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JUVENAL AND PERSIUS

JUVENAL
AND
PERSIUS

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
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PREFACE

It is a work of some hardihood to attempt the translation into English prose of an author who is at once a unique master of style, a splendid versifier, the greatest satirist, and one of the greatest moralists, of the world. Yet it is a task that has appealed to scholars of every age, and has a special fascination for one who is called upon by the conditions of this series to produce a version which shall be at once literal and idiomatic.

In the case of a great writer like Juvenal, who writes for all time, each generation seems to demand a translation of its own, in accordance with the changes in its own point of view and the shifting usages of language; and each translator desires to bring out in his own way the special meaning which the author has conveyed to him.

I have consulted all the better-known translations, especially those of Mr. S. G. Owen, Mr. J. D. Lewis, and Messrs. Strong and Leiper; and there are many good idiomatic renderings of short phrases to be found

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in Mr. J. D. Duff's excellent edition of Juvenal. But my greatest obligation is to a collection of MS. papers on Juvenal and Persius left to me many years ago by my uncle, the late Professor William Ramsay of Glasgow University, whose prelections on Juvenal were much appreciated. Among these I have found many happy renderings written on the side of a text used for class purposes; and to the same source I owe much of the matter of the Introduction, especially the whole section on the history of the Roman Satura. I have also derived much advantage from Professor Housman's critical edition of Juvenal, and I have to thank him for permission to make use of his paraphrase of *Sat.* vi., ll. O 1-O 30.¹ In translating Persius I have been under the greatest obligation to the well-known version of Professor Conington.

As it is one of the principles of this series to print the originals as a whole, *Sats.* ii., vi., and ix., so often omitted by translators, are included with the rest. They all contain fine passages, and some of Juvenal's most powerful writing is to be found in *Sat.* vi. The lines which have to be omitted or toned down to meet modern taste are few in number, and it must in fairness be acknowledged that although Juvenal's realism is at times extremely

¹ See note on vi. 365, p. 110.

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gross, it is always repulsive, never alluring or prurient, in its tone.

I have found it advisable to add summaries to the Satires both of Juvenal and Persius, so as to make clear in every case the course of the argument. Juvenal's rhetorical exuberance frequently carries him away from his subject, and leads him into irrelevancies; while Persius, in his love for recondite phrasing and rapid transitions, sometimes leaves the reader embarrassed as to his main purpose. Juvenal's sixth Satire, to whose merits so little attention has been paid in English editions, has been treated somewhat more fully than the rest.

The text of both the Juvenal and the Persius is based upon Bücheler's text of 1893, which, as Mr. Duff points out, was the first to give a full and trustworthy account of the readings of P (the *Codex Pithoeanus*). Any variation from that text is mentioned in the notes, together with a statement of the authority on which it has been adopted. Bücheler's edition was re-edited in 1910, with but few changes, by Dr. F. Leo. The most important of these changes is that he now recognises as genuine the passage discovered in 1899 by Mr. E. O. Winstedt in the Bodleian MS.

G. G. RAMSAY.

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INTRODUCTION

THE LIFE OF JUVENAL

THE only certain evidence as to the facts of Juvenal's life is to be found in casual allusions in his own Satires; such external authorities as there are possess only an uncertain value, and do not even give us the dates of his birth and death. The following passages give us what certain landmarks we possess:—

(1) *Sat.* iv. 153 refers to the murder of the Emperor Domitian, which took place upon the 18th of September, A.D. 96. *Sat.* ii. 29–33 contains a gross attack upon Domitian.

(2) *Sat.* i. 49, 50 mentions the recent condemnation of Marius Priscus for extortion in the province of Africa. That trial, made famous by the fact that the younger Pliny was the chief prosecutor, took place in January, A.D. 100.

(3) The allusion to a comet and an earthquake in connection with Armenian and Parthian affairs in *Sat.* vi. 407 has been held, with some probability, to refer to events in the year 115.

(4) *Sat.* vii. begins with a prophecy that bright days are in store for literature, since it has now

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been assured of the patronage of Caesar. The probability is that the Caesar thus referred to is Hadrian, who succeeded Trajan in the year A.D. 117. The attempts to prove that Trajan was the emperor intended have not been successful. Trajan was by no means a literary emperor, whereas Hadrian was himself a poet and surrounded himself with literary and artistic persons of various kinds.

(5) In *Sat.* xiii. 17 Juvenal describes Calvinus, the friend to whom the Satire is addressed, as one

*qui iam post terga reliquit
Sexaginta annos Fonteio consule natus.*

There were consuls of the name of Fonteius Capito in three different years, A.D. 12, 59, and 67. The first date is obviously too early; the year referred to is probably A.D. 67, since in that year, and not in the other two, the name of Fonteius stands first in the *Fasti*. This would fix *Sat.* xiii. to the year A.D. 127.

(6) Lastly, in *Sat.* xv. 27 :—

*Nos miranda quidem sed nuper consule Iunco
Gesta super calidae referemus moenia Copti,*

the reading *Iunco*, now satisfactorily established for *Iunio*, refers to Aemilius Iuncus, who was consul in the year 127. *Sat.* xv. must therefore have been written in the year A.D. 127, or shortly after it (*nuper*).

It will be noted that these dates, supported by various other considerations, suggest that the Satires

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are numbered in the order of their publication. This view is confirmed by the fact recorded that the Satires were originally published in five books; the first book consisting of *Sat.* i. to v. inclusive, the second of *Sat.* vi., the third of *Sat.* vii. to ix., the fourth of *Sat.* x. to xii. inclusive, and the fifth of the remaining Satires. In the case of *Sat.* i., however, it seems probable that this Satire, being in the nature of a preface, was written last, or at least after the rest of Book i.

Such are the only certain indications as to date which can be discovered in Juvenal's own words. They suggest that the literary period of his life (apart from his earlier recitations) was embraced within the reigns of the emperors Trajan (A.D. 98-117) and Hadrian (A.D. 117-138), probably not extending to the end of the latter's reign. And as in *Sat.* xi. 203 he seems to speak of himself as an old man, we may perhaps, with some certainty, put his birth between the years A.D. 60 and 70.

Other indications of a personal kind are few and insignificant. When Umbricius, on leaving Rome, bids good-bye to his old friend Juvenal, he speaks of the chance of seeing him from time to time when he comes, for the sake of his health, "to his own Aquinum"; from which we may fairly infer that the Volscian town of Aquinum was the poet's native place.

This inference is confirmed by an inscription

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on a marble stone, now lost, which was found at Aquinum. The stone formed part of an altar to Ceres; and the inscription records the fact that the altar had been dedicated to Ceres at his own cost by one D. Junius Juvenalis, who is described as a Tribune in a Dalmatian cohort, as a *duumvir quinquennalis*, and a *flamen* of the deified emperor Vespasian (*Corp. Inscr. Lat.* x. 5382). It should be added that the *praenomen* of the donor (D.) was not legible on the inscription, and that only the two first letters of the *nomen* Junius could be deciphered.

It is not at all certain that this inscription refers to the poet Juvenal. Apart from a very doubtful statement in a Biography which has yet to be mentioned, there is no evidence that Juvenal ever served in the army; indeed, his comments on the army in *Sat.* xvi., which express a contempt for soldiers very similar in kind to that expressed by Persius, almost forbid the supposition. His writings suggest that he habitually lived in Rome, and make it improbable that he could at any time of his life have lived long enough in Aquinum to enable him to gain and fill the important positions mentioned in the inscription. The most we can infer is that he belonged to a family of repute in his native town, and was himself therefore fairly representative of the higher circles of provincial life.

In *Sat.* xi. we find Juvenal in Rome, offering to his friend Persicus a frugal banquet to which his

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Tiburine farm was to contribute a fat kid, with other farm produce, pears, grapes, and apples, together with asparagus gathered in the intervals of her spinning by his bailiff's wife.¹

A passage in xv. 45 records the fact that Juvenal had visited Egypt:—

*luxuria, quantum ipse notavi,
Barbara famoso non cedit turba Canop;*

—a positive statement which cannot be put aside because in his fifteenth Satire the poet makes a geographical mistake as to the proximity of Ombi to Tentyra, nor yet made too much of in connection with the statement in the Biôgraphy falsely attributed to Suetonius, to the effect that Juvenal had been sent into Egypt in his old age as a form of banishment.

That Juvenal had received the best education of his time and had been trained in the moral principles of the Stoics is apparent from the whole tenour of his teaching. The statement in xiii. 121–123 that he had not studied the doctrines of the Cynics, Epicureans, or Stoics seems only to refer to the more philosophical parts of those systems.

There are three passages in the poet Martial (*Epp.* vii. xxiv. and xci. and *Epp.* xii. xviii.) in which

¹ The idea that Juvenal possessed a paternal estate, distinct from the farm at Tibur, seems to rest upon a misconception of the meaning of vi. 57.

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Juvenal is named—if we presume, as seems certain, that the Satirist is the person there mentioned. These epigrams show that the two poets lived on terms of friendship and familiarity with one another, but they throw no light upon Juvenal's personal history and career. In the epigram VII. xci. written in A.D. 93, Juvenal is styled *facundus*, an epithet which implies that by that time Juvenal's reputation, either as a declaimer or as an author, was established; while in XII. xviii. Martial contrasts his own peaceful and happy life in a rural district of Spain with the noisy, restless life led by Juvenal in the Suburra. As Martial's twelfth book was written and collected between the years 102 and 104, that date would correspond pretty closely with that estimated above for the beginning of Juvenal's literary activity. As Mr. Duff puts it, "the facts go to prove that Martial ceased to write about the time that Juvenal began."

Amid the scanty external evidence as to the life of Juvenal, it is necessary to pay some attention to the statements made in the old Biographies which are attached to many of the ancient manuscripts of Juvenal. Early scholars were inclined to attribute these Biographies, or at least the oldest of them, from which the others were copied, either to Suetonius, the author of the Lives of the first Twelve Caesars, or to Valerius Probus, a distinguished grammarian of the second century. It is

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now generally admitted that there is no ground for these attributions, and that in all probability the earliest of them, from which the others were evidently copied with some difference of detail, are not older than the fourth century A.D. For all that, they seem to represent, more or less, an ancient tradition, and it is worth while considering how far some of their statements seem probable in themselves, and fit in with our other sources of information, or present improbabilities which cannot be accepted.

The oldest and best form of the Biography is as follows :—

VITA D. JUNII JUVENALIS.—*Iunius Iuvenalis, libertini locupletis incertum est filius an alumnus, ad mediam fere aetatem declamavit animi magis causa quam quod se scholae aut foro praepararet. Deinde paucorum versuum satyra non absurde composita in Paridem pantomimum poetamque [eius] semenstribus militioli¹ tumentem [hoc ?] genus scripturae industrie excoluit. Et tamen diu ne modico quidem auditorio quicquam committere est ausus. Mox magna frequentia magnoque successu bis ac ter auditus est, ut ea quoque quae prima fecerat inferciret novis scriptis :*

¹ The allusion is to honorary appointments to the military tribunate (*imaginariae militiae genus*, Suet. *Claud.* 25), a system instituted by Claudius in order that the holder might obtain equestrian rank. The word *militiola* means "a trumpery period of military service."

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*quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio. Tu Camerinos
Et Bareas, tu nobilium magna atria curas?*

Praefectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.

(vii. 90-92.)

*Erat tum in deliciis aulae histrio multique fautorum eius
cottidie provehebantur. Venit ergo Iuvenalis in sus-
picionem, quasi tempora figurate notasset, ac statim per
honorem militiae quamquam octogenarius urbe summotus
est missusque ad praefecturam cohortis in extrema parte
tendentis Aegypti. Id supplicii genus placuit, ut levi
atque ioculari delicto par esset. Verum intra brevissimum
tempus angore et taedio periit.*

The first sentence of this Life contains no information that we are not prepared to accept. Nothing is more probable than that Juvenal had long practised himself in the art of declamation, and only embarked on publication when his reputation was established, and he felt confident of success. His recitations would at first be delivered to select coteries of congenial friends, in whose company he would forge out and perfect his biting epigrams, just as Tacitus is supposed to have done with his famous *sententiae*. It is quite probable, therefore, that such a passage as that quoted from *Sat.* vii. may originally have formed part of a private recitation, and have afterwards been incorporated in the more finished edition of the Satire when published. But in explaining the rest of the Life the early commentators were sadly at fault.

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The person satirised in the passage quoted in the Life was a dancer of the name of Paris, who had just been mentioned in connection with the poet Statius. "A monstrous thing," says Juvenal, "that after charming the town with his beautiful voice, Statius would have to starve if he did not sell to Paris his unpublished *Agave*": *Esurit, intactam Paridisi vendit Agaven* (vii. 87).

Now there were two famous dancers of the name of Paris, to either of whom the passage in *Sat.* vii. might apply. The one flourished, and was put to death, in the reign of Nero; while the other met a similar fate under Domitian. The early commentators on the Biography took it for granted, naturally enough, that the Paris mentioned in the Biography was the same Paris that is mentioned by Juvenal himself in *Sat.* vii. But the dates given above for the life of Juvenal prove conclusively that neither of the artists who bore the name of Paris could possibly have brought about the banishment of Juvenal in the manner stated. The later of the two was put to death in the reign of Domitian; and it has been shown above that the period of Juvenal's literary activity did not begin, and that *Sat.* vii. was not published, till some years after the death of that Emperor. All attempts to bring the banishment within the period of Domitian's reign have broken down.

But though the story of Juvenal's banishment as

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usually told cannot possibly be true, it has been ingeniously suggested that the words of the Biography may be read in such a way as to give it some measure of probability. Having stated that Juvenal had scored a success by his Satire against Paris—a Satire evidently declaimed among private friends—we are told that he was subsequently encouraged to insert the passage among his published works. The biography then goes on: *Erat tum in deliciis aulae histrio, multique fautorum eius cottidie provehebantur. Venit ergo Juvenalis in suspicionem quasi tempora figurate notasset.* Filled with resentment at this attack, the *histrio* prevailed upon the emperor to send Juvenal into exile in Egypt under pretence of a military command, where he died shortly after of a broken heart.

Now we are not obliged to translate the words *erat tum in deliciis aulae histrio* by “The actor [*i.e.* Paris] was at that time a favourite of the Court.” The words indeed would more naturally mean “There was at that time *an* actor who was a favourite at Court,” who resented the attack upon a member of his own profession as an indirect attack upon himself. The words which follow show that the offence did not consist of the personal attack on Paris, but that the attack on Paris was considered to contain a sidelong indirect attack (*quasi figurate notasset*) upon some other actor. Such an incident is not at all likely to have happened in the reign of either Nerva or Trajan, but it may well have occurred

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under Hadrian, who became emperor in A.D. 119. Hadrian himself was a patron of actors and artistes of every kind, and he was quite a person who might have taken offence at a supposed insult offered to one of his favourites. The words of Sidonius Apollinaris, in the sixth century, who says of Juvenal *irati fuit histrionis exul*, show how steadily the tradition of the banishment had maintained itself. There is a certain convergence of dates in Juvenal's life towards the year 119; and though the above explanation can only be looked upon as a conjecture, it presents a story which may not impossibly be true, while the traditional version of the story is demonstrably false.

LIFE OF PERSIUS

WE know from the Eusebian chronicle that the poet A. Persius Flaccus was born in the year A.D. 34, somewhat more than two years before the death of the Emperor Tiberius, and that he died in the year 62. He thus lived through the reigns of Caius and Claudius and the first eight years of Nero. For other information as to his life and circumstances our sole source of information is an ancient Biography prefixed to many of the manuscripts of Persius. This Biography many scholars attributed to Suetonius, the biographer of the first twelve Caesars, on the ground that the lexicographer Suidas says that

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that author wrote a book *De Poetis*, of which the ancient biographies of Terence and Horace are supposed to have formed a part. In the oldest MSS., however, the Biography of Persius is described as having been taken from a commentary of Probus Valerius, so that we may with some probability attribute this Biography either to the famous grammarian of that name, who lived in the reign of Nero, or to one or other of the grammarians who bore the same name. Such as it is, this authority is the best that we possess; and as it is evidently of ancient origin, and deals with simple facts with regard to which there could be no motive for falsification, we may with some confidence accept its statements as authentic.

We are told that the poet was born at Volaterrae on the 4th of December, A.D. 34, and that he died of an affection of the stomach on the 24th of November, A.D. 62. He was a Roman Eques, of good position, and became heir to a considerable fortune. His father died when he was only six years old; and though his mother married again, becoming a widow for the second time, she attended carefully to his education, first at Volaterrae, and then removing him in his twelfth year to Rome. There he went through the usual course of instruction for youths in his position, attending the lectures, first of the distinguished grammarian Remmius Palaemon, and afterwards those of the rhetorician Virginius Flavius. At the age of sixteen

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he was put under the charge of the Stoic philosopher L. Annaeus Cornutus, who became his guide, philosopher, and friend, and towards whom, in one of the most charming passages in his Satires, he pours forth his feelings in terms of the liveliest gratitude and affection (*Sat.* v. 30-51).

Though living in a small domestic circle, in terms of closest intimacy with his mother, his sister, and his aunt, he seems to have been admitted to the best literary society of the time, and especially of persons connected with the Stoic School. One of his earliest friends was the lyric poet Caesius Bassus; he was intimate with the famous Paetus Thrax, whose wife, the heroic Arria, was a kinswoman of his own; he enjoyed the friendship of Lucan, who was a great admirer of his works, declaring *haec vera poemata esse*. He was also acquainted with Seneca, though, as might be expected, he is said not to have admired his character. He left his library, including his own Satires, with a sum of money, to Cornutus, who accepted the library and, after making a few corrections, handed over the editing of the Satires to his friend Caesius Bassus. We are told that he wrote slowly, as might easily be discovered from the style of the Satires themselves. He was of a pleasing appearance, had the most gentle manners, was pure and temperate in his life, and exemplary in his domestic relations. The Biography ends with some dubious assertions, probably added by a later hand,

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among which is the baseless idea which possessed his early commentators, that the main object of the First Satire was to ridicule the poetical productions of the Emperor Nero.

That Persius was born at Volaterrae in Etruria rests on the authority of the Biography, as also of the Eusebian chronicle; yet learned commentaries have been written to wrest the words of *Sat.* vi. 6-7 from their natural meaning in the endeavour to prove that the poet was born at the town of Luna on the Gulf of Spezzia, on the Genoese coast, near the famous marble quarries of Carrara. Having migrated to that delicious spot for the winter, Persius writes:

mihî nunc Ligus ora

Intepet, hibernatque meum mare.

But the words *meum mare* cannot be made to bear the meaning of a native shore; and, even if they did, the phrase might well be used of the sea that beats on the shores of Etruria, in which province the poet was born.

The period of the early years of Persius marks in a peculiar manner the change which had taken place in the general system of education as formerly pursued at Rome with a view to the needs of actual life. This change was the direct result of the downfall of the old constitution, and the substitution of an all-pervading despotism for the free play of public life which had characterised and ennobled

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the fine days of the Republic. The change exercised a most baneful influence on the minds and tastes of the Roman people, and its blighting effects soon became all too conspicuous in the rapid decline of their literature.

It would be hard to imagine a system of education more practical and more stimulating for the youth of a great and free country, preparing itself for the task of civilising and dominating the world, than that which was pursued in Rome after the roughness and ignorance of the Latin warrior had been softened and enlightened by acquaintance with the art and literature of Greece. The *Dialogus* of Tacitus has left us a detailed account of that system as followed by those who looked forward to taking a part in the public life of the time. For such young men some excellence in public speaking was a matter of absolute necessity. Careful training at home would be followed by what we might call a course of secondary education, embracing Grammar, Rhetoric and Literature. To this would be added a course of Philosophy, for which the more eager spirits would repair to Athens, which had now become the University of the world. His preliminary education thus completed, the youth of full age would be put under the patronage of some leading statesman of the time. Taking his stand beside his patron when receiving in his atrium the visits of his friends, he would there hear discussions

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on all the current topics of the day. He would accompany his patron to the Law Courts, watch the cases that were being tried, and hear experienced comments upon them, as well as upon the speeches that had been delivered. After this initiation into public affairs, the young man would have to serve his time in the army—a period of 20 years in the infantry, or 10 years in the cavalry, seems to have been originally exacted—after which he was fully qualified to enter upon public life on his own account.

It is little to be wondered at that such a training, pursued in an atmosphere of political freedom, should have achieved great results; and we may say with some confidence, leaving moral considerations aside, that the number of great men who flourished in Rome during the last century of the Republic—the period during which the effects of the above system made themselves felt—whether as warriors, statesmen, orators, historians, or poets—scarcely finds a parallel in the history of the world.

But when Augustus had succeeded in crushing all his rivals, and establishing in place of a free Republic a system of pure though carefully-veiled autocracy, the results soon began to make themselves felt. Virgil and Horace, enamoured of the charms of peace after the horrors of civil war, and persuading themselves that Augustus was the natural successor, representative, and restorer of all

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that was best in ancient Rome, succeeded for a while in investing the personal government of Augustus with a poetic atmosphere which corresponded little with its real nature. But they had no successors. Reposing gladly under the paternal sway of Augustus during his later years, Rome lost her ideals. She was peaceful, prosperous, and contented; the fiery spirit of the old Republican days gradually died away, and the majority of the citizens, finding that servility was the surest road to advancement, "preferred the security of the present to the hazards of the past."¹ The patronage accorded by Augustus to men of letters may have done something to arrest the decay of literature; but with the close of the reign of Augustus and the accession of Tiberius the truth could no longer be concealed that the days of liberty were over, and the natural results followed in every department of human life and thought. Deprived of the inspiration of reality, literature and oratory descended from the public to the private stage, and lost alike their meaning and their manliness. Pursuits which could only be followed with danger soon ceased to be followed at all, and instead of being trained by public men among public concerns, the youth were now taught to exercise themselves in the schools of the rhetoricians, where they learnt to carry on subtle disputations on topics wholly remote from common life.

¹ Tac. *Ann.* i. ii.

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For the decline of literature, there is no more authentic testimony than that of Persius; and yet he seems to be quite unconscious of the true causes of that decline. His first Satire fills an important gap in the history of Roman literature. It contains an elaborate attack upon the poetry and the poetical methods of his own day, whose weaknesses he connects, in true Stoic fashion, not with the loss of public freedom, but with the decay of morality:—Rome has lost, he tells us, all sense of what is good or bad, what is manly or mawkish, in literature; she now loves the turgid and the grandiloquent; dandy poets, after careful preparation, inflame the passions of their audience with poems of a licentious cast. Others, with similar affectations of dress and manner, bring down the applause of the house with sentimental mythological ditties, and in their efforts for smoothness lose all manliness of tone. Many buy the coveted commendation by gifts of dainties or old clothes. Others again affect archaisms, or revel in bombastic mouthings which would make Virgil turn in his grave. No orator can defend a client accused of crime without using all the elaborate figures of rhetoric; all simple writing, all honest criticism have disappeared; “I at least must tell the truth, and I must write down Rome as an ass!” (*Sat.* i. 121.)

Such is the outspoken verdict of Persius on the poetry and oratory in his day; yet never for a moment does he hint at its true cause; never once

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does he heave a sigh—even a despairing sigh like that of Lucan¹—over the loss of public liberty. And yet he had two admirable opportunities for suggesting the topic. The opening words of the 4th Satire (*Rem populi tractas?*) suggest a political discourse. “What are the qualifications,” he asks, “with which the budding statesman should provide himself?” But the question is never answered; the Satire turns out to be a purely abstract disquisition on the subject of self-knowledge, dressed up with a pretended application to the case of Alcibiades.

Not less remarkable is the avoidance of all reference to public life in the 5th Satire. The main subject of that poem is that of human freedom, being an expansion of the doctrine of the Stoics that all men (Stoics of course excepted) are slaves. Here, if anywhere, was the opportunity for pointing, directly or indirectly, to the state of political servitude into which Rome had fallen. But no trace of such an idea is to be found. From first to last the subject is treated from the point of view of the schools, the sole question raised being that of the command by the individual of his own soul. Even when the poet touches on the subject of Roman citizenship, it is to dismiss with scorn the idea that it conferred any kind of freedom worth having:—

¹ *plus est quam vita salusque Quod perit* (*Pharsalia*, vii. 640).

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*Heu steriles veri, quibus una Quiritem
Vertigo facit!* (v. 75.)

Not one word is there in Persius, from beginning to end, that recognises the change that had passed over public life in Rome, or of the results of that change on the morals and intellects of the time.

THE SUPPOSED OBSCURITY OF PERSIUS

It has been the fashion to characterise Persius as obscure, but the epithet is hardly deserved. He is undoubtedly difficult; his mode of expressing himself is often peculiar and fantastic. There is a certain preciousness in his choice of phrases; he is sometimes crabbed and tortuous, and in his desire for compression he occasionally, especially in his many repetitions of Horatian ideas, seeks to obtain extra force by blending two ideas into one without giving full expression to either. He is often elliptical; his dialogue is abrupt and hard to follow. He is certainly difficult as a whole, and his style is one which needs to be wrestled with; but with a little careful attention the sequence of his thought can always be discovered, and, though individual passages may cause embarrassment, he cannot as a whole be justly charged with obscurity. His contemporaries did not find him obscure. The Biography tells us that no sooner was the book

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published than it became the rage (*editum librum continuo mirari homines et diripere coeperunt*). Martial vouches for its popularity:—

*Saepius in libro memoratur Persius uno
Quam levis in tota Marsus Amazonide.*

iv. xxix. 7-8.

And the careful critic Quintilian, tells us:—

Multum et verae gloriae, quamvis uno libro, Persius meruit (Inst. Or. x. i. 94).

If, then, the obscurity of Persius was unknown to his contemporaries, we must look to some other cause for its discovery; and this seems to be provided by what is evidently a spurious addition to the Biography, to the effect that the first Satire of Persius was intended as an attack upon Nero and his poetical efforts. The original text of i. 121, we are told, ran thus:—

Auriculas asini Mida rex habet ;

but alarmed by the boldness of these lines, which seemed to point too plainly to Nero, Cornutus emended the line, making it read (as in the now received text)

Auriculas asini quis non habet ?

a reading which, as we have already seen, gives point and meaning to the whole Satire.

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But the idea that Nero was the object of attack in the 1st Satire could not be allowed to drop; it was soon developed by the commentators, and became parent of the idea that Persius was obscure. Supposed references to Nero were found to lurk in every line of *Sat. i.*; and it was even discovered that Nero was also the covert object of attack in the 4th Satire—an idea which has not even yet departed from the pages of some of our modern commentators. The height of absurdity was reached by the Scholiast who, when commenting on the four lines ridiculed in *Sat. i.* 99–103, informs us *verba Neronis sunt*; to which a more recent annotator added that the lines are taken from a tragedy, supposed to be written by Nero, called the *Bacchantes*. No such play has ever been heard of; no tragic play that was ever written would contain passages in dactylic hexameters; yet we are actually asked to believe that a critic like Cornutus, so anxious to score out a harmless reference to King Midas for fear that Nero might take it to himself, allowed four whole lines, known by everybody to have formed part of a play of Nero's, to stand uncorrected! Thus the original idea on which the charge of obscurity mainly rested falls to the ground, and we may apply his own motto to the interpreting of his difficulties—*nec te quaesiveris extra*.

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PERSIUS AND JUVENAL COMPARED

The great difference between Persius and Juvenal is this, that Persius was a poet of the closet, a student, a recluse, full of youthful enthusiasm, living in a retired atmosphere under the shelter of loving female relatives, and with no knowledge of the outside life of the world beyond what could be gathered from the lectures of his Stoic instructors. His world is not the living world of Rome, but the world of books; his incidents, his characters, are chiefly taken from Horace, whose virile expressions he delights to serve up in some novel and recondite form, or from the stock examples of the Schools.

Juvenal, on the other hand, is a realist of the realists; he grapples with the real things of life, and derives all his inspiration from the doings of the men and women of his own day. He belonged to the generation which had suffered from the enormities of Caligula, Claudius and Nero; he had probably himself witnessed the concluding and worst phases of the reign of Nero, and had lived through the whole of the gloomy tyranny of Domitian. He thus knew what Rome was in the period of her worst corruption. Impregnated with the moral teaching of the Stoics, he was no mere repeater of the commonplaces of the Schools. An ardent admirer of the simple and hardy virtues of ancient Rome, he holds up a mirror to every part of the

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private life of the Rome of his day, and by the most caustic and trenchant invective seeks to shame her out of her vices. He was thus eminently fitted on the ground of personal experience to describe the manners of Imperial Rome at the period of her worst corruption, and long practice had put in his hands a weapon which enabled him to castigate them with matchless power and severity.

Juvenal's pictures are doubtless exaggerated; all brilliant rhetoric is more or less overstrained, and the peculiar doctrines of Stoicism naturally lent themselves to paradox and exaggeration. But apart from Stoicism, there are certain fundamental prejudices in Juvenal's mind which, though honestly entertained, and natural in one who was always looking back to the worthies of old Rome for examples, are pressed upon us with a frequency and an emphasis which seem excessive. His belief in the virtue of primitive times; his hatred of the foreigner, especially one coming from Greece and the East; his tirades against wealth and the wealthy, and his suggestion that wealth is always acquired by unworthy means; his laudation of mere poverty; his incapacity to see any object in trade except that of self-enrichment, or any value at all in humble or menial occupations, however useful to the community (*Sat.* iii. 71-2)—all these ideas belong to what we may call the old Roman part of Juvenal's prepossessions. They serve to account for the

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singular want of proportion which is to be observed in some of his moral judgments, and they have to be reckoned with in estimating the value of his censures.

With these modifying elements in view, it has often been asked, How far can we depend upon the denunciations of Juvenal as presenting a faithful picture of the Rome of his day? His sincerity cannot be questioned. It is impossible, as we read through his satires, not to feel that he speaks what in his conscience he believes to be the truth, and appraises everything and everybody in accordance with the standard of morality which he has accepted as his guide in life. His pictures of Rome, and of life in Rome, are so vivid, so full of characteristic detail, that they carry with them a conviction of their fidelity; while his shrewd knowledge of human nature, and the truly noble lines on which he lays down some of the great principles of human conduct—many of them in harmony with the best ideas of modern times—make us feel a general confidence in his moral judgments.

But we have more than internal evidence to rely upon. The poet Martial, who was a contemporary and friend of Juvenal, lived through the very period from which Juvenal's sketches are taken. His epigrams deal with the same topics of social life which form the staple of Juvenal's satires. The Rome of Martial is the Rome of Juvenal. He

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describes, in the minutest detail, the same vices and the same manner of living; and the correspondence between them acquires a double force from the fact that the two authors looked at these same things from a totally different angle. Juvenal was a moralist; he regarded the vices and follies of his day as affording material for reprobation; Martial looked upon the same facts as affording material for quips and epigrams. Juvenal hardly ever casts off the attitude of a preacher; Martial gives an identical picture of Roman life without a touch of moral indignation.

But although we cannot but accept Juvenal's account of the corruption of his day as true in the main, it does not follow that it was true of all Rome, and that there was no reverse side to the picture. We know from Pliny, Seneca, and other writers, that there were many quiet, thoughtful and well-conducted homes in Rome, in which a high level of morality was reached, which had no share in the corruptions of the time, and were preparing the ground for that period of philosophical reflection and moral regeneration which distinguished the second century. We may, therefore, console ourselves by the reflection that the castigations of Juvenal, though justified on the whole, referred mainly to what might be called the seamy side of Roman life—a side to which some parallel may be found in our own boasted centres of civilization.

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Juvenal was no politician ; he never casts an eye on the political conditions of his day. He is as blind as Persius to the effects on Roman life and character of the loss of public freedom. Though a passionate admirer of the Republican heroes of old Rome, he never expends a sigh upon the downfall of the Republic ; he has none of the belated and despairing republicanism which inspires the sonorous hexameters of Lucan. He does not hesitate to dwell on the crimes and vices of individual emperors ; but he accepts their rule as a matter of course. He never connects the autocratic character of the government with the degradation of the Roman people which he deplures. He is essentially the moralist of private life ; perhaps the only distinctly political observation that can be discovered in his satires is when he declares that Rome was free in the days when she called Cicero the " Father of his Country " :

*Sed Roma parentem,
Roma patrem patriae Ciceronem libera dixit.*
(viii. 243-4.)

THE *Satura* OF ROME

The classical passage on Roman *Satura* is to be found in Quintilian, *Inst. Orat.* X. i. 93-95 :—

Satura quidem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem laudem adeptus Lucilius quosdam ita deditos sibi adhuc

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habet amatores ut eum non eiusdem modo operis auctoribus sed omnibus poetis praeferre non dubitent . . .

After comparing Lucilius with Horace, he proceeds to say :—

Multum et verae gloriae quamvis uno libro Persius meruit. Sunt clari hodieque et qui olim nominabuntur. Alterum illud etiam prius saturae genus, sed non sola carminum varietate mixtum, condidit Terentius Varro, vir Romanorum eruditissimus. Plurimos hic libros et divitissimos composuit, peritissimus linguae Latinae et omnis antiquitatis et rerum Graecarum nostrarumque, plus tamen scientiae collaturus quam eloquentiae.

To this we may add the testimony of the grammarian Diomedes (fourth–fifth century), p. 483 :—

Satura dicitur carmen apud Romanos, non apud Graecos, maledicum et ad carpenda hominum vitia archaeae comoediae caractere compositum, quale scripserunt Lucilius et Horatius et Persius; at olim carmen quod e variis poematibus constabat satura nominabatur, quale scripserunt Pacuvius et Ennius.

And again :—

Satura carmina multa simul et poemata comprehenduntur.

Comparing the above passages we learn that there were several kinds of composition known by the name of *Satura* :—

(1) The Satire of Lucilius, Horace, and Juvenal ;

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(2) An earlier form of Satire founded by Terentius Varro, of which the characteristic feature was that it was *non sola carminum varietate mixtum*; and

(3) The kind distinguished from the Varronian kind by the preceding definition, and more particularly described by Diomedes as having been used by Pacuvius and Ennius, and defined as *carmen quod e variis poematibus constabat*.

But even so we have not reached the earliest form of *Satura*, which was of a dramatic kind. In recounting the history of the importation of dramatic games from Etruria into Rome in consequence of a pestilence in the year B.C. 364, Livy tells us (vii. 2) how the *ludiones* imported from Etruria danced Tuscan dances of a not ungraceful kind to the music of the pipe, but without words or gestures; how the native youth imitated these performances, adding to them the jocular bandying of verses amongst each other with appropriate gesticulations; till at last, improving upon these early efforts, *non, sicut antea, Fescennino versu similem incompositum temere ac rudem alternis iaciebant; sed impletas modis saturas, descripto iam ad tibicinem cantu, motuque congruenti peragebant*. Hence the introduction of the drama some years afterwards (B.C. 240) by Livius Andronicus *qui ab saturis ausus est primus argumento fabulam serere*, i.e. construct a play with a regular plot.

We thus see that the name of *Satura* was origin-

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ally given to a rough musical performance of a semi-dramatic kind, being developed it would seem from the rude banterings in extempore verse or otherwise of the Italian youth, who were famed for the *antiqua et vernacula festivitas* with which they used to pelt each other in times of village festivals and rejoicings.¹

Of the Satires of Pacuvius we know nothing, except from the above-quoted passage from Diomedes; but of those of Ennius (B.C. 239-169) we know enough to give us a good idea of what they were. Porphyrius speaks of the fourth book of his Satires, Donatus of a sixth, each Satire forming a book in itself; and some few fragments of them remain. One deals with astrologers and interpreters of dreams, another with female license; and Quintilian tells us that one of his Satires took a dramatic form:—*ut Voluptatem et Virtutem Prodicus, ut Mortem et Vitam quas contendentes in satira tractat Ennius* (*Inst. Orat.* ix. ii. 36). Thus Ennian Satire seems to have consisted of a variety of poetical pieces, composed in various metres, on various topics

¹ For these extempore rustic effusions, full of coarse and pungent wit, see Virg. *Geo.* ii. 385-395, and Hor. *Epp.* i. 147-167. Having regard to the evidence afforded by these passages, and by the passage from Livy quoted above, it is not possible to accept the statement of Prof. H. Nettleship that "Lucilius was the first writer who impressed upon the *Satura* that character of invective which it to a great extent preserved in the hands of Horace, Persius and Juvenal" (*Lectures and Essays*, second series, 1895). On the contrary, it would seem that personal abuse formed the essence of the first beginnings of *Satura*.

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drawn from daily life, occasionally employing dialogue, and written with a certain humour and sprightliness of style.

The *Satura* of the learned Varro (B.C. 116–28), as we have already seen, contained prose as well as verse (*non sola carminum varietate mixtum*), and according to the statement put into his mouth by Cicero (*Acad.* 1. ii. 8) they were written in imitation of the Greek philosopher Menippus:—

Et tamen in illis veteribus nostris, quae Menippum imitati, non interpretati, quadam hilaritate conspeximus, multa admixta ex intima philosophia, multa dicta dialectice.

So too Aulus Gellius ii. xviii. 10:—

Alii quoque non pauci fuerunt qui post philosophi clari exstiterunt. Ex quibus ille Menippus fuit cuius librum M. Varro in Saturis imitatus est, quas alii Cynicas, ipse appellat Menippeas.

Now Menippus was a Cynic philosopher of Gadara (*fl. circ.* B.C. 60), who from the character of his works was distinguished by the epithet *σπουδογελοῖος*, *i.e.* “serio-comic,” in consequence of the humorous style in which he expressed himself, one of his aims being to ridicule the folly and trifling of the pseudo-philosophers of the day.¹

¹ We may compare this with the subject of Juvenal's second Satire.

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The slight fragments preserved of Menippus are not enough to enable us to judge of his style; but from sundry notices of him in Lucian we may gather that his Satires were written in prose,¹ that they frequently introduced dialogue, and that they embraced a large variety of topics, including especially the ridicule of false philosophers. Varro's Satires gained the name of Menippea, as Cicero informs us, from their general likeness to those of Menippus in style and subject. Both employed dialogue, both discoursed on many subjects, and both conveyed instruction in a humorous and playful form.

Varro was the most voluminous of writers (*πολυγραφώτατος*, Cic. *Epp. ad Att.* xiii. 18); he himself computed that he had written 490 books. Of these it is obvious, from the number of times they are quoted by writers down to the beginning of the fifth century, that the Menippean Satires were the most popular. There seem to have been no less than 150 of them, each in a separate book; the grammarians Aulus Gellius (A.D. 117-180) and Nonius Marcellus (fourth century?) cite fragments of at least 82 of the Satires. The titles, of which many have been

¹ Probus indeed (ad Virg. *Ecl.* vi. 31) says that Varro's Satire was called after Menippus: *quod is quoque omnigeno carmine saturas suas expoliverat*; but among the many passages in which Menippus is mentioned by those who must have known his writings there is no hint that he ever wrote in verse.

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preserved, are enough to show the variety and humorous character of their contents, which covered many different subjects, social, philosophic, and political. Among them are the following: Ὑδροκύνων, apparently an attack upon the Cynics, the "Prohibitionists" of their day; Τρικάρανος, "the three-headed monster," perhaps an attack upon the First Triumvirate; Περὶ ἐξαγώγης, on suicide; Γνωθι σεαυτόν; Ὄνος λύρας, the ass who pretends to a taste for music; Δὺς παῖδες οἱ γέροντες; *Tithonus*, on old age; Τοῦ πατρὸς τὸ παιδίον (the subject of Juvenal's fourteenth Satire); and *Pransus paratus*, which seems to have suggested the lines of our modern poet,

Serenely full, the epicure may say
"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

We now come to the last and greatest form of *Satura*, which has stamped its name on the history of literature and the world, the Satire of Lucilius and Horace, of Persius and of Juvenal.

LUCILIAN SATIRE

C. Lucilius, proclaimed by Horace, Persius, and Juvenal as the founder of Roman Satire, was born at Suessa Aurunca, in Campania, in B.C. 148; he died in B.C. 103. If not actually the inventor of Roman satire, he was the first to mould it into that form which subsequently acquired consistency and

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full development in the hands of his distinguished successors. Juvenal has no hesitation in acknowledging him as its father:—

*Cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo
Per quem magnus equos Aurunca flexit alumnus ;*
Sat. i. 19–20.

Horace says of him that he was the first to compose poems in this style:—

*Quid cum est Lucilius ausus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,*
Sat. ii. i. 63.

Like Quintilian, Horace proclaims Lucilius as a writer in a style unknown to Greece:—

Graecis intacti carminis auctor (Sat. i. x. 66).

He was a man of good social position; Horace speaks of himself as "*infra Lucili censum*" (Sat. ii. i. 75). He served in the Numantine war, and seems to have been on intimate terms with Scipio, and the literary society which gathered round him. He was a prolific writer, having written no less than thirty books of Satires, each book probably containing several pieces. The subjects treated were of the most miscellaneous kind, embracing questions of religion, morals, politics, and literary criticisms; some of them even touched on questions of grammar. Living in the days of the
xliv

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free republic, he indulged in broad and coarse personalities, attacking his enemies by name :—

*secuit Lucilius urbem,
Te Lupe, te Muci, et genuinum fregit in illis.*

Pers. i. 114–15.

In this respect, Horace tells us, Lucilius took his model from the writers of the old Attic comedy; but while commending his freedom and his wit, Horace is severe upon his style, which he pronounces rough, redundant, and inartistic. In the general tone of his writings, and in the purity of his aims, he seems to have represented on its best side the literary and moral ideas of the Scipionic circle. His poems have been described as open letters to the public, embracing the whole life of a cultivated man of the world in good position, ready to criticise everything and everybody in politics, literature, and social life.

With regard to the metre which he employed, the great body of his poems, with some exceptions, were written in dactylic hexameters; and from that time forward this became the recognised metre of Roman satire.

And now for the bond which linked together these various forms of composition under the common name of *Satura*.

It was the practice among the ancients, in making

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the stated sacrifices to Ceres or Bacchus, or other rural deities, to offer to each god a collection of the various first-fruits of the earth, piled up upon a large platter. The Greeks designated offerings of this mixed kind by the name *παγκαρπία* or *πάγκαρπος θυσία*; while the Latins called a platter thus piled up a *Lanx Saturata*, or simply *Saturata*, that word being the feminine of the adjective *satur* (from root *sat*), signifying repletion. The same word was used of other things possessing the same quality: a *Lex* passed *per saturam* was a law containing enactments on various subjects which were all passed together as a whole. Thus the term came to be used of any miscellaneous collection, any medley or hotch-potch consisting of many mixed ingredients.

