a slave in the slave-market, his master, unless fond of a lawsuit, would not have warranted his reason. Now Chrysippus places this class also in the house of Menenius so fruitful in madmen. "Thou, Jove, givest great pains of body, then takest them away;" so says the mother of a boy who has been ill in bed for five long months, "If the chilly quartan ague leaves my child on the morning of the day of thy appointed feast, naked shall he stand in Tiber's stream." Good luck or the doctor raises the sick boy from imminent danger; but the crazy mother will be the murderer of her child, by sticking him up on the cold bank, and so bringing back the fever. Now with what malady is her mind disordered? With superstition. These were the arms which my friend Stertinius, the eighth wise man, put in my hands; hereafter no one can call me madman with impunity, for he who so names me, shall hear as much in reply, and shall be told to look behind on what hangs from his own back, though he sees it not.

300—326. *Dialogue between Horace and Damasippus, in which Horace playfully alludes to his own foibles, his airs, his poetry, his hot temper, his many loves.*

HORACE.

Sir Stoic, enlighten me, and so may you after your losses sell all your property at an advantage! Since there are so many kinds of folly, what is my particular one? To myself I seem sane.

¹ And where the statues of the Lares stood.

DAMASIPPUS.

No wonder: when mad Agave was carrying the head of her unhappy son torn from the trunk, did she think herself mad? ¹

HORACE.

Well, I confess my folly; one must needs yield to the force of truth; I allow that I am mad; only do you declare to me, what you consider to be my besetting malady.

DAMASIPPUS.

Hear: in the first place you are building, which means that you imitate the tall, you, a man who from top to toe measure about two feet; and yet you laugh at the airs and gait of Turbo in his armour, a man with a soul too big for his body: how are you less ridiculous than he? Is it right that you should do all that Mæcenas does, you who are so unlike him, and so inferior in a rivalry with so great a man? A frog was absent when its young ones were crushed by the foot of a calf; one only escaped, and told its mother the whole tale, how a huge beast had squeezed to death its brothers and sisters. The parent asked: "How big was the monster?" Puffing herself out she said, "Could it have been as big as this?" "Bigger by half," said the young one. "What, as big as this?" said the old one. As she kept puffing herself more and more, the young one said, "If you burst yourself you will never be as big." Now this little simile suits you very well. To this add your poetry, which is as if one said, "Throw oil on fire:" if any man is in his senses who composes poetry, then you are. I say nothing of your dreadful temper.

HORACE.

Enough, stop.

DAMASIPPUS.

Or your style beyond your means.

¹ Allusion is to the *Bacchæ* of Euripides.

HORACE.

Damasippus, mind your own business.

DAMASIPPUS.

Or your thousand ravings for a thousand loves.

HORACE.

O greater madman, be merciful at last to your inferior in madness!

IV

I—II. *An ironical glorification of the precepts of gastronomy, which are as follows.*

HORACE.

WHENCE and whither, Catius?

CATIUS.

I have no time to stop, being eager to commit to memory by my method precepts which throw into the shade those of Pythagoras, and of him whom Anytus prosecuted [Socrates], and of learned Plato.

HORACE.

I confess my fault in interrupting you at such an unlucky moment; but kindly pardon me, I pray. If anything slips your memory, you will presently recover it; be this a gift of nature, or the result of art, anyhow you are admirable.

CATIUS.

Nay, this was what I was thinking of, how to retain all the points, the subject being so delicate, and expressed so delicately.

HORACE.

Tell me the name of the author. Was he a Roman or a foreigner?

CATIUS.

I will myself repeat to you the precepts, but must withhold the name of the author.

12—34. *Precepts touching eggs, cabbages, mushrooms, mead, shell-fish, and other points.*

Remember to put on your table eggs of a tapering shape, as having more taste, and whiter than round ones; being thick too, they contain the yolk of a male chicken. Cabbages grown in dry soil are sweeter than those that come from the market grounds near Rome; nothing is more insipid than the produce of a wet garden. If suddenly in the evening a friend looks in upon you, to prevent the hen just killed from being tough, I advise you to dip it still alive into mead made of Falernian wine; so will it be tender. The best sort of mushrooms are those gathered from meadows; others one can ill trust. That man will pass his summers in health, who ends his morning meal with black mulberries picked from the tree before the sun is oppressive. Aufidius had a way of making his mead of strong Falernian; it was a great fault, because nothing but what is mild should be put into the empty stomach; mild should be the mead with which the stomach is washed. If your sluggish bowels refuse to act, limpet and common shell-fish will remove the obstacle, or the low-growing herb of sorrel with a cup of white Coan wine. With increasing moons increase the slippery shell-fish; but every sea does not produce the finest sort. The peloris of the Lucrine lake is better than the murex of Baiæ, oyster-beds are at Circeii, from Misenum come sea-urchins: the broad scallop is the glory of luxurious Tarentum.

35—62. *More precepts about dinners, wines, and other points. Money will not do every thing. The excellence of the art tested by its power of provoking appetite.*

Let no ordinary man lightly take to himself the science of dinner-parties, unless he has first duly considered the delicate question of taste. For it is not enough to have cleared the fishmonger's board at a great cost, unless one knows which fish should be done in sauce, and which, when fried, will tempt the sated guest to raise himself on his elbow. An

Umbrian boar fed on holm-oak acorns weighs down the dishes of the host who eschews insipid meat; as to the Laurentian, he is a bad beast, fattened on sedge and reeds. Roes reared in a vineyard are not always eatable. The professed epicure chooses the wings of a hare fruitful in young. Touching the nature and proper age of fish and birds, no palate before mine had considered and revealed the truth. Some men's genius is poor, only equal to the invention of new pastry. But it is by no means enough to spend all one's care on a single point; as if one only tried to give good wine, and then were indifferent as to the oil in which the fish was dressed. Expose Massic wine to a cloudless sky; all the thickness in it will be cleared away by the night air, and the bouquet that affects the brain will pass off; the same wine strained through linen will lose its full flavour. He who skilfully mixes wine of Surrentum with the dregs of Falernian,¹ thoroughly collects the sediment with a pigeon's egg, for the yolk sinks to the bottom, carrying with it all foreign substances. To the drinker, if he flags, give fresh spirit by fried pawns and African snails: lettuce rises on the acid stomach after wine; more and more by ham and sausages does it crave to be stimulated and restored; nay, prefers any thing brought smoking-hot from dirty eating-houses.

63—75. *The rules about sauce; directions about the fruit.*

It is worth while thoroughly to master the qualities of compound sauce. The simple consists of sweet olive oil; this ought to be mixed with rich wine, and the same pickled of which the Byzantine jar² smells so strongly. When this has been made to boil with a mixture of chopped herbs, and has stood to cool, after Cilician saffron has been sprinkled over it; then do you add besides the oil of the pressed berry of the olive of Venafrum. The fruit of Tibur is inferior in juice to that of Picenum, but superior in appearance. The grape of Venucula is good for preserving in jars: the Alban is best when thoroughly smoked. On enquiry, you will find that I the first of all men placed round the table on clear

¹ A light wine mixed with a heavy.

² Containing tunny-fish.

dishes this kind of grape together with apples, lees, and fish-pickle, white pepper sprinkled through a sieve, and black salt. 76—87. *Little things make all the difference in a dinner.*

It is a monstrous sin, after you have spent three thousand sesterces at the market, then to cramp the fish, that once swam freely through the sea, in a narrow dish. It gives quite a turn to the stomach, if a servant, after licking stolen bits, soils the cup with his greasy hands, or if nasty dirt sticks to an ancient goblet. On common brooms, napkins, sawdust, how little need be spent! But if these things be neglected, scandalous is the crime. What! will you sweep tessellated pavement with a dirty palm-broom, and put unwashed coverlets over cushions bright with Tyrian dye? Do you forget that as such details need less care and expense, so to neglect them is more culpable, than to omit such luxuries as are granted to the tables of the rich alone?

88—95. *Horace implores Catius to take him with him to the next lectures.*

HORACE.

Learned Catius, in the name of Heaven and of our friendship, remember to take me with you, whenever you go to such lectures. Strong is your memory, and accurately you repeat all; and yet as a mere reporter you cannot give me so much delight. There is too the look and bearing of the great man; blest were you in the sight of him, yet for that very reason you prize it not to the worth: but I feel no slight desire to approach the hidden sources, and to quaff draughts of the wisdom of such a blessed life.¹

V²

1—8. *Opening dialogue between Ulysses and Teiresias.*

ULYSSES.

ANSWERING me still another question, Teiresias, besides

¹ Apparently a parody of Lucretius.

² This is an amusing parody on the interview between Teiresias the prophet and Ulysses in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*.

all you have told me. By what ways and means can I repair my broken fortunes? You laugh: why so?

TEIRESIAS.

What! you man of wiles, are you not content with the promise of a return to Ithaca, and of a sight of your household goods?

ULYSSES.

O seer, that ne'er did lie to mortal man, you see how I am to return home, according to your prophecy, naked and needy, and to find there neither my store-room of wine, nor my flock untouched by the suitors; and well you know that without money both birth and virtue are as worthless as sea-weed.
9—22. *Ulysses, says the seer, must make up his mind to be a fortune-hunter, or poor he will remain.*

TEIRESIAS.

Since, coming straight to the point, you say that your dread is poverty, hear by what method you can become rich. A thrush, we will suppose, or some other delicacy comes as a present to you; let the bird wing its way to some rich and splendid house, where the master is old: or your well-cultivated farm bears sweet fruit, or other produce meet for offerings; even before the household god let the rich man enjoy this, the rich man deserves your veneration most. Now, be he ever so perjured, ever so low-born, stained with a brother's blood, nay a runaway slave, for all that, if walking with him at his request, never decline to give him the inside.

ULYSSES.

Do you mean that I am to give the wall to that filthy Dama? Not so at Troy did I bear myself, but ever vied with better men than myself.

TEIRESIAS.

Ah well, you will be a poor man.

ULYSSES.

I'll bid my stalwart soul endure e'en this. Already worse
x—15

I've borne. Continue then, and tell me whence I may draw wealth and stores of brass.

23—44. *The arts of the fortune-hunter, who will support the rich in their lawsuits, and to curry favour with them will endure any toil and indignity.*

TEIRESIAS.

Well, I have told you, and again I tell you; everywhere craftily fish for legacies from old gentlemen; perhaps one or two shrewd ones will nibble the bait off the hook, and then escape from your snares, but do not you give up hope, or abandon your art, because once baffled. If on any occasion there is a lawsuit in the forum, of greater or less importance, do you see whether one of the two be rich and childless, and though he be a rascal, who with wanton audacity brings an action against a better man, yet do you be the advocate of the scoundrel, making no account of the opponent, however superior in character and the justice of his cause, if he has a son at home, or a fruitful wife. Address the rich man, "Quintus" for instance, or "Publius," (the prænomen tickles the delicate ear,) "your merit has attached me to you; I know the quibbles of law; I can defend a cause; I would let any one put out my own eyes rather than slight you, or rob you of a rotten nut; my chief care is that you should not lose a farthing, or be the laughingstock of any man." So bid him go home, and take care of his dear self; do you become his pleader. Endure still and persevere, whether the flaming red dog-star is splitting the mute statues, or Furius, distended with rich tripe, spits hoary snow all over the wintry Alps.¹ Then will some one nudge another standing near with his elbow, and say: "Do you not see how untiring he is, how useful to his friends, how keen in their service?" So will more tunnies² swim up, and your fishpools be better stocked.

¹ This is a parody of the bombastic Furius. See *Sat.* i. 10, 36.

² *i. e.*, more rich fools: so Swift uses "gudgeons" for people easily ensnared.

45—57. *Observe when a rich man's only child is sickly. Be careful not to overdo your trade.*

If any one's son, the heir of his great fortune, be in poor health, lest transparent attentions to a bachelor or widower betray you, do you creep gently by assiduous court into the hope of being put in the will as heir in remainder, and should any chance remove the child to the regions below, of taking the vacant place: this game seldom disappoints. Perhaps the will is handed to you to read, forget not to decline this, and to push it aside, yet so as by side-glance to catch the contents of the second line of the first page; swiftly run your eye across to see whether you are sole heir or coheir with many. Often will a shrewd man, once a quinquevii,¹ now recast as a notary,² baffle the gaping crowd, and the fortune-hunter Nasica will be the laughingstock of Coranus.

58—83. *The story of Nasica. The legacy-hunter must be prepared to flatter and oblige his rich friend.*

ULYSSES.

Are you frenzied, or purposely do you mock me with obscure prophecies?

TEIRESIAS.

O son of Laertes, whatsoever I say will happen, or it will not: divination is a gift to me from great Apollo.

ULYSSES.

However, declare the meaning of the story just alluded to, if it is lawful so to do.

TEIRESIAS.

In the days when shall live the young hero, the terror of Parthia, a child of the race of the noble Æneas, and shall be mighty by land and sea [Augustus], the gallant Coranus shall marry the tall daughter of Nasica, a man who will object to

¹ A commissioner on a public board.

² Horace himself was a notary.

pay in full. Then the son-in-law will act thus; he will hand his father-in-law the will, and beg him to read it: Nasica will often decline, but at last will take it, and read it by himself, and will then find for himself and his family a legacy of disappointment and grief. I have this further advice to give you; perhaps an artful woman or a freedman manages the old dotard, do you make common cause with him or her; praise them, so will you be praised yourself when absent. This helps, no doubt, but it is far the best to take by storm the citadel in the person of the old man himself. If he writes wretched verses, as madmen often do, you must praise them. If he is a libertine, do not wait for his demands, but, before he asks, obligingly hand over Penelope to your better.

ULYSSES.

What say you? do you think Penelope could be induced, that good and virtuous lady, whom the suitors could not tempt to leave the paths of rectitude?

TEIRESIAS.

Ah, well; but this was because those young gentlemen, who visited your house, did not like giving, their minds were set on eating more than on love; in these circumstances Penelope was virtuous, no doubt; but let her once get the taste of gain in partnership with you from one old rich man, she will be like the hound, which nothing can drive from the greased hide.

84—98. *The story of the old lady at Thebes. Caution is needed for the fortune-hunter. He must persevere even to the end.*

I will tell you what happened when I was an old man. There was at Thebes a roguish old woman: she, according to directions in her will, was buried as follows: her body was anointed with plenty of oil, and her heir had to carry it on his bare shoulders; this was to see whether she could slip out of his hands after her death: no doubt, because he never let her go during her lifetime. You must be wary in your approaches, neither deficient in attentions, nor excessive beyond

measure. The peevish and morose are offended by one obtrusively garrulous: but then neither will silence do. You must be the Davus of the play, standing with head bent forward, much like one struck with awe. Make your advances most obsequiously; if the breeze freshens, warn him, "Be careful, sir, cover your precious head;" get him out of a crowd by pushing for him; lend your ear to his babbling. Or if he is ridiculously fond of praise, then until he shall lift up his hands to heaven, and say, "Hold, enough," do you with praises press him, and fill his swelling vanity with empty words, as skin with air.

99—110. *After your success, still keep up appearances, and look out for fresh windfalls.*

And now his death relieves you from your long attention and servitude, and wide awake you hear read: "I bequeath to Ulysses a fourth part:" then do you drop in such words as these: "And is my old comrade Dama really gone? Ah, where shall I find so true, so honest a friend?" If you can manage it, shed a tear or two: the countenance betrays joy, but do you disguise it. If the monument is left to your discretion, be liberal in the raising of it; let the neighbourhood praise the handsome funeral. Perhaps one of your coheirs is elderly and has a bad cough, then say to him, that if he would like to be a purchaser of a farm or house in your share, you would gladly convey it to him for a nominal consideration. But me imperious Proserpine drags away; farewell and live prosperous.

VI¹

1—15. *Horace's contentment; his prayer to Heaven.*

OFTEN did I pray that I had a piece of land, not so very large, with a garden, and near the house a perennial spring of water, and a little wood besides. Heaven has done more and better for me than my wishes. It is well; son of Maia,²

¹ The most delightful of Satires, which is no Satire; it is imitated by Swift, to whose imitation Pope added a supplement.

² Mercury, invoked as the god of gain, and the patron of Horace the poet.

I ask nothing further, save that thou wilt continue to me these blessings. I trust that I have not increased my property by any evil arts, and that I am not going to diminish it by vice, or negligence: I offer no such foolish prayers as these; "O would that mine were the corner, which now spoils the shape of my little farm!" or, "Would that some lucky chance would discover for me a pot of money, as once to him, who was a tenant-farmer, and finding a treasure, bought the very farm which he had tilled, for Hercules¹ proved a friend and enriched him!" I trust what I have makes me thankful and content; if this be so, then thus I pray, "O make for me, Heaven, my cattle fat, and all I have heavy, except my wit, and as thou usest to be, still be my best guardian."

16—39. *The happiness of his placid life in the country contrasted with his troubles and plagues at Rome.*

So when I have retreated from the city into the mountains, and my country citadel, shall not my retirement be the favourite subject of my satires, and of my prosaic muse? There evil ambition cannot hurt me, nor the leaden sirocco, nor unhealthy autumn, that brings gain to Death by the funerals of the young. Thou father of the dawn, or Janus,² if so thou hadst rather be addressed, from whom is the beginning to mortals of work and toils of life, for such is Heaven's will, do thou be the first subject of my song. At Rome I am hurried away by thee to be security. Bestir yourself, thou sayest to me, lest another do his duty to a friend before you. So let the North wind sweep the earth, let winter whirl the snowy day in shorter circle, go I must. There must I speak in clear and distinct voice words for which I may have afterwards to smart, and then I have to push through the crowd, and hurt those who get in my way. With bitter curses angrily plies me some one: "Madman, what do you want, what mean you that you so strike all that stop you, as you hasten back to Mæcnas with something on your mind?" Now that this is my delight, yea, and as honey to me, I deny not. And yet, as soon as I get to the

¹ Hercules was the god of treasure trove.

² Janus, *i. e.*, Dianus, was originally the god of the day.

Esquiline hill, once the abode of gloom,¹ other peoples' affairs jump round my head and side in hundreds. "Remember that Roscius entreated you to be at the Puteal² before eight in the morning to-morrow, to be witness for him." "The notaries begged you, Quintus, not to forget to return to-day touching that fresh and important matter of common interest." "Manage to get Mæcenas to set his seal to that document." If I say, I will try my best, then he says urgently, "You can, if you please."

40—58. *Horace describes his intimacy with Mæcenas, and the envy and idle curiosity of others.*

Seven years and more have flown, 'tis nearly eight, since Mæcenas first chose me for one of his friends, just that he might have some one to take in his carriage on a journey, to whom he might confide such trifles as these: "What o'clock is it? Is the Thracian Gallina³ a match for Syrus?³ If people are not careful, now begins the cold morning air to nip them:" and other remarks safely to be trusted to a leaky ear. Meantime our friend is more and more exposed to envy every day and hour. "Why, he went to the public spectacles with Mæcenas; he played at ball with him in the Plain of Mars; a child of fortune," all exclaim. There flies a chilling report from the Rostra through the streets: every man that meets me, consults me: "My good friend, you must needs know, for you have access to the great, is there any news about the Dacians?" "Oh I, I know nothing." "How you ever love to jest!" "But may all the gods trouble me, if I know anything." "What, does Cæsar mean to give the estates he promised to the veterans⁴ in Sicily or on Italian soil?" When I swear I know nothing, they are amazed, and think me without doubt the very closest and most taciturn of all mortals.

59—76. *Horace longs for the country, his quiet evenings,*

¹ Once a common burying place, now the abode of Mæcenas.

² Built by Scribonius Libeo in the Forum, where the money-lenders met.

³ Gladiators.

⁴ Who were discontented after the battle of Actium, B.C. 31.

and cheerful dinners with his friends, and conversations not without profit.

In such things as these my day is lost, while I keep wishing to myself thus: "O country, when shall I behold you, and when will it be granted to me, at one time reading the writings of the ancients, at another taking my siesta, and spending my hours in indolence, to quaff at my ease the sweet forgetfulness of anxious life? O when shall beans, the relations of Pythagoras,¹ and other vegetables made savoury with fat bacon, be served on my table? O feasts and nights divine, when I and my friends dine before my own Lar, when I give to the saucy household-slaves the dishes I have first tasted!" Each guest follows his own fancy; for there the guests are free from unreasonable laws,² and different is the strength of the cups, according as one is able to bear stronger wine, or prefers to grow mellow with draughts of moderate strength. So then we begin to talk, not of our neighbours' villas and houses, nor whether Lepos dances well or ill: but we discuss what concerns us nearer, and it is evil to be ignorant of; as, "Are men made happy through riches or virtue?" "What attracts us to friendship, interest or probity?" "What is the nature of the chief good?"

77—117. *The fable of the two mice.*

Between-whiles my neighbour Cervius pleasantly tells us old tales bearing on the case in hand. For instance, if any one ignorantly praises the wealth of Arellius which brings him so much care, thus my friend begins: "Once on a time (so runs the tale) a country-mouse received a town-mouse in his poor little hole, hospitably welcoming his old friend. Rough was the country-mouse, and attentive to his gains, and yet could open his close soul to hospitality. To be short, he grudged neither his hoarded chick-pea, nor his long oats, and, carrying in his mouth raisins, and half-eaten bits of bacon, strove by the variety of the food to overcome the daintiness of his guest, who hardly deigned to touch each

¹ Pythagoras forbade his disciples eating beans, in which, said he, were the souls of the dead.

² Imposed elsewhere by the governor of the feast.

piece with squeamish tooth: whilst the master of the house, stretched on this year's straw, was eating spelt and darnel, leaving for his friend the best of the feast. At length says the city-mouse, 'Why, my friend, are you content to live so patiently on the slope of a hanging wood? How can you prefer the wild country to the city and the world? Take my advice, and set out at once, since all earthly creatures have mortal souls, and neither high nor low escape death; wherefore, my good friend, enjoy yourself in pleasure, and forget not the shortness of life.' With such words was roused the rustic, and lightly he jumps out of his hole; then both perform their intended journey, wishing to creep under the walls of the city at night. And now night held the heaven's middle space, when the two mice set foot within a wealthy mansion, where covers dyed in scarlet looked bright on ivory couches, and many viands remained from yesterday's great dinner-party, in piled-up baskets hard by. There lay at ease on purple covers the rustic, while up and down runs his active host, bringing up one dish after another, and exactly performs the duties of a servant, tasting first all he offers his guest. The other, reclining, enjoys his improved fortunes, and amid the good cheer is a happy visitor, when suddenly a terrible noise of opening doors drives both the mice from their seats. Frightened they both ran through the dining-room, and still more were they terrified out of their wits, when the lofty house resounded with the barking of mastiffs. Then said the country-mouse: 'I have no taste for a life of this kind, so good bye; my wood and hole by its safety from danger will content me with humble vetches.'"

VII

I—20. *Dialogue during the Saturnalia between Horace and his slave Davus, who gives instances of the inconsistency of mankind.*

DAVUS.

I HAVE been listening to all your remarks, and desire to say a little to you, but, being only a slave, do not venture.

HORACE.

Is it Davus?

DAVUS.

Yes, Davus, a servant attached to his master, and tolerably honest, yet not such a paragon as to be likely to die soon.

HORACE.

Come, use the freedom of the month of December,¹ sanctioned by our ancestors. Tell your tale.

DAVUS.

Some men are consistent in the love of their vices, and follow out their purposes; but many more waver between the pursuit of right and their inclination to depravity. Thus Priscus, for instance, was observed frequently wearing three rings, then again he had not one on his left hand: he lived inconsistently, changing the stripe of his tunic² every hour; he would walk out of a noble house, and then suddenly hide himself in a place, from which a decent freedman could hardly be seen coming out without losing his character; sometimes he lived a profligate life at Rome; then he would be a scholar at Athens; all the Vertumni³ one can imagine must have been angry on his birthday. The opposite was Volanerius the buffoon; a richly-deserved gout crippled the joints of his hands; so he paid a boy every day to put into and take out of the box the dice; at any rate he was consistent in vice, and, so far, less wretched and a better man than the other, who was as one pulling uneasily sometimes with a tight, sometimes with a loose cord.

21—45. *Davus applies this to his master Horace, the most inconsistent of mortals.*

¹ *i. e.*, the Saturnalia.

² He was a senator; and might, if he chose, wear the laticlave; but sometimes he would wear only the narrow stripe, like a knight.

³ Vertumnus was the god of change, who, as Tibullus said, "wore a thousand ornaments, and all gracefully."

HORACE.

Tell me at once, you rogue, the point of this wretched stuff.

DAVUS.

It applies to yourself.

HORACE.

How so, you rascal?

DAVUS.

Why, you praise the condition and habits of our people of olden days, and yet, if some god were suddenly to take you back to the days gone by, you would obstinately refuse, either because you do not really believe in the truth of your confident assertions, or else because you are unstable in your defence of what is right, for you are like a man sticking in the mire, vainly wishing to pluck his foot out. At Rome you pine for the country, in the country you glorify the distant city, you fickle creature. If it so happens that no one invites you to dinner, then you praise your quiet dish of herbs, as though you were carried to dinner parties bound hand and foot, and bless yourself, and hug yourself in your happiness, because, forsooth, you have not to go out anywhere to dinner. But let Mæcenas invite you late in the evening, when the lamps are just lighted,¹ then loud are your shouts and bawling, and you are frantic: "Make haste, bring the oil; are you all deaf?" and off you go. Mulvius and the other parasites depart cursing you with curses we must not repeat. One of them says perhaps: "I do not deny that I am easily led by my stomach, I snuff a savoury smell; weak am I and lazy; if you please, a glutton too. You being such a one as I, nay, perhaps more worthless, yet wantonly attack me, as though you were a better man, and disguise your vices under a cloak of fine names." What, are you not found to be a greater fool than I, whose price was five hundred drachmas?² Remove the terrors of your countenance, restrain your angry

¹ To dine late was by the Romans accounted simple, and this simplicity Mæcenas affected.

² \$85, the price for a poor sort of slave.

hand, while I deliver the lessons taught me by the porter of Crispinus.¹

46—82. *The porter's lecture to show that real slavery consists not in the outward state of life, but in the condition of the will.*

Your neighbour's wife has charms for you; a low courtesan for Davus: which of us commits a sin that most deserves the cross? When you have cast aside your badges, and the ring you wear as a knight, and your Roman citizen's dress, and come forth transformed from a judge into a common slave, with a cloak disguising your perfumed head, are you not what you pretend to be? Full of fear you are let into the house, and you tremble in your very heart in alternate fits of terror and lust. What matters it, whither you go away, surrendered to be branded, to be slain with rods and with the sword, or whether, shut up shamefully in a chest, you touch with your knees your crouching head? Has not the husband of the offending matron a rightful power over both? Over the seducer a power still more rightful. Although too the woman is afraid of you, and does not trust her lover, you with your eyes open will pass beneath the yoke, and hand over to a furious master all your property, and your life, and body, and character.

Well, you have escaped: so, I suppose, you will fear for the future, and having had a warning, will be careful: not so: you are looking out for fresh opportunities of terror and ruin, a slave not once, but often. Yet what wild beast, having burst its bonds and escaped, perversely returns to them again? You say, "I am no adulterer." Very likely; but neither am I a thief, when wisely I keep my hands off your plate. Remove danger, take away restraint; then forward nature springs, as free to err. A pretty master, you, to be over me, you, a slave to the lordship of so many men and things; three or four times the prætor's rod may touch you,²

¹ The porter retailed the lectures of his blear-eyed philosophic master; *Sat.* I. I, 120.

² The prætor laid a rod on the shoulder of the slave, as he gave him freedom.

but this never frees you from your wretched fears. Add another remark more of no less weight; for whether the slave of a slave is called a substitute, as your custom names him, or a fellow-slave, what am I to be called in respect of you? Why, you, my master, are the wretched slave of others, pulled about by your passions, as a puppet is by strings which another jerks.

83—89. *The wise man alone is free.*

Who then is free? He who is wise, over himself true lord, unterrified by want and death and bonds, who can his passions stem, and glory scorn: in himself complete, like a sphere, perfectly round; so that no external object can rest on the polished surface: against such a one Fortune's assault is broken.

89—101. *Love is one kind of slavery; the insane admiration of the fine arts is another.*

Now can you recognise any of these marks as belonging to you? A sweetheart demands of you five talents, insults you, shuts the door in your face, throws cold water over you; then calls you back. Now loose your neck from the shameful yoke; come say, "I am free, yes, free." You cannot: for your soul is troubled by no gentle master, and sharp are the spurs which prick your weary spirit, and on you are driven, though you would fain refuse. Or again, when you stand amazed at a picture by Pausias,¹ how are you less in error than I, the admirer of the battles of Fulvius, Rutuba, and Placideianus,² drawn with stiffly-stretched leg, scenes painted with red chalk or charcoal, as true to life as if the men brandishing their weapons were really fighting, striking, parrying? Knave and loiterer are Davus' names then: you, sir, are styled a nice and experienced connoisseur of antiques.

102—118. *The glutton is a slave, and will suffer for his gluttony, be he who he may: slaves are all who cannot bear their own society; these things apply to Horace himself.*

I am worthless, if attracted by a smoking cake: does your wonderful virtue and temperance resist the temptation of a

¹ A painter of Sicyon, about 350 B.C.

² Gladiators.

rich dinner? Compliance with my stomach's craving proves more fatal to me: why so? because my back pays for it: but will you escape punishment, if you seek for dainties which cannot be cheaply got? No: for bitter turn luxuries indulged in without restraint, and your staggering feet refuse to support your diseased body. Is the slave a sinner, who at night-fall exchanges a stolen body-scraper for a bunch of grapes; and is there nothing servile in him, who, in obedience to his belly, parts with his estates? Again, you cannot bear to be alone for an hour, nor can you employ your leisure time aright; you avoid yourself, like a runaway and truant slave, while you strive, now with wine, now with sleep, to baffle Care. In vain; for the gloomy partner pursues and follows your flight.

HORACE.

Where can I find a stone?

DAVUS.

What for?

HORACE.

Where can I find some arrows?

DAVUS.

The man is mad, or else he is writing verses.

HORACE.

Unless you are off in a minute, you shall join the eight labourers on my Sabine farm.

VIII

1—17. *The description of a dinner-party given by Nasidienus, a man remarkable for his wealth and vanity.*

HORACE.

How did you enjoy yourself at the dinner of Nasidienus the wealthy? For when I sent to invite you, I was told you went there to dine early in the afternoon.

FUNDANIUS.

So much, that I never spent a pleasanter evening in my life.

HORACE.

Tell me, if you do not object, what dish first appeased the anger of your appetite.

FUNDANIUS.

First was served a Lucanian boar, caught while the soft South wind blew, as the father of the feast assured us; it was garnished with pungent rapes, lettuces, radishes, all things suited to rouse the sated stomach, skirret,¹ fish-pickle, lees of Coan wine. Then, on the removal of this course, a servant with loins girded began to wipe the maple table with a purple napkin, while another cleared away all that ought to be removed, as likely to offend the company: next in walks a dusky slave, Hydaspes, as solemnly as an Athenian maiden carrying the sacred basket of Ceres; he brought Cæcuban wine; Alcon, another servant, brought home-made Chian. Then said the master: "If you, Mæcenas, prefer Alban or Falernian to those on the table, we have both."

18—33. *The names and places of the company on the triclinium.*

HORACE.

Oh the miseries of wealth! But now I am anxious to know, who were the company with whom you, Fundanius, were so happy?

FUNDANIUS.

On the highest couch I reclined, and next to me Viscus of Thurii, and beyond him, if I remember right, Varius; in the middle row was Mæcenas, with Servilius Balatro and Vibidius, the friends he had introduced; on the lowest couch was the master of the feast, with Nomentanus above, Porcius

¹ Called also skirwort: its root has the taste of a parsnip.

below him; Porcius amused us by swallowing whole cakes at a mouthful; Nomentanus' duty was to point out with his forefinger any delicacy that might have been overlooked; for as to the rest of us, not such connoisseurs, we dined on birds, shell and other fish, which had a lurking flavour quite unlike the usual taste: as appeared directly, when he handed me the livers of a plaice and turbot, such as I had never tasted before. Then he instructed me how that honey-apples are more rosy, if picked when the moon wanes; what difference this makes, he can tell you better than I can.

33—41. *The account of the drinking.*

Then said Vibidius to Balatro: "Unless we drink ruinously, we shall die unavenged:" and he calls for larger cups. Pale turned the face of our host, for there was nothing he dreaded so much as hard drinkers, either because they do not restrain their tongues, or because strong wines make dull the delicacy of the taste. Vibidius and Balatro emptied into their large cups whole bowls of wine; all followed their lead, except the two guests on the lowest couch; they spared the flagons.

42—53. *The continuation of the dinner. Nasidienus explains various points, important for giving a good dinner.*

Then is brought in a sea-eel;¹ its full length was seen on the dish, round it were the prawns swimming in sauce. Upon this spoke the master of the feast: "The fish was caught before it spawned; if taken later, it would have been less delicate. These fish are dressed in sauce, made of oil from the very best press of Venafrum; of pickle from the Spanish mackerel; of wine five years old, this must be Italian wine, and put in while it is being boiled; for after it has stood to cool, Chian wine suits it best of all; forget not white pepper and vinegar made of Lesbian wine when turned sour. I first taught men to boil in this sauce green rockets and bitter elecampane; but Curtillus bid them boil sea-urchins not washed in fresh water, as superior to the pickle which the shell-fish yields."

¹ The lamprey, which the ancients esteemed. Hortensius, the orator, cried at the death of one which he kept in a fish-pond.

54—78. *The falling of the tapestry. The sorrow of the host, and the sarcasm of Balatro, mistaken by Nasidienus for a compliment.*

While thus he lectured, the hanging tapestry fell heavily on the dish, bringing down more dirty dust than the North wind raises on the fields of Campania. We fear some grave disaster; but finding there is no danger, recover our spirits. Rufus [Nasidienus] buried his head, and wept, as though his son had been cut off by an early death. When he would have stopped no one knows, had not philosophic Nomentanus thus comforted his friend: "Alas, O Fortune, what god is more cruel towards us than thou? How sad is it that thou ever delightest to mock the fortunes of man!" As to Varius, he could hardly hide his laughter with his napkin: while Balatro, sneering at everything, said: "Such is the condition of our life; thus never will your industry meet with the fitting meed of glory. That I forsooth may dine sumptuously, are you to be tortured and distracted with sundry cares, lest the bread be burnt, or sauce served up with the wrong seasoning, or your servants wait ill-girt and untidy? Then there are the misfortunes of the tapestry falling, as just now, of a groom stumbling and breaking a dish. But a host is like a general; prosperity hides his genius, adversity best discovers it." Nasidienus said to this: "May Heaven grant you every blessing you desire! So kind a man are you, so courteous a guest." Which said, he calls for his slippers. Then on each couch you might have heard the sound of separate whispers buzzing in each ear.

79—95. *The renewed energy of the host. He bores his guests; their cruel vengeance.*

HORACE.

Why, I should have preferred this to any play,¹ but please tell me what next gave you cause for laughter.

FUNDANIUS.

Vibidius asked the servants, whether the flagon also is

¹ This was suitable as addressed to Fundanius, who wrote comedies.

broken, since he calls for cups, and none are brought; we laugh for various pretences, whilst Balatro supplies the jokes: then, you return, O Nasidienus, with countenance quite cheery, as one who meant to mend his fortune by his skill: him followed servants bearing on mighty dish crane already cut up, and plentifully sprinkled with salt, and meal besides; also the liver of a white goose fattened on rich figs, and hares' wings torn off and served by themselves; "For thus," said he, "they are a much greater delicacy than if you eat them with the loins:" next we beheld placed on the table black-birds with their breasts browned, and pigeons without their hinder parts. All these were delicacies; but the master of the feast would tell us the history of their natures and qualities; and we escaped from him, and our vengeance was not to taste a bit of them, just as if Canidia had tainted them with breath more venomous than that of the serpents of Africa.

INTRODUCTION TO THE EPISTLES

HORACE'S Epistles may be said to be a continuation of his Satires in the form of letters. As many of the Satires contain little that can be called satirical in the modern sense of the word, so too but few of the Epistles are letters except in form. They do indeed comprise one excellent specimen of a letter of introduction, the ninth of the first Book; one, the fourteenth of the same Book, is a piece of playful banter; the third, fourth, and fifth are in the light style of friendly correspondence; while the twentieth, which is inscribed "to his Book," forms a sort of epilogue to the Epistles he had then written; but, as a rule, they are compositions like those which Pope, following the manner of Horace, has made familiar to us as Moral Essays.

In the first of all these Epistles, which possesses many points in common with most of its successors in the same Book, Horace begs his friend Mæcenas not to press him to write more odes, since he has abandoned poetry now that he is growing old, and means to devote himself entirely to the study of philosophy. For, compared with the Odes, Horace does not look upon the Epistles as poetry at all; just as he had spoken of "the prosaic Muse" of satire. The rhythm of the Epistles is, however, considerably more harmonious than that of the Satires, and the thoughts are generally expressed in a more poetical style. Though the writer does not affect to aim at anything like the grandeur and varied music of the Epic hexameter, or of such a poem as the Georgics, yet there is a mellowness and evenness in the flow of the verse, which accords well with the more sedate manner of the poet as he is now advancing in years, and with the terseness and felicity of the form in which he conveys his thoughts.

The main principle of the philosophy which Horace preaches in this first Epistle (as he does in the others, and elsewhere in his writings) is this: "Moderation is wisdom."

Horace professes with truth not to attach himself implicitly to any particular school of philosophy. This principle, however, he probably adopted from a well-known passage in the second book of Aristotle's *Ethics*, where it is said that virtue is midway between the vices of excess and defect. Cicero in his work on *Orators*, entitled "Brutus," tells us that it was a maxim of the old Academy that virtue is a mean. Horace reproduces this maxim in the eighteenth Epistle of the first Book, where he says: "Virtue is a mean between vices." But indeed the principle colours the whole of his writings, and he is never tired of returning to it. Whether he pronounces that a miser is ever in want, or exhorts us to wonder at nothing, or sings of the happiness of him who makes the golden mean his choice, or proclaims that the moderate man is the genuine king, the feeling is ever the same.

There is little enthusiasm in Horace's moral philosophy. And yet his love and admiration of virtue are evidently sincere and strong, as also is his patriotism. There is much earnestness in the tone of the second ode of the third Book, where the poet declares that "to die for fatherland is sweet and seemly;" and the same spirit is equally shewn in the sixth and twenty-fourth odes of the same Book, and in many other passages. So too the morality taught by Horace in the Epistles sometimes rises almost to enthusiasm, as in the fine passage in the first of the Epistles, where he exclaims: "Be this our wall of brass; to feel no guilt within, no fault to turn us pale:" and in the sixteenth Epistle: "Through love of virtue good men shrink from sin." But, for the most part, Horace maintains in his precepts a practical and moderate tone, and gently exposes and rebukes the weakness and folly, rather than the wickedness of vice. In this, as has often been observed, his manner forms a strong contrast to the indignant declamation of Juvenal. If Juvenal is the opposite of Horace in his vehemence, so too is Juvenal's energy unlike Horace's pensiveness. For throughout the writings of Horace, notwithstanding all his humour and wit, an almost sorrowful tone may not unfrequently be traced. Pensiveness has indeed always formed a feature in the characters of humorous men; and perhaps in the case of Horace the constitutional

feebleness of his health may have also been one of the causes of this occasional depression of spirits. The passages in which he speaks of death are gloomy, and not relieved by hopefulness. Though the fear of death is mentioned, in the charming verses that conclude the last of the Epistles (which are very successfully paraphrased by Pope), as a frailty from which the wise should be free, yet the poet fails in his own case to exemplify this ideal wisdom. His lament addressed to Virgil on the death of Quintilius [I. 24.], his condolence with his friend Valgius [II. 9.], his famous lines addressed to Postumus [II. 14.], and the ode of tender sympathy in which he assures Mæcenas of his devoted faithfulness [II. 17.], all alike breathe the spirit of dreary mournfulness. Juvenal, on the contrary, in the well-known lines at the end of his tenth Satire, which have been translated by Dryden into verses which perhaps surpass his original in excellence, speaks hopefully and cheerfully of the end of life. Of the gods he says,

In goodness, as in greatness, they excel;
Ah, that we loved ourselves but half so well!

And presently he mentions, as the highest blessing for which we can pray to heaven,

A soul that can securely death defy,
And count it Nature's privilege to die.

At the same time, there is no doubt that the tinge of sadness which now and then pervades the poems, and indeed some of the most popular poems, of Horace, has added not a little to the fascination of his writings, and especially of his Odes.

Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought.

In the two Epistles of the second Book, and also in the Art of Poetry, which is written in the form of a letter, and should properly have been included among the Epistles, Horace appears as a literary critic, a character in which he had appeared on other occasions before, as in the tenth Satire

of the first Book. In the first of the two Epistles which form the second book, Horace compares the older Latin poets with those of his own time. He gives the praise of superior merit to the later writers, and assigns the more complete knowledge of Greek literature as the principal cause of this superiority. He evidently thinks that the earlier poets of Rome may fairly be charged with a want of polish and refinement, a fault which he had in his satires more particularly imputed to Lucilius. At the same time, he complains that praise is given to authors of a past age on account of their antiquity only, and without a due consideration of their actual merits.

Lucretius and Catullus are undoubtedly the two foremost of the poets of Rome who wrote previously to the time of Horace. Yet Horace never mentions Lucretius at all; and his single allusion to Catullus (in the 10th Satire of the 1st Book) is almost contemptuous, as of a writer of trifling pieces, to be sung by third-rate musicians. It seems wonderful that Horace should have been unable to discern, not only the splendid genius of Catullus, but also his distinguished skill as an artist. It is possible that Horace may have felt some jealousy of the poetical merit and fame of Catullus, as of one who had, in fact, before himself "adapted to Italian measures the Æolian lay;" but, most probably, the marked difference in the schools of poetry, to which they may be said to have severally attached themselves, was that which, most of all, made Horace blind to the genuine excellence of both Catullus and Lucretius. For although these two poets resembled Virgil and Horace, in so far as they drew from the Greek the sources of their poetry, and often closely imitated their originals, yet in the form and style of their compositions they both differ greatly. Lucretius is most plainly a writer whose verses are generally rough and unpolished; and Catullus, though a real artist, and one who sometimes manages his metre with dexterity, (as he does in a high degree indeed in his *Atys*,) yet is he more often careless and diffuse; he will not spend the time and trouble which must have been spent by Virgil and Horace in giving to their verses that subtle and exquisite variety, that conciseness and happiness of expres-

sion. Authors who possess this latter excellence, "correctness of style," as it is sometimes called, have always been intolerant of its absence in other writers. It was not without a certain self-complacence that Pope wrote the couplet,

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

This intolerance has extended to the admirers of "correct" poets: so Lord Byron (though he certainly did not himself follow the style of that school which he deeply venerated,) was so extravagant in his admiration of Pope that he evidently thought him a greater poet than Shakespeare, though he does not venture actually to say so; however, he goes so far as to call Shakespeare, on account of his want of correctness, "the barbarian;" and he constantly reviles and disparages the poets of his own day for their deficiency in those merits of style which are characteristic of the so-called "Augustan" age of English poetry. "Depend upon it," he says, "it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us." In Roman literature too, and at Rome in the time of Horace, there existed two schools of poetry; that of the severe, restrained, and finished style of Virgil and Horace, and that of the florid and grandiloquent versification which Horace so often blames. It is abundantly clear in the satires of Persius, that these two opposite schools of poetry existed at the time he wrote.

The second Epistle is in some points like the first Epistle of the first Book. Horace says that he has now resigned the functions of a poet, and devoted himself to philosophy; he takes the opportunity of attacking the superficial and showy compositions of many poets of his own day, and lays down more correct and true principles of the art of poetry.

Horace in his Epistles fascinates us more than in his Satires, possibly even more than in his Odes. Though the Odes contain most of the poetry, strictly speaking, which Horace has left us, yet the Epistles perhaps give us a more complete idea of those points in his character which have made him the familiar friend of so many generations. We

can realise, as we read these Epistles, the warmth and sincerity of his friendship, the good-natured humour and delicate sympathy which he shows as an observer of the characters of men, the unflinching tact and tenderness with which he hints at the faults of his friends, and the undoubted genuineness and earnest tone of his morality. Horace is certainly the author who has been chiefly followed by the didactic writers of later times; and it is not extravagant to say that the Epistles, the most mature and excellent of his didactic works, have exercised, in no small degree, a beneficial influence on the manners and civilization of modern Europe.

EPISTLES

BOOK I

I¹

1—19. *Horace excuses himself to Mæcenas for giving up the composition of lyric poetry. Philosophy is better suited to him as he grows older. But he is not bound to any particular school.*

YOU, Mæcenas, who were the subject of my earliest lay, who shall be the subject of my latest, would fain shut me up in the old training-school, though a gladiator publicly approved enough, and already presented with the wand of freedom. My age is not the same; no more is my inclination. Veianius,² having fastened up his arms to the door-post of Hercules' temple, lies hidden in his country retreat, that he may not so often on the edge of the arena have to implore the people for his freedom. There is one whose voice is often ringing in my unprejudiced ear: "Sensibly set free betimes the horse that is growing old, lest he laughably fail in the end, and strain his panting flanks."

So now I lay down verses and every other toy; what is true and becoming I study and inquire, and am all absorbed in this; I amass and arrange my stores, so that afterwards I may be able to bring them forth. And lest you ask, perchance, under what leader I am, beneath what roof I shelter myself; not bound to swear as any one master dictates, wheresoever the tempest drives me, thither am I borne as a guest. Now I

¹ Compare Pope's imitation of this Epistle. He has also imitated Epistle 6, and part of 7, in this book; and the two Epistles of the second book.

² A well-known gladiator. As to the dedication of his arms, comp. *Od.* III. 26.

turn practical, and am plunged in the waves of politics, true Virtue's guard and rigid sentinel; now unawares I slide back into the maxims of Aristippus,¹ and endeavour to subject things to myself, not myself to things.

20—40. *Wisdom is the true business of life; yet most of us must be content with but a moderate share of it: wisdom too is the only power which can tame our passions.*

As the night is long to them whose mistress plays them false, and as the day is long to them who work for debt; as the year is sluggish to wards, whom their mother's strict supervision restrains; so, slow and joyless flow to me the hours, that delay my hope and purpose to do with diligence that which is profitable alike to the poor, alike to the wealthy, which, when neglected, will be injurious to boys and to old men alike.

It remains that with these rudiments I govern and comfort my own self. You may not be able with your sight to discern as far as Lynceus; yet you would not on that account disdain to be anointed when your eyes are sore; nor, because you may despair of gaining the limbs of unconquered Glycon [a gladiator], would you refuse to keep your body free from the knotty gout in the hand. You may advance up to a certain point, if it is not granted you to go beyond. Your bosom boils with avarice and torturing desire: there are spells and words, wherewith you may be able to allay this pain, and to rid yourself of a large portion of the malady. You are swollen with the passion for renown: there are sure purificatory rites, which will have power to relieve you, when with sincere faith the formula has thrice been read. The envious, passionate, slothful, drunken, lewd, no man is so utterly savage that he cannot become civilised, if only he lend to culture an attentive ear.

41—69. *Men will do and suffer anything to avoid poverty, but nothing to gain virtue, which is more precious than gold. A clear conscience makes a man truly a king.*

'Tis the beginning of virtue to escape from vice, and the beginning of wisdom to be free from folly. You see with

¹ The founder of the Cyrenaic school. For the doctrine, see *Epist.* 6.

what distress of mind and body you strive to avoid those ills which you believe to be the greatest, a narrow fortune, and the ignominy of defeat in competition for office. With speed as a merchant you run to the ends of India, flying from poverty through sea, through rocks, through flames: are you not willing to learn and listen and trust a better man, so that you may not care for those things, which in your folly you admire and yearn for?

What combatant about the hamlets and cross-ways would disdain to be crowned at the great Olympian games, if he had the hope, if he had the warrant of the pleasant palm of victory without the dust? Silver is meaner than gold, gold is meaner than virtues. "O citizens, citizens, we must seek for money first; virtue after cash!" These precepts Janus proclaims from his highest to his lowest arcade;¹ these precepts youths and old men ever repeat, with satchels and tablet hung from their left arm. You have spirit, you have character, and eloquence, and credit; but if six or seven thousand sesterces are wanting to make up the four thousand,² you will be a plebeian. But boys at their games say, "If you act aright you shall be king." Be this our wall of brass: to feel no guilt within, no fault to turn us pale.

Tell me, I pray, is the Roscian law² the better, or the children's ditty, which confers the realm on those who do aright, a ditty that was chanted by the manly Curii and Camilli? Does he advise you better, who bids you "make your fortune, make your fortune; fairly if you can; if not, by any method make your fortune:"—so that you may have a closer view of Pupius' lamentable pieces; or he, who, ever at your side, exhorts and trains you to confront disdainful Chance, independent and erect?

70—93. *I cannot follow the popular ideas, because I see that they all tend one way, namely, to money-making. Besides, not only do men differ from one another in their pursuits, but no man is ever consistent with himself.*

¹ The Exchange of Rome.

² The property qualification of a knight. The Roscian law reserved the first 14 rows of orchestra stalls in the theatre for knights.

But if the Roman people chance to ask me, why I am not pleased with the same opinions as they, as I enjoy the same colonnades, I shall answer as once the wary fox replied to the lion when sick: "Because the foot-prints frighten me, since they all look towards your den, and none back from it." You are a many-headed monster [hydra]: for what shall I follow, or whom? A part of mankind is eager to farm the revenues; some there are who with cakes and apples hunt for hoarding widows, and catch old men, to send into their preserves;¹ the wealth of many grows by secret usury.

But let it be that different men are attracted by different objects and pursuits: are the same men able to maintain for an hour their approval of the same things? "No bay in all the world outshines the delightful Baiæ!" If so the rich man chance to say, the lake and sea feel the passion of the impetuous master; if unreasoning caprice chance to make auspices to lead him: "To-morrow, workmen, you will carry your tools to Teanum."² The marriage-bed is in his hall: he says there is nothing superior to, nothing better than a single life: if 'tis not, he swears that happiness is possessed by husbands alone. With what noose shall I hold this Proteus who is ever changing his form? How does the poor man act? Why, laughs! He changes his garrets, his couches, his baths, his barbers; in his hired boat he is just as sea-sick as the opulent man who sails in his private trireme.

94—108. *External inconsistencies are noticed at once, while those of life and practice are passed over. The epistle ends with a joke on the Stoic doctrine of the perfect man.*

If I chance to meet you with my hair unevenly dressed by the barber, you laugh; if perchance I have a threadbare vest beneath a glossy tunic, or if my toga hang unequally and awry, you laugh: what do you, when my judgment is at war with itself, when it disdains what it sought for, and seeks again what it lately abandoned, when it is in a turmoil, and incoherent in the whole system of life, when it pulls down,

¹ *i. e.*, inveigle them so far as to make sure of coming in for their property.

² Teanum is about 30 Roman miles from Baiæ (Baja).

builds up, exchanges squares and circles? You think that I am mad like other folks, and neither laugh at me, nor consider that I need a physician, or a committee appointed by the prætor, although you are the safeguard of my fortunes, and get angry about an ill-pared nail of your friend who hangs upon you, who looks to you!

To conclude; the wise man's less than Jove alone; rich, free, ennobled, fair; in short, a king of kings; above all things sound,—except when a cold in the head annoys him.

II

1—31. *This epistle appears to be written to the elder son of M. Lollius, to whom is addressed the ninth ode of the fourth book. Horace begins by demonstrating, in the manner of the Stoic philosophers, the merit of Homer as a teacher of morals.*

ELDER SON OF Lollius, I have read afresh at Præneste,¹ while you are practising elocution at Rome, the writer of the Trojan war [Homer]; who tells us what is fair, what is foul, what is expedient, what is not, more clearly and better than Chrysippus and Crantor.² Listen to the reasons why I have formed this belief, if there be nothing which prevents you.

