

has taken to harp-playing, it is not so very strange that a noble should act in a mime. Beyond this, what will be left but the gladiatorial school? And that scandal too you have seen in our city: a Gracchus fighting, not indeed as a murmillo, nor with the round shield and scimitar¹; such accoutrements he rejects, ay rejects and detests; nor does a helmet shroud his face. See how he wields his trident! and when with poised right hand he has cast the trailing net in vain, he lifts up his bare face to the benches and flies, for all to recognise, from one end of the arena to the other.² We cannot mistake the golden tunic that flutters from his throat, and the twisted cord that dangles from the high-crowned cap³; and so the pursuer who was pitted against Gracchus endured a shame more grievous than any wound.

²¹¹ If free suffrage were granted to the people, who would be so abandoned as not to prefer Seneca⁴ to Nero—Nero, for whose chastisement no single ape or adder, no solitary sack,⁵ should have been provided? His crime was like that of Agamemnon's son⁶; but the case was not the same, seeing that Orestes, at the bidding of the Gods, was avenging a father slain in his cups.⁷ Orestes never stained himself with Electra's blood, or with that of his Spartan wife⁸; he never mixed poison-drafts for his own kin; he never sang upon the stage,⁹ he never

⁶ Orestes slew his mother Clytemnestra in revenge for the murder of his father. But he did not slay a sister or a wife as Nero slew his wife Octavia and his half-sister Antonia.

⁷ So Homer, *Od.* xi. 409. The tragedian's story is that Agamemnon was slain in his bath. ⁸ Hermione.

⁹ In the year A.D. 59 Nero presented himself upon the stage (*Tac. Ann.* xiv. 15). In A.D. 67-8 he made a tour of the Greek games and won prizes at many musical contests.

IVVENALIS SATVRA VIII

Troica non scripsit. quid enim Verginius armis
 debuit ulcisci magis aut cum Vindice Galba,
 quod¹ Nero tam saeva crudaque tyrannide fecit?
 haec opera atque hae sunt generosi principis artes,
 gaudentis foedo peregrina ad pulpita cantu 225
 prostitui Graiaequae apium meruisse coronae.
 maiorum effigies habeant insignia vocis,
 ante pedes Domiti longum tu pone Thyestae
 syrma vel Antigones vel personam Melanippes,
 et de marmoreo citharam suspende colosso. 230

Quid, Catilina, tuis natalibus atque Cethegi
 inveniet quisquam sublimius? arma tamen vos
 nocturna et flammis domibus templisque paratis,
 ut braccatorum pueri Senonumque minores,
 ausi quod liceat tunica punire molesta. 235
 sed vigilat consul vexillaque vestra coercet;
 hic novus Arpinas, ignobilis et modo Romae
 municipalis eques, galeatum ponit ubique
 praesidium attonitis et in omni monte laborat.
 tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi 240

¹ *quod* Madvig: *quid* Pψ.

¹ Verginius Rufus, Legate of Upper Germany, defeated the revolting Vindex, and refused to be named emperor after Galba's death in A.D. 69.

² C. Julius Vindex, propraetor of the province Lugdunensis, revolted against Nero in A.D. 68, and was defeated by Verginius.

³ Not the father of Nero, but one of his distinguished ancestors on his father's side. Nero's name before his adoption by Claudius was L. Domitius Ahenobarbus.

⁴ Tragic parts acted by Nero.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VIII

wrote an Epic upon Troy! For of all the deeds of Nero's cruel and bloody tyranny, which was there that more deserved to be avenged by the arms of a Verginius,¹ of a Vindex² or a Galba? These were the deeds, these the graces of our high-born Prince, whose delight it was to prostitute himself by unseemly singing upon a foreign stage, and to earn a chaplet of Greek parsley! Let thy ancestral images be decked with the trophies of thy voice! Place thou at the feet of a Domitius³ the trailing robe of Thyestes⁴ or Antigone,⁴ or the mask of Melanippa,⁴ and hang up thy harp on a colossus⁵ of marble!

²³¹ Where can be found, O Catiline, nobler ancestors than thine, or than thine, Cethegus?⁶ Yet you plot a night attack, you prepare to give our houses and temples to the flames as though you were the sons of trousered⁷ Gauls, or sprung from the Senones,⁸ daring deeds that deserved the shirt of torture.⁹ But our Consul¹⁰ is awake, and beats back your hosts. Born at Arpinum, of ignoble blood, a municipal knight new to Rome, he posts helmeted men at every point to guard the affrighted citizens, and is alert on every hill. Thus within the walls his toga won for him as much name and honour as Octavius

⁵ This is doubtless meant as a hit at the famous bronze Colossus of Nero.

⁶ C. Cornelius Cethegus was the most prominent associate of Catiline in the long-nursed conspiracy which was crushed by Cicero as consul in B.C. 63.

⁷ Narbonese Gaul was called *bracata* because its inhabitants wore trousers.