(1) The first kind of entertainment to which the word was applied was that described by Livy vii. 2, consisting of rough dialogue set to music, (*impletas modis saturas*), with singing and dancing. The whole might appropriately be called a *Dramatic Miscellany* or *Medley*.

(2) Ennius and Pacuvius removed *Saturata* from the stage, and gave the name to a number of pieces composed on a variety of subjects and in a variety of metres. The whole, viewed as a collection, might be called a *Poetical Miscellany*.

(3) Varro, taking as his model the dialogues of Menippus, wrote a vast number of pieces on a multitude of different subjects, some purely comic,

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some on grave themes drawn from recondite philosophy, but even these treated with a certain liveliness of manner (*conspersus hilaritate quadam*), and all thrown into the form of a dialogue, mostly in prose, possibly with some admixture of verse, and forming what may be called a serio-comic *Philosophic Miscellany*.

(4) Finally comes the *Satura Luciliana*, the great characteristic of which was the variety of subjects dealt with. Of these, however, politics ceased to be one after the time of Lucilius. If we admit the limits marked out for himself by Juvenal in the famous lines,

*Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli est* (i. 85-6),

we might define it as a *Moral Miscellany*. Unlike previous forms of Satire, it eliminated prose and restricted itself to one form of verse, the dactylic hexameter. It devoted itself mainly to social and moral topics, castigating the vices and follies of mankind as depicted in their lives and occupations. Almost any subject relating to man or society might be dealt with in a *Satura*. Horace allowed himself a very wide field, including critical disquisitions and such anecdotes as might lead to humorous or caustic comment; while Lucilius went further still, entering even on the discussion of questions of grammar and orthography. Having originated on

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the stage, Satire retained to the last evident traces of its dramatic origin. Varro's Satires consisted largely of dialogue; dialogue is constantly appearing in Horace; Juvenal is full of dramatic touches; while the proper unravelling of obscurely marked dialogue forms one of the main difficulties in the interpretation of Persius.

JUVENAL'S SATIRES SUMMARIZED

The contents of Juvenal's Satires may be summarised as follows:—

In his 1st Satire, which was probably written as a Preface, either to the whole of the Satires, or to one of the five separate books which made up the whole, Juvenal again follows in the steps of Persius. Among the reasons which impelled him to write satire he puts first of all his disgust at the popular poetry of the day, and at the recitations on hackneyed mythological subjects to which he is compelled to listen. He has heard enough of Theseus, Jason, and Orestes; he is bored by perpetual descriptions of the grove of Mars, of the cave of Aeolus, and of the exploits of Monychus. He prefers to deal with realities; he must describe the men of his own time:—

*Whatever passions have the soul possessed,
Whatever wild desires inflamed the breast,*

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*Joy, Sorrow, Fear, Love, Hatred, Transport, Rage,
Shall form the motley subject of my page.*

(Gifford's Version of i. 84, 85.)

Precisely similar is the disgust expressed by Martial at the mawkish mythological poetry of his day :—

*Qui legis Oedipoden caligantemque Thyesten,
Colchidas et Scyllas, quid nisi monstra legis?
Quid te vana iuvant miseræ ludibria cartæ?
Hoc lege, quod possit dicere vita, Meum est.
Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas Harpyasque
Invenies : hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

(Epp. x. iv. 1-2, 7-10.)

Juvenal and Martial may thus be said to have developed a school of practical poetry. Just as Socrates is said to have called down the attention of men from the heavens to the earth, so did Juvenal and Martial call men from the barren repetition of mythological tales and fancies, and the no less barren field of rhetorical declamation, to describing the life of men as lived in their own time and city.

Juvenal ends his 1st Satire with the announcement that he is not to follow the example of Lucilius in attacking his contemporaries; his shafts are to be directed, not against the living, but against the dead. This is not to be taken merely as a sign of caution on Juvenal's part, as though he were afraid of rousing resentments like those aroused by Lucilius, but is

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rather an indication that his main purpose is to expose the vices and follies of the day, not to attack the individuals who had committed them. He is to be a preacher of morality, not a chastiser of persons. And this promise is to a large extent made good. Juvenal makes no effort to describe or ridicule individual characters, nor did he possess the special talent for the purpose. His subject, no doubt, requires him frequently to quote names; but such names are usually given merely as typical of some special kind of failing. They are taken either from books, or from persons who had in some way or other made themselves notorious; some of them may have been invented for the occasion. In no case do we recognise any special feeling of animosity against the person named; nowhere can we discover any trace of that personal vindictiveness which sharpens the point, and impairs the truthfulness, of so much of our most famous modern satire. And Juvenal's most exaggerated invectives are relieved by the feeling that they are the sincere outpourings of that *saeva indignatio* which has so often been coupled with his name.

In his 2nd Satire Juvenal attacks false philosophers—men who, while exhibiting in public the stern looks and uncouth manners of Stoics, practise the worst vices in secret. It is characteristic of Juvenal that he quotes as instances of the worst

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depravity the fact that a Roman noble wore clothes of almost transparent texture, and that the Emperor Otho used cosmetics and carried with him a mirror as part of his paraphernalia for war.

The 3rd Satire, from an artistic point of view, is perhaps Juvenal's finest performance. It contains a brilliant picture of the living Rome of his day, of its sights and sounds, its physical dangers and annoyances, its luxury and its meanness, its wearisome social observances, and of the intolerable inequalities which made it impossible for a poor man with any self-respect to continue any longer to live in it.

In lines 18-20 we find a charming indication of the poet's natural good taste when he exclaims how much nearer to us would be the spirit of Egeria "if her fountain were fringed by a margin of green grass, and there were no marble ornament to outrage the native tufa."

The 4th Satire is of a lighter kind; it is in the nature of a skit upon the solemn importance with which an exacting emperor like Domitian might invest the most frivolous act of obsequious flatterers. A mullet of huge size is sent up as a present to the emperor, who at once summons a meeting of his cabinet council to consider how the fish is to be treated.

The 5th Satire, in a tone of bitter irony, gives us

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the most perfect picture we possess of the manner in which a patron of the Imperial times might discharge the old historical duty of entertaining his clients. The picture is taken from the life; and we cannot doubt that Juvenal had experienced in his own person the humiliations which he describes. Nothing can be more revolting, nothing more repugnant to every idea of hospitality, than the manner in which the host Virro entertains his guest, who as a full reward for faithful daily service receives at length the long-hoped-for invitation to dinner. He sits, or rather reclines, at the same table, but on a lower couch. He is subjected to every kind of indignity at the hands both of the host and of his menial attendants. For every course a different and inferior dish is served to the client; so also with the drink. It is not that Virro grudges the expense of the entertainment; it is his deliberate object to insult his client, and he rejoices in his humiliation.

The longest, the most elaborate, and the most brilliant of Juvenal's Satires is the 6th, which puts before us, in long procession, a Dream of Unlovely Women.

What, Postumus? Are you, in your sober senses, going to take to yourself a wife? Do you not know that Chastity has fled this earth? She may have stayed with us in Saturn's time, and perhaps lingered awhile under Jupiter before he grew his beard, in the

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days when men still made their home in caves, and when wives spread couches of leaves and beast-skins on the mountain-side. But know you not that since the Silver Age came in adultery has been all the vogue? Are you actually thinking of making a marriage contract and presenting an engagement ring? By what Fury are you possessed? Have you no halter by you? is there no high window from which you can take a leap? (1-37.)

And is Ursidius, once the most notorious of gallants, preparing to obey the Julian law and to rear an heir? ready to forgo all the turtles and mullets and other dainties which his childlessness now brings him in? Bleed the simpleton, ye doctors, if he thinks he can find a virtuous wife; if he finds one, let him sacrifice a heifer with gilded horns to Juno! Why, nowadays a wife would sooner be contented with one eye than with one husband! (38-59.)

Can you, in all the tiers of the circus or the theatre, find a single honest woman? Women love the stage; if you marry a wife it will be to make a father of some harpist or flute-player. Or perhaps, like Eppia, the Senator's wife, she will run off to Egypt with a gladiator, leaving home and husband and sister, and brave all the perils of the deep. Had her husband bidden her go on board a ship, she would have deemed it an act of cruelty; no woman has boldness but for acts of shame! (60-135.)

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If a husband believes in his wife's virtue, it is because of the dowry that she has brought him; the Cupid that inflamed him was in her money-bags! If he love her for her beauty, she will lord it over him as long as that lasts, and ruin him by her extravagance; once her charms are faded, he will put her to the door. If, again, she be virtuous, comely, rich, fertile, and high-born, what husband can endure a woman who is all perfection, and is for ever casting her high qualities in his teeth? Away with your high ancestry, Cornelia! away with your Hannibal, your Syphax, and your Carthage! Remember the fate of Niobe! (136-183.)

How nauseous is the female habit of using Greek for every act and circumstance of life! Women now do everything, even their loves, in Greek. You might forgive it in a girl; but what can be more revolting than to hear Greek terms of endearment in the mouth of an old woman? (184-199.)

If you marry without love, why marry at all? Why be at the expense of a marriage-feast and all the other costs of matrimony? If you are really and truly in love with your wife, then bow your head submissively to the yoke. She will take full toll of you; she will rejoice in stripping you bare; she will do all your buying and your selling for you; she will show your old friends to the door, and make you leave legacies to her lovers. She will crucify your slaves for little or no offence; if you expos-

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tulate, and plead for delay, she will tell you "It is my will; the thing must be done!" In the end she will leave you, and wear out her veil in other bridals. What think you of one who ran through eight husbands in five seasons? (200-230.)

No hope of peace so long as your mother-in-law is alive. She rejoices to see you fleeced; she helps her daughter in her intrigues, and teaches her to be like herself.

Women are desperately litigious; never yet was there a lawsuit which did not have a woman at the bottom of it. If Manilia is not a defendant, she is a plaintiff; she instructs her learned counsel how to adjust his pleas. (231-245.)

Then there is the athletic woman, with her wrappers and her ointments, her belts, greaves, and gauntlets; puffing and blowing all the time, she belabours a stump with wooden sword or shield; and though her skin is so delicate that she must needs wear garments of silk, she goes through all the exercises, all the attitudes and postures, of the gymnasium. What gladiator's wife would stoop to do the like? (246-267.)

The connubial couch is ever full of bickerings and reproaches: no sleep to be got there! It is there that the wife assails her husband with the fury of a tigress that has lost her whelps; she rakes up every imaginary grievance against him, and has always floods of tears at her command; he, poor fool, imagines they are

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tears of love. If she herself be caught in a delinquency, she brazens it out : " We agreed," says she, " that you should go your way and I mine." (268-285.)

Whence came all these monstrosities among us? When Latian homes were poor and humble, when hands were hard with toil, when Hannibal was thundering at our gates, our homes were pure; Roman virtue perished along with Roman poverty. Long peace and enervating riches have been our ruin, pouring all the corruptions of Rhodes, Miletus, and Tarentum into our city. Little wonder that we have deserted the simple rites of Numa and adopted the foul practices of the Good Goddess! (286-351.)

Ogulnia wishes to make a show at the games: she hires a gown, a litter and followers, with a maid to run her messages; she presents to some smooth-skinned athlete the last remnants of the family plate. Such women never think what their pleasures cost them; men sometimes have an eye to economy, women never. (352-365.)

If your wife have a taste for music, she will abandon herself to the musicians; her bejewelled fingers will for ever be strumming on their instruments; she offers wine and meal to Janus and to Vesta that her Pollio may win a crown of oak-leaves. You Gods must have much time upon your hands if you can listen to prayers like these! (379-397.)

Better that, however, than that your wife should

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be a busybody, running about the town and discussing the news with generals, and in her husband's presence, unabashed; she knows everything that is taking place in every corner of the globe; she retails every scandal of the town; she picks up the latest rumours at the city gates; she knows what countries are being devastated by floods, what disasters comets are boding to the kings of Parthia and Armenia, and repeats her tales to every man and woman in the street. (398-412.)

More terrible still is the termagant, who loves to lash her poor neighbours; when a dog disturbs her slumbers, she orders the owner to be thrashed first, and then the dog. She enters the baths noisily by night, works at the dumbbells till she is wearied, and then submits herself to the bathman for massage. Meanwhile her famished guests have been wearying for their dinner; when at last she arrives, she slakes her thirst with bumpers of Falernian, which soon find their way back on to the floor. (413-433.)

No less of a nuisance is your learned lady, who discourses on poetry, and pits Homer and Virgil against each other. She outbawls all the rhetoricians with her din; she could unaided bring succour to the labouring moon. She lays down definitions like a philosopher; she should tuck up her skirts half-leg high, sacrifice a pig to Silvanus, and take a penny bath!¹ She knows all history, quotes

¹ *i.e.* take a public bath along with the men.

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poets that I never heard of ; she has every trick of speech at her fingers' ends, and will pull you up for the smallest slip in grammar. Take no such wife to your bosom ! (434-456.)

Still more unbearable is the wealthy wife, who thinks that everything is permitted to her. Her neck, her ears, are resplendent with precious stones ; she plasters her face with bread-poultices and Poppaeian pastes which stick to her husband's lips when he gives her a kiss. She never cares to look well at home ; it is for lovers only that a clean skin and Indian perfumes are reserved. In due time she washes off the layers with asses' milk, and the face can be recognised as a face instead of as a sore ! (457-473.)

If the husband has been neglectful, the maids will suffer for it ; the slightest fault will bring down a thrashing on them with whip or cane ; some women engage their floggers by the year. The lady meanwhile is making up her face, or chatting with her friends, or examining a piece of embroidery, or reading the Gazette : not less cruel than Phalaris, she keeps her flogger at it all the time. If in a hurry to keep an assignation, she wreaks her vengeance on her tirewoman with a thong of bull's hide for every curl out of place, while the second maid builds up the lofty erection on her head : so serious is the art of beautification ! so complicated the artistic structure ! Not a thought for the husband all this

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time; he is only a little nearer to her than a next-door neighbour; she heeds not what she costs him. (474-511.)

Another is the prey of every superstition. In come the noisy crew of the frantic Bellona and the Good Goddess, clanging their cymbals; they pay reverence to the huge emasculated priest; to avert his prophecies of evil, she presents him with a hundred eggs, and some cast-off clothing: these carry off the threatened peril and purify her for the entire year. In winter-time she breaks the ice for a plunge into the Tiber, and then crawls with bleeding knees over the Campus Martius. At Io's bidding—for she believes that the Goddess herself holds commune with her—she would go on a pilgrimage to Egypt to bring water from Lake Meroe with which to besprinkle the shrine of Isis. She pays reverence to the dog-headed Anubis, with his close-cropped and linen-clad followers; a fat goose and a thin cake will obtain absolution for all her peccadilloes from Osiris. (511-541.)

Next comes a Jewish hag, leaving her basket and her hay, who whispers secrets into her ear, expounding the holy laws of her tribe: she interprets or invents dreams for the smallest of coins. An Armenian or Syrian soothsayer, manipulating a pigeon's liver, promises her a youthful lover, or the inheritance of some rich and childless man. He probes the entrails of a dog, sometimes even of a

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boy, committing a crime that he may himself turn informer. But most trusted of all is the Chaldaean, whose words come direct from the fount of Hammon—more especially if he have done something to deserve exile and narrowly escaped death. Your virtuous Tanaquil consults him about the too long delayed death of her mother or her uncle—having first enquired about your own death. Such a one knows nothing about the stars; but beware of the woman in whose hand you see a well-thumbed almanack, and who claims to be an expert; she is herself consulted, and regulates her whole life after the dictates of the occult science. Rich women consult a Phrygian or an Indian augur; the poor woman looks for a diviner in the Circus, of whom she enquires whether she shall marry the tavern-keeper or the old-clothesman. (542-591.)

Poor women will bear the pangs of childbirth; but you will rarely find a woman lying-in who sleeps in a gilded bed. So potent are the draughts of the abortionist! Hand the potion to her yourself, my man, and rejoice in the murder of your unborn children: you might otherwise find yourself the father of a blackamoor. If an heir be wanted for some great house, roguish Fortune knows where to look for one: she takes her stand by night at the foundling pool, dandles a chance infant in her arms, and spirits it away into some lordly house to become a Pontifex or a Priest of Mars! (592-609.)

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Instructed by Thessalian witches, a wife will make her husband imbecile or raving mad with a magical love philtre: just as Caesonia's¹ potion robbed Nero's uncle of his senses. More guilty she than Agrippina: for Agrippina did but "send down to heaven" a slobbering dotard, whereas Caesonia's medicament slew knights and senators together, and turned the whole world upside down with fire and the sword. (610-626.)

To kill a stepson is now thought quite in order; beware, ye wards, if ye have wealth: keep an eye upon your stepmother's cakes, and let her cup be tasted before you put it to your lips. Do you suppose that I am telling mere idle tales, breathing forth mouthings like a tragedian? Would to heaven it were so! but just look at the case of Portia, who was caught in the act: "I did it," she confessed; "with my own hands. I gave aconite to my boys." "What, you viper? you slew two of them at one meal?" "Ay; and seven too had there been seven to slay!" (627-642.)

Tragedy, indeed, tells us of the crimes of Procne and the Colchian; I seek not to deny them. But they sinned in wrath, not for filthy lucre's sake: what I cannot abide is the calculated crime, committed calmly in cold blood. Women flock to see Alcestis dying for her husband; but your modern

¹ Caesonia was Caligula's wife. Agrippina was supposed to have poisoned her uncle-husband Claudius, and so won for him divinity.

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woman would let her husband go to Hades if she could save her lapdog! Daughters of Danaus¹ are to be found in plenty among us; every street in Rome contains its Clytemnestra; the only difference is that she made use of a clumsy two-bladed axe, while these women do the trick with the liver of a toad—and perhaps with a knife, if their lord have fortified himself with antidotes! (643–661.)

The 7th Satire promises a good time for letters and learning from the expected patronage of the new emperor, and is mainly taken up with bewailing the miserable prospects of all the literary professions. The good old days of patronage are gone; the wealthy pay no respect to letters, or assist them only in ways that involve no cost to themselves; the only patronage worth having nowadays is the favour of a popular play-actor. The poet, the historian, the advocate, the rhetorician, the grammarian—all have the same tale of neglect and poverty to tell, whereas singers and jockeys are splendidly rewarded. The teacher's profession, which is the noblest, and the most deserving of respect, of all the professions, fares worst of all; there is no money that a father grudges so much as that spent in the education of his son.

The 8th Satire is an attack upon pride of birth. Though there is no one who has more respect for the

¹ *i. e.* wives who murder their husbands.

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blood of the great old Roman houses than Juvenal himself, he discourses eloquently on the theme *nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus*. No man, no animal, can be called high-born whose breeding is not proclaimed by the possession of high qualities. A man must stand or fall by his own qualities, not by those of his ancestors. Be a stout soldier, an honest guardian, and an impartial arbiter; prefer honour to life; if called to govern a province, be just and tender-hearted to the provincials. If your wife be blameless, and you have no corrupt favourite in your suite, you may trace your lineage to the loftiest source you please; but if you are carried headlong by ambition, lust and cruelty, the noble blood of your ancestors rises up in judgment against you, and throws a dazzling light upon your misdeeds. What think you of the noble Lateranus, who drives his own chariot along the public way unabashed, and frequents low taverns, where he consorts with thieves, coffin-makers, and cut-throats? And what are we to say of a Damasippus or a Lentulus, who hire out their voices to the stage?—though, indeed, who might not be a mime when an emperor has turned lutist?—and worse still, have we not seen the noble Gracchus in the arena, not fighting with helm and shield and sword, but with a trident and a net in his hand? See how he has missed his cast, and lifts his face for all to see as he flies along the arena! Orestes, you say, was a parricide, like Nero;

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but Orestes slew no wife, no sister: he never sang upon the stage, he never wrote an epic upon Troy! And of all his crimes, which deserved greater punishment than that?

Whose blood could be nobler than that of Catiline or Cethegus? Yet they conspired to destroy the city; and it was the plebeian Cicero that preserved it. The plebeian Marius saved her from the Cimbri and the Teutones; the plebeian Decii saved our legions from the hosts of Latium; and the best king of Rome was a slave-girl's son.

The 9th Satire deals with a disgusting offence, one of the main sources of corruption in the ancient world.

The 10th Satire has been often called Juvenal's masterpiece; it has had the honour of being paraphrased by Johnson in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," and it has all the merits of a full-blown rhetorical declamation. It has some magnificent descriptions, especially that of the fall of the favourite Sejanus. But it is a profoundly depressing and pessimistic poem. Except in the last few lines, there is not a word of hope or encouragement for the ordinary human being; no sense that any kind of life can be worth living; not one word of counterpoise to the long, dismal catalogue of human failures; no suggestion that in great lives which have ended in disaster there may have been moments of noble

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action, high endeavour and inspiration. The description of old age is revolting in its minuteness, and it is not relieved by a single touch of sympathy or kindness. The text of the whole is

*Quid tam dextro pede concipis ut te
Conatus non paeniteat votique peracti ?*

Our wishes, our prayers, are all equally vain. If you lust for riches, think of the fate of a Lateranus, a Seneca, or a Longinus; even in days of primitive simplicity, man's follies provoked the tears of Heraclitus and the laughter of Democritus. Some men are brought to ruin by their lust of place and power, like Pompey, the Crassi, and Sejanus; others, like Cicero and Demosthenes, by the fatal gift of eloquence. The glories of war end in misery and disaster—look at the calamitous ends of Hannibal, of Xerxes, and Alexander! Men pray for long life; but old age does but bring with it a host of miseries and infirmities, ending in the loss of reason. What calamities had Nestor, Peleus, and Priam to go through because of their length of days! What disasters would have been escaped by Marius and Pompey, what glory might not have been theirs, had they died earlier!

The loving mother prays that her children may have beauty; but when did modesty and beauty go together? The fair maiden, the fair youth, live in a world of peril and of snares. Hippolytus and

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Bellerophon warn us that even purity has its dangers; and what was the end of the fair and high-born youth who became a victim to the passion of Messalina?

Better leave it to the Gods to determine what is best for you and for your state; man is dearer to them than he is to himself. But if you must needs pray for something, ask for things which you can give yourself: ask for a stout heart that fears not death; ask for power to endure; ask for a heart that knows not anger and desire, and deems that all the woes of Hercules are better than the soft cushions of Sardanapalus. These things you can bestow on yourself, and snap your fingers at the strokes of Fortune!

The 11th Satire consists of two parts. It begins with an account of the folly of gourmands of slender means, who ruin themselves for the pleasures of the table, forgetful of the golden rule *γνώθι σεαυτόν*, which warns a man to know his tether, in finance as well as in other things, and not buy a mullet when he has only a gudgeon in his purse (1-55). This serves as a prelude to the second part of the Satire, in which the poet invites his friend Persicus to a genial but simple feast, the delicacies of which are to be furnished from the homely produce of his Tiburtine farm—such a feast as was served on simple ware to regale the consuls and dictators of the olden time. There will be no rich plate, no costly furniture, no

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silver, no handles of ivory, no professional carver, no Phrygian or Lycian Ganymede to hand you your cup. Two simple country-clad lads will serve the table; no wanton dancing girls will be provided for your entertainment; only Homer and Virgil will be read. And our enjoyment will be all the greater that we can hear the roars of the circus in the distance, and hug ourselves in the delights of a rare and peaceful holiday (56-208).

In his 12th Satire Juvenal celebrates the narrow escape from shipwreck of his friend Catullus. A terrible storm had compelled him to cut away the mast and to throw overboard all the treasures of his cargo. But at length the storm abates, and Catullus with his crew arrive safe and sound in the new Ostian harbour. Juvenal then offers a sacrifice of thanksgiving for his friend's safety—no mercenary offering this for a rich and childless friend, seeing that Catullus has three little sons of his own. This leads the poet to have his fling at the wiles of legacy-hunters, some of whom would be ready to sacrifice a hecatomb of elephants (if elephants were to be had), or even to offer an Iphigenia of their own, in order to secure a place in a rich man's will.

The elephant passage is singularly cumbrous and out of place.

The 13th is the noblest of Juvenal's Satires. It takes the form of a consolatory epistle to Calvinus,

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who has been defrauded of a sum of ten thousand sesterces by the dishonesty of the friend to whom it had been entrusted. In offering him consolation, the poet not only uses all the arguments of robust common sense, but also in his concluding passages he may be said to reach the high-water mark of pre-Christian ethics: there is at least one notable pronouncement which seems to breathe the very spirit of the Gospel.

Every guilty deed brings its own punishment along with it; no guilty man can escape at the bar of his own conscience. Your loss is one of every-day occurrence; has experience not taught you to bear the smallest of misfortunes? Crime of every kind is rampant amongst us; honest men are not more numerous than the mouths of the Nile; it is mere simplicity to expect any man nowadays to abstain from perjury. In the days of Saturn, before the heavens were crowded with their present mob of divinities: in the days when youth stood up to reverence old age, dishonesty was a marvel to be wondered at; but in these days, if a man acknowledges a trust, and restores the purse entrusted to him, I deem him a prodigy. I liken him to a shower of stones, or to a pregnant mule, or to a river running white with milk. What if some other man have lost ten times as much as you? So easy is it to escape the notice of heaven if no man be privy to the guilty deed! Some men disbelieve in divine

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wrath; others believe in it, but will take the risk, provided they can secure the cash: punishment they argue, may perhaps never come after all! Granted that loss of money is the greatest of human calamities, what right have you to deem yourself outside the common lot of man, as though hatched from a white and lucky egg? Look at the list of crimes daily brought before the Court and dare to call yourself unfortunate! Who wonders at a swollen neck in the Alps, or at blue eyes and yellow hair in a German?

But is the perjured wretch to go unpunished? you ask. Well, if the man's life were taken, that would not bring back your money; and when you tell me that vengeance is sweeter than life itself, I tell you that none think so but the ignorant, and that of all pleasures vengeance is the meanest. You may judge of it by this, that no one so delights in it as a woman!

But why fancy that such men escape punishment when conscience is for ever wielding its unseen, unheard lash over their guilty souls? What punishment of *Caedicius* or *Rhadamanthus* can be so terrible as that of having to carry one's own accusing witness, by day and by night, within one's breast? Truly spoke the Pythian oracle when it condemned the man who returned a deposit, not for conscience' sake, but from fear; for the man who meditates a crime within his heart has all the guiltiness of the deed. If he

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accomplishes the deed, he is never free from anguish ; the choicest viands, the finest wines, offend his taste ; when his tossed limbs at length sink to rest, he has visions of the temple and the altar by which he has forsworn himself ; your image, larger than life, rises up before him and compels him to confess. These are the men who tremble at every lightning-flash ; they believe that every rumbling in the sky, every sickness they have, is a sign of the wrath of heaven and betokens future punishment. And yet they will not mend their ways ; what man was ever content with a single sin ? So you may take comfort from this : your enemy will sin once again, and more openly : his fate will be the prison or the halter ; you will rejoice in his punishment, and enjoy your vengeance after all !

The theme of the 14th Satire is that parental example is the most potent of educational instruments. The father who gambles, or gormandises, or cruelly abuses his slaves, is instructing his son in his own vices ; the mother who has paramours teaches her daughter to be unfaithful ; clothed with parental authority, such examples cannot be resisted. Let fathers therefore see to it that no foul sight be seen, no foul word be heard, within their doors ; let them respect their child's tender years, let their infant son forbid the meditated sin.

When you expect a guest, your household are set

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to work to clean and scrub, that no foul spot may offend the stranger's eye: and will you not bestir yourself that your son may see nothing but what is pure and spotless within his home? The stork, the vulture, the eagle all follow in the ways pointed out to them in the parental nest. Cretonius half ruined himself by building; his son completed the ruin by building grander and more sumptuous mansions. If the father keeps the Sabbath, the son will carry his superstition further still; he will flout the laws of Rome, and observe the secret rites and practices of Moses.

The one and only vice which the young practise unwillingly is that of avarice, since it has a spurious appearance of virtue. Hence fathers take double pains, both by precept and example, to instil the love of money into their sons; they practise the meanest economies that they may be wealthy when they die. Our hardy ancestors, broken by wounds and years, deemed themselves happy with a reward of two acres, which to-day would not be thought big enough for a garden. In the hurry to be rich no law is regarded, no crime stops the way. Foreign purple has banished the hardy contentment of the old Marsian and Hernican heroes, and opened the door to every villainy. When the father bids his son rise at midnight to seek for gain, telling him that lucre smells sweet whatever the source from which it comes, he is instructing him to cheat, to cozen, and

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to forswear himself; ay, and the disciple will soon outstrip his teacher.

It is as good as a play to watch how men will brave perils of storm and tempest to increase their pile of cash; not for mere livelihood, like the ropedancer, but just to store up little pieces of gold and silver stamped with tiny images! Such a man is fit only for a mad-house; one day the storm will engulf his goods, and he will have to support himself by a painted shipwreck.

To guard great riches is as burdensome a task as to acquire them; better be lodged like Diogenes, who, if his tub were broken, could have it mended or replaced to-morrow. If you ask how much money should suffice, I would bid you have enough to keep out cold and hunger; add as much as would make up the fortune of a knight; if that be too beggarly, make it double, or treble the amount: if that suffice you not, then will not your soul be satisfied with all the wealth of Croesus or Narcissus!

The 15th Satire gives an account of a fierce fight between the inhabitants of two neighbouring townships in Egypt, Ombi and Tentyra. In the course of the battle a fleeing Tentyrite slipped and fell; his body was at once torn into pieces and devoured by the bloodthirsty Ombites. Juvenal furiously denounces the crime; and it gives him the opportunity, in a beautiful and pathetic passage, of declaring

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that the tenderness of heart evinced by the capacity to shed tears is the noblest and most beautiful of the characteristics of man ; it is the power of sympathy between man and man that has built up all the elements of human civilisation.

The 16th Satire, which is only half-finished, is taken up with recounting the various privileges enjoyed by the military. No civilian can get justice against a soldier ; and soldiers have special privileges in regard to property.

THE MSS. OF JUVENAL

The text on which this translation is mainly based is that of Bücheler's edition of 1893. That text had the merit of giving the first complete account of the readings of P (the *Codex Pithoeanus*), the most important and best of all the MSS. of Juvenal.

Since then, however, has appeared the notable critical edition of Professor Housman (1905), who, without contesting the general superiority of P over the multitude of interpolated MSS., has shown that it cannot be accepted as a sole and infallible guide. He protests vigorously against the indolent style of criticism which, having discovered one MS. to be the best available, sticks to it through thick and thin without exercising an independent judgment upon it, and accepts, almost blindfold, any reading pre-

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sented by that MS. which is not absolutely impossible. In the case of Juvenal, Professor Housman proposes to arrest the current by which the text of each succeeding edition of Juvenal stands closer to that of P, and produces much solid evidence to show that, in many cases, the readings of P, even when possible both in Latinity and in sense, will not stand criticism, and that the readings of other MSS. are to be preferred to them.

The Pithoeanus is by no means a very ancient MS. It dates from the end of the ninth century, having been first used by P. Pithoeus in the year 1585. It was lost for a long time, but was re-discovered in the middle of the nineteenth century and first published by Otto Jahn in his edition of 1851. It contains many corrections by later hands, designated by the letter *p*; these corrections are mostly of little value, being derived from one or other of the host of interpolated MSS. known generally under the title of ω . Professor Housman goes so far as to assert that *p* should be quoted for one purpose and for one purpose only, to enable us to judge what the reading of P was *not*.

Shortly put, the description of the MSS. of Juvenal given by Professor Housman is as follows :—

The great merit of P is that it has escaped, almost entirely, the deluge of interpolation which has flooded the great majority of Juvenalian MSS., but it is not itself entirely free from corruption. One

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source of corruption is that its original readings have been often corrected by later hands from the tenth century onwards. These corrections, indicated by the letter *p*, are for the most part taken from one or other of the mass of inferior interpolated MSS., but their faults can sometimes be repaired from other sources which are more closely allied to P itself.

Apart from P and the host of interpolated MSS. stand three important fragmentary sources, viz. : (1) Scidae Arovienses, consisting of five leaves found at Aaran in 1880 ; (2) the Florilegium Sangallense ; (3) third, and most important, are the lemmata or the ancient scholia, which often contain the correct reading of P which has been corrupted in the text by *p*.

Over against P and its small cluster of kinsfolk stand the several hundreds of Juvenal's vulgar MSS. dating from the ninth century to the sixteenth, infected one and all with a plague of interpolation from which P and its fellows are exempt. Halfway between the two camps (older than P, and not much interpolated) lies a considerable fragment, the Codex Vindobonensis of the ninth century, containing i. 1 to ii. 59 and ii. 107 to v. 96. After these Professor Housman selects seven MSS. of the interpolated class, which he calls A, F, G, L, O, T, U, and from which a true reading or its traces are occasionally to be found. To these MSS. collectively he

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gives the name of ψ , and as a result of his examination of them he has pointed out a number of passages in which the true reading is to be found in one or more of these MSS., and as many more in which their readings are to be preferred to those of P. For conspicuous instances of mistakes made by P in verbal forms see ix. 41, x. 312, xi. 184, xiv. 113.

Apart from all other MSS. stands the fragment, the *palimpsestus Bobiensis* now in the Vatican. It is assigned to the end of the fourth century, and contains xiv. 324-xv. 43. It sometimes agrees with P, sometimes with other MSS.

Lastly come the ancient Scholia called Σ , and preserved in P. They are very old and often indicate a true reading not in the MSS.¹

In the year 1910, Dr. Frederick Leo brought out a fifth edition of Bücheler's text not differing much from the edition of 1893 except by recognising for the first time the genuineness of the passage in *Sat.* vi. (O 1-34, coming immediately after line 365) discovered in the Bodleian MS. by Mr. E. O. Winstedt in the year 1899. The more important of the changes introduced by Dr. Leo are mentioned in the critical notes.

¹ The above description of the MSS. of Juvenal is abbreviated from Professor Housman's Introduction, pp. vii to xi; see also pp. xvii *sqq.* and xxii *sqq.*

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THE MSS. OF PERSIUS

The text of Persius is in a much better condition than that of Juvenal; Mr. S. G. Owen declares that it is probably purer than that of any other Roman writer, and stands in no need of the art of conjecture.¹ Amid a multitude of MSS. three stand out of conspicuous merit; the Montpellier, 212 (A); the Vatican, H. 36 (B); and the Montpellier, 125 (P), also known by the name *Pithoeanus*, being the same MS. which contains also the whole of Juvenal.

Of these three MSS., all dating from the ninth century, A and B are so closely allied that they are evidently drawn from a common source. The sign *a* denotes the agreement of these two MSS.

Where A and P differ, Bücheler, in his edition of 1893, gives the superiority to P; Dr. F. Leo, in the 4th edition (1910), calls in the assistance of the Laurentian MS. 37. 19 (L), of the eleventh century, which occasionally preserves the true reading where both A and P are manifestly wrong (*e.g.* *peronatus*, v. 102; *crasso*, vi. 40; *ritu*, vi. 59; *exit*, vi. 68). L shares some corruptions with P, and some with *a*; but on the whole it is more closely allied to *a*.

Most ancient of all is the *Fragmentum Bobiense* of the fourth century, which contains Pers. i. 53-104, and Juv. xiv. 323-xv. 43.

¹ Preface to his edition of Persius and Juvenal, Clarendon Press, 1907.

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Owen takes P as his first authority; he follows A B P when they agree, and prefers P when they disagree, correcting palpable mistakes from A B. Owen adds to his list Oxoniensis, in the Bodleian Library (O) of the tenth century, and Cantabrigiensis, in the Trinity College Library O. iv. 10 (T), which is also of the tenth century.

The editions of Juvenal are innumerable. Those which I have found the most useful are the following :—

G. A. Ruperti, 1801 and 1825.

C. F. Heinrich, 1839.

Dr. Stocker (including Persius), 1845.

Otto Jahn, 1851; re-edited by Bücheler (including Persius) in 1886, 1893, and by F. Leo in 1910.

Prof. J. E. B. Mayor, 1853; enlarged in 1869, etc.

A. J. Macleane (including Persius), 1857.

G. A. Simcox (*Catena Classicorum*), 1867.

J. D. Lewis (with translation), 1879.

L. Friedländer, 1895.

J. D. Duff, 1898 and 1914.

A. E. Housman, critical edition, 1905.

Valuable books on Juvenal and Persius are the following :—

H. Nettleship, *Lectures and Essays*, Second Series, 1895, Arts. II. and V.

Friedländer, *Sittengeschichte Roms*, 1869.

INTRODUCTION

- Tyrrell, *Latin Poetry*, pp. 216-259.
H. E. Butler, *Post-Augustan Poetry*, 1900, pp. 79-96,
and 287-320.
C. Martha, *Les Moralistes sous l'Empire Romain*,
1866.
A. Vidal, *Juvenal et ses Satires*, 1869.
Merivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire*,
Vol. VII., Chap. lxiv.
S. Dill, *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*,
1904, Chap. ii.
Smith's *Classical Dictionaries*.

As might be expected with such popular authors, Juvenal and Persius have been frequently translated, and into many languages. The most famous translations of both authors into English verse are the quaint version of Holyday (1673) and the vigorous and scholarly version of Gifford (1802), which may still be read with pleasure. Dryden has translated five of Juvenal's Satires, and the whole of Persius, into the true Drydenic style; and Johnson has achieved immortality by his inimitable translation—or rather paraphrase—of *Sat. iii.*, under the title *London*, and of *Sat. x.*, under the title *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. Of prose translations of Juvenal especial mention may be made of the translation of thirteen Satires (omitting ii, vi, and ix) by S. G. Owen (Clarendon Press, 1903), of the same by Strong and Leiper (Clarendon Press, 1882 and 1892),

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and of that by Mr. J. D. Lewis (1879). Mr. S. H. Jeyes has translated the whole of the sixteen Satires (1885), as also the Rev. S. Evans (1869) (Bohn's Library).

Of the numerous editions of Persius the most famous is the great Classical Edition of Isaac Casaubon (Paris, 1605), which has been often reprinted, and which has served as a groundwork of all subsequent editions of the poet. Among later editions may especially be mentioned those of G. L. Koenig (1803 and 1825); Otto Jahn (1845), included with Juvenal in the edition re-edited by Bücheler and Leo; C. F. Heinrich (1844); A. J. Maclean (along with Juvenal) (1857); above all that of J. Conington (1872); and A. Pretor (*Catena Classicorum*) (1868).

In translating Persius I have paid the greatest attention to the well-known translation of J. Conington, Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford, which is by far the best existing version of that author.

MSS. OF JUVENAL AS GIVEN IN PROFESSOR
HOUSMAN'S EDITION, 1905

Bob. = codicis Bobiensis, Vaticani 5750, fragmentum.

P = codex Pithoeanus, Montepessulanus 125.

p = codicis Pithoeani corrector.

Arou. = scidae Arouienses.

flor Sang. = codicis Sangallensis 870 florilegium.

S = lemmata scholiorum in P et Sang. 870 seruatorum.

Vind. = codex Vindobonensis 107, mutilus.

Ψ = codices AFGLOTU vel eorum plures.

A = codex Monacensis 408.

F = codex Parisiensis 8071.

G = codex Parisiensis 7900^a.

L = codex Leidensis 82.

O = codex Canonicianus class. Lat. 41, Bodleianus.

T = codex O, iv, 10 collegii Trinitatis, Cantabrigi-
ensis.

U = codex Vrbinas 661, Vaticanus.

Σ = scholiastes in P et Sang. 870 seruatus.

MSS. OF PERSIUS AS GIVEN IN BUECHELER'S
FOURTH EDITION REVISED BY F. LEO, 1910

P = codex Montepessulanus 125.

A = codex Montepessulanus 212.

B = codex Vaticanus tabularii basilicae H 36 } a.

L = codex Laurentianus 37, 19.

P¹P² distinguit librarium a correctore, P^a scripturam
ab ipso librario correctam significat. item de
ABL.

E = folium Bobiense (1,53—104).

φ = codices alii vetusti, ϛ = recentes.

sch. = scholion.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL

IVVENALIS SATVRAE

SATVRA I

SEMPER ego auditor tantum? numquamne reponam
vexatus totiens rauci Theseide Cordi?
inpune ergo mihi recitaverit ille togatas,
hic elegos? inpune diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus aut summi plena iam margine libri 5
scriptus et in tergo necdum finitus Orestes?
nota magis nulli domus est sua quam mihi lucus
Martis et Aeoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
Vulcani. Quid agant venti, quas torqueat umbras
Aeacus, unde alius furtivae devehat aurum 10
pelliculae, quantas iaculetur Monychus ornos,
Frontonis platani convulsaque marmora clamant
semper et adsiduo ruptae lectore columnae:
expectes eadem a summo minimoque poeta.
et nos ergo manum ferulae subduximus, et nos 15

¹ An epic poem. ² Names of tragedies.

³ One of the judges in Hades. ⁴ Jason.

⁵ A Centaur, alluding to the battle between the Centaurs and the Lapithae.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL

SATIRE I

DIFFICILE EST SATURAM NON SCRIBERE

WHAT? Am I to be a listener only all my days? Am I never to get my word in—I that have been so often bored by the Theseid¹ of the ranting Cordus? Shall this one have spouted to me his comedies, and that one his love ditties, and I be unavenged? Shall I have no revenge on one who has taken up the whole day with an interminable Telephus,² or with an Orestes,² which, after filling the margin at the top of the roll and the back as well, hasn't even yet come to an end? No one knows his own house so well as I know the groves of Mars, and the cave of Vulcan near the cliffs of Aeolus. What the winds are brewing; whose souls Aeacus³ has on the rack; from what country another worthy⁴ is carrying off that stolen golden fleece; how big are the ash trees which Monychus⁵ tosses about: these are the themes with which Fronto's⁶ plane trees and marble halls are for ever ringing until the pillars quiver and quake under the continual recitations; such is the kind of stuff you may look for from every poet, greatest or least. Well, I too have slipped my hand from under the cane; I too have counselled Sulla to

⁶ A rich patron who lends his house for recitations.