The story, in which it is told how Greece in lingering war was dashed against the land of barbarians on account of the love of Paris, contains the broils of foolish kings and peoples. Antenor deems it best to cut away the cause of the war.³ What does Paris say? He declares that he cannot be forced to reign in safety and live in prosperity. Nestor is anxious to settle the disputes between Pelides and Atrides; love burns the one; anger, however, burns them both together. Whatever folly the kings commit, the Achæans suffer for it. By faction, by deceits, by crime, by lust, and by anger, they offend within and without the walls of Ilium. On the other hand, he has set before us Ulysses, as a notable instance of

¹ One of Horace's favourite country retreats. See *Od.* III. 40, 22.

² Chrysippus, *Sat.* I. 3, 126. Crantor, a disciple of Plato.

³ *i. e.*, by giving up Helen.

what is the power of valour and what is the power of wisdom; that wary man, the conqueror of Troy, who examined the cities and customs of many men; and who, in his efforts to contrive for himself and for his comrades a way to return across the spreading deep, endured many a hardship; he, a man who would not be overwhelmed by the contrary waves of circumstances.¹ You know the Sirens' lays, and Circe's cups; if with his companions he had in folly and greediness drunk of them, he would have become a being hideous and soulless, beneath a harlot mistress, would have lived the life of an unclean hound, or a hog that loves the mud. We are mere cyphers, and born to consume the fruits of the earth, Penelope's suitors, spendthrifts, and the young courtiers of Alcinous, who employed themselves more than was proper in attending to their bodily pleasures; who thought it seemly to slumber till noon, and to charm their care to sink to rest at the music of the lyre.

32—71. *Men will take more trouble for bad deeds than for good, and more for the body than the mind. Yet, without contentment and peace of mind, material acquisitions cannot be enjoyed. Avarice and envy are always beggars, and remorse follows anger. Youth is the time to learn self-control. Whether you drop behind or outrun my principles, I shall still adhere to my philosophy of moderation.*

Robbers arise by night to cut the throats of men: do you not wake from sleep to save yourself? But if you will not do it when in health, you will have to run when dropsical; and unless before daybreak you call for a book and a light, if you do not vigorously apply your mind to honourable pursuits and objects, you will be kept awake, and tortured, by envy or love. For why do you hasten to remove those things which hurt the eye;—but, if aught consumes the mind, put off the time of cure from year to year? He who begins, possesses half the act;² dare to be wise; begin. He who defers the hour for living aright, is waiting like the clown until the

¹ A paraphrase of the opening of the Odyssey. *Comp. Art. Poet.* 141.

² "Now the beginning is half the whole." The author of the saying is unknown: it has been ascribed to Pythagoras.

brook run out; but it glides and will glide on to every age with rolling flood.

We make money the object of our aims, and a wealthy wife to bear our children, and wild woods are tamed by the ploughshare: let him to whose lot there falls what is sufficient yearn for nought beyond. 'Tis not a mansion and estate, 'tis not a pile of bronze and gold, that is wont to remove fevers from its master's diseased body, to remove cares from his mind. It must needs be that the owner is in health, if he designs to use aright the riches he has amassed. The man who desires or fears, mansion and fortune delight him just as painted panels delight sore eyes, warm applications the gout, the music of the lute those ears which are troubled with collected dirt. Unless the vessel is clean, whatever you pour into it turns sour.

Scorn pleasures; pleasure bought with pain is hurtful. A miser is ever in want; let your desire aim at a fixed mark. Envy pines away at the sight of her neighbour's flourishing fortunes; Sicilian tyrants never discovered a torture more intense than envy. He who does not curb his anger will wish that thing undone which irritation and impulse have prompted him to do, in his hurry to inflict a violent punishment to gratify his animosity. Anger is short-lived frenzy: govern the temper; for unless it obeys, it commands; be sure you keep down it with bits, keep down it with a chain.

The breaker trains the horse while apt to learn, and with neck still pliable, to go on its way as the rider directs; the hunting hound, from the time when it first bayed at a deer-skin in the kennels, begins its service in the woods. Now, while a boy, drink in my words with heart still clear, now commit yourself to better men. The jar will long preserve the odour of wine with which it has once been saturated. But if you lag behind or vigorously outpace me, I neither wait for him that is slow of foot, nor strive to overtake those who run before me.

III

To Julius Florus,¹ who is serving on the staff of Claudius Tiberius Nero. The letter consists mainly of inquiries and observations as to the literary pursuits of members of the staff; and concludes with a hope that the quarrel between Florus and Munatius has ended in a reconciliation.

JULIUS FLORUS, I am anxious to know in what regions of the world Claudius, the step-son of Augustus, is serving. Does Thrace detain you, and Hebrus² bound with snowy fetter, or the straits which run between the neighbouring towers, or Asia's wealthy plains and hills?³

What description of works is the diligent staff composing? This also I desire to know. Who is taking upon himself to record the exploits of Augustus? Who is spreading to a distant age his wars and treaties of peace? What is Titus doing, he who soon will come to be on the Romans' lips; he who has not shrunk from quaffing draughts of the Pindaric spring, daring to scorn the common pools and streams? How is his health? How is his regard for me? Is he essaying, at the prompting of the Muse, to fit to Latin chords the Theban measures; or does he wildly rave and mouth in the tragic art? Pray what is Celsus⁴ doing; he who has been and must be often warned to search for resources of his own, and to refrain from laying hands on any writings which Apollo on the Palatine⁵ has admitted; lest if, perchance, the tribe of birds some day shall come to claim the plumage which is their own, he provoke laughter, like the wretched crow when stripped of her stolen hues. What are you venturing on

¹ Nothing definite is known of Florus, to whom is also addressed the 2nd Epistle of the 2nd Book. Porphyrio says that he edited satires of Ennius, Lucilius, and Varro. Probably he modernised their phraseology.

² "Hebrus." *Od.* 1. 25, 20.

³ "Towers"; those commemorative of Hero and Leander. "Asia" is the Roman colony so named.

⁴ Probably the friend to whom the 8th Epistle of this book is written.

⁵ This temple was the Imperial Library, founded by Augustus.

yourself? About what beds of thyme are you nimbly flitting? Not puny is your genius, not untilled and of an uncomely roughness. Whether you are whetting your tongue for pleading, or studying to give opinions in the common law, or composing an attractive lay, you will win the foremost prize of the conqueror's ivy. But if you could abandon those cold applications which nourish cares, you would advance whither heavenly Wisdom led you. This practice, this pursuit, let us all earnestly follow, both the humble and the exalted, if we wish to pass our life, beloved by our country and by ourselves.

This too you ought to say in your reply, whether Munatius is as dear to you as is meet, or whether your goodwill, badly sewn together, ineffectually unites, and is bursting asunder again. But whether hot blood or a misunderstanding of the facts chafe you in the wildness of your untamed necks, in whatever region you are living, you that are not such as should dissolve your brotherly alliance, a votive heifer is being fattened to grace your return.

IV

To his friend Albius Tibullus, the elegiac poet. Horace here professes himself to be entirely a disciple of Epicurus.

ALBIUS, gentle critic of my satires, what shall I say that you are doing now in the district of Pedum? Writing something to surpass the pieces of Cassius of Parma,¹ or sauntering silent amid healthy woods, musing whate'er is worthy of one that is wise and good? You never were a body without mind. The gods have given you beauty, the gods have given you wealth, and the skill to enjoy it. What more could a fond nurse pray for her darling charge, who, like you, has the power to think aright, and to utter what he feels, and to whose lot there falls abundantly favour, fame, health, and decent means, with a purse that does not fail?

'Twixt hope and care, 'twixt fears and fits of passion, believe each day has dawned to be your last: welcome will steal

¹ A military tribune with Horace in the army of Brutus, and put to death by the victors.

upon you the hour that is not hoped for. Myself you will find plump and sleek, in high condition, when you wish to laugh at a hog from the sty of Epicurus.¹

V

Horace invites to dinner the advocate Torquatus, to whom he wrote the seventh ode of the fourth Book. He tells his friend that to-morrow is a holiday, so that he may well forget his occupations for a time. The poet extols the virtues of wine, as in the twenty-first ode of the third Book; and describes the preparations he is making for the banquet.

If you can recline at my table on couches made by Archias, and shrink not from dining on a miscellaneous salad in a modest dish, I will expect you, Torquatus, at my house at sunset. You will drink wine which was drawn off into jars, between marshy Minturnæ and Petrinum the hill of Sinuessa,² in Taurus' second consulate. If you possess aught better, send it; or else obey my orders at the feast. Long has the hearth been brightly polished and the furniture made neat in honour of you. Dismiss visionary hopes, and the competition for wealth, and Moschus' case:³ to-morrow being Cæsar's birthday, the festal hours grant indulgence and slumber; you will be able without loss to pass in genial conversation the length of the summer night.

Wherefore have I wealth, if I am not allowed to use it? He that is sparing and overmuch austere through regard for his heir is next door to a madman; I will begin to drink and scatter flowers, and will even submit to be accounted indiscreet. What is there tipsiness does not effect? It unlocks hidden secrets, it bids hopes be realised, it impels the coward to the field, it lifts the load from off the anxious mind, it teaches new accomplishments! Whom have not flowing cups made eloquent? Whom have they not made free in pinching penury?

¹ A common taunt used by the Stoics. Cicero also employs it.

² Sinuessan ranked as a third-class wine.

³ A rhetorician of Pergamus, accused of poisoning. He was defended by Torquatus.

These matters I am bound to provide for efficiently, and not against my will withal; that no soiled coverlet, no dirty napkin, make you turn up your nose; that both tankard and plate display you to yourself; that there be not among trusty friends one who would carry our words beyond the threshold; that like may unite and be linked with like.

I will engage to meet you Butra and Septicius, and Sabinus, unless an earlier invitation and a girl whose company he prefers keep him away; there is also room for more introductions by the guests: but the noisome goat oppresses crowded feasts. Only write back how many you would like to bring; lay business aside, and by the back-door elude the client who is keeping watch in the hall.

VI

Equanimity is happiness: fear and desire alike disturb our peace of mind. You will find my maxim true, if you seek the chief good in any other pursuit; (1) in riches, (2) in political honours, (3) in sumptuous living, or (4) in love and trifling. The person to whom this epistle is addressed, Numicius, or, perhaps, Minucius, is not elsewhere mentioned by Horace, or by other writers.

To wonder at nothing is about the one and only thing, Numicius, which can make a man happy, and keep him so. The sun and stars and seasons which depart at regular periods, some there are who view, not infected with any dread: what deem you of the bounties of the earth, what of the gifts of the sea¹ which enriches the far-distant Arabs and Indians; what of the shows, the plaudits, and the favours of the partial Roman? In what measure, with what feeling and eyes, do you consider that they should be viewed? He who dreads the opposites of these, wonders much in the same manner as he who feels desire; the trepidation on either side is painful, so soon as an unexpected object startles one or the other.

¹ *i. e.*, pearls, and the famous purple dye, now lost, which was extracted from the juice of a shell-fish.

Whether he joys or grieves, desires or fears, what is it to the point, if, whatsoe'er he chance to see better or worse than his expectation, he is stunned with eyes fast fixed, and mind and body too? Let the wise man receive the name of the fool, the just of the unjust, if he follow after Virtue herself farther than is sufficient.

Go now, adore old plate and sculptured marble, and vessels of bronze, and works of art; wonder at the hues of Tyrian purple and gems withal; rejoice because a thousand eyes gaze on you as you speak; in your diligence go to the forum at daybreak, and in the evening to your home, lest Mutus reap more corn from the fields that were the dowry of his wife, and (which is a shameful thing, since he is sprung from meaner ancestors,) he be rather an object of admiration to you, than you to him.

Whatever is beneath the earth, time will bring forth into the sunshine; it will bury and hide away things which now are glittering. Though Agrippa's colonnade and Appius' way have beheld you as a well-known visitor, it still remains for you to go to that place to which Numa has passed and Ancus too.

If your chest or reins are tortured by a sharp disease, search for means to escape from that disease. You wish to live aright: what man does not? If virtue only can bestow this blessing, bravely give up all toys, and study her.

You think virtue to be words, and a forest fagots:¹ beware lest your rival get into harbour before you, lest you miss the market for your Cibyritic² and Bithynian merchandise: let the circle of a thousand talents³ be completed; then as many more, and further let a third thousand follow, and the quantity which makes the heap a square. No doubt our Lady Money bestows a dowried wife, and credit, and friends, and high birth, and beauty; and Persuasion and Venus adorn the man of cash. The king of the Cappadocians, though opulent

¹ *i. e.*, you think a sacred grove to be simply so much timber: you are purely matter-of-fact; you have no imagination.

² Cibyra was a town of Phrygia, celebrated for its iron manufactures.

³ About one million dollars.

in slaves, is destitute of coin: be not you such as he. Lucullus, as they say, when asked if he could supply for the stage a hundred purple cloaks, says, "How can I lend so many? Yet I will search, and then send all that I find I have." So after, he writes to say that he has at his house five thousand purple cloaks; and that the prætor might take some or all of them. Meagre is the household, where there are not many things superfluous, which escape the notice of the master, and are a profit to his knaves. So then, if wealth alone can make a man happy, and keep him so, be the first to go back to this work, the last to leave it off.

If display and popularity create blessedness, let us purchase a slave, to tell us the names of the people, to nudge our left side, and compel us to stretch the hand of greeting across the tradesman's scales. "This man possesses much influence in the Fabian tribe, that man in the Veline; this other will confer the fasces, and in his malice snatch away the ivory curule chair from whomsoever he pleases." Introduce the words, "Brother," "Father;" according to each man's age, pleasantly adopt each man.

If he who dines well, lives well,—it is daybreak, let us go whither the palate guides us; let us fish, let us hunt, as Gargilius used to do, who was wont to order that his toils, hunting-spears, and slaves, should in the early morning pass through the crowded forum and the people, that one mule out of many might bring home before the eyes of the people a purchased boar. With our food undigested, and swollen with the feast, let us bathe,¹ heedless of what is becoming and what is not, worthy to be classed among the Cærites,² a graceless crew of Ithacan Ulysses, to whom forbidden pleasure was dearer than their fatherland.³

If, as Mimnermus⁴ deems, nothing be pleasant without love and jests, then pass your life in love and jests. Live long, farewell; if aught you know more true than these pre-

¹ *i. e.*, to renew the appetite.

² Inhabitants of Cære in Etruria, who were without the franchise.

³ When they killed the oxen of the Sun. *Odys.* XII.

⁴ An elegiac poet of Colophon. According to Porphyrio, he placed the chief good in indifference.

cepts which you read, frankly impart them to me; if not, like me, use these.

VII

1—24. *Horace excuses himself to Mæcenas for not keeping his promise to come to Rome, on the ground that it would be dangerous to his health. He feels that this reason will satisfy Mæcenas, as being a friend who has always had a sincere regard for his welfare.*

THOUGH I gave you my word that I would stay in the country only five days, I have been looked for, liar as I am, all through the month of August. But if you wish me to live in sound and perfect health, Mæcenas, you will grant me when I fear sickness the indulgence you grant me when sick, so long as the early figs and the heat adorn the undertaker with his guard of sable lictors, so long as every father and fond mother are pale with anxiety for their children; and diligence in courtesies, and the routine of the law-courts, bring on fevers and unseal wills. But when winter spreads its sheet of snows over the Alban fields, your poet will go down to the sea, and spare himself, and read, crouching in a corner; yourself, sweet friend, he will visit again with the Zephyrs, if you allow him, and the first swallow.

'Twas not in the way a Calabrian host bids you eat pears, that you made me opulent. "Eat, pray." "That's enough." "But take away as much as you like." "You are very kind." "You will carry with you little presents not displeasing to your young children." "I am as much obliged by the gift, as if I were sent away laden with the pears." "As you please; you leave them for the pigs to eat up to-day." The spendthrift and fool gives away those things which he disdains and hates; this seed produces ingratitude, and will produce it throughout all years. An honest and wise man professes himself ready to grant favours to the deserving; and yet knows well how coins differ from counters: I will also show myself deserving, in proportion to the merit of my benefactor.

25—45. *If you would have me always at Rome, you must give me back my health and youth. I must be free, even if*

my freedom cost me the loss of all your favours. I would give back all, as Telemachus refused the horses which were unsuited to his poor and rocky island.

But if you are to be unwilling that I leave you for any place, you must give me back my strength of chest, the jet-black locks upon my slender brow;—you must give back my winning words, you must give back my engaging smile, and the mood to lament over the wine-cup the flight of saucy Cinara.

It chanced that a slender little fox through a narrow chink had crept into a corn-bin; and when she had eaten her fill, she was struggling in vain to get out again with her body plump: to her quoth a weazel at a distance, "If you wish to escape from that bin, you must be lean when you go back to the strait gap, which you passed through when lean." If I am challenged by this allegory, I give up all; I neither praise the poor man's sleep when surfeited myself with fattened fowls, nor for the riches of the Arabs do I barter the perfect freedom of my leisure. Often have you praised my modesty, and received from me before your face the names of "king" and "father," and not a word less generous in your absence; examine whether I have the power cheerfully to restore your gifts. Not ill spoke Telemachus, the offspring of enduring Ulysses: "Ithaca is not a region suited for horses, since it is neither spread out in level tracts nor lavish in wealth of herbage; Atrides, to yourself I will leave your gifts, because they are more fitted for you." [Odyssey iv.] Him that is little, little things become; 'tis not imperial Rome that charms me now, but Tibur free from crowds, and peaceful Tarentum.

46—95. *The story of Volteius Mena and his patron L. Marcius Philippus, with an implied allusion to the relationship between Horace and Mæcenas. The attainment of our wishes does not always make us happy.*

Philippus,¹ diligent and vigorous and renowned as a pleader, when he was returning from business about the

¹ Consul in B.C. 91. Cicero describes him as "energetic and fluent, and particularly determined in fighting a case."

eighth hour [2 P. M.], and complaining, since he was then advanced in life, that the Carinæ,¹ was too far from the Forum, observed, as they say, a certain man, just shaved, standing in the shadow of a barber's shop then empty, and deliberately cleaning with a pocket-knife his own nails. "Demetrius," (this boy was wont to receive not awkwardly the orders of Philippus,) "go, inquire, and bring me word, what place that man comes from, who he is, what is his condition, who is his father, or who is his patron." He goes, returns, and tells, that his name is Volteius Mena, an auctioneer, of slender fortune, known to be of unblamed character, one whose pleasure it is to bestir himself on occasion, and to take his ease, and to earn and spend, a man possessed of humble friends and a home of his own, and fond of the shows, and a game in the Plain of Mars when his duties are dispatched. "I should like to inquire from the man himself all that you tell me; bid him come to dinner." Mena does not quite believe the invitation; he silently wonders in his mind. Why say more? "Your master is very kind," he replies. "Can it be that he sends me a refusal?" "He does, the rascal; and cares not for you, or is afraid of you."

In the morning Philippus accosts Volteius while selling shabby second-hand goods to a crowd of the poor that lack the toga; and, unsaluted, bids him good-day. He begins to plead to Philippus his work and the ties of his trade, as an excuse for not having come in the morning to his house, and, lastly, for not having seen him first. "Consider that I have pardoned you on this condition, that you dine with me to-day." "As you please." "Then you will come after the ninth hour [3 P. M.]; now go, diligently increase your fortune." When he came to dinner, after he had said things meet and unmeet to be uttered, he is at length sent away to bed. He, when he had oft been seen to run to the house as a fish to the concealed hook, a morning client, and now a settled guest, was bidden to go with his patron into the country that lies near the city, on the proclamation of the Latin Holidays. When mounted on the carriage drawn by nags, he ceases

¹ A fashionable residence quarter of Rome.

not to praise the Sabine country and climate,¹ Philippus observes and laughs, and as he seeks to gain by every means matter for recreation and laughter, between giving him seven thousand sesterces [\$280] and promising to lend him seven thousand, he persuades him to buy a small farm. So he does. Not to detain you with rambling talk beyond what is sufficient, he changes from a spruce man to a clown, and prates of nothing else but furrows and vineyards, makes ready the elm to receive the vine, half kills himself over his pursuits, and ages through his passion for gain. But when his sheep were lost by theft, his goats by sickness, when his crop disappointed his hope, and his ox was worn to death with ploughing, exasperated at his losses, in the middle of the night he seizes his cob, and betakes himself in a rage to the mansion of Philippus. When Philippus sees him all squalid and unshorn, he says, "You seem to me, Volteius, to be too strict and bent on your work." "By Pollux, my patron, 'wretched' is what you would call me, if you wanted to give me my real name! Wherefore by your Genius and right hand and household gods I beseech and conjure you, give me back to my former life."

96—98. *The moral of the tale.*

Let him who has once observed how far the fortune he has given up excels that which he has aimed at, return betimes, and resume the things he has resigned. It is meet that every man should measure himself by his own rule and foot.

VIII

To Celsus Albinovanus,² who is serving on the staff of Tiberius in the province of Asia. This letter seems to be a reply. Horace speaks of his own fickleness and discontent, and gently recommends moderation to Celsus in prosperity.

To Celsus Albinovanus joy and success! Muse, at my request, bear back this wish to the comrade and secretary of Nero. If he asks you what I am doing, tell him that though

¹ Which were usually damned.

² Probably the friend mentioned in 1. 3, 15.

many and grand are the things I threaten to do, my life is neither perfect nor pleasant; not because the hail has beaten down my vines, or the heat withered my olives, or my flock is sickening on distant pastures; but because, less healthy in mind than in all my body, I will listen to and learn no lessons to alleviate the malady; because I am offended with my honest physicians, and angry with my friends, since they endeavour to shield me from my fatal lethargy; because I follow what has injured me, avoid what I believe will benefit me, am as fickle as the wind, loving Tibur when at Rome, and Rome when at Tibur.

This done, ask him, Muse, of his health, how he manages his affairs and himself, how he stands in favour with his youthful patron [Tiberius] and the staff. If he says "All is well," first wish him joy; then forget not to drop this warning into his delicate ears: "As you bear your fortune, Celsus, so shall we bear with you."

IX

A letter of introduction written to Tiberius Claudius Nero, the future Emperor Tiberius, in behalf of Titius Septimius, to whom is addressed the sixth ode of the second book.

CLAUDIUS, 'tis evident that Septimius alone understands how highly you esteem me; for when he begs and constrains me with intreaty, actually to endeavour to praise and commend him to you, as one who is worthy of the mind and house of Nero who chooses only what is honourable, when he deems that I enjoy the privileges of an intimate friend, he sees and knows what power I possess more clearly than I do myself. Indeed, I mentioned many reasons why I should go excused; but I feared that I might be thought to have feigned my resources to be weaker than they are, as a dissembler of my real influence, and profitable to myself alone. So I, in escaping the disgrace of a heavier fault, have stooped to win the prize which belongs to an unabashed brow of the town. But if you commend me for doffing my modesty at the bidding of a friend, enroll this friend among your flock, and believe him brave and good.

X

This Epistle is addressed to Aristius Fuscus,¹ as also is the twenty-second ode of the first Book. It begins with contrasting Horace's own love of the country with his friend's fondness for the town; then follows the praise of Nature; and finally the poet dwells on the superior happiness that moderate means and contentment afford, compared with riches and ambition.

I, A LOVER of the country, bid Fuscus hail, a lover of the town; for we are in fact on this point alone utterly unlike, though almost twins in everything beside; since, in the spirit of a brother, whatever one denies the other denies, and we assent together, like old and well-known doves.

You keep within the nest; I extol the brooks of the pleasant country, and the rocks overgrown with moss, and the grove. Do you ask why? I live and am a king, so soon as I have left those things which you exalt to heaven with loud applause; and, like the priest's runaway slave, I shrink from sweet wafers; 'tis bread that I need, which now to me is choicer than honey-cakes.

If it is proper to live agreeably to Nature, and a flat of ground to build a house upon must first be sought for, know you any place which surpasses the happy country? Is there a region where the winters are milder, where a more refreshing breeze allays both the raging of the Dog-star and the influence of the Lion, when full of fury he has received the stinging Sun?² Is there a region where envious Care less distracts our slumbers? Is herbage in scent or sweetness inferior to Libyan mosaics? Is the water which struggles to burst the leaden pipes in the streets more limpid than that which dances noisily

¹ See *Od.* i. 22. In the present epistle the ideas are mostly Stoical; and Horace seems to have had a real admiration for this school of philosophy, though he often makes jokes on certain forms which it assumed.

² The "dog-star" rises on the 20th of July, and the Sun enters Leo on the 23rd.

along its sloping bed? Why, a wood is carefully reared among the columns of various hue, and that mansion is praised, which surveys a length of fields. Should you drive Nature out with a pitch-fork, still she will every time speed back, and victoriously, by stealthy degrees, burst through your morbid squeamishness.

He who knows not how to compare skilfully with Sidonian purple the fleeces which have drunk Aquinum's dye, will not incur a more certain loss, or one that comes closer home to his heart, than he who has not the power to discern falsehood from truth.

The man whom the flow of prosperity has overmuch delighted, will be shaken by a change of fortune. If you chance to admire anything, you will be loth to lay it down. Shun grandeur; beneath a humble roof you may outrun in the course of life kings and the friends of kings. A stag, superior in the fight, was wont to drive away a horse from their common pasture, until the weaker in the lengthened strife besought the aid of man and took the bit; but after he had quitted his foe, an impetuous conqueror, he did not dislodge the rider from his back, nor bit from his mouth.¹ So, he who through dread of poverty lacks freedom that is more precious than metals, carries in his covetousness a master, and will be a slave for ever, because he knows not how to live upon a little. If the fortune he possesses does not fit a man, it will, like the shoe in the story, trip him up, if it be too large for his foot, pinch him, if too small. If pleased with your lot, you will live wisely, my Aristius, and not let me go unchastised, when I shall appear to be hoarding up more stores than are sufficient, and never to pause. Money amassed is each man's lord or slave; though it deserves rather to follow than to pull the twisted rope. These lines I am dictating to you behind Vacuna's² crumbling shrine, blest in all else, except that you are not my companion.

¹ Stesichorus employed this fable to prevent the people of Himera from accepting the sovereignty of Phalaris.

² An ancient Sabine goddess, said to correspond to the Roman Victoria.

XI

To Bullatius, who is travelling in Ionia. Change of scene does not alter the mind. If it be tranquil, the meanest and least interesting place is agreeable.

BULLATIUS, what has been your impression of Chios and far-famed Lesbos? What of pretty Samos? What of Sardis, the palace of Cræsus? What of Smyrna and Colophon? Whether above or below their fame, are they all of no account, compared with the Field of Mars and Tiber's stream? Does it come into your mind to wish for one of the cities of Attalus,¹ or do you extol Lebedus,² in your sickness of voyages and travels? You know what Lebedus is; a hamlet more desolate than Gabii and Fidenæ,³ yet there I could choose to live, and, forgetful of my friends, and by them to be forgotten, to view from the land, at a distance, the turmoil of the deep. But neither will he who is hastening from Capua to Rome, when bespattered with rain and mud, choose to spend his life at an inn; nor does he who has caught a cold extol ovens and baths as fully furnishing a happy life: nor would you, if the driving South-wind chanced to toss you on the deep, on that account sell your ship beyond the Ægæan sea.

For one in perfect soundness, Rhodes and fair Mytilene do the same as a cloak at midsummer, an athlete's dress amid the snowy blasts, Tiber during winter, a stove in the month of August. While it may be, and Fortune keeps her gracious looks, at Rome let Samos be praised, and Chios, and Rhodes, that are far away. Do you with grateful hand take every hour, which Heaven's grace shall chance to bless you with; and put not off your joys from year to year; that in whatever place you shall have been, you may say that you have lived agreeably: for if it be reason and discretion which take away our cares, and not a spot that commands a wide expanse

¹ Pergamus, Tralles, Thyatira, Myndus. *Od.* 1. 1, 12.

² An Ionian city.

³ Deserted towns of the Prisci Latini.

of sea, 'tis the sky, and not in mind, they change who speed across the main. A busy idleness is tiring us; by means of ships and chariots we seek to live aright. What you are seeking for is here; 'tis even at Ulubræ,¹ if serenity of spirit fail you not.

XII

Horace introduces Pompeius Grosphus to Iccius, to whom he addressed the 29th Ode of the first book. He was the steward of Agrippa's property in Sicily. He compliments him, probably ironically, on his philosophy, advising him to be content, recommending Grosphus to him, telling him the news.

SHOULD you make a good use, Iccius,² of the Sicilian rents of Agrippa, which you collect, Jove himself could not give you a greater abundance. Stay your complaints: he is not poor who enjoys a sufficiency of the use of things. Your digestion is good, your lungs sound, you are free from gout; well then, the wealth of kings can give you nothing better. If you are as one in the midst of rich dishes living abstemiously on vegetables and nettle-broth, then you will not change your style of life, though fortune's stream should suddenly flow for you with gold: either because riches cannot change your nature, or because you believe all else combined to be inferior to virtue alone. I am astonished at Democritus'³ cattle eating the crops in his field, whilst his active mind is abroad, absent from the body; yet you, in the very midst of the itch and infection of gain, are the student of no mean philosophy, and still pursue your sublime studies; enquiring what are the causes that curb the sea, what controls the year, whether by their own will move the wandering planets, or in obedience to a law; what buries in gloom, what brings out into light the moon's orb, what is the meaning and power of the discordant concord of the universe; whether Empedocles

¹ A dull little town near the Pomptine marshes.

² A philosopher with an eye to the main chance.

³ Founder of the atomic theory. He had trances in which his mind wandered far from his body.

is wrong, or the acuteness of Stertinius astray.¹ Now whether you dine on fish, or murder only leeks and onions,² do you cultivate the friendship of Pompeius Grosphus, and anticipate all his wishes; his desires will never exceed reason and equity. But that you be not ignorant of the state of our republic, know that the Cantabrians have yielded to the valour of Agrippa, the Armenians to Claudius Nero; that Phraates on bended knee has accepted the imperial sway of Cæsar; that golden Plenty has poured forth fruits on Italy from her full horn.

XIII

Horace had sent his poems to Augustus by Vinius 'Asella, on whose name he plays, giving him directions suited to the joke on the asinine name.

AT your departure, Vinius, many a long lesson I gave you; so do you deliver my sealed volumes to Augustus, only if he be well, in good spirits, only, in short, if he ask for them, lest you err through zeal in my cause, and by an excess of officious service bring dislike on my writings. Perchance the heavy burden of my book may chafe your back; then rather throw it quite away, than rudely dash it down, like panniers, where you were told to take it; for so you would make your paternal name of Asina a jest, and become the talk of the town. Put out your strength up slopes, o'er rivers, through bogs; when, successful in your efforts, you have arrived at the end, keep your burden in such a position that you look not as though you carried the parcel of books under your arm like a clown would a lamb, as drunken Pyrrhia³ a ball of stolen wool, as a poor tribesman his sandals and little hat to a dinner; see too that you tell not every one how you have perspired in carrying verses that may perhaps interest the eyes and ears of Cæsar: though stopped by many an urgent question, yet push forward still; off with you, fare you well,

¹ Empedocles, an early philosopher (B.C. 520) is contrasted with Stertinius, a modern Stoic.

² A hit at the Pythagoreans, who were vegetarians.

³ A character in a comedy of Titinius.

beware lest you stumble and break what is entrusted to your charge.

XIV

A letter to his bailiff, who dislikes the country, and longs to return to a city life; while Horace, detained at Rome, has his heart in the country.

BAILIFF of my woods and of my farm which makes me my own master again, but which you despise though five households live on it, and it often sends five worthy householders to *Varia*, let us have a friendly contest, whether you will root the thorns more vigorously from the land, or I from my soul, and whether Horace himself or his farm shall be in a better state. I am detained at Rome by the affectionate grief of *Lamia*,¹ who sorrows for his brother, who mourns for his lost brother and will not be comforted, and yet my soul's desire ever bears me to my farm, as a steed eager to burst the barrier which is across the course. I call a country life, you a town life, happy: and doubtless he who likes another man's lot must dislike his own. So either in his folly unfairly blames the innocent place, while really in fault is the mind, which can never escape from itself. Once you were a slave of all work; your thoughts, though you spoke not, desired a country life; now you are a bailiff, and you long for the city and public games and baths. You know my consistency and my sorrow in departing, whenever hated business drags me to Rome. Opposite are our tastes, and herein the difference between you and me, that what you think a waste and ungenial wilderness, I and those on my side call pleasant, hating what you consider so beautiful. For the sake of the stews and greasy cook-shops you are smitten with regret for the city; besides, the nook of the world you are now in would bear pepper and frankincense sooner than it would bear grapes, and there is no neighbouring inn to supply you with wine, nor any courtesan flute-player, to whose music you may strike the ground with heavy foot; yet, for all that, with spades you work the fields long untouched, and at-

¹ Lucius Ælius, a dear friend of Horace.

tend to the unyoked ox, filling him with gathered leaves; then, if you have a lazy fit, the stream gives you more work; for if the rain falls, by many an embankment it must be taught to spare the sunny mead. Come now, hear what causes our want of agreement. Me once became finely-spun dresses and glossy locks; I once, as you know, without a present could please the grasping Cinara; I began to quaff cups of Falernian wine at noon; but now a plain dinner suits me, and a siesta on the grass beside my stream: I am not ashamed of my past follies; but I should be, if now I ended them not. There, where you are now, none with evil eye askance can impair my comforts, no one poisons me with the bite of secret malice. As I move the stones and clods, my neighbours laugh. You would rather munch your daily allowance with the city servants, and in your prayers your fancy flies to join them; whilst my shrewd city-slave envies you the use of wood, cattle, garden. Even so the lazy ox longs for housings, the horse would fain plough. My opinion is, that each should be content to practise the trade he knows best.

XV

1—24. *Horace is advised by the court doctor to try cold baths rather than hot ones, and makes enquiries of his friend Numonius Vola about Velia and Salernum.*

WRITE to me, friend Vala, about the winter at Velia¹ and the climate of Salernum,² the manners of the people, the state of the roads thither: for Antonius Musa³ tells me that Baia⁴ is useless for my health, and has even made me disliked there, now that I bathe in cold water in the middle of winter. Indeed, the town laments the abandonment of its myrtle groves, and the contempt of its sulphur waters famous for driving from the system the lingering disease; it is angry

¹ Velia or Elea, famous for the Eleatic, or logical school of philosophy, a town in Lucania.

² At the head of the gulf of Salerno.

³ He cured Augustus.

⁴ The most fashionable of watering-places, full of villas.

with patients who dare to use for the head-ache and indigestion the waters of Clusium, and who visit Gabii and its cold country. So I must needs change my place, and drive my horse beyond the familiar inn. "Whither so fast, my steed?" says the angry rider, pulling the left rein, "I am not now going to Cumæ¹ or Baiæ;" to a horse a bit is as a voice, its ear is in its mouth. Tell me, Vala, which town is best supplied with corn; do they drink rain-water in tanks, or perennial wells of fresh water? As to the wines of that country, I set no store on them. In my own country retreat I can put up with any wine: when I go to sea, I require something generous and mellow to drive away care, to make a rich hope flow through my veins and soul, to give me ready speech, and recommend me with renewed youth to a Lucanian mistress. Tell me, my friend, in which country are most hares, most wild-boars, in which seas are found most fish and sea-urchins; my hope is to return home from my visit as plump as any Phæacian;² so it is right your letter should tell me this, and I will trust you.

26—46. *Account of Mænius the parasite, which Horace applies to his own case.*

Mænius with spirit spent all his father and all his mother left him; then he would pass for a witty parasite, he dined out anywhere, he had no fixed feeding-place; if he were fasting, citizens and strangers were all alike to him, he would fiercely fasten any amount of abuse on any one, he was a very pest, a whirlwind and bottomless gulf to the market; all he got he made a present to his greedy stomach. If he could obtain little or nothing from those who liked or feared his vices, then he would dine on dishes of tripe, and cheap lamb; three bears could not have eaten more: then he would, forsooth, condemn the stomachs of spendthrifts to be branded with a red-hot iron, quite a censor and a second Bestius. And yet, if he lighted on some better booty, he utterly consumed it all, and then would say, "I am not surprised at those who spend their goods in eating; for there is nothing better than

¹ North of Baiæ.

² The Epicureans of the heroic age.

a plump thrush, nothing more beautiful than a rich paunch." Now in truth I, Horace, am this man; when poor, I admire a safe humility, resolute enough in the midst of common things; but let something better and richer come in my way, then I affirm that you alone are wise and live well, whose money is conspicuously invested in handsome country-houses.

XVI

1—16. *Horace describes to his friend Quinctius his farm, and its charms.*

To prevent your asking, my good Quinctius, about my farm, whether with arable land it supports its master, or enriches him with the berries of the olive, or with orchards, or meadow-land, or the elm clad with vines; I will describe to you its form and situation in easy chatty style. Imagine a line of hills, unbroken, save by one shady valley, whose right side the morning sun illumines; while, departing with its swift car, it warms the left. You may well praise the temperature. Why, as the thorns bear so liberally the cornels and sloes, as the oak and ilex gladden the herds with plenty of acorns, and their master with thick shade, you would say Tarentum was transported there, with all its leafy woods. My fountain too is fit to give a name to a stream, such, that neither is cooler nor purer the Hebrus that flows round Thrace: its waters run beneficial for the head-ache, beneficial for indigestion. This retreat so pleasant, if you will believe me, even delightful, ensures your friend's health at your service in September's days.¹

17—45. *Advice to his friend, whom he contrasts with the vain man, who loves flattery and vulgar admiration.*

You are living the true life, if you take care to deserve your character. For some time past all we at Rome have pronounced you happy; but I fear that you may rely upon others rather than on yourself, and that you may think that

¹ When blew the leaden Sirocco, the month so gainful to the goddess Libitina, and her undertakers.

others besides the good and wise can be happy; and so be like a man in a fever, who, because men say he is in good and sound health, conceals his sickness till the hour of dinner, and till his hands are seized with a trembling on the very table. It is the false shame of fools that tries to conceal ulcers not healed. If a man were to talk to you of wars fought by you on land and sea, and were to flatter your idle ears, saying, "May Jove, to whom you and the city are alike dear, keep it doubtful, whether you wish the people's good most, or they yours:"¹ in such words you will recognise praises due to Augustus alone. When you allow yourself to be addressed as wise and faultless, prithee, tell me, have you a right to the name to which you answer? No doubt you and I both are pleased with the name of a good man. But then the people who gave you the name to-day, to-morrow, if they please, will take it from you; even as, having elected to high office an unworthy candidate, they can withdraw the honour from him. Then say they, "Resign this honour, it is ours." Resign it I must, and retire sad at heart. But if this same people declare that I am a thief, one lost to all sense of shame, assert that I strangled my father, am I to be stung by their calumnies, and change colour? For none does undeserved honour delight, or false charges alarm, save the man full of sin, who needs to be reformed. But who is the good man of our people? He, forsooth, who keeps the decrees of the senate, the statutes and laws of the state, before whom as judge are decided many grave suits, who is a sufficient security, whose testimony settles causes. And yet the whole of his family and the neighbourhood know the man, though decked out in a showy hide, yet inwardly to be full of all iniquity.

46—62. *Many a man who seems to be good is actuated by fear, not love; his morality is hollow.*

My slave says to me, "I am no thief, no runaway." I reply, "You have your reward, you are not scourged." He says, "I have not committed murder." I reply, "You shall not be food for carrion-crows on the cross." Once more he

¹ Said to be taken from Varius' panegyric on Augustus.

says, "I am a good and honest servant." My Sabine bailiff shakes his head to that, and says, "No, no." Even so the wolf is on its guard and dreads a pit, a hawk the suspected snare, the gurnard the baited hook. Through love of virtue good men shrink from sin: you commit no crime, because you fear punishment. Let there be a hope of not being found out, you would treat things sacred and profane alike; and if out of a thousand bushels of beans you steal one, my loss in that way is, as I judge, less, but not your crime. The good man admired by every forum and every tribunal, on the days that he appeases the gods by the offering of a pig or ox, with loud voice says, "O father Janus," with loud voice says, "O Apollo;" then, just moving his lips lest he be overheard, he prays, "Lovely Laverna,¹ grant that no one may suspect me, grant me to pass for a righteous and holy man, cast over my sins and frauds a cloud as thick as night."

63—79. *The miser is a slave. The good man is free and fearless, come what will.*

How better or more free than a slave is a miser, when he stoops down to pick up a penny stuck in the mud at a cross-way, I confess I do not see: and the covetous man must be a coward; and then he who lives the life of a coward, in my judgment never will be free. He has thrown away his arms, he has deserted the post of virtue, being ever busy and overwhelmed with the cares of making money. Now when you can sell a captive in war, it is a pity to kill him; he will be a useful slave; if he be hardy, let him be a shepherd or ploughman, or let him traffic for you at sea in the midst of the wintry waves; let him make grain cheaper by his labour, and bring in corn and all sorts of provisions. A good and wise man will boldly say: "Pentheus, king of Thebes, what do you unrighteously condemn me to bear and endure?" The king says, "I will take away your goods." He replies, "Ah, you mean my cattle, chattels, beds, plate: you are welcome to them." Then says the monarch, "In handcuffs and fetters I will bind you, under the care of a cruel jailer." He replies, "The god, when I please, will himself loose me." By which

¹ Patroness of thieves.

I suppose he means this: "I will die; death is the final boundary-line of all things."

XVII

1—12. *Directions to Scaeva, how to live with the great: at the same time, it is not altogether a life of ease.*

SCÆVA, you are quite wise enough to manage your own affairs, and know the proper way of living with the great; and yet you may learn a lesson from your humble friend, though he needs teaching himself; it is as if a blind man were to show the way; but see, if I too can say anything that you may care to make your own. Should pleasant rest and sleep till day-break delight you, should dust and the noise of wheels or of an inn annoy you, then would I advise you go to Ferentinum. For joys fall not to the lot of the rich alone, and he lives not amiss who from the hour of his birth to his death has met with no notice. But if you would do good to your family, and give yourself a more generous diet, then do you, lean and poor, visit him who can give you a good dinner.

13—32. *The difference between the Cynic and the Cyrenaic, and why Horace prefers the Cyrenaic.*

Diogenes said, "If Aristippus could be content with vegetables, he would not wish to dine with princes."¹ Aristippus replied: "If my censor knew how to associate with princes, he would despise vegetables." Now inform me which of these two philosophers' words and acts you approve, or, as younger than I am, hear why Aristippus' view is to be preferred. For they say he baffled the snarling Cynic thus: "I play the fool for my own sake, but you for the people's: and my conduct is much the more correct and honourable. That I may have a horse to ride, and be maintained by a great man, I pay him attentions: you solicit worthless things, inferior to him who gives them, although you bear yourself as one in want of nothing." Every complexion of life, condition, fortune, became Aristippus, aiming at a higher rank, but usually content with his present lot. But look at the man, whom his contentment clothes with his double coarse wrapper; I shall

¹ Aristippus had been on a visit to Dionysius of Syracuse.

be surprised if a change in his station would become him. The one will not wait for his purple cloak; in any dress, no matter what, he will walk in the crowded streets, and will gracefully support either character. The other will avoid a mantle of Milesian texture,¹ as worse than a dog or snake, and will starve himself to death, unless you give him back his tatters; so give him them back, and let the man live in his folly. 33—42. *To please great men is not the first of all things, but neither is it the last.*

To achieve great exploits, and to show before our citizens captive foes, is what rises to the throne of Jove, and aims at heavenly glory. But to please the leading men of the state is not the least of merits. 'Tis not any man that can get to Corinth.² He who fears not to be successful, remains inactive: well, and what of him who has reached the end? Has he acted like a man? And yet in this effort, or nowhere else, is the point of our enquiry. One shrinks from the burden, as too heavy for his little soul and weak strength: another lifts it and carries it to the end. Either virtue is an empty name, or the man of enterprise rightly aims at honour and reward.

43—62. *Various directions how to live with the great.*

Those who in the presence of their patron say nothing of their poverty will get more than those who beg: it makes a difference, whether you take modestly, or snatch greedily. And yet to get is the beginning and origin of all you do. He who says, "I have a sister without any dowry, a poor unhappy mother, a farm I cannot sell, and which will not maintain my family," really cries aloud, "Give me food." Then chimes in a neighbour: "And I too should have a slice and part of the present." But, now, if the raven in the story could but have fed in quiet, it would have had more meat, and much less strife and envy. He, who, taken as a companion to Brundisium or pleasant Surrentum, complains of ruts and severe cold and rain, of his box being broken open, or his travelling goods being stolen, plays off the well-known

¹ The wool of Miletus was noted for its fine color and texture.

² A proverb expressing difficulty.

tricks of a courtesan often bewailing her loss of a chain or ankle-band, so that at last there is no faith in real losses and grief. Nor does one, who has once been made a fool of, care to raise from the crossings a beggar with a broken leg; many a tear may run down his cheeks, he may swear by the name of holy Osiris,¹ and say "Believe me, I am in earnest; cruel men, lift up a lame man." "Go and get a stranger!" the neighbours shout back till they are hoarse.

XVIII

1—20. *In living with the great we should aim at the proper mean between obsequiousness and roughness.*

UNLESS I much mistake you, my free-spoken friend Lollius,² you will dislike appearing in the character of a parasite, while you profess to be a friend. As a matron will be unlike and different in look from a courtesan, so, distinct from an insincere parasite will be a friend. There is a vice the very opposite of this, almost worse, a rustic roughness, rude and offensive, recommending itself by a close-shaven skin and black teeth, claiming to pass for simple candour and sterling worth. But virtue is a mean between vices, removed from either extreme. One man is unduly obsequious, the jester of the lowest couch at dinner; with dread he watches the nod of his wealthy entertainer; he so echoes his words, and catches them up as they fall, that one would suppose he was a boy repeating his lessons to a severe master, or an actor in a farce playing an inferior part. Another will often wrangle for any trifle, as for goat's wool, he will fight for it, armed to the teeth: "What," says he, "am I not to be believed above all others? am I not to blurt out as sharply as I please my real thoughts? if so, I would not thank you for a second life." What then is the point of dispute? Just whether Castor or Dolichos³ is most skilful; which is the best road to Brundisium, the Minucian or Appian.

¹ The Egyptian god of the spiritual world. Isis, his wife, was a popular object of worship at Rome.

² See *Odes* iv. 9, 33.

³ Gladiators.

21—36. *There should be no rivalry in style of living with one's patron. What Eutrapelus did.*

The man whom ruinous love and desperate gambling beggars, whom vanity clothes and anoints beyond his means, who is possessed with a thirst and craving hunger of money, to whom poverty is a shame and a bugbear, has a rich friend furnished with ten times as many vices; this rich friend hates and dreads him, or if he hate him not, then he sets up to guide him, and, like an affectionate mother, would have him wiser and more virtuous than himself, and says what indeed is pretty near the truth: "Rival me not, my wealth allows folly; you are a poor man; a wide toga becomes not a sensible client; cease to contend with me." There was one Eutrapelus,¹ who, if he wanted to do a man mischief, would send him costly dresses; for he knew that the silly happy fool would, with the new dresses, assume forthwith new notions and new hopes; would sleep to daylight, neglect for a mistress his honourable duty to his patron, borrow at a high rate of interest, and would end by being a gladiator, or hire himself to drive a market-gardener's hack.

37—66. *Neither should there be any prying into a patron's secrets, nor any disregard of his tastes. An allusion to Lollius' amusements.*

Never pry into a patron's secrets, and if he trusts you with one, keep it hidden, though tried by wine or anger. Praise not your own tastes, censure not those of your friend: if he has a mind to hunt, do not be for composing poems. In this way burst the band of brotherly affection between the twins Zethus and Amphion,² until the lyre disliked by the graver brother was silenced. As, it is said, Amphion gave way to his brother's tastes, so do you comply with the gentle orders of your great friend: and when he would take into the fields his hounds and his mules laden with Ætolian nets,³ do you rise and lay aside the crabbed temper of the unsocial

¹ "Mr. Prettywit," a made-up name for P. Volumnius.

² The rough hunter and the gentle musician.

³ *i. e.*, hunting nets, Meleager, the huntsman of Calydon, being an Ætolian.

muse, that at dinner you may enjoy with him your food with that relish which toil alone can give. Hunting is a national pursuit, gets a man a good name, prolongs life, strengthens the limbs, specially in the days of health, when in fleetness you surpass the hounds, in strength the wild boar. Besides, no one wields manly arms more gracefully than you do: you know how the ring of spectators applauds when you take your part in the reviews on the Plain of Mars; in short, when very young, you served in the fierce war against the Cantabrians under that general [Augustus], who is now taking down from the Parthian temples our standards, and annexes to the Italian empire all that is as yet unconquered. Further, to prevent your refusing and standing aloof without excuse, remember how, at times, you amuse yourself on your paternal estate, though you always take care to do nothing out of tune and harmony: your mock fleet divides the boats: your servants represent the battle of Actium in sham fight; you are one captain, your brother the other; the lake is the Adriatic: and so you contend, till winged victory crowns one or other of you with the leaves of bay. Now he, who thinks you sympathise with his tastes, will approve and praise your sport with hearty applause.

66—95. *Advice to be cautious, not to introduce others without enquiry, to assimilate oneself to a patron's manners and disposition.*

That I may further advise you, if indeed you need an adviser, often consider what and to whom you speak of any one. Avoid a curious man; he is sure to be a gossip. Ears wide open to hear will not faithfully keep a secret. A word once uttered is gone past recall. Admire no maidservant or boy in the marble hall of your respected friend; lest the master of the pretty boy or dear girl make you foolishly happy with such a trifling present; or, by refusing it, vex you. Consider carefully the character of any one you recommend, lest presently his vices cause you shame. We make mistakes, and introduce an unworthy person: so then, if such an one be found guilty, do you, once deceived, cease to defend him: on the other hand, one you know thoroughly, if he be attacked by calumny, do you protect and uphold him, confident in your

patronage: for if he be assailed by Theon's slanderous tooth,¹ do you not feel that the danger will soon reach yourself? Surely your own property is in peril, if the neighbouring wall is in flames; and a fire, if neglected, gathers strength. To those who have never tried, it may be pleasant to court a great friend: he who has tried, dreads the courting. While your vessel is out at sea, look to it, lest the gale shift and bear you back. Serious men dislike a cheerful companion, those who love a joke dislike a serious one, the quick-witted dislike a sedate companion, the careless him who is busy and industrious: hard drinkers of Falernian wine after midnight will not bear you if you refuse the offered cups, however loudly you may declare you fear feverish heats at night. Remove the cloud from your brow: usually a modest man passes for a reserved man, a silent man for a sour-tempered one.

96—112. *But, however occupied, neglect not moral philosophy. This, says Horace, is my meditation in the happy retirement of my country-home.*

Midst all these duties, study, and enquire of learned men how you may calmly pass your days; asking, whether you are still harassed and troubled by desires never satisfied, or by fears and hopes of things indifferent; whether virtue is a lesson to be learnt, or nature's gift;² what will stay your cares and make you again a friend to yourself; what gives pure tranquillity, is it honour, or pleasant gain, or a retired path and way of a life unnoticed? Now, when Digentia's cool stream refreshes weary me, Digentia, from which drinks Mandela, a village wrinkled with cold, what suppose you, my friend, are my thoughts and prayers? They are even these: "May I have my present means, or even less; may I live for myself the remainder of my days, if it be Heaven's will still to spare me: may I have a good supply of books and food to last each year; may I not waver, as one hanging on the hopes of an uncertain hour!" But enough, if I pray Jove

¹ An abusive freedman, whose patron bequeathed him a rope, to hang himself.

² A quotation from Plato.

for what he gives and takes away: may he give me life and means: a contented mind I will secure for myself.

XIX

1—20. *Horace's edicts about poetry only get him plenty of servile imitators.*

IF you believe old Cratinus,¹ my learned friend Mæcenas, no poems written by water-drinkers can long live, or long be popular. As soon as Bacchus enlisted crazy poets among the ranks of his Satyrs and Fauns, the dear Muses generally smelt of wine in the morning. Homer from his praise of wine is convicted of having been given to wine: father Ennius himself never sprang forth to sing of arms, till he was merry with wine. "I assign to the sober the dry business of the Forum and of Libo's hallowed plot,² I interdict the grave from poetry." This my decree was no sooner issued, than the poets began to emulate one another in drinking strong wine at night, and reeking of it by day. What then! supposing a man with rough and stern countenance, bare foot, and with the texture of a scanty toga, were to ape Cato, would he therefore reproduce the virtues and morals of Cato? Iarbita heard the voice of Timagenes,³ and, vying with him, burst a blood-vessel, so anxious was he to be thought a man of wit and eloquence. An example, easily imitated in faults, is apt to mislead: supposing I happened to have a pale face, they would drink cummin that thins the blood. O ye apes of others, ye are a servile herd: how often have your troubled efforts moved either my spleen or my laughter?