⁸ The Gauls who defeated the Romans in the battle of the Allia, B.C. 390.

⁹ A shirt lined with pitch in which the victims were burnt to death. See above i. 115 and Tac. *Ann.* xv. 44.

¹⁰ Cicero.

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nominis ac tituli, quantum in ¹ Leucade, quantum
 Thessaliae campis Octavius abstulit udo
 caedibus adsiduis gladio; sed Roma parentem,
 Roma patrem patriae Ciceronem libera dixit.
 Arpinas alius Volscorum in monte solebat 245
 poscere mercedes alieno lassus aratro,
 nodosam post haec frangebatur vertice vitem,
 si lentus pigra muniret castra dolabra;
 hic tamen et Cimbros et summa pericula rerum
 excipit et solus trepidantem protegit urbem. 250
 atque ideo, postquam ad Cimbros stragemque
 volabant
 qui numquam attigerant maiora cadavera corvi,
 nobilis ornatur lauro collega secunda.
 Plebeiae Deciorum animae, plebeia fuerunt
 nomina; pro totis legionibus hi tamen et pro 255
 omnibus auxiliis atque omni pube Latina
 sufficiunt dis infernis Terraeque parenti;
 [pluris enim Decii quam quae servantur ab illis.]
 Ancilla natus trabeam et diadema Quirini
 et fasces meruit, regum ultimus ille bonorum. 260
 prodita laxabant portarum claustra tyrannis
 exulibus iuvenes ipsius consulis et quos

¹ If we read *in* with PSGU the line is deficient metrically.
 ψ has *non*: Owen conj. *vi*.

¹ The island of Leucas here stands for the battle of Actium, though it was many miles distant from the place where the battle was fought.

² The battle of Philippi (B.C. 42) is meant, though Philippi was in Macedonia, not in Thessaly. The battle fought in Thessaly was the battle of Pharsalia, B.C. 49. The Roman poets confound the two battles.

JUVENAL, SATIRE VIII

gained by battle in Leucas¹; as much as Octavius won by his blood-dripping sword on the plains of Thessaly²; but then Rome was yet free when she styled him the Parent and Father of his country! Another son of Arpinum³ used to work for hire upon the Volscian hills, toiling behind a plough not his own; after that, a centurion's knotty staff would be broken over his head⁴ if his pick were slow and sluggish in the trench. Yet it is he who faces the Cimbri,⁵ and the mightiest perils; alone he saves the trembling city. And so when the ravens, who had never before seen such huge carcasses, flew down upon the slaughtered Cimbri, his high-born colleague is decorated with the second bay.

²⁵⁴ Plebeian were the souls of the Decii,⁶ plebeian were their names; yet they were accepted by the Gods beneath and by Mother Earth in lieu of all the Legions and the allies, and all the youth of Latium, for the Decii were more precious than the hosts whom they saved.

²⁵⁹ It was one born of a slave who won the robe and diadem and fasces of Quirinus—the last he of our good Kings⁷—whereas the Consul's own sons, who should have dared some great thing for endangered liberty—some deed to be marvelled at by

¹ C. Marius.

⁴ *i.e.* he served as a private soldier.

⁵ The Cimbri and Teutones were utterly defeated by Marius and his colleague Q. Lutatius Catulus on the Raudian plain in B.C. 101. Catulus shared in the triumph, but all the honour was given to Marius.

⁶ P. Decius Mus, in the Latin War, B.C. 340, gained the victory for the Romans by devoting himself and the enemy to destruction; his son did the same in the battle of Sentinum, B.C. 295.

⁷ Servius Tullius.

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magnum aliquid dubia pro libertate deceret,
 quod miraretur cum Coclite Mucius et quae
 imperii fines Tiberinum virgo natavit : 265

occulta ad patres produxit crimina servus
 matronis lugendus, at illos verbera iustis
 adficiunt poenis et legum prima securis.

Malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis
 Aeacidæ similis Vulcaniaque arma capessas, 270
 quam te Thersitæ similem producat Achilles.
 et tamen, ut longe repetas longæque revolvās
 nomen, ab infami gentem deducis asylo :
 maiorum primus, quisquis fuit ille, tuorum
 aut pastor fuit aut illud quod dicere nolo. 275

SATVRA IX

SCIRE velim, quare totiens mihi, Naevole, tristis
 occurras, fronte obducta ceu Marsya victus.
 quid tibi cum vultu, qualem deprensus habebat
 Ravola, dum Rhodopes uda terit inguina barba ?
 nos colaphum incutimus lambenti crustula servo. 5
 non erit hac facie miserabilior Crepereius

¹ Horatius Cocles, who "kept the bridge so well"; Mucius Scaevola, to show his courage, put his hand into the flames in Porsena's camp.