IVVENALIS SATVRA I

consilium dedimus Syllae, privatus ut altum
dormiret; stulta est clementia, cum tot ubique
vatibus occurras, periturae parcere chartae.
cur tamen hoc potius libeat decurrere campo 20
per quem magnus equos Aurunca flexit alumnus,
si vacat ac placidi rationem admittitis, edam.

Cum tener uxorem ducat spado, Mevia Tuscum
figat aprum et nuda teneat venabula mamma,
patricios omnis opibus cum provocet unus 25
quo tondente gravis iuveni mihi barba sonabat,
cum pars Niliacae plebis, cum verna Canopi
Crispinus Tyrias unero revocante lacernas
ventilet aestivum digitis sudantibus aurum,
nec sufferre queat maioris pondera gemmae,
difficile est saturam non scribere. nam quis 30
iniquae

tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se,
causidici nova cum veniat lectica Mathonis
plena ipso, post hunc magni delator amici
et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa
quod superest, quem Massa timet, quem munere 35
palpat¹

Carus et a trepido Thymele summissa Latino?
cum te summoveant qui testamenta merentur
noctibus,² in caelum quos evehit optima summi
nunc via processus, vetulae vesica beatae?

¹ *palpat* is omitted by P.

² *noctibus* Vind. ψ : *non tibi* P.

¹ Referring to the retirement of Sulla from public life in B.C. 79. Such themes would be prescribed to schoolboys as rhetorical exercises, of the kind called *suasoriae*. See Mayor's n. and Sat. vii. 150-170.

² Lucilius, the first Roman satirist, B.C. 148-103.

³ Some barber who had made a fortune. The line is repeated in x. 226.

JUVENAL, SATIRE I

retire from public life and sleep his fill¹; it is a foolish clemency when you jostle against poets at every corner, to spare paper that will be wasted anyhow. But if you can give me time, and will listen quietly to reason, I will tell you why I prefer to run in the same course over which the great nursling of Aurunca² drove his steeds.

²² When a soft eunuch takes to matrimony, and Maevia, with spear in hand and breasts exposed, to pig-sticking; when a fellow under whose razor my stiff youthful beard used to grate³ challenges, with his single wealth, the whole nobility; when a gutter-snipe of the Nile like Crispinus⁴—a slave-born denizen of Canopus⁵—hitches a Tyrian cloak on to his shoulder, whilst on his sweating finger he airs a summer ring of gold, unable to endure the weight of a heavier gem—it is hard *not* to write satire. For who can be so tolerant of this monstrous city, who so iron of soul, as to contain himself when the brand-new litter of lawyer Matho comes along, filled with his huge self; after him one who has informed against his noble patron and will soon despoil our pillaged nobility of what remains to them—one whom Massa⁶ dreads, whom Carus⁶ propitiates by a bribe, and to whom Thymele⁷ was made over by the terrified Latinus; ⁷ when you are thrust on one side by men who earn legacies by nightly performances, and are raised to heaven by that now royal road to high preferment—the favours of an aged and wealthy woman? Each of the lovers will have

⁴ A favourite aversion of Juvenal's as a rich Egyptian parvenu who had risen to be *princeps equitum*. See iv. 1, 31, 108.

⁵ A city in the Nile Delta.

⁶ Notorious informers under Domitian.

⁷ Both actors: the allusion is not known.

IVVENALIS SATVRA I

unciolam Proculeius habet, sed Gillo deuncem, 40
 partes quisque suas ad mensuram inguinis heres.
 accipiat sane mercedem sanguinis, et sic
 palleat ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem
 aut Lugudunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram.

Quid referam quanta siccum iecur ardeat ira, 45
 cum populum gregibus comitum premit hic spoliator
 pupilli prostantis et hic damnatus inani
 iudicio? quid enim salvis infamia nummis?
 exul ab octava Marius bibit et fruitur dis
 iratis, at tu victrix provincia ploras. 50

Haec ego non credam Venusina digna lucerna?
 haec ego non agitem? sed quid magis Heracleas
 aut Diomedean aut mugitum labyrinthi
 et mare percussum puero fabrumque volentem,
 cum leno accipiat moechi bona, si capiendi 55
 ius nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,
 doctus et ad calicem vigilanti stertere naso?
 cum fas esse putet curam sperare cohortis
 qui bona donavit praesepibus et caret omni
 maiorum censu, dum pervolat axe citato 60
 Flaminiam puer Automedon? nam lora tenebat
 ipse, lacernatae cum se iactaret amicae.

¹ Alluding to a rhetorical contest instituted at Lyons by Caligula (Suet. *Cal.* 20). Severe and humiliating punishments were inflicted on those defeated in these contests.

² Condemned for extortion in Africa in A.D. 100.

JUVENAL, SATIRE I

his share; Proculeius a twelfth part, Gillo eleven parts, each in proportion to the magnitude of his services. Let each take the price of his own blood, and turn as pale as a man who has trodden upon a snake bare-footed, or of one who awaits his turn to orate before the altar at Lugdunum.¹

⁴⁵ Why tell how my heart burns hot with rage when I see the people hustled by a mob of retainers attending on one who has defrauded and debauched his ward, or on another who has been condemned by a futile verdict—for what matters infamy if the cash be kept? The exiled Marius² carouses from the eighth hour of the day and revels in the wrath of Heaven, while you, poor Province, win your cause and weep!

⁵¹ Must I not deem these things worthy of the Venusian's³ lamp? Must I not have my fling at them? Should I do better to tell tales about Hercules, or Diomedes, or the bellowing in the Labyrinth, or about the flying carpenter⁴ and the lad⁵ who splashed into the sea; and that in an age when the compliant husband, if his wife may not lawfully inherit,⁶ takes money from her paramour, being well trained to keep his eyes upon the ceiling, or to snore with wakeful nose over his cups; an age when one who has squandered his family fortunes upon horse flesh thinks it right and proper to look for the command of a cohort? See him dashing at break-neck speed, like a very Automedon,⁷ along the Flaminian way, holding the reins himself, while he shows himself off to his great-coated mistress!

³ Horace was born at Venusia B.C. 65.

⁴ Daedalus. ⁵ Icarus.

⁶ *i.e.* be legally incapacitated from taking an inheritance.

⁷ The charioteer of Achilles.

IVVENALIS SATVRA I

Nonne libet medio ceras inplere capaces
 quadrivio, cum iam sexta cervice feratur 65
 hinc atque inde patens ac nuda paene cathedra
 et multum referens de Maecenate supino
 signator falsi,¹ qui se lautum atque beatum
 exiguis tabulis et gemma fecerit uda?

Occurrit matrona potens, quae molle Calenum
 porrectura viro miscet sitiente rubetam 70
 instituitque rudes melior Lucusta propinquas
 per famam et populum nigros efferre maritos.
 aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,
 si vis esse aliquid; probitas laudatur et alget.
 criminibus debent hortos praetoria mensas, 75
 argentum vetus et stantem extra pocula caprum.
 quem patitur dormire nurus corruptor avarae,
 quem sponsae turpes et praetextatus adulter?
 si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
 qualemcumque potest, quales ego vel Cluvenus. 80

Ex quo Deucalion nimbis tollentibus aequor
 navigio montem ascendit sortesque poposcit,
 paulatimque anima caluerunt mollia saxa
 et maribus nudas ostendit Pyrrha puellas,
 quidquid agunt homines, votum timor ira voluptas 85
 gaudia discursus, nostri farrago libelli est.

¹ *falsi* P: *falso* ψ.

¹ Calenian and Falernian were two of the most famous Roman wines.

² A notorious poisoner under Nero.

³ A small island in the Aegean Sea on which criminals were confined.

JUVENAL, SATIRE I

⁶³ Would you not like to fill up a whole note-book at the street crossings when you see a forger borne along upon the necks of six porters, and exposed to view on this side and on that in his almost naked litter, and reminding you of the lounging Maecenas: one who by help of a scrap of paper and a moistened seal has converted himself into a fine and wealthy gentleman?

⁶⁹ Then up comes a lordly dame who, when her husband wants a drink, mixes toad's blood with his old Calenian,¹ and improving upon Lucusta² herself, teaches her artless neighbours to brave the talk of the town and carry forth to burial the blackened corpses of their husbands. If you want to *be* anybody nowadays, you must dare some crime that merits narrow Gyara³ or a gaol; honesty is praised and starves. It is to their crimes that men owe their pleasure-grounds and high commands, their fine tables and old silver goblets with goats standing out in relief. Who can get sleep for thinking of a money-loving daughter-in-law seduced, of brides that have lost their virtue, or of adulterers not out of their 'teens? Though nature say me nay, indignation will prompt my verse, of whatever kind it be—such verse as I can write, or Cluvenus!⁴

⁸¹ From the day when the rain-clouds lifted up the waters, and Deucalion climbed that mountain in his ship to seek an oracle—that day when stones grew soft and warm with life, and Pyrrha showed maidens in nature's garb to men—all the doings of mankind, their vows, their fears, their angers and their pleasures, their joys and goings to and fro, shall form the motley subject of my page. For when was Vice more

⁴ Unknown; some scribbler of the day.

IVVENALIS SATVRA I

et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
 maior avaritiae patuit sinus? alea quando
 hos animos? neque enim oculis comitantibus itur
 ad casum tabulae, posita sed luditur arca. 90
 proelia quanta illic dispensatore videbis
 armigero! simplexne furor sestertia centum
 perdere et horrenti tunicam non reddere servo?
 quis totidem erexit villas, quis fercula septem
 secreto cenavit avus? nunc sportula primo 95
 limine parva sedet turbae rapienda togatae;
 ille tamen faciem prius inspicit et trepidat ne
 suppositus venias ac falso nomine poscas:
 agnitus accipies. iubet a praecone vocari
 ipsos Troiugenas, nam vexant limen et ipsi 100
 nobiscum. "da praetori, da deinde tribuno."
 sed libertinus prior est. "prior" inquit "ego adsum.
 cur timeam dubitemve locum defendere? quamvis
 natus ad Euphraten, molles quod in aure fenestrae
 arguerint, licet ipse negem, sed quinque tabernae 105
 quadringenta parant. quid confert purpura maior
 optandum, si Laurenti custodit in agro
 conductas Corvinus oves, ego possideo plus
 Pallante et Licinis?" expectent ergo tribuni,
 vincant divitiae, sacro ne cedat honori 110
 nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis,

¹ The fortune required of a knight (the *census equestris*) was 400,000 sesterces.

² The broad purple stripe (*latus clavus*) on the tunic of senators.

³ One of an ancient Roman family.

JUVENAL, SATIRE I

rampant? When did the maw of Avarice gape wider? When was gambling so reckless? Men come not now with purses to the hazard of the gaming table, but with a treasure-chest beside them. What battles will you there see waged with a steward for armour-bearer! Is it a simple form of madness to lose a hundred thousand sesterces, and not have a shirt to give to a shivering slave? Which of our grandfathers built such numbers of villas, or dined by himself off seven courses? Look now at the meagre dole set down upon the threshold for a toga-clad mob to scramble for! The patron first peers into your face, fearing that you may be claiming under someone else's name: once recognised, you will get your share. He then bids the crier call up the Trojan-blooded nobles—for they too besiege the door as well as we: "The Praetor first," says he, "and after him the Tribune." "But I was here first," says a freedman who stops the way; "why should I be afraid, or hesitate to keep my place? Though born on the Euphrates—a fact which the little windows in my ears would testify though I myself denied it—yet I am the owner of five shops which bring me in four hundred thousand sesterces.¹ What better thing does the Broad Purple² bestow if a Corvinus³ herds sheep for daily wage in the Laurentian country, while I possess more property than either a Pallas or a Licinus?"⁴ So let the Tribunes await their turn; let money carry the day; let the sacred office⁵ give way to one who came but yesterday with whitened⁶ feet into

⁴ Pallas and Licinus were wealthy freedmen.

⁵ The persons of the Tribunes of the Plebs were sacrosanct.

⁶ Slaves imported for sale had white chalk-marks on their feet.

IVVENALIS SATVRA I

quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima divitiarum
 maiestas, etsi funesta pecunia templo
 nondum habitas,¹ nullas nummorum ereximus aras,
 ut colitur Pax atque² Fides Victoria Virtus 115
 quaeque salutato crepitat Concordia nido.

Sed cum summus honor finito computet anno,
 sportula quid referat, quantum rationibus addat,
 quid facient comites quibus hinc toga, calceus hinc est
 et panis fumusque domi? densissima centum 120
 quadrantes lectica petit, sequiturque maritum
 languida vel praegnas et circumducitur uxor.
 hic petit absenti nota iam callidus arte
 ostendens vacuam et clausam pro coniuge sellam.
 "Galla mea est" inquit, "citius dimitte. moraris? 125
 profer, Galla, caput. noli vexare, quiescit."³

Ipse dies pulchro distinguitur ordine rerum :
 sportula, deinde forum iurisque peritus Apollo
 atque triumphales, inter quas ausus habere
 nescio quis titulos Aegyptius atque Arabarches, 130
 cuius ad effigiem non tantum meiere fas est.
 vestibulis abeunt veteres lassique clientes
 votaue deponunt, quamquam longissima cenae
 spes homini; caulis miseris atque ignis emendus.
 optima silvarum interea pelagique vorabit 135

¹ *habitas* ψ : *habitat* P Vind. OT Büch. Housm.

² In place of the dull *atque* of Pψ, Dr. Postgate, supported by the reading *firma* found in the MS. Π, has made the brilliant conj. *Fama*, approved by L. Havet. See *Class. Quart.* iii. p. 67.

³ *quiescit* Vind. ψ : *quiescaet* P : *quiescet* Büch. Housm.

JUVENAL, SATIRE I

our city. For no deity is held in such reverence amongst us as Wealth; though as yet, O baneful money, thou hast no temple of thine own; not yet have we reared altars to Money in like manner as we worship Peace and Honour, Victory and Virtue, or that Concord¹ that twitters when we salute her nest.

¹¹⁷ If then the great officers of state reckon up at the end of the year how much the dole brings in, how much it adds to their income, what shall we dependants do who, out of the self-same dole, have to find ourselves in coats and shoes, in the bread and fire of our homes? A mob of litters comes in quest of the hundred farthings; here is a husband going the round, followed by a sickly or pregnant wife; another, by a clever and well-known trick, claims for a wife that is not there, pointing, in her stead, to a closed and empty chair: "My Galla's in there," says he; "let us off quick, will you not?" "Galla, put out your head!" "Don't disturb her, she's asleep!"

¹²⁷ The day itself is marked out by a fine round of business. First comes the dole; then the courts, and Apollo² learned in the law, and those triumphal statues among which some Egyptian Arabarch³ or other has dared to set up his titles; against whose statue more than one kind of nuisance may be committed! Wearied and hopeless, the old clients leave the door, though the last hope that a man relinquishes is that of a dinner; the poor wretches must buy their cabbage and their fuel. Meanwhile their lordly patron will be devouring the choicest products of wood and

¹ The temple of Concord, near the Capitol. Storcks built their nests on the temple.

² A statue of Apollo in the *Forum Augusti*.

³ Probably an allusion to Julius Alexander, a Jew who was Prefect of Egypt A.D. 67-70.

IVVENALIS SATVRA I

rex horum, vacuisque toris tantum ipse iacebit.
 nam de tot pulchris et latis orbibus et tam
 antiquis una comedunt patrimonia mensa.
 nullus iam parasitus erit. sed quis ferat istas
 luxuriae sordes? quanta est gula quae sibi totos 140
 ponit apros, animal propter convivia natum!
 poena tamen praesens, cum tu deponis amictus
 turgidus et crudum¹ pavonem in balnea portas.
 hinc subitae mortes atque intestata² senectus;
 it³ nova nec tristis per cunctas fabula cenas: 145
 ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.

Nil erit ulterius quod nostris moribus addat
 posteritas, eadem facient cupientque minores,
 omne in praecipiti vitium stetit. utere velis,
 totos pande sinus. dicas⁴ hic forsitan "unde 150
 ingenium par materiae? unde illa priorum
 scribendi quodcumque animo flagrante liberet
 simplicitas? 'cuius non audeo dicere nomen?'
 quid refert, dictis ignoscat Mucius an non?'"
 pone Tigellinum: taeda lucebis⁵ in illa 155
 qua stantes ardent qui fixo gutture⁶ fumant,
 et latum media sulcum deducis⁷ harena.

¹ P has *crudus*: *crudum* ψ etc.

² *intestata*. See *Class. Rev.* 1899, pp. 432-4.

³ So AL and Housm.: Büch. follows the *et* of P.

⁴ *dicas* ψ: *dices* PO: Housm. prefers *dicas*; see *Journal of Phil.* No. 67, p. 43. ⁵ P has *lucebit*: so also GT.

⁶ Büch. (1893 edn.) reads *pectore*, as do PAO and Owen: *guttur* is read by Vind.GLTU. So Housm.; see *Journal of Phil.* No. 67, p. 45.

⁷ So pO: *deducit* P Housm.: Büch. (1910) conj. *ducetis*. Owen conj. *dent lucis*, reading *ut* for *et*. Housm. supposes a line dropped out after l. 156, containing the word *cadaver* which becomes the subject to *deducit*.

JUVENAL, SATIRE I

sea, lying alone upon an empty couch; for off those huge and splendid antique dinner-tables he will consume a whole patrimony at a single meal. Ere long no parasites will be left! Who can bear to see luxury so mean? What a huge gullet to have a whole boar—an animal created for conviviality—served up to it! But you will soon pay for it, my friend, when you take off your clothes, and with distended stomach carry your peacock into the bath undigested! Hence a sudden death, and an intestate old age; the new and merry tale runs the round of every dinner-table, and the corpse is carried forth to burial amid the cheers of enraged friends!

¹⁴⁷ To these ways of ours Posterity will have nothing to add; our grandchildren will do the same things, and desire the same things, that we do. All vice is at its acme; ¹ up with your sails and shake out every stitch of canvas! Here perhaps you will say, "Where find the talent to match the theme? Where find that freedom of our forefathers to write whatever the burning soul desired? 'What man is there that I dare not name? What matters it whether Mucius forgives my words or no?' ²" But just describe Tigellinus ³ and you will blaze amid those faggots in which men, with their throats tightly gripped, stand and burn and smoke, and you ⁴ trace a broad furrow through the middle of the arena.

¹ The phrase is difficult. Duff translates "Vice always stands above a sheer descent," and therefore soon reaches its extreme point.

² Apparently a quotation from Lucilius, being an attack on P. Mucius Scaevola.

³ An infamous favourite of Nero's.

⁴ *i.e.* "your body." The passage refers to the burning of the early Christians, and the dragging of their remains across the arena.

IVVENALIS SATVRA II

Qui dedit ergo tribus patruis aconita, vehatur
 pensilibus plumis atque illinc despiciat nos?
 "cum veniet contra, digito compesce labellum: 160
 accusator erit qui verbum dixerit 'hic est.'
 securus licet Aenean Rutulumque ferocem
 committas, nulli gravis est percussus Achilles
 aut multum quaesitus Hylas urnamque secutus:
 ense velut stricto quotiens Lucilius ardens 165
 infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
 criminibus, tacita sudant praecordia culpa.
 inde ira¹ et lacrimae. tecum prius ergo voluta
 haec animo ante tubas: galeatum sero duelli
 paenitet." experiar quid concedatur in illos, 170
 quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

SATVRA II

VLTRA Sauromatas fugere hinc libet et glaciale
 Oceanum, quotiens aliquid de moribus audent
 qui Curios simulant et Bacchanalia vivunt.
 indocti primum, quamquam plena omnia gypso
 Chrysippi invenias; nam perfectissimus horum, 5
 si quis Aristotelen similem vel Pittacon emit

¹ So Housm. following AGLO: Büch. reads *irae* from P.

¹ Turnus, king of the Rutulians.

² A favourite of Hercules, who was drawn into a well by the Naiads.

JUVENAL, SATIRE II

168 What? Is a man who has administered aconite to half a dozen uncles to ride by and look down upon me from his swaying cushions? "Yes; and when he comes near you, put your finger to your lip: he who but says the word, 'That's the man!' will be counted an informer. You may set Aeneas and the brave Rutulian¹ a-fighting with an easy mind; it will hurt no one's feelings to hear how Achilles was slain, or how Hylas² was searched for when he tumbled after his pitcher. But when Lucilius roars and rages as if with sword in hand, the bearer, whose soul was cold with crime, grows red; he sweats with the secret consciousness of sin. Hence wrath and tears. So turn these things over in your mind before the trumpet sounds; the helmet once donned, it is too late to repent you of the battle." Then I will try what I may say of those worthies whose ashes lie under the Flaminian and Latin³ roads.

SATIRE II

MORALISTS WITHOUT MORALS

I WOULD fain flee to Sarmatia and the frozen Sea when people who ape the Curii⁴ and live like Bacchanals dare talk about morals. In the first place, they are unlearned persons, though you may find their houses crammed with plaster casts of Chrysippus⁵; for their greatest hero is the man who has bought a likeness of Aristotle or Pittacus,⁶

³ The sides of the great roads leading out from Rome were lined with monuments to the dead.

⁴ A famous family of early Rome.

⁵ The eminent Stoic philosopher, pupil of Cleanthes.

⁶ One of the seven wise men of Greece, b. *circ.* B.C. 652.

IVVENALIS SATVRA II

et iubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthas.
 frontis nulla fides; quis enim non vicus abundat
 tristibus obscaenis? castigas turpia, cum sis
 inter Socraticos notissima fossa cinaedos? 10
 hispida membra quidem et durae per brachia saetae
 promittunt atrocem animum, sed podice levi
 caeduntur tumidae medico ridente mariscae.
 rarus sermo illis et magna libido tacendi
 atque supercilio brevior coma. verius ergo 15
 et magis ingenue Peribomius; hunc ego fatis
 inputo, qui vultu morbum incessuque fatetur.
 horum simplicitas miserabilis, his furor ipse
 dat veniam; sed peiores, qui talia verbis
 Hercules invadunt et de virtute locuti 20
 clunem agitant. "ego te ceventem, Sexte, verebor?"
 infamis Varillus ait "quo deterior te?"
 loripedem rectus derideat, Aethiopem albus;
quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?
 quis caelum terris non misceat et mare caelo, 25
 si fur displiceat Verri, homicida Miloni,
 Clodius accuset moechos, Catilina Cethegum,
 in tabulam Syllae si dicant discipuli tres?
 qualis erat nuper tragico pollutus adulter
 concubitu, qui tunc leges revocabat amaras 30

¹ Pupil and successor of Zeno, founder of the Stoic School, from about B.C. 300 to 220. Famous for his poverty and iron will.

² Some villainous character of the day.

³ Alluding to the faction fights between Clodius and Milo, B.C. 52. Clodius violated the rites of the *Bona Dea*; see vi. 314-341.

⁴ A partner in the Catilinarian conspiracy, B.C. 63.

JUVENAL, SATIRE II

or bids his shelves preserve an original portrait of Cleanthes.¹ Men's faces are not to be trusted; does not every street abound in gloomy-visaged debauchees? And do you rebuke foul practices, when you are yourself the most notorious of the Socratic reprobates? A hairy body, and arms stiff with bristles, give promise of a manly soul: but the doctor grins when he cuts into the growths on your sleek buttocks. Men of your kidney talk little; they glory in taciturnity, and cut their hair shorter than their eyebrows. Peribomius² himself is more open and more honest; his face, his walk, betray his distemper, and I charge Destiny with his failings. Such men excite your pity by their frankness; the very fury of their passions wins them pardon. Far worse are those who denounce evil ways in the language of a Hercules; and after discoursing upon virtue, prepare to practise vice. "Am I to respect you, Sextus," quoth the ill-famed Varillus, "when you do as I do? How am I worse than yourself?" Let the straight-legged man laugh at the club-footed, the white man at the blackamoor: but who could endure the Gracchi railing at sedition? Who will not confound heaven with earth, and sea with sky, if Verres denounce thieves, or Milo³ cut-throats? If Clodius condemn adulterers, or Catiline upbraid Cethegus⁴; or if Sulla's three disciples⁵ inveigh against proscriptions? Such a man was that adulterer⁶ who, after lately defiling himself by a union of the tragic style, revived the stern laws that were to be a terror to all men—ay,

¹ *i.e.* the second triumvirate (Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus) who followed the example of Sulla's proscriptions.

⁶ The emperor Domitian. Domitian was a lover of his niece Julia, daughter of his brother Titus.

IVVENALIS SATVRA II

omnibus atque ipsis Veneri Martique timendas,
 cum tot abortivis fecundam Iulia vulvam
 solveret et patruo similes effunderet offas.
 nonne igitur iure ac merito vitia ultima fictos
 contemnunt Scauros et castigata remordent? 35

Non tulit ex illis torvum Laronia quendam
 clamantem totiens "ubi nunc, lex Iulia?¹ dormis?"
 atque ita subridens: "felicia tempora, quae te
 moribus opponunt. habeat iam Roma pudorem,
tertius e caelo cecidit Cato. sed tamen unde 40

haec emis, hirsuto spirant opobalsama collo
 quae tibi? ne pudeat dominum monstrare tabernae.
 quod si vexantur leges ac iura,² citari
 ante omnes debet Scantinia: respice primum
 et scrutare viros; faciunt nam³ plura, sed illos 45
 defendit numerus iunctaeque umbone phalanges.
 magna inter molles concordia. non erit ullum
 exemplum in nostro tam detestabile sexu.

Media non lambit Cluviam nec Flora Catullam:
 Hispo subit iuvenes et morbo pallet utroque. 50

"Numquid nos agimus causas, civilia iura
 novimus, aut ullo strepitu fora vestra movemus?
 luctantur paucae, comedunt colyphia paucae:
 vos lanam trahitis calathisque peracta refertis
 vellera, vos tenui praegnantem stamine fusum 55

¹ Housm. punctuates *ubi nunc, lex Iulia, dormis?*

² *ac iura* ψ (see l. 72): *acturae* P.

³ *nam* Housm. from O: *hi* Vind.ψ and Büch.: *qui* Büch. (1910).

JUVENAL, SATIRE II

even to Mars and Venus—at the moment when Julia was relieving her fertile womb and giving birth to abortions that displayed the similitude of her uncle. Is it not then right and proper that the very worst of sinners should despise your pretended Scauri,¹ and bite back when bitten?

³⁵ Laronia could not contain herself when one of these sour-faced worthies cried out, “What of your Julian Law?² Has it gone to sleep?” To which she answered smilingly, “O happy times to have you for a censor of our morals! Once more may Rome regain her modesty; a third Cato has come down to us from the skies! But tell me, where did you buy that balsam juice that exhales from your hairy neck? Don’t be ashamed to point out to me the shopman! If laws and statutes are to be raked up, you should cite first of all the Scantinian³: inquire first into the things that are done by men; men do more wicked things than we do, but they are protected by their numbers, and the tight-locked shields of their phalanx. Male effeminates agree wondrously well among themselves; never in our sex will you find such loathsome examples of evil.

⁵¹ “Do we women ever plead in the courts? Are we learned in the Law? Do your court-houses ever ring with our bawling? Some few of us are wrestlers; some of us eat meat-rations: you men spin wool and bring back your tale of work in baskets when it is done; you twirl round the spindle big with fine thread more deftly than

¹ One of the most famous families of the later Republic.

² In reference to the law passed by Augustus for encouraging marriage (*Lex Iulia de maritandis ordinibus*).

³ A law against unnatural crime.

IVVENALIS SATVRA II

Penelope melius, levius torquetis Arachne,
 horrida quale facit residens in codice paelex.
 notum est cur solo tabulas inpleverit Hister
 liberto, dederit vivus cur multa puellae ;
 dives erit magno quae dormit tertia lecto ; 60
 tu nube atque tace : donant arcana cylindros.
 de nobis post haec tristis sententia fertur ?
 dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas."

Fugerunt trepidi vera ac manifesta canentem
 Stoicidae ; quid enim falsi Laronia ? sed quid 65
 non facient alii, cum tu multicia sumas,
 Cretice, et hanc vestem populo mirante perores
 in Proculas et Pollittas ? est moecha Fabulla,
 damnetur, si vis, etiam Carfinia : talem
 non sumet damnata togam. " sed Iulius ardet, 70
 aestuo." nudus agas : minus est insania turpis.
 en habitum quo te leges ac iura ferentem
 vulneribus crudis populus modo victor, et illud
 montanum positis audiret vulgus aratris.
 quid non proclames, in corpore iudicis ista 75
 si videas ? quaero an deceant multicia testem.
 acer et indomitus libertatisque magister,
 Cretice, perluces. dedit hanc contagio labem
 et dabit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris

¹ A Lydian maiden who challenged Athene in spinning and was turned into a spider.

² *Cylindrus*, a cylinder, is here used for a precious stone cut in that shape.

JUVENAL, SATIRE II

Penelope, more delicately than Arachne,¹ doing work such as an unkempt drab squatting on a log would do. Everybody knows why Hister left all his property to his freedman, why in his life-time he gave so many presents to his young wife; the woman who sleeps third in a big bed will want for nothing. So when you take a husband, keep your mouth shut; precious stones² will be the reward of a well-kept secret. After this, what condemnation can be pronounced on women? Our censor absolves the crow and passes judgment on the pigeon!"

⁶⁴ While Laronia was uttering these plain truths, the would-be Stoics made off in confusion: for what word of untruth had she spoken? Yet what will not other men do when you, Creticus, dress yourself in garments of gauze, and while everyone is marvelling at your attire, launch out against the Proculae and the Pollittae? Fabulla is an adulteress; condemn Carfinia of the same crime if you please; but however guilty, they would never wear such a gown as yours. "O but," you say, "these July days are so sweltering!" Then why not plead without clothes? Such madness would be less disgraceful. A pretty garb yours in which to propose or expound laws to our countrymen flushed with victory, and with their wounds yet unhealed; and to those mountain rustics who had laid down their ploughs to listen to you? What would you not exclaim if you saw a judge dressed like that? Would a robe of gauze sit becomingly on a witness? You, Creticus, you, the keen, unbending champion of human liberty, to be clothed in a transparency! This plague has come upon us by infection, and it will spread still further, just as in the fields the scab of one sheep, or the mange of

IVVENALIS SATVRA II

unius scabie cadit et porrigine¹ porci 80
 uvaque conspecta livorem ducit ab uva.
 Foedius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis amictu ;
 nemo repente fuit turpissimus. accipient te
 paulatim qui longa domi redimicula sumunt 85
 frontibus et toto posuere monilia collo,
 atque bonam tenerae placant abdomine porcae
 et magno cratere deam ; sed more sinistro
 exagitata procul non intrat femina limen :
 solis ara deae maribus patet. "ite profanae," 90
 clamatur, "nullo gemit hic tibicina cornu."
 talia secreta coluerunt orgia taeda
 Cecropiam soliti Baptae lassare Cotyton.
 ille supercilium madida fuligine tinctum
 obliqua producit acu pingitque trementis 95
 attolens oculos ; vitreo bibit ille priapo,
 reticulumque comis auratum ingentibus implet
 caerulea indutus scutulata aut galbina rasa,
 et per lunonem domini iurante ministro ;
 ille tenet speculum, pathici gestamen Othonis, 100
 Actoris Aurunci spolium, quo se ille videbat
 armatum, cum iam tolli vexilla iuberet.
 res memoranda novis annalibus atque recenti
 historia, speculum civilis sarcina belli ;
 nimirum summi ducis est occidere Galbam

¹ *prurigine* P.

¹ None but women could attend the rites of the *Bona Dea*. Hence the scandal created in B.C. 62 by Clodius when he made his way into the house of Caesar, where the rites were being celebrated, disguised as a woman. Hence Caesar put away his wife Pompeia, as "Caesar's wife must be above suspicion." In the present passage Juvenal refers to some real or imaginary inversion of the old rule, by which none but males, clothed in female dresses, were to be admitted to the worship of the Goddess.

JUVENAL, SATIRE II

one pig, destroys an entire herd; just as one bunch of grapes takes on its sickly colour from the aspect of its neighbour.

⁸² Some day you will venture on something more shameful than this dress; no one reaches the depths of turpitude all at once. In due time you will be welcomed by those who in their homes put fillets round their brows, swathe themselves with necklaces, and propitiate the Bona Dea with the stomach of a porker and a huge bowl of wine, though by an evil usage the Goddess warns off all women from the door; none but males may approach her altar.¹ "Away with you! profane women" is the cry; "no booming horn, no she-minstrels here!" Such were the secret torchlight orgies with which the Baptae² wearied the Cecropian³ Cotytto. One prolongs his eyebrows with some damp soot on the edge of a needle, and lifts up his blinking eyes to be painted; another drinks out of an obscenely-shaped glass, and ties up his long locks in a gilded net; he is clothed in blue checks, or smooth-faced green; the attendant swears by Juno like his master. Another holds in his hand a mirror like that carried by the effeminate Otho: a trophy of the Auruncan Actor,⁴ in which he gazed at his own image in full armour when he was just ready to give the order to advance—a thing notable and novel in the annals of our time, a mirror among the kit of Civil War! It needed, in truth, a mighty general to slay Galba, and keep his own skin

² Worshippers of the Thracian deity Cotytto.

³ i.e. Athenian, Cecrops being the first king of Athens.

⁴ The words *Actoris Aurunci spoliū* are a quotation from Virg. *Aen.* xii. 94. The suggestion seems to be that Otho was as proud of his mirror as if it had been a trophy of war, like the spear which King Turnus captured from Actor.

IVVENALIS SATVRA II

et curare cutem ; summi constantia civis 105
 Bebriacis campis spoliū¹ adfectare Palati,
 et pressum in facie digitis extendere panem,
 quod nec in Assyrio pharetrata Samiramis orbe,
 maesta nec Actiaca fecit Cleopatra carina. 110
 hic nullus verbis pudor aut reverentia mensae,
 hic turpis² Cybeles et fracta voce loquendi
 libertas et crine senex fanaticus albo
 sacrorum antistes, rarum ac memorabile magni
 gutturis exemplum conducendusque magister.
 quid tamen expectant, Phrygio quos tempus erat
 iam 115
 more supervacua cultris abrumpere carnem ?
 Quadringenta dedit Gracchus sestertia dotem
 cornicini, sive hic recto cantaverat aere ;
 signatae tabulae, dictum " feliciter," ingens 120
 cena sedet, gremio iacuit nova nupta mariti.
 o proceres, censore opus est an haruspice nobis ?
 scilicet horreres maioraque monstra putares,
 si mulier vitulum vel si bos ederet agnum ?
 segmenta et longos habitus et flammea sumit
 arcano qui sacra ferens nutantia loro 125
 sudavit clupeis ancilibus.

O pater urbis,
 unde nefas tantum Latiis pastoribus ? unde
 haec tetigit, Gradive, tuos urtica nepotes ?
 traditur ecce viro clarus genere atque opibus vir,

¹ *spoliū* ψO : *solium* Herwerd. Housm.

² *turpis* PVind. ψ : *turpes* TParis.

¹ The battle in which Otho was defeated by Vitellius.
² Mythical founder of the Assyrian empire with her husband Ninus.

JUVENAL, SATIRE II

sleek; it needed a citizen of highest courage to ape the splendours of the Palace on the field of *Bebriacum*,¹ and plaster his face with dough! Never did the quiver-bearing *Samiramis*² the like in her Assyrian realm, nor the despairing *Cleopatra* on board her ship at *Actium*. No decency of language is there here: no regard for the manners of the table. You will hear all the foul talk and squeaking tones of *Cybele*; a grey-haired frenzied old man presides over the rites; he is a rare and notable master of the art of gluttony, and should be hired to teach it. But why wait any longer when it were time in Phrygian fashion to lop off the superfluous flesh?

¹¹⁷ *Gracchus* has presented to a cornet player—or perhaps it was a player on the straight horn—a dowry of four hundred thousand sesterces. The contract has been signed; the benedictions have been pronounced; the banqueters are seated, the new made bride is reclining on the bosom of her husband. O ye nobles of Rome! is it a soothsayer that we need, or a Censor? Would you be more aghast, would you deem it a greater portent, if a woman gave birth to a calf, or an ox to a lamb? The man who is now arraying himself in the flounces and train and veil of a bride once carried the quivering shields³ of *Mars* by the sacred thongs and sweated under the sacred burden!

¹²⁶ O Father of our city, whence came such wickedness among thy Latin shepherds? How did such a lust possess thy grandchildren, O *Gradivus*? Behold! Here you have a man of high birth and wealth being

³ *Gracchus* was one of the *Salii*, priests of *Mars* who had to carry the sacred shields of *Mars* (*ancilia*) in procession through the city.

IVVENALIS SATVRA II

nec galeam quassas, nec terram cuspidē pulsas, 130
 nec quereris patri? vade ergo et cede severi
 iugeribus campi, quem negligis.

“Officium cras
 primo sole mihi peragendum in valle Quirini.”
 “quae causa officii?” “quid quaeris? nubit amicus
 nec multos adhibet.” liceat modo vivere, fient, 135
 fient ista palam, cupient et in acta referri.
 interea tormentum ingens nubentibus haeret,
 quod nequeant parere et partu retinere maritos.
 sed melius, quod nil animis in corpora iuris
 natura indulget: steriles moriuntur, et illis 140
 turgida non prodest condita pyxide Lyde,
 nec prodest agili palmas praebere lupercō.

Vicit et hoc monstrum tunicati fuscina Gracchi,
 lustravitque fuga mediam gladiator harenam
 et Capitolinis generosior et Marcellis 145
 et Catuli Paulique minoribus et Fabiis et
 omnibus ad podium spectantibus, his licet ipsum
 admoveas cuius tunc munere retia misit.

Esse aliquos manes et subterranea regna
 et contum¹ et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras, 150
 atque una transire vadum tot milia cumba

¹ *et contum* ΣVind.ψ: *et pontum* PSTU. Housm. reads
Cocytum after Luitprandus, *Antapodosis* 5 B.

¹ *i.e.* the Campus Martius.

² The Luperci were a mysterious priesthood who on certain days ran round the pomoerium clad in goat-skins and struck at any woman they met with goat-skin thongs in order to produce fertility.

³ The *podium* was a balustrade, or balcony, set all round the amphitheatre, from which the most distinguished of the spectators witnessed the performance.

JUVENAL, SATIRE II

handed over in marriage to a man, and yet neither shakest thy helmet, nor smitest the earth with thy spear, nor yet protestest to thy Father? Away with thee then; begone from that broad Martial Plain¹ which thou hast forgotten!

¹³² "I have a ceremony to attend," quoth one, "at dawn to-morrow, in the Quirinal valley." "What is the occasion?" "No need to ask: a friend is taking to himself a husband; quite a small affair." Yes, and if we only live long enough, we shall see these things done openly: people will wish to see them reported among the news of the day. Meanwhile these would-be brides have one great trouble: they can bear no children wherewith to keep the affection of their husbands; well has nature done in granting to their desires no power over their bodies. They die infertile; naught avails them the medicine-chest of the bloated Lyde, or to hold out their hands to the blows of the swift-footed Luperci!²

¹⁴³ Greater still the portent when Gracchus, clad in a tunic, played the gladiator, and fled, trident in hand, across the arena—Gracchus, a man of nobler birth than the Capitolini, or the Marcelli, or the descendents of Catulus or Paulus, or the Fabii: nobler than all the spectators in the podium³; not excepting him who gave the show at which that net⁴ was flung.

¹⁴⁹ That there are such things as Manes, and kingdoms below ground, and punt-poles, and Stygian pools black with frogs, and all those thousands crossing over in a single bark—these things not even

⁴ For the disgrace incurred by Gracchus in fighting as a *retiarius* against a *secutor*, see the fuller passage viii. 199-210 and note.

IVVENALIS SATVRA III

nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum aere lavantur.
 sed tu vera puta: Curius quid sentit et ambo
 Scipiadae, quid Fabricius manesque Camilli,
 quid Cremerae legio et Cannis consumpta iuven-
 tus, 155

tot bellorum animae, quotiens hinc talis ad illos
 umbra venit? cuperent lustrari, si qua darentur
 sulphura cum taedis et si foret umida laurus.
 illic¹ heu miseri traducimur. arma quidem ultra
 litora Iuvernæ promovimus et modo captas 160
 Orcadas ac minima contentos nocte Britannos;
 sed quæ nunc populi fiunt victoris in urbe,
 non faciunt illi quos vicimus. et tamen unus
 Armenius Zalaces cunctis narratur ephebis 165
 mollior ardenti sese indulsisse tribuno.
 aspice quid faciant commercia: venerat obses,
 hic fiunt homines. nam si mora longior urbem
 indulsit pueris, non umquam² derit amator.
 mittentur bracæ cultelli frena flagellum;
 sic praetextatos referunt Artaxata mores. 170

SATVRA III

QUAMVIS digressu veteris confusus amici
 laudo tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
 destinet atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

¹ *illic* Vind. GL: *illuc* ATU and appar. P.

² *non umquam* GLOTHousm.: *non numquam* PUBüch.

JUVENAL, SATIRE III

boys believe, except such as have not yet had their penny bath. But just imagine them to be true—what would Curius and the two Scipios think? or Fabricius and the spirit of Camillus? What would the legion that fought at the Cremera¹ think, or the young manhood that fell at Cannae; what would all those gallant hearts feel when a shade of this sort came down to them from here? They would wish to be purified; if only sulphur and torches and damp laurel-branches were to be had. Such is the degradation to which we have come! Our arms indeed we have pushed beyond Juverna's² shores, to the new-conquered Orcades and the short-nighted Britons; but the things which we do in our victorious city will never be done by the men whom we have conquered. And yet they say that one Zalaces, an Armenian more effeminate than any of our youth, has yielded to the ardour of a Tribune! Just see what evil communications do! He came as a hostage: but here boys are turned into men. Give them a long sojourn in our city, and lovers will never fail them. They will throw away their trousers and their knives, their bridles and their whips, and carry back to Artaxata the manners of our Roman youth.

SATIRE III

QUID ROMAE FACIAM?

THOUGH put out by the departure of my old friend, I commend his purpose to fix his home at Cumae, and to present one citizen to the Sibyl. That is the

¹ The battle in which 300 Fabii were killed.

² Ireland.

IVVENALIS SATVRA III

ianua Baiarum est et gratum litus amoeni
 secessus. ego vel Prochytam praepono Suburae ; 5
 nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
 deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
 tectorum adsiduos ac mille pericula saevae
 urbis et Augusto recitantes mense poetas ?