21—34. *Horace's claims to originality.*

Through ground as yet unoccupied I freely trod, not in the footsteps of others. The man who has confidence in himself leads the swarm that follows. I first to Latium showed the Parian iambics,⁴ following the metre and spirit of

¹ An aged and dissolute dramatist of the Old Comedy, who defeated Aristophanes with a comedy called "The Bottle."

² See *Sat.* II. 6, 35.

³ An actor.

⁴ His Epodes.

Archilochus, but not his subjects nor the words that drove Lycambes to suicide.¹ And lest you should crown me with leaves more scanty, because I ventured not to alter the metres and art of the poetry, recollect that masculine Sappho tempers her genius by the measures of Archilochus, so does Alcæus too, though in subjects and arrangement of metres he differs, looking for no father-in-law whom to befoul with malignant verses, nor weaving a halter for any bride by defaming lines. Alcæus, celebrated by no Roman tongue before, I first as Latin lyricist have made known: 'tis my pride that I introduced what was till then untried, and that I am read by the eyes and held in the hands of freeborn Romans.

35—49. *Horace did not court publicity, and is therefore abused.*

Perhaps you may like to know why the ungrateful reader, though at home he admires and praises my humble works, yet abroad disparages and censures them. I hunt not for the applause of the fickle public, by gifts of expensive dinners, and presents of cast-off clothing: I will not lower myself by listening to and defending grand writers, so as to curry favour with the cliques and platforms of the grammarians: hence all these expressions of spite. I should be ashamed to read to crowded theatres writings unworthy of such an audience, or to make a fuss about my trifling verses. If I use this language, then says my critic, "You are ironical, sir, reserving your lines for the ear of our Jove;"² for you are confident that you alone distil poetic honey, fair in your own eyes." These sneers I fear to answer with scorn, and, dreading that I may be torn by the sharp nails of my enemy, I cry aloud that I like not his place, and beg for an interval from this sport. For sport like this brings forth a hurried and passionate contest, whence spring fierce enmities and deadly war.

¹ See *Epod.* 6, 13.

² Augustus.

XX

1—8. *Horace warns his book of the fate that attends publishing.*

YOU seem, my book, to be looking wistfully towards Ver-tumnus and Janus;¹ I suppose you want to be published by the Sosii, neatly polished by their pumice-stone. You hate the locks and seals, which modesty is thankful for; you lament that so few see you; you praise publicity. I did not so educate you. Well then, off with you whither you long to descend from my house. Remember, once started you cannot return. When severely criticized you will say, "Wretched book that I am! what have I done? what did I want?" You know well you will be rolled up tight enough, when your admirer is sated and weary of you.

9—28. *You may be popular for a time, but presently be sent into the provinces, or made a school-book of. However, if you have an opportunity, give the public some account of him who wrote you.*

Now perhaps through hatred of your sin I am a poor prophet; but I think you will be loved at Rome, till the bloom of youth leave you. Then, thumbed by the people, you will become dirty, and in silence will be food for the sluggish moths, or will be banished to Utica, or sent in a bundle to Ilerda.² Then your monitor, to whom you will not listen, will have his laugh, being like the man whose donkey was restive, and he pushed him over a precipice in a passion: for who would strive to save another against his will? This too awaits you, that, when overtaken by lispng old age, you will teach boys the rudiments of their learning in the streets of the suburbs. However, if the warm sun collects a few more to listen to you, tell them about me, how, the son of a freed-man in narrow circumstances, I spread my wings beyond my nest; what you take from my birth, add to my merits; you may mention how I have pleased the chief men of the state

¹ Horace's publishers, the brothers Sosii, must have had their shop near the temples of these two gods, close by the Forum.

² Now Lerida. Here the Pompeians were beaten by Cæsar.

in peace and in war; describe me as short in stature, grey before my time, fond of the sunshine, quick-tempered, soon appeased. Should any one ask my age, inform him that I completed my forty-fourth December, in the year when Lollius received Lepidus as colleague.¹

BOOK II

I

1—4. *Introductory compliment to Augustus.*

SINCE alone you support the burden of so many great affairs, protecting the Italian state by your arms, gracing it by morals, improving it by laws, I were an offender against the public weal, were I by a long epistle to occupy your time, O Cæsar.

5—17. *Augustus alone has escaped that envy, which has disparaged the virtues of all others.*

Romulus, and father Liber, and the brothers Castor and Pollux, heroes received after great exploits into the celestial mansions, whilst civilizing the world and the human race, settling rough wars, allotting lands, founding cities, lamented that their merits did not meet with the gratitude which they had hoped for: he who crushed the dreadful hydra, and subdued the well-know monsters by the labours which fate ordained, by experience found that envy was a monster not to be conquered till the hour of his death. He who depresses the merits of others who are inferior to himself, blasts them by his own brilliancy; when his light is quenched, his memory will be loved. But to you, while still with us, we give honours betimes, and set up altars on which to swear by your name, and confess that none like you has e'er arisen, none will e'er arise.

18—33. *Horace passes to his subject, namely, that the unreasonable admiration for ancient writers is to be condemned.*

¹*i. e.*, in the consulship. Augustus was elected, but declined, and Lepidus was appointed. The date was B.C. 21.

Yet this your people, so wise and just in this one instance of setting you above our national, above the Grecian heroes, in other matters judge by a very different standard and measure, and despise and dislike all except what they see to be removed from earth and to have passed from life; for so bigoted are they in their admiration of the ancients, as to maintain that the twelve tables enacted by the decemvirs, which forbid to sin, the treaties made by the kings either with Gabii or with the sturdy Sabines, the books of the priests, the old tomes of the soothsayers, are all utterances of the Muses on the Alban mount. If, simply because the oldest writings of the Greeks are also the best, Latin writers are to be weighed in the same balances, there is nothing more to be said; the olive has no stone, the nut has no shell; we have attained the summit of glory; in painting and music we excel the Greeks, and wrestle more skilfully than their athletes anointed with oil.

34—49. *The question may be reduced to a reductio ad absurdum.*

If time improves our poems, as it does our wines, I shall be glad to know, how many years exactly may claim a value for writings. Ought a writer deceased a hundred years ago to be reckoned among the ancient and perfect, or among the modern and worthless? Let a fixed time end our dispute. Well, then, he is an ancient and approved author who has completed his century of years. What then, he who died a month or year short of that time, in which class should we put him, among the ancient poets, or among those whom the present age and posterity should reject with scorn? Well, he may fairly be set among the ancients, who wants a short month or even a whole year. I take advantage of what is allowed me; and, like one who plucks at the hairs of a horse-tail, so I subtract first one year, then another, till, like a sinking heap, he, baffled, fails, who looks in annals, and estimates merit by years, and can admire nothing till the goddess of death has hallowed it.

50—62. *An account of the characteristics of the old poets.*

Ennius, a wise and vigorous writer, and a second Homer, as the critics say, seems to trouble himself but little as to the

result of his promises, and of his dreams after the fashion of Pythagoras. Is not Nævius constantly thumbed by us? Does he not cling to our memories as though he were almost an author of to-day? So sacred do we think each ancient poem. When the question arises, which poet is superior, then Pacuvius bears the palm of a learned old writer, Accius of being a sublime one; it is said that Afranius' gown would have suited Menander, that Plautus bustles on in his plays after the pattern of Sicilian Epicharmus,¹ that Cæcilius excels in dignity, Terence in art. These are the authors whom mighty Rome learns by heart; their plays she beholds, crammed in the contracted theatre; these she accounts and ranks as poets, from the age of the writer Livius even to our days.

63—92. *Horace again condemns the indiscriminating admiration of the ancients then in fashion.*

Sometimes the people judge correctly; at other times they err. If they admire, and glorify the old poets so, as to prefer none, nay to compare none to them, they are wrong. But if they allow that these are sometimes too old-fashioned, generally harsh, often slovenly, then the people is sensible, and agrees with me, and Jove sanctions the judgment. When I was little, Orbilius,² my master, dictated to me the poems of Livius; he was fond of flogging me, but I am not dead set against those poems, nor think they ought to be destroyed; but that they should be considered faultless and beautiful and almost perfect, does astonish me; in which, if by chance a word should appear not quite ungraceful, or if here and there a verse is found not so inelegant as the rest, unfairly it recommends and sells the whole poem. I lose my patience, when works are censured, not as uncouth, or rough, but as new, and when for the ancient poets men demand, not indulgence, but honour and reward. If I question whether Atta's play

¹ Epicharmus, of Cos, B.C. 490, was at Gelon's and Hiero's court with Pindar: wrote comedies, and is called the inventor of Comedy.

² Orbilius, of Beneventum; once a soldier; began to teach when he was 50, when many stop; wrote a book to complain of parents; got more fame than money: Domitius Marsus also mentions his cane and birch.

is successful amidst the saffron and flowers of the stage, nearly all our fathers would exclaim that shame is lost, seeing that I endeavour to censure a drama acted by dignified Æsopus and learned Roscius: for these men either deem nothing right, except what they approve themselves, or scorn to listen to their youngers, and, when old, to allow that what they learnt when boys is not worth preserving. So, he who extols the song of the Salii¹ written by Numa, and who wishes to be thought the only man who knows that, of which really he is as ignorant as I am, he in truth is no supporter or admirer of the genius of the dead, but the detractor of our writings; us and our writings he maliciously dislikes. If the Greeks had disallowed what then was new, as much as we do, what had been ancient now? Or what had remained to be read and thumbed by the public in general use?

93—117. *The taste of the Greeks contrasted with that of the old Romans; who, however, now are changed, and are a nation of would-be poets.*

When Greeks put wars aside, they took to trifles; and, as fortune smiled, sank into luxury; then did they burn with passion for athletic games or equestrian races; or admired sculpture in marble, ivory, and bronze; or with eyes and souls hung enraptured on pictures; or delighted to listen to players on the flute, and tragic actors; like an infant girl at play under its nurse's care, what eagerly it loved, that soon it, sated, left. For is there anything liked or disliked, that you do not suppose is quickly changed? Such was the character of the good times of peace, and of the gales of prosperity. At Rome 'twas long the delight and fashion to be awake at dawn and open the house; to expound the law to a client, to lend money on good security to solvent debtors, to learn from one's elders or to teach one's juniors how to increase property, how to check wasteful indulgence. Changed is the taste of the fickle people; and now all glow with one poetic passion; boys and grave fathers alike crown their locks with chaplets

¹The Salii were priests of Mars on the Quirinal, famous for their banquets, dances, hymns. Quintilian says that even the Salii themselves hardly understood their hymn, it was so old.

at their banquets, and dictate verses. I, who declare I am no poet, am found to tell more lies than the Parthians,¹ and, before sun-rise, wake and call for pen, and paper, and writing case. He who was never on board, fears to steer a ship; none but a professional man dares to prescribe southernwood² for a patient; physicians undertake physicians' duty; artizans alone handle tools: but, learned and unlearned, we scribble verses, all alike.

118—138. *Yet this poetic madness is innocent; nay, is not without advantages.*

And yet this frenzy, and slight madness, has many good points, as you may thus argue: rarely avarice possesses the poetic mind; verses are the bard's darlings, other passion he has none; as to losses, runaway slaves, fires, he laughs at them; to cheat a friend or ward he never schemes; his diet pods of beans, or brown bread; though an inactive and poor soldier, yet is he useful to the state, for surely you will allow that small things are a help to great. The tender lispings mouth of a child the poet forms; even in their early days he turns the ears of the young from evil words; presently he fashions the heart by kindly precepts, he is the corrector of roughness, of malice, of anger; he tells of virtuous deeds, the dawn of life he furnishes with illustrious examples; the helpless and sad of soul he comforts. Whence could the pious boys and virgins learn their hymns of prayer, had not the Muse granted us a bard? The chorus prays for aid, and Heaven's presence feels, and in set form of persuasive prayer implores rain from above, averts disease, drives away dreaded dangers, obtains peace, and a season rich with its crops: appeased by hymns are gods above, and gods below.

139—167. *The origin of the Roman drama, its licence and restraint; then Grecian literature tamed her rude conqueror.*

Our rural ancestors, content with a little, having housed their grain kept holyday, and refreshed their bodies, yes, and their souls too, patient of labour through the hope of rest;

¹ The Parthians had taken the place of the Carthaginians as chief enemy of Rome, and therefore "faithless."

² A fragrant plant.

so together with the partners of their work, their boys and faithful wives, they used to propitiate the goddess of the earth with a pig, the god of the woods with milk, with flowers and wine the Genius who forgetteth not how short is life. These holydays introduced the Fescennine licence,¹ which in alternate verse poured forth rustic taunts, when liberty, gladly welcomed each returning year, would sport in pleasing mood, until the jests grew fierce, and began to turn into furious lampoon unrestrained, and, threatening, passed through honourable families, no one forbidding. Stung to the heart were those whom the blood-stained tooth of satire bit; even those as yet untouched took alarm at the common danger; and so a law was passed, and punishment imposed, to forbid that any one should be described by malicious verses: thus they changed their note, compelled through dread of death by cudgelling to use better language and to please. We conquered Greece, and Greece conquered her rude captor, and introduced the arts into rustic Latium; and so that rough Saturnian measure² fell into disuse, and wit polite expelled the offensive venom of satire, though for many a day lingered and linger still the traces of our rustic vein. For not till late did the Romans apply their intellect to Greek letters, and only after the Punic wars, when now at rest, began to enquire what lessons Sophocles and Thespis and Æschylus could teach. They assayed, too, to see if they could properly translate, and were satisfied with their attempts; for gifted are they with sublimity and vigour, and breathe the spirit of tragedy sufficiently, and are not wanting in a happy boldness, but ignorantly consider a blot ugly, and dread to correct.

168—181. *The difficulties of comedy, and its discouragements.*

'Tis thought that comedy, drawing its subjects from humble life, requires less pains; but the truth is, the labour is greater as the indulgence is less. Observe how Plautus supports the characters of the young man in love, of the careful

¹ Badinage at weddings and other rustic feasts. Fescennia was a town in Etruria.

² Macaulay has compared it to the rhythm of "Mother Goose."

old father, of the tricky pander; how great and grand Dossennus¹ is in greedy parasites, how loose the sock in which he runs o'er the stage; to fill his purse is his desire, if that be done, he cares not whether his play succeeds or fails. If Vanity in her windy chariot bears the poet to the stage, an inattentive spectator takes the breath out of his sails, an attentive one puffs them out again. So light, so small is that, which casts down or revives a soul craving for praise. Farewell the stage! if, as my play fails or thrives, I grow lean or fat.

182—207. *The noise of the theatre, and the vulgar taste for scenery and spectacles, may well discourage a poet.*

Oft, too, even a bold poet is terrified and put to flight, when those superior in number, inferior in worth and rank, an ignorant and stolid crowd, prepared, should the knights object, to fight it out, in the midst of the play call for a bear or boxers; such are the sights the rabble will applaud. But now-a-days even the knights' pleasure has all fled from the ear to the empty joys of the uncertain eyes. For four hours or more the curtain never drops, while troops of horse and files of foot pass swiftly by, unhappy monarchs are dragged across the stage with hands bound behind their back; then Belgic cars, easy carriages, Gallic wagons, ships, speed on, and borne along is ivory, the spoil of war, and captured Corinth's wealth. Could Democritus² return to life, he would have a laugh, when the cameleopard, a distinct species, or a white elephant, arrests the gaze of the crowd; Democritus would behold the people more attentively than any play, no actor could give him so good a spectacle as the people themselves; he would suppose the poets were addressing a deaf donkey; for what voice of man can overcome the noise that echoes through our theatres? One would think it was the roaring of the woods of mount Garganus, or of the Tuscan sea. So great the din at the representation of the play, at the spectacle of the arts and wealth of foreign lands; as soon as the actor, covered with his tawdry finery, stands on

¹ A writer of Atellanæ, or farces.

² The "laughing philosopher."

the stage, then is heard the clapping. But has he spoken? No, not a syllable. What then has met this approval? The robe that vies with purple through its Tarentine dye.¹

208—213. *Horace hopes he can estimate, as well as any one, the genius of the true poet.*

Yet, lest you think I damn with faint praise that poetry which I decline to try, but others write successfully, I will say that he seems to me as one able to walk on a tight rope, who, a true poet, tortures my breast with his fictions, can enrage, then soothe me, fill me with unreal terrors, and by his magic art set me down either at Thebes or Athens.

214—231. *Horace would now recommend to his patron those who write for readers, though he allows poets are a set of men, that by their vanity, stand in their own way.*

But some, rather than endure the disdain of the haughty spectator, prefer to trust themselves to the mercy of a reader; to such now do you pay a little attention, if you would fill with books your gift worthy of Apollo,² and invite our poets to ascend verdant Helicon with greater enthusiasm. True, we are a set who do ourselves much mischief, ('tis as though I were to destroy my own vineyard) when you are anxious or tired, and we offer you our volume; when a friend ventures to censure a single verse, and we are annoyed; when, unasked, we repeat passages already read; when we lament the want of notice of our labours, and of our poems spun with so fine a thread; or when we expect that so soon as you have heard we are composing verses, you will be so kind as, unasked, to send for us, and place us above want, and force us to write. However, it is worth enquiring, what sort of poets will be the guardians of a virtue tried abroad and at home, and not to be entrusted to any unworthy bard.

232—244. *Alexander the Great was a good judge of painting and sculpture, but not of poetry.*

A favourite of Alexander the Great was that wretched

¹ Tarentum was famous for a dye made from a certain shell-fish, now unknown.

² Augustus had added a library to the temple of Apollo on the Palatine hill.

poet Chœrilus; ¹ uncouth were his verses, born in an unlucky hour; yet he put down to their credit the Philips he received for them, the king's coin. However, as ink when touched leaves a mark and stain, so, generally, do poets by bad verse disfigure brilliant exploits. And yet that same king, who in his lavishness paid so dearly for that ridiculous poem, by an edict forbade any one except Apelles to paint himself, and any one besides Lysippus to cast a bronze statue representing the countenance of the valiant Alexander. But now transfer that judgment, so nice in viewing these works of art, to books and to the gifts of the Muses, and you would swear that he was born in Bœotia's dull atmosphere.

245—270. *Augustus showed a better taste than Alexander.*

Horace would gladly sing his praises, but lacked the ability, and wishes to avoid the disgrace of being a poet, whose poems are but waste paper.

Dear to you were the poets Virgil and Varius, and they do not disgrace your judgment of them, nor the gifts received by them to the great credit of the giver; for not so well by bronze statues is expressed the countenance, as in the works of poets shine forth the character and qualities of illustrious heroes. Nor do I prefer my satires and epistles, that crawl in prose along the ground, to the celebration of exploits, and to the singing of tracts of countries, of rivers, and of forts crowning mountains, and barbaric realms, and how that wars are ended throughout the whole world under your auspices; for the closed bars now confine Janus the guardian of our peace, and the Parthians dread Rome under your imperial sway: but my power is unequal to my will; and your majesty admits not of a weak poem, nor does my modesty venture to essay a theme beyond my strength to complete. Zeal offends by a foolish love, and, most of all, when it would recommend itself by verses and the poet's art; for we all learn and remember more readily what we deride, than what we admire and venerate. I value not the officious

¹ He accompanied Alexander on his expeditions to record his exploits, receiving gold Philips for his good verses, and stripes for his bad. He got more stripes than Philips.

attention which disgusts me, and I do not choose to be represented in bust of wax, if the likeness is to be bad; nor care I to be lauded in ill-written verses, lest I have to blush at the stupid offering, and, together with my chronicler, like a corpse stretched out in an open coffin, be carried down into the street where they sell frankincense and scents and pepper, and all that is wrapped in the pages of the dunce.

II

1—19. *A playful illustration of Florus' conduct towards himself.*

FLORUS, honest friend of good and great Nero [Tiberius], supposing some one were to try to sell you a slave, a lad born at Tibur or Gabii, and were to deal with you as follows: "Here, sir, is a boy, fair, and handsome from top to toe, he is your slave for eight thousand sesterces; born in my house, he is quick in his services at his master's beck, has a slight tincture of Greek, is suited for any employment whatever, you may fashion him to what you please like soft clay; he can sing too; untrained is his voice, but pleasant to one drinking his wine. Many recommendations shake confidence, if the seller praises his wares unfairly, to get them off his hands. No difficulties press me; I am not rich, but owe no man anything; none of the slave-dealers would give you such a bargain; nor indeed is it every one who would get it from me. Once, it is true, he played truant, and, as is natural, hid himself under the stairs through dread of the whip that was hanging up. You would pay the money if you can get over his running away, his one fault." The seller, I suppose, may take the money, without fear of any legal penalty. With your eyes open you bought a faulty slave; you had notice of the condition: can you then prosecute the seller, and trouble him with an unjust suit?

20—40. *He had told his friend not to expect a letter, much less any verses, and illustrates the case from the story of a soldier of Lucullus.*

I told you, my friend, when you set out, that I was indolent,

I told you I was almost unfit for such duties of friendship, to prevent your so cruelly scolding me, if no letter from me were delivered to you. What good did I then do, if, after all, you attack the laws which are in my favour? Further, too, you complain that the verses you looked for I never sent, false man that I am. In Lucullus' army was a soldier, he had collected money by many a toil; one night he was tired and snored, and lost it all to a farthing: after that, he was as fierce as any wolf, angry with the enemy and himself alike; as a hungry beast that savage shows its teeth, he stormed, so they say, a royal garrison admirably fortified and rich with many stores. By this exploit he became famous, is adorned with honourable gifts; over and above, receives twenty thousand sesterces. It so happened about this time, that the prætor would storm a castle, no matter what; then he began to exhort the man with words that might have roused even a coward's soul, saying: "Go, my friend, where your valour calls you; go, and luck be with you; great rewards your merits will attend. Why stand there?" To this replied the soldier, shrewd, however rustic: "Yes go he will, where you wish, general, he who has lost his purse."

41—54. *He gives a sketch of his life, till poverty drove him to write verses.*

It was my fortune to be bred at Rome; there I read the tale of the mischief wrought to the Greeks by the wrath of Achilles. Kindly Athens gave me a little more learning to this end, that I might be minded to distinguish right from wrong, and to hunt for truth in Academus' groves. But the hard times tore me from that pleasant spot, and the tide of civil war bore me, a novice, into that host, which was fated to prove no match for the strength of Cæsar Augustus. Then Philippi sent me from its field, brought low with clipped wings and stript of my paternal home and farm; and so venturesome poverty drove me to write verses; but now that I have all I can want, no doses of hemlock could ever cure me of madness, if I would scribble rather than sleep in peace.

55—64. *Then, think of my time of life, and of the diversities of taste in poetry, and that no one can please every one.*

The years, as they go, steal from us things one after

another; they have robbed me of my jokes, my loves, my feasts, my games; they are now striving to wrest from me my poetry. What would you have me do? Besides, we have not all the same tastes and likes. Odes are your delight, another is pleased with iambs, a third with satires like Bion's,¹ and caustic raillery. I fancy I see three guests, who call for quite different viands as their tastes vary. What am I to offer? what not? You refuse what another orders: what you desire, the other two find distasteful, and detest.

65—86. *And then, is Rome the place for a poet? Learned Athens or the quiet country is the home of a poet, not noisy, busy Rome.*

Besides, do you think I can write verses at Rome, in the midst of so many cares, so many labours? One calls me to be security; another to hear him read, to which I must postpone every duty; one friend is ill in bed on the Quirinal mount, another at the extremity of the Aventine, I must visit both; these distances, you see, are charmingly convenient.² Oh! but the streets are clear, so that there is nothing to stop thought. Not quite so; see hurrying along the bustling contractor with his mules and porters; a crane hoists at one moment a stone, then a weighty beam; melancholy funerals jostle sturdy wagons, one way runs a mad dog, another way a filthy sow; go to, now, and meditate musical verses. The whole chorus of bards loves groves, eschews cities; clients, as in duty bound, of Bacchus, the god who delights in sleep and shade: and do you mean that I am to be a poet in the midst of noise by night and by day, and there to follow the path of minstrelsy trodden by few? A genius chooses for his retreat quiet Athens, there he devotes seven years to study, and grows gray over his books and literary cares; usually, when forth he walks, he is more mute than a statue, while the people shake with laughter: and here at Rome should I, in the midst of the billows of business, and the tempests of the city attempt to compose verses worthy to wake the music of the lyre?

¹ A satirist who flourished B.C. 270—not the pastoral poet.

² The Quirinal was in the north of Rome, the Aventine in the south.

87—105. *Then, the absurd flattery of poets one to another may well make one dislike the trade of verse-writing.*

There were two brothers at Rome, one a lawyer, the other a rhetorician; their compact was, that the one should hear unmixed praises of the other; one was to be a Gracchus in his brother's eyes, the other a Mucius in his turn.¹ This madness possesses our tuneful bards quite as much. I compose lyrics, my friend writes elegiacs. This is our language: "O work admirable to contemplate, engraven by the nine Muses!" Prithee, do you see, with what airs, with what importance, we gaze round Apollo's temple with niches vacant for the Roman bards? Presently too, if you have time, follow, and at a convenient distance listen to what either poet is reciting, and why he weaves for himself a chaplet. We receive blows, and deal as many back on our foe, in a lazy kind of combat, like gladiators when the candles are first lighted. I go home a second Alcæus on the strength of his vote; who is he in my judgment? Why, nothing short of Callimachus; or if that contents him not, he rises to Mimnermus, and waxes greater through the name of his own choosing. Much do I endure to appease the irritable race of bards, while I scribble verses myself, and as a suppliant canvass for the interest of the people: now that I have finished my poetic course, and recovered my wits, I would stop my ears, once open to those who read without requital.

106—125. *Bad poets are happy in their vanity; the real poet is severe upon himself.*

Ridicule attends bad poets; but then they delight in their own writings, and are venerable in their own eyes, and if one is silent, without waiting longer, they praise whatever they have written, a race happy in their own conceits. But he who would compose a poem that will fulfil the laws of his art, when he takes his tablets, will take also the spirit of an upright censor; he will not scruple to remove from their place all fine phrases lacking brilliancy, and regarded as wanting in dignity and as unworthy of honour, though reluctantly they depart.

¹ *i. e.*, the one an orator, the other a jurist.

and still linger within the shrine of Vesta;¹ he will kindly for the people's use bring forth words that have long lain in obscurity, once in vogue with ancient Cato and Cethegus, but now sunk in shapeless oblivion and dreary age: he will adopt new names produced by usage, the parent of language: though strong, yet clear, like a transparent stream, he will pour forth a wealth of words, and enrich Latium with the fulness of his eloquence: but what is luxuriant he will prune, what is rough he will refine by a sensible culture, what has no merit he will utterly take away: he will appear like an actor, and turn and twist his limbs, as one who dances now like a Satyr, now like a clownish Cyclops.

126—140. *Yet the self-satisfied poet is the happiest, as may be illustrated by the story of the Argive.*

But yet, better be thought a silly and dull poet, provided my own faults please me, or at least escape me, than to be ever so sensible, and to chafe in one's spirit. There lived one at Argos of no mean rank, who used to fancy that he was listening to admirable tragic actors; he would sit happy, and applaud in the empty theatre; yet meanwhile he could correctly discharge all the duties of life, an excellent neighbour, an amiable friend, civil to his wife; he could command himself so far as to forgive his servants, and was not quite a madman though the seal of a bottle were broken; he could avoid walking against a rock or into an open well. Him his relations with much labour and care cured, expelling the disease and bile by doses of pure hellebore; so he returns to his senses; whereupon he says, "By Pollux, my friends, you have been the death of me, not my deliverers, who have robbed me of my pleasure, and violently taken from me my soul's dearest illusion."

141—157. *There is a time for all things, a time to give up verse-writing, and to learn true wisdom, that we may free ourselves from avarice.*

No doubt it is good to learn wisdom and cast aside trifles, and leave to boys the sport that suits their age, and not to be

¹The soul of the poet is compared to the shrine into which none but the pure entered.

always hunting after words fit to be set to the music of the Latin lyre, but to master the harmonies and measures of the true life.¹ Wherefore I hold converse with myself, and in meditation ponder such thoughts as these: If no draughts of water assuaged your thirst, you would tell the doctors; dare you not confess to any one, that the more you have acquired, the more you want? If a wound got no better by the use of prescribed root or herb, you would cease to have it dressed by that which had no efficacy. You have been told, perhaps, that riches, Heaven's gift, deliver their possessor from depravity and folly; though, since you were richer, you find yourself no wiser, you still persist to follow the same counsellors. But if it were true that wealth could give you wisdom, contentment, moral courage, then surely you had reason to blush, if a greater miser than you could be found in the whole world.

158—179. *But what do we mean by property? Is the word, property, applicable at all to such a state of things as is found in man's life?*

If what a man buys by the forms of legal purchase is his property, there are some things, if you believe the lawyers, to which use gives a title. The farm is yours, on the produce of which you live; and Orbius' bailiff, harrowing the corn-fields from which you are to get your bread, owns you as his true lord. For money paid you receive raisins, chickens, eggs, your cask of wine: why, this is your way of purchasing bit by bit a farm bought for three hundred thousand sesterces, or perchance for even more. What odds does it make, whether you live on what you paid for lately, or a long time ago? A man bought a farm at Aricia or Veii; he buys the vegetables at his dinner, though he may think he does not, he buys the logs with which he heats his copper pot in the cold evening: yet he calls all his own property, up to the poplar planted at the settled boundary to prevent a dispute with his neighbour: just as if anything were property, which at the point of every passing hour, by prayer, by purchase, by violence, by death the end of all things, changes its masters, and passes to the owner-

¹ *i. e.*, study philosophy.

ship of another. Thus to none is granted the use in perpetuity; and an heir comes after the heir of him who was heir to one before, as waves follow waves; what then avail rows of houses or granaries, or what avail Lucanian mountain-pastures united to Calabrian, if great things and small alike are mown by the scythe of Death, a god not to be won by gold? 180—204. *Various are the tastes and natures of men, as the Genius of each fashions them. Horace hopes that he may avoid extremes, and live contented with his lot.*

Jewels, marble, ivory, Tuscan images,¹ paintings, plate, garments dyed in African purple, there are who have not, here and there is one who does not care to have. One of two brothers prefers idling, playing, perfuming, to the unctuous palm-groves of Herod;² another, rich and restless, from the dawn to the evening-shades reclaims the woodlands with fire and the iron plough; why so, is only known to the Genius-god, who, the companion of our existence, rules our natal star, the god of human nature, destined to die when each man dies, various of face, fair, or dark. I will enjoy my own, and take what need requires, from my moderate sum; I will not fear my heir's judgment of me, because he finds no more than I have bequeathed him: and yet I would not be ignorant how much the cheerful giver differs from the spendthrift, how much the frugal from the miser. 'Tis one thing lavishly to waste, another not to grudge to spend, and not to strive to increase one's store; 'tis better, like a schoolboy in the holidays, to snatch a fleeting enjoyment of life. Far from my home be a mean squalor; let my vessel be large or small, I that sail in it am the same: I am not borne along with swelling sails and prosperous gales, yet I pass not my whole life midst adverse winds; in strength, genius, display, virtue, station, fortune, behind the foremost, ever before the last.

205—216. *Many besides avarice are the faults of our nature. As we grow in years, may we grow in goodness, and be ready to leave life with a good grace.*

¹ Little bronze images of the gods.

² Herod the Great of Judæa. He had groves of palms at Jericho which brought him great wealth.

So then you are no miser: go your way. What then? Are you free of all vices together with that one? Is your soul delivered from vain ambition? from the fear of death? from anger? Can you laugh at dreams, magic terrors, prodigies, witches, nightly phantoms, Thessalian portents? do you count your birthdays with a thankful mind? can you forgive a friend? do you grow a milder and better man as old age draws near? How are you relieved by pulling out one of many thorns? If you know not how to live aright, give place to the wise. You have played and eaten and drunk your fill; 'tis time you depart; lest, if you drink more deeply than is proper, you be jeered and driven from the feast by an age which is sprightly with a better grace.

THE ART OF POETRY

INTRODUCTION

LUCIUS CALPURNIUS PISO, to whom, with his sons, is addressed this, the last epistle in Horace's works, had gained victories in Thrace: but he is much better known as the friend of Horace. He is praised by Velleius Paterculus, Seneca, and Tacitus, for having executed the duties of the unpopular office of Prefect of the city with remarkable industry, gentleness, and wisdom. He lived to a great age, outliving Horace by thirty-nine years. Horace in this epistle speaks of the elder of the sons as likely to write verses.

The epistle is rightly placed next to the epistles to Augustus and Florus. The subject of the three epistles is in the main the same. They are all written upon the literature of Rome and Greece. But the third epistle, being more general and somewhat more systematic, received even in early days the ambitious title of the "Art of Poetry." It is so called twice by Quintilian. Priscian, Terentius, Scaurus, Symmachus, and others, give it the same name. This title has contributed at once to the reputation and to the disparagement of the epistle. Such an honourable name placed it almost in the same rank as Aristotle's treatise on poetry.¹ Horace's lively letter has been naturally far more popular than Aristotle's dry discussion, and for one reader of the Poetics there have doubtless been hundreds of Horace's work.

The epistle, dignified with such a name, has had several imitations in modern times. On the other hand, students of it, misled by this title, have expected more than they have found. They have forgotten that it was a letter, not a treatise. We may well suppose that no one would have been more surprised than Horace himself to have heard his letter

¹ See volume four of The Greek Classics.

called by so great a name, and may well imagine what a delightful epistle he could have written, disclaiming the doubtful honour.

Horace writes for a particular object, his wish being, as it seems, to deter a certain young man from publishing his compositions rashly; and it has been made almost a matter of complaint, that he is as one who seeks to discourage the aspirations of genius. Perhaps Horace had read the youthful attempts of the elder son; he may have found them wanting in originality, or rough and incorrect; it is unreasonable to accuse Horace (as Scaliger, a great critic of an unamiable character, has done,) of dealing with the little points that concern grammar, rather than poetry.

Horace writes as ideas occur to him, in the way in which letters are usually written; and he has been reproached with a want of that very order and lucid arrangement on which he himself sets so high a value. He ends his epistle abruptly, in a humorous manner, after his usual happy way, just as we say it is well to leave a friend with a joke at the end of a conversation; and critics have spoken of the treatise as unfinished. Horace would have replied perhaps: "Unfinished, no doubt; but would you have me as long-winded as bleary-eyed Crispinus? The gods forbid! I should bore my friends, young or old. For friends I write, not for critics."

Now, if it be true that Horace's friends, like many other young men, wanted warning rather than encouragement, it is natural that the general style of the treatise should be practical rather than enthusiastic. Here we have the "Art of Poetry" rather than the "Science of Poetry." Here are no high-flown rhapsodies, no metaphysical inquiries, no philosophical analysis. Abstract questions are not discussed here, as to the true theory of poetry, and the like; whether, for instance, Aristotle is right when he says that the aim of tragedy is to purify the passions by means of pity and terror, or whether the pleasure that tragedy gives arises "from its awakening in us the feeling of the dignity of human nature, or from the display of the mysteries of Providence and Fate." These questions to some are interesting, to others simply unintelligible. At any rate they have nothing to do with Hor-

ace's Art of Poetry. He had no taste for such vague and profound inquiries, little suited to the age he lived in, or to the practical turn of the Roman mind, or to the particular object of his epistle. Those who consider Aristotle's Poetics a shallow book, will be sure to think Horace's Art of Poetry still more shallow.

Walckenaer in his account of Horace's treatise speaks of the eleven precepts of Horace on poetry: this division gives an idea of regularity not to be found in this book; and if we are to count precepts, we should find many more than eleven or twelve scattered up and down in the epistle. Horace throws together in a loose and lively way his pleasant pieces of advice to his friends. His Art of Poetry is an "art without an art;" or, if there be art, it is art concealed. He is truly natural throughout. As Pope said of Homer, so may we say of him, "Horace and Nature are the same." He begins with a jest and ends with a jest. He laughs good-naturedly at the pretty patches of a pompous poetry. He recommends modesty and diffidence. He claims liberty for himself, and his illustrious friends Virgil and Varius, to invent new words and expressions, but he does not look that these should have an immortality, which the most splendid material works of the Empire were not destined to enjoy. It is true that in the middle of the epistle the writer is more methodical, and speaks with an authority which he had earned by his success: but even here he is still unassuming, and mixes together various subjects; as of metre, feet, epic poetry, tragedy, comedy and satiric poems, of the characteristics of the various ages of life, of the office of the chorus, of his own humble powers, of Roman money-getting habits, of the carelessness of Latin writers, (his favourite topic,) and many other points.

The turns of his style are easy. He never dwells long on one point. He is more of a letter-writer than a critic, and is a satirist rather than a teacher. Towards the end of the letter, he again returns to a style of light and happy banter, and a kindly allusion to his good friend Quintilius, whose loss he had bewailed in one of the most touching of his odes. Thus we part company with Horace in one of the happiest of his

happy moods, and leave him using a homely simile. Who would have him other than he is? Whether he succeeded in restraining the eagerness of his young friend, we have no means of knowing; all we know about the elder of Piso's sons is, that he died before his father, being assassinated when prætor of Spain. However, if anything can teach modesty, good-nature, and sense, it is this short book of Horace, call it *Epistle*, or *Art of Poetry*, or what you like.

But this is certain, that with little apparent effort, and little trouble, except, no doubt, the careful correction of particular expressions, Horace has given us an immortal treatise. Truly has Keightley called it the *Art of Criticism*, rather than the *Art of Poetry*. The same may be said of Boileau's *Art of Poetry*. Pope has properly named this treatise an "*Essay on Criticism*."

Both Boileau and Pope are clear, correct, terse, and to the point. They are elegant, but do not sacrifice other qualities to elegance. They both have a large share of the sense and judgment of the Latin writer. They are not without his liveliness; at any rate, the English poet is not. While Horace owes little or nothing to Aristotle's *Poetics*, the two modern authors owe very much to Horace, and Boileau in particular is a close imitator. Indeed, parts of his "*Art*" are almost translations of Horace, and happy ones too. Still, though Boileau, like Horace, is clear, neat, sensible, correct, though to both writers may be applied the line:

Si j'écris quatre mots, j'en effacerai trois,
[If I write four words I erase three]

yet is he wonderfully inferior to the Roman poet, and leaves, at least on an Englishman, the impression of weariness, caused no doubt in part by the want of variety in his style, and by a lack of vigour and spirit.

Most that may be said of Boileau's production is applicable to Pope's "*Essay on Criticism*," a treatise composed in the same style and manner. Pope is the writer of the Augustan age of England. In order and regularity and the completeness of his plan, Pope is superior to Horace; some of his

lines are models of neatness of expression; especially, in his illustration of the manner in which the sound should be an echo to the sense, he has written some of the most perfect lines in any poetry; he feels, and admirably expresses his feeling, that to make a good critic the heart should be right as well as the head; and that pride, prejudice, and envy are almost as great a hindrance to a true judgment in literature, as dulness and ignorance. And yet even Pope's "Essay on Criticism," with all its merits, is wanting in variety, the life, the playfulness, the graceful negligence, the happy ease, of the inimitable Latin author.

Lord Byron's "Hints from Horace" is an adaptation of the "Art of Poetry" in the manner of Pope; or, as he himself curiously expresses it, "An allusion in English verse to the Epistle Ad Pisones de Arte Poeticâ." The work is a complete failure, though written by a great poet; it is for the most part commonplace and dull; it wants the ease and delicacy of Horace, Pope's epigrammatic felicity of phrase and command of antithesis, and the concise and studied carefulness of workmanship common to both the earlier poets. For the poetical genius of Byron, though more powerful and splendid than that of Horace or Pope, is yet deficient in their peculiar excellencies: and perhaps the consciousness of this deficiency was in a great measure the cause of that extravagant admiration of Pope which Byron felt throughout his life.

Horace was a Greek scholar, an admirer of Greek literature, and yet we cannot account him as one able to enter into the spirit of such writers as Æschylus or Sophocles. His rules about poetry are not applicable to all classical, still less are they prospectively to modern, poetry, except to a certain part of it.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,

says Shakespeare. With such a poet as that, Horace's criticisms have no relation. Genius inspires the poet, not merely with noble thoughts, but with untaught shapes, the forms in which suitably to clothe these thoughts. The good that criti-

cism can do is negative rather than positive. It is something to deter those who have no genius for writing poetry from trying to be poets, and to warn such that heaven and earth and booksellers alike condemn mediocrity in poetry. And if good poets are rare, so are good critics. Compositions such as those of Boileau and Pope, in which sense, wit, terseness of expression are found, give pleasure. And Horace's "Art of Poetry" is full of information on subjects long past, is not unworthy of the author of the Satires and Epistles, is full of kindly wit and lively wisdom, and has furnished succeeding ages with many a quotation applied to subjects quite different from that on which the line was originally written.

THE ART OF POETRY

[The Last Epistle]

1—23. *Unity and simplicity are necessary in a poem.*

IF a painter were to try to unite to a man's head a horse's neck, or to put partly-coloured feathers on limbs collected from every kind of animal, so that, for instance, a woman fair to the waist were to end foul in the tail of an ugly fish; if admitted to view, my friends, could you restrain your laughter? Believe me, my dear Pisos, that just like a monstrous picture of that kind would be a poem, whose images are formed as unreal as the dreams of a sick man, in such a manner as that neither foot nor head can be assigned to one uniform shape. You will say perhaps: "Painters and poets have ever had a reasonable liberty to venture as their fancy bids." 'Tis true, I know, and I grant and claim in return this license; yet not to such excess, as that wild creatures may be mated with tame, and serpents coupled with birds, tigers with lambs. It is the fashion now-a-days to stitch to pompous openings of great professions one or two fine patches of brilliant colour to glitter far and wide, with a description of the grove and altar of Diana, or maze of hurrying stream through pleasant fields, or river Rhine, or rainbow; but it turns out this was not the place for such scenes. And perhaps, sir painter, you can paint a cypress well; but what is the good of that, if you are paid to paint a mariner swimming to the shore from his shipwrecked vessel, a ruined man? A wine-jar was to be produced; why from the potter's circling wheel comes forth a pitcher? In short, be your composition what it may, at least let it be simple and uniform.

24—37. *We, who would be poets, must guard against all extremes.*

Most of us poets (I write to a father and sons worthy of their father) mislead ourselves by the appearance of truth. Thus, I strive to be brief, I become obscure; one poet aims at smoothness, and is wanting in vigour and spirit; another lays claim to grandeur, and is bombastic; along the ground

crawls he who would guard himself too much, as dreading the gusty storm; he who would diversify with monstrous prodigies a subject that is really one, is as he who would paint a porpoise in the woods, a wild boar amidst the waves: thus an unskilful avoidance of faults leads into error. Near the school of Æmilius¹ is an ordinary artist, who in bronze can represent nails and imitate flowing locks, but who fails in the entire statue, being unable to execute the whole figure. Now, if I cared to compose any work, I would no more wish to be such an artist as this, than I would choose to live admired for my black eyes and black hair, but disfigured by a crooked nose.

38—44. *We must well consider our powers before we write.*

Ye authors, choose a subject suited to your abilities, and long ponder what your strength is equal to, what it is too weak to support. He who chooses a theme according to his powers, will find neither command of language nor lucid arrangement fail him. And herein lies, unless I deceive myself, the power and beauty of arrangement; if a writer says at once only what ought to be said at once, reserving most points, and omitting them for the present.

45—72. *We may coin new words, when necessary, but this must be done with care: words, like all other things, are subject to change.*

In the arrangement of his words, too, let the author of the long-promised poem shew delicate taste, and care, preferring one word, rejecting another. You will express yourself excellently well, if by a curious combination you make a familiar word seem original. Should it happen to be necessary to indicate by new terms things before unknown, you may invent expressions not so much as heard of by the old fashioned Cethegi, and license will be granted, if not abused; and words, though new and lately invented, will gain credit, if derived from the Greek, and a little altered in form. What! shall the Roman public grant Cæcilius and Plautus a liberty, which they deny to Virgil and Varius? I myself too, if I have been able to contribute a few new words, should not be grudged this

¹ A school of gladiators.

liberty, since the writings of Cato and Ennius have enriched their mother tongue, and coined new names for things. 'Tis a license that has been granted, and ever will be, to put forth a new word stamped with the current die. At each year's fall the forests change their leaves, those green in spring then fall; even so the old race of words passes away, while new-born words, like youths, flourish in vigorous life. We must pay the debt of death, we and all our works; whether Neptune be received into the land,¹ and our fleets are defended from the northern gales, a right royal work; or the marsh,² long time unfruitful and fit only for boats, now finds food for the neighbouring towns, and feels the weight of the plough; or the river has changed its course destructive to the crops, and has been taught to flow in a better channel;³ yes, all the works of mortal men shall perish; much less can the fashion and favour of words remain longlived. Many names now in disuse shall again appear, many now in good repute shall be forgotten, if custom wills it so; custom, the lord and arbiter and rightful legislator of language.

73—85. *The various kinds of poetry, epic, elegiac, dramatic, lyric.*

The measure suited to the exploits of princes and captains, and to the sorrows of war, Homer has shown us. Verses joined in unequal pairs contained first complainings, then the thoughts of successful vows: but who was the inventor of these elegiacs with their shorter measure, grammarians still dispute, and undecided is the question. Rage armed Archilochus with his own iambic metre; the comic sock and high majestic buskin chose this foot, as suited for dialogue, and able to overcome the din of the assembled people, and the natural one for the action of the stage. But to the lyre the Muse granted to sing of gods and children of gods,

¹ This alludes to the "portus Julius" made by Agrippa in honour of Augustus, near Baiæ, before the expedition against Sextus Pompeius, B.C. 37.

² Perhaps the Pomptine marshes.

³ Perhaps an exaggeration of what Augustus did in clearing out the Tiber.

and victorious boxers, and horses that win in the race, and sorrows of enamoured swains, and cups that free the soul.

86—98. *We must suit our style to the different kinds of poetry.*

Settled are the various forms and shades of style in poetry: if I lack the ability and knowledge to maintain these, how can I have the honoured name of poet? Or why through false shame do I prefer ignorance to being taught? A comic subject refuses to be set forth in tragic verse: so too the tale of the Thyestean banquet¹ scorns to be told in lines suited to some ordinary theme, and unworthy of more than the common sock. Let each style keep its appointed place with propriety. And yet at times, too, Comedy will raise her voice, and angry Chremes² storms in swelling tones; so the Telephus and Peleus³ of tragedy often express their sorrows in language akin to prose, and either hero, in poverty and exile, will cast aside bombast and words a cubit long, if he cares at all to touch the heart of the spectator by his piteous tale.

99—118. *The words also must be suitable to the character in whose mouth the poet puts them.*

For poems to have beauty of style is not enough; they must have pathos also, and lead, where'er they will, the hearer's soul. As human countenances answer with laughter to those that laugh, so do they express sympathy with those that weep; if you would have me weep, you must yourself first grieve; thus alone shall I be touched by your misfortunes, Telephus or Peleus; if you deliver words ill suited to your character, I shall either fall asleep, or laugh. Sad words become a face of sorrow; to angry countenances are suited threats; while jests set off a playful look; serious words become a grave brow. For nature shapes our inner feelings to each state of our fortunes; she makes us joyous, or drives us to anger; or to the earth by weight of woe depresses our tortured hearts: then she expresses our passions by the tongue.

¹ Varius wrote a tragedy called *Thyestes*; which Quintilian thought would stand comparison with any Greek author. See *Odes* 1, 6, 8.

² The father in one of Plautus's comedies.

³ Characters in Euripides' tragedies whom Aristophanes ridiculed.

the soul's interpreter. So, if the words of the speaker are discordant with his fortunes, loud will be the laughter raised by the Roman spectators, knights and rank and file alike. It will make no little difference, whether a god is the speaker, or a hero, a man of mature age, or one still in the flower and fervour of youth, matron of high rank, or bustling nurse,¹ a roaming merchant, or a tiller of a fruitful farm, Colchian or Assyrian, one reared at Thebes or at Argos.

119—152. *A writer should follow the traditions of the Muse; or, if he strikes out something new, must be consistent. No better guide can we follow than Homer.*

Either follow tradition, or, if you invent, let your creation be consistent. If you once more introduce on the stage illustrious Achilles, he must appear as one restless, passionate, inexorable, keen of soul; he must say law was not made for the like of him, appealing to the sword alone. Again, let Medea be haughty, untamed of soul, but Ino² bathed in tears, Ixion³ perjured, Io a wanderer, Orestes melancholy mad. If you trust to the stage an untried subject, and venture on the creation of an original character, it must be kept to the end of the play such as it was when it was brought on at the beginning, and consistent. Hardly will you give to what is general an individuality; you will be more likely to succeed by dividing the subject of the Iliad into the acts of a play, than if in an original poem you bring forward a theme unknown, as yet unsung. A subject open to all will become your own private property, by your not lingering in the trite and obvious circle of events; neither must you care to render word for word, as a literal translator; nor, as a mere copyist, throw yourself into a cramped space, whence either shame or the

¹ A favourite character on the Greek stage. In the *Choephora* the nurse is natural and half comic, and is like one in ordinary life. So in *Romeo and Juliet*.

² Ino with her son, Melicerta, threw herself into the sea. About 24 short fragments of Euripides' *Ino* are extant.

³ Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, all wrote a play of this name. In the play of Æschylus was this line, "Death is more glorious than an evil life."

rules of the piece forbid your moving a step. Begin not, as did the cyclic writer¹ of old: "Of Priam's fate and far-famed war I'll sing." What will this braggart produce worthy of so bombastic a boast? Mountains are in labour; to the birth comes a most absurd mouse. Far more truly acted he, who makes no ill-timed effort: "Sing, Muse, to me the hero, who, after the days of the capture of Troy, visited many towns, saw many customs."² Smoke he never means to bring from a bright blaze, but out of smoke gives us light, that after that he may show us picturesque marvels, such as Antiphates and Scylla, Cyclops and Charybdis; nor does he set forth the return of Diomedes from the death of Meleager, or the Trojan war from the twin eggs;³ ever to the end he hastens, and hurries the reader into the middle of events, assuming them as known; what he despairs of so handling as to make it brilliant, that he drops, and so invents, so with fictions weaves the truth, that the middle harmonises with the opening, and the end with the middle.

153—178. *A writer too should observe the characteristics of each age of man.*

Now hear, what I, aye, and the people too, expect. If you want your auditor to applaud you and stay for the curtain, and to be sure to keep his seat till the actor chants the words "Please, sirs, to applaud," carefully must you observe the characteristics of each age, and assign to each the proprieties of shifting dispositions and changing years. First comes the boy, who just knows how to form words, and with steadier foot to walk; he delights to play with his mates, and on slight cause flies into passion, quickly is appeased, and changes every hour. Next the beardless youth, at last free from his guardian,⁴ rejoices in horses and hounds, and the grass of the sunny plain of Mars; easily moulded, like wax, to vice, to those who would admonish him rough, slow to provide what is useful, lavish of his money, high-spirited, passionate in his

¹ Epic poets who imitated Homer—but badly.

² The opening of Homer's *Odyssey*.

³ *i. e.*, of Leda, as in the *Cypria* of Stasinus.

⁴ The pedagogue, who accompanied the boy to school.

desires, quick to relinquish his fancies. Then comes a change in a man's spirit, for the temper of middle life seeks wealth, and interest, is the slave of ambition, is careful lest it do that in a hurry, which afterwards it must labour to amend. Last of all, many are the discomforts that gather around old age; either because an old man amasses, and then with miserly soul spares and fears to use his stores; or because he performs every act with timorous and chilled spirit, is a procrastinator; a laggard in hope, sluggish, yet greedy of a longer life, crabbed, querulous, ever praising the bygone days of his boyhood, but the corrector and censor of the young. Many blessings does the flowing tide of years bring with it, many does its ebb take from us. Now, lest perchance we attribute an old man's parts to a youth, or a man's to a boy, never must we wander beyond the limits of what suits and is akin to each age.