JUVENAL, SATIRE IX

Mucius or Cocles,¹ or by the maiden² who swam across the river-boundary of our realm—were for traitorously loosing the bolts of the city gates to the exiled tyrants. It was a slave—well worthy he to be bewailed by matrons—who revealed the secret plot to the Fathers, while the sons met their just punishment from scourging and from the axe then first used in the cause of Law.

²⁶⁹ I would rather that Thersites were your father if only you were like the grandson of Aeacus,³ and could wield the arms of Vulcan, than that you should have been begotten by Achilles and be like Thersites. Yet, after all, however far you may trace back your name, however long the roll, you derive your race from an ill-famed asylum: the first of your ancestors, whoever he was, was either a shepherd or something that I would rather not name.

SATIRE IX

THE SORROWS OF A REPROBATE

I SHOULD like to know, Naevolus, why you so often look gloomy when I meet you, knitting your brow like a vanquished Marsyas.⁴ What have you to do with the look that Ravola wore when caught playing that dirty trick with Rhodope? If a slave takes a lick at the pastry, he gets a thrashing for his pains! Why do you look as woe-begone as Crepereius Pollio

² Cloelia, the hostage who escaped by swimming across the Tiber.

³ Achilles is called *Aeacides* as he was the grandson of Aeacus.

⁴ Flayed by Apollo when beaten in a musical contest.

IVVENALIS SATVRA IX

Pollio, qui triplicem usuram praestare paratus
 circumit et fatuos non invenit. unde repente
 tot rugae? certe modico contentus agebas
 vernam equitem, conviva ioco mordente facetus 10
 et salibus vehemens intra pomeria natis.
 omnia nunc contra: vultus gravis, horrida siccae
 silva comae, nullus tota nitor in cute, qualem
 Bruttia praestabat calidi tibi fascia visci,¹
 sed fruticante pilo neglecta et squalida crura. 15
 quid macies aegri veteris, quem tempore longo
 torret quarta dies olimque domestica febris?
 deprendas animi tormenta latentis in aegro
 corpore, deprendas et gaudia; sumit utrumque
 inde habitum facies. igitur flexisse videris 20
 propositum et vitae contrarius ire priori.
 nuper enim, ut repeto, fanum Isidis et Ganymedem
 Pacis et advectae secreta Palatia matris
 et Cererem (nam quo non prostat femina templo?)
 notior Aufidio moechus celebrare² solebas, 25
 quodque taces, ipsos etiam inclinare maritos.
 "Utile et hoc multis vitae genus, at mihi nullum
 inde operae pretium. pingues aliquando lacernas,
 munimenta togae, duri crassique coloris
 et male percussas textoris pectine Galli 30
 accipimus, tenue argentum venaeque secundae.
 fata regunt homines, fatum est et partibus illis
 quas sinus abscondit. nam si tibi sidera cessant,
 nil faciet longi mensura incognita nervi,
 quamvis te nudum spumanti Virro labello 35
 viderit et blandae adsidue densaeque tabellae

¹ GU give this line in two places, here and after line 11. The reading is uncertain. Owen reads *lita* for *tibi*, taken from *circumlita* in ψ .

² *scelerare* P Bûch.: *celebrare* ψ ("fortasse melius" Housm.).

JUVENAL, SATIRE IX

when he goes round offering a triple rate of interest, and can find no fool to trust him? Why have you suddenly developed those wrinkles? You used to be an easily contented person, who passed as a home-bred knight that could make biting jests at the dinner-table and tell witty town-bred stories. But now you are a different man. You have a hang-dog look; your head is a forest of unkempt, unanointed hair; your skin has lost all the gloss that it got from swathes of hot Bruttian pitch, and your legs are dirty and rough with sprouting hair. Why are you as thin as a chronic invalid in whom a quartan fever has long made its home? One can detect in a sickly body the secret torments of the soul, as also its joys: the face takes on the stamp of either. You seem, therefore, to have changed your mode of life, and to be going in a way opposite to your past. Not long ago, as I remember, you were a gallant more notorious than Aufidius; you used to frequent the Temple of Isis and that of Peace with its Ganymede, and the secret courts of the Foreign Mother—for in what temple are there not frail fair ones to be found?

²⁷ "Many men have found profit in my mode of life; but I have made nothing substantial out of my labours. I sometimes have a greasy cloak given me that will save my toga—a coarse and crudely dyed garment that has been ill-combed by the Gallic weaver—or some trifle in silver of an inferior quality. Man is ruled by destiny; even those parts of him that lie beneath his clothes. . . . What