Sed dum tota domus raeda componitur una, 10
 substitit ad veteres arcus madidamque Capenam.
 hic, ubi nocturnae Numa constituebat amicae,
 nunc sacri fontis nemus et delubra locantur
 Iudaeis, quorum cophinus faenumque supellex 15
 (omnis enim populo mercedem pendere iussa est
 arbor et eiectis mendicat silva Camenis).

in vallem Egeriae descendimus et speluncas
 dissimiles veris. quanto praesentius¹ esset
 numen aquis, viridi si margine clauderet undas 20
 herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tofum.

Hic tunc Vmbricius "quando artibus," inquit,
 "honestis
 nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
 res hodie minor est here quam fuit atque eadem cras
 deteret exiguis aliquid, proponimus illuc 25
 ire, fatigatas ubi Daedalus exuit alas,
 dum nova canities, dum prima et recta senectus,
 dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat et pedibus me
 porto meis nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.
 cedamus patria. vivant Artorius istie

¹ *praestantius* pψ : *presentius* Vind.

¹ A small island off Misenum.

² The noisiest street in Rome.

³ The Porta Capena was on the Appian Way, the great S. road from Rome. Over the gate passed an aqueduct,

JUVENAL, SATIRE III

gate of Baiæ, a sweet retreat upon a pleasant shore ; I myself would prefer even Prochyta¹ to the Saburra !² For where has one ever seen a place so dismal and so lonely that one would not deem it worse to live in perpetual dread of fires and falling houses, and the thousand perils of this terrible city, and poets spouting in the month of August !

¹⁰ But while all his goods and chattels were being packed upon a single wagon, my friend halted at the dripping archway of the old Porta Capena.³ Here Numa held his nightly assignations with his mistress ; but now the holy fount and grove and shrine are let out to Jews, who possess a basket and a truss of hay for all their furnishings. For as every tree nowadays has to pay toll to the people, the Muses have been ejected, and the wood has to go a-begging. We go down to the Valley of Egeria, and into the caves so unlike to nature : how much more near to us would be the spirit of the fountain if its waters were fringed by a green border of grass, and there were no marble to outrage the native tufa !

²¹ Here spoke Umbritius :—“ Since there is no room,” quoth he, “ for honest callings in this city, no reward for labour ; since my means are less to-day than they were yesterday, and to-morrow will rub off something from the little that is left, I purpose to go to the place where Daedalus put off his weary wings while my white hairs are recent, while my old age is erect and fresh, while Lachesis has something left to spin, and I can support myself on my own feet without slipping a staff beneath my hand. Farewell my country ! Let Artorius live there, and carrying the water of the Aqua Marcia. Hence “ the dripping archway.”

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et Catulus, maneant qui nigrum in candida ver-
 tunt, 30
 quis facile est aedem conducere flumina portus,
 siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver,
 et praebere caput domina venale sub hasta.
 quondam hi cornicines et municipalis harenae
 perpetui comites notaeque per oppida buccae 35
 munera nunc edunt et, verso pollice vulgus
 quem ¹ iubet, occidunt populariter; inde reversi
 conducunt foricas, et cur non omnia, cum sint ²
 quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
 extollit quotiens voluit Fortuna iocari? 40
 “ Quid Romae faciam? mentiri nescio; librum,
 si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere; motus
 astrorum ignoro; funus promittere patris
 nec volo nec possum; ranarum viscera numquam
 inspexi; ferre ad nuptam quae mittit adulter, 45
 quae mandat, norunt alii; me nemo ministro
 fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo tamquam
 mancus et extinctae corpus non utile dextrae.
 quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius et cui fervens
 aestuat occultis animus semperque tacendis? 50
 nil tibi se debere putat, nil conferet umquam,
 participem qui te secreti fecit honesti:
 carus erit Verri qui Verrem tempore quo vult

¹ quem ψ : cum PAUBüch. and Housm.

² Büch. punctuates et cur non? omnia cum sint.

¹ A spear was set up at auctions as the sign of ownership.

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Catulus; let those remain who turn black into white, to whom it comes easy to take contracts for temples, rivers or harbours, for cleansing drains, or carrying corpses to the pyre, or to put up slaves for sale under the authority of the spear.¹ These men once were horn-blowers, who went the round of every provincial show, and whose puffed-out cheeks were known in every village; to-day they hold shows of their own, and win applause by slaying with a turn of the thumb² whomsoever the mob bids them slay; from that they go back to contract for cess-pools, and why not for any kind of thing, seeing that they are of the kind that Fortune raises from the gutter to the mighty places of earth whenever she wishes to enjoy a laugh?

⁴¹ "What can I do at Rome? I cannot lie; if a book is bad, I cannot praise it, and beg for a copy; I am ignorant of the movements of the stars; I cannot, and will not, promise to a man his father's death; I have never examined the entrails of a frog; I must leave it to others to carry to a bride the presents and messages of a paramour. No man will get my help in robbery, and therefore no governor will take me on his staff: I am treated as a maimed and useless trunk that has lost the power of its hands. What man wins favour nowadays unless he be an accomplice—one whose soul seethes and burns with secrets that must never be disclosed? No one who has imparted to you an innocent secret thinks he owes you anything, or will ever bestow on you a favour; the man whom Verres loves is the man who

² *Vertere pollicem*, to turn the thumb up, was the signal for dispatching the wounded gladiator; *premer: pollicem*, to turn it down, was a sign that he was to be spared.

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accusare potest. tanti tibi non sit opaci
 omnis harena Tagi quodque in mare volvitur
 aurum, 55
 ut somno careas ponendaque praemia sumas
 tristis, et a magno semper timearis amico.
 "Quae nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris
 et quos praecipue fugiam, properabo fateri,
 nec pudor opstabit. non possum ferre, Quirites, 60
 Graecam urbem; quamvis quota portio faecis Achaei?
 iam pridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes,
 et linguam et mores et cum tibicine chordas
 obliquas nec non gentilia tympana secum
 vexit et ad circum iussas prostare puellas. 65
 ite, quibus grata est picta lupa barbara mitra!
 rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
 et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.
 hic alta Sicyone, ast hic Amydone relictas,
 hic Andro, ille Samo, hic Trallibus aut Alabandis 70
 Esquilias dictumque petunt a vimine collem,
 viscera magnarum domuum dominique futuri.
 ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
 promptus et Isaeo torrentior: ede quid illum
 esse putes? quemvis hominem secum attulit ad
 nos: 75
 grammaticus rhetor geometres pictor aliptes
 augur schoenobates medicus magus: omnia novit
 Graeculus esuriens; in caelum iusseris ibit.

¹ Referring to the *sambuca*, a kind of harp, of triangular shape, producing a shrill sound.

² *Trechedipna*, "a run-to-dinner coat"; *ceromaticus*, from *ceroma*, oil used by wrestlers; and *niceterium*, "a prize of victory"—all used to ridicule the use of the Greek forms.

³ *i.e.* the Mons Viminalis, from *vimen*, "an osier."

⁴ An Assyrian rhetorician: not the Greek orator Isaeus.

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can impeach Verres at any moment that he chooses. Ah! Let not all the sands of the shaded Tagus, and the gold which it rolls into the sea, be so precious in your eyes that you should lose your sleep, and accept gifts, to your sorrow, which you must one day lay down, and be for ever a terror to your mighty friend!

⁵⁸ “And now let me speak at once of the race which is most dear to our rich men, and which I avoid above all others; no shyness shall stand in my way. I cannot abide, Quirites, a Rome of Greeks; and yet what fraction of our dregs comes from Greece? The Syrian Orontes has long since poured into the Tiber, bringing with it its lingo and its manners, its flutes and its slanting harp-strings¹; bringing too the timbrels of the breed, and the trulls who are bidden ply their trade at the Circus. Out upon you, all ye that delight in foreign strumpets with painted head-dresses! Your country clown, Quirinus, now trips to dinner in Greek-fangled slippers,² and wears *niceterian*² ornaments upon a *ceromatic*² neck! One comes from lofty Sicyon, another from Amydon or Andros, others from Samos, Tralles or Alabanda; all making for the Esquiline, or for the hill that takes its name from osier-beds³; all ready to worm their way into the houses of the great and become their masters. Quick of wit and of unbounded impudence, they are as ready of speech as Isaeus,⁴ and more torrential. Say, what do you think that fellow there to be? He has brought with him any character you please; grammarian, orator, geometrician; painter, trainer, or rope-dancer; augur, doctor or astrologer:—

‘All sciences a fasting monsieur knows,
And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes!’⁵

⁵ From Johnson's *London*.

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in summa non Maurus erat neque Sarmata nec Thrax
qui sumpsit pinnas, mediis sed natus Athenis. 80

“Horum ego non fugiam conchyliā? me prior ille
signabit fultusque toro meliore recumbet,
advectus Romam quo pruna et cottona vento?
usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia caelum
hausit Aventini baca nutrita Sabina? 85

“Quid quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici,
et longum invalidi collum cervicibus aequat
Herculis Antaeum procul a tellure tenentis,
miratur vocem angustam, qua deterius nec 90
ille sonat quo mordetur gallina marito?

haec eadem licet et nobis laudare, sed illis
creditur. an melior, cum Thaida sustinet aut cum
uxorem comoedus agit vel Dorida nullo
cultam palliolo? mulier nempe ipsa videtur, 95
non persona, loqui; vacua et plana omnia dicas
infra ventriculum et tenui distantia rima.

nec tamen Antiochus nec erit mirabilis illic
aut Stratoctes aut cum molli Demetrius Haemo:
natio comoeda est. rides, maiore cachinno 100
concutitur; flet, si lacrimas conspexit amici,
nec dolet; igniculum brumae si tempore poscas,
accipit endromidem; si dixeris ‘aestuo,’ sudat.
non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper et omni
nocte dieque potest aliena sumere vultum 105

¹ Daedalus.

² Hercules slew Antaeus by raising him from the ground,
till when he was invincible. ³ Names of Greek actors.

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In fine, the man who took to himself wings¹ was not a Moor, nor a Sarmatian, nor a Thracian, but one born in the very heart of Athens!

⁸¹ "Must I not make my escape from purple-clad gentry like these? Is a man to sign his name before me, and recline upon a couch above mine, who has been wafted to Rome by the wind which brings us our damsons and our figs? Is it to go so utterly for nothing that as a babe I drank in the air of the Aventine, and was nurtured on the Sabine berry?"

⁸⁶ "What of this again, that these people are experts in flattery, and will commend the talk of an illiterate, or the beauty of a deformed, friend, and compare the scraggy neck of some weakling to the brawny throat of Hercules when holding up Antaeus² from the earth; or go into ecstasies over a squeaky voice not more melodious than that of a cock when he pecks his spouse the hen? We, no doubt, can praise the same things that they do; but what they say is believed. Could any actor do better when he plays the part of Thais, or of a matron, or of the nude Doris? You would never think that it was an actor that was speaking, but a very woman, complete in all her parts. Yet, in their own country, neither Antiochus³ nor Stratocles,³ neither Demetrius³ nor the delicate Haemus,³ will be applauded: they are a nation of play-actors. If you smile, your Greek will split his sides with laughter; if he sees his friend drop a tear, he weeps, though without grieving; if you call for a bit of fire in winter-time, he puts on his cloak; if you say 'I am hot,' he breaks into a sweat. Thus we are not upon a level, he and I; he has always the best of it, being ready at any moment, by night or by day, to take his expression from another man's

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a facie, iactare manus, laudare paratus,
 si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus,
 si trulla inverso crepitum dedit aurea fundo.

“ Praeterea sanctum nihil est neque¹ ab inguine
 tutum,

non matrona laris, non filia virgo, neque ipse 110
 sponsus levis adhuc, non filius ante pudicus;
 horum si nihil est, aviam resupinat amici.

[scire volunt secreta domus atque inde timeri.]
 et quoniam coepit Graecorum mentio, transi
 gymnasia atque audi facinus maioris abollae. 115

Stoicus occidit Baream delator amicum
 discipulumque senex, ripa nutritus in illa,
 ad quam Gorgonei delapsa est pinna caballi.
 non est Romano cuiquam locus hic, ubi regnat
 Protogenes aliquis vel Diphilus aut Hermarchus, 120
 qui gentis vitio numquam partitur amicum,
 solus habet. nam cum facilem stillavit in aurem
 exiguum de naturae patriaeque veneno,
 limine summoveor, perierunt tempora longi
 servitii; nusquam minor est iactura clientis. 125

“ Quod porro officium, ne nobis blandiar, aut quod
 pauperis hic meritum, si curet nocte togatus
 currere, cum praetor lictorem impellat et ire
 praecipitem iubeat dudum vigilantibus orbis,
 ne prior Albinam et Modiam collega salutet? 130

¹ P defective here. Most MSS. have *aut* for *est*. Housm
 reads *aut tibi*.

¹ Publius Egnatius Celer. See Tac. *Ann.* xvi. 30-32 and
Hist. iv. 20 and 40.

face, to throw up his hands and applaud if his friend spit or hiccup nicely, or if his golden basin make a gurgle when turned upside down.

¹⁰⁹ " Besides all this, there is nothing sacred to his lusts : not the matron of the family, nor the maiden daughter, not the as yet unbearded son-in-law to be, not even the as yet unpolluted son ; if none of these be there, he will debauch the grandmother. These men want to discover the secrets of the family, and so make themselves feared. And now that I am speaking of the Greeks, pass on to the schools, and hear of a graver crime ; the Stoic¹ who informed against and slew his own young friend and disciple² was born on that river bank³ where the Gorgon's winged steed fell to earth. No : there is no room for any Roman here, where some Protogenes, or Diphilus, or Hermarchus rules the roast—one who by a defect of his race never shares a friend, but keeps him all to himself. For when once he has dropped into a facile ear one particle of his own and his country's poison, I am thrust from the door, and all my long years of servitude go for nothing. Nowhere is it so easy as at Rome to throw an old client overboard.

¹²⁶ " And besides, not to flatter ourselves, what value is there in a poor man's serving here in Rome, even if he be at pains to hurry along in his toga before daylight, seeing that the praetor is bidding the lictor to go full speed lest his colleague should be the first to salute the childless ladies Albina and Modia, who have long ago been awake. Here in

² For the accusation and death of Barea Soranus, see Tac. *Ann.* xvi. 23 and 33.

³ *i. e.* at Tarsus on the river Cydnus.

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divitis hic servo claudit latus ingenuorum
 filius; alter enim quantum in legione tribuni
 accipiunt donat Calvinae vel Catienae,
 ut semel aut iterum super illam palpitet; at tu,
 cum tibi vestiti facies scorti placet, haeres 135
 et dubitas alta Chionen deducere sella.

da testem Romae tam sanctum quam fuit hospes
 numinis Idaei, procedat vel Numa vel qui
 servavit trepidam flagranti ex aede Minervam:
 protinus ad censum, de moribus ultima fiet 140
 quaestio. 'quot pascit servos? quot possidet agri
 iugera? quam multa magnaue paropside cenat?'
 quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,
 tantum habet et fidei. iures licet et Samothracum
 et nostrorum aras, contemnere fulmina pauper 145
 creditur atque deos dis ignoscentibus ipsis.

"Quid quod materiam praebet causasque iocorum
 omnibus hic idem, si foeda et scissa lacerna,
 si toga sordidula est et rupta calceus alter
 pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum 150
 atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix?
 nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
 quam quod ridiculos homines facit. 'exeat,' inquit,
 'si pudor est, et de pulvino surgat equestri
 cuius res legi non sufficit, et sedeant hic 155
 lenonum pueri quocumque ex fornice nati;
 hic plaudat nitidi praeconis filius inter

¹ Ladies of rank.

² P. Cornelius Scipio received the image of Cybele when brought from Phrygia, B.C. 204.

³ L. Caecilius Metellus, in B.C. 241.

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Rome the son of free-born parents has to give the wall to some rich man's slave; for that other will give as much as the whole pay of a legionary tribune to enjoy the chance favours of a Calvina¹ or a Catienna,¹ while you, when the face of some gay-decked harlot takes your fancy, scarce venture to hand her down from her lofty chair. At Rome you may produce a witness as unimpeachable as the host of the Idaean Goddess²—Numa himself might present himself, or he who rescued the trembling Minerva from the blazing shrine³—the first question asked will be as to his wealth, the last about his character: 'how many slaves does he keep?' 'how many acres does he own?' 'how big and how many are his dinner dishes?' A man's word is believed in exact proportion to the amount of cash which he keeps in his strong box. Though he swear by all the altars of Samothrace or of Rome, the poor man is believed to care naught for Gods and thunderbolts, the Gods themselves forgiving him.

147 "And what of this, that the poor man gives food and occasion for jest if his cloak be torn and dirty; if his toga be a little soiled; if one of his shoes gapes where the leather is split, or if some fresh stitches of coarse thread reveal where not one, but many a rent has been patched? Of all the woes of luckless poverty none is harder to endure than this, that it exposes men to ridicule. 'Out you go! for very shame,' says the marshal; 'out of the Knights' stalls, all of you whose means do not satisfy the law.' Here let the sons of panders, born in any brothel, take their seats; here let the spruce son of an auctioneer clap his hands, with the smart sons of a gladiator on one side of him and the young gentle-

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pinnirapi cultos iuvenes iuvenesque lanistae¹ :
 sic libitum vano, qui nos distinxit, Othoni.
 quis gener hic placuit censu minor atque puellae 160
 sarcinulis impar? quis pauper scribitur heres?
 quando in consilio est aedilibus? agmine facto
 debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

“Haut facile emergunt quorum virtutibus opstat
 res angusta domi, sed Romae durior illis 165
 conatus: magno hospitium miserabile, magno
 servorum ventres, et frugi cenula magno.
 fictilibus cenare pudet, quod turpe negabis
 translatus subito ad Marsos mensamque Sabellam
 contentusque illic Veneto duroque cucullo. 170

“Pars magna Italiae est, si verum admittimus,
 in qua
 nemo togam sumit nisi mortuus. ipsa dierum
 festorum herboso colitur si quando theatro
 maiestas tandemque redit ad pulpita notum 175
 exodium, cum personae pallentis hiatum
 in gremio matris formidat rusticus infans,
 aequales habitus illic similesque videbis
 orchestram et populum, clari velamen honoris
 sufficiunt tunicae summis aedilibus albae.
 hic ultra vires habitus nitor, hic aliquid plus 180
 quam satis est interdum aliena sumitur arca.
 commune id vitium est, hic vivimus ambitiosa
 paupertate omnes. quid te moror? omnia Romae
 cum pretio. quid das, ut Cossum aliquando salutes,

¹ The law of Otho (B.C. 67) reserved for knights the first fourteen rows in the theatre behind the *orchestra* where senators sat. The knights (*equites*) were the wealthy middle class, each having to possess a census of 400,000 sesterces.

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men of a trainer on the other : such was the will of the numskull Otho who assigned to each of us his place.¹ Who ever was approved as a son-in-law if he was short of cash, and no match for the money-bags of the young lady? What poor man ever gets a legacy, or is appointed assessor to an aedile? Romans without money should have marched out in a body long ago!

¹⁶⁴ "It is no easy matter, anywhere, for a man to rise when poverty stands in the way of his merits: but nowhere is the effort harder than in Rome, where you must pay a big rent for a wretched lodging, a big sum to fill the bellies of your slaves, and buy a frugal dinner for yourself. You are ashamed to dine off delf; but you would see no shame in it if transported suddenly to a Marsian or Sabine table, where you would be pleased enough to wear a cape of coarse Venetian blue.

¹⁷¹ "There are many parts of Italy, to tell the truth, in which no man puts on a toga until he is dead. Even on days of festival, when a brave show is made in a theatre of turf, and when the well-known farce steps once more upon the boards; when the rustic babe on its mother's breast shrinks back affrighted at the gaping of the pallid masks, you will see stalls and populace all dressed alike, and the worshipful aediles content with white tunics as vesture for their high office. In Rome, everyone dresses above his means, and sometimes something more than what is enough is taken out of another man's pocket. This failing is universal here: we all live in a state of pretentious poverty. To put it shortly, nothing can be had in Rome for nothing. How much does it cost you to be able now and then to make your bow

ut te respiciat clauso Veiento labello? 185
 ille metit barbam, erinem hic deponit amati;
 plena domus libis venalibus; accipe, et istud
 fermentum tibi habe: praestare tributa clientes
 cogimur et cultis augere peculia servis.

“ Quis timet aut timuit gelida Praeneste ruinam 190
 aut positis nemorosa inter iuga Volsiniis aut
 simplicibus Gabiis aut proni Tiburis arce?
 nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam
 magna parte sui; nam sic labentibus obstat
 vilicus et, veteris rimae cum textit hiatum, 195
 securos pendente iubet dormire ruina.
 vivendum est illic ubi nulla incendia, nulli
 nocte metus. iam poscit aquam, iam frivola transfert
 Vealegon, tabulata tibi iam tertia fumant:
 tu nescis; nam si gradibus trepidatur ab imis, 200
 ultimus ardebit quem tegula sola tuetur
 a pluvia, molles ubi reddunt ova columbae.
 lectus erat Codro Procula minor, urceoli sex
 ornamentum abaci nec non et parvulus infra
 cantharus et recubans sub eodem marmore Chiron, 205
 iamque vetus graecos servabat cista libellos
 et divina opici rodebant carmina mures.
 nil habuit Codrus, quis enim negat? et tamen illud

¹ The rendering is uncertain. Duff translates, “Take your money and keep your cake.”

² At this feast cakes (*liba*) are provided; but the guests are expected to give a tip to the slaves. According to Duff, the client pays the slave, but is too indignant to take the cake.

³ *i.e.* statues used by way of props.

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to Cossus? Or to be vouchsafed one glance, with lip firmly closed, from Veiento? One of these great men is cutting off his beard; another is dedicating the locks of a favourite; the house is full of cakes—which you will have to pay for. Take your cake,¹ and let this thought rankle in your heart: we clients are compelled to pay tribute and add to a sleek menial's perquisites.²

¹⁹⁰ “Who at cool Praeneste, or at Volsinii amid its leafy hills, was ever afraid of his house tumbling down? Who in modest Gabii, or on the sloping heights of Tivoli? But here we inhabit a city propped up for the most part by slender flute-players:³ for that is how the bailiff patches up the cracks in the old wall, bidding the inmates sleep at ease under a roof ready to tumble about their ears. No, no, I must live where there are no fires, no nightly alarms. Ucalegon⁴ below is already shouting for water and shifting his chattels; smoke is pouring out of your third-floor attic above, but you know nothing of it; for if the alarm begins in the ground-floor, the last man to burn will be he who has nothing to shelter him from the rain but the tiles, where the gentle doves lay their eggs. Codrus possessed a bed too small for the dwarf Procula, a marble slab adorned by six pipkins, with a small drinking cup, and a recumbent Chiron below, and an old chest containing Greek books whose divine lays were being gnawed by unlettered mice. Poor Codrus had nothing, it is true: but he lost that nothing, which was his

⁴ Borrowed from Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 311, of the firing of Troy, *iam proximus ardet = Ucalegon*. Juvenal's friend inhabits the third floor, and the fire has broken out on the ground floor.

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perdidit infelix totum nihil. ultimus autem
aerumnae est cumulus, quod nudum et frusta ro-
gantem 210
nemo cibo, nemo hospitio tectoque iuvabit.

“ Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
pullati proccres, differt vadimonia praetor.
tum geminus casus urbis, tunc odimus ignem.
ardet adhuc, et iam accurrit qui marmora donet, 215
conferat inpensas; hic nuda et candida signa,
hic aliquid praeclarum¹ Euphranoris et Polycliti,
hic² Asianorum vetera ornamenta deorum,
hic libros dabit et forulos mediamque Minervam,
hic modium argenti. meliora ac plura reponit 220
Persicus, orborum lautissimus et merito iam
suspectus tamquam ipse suas incenderit aedes.

“ Si potes avelli circensibus, optima Sorae
aut Fabrateriae domus aut Frusinone paratur
quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum. 225
hortulus hic puteusque brevis nec reste movendus
in tenuis plantas facili diffunditur haustu.
vive bidentis amans et culti vilicus horti,
unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis.
est aliquid, quocumque loco, quocumque recessu 230
unius sese dominum fecisse lacertae.

“ Plurimus hic aeger moritur vigilando (set ipsum
languorem peperit cibus imperfectus et haerens
ardenti stomacho), nam quae³ meritoria somnum

¹ *praeclarum* P : Housm. conj. *praedarum*.

² *hic* conj. by Jahn and confirmed by O and Vind. : *haec* P
Büch. : Housm. conj. *aera*.

³ Housm. adopts the conj. *quem* (Hadr. Valesius) : *quae*
PALO.

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all; and the last straw in his heap of misery is this, that though he is destitute and begging for a bite, no one will help him with a meal, no one offer him board or shelter.

²¹² " But if the grand house of Asturicus be destroyed, the matrons go dishevelled, your great men put on mourning, the praetor adjourns his court: then indeed do we deplore the calamities of the city, and bewail its fires! Before the house has ceased to burn, up comes one with a gift of marble or of building materials, another offers nude and glistening statues, a third some notable work of Euphranor or Polyclitus,¹ or bronzes that had been the glory of old Asian shrines. Others will offer books and book-cases, or a bust of Minerva, or a hundredweight of silver-plate. Thus does Persicus, that most sumptuous of childless men, replace what he has lost with more and better things, and with good reason incurs the suspicion of having set his own house on fire.

²²³ " If you can tear yourself away from the games of the Circus, you can buy an excellent house at Sora, at Fabrateria or Frusino, for what you now pay in Rome to rent a dark garret for one year. And you will there have a little garden, with a shallow well from which you can easily draw water, without need of a rope, to bedew your weakly plants. There make your abode, mattock in hand, tending a trim garden fit to feast a hundred Pythagoreans.² It is something, in whatever spot, however remote, to have become the possessor of a single lizard!

²³² " Most sick people here in Rome perish for want of sleep, the illness itself having been produced by food lying undigested on a fevered stomach. For

¹ Celebrated Greek sculptors. ² *i.e.* vegetarians.

IVVENALIS SATVRA III

admittunt? magnis opibus dormitur¹ in urbe. 235
 inde caput morbi. raedarum transitus arto
 vicorum in flexu¹ et stantis convicia mandrae
 eripient somnum Druso vitulisque marinis.
 si vocat officium, turba cedente vehetur
 dives et ingenti curret super ora Liburna 240
 atque obiter leget aut scribet vel dormiet intus;
 namque facit somnum clausa lectica fenestra.
 ante tamen veniet: nobis properantibus opstat
 unda prior, magno populus premit agmine lumbos
 qui sequitur; ferit hic cubito, ferit assere duro 245
 alter, at hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam.
 pingua crura luto, planta mox undique magna
 calor, et in digito clavus mihi militis haeret.

“ Nonne vides quanto celebretur sportula fumo?
 centum convivae, sequitur sua quemque culina. 250
 Corbulo vix ferret tot vasa ingentia, tot res
 inpositas capiti, quas recto vertice portat
 servulus infelix et cursu ventilat ignem.
 scinduntur tunicae sartae modo, longa coruscat
 serraco veniente abies, atque altera pinum 255
 plaustra vehunt; nutant alte populoque minantur.
 nam si procubuit qui saxa Ligustica portat
 axis et eversum fudit super agmina montem,
 quid superest de corporibus? quis membra, quis ossa

¹ Büch. and Owen read *inflexu*, after P Vind.ψ: Housm. *in flexu*. See *Journal of Phil.* No. 67, p. 40.

¹ Probably the somnolent Emperor Claudius is meant.

² The hundred guests are clients; each is followed by a slave carrying a kitchener to keep the dole hot when received.

JUVENAL, SATIRE III

what sleep is possible in a lodging? Who but the wealthy get sleep in Rome? There lies the root of the disorder. The crossing of wagons in the narrow winding streets, the slanging of drovers when brought to a stand, would make sleep impossible for a Drusus¹ — or a sea-calf. When the rich man has a call of social duty, the mob makes way for him as he is borne swiftly over their heads in a huge Liburnian car. He writes or reads or sleeps as he goes along, for the closed window of the litter induces slumber. Yet he will arrive before us; hurry as we may, we are blocked by a surging crowd in front, and by a dense mass of people pressing in on us from behind: one man digs an elbow into me, another a sedan-pole; one bangs a beam, another a wine-cask, against my head. My legs are be-plastered with mud; huge feet trample on me from every side, and a soldier plants his hobnails firmly on my toe.

²⁴⁹ "See now the smoke rising from that crowd which hurries for the daily dole: there are a hundred guests, each followed by a kitchener of his own.² Corbulo³ himself could scarce bear the weight of all the big vessels and other gear which that poor little slave is carrying with head erect, fanning the flame as he runs along. Newly-patched tunics are torn in two; up comes a huge log swaying on a wagon, and then a second dray carrying a whole pine-tree, towering aloft and threatening the people. For if that axle with its load of Ligurian marble breaks down, and pours its spilt contents on to the crowd, what is left of their bodies? Who can identify the

³ The great Roman general under Claudius and Nero, famed for his physical strength.

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invenit? obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver 260
 more animae. domus interea secura patellas
 iam lavat et bucca foculum excitat et sonat unctis
 striglibus et pleno componit lintea guto.
 haec inter pueros varie properantur, at ille
 iam sedet in ripa taetrumque novicius horret, 265
 porthmea nec sperat caenosi gurgitis alnum
 infelix nec habet quem porrigat ore trientem.

“ Respice nunc alia ac diversa pericula noctis :
 quod spatium tectis sublimibus unde cerebrum
 testa ferit, quotiens rimosa et curta fenestris 270
 vasa cadant, quanto percussum pondere signent
 et laedant silicem. possis ignavus haberi
 et subiti casus improvidus, ad cenam si
 intestatus eas : adeo tot fata, quot illa
 nocte patent vigiles te praetereunte fenestrae. 275
 ergo optes votumque feras miserabile tecum,
 ut sint contentae patulas defundere pelves.

“ Ebrius ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
 dat poenas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
 Pelidae, cubat in faciem, mox deinde supinus ; 280
 [ergo non aliter poterit dormire : quibusdam]
 somnum rixa facit. sed quamvis improbus annis
 atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina laena
 vitari iubet et comitum longissimus ordo,
 multum praeterea flammaram et aenea lampas ; 285

JUVENAL, SATIRE III

limbs, who the bones? The poor man's crushed corpse disappears, just like his soul. At home meanwhile the folk, unwitting, are washing the dishes, blowing up the fire with distended cheek, clattering over the greasy flesh-scrapers, filling the oil-flasks and laying out the towels. And while each of them is thus busy over his own task, their master is already sitting, a new arrival, upon the bank, and shuddering at the grim ferryman: he has no copper in his mouth to tender for his fare, and no hope of a passage over the murky flood.

²⁶⁸ "And now regard the different and diverse perils of the night. See what a height it is to that towering roof from which a potsherd comes crack upon my head every time that some broken or leaky vessel is pitched out of the window! See with what a smash it strikes and dints the pavement! There's death in every open window as you pass along at night; you may well be deemed a fool, improvident of sudden accident, if you go out to dinner without having made your will. You can but hope, and put up a piteous prayer in your heart, that they may be content to pour down on you the contents of their slop-pails!

²⁷⁸ "Your drunken bully who has by chance not slain his man passes a night of torture like that of Achilles when he bemoaned his friend, lying now upon his face, and now upon his back; he will get no rest in any other way, since some men can only sleep after a brawl. Yet however reckless the fellow may be, however hot with wine and young blood, he gives a wide berth to one whose scarlet cloak and long retinue of attendants, with torches and brass lamps in their hands, bid him keep his distance. But to me,

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me, quem luna solet deducere vel breve lumen
 candelae, cuius dispenso et tempero flum,
 contemnit. miserae cognosce prohoemia rixae,
 si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.
 stat contra starique iubet : parere necesse est ; 290
 nam quid agas, cum te furiosus cogat et idem
 fortior ? ‘ unde venis ? ’, exclamat, ‘ cuius aceto,
 cuius conche tumes ? quis tecum sectile porrum
 sutor et elixi vervecis labra comedit ?
 nil mihi respondes ? aut dic aut accipe calcem. 295
 ede ubi consistas ; in qua te quaero proseucha ? ’
 dicere si temptes aliquid tacitusve recedas,
 tantumdem est : feriunt pariter, vadimonia deinde
 irati faciunt. libertas pauperis haec est :
 pulsatus rogat et pugnīs concisus adorat 300
 ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.

“ Nec tamen haec tantum metuas. nam qui
 spoliet te
 non derit clausis domibus, postquam omnis ubique
 fixa catenatae siluit compago tabernae.
 interdum et ferro subitus grassator agit rem ; 305
 armato quotiens tutae custode tenentur
 et Pomptina palus et Gallinaria pinus,
 sic inde huc omnes tamquam ad vivaria currunt
 qua fornace graves, qua non incude catenae ?
 maximus in vinclis ferri modus, ut timeas ne 310
 vomer deficiat, ne marrae et sarcula desint.
 felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas

JUVENAL, SATIRE III

who am wont to be escorted home by the moon, or by the scant light of a candle whose wick I husband with due care, he pays no respect. Hear how the wretched fray begins—if fray it can be called when you do all the thrashing and I get all the blows! The fellow stands up against me, and bids me halt; obey I must. What else can you do when attacked by a madman stronger than yourself? ‘Where are you from?’ shouts he; ‘whose swipes, whose beans have blown you out? With what cobbler have you been munching cut leeks¹ and boiled sheep’s head?—What, sirrah, no answer? Speak out, or take that upon your shins! Where is your stand? In what prayer-shop² shall I find you?’ Whether you venture to say anything, or make off silently, it’s all one: he will thrash you just the same, and then, in a rage, take bail from you. Such is the liberty of the poor man: having been pounded and cuffed into a jelly, he begs and prays to be allowed to return home with a few teeth in his head!

³⁰² “Nor are these your only terrors. When your house is shut, when bar and chain have made fast your shop, and all is silent, you will be robbed by a burglar; or perhaps a cut-throat will do for you quickly with cold steel. For whenever the Pontine marshes and the Gallinarian forest are secured by an armed guard, all that tribe flocks into Rome as into a fish-preserve. What furnaces, what anvils, are not groaning with the forging of chains? That is how our iron is mostly used; and you may well fear that ere long none will be left for plough-shares, none for hoes and mattocks. Happy were the forbears of our

¹ See note on xiv. 133.

² *Proseucha*, a Jewish synagogue or praying-house.

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saecula quae quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

“His alias poteram et pluris subnectere causas ; 315
sed iumenta vocant et sol inclinat, eundum est ;
nam mihi commota iam dudum mulio virga
adnuit. ergo vale nostri memor, et quotiens te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
me quoque ad Helvinam Cererem vestramque
Dianam 320
converte a Cumis. saturarum ego, ni pudet illas,
auditor¹ gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.”

SATVRA IV

ECCE iterum Crispinus, et est mihi saepe vocandus
ad partes, monstrum nulla virtute redemptum
a vitiis, aegrae solaque libidine fortes
deliciae ; viduas tantum aspernatur² adulter.
quid refert igitur, quantis iumenta fatiget 5
porticibus, quanta nemorum vectetur in umbra,
iugera quot vicina foro, quas emerit aedes ?
nemo malus felix, minime³ corruptor et idem
incestus, cum quo nuper vittata iacebat
sanguine adhuc vivo terram subitura sacerdos. 10

¹ *auditor* PVind. Büch. (1910) : *adiutor* ψ Büch. (1893).

² *aspernatur* ψ : *aspernatus* Vind. etc. and Housm. : *spernatur* PSA.

³ *minime* PVind. ψ : *quin sit* ζ : Housm. conj. *quum sit*.

JUVENAL, SATIRE IV

great-grandfathers, happy the days of old which under Kings and Tribunes beheld Rome satisfied with a single gaol!

³¹⁵ "To these I might add more and different reasons; but my cattle call, the sun is sloping and I must away: my muleteer has long been signalling to me with his whip. And so farewell; forget me not. And if ever you run over from Rome to your own Aquinum¹ to recruit, summon me too from Cumae to your Helvine² Ceres and Diana; I will come over to your cold country in my thick boots to hear your Satires, if they think me worthy of that honour."

SATIRE IV

A TALE OF A TURBOT

CRISPINUS once again! a man whom I shall often have to call on to the scene, a prodigy of wickedness without one redeeming virtue; a sickly libertine, strong only in his lusts, which scorn none save the unwedded. What matters it then how spacious are the colonnades which tire out his horses, how large the shady groves in which he drives, how many acres near the Forum, how many palaces, he has bought? No bad man can be happy: least of all the incestuous seducer with whom lately lay a filleted³ priestess, doomed to pass beneath the earth with the blood still warm within her veins.

¹ Aquinum was Juvenal's birthplace.

² The origin of this name of Ceres is unknown.

³ The *vitta*, or fillet, was worn round the hair by Vestal Virgins.

IVVENALIS SATVRA IV

Sed nunc de factis levioribus. et tamen alter
 si fecisset idem, caderet sub iudice morum ;
 nam quod turpe bonis Titio Seioque, decebat
 Crispinum : quid agas, cum dira et foedior omni
 crimine persona est? nullum sex milibus emit, 15
 aequantem sane paribus sestertia libris,
 ut perhibent qui de magnis maiora loquuntur.
 consilium laudo artificis, si munere tanto
 praecipuam in tabulis ceram senis abstulit orbi ;
 est ratio ulterior, magnae si misit amicae, 20
 quae vehitur clauso latis specularibus antro.
 nil tale expectes : emit sibi. multa videmus
 quae miser et frugi non fecit Apicius ; hoc tu,
 succinctus patria quondam, Crispine, papyro ?
 hoc pretio squamas¹ ? potuit fortasse minoris 25
 piscator quam piscis emi ; provincia tanti
 vendit agros, sed maiores Apulia vendit.
 qualis tunc epulas ipsum gluttisse putamus
 induperatorem, cum tot sestertia, partem
 exiguam et modicae sumptam de margine cenae, 30
 purpureus magni ructarit scurra Palati,
 iam princeps equitum, magna qui voce solebat
 vendere municipes fracta de merce siluros ?
 incipe, Calliope. licet et considerare, non est
 cantandum, res vera agitur. narrate, puellae 35
 Pierides ; prosit mihi vos dixisse puellas.

¹ P has *squamae*. So Büch.

¹ A celebrated gourmand.

JUVENAL, SATIRE IV

¹¹ To-day I shall tell of a less heinous deed, though had any other man done the like, he would fall under the censor's lash: for what would be shameful in good men like Seius or Teius sat gracefully on Crispinus. What can you do when the man himself is more foul and monstrous than any charge you can bring against him? Crispinus bought a mullet for six thousand sesterces—one thousand sesterces for every pound of fish, as those would say who make big things bigger in the telling of them. I could commend the man's cunning if by such a lordly gift he secured the first place in the will of some childless old man, or, better still, sent it to some great lady who rides in a close, broad-windowed litter. But nothing of the sort; he bought it for himself: we see many a thing done nowadays which poor niggardly Apicius¹ never did. What? Did you, Crispinus—you who once wore a strip of your native papyrus round your loins—give that price for a fish? A price bigger than you need have paid for the fisherman himself, a price for which you might buy a whole estate in some province, or a still larger one in Apulia. What kind of feasts are we to suppose were guzzled by our Emperor himself when all those thousands of sesterces—forming a small fraction, a mere side-dish of a modest entertainment—were belched up by a purple-clad parasite of the august Palace—one who is now Chief of the Knights, and who once used to hawk, at the top of his voice, a broken lot of his fellow-countrymen the sprats? Begin, Calliope! let us take our seats. This is no mere fable, but a true tale that is being told; tell it forth, ye maidens of Pieria, and let it profit me that I have called you maids!

IVVENALIS SATVRA IV

Cum iam semianimum laceraret Flavius orbem
 ultimus et calvo serviret Roma Neroni,
 incidit Hadriaci spatium admirabile rhombi
 ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica sustinet Ancon, 40
 implevitque sinus; nec enim minor haeserat illis
 quos operit glacies Maeotica ruptaque tandem
 solibus effundit torrentis ad ostia Ponti
 desidia tardos et longo frigore pingues.
 destinat hoc monstrum cumbae linique magister 45
 pontifici summo. quis enim proponere talem
 aut emere auderet, cum plena et litora multo
 delatore forent? dispersi protinus algae
 inquisitores agerent cum remige nudo
 non dubitaturi fugitivum dicere piscem 50
 depastumque diu vivaria Caesaris, inde
 elapsum veterem ad dominum debere reverti.
 si quid Palfurio, si credimus Armillato,
 quidquid conspicuum pulchrumque est aequare toto,
 res fisci est, ubicumque natat. donabitur ergo, 55
 ne pereat.

Iam letifero cedente pruinis
 autumnno, iam quartanam sperantibus aegris
 stridebat deformis hiems praedamque recentem
 servabat. tamen hic properat, velut urgeat Auster.
 utque lacus suberant, ubi quamquam diruta servat 60
 ignem Troianum et Vestam colit Alba minorem,
 obstitit intranti miratrix turba parumper.
 ut cessit, facili patuerunt cardine valvae;

¹ *i.e.* the emperor Domitian.

² The Pontifex Maximus, *i.e.* Domitian himself.

³ These were two lawyers.

JUVENAL, SATIRE IV

³⁷ What time the last of the Flavii was flaying the half-dying world, and Rome was enslaved to a bald-headed Nero,¹ there fell into a net in the sea of Hadria, in front of the shrine of Venus that stands in Dorian Ancona, a turbot of wondrous size, filling up all its meshes,—a fish no less huge than those which the lake Maeotis conceals beneath the ice till it is broken up by the sun, and then sends forth, torpid through sloth and fattened by long cold, to the mouths of the Pontic sea. This monster the master of the boat and line designs for the High Pontiff²; for who would dare to put up for sale or to buy so big a fish in days when even the sea shores were crowded with informers? The inspectors of sea-weed would straightway have taken the law of the poor fisherman, ready to affirm that the fish was a run-away that had long feasted in Caesar's fish-ponds; escaped from thence, he must needs be restored to his former master. For if Palfurius³ is to be believed, or Armillatus,³ every rare and beautiful thing in the wide ocean, in whatever sea it swims, belongs to the Imperial Treasury. The fish therefore, that it be not wasted, shall be given as a gift.