179—188. *Some things should be represented on the stage, others related to the spectators.*

Events are either acted on the stage, or reported as done off it. Now, less keenly are our spirits stirred by what drops into the ears, than by what is placed before the trustworthy eyes, when the spectator sees for himself. And yet there are things which should be done behind the scenes, bring not these forward; and much should you withdraw from the eyes, presently to be described by an actor's ready speech before the audience; so that, for instance, Medea should not murder her children in front of the spectators, nor impious Atreus cook on the stage human flesh, nor Procne be transformed into a bird, Cadmus into a snake. Scenes put before me in this way move only my incredulity and disgust.

189—201. *Certain rules not to be transgressed. The office of the chorus.*

Let not a play be either shorter or longer than five acts; or it will hardly be called for and again represented on the stage. Nor let a god intermeddle,¹ unless a difficulty arise worthy of miraculous interposition; nor let a fourth character

¹In the plays of Euripides the gods are often most unnecessary and undignified meddlers.

attempt to speak. Let the Chorus maintain the parts and duties of a single actor; nor let it sing any song between the acts, save what advances and fitly belongs to the plot of the piece.¹ Let the Chorus support the good, and give them friendly counsel, and restrain the angry, and love those that fear to sin; let it praise the fare of a humble board, and admire justice which is a health to a state, and laws and gates that stand open in peace; let it keep secrets, and offer prayers and supplications to the gods, that fortune may revisit the wretched, depart from the proud.

202—219. *Of the music of the stage, and how it changes with the fortunes and manners of the people.*

The flute in the days of old was not, as now, bound with yellow copper ore, nor did it rival the trumpet in power, but was slight and simple with few holes, good to accompany and aid the Chorus, and to fill with its breath benches not yet crowded, whither would flock spectators easily numbered, for they were but few, an industrious, pious, modest people. But when conquests enlarged the territory, and a greater circle of wall embraced the city, and banquets began early, and on holidays each man freely propitiated his genius, then to the rhythms and music was given greater license. For taste could not be looked for from the unlettered rustic, when in the theatre he sat freed from his labours, crowded with the man of the city, the rough and the polite together. Thus to the art of the days of old the flute-player added the dance, and elaborate music, and drew across the stage his robe's long train. Then to the lyre once severe were added new strings, then an impetuous flow of language produced an eloquence as yet unheard, while saws of wisdom keen to discern what was useful, and prophetic of the future, rivalled the utterance of oracular Delphi.

220—250. *The Satyric drama, which accompanied the tragedy, is not the same as comedy, and has its rules and wholesome restraints.*

He who in tragic verse contended for the prize of a common goat, presently introduced on the stage the half-naked

¹ Here again, Euripides offends.

forms of the wild Satyrs; he did not lower the dignity of the Muse, and yet he ventured on rough jokes; for he felt that the allurements and pleasures of novelty would alone keep in their seats spectators, who had just assisted at the sacrifice, well drunken, lawless in spirit. And yet it will be right to introduce these mocking and witty Satyrs, and to pass from grave to gay, only in such a way as that any god or hero, just before conspicuous in regal gold and purple, now joining this company, may not be as one shifting from a palace into low taverns, there to use vulgar language; nor yet as one, who, avoiding what is low, affects cloudy bombast. Insult not the tragic Muse by making her babble out silly verses; if she appears amidst the wanton Satyrs, let her be somewhat reserved, as matron bid to dance on holidays. Were I a writer of satyric pieces, I would not choose bald and common terms, nor would I, my friends, so far depart from the tragic style, as though it made no difference, whether Davus¹ was the speaker and impudent Pythias who got a talent by gulling Simon, or Silenus, guardian and attendant of a divine pupil [Bacchus]. My play should be composed throughout in familiar terms, so that anybody may hope to do the same, may labour and toil much, attempting the same, and fail; such is the power of sequence and arrangement, so great the beauty that can crown the commonest expressions. When the Fauns are fetched from the woods, my judgment is that they need to be careful, lest they appear like those born where the streets meet, and almost as loungers in the forum, and their verses sound as the words of our effeminate young men, or lest they talk in coarse and disreputable language: for thus are disgusted the knights, the free-born, the rich, who will not endure the play with patience or reward the poet, however much the buyers of roasted chick-peas and walnuts may approve.

251—274. *On the Iambic and Spondee. The Greek taste is to be followed, rather than the license of the Roman poets, in respect of metre.*

When a long syllable follows a short one, the foot is called

¹ The conventional slave of comedy.

an Iambic, a rapid foot; whence it would have the name of trimeters appropriated to the iambic measure, though six were the times it beat, from the first to the last being the same throughout. But not so very long ago, that slower and more solemnly the verse might fall on the ear, the Iambic admitted the steady Spondee into a part of its inheritance, with obliging good nature, so as to share the room, and not to yield from the second and fourth place. In the much vaunted trimeters of Accius, this Iambic appears but seldom, and as to those verses of Ennius, which he sent upon the stage like missiles of ponderous weight, the Iambic lays on them the discreditable charge of hasty and careless composition, or of ignorance of the poetic art. It is not every one that can judge and see when verses are unmusical, and our Roman writers have an allowance made for them, unworthy of poets. Shall I then write loosely and carelessly, or shall I suppose that all will see my faults, and so shall I feel secure and be cautious within the limits of pardon? If so, at the best I have but escaped censure, praise I do not deserve. But do you friends, study diligently night and day the Greek models. You will answer, perhaps, your forefathers praised both the rhythm and wit of Plautus; their praise, I say, was given too easily, not to say foolishly, to both the one and the other; at least, if you and I can see the difference between rough humour and polished wit, and know how to beat with the thumb, and with the ear to catch the proper rhythm.

275—294. *The origin of tragedy. Its development. To it succeeded the old comedy, vigorous, but scurrilous. The Latin poets deserve some praise, but their great fault is their careless, slovenly style.*

Unknown was the style of the tragic Muse, till Thespis, as is said, introduced it; he carried his poems in travelling wagons, to be chanted by actors whose faces were smeared with lees of wine. After him came Æschylus, the inventor of the tragic robe and comely mask, who made a stage with planks of moderate size, and taught the actors magnificent diction and stately gait on the buskin. Then succeeded the old comedy, which had no little merit; but its liberty degenerated into licence, and into a violence, which the law

must check; the law was submitted to, and then the chorus to its shame became dumb, being deprived of the right of abuse. No style have our poets left untried, nor slight the glory they have earned, when they ventured beyond the Grecian track, and dared to sing of our national exploits, putting on the stage either tragedies or comedies on Roman subjects. Nor would the Latin name be more famed for deeds of valour and for arms, than for literature, were not the toil and trouble of correction a stumblingblock to every one of our bards. But do you, in whose veins is the blood of Numa, censure every poem, which many a day and many an erasure has not chastened, and by repeated improvements has amended to the finishing touch.

295—308. *Genius cannot afford to dispense with the rules of art. The critic has his place in literature.*

That genius is happier than poor wretched art is the creed of Democritus, who excludes from Helicon all poets in their senses; therefore a large proportion of would-be-poets care not to pare their nails or shave their beard, haunt retired spots, eschew public baths. He, think they, will get himself the estimation and name of a poet, who never trusts to the barber Licinus that precious pate incurable by the hellebore of three Anticyras. Ah, what a wrong-headed fellow am I! I get my bile purged from me, as spring draws on; otherwise, there is not a living wight who would write better verses: however, after all it does not matter so much. For now will I discharge the office of a whetstone, which, though it cannot cut, makes iron sharp. No poet I, but yet I will teach the poet's duty and office, whence he draws his treasures, what trains and fashions the bard; what graces him, what not; which are the paths of excellence, and which of error.

309—322. *Knowledge is the foundation of good writing. Poetry without sense is but a harmonious trifling.*

Of good writing the foundation and source is moral wisdom. Now the Socratic dialogues will supply you with matter, and words will follow readily, when matter is provided. The writer who has learnt what our country expects of us, what our friends look for, the love we owe to parents, to a brother, to a guest, the duties of a senator and a judge, the

parts of a general sent to command in war, he, I feel sure, knows how at once to give to each character his proper speech. I would advise a well-instructed imitator to have an eye to the model which life and manners give, and hence to draw the language of reality. Sometimes a play embellished with moral sentiments, and rightly representing manners, though lacking grace and force and art, delights the people more, and interests them to the end of the piece, rather than verses void of sense, and prettily-sounding trifles.

323—333. *The Greeks had genius; the Romans are a money-getting race.*

The Greeks had genius, the Greeks could speak with well-rounded mouth: this was the Muse's gift to them; they coveted nought but renown. But the Roman boys are taught to divide the as by long calculations into a hundred parts. Supposing the son of Albinus says: "If from five ounces be subtracted one, what is the remainder?" At once you can answer, "A third of an as." "Good, you will be able to keep your property. If an ounce be added, what does it make?" "The half of an as." Ah! when this rust of copper, this slavish love of saving money has once imbued the soul, can we hope for the composition of verses worthy to be rubbed with the oil of cedar,¹ or to be kept in cases of polished cypress?

334—346. *The object of the poet should be to give instruction and delight.*

Poets aim either to benefit, or to delight, or to unite what will give pleasure with what is serviceable for life. In moral precepts be brief; what is quickly said, the mind readily receives and faithfully retains: all that is superfluous runs over from the mind, as from a full vessel. Fictions meant to please should be as like truth as possible; the play ought not to demand unlimited belief; after the dinner of an ogress, let no live boy be taken from her stomach. The centuries of the senators drive from the stage poems devoid of moral lessons; the aristocratic knights disapprove of dry poems; that poet gets every vote, who unites information with pleasure, delight-

¹ *i. e.*, for protection against moths.

ing at once and instructing the reader. Such a poem brings money to the publishers, and is sent across the sea, and gives immortality to its illustrious author.

347—360. *Perfection in a poem we do not expect, but we do expect care and pains.*

Yet faults there are, that we can gladly pardon; for a chord does not always return the sound which the hand and mind intend, and, when we expect the flat, very often gives us a sharp; and arrows often miss the threatened mark. But the truth is, where most in a poem is brilliant, I would not be offended at a few blots, which inattention has carelessly let drop, or the infirmity of human nature failed to guard against. What then is the truth? If a copyist, often warned, ever makes the same mistake, he is inexcusable; if a harper is always at fault on the same string, he is derided; so, a very heedless writer is to my mind a second Chœrilus,¹ whose rare excellencies surprise me, while still I laugh; whilst I, the same man, am indignant, if good old Homer sometimes nods. However, it is allowable, if in a long work sleep steals over a writer.

361—365. *A short comparison between poetry and painting.*

As painting, so is poetry; some takes your fancy more, the nearer you stand, some, if you go to a little distance; one poem courts obscurity, another is willing to be seen in a strong light, and dreads not the keen judgment of the critic; one poem pleases but once, another, called for many a time, yet still will please.

366—390. *All men, nearly, would be poets; but mediocrity in poetry is insufferable; wherefore be careful before you publish.*

O elder youth, both by your father's teaching are you trained to what is correct, and naturally you have good judgment; yet what I also say, do you make your own, and remember that in certain subjects mediocrity is allowable, and a tolerable success; for instance, a chamber-counsel and a pleader of fair ability falls short of the excellence of elo-

¹ See *Ep.* II. 7, 232.

quent Messala,¹ and yields in knowledge to Cascellius Aulus,² and yet he is valued; but mediocrity in poets is condemned by gods and men, aye, and booksellers too. As during pleasant banquets discordant music and perfumed oil coarse in quality and poppy mixed with bitter honey are offensive, for the dinner might have dispensed with these accompaniments: so poetry, the end and nature of which is to delight the soul, if it fall somewhat short of excellence, inclines to what is faulty. One ignorant of a game stands aloof from the contest in the Campus, and, if unskilled in ball or quoit or hoop, remains an inactive spectator, lest the crowded ring raise an unproved laughter: but he who is no versifier, yet dares to try to make verses. Prithee, why should he not? Is he not free, nay, free-born, above all, is he not rated as possessed of equestrian fortune, and is he not clear from all moral censure? But you, my friend, will say and do nothing against the bent of your genius, such is your judgment, such your sense; however, if at some future time you write something, let it first be read before Mæcius³ as critic, before your father and me, and let it be kept back for nine years⁴ on the parchments in your desk; you can destroy what you have never published; a word once uttered you cannot recall.

391—407. *The origin and office of poetry in early days.*

Once in the woods men lived; then holy Orpheus, heaven's interpreter, turned them from slaughter and their foul manner of life; hence he was said to have soothed tigers and ravening lions; hence too it was said that Amphion, founder of the Theban citadel, moved rocks to the strains of his lyre, and led them by alluring persuasion, whithersoever he listed. In days of yore it was wisdom's office to set the marks between public and private property, between things sacred and profane, to

¹ Messala Corvinus. See *Od.* III. 21, 7; *Sat.* I. 6, 42; *Sat.* I. 10, 28, 85.

² He refused to draw up the legal form for the proscriptions of Antony and Augustus. He was famous for law, bons mots, freedom of speech. But there were two, father and son.

³ See *Sat.* I. 10, 38.

⁴ So Cinna did not publish his *Smyrna* for nine years; and Isocrates kept back his *Panegyric* for the same time.

restrain men from vague concubinage, to appoint rights for man and wife, to build cities, to engrave laws on tablets of wood: thus came honour and renown to prophetic bards and their poems. Afterwards, glorious Homer and Tyrtæus roused manly hearts to martial wars by their songs; oracles were delivered in verse, and the path of life pointed out, and the favour of princes sought by the strains of the Muses, and the drama invented, to come at the end of the long toils of the year; so that you, my friend, may see you have no reason to be ashamed of the Muse skilled in the lyre, and Apollo who chants to its melody.

408—418. *Genius is necessary for a poet, and yet, without art and study, genius will fail.*

Whether by genius or by art an excellent poem is produced, has often been the question: but I do not see what can be done by study without a rich vein of intellect, nor by genius when uncultivated: so true is it that either requires the help of either, and that the two combine in friendly union. He who passionately desires to reach in the race the goal, must first endure and do much as a boy, suffer from toil and cold, abstain from love and wine; he who at the Pythian games sings to the flute, has first been to school and feared a master. Nor is it enough to say, "I compose wondrous poems; murrain take the hindmost! I think it a shame to be left behind, and to confess that I am utterly ignorant of that which I never learnt."

419—452. *Let poets avoid flatterers. Quintilius was an honest friend, whose mission it was to tell an author unpleasant truths.*

As an auctioneer collects crowds to buy wares, so a poet, if rich in lands and money put out at interest, bids flatterers flock to the call of gain. But if he be one who can give a handsome dinner, and be bail for a poor man whose credit is gone, or if he can deliver one who is embarrassed by ugly lawsuits, then I shall be surprised, if the fond happy soul is clever enough to distinguish between a false and true friend. You, if you have made or intend to make a present to any one, do not bring the man full of grateful joy to hear your verses: for he will cry, "Beautiful! good! correct!" he will

turn pale with wonder over them, he will even drop dewy tears from his loving eyes, he will jump, as with delight, he will strike the ground with his foot. As hired mourners at a funeral in words and actions outdo those whose grief is sincere; so does the man who laughs behind your back seem more moved than a real admirer. Patrons are said to press hard with many a cup, and test with wine the man whom they desire thoroughly to try, whether he be worthy of their friendship; so, if you compose poems, be not unaware of the feeling concealed under the exterior, like that of the fox in the fable. If one read a passage to Quintilius, he would say, "Friend, correct this or that." If one said he could not improve it after two or three trials, then he would bid him erase it, and return the ill-formed verses to the anvil of correction. But if one preferred the defence of a fault to the amending of it, he wasted not a single word more, nor threw away his pains to prevent a man from having the fondest love of himself and his own writings, without any rival admirer. A good and sensible man will censure spiritless lines, blame harsh ones, put a smearing mark with the back of his pen to inelegant verses, will prune ambitious ornaments, force you to make plain your obscurities, will blame an equivocal phrase, and note what should be altered; so will he shew himself a second Aristarchus,¹ and never say, "Why offend a friend for trifles?" seeing that these trifles bring serious trouble on the poet, hooted off the stage once for all after an unlucky reception.

453—476. *A poet goes as mad as Empedocles; let all beware of him, and keep out of the way of one who will not be helped.*

Like one troubled with the evil scab, or jaundice, or frantic madness and Diana's wrath,² even so the insane poet all men in their senses fly from, and fear even to touch; the boys hoot at him and heedlessly follow. He with his eyes in the sky belches forth verses, and strays about; then, like a bird-catcher intent on blackbirds, falls into a well or pit; he may cry from

¹ Aristarchus, of Alexandria, was the great editor and critic of Homer.

² As the moon-goddess she was reputed to cause madness.

afar, "Ho, citizens, come to the help!" but not a soul cares to pull him out. If any one does trouble himself to bring aid, and to let down a rope, how can you tell, I say, whether he did not purposely throw himself in, and wishes not to be saved? So I'll tell you the tale of Sicilian Empedocles, how, wishing to be deemed an immortal god, he leapt in cold blood into burning Etna. Let poets have the right and liberty to perish, if they so please. He who saves a man against his will does the same as if he killed him. The poet has so acted more than once, and if now pulled out, will not for the future become a reasonable man, or lay aside the desire for notorious death. Nor is there any good cause to be shown, why he will always be making verses; whether he has defiled his father's grave, or impiously disturbed some ill-omened accursed plot; anyhow, he is raving mad, and like a bear, who has managed to break the opposing bars of a cage, so he puts to flight the lettered and unlettered alike, by his reading that bores to the death; but if he catches any one, him he holds fast, and kills by his recitation, like a leech, that will not leave the skin, till it is gorged with blood.

THE SATIRES OF
PERSIUS AND SULPICIA

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

BY THE

REV. LEWIS EVANS, M.A.,

LATE FELLOW OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD

WITH INTRODUCTIONS

BY THE SAME

INTRODUCTION

PERSIUS, THE STOIC SATIRIST

PERSIUS,¹ who borrowed so much of Horace's language, has little of his manner. The immediate object of his imitation seems to be Lucilius; and if he lashes vice with less severity than his great prototype, the cause must not be sought in any desire to spare what he so evidently condemned. But he was thrown "on evil times;" he was, besides, of a rank distinguished enough to make his freedom dangerous, and of an age when life had yet lost little of its novelty; to write, therefore, even as he has written, proves him to be a person of very singular courage and virtue.

In the interval between Horace and Persius, despotism had changed its nature: the chains which the policy of Augustus concealed in flowers, were now displayed in all their hideousness. The arts were neglected, literature of every kind discouraged or disgraced, and terror and suspicion substituted in the place of the former ease and security. Stoicism, which Cicero accuses of having infected poetry, even in his days, and of which the professors, as Quintilian observes, always disregarded the graces and elegancies of composition, spread with amazing rapidity.² In this school Persius was educated,

¹ For the facts of Persius's life see the introduction to this volume, "The Roman Satirists."

² Dusaulx accounts for this by the general consternation. Most of those, he says, distinguished for talents or rank, took refuge in the school of Zeno; not so much to learn in it how to live, as how to die. I think, on the contrary, that this would rather have driven them into the arms of Epicurus. "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," will generally be found, I believe, to be the maxim of dangerous times. It would not be difficult to show, if this were the place for it, that the prevalency of Stoicism was due to the increase of profligacy, for which it furnished a convenient cloak. This, however, does not apply to Persius.

under the care of one of its most learned and respectable masters.

Satire was not his first pursuit; indeed, he seems to have somewhat mistaken his talents when he applied to it. The true end of this species of writing, as Dusaulx justly says, is the improvement of society; but for this, much knowledge of mankind is previously necessary. Whoever is deficient in that, may be an excellent moral and philosophical poet; but can not, with propriety, lay claim to the honors of a satirist.

And Persius was moral and philosophical in a high degree: he was also a poet of no mean order. But while he grew pale over the page of Zeno, and Cleanthes, and Chrysippus; while he imbibed, with all the ardor of a youthful mind, the paradoxes of those great masters, together with their principles, the foundations of civil society were crumbling around him, and soliciting his attention in vain. To judge from what he has left us, it might almost be affirmed that he was a stranger in his own country. The degradation of Rome was now complete; yet he felt, at least he expresses, no indignation at the means by which it was effected: a sanguinary buffoon was lording it over the prostrate world; yet he continued to waste his most elaborate efforts on the miserable pretensions of pedants in prose and verse! If this savor of the impassibility of Stoicism, it is entitled to no greater praise on the score of outraged humanity, which has stronger claims on a well-regulated mind, than criticism, or even philosophy.

Dryden gives that praise to the dogmas of Persius, which he denies to his poetry. "His verse," he says, "is scabrous and hobbling, and his measures beneath those of Horace." This is too severe; for Persius has many exquisite passages, which nothing in Horace will be found to equal or approach. The charge of obscurity has been urged against him with more justice; though this, perhaps, is not so great as it is usually represented. Casaubon could, without question, have defended him more successfully than he has done; but he was overawed by the brutal violence of the elder Scaliger; for I can scarcely persuade myself that he really believed this obscurity to be owing to "the fear of Nero, or the advice of Cornutus." The cause of it should be rather sought in his

natural disposition, and in his habits of thinking. Generally speaking, however, it springs from a too frequent use of tropes, approaching in almost every instance to a catachresis, an anxiety of compression, and a quick and unexpected transition from one over-strained figure to another. After all, with the exception of the sixth Satire, which, from its abruptness, does not appear to have received the author's last touches, I do not think there is much to confound an attentive reader: some acquaintance, indeed, with the porch "*braccatis illita Medis*," is previously necessary. His life may be contemplated with unabated pleasure: the virtue he recommends, he practiced in the fullest extent; and at an age when few have acquired a determinate character, he left behind him an established reputation for genius, learning, and worth.

THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS

PROLOGUE

I HAVE neither steeped my lips in the fountain of the Horse;¹ nor do I remember to have dreamt on the double-peaked Parnassus, that so I might on a sudden come forth a poet. The nymphs of Helicon, and pale Pirene,² I resign to those around whose statue the clinging ivy twines. I myself, half a clown, bring my verses as a contribution to the inspired effusions of the poets.

Who made the parrot so ready with his salutation, and taught magpies to emulate our words?—That which is the master of all art, the bounteous giver of genius—the belly:³ that artist that trains them to copy sounds that nature has denied them. But if the hope of deceitful money shall have shone forth, you may believe that ravens turned poets, and magpies poetesses, give vent to strains of Pegaseian nectar.

¹ Hippocrene, the fountain of the Muses which sprang up in the hoof-print of Pegasus.

² The fountain of Pirene was in the middle of the forum of Corinth. It took its name from the nymph so called, who dissolved into tears at the death of her daughter Cenchrea, accidentally killed by Diana. The water was said to have the property of tempering the Corinthian brass, when plunged red-hot into the stream. Near the source Bellerophon is said to have seized Pegasus.

³ To preserve his incognito, Persius represents himself as driven by poverty, though but unprepared, to write for his bread.

SATIRE I

ARGUMENT

Under the color of declaring his purpose of writing Satire and the plan he intends to adopt, and of defending himself against the idle criticism of an imaginary and nameless adversary, Persius lashes the miserable poets of his own day, and in no very obscure terms, their Coryphæus himself, Nero. The subject of the Satire is not very unlike the first of the second book of Horace's Satires, and comes very near in some points to the first Satire of Juvenal. But the manner of treatment is distinct in each, and quite characteristic of the three great Satirists. Horace's is more full of personality, one might say, of egotism, and his own dislike and contempt of the authors of his time, more lively and brilliant, more pungent and witty, than either of the others; more pregnant with jokes, and yet rising to a higher tone than the Satire of Persius. That of Juvenal is in a more majestic strain, as befits the stern censor of the depraved morals of his day; full of commanding dignity and grave rebuke, of fiery indignation and fierce invective; and is therefore more declamatory and oratorical in its style, more elevated in its sentiment, more refined in its diction. While in that of Persius we trace the workings of a young and ardent mind, devoted to literature and intellectual pleasures, of a philosophical turn, and a chastened though somewhat fastidious taste. We see the student and devotee of literature quite as much as the censor of morals, and can see that he grieves over the corruption of the public *taste* almost as deeply as over the general depravity of public *morals*. Still there breathes through the whole a tone of high and right feeling, of just and stringent criticism, of keen and pungent sarcasm, which deservedly places this Satire very high in the rank of intellectual productions.

PERSIUS, "Oh the cares of men!" Oh how much vanity is there in human affairs!"¹—

ADVERSARIUS. Who will read this?

¹ *Oh curas!* These are the opening lines of his Satire, which Persius is reading aloud, and is interrupted by his "Adversarius," who is an ill-natured critic.

P. Is it to me you say this?

A. Nobody, by Hercules!

P. Nobody! Say two perhaps, or—

A. Nobody. It is mean and pitiful stuff!

P. Wherefore? No doubt "Polydamas¹ and Trojan dames" will prefer Labeo to me—

A. It is all stuff!

P. Whatever turbid Rome may disparage, do not thou join their number; nor by that scale of theirs seek to correct thy own false balance, nor seek thyself out of thyself.² For who is there at Rome that is not— Ah! if I might but speak! But I may, when I look at our gray hairs, and our severe way of life, and all that we commit since we abandoned our childhood's nuts.³ When we savor of uncles,⁴ then—then forgive!

A. I will not!

P. What must I do? For I am a hearty laugher with a saucy spleen.

We write, having shut ourselves in, one man verses, another free from the trammels of metre, something grandiloquent, which the lungs widely distended with breath may give vent to.

And this, of course, some day, with your hair combed and a new toga, all in white with your birthday Sardonyx, you will read out from your lofty seat, to the people, when you have rinsed your throat, made flexible by the liquid gargle;⁵

¹ Taken from Hector's speech, where he dreads the reproaches of his brother-in-law Polydamas, and the Trojan men and women, if he were to retire within the walls of Troy. *Il.*, x.

² Alluding to the Stoic notion: "Each man's own taste and judgment is to him the best test of right and wrong."

³ "When I look at all the childish follies that, in spite of an affectation of outward gravity and severity of manners, disgraces even men of advanced years, it is difficult not to write satire."

⁴ Roman uncles were proverbially severe.

⁵ The Romans while reciting sat in elevated seats called *cathedræ* and *pulpita*. Vid. *Juv.*, vii., 47, 93. An attendant stood by the person who was reciting, with some emollient liquid to rinse the throat with.

languidly leering with lascivious eye! Here you may see the tall Titi¹ in trembling excitement, with lewdness of manner and agitation of voice, when the verses enter into their loins, and their inmost parts are titillated with the lascivious strain.

P. And dost thou, in thy old age, collect dainty bits for the ears of others? Ears to which even thou, bursting with vanity, wouldst say, "Hold, enough!"

A. To what purpose is your learning, unless this leaven, and this wild fig-tree which has once taken life within, shall burst through your liver and shoot forth?

P. See that pallor and premature old age! Oh Morals! Is then your knowledge so absolutely naught, unless another know you have that knowledge?

A. But it is a fine thing to be pointed at with the finger, and that it should be said, "That's he!" Do you value it at nothing, that your works should form the studies² of a hundred curly-headed youths?

P. See! over their cups, the well-filled Romans inquire of what the divine poems tell. Here some one, who has a hyacinthine robe round his shoulders, snuffing through his nose some stale ditty, distills and from his dainty palate lips trippingly his Phyllises, Hypsipyles, and all the deplorable strains of the poets. The heroes hum assent! Now are not the ashes of the poet blest? Does not a tomb-stone press with lighter weight upon his bones? The guests applaud. Now from those Manes of his, now from his tomb and favored ashes, will not violets spring?

A. You are mocking and indulging in too scornful a sneer. Lives there the man who would disown the wish to deserve the people's praise, and having uttered words worthy

¹ Titi is put here for the Romans generally, among whom, especially the higher orders, Titus was a favorite prænomen.

² The allusion is to Nero, who ordered that his verses should be taught to the boys in the schools of Rome. The works of eminent contemporary poets were sometimes the subjects of study in schools, as well as the standard writings of Virgil and Horace. Cf. Juv., vii., 226.

of the cedar,¹ to leave behind him verses that dread neither herrings nor frankincense?²

P. Whoever thou art that hast just spoken, and that hast a fair right to plead on the opposite side, I, for my part, when I write, if any thing perchance comes forth aptly expressed (though this is, I own, a rare bird), yet if any thing does come forth, I would not shrink from being praised: for indeed my heart is not of horn. But I deny that that "excellently!" and "beautifully!" of yours are the end and object of what is right. For sift thoroughly all this "beautifully!" and what does it not comprise within it! Is there not to be found in it the Iliad of Accius, intoxicated with hellebore? are there not all the paltry sonnets our crude nobles have dictated? in fine, is there not all that is composed on couches of citron? You know how to set before your guests the hot paunch; and how to make a present of your threadbare cloak to your companion shivering with cold, and then you say, "I do love the truth! tell me the truth about myself!" How is that possible? Would you like me to tell it you? Thou drivelest, Bald-pate, while thy bloated paunch projects a good foot and a half hanging in front! O Janus whom no stork³ pecks at from behind, no hand that with rapid motion imitates the white ass's ears, no tongue mocks, projecting as far as that of the thirsting hound of Apulia! Ye, O patrician blood! whose privilege it is to live with no eyes at the back of your head, prevent the scoffs that are made behind your back!

What is the people's verdict? What should it be, but that now at length verses flow in harmonious numbers, and the skillful joining allows the critical nails to glide over its pol-

¹ From the antiseptic properties of this wood, it was used for presses for books, which were also dressed with the oil expressed from the tree.

² Discarded manuscripts were used to wrap up fish and groceries in.

³ There are three methods employed even to-day in Italy to ridicule a person behind his back: imitating with the fingers a stork pecking; with the hands an ass's ears flapping; and sticking out the tongue.

ished surface: he knows how to carry on his verse as if he were drawing a ruddle line with one eye closed. Whether he has occasion to write against public morals, against luxury, or the banquets of the great, the Muses vouchsafe to our Poet¹ the saying brilliant things. And see! now we see those introducing heroic sentiments, that were wont to trifle in Greek: that have not even skill enough to describe a grove. Nor praise the bountiful country, where are baskets, and the hearth, and porkers, and the smoky palilia with the hay:² whence Remus sprung, and thou, O Quintius [Cincinnatus], wearing away the plow-boards in the furrow, when thy wife with trembling haste invested thee with the dictatorship in front of thy team, and the lictor bore thy plow home—Bravo, poet!

Some even now delight in the turgid book of Brisæan Accius,³ and in Pacuvius, and warty Antiopa,⁴ “her dolorific heart propped up with woe.” When you see purblind sires instilling these precepts into their sons, do you inquire whence came this gallimaufry of speech into our language? Whence that disgrace,⁵ in which the effeminate Trossulus⁶ leaps up in ecstasy at you, from his bench.

¹ Probably another hit at Nero.

² The usual common-places of poets singing in praise of a country life. The Palilia was a festival in honor of the goddess Pales, celebrated on the 21st of April, the anniversary of the foundation of Rome. During this festival the rustics lighted fires of hay and stubble, over which they leaped by way of purifying themselves.

³ Accius is here called Brisæus, an epithet of Bacchus, because he wrote a tragedy on the same subject as the Bacchæ of Euripides.

⁴ The allusion is to the taste of the Romans of Persius' days, for the uncouth (“warty”) writing of their earlier poets. The remainder of the line is a quotation from the *Antiopa* of Pacuvius.

⁵ The disgrace of corrupting the purity and simplicity of the Latin language, by the mixture of this jargon of obsolete words and phrases.

⁶ A name applied to the Roman knights, from the fact of their having taken the town of Trossulum in Etruria without the assistance of the infantry. It was afterward used as a term of approach to effeminate and dissolute persons.

Are you not ashamed that you can not ward off danger from a hoary head, without longing to hear the lukewarm "Decently said!" "You are a thief!" says the accuser to Pedius. What says Pedius?¹ He balances the charge in polished antitheses. He gets the praise of introducing learned figures. "That is fine!" Fine, is it? O Romulus, dost thou wag thy tail?² Were the shipwrecked man to sing, would he move my pity, forsooth, or should I bring forth my penny? Do you sing, while you are carrying about a picture of yourself on a fragment of wood, hanging from your shoulders. He that aims at bowing me down by his piteous complaint, must whine out what is real, and not studied and got up of a night.

A. But the numbers have grace, and crude as you call them, there is a judicious combination.

P. He has learned thus to close his line. "Berecynthean Atys;" and, "The Dolphin that clave the azure Nereus." So again, "We filched away a chine from long-extending Apennine."³

A. "Arms and the man."⁴ Is not this frothy, with a pithless rind?

P. Like a huge branch, well seasoned, with gigantic bark!

A. What then is a tender strain, and that should be read with neck relaxed?⁵

P. "With Mimallonean hums they filled their savage horns; and Bassaris, from the proud steer about to rive the

¹ Pedius Blæsus was accused of sacrilege and peculation by the Cyrenians: he undertook his own defense, and the result was, he was found guilty and expelled from the senate.

² "Does the descendant of the vigorous and warlike Romulus stoop to winning favor by such fawning as this?"

³ These are probably quotations from Nero. The critics are divided as to the defects in these lines; whether Persius intends to ridicule their bombastic affectation, or the unartificial and unnecessary introduction of the *Dispondæus*, and the rhyming of the terminations.

⁴ The first words of the *Æneid*.

⁵ Alluding to the affected position of the head on one side, of those who recited these effeminate strains.

ravished head, and Mænas, that would guide the lynx with ivy-clusters, re-echoes Evion; and reproductive Echo reverberates the sound!"¹ Could such verses be written, did one spark of our fathers' vigor still exist in us? This nerveless stuff dribbles on the lips, on the topmost spittle. In drievl rests this Mænas and Attis. It neither beats the desk, nor savors of bitten nails.²

A. But what need is there to grate on delicate ears with biting truth? Take care, I pray, lest haply the thresholds of the great grow cold to you. Here the dog's letter³ sounds [in warning] from the nostril. For me then, henceforth, let all be white.⁴ I'll not oppose it. Bravo! For you shall all be very wonderful productions! Does that please you? "Here, you say, I forbid any one's committing a nuisance." Then paint up two snakes. Boys, go farther away: the place is sacred! I go away.

P. Yet Lucilius lashed the city, and thee, O Lupus, and thee too, Mucius, and broke his jaw-bone on them. Sly Flaccus touches every failing of his smiling friend, and, once admitted, sports around his heart; well skilled in sneering at the people with well-dissembled sarcasm. And is it then a crime for me to mutter, secretly, or in a hole?

A. You must do it nowhere.

P. Yet here I will bury it!⁵ I saw, I saw with my own

¹ These lines are said to be Nero's, taken from a poem called *Bacchæ*. Its affected and turgid style is very clear from this fragment.

² *i. e.*, it is not the product of thought and labour.

³ The letter R, because the "burr" of the tongue in pronouncing it resembles the snarl of a dog.

⁴ "I will take your advice then: but let me know whose verses I am to spare: just as sacred places have emblems and inscriptions warning us to avoid all defilement of them."

⁵ Alluding to the well-known story of the barber who discovered the ass's ears of King Midas, which he had given him for his bad taste in passing judgment on Apollo's skill in music; and who, not daring to divulge the secret to any living soul, dug a hole in the ground and whispered it, and then closed the aperture. But the wind that shook the reeds made them murmur forth his secret.

eyes, my little book! Who¹ has not asses' ears. This my buried secret, this my sneer, so valueless, I would not sell you for any *Iliad*.²

Whoever thou art, that art inspired by the bold Cratinus, and growest pale over the wrathful Eupolis and the old man sublime, turn thine eyes on these verses also, if haply thou hearest any thing more refined. Let my reader glow with ears warmed by their strains. Not he that delights, like a mean fellow as he is, in ridiculing the sandals of the Greeks, and can say to a blind man, Ho! you blind fellow! Fancying himself to be somebody, because vain of his rustic honors, as Ædile of Arretium, he breaks up the false measures there. Nor again, one who has just wit enough to sneer at the arithmetic boards, and the lines in the divided dust,³ quite ready to be highly delighted, if a saucy wench plucks a Cynic's beard.⁴ To such as these I recommend the prætor's edict⁵ in the morning and after dinner—Callirhoe.⁶

¹ Persius is said to have written at first "Midas the king," but was persuaded by Cornutus to change the line, as bearing too evident an allusion to Nero.

² Such as that of Accius, mentioned above.

³ The sand-board used in the schools of the geometers for drawing diagrams.

⁴ Probably an allusion to the story of Lais and Diogenes.

⁵ The program affixed to the walls of the forum, announcing the shows that were to come. The reading of these would form a favorite amusement of idlers and loungers.

⁶ Marcilius says that this refers to an edict of Nero's, who ordered the people to attend on a certain day to hear him recite his poem of Callirhoe, which, as D'Achaintre says, would be an admirable interpretation, were not the whole story of the edict a mere fiction.

SATIRE II

ARGUMENT

This Satire, as well as the tenth Satire of Juvenal, is based upon the Second Alcibiades of Plato, which it closely resembles in arrangement as well as sentiment. The object is the same in all

three; to set before us the real opinion which all good and worthy men entertained, even in the days of Pagan blindness, of the manner and spirit in which the deity is to be approached by prayer and sacrifice, and to hold up to reprobation and ridicule the groveling and low-minded notions which the vulgar herd, besotted by ignorance and blinded by self-interest, hold on the subject. While we admire the logical subtlety with which Plato leads us to a necessary acknowledgment of the justice of his view, and the thoroughly practical philosophy by which Juvenal would divert men from indulging in prayers dictated by mere self-interest, we must allow Persius the high praise of having compressed the whole subject with a masterly hand into a few vivid and comprehensive sentences.

MARK this day, Macrinus,¹ with a whiter stone,² which, with auspicious omen, augments thy fleeting years. Pour out the wine to thy Genius!³ Thou at least dost not with mercenary prayer ask for what thou couldst not intrust to the gods unless taken aside. But a great proportion of our nobles will make libations with a silent censer. It is not easy for every one to remove from the temples his murmur and low whispers, and live with undisguised prayers.⁴ A sound mind, a good name, integrity—for these he prays aloud, and so that his neighbor may hear. But in his inmost breast, and beneath his breath, he murmurs thus, “Oh that my uncle would evaporate! what a splendid funeral! and oh that by Hercules’⁵ good favor a jar of silver would ring beneath my rake! or,

¹ Nothing is known of this friend of Persius, but from the old Scholiast, who tells us that his name was Plotius Macrinus; that he was a man of great learning, and of a fatherly regard for Persius, and that he had studied in the house of Servilius.

² The Thracians were said to put a *white* stone into a box to mark every happy day they spent, and a *black* stone for every unhappy day, and to reckon up at the end of their lives how many happy days they had passed.

³ The deity who presides over each man from his birth. The birthday was sacred to him; the offerings consisted of wine, flowers, and incense.

⁴ Seneca says, “Pray as though all men heard.”

⁵ Hercules was the guardian of hidden treasure.

would that I could wipe out my ward, whose heels I tread on as next heir! For he is scrofulous, and swollen with acrid bile. This is the third wife that Nerius is now taking home!" —That you may pray for these things with due holiness, you plunge your head twice or thrice of a morning in Tiber's eddies, and purge away the defilements of night in the running stream.

Come now! answer me! It is but a little trifle that I wish to know! What think you of Jupiter? Would you care to prefer him to some man! To whom? Well, say to Staius.¹ Are you at a loss indeed? Which were the better judge, or better suited to the charge of orphan children! Come then, say to Staius that wherewith you would attempt to influence the ear of Jupiter. "O Jupiter!" he would exclaim. "O good Jupiter!" But would not Jove himself call out, "O Jove."

Thinkest thou he has forgiven thee, because, when he thunders, the holm-oak is rather riven with his sacred bolt than thou and all thy house? Or because thou dost not, at the bidding of the entrails of the sheep, and Ergenna,² lie in the sacred grove a dread bidental³ to be shunned of all, that therefore he gives thee his insensate beard to pluck? Or what is the bribe by which thou wouldst win over the ears of the gods? With lungs and greasy chitterlings? See some grandam or superstitious aunt takes the infant from his cradle, and skilled in warding off the evil eye, effascinates his brow and driveling lips with middle finger and with lustral spittle, first. Then dandles him in her arms, and with suppliant prayer trans-

¹ The allusion is probably to Staienus, whom Cicero often mentions as a most corrupt judge. He is said to have murdered his own wife, his brother, and his brother's wife. Yet even to such a wretch as this, says Persius, you would not venture to name the wishes you prefer to Jove.

² Ergenna is the name of some Tuscan soothsayer, who gives his directions after inspecting the entrails, the termination being Tuscan, as Porsenna, Sisenna, Perpenna, etc.

³ Bidens is properly a sheep fit for sacrifice, which was so considered when two years old, the age being indicated by two projecting teeth. Here bidental means the victim of the thunderbolt.

ports him either to the broad lands of Licinus¹ or the palaces of Crassus. "Him may some king and queen covet as a son-in-law! May maidens long to ravish him! Whatever he treads on may it turn to roses!" But I do not trust prayers to a nurse. Refuse her these requests, great Jove, even though she make them clothed in white!

You ask vigor for your sinews, and a frame that will insure old age. Well, so be it. But rich dishes and fat sausages prevent the gods from assenting to these prayers, and baffle Jove himself.

You are eager to amass a fortune, by sacrificing a bull; and court Mercury's favor by his entrails. "Grant that my household gods may make me lucky! Grant me cattle, and increase to my flocks!" How can that be, poor wretch, while so many cauls of thy heifers melt in the flames? Yet still he strives to gain his point by means of entrails and rich cakes. "Now my land, and now my sheepfold teems. Now, surely now, it will be granted!" Until, baffled and hopeless, his sesterlius at the very bottom of his money-chest sighs in vain.

Were I to offer you goblets of silver and presents embossed with rich gold, you would perspire with delight, and your heart, palpitating with joy in your left breast, would force even the tear-drops from your eyes. And hence it is the idea enters your mind of covering the sacred faces of the gods with triumphal gold. From among the Brazen brothers,² let those be chief, and let their beards be of gold, who send dreams purged from gross humors. Gold hath expelled the vases of Numa³ and Saturnian brass, and the vestal urns and the pottery of Tuscany.

¹ Probably the Licinus mentioned in Juv., Sat. I., 109; XIV., 306; the barber and freedman of Augustus, who became a man of ostentatious wealth.

² There were in the temple porch of the Palatine Apollo figures of the fifty Danaides, and opposite them equestrian statues of the fifty sons of Ægyptus; some of these statues gave oracles by means of dreams.

³ Numa directed that all vessels used for sacred purposes should be of pottery-ware. Cf. ad Juv., XI., 116.

Oh! souls bowed down to earth! and void of aught celestial! Of what avail is it to introduce into the temples of the gods these our modes of feeling, and estimate what is acceptable to them by referring to our own accursed flesh. This it is that has dissolved Cassia in the oil it pollutes. This has dyed the fleece of Calabria with the vitiated purple. To scrape the pearl from its shell, and from the crude ore to smelt out the veins of the glowing mass; this carnal nature bids. She sins in truth. She sins. Still from her vice gains some emolument.

Say ye, ye priests! of what avail is gold in sacrifice? As much, forsooth, as the dolls which the maiden bestows on Venus! Why do we not offer that to the gods which the blear-eyed progeny of great Messala can not give even from his high-heaped charger. Justice to god and man enshrined within the heart; the inner chambers of the soul free from pollution; the breast imbued with generous honor. Give me these to present at the temples, and I will make my successful offering with a little meal.

SATIRE III

ARGUMENT

In this Satire, perhaps more than in any other, we detect Persius' predilection for the doctrines of the Stoics. With them the *summum bonum* was "the sound mind in the sound body." To attain which, man must apply himself to the cultivation of virtue, that is, to the study of philosophy. He that does not can aspire to neither. Though unknown to himself, he is laboring under a mortal disease, and though he fancies he possesses a healthy intellect, he is the victim of as deep-seated and dangerous a delusion as the recognized maniac. The object of the Satire is to reclaim the idle and profligate young nobles of his day from their enervating and pernicious habits, by the illustration of these principles.

The opening scene of the Satire presents us with the bedchamber where one of these young noblemen, accompanied by some other youths probably of inferior birth and station, is indulging in sleep many hours after the sun has risen upon the earth. The entrance

of the tutor, who is a professor of the Stoical philosophy, disturbs their slumbers, and the confusion consequent upon his rebuke, and the thin disguise of their ill-assumed zeal, is graphically described.

WHAT! always thus! Already the bright morning is entering the windows, and extending the narrow chinks with light. We are snoring¹ as much as would suffice to work off the potent Falernian,² while the index is touched by the fifth shadow of the gnomon.³ See! What are you about? The raging Dog-star is long since ripening the parched harvest, and all the flock is under the wide-spreading elm. One of the fellow-students⁴ says, "Is it really so? Come hither, some one, quickly. Is nobody coming!" His vitreous bile is swelling. He is bursting with rage: so that you would fancy whole herds of Arcadia⁵ were braying. Now his book, and the two-colored⁶ parchment cleared of the hair, and paper, and the knotty reed is taken in hand. Then he complains that the ink, grown thick, clogs in his pen; then that the black sepia vanishes altogether, if water is poured into it; then that the reed makes blots with the drops being diluted. O wretch! and every day still more a wretch! Are we come to such a pitch? Why do you not rather, like the tender ring-dove,⁷ or the sons of kings, call for minced pap, and fractiously refuse your nurse's lullaby!—Can I work with such a pen as this, then?

Whom are you deceiving? Why reiterate these paltry shifts? The stake is your own! You are leaking away, idiot! You will become an object of contempt. The ill-baked jar of half-prepared clay betrays by its ring its defect, and gives

¹ The first person is employed to avoid giving offense.

² The Falernian was a fiery, full-bodied wine of Campania.

³ *i. e.*, the sundial indicates II A.M.

⁴ One of the young men of inferior fortune, whom the wealthy father has taken into his house, to be his son's companion.

⁵ Arcadia was famous for its broods of asses.

⁶ The outer side of the parchment on which the hair has been is always of a much yellower color than the inner side of the skin.

⁷ The ring-dove is fed by the undigested food from the crop of its mother.

back a cracked sound. You are now clay, moist and pliant: even now you ought to be hastily moulded and fashioned unintermittingly by the rapid wheel. But, you will say, you have a fair competence from your hereditary estate; a pure and stainless salt-cellar.¹ Why should you fear? And you have a paten free from care, since it worships your household deities.² And is this enough? Is it then fitting you should puff out your lungs to bursting because you trace the thousandth in descent from a Tuscan stock;³ or because robed in your trabea you salute the Censor, your own kinsman? Thy trappings to the people! I know thee intimately, inside and out! Are you not ashamed to live after the manner of the dissolute Natta?⁴ But he is besotted by vicious indulgence; the gross fat is incrusting round his heart: he is free from moral guilt; for he knows not what he is losing; and sunk in the very depth of vice, will never rise again to the surface of the wave.

O mighty father of the gods! when once fell lust, imbued with raging venom, has fired their spirits, vouchsafe to punish fierce tyrants in no other way than this. Let them see Virtue, and pine away at having forsaken her! Did the brass of the Sicilian⁵ bull give a deeper groan, or the sword⁶ suspended from the gilded ceiling over the purple-clad neck strike deeper terror, than if one should say to himself, "We are sinking, sinking headlong down," and in his inmost soul, poor wretch, grow pale at what even the wife of his bosom must not know? I remember when I was young I often used to touch my eyes

¹ The salt-cellar and paten were sacred heirlooms. By metonymy they here represent "heritage."

² A portion of the meat was cut off before they began to eat, and offered to the Lares in the patella, and then burnt on the hearth; and this offering was supposed to secure both house and inmates from harm.

³ The Romans were exceedingly proud of a Tuscan descent.

⁴ The Pinarii Nattæ were notorious profligates.

⁵ Alluding to the bull of Phalaris, made for him by Perillus. Phalaris and Perillus were both burnt in it themselves.

⁶ This refers to the entertainment of Damocles by Dionysius of Syracuse.

with oil, if I was unwilling to learn the noble words of the dying Cato;¹ that would win great applause from my senseless master, and which my father, sweating with anxiety, would listen to with the friends he had brought to hear me. And naturally enough. For the summit of my wishes was to know what the lucky sice would gain; how much the ruinous ace would sweep off; not to miss the neck of the narrow jar;² and that none more skillfully than I should lash the top with a whip.

Whereas you are not inexperienced in detecting the obliquity of moral deflections, and all that the philosophic porch,³ painted over with trowsered Medes, teaches; over which the sleepless and close-shorn youth lucubrates, fed on husks and fattening polenta. To thee, besides, the letter that divides the Samian branches,⁴ has pointed out the path that rises steeply on the right-hand track.

And are you snoring still? and does your drooping head, with muscles all relaxed, and jaws ready to split with gaping, nod off your yesterday's debauch? Is there indeed an object at which you aim, at which you bend your bow? Or are you following the crowds, with potsherd and mud, careless whither your steps lead you, and living only for the moment?

When once the diseased skin begins to swell, you will see

¹ *i. e.*, give his eyes the appearance of soreness to escape the task of memorizing a recitation.

² This refers to a game played by Roman boys, which consisted in throwing nuts into a narrow-necked jar.

³ The Pœcile Stoa, or "Painted Hall," at Athens. It was covered with frescoes representing the battle of Marathon, executed gratuitously by Polygnotus the Thasian and Mycon. This "porch" was the favorite resort of Zeno and his disciples, who were hence called Stoics.

⁴ The letter Y was taken by Pythagoras as the symbol of human life. The stem of the letter symbolizes the early part of life, when the character is unformed, and the choice of good or evil as yet undetermined. The right-hand branch, which is the narrower one, represents the "steep and thorny path" of virtue. The left-hand branch is the broad and easy road to vice. Compare the beautiful Episode of Prodicus. (See volume four of THE GREEK CLASSICS.)

men asking in vain for hellebore. Meet the disease on its way to attack you. Of what avail is it to promise mountains of gold to Craterus?¹ Learn, wretched men, and investigate the causes of things; what we are—what course of life we are born to run—what rank is assigned to us—how delicate the turning round the goal, and whence the starting-point—what limit must be set to money—what it is right to wish for—what uses the rough coin possesses—how much you ought to bestow on your country and dear relations—what man the Deity destined you to be, and in what portion of the human commonwealth your station is assigned.

Learn: and be not envious because full many a jar grows rancid in his well-stored larder, for defending the fat Umbrians, and pepper, and hams, the remembrances of his Marsian client; or because the pilchard has not yet failed from the first jar.

Here some one of the rank brood of centurions may say, "I have philosophy enough to satisfy me. I care not to be what Arcesilas² was, and woe-begone Solons, with head awry and eyes fastened on the ground, while they mumble suppressed mutterings, or idiotic silence, or balance words on their lip pouting out, pondering over the dreams of some palsied dotard, 'that nothing can be generated from nothing; nothing can return to nothing.'—Is it this over which you grow pale? Is it this for which one should go without his dinner?" At this the people laugh, and with wrinkling nose the brawny youth loudly re-echo the hearty peals of laughter.

"Examine me! My breast palpitates unusually; and my breath heaves oppressedly from my fevered jaws: examine me, pray!" He that speaks thus to his physician, being ordered to keep quiet, when the third night has seen his veins flow with steady pulse, begs from some wealthier mansion some mellow Surrentine,³ in a flagon of moderate capacity, as

¹ A famous physician in Cicero's time.

² The founder of the Middle Academy. He maintained that "nothing can be known," and is hence called "Ignorantiæ Magister."