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sollicitent, αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρα κίναϊδος.
 quod tamen ulterius monstrum quam mollis avarus?
 'haec tribui, deinde illa dedi, mox plura tulisti';
 computat, et cevet. ponatur calculus, adsint 40
 cum tabula pueri; numera¹ sestertia quinque
 omnibus in rebus: numerentur deinde labores.
 an facile et pronum est agere intra viscera penem
 legitimum atque illic hesternae occurrere cenae?
 servus erit minus ille miser qui foderit agrum, 45
 quam dominum; sed tu sane tenerum et puerum te
 et pulchrum et dignum cyatho caeloque putabas.
 vos humili adseculae, vos indulgebitis umquam
 cultori, iam nec morbo donare parati?
 en cui tu viridem umbellam, cui sucina mittas 50
 grandia, natalis quotiens redit aut madidum ver
 incipit et strata positus longaque cathedra
 munera femineis tractat secreta kalendis.
 "Dic, passer, cui tot montis, tot praedia servas
 Apula, tot milvos intra tua pascua lassos? 55
 te Trifolinus ager fecundis vitibus implet
 suspectumque iugum Cumis et Gaurus inanis—
 nam quis plura linit victuro dolia musto?—
 quantum erat exhausti lumbos donare clientis
 iugeribus paucis? meliusne hic² rusticus infans 60
 cum matre et casulis et conlusore catello
 cymbala pulsantis legatum fiet amici?
 'improbus es cum poscis,' ait. sed pensio clamat
 'posce'; sed appellat puer unicus ut Polyphemi
 lata acies per quam sollers evasit Vlixes; 65

¹ *numera* ψ: *numeras* P.

² For *ne hic* (Pψ) Housm. conj. *nunc*.

¹ The 1st of March; see Hor. *Od.* III. viii. I.

JUVENAL, SATIRE IX

greater monster is there in the world than a miserly debauchee? 'I gave you this,' says he, 'and then that; and later again ever so much more.' Thus he makes a reckoning with his lusts. Well, set out the counters, call in the lads with the reckoning board, count out five thousand sesterces all told, and then enumerate my services. . . . I am less accounted of than the poor hind who ploughs his master's field. You used to deem yourself a delicate and good-looking youth, fit to be Jove's own cup-bearer; but will men like you, who are unwilling to pay for your own morbid pleasures, ever show a kindness to a poor follower or a slave? A pretty fellow to have presents sent him of green sunshades or big amber balls on a birthday, or on the first day of showery spring, when he lolls at full length in a huge easy chair counting over the secret gifts he has received upon the Matron's Day!¹

⁵⁴ "Tell me, you sparrow, for whose benefit are you keeping all those hills and farms in Apulia, all those pasture-lands that tire out the kites? Your stores are filled with rich grapes from your Trifoline vineyard, or from the slopes that look down upon Cumae, or the unpeopled Gaurus; whose vats seal up more vintages destined for long life than yours? Would it be a great matter to present a few acres to the loins of an exhausted client? Is it better, think you, that this country woman, with her cottage and her babe and her pet dog, should be bequeathed to a friend who plays the timbrels? 'You're an impudent beggar,' you say. Yes, but my rent cries on me to beg; and so does my single slave-lad—as single as that big eye of Polyphemus which helped the wily Ulysses to make his escape. And one slave is not

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alter emendus erit, namque hic non sufficit, ambo
 pascendi. quid agam bruma spirante? quid, oro,
 quid dicam scapulis puerorum aquilone Decembri
 et pedibus? ‘durate atque expectate cicadas’?

“Verum ut dissimules, ut mittas cetera, quanto 70
 metiris pretio, quod ni tibi deditus essem
 devotusque cliens, uxor tua virgo maneret?
 scis certe quibus ista modis, quam saepe rogaris,
 et quae pollicitus. fugientem saepe puellam
 amplexu rapui; tabulas quoque ruperat et iam 75
 signabat: tota vix hoc ego nocte redemi
 te plorante foris; testis mihi lectulus et tu,
 ad quem pervenit lecti sonus et dominae vox.
 instabile ac dirimi coeptum et iam paene solutum
 coniugium in multis domibus servavit adulter. 80
 quo te circumagas? quae prima aut ultima ponas?
 nullum ergo meritum est, ingrata ac perfide, nullum,
 quod tibi filiulus vel filia nascitur ex me?
 tollis enim et libris actorum spargere gaudes
 argumenta viri. foribus suspende coronas: 85
 iam pater es, dedimus quod famae opponere possis.
 iura parentis habes, propter me scriberis heres,
 legatum omne capis nec non et dulce caducum.
 commoda praeterea iungentur multa caducis,
 si numerum, si tres implevero.”

Iusta doloris, 90
 Naevole, causa tui; contra tamen ille quid adfert?
 “neglegit atque alium bipedem sibi quaerit asellum.
 haec soli commissa tibi celare memento
 et tacitus nostras intra te fige querellas.

JUVENAL, SATIRE IX

enough ; I shall have to buy a second and feed them both. What shall I do, pray, when the winter howls ? What shall I say to their shivering feet and shoulders when December's north wind blows ? Shall I say ' Hold on, and wait till the grasshoppers arrive ' ?