³⁶ And now death-bearing Autumn was giving way before the frosts, fevered patients were hoping for a quartan,⁴ and bleak winter's blasts were keeping the booty fresh; yet on sped the fisherman as though the South wind were at his heels. And when beneath him lay the lake where Alba, though in ruins, still holds the Trojan fire and worships the lesser Vesta,⁵ a wondering crowd barred his way for a while; as it gave way, the gates swung open on easy

⁴ *i. e.* a fever recurring every fourth day—an improvement upon a "tertian," one recurring every third day.

⁵ *i. e.* as compared with the larger temple of Vesta in Rome.

IVVENALIS SATVRA IV

exclusi spectant admissa obsonia patres.
 itur ad Atriden. tum Picens "accipe," dixit. 65
 "privatis maiora focis. genialis agatur
 iste dies, propera stomachum laxare sagina,¹
 et tua servatum consume in saecula rhombum.
 ipse capi voluit." quid apertius? et tamen illi
 surgebant cristae; nihil est quod credere de se 70
 non possit cum laudatur dis aequa potestas.
 sed derat pisci patinae mensura. vocantur
 ergo in consilium proceres, quos oderat ille,
 in quorum facie miserae magnaequē sedebat
 pallor amicitiae. primus clamante Liburno 75
 "currite, iam sedit" rapta properabat abolla
 Pegasus, attonitae positus modo vilicus urbi.
 anne aliud tum praefecti? quorum optimus atque
 interpres legum sanctissimus omnia, quamquam²
 temporibus diris, tractanda putabat inermi 80
 iustitia. venit et Crispi iucunda senectus,
 cuius erant mores qualis facundia, mite
 ingenium. maria ac terras populosque regenti
 quis comes utilior, si clade et peste sub illa
 saevitiam damnare et honestum adferre liceret 85
 consilium? sed quid violentius aure tyranni,
 cum quo de pluviis aut aestibus aut nimbo
 vere locuturi fatum pendebat amici?
 illa igitur numquam derexit brachia contra
 torrentem, nec civis erat qui libera posset 90

¹ *sagīnam* PS: *sagīnis* ψ Vind.

² *quamquam* Vind.ψ: *quamque* P.

¹ The *Praefectus Urbi*, under the Emperors, was the head magistrate in Rome, and exercised many important functions.

JUVENAL, SATIRE IV

hinge, and the excluded Fathers gazed on the dish that had gained an entrance. Admitted to the Presence, "Receive," quoth he of Picenum, "a fish too big for a private kitchen. Be this kept as a festive day; hasten to fill out thy belly with good things, and devour a turbot that has been preserved to grace thy reign. The fish himself wanted to be caught." Could flattery be more gross? Yet the Monarch's comb began to rise: there is nothing that divine Majesty will not believe concerning itself when lauded to the skies! But no platter could be found big enough for the fish; so a council of magnates is summoned: men hated by the Emperor, and on whose faces sat the pallor of that great and perilous friendship. First to answer the Ligurian's call "Haste, haste! he is seated!" was Pegasus, hastily catching up his cloak—he that had newly been appointed as bailiff over the astonished city. For what else but bailiffs were the Prefects¹ of those days? Of whom Pegasus was the best, and the most righteous expounder of the law, though he thought that even in those dread days there should be no sword in the hand of Justice. Next to come in was the aged, genial Crispus,² whose gentle soul well matched his style of eloquence. No better adviser than he for the ruler of lands and seas and nations had he been free, under that scourge and plague, to denounce cruelties and proffer honest counsels. But what can be more dangerous than the ear of a tyrant on whose caprice hangs the life of a friend who has come to talk of the rain or the heat or the showery spring weather? So Crispus never struck out against the torrent, nor was he one

² Vibius Crispus; see Tac. *Hist.* ii. 10.

IVVENALIS SATVRA IV

verba animi proferre et vitam inpendere vero.
 sic multas hiemes atque octogensima vidit
 solstitia, his armis illa quoque tutus in aula.

Proximus eiusdem properabat Acilius aevi
 cum iuvene indigno quem mors tam saeva maneret 95
 et domini gladiis tam festinata; sed olim
 prodigio par est in nobilitate senectus,
 unde fit ut malim fraterculus esse gigantis.
 profuit ergo nihil misero, quod comminus ursos
 figebat Numidas Albana nudus harena 100
 venator. quis enim iam non intellegat artes
 patricias? quis priscum illud miratur acumen,
 Brute, tuum? facile est barbato inponere regi.

Nec melior vultu quamvis ignobilis ibat
 Rubrius, offensae veteris reus atque tacendae, 105
 et tamen improbior saturam scribente cinaedo.
 Montani quoque venter adest abdomine tardus,
 et matutino sudans Crispinus amomo
 quantum vix redolent duo funera, saevior illo
 Pompeius tenui iugulos aperire susurro, 110
 et qui vulturibus servabat viscera Dacis
 Fuscus marmorea meditatus proelia villa,
 et cum mortifero prudens Veiento Catullo,
 qui numquam visae flagrabat amore puellae,

¹ Acilius Glabrio the younger was exiled, and afterwards put to death by Domitian.

² *i.e.* "son of a clod." Giants were supposed to be sprung from earth (*γηγενης*).

³ Brutus feigned madness to elude the suspicion of Tarquin. A simple "bearded" monarch was easily imposed upon.

⁴ Evidently an informer.

JUVENAL, SATIRE IV

to speak freely the thoughts of his heart, and stake his life upon the truth. Thus was it that he lived through many winters and saw his eightieth solstice, protected, even in that Court, by weapons such as these.

⁹⁴ Next to him hurried Acilius, of like age as himself, and with him the youth¹ who little merited the cruel death that was so soon hurried on by his master's sword. But to be both young and noble has long since become a prodigy; hence I would rather be a giant's² little brother. Therefore it availed the poor youth nothing that he speared Numidian bears, stripped as a huntsman upon the Alban arena. For who nowadays would not see through patrician tricks? Who would now marvel, Brutus, at that old-world cleverness of yours?³ 'Tis an easy matter to befool a king that wears a beard.

¹⁰⁴ No more cheerful in face, though of ignoble blood, came Rubrius, condemned long since of a crime that may not be named, and yet more shameless than a reprobate who should write satire. There too was present the unwieldy frame of Montanus; and Crispinus, reeking at early dawn with odours enough to out-scent two funerals; more ruthless than he Pompeius,⁴ whose gentle whisper would cut men's throats; and Fuscus,⁵ who planned battles in his marble halls, keeping his flesh for the Dacian vultures. Then along with the sage Veiento came the death-dealing Catullus,⁶ who burnt with love for a maiden whom he had never seen—a mighty and

⁵ Cornelius Fuscus, prefect of the Praetorian Guard. He was killed in Domitian's Dacian wars, A.D. 86-88.

⁶ Fabricius Veiento and Catullus Messalinus, informers under Domitian.

IVVENALIS SATVRA IV

grande et conspicuum nostro quoque tempore
monstrum, 115

caecus adulator, dirusque a ponte satelles
dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes
blandaue devexae iactaret basia raedae.
nemo magis rhombum stupuit; nam plurima dixit
in laevum conversus, at illi dextra iacebat 120
belua. sic pugnas Cilicis laudabat et ictus
et pegma et pueros inde ad velaria raptos.

Non cedit Veiento, set ut fanaticus oestro
percussus, Bellona, tuo divinat et "ingens
omen habes," inquit, "magni clarique triumphi. 125
regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno
excidet Arviragus. peregrina est belua, cernis
erectas in¹ terga sudes?" hoc defuit unum
Fabricio, patriam ut rhombi memoraret et annos.

"Quidnam igitur censes? conciditur?" "absit
ab illo 130

dedecus hoc," Montanus ait, "testa alta paretur,
quae tenui muro spatiosum colligat orbem.
debetur magnus patinae subitusque Prometheus.
argillam atque rotam citius properate; sed ex hoc
tempore iam, Caesar, figuli tua castra sequantur." 135
vicit digna viro sententia. noverat ille
luxuriam inperii veterem noctesque Neronis
iam medias aliamque famem, cum pulmo Falerno
arderet. nulli maior fuit usus edendi
tempestate mea; Circeis nata forent an 140

¹ Housm. conj. *per for in*.

JUVENAL, SATIRE IV

notable marvel even in these days of ours: a blind flatterer, a dire courtier from a beggar's stand, well fitted to beg at the wheels of chariots and blow soft kisses to them as they rolled down the Arician hill. None marvelled more at the fish than he, turning to the left as he spoke; only the creature happened to be on his right. In like fashion would he commend the thrusts of a Cilician gladiator, or the machine which whisks up the boys into the awning.

¹²³ But Veiento was not to be outdone; and like a seer inspired, O Bellona, by thine own gadfly, he bursts into prophecy: "A mighty presage hast thou, O Emperor! of a great and glorious victory. Some King will be thy captive; or Arviragus¹ will be hurled from his British chariot. The brute is foreign-born: dost thou not see the prickles bristling upon his back?" Nothing remained for Fabricius but to tell the turbot's age and birthplace.

¹³⁰ "What then do you advise?" quoth the Emperor. "Shall we cut it up?" "Nay, nay," rejoins Montanus; "let that indignity be spared him. Let a deep vessel be provided to gather his huge dimensions within its slender walls; some great and unforeseen Prometheus is destined for the dish! Haste, haste, with clay and wheel! but from this day forth, O Caesar, let potters always attend upon thy camp!" This proposal, so worthy of the man, gained the day. Well known to him were the old debauches of the Imperial Court, which Nero carried on to midnight till a second hunger came and veins were heated with hot Falernian. No one in my time had more skill in the eating art than he. He could tell at the first bite whether an oyster had been bred

¹ A British prince, as in *Cymbeline*.

IVVENALIS SATVRA V

Lucrinum ad saxum Rutupinove edita fundo
ostrea callebat primo deprendere morsu,
et semel aspecti litus dicebat echini.

Surgitur et misso proceres exire iubentur
consilio, quos Albanam dux magnus in arcem 145
traxerat attonitos et festinare coactos
tamquam de Chattis aliquid torvisque Sycambri
dicturus, tamquam ex diversis partibus orbis
anxia praecipiti venisset epistula pinna.

Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa de-
disset 150
tempora saevitiae, claras quibus abstulit urbi
inlustresque animas impune et vindice nullo.
sed periit postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
coeperat; hoc nocuit Lamiarum caede madenti.

SATVRA V

Si te propositi nondum pudet atque eadem est
mens,
ut bona summa putes aliena vivere quadra;
si potes illa pati quae nec Sarmentus iniquas
Caesaris ad mensas nec vilis Gabba tulisset,
quamvis iurato metuam tibi credere testi. 5
ventre nihil novi frugalius; hoc tamen ipsum

¹ Richborough.

² The Chatti and the Sycambri were two of the most powerful German tribes, between the Rhine and the Weser.

³ Taken as a type of the ancient noble families of Rome.

JUVENAL, SATIRE V

at Circeii, or on the Lucrine rocks, or on the beds of Rutupiae;¹ one glance would tell him the native shore of a sea-urchin.

¹⁴⁴ The Council rises, and the councillors are dismissed: men whom the mighty Emperor had dragged in terror and hot haste to his Alban castle, as though to give them news of the Chatti, or the savage Sycambri,² or as though an alarming despatch had arrived on wings of speed from some remote quarter of the earth.

¹⁵⁰ And yet would that he had rather given to follies such as these all those days of cruelty when he robbed the city of its noblest and choicest souls, with none to punish or avenge! He could steep himself in the blood of the Lamiae;³ but when once he became a terror to the common herd he met his doom.⁴

SATIRE V

HOW CLIENTS ARE ENTERTAINED

If you are still unashamed of your plan of life, and still deem it to be the highest bliss to live at another man's board—if you can brook indignities which neither Sarmenius nor the despicable Gabba⁵ would have endured at Caesar's ill-assorted table—I should refuse to believe your testimony, even upon oath. I know of nothing so easily satisfied as the belly; but even granted that you have nothing wherewith to

⁴ Domitian was murdered, as the outcome of a conspiracy, by the hand of a freedman, Stephanus, on September 18, A. D. 96.

⁵ Sarmenius and Gabba are representatives of the lowest parasite class.

defecisse puta, quod inani sufficit alvo :
 nulla crepido vacat? nusquam pons et tegetis pars
 dimidia brevior? tantine iniuria cenae,
 tam ieiuna fames, cum possit honestius illic 10
 et tremere et sordes farris mordere canini?

Primo fige loco, quod tu discumbere iussus
 mercedem solidam veterum capis officiorum.
 fructus amicitiae magnae cibus; inputat hunc rex,
 et quamvis rarum tamen inputat. ergo duos post 15
 si libuit menses neglectum adhibere clientem,
 tertia ne vacuo cessaret culcita lecto,
 "una simus," ait. votorum summa! quid ultra
 quaeris? habet Trebius propter quod rumpere
 somnum

debeat et ligulas dimittere, sollicitus ne 20
 tota salutatrix iam turba peregerit orbem,
 sideribus dubiis aut illo tempore quo se
 frigida circumagunt pigri serraca Bootae.

Qualis cena tamen! vinum quod sucida nolit
 lana pati: de conviva Corybanta videbis. 25
 iurgia proludunt, sed mox et pocula torques
 saucius et rubra deterges vulnera mappa,
 inter vos quotiens libertorumque cohortem
 pugna Saguntina fervet commissa lagona.

¹ *i.e.* the least honourable place on the least honourable of
 the three couches of the *triclinium*.

² The name of the client whom he is addressing.

JUVENAL, SATIRE V

fill its emptiness, is there no quay vacant, no bridge? Can you find no fraction of a beggar's mat to stand upon? Is a dinner worth all the insults with which you have to pay for it? Is your hunger so importunate, when it might, with greater dignity, be shivering where you are, and munching dirty scraps of dog's bread?

¹² First of all be sure of this—that when bidden to dinner, you receive payment in full for all your past services. A meal is the return which your grand friendship yields you; the great man scores it against you, and though it come but seldom, he scores it against you all the same. So if after a couple of months it is his pleasure to invite his forgotten client, lest the third place on the lowest couch¹ should be unoccupied, and he says to you, "Come and dine with me," you are in the seventh Heaven! what more can you desire? Now at last has Trebius² got the reward for which he must needs cut short his sleep, and hurry with shoe-strings untied, fearing that the whole crowd of callers may already have gone their rounds, at an hour when the stars are fading or when the chilly wain of Bootes is wheeling slowly round.

²⁴ And what a dinner after all! You are given wine that fresh-clipped wool would refuse to suck up,³ and which soon converts your revellers into Corybants. Foul words are the prelude to the fray; but before long tankards will be flying about; a battle royal with Saguntine crockery will soon be raging between you and the company of freedmen, and you will be staunching your wounds with a blood-stained napkin.

³ *i.e.* the wine was not good enough to be used even for fomentations.

IVVENALIS SATVRA V

ipse capillato diffusum consule potat, 30
 calcatamque tenet bellis socialibus uvam,
 cardiaco numquam cyathum missurus amico ;
 cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
 Setinis, cuius patriam titulumque senectus
 delevit multa veteris fuligine testae, 35
 quale coronati Thrasea Helvidiusque bibebant
 Brutorum et Cassi natalibus.

Ipsae capaces

Heliadum crustas et inaequales berullo
 Virro tenet phialas : tibi non committitur aurum,
 vel si quando datur, custos adfixus ibidem, 40
 qui numeret gemmas, ungues observet acutos.
 da veniam, praeclara illi¹ laudatur iaspis ;
 nam Virro, ut multi, gemmas ad pocula transfert
 a digitis, quas in vaginae fronte solebat
 ponere zelotypo iuvenis praelatus Iarbae. 45
 tu Beneventani sutoris nomen habentem
 siccabis calicem nasorum quattuor ac iam
 quassatum et rupto poscentem sulphura vitro.

Si stomachus domini fervet vinoque ciboque,
 frigidior Geticis petitur decocta pruinis. 50
 non eadem vobis poni modo vina querebar :
 vos aliam potatis aquam. tibi pocula cursor
 Gaetulus dabit aut nigri manus ossea Mauri
 et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem,
 clivosae veheris dum per monumenta Latinae : 55

¹ *illic* ψ.

¹ The Social Wars, after which the Italians gained the Roman franchise, were fought between B.C. 91 and 88.

² Two famous Stoics whose outspoken freedom cost them their lives under Nero and Vespasian respectively.

³ The patron who gives the dinner.

JUVENAL, SATIRE V

The great man himself drinks wine bottled in the days when Consuls wore long hair; the juice which he holds in his hand was squeezed during the Social Wars,¹ but never a glass of it will he send to a friend suffering from dyspepsia! To-morrow he will drink a vintage from the hills of Alba or Setia whose date and name have been effaced by the soot which time has gathered upon the aged jar—such wine as Thræsea² and Helvidius² used to drink with chaplets on their heads upon the birthdays of Cassius and the Bruti.

³⁷ The cup in Virro's³ hands is richly crusted with amber and rough with beryl: to you no gold is entrusted; or if it is, a watcher is posted over it to count the gems and keep an eye on your sharp finger-nails. Pardon his anxiety; that fine jasper of his is much admired! For Virro, like so many others, transfers from his fingers to his cups the jewels with which the youth⁴ preferred to the jealous Iarbas used to adorn his scabbard. To you will be given a cracked cup with four nozzles that takes its name from a Beneventine cobbler,⁵ and calls for sulphur wherewith to repair its broken glass.

⁴⁰ If my lord's stomach is fevered with food and wine, a decoction colder than Thracian hoar-frosts will be brought to him. Did I complain just now that you were given a different wine? Why, the water which you clients drink is not the same. It will be handed to you by a Gaetolian groom, or by the bony hand of a blackamoor whom you would rather not meet at midnight when driving past the monuments on the hilly Latin Way. Before mine host stands the

⁴ Aeneas. *Aen.* iv. 36.

⁵ Vatinius, a man with a long nose.

IVVENALIS SATVRA V

flos Asiae ante ipsum, pretio maiore paratus
 quam fuit et Tulli census pugnacis et Anci
 et, ne te teneam, Romanorum omnia regum
 frivola. quod cum ita sit, tu Gaetulum Ganymedem
 respice, cum sities. nescit tot milibus emptus 60
 pauperibus miscere puer; set forma, set aetas
 digna supercilio. quando ad te pervenit ille?
 quando rogatus adest calidae gelidaeque minister?
 quippe indignatur veteri parere clienti,
 quodque aliquid poscas et quod se stante recumbas. 65
 [maxima quaeque domus servis est plena superbis.]
 ecce alius quanto porrexit murmure panem
 vix fractum, solidae iam mucida frusta farinae,
 quae genuinum agitent, non admittentia morsum;
 sed tener et niveus mollique siligine fictus 70
 servatur domino. dextram cohibere memento,
 salva sit artoptae reverentia. finge tamen te
 inprobulum, superest illic qui ponere cogat:
 “vis tu consuetis, audax conviva, canistris
 impleri panisque tui novisse colorem?” 75
 “scilicet hoc fuerat, propter quod saepe relicta
 coniuge per montem adversum gelidasque cucurri
 Esquilias, fremeret saeva cum grandine vernus
 Iuppiter et multo stillaret paenula nimbo.”
 Aspice quam longo distinguat¹ pectore lancem 80
 quae fertur domino squilla, et quibus undique saepta
 asparagis qua despiciat convivium cauda,

¹ *distinguat* P Vind.: *distendat* ψ.

JUVENAL, SATIRE V

very pink of Asia, a youth bought for a sum bigger than the entire fortune of the warlike Tullus or Ancus, more valuable, in short, than all the chattels of all the kings of Rome. That being so, when you are thirsty look to your swarthy Ganymede. The page who has cost so many thousands cannot mix a drink for a poor man: but then his beauty, his youth, justify his disdain! When will he get as far as you? When does he listen to your request for water, hot or cold? It is beneath him to attend to an old dependent; he is indignant that you should ask for anything, and that you should be seated while he stands. All your great houses are full of saucy slaves. See with what a grumble another of them has handed you a bit of hard bread that you can scarce break in two, or lumps of dough that have turned mouldy—stuff that will exercise your grinders and into which no tooth can gain admittance. For Virro himself a delicate loaf is reserved, white as snow, and kneaded of the finest flour. Be sure to keep your hands off it: take no liberties with the bread-basket! If you are presumptuous enough to take a piece, there will be someone to bid you put it down: “What, Sir Impudence? Will you please fill yourself from your proper tray, and learn the colour of your own bread?” “What?” you ask, “was it for this that I would so often leave my wife’s side on a spring morning and hurry up the chilly Esquiline when the spring skies were rattling down the pitiless hail, and the rain was pouring in streams off my cloak?”

⁸⁰ See now that huge lobster being served to my lord, all garnished with asparagus; see how his lordly breast distinguishes the dish; with what a tail he

IVVENALIS SATVRA V

dum venit excelsi manibus sublata ministri.
 set tibi dimidio constrictus cammarus ovo
 ponitur exigua feralis cena patella. 85
 ipse Venafrano piscem perfundit : at hic qui
 pallidus adfertur misero tibi caulis olebit
 lanternam ; illud enim vestris datur alveolis quod
 canna Micipsarum prora subvexit acuta,
 propter quod Romae cum Boccare nemo lavatur, 90
 quod tutos etiam facit a serpentibus atris.¹

Mullus erit domini, quem misit Corsica vel quem
 Tauromenitanae rupes, quando omne peractum est
 et iam defecit nostrum mare, dum gula saevit,
 retibus adsiduis penitus scrutante macello 95
 proxima, nec patimur Tyrrhenum crescere piscem.
 instruit ergo focum provincia, sumitur illinc
 quod captator emat Laenas, Aurelia vendat.

Virroni muraena datur, quae maxima venit
 gurgite de Siculo ; nam dum se continet Auster, 100
 dum sedet et siccatur madidas in carcere pinnas,
 contemnunt mediam temeraria lina Charybdim.
 vos anguilla manet longae cognata colubrae,
 aut glacie aspersus maculis Tiberinus, et ipse
 vernula riparum, pinguis torrente cloaca 105
 et solitus mediae cryptam penetrare Suburae.

Ipsi pauca velim, facilem si praebeat aurem.
 " nemo petit, modicis quae mittebantur amicis

¹ This line and vi. 126 are the only two lines omitted by P (excepting, of course, vi. O 1-34).

¹ Tauromenium, on the E. coast of Sicily.

² Juvenal and other Roman writers are full of allusions to *captatores*, legacy-hunters, who showered presents of all

JUVENAL, SATIRE V

looks down upon the company, borne aloft in the hands of that tall attendant! Before you is placed on a tiny plate a crab hemmed in by half an egg—a fit banquet for the dead. The host souses his fish in Venafran oil; the sickly greens offered to you, poor devil, will smell of the lamp; for the stuff contained in your cruets was brought up the Tiber in a sharp-prowed Numidian canoe—stuff which prevents anyone at Rome sharing a bath with Bocchar, and which will even protect you from a black serpent's bite.

⁹² My lord will have a mullet dispatched from Corsica or the Rocks of Tauromenium:¹ for in the rage for gluttony our own seas have given out; the nets of the fish-market are for ever raking our home waters, and prevent Tyrrhenian fish from attaining their full size. And so the Provinces supply our kitchens; from the Provinces come the fish for the legacy-hunter Laenas to buy, and for Aurelia to send to market.²

⁹⁹ Virro is served with a lamprey, the finest that the Straits of Sicily can purvey; for so long as the South wind stays at home, and sits in his prison-house drying his dank wings, Charybdis has no terrors for the daring fisherman. For you is reserved an eel, first cousin to a water-snake, or perchance a pike mottled with ice-spots; he too was bred on Tiber's banks and was wont to find his way into the inmost recesses of the Subura, battenning himself amid its flowing sewers.

¹⁰⁷ And now one word with the great man himself, if he will lend his ear. "No one asks of you such

kinds upon rich and childless old men or women. Aurelia sells the fish she has received as a present from Laenas.

IVVENALIS SATVRA V

a Seneca, quae Piso bonus, quae Cotta solebat
largiri ; namque et titulis et fascibus olim 110
maior habebatur donandi gloria. solum
poscimus ut cenes civiliter. hoc face et esto,
esto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper amicis."

Anseris ante ipsum magni iecur, anseribus par
altilis, et flavi dignus ferro Meleagri 115
spumat¹ aper. post hunc tradentur tubera, si ver
tunc erit et facient optata tonitrua cenas
maiores. "tibi habe frumentum," Alledius inquit,
"o Libye, disiunge boves, dum tubera mittas."

Structorem interea, nequa indignatio desit, 120
saltantem spectes et chironomunta volanti
cultello, donec peragat dictata magistri
omnia ; nec minimo sane discrimine refert,
quo gestu lepores et quo gallina secetur.
duceris planta velut ictus ab Hercule Cacus 125
et ponere foris, si quid temptaveris umquam
hiscere, tamquam habeas tria nomina. quando
propinat

Virro tibi, sumitve tuis contacta labellis
pocula ? quis vestrum temerarius usque adeo, quis
perditus, ut dicat regi "bibe" ? plurima sunt quae 130
non audent homines pertusa dicere laena.
quadringenta tibi si quis deus aut similis dis

¹ *spumat* PSA : *fumat* ψ.

¹ The word *civiliter*, from which our word "civil" comes, meant "as a citizen and an equal."

² The Aetolian hero who slew the Calydonian boar.

³ Thunder was supposed to be favourable to the growth of truffles.

JUVENAL, SATIRE V

lordly gifts as Seneca, or the good Piso or Cotta, used to send to their humble friends: for in the days of old, the glory of giving was deemed grander than titles or fasces. All we ask of you is that you should dine with us as a fellow-citizen¹: do this and remain, like so many others nowadays, rich for yourself and poor to your friends."

¹¹⁴ Before Virro is put a huge goose's liver; a capon as big as a goose, and a boar, piping hot, worthy of yellow-haired Meleager's² steel. Then will come truffles, if it be spring-time and the longed-for thunder have enlarged our dinners.³ "Keep your corn to yourself, O Libya!" says Alledius; "unyoke your oxen, if only you send us truffles!"

¹²⁰ During all this time, lest any occasion for disgust should be wanting, you may behold the carver capering and gesticulating with knife in air, and carrying out all the instructions of his preceptor: for it makes a mighty difference with what gestures a hare or a hen be carved! If you ever dare to utter one word as though you were possessed of three names,⁴ you will be dragged by the heels and thrust out of doors as Cacus was, after the drubbing he got from Hercules. When will Virro offer to drink wine with you? or take a cup that has been polluted by your lips? Which one of you would be so foolhardy, so lost to shame, as to say to your patron "A glass with you, Sir"? No, no: there's many a thing which a man whose coat has holes in it cannot say! But if some God, or god-like manikin more kindly than the fates, should present you with four hundred thousand

⁴ *i.e.* as if you were a free-born Roman with the three necessary names—the *praenomen*, the *nomen*, and the *cognomen*.

IVVENALIS SATVRA V

et melior fatis donaret homuncio, quantus,
 ex nihilo, quantus fieres Virronis amicus !
 "da Trebio, pone ad Trebium. vis, frater, ab ipsis 135
 ilibus?" o nummi, vobis hunc praestat honorem,
 vos estis fratres. dominus tamen et domini rex
 si vis tu fieri, nullus tibi parvolus aula
 luserit Aeneas nec filia dulcior illo ;
 iucundum et carum sterilis facit uxor amicum. 140
 sed tua nunc Mycale pariat licet et pueros tres
 in gremium patris fundat semel, ipse loquaci
 gaudebit nido, viridem thoraca iubebit
 adferri minimasque nuces assemque rogatum,
 ad mensam quotiens parasitus venerit infans. 145
 Vilibus ancipites fungi ponentur amicis,
 boletus domino, set quales Claudius edit
 ante illum uxoris, post quem nihil amplius edit.
 Virro sibi et reliquis Virronibus illa iubebit
 poma dari, quorum solo pascaris odore, 150
 qualia perpetuus Phaeacum autumnus habebat,
 credere quae possis subrepta sororibus Afris :
 tu scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit
 qui tegitur parma et galea, metuensque flagelli
 discit ab hirsuta iaculum torquere capella. 155
 Forsitan inpensae Virronem parcere credas.
 hoc agit ut doleas ; nam quae comoedia, mimus
 quis melior plorante gula? ergo omnia fiunt,

¹ *i e.* the fortune of an *eques*. See note on iii. 154-5.

² It was the childless that were courted for their money.

³ Agrippina the younger. She poisoned her husband, the emperor, with a mushroom.

⁴ The Hesperides.

JUVENAL, SATIRE V

sesterces,¹ O how great a personage would you become, from being a nobody; how dear a friend to Virro! "Pray help Trebius to this!" "Let Trebius have some of that!" "Would you like a cut just from the loin, good brother?" O money, money! It is to you that he pays this honour, it is you that are his brother! Nevertheless, if you wish to be yourself a great man, and a great man's lord, let there be no little Aeneas playing about your halls, nor yet a little daughter, more sweet than he; nothing will so endear you to your friend as a barren wife.² But as things now are, though your Mycale pour into your paternal bosom three boys at a birth, Virro will be charmed with the chattering brood, and will order cuirasses of green rushes to be given them, and little nuts, and pennies too if they be asked for, when the little parasites present themselves at his table.

¹⁴⁶ Before the guests will be placed toadstools of doubtful quality, before my lord a noble mushroom, such a one as Claudius ate before that mushroom of his wife's³—after which he ate nothing more. To himself and the rest of the Virros he will order apples to be served whose scent alone would be a feast—apples such as grew in the never-failing Autumn of the Phaeacians, and which you might believe to have been filched from the African sisters;⁴ you are treated to a rotten apple like those munched on the ramparts by a monkey equipped with spear and shield who learns, in terror of the whip, to hurl a javelin from the back of a shaggy goat.

¹⁵⁶ You may perhaps suppose that Virro grudges the expense; not a bit of it! His object is to give you pain. For what comedy, what mime, is so amusing as a disappointed belly? His one object,

IVVENALIS SATVRA VI

si nescis, ut per lacrimas effundere bilem
 cogaris pressoque diu stridere molari. 160
 tu tibi liber homo et regis conviva videris :
 captum te nidore suae putat ille culinae ;
 nec male coniectat : quis enim tam nudus, ut illum
 bis ferat, Etruscum puero si contigit aurum
 vel nodus tantum et signum de paupere loro ? 165
 spes bene cenandi vos decipit : “ ecce dabit iam
 semesum leporem atque aliquid de clunibus apri,
 ad nos iam veniet minor altilis.” inde parato
 intactoque omnes et stricto pane tacetis.
 ille sapit qui te sic utitur. omnia ferre 170
 si potes, et debes. pulsandum vertice raso
 praebebis quandoque caput, nec dura timebis
 flagra pati, his epulis et tali dignus amico.

SATVRA VI

CREDO Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
 in terris visamque diu, cum frigida parvas
 praeberet spelunca domos ignemque Laremque
 et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra,
 silvestrem montana torum cum sterneret uxor 5
 frondibus et culmo vicinarumque ferarum

JUVENAL, SATIRE VI

let me tell you, is to compel you to pour out your wrath in tears, and to keep gnashing your molars against each other. You think yourself a free man, and guest of a grandee; he thinks—and he is not far wrong—that you have been captured by the savoury odours of his kitchen. For who that had ever worn the Etruscan *bullæ*¹ in his boyhood,—or even the poor man's leather badge—could tolerate such a patron for a second time, however destitute he might be? It is the hope of a good dinner that beguiles you: "Surely he will give us," you say, "what is left of a hare, or some scraps of a boar's haunch; the remains of a capon will come our way by and by." And so you all sit in dumb silence, your bread clutched, untasted, and ready for action. In treating you thus, the great man shows his wisdom. If you can endure such things, you deserve them; some day you will be offering your head to be shaved and slapped: nor will you flinch from a stroke of the whip, well worthy of such a feast and such a friend.

SATIRE VI

THE WAYS OF WOMEN

IN the days of Saturn,² I believe, Chastity still lingered on the earth, and was to be seen for a time—days when men were poorly housed in chilly caves, when one common shelter enclosed hearth and household gods, herds and their owners; when the hill-bred wife spread her silvan bed with leaves and straw and the skins of her neighbours the wild beasts—a wife not

¹ The golden *bullæ*, enclosing a charm, was the sign of free birth (*ingenuitas*). ² *i.e.* in the golden days of innocence.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VI

pellibus, haut similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi, cuius
 turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos,
 sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis
 et saepe horridior glandem ructante marito. 10
 quippe aliter tunc orbe novo caeloque recenti
 vivebant homines, qui rupto robore nati
 compositive luto nullos habuere parentes.
 multa Pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsan
 aut aliqua exstiterint et sub Iove, set Iove nondum 15
 barbato, nondum Graecis iurare paratis
 per caput alterius, cum furem nemo timeret
 caulibus et pomis, et aperto viveret horto.
 paulatim deinde ad superos Astraea recessit
 hac comite, atque duae pariter fugere sorores. 20
 Anticum et vetus est alienum, Postume, lectum
 concutere atque sacri genium contemnere fulcri.
 omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit aetas :
 viderunt primos argentea saecula moechos.
 conventum tamen et pactum et sponsalia nostra 25
 tempestate paras, iamque a tonsore magistro
 pecteris, et digito pignus fortasse dedisti.
 certe sanus eras ; uxorem, Postume, ducis ?
 dic, qua Tisiphone, quibus exagitare ¹ colubris ?
 ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam, 30
 cum pateant altae caligantesque fenestrae,

¹ *exagitare* Pψ : *exagitere* O.

¹ The Cynthia of Propertius.

² The Lesbia of Catullus.

³ There was a legend that men had been born from oak-trees.

⁴ Astraea, daughter of Zeus and Themis, was the last

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like to thee, O Cynthia,¹ nor to thee, Lesbia,² whose bright eyes were clouded by a sparrow's death, but one whose breasts gave suck to lusty babes, often more unkempt herself than her acorn-belching spouse. For in those days, when the world was young, and the skies were new, men born of the riven oak,³ or formed of dust, lived differently from now, and had no parents of their own. Under Jove, perchance, some few traces of ancient modesty may have survived; but that was before he had grown his beard, before the Greeks had learned to swear by someone else's head, when men feared not thieves for their cabbages or apples, and lived with unwall'd gardens. After that Astraea⁴ withdrew by degrees to heaven, with Chastity as her comrade, the two sisters taking flight together.

²¹ To set your neighbour's bed a-shaking, Postumus, and to flout the Genius of the sacred couch,⁵ is now an ancient and long-established practice. All other sins came later, the products of the age of Iron; but it was the silver age that saw the first adulterers. Nevertheless, in these days of ours, you are preparing for a covenant, a marriage-contract and a betrothal; you are by now getting your hair cut by a master barber; you have also perhaps given a pledge to her finger. What! Postumus, are you, you who once had your wits, taking to yourself a wife? Tell me what Tisiphone, what snakes are driving you mad? Can you submit to a she-tyrant when there is so much rope to be had, so many dizzy heights of windows standing open, and when mortal to leave the earth when the Golden Age came to an end; she was placed among the stars as *Virgo*.

⁵ The fulcrum was the head of the couch, often ornamented with the figure of the Genius in bronze.

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cum tibi vicinum se praebeat Aemilius pons?
 aut si de multis nullus placet exitus, illud
 nonne putas melius, quod tecum pusio dormit?
 pusio qui noctu non litigat, exigit a te 35
 nulla iacens illic munuscula nec queritur quod
 et lateri parcas nec quantum iussit anheles.

Sed placet Vrsidio lex Iulia, tollere dulcem
 cogitat heredem, cariturus turture magno
 mullorumque iubis et captatore macello. 40

quid fieri non posse putes, si iungitur ulla
 Vrsidio? si moechorum notissimus olim
 stulta maritali iam porrigit ora capistro,
 quem totiens texit perituri cista Latini?
 quid quod et antiquis uxor de moribus illi 45

quaeritur? o medici, nimiam pertundite venam.
 delicias hominis! Tarpeium limen adora
 pronus et auratam Iunoni caede iuvencam,
 si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.

paucae adeo Cereris¹ vittas contingere dignae, 50
 quarum non timeat pater oscula: necte coronam
 postibus et densos per limina tende corymbos.
 unus Hiberinae vir sufficit? ocius illud
 extorquebis, ut haec oculo contenta sit uno.

magna tamen fama est cuiusdam rure paterno 55
 viventis? vivat Gabiis ut vixit in agro,
 vivat Fidenis, et agello cedo paterno.

quis tamen adfirmat nil actum in montibus aut in
 speluncis? adeo senuerunt Iuppiter et Mars?

¹ *Cereris* Pψ: Housm. conj. *teretis*.

¹ A law to encourage marriage.

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the Aemilian bridge offers itself to hand? Or if none of all these modes of exit hit your fancy, how much better to take some boy-bedfellow, who would never wrangle with you o' nights, never ask presents of you when in bed, and never complain that you took your ease and were indifferent to his solicitations!

³⁸ But Ursidius approves of the Julian Law.¹ He purposes to bring up a dear little heir, though he will thereby have to do without the fine turtles, the bearded mullets, and all the legacy-hunting delicacies of the meat-market. What can you think impossible if Ursidius takes to himself a wife? if he, who has long been the most notorious of gallants, who has so often found safety in the corn-bin of the luckless Latinus,² puts his head into the connubial noose? And what think you of his searching for a wife of the good old virtuous sort? O doctors, lance his over-blooded veins. A pretty fellow you! Why, if you have the good luck to find a modest spouse, you should prostrate yourself before the Tarpeian threshold, and sacrifice a heifer with gilded horns to Juno; so few are the wives worthy to handle the fillets of Ceres, or from whose kisses their own father would not shrink! Weave a garland for thy doorposts, and set up wreaths of ivy over thy lintel! But will Hiberina be satisfied with one man? Sooner compel her to be satisfied with one eye! You tell me of the high repute of some maiden, who lives on her paternal farm: well, let her live at Gabii, at Fidenae, as she lived in her own country, and I will believe in your paternal farm. But will anyone tell me that nothing ever took place on a mountain side or in a cave? Have Jupiter and Mars become so senile?

² An actor who played the part of a lover in hiding.

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Porticibusne tibi monstratur femina voto 60
 digna tuo? cuneis an habent spectacula totis
 quod securus ames quodque inde excerpere possis?
 chironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo
 Tuccia vesicae non imperat, Apula gannit
 sicut in amplexu subito et miserabile longum; 65
 attendit Thymele: Thymele tunc rustica discit.
 Ast aliae, quotiens aulaea recondita cessant
 et vacuo clusoque sonant fora sola theatro,
 atque a plebeis longe Megalesia, tristes
 personam thyrsumque tenent et subligar Acci. 70
 Vrbicus exodio risum movet Atellanæ
 gestibus Autonoes; hunc diligit Aelia pauper.
 solvitur his magno comoedi fibula, sunt quae
 Chrysogonum cantare vetent, Hispulla tragoedo
 gaudet: an expectas ut Quintilianus ametur? 75
 accipis uxorem de qua citharoedus Echion
 aut Glaphyrus fiat pater Ambrosiusque choraules.
 longa per angustos figamus pulpita vicos,
 ornentur postes et grandi ianua lauro,
 ut testudineo tibi, Lentule, conopeo 80
 nobilis Euryalum aut murmillonem exprimat infans.
 Nupta senatori comitata est Eppia ludum
 ad Pharon et Nilum famosaque moenia Lagi,

¹ The Megalesian games began on the 4th of April and lasted for six days; the Plebeian games took place early in November. ² A famous singer.

³ M. Fabius Quintilianus, the famous Roman rhetorician, A.D. 40-100. No grave and learned man like Quintilian will attract them.

⁴ The *conopeum* was properly a mosquito-net; here it seems to be used for a bassinette or cradle. ⁵ A gladiator.

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⁶⁰ Can our arcades show you one woman worthy of your vows? Do all the tiers in all our theatres hold one whom you may love without misgiving, and pick out thence? When the soft Bathyllus dances the part of the gesticulating Leda, Tuccia cannot contain herself; your Apulian maiden heaves a sudden and longing cry of ecstasy, as though she were in a man's arms; the rustic Thymele is all attention, it is then that she learns her lesson.

⁶⁷ Others again, when all the stage draperies have been put away; when the theatres are closed, and all is silent save in the courts, and the Megalesian games are far off from the Plebeian,¹ ease their dullness by taking to the mask, the thyrsus and the tights of Accius. Urbicus, in an Atellane interlude, raises a laugh by the gestures of Autonoe; the penniless Aelia is in love with him. Other women pay great prices for the favours of a comedian; some will not allow Chrysogonus² to sing. Hispulla has a fancy for tragedians; but do you suppose that any one will be found to love Quintilian?³ If you marry a wife, it will be that the lyrist Echion or Glaphyrus, or the flute player Ambrosius, may become a father. Then up with a long dais in the narrow street! Adorn your doors and doorposts with wreaths of laurel, that your highborn son, O Lentulus, may exhibit, in his tortoiseshell cradle,⁴ the lineaments of Euryalus⁵ or of a *murmillo*!⁶

⁸² When Eppia, the senator's wife, ran off with a gladiator⁷ to Pharos and the Nile and the ill-famed

⁶ A *murmillo* was equipped as a Gaulish warrior in heavy armour. He carried the image of a fish in his crest, whence the name *μορμύρος* or *μορμύλος*.

⁷ *Ludus* is properly a gladiatorial school, or a troop of gladiators.