³ Surrentum, now "Sorrento," on the coast of Campania, was famous for its wines. Pliny assigns the third place in wines to Surrentine,

he is about to bathe. "Ho! my good fellow, you look pale!" "It is nothing!" "But have an eye to it, whatever it is! Your sallow skin is insensibly rising." "Well, you look pale too! worse than I! Don't play the guardian to me! I buried him long ago—you remain." "Go on! I will hold my peace!" So, bloated with feasting and with livid stomach he takes his bath, while his throat slowly exhales sulphurous malaria. But shivering comes on over his cups, and shakes the steaming beaker from his hands; his teeth, grinning, rattle in his head; then the rich dainties dribble from his flaccid lips.

Next follow the trumpets and funeral-torches; and at last this votary of pleasure, laid out on a lofty bier, and plastered over with thick unguents, stretches out his rigid heels¹ to the door. Then, with head covered, the Quirites of yesterday² support his bier.

"Feel my pulse, you wretch! put your hand on my breast. There is no heat here! touch the extremities of my feet and hands. They are not cold!"

If money has haply met your eye, or the fair maiden of your neighbor has smiled sweetly on you, does your heart beat steadily? If hard cabbage has been served up to you in a cold dish, or flour shaken through the people's sieve,³ let me examine your jaws. A putrid ulcer lurks in your tender mouth, which it would not be right to grate against with vulgar beet. You grow cold, when pallid fear has roused the bristles on your limbs. Now, when a torch is placed beneath, your blood begins to boil, and your eyes sparkle with anger; and you say and do what even Orestes himself, in his hour of madness, would swear to be proofs of madness.

ranking it immediately after the Setine and Falernian. He says it was peculiarly adapted to persons recovering from sickness.

¹ The dead body was always carried out with the feet foremost.

² *i. e.*, freedmen, who had been emancipated (made Quirites or citizens) by the master just before his death. Many persons freed all their slaves at their death, out of vanity, that they might have a numerous body of freedmen to attend their funeral.

³ The coarse sieve of the common people would let through much of the bran.

SATIRE IV

ARGUMENT

Here Persius took as his model the First Alcibiades of Plato. The subject of his criticism is no less a personage than Nero himself, between whom and Alcibiades Persius draws a close analogy. The Satire was probably written before Nero had given full evidence of the savage ferocity and gross licentiousness of his true nature. There was enough indeed for the stern Satirist to censure; but still a spark of something noble remaining, to kindle the hope that the reproof might work improvement. In his First Satire he had ridiculed his pretensions to the name of Poet; in this he exposes his inability as a Politician. Yet the allusions to Nero, transparent as they must have been to his contemporaries, are so dexterously covered that Persius might easily have secured himself from all charge of personally attacking the emperor under the plea that his sole object was a declamatory exercise in imitation of the Dialogue of Plato.

“DOST thou wield the affairs of the state?—(Imagine the bearded master,¹ whom the fell draught of hemlock took off, to be saying this:)—Relying on what? Speak, thou ward² of great Pericles. Has talent, forsooth, and precocious knowledge of the world, come before thy beard? Knowest thou what must be spoken, and what kept back? And, therefore, when the populace is boiling with excited passion, does your spirit move you to impose silence on the crowd by the majesty of your hand? and what will you say then? “I think, *Quirites*, this is not just! That is bad! This is the proper course?” For you know how to weigh the justice of the case in the double scale of the doubtful balance. You can discern the straight line when it lies between curves,³ or when the rule misleads by its distorted foot; and you are competent to affix the Theta⁴ of condemnation to a defect.

¹ Socrates.

² Alcibiades.

³ The Stoic notion that virtue is a straight line; vices, curved: the virtues occasionally approaching nearer to one curve than the other.

⁴ The Theta, the first letter of *Thamatos* (Death), was set by the

Why do you not then (adorned in vain with outer skin¹) cease to display your tail² before the day to the fawning rabble, more fit to swallow down undiluted Anticyras?³

What is your chief good? to have lived always on rich dishes; and a skin made delicate by constant basking in the sun? Stay: this old woman would scarce give a different answer—"Go now! I am son of Dinomache!"⁴ Puff yourself up!—"I am beautiful!" Granted! Still Baucis, though in tatters, has no worse philosophy, when she has cried her herbs to good purpose to some slovenly slave.

How is it that not a man tries to descend into himself? Not a man! But our gaze is fixed on the wallet on the back in front of us! You may ask, "Do you know Vectidius' farms!" Whose? The rich fellow that cultivates more land at Cures than a kite can fly over! Him do you mean? Him, born under the wrath of Heaven, and an inauspicious Genius, who whenever he fixes his yoke at the beaten cross-ways,⁵ fearing to scrape off the clay incrustated on the diminutive vessel, groans out, "May this be well!" and munching an onion

Judices against the names of those whom they adjudged worthy of death, and was hence used by critics to obelize passages they condemned or disapproved of; the contrary being marked with X, for *chrēston* (good).

¹ The personal beauty of Alcibiades is proverbial. Suetonius speaks of the "beautiful countenance" of Nero.

² *i. e.*, like a peacock.

³ Hellebore, named Anticyras from the island which largely produced it.

⁴ This was a name Alcibiades delighted in.

⁵ At these places altars, or little chapels, were erected with as many sides as there were ways meeting. At these chapels it was the custom for the rustics to suspend the worn-out implements of husbandry, especially at the Compitalia. This festival seems to have been a season of rustic revelry and feasting, and of license for slaves, like the Saturnalia. The avarice of the miser, therefore, on such an occasion, is the more conspicuous. His vessel is but a small one, and its contents woolly with age; yet he grudges scraping off the clay with which they used to stop their vessels, in order to pour a libation of his sour wine.

in its hull, with some salt, and a dish of frumety (his slaves applauding the while), sups up the mothery dregs of vapid vinegar.

But if, well essenced, you lounge away your time and bask in the sun, there stands by you one, unkenneled, to touch you with his elbow, and spit out his bitter detestation on your morals—on you, who by vile arts make your body delicate! While you comb the perfumed hair on your cheeks, why are you closely shorn elsewhere? when, though five wrestlers pluck out the weeds, the rank fern will yield to no amount of toil.

“We strike; and in our turn expose our limbs to the arrows.¹ It is thus we live. Thus we know it to be. You have a secret wound, though the baldrick hides it with its broad gold. As you please! Impose upon your own powers; deceive them if you can!”

“While the whole neighborhood pronounces me to be super-excellent, shall I not credit them?”

If you grow pale, vile wretch, at the sight of money; if you execute all that suggests itself to your lust; if you cautiously lash the forum with many a stroke,² in vain you present to the rabble your thirsty³ ears. Cast off from you that which you are not. Let the cobbler⁴ bear off his parents. Dwell with yourself, and you will know how short your household stuff is.

¹ A metaphor from gladiators. There is a covert allusion to Nero, who, though so open to sarcasm, yet took upon him to satirize others.

² Nero used to frequent the forum, violently assaulting those he met, and outrageously insulting females, not unfrequently committing robberies and even murder; but having been soundly beaten one night by a nobleman whose wife he had outraged, he went ever after attended by gladiators, as a security for his personal safety; who kept aloof until their services were required.

³ *i. e.*, to drink in flattery.

⁴ Put here for the lower orders generally, whose applause Nero always especially courted.

SATIRE V.

ARGUMENT

On this Satire, which is the longest and the best of all, Persius may be said to rest his claims to be considered a Philosopher and a Poet. It may be compared with advantage with the Third Satire of the second book of Horace. As the object in that is to defend what is called the Stoical paradox, "that none but the Philosopher is of *sound mind*," so here, Persius maintains that other dogma of the Stoics, "that none but the Philosopher is truly a *free man*."

It is the custom of poets to pray for a hundred voices, and to wish for a hundred mouths and a hundred tongues for their verses; whether the subject proposed be one to be mouthed by a grim-visaged Tragœdian, or the wounds of a Parthian drawing his weapon from his groin.

CORNUTUS.¹ What is the object of this? or what masses of robust song are you heaping up, so as to require the support of a hundred throats? Let those who are about to speak on grand subjects collect mists on Helicon; all those for whom the pot of Procne or Thyestes shall boil, to be often

¹ Annæus Cornutus (of the same gens as Mela, Lucan, and Seneca) was distinguished as a tragic poet as well as a Stoic philosopher. He was a native of Leptis, in Africa, and came to Rome in the reign of Nero, where he applied himself with success to the education of young men. He wrote on Philosophy, Rhetoric, and a treatise entitled Hellenic Theology. Persius, at the age of sixteen (A.D. 50), placed himself under his charge, and was introduced by him to Lucan; and at his death left him one hundred sestertia and his library. Cornutus kept the books, to the number of seven hundred, but gave back the money to Persius' sisters. Nero, intending to write an epic poem on Roman History, consulted Cornutus among others; but when the rest advised Nero to extend it to four hundred books, Cornutus said, "No one would read them." For this speech Nero was going to put him to death; but contented himself with banishing him. This took place, according to Lubinus, four years after Persius' death; more probably in A.D. 65, when so many of the Annæan gens suffered.

supped on by the insipid Glycon.¹ You neither press forth the air from the panting bellows, while the mass is smelting in the furnace! nor, hoarse with pent-up murmur, foolishly croak out something ponderous, nor strive to burst your swollen cheeks with puffing. You adopt the language of the Toga, skillful at judicious combination, with moderate style, well rounded, clever at lashing depraved morals, and with well-bred sportiveness to affix the mark of censure. Draw from this source what you have to say; and leave at Mycenæ the tables, with the head and feet, and study plebeian dinners.

PERSIUS. For my part, I do not aim at this, that my page may be inflated with air-blown trifles, fit only to give weight to smoke. We are talking apart from the crowd. I am now, at the instigation of the Muse, giving you my heart to sift; and delight in showing you, beloved friend, how large a portion of my soul is yours, Cornutus! Knock then, since thou knowest well how to detect what rings sound, and the glazings of a varnished tongue. For this I would dare to pray for a hundred voices, that with guileless voice I may unfold how deeply I have fixed thee in my inmost breast; and that my words may unseal for thee all that lies buried, too deep for words, in my secret heart.

When first the guardian purple left me, its timid charge,² and my boss was hung up, an offering to the short-girt Lares; when my companions were kind, and the white centre-fold gave my eyes license to rove with impunity over the

¹ A tragic actor, of whom one Virgilius was part owner. Nero admired him so much that he gave Virgilius three hundred thousand sesterces for his share of him, and set him free.

² The Prætecta was intended, as the robes of the priests, to serve as a protection to the youths that wore it. The purple with which the toga was bordered was to remind them of the modesty which was becoming to their early years. It was laid aside by boys at the age of seventeen, and by girls when they were married. The assumption of the toga virilis took place with great solemnities before the images of the Lares, sometimes in the Capitol. It not unfrequently happened that the changing of the toga at the same time formed a bond of union between young men, which lasted unbroken for many years.

whole Suburra; at the time when the path is doubtful, and error, ignorant of the purpose of life, makes anxious minds hesitate between the branching cross-ways, I placed myself under you. You, Cornutus, cherished my tender years in your Socratic bosom. Then your rule, dexterous in insinuating itself, being applied to me, straightened my perverse morals; my mind was convinced by your reasoning, and strove to yield subjection; and formed features skillfully moulded by your plastic thumb. For I remember that many long nights I spent with you; and with you robbed our feasts of the first hours of night. Our work was one. We both alike arranged our hours of rest, and relaxed our serious studies with a frugal meal.

Doubt not, at least, this fact; that both our days harmonize by some definite compact, and are derived from the selfsame planet. Either the Fate, tenacious of truth, suspended our natal hour in the equally poised balance, or else the Hour that presides over the faithful divides between the twins the harmonious destiny of us two; and we alike correct the influence of malignant Saturn by Jupiter, auspicious to both. At all events, there is some star, I know not what, that blends my destiny with thine.

There are a thousand species of men; and equally diversified is the pursuit of objects. Each has his own desire; nor do men live with one single wish. One barter beneath an orient sun, wares of Italy for a wrinkled pepper and grains of pale cumin.¹ Another prefers, well-gorged, to heave in dewy sleep. Another indulges in the Campus Martius. Another is beggared by gambling. Another riots in sensual pleasures. But when the stony gout has crippled his joints, like the branches of an ancient beech—then too late they mourn that their days have passed in gross licentiousness, their light has been the fitful marsh-fog; and look back upon the life they have abandoned. But your delight is to

¹ The cumin was used as a cheap substitute for pepper, which was very expensive at Rome. It produced great paleness in those who ate much of it; and consequently many who wished to have a pallid look, as though from deep study, used to take it in large quantities.

grow pale over the midnight papers; for, as a trainer of youths, you plant in their well-purged ears the corn of Cleantes.¹ From this source seek, ye young and old, a definite object for your mind, and a provision against miserable gray hairs.

“It shall be done to-morrow.” “To-morrow, the case will be just the same!” What, do you grant me one day as so great a matter? “But when that other day has dawned, we have already spent yesterday’s to-morrow. For see, another to-morrow wears away our years, and will be always a little beyond you. For though it is so near you, and under the selfsame perch, you will in vain endeavor to overtake the fellow that revolves before you, since you are the hinder wheel, and on the second axle.”

It is liberty, of which we stand in need! not such as that which, when every Publius Velina has earned, he claims as his due the mouldy corn, on the production of his tally.² Ah! minds barren of all truth! for whom a single twirl makes a Roman.³ Here is Dama, a groom, not worth three farthings! good for nothing and blear-eyed; one that would lie for a feed of beans. Let his master give him but a twirl, and in the spinning of a top, out he comes Marcus Dama! Ye gods! when Marcus is security, do you hesitate to trust your money? When Marcus is judge, do you grow pale? Marcus said it:

¹ A Stoic philosopher. He worked as a gardener at night to study by day under Zeno.

² When a slave was made perfectly free he was enrolled in one of the tribes, in order that he might enjoy the full privileges of a Roman citizen: one of the chief of these was the *frumentatio*, i. e., the right of receiving a ticket which entitled him to his share at the distribution of the public corn, which took place on the nones of each month. The slave generally adopted the prænomen of the person who manumitted him, and the name of the tribe to which he was admitted was added. The tribe “Velina” was the last tribe added, with the Quirina, to make up the thirty-five tribes.

³ In the ceremony of emancipation the prætor, laying his rod on the slave’s head, pronounced him free; whereupon his owner or the lictor turned him round, gave him a blow on the cheek, and let him go, with the words, “Be free and go where you will.”

it must be so. Marcus, put your name to this deed? This is literal liberty. This it is that the cap of liberty bestows on us.

“Is any one else, then, a freeman, but he that may live as he pleases? I may live as I please; am not I then a freer man than Brutus?”¹ On this the Stoic (his ear well purged with biting vinegar) says, “Your inference is faulty; the rest I admit, but cancel ‘I may,’ and ‘as I please.’”

“Since I left the prætor’s presence, made my own master by his rod, why may I not do whatever my inclination dictates, save only what the rubric of Masurius² interdicts?”

Learn then! But let anger subside from your nose, and the wrinkling sneer; while I pluck out those old wives’ fables from your breast. It was not in the prætor’s power to commit to fools the delicate duties of life, or transmit that experience that will guide them through the rapid course of life. Sooner would you make the dulcimer suit a tall porter. Reason stands opposed to you, and whispers in your secret ear, not to allow any one to do that which he will spoil in the doing. The public law of men—nay, Nature herself contains this principle—that feeble ignorance should hold all acts as forbidden. Dost thou dilute hellebore, that knowest not how to confine the balance-tongue to a definite point? The very essence of medicine forbids this. If a high-shoed plowman, that knows not even the morning star, should ask for a ship, Melicerta³ would cry out that all modesty had vanished from the earth.

Has philosophy granted to you to walk uprightly? and do you know how to discern the semblance of truth; lest it give a counterfeit tinkle, though merely gold laid over brass? And those things which ought to be pursued, or in turn avoided,

¹ The three Bruti were looked upon as the champions of liberty—Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins; Marcus, who murdered Cæsar; and Decimus, who opposed Antony.

² Masurius Sabinus, a famous lawyer in the reign of Tiberius, admitted by him when at an advanced age into the Equestrian order. He wrote many legal works.

³ A sea-deity.

have you first marked the one with chalk, and then the other with charcoal? Are you moderate in your desires? frugal in your household? kind to your friends? Can you at one time strictly close, at another unlock your granaries? And can you pass by the coin fixed in the mud,¹ nor swallow down with your gullet the Mercurial saliva?²

When you can say with truth, "These are my principles, this I hold;" then be free and wise too, under the auspices of the prætor and of Jove himself. But if, since you were but lately one of our batch, you preserve your old skin, and though polished on the surface, retain the cunning fox beneath your vapid breast; then I recall all that I just now granted, and draw back the rope.³

Philosophy has given you nothing; nay, put forth your finger⁴—and what act is there so trivial?—and you do wrong. But there is no incense by which you can gain from the gods this boon, that one short half-ounce of Right can be inherent in fools. To mix these things together is an impossibility; nor can you, since you are in all these things else a mere ditcher, move but three measures of the satyr Bathyllus.⁵

"I am free." Whence do you take this as granted, you that are in subjection to so many things? Do you recognize no master, save him from whom the prætor's rod sets you free? If he has thundered out, "Go, boy, and carry my strigils to the baths of Crispinus!"⁶ Do you loiter, lazy

¹ An April fool trick.

² Mercury being the god of luck, Persius uses the term "Mercurial saliva" for the miser's mouth watering at the sight of the prize.

³ *i. e.*, the string to his concession.

⁴ The Stoics held that none but a philosopher could perform even the most trivial act correctly.

⁵ *i. e.*, "Like the graceful Bathyllus, when acting the part of the satyr." Juv., Sat. VI., 63.

⁶ This man, whom Juvenal mentions so often with bitter hatred and contempt, rose from the lowest position to eminence under Nero, who found him a ready instrument of his lusts and cruelties. His connection with Nero commended him to Domitian also. One of his phases may probably have been the keeping a bath. Juv., I., 27; IV., I, 14, etc.

scoundrel?" This bitter slavery affects not thee; nor does any thing from without enter which can set thy strings in motion. But if within, and in thy morbid breast, there spring up masters, how dost thou come forth with less impunity than those whom the lash and the terror of their master drives to the strigils?

Do you snore lazily in the morning? "Rise!" says Avarice "Come, rise!" Do you refuse? She is urgent. "Arise!" she says. "I can not." "Rise!" "And what am I to do?" "Do you ask? Import fish from Pontus, Castoreum, tow, ebony, frankincense, purgative Coan wines. Be the first to unload from the thirsty camel his fresh pepper—turn a penny, swear!"

"But Jupiter will hear!" "Oh fool! If you aim at living on good terms with Jove, you must go on contented to bore your oft-tasted salt-cellar with your finger!"

Now, with girded loins, you fit the skin and wine flagon to your slaves.—"Quick, to the ship!" Nothing prevents your sweeping over the Ægæan in your big ship, unless cunning luxury should first draw you aside, and hint, "Whither, madman, are you rushing? Whither! what do you want? The manly bile has fermented in your hot breast, which not even a pitcher of hemlock could quench. Would you bound over the sea? Would you have your dinner on a thwart, seated on a coil of hemp? while the broad-bottomed jug exhales the red Veientane¹ spoiled by the damaged pitch!² Why do you covet that the money you had here put out to interest at a modest five per cent., should go on to sweat a greedy eleven per cent.? Indulge your Genius! Let us crop the sweets of life! That you really live is my boon! You will become ashes, a ghost, a gossip's tale! Live, remembering you must die.—The hour flies! This very word I speak is subtracted from it!"

What course, now, do you take? You are torn in different directions by a two-fold hook. Do you follow this master or

¹ The wine grown at Veii. The Campagna di Roma is as notorious as ever for the mean quality of its wines.

² *i. e.*, in the wine cask.

that? You must needs by turns, with doubtful obedience, submit to one, by turns wander forth free. Nor, even though you may have once resisted, or once refused to obey the stern behest, can you say with truth, "I have burst my bonds!" For the dog too by his struggles breaks through his leash, yet even as he flies a long portion of the chain hangs dragging from his neck.

"Davus! I intend at once—and I order you to believe me too!—to put an end to my past griefs. (So says Chærestatus [in the *Eunuchus* of Menander], biting his nails to the quick.) Shall I continue to be a disgrace to my sober relations? Shall I make shipwreck of my patrimony, and lose my good name, before these shameless doors, while drunk, and with my torch extinguished, I sing before the reeking doors of Chrysis?"

"Well done, my boy, be wise! sacrifice a lamb to the gods who ward off evil!" "But do you think, Davus, she will weep at being forsaken?" Nonsense! boy, you will be beaten with her red slipper, for fear you should be inclined to plunge, and gnaw through your close-confining toils, now fierce and violent. But if she should call you, you would say at once, "What then shall I do? Shall I not now, when I am invited, and when of her own act she entreats me, go to her?" Had you come away from her heart-whole, you would not, even now. This, this the man of whom we are in search. It rests not on the wand which the foolish Lictor brandishes.

Is that flatterer his own master, whom white-robed Ambition leads gaping with open mouth? "Be on the watch, and heap vetches bountifully upon the squabbling mob, that old men, as they sun themselves, may remember our Floralia.—What could be more splendid?"

But when Herod's day¹ is come, and the lamps arranged on the greasy window-sill have disgorged their unctuous smoke,

¹ From the favor shown to the Herods by the Roman emperors, the partisans of Herod, or Herodians, formed a large body at Rome as well as in Judæa; and consequently the birthday of Herod was celebrated with all the solemnities of a sabbath. The sordid poverty of the Jews is as much the satirist's butt as their superstition.

bearing violets, and the thunny's tail floats, hugging the red dish, and the white pitcher foams with wine: then in silent prayer you move your lips, and grow pale at the sabbaths of the circumcised. Then are the black goblins! and the perils arising from breaking an egg. Then the huge Galli, and the one-eyed priestess with her sistrum, threaten you with the gods inflating your body, unless you have eaten the prescribed head of garlic¹ three times of a morning.

Were you to say all this among the brawny centurions, huge Pulfenius would immediately raise his coarse laugh, and hold a hundred Greek philosophers dear at a clipped centussis.

SATIRE VI

'ARGUMENT

The object of this Satire, which is the most original, and perhaps the most pleasing of the whole, is to point out how a proper employment of the fortune that falls to our lot may be made to forward the best interests of man. This Satire was probably written, as Gifford says, "while the poet was still in the flower of youth, possessed of an independent fortune, of estimable friends, dear connections, and of a cultivated mind, under the consciousness of irrecoverable disease; a situation in itself sufficiently affecting, and which is rendered still more so by the placid and even cheerful spirit which pervades every part of the poem."

HAS the winter already made thee retire, Bassus,² to thy Sabine earth? Does thy harp, and its strings, now wake to life for thee with its manly quill? Of wondrous skill in adapting to minstrelsy the early forms of ancient words, and the masculine sound of the Latin lute—and then again give vent to youthful merriment; or, with dignified touch, sing of

¹ A head of garlic eaten fasting was used as a charm against magical influence.

² Cæsius Bassus, a lyric poet, said to have approached most nearly to Horace. He was destroyed with his country house by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in which Pliny the elder perished.

distinguished old men. For me the Ligurian¹ shore now grows warm, and my sea wears its wintry aspect, where the cliffs present a broad side, and the shore retires with a capacious bay. "It is worth while, citizens, to become acquainted with the Port of Luna!" Such is the hest of Ennius in his senses, when he ceased to dream he was Homer and sprung from a Pythagorean peacock, and woke up plain "Quintus."²

Here I live, careless of the vulgar herd—careless too of the evil which malignant Auster³ is plotting against my flock—or that that corner of my neighbor's farm is more fruitful than my own. Nay, even though all who spring from a worse stock than mine, should grow ever so rich, I would still refuse to be bowed down double by old age⁴ on that account, or dine without good cheer, or touch with my nose the seal on some vapid flagon.⁵

Another man may act differently from this. The star that presides over the natal hour produces even twins with widely-differing disposition. One, a cunning dog, would, only on his birthday, dip his dry cabbage in pickle which he has bought in a cup, sprinkling over it with his own hands the pepper, as if it were sacred; the other, a fine-spirited lad, runs through his large estate to please his palate. I, for my part, will use—not abuse—my property; neither sumptuous enough to serve up turbots before my freedmen, nor epicure enough to discern the delicate flavor of female thrushes.

¹ Fulvia Sisennia, the mother of Persius, is said to have been married, after her husband's death, to a native of Liguria, or of Luna. It was to her house that Persius retired in the winter.

² Quintus Ennius held the Pythagorean doctrine of Metempsychosis, and says himself, in the beginning of his *Annals*, that Homer appeared to him in a dream, and told him that he had once been a peacock, and that his soul was transferred to him.

³ Auster, the Sirocco of the modern Italians, was reckoned peculiarly unwholesome to cattle.

⁴ "The premature old age brought on by pining at another's welfare."

⁵ "I will not become such a miser as to seal up vapid wine, and then closely examine the seal when it is again produced, to see whether it is untouched."

Live up to your income, and exhaust your granaries. You have a right to do it! What should you fear? Harrow, and lo! another crop is already in the blade!

“But duty calls! My friend, reduced to beggary, with shipwrecked bark, is clutching at the Bruttian rocks, and has buried all his property, and his prayers unheard by heaven, in the Ionian sea. He himself lies on the shore, and by him the tall gods from the stern;¹ and the ribs of his shattered vessel are a station for cormorants.” Now therefore detach a fragment from the live turf; and bestow it upon him in his need, that he may not have to roam about with a painting of himself on a sea-green picture. But your heir, enraged that you have curtailed your estate, will neglect your funeral supper, he will commit your bones unperfumed to their urn, quite prepared to be careless whether the cinnamon has a scentless flavor, or the cassia be adulterated with cherry-gum. Should you then in your lifetime impair your estate?

But Bestius rails against the Grecian philosophers: “So it is—ever since this counterfeit philosophy came into the city, along with pepper and dates, the very hay-makers spoil their pottage with gross unguents.”

And are you afraid of this beyond the grave? But you, my heir, whoever you are to be, come apart a little from the crowd, and hear.—“Don’t you know, my good friend, that a laureate letter² has been sent by Cæsar on account of his glorious defeat of the flower of the German youth; and now the ashes are being swept from the altars, where they have lain cold; already Cæsonia is hiring arms for the door-posts, mantles for kings, yellow wigs for captives, and chariots, and tall Rhinelanders. Consequently I intend to contribute a hundred pair of gladiators to the gods and the emperor’s Genius, in honor of his splendid exploits.—Who shall prevent me?

¹ The tutelary gods were placed at the stern as well as the stem of the ship.

² After a victory, a Roman general would send letters wreathed with bays (*literæ laureatæ*) to the senate, demanding a triumph. If the senate approved, they decreed a thanksgiving (*supplicatio*) to the gods.

Do you, if you dare! Woe betide you, unless you consent.—I mean to make a largess to the people of oil and meat-pies. Do you forbid it? Speak out plainly! “Not so,” you say. I have a well-cleared field¹ close by. Well, then! If I have not a single aunt left, or a cousin, nor a single niece’s daughter; if my mother’s sister is barren, and none of my grandmother’s stock survives—I will go to Bovillæ,² and Virbius’ hill.³ There is Manius already as my heir. “What that son of earth!” Well, ask me who my great-great-grandfather was! I could tell you certainly, but not very readily. Go yet a step farther back, and one more; you will find he is a son of earth! and on this principle of genealogy Manius turns out to be my great uncle. You, who are before me, why do you ask of me the torch in the race?⁴ I am your Mercury! I come to you as the god, in the guise in which he is painted.⁵

¹ Perseus says, “Even though you refuse to act as my heir, I shall have no great difficulty in finding some one who will. Though I have spent large sums in largesses to the mob, and in honor of the emperor, I have still a field left near the city, which many would gladly take.”

² A village on the Via Appia, no great distance from Rome; it was infested by beggars.

³ A hill near Aricia, sacred to Hippolytus, son of Theseus, who was worshiped under the name of Virbius (*bis vir*, “twice a man”) as having been restored by Æsculapius to life.

⁴ The allusion is to the Torch-race at Athens. The object was to carry a lighted torch to the end of the course. The runners were stationed at different intervals, and the first who started gave up his torch at the first station to another, who took up the running, and in turn delivered it to a third. Gifford explains the allusion of Persius thus: “You are in full health, and have every prospect of outstripping me in the career of life; do not then prematurely take from me the chance of extending my days a little. Do not call for the torch before I have given up the race.”

⁵ “You are my nearer heir than the imaginary Manius, why therefore do you disturb yourself? Receive my inheritance, as all legacies should be received, *i. e.*, as unexpected gifts of fortune; as treasures found on the road, of which Mercurius is the supposed giver. I am then your Mercury. Imagine me to be your god of luck, coming,

Do you reject the offer? Will you not be content with what is left? But there is some deficiency in the sum total! Well, I spent it on myself! But the whole of what is left is yours, whatever it is. Attempt not to inquire what is become of what Tadius once left me; nor din into my ears precepts such as fathers give. "Get interest for your principal, and live upon that."—What is the residue? "The residue! Here, slave, at once pour oil more bountifully over my cabbage. Am I to have a nettle, or a smoky pig's cheek with a split ear, cooked for me on a festival day, that that spendthrift grandson of yours may one day stuff himself with goose-giblets, and when his froward humor urge him on, indulge in a patrician mistress? Am I to live a threadbare skeleton, that his fat paunch may sway from side to side?

Barter your soul for gain. Traffic; and with keen craft sift every quarter of the globe. Let none exceed you in the art of puffing off your sleek Cappadocian slaves, on their close-confining platform.¹ Double your property. "I have done so"—already it returns three-fold, four-fold, ten-fold to my scrip. Mark where I am to stop. Could I do so, he were found, Chrysippus, that could put the finish to thy heap!²

as he is painted, with a purse in my hand." Cf. Hor., II., Sat. III., 68.

¹ Slaves were exposed to sale on a wooden platform, in order that purchasers might have full opportunity of inspecting and examining them. Persius recommends his miserly friend to condescend to any low trade, even that of a slave-dealer, to get money. After the conquest of Pontus, Rome and Italy were filled with Cappadocian slaves, many of whom were excellent bakers and confectioners.

² This refers to the Sorites [Heap] of the Stoics, a figure in logic of which Chrysippus, the disciple of Zeno or Cleanthes, was the inventor. The Sorites consisted of an indefinite number of syllogisms, to attempt to limit which is impossible. "He that could assign this limit, could also affirm with precision how many grains of corn just make a *heap*; so that were but one grain taken away, the remainder would be *no heap*."

INTRODUCTION

SULPICIA, THE FEMALE SATIRIST

THE occasion of the following Satire is generally known as "the expulsion of the philosophers from Rome by Domitian." As the same thing took place under Vespasian also, it becomes worth while to inquire who are the persons intended to be included under this designation; and in what manner the fears of the two emperors could be so worked upon as to pass a sweeping sentence of banishment against persons apparently so helpless and so little formidable as the peaceful cultivators of philosophy. It seems not improbable then that the fears both of Vespasian and Domitian were of a personal as well as of a political nature. We find that in both cases the "Mathematici" are coupled with the "Philosophi." Now these persons were no more nor less than pretenders to the science of judicial astrology, and to what an extent those who were believed to possess this knowledge were dreaded in those days of gross superstition, may be easily inferred by merely looking into Juvenal's sixth and Persius' fifth Satire.

Besides the baleful effects of incantations, which were sources of terror even in Horace's days, the mere possession by another of the nativity of a person whose death might be an object of desire to the bearer, was supposed, at the time of which we are now speaking, to be sufficient ground of serious alarm. We are not surprised therefore to find it recorded as an instance of great generosity on the part of Vespasian, that on one occasion he pardoned one Metius Pomposianus, although he was informed that he had in his possession a "Genesis Imperatoria;" or that the possession of a similar document with regard to Domitian cost the owner his life.

With regard to the philosophers, it appears that the followers of the Stoic school were those against whom the edict was especially directed. Not only did the tenets of this school

inculcate that independence of thought and manners most directly at variance with the servility and submissiveness inseparable from a state of thralldom under a despot; but the cultivation of this branch of philosophy was held to be nothing more than a specious cover for an attachment to the freedom of speech and action enjoyed under the republican form of government: and philosophy was accounted only another name for revolution and rebellion.

It appears to have been at the suggestion of Mucianus, the governor of Syria, that all philosophers, but especially the Stoics, were banished from Rome; and that the celebrated Musonius Rufus was the only one who was suffered to remain. This took place A.D. 74. Sixteen years after this we find a decree of the senate passed to a similar effect. Suetonius, Tacitus, and Dio all agree in the cause assigned for the sentence: viz., that Julius Arulenus Rusticus and Herennius Senecio had been enthusiastic in their praises of Thræsea Pætus and Helvidius Priscus; and that therefore "all philosophers were removed from Rome." But it was for their undisguised hatred of tyrants, and for no dogma of the schools, that the former of these was put to death by Nero, and the latter by Vespasian. Both of them, as we know, celebrated with no ordinary festivities the birthdays of the Bruti (Juv., v., 36); and Helvidius, even while prætor, went so far as to omit all titles of honor or distinction before the name of Vespasian. We must not therefore fall into the common error of supposing this "banishment of philosophers" to have been a mere act of wanton, senseless tyranny, or of brutal ignorance. And though we regret to find that men like Epictetus and Dio of Prusa were included in the disastrous sentence, it is some relief to learn that Pliny the younger, though living at the time in the house of the philosopher Artemidorus, and the intimate friend of Senecio and six or seven others of the banished, to whom he supplied money (a fact which, as he himself hints, could not but have been known to the emperor, as Pliny was prætor at the time), yet escaped unscathed.

How far Sulpicia was connected with this movement, or whether she was involved in the same sentence which overwhelmed the others, we have now no means of ascertaining.

It is quite clear that all her sympathies were with the Greeks; and the passage concerning Scipio and Cato leaves little doubt that her philosophical opinions were those of the Stoics. She rivals Juvenal in her thorough hatred of Domitian; which may, perhaps, be partly also attributed to family reasons. For we must remember that she belonged to the gens which produced Servius Sulpicius Galba; and, as we have noticed on many occasions with regard to Juvenal, an attachment to that emperor seems to go hand in hand with hatred of Otho and Domitian. From the conclusion of the Satire, it is probable that her husband was not implicated.

The Sulpician gens produced many distinguished men; of whom we may mention the commissioner sent to Greece, and the conquerors of the Samnites, of Sardinia, and of Pyrrhus, besides the notorious friend of Marius. Of this illustrious stock she was no unworthy scion. Martial¹ bears the strongest testimony to the purity of her morals and the chastity of her life, as well as to her devoted conjugal affection; which latter virtue she illustrated in a poem replete with the most lively, delicate, and virtuous sentiments; and which, had not the licentiousness of the age been beyond such a cure, might have produced a deep moral effect on the peculiar vices which especially disgraced the æra of the Cæsars. Her husband's name was Calenus, who not improbably belonged to the Fufian gens, and with him she enjoyed fifteen years of the purest domestic felicity, as we learn from the Epigram addressed to him by Martial, in which, not without a tinge of envy, he congratulates Calenus on the possession of so inestimable a treasure. Martial will be only too ready to say, "O si sic omnia."² Of her other works we unfortunately do not possess a single fragment;³ and even the solitary Satire which bears her name, was at one time, as Scaliger tells us, falsely attributed to Ausonius.

¹ Lib. x., Epig. 35 and 38, to Calenus and Sulpicia. They were probably written at least six years after the edict of Domitian, *i. e.*, between A.D. 90 and 99.

² "If only all were so!"

³ For the amatory poems ascribed to Sulpicia see TIBULLUS, in volume four.

THE SATIRE OF SULPICIA

GRANT me, O Muse, to tell my little tale in a few words, in those numbers in which thou art wont to celebrate heroes and arms! For to thee I have retired; with thee revising my secret plan. For which reason, I neither trip on in the measure of Phalæcus,¹ nor in Iambic² trimeter; nor in that metre which, halting with the same foot, learned under its Clazomenæan guide³ boldly to give vent to its wrath. All other things moreover, in short, my thousand sportive effusions; and how I was the first that taught our Roman matrons to rival the Greeks, and to diversify their subject with wit untried before, consistently with my purpose, I pass by; and thee I invoke, in those points in which thou art chief of all, and supreme in eloquence, art best skilled. Descend at thy votary's prayer and hear!

¹Phalæcus was the inventor of the Hendecasyllabic metre, which consists of five feet; the first a Spondee or Iamb., the second a Dactyl, and the three last Trochees. Many of Catullus's pieces are in this metre.

²The Iambic metre was peculiarly adapted to Satire. Archilochus, the Parian, who flourished in the eighth century B.C., is said to have been the inventor of the metre, and to have employed it against Lycambes, who had promised him his daughter Neobule, but afterward retracted.

³The allusion is to Hipponax, who flourished cir. B.C. 540; Ol. lx. He was a native of Ephesus; but being expelled from his native country by the tyrant Athenagoras, he settled at Clazomenæ, now the Isle of St. John. The common story is, that he was so hideously ugly, that the sculptors Bupalus and Athenis caricatured him. And to avenge this insult, Hipponax altered the Iambic of Archilochus into a more bitter form by making the last foot a spondee, which gave the verse a kind of halting rhythm, and was hence called Scazontic, from *skazo*, to limp, or Choliambic, from *cholos*, "lame." In this metre he so bitterly satirized them that they hanged themselves, as Lycambes had done, in consequence of the ridicule of Archilochus.

Tell me, O Calliope, what is it the great father of the gods purposes to do? Does he revert to earth, and his father's age; and wrest from us in death the arts that once he gave; and bid us, in silence, nay, bereft of reason, too, just as when we arose in the primæval age, stoop again to acorns, and the pure stream? Or does he guard with friendly care all other lands and cities, but thrusts away the race of Ausonia, and the nurslings of Remus?

For, what must we suppose? There are two ways by which Rome reared aloft her mighty head. Valor in war, and wisdom in peace. But valor, practiced at home and by civil warfare, passed over to the seas of Sicily and the citadels of Carthage, and swept away also all other empires and the whole world.

Then, as the victor, who, left alone in the Grecian stadium, droops, and though with valor undaunted, feels his heart sink within him—just so the Roman race, when it had ceased from its struggles, and had bridled peace in lasting trammels; then, revising at home the laws and discoveries of the Greeks, ruled with policy and gentle influence all that had been won by sea and land as the prizes of war.

By this Rome stood—nor could she indeed have maintained her ground without these. Else with vain words and lying lips would Jupiter have been proved to have said to his queen, "I have given them empire without limit!"

Therefore, now, he who sways the Roman state has commanded all studies, and the philosophic name and race of men to depart out of doors and quit the city.

What are we to do? We left the Greeks and the cities of men, that the Roman youth might be better instructed in these.

Now, just as the Gauls,¹ abandoning their swords and scales, fled when Capitoline Camillus thrust them forth; so our aged men are said to be wandering forth, and like some deadly burden, themselves eradicating their own books. There—

¹ Alluding to the old legend of Brennus casting his sword into the scale, with the words "Væ victis!" [Wo to the conquered!] in answer to the remonstrance of the tribune Q. Sulpicius.

'fore the hero of Numantia and of Libya, Scipio, erred in that point, who grew wise under the training of his Rhodian¹ master; and that other band, fruitful in talent, in the second war;² among whom the divine apophthegm of Priscus Cato held it of such deep import to determine whether the Roman stock would better be upheld by prosperity or adversity.³ By adversity, doubtless; for when the love of country urges them to defend themselves by arms, and their wife held prisoner together with their household gods, they combine just like wasps (a bristling band, with weapons all unsheathed along their yellow bodies), when their home and citadel is assailed. But when care-dispelling peace has returned, forgetful of labor, commons and fathers together lie buried in lethargic sleep. A long-protracted and destructive peace has therefore been the ruin of the sons of Romulus.

Thus our tale comes to a close. Henceforth, kind Muse, without whom life is no pleasure to me, I pray thee warn them that, like the Lydian of yore, when Smyrna fell,⁴ so now also they may be ready to emigrate; or else, in fine, whatever thou wishest. This only I beseech thee, goddess! Present not in a pleasing light to Calenus⁵ the walls of Rome and the Sabines.

¹ Panætius; he studied under Crates, Diogenes, and Antipater of Tarsus. The date of his birth and death are unknown. He was probably introduced by Diogenes to Scipio, who sent for him from Athens to accompany him in his embassy to Egypt, B.C. 143. His famous treatise *De Officiis* was the groundwork of Cicero's book; who says that he was in every way worthy of the intimate friendship with which he was honored by Scipio and Lælius.

² *i. e.*, the Second Punic War (from B.C. 218-201), a period pre-eminently rich in great men.

³ Nasica, as Sallust tells us, in spite of Cato's "Delenda est Carthago," was always in favor of the preservation of Carthage; as the existence of the rival republic was the noblest spur to Roman emulation.

⁴ See Herodotus, in volume five.

⁵ The husband of Sulpicia. Sulpicia prays that her husband may not be induced by the allurements of inglorious ease to remain longer in Rome or its neighborhood, now that all that is really good

Thus much I spake. Then the goddess deigns to reply in few words, and begins:

“Lay aside thy just fears, my votary. See, the extremity of hate is menacing him, and by our mouth shall he perish! For we haunt the laurel groves of Numa,¹ and the self-same springs, and, with Egeria for our companion,² deride all vain essays. Live on! Farewell! Its destined fame awaits the grief that does thee honor. Such is the promise of the Muses’ choir, and of Apollo that presides over Rome.”

and estimable has been driven from it by the tyranny of the emperor.

¹ Cf. ad Juv., III., 12, *seq.*, the description of Umbricitius’ departure from Rome.

² It is not impossible there may have been some allusion to Numa and Egeria in Sulpicia’s lost work on conjugal affection.

THE FIRST TEN SATIRES
OF
JUVENAL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE BY

S. H. JEYES, M.A.,

Of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law;

LATE LECTURER IN CLASSICS AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

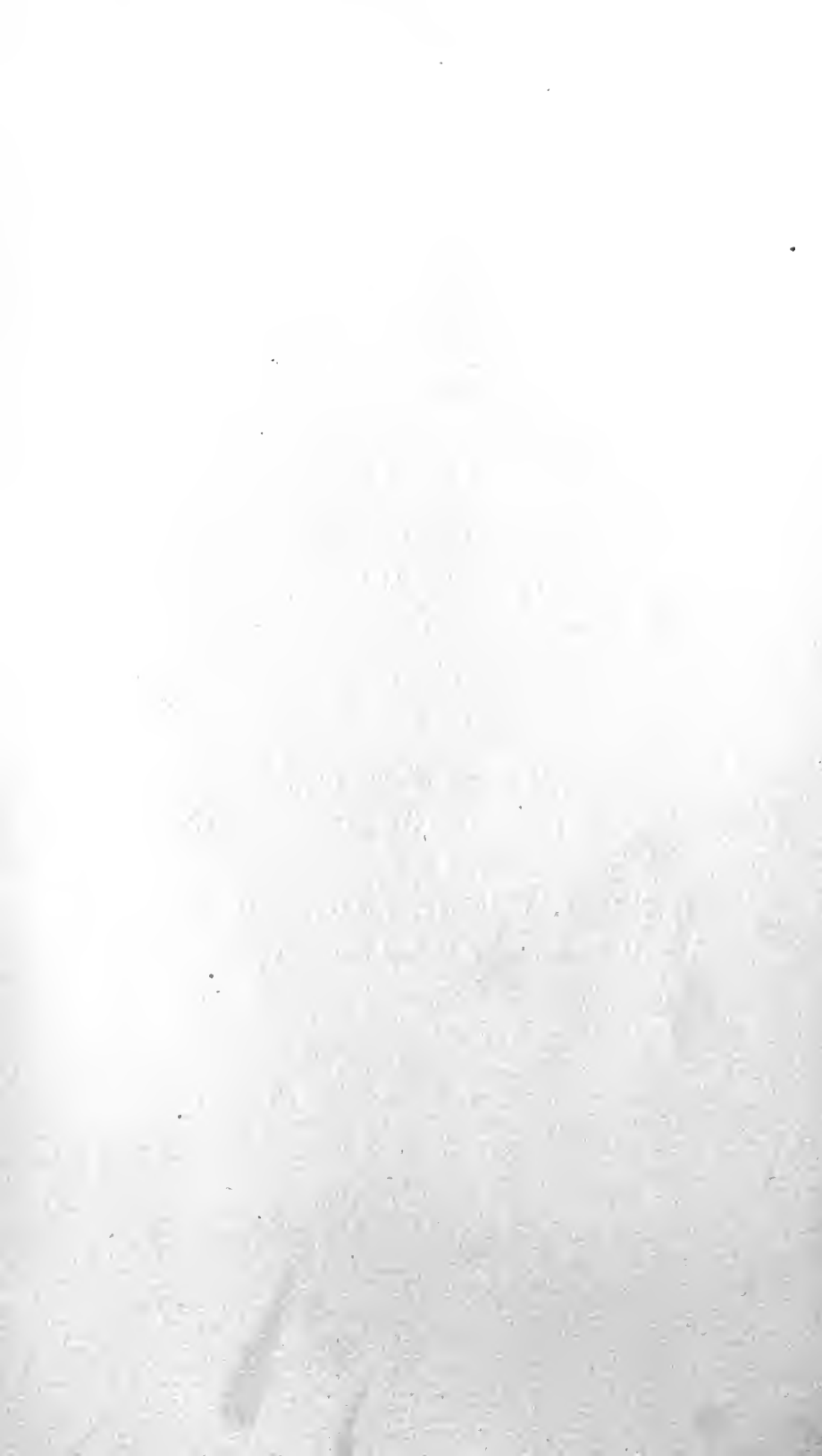
WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON

JUVENAL, GREATEST OF THE ROMAN SATIRISTS

BY

HENRY P. WRIGHT, PH.D., LL.D.,

PROFESSOR OF LATIN IN YALE UNIVERSITY



INTRODUCTION

JUVENAL, GREATEST OF SATIRISTS

BY HENRY P. WRIGHT, PH.D., LL.D.

Professor of Latin in Yale University

JUVENAL ranks among the foremost writers of the century and a half following the death of Augustus, and is rightly regarded as the best of the Roman satirists, but of his personal history we know almost nothing. Martial mentions a Juvenal, probably the poet, who was living at Rome in or shortly before the years 92 and 101 A.D. An inscription was found at Aquinum, put up by some member of the Juvenal family, but the praenomen had been broken off, and there is no positive evidence that this Juvenal was the poet. There are ancient biographies of Juvenal attached to several of the manuscripts, but these differ so greatly in important particulars that not much can be learned from them, and it is not certain that the statements which they contain are not inferences from the satires.

If the Aquinum inscription was put up by the satirists, we have evidence that not many years after the death of Vespasian, Juvenal, then about thirty years of age, had served in the army as tribune of a cohort, and had held high civil and priestly offices at Aquinum.

In the ancient biographies there is a general agreement on four points. (1) That Juvenal was born at Aquinum. (2) That he was the son or adopted son of a wealthy freedman. (3) That he practiced declamation till middle life. (4) That he was banished. The statement about his birthplace may be only an inference from Sat. iii. 319:

When you visit your Aquinum.

Regarding his early life, it is not improbable, from other

evidence, that Juvenal belonged to a family that would be called wealthy in a country town. According to his own statement he lived at Rome in his own house, and his table was supplied from his farm at Tibur. Before he came to Rome to reside, if we trust the inscription, he held offices at Aquinum which only a man with a good income could afford to hold; but since he expresses great contempt for foreigners and especially for freedmen who get all the good chances and crowd out the native Romans, and since he praises most highly the sturdy, industrious, frugal Romans of the olden time, one would naturally infer that he had been reared in the family of a Roman citizen in which the ancient traditions had been carefully preserved, and where foreign manners and vices were unknown. That he was a trained rhetorician, and that the earliest of his satires were the productions of a man of maturity and experience, cannot be questioned. The general agreement of all the biographies that he was banished makes it highly probable that he suffered exile in some form, but just when or on what ground cannot be determined with certainty. According to the biographies the occasion was some verses on the influence of actors in securing appointments in the army, now found in Sat. VII. 90-92:

What the nobles do not give an actor will give. Do you pay court to the Camerini, and to Barea, and to the halls of noblemen? Pelopea appoints prefects, Philomela tribunes.

This story of his exile was well known in the fifth century.

Accepting the meagre information furnished by these sources and drawing inferences freely from the satires, we may sketch Juvenal's life somewhat as follows:

He was born not long after the accession of Nero, and was perhaps eight or ten years old when Nero died. He was familiar in childhood with the stories of Nero's reign of cruelty, and the long catalogue of crimes and follies which disgraced it, some of the worst of which are depicted in the satires. While he was taught in his home the inspiring lessons to be drawn from the history of the republic, he at the same time received the worst possible impressions of the

empire. As his birthplace contained a theatre, an amphitheatre, and several temples, it had, without doubt, elementary schools, and probably also a school for the study of the Greek and Latin poets. Juvenal's father being in easy circumstances gave him the ordinary education of a Roman boy of good family. His studies of the Greek and Latin poets in the school of the *grammaticus* were very likely begun at Aquinum and finished at Rome. Juvenal remembers his efforts to get his hand out from under the ferule at this school (Sat. I. 15), but he must have been a good student since he gained a thorough acquaintance with Homer, the Greek tragic poets, and likewise with Virgil and Horace. He is perhaps thinking of his own school days when in Satire VII he draws his picture of the grammar school with the poorly paid teacher sitting at his desk before sunrise, around whom stands a class of boys each holding in one hand a lamp which emits more smoke than light, and in the other a dingy copy of Virgil or Horace.

From this school he passed to that of the rhetorician. Quintilian the great rhetorician was teaching at Rome at this time. The respect with which he is spoken of in the satires leads one to infer that Juvenal was his pupil. At any rate Juvenal came to have such a fondness for rhetorical studies that he kept them up till middle life, the ancient biographer says, not to prepare himself to be a teacher or a lawyer, but rather for his own enjoyment. We may be reasonably sure, however, that Juvenal was at one time ambitious for political advancement at Rome, and that his rhetorical studies were designed at first to fit him for public life. It seems probable also that with this in view he entered the army, perhaps as an aide to some general, as Agricola did, hoping soon to return to Rome and go through the round of the magistracies. For some reason not certainly known, he seems, instead, to have been appointed to the command of an auxiliary cohort and sent abroad. To be thus deprived of the opportunity for political advancement would be a great disappointment, and he would naturally withdraw soon, perhaps as soon as he was permitted, from a service which was disagreeable. Returning to Italy he would now try to get the support of men of

influence, but he could not win their friendship. They were fond of flattery, and Juvenal had the unpleasant habit of saying very freely what he thought. This experience would explain his bitterness against Rome and against all who were successful there, especially against the rich and powerful whose influence he had failed to gain, against foreigners who had secured all the desirable positions, and against Domitian, whom he treats with supreme contempt. He certainly did not publish, and perhaps did not write anything in which he expressed this bitter hatred till after Domitian's death.

When, in middle life, he turned his attention to poetry, it is easy to see why he wrote satire. Disappointed and embittered by neglect and ill-treatment, he had brooded over his wrongs till the evils of his day seemed so monstrous that he could no longer restrain himself, but must write satire for very indignation.

The sixteen satires are divided into five books, arranged in chronological order, and extending over a period of about thirty years included in the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian. The first three books deal largely with the vices and follies of Rome, and furnish much information about the manners and morals of the period. They are filled with illustrations from Roman daily life. In these Juvenal writes in a bitter and hopeless tone, and looks upon the darkest side. He seems sincere in his assaults on vice, but for safety, his personal attacks are aimed at men already dead, or in a condition to do him no harm. The two remaining books, written later in life, are moral treatises in the form of epistles. They deal with general topics, applicable to all times and places. The illustrations are drawn from mythology and history, and, while he still sees a great deal to condemn, the world seems to him not yet altogether beyond hope.

Juvenal sets the people of his day before us as living men and women, and we find their characteristics much like our own. Of all Roman writers he is the most modern, and the most American. Like our American caricaturists he makes a vivid picture with a few strokes, *e. g.* the great Hannibal hastening across the Alps in order to please boys and furnish a good subject for declamation; the deafening cheers in the

circus from which you can tell, miles away, which color is winning; the poor Roman citizen returning home from dinner late at night, who when insulted and beaten by a bully begs to be allowed to get off with a *few* of his teeth; the sprawling Matho, who like a commercial traveler *fills* a litter large enough for two.