⁷⁰ " And though you ignore and pass by my other services, what price do you put on this, that were I not your true and devoted client, your wife would still be a maid ? You know how often, and in what ways, you have asked that service of me, and what promises you made to me. . . . There's many a household in which a union that was unstable, ready to break up, and all but dissolved, has been saved by the intervention of a lover. Which way can you turn ? Which service do you put first, which last ? Is it to be no merit, you thankless and perfidious man, none at all, that I have presented you with a little son or daughter ? For you rear the children, and love to spread abroad in the gazette the proofs of your virility. Hang up garlands over your door ! You are now a father ; I have given you something to set up against ill fame. You have now parental rights ; through me you can be entered as an heir, and receive a legacy entire, with a nice little extra into the bargain ; to all which perquisites many more will be added if I make up your family to the full number of three."

⁹⁰ Indeed, Naevolus, you have just cause of complaint. But what has he got to say on the other side ? " He takes no notice, and looks out for another two-legged donkey like myself. But remember, my secrets are for your ears alone ; keep my complaints fast locked up in your own bosom. It is a fatal thing to have for your enemy a man who keeps

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nam res mortifera est inimicus pumice levis ; 95
 qui modo secretum commiserat, ardet et odit,
 tamquam prodiderim quidquid scio. sumere ferrum,
 fuste aperire caput, candelam adponere valvis
 non dubitat. nec contempnas aut despicias quod
 his opibus numquam cara est annona veneni. 100
 ergo occulta teges ut curia Martis Athenis."

O Corydon, Corydon, secretum divitis ullum
 esse putas? servi ut taceant, iumenta loquentur
 et canis et postes et marmora. claude fenestras,
 vela tegant rimas, iunge ostia, tollite lumen, 105
 e medio fac eant omnes, prope nemo recumbat :
 quod tamen ad cantum galli facit ille secundi,
 proximus ante diem caupo sciet, audiet et quae
 finxerunt pariter libarius archimagiri
 carptores. quod enim dubitant componere crimen 110
 in dominos, quotiens rumoribus ulciscuntur
 baltea? nec derit qui te per compita quaerat
 nolentem et miseram vinosus inebriet aurem.
 illos ergo roges quidquid paulo ante petebas
 a nobis, taceant illi. sed prodere malunt 115
 arcanum, quam subrepti potare Falerni
 pro populo faciens quantum Saufeia bibebat.
 vivendum recte cum propter plurima tum est his¹
 [ideirco ut possis linguam contemnere servi.]
 praecipue causis, ut linguas mancipiorum 120
 contempnas. nam lingua mali pars pessima servi ;

¹ *tum est his.* So Housm. instead of the *tunc est* of PA.

JUVENAL, SATIRE IX

himself smooth by pumice-stone! The man who has lately entrusted me with a secret has a consuming hatred of me, believing I have revealed everything that I know; he will not hesitate to take up a sword, or to lay open my head with a club, or to put a lighted candle against my door. Nor can you disregard or make nothing of the fact that for a man of his means the price of poison is never high. So keep my secrets close—as close as did the Council of Areopagus!”

¹⁰² O my poor Corydon! Do you suppose that a rich man has any secrets? Though his slaves hold their tongues, his beasts of burden and his dog will talk; his door posts and his marble columns will tell tales. Let him shut the windows, and close every chink with curtains; let him fasten the doors, remove the light, turn everyone out of the house, and permit no one to sleep in it—yet the tavern-keeper close by will know before dawn what he was doing at the second cock-crow; he will hear also all the tales invented by the pastry-man, by the head cook and the carver. For what calumny will they hesitate to concoct against their masters when a slander will avenge them for their strappings? Nor will some tippling friend be wanting to look for you at the crossways, and, do what you will, pour his drunken story into your ear. So just ask those people to hold their tongues about the things you questioned me about just now! Why, they would rather blab out a secret than drink as much stolen wine as Saufeia used to swill when conducting a public sacrifice. There are many reasons for right living; but the chiefest of them all is this, that you need pay no attention to the talk of your slaves. For the tongue

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deterior tamen hic qui liber non erit illis,
 quorum animas et farre suo custodit et aere.

“Utile consilium modo, sed commune, dedisti.
 nunc mihi quid suades post damnum temporis et
 spes 125

deceptas? festinat enim decurrere velox
 flosculus angustae miseraeque brevissima vitae
 portio; dum bibimus, dum sarta unguenta puellas
 poscimus, obrepat non intellecta senectus.”