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prodigia et mores urbis damnante Canopo.
 inmemor illa domus et coniugis atque sororis 85
 nil patriae indulsit, plorantesque improba natos,
 utque magis stupeas, ludos Paridemque reliquit.
 sed quamquam in magnis opibus plumaque paterna
 et segmentatis dormisset parvula cunis,
 contempsit pelagus; famam contempserat olim, 90
 cuius apud molles minima est iactura cathedras.
 Tyrrenos igitur fluctus lateque sonantem
 pertulit Ionium constanti pectore, quamvis
 mutandum totiens esset mare. iusta pericli
 si ratio est et honesta, timent pavidoque gelantur 95
 pectore nec tremulis possunt insistere plantis:
fortem animum praestant rebus quas turpiter audent.
 si iubeat coniunx, durum est conscendere navem;
 tunc sentina gravis, tunc summus vertitur aer,
 quae moechum sequitur, stomacho valet. illa
 maritum 100
 convomit, haec inter nautas et prandet et errat
 per puppem et duros gaudet tractare rudentis.
 Qua tamen exarsit forma, qua capta iuventa
 Eppia? quid vidit propter quod ludia dici
 sustinuit? nam Sergiolus iam radere guttur 105
 coeperat et secto requiem sperare lacerto;
 praeterea multa in facie deformia, sicut
 attritus galea mediisque in naribus ingens
 gibbus et acre malum semper stillantis ocelli.
 sed gladiator erat; facit hoc illos Hyacinthos, 110
 hoc pueris patriaeque, hoc praetulit illa sorori

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city of Lagos, Canopus itself cried shame upon the monstrous morals of our town. Forgetful of home, of husband and of sister, without thought of her country, she shamelessly abandoned her weeping children; and—more marvellous still—deserted Paris and the games. Though born in wealth, though as a babe she had slept in a bedizened cradle on the paternal down, she made light of the sea, just as she had long made light of her good name—a loss but little accounted of among our soft litter-riding dames. And so with stout heart she endured the tossing and the roaring of the Tyrrhenian and Ionian Seas, and all the many seas she had to cross. For when danger comes in a right and honourable way, a woman's heart grows chill with fear; she cannot stand upon her trembling feet: but if she be doing a bold, bad thing, her courage fails not. For a husband to order his wife on board ship is cruelty: the bilge-water then sickens her, the heavens go round and round. But if she is running away with a lover, she feels no qualms: then she vomits over her husband; now she messes with the sailors, she roams about the deck, and delights in hauling at the hard ropes.

¹⁰³ And what were the youthful charms which captivated Eppia? What did she see in him to allow herself to be called "a she-Gladiator"? Her dear Sergius had already begun to shave; a wounded arm gave promise of a discharge, and there were sundry deformities in his face: a scar caused by the helmet, a huge wen upon his nose, a nasty humour always trickling from his eye. But then he was a gladiator! It is this that transforms these fellows into Hyacinths! it was this that she preferred to children and to country, to sister and to husband. What these

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atque viro : ferrum est quod amant. hic Sergius idem
accepta rude coepisset Veiento videri.

Quid privata domus, quid fecerit Eppia, curas ?
respice rivales divorum, Claudius audi 115
quae tulerit. dormire virum cum senserat uxor,
ausa Palatino tegetem praeferre cubili,
sumere nocturnos meretrix Augusta cucullos
linquebat comite ancilla non amplius una. 120
sed nigrum flavo crinem abscondente galero
intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar
et cellam vacuum atque suam ; tunc nuda papillis
prostitit auratis titulum mentita Lyciscae
ostenditque tuum, generose Britannice, ventrem.
excepit blanda intrantis atque aera poposcit ; 125
mox lenone suas iam dimittente puellas 127
tristis abit, et quod potuit tamen ultima cellam
clausit, adhuc ardens rigidae tentigine volvae,
et lassata viris necdum satiata recessit, 130
obscurisque genis turpis fumoque lucernae
foeda lupanaris tulit ad pulvinar odorem.

Hippomanes carmenque loquar coctumque vene-
num
privignoque datum ? faciunt graviora coactae 135
imperio sexus minimumque libidine peccant.
" Optima set quare Censennia teste marito ? "
bis quingena dedit : tanti vocat ille pudicam.

¹ Probably the husband.

² In allusion to the deification of the emperors.

³ Messalina was the mother of Britannicus, b. A.D. 42.

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women love is the sword: had this same Sergius received his discharge, he would have been no better than a Veiento.¹

¹¹⁴ Do the concerns of a private household and the doings of Eppia affect you? Then look at those who rival the Gods,² and hear what Claudius endured. As soon as his wife perceived that her husband was asleep, this august harlot was shameless enough to prefer a common mat to the imperial couch. Assuming a night-cowl, and attended by a single maid, she issued forth; then, having concealed her raven locks under a light-coloured peruque, she took her place in a brothel reeking with long-used coverlets. Entering an empty cell reserved for herself, she there took her stand, under the feigned name of Lycisca, her nipples bare and gilded, and exposed to view the womb that bore thee, O nobly-born Britannicus!³ Here she graciously received all comers, asking from each his fee; and when at length the keeper dismissed the rest, she remained to the very last before closing her cell, and with passion still raging hot within her went sorrowfully away. Then exhausted but unsatisfied, with soiled cheeks, and begrimed with the smoke of lamps, she took back to the imperial pillow all the odours of the stews.

¹³³ Why tell of love potions and incantations, of poisons brewed and administered to stepsons, or of the grosser crimes to which women are driven by the imperious power of sex? Their sins of lust are the least of all their sins.

¹³⁶ "But tell me why is Censennia, on her husband's testimony, the best of wives?" She brought him a million sesterces; that is the price at which he calls her chaste. He has not pined under the

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nec pharetris Veneris macer est aut lampade fervet :
 inde faces ardent, veniunt a dote sagittae.
 libertas emitur ; coram licet innuat atque 140
 rescribat : vidua est, locuples quae nupsit avaro.
 "Cur desiderio Bibulae Sertorius ardet ?"
 si verum excutias, facies, non uxor amatur.
 tres rugae subeant et se cutis arida laxet,
 fiant obscuri dentes oculique minores : 145
 "collige sarcinulas," dicit libertus, "et exi.
 iam gravis es nobis, et saepe emungeris. exi
 ocius" et "propera, sicco venit altera naso."
 interea calet et regnat poscitque maritum
 pastores et ovem Canusinam ulmosque Falernas ; 150
 quantum in hoc ? pueros omnes, ergastula tota ;
 quodque domi non est, sed habet vicinus, ematur.
 mense quidem brumae, quo¹ iam mercator Iason
 clausus et armatis opstat casa candida nautis,
 grandia tolluntur crystallina, maxima rursus 155
 myrrhina, deinde adamans notissimus et Beronices
 in digito factus pretiosior : hunc dedit olim
 barbarus incestae, dedit hunc² Agrippa sorori,

¹ quo PA : cum ψ.

² dedit hunc Sψ : dedit huc P : Housm. conj. gestarc.

¹ This passage is thus explained : The lady buys various articles at the feast of the *Sigillaria* (December 17-20), so called from the statuettes which were then on sale. These and other articles were set out in canvas booths, which were built up against certain public buildings so as to screen them from view. One of these buildings was the Portico of

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darts of Venus; he was never burnt by her torch. It was the dowry that lighted his fires, the dowry that shot those arrows! That dowry bought liberty for her: she may make what signals, and write what love letters she pleases, before her husband's face; the rich woman who marries a money-loving husband is as good as unmarried.

¹⁴² "Why does Sartorius burn with love for Bibula?" If you shake out the truth, it is the face that he loves, not the woman. Let three wrinkles make their appearance; let her skin become dry and flabby; let her teeth turn black, and her eyes lose their lustre: then will his freedman give her the order, "Pack up your traps and be off! you've become a nuisance; you are for ever blowing your nose; be off, and quick about it! There's another wife coming who will not sniffle." But till that day comes, the lady rules the roast, asking her husband for shepherds and Canusian sheep, and elms for her Falernian vines. But that's a mere nothing: she asks for all his slave-boys, in town and country; everything that her neighbour possesses, and that she does not possess, must be bought. Then in the winter time, when the merchant Jason is shut out from view, and his armed sailors are blocked out by the white booths,¹ she will carry off huge crystal vases, vases bigger still of agate, and finally a diamond of great renown, made precious by the finger of Berenice.² It was given as a present long ago by the barbarian Agrippa to his incestuous sister, in that country where kings

Agrippa on which there were paintings of the Argonauts. Thus "the merchant" Jason and his armed sailors were shut out and could not be seen.

² Sister to King Agrippa II. (*Acts*, xxv. 23).

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observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges
et vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis. 160

“Nullane de tantis gregibus tibi digna videtur?”
sit formosa decens dives fecunda, vetustos
porticibus disponat avos, intactior omni
crinibus effusis bellum dirimente Sabina,
rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cycno: 165
quis feret uxorem cui constant omnia? malo,
malo Venusinam quam te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus adfers
grande supercilium et numeras in dote triumphos.
tolle tuum, precor, Hannibalem victumque Sy-
phacem 170

in castris et cum tota Carthagine migra.
“Parce, precor, Paeon, et tu, dea, pone sagittas;
nil pueri faciunt, ipsam configite matrem,”
Amphion clamat; sed Paeon contrahit arcum.
extulit ergo greges natorum ipsumque parentem, 175
dum sibi nobilior Latonae gente videtur
atque eadem scrofa Niobe fecundior alba.
quae tanti gravitas, quae forma, ut se tibi semper
imputet? huius enim rari summi que voluptas 180
nulla boni, quotiens animo corrupta superbo
plus aloes quam mellis habet. quis deditus autem

¹ Josephus relates that Berenice sacrificed at Jerusalem with dishevelled hair and bare feet.

² For Jewish abstinence from pork see Tac. *Hist.* v. 4.

³ Alluding to the exploits of the elder Scipio.

⁴ Husband of Niobe.

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celebrate festal sabbaths with bare feet,¹ and where a long-established clemency suffers pigs to attain old age.²

¹⁶¹ "Do you say no worthy wife is to be found among all these crowds?" Well, let her be handsome, charming, rich and fertile; let her have ancient ancestors ranged about her halls; let her be more chaste than the dishevelled Sabine maidens who stopped the war—a prodigy as rare upon the earth as a black swan! yet who could endure a wife that possessed all perfections? I would rather have a Venusian wench for my wife than you, O Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, if, with all your virtues, you bring me a haughty brow, and reckon up Triumphs as part of your marriage portion. Away with your Hannibal, I beseech you! Away with Syphax overpowered in his camp! Take yourself off, Carthage and all!³

¹⁷² "Be merciful, I pray, O Apollo! and thou, O goddess, lay down thine arrows. These babes have done naught: shoot down their mother!" Thus prayed Amphion;⁴ but Apollo bends his bow, and Niobe⁵ led forth to the grave her troop of sons, and their father to boot, because she deemed herself of nobler race than Latona, and more prolific than the white sow of Alba. For is any dignity in a wife, any beauty, worth the cost, if she is for ever reckoning up her merits against you? These high and transcendent qualities lose all their charm when spoilt by a pride that savours more of aloes than of honey.

⁵ Wife of Amphion, king of Thebes. Proud of her six sons and six daughters, she boasted herself against Leto, mother of Apollo and Artemis. Indignant at her presumption, they slew all her children with arrows.

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usque adeo est, ut non illam quam laudibus effert
horreat inque diem septenis oderit horis?

Quaedam parva quidem, sed non toleranda maritis.
nam quid rancidius, quam quod se non putat ulla 185
formosam nisi quae de Tusca Graecula facta est,
de Sulmonensi mera Cecropis? omnia Graece,
cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine;
hoc sermone pavent, hoc iram gaudia curas,
hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta: quid ultra? 190
concumbunt Graece. dones tamen ista puellis:
tunc etiam, quam sextus et octogensimus annus
pulsat, adhuc Graece? non est hic sermo pudicus
in vetula: quotiens lascivum intervenit illud
ζωὴ καὶ ψυχῆ, modo sub lodice relictis¹ 195
uteris in turba. quod enim non excitet inguen
vox blanda et nequam? digitos habet. ut tamen
omnes

subsident pinnae, dicas haec mollius Haemo
quamquam et Carpophoro, facies tua computat annos.

Si tibi legitimis pactam iunctamque tabellis 200
non es amaturus, ducendi nulla videtur
causa, nec est quare cenam et mustacea perdas
labente officio crudis donanda, nec illud
quod prima pro nocte datur, cum lance beata
Dacicus et scripto radiat Germanicus auro. 205
si tibi simplicitas uxoria, deditus uni
est animus, summitte caput cervice parata
ferre iugum. nullam invenies quae parcat amanti:

¹ Housm. conj. *ferendis* for the *relictis* of Pψ.

¹ Sulmo, in the Pelignian country, was the birthplace of Ovid. ² Names of actors.

³ Alluding to the gold coins (*aurei*) minted by Trajan in honour of his victories. The *aureus* was about equal in metal value to our guinea.

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And who was ever so enamoured as not to shrink from the woman whom he praises to the skies, and to hate her for seven hours out of every twelve?

¹⁸⁴ Some small faults are intolerable to husbands. What can be more offensive than this, that no woman believes in her own beauty unless she has converted herself from a Tuscan into a Greekling, or from a maid of Sulmo¹ into a maid of Athens? They talk nothing but Greek, though it is a greater shame for our people to be ignorant of Latin. Their fears and their wrath, their joys and their troubles—all the secrets of their souls—are poured forth in Greek; their very loves are carried on in Greek fashion. All this might be pardoned in a girl; but will you, who are hard on your eighty-sixth year, still talk in Greek? That tongue is not decent in an old woman's mouth. When you come out with the wanton words *ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ*, you are using in public the language of the bed-chamber. Caressing and naughty words like these incite to love; but though you say them more tenderly than a Haemus or a Carpophorus,² they will cause no fluttering of the heart—your years are counted up upon your face!

²⁰⁰ If you are not to love the woman betrothed and united to you in due form, what reason have you for marrying? Why waste the supper, and the wedding cakes to be given to the well-filled guests when the company is slipping away—to say nothing of the first night's gift of a salver rich with glittering gold inscribed with Dacian or Germanic victories?³ If you are honestly uxorious, and devoted to one woman, then bow your head and submit your neck to the yoke. Never will you find a woman who spares

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ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis
et spoliis; igitur longe minus utilis illi 210

uxor, quisquis erit bonus optandusque maritus.

nil umquam invita donabis coniuge, vendes
 hac opstante nihil, nihil, haec si nolet, emetur.

haec dabit affectus: ille excludatur amicus
 iam senior, cuius barbam tua ianua vidit. 215

testandi cum sit lenonibus atque lanistis

libertas et iuris idem contingat harenae,

non unus tibi rivalis dictabitur heres.

“Pone crucem servo.” “meruit quo crimine
 servus

supplicium? quis testis adest? quis detulit? audi; 220

nulla umquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa
 est.”

“o demens, ita servus homo est? nil fecerit, esto:

hoc volo, sic iubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas.”

imperat ergo viro. set mox haec regna relinquit
 permutatque domos et flammea conterit, inde 225

avolat et spreti repetit vestigia lecti;

ornatas paulo ante fores, pendentia linquit

vela domus et adhuc virides in limine ramos.

sic crescit numerus, sic fiunt octo mariti

quinque per autumnos, titulo res digna sepulchri. 230

Desperanda tibi salva concordia socru.

illa docet spoliis nudi gaudere mariti,

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the man who loves her; for though she be herself aflame, she delights to torment and plunder him. So the better the man, the more desirable he be as a husband, the less good will he get out of his wife. No present will you ever make if your wife forbids; nothing will you ever sell if she objects; nothing will you buy without her consent. She will arrange your friendships for you; she will turn your now-aged friend from the door which saw the beginnings of his beard. Panders and trainers can make their wills as they please, as also can the gentlemen of the arena; but you will have to write down among your heirs more than one rival of your own.

²¹⁹ "Crucify that slave!" says the wife. "But what crime worthy of death has he committed?" asks the husband; "where are the witnesses? who informed against him? Give him a hearing at least; no delay can be too long when a man's life is at stake!" "What, you numskull? You call a slave a man, do you? He has done no wrong, you say? Be it so; but this is my will and my command: let my will be the voucher for the deed." Thus does she lord it over her husband. But before long she vacates her kingdom; she flits from one home to another, wearing out her bridal veil; then back she flies again and returns to her own imprints in the bed that she has abandoned, leaving behind her the newly decorated door, the festal hangings on the walls, and the garlands still green over the threshold. Thus does the tale of her husbands grow; there will be eight of them in the course of five autumns—a fact worthy of commemoration on her tomb!

²³¹ Give up all hope of peace so long as your mother-in-law is alive. It is she that teaches her

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illa docet missis a corruptore tabellis
 nil rude nec simplex rescribere, decipit illa
 custodes aut aere domat; tunc corpore sano 235
 advocat Archigenen onerosaque pallia iactat.
 abditus interea latet et secretus adulter,
 inpatiensque morae silet et praeputia ducit.
 scilicet expectas ut tradat mater honestos
 atque alios mores quam quos habet? utile porro 240
 filiolum turpi vetulae producere turpem.

Nulla fere causa est in qua non femina litem
 moverit. accusat Manilia, si rea non est.
 componunt ipsae per se formantque libellos,
 principium atque locos Celso dictare paratae. 245

Endromidas Tyrias et feminineum ceroma
 quis nescit, vel quis non vidit vulnera pali,
 quem cavat adsiduis rudibus scutoque lacessit
 atque omnes implet numeros dignissima prorsus
 Florali matrona tuba, nisi si quid in illo 250
 pectore plus agitat veraeque paratur harenae.
 quem praestare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
 quae fugit a sexu? vires amat: haec tamen ipsa
 vir nollet fieri, nam quantula nostra voluptas!
 quale decus, rerum si coniugis auctio fiat, 255
 balteus et manicae et cristae crurisque sinistri
 dimidium tegimen! vel, si diversa movebit

¹ A fashionable doctor of the day.

² Either a jurist or a rhetorician.

³ The *endromis* was a coarse, woollen cloak in which athletes wrapped themselves after their exercises.

⁴ Games in honour of Flora (April 28-May 3), at which much female licence was allowed.

⁵ *i.e.* a gladiatorial contest.

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daughter to revel in stripping and despoiling her husband; it is she that teaches her to reply to a seducer's love-letters in no plain and honest fashion; she eludes or bribes your guards; it is she that calls in Archigenes¹ when your daughter has nothing the matter with her, and tosses off the heavy blankets; the lover meanwhile is in secret and silent hiding, trembling with impatience and expectation. Do you really expect the mother to teach her daughter honest ways—ways different from her own? Nay, the vile old woman finds a profit in bringing up her daughter to be vile.

²⁴² There never was a case in court in which the quarrel was not started by a woman. If Manilia is not a defendant, she'll be the plaintiff; she will herself frame and adjust the pleadings; she will be ready to instruct Celsus² himself how to open his case, and how to urge his points.

²⁴⁶ Why need I tell of the purple wraps³ and the wrestling-oils used by women? Who has not seen one of them smiting a stump, piercing it through and through with a foil, lunging at it with a shield, and going through all the proper motions?—a matron truly qualified to blow a trumpet at the Floralia!⁴ Unless, indeed, she is nursing some further ambition in her bosom, and is practising for the real arena. What modesty can you expect in a woman who wears a helmet, abjures her own sex, and delights in feats of strength? Yet she would not choose to be a man, knowing the superior joys of womanhood. What a fine thing for a husband, at an auction of his wife's effects, to see her belt and armlets and plumes put up for sale, with a gaiter that covers half the left leg; or if she fight another sort⁵ of battle, how charmed

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proelia, tu felix ocreas vendente puella.
 hae sunt quae tenui sudant in cyclade, quarum
 delicias et panniculus bombycinus urit. 260
 aspice quo fremitu monstratos perferat ictus
 et quanto galeae curvetur pondere, quanta
 poplitibus sedeat quam denso fascia libro,
 et ride positis scaphium cum sumitur armis.
 dicite vos, neptes Lepidi caecive Metelli 265
 Gurgitis aut Fabii, quae ludia sumpserit umquam
 hos habitus, quando ad palum gemat uxor Asyli.
 Semper habet lites alternaque iurgia lectus
 in quo nupta iacet; minimum dormitur in illo.
 tum gravis illa viro, tunc orba tigride peior, 270
 cum simulat gemitus occulti conscia facti;
 aut odit pueros aut ficta paelice plorat,
 uberibus semper lacrimis semperque paratis
 in statione sua atque expectantibus illam,
 quo iubeat manare modo; tu credis amorem, 275
 tu tibi tunc, uruca, places fletumque labellis
 exorbes, quae scripta et quot lecture tabellas,
 si tibi zelotypae retegantur scrinia moechae!
 sed iacet in servi complexibus aut equitis. "dic,
 dic aliquem sodes hic, Quintiliane, colorem." 280
 "haeremus. dic ipsa." "olim convenerat," inquit,
 "ut faceres tu quod velles, nec non ego possem
 indulgere mihi. clames licet et mare caelo

¹ Supposed to be a gladiator.

² The famous Roman rhetorician, b. A.D. 44, author of the *Institutiones Oratoriae*.

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you will be to see your young wife disposing of her greaves! Yet these are the women who find the thinnest of thin robes too hot for them; whose delicate flesh is chafed by the finest of silk tissue. See how she pants as she goes through her prescribed exercises; how she bends under the weight of her helmet; how big and coarse are the bandages which enclose her haunches; and then laugh when she lays down her arms and shows herself to be a woman! Tell us, ye grand-daughters of Lepidus, or of the blind Metellus, or of Fabius Gurges, what gladiator's wife ever assumed accoutrements like these? When did the wife of Asylus¹ ever gasp against a stump?

²⁶⁸ The bed that holds a wife is never free from wrangling and mutual bickerings; no sleep is to be got there! It is there that she sets upon her husband, more savage than a tigress that has lost her cubs; conscious of her own secret slips, she affects a grievance, abusing his slaves, or weeping over some imagined mistress. She has an abundant supply of tears always ready in their place, awaiting her command in which fashion they should flow. You, poor dolt, are delighted, believing them to be tears of love, and kiss them away; but what notes, what love-letters would you find if you opened the desk of your green-eyed adulterous wife! If you find her in the arms of a slave or of a knight, "Speak, speak, Quintilian,² give me one of your colours,³" she will say. But Quintilian has none to give: "find it yourself," says he. "We agreed long ago," says the lady, "that you were to go your way, and I mine. You may confound sea and sky with your bellowing,

³ *Color* is a technical term in rhetoric, denoting an argument which puts a favourable or palliative light on some act.

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confundas, homo sum." nihil est audacius illis
deprensis : iram atque animos a crimine sumunt. 285
Unde haec monstra tamen vel quo de fonte,
requiris?

praestabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas
quondam, nec vitiis contingi parva sinebant
tecta labor somnique breves et vellere Tusco
vexatae duraeque manus ac proximus urbi 290
Hannibal et stantes Collina turre mariti.
nunc patimur longae pacis mala, saevior armis
luxuria incubuit victumque ulciscitur orbem.
nullum crimen abest facinusque libidinis, ex quo 295
paupertas Romana perit. hinc fluxit ad istos
et Sybaris colles, hinc et Rhodos et Miletos
atque coronatum et petulans madidumque Tarentum.
prima peregrinos obscaena pecunia mores
intulit, et turpi fregerunt saecula luxu
divitiae molles. quid enim Venus ebria curat? 300
inguinis et capitis quae sint discrimina, nescit
grandia quae mediis iam noctibus ostrea mordet,
cum perfusa mero spumant unguenta Falerno,
cum bibitur concha, cum iam vertigine tectum
ambulat et geminis exurgit mensa lucernis. 305
I nunc et dubita, qua sorbeat aera sanna
Tullia, quid dicat notae collectea Maurae
Maura, Pudicitiae veterem cum praeterit aram.
noctibus hic ponunt lecticas, micturiunt hic
effigiemque deae longis siphonibus implent 310

¹ For Hannibal at the Colline Gate, B.C. 213, see Liv. xxvi. 10.

² Mr. Duff explains this of a scene in the theatre in Tarentum when the people, garlanded in honour of Dionysus, insulted the Roman ambassador (Dio. Cass. fragm. 145).

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I am a human being after all." There's no effrontery like that of a woman caught in the act; her very guilt inspires her with wrath and insolence.

²⁸⁶ But whence come these monstrosities? you ask; from what fountain do they flow? In days of old, the wives of Latium were kept chaste by their humble fortunes. It was toil and brief slumbers that kept vice from polluting their modest homes; hands chafed and hardened by Tuscan fleeces, Hannibal nearing the city, and husbands standing to arms at the Colline gate.¹ We are now suffering the calamities of long peace. Luxury, more deadly than any foe, has laid her hand upon us, and avenges a conquered world. Since the day when Roman poverty perished, no deed of crime or lust has been wanting to us; from that moment Sybaris and Rhodes and Miletus have poured in upon our hills, with the begarlanded and drunken and unabashed Tarentum.² Filthy lucre first brought in amongst us foreign ways; wealth enervated and corrupted the ages with foul indulgences. What decency does Venus observe when she is drunken? when she knows not one member from another, eats giant oysters at midnight, pours foaming unguents into her unmixed Falernian, and drinks out of perfume-bowls, while the roof spins dizzily round, the table dances, and every light shows double!

³⁰⁶ Go to now and wonder what means the sneer with which Tullia snuffs the air, or what Maura whispers to her ill-famed foster-sister, when she passes by the ancient altar of Chastity?³ It is there that they set down their litters at night, and befoul the image of the Goddess, playing their filthy pranks

³ The ancient Temple of Pudicitia was in the Forum Boarium.

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inque vices equitant ac Luna teste moventur ;
 inde domos abeunt : tu calcas luce reversa
 coniugis urinam magnos visurus amicos.

Nota bonae secreta deae, cum tibia lumbos
 incitat et cornu pariter vinoque feruntur 315
 attonitae crinemque rotant ululantque Priapi
 maenades. o quantus tunc illis mentibus ardor
 concubitus, quae vox saltante libidine, quantus
 ille meri veteris per crura madentia torrens !
 lenonum ancillas posita Saufeia corona 320
 provocat ac tollit pendentis praemia coxae ;
 ipsa Medullinae fluctum crisantis adorat :
 palma inter dominas, virtus natalibus aequa.
 nil ibi per ludum simulabitur, omnia fient
 ad verum, quibus incendi iam frigidus aevo 325
 Laomedontiades et Nestoris hirnea possit.
 tunc prurigo morae inpatiens, tum femina simplex,
 ac pariter toto repetitus clamor ab antro
 " iam fas est, admitte viros." si dormit adulter, 330
 illa iubet sumpto iuvenem properare cucullo ;
 si nihil est, servis incurritur ; abstuleris spem
 servorum, veniet conductus aquarius ; hic si
 quaeritur et desunt homines, mora nulla per ipsam,
 quo minus imposito clunem summittat asello. 335
 atque utinam ritus veteres et publica saltem
 his intacta malis agerentur sacra ! sed omnes
 noverunt Mauri atque Indi quae psaltria penem
 maiorem, quam sunt duo Caesaris Anticatones,
 illuc, testiculi sibi conscius unde fugit mus,
 intulerit, ubi velari pictura iubetur 340
 quaecumque alterius sexus imitata figuras.

Et quis tunc hominum contemptor numinis ?
 aut quis
 simpuvium ridere Numae nigrumque catinum

JUVENAL, SATIRE VI

for the morn to witness. Thence home they go; while you, when daylight comes, and you are on your way to salute your mighty friends, will tread upon the traces of your wife's abominations.

³¹⁴ Well known to all are the mysteries of the Good Goddess, when the flute stirs the loins and the Maenads of Priapus sweep along, frenzied alike by the horn-blowing and the wine, whirling their locks and howling. What foul longings burn within their breasts! What cries they utter as the passion palpitates within! How drenched their limbs in torrents of old wine! Saufeia challenges the slave-girls to a contest. Her agility wins the prize, but she has herself in turn to bow the knee to Medullina. And so the palm remains with the mistress, whose exploits match her birth! There is no pretence in the game; all is enacted to the life in a manner that would warm the cold blood of a Priam or a Nestor. And now impatient nature can wait no longer: woman shows herself as she is, and the cry comes from every corner of the den, "Let in the men!" If one favoured youth is asleep, another is bidden to put on his cowl and hurry along; if better cannot be got, a run is made upon the slaves; if they too fail, the water-carrier will be paid to come in. O would that our ancient practices, or at least our public rites, were not polluted by scenes like these! But every Moor and every Indian knows how Clodius forced his way into a place from which every buck-mouse scuttles away conscious of his virility, and in which no picture of the male form may be exhibited except behind a veil.

³⁴² Who ever sneered at the Gods in the days of old? Who would have dared to laugh at the earthen-

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et Vaticano fragiles de monte patellas
 ausus erat? sed nunc ad quas non Clodius aras? 345

[Audio quid veteres olim moneatis amici:
 "pone seram, cohibe."¹ sed quis custodiet ipsos
 custodes? cauta est et ab illis incipit uxor.²]
 iamque eadem summis pariter minimisque libido,
 nec melior, silicem pedibus quae conterit atrum, 350
 quam quae longorum vehitur cervice Syrorum.

Ut spectet ludos, conducit Ogulnia vestem,
 conducit comites sellam cervical amicas
 nutricem et flavam cui det mandata puellam.
 haec tamen argenti superest quodcumque paterni 355
 levibus athleticis et vasa novissima donat;
 multis res angusta domi, sed nulla pudorem
 paupertatis habet nec se metitur ad illum
 quem dedit haec posuitque modum. tamen utile
 quid sit

prospiciunt aliquando viri, frigusque famemque 360
 formica tandem quidam expavere magistra:
 prodiga non sentit pereuntem femina censum.
 ac velut exhausta redivivus pullulet arca
 nummus et e pleno tollatur semper acervo,
 non umquam reputant quanti sibi gaudia con-
 stent.³ 365

¹ P here has the false reading *prohibe* for *cohibe*.

² Lines 346-348 are obviously out of place. They are repeated below, with an addition, in their proper place in O 29-34.

³ The following thirty-four lines, marked O 1-34, which are now accepted as genuine by Juvenalian critics, were discovered in 1899 by Mr. E. O. Winstedt in a Bodleian MS. (Canonicianus 41), now known by the letter O. For the announcement of this discovery see *Classical Review*, May, 1899, pp. 201 foll. The passage is in many places obscure; many of the readings are uncertain; and Professor Housman has kindly permitted me to insert as above his paraphrase of

JUVENAL, SATIRE VI

ware bowls or black pots of Numa, or the brittle plates made out of Vatican clay? But nowadays at what altar will you not find a Clodius?¹

³⁴⁶ I hear all this time the advice of my old friends—keep your women at home, and put them under lock and key. Yes, but who will watch the warders? Wives are crafty and will begin with them. High or low their passions are all the same. She who wears out the black cobble-stones with her bare feet is no better than she who rides upon the necks of eight stalwart Syrians.

³⁵² Ogulnia hires clothes to see the games; she hires attendants, a litter, cushions, female friends, a nurse, and a fair-haired girl to run her messages; yet she will give all that remains of the family plate, down to the last flagon, to some smooth-faced athlete. Many of these women are poor, but none of them pay any regard to their poverty, or measure themselves by the standard which that prescribes and lays down for them. Men, on the other hand, do sometimes have an eye to utility; the ant has at last taught some of them to dread cold and hunger. But your extravagant woman is never sensible of her dwindling means; and just as though money were for ever sprouting up afresh from her exhausted coffers, and she had always a full heap to draw from, she never gives a thought to what her pleasures cost her.

¹ Alluding to the profanation of the mysteries of the Bona Dea by Clodius, in B.C. 62, by appearing in the disguise of a female lutist.

the passage as a whole which he published in the *C.R.* for June, 1899, p. 268, and which he subsequently corrected for lines 9-12 (*C.R.* 1904, pp. 395-8). He has also kindly supplied me with a version of line 18 which he left untranslated in his original version.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VI

In quacumque domo vivit luditque professus O 1
 obscenum, tremula promittit et omnia dextra,
 invenies omnis turpes similesque cinaedis.
 his violare cibos sacraeque adsistere mensae
 permittunt, et vasa iubent frangenda lavari, O 5
 cum colocyntha bibit vel cum barbata chelidon.
 purior ergo tuis laribus meliorque lanista,
 in cuius numero longe migrare iubetur
 psellus¹ ab Eupholio; quid quod nec retia turpi
 iunguntur tunicae, nec cella ponit eadem O 10
 munimenta umeri pulsataque arma² tridentem
 qui nudus pugnare solet? pars ultima ludi
 accipit has animas aliusque in carcere nervos.
 sed tibi communem calicem facit uxor et illis,
 cum quibus Albanum Surrentinumque recuset O 15
 flava ruinosi lupa degustare sepulchri.
 horum consiliis nubunt subitaeque recedunt,
 his languentem animum servant et seria vitae,
 his clunem atque latus discunt vibrare magistris,
 quicquid praeterea scit qui docet. haud tamen
 illi O 20
 semper habenda fides: oculos fuligine pascit
 distinctus croceis et reticulatus adulter.
 suspectus tibi sit quanto vox mollior et quo
 saepius in teneris haerebit dextera lumbis.
 hic erit in lecto fortissimus: exuit illic O 25
 personam docili Thais saltata Triphallo.
 "quem rides? aliis hunc mimum! sponsio fiat:
 purum te contendo virum. contendo: fateris?
 an vocat ancillas tortoris pergula?"
 Novi
 consilia et veteres quaecumque monetis amici: O 30

¹ *psellus* so Housm. and Owen: O reads *psillus*: Büch. *Psyllus*. *Eupholio* O: Housm. reads *euphono*: Büch. conj. *Euhoplio*.

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⁰¹ "Whenever a cinaedus is kept he taints the household. Folks let these fellows eat and drink with them, and merely have the vessels washed, not shivered to atoms as they should be when such lips have touched them. So even the lanista's establishment is better ordered than yours, for he separates the vile from the decent, and sequesters even from their fellow-retiarii the wearers of the ill-famed tunic; in the training-school, and even in gaol, such creatures herd apart; but your wife condemns you to drink out of the same cup as these gentry, with whom the poorest trull would refuse to sip the choicest wine. Them do women consult about marriage and divorce, with their society do they relieve boredom or business, from them do they learn lascivious motions and whatever else the teacher knows. But beware! that teacher is not always what he seems: true, he darkens his eyes and dresses like a woman, but adultery is his design. Mistrust him the more for his show of effeminacy; he is a valiant mattress-knight; there Triphallus drops the mask of Thais. Whom are you fooling?¹ not me; play this farce to those who cannot pierce the masquerade. I wager you are every inch a man; do you own it, or must we wring the truth out of the maid-servants?"

⁰²⁹ I know well the advice and warnings of my old

¹ He now addresses the cinaedus himself.

² O reads *pulsatamque arma*: Housm. conj. *pulsata hastamque*: *pulsata arcaque* Owen: *pulsantemque* Postgate: Büch. conj. *pulsatoremque tridentem* and compares vi. 40.

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"pone seram, cohibe." sed quis custodiat¹ ipsos
custodes, qui nunc lascivae furta puellae
hac mercede silent? crimen commune tacetur:
prospicit hoc prudens et ab illis incipit uxor. . . . O 34

Sunt quas eunuchi inbelles ac mollia semper 366
oscula delectent et desperatio barbae

et quod abortivo non est opus. illa voluptas
summa tamen, quod iam calida matura iuventa
inguina traduntur medicis, iam pectine nigro; 370

ergo expectatos ac iussos crescere primum
testiculos, postquam coeperunt esse bilibres,
tonsoris damno tantum rapit Heliodorus.²

conspicius longe cunctisque notabilis intrat
balnea nec dubie custodem vitis et horti 375

provocat a domina factus spado. dormiat ille
cum domina, sed tu iam durum, Postume, iamque
tondendum eunucho Bromium committere noli.

Si gaudet cantu, nullius fibula durat
vocem vendentis praetoribus. organa semper 380

in manibus, densi radiant testudine tota
sardonyches; crispo numerantur pectine chordae,
quo tener Hedymeles operas dedit: hunc tenet,

hoc se

solatur, gratoque indulget basia plectro.
quaedam de numero Lamiarum ac nominis Appi 385

et farre et vino Ianum Vestamque rogabat,
an Capitolinam deberet Pollio quercum
sperare et fidibus promittere. quid faceret plus

aegrotante viro, medicis quid tristibus erga
filiolum? stetit ante aram nec turpe putavit 390

pro cithara velare caput dictataque verba
pertulit, ut mos est, et aperta palluit agna.

¹ O here reads *custodiat*, but Pψ have *custodiet* in the repeated passage, line 347.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VI

friends : " Put on a lock and keep your wife indoors." Yes, and who will ward the warders? They get paid in kind for holding their tongues as to their young lady's escapades; participation seals their lips. The wily wife arranges accordingly, and begins with them. . . .

³⁷⁰ If your wife is musical, none of those who sell their voices¹ to the praetor will hold out against her charms. She is for ever handling musical instruments; her sardonyx rings sparkle thick all over the tortoise-shell; the quivering quill with which she runs over the chords will be that with which the gentle Hedymeles performed; she hugs it, consoles herself with it, and lavishes kisses on the dear implement. A certain lady of the lineage of the Lamiae and the Appii² inquired of Janus and Vesta, with offerings of cake and wine, whether Pollio could hope for the Capitoline oak-chaplet and promise victory to his lyre.³ What more could she have done had her husband been ill, or if the doctors had been shaking their heads over her dear little son? There she stood before the altar, thinking it no shame to veil her head⁴ on behalf of a harper; she repeated, in due form, all the words prescribed to her; her cheek blanched when the lamb was opened. Tell me now, I pray, O father Janus, thou

¹ *i.e.* professionals who sing for hire on public occasions.

² *i.e.* of a noble family.

³ A prize of oak-leaves was given at the *agon Capitolinus*, instituted by Domitian. Pollio was a player on the *cithara*.

⁴ To veil the head was part of the ceremony at a sacrifice.

² Between lines 373 and 374 the MS. O gives the following two lines :—

*mangonum pueros vera ac miserabilis urit
debilitas follisque pudet cicerisque relictis.*

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dic mihi nunc quaeso, dic, antiquissime divom,
 respondes his, Iane pater? magna otia caeli;
 non est, quod video, non est quod agatur apud vos. 395
 haec de comoedis te consulit, illa tragoedum
 commendare volet, varicosus fiet haruspex.

Sed cantet potius quam totam pervolet urbem
 audax et coetus possit quae ferre virorum
 cumque paludatis ducibus praesente marito 400
 ipsa loqui recta facie siccisque mamillis.
 haec eadem novit quid toto fiat in orbe,
 quid Seres, quid Thraces agant, secreta novercae
 et pueri, quis amet, quis diripiatur adulter;
 dicet quis viduam praegnatem fecerit et quo 405
 mense, quibus verbis concumbat quaeque, modis quot.
 instantem regi Armenio Parthoque cometen
 prima videt, famam rumoresque illa recentis
 excipit ad portas, quosdam facit; isse Niphaten
 in populos magnoque illic cuncta arva¹ teneri 410
 diluvio, nutare urbes, subsidere terras
 quocumque in trivio cuicumque est obvia, narrat.

Nec tamen id vitium magis intolerabile quam quae²
 vicinos humiles rapere et concidere loris
 exorata³ solet. nam si latratibus alti 415
 rumpuntur somni, "fustes huc ocius," inquit,
 "adferte" atque illis dominum iubet ante feriri,
 deinde canem, gravis occursu, taeterrima vultu.

¹ arva ψ: arma P.

² quod ψ: quae P.

³ exorata ψ, exortata P Housm. Büch. (1910).

JUVENAL, SATIRE VI

most ancient of the Gods, dost thou answer such as she? You have much time on your hands in heaven; so far as I can see, there is nothing for you Gods to do. One lady consults you about a comedian, another wishes to commend to you a tragic actor; the sooth-sayer will soon be troubled with varicose veins.¹

³⁹⁸ Better, however, that your wife should be musical than that she should be rushing boldly about the entire city, attending men's meetings, talking with unflinching face and hard breasts to Generals in their military cloaks, with her husband looking on! This same woman knows what is going on all over the world: what the Thracians and Chinese are after, what has passed between the stepmother and the stepson; she knows who loves whom, what gallant is the rage; she will tell you who got the widow with child, and in what month; how every woman behaves to her lovers, and what she says to them. She is the first to notice the comet threatening the kings of Armenia and Parthia; she picks up the latest rumours at the city gates, and invents some herself: how the Niphates² has burst out upon the nations, and is inundating entire districts; how cities are tottering and lands subsiding, she tells to every one she meets at every street crossing.

⁴¹⁵ No less insufferable is the woman who loves to catch hold of her poor neighbours, and deaf to their cries for mercy lays into them with a whip. If her sound slumbers are disturbed by a barking dog, "Quick with the rods!" she cries; "thrash the owner first, and then the dog!" She is a formidable woman to encounter; she is terrible to look at.

¹ *i.e.* with so much standing about.

² Properly a mountain; here meant for a river.

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balnea nocte subit, conchas et castra moveri
 nocte iubet, magno gaudet sudare tumultu, 420
 cum lassata gravi ceciderunt bracchia massa,
 callidus et cristae digitos inpressit aliptes
 ac summum dominae femur exclamare coegit.
 convivae miseri interea somnoque fameque
 urguntur. tandem illa venit rubicundula, totum 425
 oenophorum sitiens, plena quod tenditur urna
 admotum pedibus, de quo sextarius alter
 ducitur ante cibum rabidam facturus orexim,
 dum redit et loto terram ferit intestino.
 marmoribus rivi properant, aurata Falernum 430
 pelvis olet; nam sic tamquam alta in dolia longus
 deciderit serpens, bibit et vomit. ergo maritus
 nauseat atque oculis bilem substringit opertis.
 Illa tamen gravior, quae cum discumbere coepit,
 laudat Vergilium, periturae ignoscit Elissae, 435
 committit vates et comparat, inde Maronem
 atque alia parte in trutina suspendit Homerum.
 cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis
 turba tacet, nec causidicus nec praeco loquetur,
 altera nec mulier; verborum tanta cadit vis, 440
 tot pariter pelves ac tintinnabula dicas
 pulsari. iam nemo tubas, nemo aera fatiget:
 una laboranti poterit succurrere Lunae.
 inponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis;
 nam quae docta nimis cupit et facunda videri, 445
 crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet,

¹ Eclipses of the moon were supposed to be due to the incantations of witches. To prevent these from being heard, and so ward off the evil events portended by the eclipse, it was the custom to create a din by the clashing of bells, horns and trumpets, etc.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VI

She frequents the baths by night; not till night does she order her oil-jars and her quarters to be shifted thither; she loves all the bustle of the hot bath; when her arms drop exhausted by the heavy weights, the anointer passes his hand skilfully over her body, bringing it down at last with a resounding smack upon her thigh. Meanwhile her unfortunate guests are overcome with sleep and hunger, till at last she comes in with a flushed face, and with thirst enough to drink off the vessel containing full three gallons which is laid at her feet, and from which she tosses off a couple of pints before her dinner to create a raging appetite; then she brings it all up again and souses the floor with the washings of her inside. The stream runs over the marble pavement; the gilt basin reeks of Falernian, for she drinks and vomits like a big snake that has tumbled into a vat. The sickened husband closes his eyes and so keeps down his bile.