The third and tenth satires were closely imitated by Dr. Johnson in his satires "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes."

Juvenal did not pretend to know much about philosophy. In his view philosophy is wisdom which teaches righteousness, forbids revenge, shows man how to live, how to free himself from error, and how to conquer misfortune. His religion was that of the ancient Romans. He says that the gods love man better than he loves himself, and that he who cherishes even the desire to sin incurs the guilt of the deed and will not escape divine vengeance.

Much attention has been given to Juvenal since the revival of learning, and the editions have been very numerous. Counting the different revisions by the same author and the various reprints, and including (1) editions of the text alone, (2) those containing text and commentary, (3) school editions, and (4) translations, the whole number will not fall much if any short of seven hundred. While, therefore, we have but slight acquaintance with the facts of Juvenal's life, we are in a condition to understand, appreciate, and enjoy his satires as well perhaps as did the people of his own day.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL

SATIRE I

THE NEED OF A NEW SATIRIST

SHALL I be the victim always and never take revenge, though Cordus¹ has worried me time upon time with the Tale of Theseus and his own cracked voice? What, shall there be no penalty for this man inflicting on me his Comedies and that man his Couplets? No penalty for the monster Telephus,² though he wasted all my day? or for Orestes,² who first crammed the margin to the end of the roll, then covered its very back, and over-lapped after all? Not a man knows the rooms in his own house better than I know the "Grove of Mars" and "the Fire-god's Dome, that lies hard by the Wind-king's rocky home." The state of business amongst the clouds, the names of the ghosts being tortured by Judge Æacus, the place whence another Worthy³ decamps with the golden sheep-skin, and the size of the ash-trees which "Sir Heavy-hoof"⁴ is hurling—it is all being shouted and shouted again by the planes and the marbles and the pillars in Fronto's garden until they are split and cracked under the unresting rant. From poet big or little you may count upon the same old tales. Well, my hand dodged the dominie's stick as well as theirs, and like them I gave Sulla the advice to abdicate and sleep the sleep of peace.⁵ When one jostles bards at every corner, saving the pre-destined paper is but good pity wasted.

Why it is my special wish to compete upon the course

¹ Obscure poet.

² Stock heroes of tragedy.

³ Jason.

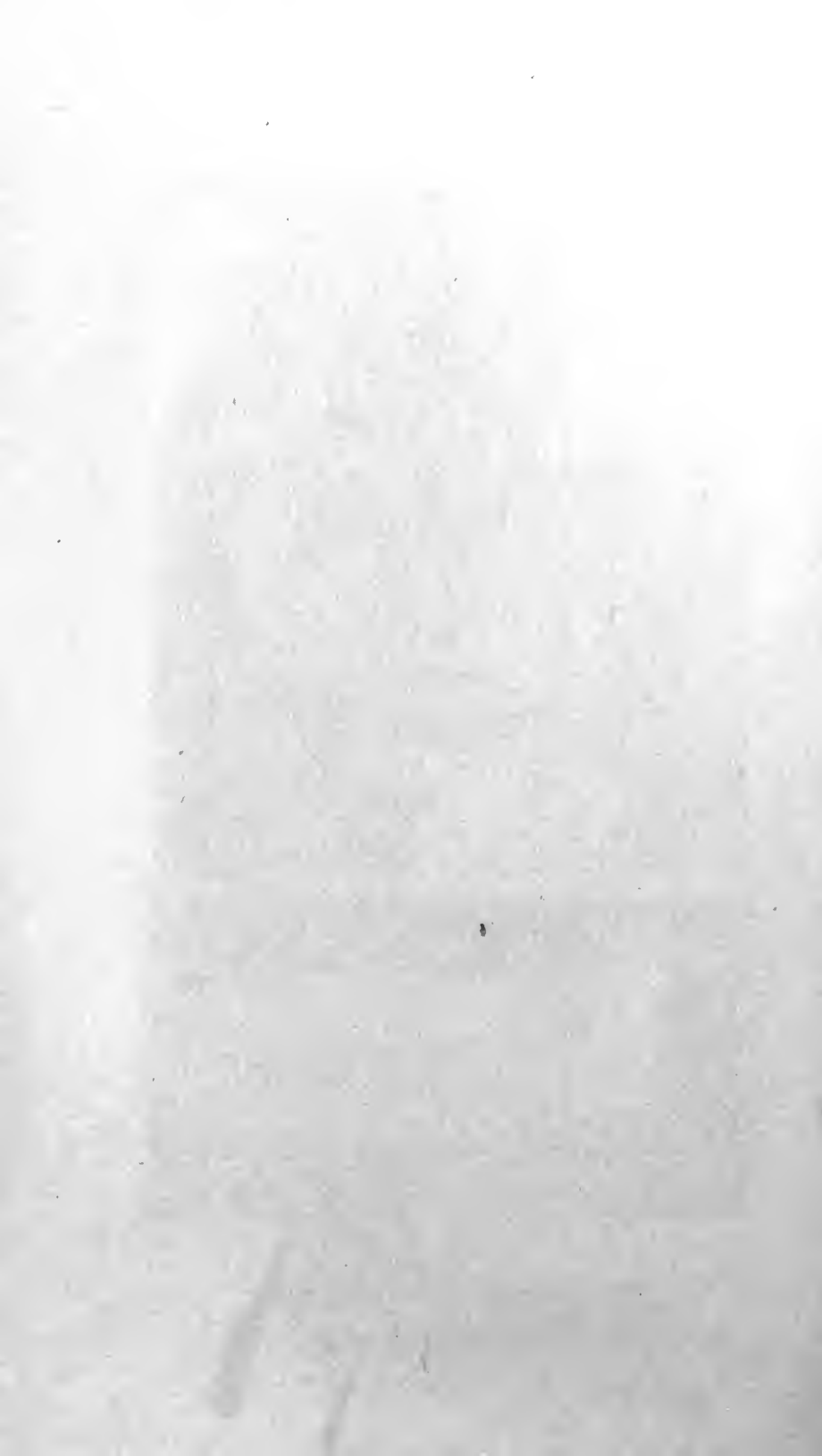
⁴ Centaur.

⁵ As a rhetorical theme at school.



D. I. IUVENALIS.

Ex Schedis D. Anton. Verdierii.



over which Aurunca's mighty son¹ steered his team, I will explain, if you have time and patience and reason. When flabby Impotence takes him a wife, when a gentle dame pins the boar and bares her teat to wield the spears, when the barber who once scraped my rustling young stubble can now match his single fortune against the combined riches of the Order,² when a consignment from the rabble of the Nile, a Crispinus born and bred in the impudence of Canopus, fidgets with the cloak of Tyrian purple drooping from his shoulder, fans the light summer rings upon his sweating fingers, and cannot support the load of a heavier gem—not to write satire is what comes hard. Who so tolerant of Rome's wickedness (or so callous) as to contain himself when the pleader Matho passes in the brand-new litter which his own carcass fills? Next to him comes one who played informer against his own protector; soon to rend the scraps which remain from the mangled Order: and grown so mighty that the court Mountebank³ dreads him, and the Pet Abortion⁴ caresses and bribes him, whilst our leading actor, in fear and trembling, lends him his leading lady's favours.⁵ Meantime you are ousted from your inheritance by men who win their places in wills by the works of darkness, and climb to bliss by what is nowadays the shortest road, a rich hag's lechery. Proculeius takes his twelfth, and Gillo takes the rest—each his portion measured by his parts. Ay, let him take it, the price of his life-blood: and may he blench at the loss like one who has trodden bare-foot on a viper, or like an orator whose turn is coming at Lugdunum's Fancy Festival.⁶ Why tell you how the fire parches my innermost soul when our People is hustled by the flunkey troupe of yonder wretch who lives on the ward whom he drove to shame? Another is a condemned criminal,

¹ Lucilius, the father of Roman satire.

² The Patricians.

³ Massa.

⁴ Carus.

⁵ Latinus and Thymele.

⁶ Curious penalties for failure were instituted by the eccentric Caligula.

but his sentence was a shame.¹ What cares he for degradation when the plunder is safe? Banished Marius feasts in the morning-time and revels in the wrath of Heaven, whilst his spoiled province wins and weeps.

Am I to think that such wickedness does not demand the midnight oil of a Horace?—should I not deal with it myself? Why, who would sooner tell of the labours of Hercules or of Diomed? or the Labyrinth and its Bellower?² the inventive Aëronaut and the Boy who tumbled into Ocean?³ These are times when a consenting cuckold takes adulterous gold, the legacy which Law refuses to the partner of his shame!⁴ He has learnt to stare at the ceiling and to snore over his cups through a wide-awake nose! Another thinks he has a righteous claim to command a cohort, after wasting his wealth upon horseflesh and parting from the estate of his ancestors, whilst he skims the Flaminian Road on spinning wheels, for all the world like a boy Automedon,⁵ holding the reins himself to show off his skill to the girl-boy at his side. Does it not do your heart good to stop at a crossing and cover your broad tablet with notes when there must be six men's shoulders to support the hardly veiled chair, where, open to the right and left, you may see the Lounger, the would-be latter-day Mæcenas, the witness to forged wills, who has grown rich and grand on scraps of parchment and a damped signet-ring. You may meet a great lady who, before she gives the generous grape when her lord is athirst, mixes it with the poison of toads, and improving on Lucusta,⁶ has shown her artless kinswomen how to defy scandal and the eyes of Rome by attending the livid corpse's funeral. Would you be great? then be bold and risk confinement in an islet or a dungeon. Virtue

¹ Marius Priscus paid an inadequate fine in 100 A.D. for extortions in Africa.

² Minotaur.

³ Dædalus and Icarus.

⁴ Women could not take any legacy beyond 100,000 asses, by Lex Voconia.

⁵ The charioteer of Achilles.

⁶ A famous poisoner in Nero's time.

wins lip-honour—and shivers in the streets. The wages of sin are parks, palaces, fine tables, old silver, and goblets with embossed grotesques. Who can sleep in peace when a son's bride turns whore for his father's gold, when betrothed girls are soiled, and ungrown lads debauch our wives? If mother-wit stints me, Passion prompts the lines—such as they are, such as I or friend Cluvenius writes.

Man is my subject, beginning from the Flood that was swollen by the clouds of heaven, from the day when Deucalion scaled the mountain in his ark and craved answer from God, when the stones of the ground slowly softened with the warmth of life, and Pyrrha showed our sex the charms of naked girlhood: all the doings of men, their wishes and fears, their angers, their pleasures and joys, their comings and goings, make up the medley of my book.

When was there a richer crop of wickedness than now? when did the gulf of avarice yawn wider? when did gambling wear a bolder front? The player does not take his "petty cash" to the hazard of the table, but stakes his strong-box on the game. What fighting you will see upon that battleground where the cashier is weapon-bearer! Is it madness? is it not worse than madness to lose ten times ten thousand sesterces and to cheat your shivering slave of the shirt from his back? In the times of old who ever reared a multitude of mansions, or ate through seven courses by himself? Nowadays we put our basket of scanted doles at the doorway's very edge for the toga'd crowd to grab. Yet the giver first inspects the faces in a fever of fear lest you are an impostor coming or claiming alms under a false name. You must be "passed" before you will receive: all must answer their names to the clerk, even those who boast the blood of Troy, for even they hustle us at his door.

"Serve the Praetor, and serve the Tribune next."

No, a freedman is before them. "I am the first comer," says he. "Why fear or hesitate to keep my place? What if I was born upon the Euphrates? why deny it, when the womanish gaps in my ears¹ would bewray me? Still, my five

¹ For ear-rings.

shops are earning me the fortune of a Knight. What does the Senator's broad stripe of purple give as good if a Corvinus¹ must tend sheep for hire in the pastures of Laurentum? My possessions are more than those of a Pallas or Licinus."²

Then let a Tribune wait his turn, let wealth win: the Holy Office must give way to one who entered the city not long ago with the chalk of slavery on his ankles, since it is to Wealth we pay our holiest honour, although the cruel god Money is not yet housed in a temple, neither have we yet built altars unto Cash, even as we worship Peace and Honesty, Victory and Virtue, or Concord (beneath whose mystic roof men hear a sound as of twittering birds when they bow before—the nests!). But when the bearer of high office reckons at the year's end how much the Charity brings him in and what it adds to his accounts, what must retainers do who depend upon it for their clothing and shoe-leather, for the bread of their mouths and the fuel of their hearths? There is a crush of litters to beg the hundred pieces,³ and the husband takes an ailing or pregnant wife along with him and drags her through the round.

Another claims for his, though she is not there. Grown crafty in the old dodge, he points to the closed curtains of an empty chair. "Here is my wife Galla," says he. "Let us go at once: you are keeping her. Galla, put your head out. Ah, do not disturb her, you will find her asleep."

Every day is graced with its own pretty rubric of duties. First comes the alms-begging: then the Forum, with its temple of Apollo "learned in the law" and its statues of our heroes, amongst whom some Egyptian or Arabian Nobody has ventured to set up his own record, a creature against whose image you have a right to do more than commit a nuisance. Old and worn dependants turn away from the great man's porch and abandon their hopes, though what dies hardest in man's heart is the chance of dinner. No, the poor wretches must pay for their cabbage and their firing. Mean-

¹ A noble name.

² Favourite freedmen at Court.

³ The customary dole.

time their lord and master will swallow the richest prizes of forests and sea, and will loll by himself amongst empty couches. For though men like him have a multitude of huge, antique, round tables, they use but one to devour a fortune. Some day diners-out will be an extinct species; yet who could endure such shabbiness with such self-indulgence? Imagine the man's gullet who has a boar served whole for himself, though it is a beast created for good fellowship. But the punishment is at hand, when you strip the clothes from your bloated body and carry an undigested peacock to the Baths. This is why we hear of sudden deaths and of old men leaving no wills. The news is talked of at every dinner-table, not regretted; and the funeral moves out only to meet the applause of embittered friends.

There will be nothing for an after-age to add to our wickedness; and our sons can but copy our own lusts and crimes. Every sin is halted over a brink. Up with your sails, my Muse, and spread all canvas.

Here perhaps one may say to me, "Whence the genius to match the theme? Whence the spirit to write down every dictate of the impassioned heart, the frankness of days gone by—That, the name of which I dare not whisper?"¹ Do you ask what matters it whether a Mucius² give or withhold his pardon? Then attack your Tigellinus,² and you will soon make a light at the stake where men stand to blaze and smoke with impaled necks, and where your pitch draws a broad furrow in the sand around you. No, let the man who gave aconite to three uncles be borne aloft on swaying down, and survey us from his height. When you meet him, lay the finger of silence to your lips. It will be slander if you say so much as 'That is he.' You need not fear to set Æneas and 'the bold Rutulian'³ fighting; none will take offence at the Smiting of Achilles or the Search for long-lost Hylas who followed the fate of his pitcher. But so often as a hot Lucilius has drawn his sword and set his teeth, a flush rises out

¹ Viz., Liberty.

² Attacked by Lucilius.

³ Turnus.

the hearer's face—his soul is frozen under accusation whilst the clammy sweat of unspoken sin lies on his heart. Hence comes 'the weeping and gnashing of teeth.' Think of it with yourself before you sound the battle-note. When the helmet has been donned, it is too late to repent."

Well, I shall try what licence will be given me against them whose ashes are covered by the Flaminian and Latin Roads.

SATIRE II

HYPOCRISY AND VICE

It makes me long to escape far away beyond Sarmatia and the ice-bound seas when puritans by profession, but debauchees in practice, set themselves up for moralists. (To begin with, they are dunces, though you will find every corner in their houses crammed with a clay Chrysippus.¹ Indeed, they award the honours of learning to any one who has paid for a good image of Aristotle or Pittacus and charges his shelves with the keeping of genuine Cleanthes busts.)

Put not your trust in faces. There is prim lewdness walking every street in Rome; and the voice which rebukes sin belongs to the most notorious evil-liver amongst philosophising sodomites. True that a manly spirit is betokened by his hairy body and the stiff growth upon his arms—but ask the grinning surgeon where and why he used the knife!

Our hypocrites are men of few words; their spirit moves them not to speak, and they wear their hair cropt shorter than eyebrows.² Compared with them, Peribomius is a true and honest man; the blame of his life is with Destiny, whilst his face and gait confess the curse which lies upon him. The frankness of men like him stirs pity, and the very devil within them disarms our loathing. Not so with the worse wretches who attack sin with "brave words," or the praters about virtue who do the deeds of darkness.

¹ As the founder of Stoicism.

² It was "fast" to wear the hair long.

“Is it for me,” cries disgraced Varillus, “to respect a Sextus taken in the act? How am I worse than he?”

Let them who are without blemish scoff at bandy legs and Ethiopian skins. Who will endure a Gracchus declaiming against agitators? Who would not cry for heaven and earth, for sky and sea, to change places if a Verres were disgusted with robbers or a Milo with murderers? if a Clodius complained against adultery, or a Catiline against treason? if Sulla's three pupils in proscription¹ found fault with his Lists? So it was when one² who still reeked with the pollution of a truly classical lust sought to revive laws (which were hard on all men and formidable even to Mars and Venus) at the very time when his too prolific Julia³ was working her malpractices and spawning abortions in the likeness of their uncle. Has not Infamy a good and proper right to despise sham censors and to bite the hand which strikes it?

Lauronia could no longer endure one of these martinets with his cant appeal—“what had become of the Julian law? ⁴ was it dormant?” She answers with a smile:

“It is a fortunate generation which pits you against wickedness. It is time, indeed, for Rome to regain her modesty when another Cato has dropt from the skies. All the same, tell me where you buy the balsam which perfumes that manly throat. Do not be ashamed to point out your purveyor. But if Law and Justice are to be whipt up, the Scantinian Act⁵ must first answer to the call. First look to the men and examine them: they are worse criminals, but they are safe in their numbers and lock their shields in phalanx. There is a marvellous sympathy amongst you un-manned men. You will find nothing amongst us to match your loathsomeness. Tedia and Flora cannot be set against your Hispo, either in their vice or in its penalties. When do we turn pleaders or doctors in civil law, or raise an uproar in your forum?

¹ Antonius, Octavianus, and Lepidus.

² Domitian enforced the laws about adultery.

³ Julia Sabina was his cousin and debauched by him.

⁴ About adultery.

⁵ Against male vice.

A few of us are wrestlers, and a few devour the training-rations. But you have become spinners of wool and carry your completed quota in work-baskets. More industrious than Penelope and more delicate than Arachne, you ply the spindles with their bellyfuls of thread, like the draggled wench squatting on her lump of wood. It is not secret why Hister's will contained none but his freedman's name; nor why in his lifetime he was so generous to his bride. She who makes room for a rival in her bed will become a wealthy woman. Girls should become wives—and hold their tongues afterwards! Keeping secrets brings in gifts of jewels. Nevertheless, it is on us women that the harsh verdict is passed: crows are pardoned, but the pigeons are found guilty.”

The plain truth of her declamation scattered the Stoic-puritans in confusion. Wherein had Lauronia spoken amiss?

But what must we look for from others, Creticus, when you wear gauzes to denounce a Procula or Pollita¹ while the people are staring in amazement at your garments? Granted that Fabulla is an adulteress; and, if you will, let sentence be passed upon Carfinia. Still the condemned woman herself will not put on such a dress as yours. Do you say that July is sultry and you are in a sweat? Then strip to plead. (Stark lunacy would be less disgrace.) What a dress to be found wearing while you proposed laws and measures, when your countrymen returned in the full flush of victory with their wounds yet unhealed, or by the hardy peasants from their ploughs upon the hills. What an outcry you would make if you saw such clothes upon the body of a judge! Tell me, would the gauze sit well even upon a witness? But the proud and independent Creticus,² the free master of his own soul, is naked and not ashamed.

The plague has spread by contagion, and will spread further, just as the whole herd is laid low on its feeding-grounds through a single scabby or scurvy pig, or as the blight passes on by contact from one grape to the next.

¹ Profligate women.

² A Stoic.

One day you will venture upon things¹ more shameful than your dress. Infamy is never born full-growth. Little by little you will be drawn towards them who privily deck their heads with long ribands and hang chains over all their necks, and honour the "Good Goddess" with a young sow's belly and big bowls of wine; whilst a blasphemous perversion drives women away and forbids them to set foot on the threshold.

The shrine of the "Good Goddess" is reserved for men. "Away with the unclean sex!" they cry; "we want no women-minstrels here, nor their grunting horns." (Not worse were their orgies² kept privily at Athens to the light of torches by the Ministers who sickened their acclimatised Cotytto.)

One man slants the tiring-pin and lengthens out his eyebrows with moistened soot and turns up his quivering eyes to daub them. Another drinks from a bestiality-in-glass and stuffs his masses of hair into a net of golden twine, and dresses himself in patterns of azure lozenges or fine green stuffs, whilst even the tiring-man swears by the Juno³ of his master-mistress. A third holds up a mirror (the very one, no doubt, which was borne by the unsexed Otho—"spoil taken from Auruncan Actor's corse"⁴—wherein he would survey his fighting toilet just as he was given the word for all standards to advance. It is a thing to be noted in modern records and the history of our own times that the kit for civil war includes a mirror. We expect the first general of his day to shed Galba's blood and preserve—his own complexion; the first citizen to claim the palace spoil upon the Bedriacum's field,⁵ and—to plaster his face with a mould of dough; though it was not so done by the quiver-wearing Queen Semiramis

¹ The notorious rites of Bona Dea were (properly) confined to women.

² Introduced from Thrace.

³ Especially the goddess of women.

⁴ Quotations from Vergil.

⁵ 69 B.C.

when Assyria ruled the world, nor by Cleopatra when she fled in desolation on her Actian galley).

At such a scene there is neither nicety of language nor the decencies of table; there is all Cybele's filthy licence—all the licence of falsetto voices: the president and priest is a frantic old man with white hair, a rare and memorable prodigy of guzzling, worth a professorship in his art.

What are they waiting for? Long ago it was time for them to carve their bodies to the Phrygian fashion. Gracchus has brought the fortune of a knight as his dowry for one who blows "the wreathed horn" (or maybe it was straight): the documents have been signed and the blessing pronounced; the huge supper party is seated, and the bride has leant upon his husband's bosom. Nobles of Rome! which do we want—the Censor or the Prophet?¹ (You are reckless, yet no doubt you would be shocked and think the omen more perplexing if a woman gave birth to a calf, or a cow to a lamb.) A priest who has supported the sacred weights² depending from the mystical thongs and has sweated under the shields of Mars, is wearing womanish ribands, long robes, and veils. Father of Rome! whence came such wickedness upon the peasants of Latium? Whence this itching plague which has stung the children of the God of Battles? Behold! a man of high lineage and wealth is being married to another man: yet thou shakest not thy helmet, smitest not the ground with thy spear, neither complainest to thy Father on high! Then away with thee and depart from the estate, which thou neglectest, in the Field of Valour.³

"I have a task of courtesy to perform," says somebody, "at early dawn to-morrow in the Valley of Quirinus."

"What is the occasion?"

"Need I tell you? A friend of mine takes a husband to himself; but it is to be a select party."

If we only live to see it, such things must and will be done without concealment, and will claim a place in the Public

¹ *i. e.*, to explain such a monstrosity.

² Salii, priests of Mars, carried Ancilia in procession.

³ The Campus Martius.

register. Meantime our "brides" live in fearful torture because they cannot have a family and make sure of their husbands by the bond of children. It is well indeed that Nature will not grant power over the body to the desires of their minds. They die barren, nor can bloated Lyde help them with her box of drugs, nor can they help themselves by stretching out their palms for the nimble Lupercus to strike.¹

Even this prodigy was outdone when a Gracchus, stript to his tunic and wielding the gladiator's three-pronged spear, ran for his life across the mid arena, though he was of a purer strain than Capitolinus, Marcellus, or Catulus; purer than the lines of Paulus or Fabius—or all the nobles who sat along the tier which faced the ring-wall; of purer strain (you may add) than the President² who bade him throw the net.

The life after death, the infernal kingdom, the pool of Styx with its punting-pole and dusky frogs, and the passage of so many thousand beings on a single boat, are myths which even boys disbelieve unless they are too young to pay their coppers at the baths. But if you can imagine them to be true stories, Gracchus, what does Curius think about you? or the two Scipios? or Fabricius and Camillus? What is thought by the heroes of Cremera,³ or the warriors who were lost at Cannæ, or the gallant hearts of all our wars, when such a ghost as yours comes to join them? They would ask to be purified from the taint, if they could get sulphur and pine-wood torches and water for the laurel-spray.

Such are the depths into which our unhappy generation is being dragged. It is true that we have advanced our arms beyond the shores of Juverna,⁴ the newly-conquered Orcades,⁵ and the Britains who live contented in the region of shortest

¹ Methods employed by women to become fertile. Lupercus was the deity of the Lupercalia, the celebrants of which feast struck bystanders with thongs. Sterile women so struck were believed to be cured.

² Perhaps Domitian.

³ The Fabii.

⁴ Ireland.

⁵ Orkney Islands.

night. But there are things being done in the city of the Victor People which are not done among the vanquished nations; still scandal says that one amongst them, a young Armenian, Zalates, more womanish than the rest, listened to a liquorish Tribune's corruptions. Behold the workings of national intercourse (for he had come as our hostage!). As is their childhood here, so will their manhood afterwards be: for if their sojourn is prolonged to give them more of Rome, they will do what Romans do: they will say good-bye to their trousers and hunting-knives, their whips and bridles. This is how Artaxata¹ can reproduce the morals of our rising generation.

SATIRE III

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE

TROUBLED as I am by an old friend's departure, still I commend him because he intends to make his home at Cumæ the Deserted, and to give the Sibyl² one denizen at least. It is Baiæ's gate, and a sweet nook for a pleasant coast retreat. Myself, I count even barren Prochyta better than Subura's slums. What spot has ever been seen so wretched and so lonely that it were not yet worse to live in dread of fires, ever tumbling roofs, all the perils of this cruel Rome, and—poets ranting in the dog-days!

Meantime, whilst my friend's whole household was being packed upon a single cart, he halted at the old archway of the dribbling Capene gate;³ we go down into "the Vale of Egeria" and the manufactured grotto. Ah! how much better could we commune with the water-sprite if the stream were bounded by its green fringe of grass, and if no marble did violence to the simple tufa-stone. Here it was that Numa kept tryst with his queen⁴ at night. Now the grove and

¹ Capital of Armenia.

² The oracle of the Sibyl was at the old Greek foundation of Cumæ.

³ Under an aqueduct.

⁴ The nymph Egeria, who was said to have advised the old king Numa.

chapel of the Holy Well are leased to Jew tramps—their worldly wealth a basket and a bunch of hay. Not a tree, but must bring in its quota to the public chest, and so the Camenæ¹ are evicted for the wood to become one mass of beggary.

Here it was then that Umbricius began: “Since there is no room for honesty at Rome, no reward for industry, since my substance is to-day smaller than it was yesterday, and the Less will to-morrow lose something of its Little, it is my purpose to depart thither² where Dædalus doffed his fainting wings, whilst grey hairs are yet novelties and my old age is fresh and upright, whilst some thread is left for the Spinster-Goddess³ to unreel, and I can support me upon my own feet without a staff to prop my hand. Let me away from the home of my fathers, and let Artorius and Catulus live amongst you; let them stay behind who swear black is white, who find it easy to become jerry-builders, water-scavengers, dock and sewage farmers, or undertakers, or to traffic in human flesh under the sanction of the Spear.⁴ Men who began as trumpet-blowers and strollers reappearing at every country show (their puffed cheeks known from town to town), are now providers of pageants; at the signal of the vulgar thumb they shed blood for the people’s holiday. Then they go away and farm retiring-places!—what should stop them? They are of that stuff which Fortune loves to raise from lowliness to the highest pinnacles of success—when she wants a joke.

“What is there for me to do at Rome? Liar I cannot be; and if a book is bad, praising it and begging for a reading is beyond me. I was never taught the movements of the planets; I will not and cannot promise the death of a father, I am not curious in the bowels of frogs. The offerings, the messages of unlawful love, others must carry. In robbery I will be no man’s accomplice, and that is why no governor takes me in his suite. I am but like a useless trunk with

¹ Roman deities partly corresponding to the Greek Muses.

² *i. e.*, Cumæ.

³ Lachesis, one of the Fates.

⁴ Set up at auctions.

a palsied hand. Who is taken into favour nowadays if he be not an accomplice, with his soul fevered by a secret sin which can never be confessed? The confidence which is not guilty earns you no gratitude, and will bring you no profit. Verres¹ only makes a friend of the man who can turn upon Verres at a moment's notice. Yet put not such value on all the precious yellow dust which rolls down to the sea between the banks of turbid Tagus, as for its sake to abandon the sleep of peace and to take presents which cannot be kept, only to live in sullenness and become a daily terror to the great man *your friend*.

“What the people are whom our Dives loves, and whom I am especially running away from, I will make haste to tell you; and the shame of it shall not stop me. What I cannot endure, my countrymen, is Rome turned Greek! Yet how little of the town scum is genuine Greek! It was not yesterday that Orontes first ran into Tiber and brought its Syrian words and ways, its flute-players and twisted harps, its cymbals and the harlots who are set out on commission at the Circus. Thither away all of you who take your delight in foreign wenches and gaudy turbans. Romulus, behold! Your honest yeoman puts on *trechedeipna*,² and wears *nikēteria*³ upon his *kerōm'd*⁴ neck. Here is one who has come from Sicyon's hill, another from Amydon, others from Andros, Samos, Tralles or Alabandæ—all making for the Esquiline and the hill which bears the Osier's name,⁵ to regulate the life (and one day to become the masters) of great houses.

“Their wits are nimble, their impudence damnable, their language prompt and more gushing than Isæus.⁶ Tell me what you think is yonder man's trade. He is anything and everything you please, all in one. Grammar, rhetoric, geometry, painting, or wrestling, prophesying, rope-dancing, medi-

¹ The extortionate governor of Sicily impeached by Cicero.

² Dinner shoes.

³ Athletic prizes.

⁴ Greased.

⁵ The Viminal.

⁶ Rhetorician who came to Rome about 100 A.D.

vine, and magic—he is master of them all. Give the word, and your hungry Greekling will climb the clouds. In fact the man who did put wings on was no Moor, nor Sarmatian, nor Thracian, but one born in the heart of Athens. Should I not flee away when such men are wearing purple raiment? Shall one of them sign his name before mine? Shall a man loll in the place of honour who came to Rome with the same wind which brought the plums and figs? Is it quite nothing that my childhood quaffed the air of Aventine and was fed on true Sabine fruit?

“Look again, how the roguish flattery of the tribe praises the vulgar man’s language and the ugly man’s beauty; they compare the long neck of lankiness to the throat of the Hercules holding Antæus high in air: they admire the piping voice which is no better than the shrill note of him who claims conjugal rights by pecking his hen! It is true that we, like them, have leave to flatter, but they can also dupe a patron.

“Perhaps our comedian is still more clever when he acts *Anonyma*, or the *Jealous Wife*, or the *Dorian Girl* (in the national undress). It is a real woman that seems to speak the words, not a masked man. In that faultless contour you would say there was not a line too much, nor a line wanting. Yet in their own country not one of them will pass for wonderful; not *Antiochus*, *Stratocles*, *Demetrius*, or the girlish *Hæmus*. It is a nation of play-actors. Do you laugh? then a louder guffaw shakes his sides. If he sees a friend in tears, he weeps too, although he feels no sorrow. If you call for a spark of fire in winter time, he wraps himself in a rug; or if you say that you are warm, why he is in a sweat. No, it is no match between us: the odds are with the man who can put on a borrowed face at any hour of the night or day, and throw up his hands in admiration when his friend has done the simplest things in life. . . .¹

“There is nothing sacred to him, nothing safe from his filthiness: not the mother of the household nor her maiden daughter, not the promised husband still unwhiskered nor the yet untainted lad; or, in default of them, he debauches the

¹ Three lines omitted.

old grandam. Somehow he will make himself master of the family secrets and use them in terrorism. And since we have begun upon the Greeks, let us pass to the doings in the Schools and learn the wickedness which a long robe covers. The informer against Barea, the shedder of his friend's blood, the reverend betrayer of his own disciple, was a Stoic,¹ the offspring of that river-side² where the Gorgon-horse shed a wing-feather.

"There is no place for a Roman where some *Prōtogenēs* or *Diphilos* or *Hermarchos* plays the lord. The self-seeking Greek will not share a friend, but keeps him to himself. After he has poured into the credulous ear a drop of the national venom distilled in his personal vileness, I am turned from the doorway, and all my long term of slavery is so much wasted time. Retainers are cheap at Rome.

"What indeed does 'service' mean? Let me not blink facts. What gives the poor man a claim? He must be dressed before it is light and make his rush. But already the prætor is bustling his lictor and bidding him run fast lest another prætor be before him in paying his respects to Albina or Modia—the heirless old ladies have been too long awake.

"The son of free-born citizens must give the wall to an enriched slave. It is yonder upstart who pays Calvina or Catiena³ for exercising his puffiness as much as a tribune earns by a year's service in the legion; but if your taste is captivated by a smart harlot's face, you stop and hesitate to bid your Fancy alight from her high litter.

"You may produce a witness spotless as the man⁴ held worthy to give a home to Ida's goddess;⁵ or let a Numa come forward, or one like him who rescued terrified Minerva from her burning temples⁶—the first question will be, 'What *has* he?' The last will be, 'What *is* he?' How many slaves

¹ P. Egnatius in Nero's time.

² Cydnus in Cilicia.

³ Leaders of the *demi-monde*.

⁴ P. Corn. Scipio Nasica.

⁵ Cybele.

⁶ L. Cæcilius Metellus.

does he keep? how much land does he hold? what is the number and the size of the side-dishes at his dinners? The measure of a man's *credit* is the money which he guards in his strong-box? Swear if you will by all the gods of Samothrace and Rome; a poor man is supposed to make light of thunderbolts and Heaven, and Heaven is supposed to forgive his fault.

“Nor is this all. Every wag takes the same butt for his wit—Poverty, with its torn and ragged cloak, its soiled toga, and the split leather of its gaping boot, or the coarse new thread which shows more than one scar left where the wound was patched. None of wretched Poverty's privations are harder to bear than the scorn which it throws upon a human being. ‘Away with him!’ they cry. ‘How indecent! let him get up from the cushioned chairs reserved for Knights, if his fortune does not satisfy the law.’¹ Let the pander's lads keep their places, born though they are in any stews you please. Let the smug auctioneer's son clap his hands in the company of the gladiator or the trainer's hopeful offspring.’ That, no doubt, is what Otho *meant* (poor man!) when he marked out the places.

“What father has ever accepted a suitor whose fortune was too small to match the daughter's finery? When does a will contain a poor heir's name? when is he taken into an Ædile's office? Long ago the needy sons of Rome ought to have formed in companies and marched away. Everywhere it is hard for men to rise whose merits are weighted by cramping want, but the struggle is fiercer at Rome. A wretched garret costs a fortune; so do voracious slaves and your own humble dinner. Here it is disgraceful to eat a meal from crockery, though a sudden change to Marsian or Sabine fare makes it no shame at all. There it is enough to wear a coarse green cape. And (to tell the truth) throughout the greater part of Italy nobody wears his toga before he is dressed for burial. Whensoever the high grandeur of a Feast is honoured in the turf-built theatre, and the stock farce returns to the boards and makes the country babe at his mother's breast shrink from the ghastly grinning mask, you will

¹ The old law of Roscius Otho passed 67 B.C.

find no difference of garb, but senators in the stalls and the populace behind them dressed alike. A clean white vest is the robe of high office which satisfies a country *ædile's* dignity. Here the display of dress goes beyond our means; and we borrow money to meet the wants which are not wanted. The folly is universal; we are all living in genteel beggary. Need I go on? Nothing here can be got for nothing. What is the fee you pay for leave to call now and again on *Cossus*?¹ or for *Veiento*¹—not to open his lips to you, but to turn his eyes your way? One master is shaving his first beard, another dedicates the love-socks²—of a petted slave. The house is full of cakes—for sale! ‘Take one, please’ (they say). Yes (say I), and take this, too, to stir your bile:—we dependants are forced to pay tribute to smart flunkeys and to swell their perquisites.

“Who is, or ever was, afraid of tumbling houses at cool *Præneste* or at *Volsinii* (couched between its wooded hills), or at simple *Gabii* or on sloping *Tibur's* eminence? The city we live in here is propt on crazy rods—not much more masonry than propping. That is how the agent blocks a tumbling mass and patches up an old yawning crock. With a ruin overhead he bids you sleep in peace. Better to live where there are no fires or alarms by night. Hark! your neighbour cries out for water. See! he is shifting his belongings. See! your ‘second-floor’ is smoking! But you are in happy ignorance; if the alarm begins below stairs, the lodger, who has nothing but the tiles between himself and the rain, and lives amongst the gentle nesting doves, enjoys the privilege of being last to burn.

“*Codrus* possessed one couch (too short for *Procula*³), six jugs to adorn his bracket, with a drinking-cup to stand below and share its marble shed with a crouching *Chiron*;⁴ a basket which had seen service held some Greek manuscripts, where uncivilized mice gnawed the inspired lines. What *Cod-*

¹ Patrons.

² Ceremonies at entrance into manhood.

³ ? His wife.

⁴ As pedestal.

rus possessed was just nothing: that cannot be denied. Still the unhappy man lost all his nothing. But the last straw to break his back is that, when he is naked and begging for a crust, nobody will help him with a meal or with lodging and a roof.

“Now if the big house of Asturicius has come down with a crash, the matrons of Rome go dishevelled, the elders put on mourning, and the prætors adjourn their courts. At such a time we bewail the misfortunes of our city and curse the flames. While the fire is yet burning, one man will rush to give marble and contribute funds. Another brings nude Parian statues, another some fine bit of Euphranor or Polycletus, or the ancient ornaments of Asiatic gods, or books and shelves (with a Minerva to stand among them), or a bushel of silver. Indemnified far beyond his losses, our Sybarite is the smartest old bachelor in Rome, and comes to be suspected (not without reason) of having played incendiary in his own house.

“If you can wrench yourself away from the Circus shows, an excellent house is to be got at Sora or Fabrateria or Frusino¹ for the sum which you pay here as one year’s rent of a dark hole. There you may have a garden and a shallow well, which you need no rope to work, for you just dip your bucket and water the young plants. Here you may live with your beloved hoe as the gardener of a fruitful plot which would find you entertainment for a hundred Vegetarians.² Something it is, no matter where or in what corner, to have gained the real estate in one lizard’s run.

“Many a sick man dies here for want of rest (the first illness, it is true, was caused by food undigested and clogging a feverish stomach). But lodging-houses do not allow of slumber; and it costs much money to have a sleeping-place at Rome. That is the root of the mischief. The traffic of carts at the crowded street-corners and the wranglings over the blocked droves will knock the sleep out of a sea-calf—or a Drusus!³

¹ Towns in Latium.

² Disciples of Pythagoras.

³ ? the Emperor Claudius.

“When the rich man has to pay his duty calls, he will be carried on a high litter and skim the heads of the retreating crowd, and he will read as he goes or write or doze perhaps—for a chair invites sleep when the windows have been closed. All the same, he will arrive before me; bustle as I may, my steps are blocked by the human tide in front, and there is a long column crammed against my back: here an elbow, there a hard pole, is poking me; one knocks a beam against me, another knocks a cask. My legs are caked with mud, and presently huge hoofs are trampling all about me, and the nail from a soldier’s boot is left sticking in my toe.

“Notice the clouds of smoke rising over the crowded Dole. It is a dinner-party of one hundred, each guest attended by his own cooking-stove! Why a Corbulo could hardly support all the vessels and all the wares packed on his head which the unhappy slave carries with unbending neck as he runs to fan the flame.

“Our lately patched tunics are torn anew; the approaching waggon bears a long quivering fir-tree, and another cart brings a pine that shakes its high head ominously at the crowd. Why, if the wheels supporting yonder Ligurian stone have collapsed and spilt that uprooted mountain on the living mass below, not an atom is left of their humanity. Who could find limb or bone? Every carcase in the crowd is pulverized, and disappears like a breath.

“Meantime, in an unsuspecting household they are now washing the plates, blowing up the fire, rattling the oiled flesh-scrapers, and laying out the towels beside the filled unguent bottle. Such is the bustle and stir among the servants: yet even now their master is seated on the bank of Styx and shuddering novice-like before the grim Ferryman, despairing of his passage over that muddy channel, unhappy man! nor has he the copper-piece in his mouth to pay the fare.

“Turn you now to the night with its own list of different perils. What a distance from the high house-tops if a pot comes down upon our skulls when the cracked or chipt crockery is being thrown out of the windows! how heavily it scores and damages the pavement! You might be called lazy and careless of life’s surprises if you went out for dinner with

your will unmade. Each and every window which is awake and opened as you pass may mean a separate death for you on that very night. Let it therefore be your hope and your constant humble prayer that they may be contented if the flat-pans are only *emptied* on your head. The drunken brawler suffers tortures if he happens not to have thrashed his man—endures the anguish of Achilles lamenting his lost friend,¹ rolling now on his face and now on his back. Then cannot he rest without it? No, a brawl is some men's only sleeping-draught. Still, though he is full of young skittishness and flushed with wine, your bravo is cautious of the man who is marked Dangerous by his purple wraps and his long line of attendants as well as by a blaze of light and brazen lamps. I am escorted home either by the moonlight or by the short-lived gleaming of a single candle, and have to manage and manipulate its wick—so he despises me! Here you have the prelude to our miserable fight (if you can call it fighting when I receive, and he gives, all the blows). He stops before me and bids me stop: there is nothing but to obey. What can you do when a lunatic who is stronger than you are uses force?

“‘Whence are you?’ he demands; ‘whose vinegar and beans stuff your belly? what cobbler has been sharing with you his mess of leeks and his lips of boiled sheep’s head? Do you not answer me? Speak or be kicked. Tell me where is your begging-stand; what *synagogue* shall I find you at?’²”

“It makes no difference whether you would make some answer or retire without a word. You are battered all the same. Then the bully goes off in a passion and lodges a complaint against you at the Prætor’s court. This is what a poor man’s rights are worth: after a thrashing he may beg, and after a punching he may pray, permission to retreat with a few teeth left in his head.

“Nor is this all you must fear. There will be men to rob you after all the hushed shops have been everywhere secured with bolt and chain. Sometimes, again, the foot-pad takes you by surprise and sets to work with the knife.

¹ Patroclus.

² As to a Jew.

Whenever the Pomptine Fen and the Gallinarian Firs are protected by an armed patrol, it is the signal for all rogues to run away to Rome for covert. Where is the furnace or the anvil which is not forging chains? The best part of our iron is spent on fetters, so that you may look out for a short supply of ploughshares and a scarcity of mattocks and hoes. Happy were our fathers' fathers; happy the old days when a single prison¹ was enough for all Rome, in the epoch of the Kings or the People's Tribunes.

"To these reasons I could add many others; but my team wants me and the sun is sinking. We must start. My muleteer cracks his whip again and beckons me. Farewell, then, and do not forget me. Whenever Rome restores you to your beloved Aquinum in the search for new health, remember me and take me from my Cumæ to the Helvian Ceres and your own Diana's shrine. If your muse does not disown me, I will come as adjutant, and boot me for your expedition to the Land of Coolness."

SATIRE IV

THE STORY OF A TURBOT

"WHAT is this? 're-enter Crispinus.'" Yes, he must often come to play his rôle—a monstrous mass of vices unredeemed by one virtue. Feeble, save when lechery lends him vigour, our adulterer scorns the taste of game which is not poached. Who cares then how long are the colonnades through which his team is flogged, or how wide the shady groves where he is borne upon his litter, or how much acreage or what houses he has bought in the very heart of Rome! The wicked man can never be a happy man. Then what of this seducer, this profaner of holy things, with whom the sealed Vestal sinned but yesterday under her forfeit of a living tomb? We are now to speak only of his peccadilloes—yet they are gross enough to be condemned under our "moral guardian,"² if another did them. What would be shame in

¹ The Mamertine Gaol built by Ancus Martius.

² *i. e.*, the Emperor.

plain folks like you and me is honour in Crispinus. What can you do when your criminal's accursed filthiness defies indictment?

He bought a mullet for 6000 sesterces! It is true there was a pound of fish for every thousand sesterces—or so say they who make big things bigger in the telling. It was a master-stroke, I confess, if such a present gave him first place in an heirless old man's will. Or there was a further motive if he sent the offering to the grand mistress who comes abroad in a closed cavern with its wide windows open. But do not imagine anything of the sort. He bought it for himself. There are many scenes nowadays which make *The Glutton's Progress*¹ seem mean and frugal. Is a price like that to be paid for a thing of scales by this Crispinus, who began life with a rough Egyptian shirt tucked above his knees? Why you might buy the man who caught it cheaper than the fish. Such a sum is what you pay for an estate in the provinces, more than you pay in our own Apulia. What must have been the banquets guzzled by "the Sovran Lord" himself, when all this money has gone only to provide a small corner of the side-dishes at a "little dinner" to be hickuped over by the purple-clad palace jester? Now he is the Premier Knight, although he used to exercise his big voice in selling, as part of his damaged stock, the shads his countrymen. Begin, Calliope—but you may take a seat. We want no inspiration; these are plain facts. Tell a simple story, maidens of Pieria;² I deserve something for having called you maids.

When the last bearer of the Flavian name was still torturing a fainting world, and Rome was in bondage to Nero the Bald,³ before the home of Venus reared on Ancona's Dorian cliffs, an Adriatic turbot, of monstrous girth, fell into the nets and filled them. The clinging mass was big as the

¹ Apicius. He lived during the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius. Having spent 100,000,000 sesterces (\$3,600,000) in procuring and inventing rare dishes, he balanced his accounts and found only 10,000,000 sesterces (\$360,000) remaining. Unwilling to starve on such a pittance, he killed himself.

² Muses.

³ Domitian was nearly bald.

monsters which are hidden under the Mæotian ice,¹ before it breaks up at last under the sun's heat and washes them into the sluggish gulf of Pontus, languid and lumpish with the long idleness and cold. This prodigy the master of boat and line designs for the High Pontiff.² Who indeed would dare to expose such a creature for sale, or to buy it, when the very coast is peopled with Informers? Before the fisherman had put his clothes on, active "commissioners of sea-weed" would be suing him, who would not hesitate to declare the fish was a stray which had long been fed in the Emperor's preserves and having escaped thence must be restored to its former owner. If we believe a word of what Palpurius or Armilatus says, there is not a rarity or prize swimming in all the high seas which is not an imperial due. So the thing must be a present, for fear it should be quite lost.

Deadly autumn was passing away before the frosts, ague was hoping for its three days' respite,³ and ugly winter was howling and keeping the prize fresh; nevertheless he hurries as if the south wind was at his back. When the waters lay below him, where the ruins of Alba still preserve the sacred fire of Troy and the shrine of their own Vesta, his entrance was blocked awhile by a wondering crowd. As it gave way, the gracious hinges opened the folding doorway, and excluded senators see audience given—to the fish. Ushered to the King of Men, our Picenian⁴ speaks:

"Accept what is too great for a subject's kitchen. Dedicate your day to Jollity, and hasten to distend your belly's sail with good cheer; devour a turbot which had been reserved for your own epoch. *The fish himself wished to be caught.*"

What could be more palpable? Yet the hearer pricked up his ears. There is no flattery too gross for a despot in his paradise.

But there was no dish to fit the fish's measure. Thereon he calls a meeting of the senators whom he hated and whose

¹ Sea of Azov.

² The Emperor.

³ *i. e.*, at the quartan stage.

⁴ The fisherman.

pallid cheeks wore all the wretchedness of a great man's friends. When the Usher shouted, "Hasten, My Lord is seated," the first to clutch his cloak and bustle forward was Pegasus, the new-made Overseer of astonished Rome. For what better than overseers were the Prefects in those days? Amongst them he was the best and purest expounder of the law, although he thought that Justice wanted no sword to cope with that age of awful wickedness.

Next comes cheery old age in the person of Crispus, good as he was eloquent, and a gentle spirit. What better adviser could there be for the lord of the world and its peoples if it were possible under that murderous pest to denounce cruelty and give honest advice! But there is mischief in a despot's ear. A courtier's life would tremble in a scales though the talk was to be only about the rain or heat or spring showers. Therefore Crispus never stemmed the torrent, nor was he patriot enough to speak out the free thoughts of his heart or to stake his life upon the truth. This was how so many winters and fourscore summers had passed over his head: this was the armour that saved him even in that court.

The next who hurried up was one as old as he, Acilius, with the son whom an end awaited at his sovereign's hands, so unmerited, so cruel and untimely.¹ But the union of noble birth and long life we have come to reckon a miracle (that is why I should prefer to be numbered among the *Sons of Soil*). What profit was it to him that when he stript for the chase (in Alba's circus) he could pin the bears of Africa in close combat? There is no man nowadays who is blinded by the policy of Nobles, no man to admire the antiquated cunning of a Brutus.² (In the Age of Beards it was easy work to cheat kings.)

Baseborn though he was, not a whit more cheerful was the face of Rubrius, notorious for an old offence too foul for words,³ but more brazen than a sodomite turned satirist. Then came Montanus—or his belly, lagging under a load of

¹ Executed through Domitian's jealousy of his prowess.

² The first M. Brutus.

³ Seduction of a niece of Domitian in her childhood.

guts; Crispinus, reeking in the early morning with perfumes enough to disinfect two corpses; Pompeius, who burnt with a yet more savage lust for slitting throats by little whispered words; Fuscus, who was reserving his flesh to be carrion for Dacian vultures, and dreamed of battle in his marble mansion; crafty Veiento with murderous Catullus, who lusted after flesh which he could not see, a creature monstrous even in these prodigious days, the blinking sycophant, the filthy parasite from the Bridge only fit to beg alms at the wheel's side in the Arician Road and throw coaxing kisses after the disappearing chariots. Not one of them all was more startled by the turbot: turning to the left he delivered himself of his wonder, whilst the creature was lying on his right. Even so would he praise the fencing and thrusting of a gladiator, or the stage-traps that threw live boys up to the awning's level.

Veiento is not to be beaten; but prophesying (like a man distraught, under the smarting of Bellona's gad-fly) he declares:

"Here you see the great omen of a grand and brilliant victory: some royal prisoner will be taken, or some Arviragus¹ will be tumbled from his British car. Look! the creature is a foreigner. See you not his ridge of spikes set for insurrection?" Our Fabricius² told everything except the turbot's origin and age.

"What then is your vote?" it is asked. "Shall the fish be divided?"

"Nay," cries Montanus, "out upon the shame! Let a lordly dish be built, with a low wall to bound the wide circumference. We want the miraculous aid of a great Prometheus. Haste you to make ready the wheel and clay; and from this day forward let a guild of potters attend the Cæsar's progress."

The measure and the man prevailed: he had known the old court luxury of Nero's orgies prolonged to midnight, and the unnatural gluttony renewed³ when bellies were steaming

¹ ? a name invented on the spur of the moment.

² Name of Catullus.

³ By emetics.

with wine. No man of my own time was better trained in the science of gormandizing. He could decide at the first bite whether an oyster had been grown at Circeii, on the Lucrine rock, or upon Rutupixæ's beds, and he would tell you a sea-urchin's origin at the first glance.

The emperor rises, and the dismissal of the council is the signal for departure to the senators whom the Great Captain¹ dragged to his Alban citadel in fear and forced haste, as if he were to give them news about the Chatti² or the savage Sigambri,² or as if a despatch had arrived bearing the ominous sign of Haste. Would that he had chosen to spend in like fooleries the whole of that cruel time wherein he robbed the State of so many bright and famous lives, himself unhurt and unchastised. Yet the retribution did come after he grew to be a terror to the Great Unwashed. Here was the fatal error of a career drenched in gentle blood.