Ne trepida, numquam pathicus tibi derit amicus 130
 stantibus et salvis his collibus: undique ad illos
 convenient et carpentis et navibus omnes
 qui digito scalpunt uno caput. altera maior
 spes superest; tu tantum erucis inprime dentem.¹

[gratus eris; tu tantum erucis inprime dentem.] 134A

“Haec exempla para felicibus. at mea Clotho 135
 et Lachesis gaudent, si pascitur inguine venter.
 o parvi nostrique Lares, quos ture minuto
 aut farre et tenui soleo exorare corona,
 quando ego figam aliquid, quo sit mihi tuta senectus
 a tegete et baculo? viginti milia faenus 140

pigneribus positis, argenti vascula puri,
 sed quae Fabricius censor notet, et duo fortes
 de grege Moesorum, qui me cervice locata
 securum iubeant clamoso insistere circo;
 sit mihi praeterea curvus caelator, et alter 145
 qui multas facies pingit cito; sufficiunt haec,
 quando ego pauper ero; votum miserabile, nec spes

¹ After line 134 P has the line bracketed above, being mainly a repetition of that line. Housman conjectures an omission of five words, and reads the lines thus:

altera maior
 spes superest; *turbae, properat quae crescere, molli*
 gratus eris, tu tantum erucis inprime dentem.

JUVENAL, SATIRE IX

is the worst part of a bad slave ; and yet worse still is the plight of a man who cannot escape from the talk of those whom he supports with his own bread and money.

¹²⁴ "Your advice is excellent, but it is vague. What do you advise me to do now, after all my lost time and disappointed hopes? for the short span of our poor unhappy life is hurrying swiftly on, like a flower, to its close: while we drink, and call for chaplets, for unguents, and for maidens, old age is creeping on us unperceived."

¹³⁰ Be not afraid; so long as these seven hills of ours stand fast, pathic friends will never fail you: from every quarter, in carriages and in ships, those gentry who scratch their heads with one finger will flock in. And you have always a further and better ground of hope—if you fit your diet to your trade.

¹³⁵ "Such maxims are for the fortunate; my Clotho and Lachesis are well pleased if I can fill my belly with my labours. O my own little Lares, whom I am wont to supplicate with a pinch of frankincense or corn, or with a tiny garland, when can I assure myself of what will keep my old days from the beggar's staff and mat? Twenty thousand sesterces, well secured; some vessels of plain silver—yet such as Censor Fabricius would have condemned—and a couple of stout Moesian porters on whose hired necks I may be taken comfortably to my place in the bawling circus. Let me have besides a stooping engraver, and a painter who will quickly dash off any number of likenesses. Enough this for a poor man like me. It is a pitiful prayer, and I have little hope even of that;

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his saltem ; nam cum pro me Fortuna vocatur,
 adfixit ceras illa de nave petitas,
 quae Siculos cantus effugit remige surdo." 150

SATVRA X

OMNIBUS in terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque
 Auroram et Gangen, pauci dinoscere possunt
 vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remota
 erroris nebula. quid enim ratione timemus
 aut cupimus ? quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te 5
 conatus non paeniteat votique peracti ?
 evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
 di faciles. nocitura toga, nocitura petuntur
 militia ; torrens dicendi copia multis
 et sua mortifera est facundia, viribus ille 10
 confisus periit admirandisque lacertis,
 sed plures nimia congesta pecunia cura
 strangulat et cuncta exuperans patrimonia census
 quanto delphinis ballaena Britannica maior.
 temporibus diris igitur iussuque Neronis 15
 Longinum et magnos Senecae praedivitis hortos
 clausit et egregias Lateranorum obsidet aedes
 tota cohors : rarus venit in cenacula miles.

¹ Ulysses stuffed the ears of his followers with wax to prevent them hearing the voices of the Sirens (*Od.* xii. 39 foll.).

JUVENAL, SATIRE X

for whenever Fortune is supplicated on my behalf, she plugs her ears with wax fetched from that self-same ship which escaped from the Sicilian song-stresses through the deafness of her crew." ¹

SATIRE X

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

IN all the lands that stretch from Gades to the Ganges and the Morn, there are but few who can distinguish true blessings from their opposites, putting aside the mists of error. For when does Reason direct our desires or our fears? What project do we form so auspiciously that we do not repent us of our effort and of the granted wish? Whole households have been destroyed by the compliant Gods in answer to the masters' prayers; in camp and city alike we ask for things that will be our ruin. Many a man has met death from the rushing flood of his own eloquence; others from the strength and wondrous thews in which they have trusted. More still have been ruined by money too carefully amassed, and by fortunes that surpass all patrimonies by as much as the British whale exceeds the dolphin. It was for this that in the dire days Nero ordered Longinus ² and the great gardens of the over-wealthy Seneca ³ to be put under siege; for this was it that the noble Palace of the Laterani ⁴ was beset by an entire cohort; it is but seldom that soldiers find their way into a garret!

² A famous lawyer banished by Nero.

³ Forced by Nero to commit suicide.

⁴ Plautius Lateranus was put to death by Nero for joining in Piso's conspiracy, A. D. 63.