⁴³⁴ But most intolerable of all is the woman who as soon as she has sat down to dinner commends Virgil, pardons the dying Dido, and pits the poets against each other, putting Virgil in the one scale and Homer in the other. The grammarians make way before her; the rhetoricians give in; the whole crowd is silenced: no lawyer, no auctioneer will get a word in, no, nor any other woman; so torrential is her speech that you would think that all the pots and bells were being clashed together. Let no one more blow a trumpet or clash a cymbal: one woman will be able to bring succour to the labouring moon!¹ She lays down definitions, and discourses on morals, like a philosopher; thirsting to be deemed both wise and eloquent, she ought to tuck up her

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caedere Silvano porcum, quadrante lavari.
 non habeat matrona, tibi quae iuncta recumbit,
 dicendi genus aut curvum sermone rotato
 torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes, 450
 sed quaedam ex libris et non intellegat. odi
 hanc ego quae repetit volvitque Palaemonis artem
 servata semper lege et ratione loquendi
 ignotosque mihi tenet antiquaria versus
 nec curanda viris¹ opicae castigat amicae 455
 verba; soloecismum liceat fecisse marito.

Nil non permittit mulier sibi, turpe putat nil,
 cum virides gemmas collo circumdedit et cum
 auribus extentis magnos commisit elenchos;
 intolerabilius nihil est quam femina dives. 460
 interea foeda aspectu ridendaque multo
 pane tumet facies aut pingua Poppaeanae
 spirat, et hinc miseri viscantur labra mariti:
 ad moechum lota veniunt cute. quando videri
 vult formosa domi? moechis foliata parantur, 465
 his emitur quidquid graciles huc mittitis Indi.
 tandem aperit vultum et tectoria prima reponit;
 incipit agnoscere, atque illo lacte fovetur
 propter quod secum comites educit asellas
 exul Hyperboreum si dimittatur ad axem. 470

¹ Housm. puts a full stop after *viris*, and interprets: *aliasque res virorum cura indignas*. Postgate suggests, after one of Rupert's MSS., *haec curanda viris?*

¹ *i.e.* wear the short tunic of a man.

² Only men sacrificed to Silvanus.

³ *i.e.* bathe in the public baths.

⁴ A treatise on grammar by Q. Remmius Palaemon, the most famous grammarian of the early empire.

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skirts knee-high,¹ sacrifice a pig to Silvanus,² and take a penny bath.³ Let not the wife of your bosom possess a special style of her own; let her not hurl at you in whirling speech the crooked enthymeme! Let her not know all history; let there be some things in her reading which she does not understand. I hate a woman who is for ever consulting and poring over the "Grammar" of Palaemon,⁴ who observes all the rules and laws of language, who quotes from ancient poets that I never heard of, and corrects her unlettered⁵ female friends for slips of speech that no man need trouble about: let husbands at least be permitted to make slips in grammar!

⁴⁵⁷ There is nothing that a woman will not permit herself to do, nothing that she deems shameful, when she encircles her neck with green emeralds, and fastens huge pearls to her elongated ears: there is nothing more intolerable than a wealthy woman. Meanwhile she ridiculously puffs out and disfigures her face with lumps of dough; she reeks of rich Poppaeian⁶ unguents which stick to the lips of her unfortunate husband. Her lover she will meet with a clean-washed skin; but when does she ever care to look nice at home? It is for her lovers that she provides the spikenard, for them she buys all the scents which the slender Indians bring to us. In good time she discloses her face; she removes the first layer of plaster, and begins to be recognisable. She then laves herself with that milk for which she takes a herd of she-asses in her train if sent away to the Hyper-

⁵ The word *Opican* is equivalent to *Oscan*, denoting the early inhabitants of Campania. It is used here as equivalent to barbarian.

⁶ Cosmetics, called after Nero's wife Poppaea.

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sed quae mutatis inducitur atque fovetur
tot medicaminibus coctaeque siliginis offas
accipit et madidae, facies dicitur an ulcus?

Est pretium curae penitus cognoscere toto
quid faciant agitentque die. si nocte maritus 475
aversus iacuit, periit libraria, ponunt
cosmetae tunicas, tarde venisse Liburnus
dicitur et poenas alieni pendere somni
cogitur; hic frangit ferulas, rubet ille flagello,
hic scutica; sunt quae tortoribus annua praestent. 480
verberat atque obiter faciem linit, audit amicas,
aut latum pictae vestis considerat aurum,
et caedit, longi relegit transversa diurni
et caedit, donec lassis caedentibus "exi"
intonet horrendum iam cognitione peracta. 485

Praefectura domus Sicula non mitior aula;
nam si constituit solitoque decentius optat
ornari et properat iamque expectatur in hortis
aut aput Isiacae potius sacraria lenae,
disponit crinem laceratis ipsa capillis 490
nuda umero Psecas infelix nudisque mamillis.
"altior hic quare cincinnus?" taurea punit
continuo flexi crimen facinusque capilli.
quid Psecas admisit? quaenam est hic culpa puellae,

¹ *i.e.* the husband's.

² The text reads as if the flogging was done by the lady herself. But it was evidently done for her by slaves.

³ Books were usually written lengthwise on the roll; but it seems that the *acta diurna*, here mentioned, were written crosswise.

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borean pole. But when she has been coated over and treated with all those layers of medicaments, and had those lumps of moist dough applied to it, shall we call it a face or a sore?

⁴⁷⁴ It is well worth while to ascertain how these ladies busy themselves all day. If the husband has turned his back upon his wife at night, the wool-maid is done for; the tire-women will be stripped of their tunics; the Liburnian chair-man will be accused of coming late, and will have to pay for another man's¹ drowsiness; one will have a rod broken over his back, another will be bleeding from a strap, a third from the cat; some women engage their executioners by the year. While the flogging goes on, the lady will be daubing her face, or listening to her lady-friends, or inspecting the widths of a gold-embroidered robe. While thus flogging and flogging,² she reads the lengthy Gazette, written right across the page,³ till at last, the floggers being exhausted, and the inquisition ended, she thunders out a gruff "Be off with you!"

⁴⁸⁶ Her household is governed as cruelly as a Sicilian Court.⁴ If she has an appointment and wishes to be turned out more nicely than usual, and is in a hurry to meet some one waiting for her in the gardens, or more likely near the chapel of the wanton Isis, the unhappy maid that does her hair will have her own hair torn, and the clothes stripped off her shoulders and her breasts. "Why is this curl standing up?" she asks, and then down comes a thong of bull's hide to inflict chastisement for the offending ringlet. Pray how was Psecas in fault? How would the girl be to blame if you happened

⁴ In allusion to Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum.

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si tibi displicuit nasus tuus? altera laevum 495
 extendit pectusque comas et volvit in orbem.
 est in consilio materna admotaque lanis
 emerita quae cessat acu; sententia prima
 huius erit, post hanc aetate atque arte minores
 censebunt, tamquam famae discrimen agatur 500
 aut animae: tanta est quaerendi cura decoris,
 tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
 aedificat caput; Andromachen a fronte videbis;
 post minor est, credas aliam. cedo si breve parvi
 sortita est lateris spatium breviorque videtur 505
 virgine Pygmaea nullis adiuta cothurnis
 et levis erecta consurgit ad oscula planta.
 nulla viri cura interea nec mentio fiet
 damnorum. vivit tamquam vicina mariti,
 hoc solo propior quod amicos coniugis odit 510
 et servos, gravis est rationibus.

Ecce furentis

Bellonae matrisque deum chorus intrat et ingens
 semivir, obscaeno facies reverenda minori,
 mollia qui rapta secuit genitalia testa
 iam pridem, cui rauca cohors, cui tympana cedunt, 515
 plebeia et Phrygia vestitur bucca tiara.
 grande sonat metuique iubet Septembris et Austri
 adventum, nisi se centum lustraverit ovis
 et xerampelinas veteres donaverit ipsi,
 ut quidquid subiti et magni discriminis instat 520
 in tunicas eat et totum semel expiet annum.
 hibernum fracta glacie descendet in annem,

¹ Hector's wife Andromache must be tall, as living in the heroic age.

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not to like the shape of your own nose? Another maid on the left side combs out the hair and rolls it into a coil; a maid of her mother's, who has served her time at sewing, and has been promoted to the wool department, assists at the council. She is the first to give her opinion; after her, her inferiors in age or skill will give theirs, as though some question of life or honour were at stake. So important is the business of beautification; so numerous are the tiers and storeys piled one upon another on her head! In front, you would take her for an Andromache¹; she is not so tall behind: you would not think it was the same person. What if nature has made her so short of stature that, if unaided by high heels, she looks no bigger than a pigmy, and has to rise nimbly on tip-toe for a kiss! Meantime she pays no attention to her husband; she never speaks of what she costs him. She lives with him as if she were only his neighbour; in this alone more near to him, that she hates his friends and his slaves, and plays the mischief with his money.

⁵¹¹ And now, behold! in comes the chorus of the frantic Bellona and the mother of the Gods, attended by a giant eunuch to whom his obscene inferiors must do reverence. . . . Before him the howling herd with the timbrels give way; his plebeian cheeks are covered with a Phrygian tiara. With solemn utterance he bids the lady beware of the September Siroccos if she do not purify herself with a hundred eggs, and present him with some old mulberry-coloured garments in order that any great and unforeseen calamity may pass into the clothes, and make expiation for the entire year. In winter she will go down to the river of a morning, break the ice, and

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ter matutino Tiberi mergetur et ipsis
 verticibus timidum caput abluet, inde superbi
 totum regis agrum nuda ac tremibunda cruentis 525
 erepet genibus; si candida iusserit Io,
 ibit ad Aegypti finem calidaque petitas
 a Meroe portabit aquas ut spargat in aede
 Isidis, antiquo quae proxima surgit ovili.
 credit enim ipsius dominae se voce moneri: 530
 en animam et mentem cum qua di nocte loquantur!
 ergo hic praecipuum summumque meretur honorem,
 qui grege linigero circumdatus et grege calvo
 plangentis populi currit derisor Anubis.
 ille petit veniam, quotiens non abstinet uxor 535
 concubitu sacris observandisque diebus
 magnaue debetur violato poena cadurco
 et movisse caput visa est argentea serpens;
 illius lacrimae meditataque murmura praestant
 ut veniam culpae non abnuat, ansere magno 540
 scilicet et tenui popano corruptus, Osiris.
 Cum dedit ille locum, cophino faenoque relicto
 arcanam Iudaea tremens mendicat in aurem,
 interpres legum Solymarum et magna sacerdos
 arboris ac summi fida internuntia caeli. 545
 implet et illa manum, set parcius; aere minuto
 qualiacumque voles Iudaei somnia vendunt.

¹ *i.e.* the Campus Martius.

² Apparently here identified with Isis. Io was changed into a white cow by Juno out of jealousy.

³ An island formed by the waters of the Nile. See xiii. 163.

⁴ The Temple of Isis was in the Campus Martius near the polling-booths (*saepta*) here called *ovile*.

⁵ A god of the dead; he attended on Isis, and is represented with the head of a dog.

⁶ The priest who personates Anubis laughs at the people when they lament Osiris.

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plunge three times into the Tiber, dipping her trembling head in its whirling waters, and crawling out thence naked and shivering, she will creep with bleeding knees right across the field¹ of Tarquin the Proud. If the white Io² shall so order, she will journey to the confines of Egypt, and fetch water from hot Meroe³ with which to sprinkle the Temple of Isis which stands hard by the ancient sheepfold.⁴ For she believes that the command was given by the voice of the Goddess herself—a pretty kind of mind and spirit for the Gods to have converse with by night! Hence the chief and highest place of honour is awarded to Anubis,⁵ who, with his linen-clad and shaven crew, mocks at the weeping of the people as he runs along.⁶ He it is that obtains pardon for wives who break the law of purity on days that should be kept holy, and exacts huge penalties when the coverlet has been profaned, or when the silver serpent has been seen to nod his head. His tears and carefully-studied mutterings make sure that Osiris will not refuse a pardon for the fault, bribed, no doubt, by a fat goose and a slice of sacrificial cake.

⁵⁴² No sooner has that fellow departed than a palsied Jewess, leaving her basket and her truss of hay,⁷ comes begging to her secret ear; she is an interpreter of the laws of Jerusalem, a high priestess of the tree,⁸ a trusty go-between of highest heaven. She, too, fills her palm, but more sparingly, for a Jew will tell you dreams of any kind you please for the minutest of coins.

⁷ See iii. 14: *Iudaei quorum cophinus faenumque supellex.*

⁸ Jews were allowed to camp out under trees as gipsies do in our own country. See iii. 15, 16.

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Spondet amatorem tenerum vel divitis orbi
 testamentum ingens calidae pulmone columbae
 tractato Armenius vel Commagenus haruspex ; 550
 pectora pullorum rimabitur, exta catelli,
 interdum et pueri ; faciet quod deferat ipse.

Chaldaeis set maior erit fiducia : quidquid
 dixerit astrologus, credent a fonte relatum
 Hammonis, quoniam Delphis oracula cessant 555
 et genus humanum damnat caligo futuri.

praecipuus tamen est horum, qui saepius exul,
 cuius amicitia conducendaque tabella
 magnus civis obit et formidatus Othoni.¹
 inde fides artis, sonuit si dextera ferro 560

laevaue, si longe castrorum in carcere mansit.
 nemo mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit,
 sed qui paene perit, cui vix in Cyclada mitti
 contigit et parva tandem caruisse Seripho.

Consulit ictericae lento de funere matris, 565
 ante tamen de te Tanaquil tua, quando sororem
 efferat et patruos, an sit victurus adulter
 post ipsam : quid enim maius dare numina possunt ?
 haec tamen ignorat² quid sidus triste minetur
 Saturni, quo laeta Venus se proferat astro, 570
 quis mensis damnis, quae dentur tempora lucro :

¹ Lines 558-9 are omitted in some MSS., and seem out of place here.

² *haec ignorat* GLOU: *haec ignorant* T: *hae ignorant* Büch (1893).

¹ According to Tac. *Hist.* i. 22 the name of Otho's astrologer was Ptolemy. ² The emperor Galba.

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⁵⁴⁸ An Armenian or Commagenian sooth-sayer, after examining the lungs of a dove that is still warm, will promise a youthful lover, or a big bequest from some rich and childless man; he will probe the breast of a chicken, or the entrails of a dog, sometimes even of a boy; some things he will do with the intention of informing against them himself.

⁵⁵³ Still more trusted are the Chaldaeans; every word uttered by the astrologer they will believe has come from Hammon's fountain, for now that the Delphian oracles are dumb, man is condemned to darkness as to his future. Chief among these was one¹ who was oft in exile, through whose friendship and venal prophecies the great citizen² died whom Otho feared. For nowadays no astrologer has credit unless he have been imprisoned in some distant camp, with chains clanking on either arm; none believe in his powers unless he has been condemned and all but put to death, having just contrived to get deported to a Cyclad, or to escape at last from the diminutive Seriphos.³

⁵⁶⁵ Your excellent Tanaquil⁴ consults as to the long-delayed death of her jaundiced mother—having previously enquired about your own; she will ask when she may expect to bury her sister, or her uncles; and whether her lover will outlive herself—what greater boon could the Gods bestow upon her? And yet your Tanaquil does not herself understand the gloomy threats of Saturn, or under what constellation Venus will show herself propitious, which months will be months of losses, which of gains; but beware

³ One of the smaller Cyclades (*Serpho*), a well-known place of exile.

⁴ *i.e.* his wife. Tanaquil was wife of Tarquinius Priscus (*perita caelestium prodigiorum*, Liv. i. 34).

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illius occursus etiam vitare memento,
 in cuius manibus ceu pinguia sucina tritas
 cernis ephemeridas, quae nullum consulit et iam
 consulitur, quae castra viro patriamque petente 575
 non ibit pariter numeris revocata Thrasylli.
 ad primum lapidem vectari cum placet, hora
 sumitur ex libro; si prurit frictus ocelli
 angulus, inspecta genesi collyria poscit;
 aegra licet iaceat, capiendo nulla videtur 580
 aptior hora cibo nisi quam dederit Petosiris.

Si mediocris erit, spatium lustrabit utrimque
 metarum et sortes ducet frontemque manumque
 praebebit vati crebrum poppysma roganti.
 divitibus responsa dabit¹ Phryx augur, et Indus² 585
 conductus, dabit astrorum mundique peritus
 atque aliquis senior qui publica fulgura condit:
 plebeium in circo positum est et in aggere fatum;
 quae nudis longum ostendit cervicibus aurum
 consulit ante falas delphinorumque columnas 590
 an saga vendenti nubat caupone relicto.

Hae tamen et partus subeunt discrimen et omnis
 nutricis tolerant fortuna urgente labores;

¹ *dabit* PG; *dabunt* FTU.

² *indus* Brit. 15 B xvii: *inde* PΣψ: *indi* U: Owen and Büch. (1893) *Indae*: Housm. and Büch. (1910) *inde*. Housm. thinks a line has dropped out.

¹ Roman ladies carried balls of amber in their hands, either as a scent or for warmth.

² The favourite astrologer of Tiberius.

³ An ancient Egyptian astrologer.

⁴ The *metae* were the turning-posts at each end of the low wall (*spina*) round which the chariots had to turn. Each *meta* consisted of a group of conical pillars with dolphins on them.

⁵ *Poppysma* is a smacking sound made by the lips; it was

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of ever encountering one whom you see clutching a well-worn calendar in her hands as if it were a ball of clammy amber¹; one who inquires of none, but is now herself inquired of; one who, if her husband is going forth to camp, or returning home from abroad, will not bear him company if the numbers of Thrasyllus² call her back. If she wants to drive as far as the first mile-stone, she finds the right hour from her book; if there is a sore place in the corner of her eye, she will not call for a salve until she has consulted her horoscope: and if she be ill in bed, deems no hour so suitable for taking food as that prescribed to her by Petosiris.³

⁵⁸² If the woman be of humble rank, she will promenade between the turning-posts⁴ of the Circus; she will have her fortune told, and will present her brow and her hand to the seer who asks for many an approving smack.⁵ Wealthy women will pay for answers from a Phrygian or Indian augur well skilled in the stars and the heavens, or one of the elders employed to expiate thunderbolts. Plebeian destinies are determined in the Circus or on the ramparts⁶: the woman⁷ who displays a long gold chain on her bare neck inquires before the pillars and the clusters of dolphins whether she shall throw over the tavern-keeper and marry the old-clothes-man.

⁵⁹² These poor women, however, endure the perils of child-birth, and all the troubles of nursing to which their lot condemns them; but how often

apparently a sign of approval and satisfaction. These sounds are made by the consulting party.

⁶ The famous rampart of Servius Tullius, which protected Rome on its eastern side.

⁷ Apparently alluding to a low class of women.

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sed iacet aurato vix ulla puerpera lecto.
 tantum artes huius, tantum medicamina possunt, 595
 quae steriles facit atque homines in ventre necandos
 conducit. gaude, infelix, atque ipse bibendum
 porrige quidquid erit; nam si distendere vellet
 et vexare uterum pueris salientibus, esses
 Aethiopsis fortasse pater, mox decolor heres 600
 impleret tabulas numquam tibi mane videndus.

Transeo suppositos et gaudia votaue saepe
 ad spurcos decepta lacus, atque inde petitos
 pontifices, salios Scaurorum nomina falso
 corpore laturos. stat Fortuna improba noctu 605
 adridens nudis infantibus; hos fovet omni¹
 involvitque sinu, domibus tunc porrigit altis
 secretumque sibi mimum parat; hos amat, his se
 ingerit utque suos semper producit alumnos.

Hic magicos adfert cantus, hic Thessala vendit 610
 philtra, quibus valeat mentem vexare mariti
 et solea pulsare natis: quod desipis, inde est,
 inde animi caligo et magna oblivio rerum
 quas modo gessisti. tamen hoc tolerabile, si non²
 et furere incipias ut avunculus ille Neronis, 615
 cui totam tremuli frontem Caesonia pulli

¹ *omnes* ψ: *omni* PT and most edd.

² Some MSS. here insert three lines not given above (one MS. places them after 601). See Housm. on this passage, and also in *C.R.* vol. xv. 265 *sqq.* See also Owen's note.

¹ These were pools or reservoirs in which infants were exposed. Fortune delights in spiriting these foundlings into the houses of the great.

² The priests of Mars, recruited from noble families.

³ Thessaly was famous for witches and the magic art. The husband here is made mad by a love-potion.

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does a gilded bed contain a woman that is lying in? So great is the skill, so powerful the drugs, of the abortionist, paid to murder mankind within the womb. Rejoice, poor wretch; give her the stuff to drink whatever it be, with your own hand: for were she willing to get big and trouble her womb with bouncing babes, you might perhaps find yourself the father of an Ethiopian; and some day a coloured heir, whom you would rather not meet by daylight, would fill all the places in your will.

⁶⁰² I say nothing of supposititious children, of the hopes and prayers so often cheated at those filthy pools¹ from which are supplied Priests and Salii,² with bodies that will falsely bear the name of Scauri. There Fortune shamelessly takes her stand by night, smiling on the naked babes; she fondles them all and folds them in her bosom, and then, to provide herself with a secret comedy, she sends them forth to the houses of the great. These are the children that she loves, on these she lavishes herself, and with a laugh brings them always forward as her own.

⁶¹⁰ One man supplies magical spells; another sells Thessalian³ charms by which a wife may upset her husband's mind, and lather his buttocks with a slipper; thence come loss of reason, and darkness of soul, and blank forgetfulness of all that you did but yesterday. Yet even that can be endured, if only you become not raving mad like that uncle⁴ of Nero's into whose drink Caesonia poured the whole brow of a weakly foal⁵; and what

⁴ The emperor Caligula. His wife Caesonia was said to have made him mad by a love-philtre.

⁵ Alluding to the *hippomanes*, an excrescence on the head of a young foal, which was used in love-potions.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VI

infudit. quae non faciet quod principis uxor?
 ardebant cuncta et fracta conpage ruebant,
 non aliter quam si fecisset Iuno maritum
 insanum. minus ergo nocens erit Agrippinae 620
 boletus, siquidem unius praecordia pressit
 ille senis tremulumque caput descendere iussit
 in caelum et longa manantia labra saliva;
 haec poscit ferrum atque ignes, haec potio torquet,
 haec lacerat mixtos equitum cum sanguine patres. 625
 tanti partus equae, tanti una venefica constat.

Oderunt natos de paelice: nemo repugnet,
 nemo vetet, iam iam privignum occidere fas est.
 vos ego, pupilli, moneo, quibus amplior est res,
 custodite animas et nulli credite mensae: 630
 livida materno fervent adipata veneno.
 mordeat ante aliquis quidquid porrexerit illa
 quae peperit, timidus praegustet pocula papas.

Fingimus haec altum satura sumente cothurnum
 scilicet, et finem egressi legemque priorum 635
 grande Sophocleo carmen bacchamur hiatu,
 montibus ignotum Rutulis caeloque Latino?
 nos utinam vani. set clamat Pontia "feci,
 confiteor, puerisque meis aconita paravi,
 quae deprensa patent; facinus tamen ipsa peregi." 640
 tune duos una, saevissima vipera, cena?
 tune duos? "septem, si septem forte fuissent!"

¹ Agrippina the younger murdered her husband, the Emperor Claudius, by a dish of mushrooms (Tac. *Ann.* xii. 57, Suet. 44). See v. 147.

woman will not follow when an Empress leads the way? The whole world was ablaze then and falling down in ruin just as if Juno had made her husband mad. Less guilty therefore will Agrippina's mushroom¹ be deemed, seeing that it only stopped the breath of one old man, and sent down his palsied head and slobbering lips to heaven, whereas the other potion demanded fire and sword and torture, mingling Knights and Fathers in one mangled bleeding heap. Such was the cost of one mare's offspring and of one she-poisoner.

⁶²⁷ A wife hates the children of a concubine; let none demur or forbid, seeing that it has long been deemed right and proper to slay a stepson. But I warn you wards—you that have a good estate—keep watch over your lives; trust not a single dish: those hot cakes are black with poison of a mother's baking. Whatever is offered you by the mother, let someone taste it first; let your trembling tutor take the first taste of every cup.

⁶³⁴ Now think you that all this is a fancy tale, and that our Satire is taking to herself the high heels of tragedy? Think you that I have out-stepped the limits and the laws of those before me, and am mouthing in Sophoclean tones a grand theme unknown to the Rutulian hills and the skies of Latium? Would indeed that my words were idle! But here is Pontia proclaiming "I did the deed; I gave aconite, I confess it, to my own children; the crime was detected, and is known to all; yes, with my own hands I did it." "What, you most savage of vipers? you killed two, did you, *two*, at a single meal?" "Aye, and seven too, had there chanced to be seven to kill!"

IVVENALIS SATVRA VII

Credamus tragicis quidquid de Colchide torva
 dicitur et Progne; nil contra conor. et illae
 grandia monstra suis audebant temporibus, sed 645
 non propter nummos; minor admiratio summis
 debetur monstris, quotiens facit ira nocentes
 hunc sexum et rabie iecur incendente feruntur
 praecipites, ut saxa iugis abrupta, quibus mons
 subtrahitur clivoque latus pendente recedit: 650
 illam ego non tulerim, quae computat et scelus ingens
 sana facit. spectant subeuntem fata mariti
 Alcestim, et similis si permutatio detur,
 morte viri cupiant animam servare catellae.
 occurrent multae tibi Belides atque Eriphylae 655
 mane, Clytaemestram nullus non vicus habebit.
 hoc tantum refert, quod Tyndaris illa bipennem
 insulsam et fatuam dextra laevaue tenebat,
 at nunc res agitur tenui pulmone rubetae;
 sed tamen et ferro, si praegustabit¹ Atrides 660
 Pontica ter victi cautus medicamina regis.

SATVRA VII

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Caesare tantum;
 solus enim tristes hac tempestate Camenas

¹ *praegustabit* PSG: *praegustaret* ψ: *praegustarit* Markl. and Housm.

¹ Medea.

² Procne, daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, revenged herself on her husband, Tereus, by serving up to him the flesh of his son Itys. She was turned into a swallow.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VII

⁶⁴³ Let us believe all that Tragedy tells us of the savage Colchian¹ and of Procne²; I seek not to gainsay her. Those women were monsters of wickedness in their day; but it was not for money that they sinned. We marvel less at great crimes when it is wrath that incites the sex to the guilty deed, when burning passion carries them headlong, like a rock torn from a mountain side, when the ground beneath gives way, and the overhanging slopes fall in. I cannot endure the woman who calculates, and commits a great crime in her sober senses. Our wives look on at Alcestis undergoing her husband's fate; if they were granted a like liberty of exchange, they would fain let the husband die to save a lap-dog's life. You will meet a daughter of Belus³ or an Eriphyle every morning: no street but has its Clytemnestra.⁴ The only difference is this: the daughter of Tyndareus⁵ wielded in her two hands a clumsy two-headed axe, whereas nowadays a slice of a toad's lung will do the business. Yet it may be done by steel as well, if the wary husband have beforehand tasted the medicaments of the thrice-conquered king of Pontus.⁶

SATIRE VII

LEARNING AND LETTERS UNPROFITABLE

ON Caesar alone hang all the hopes and prospects of the learned; he alone in these days of ours has cast a favouring glance upon the sorrowing Muses—

³ Belus was the father of Danaus; hence the Danaids are called *Belidae*.

⁴ The Danaids (daughters of Belus), Eriphyle, and Clytemnestra, all killed their husbands.

⁵ Clytemnestra was daughter of Tyndareus.

⁶ Mithridates, who was said to have secured himself against poisoning by prophylactics.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VII

respexit, cum iam celebres notique poetae
 balneolum Gabiis, Romae conducere furnos
 temptarent, nec foedum alii nec turpe putarent 5
 praecones fieri, cum desertis Aganippes
 vallibus esuriens migraret in atria Clio ;
 nam si Pieria quadrans tibi nullus in umbra
 ostendatur, ames nomen victumque Machaerae
 et vendas potius commissa quod auctio vendit 10
 stantibus, oenophorum tripedes armaria cistas,
 Alcitheon Pacci, Thebas et Terea Fausti.
 hoc satius quam si dicas sub iudice " vidi "
 quod non vidisti, faciant equites Asiani
 [quamquam et Cappadoces faciant equitesque
 Bithyni,] 15
 altera quos nudo traducit Gallica talo.
 Nemo tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem
 cogetur posthac, nectit quicumque canoris
 eloquium vocale modis laurumque momordit.
 hoc agite, o iuvenes. circumspicit et stimulat vos 20
 materiamque sibi ducis indulgentia quaerit.
 si qua aliunde putas rerum expectanda tuarum
 praesidia atque ideo croceae membrana tabellae
 impletur, lignorum aliquid posce ocus et quae
 componis dona Veneris, Telesine, marito, 25
 aut clude et positos tinea pertunde libellos.
 frange miser calamum vigilataque proelia dele,
 qui facis in parva sublimia carmina cella,
 ut dignus venias hederis et imagine macra.
 spes nulla ulterior ; didicit iam dives avarus 30
 tantum admirari, tantum laudare disertos,

¹ An inspiring spring on Mt. Helicon, sacred to the Muses.
² Apparently an auctioneer. ³ Apparently names of
 tragedies. ⁴ Easterns originally imported as slaves, who had
 risen to be equites. ⁵ i. e. as slaves from Galatia. ⁶ Vulcan.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VII

at a time when poets of name and fame thought of hiring baths at Gabii, or bakehouses in Rome, while others felt no shame in becoming public criers, and starving Clio herself, bidding adieu to the vales of Aganippe,¹ was flitting to the auction rooms. For if you see no prospect of earning a groat within the Muses' grove, you had better put up with Machaera's² name and profits and join in the battle of the sale-room, selling to the crowd winejars, tripods, book-cases and cupboards—the *Alcithoe* of Paccius, the *Thebes* or the *Tereus*³ of Faustus! How much better that than to say before a judge "I saw" what you did not see! Leave that to the Knights of Asia,⁴ of Bithynia and Cappadocia—gentry that were imported bare-footed⁵ from New Gaul!

¹⁷ But from this day forth no man who weaves the tuneful web of song and has bitten Apollo's laurel will be compelled to endure toil unworthy of his craft. To your task, young men! Your Prince is looking around and goading you on, seeking objects for his favour. If you expect patronage from any other quarter, and in that hope are filling up the parchment of your saffron tablet, you had better order faggots at once, Telesinus, and present your productions to the spouse⁶ of Venus; or else put away your tomes, and let bookworms bore holes in them where they lie. Break your pen, poor wretch; destroy the battles that have robbed you of your sleep—you that are inditing lofty strains in a tiny garret, that you may come forth worthy of a scraggy bust⁷ wreathed with ivy! No hope have you beyond that; your rich miser has now learnt only to admire, only to commend the

⁷ The busts of poets were wreathed with ivy (*doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, Hor. *Od.* 1. i. 29).

IVVENALIS SATVRA VII

ut pueri Iunonis avem. sed defluit aetas
 et pelagi patiens et cassidis atque ligonis.
 taedia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque suamque
 Terpsichoren odit facunda et nuda senectus. 35

Accipe nunc artes ne quid tibi conferat iste
 quem colis et Musarum et Apollinis aede relictā.
 ipse facit versus, atque uni cedit Homero
 propter mille annos. et si dulcedine famae
 succensus recites, maculosas¹ commodat aedes; 40
 haec longe ferrata domus servire iubetur,
 in qua sollicitas imitatur ianua portas.
 scit dare libertos extrema in parte sedentis
 ordinis et magnas comitum disponere voces :
 nemo dabit regum quanti subsellia constant 45
 et quae conducto pendent anabathra tigillo,
 quaeque reportandis posita est orchestra cathedris.
 nos tamen hoc agimus tenuique in pulvere sulcos
 ducimus et litus sterili versamus aratro.
 nam si discedas, laqueo tenet ambitiosi 50
 [consuetudo mali, tenet insanabile multos]²
 scribendi cacoethes et aegro in corde senescit.

Sed vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
 qui nil expositum soleat deducere nec qui

¹ *maculosas* Heinr.: *maculonsas* Ribb.Housm.: *maculonous*
 ψ: *maculonis* PGBüch.

² The text of lines 50-52 is evidently corrupt. Part of the
 passage seems to be a gloss, but, even if line 51 be eliminated,
 lines 50 and 52 can scarcely be translated though the general
 sense is clear.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VII

eloquent, just as boys admire the bird of Juno.¹ Meantime the years flow by that could have endured the sea, the helmet, or the spade; the soul becomes wearied, and an eloquent but penniless old age curses itself and its own Terpsichore!²

³⁶ And now learn the devices by which the patron for whose favour you desert the temples of the Muses and Apollo seeks to avoid spending anything on you. He writes verses of his own; yielding the palm to none but Homer—and that only because of his thousand years. If the sweets of fame fire you to give a recitation, he puts at your disposal a tumble-down house in some distant quarter, the door of which is closely barred like the gate of a beleaguered city. He knows how to supply you with freedmen to sit at the end of the rows, and how to distribute about the room the stalwart voices of his retainers: but none of your great men will give you as much as will pay for the benches, or for the tiers of seats resting on hired beams, or for the chairs in the front rows which will have to be returned when done with. Yet for all that, we poets stick to our task; we go on drawing furrows in the thin soil, and turning up the shore with unprofitable plough. For if you would give it up, the itch for writing and making a name holds you fast as with a noose, and becomes inveterate in your distempered brain.

⁵³ But your real poet, who has a vein of genius all his own—one who spins no hackneyed lays, and

¹ *i.e.* the peacock. ² Properly the Muse of Dancing; used here, like Clio above, for poetry in general.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VII

communi feriat carmen triviale moneta, 55
 hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum,
 anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
 inpatiens, cupidus silvarum aptusque bibendis
 fontibus Aonidum. neque enim cantare sub antro
 Pierio thyrsumque potest contingere maesta 60
 paupertas atque aeris inops, quo nocte dieque
 corpus eget : satur est cum dicit Horatius " euhoe !"
 quis locus ingenio, nisi cum se carmine solo
 vexant et dominis Cirrhae Nysaeque feruntur
 pectora vestra duas non admittentia curas ? 65
 magnae mentis opus, nec de lodice paranda
 attonitae, currus et equos faciesque deorum
 aspicere et qualis Rutulum confundat Erinys.
 nam si Vergilio puer et tolerabile dasset
 hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus hydri, 70
 surda nihil gerneret grave bucina : poscimus ut sit
 non minor antiquo Rubrenus Lappa cothurno,
 cuius et alveolos et laenam pignerat Atreus ?
 non habet infelix Numitor quod mittat amico :
 Quintillae quod donet habet, nec defuit illi 75
 unde emeret multa pascendum carne leonem
 iam domitum ; constat leviori belua sumptu
 nimirum et capiunt plus intestina poetae.
 Contentus fama iaceat Lucanus in hortis
 marmoreis, et Serrano tenuique Saleio 80
 gloria quantalibet quid erit, si gloria tantum est ?

¹ Apollo and Dionysus.

² Turnus. See Virg. *Aen.* viii. 445-450.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VII

whose pieces are struck from no common mint—such an one as I cannot point to, and only feel—is the product of a soul free from care, that knows no bitterness, that loves the woodlands, and is fitted to drink at the Muses' spring. For how can unhappy Poverty sing songs in the Pierian cave and grasp the thyrsus when it is short of cash, which the body has need of both by night and day? Horace's stomach was well filled when he shouted his cry of *Evoe!* Where can genius find a place except in a heart stirred by song alone, that shuts out every thought but one, and is swept along by the lords of Cirrha and of Nysa!¹ It needs a lofty soul, not one that is dismayed at the cost of a coverlet, to have visions of chariots and horses and Gods' faces, or to tell with what a mien the Fury confounded the Rutulian²: had Virgil possessed no slave, and no decent roof over his head, all the snakes would have fallen from the Fury's hair; no dread note would have boomed from her voiceless trumpet. Do we expect Rubrenus Lappa to be as great in the buskin as the ancients, when his *Atreus* has to be pawned for his cloak and crockery? Numitor, poor man, has nothing to give to a needy friend, though he is rich enough to send presents to his mistress, and he had enough, too, to buy a tamed lion that needed masses of meat for his keep. It costs less, no doubt, to keep a lion than a poet; the poet's belly is more capacious!

⁷⁹ Lucan,³ indeed, reclining amid the statues of his gardens, may be content with fame; but what will ever so much glory bring in to Serranus, or to the starving Saleius, if it be glory only? When

³ The famous author of the *Pharsalia*, M. Annaeus Lucanus, A. D. 39-65.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VII

curritur ad vocem iucundam et carmen amicae
 Thebaidos, laetam cum fecit Staius urbem
 promisitque diem: tanta dulcedine captos
 adfcit ille animos tantaque libidine volgi 85
 auditur; sed cum fregit subsellia versu,
 esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agauen.
 ille et militiae multis largitur honorem,
 semenstri digitos vatam circumligat auro:
 quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio; tu Camerinos 90
 et Baream, tu nobilium magna atria curas?
 praefectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.
 haut tamen inideas vati quem pulpita pascunt:
 quis tibi Maecenas, quis nunc erit aut Proculeius
 aut Fabius? quis Cotta iterum, quis Lentulus alter? 95
 tunc par ingenio pretium, tunc utile multis
 pallere et vinum toto nescire Decembri.

Vester porro labor fecundior, historiarum
 scriptores? perit¹ hic plus temporis atque olei plus.
 nullo quippe modo millensima pagina surgit 100
 omnibus et crescit multa damnosa papyro;
 sic ingens rerum numerus iubet atque operum lex.
 quae tamen inde seges? terrae quis fructus apertae?
 quis dabit historico quantum daret acta legenti?

¹ *perit* PFG: *petit* ψ.

¹ P. Papinius Staius, author of the *Thebais*, circ. A.D. 61-96.

² Paris, a famous pantomimic dancer. There were two of the name; one a favourite of Nero, executed by him as a rival, A.D. 67; the other a favourite of Domitian, also executed, A.D. 87. See Introduction.

³ The commanding officers of a Legion (*tribuni*) became *equites* after serving for six months. Claudius instituted the practice of making honorary appointments, without service, so as to bestow the title of *eques* on his favourites.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VII

Staius¹ has gladdened the city by promising a day, people flock to hear his pleasing voice and his loved *Thebais*; so charmed are their souls by his sweetness, with such rapture does the multitude listen to him. But when his verses have brought down the house, poor Staius will starve if he does not sell his virgin *Agave* to Paris²: for it is Paris who appoints men to military commands; it is Paris who puts the golden ring round the poet's finger after six months of service.³ You can get from a stage-player what no great man will give you: why frequent the spacious ante-chambers of the Bareae or the Camerini? It is *Pelopea*⁴ that appoints our Prefects, and *Philomela*⁴ our Tribunes! Yet you need not begrudge the bard who gains his living from the play-house: who nowadays will be a Maecenas⁵ to you, a Proculeius, or a Fabius? who another Cotta, or a second Lentulus? Genius in those days met with its due reward; many then found their profit in pale cheeks and in abjuring potations all through December.⁶

⁹⁸ And is *your* labour more remunerative, ye writers of history? More time, more oil, is wasted here; regardless of all limit, the pages run up to thousands; the pile of paper is ever mounting to your ruin. So ordains the vast array of facts, and the rules of the craft. But what harvest will you gather, what fruit, from the tilling of your land? Who will give to an historian as much as he gives to the man who reads out the news?

⁴ Names of pantomime plays.

⁵ A noble patron of letters, especially of Horace; for Proculeius, see *Hor. Od.* II. ii. 5. Paulus Fabius Maximus was the patron of Ovid; Cotta is panegyrised by Ovid, *Epp. ex P.* II. viii.; P. Lentulus Spinther helped to recall Cicero from banishment.

⁶ In reference to the festive season of the Saturnalia.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VII

“Sed genus ignavum, quod lecto gaudet et umbra.”	105
die igitur quid causidicis civilia praestent officia et magno comites in fasce libelli. ipsi magna sonant, sed tum cum creditor audit praecipue, vel si tetigit latus acrior illo qui venit ad dubium grandi cum codice nomen.	110
tunc immensa cavi spirant mendacia folles conspuiturque sinus: veram deprendere messem si libet, hinc centum patrimonia causidicorum, parte alia solum russati pone Lacertae. ¹ consedere duces, surgis tu pallidus Aiax	115
dicturus dubia pro libertate bubulco iudice. rumpe miser tensum iecur, ut tibi lasso figantur virides, scalarum gloria, palmae. quod vocis pretium? siccus petasunculus et vas pelamydum aut veteres, Maurorum epimenia, bulbi,	120
aut vinum Tiberi devectum, quinque lagonae. si quater egisti, si contigit aureus unus, inde cadunt partes ex foedere pragmaticorum. Aemilio dabitur quantum licet, et melius nos egimus; huius enim stat currus aeneus, alti	125
quadriiuges in vestibulis, atque ipse feroci	

¹ *Lacertae* ψ: *Lacernae* P.

¹ The *creditor* is one to whom the advocate owes money, and before whom he wishes to make a good appearance; the *acrior illo* is a litigant whom the advocate hopes to secure as a client.

² Spitting or slobbering on the breast was considered lucky, to obviate the evil results of boasting.

³ *Lacerta* is apparently the name of a charioteer.