SATIRE V

DINNER AT A GREAT HOUSE

[AN EPISTLE]

IF you are not ashamed of your choice and still hold your theory that the whole duty of man is to eat the bread of charity, if you can tolerate affronts such as even Sarmentus or the cringing Gabba would have resented at one of Cæsar's mixed dinner-parties, I shall be afraid to trust even your sworn evidence. Nothing can live harder than the belly; and suppose that you have lacked that precise amount which is required to fill your vacuum, is there not an empty beggar's stand? cannot you find a bridge and half a mat? Do you lay such store by a dinner-giver's insolence? Is Hunger so importunate, when it were less shame for it to crouch in the streets and gnaw the scraps thrown to dogs?

First of all, remember that in being bidden to take your

¹ Domitian.

² German tribes.

place you are receiving payment-in-full for all past service. All you will reap from your grand friendship is the meal; and, few, as his instalments are, your patron charges them against you. So if it suits his fancy after two months of neglect to send for his dependant in order that an unfilled couch may not have its third place idle, "Give me," says he, "your company at dinner." Here is the crown of your hopes; what more do you want? Trebius¹ has good enough reason for breaking his rest and letting his shoe-strings go untied; for he fears that all the crowd of callers will have done their round before the stars are settled for the day, or (yet earlier) while the icy wain of Boötes is wheeling its slow circling course.

What a dinner it is after all! Wine that greasy wool would scorn to absorb,² that makes the drinker mad as a dervish. The entertainment opens with raillery—to be followed very shortly by volleys of drinking-cups, casualties, and the wiping of wounds with crimsoned napkins. Such is the scene whenever the fight, once started between you and the troop of freedmen, takes Saguntine flagons for the missiles of its fury: meantime your host is drinking wine strained when consuls wore their hair long, and holds in his hand the juice of grapes which were trampled in the Social Wars.³ Though he would never send a mouthful to an ailing friend, to-morrow he will sip some rarity from the Alban or Setine Hills with its name and label obliterated by age and with the soot accumulated on its old jars, such wine as Thræsea and Helvidius would drink when they put on chaplets for the birthdays of Cassius and the Bruti.⁴

For Virro's⁵ own use there is embossed amber and goblets studded with emerald: but even gold is too precious for your hands; or if it ever is trusted to you, there is an attendant told off to count the gems and keep an eye upon the

¹The person addressed as the diner-out.

²For liniments.

³About 90 B.C.

⁴As republicans and as enemies of the authority of the Cæsars.

⁵The host.

points of your finger-nails. "No offence is meant," says he, "but the fine jasper there is famous." For Virro follows the fashion, and for the sake of his cups robs his rings of the gems which the favoured rival¹ of jealous Iarbas once wore upon the face of his scabbard. The four-nozzled mug which you will drain is named after the Cobbler of Beneventum, with its battered face mutely crying "Broken glass to change for Brimstone!"²

If your patron's stomach is feverish with too much eating and drinking, water is fetched him that has been boiled and cooled again in Getic snow.³ Was I complaining but now that the wine was different? Why, there is privilege in waters.

Your cup will be served by a negro courier, or a bony-handed tawny Moor whom it would be ominous to meet at midnight as you passed along the tombs upon the Latin Road.⁴ Behind your host stands the choicest flower of Ionic youth, bought for a price exceeding all the riches of warlike Tullus, or of Ancus, or (cutting the list short) all the worldly wealth of the Seven Kings of Rome. Boys are dear nowadays, so you must look to a negro for your Ganymede when you feel thirsty. The lad who has cost so much money does not know how to serve poor men. (Indeed his beauty and his youth justify his airs.) When does he come your way? or answer to your call with the warm water or cold? Why, he is sulky at waiting upon an old retainer, and because you have your wants and are reclining while he must stand.

Every great house is full of bumptious slaves. Look how yonder fellow muttered when he handed the bread, hardly breakable as it was, only bits of lumpy meal grown mouldy, made to agonize your teeth and prevent their meeting. Soft white bread of the finest flour is reserved for the master. Let none violate that bread-pan's sanctity! Forget not to keep a watch over your hands. Suppose that you do

¹ Æneas.

² Jews exchanged sulphur matches for damaged glass vessels.

³ Nero's invention.

⁴ Superstitious horror of black objects.

take heart of impudence, there is some one at your elbow to make you drop the plunder.

“Saucy guest,” he says, “kindly fill your belly from the usual tray, and learn to know the colour of your proper bread.”

“Was it really for this,” you cry, “that I have so often left my wife in bed, and raced across the heights of the frozen Esquiline under the fretting spring sky’s vicious hail and while the big drops of water were streaming down from my cloak?”

Look at the lobster which is being carried to the host! what a length of body—too big for the dish! What a fine bed of asparagus it lies in! What a tail it turns up at the company as it is borne aloft by the hands of a tall waiting-man! There is a shrivelled crab for you, served on a mean plate, with half an egg for trimmings; what a dish to set before—a ghost!

The master souces his fish in pure Venafran oil, but the sickly cabbage which is offered to the unhappy guest stinks of lamp-grease. Your sauce-boats are filled with the trash imported on some negro potentate’s beaky-nosed canoes;—very good reason why nobody at Rome goes into the bath with a Black Prince, and why his subjects at home are not afraid of snake bites.¹

Your host will have the mullet which has been sent from Corsica or rocky Tauromenium, since all our own waters have been ransacked and long ago emptied under the ravages of gluttony; the busy nets of the Trade probe the depths of every neighbouring sea and will not allow our Tuscan fry to grow into fish. So the provinces supply our kitchen and export the presents for fortune-hunter Lenas to purchase and for his dear Aurelia to send—back to market.² The lamprey set before Virro was the pride of Sicily’s pool: for when the South Wind stays at home and sits down under cover to dry his dripping wings, the dare-devil nets brave the mid-waters of Charybdis. For you an eel is reserved, the first-cousin to

¹ Because the snakes are afraid to bite *them*.

² Because she prefers the money.

a long snake, or perhaps a Tiber pike frost-bitten and spotted, a true riverside native, fattened on gushing sewage and a practised explorer of the vaults in the slums.

(Here I would say a few words to the host, if he would kindly give me hearing. Nobody expects such presents as Seneca would send to his humble friends, or asks you to emulate kindly Piso's or Cotta's lavishness. Once, indeed, men reckoned charity higher than honours and office. Now all we ask of you is to drop your rank at dinner. Do this, and follow the fashion if you will; be your own benefactor and retrench your charities.)

Before the host is the liver of a goose, a capon big as a goose, and a smoking boar worthy of Meleager's steel.¹ Then truffles will follow, if it be spring-time and if welcome thunderstorms² provide the extra dish. "Libya may keep its corn," cries your Gourmand,³ "and release its oxen from the plough; only let it send the truffles."

To give your temper the last trial, you see a carver skipping and harlequinading all the time with his waving knife until he finishes his instructor's "exercise." Indeed, there are high rules of art which lay down one style for carving hares and another for chickens.

If you ever try to so much as open your lips, as though you had a third name of your own,⁴ you will be pulled out by the heels, like Cacus after Hercules had drubbed him. When does Virro drink to you or take the cup which has been touched by your lips? Which amongst you is so reckless or so desperate as to ask his Majesty to take wine? Yes, there are many words which may not be spoken by men who wear shabby cloaks. But if a knight's fortune⁵ came to you by gift of some god or of some "forked biped" great as God and kinder than Fate, how big your littleness would grow!—and the friendship of Virro would grow too!

¹ The hunter in Calydon.

² Supposed to bring on truffles.

³ Alledius.

⁴ Prænomen, nomen, and cognomen.

⁵ 400,000 sesterces (\$14,400).

“Wait on Trebius,” he would say; “serve Trebius. Dear fellow, will you have a slice from that loin?”

No, it is the silver pieces that he compliments—they are his “dear fellows.”

If you would be a power and courted by powers, let there be “no young Æneas playing in your halls,” nor a yet better-loved daughter. Barren wives make their husbands popular and valued. Still (now that you are rich) even if your good woman breeds and puts three boys at a birth into your paternal arms, Virro will be charmed with the lively brood. He will send for a green doublet, or tiny nuts, or a copper, if it is asked for, whenever the young touter comes to the table.

Suspicious fungus for the humble friends: for the master a mushroom—but genuine, like those which Claudius ate before the one presented by his wife¹ after which he gave up eating altogether.

For himself and his fellows Virro will order apples to be served—though the smell is all that you are to taste of them—such as enriched the year-long autumn-time of Phæacia,² apples which you might think had been stolen from the African sisters.³ You will be regaled with the rind of such a crab as is gnawed on the Rampart by the creature in helmet and shield,⁴ who is learning under the whip how to pitch his javelin from the goat’s hairy back.

You might think, perhaps, that Virro wishes to save expense. No, his object is to wound your feelings. What comedy or farce is funnier than “Stomach in Distress?” The meaning of his conduct is—if you know it not—to force you to pour out your anger in weeping and to gnash your long clenched jaws. Yourself, you think yourself a free man and a grand friend’s guest. He counts you the slave of his kitchen and its savoury odours. Nor is he far out in his reckoning. Who so destitute as to tolerate such patronage

¹ A.D. 56. Agrippina.

² As described in *Odyssey*.

³ Hesperides, guardians of the golden apples.

⁴ *i. e.*, a performing monkey.

a second time, if he had the right in childhood to wear the Tuscan jewel¹ or the poor man's simple badge of leather?¹

You are beguiled by the hope of faring sumptuously. "Think, he will give us that half-eaten hare," you say, "or a bit from the boar's haunch. Presently the little capon will come our way." For that is why you sit awaiting the word with your crust ready, untasted, and made ready for action.²

He is right to treat you in this fashion. If you can endure the last insults, they are justified. One day you will shave your crown³ and let men thump it, nor will you be afraid of the heavy whip. Then you will really earn your dinners and deserve your friendships.

SATIRE VI

THE WOMEN OF ROME

ONCE (when Saturn was king) I believe that Chastity sojourned upon earth, and was visible awhile, in the days when a cold cavern gave men their humble dwelling-place and one common shelter enclosed the sacred Fire and Hearth-god, the cattle and their master; when the hill-man's wife made him his bed from leaves and straw and skins of the wild beasts about them. How different a woman was she from a Cynthia,⁴ or a girl whose bright eyes were troubled over her dead sparrow!⁵ She supported teats which could give their fill to lusty babes, and (often) she would be rougher than her acorn-reeking husband. Yea, life was not the same then, when the world was young and the heavens newly created; when, unbegotten and unconceived, men were fashioned of clay or sprang from the riven oaks. Even under Jove's reign you will perhaps find many traces (or some traces) of the ancient chastity; none after the hair had grown on Jove's chin, or

¹ Badges of free-birth.

² To serve as spoon.

³ As a common clown.

⁴ The mistress of Propertius.

⁵ The mistress of Catullus, who lost her pet bird.

after Greeks had learnt to forswear themselves by one another's heads; but only in the days when cabbages and apples were safe from thieves, and men lived with their garden-plots unfenced. Step by step, Honesty soon withdrew to the gods above, and with her went Chastity, so that the two sisters were not divided even in their flight.

It is an ancient and time-honoured custom, Postumus, to defile a neighbour's bed and to brave the Spirit who consecrates the nuptial posts: every other sin was produced in good time by the Iron Age, but the firstfruits of adultery came in early with the generation of Silver. But forgetting this, and forgetting the times we live in, you are preparing your marriage covenant, settlements, and betrothal. The barber-artist is already trimming your hair, and perhaps the pledge has already passed from your finger. Once you had your wits, Postumus: can you then be a marrying man? Tell me which Fury is driving you? which of her snaky terrors? Can you submit to any she-tyrant, when there is so much good hemp in the world, so many windows open at their dizzy elevations, and the Bridge of Æmilius offering its neighbourly relief? Or (if you like none of the many ways of escape) do you not prefer to fondle the Pugio who does not treat you to curtain lectures, dun for dues, and rate your sleepiness or slackness?

But Postumus approves the Julian law,¹ and is set on raising up a darling heir, even at the sacrifice of all the monster pigeons, bearded mullets, and other compliments from the market-place.² Nothing is incredible when Postumus is pairing, when the most notorious cuckold-maker in Rome is really holding out his silly nose for the marriage-halter, though he has often been, like the unhappy Latinus, shut up in the "lover's box."³ Moreover, you must know that Postumus looks for the old-fashioned purity in his wife? Come, doctors, rip the poor lunatic's vein right open! Why, you fastid-

¹ Imposing penalties on celibacy.

² Presents from fortune-hunters to the heir-less.

³ Perhaps the scene in a play acted by Latinus, cf. Sat. i. 36. Like Falstaff?

ious creature, you must throw yourself flat on Jupiter's Tarpeian rock, and sacrifice a gilded heifer to Juno, when you have found a modest matron. So scarce are the women who are qualified to lay a finger on the fillets of Ceres, or whom their own fathers would not be afraid to kiss. If you will, then, weave the garland for your doorposts, and stretch rich festoons over your threshold.¹ What? one man enough for your Hiberina! Sooner will you force her to be contented with one eye.

There is a girl, it is true, living on the family estate, who has a mighty reputation. Let her make it good at Gabii or Fidenæ, by living the same life there which she has led upon the farm. Then I will believe in the family farm. Still, who says that nothing went on among the hills or caves? Have Jupiter and Mars forgotten their cunning?

In all the promenades can you find one woman worth wishing for? do the benches of the whole theatre hold one being whom you might love and trust; one whom you could separate from the rest? When womanish Bathyllus "breaks down" in the Leda Pantomime, Tuccia cannot contain herself; Appula "puts herself in his place"; and in quick response Thymele heaves a long-drawn, wistful sigh: yes, the simple Thymele learns her lesson. To relieve their dulness, others assume the mask, wand, and drawers of Accius when the stage-curtains are packed away for Vacation and the theatres are shut and empty, so that no ranting is heard (except in the law courts), and when there are five long months between the two Festivals. The gestures of Urbicus² in the *Autonoë* Burlesque draw laughter and earn him needy Ælia's affections; other women pay long prices for the favours of "legitimate comedians"; there are some who spoil a leading tenor's notes; Hispulla's fancy leans to tragedy. (Can you expect your mere man of letters³ to find a mistress?)

You are taking a wife only to make some harp-player, an Echion or a Glaphyrus, or some chorus-player like Ambro-

¹ For a wedding.

² Popular actor.

³ Quintilian.

sius, the father of your child. Let us fix lines of woodwork along the narrow streets, and deck the posts and doorway with a huge laurel-tree,¹ so that, under the gauze curtains and tortoise-shell,² Lentulus may see his noble son and heir reproduce a gladiator's features.

Hippia, the senator's bride, followed her Bravo to Pharos and Nile and the storied walls of Lagus, so that Canopus itself cried shame on the wonders of Roman wickedness. Without a thought for home, for husband, or for sister, and without tenderness for her country, she hardened her heart and deserted her weeping children—deserted (which is much more startling) Paris³ and the play. Though she had been pillowed in down and luxury as a little girl in her father's house and had lain in cradles of fancy wooden-work, she laughed at the sea, as long ago she had laughed at honour (the loss of which does not count for much among your women-about-town). So she braved the tossings and the roarings of the Ionian waters with an unquailing heart, though she was to pass from Sea to Sea. If there is a fair and honest reason for facing danger, chilly terror paralyses a woman's heart, and her unsteady feet refuse their support. Her courage is only called up by base adventures. If a husband gives the word, it becomes a hardship to go on board; the bilge-water is noisome and the sky above her seems to reel. A lady who elopes is never sea-sick, but the wife travelling with her husband covers him with vomit. Your adulteress messes with the sailors, walks about the deck, and delights in handling the rough hawsers.

And what, after all, was the youth and beauty which captivated Hippia so that she consented to be called "the gladiator's girl?" Already her Sergius had taken to scraping his chin, and a gashed arm had set him hoping for his discharge. Upon his face, moreover, there were many blemishes—the scar (for instance) from his helmet, the huge wen between his nostrils, and the acrid rheum always trickling from his

¹ Wedding preparations.

² *i. e.*, in the cradle.

³ The popular actor in Domitian's time.

eye. Still he remained a gladiator: this makes such as he more beautiful than Hyacinthus; this is what she thought better than family or fatherland, better than sister or husband. The steel blade is what they are enamoured of, and this very Sergius, had he accepted the wooden sword,¹ would have sunk downwards to a husband's level.

But why trouble about the doings of a Hippia in a subject's home? Turn you to the omnipotent gods-on-earth² and hearken to the wrongs which a Claudius endured. When his consort had discovered that her lord was sleeping, this royal strumpet took courage to change her chamber in the palace for vulgar bedding, courage to put on the night-walker's hood, and would start with one serving-woman for retinue; yes, she disguised her raven locks under an auburn wig, entered the stuffy brothel with its shabby coverlet, and took the empty stall reserved for herself. Baring her gilded nipples she took her stand under the letters of her alias Lycisca, and exposed the body which gave birth to Britannicus the Noble. There she entertained all comers with graciousness (and exacted the fee); nor did she shrink from the rude endearments of successive customers. Presently, when it was time for the good man of the house to dismiss his staff, she started laggingly, and (though she could do no more) managed to be the last to shut the door; with the passion still raging unappeased in her heart she took her departure, overworked but uncontented. With the defilement of dirtied face and the filthiness of lamp-blacks, she carried the stenches of the brothel to her marriage-bed.

Why tell about love-potions, charms, or the drugs mixed and administered to step-sons? Even fouler are the crimes into which they are driven by woman's domineering spirit; and lust is the least of their sins. Do you ask, then, why Cæssennia's husband bears witness to her virtue? Because she brought him ten times ten thousand sesterces—that is his fee for proclaiming her an honest woman. It is not the arrows of love which wither him, nor its torch which scorches him.

¹ As a symbol of discharge.

² The Emperors.

The shafts are barbed, and the fire is kindled in his heart, by the magic force of her money. She pays for the right of doing as she will, and she may make signals or write love-letters under her husband's eyes: rich wives of sordid husbands may live like single women.

Would you know why Sertorius burns with desire for Bibula? Sift the truth, and you will see that he loves his wife's beauty, not herself. Only let three wrinkles show themselves, let her skin become dry and shrivelled, let her teeth blacken or her eyes shrink, and the coarse upstart will cry out, "Pack up your baggage and begone. You have become loathsome to me, and you are always wiping your nose. Begone at once, and make haste about it. Your successor is coming, who is not a sniveller."

But before her charms are faded, she is hot and furious, rules her husband like a queen, and demands sheep-farms (with their shepherds) at one place, vineyards at another, and (besides such trifles!) all the slaves in town, bought by the prisonful. Anything which is not his own but some neighbour's must be purchased for her. Thus in the winter-month, when seafaring Jason and his ship-shape Argonauts are shut and blocked against their frescoed walls by the whitened booths,¹ she carries away rich spoil of crystal vases, goes on to the agates, and finishes with the famous diamond made more precious by having decked Berenice's finger—the bribe which barbarian Agrippa paid for his sister's love in the country where bare-footed Royalty keeps the Sabbath holy, and where a time-honoured forbearance allows pigs to live long in the land.

"Is there not one out of so many whom I think worthy to be a wife?" Let her possess beauty, grace, and wealth, let her be a fruitful mother, let her point to rows of ancestors marshalled along her porticoes, and let her be of virtue sterner than any of the Sabine women (rushing with dishevelled locks and making peace between the armies):—that is, let her be the greatest rarity on earth, like a real black swan—

¹ The fair called Sigillaria was held in a Temple of Neptune where the walls were frescoed with scenes from the adventures of Jason.

who could tolerate Perfection in a wife? Give me some country maiden of Venusia rather than Cornelia herself, the mother of the Gracchi, if a contemptuous brow is to go with her lofty virtues, and if her family honours are reckoned in her marriage-portion. Away, if you please, with your Hannibalic victories and your stormings of the camp of Syphax—get you gone, you and all your Carthages.¹

“Apollo, have mercy,” cried Amphion, “and Diana lay aside thy arrows. The children are innocent; slay the guilty mother.” None the less, Apollo stretched his bow. So it was that Niobe carried to burial the bodies of her troop of children, and the father’s with them—Niobe who thought herself grander than Latona’s offspring, as well as more prolific than the White Sow.² How can you prize a woman’s virtue or beauty if she is always making a merit of them? The richest and rarest treasure upon earth, it cannot give delight if the taint of pride turns honey sweetness to the bitterness of aloes. Where is the man so abject as not to shrink from the woman whom he extols with adulation, or not to detest her for the best part of the day?

There are some things small in themselves which pass the endurance of husbands. What is more nauseous than not a woman amongst them being satisfied with her native charms unless the Tuscan stuff has been manufactured into shoddy Greek; the “home-grown Pelignian” into “pure Athenian?” They talk nothing but Greek (though it is a greater reproach for Romans to be ignorant in Latin). Greek is their language for alarm or anger, for joy or trouble, even for the heart’s most secret confidences. Greek endearments are the climax! Still you may permit such fooleries in girls. Shall the patter be still kept up by one who is standing the siege of fourscore years and six? Greek words on an old woman’s lips are rank filthiness. How many times does naughtiness like *zōē* and *psychē* [life and soul] crop up in her talk? The language of chambering is aired in public. Appetite cannot but respond to the vile blandishing notes which give tentacles

¹ Achievements of her ancestors.

² Found by Æneas with thirty young.

to lust; but it responds only to subside in loathing. The words may be spoken with all the softness of Hæmus or Carpophorus, but every one of her years is recorded on the speaker's face.

If you do not intend to love the woman contracted and united to you by legal instruments, I can see no reason for marrying her;—no reason for wasting the wedding supper or the sweet cakes (which you must bestow on your gorged friends at the final courtesies), or the fee which is paid for the first night's favours with the coins of Dacian and German victories¹ which lie glittering on the rich plate.

If you are possessed by a husband's fond devotion, and your soul is given over to one person's keeping, bow your head at once and put your neck to the collar. You will never find a mistress who has mercy on her lover. Though she catch the flame herself, she triumphs in torturing and spoiling her lover; so that a good and model husband bears all the heavier burden. You will never bestow a gift without her consent, never effect a sale if she protests against it, or a purchase which she disapproves. She will dispose of your likings and dislikings: your friend must be turned away in his old age from the door which saw the first down on his chin. Though whoremongers and training-masters are free to make their own wills, and though that much of privilege is extended to the Arena,² you will have to write down to dictation more than one rival's name in your list of heirs.

“Crucify the slave!” she cries.

“What was his fault deserving the punishment?” you ask. “Who gave the information? where is the witness? Give the man a hearing. Deliberation cannot be too slow when a human life is in question.”

“Dolt!” she cries! “so you call slaves human? Granted that he has done nothing: you hear my will and command. Let the wish be reason enough!”

So she queens it over her husband; but soon she abdicates her present throne, shifts from one home to another, and

¹ Commemorative pieces struck by Domitian.

² *i. e.*, to gladiators.

wears her bridal veil to tatters. Then she starts off again, and retraces the path that leads back to the bed which but now she scorned. She turns away while the decorations are fresh upon the doors, the draperies unremoved, and the boughs on the threshold still unwithered. This is how the numbers mount up, and how husbands are manufactured, eight in five years—an achievement worth recording on her tombstone.

You may abandon all hopes of peace so long as your wife's mother is spared. She initiates her daughter in the joys of stripping and spoiling husbands, and in the art of replying to the seducer's letters in a strain which is far from being innocent or girlish. She it is who cheats your watchmen or corrupts them; finally, she summons the doctor to the side of her malingering daughter, and has the stifling bedclothes tumbled.¹ Meantime, hiding in concealment and secrecy, the paramour frets and fidgets at delay whilst he makes ready for action. But of course you expect the mother to train her daughter to a purity not practised by herself. Why, the old bawd makes a profit by training a daughter to walk in her mother's ways.

There is hardly a case at law where the dispute was not raised by some woman. Manilia will be prosecutrix—if she is not defendant. They are their own lawyers and draw out their own pleadings, and are quite ready to instruct a Celsus² on the point at issue and the lines of argument.

We are all familiar with their purple wrappers and “wrestling-ointment for the use of ladies.” We have all seen the “pupils'-post” taking its punishment whilst it is pierced by quick pikes and buffeted by the shield. Our matron goes through the whole exercise, and establishes her right to blow a trumpet at Flora's festival,³ except that she has set her heart on real business and is in training for a fight in earnest. What modesty can the woman show who wears a helmet and turns her back upon her own sex! She dotes upon a coat-of-

¹ As if the wife was feverish and could not see her husband.

² An eminent lawyer.

³ When women appeared naked.

mail; but for all that she would refuse to become a man herself. (Our sex's pleasures are less piquant.) What an honour to your house if your wife's assets are put up to sale—her belt, gauntlets, and plumes, with the short left-legging! or what happiness if she turns to a different field of exploit and sells her greaves! (These are the delicate creatures who sweat under the weight of gauze, whilst a silken vest galls their flesh.) Mark you now! what a cry when she strikes the blow home in the approved form! what a massive helmet bows her neck! what a bundle of legging-leather rests against her haunches! Now enjoy your laugh when she puts away her arms and sits down to do—what only women do sitting. Answer me this question, you noble daughters of the lines of Lepidus, Blind Metellus, or Fabius Gurgus¹—when did you ever see such a panoply upon any gladiator's wench? or hear the wife of Asylus² grunting against the training-post?

The bed which contains a wife is always plagued with disputation and mutual abuse, and it is the last place for a quiet night. Then is the time when she comes down upon her husband with more fury than a tigress robbed of her cubs; guilty as her own conscience is, she pretends to groan for him, curses his favourites, and invents a rival so as to bewail a grievance. Her tears are always plentiful and always ready in their place, awaiting the word to flow as she directs them. You believe that it is all her fondness, and flatter yourself, poor cuckold, and dry her tears with your kisses; but what notes and letters you would read if the jealous traitress had her desk opened!

Or, again, suppose that she is caught in the arms of a slave—or knight.

Be kind enough, Quintilian, to plead some palliation.³

“No, you have posed me,” he replies.

The lady must plead her own cause.

“Long ago,” she begins, “we struck the bargain that you should do what you liked, and that I could also please my-

¹ Ancient worthies.

² A gladiator.

³ As a rhetorician.

self. Yes, you may cry aloud for heaven and earth to change their places; but I have my wants."

There is nothing on earth so impudent as a woman taken in the act. Detection lends her all the airs and indignation of injured innocence.

Would you trace these enormities to their source and origin? The women of old Latium were preserved in purity by reason of their lowly estate. Cottage homes could not be tainted with vice—labour was too hard and the hours of sleep too short; women's hands were horny with plying Tuscan wool; and Hannibal was pressing onwards to the city, while their husbands kept guard at the Colline fort. Now we are labouring under the evils of a long peace. More cruel than war, the yoke of luxury wreaks its vengeance on the conquerors of the world. From the day when poverty passed away from Rome, every sin and crime has made its home amongst you; and your hills have been swamped by Sybaris on one side, on the other by Rhodes and Miletus, by Tarentum with its roses and riotous living. Money was the bawd who first introduced our neighbours' vices; enervating wealth and corrupting luxury first debauched the generations. Can there be nicety when lust and sottishness are met together? Lewd imagination plays pranks with nature where a woman worries huge oysters in the midnight hours, splashes the foaming unguents into undiluted wine, and uses the oil-pot for a drinking-cup, while her dizzy brain sees the lights double, the roof reeling, and the tables dancing. After this can you fail to imagine how the Mooress sniffs and sneers, or what Tullia (foster-sister to that celebrated Mooress) says when she passes the ancient shrine of Chastity? They make it the halting-place for their litters at night—their place of convenience; mock the holy image with ingenious devisings, and play their unwomanish antics under Luna's eyes. Then they depart to their homes; but next morning when you go to visit a grand friend, you must pass through the trail which your wife has left behind her.

The mysteries of the Good Goddess are open secrets:—the fife which sets the women going, the wine and music together which transport them, until they toss their loose hair

in frantic fury and shriek aloud like Bacchantes to the God of Lechers.¹ What a furnace in their hearts! what cries from their lips! what convulsions in their bodies when the lust begins to throb! Saufeia throws away her crown, makes a match with common prostitutes—and wins it! but she bows in turn to Medullina's better style. Native merit counts above birth in the Ladies' Competition! There will be no deceptions there, no make-believe, but true realism, such as would kindle Priam's time-extinguished ardours or Nestor's impotence. Here you may see lust which cannot wait its time; the Woman pure and simple. The cry is raised, and repeated from every corner of the den—"The hour has come—bring in men." But the paramour is still asleep: she bids the young man take his hood and come at once. In default of him a raid is made upon the slaves. If there is no hope of them, a common water-carrier is hired and serves her turn. If he is missing, and men cannot be provided, lust will find out a way, nor will the woman make demur. Would that our time-honoured rites and public ceremonies might be celebrated without such desecrations! But every Indian and Negro knows the name of the singing-woman who introduced a defilement (twice bigger than the volume which Cæsar attacked Cato with) into that holy place,² where a buck-mouse feels that he is an intruder, and where a curtain is drawn (by order) over every painting which portrays the male form. But that dates from the day when men mocked not at heaven, and none dared to pass a jest on pious Numa's earthen cup and baked dish or the brittle platters fashioned from Vatican clay. Where is the shrine now which some Clodius³ does not enter?

I can hear the advice which my old friends are giving all the while: "Put the bolt up and shut her in." But who shall watch my watchers. My wife begins with them, wise woman!

¹ Priapus.

² Allusion to Clodius and to Cæsar's literary attack upon Cato, and (probably) his relations with Cato's sister.

³ The profaner.

High or low, the vice of women is nowadays the same. Nor is she who tramps the dark paving-stones a-foot better than another who is borne aloft on the necks of stalwart Syrians.

In order that Ogulnia may attend the games she must hire the very gown to her back:—the litter and cushion, the retinue and followers, the nurse and auburn-haired girl (to run on messages) must all be jobbed for the occasion. Nevertheless she lavishes the few remaining scraps of family plate and the last silver vessels upon greasy athletes. Many women feel the pinch of want at home, but not one of them respects the laws of poverty, or cuts her life to the given and settled measure. Men, however, do consider their interests (now and again), and the Ant has gradually taught them to be afraid of hunger and cold. Woman is a prodigal who does not see that her fortune is wasting away under her eyes, nor does she count the cost of her pleasures, just as though money would sprout again from the exhausted coffer and she could always be helping herself from an undiminished heap. . . .¹

If your wife is musical, nothing can save the virtue of any man who has to trade upon his voice at the prætor's games. She is always fingering his instruments; and from one end to the other his lyre is studded with her gifts of sardonyx; she goes over every string with the tingling plectrum, stock-in-trade of languishing Hedymeles: that dear plectrum is her companion, her solace, and the pet which receives her kisses. One who was a daughter of the Lamian race and bore their exalted name went with her offering of meal and wine to ask Janus and Vesta whether her "Pollio" might hope to reward his harp-strings' efforts with the crown of oak-leaves? Could she do more if her husband were on a bed of sickness? what more for her own son, when the doctors shook their heads? She stood before the shrine and thought no shame to veil her head in the cause of a harp-player; she repeated the words in due ritual, and bent in pallor over the lamb's opened entrails. Tell me, I pray thee,

¹ Thirteen lines omitted.

Father Janus, tell me, thou most ancient of the gods, dost thou vouchsafe answer to such prayers? Time must hang heavily in heaven; there must be, so far as I can see, no business to be done amongst you gods if one woman is to take thy opinion on comedians, and another shall wish to recommend her favourite tragedian. The soothsayer's leg-veins will be swollen with over-work!

Better for her to be musical than to fly boldly about the whole town, face men's meetings, and show a steady eye and bold front to cloaked generals, while she lays down the law, with her husband in attendance. She is the person who knows what is going on all over the world—the policy of Thrace or China, the mystery between a young lad and his father's second wife, the constancy of one paramour and the general scramble for another. She will tell you the author and the date of a widow's misadventure, and what every woman says and does in consenting to a lover. She is the first to descry the comet which bodes ruin to the Armenian and Parthian kings; she stands at the city gates to pick up the rumours and latest news: some she invents for herself, and tells everybody whom she meets at the street-crossing that the waters of Niphates¹ have risen against the inhabitants, and all the land in that region is covered with a vast deluge; or that whole cities are tottering and the ground beneath them giving way.

Even this pest is not worse to endure than the woman who makes it her custom to seize her humble neighbours and cut them with thongs in spite of their prayers for mercy. If her sound slumbers are broken by a noise of barking, "Bring the cudgels here, and be quick," she cries: she has the master beaten first, and the dog afterwards. She is dangerous to meet with her glowering face when she repairs to the baths at evening. (For she waits till evening before she gives the word of advance to her oil-pots and her train-of-war.) She loves to make a mighty bustle over the sweating of her pores, after her wearied arms have collapsed under the heavy dumb-bells, and the sly bath-man has kneaded and patted the body

¹ In Armenia.

of his patroness. Her unhappy dinner-guests are being tortured all the time with hunger and drowsiness. When at last she does come, florid and thirsty enough for the whole amphora of wine, which is set down at her feet brimming with twelve good quarts, she drains two of them before eating, just to make her appetite ravenous by their coming back again and pitching her stomach's rinsings on the floor. There is a running river on the marble pavement, and the golden ewer reeks with the stench of wine: for she drinks and spews like a long snake that has tumbled into a deep barrel. This is how she turns her husband's stomach, and makes him shut his eyes to keep down the bile.

A still more plaguy wife is one who only takes her place at table to hold forth on the praises of Vergil and sympathise with his frail, doomed heroine; or contrasts and compares one poet with another, putting Maro on one scale of her balance, Homer on the other. Professors of literature and language must bow to her, and the whole company is silenced; neither a lawyer nor auctioneer could get a hearing—not even another woman. There is such a noise of tumbling words that you might think there were so many clattering dishes or jangling bells. Let nobody trouble the trumpets or cymbals any more:¹ one woman's lungs will be loud enough to deliver Luna from the troubles of eclipse. Pray that the woman who lies in your arms may not be ranked in any "school" of eloquence, or skilled in throwing off the neat arguments of a pregnant "Enthymeme." May there even be some things in books which she does not understand! I detest a woman myself who mutters and thumbs the precepts of Palæmon,² and observes all the rules and principles of eloquence; or lays the finger of a Dryasdust upon quotations which I never heard of, and criticises language in an uncultured woman-friend which would pass muster amongst men. It ought to be a husband's privilege to talk in slipshod sentences. Even in good things the sage declares, "Thus far only shalt thou go;" whereas a woman who wants to be thought over-wise or over-

¹ To drown the sound of the incantations supposed to cause eclipses.

² A rhetorician.

eloquent may as well tuck up her tunic¹ to clear her knees, kill pigs in honour of Silvanus, or pay her copper at the men's baths.

Nothing is forbidden, nothing seems wrong, to a woman after she has encircled her neck with a collaret of green stones and fastened big pearl-drops to her ears' elastic lobes. Nothing in the world is so unbearable as a rich woman. You will find her face made hideous and ridiculous under a thick paste of dough, or redolent of Poppæa's² greasy unguents, which transfer their stickiness to her unhappy husband's lips. But to meet a paramour she washes her skin. Ah, how seldom does a wife wish to look her best in her own home? It is only for the paramour's benefit that spikenard is procured and the rarities purchased which are transported from the land of the lithe Indians. In her own good time she reveals her face and takes the upper crust away; reassumes her features and pampers them with the precious milk for the sake of which she is followed everywhere by a retinue of she-asses—would be, if she were sent in exile to the Hyperborean regions. When a thing is coddled and pampered by successive liniments, and submits to sodden lumps of boiled meal, which will be its right name—Face or Ulcer?

It will repay us to examine closely what our women are busied an and concerned about for the livelong day. If the husband has turned his back in bed, it is death next morning to her girl-secretary; the tiring women strip their backs, and the chair-man is accused of being behind time and must pay the penalty for vicarious sleepiness.³ One back is beaten with rods until they break, another crimsoned by the cat, and a third by thongs. (There are women who pay the Torturers so much per annum.) The mistress whiles away the thrashing by daubing her face and gossiping with friends, or pricking the golden border on an embroidered gown. The flogging proceeds while she checks the cross-entries in a long day-book. Still the flogging goes on until the wearied floggers hear her

¹ As a man.

² Nero's wife, a leader of fashion.

³ *i. e.*, her husband's sleepiness.

terrible "Begone" given in a voice of thunder when her inquisition is finished. Her government at home has all the barbarity of a Sicilian despot's court. If she has fixed a meeting and wishes her toilet to be extra-beautiful, if she is flurried for time and over-due in the garden or (more likely) at the bawdy shrine of Isis, unfortunate Psecas who is arranging the tresses has her own hair torn from its roots and the clothes stript from her shoulders and bosom.

"Why is this ringlet straggling?" cries the mistress. In a moment the cow-hide is punishing the crime and sin of mistwisting a curl. What was the fault of Psecas? how was the girl to blame because you did not like the shape of your own nose?

Another maid stands at the left, drawing the hair out, combing it, and rolling it into a knot. Third at the council-meeting is a veteran, promoted to a sinecure amongst the wool-work after serving her time at the crisping-pin. Hers will be the vote first given; then the juniors of less experience will express their views, just as though it were a question which involved honour or life. The pursuit of beauty has become a serious business, and a woman's head-dress is a structure up-reared by one layer upon another, story over-topping story. The front view will show you a very Andromache; the back is not quite so tall, and might belong to a different woman. But come—what would you have, when she has only received short measure in waists, and (without the aid of high heels) looks stumpier than a Pygmy girl, and has to tilt her little self on tip-toes to reach a kiss.

Not a thought for her husband all the time, nor a word of the expenses. Her life is as much apart from his as a next-door neighbour's; the only point of contact is that she abuses his friends and servants and strains his income.

Behold the entrance of frantic Bellona or Mother Cybele's chorus attended by the giant eunuch—him whose presence claims the reverence of neophytes in filthiness, who seized a potsherd years ago and gelded his flabbiness therewithal, him to whom common drummers must give precedence, him who veils his bloated cheeks under a Phrygian turban. Loud is the utterance which prophesies terrors for the advent of

September's southern gales, unless she have erewhile purified herself with an offering of one hundred eggs, and presented him with her cast-off russet gowns, in order that all the impending miracles and perils may pass into the drapery and give her an Indulgence which will clear her for the year.

She will break the ice in winter and go into the water; she will dip three times into Tiber at dawn and forget her terrors to bathe her head even in the roaring eddies; naked and shivering, she will crawl with bleeding knees over all the Plain of King Superbus—if the sanctified White Cow¹ has so ordained. She will travel to the ends of Egypt and carry back the water drawn from Meroe's streams, only to sprinkle the shrine of Isis raised hard by our ancient "Sheep-fold."

She thinks that the real voice of her patroness is speaking with her upon earth. What a spirit and what a mind for gods to hold converse with by night! Such are the claims for highest and especial honours put forward by one who runs about the city amongst a pack of linen-wearing shaven-pates, and grins like the dog² at the wailings of the people. He is the mediator of pardon for a wife who sins upon the sacred days of penance, and incurs the grave penalty which is assigned to the unclean act, or if the Silver Serpent has been observed to wag its head. His are the contrite weepings, his the professional mumblings, which prevail upon Osiris³ not to withhold his pardon—yielded (no doubt) to the seduction of fat goose and flat-cake.

After he has taken his departure, a palsied Jewess leaves her basket and wisp of hay to confide the mysteries which beggars thrive by—a crone who expounds the laws of Jerusalem but has nothing better than a tree to shelter her holiness, though she claims to be a trusty messenger from God on high. She, too, manages to fill her fist, but it is cheaply filled. Jews supply dreams to order on strictly moderate terms.

A melting lover or a large inheritance from a wealthy

¹ Isis.

² As Anubis the Egyptian God.

³ Another Egyptian God.

bachelor is guaranteed by the Armenian or Syrian soothsayer after he has manipulated the yet reeking liver of a pigeon. He peeps into the breasts of pullets, the bowels of a puppy—or (sometimes) of a boy. He will carry out the crime just to lay the information.¹

Still greater is the confidence which Chaldæans inspire: women will believe that every word that is uttered by the soothsayer has come direct from the fountain of Ammon (at Delphi the oracles are dumb and men are doomed to walk in the night of No Revelation). The first honours of humbug belong to the man²—banished not once or twice only—whose friendly service and venal horoscope brought death to the great Roman³ whom Otho feared. Indeed, what creates the confidence in such ministrations is the clanking of a prophet's double bracelet of iron or his long sojourn in the custody of soldiers. No astrologer will be credited with a familiar spirit if he has not run near losing his head, or barely escaped with transportation to the Cyclades and a tardy release from confinement at Seriphus. Your virtuous Tanaquil⁴ is taking counsel about the funeral of a mother whom the jaundice is too slow in killing, after she has asked about your own; about the day for following the bodies of her uncles and sister, and whether the gods will bestow the highest thing in their gift by sparing her paramour's life to outlast her own.

Still, she is not herself versed in the ominous signs of sulky Saturn or the happiest conjunctions for the star of Venus, in the months for making money and the seasons for losing it. But there is one worse than she whom you must avoid so much as meeting. The almanacks which she carries in her hands are worn away like the sweaty balls of amber.⁵ Counsel she does not ask, but has learnt to give it. She will refuse, if the ciphers of Thrasyllus⁶ recall her, to go along with her husband

¹ Against his patron.

² Seleucus.

³ Galba.

⁴ Tanaquil, wife of Tarquinius Priscus, was killed in augury.

⁵ Used to cool the hands.

⁶ An intimate of Tiberius.

to his camp or on his homeward journey. When it is her fancy to take out the litter as far as the first milestone, his time for starting is fixed by her book. If the corner of her eye itches after rubbing, she inspects her horoscope before she calls for ointments. Though she is sick in bed, no hour is so fit for taking nourishment as the one appointed by Petosiris.¹

If her means are humble, she will pace the ground between the goals of the racecourse on both sides, and entrust forehead and hand to the seer who demands one smacking kiss after another for refreshers. Rich women will receive their answers from the Phrygian or Indian augur whom they keep in service, some pundit learned in the astronomy of the universe, or some elder who purges the lightning's pollutions at the State's expense.² Vulgar fortunes are told upon the Circus or the Rampart. A creature³ who displays the drooping gold upon her naked bust stands before the pillars and columns of the Dolphins, and asks whether she shall throw over the tavern-keeper to wed the clothesman.

Still such poor souls do face the risks of child-birth, and undergo, because they cannot escape, the labours of nursing. But you do not often see a lying-in mother on a gilt bedstead: so potent are the devices and drugs of the wise-woman who produces barren wombs and contracts for the murder of unborn children. But you should be glad of it, unhappy husband. You should yourself hand your wife the draught of nameless nastiness. If she consented to trouble and distend her body with bouncing children, you might perhaps find yourself father to a negro boy, and one day have to write in your will no name but that of the "coloured" son and heir of whom it would be ominous to catch sight early in the morning.⁴

Now I come to the fraud of spurious children and the cheats often practised upon a husband's joyous hopes at those

¹ Egyptian astrologer.

² As being ominous to the State.

³ *i. e.*, a woman of the town.

⁴ Superstitious horror of black things.

muddy ponds¹ which supply a future Pontifex, priest of Mars, or a sham bearer of the Scaurus name. Fortune, the wicked hussy, stands by and laughs to see the naked infants. She cuddles them all and holds them in her lap; then she puts them out to noble families, getting up a farce for her own amusement. These become the pets on whom she heaps her favours, and whom she brings forward (with a grin) as her own children.

Here is a man offering magic charms; there a dealer in Thessalian potions which enable wives to worry their husbands' souls and thwack their rumps with slippers. This traffic explains the sudden dotage—the foginess of mind and utter forgetfulness of things that you have only just done. Still that would be bearable if you did not become a raving madman like Nero's uncle,² for whom Cæsonia prepared an essence from the entire forehead of a staggering foal. (And every woman will follow whither an empress leads the way.) Thereon came a general crash and conflagration, such as might have been had Juno driven her husband into madness. So will find less mischief done by Agrippina's mushroom, because that only stopped the beating of one dotard's³ heart and despatched him, with his palsied head and slobber-streaming lips, to—the nether heaven. But Cæsonia's potion brings fire and sword upon the world, and lays Senators and Knights in one bloody heap of lacerated bodies. Such the powers for evil which lie in one mare's belly and one witch's wickedness.

A wife detests your bastards; let her encounter no check or restraint, and in a trice conscience enjoins her to murder the lawful step-son. Let every ward who is fatherless and rich lay my words to heart; let him be careful of his own life and distrustful of every meal. A mother's hand has charged the pastry with fever and lividness. He must have a taster for every dish that is offered by her who gave him

¹ Where children were exposed to die, but might be picked up and palmed off.

² Caligula.

³ Claudius.

birth, and every cup must be first sipped by his nervous dominie.

This is all my fancy (do you say?). My satire is wearing tragical high heels? I am trespassing beyond the bounds of precedent? opening my mouth as wide as Sophocles, and pealing out a note which is unfamiliar to the Rutulian hills and the skies of Latium? Would to Heaven that it were fiction!

But here is Pontia crying aloud, "Yes, I did the deed, I confess it. I got the aconite for my children, and the news is public property. It was wicked, if you will; but I did it with my own hands."

"Heartless viper, did you kill both children at one meal together?"

"I would have killed seven, had there been seven to kill."

We may believe all that Tragedy tells us about Medea and Procne's bloody deeds: I say no word against it; and the two women passed in their own times for prodigies of wickedness. Still theirs was not sordid crime. The greatest of such prodigies claim less wonder when it is anger which inspires a woman's guiltiness. Then the heart rages and the soul is borne in headlong course, even as boulders which are rent away from their rock when the mass below them slips and the mountain-sides give way beneath the toppling summit.

The woman whom I shall never tolerate is she who reckons the gains and perpetrates a frightful crime in her right mind. Wives come to see Alcestis¹ giving her own for her husband's life, and would gladly—by a parallel atonement sacrifice a husband to prolong the lap-dog's life. Your morning walk will show you many a Danaid or Eriphyle, and a Clytemnestra² in every street. The only difference is that the classical murderess had to use both hands to a clumsy and bungling hatchet, whilst the modern operation is performed by a delicate slice from a toad's liver. Still they use the cold steel also, if their Atreus takes warning by the insuppressible king of Pontus³ and begins his meals with an antidote.

¹ As in the plays of Euripides, adapted by Latin playwrights.

² Women who killed their husbands.

³ Mithradates.

SATIRE VII

LITERATURE AND LEARNING AT ROME

THE only hope and the sole object of our work lie in Cæsar.¹ He alone turned to look upon the heavy-hearted Muses in the days when poets of real fame and note were making up their minds to turn lessees of baths at Gabii or bakeries at Rome, and when others saw no shame or degradation in becoming auction-touts; when famished Clio abandoned Aganippe's vale and shifted her quarters to the sale rooms. If you cannot catch a glimpse of any coin in the Pierian retreats, you should be thankful for a Machæra's² name and livelihood, and (instead of starving) sell the trumpery for which men take their places in the battle of the bidders—jars, tables, cupboards, boxes, and old plays by Paccius and Faustus. . . .³ This is better than to swear in court that you saw things which you never did see, though it is done by the pseudo-Roman knights imported with bare ankles from the Eastern Gallia.⁴

Henceforth no man who sets the grace of words in tuneful measure and has tasted of the bay will be forced to undergo tasks unworthy of his art. Brave hearts, to work! Your sovereign's favour looks for you, cheers you onward, and only asks for an opening.

If you think that protection of your fortune is to be expected from any other quarter, and if it is with this idea that you are filling the sheet's yellow parchment, call at once for some bits of stick and make a gift of your writings to the husband⁵ of Venus, or stow them away for the worms to pulverize. Unhappy man, smash your pens and blot out the battle-scenes of your night vigils, if you are making lofty verses in a small closet, only to come forth as winner of some

¹ Probably Hadrian.

² An auctioneer.

³ Line 15 omitted as spurious.

⁴ *i. e.*, as slaves from Galatia.

⁵ The god of fire.

ivy leaves and a scraggy bust, the be-all and the end-all of your hopes. Wealth has learnt its lesson from avarice, praises genius (much as children praise a peacock's Argus-eyes), and that is the end of it. Meantime the years are fast ebbing which might nerve you for the sea, the helmet, or the spade. Soon weariness comes on the heart, and the old man curses himself and the Muse his mistress for the talent which leaves his back bare.

Next learn the tricks which your patron plays to save his pocket, though to pay him honour you deserted the temples of the Muses and Apollo. He turns poet himself, bowing to none but Homer, and only to him because of the ten centuries between them! If you are inflamed by Fame's witcheries and would give a recitation, he lends you a mouldy building. Here there is a room at your command which has been locked up for whole years, with its entrance looking like the gate of a besieged town. At the end of every row your patron manages to plant his claquers, and makes the most of his loud-lunged minions. But you will find nobody to give you the price of the benches, the tiers of seats upon your hired planking, and the chairs which set out the front rows until they have to be taken back. Yet we poets drive our trade, cut furrows in loose dust, and plough barren sand.

If you would break away, you are held in a mesh by the inveterate force of a mischievous ambition, the poet's disease which is now become organic and established in your afflicted heart.

What, then, of the poet among poets? the man of finer gold than common: not a spinner of old worn themes; not a stamper of stale figures at the vulgar mint—the man whom I cannot show you, but can only imagine? He must have a spirit free from care and unvexed by bitterness, eager for the woodlands and fit to quaff the waters of the Aonides.¹ The songs of Pieria's grotto cannot be sung, nor the wand of Bacchus wielded, by gloomy Poverty that lacks the copper-pieces which humanity requires every day and every night. Horace had dined well when he sang his *Io Bacche!* How

¹ Muses.

can there be free play for your spirits unless song be your only care, and unless your hearts are borne along by the Lords of Verse and Wine,¹ disdaining every rival thought? Genius must not be flustered about providing its blankets if it is to call up the chariots and the horses, and the shapes of gods, and the awful aspect of the Erinnyes o'er-mastering the hero of the Rutuli.² If Vergil had not had his slave and a decent home, his Fury's hair would drop its snaky terrors, and his trumpet's deep note would be smothered. Can we ask Rubrenus Lappa to walk with the classical buskin's grandeur, if Atreus³ puts his poet's dishes and cloak into pawn? Poor Numitor⁴ has nothing to send to a friend, but he has enough for presents to Quintilla;⁵ and the money was forthcoming to buy a ready-tamed lion which would devour loads of flesh. But of course the wild beast costs less, and a poet's bowels hold more!

It is very well for a Lucan⁶ amongst the statues in his gardens to rest contented with honour; but for a Serranus or a starving Saleius, what is the value of all the glory in the world if there is nothing but glory? When Statius has made Rome happy by fixing the day for a reading, there is a rush to hear his pleasant voice reciting the favourite Thebaid's lines; so strong the spell with which he holds their mind captive, so strong is the pleasure of the attending crowd. But after he has made the benches rattle, his belly goes empty unless he sells his virgin Agave to the player Paris.

Paris⁷ it is who lavishes the honours of war upon poets, and encircles their fingers with the "honorary service" rings. A player bestows what is refused by the nobles. Do you look to a Camerinus or a Barea, or to the big patrician halls? Why, it is pantomime makes the prefects, pantomime the tribunes! Still you must not envy a poet who lives by the

¹ Apollo and Bacchus.

² Turnus.

³ Lappa's play.

⁴ A rich man.

⁵ His mistress.

⁶ The wealthy author of *Pharsalia*.

⁷ Favourite actor in Domitian's reign.

stage. Where will you now find your patrons—a Mæcenas, a Proculcius or a Fabius, a second Cotta or another Lentulus? In their days genius received its due, and men advanced themselves by wearing pale faces and forswearing wine through all the Merry Month.¹

Tell me next, historians, whether your work is more lucrative. It requires more time and wastes more oil. The sheets forget all bounds and run into the thousands, whilst the paper pile mounts to a ruinous height. Your mass of facts and the rules of your art will have it so:—but after all, what is your harvest? what do you reap after ploughing up the soil? Will any one give to the historian as much as he would give to a reader of the day's news?