IVVENALIS SATVRA X

pauca licet portes argenti vascula puri
 nocte iter ingressus, gladium contumque timebis 20
 et motae ad lunam trepidabis harundinis umbram :
 cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

Prima fere vota et cunctis notissima templis
 divitiae, crescant ut opes, ut maxima toto
 nostra sit arca foro. sed nulla aconita bibuntur 25
 fictilibus : tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
 gemmata et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.
 iamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus alter
 ridebat, quotiens de limine moverat unum
 protuleratque pedem, flebat contrarius auctor? 30
 sed facilis cuivis rigidi censura cachinni :
 mirandum est unde ille oculis suffecerit umor.
 perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
 Democritus, quamquam non essent urbibus illis
 praetextae trabeae fascēs lectica tribunal ; 35
 quid si vidisset praetorem curribus altis
 extantem et medii sublimem pulvere circi
 in tunica Iovis et pictae Sarrana ferentem
 ex umeris aulaea togae magnaēque coronae
 tantum orbem, quanto cervix non sufficit ulla? 40
 quippe tenet sudans hanc publicus et, sibi consul
 ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.
 da nunc et volucrem, sceptro quae surgit eburno,
 illinc cornicines, hinc praecedentia longi
 agminis officia et niveos ad frena Quirites, 45

¹ Democritus of Abdera.

² Heraclitus of Ephesus.

³ The *tunica palmata*, embroidered with palm, and the

JUVENAL, SATIRE X

Though you carry but few silver vessels with you in a night journey, you will be afraid of the sword and cudgel of a freebooter, you will tremble at the shadow of a reed shaking in the moonlight; but the empty-handed traveller will whistle in the robber's face.

²⁸ The foremost of all petitions—the one best known to every temple—is for riches and their increase, that our money-chest may be the biggest in the Forum. But you will drink no aconite out of an earthenware cup; you may dread it when a jewelled cup is offered you, or when Setine wine sparkles in a golden bowl. Then will you not commend the two wise men, one of whom ¹ would laugh while the opposite sage ² would weep every time he set a foot outside the door? To condemn by a cutting laugh comes readily to us all; the wonder is how the other sage's eyes were supplied with all that water. The sides of Democritus shook with unceasing laughter, although in the cities of his day there were no purple-bordered or purple-striped robes, no fasces, no palanquins, no tribunals. What if he had seen the Praetor uplifted in his lofty car amid the dust of the Circus, attired in the tunic ³ of Jove, hitching an embroidered Tyrian toga ³ on to his shoulders, and carrying a crown so big that no neck could bear the weight of it? For a public slave is sweating under the burden; and that the Consul may not fancy himself overmuch, the slave rides in the same chariot with his master. Add to all this the bird that is perched on his ivory staff; on this side the horn-blowers, on that the duteous clients preceding him in long array, with white-robed Roman citizens, whose friendship

toga picta, with gold, were triumphal garments, described by Livy as *Iovis optimi maximi ornatus* (xx. 7).

IVVENALIS SATVRA X

defossa in loculos quos sportula fecit amicos.
 tunc quoque materiam risus invenit ad omnis
 occursus hominum, cuius prudentia monstrat
 summos posse viros et magna exempla daturos
 vervecum in patria crassoque sub aere nasci. 50
 ridebat curas nec non et gaudia vulgi,
 interdum et lacrimas, cum Fortunae ipse minaci
 mandaret laqueum mediumque ostenderet unguem.

Ergo supervacua aut quae¹ perniciose petuntur
 propter quae fas est genua incerare deorum! 55
 quosdam praecipitat subiecta potentia magnae
 invidiae, mergit longa atque insignis honorum
 pagina. descendunt statuae restemque sequuntur,
 ipsas deinde rotas bigarum inpacta securis
 caedit et inmeritis franguntur crura caballis; 60
 iam strident ignes, iam follibus atque caminis
 ardet adoratum populo caput et crepat ingens
 Seianus, deinde ex facie toto orbe secunda
 fiunt urceoli pelves sartago matellae.²
 pone domi laurus, due in Capitolia magnum 65
 cretatumque bovem! Seianus ducitur unco
 spectandus, gaudent omnes: " quae labra, quis illi
 vultus erat! numquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi
 hunc hominem. sed quo cecidit sub crimine?

quisnam

¹ *quae* is a conj. by Büch. (1893), the space being blank in the MSS. *aut ne perniciose petantur* Lach. Housm. has a mark of interrogation after *petuntur*. As the text stands, *sunt* must be understood after *quae*. Owen conj. *prope*.

² *matellae* P: *patellae* ψ.

¹ In i. 95-6 foll. the *sportula* (properly a basket) is spoken of as a meal actually carried away by the clients. The

has been gained by the dinner-dole snugly lying in their purses,¹ marching at his bridle-rein. Even then the philosopher found food for laughter at every meeting with his kind : his wisdom shows us that men of high distinction and destined to set great examples may be born in a dullard air, and in the land of mutton-heads.² He laughed at the troubles, ay and at the pleasures, of the crowd, sometimes too at their tears, while for himself he would bid frowning fortune go hang, and point at her the finger of derision.