⁴ Alluding to the contest between Ajax and Achilles for the arms of Achilles.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VII

105 "O but historians are a lazy crew, that delight in lounging and the shade." Tell me then what do pleaders get for their services in the courts, and for those huge bundles of papers which they bring with them? They talk big enough, especially if a creditor¹ of their own happens to be listening: or if, more urgent still, they get poked in the ribs by one who has brought a huge ledger to claim a doubtful debt. Then indeed do their capacious bellows pant forth prodigious lies! Then are their breasts be-slobbered!² and yet, if you want to discover their real gains, you may put on one side the fortunes of a hundred lawyers, on the other that of a single jockey of the Red!³ The great men are seated; you rise, a pale-faced Ajax,⁴ to declaim before a bumpkin judge in a case of contested liberty. Strain your lungs, poor fool, until they burst, that when exhausted by your labours some green palm-branches may be put up to adorn your garret.⁵ What fee will your voice bring in? A dried-up ham⁶; a jar of sprats; some veteran onions which would serve as rations for a Moor, or five flagons of wine that has sailed down the Tiber.⁷ If you have pled on four occasions, and been lucky enough to get a gold piece, a bit of it, as part of the compact, will go to the attorney. Aemilius will get the maximum legal fee,⁸ though he did not plead so well as we did; but then he has a bronze chariot in his forecourt, with four stately steeds, and an effigy

⁵ The advocate who had won a case would have his stair decorated.

⁶ Lawyers received presents in kind from their country clients.

⁷ *i.e.* poor wine; like the *vile Sabinum* of Hor. *Od.* i. xx. 1.

⁸ Aemilius was a noble; the Lex Cincia (B.C. 204) placed a limit upon lawyers' fees.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VII

bellatore sedens curvatum hastile minatur
 eminus et statua meditaturo proelia lusca.
 sic Pedo conturbat, Matho deficit, exitus hic est
 Tongilii, magno cum rhinocerote lavari 130
 qui solet et vexat lutulenta balnea turba,
 perque forum iuvenes longo premit assere Maedos
 empturus pueros argentum murrina villas;
 spondet enim Tyrio stlattaria purpura filo.
 et tamen est illis hoc utile: purpura vendit 135
 causicum, vendunt amethystina; convenit illi
 et strepitu et facie maioris vivere census,
 sed finem inpensae non servat prodiga Roma.

Fidimus eloquio¹? Ciceroni nemo ducentos
 nunc dederit nummos, nisi fulserit anulus ingens. 140
 respicit haec primum qui litigat, an tibi servi
 octo, decem comites, an post te sella, togati
 ante pedes. ideo conducta Paulus agebat
 sardonyche, atque ideo pluris quam Gallus agebat,
 quam Basilus. rara in tenui facundia panno. 145
 quando licet Basilo flentem producere matrem?
 quis bene dicentem Basilum ferat? accipiat te
 Gallia vel potius nutricula causicorum
 Africa, si placuit mercedem ponere linguae.

Declamare doces? o ferrea pectora Vetti, 150
 cum perimit saevos classis numerosa tyrannos.

¹ Instead of *fidimus eloquio* ψ has *ut redeant veteres*. See Housm., *Intro.* p. xxv.

¹ These men are ruined by imitating the extravagance of their betters.

² Flourishing schools of rhetoric were established under the early Empire in Gaul, Spain, and Africa.

of himself, seated on a gallant charger, brandishing from afar a bending spear, and practising for battle with one eye closed. That is how Pedo¹ becomes bankrupt, and how Matho¹ fails; and such will be the end of Tongilius, who frequents the baths with a huge oil-flask of rhinoceros horn, and disturbs the bathers with a mob of dirty retainers. His Maedian bearers are weighed down by the long poles of his litter as he passes through the Forum on his way to buy slaves or plate, agate vases or country houses; for that foreign robe of his, with its Tyrian purple, gains him credit. These gentlemen get profit out of this display; the purple or the violet robe brings practice to a lawyer; it pays him to live with a racket and an appearance beyond his means, and wasteful Rome sets no limits to extravagance.

¹³⁹ Trust in eloquence, indeed? Why, no one would give Cicero himself two hundred pence nowadays unless a huge ring were blazing on his finger. The first thing that a litigant looks to is, Have you eight slaves and a dozen retainers? Have you a litter to wait on you, and gowned citizens to walk before you? That is why Paulus used to hire a sardonyx ring; that is why he earned a higher fee than Gallus or Basilus. When is eloquence ever found beneath a shabby coat? When does Basilus get the chance of producing in court a weeping mother? Who would listen to him, however well he spoke? Better go to Gaul or to Africa,² that nursing mother of lawyers, if you would make a living by your tongue!

¹⁵⁰ Or do you teach rhetoric? O Vettius! what iron bowels must you have when your troop of scholars slays³ the cruel tyrant: when each in turn

³ *i.e.* in a rhetorical exercise.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VII

nam quaecumque sedens modo legerat, haec
 eadem stans
 perferet atque eadem cantabit versibus isdem ;
 occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.
 quis color et quod sit causae genus atque ubi
 summa 155
 quaestio, quae veniant diversa e parte¹ sagittae,
 nosse volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.
 "mercedem appellas ? quid enim scio ?" culpa
 docentis
 scilicet arguitur, quod laevae parte mamillae
 nil salit Arcadico iuveni, cuius mihi sexta 160
 quaque die miserum dirus caput Hannibal inplet,
 quidquid id est de quo deliberat, an petat urbem
 a Cannis, an post nimbos et fulmina cautus
 circumagat madidas a tempestate cohortes.
 quantum vis stipulare et protinus accipe : quid²
 do 165
 ut totiens illum pater audiat ? haec alii sex
 vel plures uno conclamant ore sophistae
 et veras agitant lites raptore relicto ;
 fusa venena silent, malus ingratusque maritus
 et quae iam veteres sanant mortaria caecos. 170
 Ergo sibi dabit ipse rudem, si nostra movebunt
 consilia, et vitae diversum iter ingreditur
 ad pugnam qui rhetorica descendit ab umbra,
 summula ne pereat qua vilis tessera venit

¹ *parte*. So ψ : P and Büch. have *forte*.

² *quid* PFGTU: *quod* ALO.

¹ For the meaning of *color*, see note on vi. 280.

² The English idiom would be "What would I *not* give."

³ *i. e.* teachers, especially of rhetoric.

⁴ The rhetor goes to law to recover his fees.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VII

stands up, and repeats what he has just been conning in his seat, reciting the self-same things in the self-same verses! Served up again and again, the cabbage is the death of the unhappy master! What complexion¹ should be put on the case; within what category it falls; what is the crucial point; what hits will be made on the other side—these are things which everyone wants to know, but for which no one is willing to pay. “Pay indeed? Why, what have I learnt?” asks the scholar. It is the teacher’s fault, of course, that the Arcadian youth feels no flutter in his left breast when he dins his “dire Hannibal” into my unfortunate head on every sixth day of the week, whatever be the question which he is pondering: whether he should make straight for the city from the field of Cannae, or whether, after the rain and thunder, he should lead around his cohorts, all dripping after the storm. Name any sum you please and you shall have it: what would I give² that the lad’s father might listen to him as often as I do! So cry half-a-dozen or more of our sophists³ in one breath, entering upon real lawsuits⁴ of their own, abandoning “The Ravisher” and forgetting all about “The Poisoner” or “The wicked and thankless Husband,” or the drugs that restore sight to the chronic blind.

¹⁷¹ And so, if my counsel goes for anything, I would advise the man who comes down from his rhetorical shade to fight for a sum that would buy a trumpery corn-ticket⁵—for that’s the most handsome fee he will ever get—to present himself with a discharge,⁶

⁵ A ticket for the gratuitous distributions of corn.

⁶ A retiring gladiator received a wooden sword (*rudis*) as a token of discharge.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VII

frumenti ; quippe haec merces lautissima. tempta 175
 Chrysogonus quanti doceat vel Polio quanti
 lautorum pueros : artem scindes¹ Theodori.

Balnea sescentis et pluris porticus in qua
 gestetur dominus quotiens pluit—anne serenum
 expectet spargatve luto iumenta recenti? 180

hic potius, namque hic mundae nitet ungula mulae.
 parte alia longis Numidarum fulta columnis
 surgat et argentem rapiat cenatio solem.
 quanticumque domus, veniet qui fercula docte
 componat,² veniet qui pulmentaria condit.³ 185

hos inter sumptus sestertia Quintiliano,
 ut multum, duo sufficient ; res nulla minoris
 constabit patri quam filius. “ unde igitur tot
 Quintilianus habet saltus? ” exempla novorum
 fatorum transi : felix et pulcer et acer, 190

felix et sapiens et nobilis et generosus
 adpositam nigrae lunam subtexit alutae ;
 felix orator quoque maximus et iaculator,
 et si perfrixit, cantat bene. distat enim quae
 sidera te excipiant modo primos incipientem 195

edere vagitus et adhuc a matre rubentem.
 si Fortuna volet, fiet⁴ de rhetore consul ;
 si volet haec eadem, fiet de consule rhetor.

¹ *scindens* Pψ : *scindes* conj. Iahn, confirmed by Voss. 64.

² *Componit* GT. P and most MSS. have *componat*. See Housm., *Journal of Phil.* No. 67, p. 41.

³ P has *condit* : LOU *condat* : *condiat* Lachmann.

⁴ *fies* pψ : *fiet* P.

¹ Chrysogonus was a singer (vi. 74), Pollio a player on the *cithara* (vi. 387).

² A famous rhetorician at Rhodes.

and enter upon some other walk of life. If you ask what fees Chrysogonus and Pollio¹ get for teaching music to the sons of our great men, you will tear up the *Rhetoric* of Theodorus.²

¹⁷⁸ Your great man will spend six hundred thousand sesterces upon his baths, and something more on the colonnade in which he is to drive on rainy days. What? Is he to wait for a clear sky, and bespatter his horses with fresh mud? How much better to drive where their hoofs will remain bright and spotless! Elsewhere let a banqueting hall arise, supported on lofty pillars of African marble, to catch the winter sun. And cost the house what it may, there will come a man to arrange the courses skilfully, and the man who makes up the tasty dishes. Amidst expenditure such as this two thousand sesterces will be enough, and more than enough, for Quintilian: there is nothing on which a father will not spend more money than on his son. "How then," you ask, "does Quintilian possess those vast domains?" Pass by cases of rare good fortune: the lucky man³ is both beautiful and brave, he is wise and noble and high-born; he sews on to his black shoe the crescent of the Senator. He is a great orator too, a good javelin-man, and if he chance to have caught a cold, he sings divinely. For it makes all the difference by what stars you are welcomed when you utter your first cry, and are still red from your mother's womb. If Fortune so choose, you will become a Consul from being a rhetor; if again she so wills, you will become a rhetor from being a Consul.

³ Juvenal sarcastically assigns to the lucky man all the qualities which the Stoics attributed to the *sapiens*. See Hor. *Epp.* i. i. 106-108. Juvenal probably had an eye to that passage.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VII

Ventidius quid enim? quid Tullius? anne aliud
 quam
 sidus et occulti miranda potentia fati? 200
 servis regna dabunt, captivis fata triumphum.
 felix ille tamen corvo quoque rarior albo.
 paenituit multos vanae sterilisque cathedrae,
 sicut Thrasimachi probat exitus atque Secundi
 Carrinatis; et hunc inopem vidistis, Athenae, 205
 nil praeter gelidas ausae conferre cicutas.
 di, maiorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram
 spirantisque crocos et in urna perpetuum ver,
 qui praeceptorem sancti voluere parentis
 esse loco. metuens virgae iam grandis Achilles 210
 cantabat patriis in montibus et cui non tunc
 eliceret risum citharoedi cauda magistri;
 sed Rufum atque alios caedit sua quemque iuventus,
 Rufum, quem totiens Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.
 Quis gremio Celadi doctique Palaemonis adfert 215
 quantum grammaticus meruit labor? et tamen ex hoc
 quodcumque est, minus est autem quam rhetoris aera,
 discipuli custos praemordet acoenonoetus¹
 et qui dispensat frangit sibi. cede, Palaemon,

¹ *acoenonoetus* PS: *acoenonetos*·U (ἀκοινώνητος "refusing to go shares").

¹ P. Ventidius Bassus rose from nothing to be consul B.C. 43; he triumphed over the Parthians.

² Cicero.

³ Both rhetoricians. Carrinas was banished by Caligula, and apparently hanged himself.

⁴ The reference must surely be to Socrates; though *illum* would have been more appropriate than *hunc*.

What of Ventidius¹ and Tullius?² What made their fortunes but the stars and the wondrous potency of secret Fate? The Fates will give kingdoms to a slave, and triumphs to a captive! Nevertheless that fortunate man is rare—rarer than a white crow. Many have repented them of the Professor's vain and unprofitable chair; witness the ends of Thrasy-machus³ and Secundus Carrinas.³ Him too didst thou see in poverty on whom thou, O Athens, hadst nothing better to bestow than a cup of cold hemlock!⁴ Grant, O Gods, that the earth may lie soft and light upon the shades of our forefathers: may the sweet-scented crocus and a perpetual spring-time bloom over their ashes; who deemed that the teacher should hold the place of a revered parent! Achilles trembled for fear of the rod when already of full age, singing songs in his native hills; nor would he then have dared to laugh at the tail of his musical instructor.⁵ But Rufus and the rest are cudgelled each by his own pupils—that Rufus⁶ whom they have so often styled “the Allobrogian Cicero.”

²¹⁵ Who pours into the lap of Celadus, or of the learned Palaemon,⁷ as much as their grammatical labours deserve? And yet, small as the fee is—and it is smaller than the rhetor's wage—the pupil's unfeeling⁸ attendant nibbles off a bit of it for himself; so too does the steward. But never mind,

⁵ Achilles was instructed in the lyre by the Centaur Chiron.

⁶ Rufus was apparently an Allobrogian. The Allobroges occupied the country between the Rhone and the Isère.

⁷ Q. Remmius Palaemon, a famous Roman grammarian in the time of Tiberius and Caligula.

⁸ *Acoenonoetus* is one of those Greek terms whose use Juvenal wishes to ridicule. The Scholiast explains it as *communi sensu carens*. See Mayor.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VII

et patere inde aliquid decrescere, non aliter
quam 220

institor hibernae tegetis niveique cadurci,
dummodo non pereat mediae quod noctis ab hora
sedisti, qua nemo faber, qua nemo sederet
qui docet obliquo lanam deducere ferro ;
dummodo non pereat totidem olfecisse lucernas 225
quot stabant pueri, cum totus decolor esset
Flaccus et haereret nigro fuligo Maroni.

Rara tamen merces quae cognitione tribuni
non egeat. sed vos saevas inponite leges,
ut praeceptorum verborum regula constet, 230
ut legat historias, auctores noverit omnes

tamquam ungues digitosque suos, ut forte rogatus
dum petit aut thermas aut Phoebi balnea, dicat
nutricem Anchisae, nomen patriamque novercae
Anchemoli, dicat quot Acestes vixerit annis, 235
quot Siculi Phrygibus vini donaverit urnas ;

exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
ut si quis cera voltum facit ; exigite ut sit
et pater ipsius coetus, ne turpia ludant,
ne faciant vicibus ; non est leve tot puerorum 240
observare manus oculosque in fine trementis.

“haec,” inquit, “cura, sed ¹ cum se verterit annus,
accipe, victori populus quod postulat, aurum.”

¹ *cura sed* G and one of Rupert's MSS.: *curas et* Pψ and Büch. (1893): *cures et* Owen.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VII

Palaemon; suffer some diminution of your wage, like the hawker who sells rags and white Gallic blankets for winter wear, if only it do not go for nothing that you have sat from early dawn in a hole which no blacksmith would put up with, no workman who teaches how to card wool with slanting tool: that it do not go for nothing to have snuffed up the odour of as many lamps as you had scholars in your class thumbing a discoloured Horace or a begrimed Virgil.

²²⁸ But it is seldom that the fee can be recovered without a judgment of the Court. And yet be sure, ye parents, to impose the strictest laws upon the teacher: he must never be at fault in his grammar; he must know all history, and have all the authorities at his finger-tips. If asked a chance question on his way to the baths, or to the establishment of Phoebus,¹ he must at once tell you who was the nurse of Anchises, what was the name and birth-place of Anchemolus'² step-mother, to what age Acestes lived, how many flagons of Sicilian wine he presented to the Trojans.³ Require of him that he shall mould the young minds as a man moulds a face out of wax with his thumb; insist that he shall be a father to the whole brood, so that they shall play no nasty game, and do no nasty trick—no easy matter to watch the hands and sparkling eyes of so many youngsters! "See to all this," you say, "and then, when the year comes round, receive the golden piece which the mob demands for a winning jockey."

¹ Probably a private bathing establishment.

² A warrior slain by Pallas. *Virg. Aen.* x. 389.

³ *Aen.* v. 73 foll.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VIII

SATVRA VIII

STEMMATA quid faciunt? quid prodest, Pontice,
 longo
 sanguine censeri, pictos ostendere vultus
 maiorum et stantis in curribus Aemilianos
 et Curios iam dimidios umerosque minorem
 Corvinum et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem? 5
 quis fructus generis tabula iactare capaci
 Corvinum,¹ posthac multa contingere virga
 fumosos equitum cum dictatore magistris,
 si coram Lepidis male vivitur? effigies quo
 tot bellatorum, si luditur alea pernox 10
 ante Numantinos, si dormire incipis ortu
 Luciferi, quo signa duces et castra movebant?
 cur Allobrogicis et magna gaudeat ara
 natus in Herculeo Fabius lare, si cupidus, si
 vanus et Euganea quantumvis mollior agna, 15
 si tenerum attritus Catinensi pumice lumbum
 squalentis traducit avos, emptorque veneni
 frangenda miseram funestat imagine gentem?
 tota licet veteres exornent undique cerae
 atria, nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus. 20

¹ *Corvinum* P etc.: Housm. conj. *pontifices*.

¹ Alluding to the younger Scipio, son of L. Aemilius Paulus, who according to rule took the name of Aemilianus after his adoption by P. Cornelius Scipio (son of Scipio Africanus major).

² Scipio the younger was called *Numantinus* after the capture of Numantia, B.C. 134.

SATIRE VIII

STEMMATA QUID FACIUNT?

WHAT avail your pedigrees? What boots it, Ponticus, to be valued for one's ancient blood, and to display the painted visages of one's forefathers—an Aemilianus¹ standing in his car; a half-crumbled Curius; a Corvinus who has lost a shoulder, or a Galba that has neither ear nor nose? Of what profit is it to boast a Fabius on your ample family chart, and thereafter to trace kinship through many a branch with grimy Dictators and Masters of the Horse, if in presence of the Lepidi you live an evil life? What signify all these effigies of warriors if you gamble all night long before your Numantine² ancestors, and begin your sleep with the rise of Lucifer, at an hour when our Generals of old would be moving their standards and their camps? Why should a Fabius, born in the home of Hercules,³ take pride in the title Allobrogicus,⁴ and in the Great Altar,⁵ if he be covetous and empty-headed and more effeminate than a Euganean⁶ lambkin; if his loins, rubbed smooth by Catanian⁷ pumice, throw shame on his shaggy-haired grandfathers; or if, as a trafficker in poison, he dishonour his unhappy race by a statue that will have to be broken in pieces? Though you deck your hall from end to end with ancient waxen images, Virtue is the one and only true nobility. Be

³ The Fabii pretended to be descended from Hercules.

⁴ Alluding to Q. Fabius Maximus Allobrogicus (B.C. 121).

⁵ The *ara maxima* of Hercules, near the Circus.

⁶ Fine pasture land in Venetia, where dwelt the Euganei.

⁷ From Catana near Mount Aetna.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VIII

Paulus vel Cossus vel Drusus moribus esto,
 hos ante effigies maiorum pone tuorum,
 praecedant ipsas illi te consule virgas.
 prima mihi debes animi bona. sanctus haberi
 iustitiaeque tenax factis dictisque mereris? 25
 agnosco procerem: salve Gaetulice, seu tu
 Silanus, quocumque alio de sanguine rarus
 civis et egregius patriae contingis ovanti,
 exclamare libet, populus quod clamat Osiri
 invento. quis enim generosum dixerit hunc qui 30
 indignus genere et praeclaro nomine tantum
 insignis? nanum cuiusdam Atlanta vocamus,
 Aethiopem Cyenum, pravam extortamque puellam
 Europen; canibus pigris scabieque vetusta 35
 levibus et siccae lambentibus ora lucernae
 nomen erit pardus tigris leo, si quid adhuc est
 quod fremat in terris violentius; ergo cavebis
 et metues ne tu sic¹ Creticus aut Camerinus.
 His ego quem monui? tecum est mihi sermo,
 Rubelli
 Blande. tumes alto Drusorum stemmate, tam-
 quam 40
 feceris ipse aliquid propter quod nobilis esses,
 ut te conciperet quae sanguine fulget Iuli,
 non quae ventoso conducta sub aggere texit.
 "vos humiles," inquis, "volgi pars ultima nostri,
 quorum nemo queat patriam monstrare parentis; 45
 ast ego Cecropides." vivas et originis huius
 gaudia longa feras. tamen ima plebe Quiritem

¹ sic H. Junius: si P: sis ψ.

¹ When a new Apis was born, the people shouted *εὐρήκαμεν, συγχαίρομεν*. Apis was supposed to be an incarnation of Osiris.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VIII

a Paulus, or a Cossus, or a Drusus in character; rank them before the statues of your ancestors; let them precede the fasces themselves when you are Consul. You owe me, first of all things, the virtues of the soul; prove yourself stainless in life, one who holds fast to the right both in word and deed, and I acknowledge you as a lord; all hail to you, Gaetulicus, or you, Silanus, or from whatever stock you come, if you have proved yourself to a rejoicing country a rare and illustrious citizen, we would fain cry what Egypt shouts when Osiris has been found.¹ For who can be called "noble" who is unworthy of his race, and distinguished in nothing but his name? We call some one's dwarf an "Atlas," his blackamoor "a swan"; an ill-favoured, misshapen girl we call "Europa"; lazy hounds that are bald with chronic mange, and who lick the edges of a dry lamp, will bear the names of "Pard," "Tiger," "Lion," or of any other animal in the world that roars more fiercely: take you care that it be not on that principle that you are a Creticus or a Camerinus!

³⁹ Who is it whom I admonish thus? It is to you, Rubellius Blandus,² that I speak. You are puffed up with the lofty pedigree of the Drusi, as though you had done something to make you noble, and to be conceived by one glorying in the blood of Iulus, rather than by one who weaves for hire under the windy rampart. "You others are dirt," you say; "the very scum of our populace; not one of you can point to his father's birthplace; but I am one of the Cecropidae!" Long life to you! May you long enjoy the glories of your birth! And yet among the

² Rubellius Blandus was married to Julia, grand-daughter of Tiberius. One of his descendants must be meant here.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VIII

facundum invenies : solet hic defendere causas
 nobilis indocti ; veniet de plebe togata
 qui iuris nodos et legum aenigmata solvat ; 50
 hinc¹ petit Euphraten iuvenis domitique Batavi
 custodes aquilas, armis industrius. at tu
 nil nisi Cecropides, truncoque simillimus Hermae :
 nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine quam quod
 illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago. 55

Dic mihi, Teucrorum proles : animalia muta
 quis generosa putet nisi fortia ? nempe volucrem
 sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palma
 fervet et exultat rauco victoria circo ;
 nobilis hic, quocumque venit de gramine, cuius 60
 clara fuga ante alios et primus in aequore pulvis.
 sed venale pecus Coryphaei posteritas et
 Hirpini, si rara iugo victoria sedit ;
 nil ibi maiorum respectus, gratia nulla
 umbrarum ; dominos pretiis mutare iubentur 65
 exiguis, trito ducunt epiraedia collo
 segnipedes dignique molam versare nepotes.
 ergo ut miremur te, non tua, privum aliquid da,
 quod possim titulis incidere praeter honores
 quos illis damus ac dedimus, quibus omnia debes. 70

Haec satis ad iuvenem quem nobis fama superbum
 tradit et inflatum plenumque Nerone propinquo ;
 rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
 fortuna. sed te censeri laude tuorum,

¹ *hinc* conj. by Weidner and confirmed by GU: Pψ have *hic*.

¹ Famous racers.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VIII

lowest rabble you will find a Roman who has éloquence, one who will plead the cause of the unlettered noble ; you must go to the toga-clad herd for a man to untie the knots and riddles of the law. From them will come the brave young soldier who marches to the Euphrates, or to the eagles that guard the conquered Batavians, while you are nothing but a Cecropid, the image of a limbless Hermes ! For in no respect but one have you the advantage over him : his head is of marble, while yours is a living effigy !

⁵⁶ Tell me, thou scion of the Trojans, who deems a dumb animal well-born unless it be strong ? It is for this that we commend the swift horse whose speed sets every hand aglow, and fills the Circus with the hoarse shout of victory ; that horse is noblest, on whatever pasture reared, whose rush outstrips the rest, and whose dust is foremost upon the plain. But the offspring of Coryphaeus¹ or Hirpinus¹ comes to the hammer if Victory light but seldom on his car : no respect is there paid to ancestors, no favour is shown to Shades ! The slow of foot, that are fit only to turn a miller's wheel, pass, for a mere nothing, from one owner to another, and gall their necks against the collar. So, if I am to respect yourself, and not your belongings, give me something of your own to engrave among your titles, in addition to those honours which we pay, and have paid, to those to whom you owe your all.

⁷¹ Enough this for the youth whom report has handed down to us as proud and puffed up with his kinship to Nero : for in those high places regard for others is rarely to be found. But for you, Ponticus, I cannot wish that you should be valued for the

IVVENALIS SATVRA VIII

Pontice, noluerim sic ut nihil ipse futurae 75
 laudis agas. miserum est aliorum incumbere famaе,
 ne conlapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.
 stratus humi palmes viduas desiderat ulmos.
 esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
 integer; ambiguae si quando citabere testis 80
 incertaeque rei, Phalaris licet imperet ut sis
 falsus et admoto dictet periuria tauro,
 summum crede nefas animam praeferre pudori,
 et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.
 dignus morte perit, cenet licet ostrea centum 85
 Gaurana et Cosmi toto mergatur aeno.

Expectata diu tandem provincia cum te
 rectorem accipiet,¹ pone irae frena modumque,
 pone et avaritiae, miserere inopum sociorum:
 ossa vides rerum² vacuis exucta medullis; 90
 respice quid moneant leges, quid curia mandet,
 praemia quanta bonos maneant, quam fulmine iusto
 et Capito et Numitor ruerint damnante senatu,
 piratae Cilicum. sed quid damnatio confert?
 praeconem, Chaerippe, tuis circumspice pannis, 95
 cum Pansa eripiat quidquid tibi Natta reliquit,
 iamque tace; furor est post omnia perdere naulum.

¹ *accipiet* ψ: *accipiat* PAF.

² *rerum* PFGU: *regum* ALOT.

¹ The famous tyrant of Agrigentum, who slowly roasted his victims in a brazen bull.

² Gaurus was a hill overlooking the Lucrine lake.

³ A well-known perfumer.

⁴ Condemned for extortion in Cilicia. See Tac. *Ann.* xiii. 33.

⁵ The word *piratae* is used because the Cilicians were notorious pirates.

⁶ The native Cilicians reap no benefit from the condemnation of the governors.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VIII

glories of your race while doing nothing that shall bring you praise in the days to come. It is a poor thing to lean upon the fame of others, lest the pillars give way and the house fall down in ruin. The vine-shoot, trailing upon the ground, longs for the widowed elm. Be a stout soldier, a faithful guardian, and an incorruptible judge; if summoned to bear witness in some dubious and uncertain cause, though Phalaris¹ himself should bring up his bull and dictate to you a perjury, count it the greatest of all sins to prefer life to honour, and to lose, for the sake of living, all that makes life worth having. The man who merits death is already dead, though he dine off a hundred Lucrine² oysters, and bathe in a whole cauldron of Cosmus'³ essences.

⁸⁷ When you enter your long-expected Province as its Governor, set a curb and a limit to your passion, as also to your greed; have compassion on the impoverished provincials, whose very bones have been sucked dry of marrow; have regard to what the law ordains, what the Senate enjoins; consider what honours await the good ruler, with what a just thunderstroke the Senate hurled down Capito and Numitor,⁴ those plunderers⁵ of the Cilicians. Yet what profit was there from their condemnation?⁶ Look out for an auctioneer, Chaerippus,⁷ to sell your chattels, seeing that Pansa has stripped you of all that Natta left. And hold your tongue about it; when all else is gone, it is madness to throw away your passage-money.⁸

⁷ Chaerippus is a Cilician native who is advised to sell anything he has left. Pansa and Natta are fictitious names to denote the plundering governors.

⁸ *i.e.* the fee to be given to Charon for the passage over the Styx. Some take it of the passage-money to Rome.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VIII

Non idem gemitus olim neque vulnus erat par
 damnorum sociis florentibus et modo victis.
 plena domus tunc omnis, et ingens stabat acervus 100
 nummorum, Spartana chlamys, conchyliæ Coa,
 et cum Parrhasii tabulis signisque Myronis
 Phidiacum vivebat ebur, nec non Polycliti
 multus ubique labor, raræ sine Mentore mensæ.
 inde Dolabella atque hinc Antonius, inde 105
 sacrilegus Verres referebant navibus altis
 occulta spolia et plures de pace triumphos.
 nunc socii iuga pauca boum, grex parvus equarum,
 et pater armenti capto eripietur agello,
 ipsi deinde Lares, si quod spectabile signum, 110
 si quis in aedicula deus unicus; hæc etenim sunt
 pro summis, iam¹ sunt hæc maxima. despicias tu
 forsitan inbellis Rhodios unctamque Corinthon;
 despicias merito: quid resinata iuventus
 cruraque totius facient tibi levia gentis? 115
 horrida vitanda est Hispania, Gallicus axis
 Illyricumque latus; parce et messoribus illis
 qui saturant urbem circo scaenæque vacantem;
 quanta autem inde feres tam diræ præmia culpæ,
 cum tenuis nuper Marius discinxerit Afros? 120
 curandum in primis ne magna iniuria fiat

¹ iam conj. by Büch.: nam Pψ and Büch. (1893): Housm.
 conj. quis.

¹ These are all names of famous Greek artists of the third and fourth centuries.

² Cornelius Dolabella, condemned of extortion in Cilicia, B.C. 78.

³ C. Antonius, uncle of Mark Antony, expelled from the Senate for extortion, B.C. 70.

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⁹⁸ Very different in days of old were the wailings of our allies and the harm inflicted on them by losses, when they had been newly conquered and were wealthy still. Their houses then were all well-stored; they had piles of money, with Spartan mantles and Coan purples; beside the paintings of Parrhasius, and the statues of Myron, stood the living ivories of Phidias; everywhere the works of Polyclitus were to be seen; few tables were without a Mentor.¹ But after that came now a Dolabella,² now an Antonius,³ and now a sacrilegious Verres,⁴ loading big ships with secret spoils, peace-trophies more numerous than those of war. Nowadays, on capturing a farm, you may rob our allies of a few yoke of oxen, or a few mares, with the sire of the herd; or of the household gods themselves, if there be a good statue left, or a single Deity in his little shrine; such are the best and choicest things to be got now. You despise perchance, and deservedly, the unwarlike Rhodian and the scented Corinthian: what harm will their resined⁵ youths do you, or the smooth legs of the entire breed? But keep clear of rugged Spain, avoid the land of Gaul and the Dalmatian shore; spare, too, those harvesters⁶ who fill the belly of a city that has no leisure save for the Circus and the play: what great profit can you reap from outrages upon Libyans, seeing that Marius⁷ has so lately stripped Africa to the skin? Beware above all things to do no wrong to men who are at

⁴ C. Verres, propraetor of Sicily B.C. 73-70, attacked by Cicero in his famous Verrine orations.

⁵ Resin was used as a depilatory.

⁶ *i. e.* of Africa, whence came the main part of the Roman supplies of corn. ⁷ See n. to i. 49.

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fortibus et miseris. tollas licet omne quod usquam
est

auri atque argenti: scutum gladiumque relinques.
[et iaculum et galeam spoliatis arma supersunt.]

Quod modo proposui, non est sententia: verum
est, 125

credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllae.
si tibi sancta cohors comitum, si nemo tribunal
vendit acersecomes, si nullum in coniuge crimen
nec per conventus et cuncta per oppida curvis
unguibus ire parat nummos raptura Celaeno, 130

tum licet a Pico numeres genus, altaque si te
nomina delectant, omnem Titanida pugnam
inter maiores ipsumque Promethea ponas,
de quocumque voles proavum tibi sumito libro.
quod si praecipitem rapit ambitio atque libido, 135

si frangis virgas sociorum in sanguine, si te
delectant hebetes lasso lictore secures,
incipit ipsorum contra te stare parentum
nobilitas claramque facem praeferre pudendis.
omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se 140

crimen habet, quanto maior qui peccat habetur.
quo mihi te solitum falsas signare tabellas
in templis quae fecit avus statuamque parentis
ante triumphalem? quo, si nocturnus adulter
tempora Santonico velas adoperta cucullo? 145

Praeter maiorum cineres atque ossa volucris
carpento rapitur pinguis Lateranus, et ipse,

¹ A mythical Latin king, son of Saturn, and father of Faunus.

once brave and miserable. You may take from them all the gold and silver that they have; but plundered though they be, they will still have their arms; they will still have their shields and their swords, their javelins and helmets.

¹²⁵ What I have just propounded is no mere theme, it is the truth; you may take it that I am reading out to you one of the Sibyl's leaves. If your whole staff be incorruptible: if no long-haired Ganymede sells your judgments; if your wife be blameless; if, in your circuit through the towns and districts, there is no Harpy ready to pounce with crooked talons upon gold,—then you may trace back your race to Picus¹; if you delight in lofty names, you may count the whole array of Titans, and Prometheus himself, among your ancestors, and select for yourself a great-grandfather from whatever myth you please. But if you are carried away headlong by ambition and by lust; if you break your rods upon the bleeding backs of our allies; if you love to see your axes blunted and your heads-men weary, then the nobility of your own parents begins to rise up in judgment against you, and to hold a glaring torch over your misdeeds. The greater the sinner's name, the more signal the guiltiness of the sin. If you are wont to put your signature to forged deeds, what matters it to me that you sign them in temples built by your grandfather, or in front of the triumphal statue of your father? What does that matter, if you steal out at night for adultery, your brow concealed under a cowl of Gallic wool?

¹⁴⁶ The bloated Lateranus whirls past the bones and ashes of his ancestors in a rapid car; with his

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ipse rotam adstringit sufflamine mulio¹ consul.
 nocte quidem, sed Luna videt, sed sidera testes
 intendunt oculos. finitum tempus honoris 150
 cum fuerit, clara Lateranus luce flagellum
 sumet et occursum numquam trepidabit amici
 iam senis ac virga prior annuet, atque maniplos
 solvet et infundet iumentis hordea lassis.
 interea, dum lanatas robumque iuvenum 155
 more Numae caedit, Iovis ante altaria iurat
 solam Eponam et facies olida ad praesepia pictas.
 sed cum pervigiles placet instaurare popinas,
 obvius adsiduo Syrophoenix unctus amomo
 currit, Idymaeae Syrophoenix incola portae, 160
 hospitis adfectu dominum regemque salutat,
 et cum venali Cyane succincta lagona.

Defensor culpae dicet mihi "fecimus et nos
 haec iuvenes." esto, desisti nempe nec ultra
 fovisti errorem. breve sit quod turpiter audes; 165
 quaedam cum prima resecentur crimina barba.
 indulge veniam pueris: Lateranus ad illos
 thermarum calices inscriptaque lintea vadit
 maturus bello Armeniae Syriaeque tuendis
 annibus et Rheno atque Histro; praestare Nero-
 nem 170

securum valet haec aetas. mitte Ostia, Caesar,
 mitte, sed in magna legatum quaere popina;
 invenies aliquo cum percussore iacentem,
 permixtum nautis et furibus ac fugitivis,

¹ All edd. before Bücheler (1886) read *multo*. The true reading *mulio* was found in the *Florilegium Sangallense* and is confirmed elsewhere. See Duff's and Housman's notes on the passage.

¹ Lateranus is called *mulio* as a term of reproach.

² A low quarter of Rome; perhaps the Jews' quarter.

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own hands this muleteer¹ Consul locks the wheel with the drag. It is by night, indeed: but the moon looks on; the stars strain their eyes to see. When his time of office is over, Lateranus will take up his whip in broad daylight; not shrinking to meet a now-aged friend, he will be the first to salute him with his whip; he will unbind the trusses of hay, and deal out the fodder to his weary cattle. Meanwhile, though he slays woolly victims and tawny steers after Numa's fashion, he swears by no other deity before Jove's high altar than the Goddess of horse-flesh, and the images painted on the reeking stables. And when it pleases him to go back to the all-night tavern, a Syro-Phoenician runs forth to meet him—a denizen of the Idumæan gate² perpetually drenched in perfumes—and salutes him as lord and prince with all the airs of a host; and with him comes Cyane, her dress tucked up, carrying a flagon of wine for sale.

¹⁶³ An apologist will say to me, "We too did the same as boys." Perhaps: but then you ceased from your follies and let them drop. Let your evil days be short; let some of your misdoings be cut off with your first beard.³ Boys may be pardoned; but when Lateranus frequented those hot liquor shops with their inscribed linen awnings, he was of ripe age, fit to guard in arms the Armenian and Syrian rivers, the Danube and the Rhine; fit to protect the person of his Emperor. Send your Legate to Ostia, O Caesar, but search for him in some big cookshop! There you will find him, lying cheek-by-jowl beside a cut-throat, in the company of bargees, thieves, and

³ The first cutting off of the beard of a son or a favourite was attended with some ceremony.

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inter carnifices et fabros sandapilarum 175
 et resupinati cessantia tympana galli.
 aequa ibi libertas, communia pocula, lectus
 non alius cuiquam, nec mensa remotior ulli.
 quid facias talem sortitus, Pontice, servum?
 nempe in Lucanos aut Tusca ergastula mittas. 180
 at vos, Troiugenae, vobis ignoscitis, et quae
 turpia cerdoni, Volesos Brutumque decebunt.
 Quid si numquam adeo foedis adeoque pudendis
 utimur exemplis, ut non peiora supersint?
 consumptis opibus vocem, Damasippe, locasti 185
 sipario, clamosum ageres ut Phasma Catulli.
 Laureolum velox etiam bene Lentulus egit,
 iudice me dignus vera cruce. nec tamen ipsi
 ignoscas populo; populi frons durior huius
 qui sedet et spectat triscurria patriciorum 190
 planipedes audit Fabios, ridere potest qui
 Mamercorum alapas. quanti sua funera vendant
 quid refert? vendunt nullo cogente Nerone,
 nec dubitant celsi praetoris vendere ludis.
 finge tamen gladios inde atque hinc pulpita
 poni,¹ 195
 quid satius? mortem sic quisquam exhorruit, ut sit
 zelotypus Thymeles, stupidi collega Corinthi?

¹ *poni* P; *pone* ψ.

¹ Private prisons in which gangs of slaves were kept in irons.

² *Siparium* was a curtain separating the front part of the stage, on which mimes were acted, from the back.

³ A writer of *mimi*.

⁴ A highwayman who was crucified.

⁵ Actors in mimes wore no shoes.

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runaway slaves, beside hangmen and coffin-makers, or of some eunuch priest lying drunk with idle timbrels. Here is Liberty Hall! One cup serves for everybody; no one has a bed to himself, nor a table apart from the rest. What would you do, friend Ponticus, if you chanced upon a slave like this? You would send him to your Lucanian or Tuscan bridewell.¹ But you gentlemen of Trojan blood find excuses for yourselves; what would disgrace a huckster sits gracefully on a Volesus or a Brutus!

¹⁸³ What if I can never cite any example so foul and shameful that there is not something worse behind? Your means exhausted, Damasippus, you hired out your voice to the stage,² taking the part of the Clamorous Ghost of Catullus.³ The nimble Lentulus acted famously the part of Laureolus⁴: deserving, in my judgment, to be really and truly crucified. Nor can the spectators themselves be forgiven: the populace that with brazen front sits and beholds the triple buffooneries of our patricians, that can listen to a bare-footed⁵ Fabius, and laugh to see the Mamerci cuffing each other. What matters it at what price they sell their deaths?⁶ No Nero compels them to sell; yet they hesitate not to sell themselves at the games of the exalted Praetor. And yet suppose that on one side of you were placed a sword, on the other the stage: which were the better choice? Was ever any man so afraid of death that he would choose to be the jealous husband of a Thymele, or the colleague of the clown Corinthus? Yet when an Emperor⁷

⁶ "To sell their deaths" is equivalent to "to sell their lives." The word *funera* may also suggest that these degenerate nobles are destroying the old glories of their families.

⁷ Nero.

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res haut mira tamen citharoedo principe mimus
nobilis. haec ultra quid erit nisi ludus? et illic
dedecus urbis habes, nec murmillonis in armis 200
nec clipeo Gracchum pugnantem aut falce supina;
damnat enim tales habitus, sed damnat et odit;
nec galea faciem abscondit; movet ecce tridentem.
postquam vibrata pendentia retia dextra
nequiquam effudit, nudum ad spectacula voltum 205
erigit et tota fugit agnoscendus harena.
credamus tunicae, de faucibus aurea cum se
porrigat et longo iactetur spira galero.
ergo ignominiam graviorem pertulit omni
vulnere cum Graccho iussus pugnare secutor. 210
Libera si dentur populo suffragia, quis tam
perditus ut dubitet Senecam praeferre Neroni?
cuius supplicio non debuit una parari
simia nec serpens unus nec culleus unus.
par Agamemnonidae crimen, sed causa facit rem 215
dissimilem: quippe ille deis auctoribus ultor
patris erat caesi media inter pocula. sed nec
Electrae iugulo se polluit aut Spartani
sanguine coniugii, nullis aconita propinquis
miscuit, in scaena numquam cantavit Orestes, 220

¹ The phrase *falce supina* = "a sickle on its back"; the point of the weapon was bent backwards instead of forwards.

² It was a disgrace for Gracchus to fight as a *retiarius*. Having no armour, he had to run away if he missed his throw with the net. His adversary was fully armed.

³ *Galerus* or *galerum* was probably a kind of helmet or cap. The Schol. here says *Galerus est humero impositus gladiatoris*. See Duff and Mayor.

⁴ Seneca had to open his veins by Nero's order.

⁵ The ancient punishment for parricide was that the criminal should be tied up in a sack along with a dog, an ape, a snake, and a cock, and then cast into the sea.