But you say they are an idle tribe, loungers, unpractical. Then tell me how much is secured by the public services of lawyers and the big bundles of documents which go about with them. Their own talk is tall, and never taller than when there is a creditor to listen, or if they have felt a still sharper spur from the fidgeting client who brings his huge ledger to pursue a bad debt. Then our lawyer sets his big bellows to blow off gigantic lies, and covers his front with slobber. But if you want to know his actual gains, you may balance the estates of a hundred pleaders by a single Red Jacket's.²

"The chieftains" are seated, and you arise like a white-faxed Ajax to defend your client's status before a yokel Bench.³ Yes, you may strain and split your unhappy vitals, in order that you may see (for your labours) some branches of green palm erected to be the pride of your garret stairs. What is the fee of eloquence? A joint of juiceless pork, and a pot of tunny-fish, or some stale roots only fit to be blockamoor's rations, or five jars of wine that have been carried the wrong way of Tiber⁴—one for each speech and a fifth thrown in. If one gold-piece has been realized, a commission is deducted by your agent's bargain.

¹ Saturnalia were held in December.

² Driver in the chariot races.

³ As in the dispute for the arms of Achilles.

⁴ *i. e.*, down the Tiber, as the inferior Sabine wine was carried.

But an Æmilius¹ will receive the full legal fee, though we have been better pleaders. For in his porch there is a brazen car of triumph with four tall horses, and a figure of himself mounted on a mettlesome charger, poising his long bending lance and squinting destruction. Such grandeur brings a Pedo² to bankruptcy and a Matho³ to ruin, and closes the career of Tongillius,³ who makes a point of using a huge rhinoceros oil-horn to his body and infests the Baths with his dirty mob. The heavy litter-pole crushes his Mædian bearers when he passes through the Forum on his way to buy slaves and silver plate and agate-bowls and mansions.

The purple stuffs of Tyrian pirates are the vouchers of his credit. Indeed, this is a trick which is useful in the trade. Purple advertises pleaders, so do violet robes; and it answers their purpose to live in the bustle and display of wealth, though the extravagance of Rome keeps no bounds. Do we put our hopes in eloquence? Nobody now would give 200 sesterces to a Cicero if he did not flash a monster ring. The first thing to which a suitor looks is whether you walk abroad between eight slaves and ten retainers, the litter-carriers behind you and the citizens ahead. This is why Paulus hired a sardonix ring to plead in, and this is why he took bigger fees than Gallus or than Basilus. Nobody expects to find eloquence wearing a threadbare cloth. When does Basilus get the chance of bringing "a disconsolate mother" into court?³ Eloquence in him would be impudence. If you are determined to sell your tongue, take yourself to Gaul or (better) to the African nursery for sucking lawyers.

Are you a teacher of rhetoric? What a callous heart you must have, Vettius, to stand by whilst your crowded class is killing its "savage tyrants!" The lesson which they have just read sitting they will stand up to repeat in the same words, and they will drone it all out line for line. "Cabbage, and cabbage to follow!" It is death to the unhappy teacher.

The right treatment and the exact nature of a case, the

¹ A noble name.

² Men of inferior position aping their betters.

³ To excite sympathy.

real point in issue, and the other side's line of attack, are what everybody wants to know, but for which nobody wants to pay the fee.

"Do you claim a fee?" he would say. "What have I learnt?"

And of course the blame is put upon the teacher, because there is nothing thumping under the young bumpkin's left breast,¹ though my head aches every sixth day with his "awful Hannibal."² Now it is one question, now it is another. "Shall he march on Rome from Cannæ?" or "shall he take warning from the clouds and lightning, and wheel his drenched troops beyond reach of the storms?"

"Bargain for what you please, and take it; I grant it on condition that his father listens to it all as often I must."

Such is the cry which comes at once from six or more trainers of the young idea; then they have to fight a practical question and leave their "Ravisher" at home. Nor have they anything to say about the "Mixing of Poisons" or "the Graceless Lover," or "the Simples which can give back light even to the blindness of long years."³

So (if my advice is to have effect) the teacher will take his own discharge and enter upon a different walk in life, if he is obliged to leave his academic retreat for the battlefield of the courts so as not to sacrifice the value of a paltry corn-ticket! Indeed, that is quite a grand fee. Ask what Chrysogonus or Pollio⁴ receives for teaching smart people's children, and you will tear up "Theodorus on the Rudiments of Rhetoric."

Six hundred thousand sesterces spent on a bath! and more on a colonnade for its owner to drive under on rainy days! (Would you have him wait for fine weather, and spatter his team with the fresh mud? No; let him drive here, because here the mules' hoofs are kept clean and bright.) On the other side there must be a banqueting-room, pillared on

¹ The heart is spoken of as the seat of intelligence.

² The subject of a rhetorical exercise.

³ Fancy subjects for rhetorical essays.

⁴ Perhaps fashionable music-teachers.

Numidian marbles and catching the warmth of the winter sun. No matter what the house costs, there will be an artist to arrange the courses and make up the dishes. With all this outlay, two thousand sesterces to Quintilian pass for a handsome fee.¹ You will see that sons are the cheapest things which their fathers keep.

“How then” (ask you?) “is Quintilian possessed of all these pasture-lands?” Well, you must not press instances of startling careers. The lucky man is handsome and bold; he has wisdom, rank, and birth. The lucky man fastens the crescent-token on his senator’s shoe; the lucky man is orator and debater too, and a fine singer (even if he has caught a cold). Much depends upon which stars adopt you when you are just trying to utter your first cry and are still rosy from your mother’s womb. If Fortune will have it so, the teacher becomes consul; or if she changes her mind again, the consul becomes teacher. Look at Ventidius² or at Tullius³—what do you see but the working of their star, and Destiny’s mysterious force? Destiny will mount a slave upon the throne, and give a Triumph to the prisoner-of-war.

Nevertheless, the lucky man is rarer than white crows; and many a teacher has cursed his profitless and barren stool. Witness the ends of Thrasymachus⁴ and Secundus Carrinas;⁵ and there was Another whom Athens beheld in poverty, and could yet withhold everything but the chilling draught of hemlock which she gave to Socrates. Gods above! make the earth lie gently and lightly on the spirits of our ancestors; let fragrant crocus and spring’s ever-fresh treasures cover their ashes, because they wished a teacher to stand in the father’s place. It was in fear of the rod that Achilles, though he was a big lad, learnt singing on his native hills; nor was he the pupil to be tempted into laughing at his minstrel-master’s⁶

¹ For educating the sons of the house.

² Taken prisoner in Social War and advanced by Julius Cæsar.

³ Son of a slave woman, who became King of Rome.

⁴ Banished by Caligula.

⁵ ? Unknown.

⁶ The Centaur Chiron.

tail. But Rufus¹ is not the only teacher nowadays who is flogged by his own class—the very Rufus whom it often called “our Gallic Cicero.”

Who puts into the purse of Enceladus or learned Palæmon as much as their drudgery at grammar has deserved? And whatever the amount be—less anyhow than the fee for rhetoric—the pupil’s blockhead usher takes his snack, and the paymaster has a slice. Palæmon, you must give way and abate your profit as if you were higgling over winter blankets and white rugs; only do not make a dead loss of having sat from the hour of midnight in a place which would be scorned by blacksmiths or instructors in the wool-teaseler’s art. Do not make a dead loss from the stink which came from all the lanterns of all the boys,² while your Horace lost all his colour and sticky blacks dirtied Vergil’s front. Even so, there are few fees which do not require a “judgment” from the tribune.

Nevertheless, let the parents make their hard conditions. The teacher’s rules of syntax must be fixed and firm; he must read history, and know all the classics as well as his own fingers and toes. If he is asked at random on his way to the vapour-places or the baths of Phœbus, he must tell you the nurse of Anchises, or the name and origin of the stepmother of Anchemolus, or how many years Acestes lived, or how many jars of Sicilian wine he gave to the Phrygians. You must require him to mould the soft natures of his pupils with the hand of an artist fashioning a waxen image; require him to be a real father to the whole assemblage, and to prevent their filthy sports and smutty antics.

“It is no light task,” you may well say, “to watch the fingers of so many lads, or the eyes which twinkle when the mischief has been done.”

“Be diligent in this,” the father answers; and when the year comes round, you may have as much as the people awards—to a winner in the circus!

¹ A Gaul who taught rhetoric.

² Brought by the boys in the early morning.

SATIRE VIII

NOBLE BIRTH

WHAT are pedigrees worth? What good is it, Ponticus, to be counted in a long lineage and to display the painted masks of ancestors, or an Æmilianus standing on his chariot, the remaining half of a Curius, a one-armed Corvinus, and a Galba without his nose and ears? What profit to vaunt a Corvinus in your broad Roll, or in going down the family-tree to light at almost every twig upon grimy Masters of Horse (or a Dictator), if the life is wicked which you spend before the faces of Lepidi? What avail so many images of warriors if you are dicing all through the night-hours in presence of Numantia's heroes,¹ and if you begin your slumbers at the morning-star's rising, once the signal for generals to advance their standards on the march? Why is a Fabius² to take pride in Allobrogian honours and in the Great Altar just because he was born in the House of Hercules, if he is avaricious or a fantastic wanton far flabbier than Euganean lambs; if he brings shame upon the rough manliness of his ancestors by polishing his soft loins with Catina's pumice; if he traffics in poison and defiles his unhappy race with a condemned image?³

Though the ancient waxen figures adorn every corner of your hall, Merit is the one and only title of honour. Let the virtues of a Paulus, a Cossus, or a Drusus be yours. Those you may put before the images of ancestors, and (when you are consul) those may take precedence even of the lictor's rods. What I demand first is inward goodness. If you earn by word and deed the name of one who is pure and resolute in right-doing, then I recognize the noble man. All hail to you, be you Gætulicus or Silanus, or whatever be your stock, if you are the rare and precious patriot vouchsafed to a rejoicing

¹ Scipio Africanus reduced Numantia in 133 B.C.

² Q. Fabius Maximus defeated the Allobroges in 121 B.C.

³ Condemned to be destroyed.

land. We would greet thee even with the cry of a nation greeting the new-found Osiris.¹ Who will say that a man is noble if he is the shame of his own nobility, and bears no honours save a famous name? We call a kept dwarf "Atlas," a negro boy "Swan," and a crooked, ugly wench "Europe." Lazy curs which have lost their coats from inveterate manginess, and lick the bowls of lamps for the dry sediment of oil, will answer to the names of Lion, or Leopard, or any other more ferocious roarer that walks the earth. Do you take warning, therefore, and be careful lest your Creticus or Camerinus be a name of scoffing.

Whom was this lesson for? it is to you I speak, Rubellius Plautus. You are puffed up with the proud lineage of Drusus, as if you had done something to make yourself noble and bring about your own conception in a womb glorified by the blood of Iulus,² instead of being born of a weaver-girl under the windy rampart. "We are low creatures," you say, "dregs of the populace, not one of whom can quote his own father's origin. But you are of the line of Cecrops." Long life to you then, and may you reap lasting pleasure from your descent.

Nevertheless, amongst the lowest of the plebs you will find the man of true Roman blood and genius, one who is practised in pleading the causes of the noble ignoramus; and from those who wear the garb of dependence one will come to disentangle the knots of justice and solve the riddles of law. Another with the young man's strength and the warrior's vigour starts for the Euphrates, or the Eagles which watch the subjugated Batavi. But what are you except a son of Cecrops? a mutilated figure-head like the Hermes block!³—wherein are you better, except that his head is marble whilst you are an animated image?

Answer me, son of Troy: who would speak of a dumb animal's "blood" if it had no mettle? No, we only praise a fleet horse when he is an easy winner in the circus, often glow-

¹ The Egyptian Bull God.

² *i. e.*, descended from Æneas.

³ Mutilated at Athens by unknown malefactors.

ing with victory and exulting in the roars of applause. No matter what grass he fed on, there is "blood" in the horse whose stride distances the rest and who raises the first dust-cloud on the plain. But the descendants of Coryphæus and Hirpinus¹ are made up as "selling stock" if their chariots have seldom been driven by Victory. There is no respect for sires, nor any honour paid to ghosts, amongst our horses. They are forced to change masters for mean prices, and must gall their necks with tugging cart-harness, like the sluggish cattle they are, only fit to grind a mill for Nepos. Therefore, if you would have us admire not the rank but the man, produce something of your own for me to inscribe in your record, beyond those honours which we paid once and still pay to those whom you owe everything to.

Enough for the young man whom report declares to be inflated and ready to burst with conceit at being Nero's kinsman. In his rank of life we do not expect to find good sense. But with you it is not so, Ponticus: I would not have men accord you the glories of the past if it makes you do nothing for your own future glory. It is vanity to build upon borrowed honours, lest the pillars be withdrawn and the edifice fall with a crash. Or it is like a vine sprawling on the ground and mourning for the elm it has been torn from. Be you a trusty soldier, a trusty guardian, an unblemished judge: and if ever you are cited as witness in a doubtful and disputed case (even though some Phalaris² with his brazen bull commands you to be a liar and dictates the perjury), yet must you think the worst disgrace is to reckon mere existence better than honour, and for the sake of life to sacrifice what alone makes it worth living. It is death to deserve death, though a man feast on ten score oysters from Gaurus³ and souse himself in a whole caldron of the perfumes of "Cosmus."

When the Province of your hopes receives you for its governor, put the constraining curb on your wrathful pas-

¹ Famous racers.

² Sicilian despot.

³ The Roman "Blue Point."

sions, and likewise on your avarice; take pity on our pauperized "Allies"—Royalties reduced to their own skeletons with all the marrow sucked away! Remember what the law lays down and the senate orders, what prizes await the upright governor, and how the bolt of retribution was hurled by the Fathers' sentence on Capito and Numitor—for robbing the Robbers!¹ Yet what redress does the sentence bring if Pansa takes away whatever Natta left behind. No, Chærippus,² look out for a man to sell your rags, and hold you your tongue in good time. It is madness to finish up by throwing away your passage-money.

Once when our allies were flourishing (before they had long been conquered) the groaning was not so deep nor was the blow of their losses so heavy. Then every house was well stocked: there was money in huge piles, purples of Sparta, raiment of Cos; along with pictures by Parrhasius and figures by Myro was the breathing ivory of Pheidias. Everywhere you might see much work of Polycletus, and few tables were ungraced by Mentor. But when our governors came home, Dolabella or Antonius or the profaner Verres, from their divers places, their deep ships would be carrying smuggled plunder—trophies of war won by the easier arts of peace. Now the little farm is seized, and our "allies" will be robbed of the few yoke of oxen, the scanty lot of broodmares and even the single sire of the stock, the very gods of their hearths (if there be one attractive figure amongst them) or the one deity within the homestead. (Such things do duty amongst them for grand treasures, being the choicest which they own.)

Perhaps you may despise the unwarlike Rhodians and the perfumed men of Corinth. What need you fear from their depilated manhood or from a whole nation of smooth legs? But beware you of rough Spain, the Gallic region, and of the Illyrian sea-board. Oppress not the farmer-folk who feed Rome and leave it idle for the pageants of the circus. After all, what prize will you win great enough to reward such

¹ The Cilician bandits.

² An injured provincial.

awful wickedness when a Marius has so lately stript the poor Africans bare? Let it be your first care that no intolerable wrong be wrought on men who have all the courage of despair. Though you may carry off the last ounce of silver and gold, you will leave them buckler and sword, helmet and javelins. When all else is gone, a plundered nation still has its arms.

What I have declared is not a theorist's commonplace; you may believe that I am reading a leaf of the Sibyl's sooth. If your retinue be guiltless, if there is no "curled darling" to traffic in your justice; if your wife has clean hands, and does not prepare to go the circuit of the towns and judgment-places that she may clutch at gold with a harpy's crooked talons: then, if you will, count the generations between yourself and Picus;¹ and if you take pleasure in exalted names, rank among your ancestors the whole array of Titans, even Prometheus himself; and pick a father for your grandsire from whatever story-book pleases you. But if you are carried away in the headlong rush of ambition and outrage; if you break your rods on the bleeding backs of our allies; if you delight in blunting the axes and over-working the headsmen, then the honours of your own race come to rise up against you and hold a bright light over your infamy. In every human fault, the sinner's rank displays its vileness on a pedestal of shame. Why boast that your grandsire built the temple which your father's triumphal statue adorns, if you use it to follow the trade of a witness to forged wills? Why vaunt yourself to me, if you pull a Gaul's hood over your forehead when you start for the night's adultery?

Fat Lateranus is hurried past the bones and ashes of his ancestors on a flying car, and (Consul though he be) himself chokes the wheel with his massive drag-chain. True, it is night-time; yet the moon sees it all, and the stars level their conscious gaze. When his year of pomp has come to an end, he will wield the whip in broad daylight and never flinch from meeting a venerable friend; he will challenge him with the driver's salute, and afterwards he will undo the hay trusses

¹ Pre-historic king in Italy.

and measure out the barley for his tired cattle. Meantime, whilst, according to Numa's ordinance, he slaughters the woolly sheep and sturdy steer before Jupiter's altar, his only oath is by the Stable Goddess [Epona] and the figures painted over the reeking stalls. But when it is his pleasure to repair to the night-houses, a greasy Jew (once a denizen of Idumæa's gate) runs and salutes his master and patron with all a host's fussiness, and with him comes Cyane, with her skirts tucked up and carrying a jar of wine for sale.

Some apologist will say, "I did the same things myself when I was a young man."

"So you did," I should reply, "but of course you have given it all up, nor did you pet your failings afterwards." Let your adventures in wickedness be brief. There are some sins which ought to disappear at the first touch of the razor. Allowance must only be made for boys.

But when Lateranus marches upon the mugs and advertising curtains of the grog shops, his manhood is ripe for service, for guarding the Armenian and Syrian borders or the frontier-lines of Rhine and Danube. His prime might serve—to make a Nero safe upon his throne! Despatch him, Cæsar, to the Tiber's mouth; yes, despatch him—but you must look for your general in the big tavern. You will find him lounging beside a cut-throat, in a mixed company of sailors, thieves, runaways, hangmen, bier-jobbers, and a eunuch priest sprawling behind his idle cymbals. There you find all men free and equal; no private property in cups, no distinction in couches, nor privilege in tables. If you had a slave like him, what would you do, Ponticus? Why, you would turn him over to your Lucanian farm or send him to the Tuscan prisons. But amongst yourselves you "sons of Troy" have a lenient code; and what would be a disgrace for the Unwashed becomes an honour in a Volesus or a Brutus.

Foul and shocking as are the examples chosen, what when I tell you that there must always be worse in reserve? Damasippus,¹ when he had wasted his substance, prostituted his

¹ A writer of mimes.

voice to the stage in order to act the Noisy Ghost for Catullus; and for his performance in the Laureolus,¹ a noble harlequin showed real agility, and deserved (in my judgment) something more than a sham crucifixion. But even so you must not excuse the populace. Still more brazen than his must be the face of a populace, which sits and looks on at the patrician clownery, which witnesses the antics of barefooted Fabii and laughs at the Mamerci romping. It matters not what price our nobles accept, for their own extinction—the price which they accept though no Nero is compelling them, do not hesitate to accept at the enthroned prætor's games. Yet imagine that the choice lies between cold steel and the stage. Which is the better? Can any man have so quailed before death as to make himself a candidate for Thymeles's¹ favours, a colleague of blundering Corinthus?² But when an Emperor turns harper, there is nothing strange in patricians acting pantomime. What worse can there be except the gladiator's school? and here you have the real disgrace of Rome—a Gracchus³ not even covered by the mirmillo's armour nor fighting with the shield and crooked falchion. He curses such disguises, curses and loathes them, nor will he hide his face under a helmet. Look, he wields the trident. When he has swung his arm backwards and missed his cast with the dangling net, he shows his face uncovered to the spectators, and all may recognize him as he runs round the whole arena. We may be sure of the sacred tunic, since there is the golden ribbon hanging down from his face and floating on his tall priest's cap. Yes, the "Pursuer" has suffered a shame more cruel than any wound in being matched against a Gracchus.

If the people were to receive the right of free suffrage, who would be so depraved as to think twice about electing Seneca before the Nero who earned the Sack many times over and deserved more than one Serpent or a single Ape?⁴

¹ A character who was crucified in the play. Sometimes it was played by a criminal who was really crucified.

² An actress and actor.

³ A patrician and a priest.

⁴ Punishment of parricides.

Agamemnon's son committed the same crime; but circumstances alter cases. Orestes acted under Divine guidance when he avenged the father who was murdered even as he drank the bowl of wine. But Orestes did not pollute himself by the murder of Electra or his Spartan wife; he mixed no poisons for his kinsmen, never sang upon the public stage, and did not write "The Tale of Troy Town."¹ For what crime that Nero committed in all his heartless and bloody tyranny called, more than his poetry, for the armed vengeance of Verginius or of Vindex and Galba? Such are the labours and such the accomplishments of the noble-born ruler who takes pride in exposing himself abroad in a shameful singing-tour and in having earned the Greek parsley crown. Let him decorate his ancestors' statues with the trophies of his voice. Let him lay the trailing robes of Thyestes or Antigone, let him lay Menalippe's mask, before the feet of Domitius;² let him hang his harp upon the marble Colossus.

Where can anything be found grander than the lineage of Catiline and Cethegus? Yet, as if they were Gaulish blood, descended from Bracchati or Senones,³ they made fire and sword ready by night against the homes and temples of Rome, and dared deeds which might be punished with the "Shirt of Nessus." But the consul is at his post and checks your advance. He is but a self-made man from Arpinum, not a patrician, a provincial hardly admitted to the Roman knightage; still he posts armed garrisons everywhere for the panic-stricken city and is vigorous on all the Seven Hills. Thus he earned, in the civil dress and inside the city walls, a name and title higher than what Octavius won at Leucas in the plains of Thessaly after bathing his sword in repeated slaughters. Yes, and Rome was free, when she called Cicero the giver of her life, "the Father of his Fatherland."

Another man from Arpinum used to claim day-wages on the Volscian high-grounds after he had tired himself at his master's plough. His next promotion was for his skill to

¹ As Nero did.

² Nero belonged to the gens Domitia.

³ Gauls who invaded Italy and burnt Rome in 391 B.C.

crack the knotted vine-stick¹ (if he was idle and plied his pick-axe slowly at the camp entrenchments). Yet he is the man who confronts the Cimbrians at the most dangerous crisis of Rome's fortunes, and is the one saviour of the trembling state.² So it was, when the ravens had flown down upon the slaughtered Cimbrians (finer corpses than they had ever found before), that only the second laurel was given to the colleague nobleman.

The souls of the Decii³ were plebeian, and their name plebeian: yet the Gods Below and Mother Earth accepted them in sacrifice for all the Roman legions, all the Italian allies, and all the youth of Latium. The Decii were more precious than the souls which they died to save.

The son of a slave-girl won the robe and diadem and fasces of Romulus, and was the last of the good kings. But the traitors who sought to open the city gates to the banished tyrants were sons of the consul himself, and the very men who should be venturing some great exploit in the threatened cause of liberty, such as might win the honour of Mucius and Cocles, and the Maid⁴ who swam the river which was then the boundary of Rome's empire. He who laid the villainous plot before the fathers of the senate was a slave, but he earned at his death the lamentations of the matrons. The traitors met their due punishment from the lash and first axe wielded for Rome's liberties.

Better that your father be a Thersites (if only you are to be like the grandson of Æacus and, like him, wield Vulcan's arms) than that an Achilles beget you in the likeness of Thersites. The truth is, if you are to trace your origin far back and search it to its roots, your lineage is derived from a sanctuary of ill-fame. The first of your ancestors, whoever he was, was either a shepherd or a—something which I will not name.

¹ Used by centurions to punish soldiers.

² In 102 B.C.

³ Three Decii were said to have sacrificed their lives to save the Roman armies in 340, 295, and 279 B.C.

⁴ Scavola, Horatius Cocles and Clælia.

SATIRE IX

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE POET AND AN UNFORTUNATE FRIEND

POET. Pray tell me, Nævolus, why you are so often gloomy when I meet you, with a brow lowering like defeated Marsyas'.¹ What need have you for such a face as Ravola wore when he was caught with Rhodope in their amatory escapade? (None but slaves are thumped for licking dainties.) Not more woe-begone than yours was the countenance of Crepereius Pollio when he was going the round of the money-lenders and offering to treble the rate of interest, but could not find his fool. Whence come all these sudden crows' feet? Once, I know, you were happy in your modest fees for playing the amateur buffoon, and your dinner-table jests had a pleasant pungency and all the keen relish of town-bred talk. Now you are no longer the same man: your face is lumpish, your hair is like a thicket of dry sticks, and your skin has lost all the gloss which it once owed to warm liniments of Bruttian Paste. Your legs are slovenly and rough under their bushy growth. What right have you to be emaciated like a confirmed invalid who is being parched away under the regular visitations of a quartan fever? Just as one may detect pleasure, so may one detect anguish of the mind concealed in an ailing body. Either feeling wears its outward livery. So it is plain that you have reversed your objects and are running counter to your old scheme of lie. It is not a long time (by my reckoning) since you were constant in your attendance on Isis, Ganymede, and Pax, at exotic Cybele's palace, and even at the temple of Ceres—for there are women on view at every temple now—and were better known for adulteries than Aufidius himself; nor (for all your slyness) did you confine your gallantries to the wives.

NÆVOLUS. Many men thrive even at my trade, but I cannot earn a decent living. Now and again I come by a coarse

¹ In a musical contest with Apollo.

cape only fit to save my toga—the dye stiff and harsh, and the texture badly combed out by some Gallic hand. My payment is in light money and base metal! Man is the creature of luck, and no part is too private for luck to penetrate. If his stars strike work, his best powers will be unknown and un-availing, though the slaving Virro¹ has had the evidence of eyesight, and though pestering overtures are poured in by streams; “for white flesh is a lodestone to lovers.” Where, however, can you find the monster to out-match a Miser Debauchee?

“First, I paid you so much, then on such a day so much, and afterwards on such a day you received so much more”—thus he checks the account and works out the balance.

“Produce the tally,” I reply, “and let your servants bring the ledger. On one side count the payments, only 5000 sesterces in all. Against them set the services performed.”

Do you think that I have an easy and congenial task? The poor slave digging his field has a better soil to work on.² . . . But perhaps you always fancied yourself to be blooming, young, and beautiful, deserving all Ganymede’s promotion! Will such men as you show mercy on a poor follower or a servant, if you are not generous even in your own corruptions? Imagine what a pretty creature to receive my offerings of green sunshades and big amber jewels on a birthday’s anniversary or at the beginning of the vernal showers, whilst you loll upon the long sofa’s cushions and play with the gifts set apart for the Ladies’ Day!³ Who is it, you lecher, for whom you are keeping all your mountains, all your Apulian farms, and all the pastures which a kite would faint in flying over? You are gorged with riches from Trifolium’s fruitful vineyards, from the eminence which Cumæ cowers under, and from the unpeopled hill of Gaurus. Who is there who fastens up more casks for storing the full-bodied vintage? Would it cost you much to reward your retainer’s exhausted energies with a few acres of ground? Will yon cottage-home be so

¹ The “patron.”

² Line 44 omitted.

³ Maternalia on March 1.

well bestowed (with its country lad, his mother, and his puppy playmate) if it become a legacy to your friend the cymbal-tinkler?¹

“Your begging is impudence,” says Virro. But my Rent insists upon my begging, and my slave implores it—my slave as single as the big orb of Polyphemus, the singleness of which saved the life of cunning Ulysses. I must buy another slave, for the one is not enough for my work; and the two will both have bellies! What am I to do in the nipping blasts of winter? In the cold gusts of December how can I answer the appeal of naked feet and shoulders? Can I tell them to “bear it and look forward to the grasshopper’s return?”

But suppose that you ignore and dismiss all other claims—what price do you put upon the loyal and devoted service, but for which your wife would to this hour remain a virgin? You know how exact your orders and how lavish your promises were; more than once or twice your bride was eloping when I caught her in my arms: she had even smashed your marriage-tablet, and was just signing a new one. I had a long night’s work to win her back, whilst you were whimpering outside. The bed is my witness—and so are you, for you heard what was being said and done inside. One may find many houses where the bond of matrimony is weak, just about to be loosened and all but undone, when it is once again made fast by the adulterer’s exertions.

Where will you turn and twist to? how begin your plea or end it? Is it to go for nothing, quite for nothing, you thankless traitor, that you have issue in my son or daughter? For you are rearing them as your own, and delight in dotting the Public Record with the proofs of your manhood. Yes, hang garlands on the doorposts! You have become a father! I have given you the answer to rebut slanders with; and you owe to me all your privileges as a father—your rights as heir and legatee, and your claims upon such pleasant things as forfeited bequests.² There will be many extras beside to go

¹ An eunuch priest of Cybele.

² Persons without children were restricted in their succession to residuary legacies.

along with the Forfeits, if I ever make up your family to the Number Three.¹

POET. You have good reason, Nævolus, for your indignation. What does he bring forward in defence?

NÆVOLUS. He ignores me, and is looking out for a two-legged ass to take my place. But remember to guard the secrets which have been entrusted to no ear but yours, and bury my complainings in the silence of your own heart. It is a deadly thing to make a depilated fop your enemy. The very man who trusted me with his secret not long ago, is now become all fire and fury, as if I have published my knowledge abroad. He does not think twice about taking up a sword or cracking your skull with a bludgeon, or putting a lighted torch to your doorway. It is not a matter to ignore or laugh at, that the market-price of poisons is never beyond his powers of purchase. Therefore you must keep my words secret as the meetings of the council on Mars Hill at Athens.

POET. Why, it is rank bucolic innocence to think that there can be any secret about a rich man's life. Though the slaves hold their tongues, the cattle, the dog, the doorposts, or the statues would find voices. You may shut the windows, draw curtains over the openings, fasten the doors, you may have everybody in bed and nobody sleeping near;—but anything which a rich man is doing at chancery's second signal will be known before daybreak to the nearest tavern-keeper, who will hear the news improved by the fancy of secretary, cooks-in-chief, and carving-men. Is there any charge which such as they are slow to formulate against their masters when they retaliate with slander for the strap? Besides them you may count upon some unwelcome sot for marking down his man and emptying his tippler's talk into the victim's ear. Yes, make to them the request which you were just now making to me—ask them to hold their tongues! Why, they would liefer be blabbing your secrets than drinking the Falernian wine in measure such as Saufeia would swallow as her sacred duty.

There are many good reasons for living in virtue, but none

¹ Jus Trium Liberorum.

better than to be enabled to ignore your servants' tongues—for the tongue is their most unruly member. But worse than any is that master's plight who is bondsman to them whose being he maintains at his proper charge and cost.

NÆVOLUS. If your object was to teach me to ignore my servants' tongues, your words were wise but vague. Adapt your counsel to my own case of wasted time and blighted hopes. The fleeting bloom of youth, our scanty portion in this prison-house of sorrows, is chafing to be gone. Even as we quaff the wine and are calling for roses, perfumes, and sweethearts, age is creeping on us with its stealthy stride.

PŒT. Be not alarmed. So long as the Seven Hills stand firm on their foundations, you may always count upon the supply of customers for your vices. Thither they will come by the shipload and carriageful, the fops who dare not give an honest scratch to the hair on their heads! There are better strings than the old one to your bow. Do you but fortify your vigour by chumping simples!

NÆVOLUS. Such lessons may be left for Fortune's favourites. The Destinies who rule my life are well content if my wants are fed by the sweat of my body. Gods of the humble home which I call mine, whom it is my wont to honour with scraps of frankincense or with meat-offerings and flimsy garlands, tell me, when shall I put away enough to rescue my declining years from the beggar's mat and staff? A little income of some 20,000 sesterces from sound securities; some vessels of silver (plain, but good enough to be condemned by censors like Fabricius); and two stout fellows from the Mæsiæ gang, to job out their necks and set me down in comfort in the brawling Circus. May I also own one stooping silversmith, and one other artist who will turn out a batch of family portraits to my order. This is all that I ask, since I must always be a poor man. A mean enough petition it is, and not even hopeful. For when Fortune is besought in my name, her ears prove to have been stopped with wax borrowed from the very ship¹ which was saved from the Sirens' spells because the oarsmen were deaf.

¹ Of Ulysses.

SATIRE X

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

IN all the countries of the world (from Gades¹ to Aurora and the Ganges) there are few men who can put aside the mists of error and distinguish true from widely different benefits. How seldom does Reason inspire the wish or fear! How seldom do you start with so lucky an idea as not to repent when you have accomplished your effort or desire! Whole households have been upset at once because the gods (in their goodness) had hearkened to the inmates' prayers. Prizes which are sought in camp and forum bring damage to the winners. In eloquence and flowing language many a man has found his own ruin. Muscle and girth of chest were fatal to Him² who put his trust in them. Many men are smothered by money which they have piled together with overmuch taking of thought, or by the bulk of a revenue surpassing other fortunes even as the whale of Britain is bigger than dolphins. So it is in the reign of cruelty (and when there is a Nero to give the order) that Longinus³ and too wealthy Seneca's³ large gardens are invested, and the palace home of Lateranus³ is besieged, by cohorts in full strength; but a garret lodging is seldom visited by the soldiery.

If you have started on a journey by night, though the vessels of silver which you take are few and plain, you will go in fear of sword and bludgeon, and tremble when the shadow of a reed flickers in the moonlight. But an unencumbered traveller will troll his song in the highwayman's face. In most temples the first, and in all the most familiar, prayer is "Riches—let my wealth increase, let my money-chest be the biggest in the Forum Banks." But remember that the draught

¹ Cadiz.

² Milo of Crotona tried to split an oak-tree, and got his hands wedged in the wood.

³ Philosophers condemned for conspiring against Nero.

of aconite is not put into cups of earthenware: you need fear it only when you take jewelled goblets or bowls with the ruddy gold glowing under Setia's wine.

Do you see now that it was well for one of the Wise Men to laugh,¹ while the other shed tears,² whenever he put one foot forward and planted it out-of-doors? Jeering, indeed, and dry chuckling come easily to any man: but the wonder is where enough moisture was pumped from the other's eyes. Democritus, however, used to shake his sides with continual laughter, although the cities which he knew had no purple robes to show him, nor striped togas nor fasces nor litters—nor the Court of Justice. What if he had seen the prætor perched on a tall chariot, raised aloft in the middle of the dusty Circus, wearing Jupiter's Tunic and carrying the Spangled Toga's Tyrian drapery on his shoulders, with a huge encircling Crown too big for one human neck to support? (Indeed it makes the public slave sweat, who is taken on the car to hold it and placed alongside of the Hero to keep his conceit down.) To this picture add The Fowl mounted on its ivory Sceptre:³ and in front, on one side trumpeters; on the other, a long line of homage, sons of Romulus dressed in their whitest, and become the Hero's friends—or friends of the charity which is stowed away in their money-boxes. But even before there were such doings, every contact with mankind was food for laughter to Him⁴ whose wisdom is the proof that men of genius and exemplars for future ages may be bred under a foggy climate in the native land of mutton-heads. He could make merry over the business as over the pleasures of his fellow-men: sometimes over their tears even, while (for himself) he told Fortune to go and be hanged, and pointed at her with the finger of scorn.

All the petitions, then, for which Piety enjoins us to daub wax on the knees of gods,⁵ are either idle or mischievous.

¹ Democritus.

² Heraclitus.

³ The Aquila.

⁴ Democritus.

⁵ Wax tablets containing prayers.

Some men are overthrown by their very greatness because it cannot escape the envy of Power: they are overwhelmed by the long and grand record of their own honours. Down their statues come, and go after the tugging rope. The very chariot wheels¹ are smashed by the smiting axe, and the innocent horses have their legs broken. Already the flames are hissing; forge and bellows are melting the head once worshipped by the people. Sejanus² is one crackling mass! Presently the face which ranked second in all the world is manufactured into jugs, foot-pans, frying-pans, and chamber-pots. Put up the laurel-boughs over your doorways! chalk the big ox white, and lead him to the Capitol! Sejanus is being dragged away by the Hook! It is a sight to see, and the joy is universal.

“What lips he had! and what a face!” cries some one. “If you believe me, I never liked the man. But tell me what charge overthrew him? who was the informer? what the evidence? who the witness?”

“No such thing,” it is answered. “A long and rambling letter came from Capreæ.”³

“I am glad of it, and that is enough for me.”

Does one ask what the spawn of Remus⁴ say about it? Why, they follow Fortune's lead, and curse the fallen—that is the way of them. All the same, if Nortia⁵ had prospered her Tuscan, and if the old ruler had been caught napping, in that very hour the Roman People would have hailed Sejanus as their Augustus. It is a long time, dated from the day when votes were first withdrawn from the market,⁶ since the People shook off public spirit. Once the dispenser of authority, office, and commands, it renounces its pretensions and sets its heart anxiously on two things only—food and pageants free.

¹ Of the triumphal statues.

² The favourite and minister of Tiberius.

³ Where Tiberius was living in seclusion.

⁴ The lower orders of Rome.

⁵ An Etruscan goddess.

⁶ When Tiberius deprived the people of the right of electing magistrates.

“I hear that there will be many deaths.”

“No doubt about it. There is room enough in the furnace. At the Mars altar I met my friend Brutidious looking rather pale. I am much afraid that our Ajax, if he is beaten,¹ will take revenge on weak supporters.”

“Then let us run in haste, and trample Cæsar’s enemy while he is prostrate on the bank. But let the slaves see it done, lest one of them should deny it and drag his terrified master with neck throttled into the claws of Justice.”

Such were the comments on Sejanus; such the furtive murmurs of the crowd. Do you then covet the levées of Sejanus? Would you be as rich as he was? and able to set one man in the chair of office and another at the head of armies? Be guardian to a ward like the Cæsar [Tiberius] perched with his pack of Chaldeans on Capreæ’s cliffs? You wish, no doubt (and why should you not wish?), to command the pikes and cohorts, the knights-at-arms, and the imperial guard. Even those who have not the will would have the power, of inflicting death on their fellows. Yet what distinction or what success is worth the winning, if the meed of pleasure is to bring an equal meed of woe? Would you wear the state robe which once decked yonder draggled corpse? would you not rather be a High Mightiness at Fidenæ or Gabii to adjudicate on the imperial standard, and to break up swindling measures like the shabby magistrate at depopulated Ulubræ.

So, then, you admit that Sejanus mistook the right objects of desire? Wishing for too much honour and demanding too much wealth, he was building a tower of many stories only to lengthen the fall—the fearful force of that downward impetus. What overthrew a Crassus, a Pompeius, and him² who brought the Romans in submission to his lash? What but scrambling and pushing for the topmost place? what but the cruel kindness of the gods in hearkening to ambition’s prayers? Yes, few are the kings started on their

¹ *i. e.*, if Tiberius fails to secure the conviction of the other persons involved in the conspiracy.

² Julius Cæsar.

downward road to Pluto without murder and violence, few despots by a bloodless death.

Every lad not too old to worship the Minerva image¹ (bought by his single copper-piece) or to be attended by the slave urchin carrying the tiny box of books, sets his heart, and all through the Five Days' festival² keeps it, on the eloquence and glory of Demosthenes and Cicero. Yet that eloquence was the ruin of both orators: both were given over to destruction by the rich flood of their own genius. And "Genius"³ found his head and hands cut off, whereas no feeble pleader has ever drenched the rostra with his blood.

"Blest state, regenerate in my consulate!"⁴ If the orator had been no better than the poet, Cicero might have laughed at the words of Antonius. Myself, I would rather claim the doggerel verses than the brilliant honours of that marvellous philippic which comes second on the roll!⁵ So, again, it was a cruel end which snatched away him⁶ to whom all Athens would listen in amazement as he rushed on in his might, yet kept the crowded benches well in hand. Only because he had been born in the disfavour of Heaven and under an evil star was he sent to the rhetoric school away from the coals and tongs, away from the anvil and yellow flames of the sword foundry, where his father's eyes had grown purblind from the dross of red-hot ore.

Spoils of war—the breastplate fastened as trophy to a tree's trunk, the cheekpiece hanging loosely from a battered helmet, the war-chariot with shattered pole, the stern-end of a defeated trireme, and the gloomy captive figured overhead upon the arch of triumph—are thought better than all human blessings. Such the height to which the captains-of-war, Roman, Greek, and Barbarian, had lifted up their spirits! such their impulse to danger and toil! So much stronger is the

¹ As patroness of learning.

² Festival of Minerva.

³ Cicero.

⁴ One of Cicero's bad verses.

⁵ Against Antonius.

⁶ Demosthenes.

thirst for glory than for Merit! Who, indeed, woos Merit for its own sake if its rewards are taken away? And yet a country has ere now been ruined for one or two men's ambition, for the lust after honours and inscriptions that will only be fastened upon stones which mount guard over the ashes but are not strong enough to hold together against the tough malice of a wild fig-tree's fibres. Verily there is a last day even for the tomb.

Put Hannibal in the scales, and how many pounds of flesh will you find in the famous general? Here you have all that remains of one who cannot be confined within a continent lashed on one side by the Mauretanian Ocean, on another reaching to the warm Nile and downwards again to the Ethiop tribes and the land of tall elephants. He extends the frontier beyond Spain, and springs across the Pyrenees. When Nature confronts him with her Alpine snows, he splits the rocks and breaks open the hills with floods of acid. Already he lays his hand on Italy, yet presses on to further conquests.

"All has been as naught," he cries, "unless the soldiers of Carthage force the gates of Rome and my banner is planted in the Subura's heart."

It was a grand sight, and a grand subject for a picture, the one-eyed captain sitting his African monster!¹ What then is the end of it all? Fie on Glory! Why, he is beaten himself, and flees in hot haste to exile. There the mighty man, the novel suppliant, crouches at the palace-doors of a king [Antiochus of Syria], until it suits him better to dance his attendance on a Bithynian sultan [Prusias]. The spirit which once made havoc of the world will not get its quietus from sword or sling or javelin, but from one small ring whose poison shall wipe out Cannæ [216 B.C.] and avenge the carnage. Onwards then, poor fool; race across your cruel Alps—to become the hero of school-boys and the subject of "Pro-lusions"!

Pella's hero [Alexander] finds one earth too small, and chafes in wretchedness within the world's cramping limits as if he were cribbed between the cliffs of Gyaros or tiny Seri-

¹ Elephant.

phus. Nevertheless, after he has made his entry into the city of brick-bakers, he will find room enough inside a coffin.¹ Only death discovers the littleness of human bodies.

An old article of faith is the flooded ship-way through Mount Athos, and so are all the lying sallies of Greek history—the bridging of the sea by the selfsame fleets until it made a solid road for wheels, the failure of deep rivers and the swallowing of whole streams (when the Mede broke his fast), with all the other drunken flights of singer Sostratus. But (after Salamis [480 B.C.]) what was the manner of return for him whose wont it had been to wreak the fury of a savage by whipping the winds—though they had never undergone such dishonour in the jail of Æolus—for him who put fetters even on the Shaker of the Earth [Poseidon]. It was grace and mercy that he did not also inflict the branding-iron! (Any god would be proud to be such a master's humble servant!) Well, what was the manner of his return? With a single ship, over waves of blood, through bodies blocking his prow in masses. Such was the price exacted by the glory which had been besought with so many prayers.

“Grant me length of life, Jupiter; grant me many years” —that is your only prayer, whether your face be healthy or overcast with pallor. Yet how grievous and unremitting are the woes of a prolonged old age. Imagine your face become ugly and beyond comparison disgusting, all your features vanished, your skin changed into ugly leather, your cheeks flabby and wrinkled like the withered jowl which a matron monkey scratches in Numidia's vast and leafy forests. There is variety amongst young men: one is fairer than the other, that other fairer than a third; or one is far stronger than the other. But the old all wear one uniform—limbs as shaky as their voices, pates worn to smoothness, and noses running like a baby's. The poor soul must mumble his bread with toothless gums; and he has become so loathsome to his wife, his children, and himself, that he would turn the stomach of fortune-hunter Cossus. The sluggish palate has lost its old relish of food and drink—sex being a sense long ago forgot-

¹ Alexander was killed by a tile at Babylon.

ten. Or if a trial is made of it, the flesh reveals its weakness, a weakness which no prurient arts can stimulate. What better hope can there be for decrepit lust? (Have we not, moreover, good reason to look shyly at the lechery which pretends to passions that it cannot gratify?¹) Look now at the damage done to another organ. An old man takes no delight in the music of a harper, howsoever famous, not even Seleucus or the stage fops in their dazzling cloaks of gold. It matters not whereabouts he is seated in the theatre, since he can hardly hear even the braying horns or crashing trumpets. The slave must shout aloud for his master's ear to catch a caller's name or the time of day.

Then, again, the blood is poor in his chilled body, and gets its only warmth from fever. Diseases of every kind form in fiendish chorus and dance about him. But if you ask me for their names, it would take longer than to give you the list of Hippias's paramours or the patients sacrificed in one autumn to Themison's quackeries; the partners swindled by Basilus or the wards by Hirrus; the customers exhausted in one day by the lankey Mooress, or the pupils debauched by teacher Hamillus. It would be quicker to run through the roll of mansions now possessed by the man whose razor once grated against my young stubble. One old man you may see paralyzed in shoulder, loin, or hip; another blind of both eyes, and jealous of those who have sight in one; the bloodless lips of a third are receiving food from a servant's fingers, whilst the mouth, which once showed all the teeth at sight of dinner, gapes in helplessness, like the nestling swallow welcoming its famished mother's well-stored beak: but worse than any bodily decay is mental failure, forgetfulness of the names of servants or the features of the friend and companion at last evening's dinner—forgetfulness of the children begotten and reared in the father's house. They are cut off by a heartless will from their natural portions, and the whole estate passes to the "Virgin Harlot," so potent are the persuasions of that ingenious mouth which for many a past year had done duty at the brothel cell.

¹ Perhaps for extortionate purposes.

Even if the mental powers do not decay, the old man must follow sons to the grave, and behold the dear wife or brother on the funeral pyre and the ashes of sisters packed in urns. This is the penalty exacted from long-livers—havoc in the family time upon time repeated, and an old age spent amid afflictions in constant mourning and black weeds. The king of Pylos [Nestor] was (if one puts any trust in classic Homer) an instance of long life only second to the crow's. And we must suppose that he is happy because he has put off his death for so many generations, begins to reckon his century, and drinks new vintages so often! But listen, I beseech you, how he rails himself against the rules of Fate and curses his own long-drawn thread of life, when he looks upon his son Antilochus, once a bearded and gallant warrior but now flaring on the pyre. Hear the old man put his question to all the friends about him—"why am I lingering to this day? what sin have I done to deserve so long a life?" The same words were spoken by Peleus mourning for the ravished Achilles, and by him [Laertes] who had a father's right to mourn for the wave-tossed Ithacan [Ulysses].

Priam might have gone down to the shades of his ancestors in honour and glory, as king of the grand old Troy, with Hector and his brothers to support his bier amid the wailing of noble women, with Cassandra to lead the strain of sorrow and Polyxena to rend her raiment, if only he had died at another time before Paris had laid the stocks for his desperate cruisers. What then did he profit by length of days? He saw his fortunes overturned, and all Asia falling before fire and sword. That was the hour when the palsied warrior flung aside his turban to bear arms, and tumbled before great Jupiter's altar—like a worn-out ox, long ago scorned by the graceless plough, submitting a lean and wretched neck to the farmer's knife. Be that as it might, his end was human: but the wife who outlived him came to snarling and barking in the image of a dog.

I pass over the King of Pontus [Mithridates III] and Croesus (warned by the eloquence of Solon the Just to look to the last lap in the race of life), and I hasten on to Roman instances. It was length of days which brought Marius to exile,

imprisonment, concealment in Minturnæ's marshes, and the bread of beggary in the streets of conquered Carthage. Where could the world, where could Rome, ever have shown greater happiness than would have been his, had he given up his ghost in triumph amid the pomp of war, just after he had led round his line of Teuton prisoners and just before he stepped down from the car of victory? Campania (in its prescience) had granted to Pompeius the fever which should have been prayed for; but the multitude of cities and a people's prayers prevailed against it. So it came about that he was saved by his own and the city's fortune only to be conquered and robbed of his head. This agony and retribution were escaped by Lentulus; Cethegus fell unmutilated; and Catilina lay with his body undivided.

When a fond mother sets eyes on a temple of Venus, she prays in whispered accents for handsome sons, but speaks more boldly in her daughters' names, so that she ends by being dainty in her petitions.

"Why should you rebuke me?" she cries. "Does not the mother Latona take delight in her Diana's beauty?"

Yes, but Lucretia's fate is a lesson against coveting such charms as hers; and Virginia¹ would be glad to bestow hers upon a Rutila and take the hump in exchange. Surpassing beauty in a son keeps his parents in constant agony and alarm—so rare it is for modesty and beauty to dwell in peace together. Yea, though purity of life be the heirloom in a family of the rough old Sabine type, and even if Nature herself (who is stronger to help than any watch or ward) opens her generous hand to give him the greatest of her boons, chastity of spirit and a face which flushes with modest blood, still the lad must not keep his manhood. The lavishness of the seducer's vice does not even shrink from tampering with his parents. Such is the boldness of corruption! On the other hand, no ugly boy was ever mutilated by a tyrant in his cruel stronghold, nor did Nero ravish a young bandy-legs or a scrofulous and pot-bellied hunchback.

Go you, then, and rejoice, if you can, in the beauty of a

¹ The heroine of the tale about Appius Claudius.

son whom peculiar perils are awaiting. He will become the town adulterer, and live in fear of penalties which he owes to the angry husbands; nor will he be so much luckier than Mars as never to fall into a trap. And sometimes outraged Honour enforces more than any law allows to honour—death by the knife, stripes from the bloody scourge, or perhaps the “Mullet-clyster.”¹ At first your Endymion will pick the partner of his sin. Afterwards, when a Servilia has offered money, he will give himself even to the woman whom he loves not, and strip her of the very clothes from her body. Be she high or low, she thinks no sacrifice too great for her passion, once it is excited; for passion is the focus of a soiled woman’s whole life.

Do you ask, what harm can beauty do where there is purity? Ask, rather, what profit had Hippolytus, what profit had Bellerophon, from his stern resolve? Why, Phædra flushed like a woman insulted, and rejected Sthenobœa glowed with an equal flame; and both of them gathered themselves for the leap of vengeance. Woman’s fury reaches its climax when hatred is spurred on by shame.

Take your choice of the counsel which you would give to the youth whom Cæsar’s wife² marks down to become her “husband.” Best and fairest of Rome’s gentle blood, the unhappy youth is carried away to perish under Messalina’s basilisk eyes. The bride is seated and waiting with her yellow veil prepared; the purple coverlet for the nuptial bed is spread in the gardens for all to see; the dowry of ten hundred thousand sesterces will be given in time-honoured fashion; and witnesses will be present with the augur. Perhaps you thought that this matter, Silius, would be the secret of a few confidants. No; she will not have a make-shift wedding! Tell me your decision: if you will not consent, you must die before candle-light; if you do the sin, you will gain a brief respite, until the common talk of town and populace finds its way to the Emperor’s hearing. He will be the last to learn the disgrace of his own house. For that interval go and do

¹ An instrument of torture.

² Messalina, wife of Claudius.

her bidding, if you put such a value on the few days of life. But whatever course you think is the better (or the worse), still you must sacrifice that fair white neck of yours.

Do I cut man off from every prayer? If you would have my advice, you will leave it to the gods to decide what is right and useful in human fortunes. The gods will give us not what we desire, but what we most need. Man has a better friend in Heaven than in himself. Driven on by passion, and led by the blind guidance of a masterful desire, we set our hearts upon marriage and the hope of offspring. But the gods know—how the wife and children will turn out! Still, if you really must pray for something, and must go to the shrines with your offerings of tripe and white porker's consecrated sausage-meat, let your petition be for a healthy mind in a healthy body. Pray for a brave heart, which knows not the fear of death, and ranks length of life lowest among the gifts of Nature, strong in the sufferance of appointed labours, innocent of wrathfulness and lust, and counting the trials and cruel labours of a Hercules better than the loves and revelries and feather-beds of Sardanapalus. The prize which I offer you can win for yourself. The only path which leads to peace of mind goes by way of Virtue. Wheresoever Wisdom abides, there, Fortuna, thou hast no power of thine own. It is we who make a goddess of thee, and give thee thy mansion in the skies.