⁵⁴ Thus it is that the things for which we pray, and for which it is right and proper to load the knees of the Gods with wax, are either profitless or pernicious ! Some men are hurled headlong by over-great power and the envy to which it exposes them ; they are wrecked by the long and illustrious roll of their honours : down come their statues, obedient to the rope ; the axe hews in pieces their chariot wheels and the legs of the unoffending horses. And now the flames are hissing, and amid the roar of furnace and of bellows the head of the mighty Sejanus,³ the darling of the mob, is burning and crackling, and from that face, which was but lately second in the entire world, are being fashioned pipkins, pitchers, frying-pans and slop-pails ! Up with the laurel-wreaths over your doors ! Lead forth a grand chalked bull to the Capitol ! Sejanus is being dragged along by a hook, as a show and joy to all ! "What a lip the fellow had ! What a face !" — "Believe me, I never liked the man !" — "But on what charge was

present passage refers to the later practice which substituted a sum of 100 quadrantēs (4 sesterces) for the meal in kind.

² Abdera, in Thrace, the birthplace of Democritus, had the reputation of being a breeder of thick-heads.

³ The upstart favourite of Tiberius.

delator ? quibus indicibus, quo teste probavit ?” 70
 “ nil horum ; verbosa et grandis epistula venit
 a Capreis.” “ bene habet, nil plus interrogo.”

Sed quid
 turba Remi ? sequitur fortunam ut semper et odit
 damnatos. idem populus, si Nortia Tusco
 favisset, si oppressa foret secura senectus 75
 principis, hac ipsa Seianum diceret hora
 Augustum. iam pridem, ex quo suffragia nulli
 vendimus, effudit curas ; nam qui dabat olim
 imperium fasces legiones omnia, nunc se
 continet atque duas tantum res anxius optat, 80
 panem et circenses.

“ Perituros audio multos.”
 “ nil dubium, magna est fornacula.” “ pallidulus mi
 Bruttidius meus ad Martis fuit obvius aram ;
 quam timeo, victus ne poenas exigat Ajax,
 ut male defensus.” “ curramus praecipites et 85
 dum iacet in ripa, calcemus Caesaris hostem.”
 “ sed videant servi, ne quis neget et pavidum in ius
 cervice obstricta dominum trahat.”

Hi sermones
 tunc de Seiano, secreta haec murmura vulgi.
 visne salutari sicut Seianus, habere 90

¹ Tiberius was living in grim solitude in his rock fortress on the island of Capreae when he sent to the Senate the famous letter—the *verbosa et grandis epistola*—which hurried Sejanus to his doom on the 18th of October, A.D. 29. (The passage in Tacitus which described the whole event is unfortunately lost ; but the fine account of Dion Cassius is given in my *Annals of Tacitus*, vol. i. pp. 344-353.—G. G. R.).

JUVENAL, SATIRE X

he condemned? Who informed against him? What was the evidence, who the witnesses, who made good the case?"—"Nothing of the sort; a great and wordy letter came from Capri."¹—"Good; I ask no more."

⁷² And what does the mob of Remus say? It follows fortune, as it always does, and rails against the condemned. That same rabble, if Nortia had smiled upon the Etruscan,² if the aged Emperor had been struck down unawares, would in that very hour have conferred upon Sejanus the title of Augustus. Now that no one buys our votes, the public has long since cast off its cares; the people that once bestowed commands, consulships, legions and all else, now meddles no more and longs eagerly for just two things—Bread and Games!

⁸¹ "I hear that many are to perish."—"No doubt of it; there is a big furnace ready."—"My friend Brutidius³ looked a trifle pale when I met him at the Altar of Mars. I tremble lest the defeated Ajax should take vengeance for having been so ill-defended."⁴—"Let us rush headlong and trample on Caesar's enemy, while he lies upon the bank!"—"Ay, and let our slaves see us, that none bear witness against us, and drag their trembling master into court with a halter round his neck."

⁸⁸ Such was the talk at the moment about Sejanus; such were the mutterings of the crowd. And would you like to be courted like Sejanus? To be as rich

² Sejanus was a native of Volsinii in Etruria; Nortia was the Etruscan Goddess of Fortune.

³ A famous orator.

⁴ Apparently Ajax here stands for Tiberius, who, it is thought, may revenge himself by punishing those who have not sufficiently guarded his person.

IVVENALIS SATVRA X

tantundem, atque illi summas donare curules,
 illum exercitibus praeponere, tutor haberi
 principis angusta¹ Caprearum in rupe sedentis
 cum grege Chaldaeo? vis certe pila cohortes
 egregios equites et castra domestica; quidni 95
 haec cupias? et qui nolunt occidere quemquam,
 posse volunt. sed quae praeclara et prospera tanti,
 ut rebus laetis par sit mensura malorum?
 huius qui trahitur praetextam sumere mavis,
 an Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas 100
 et de mensura ius dicere, vasa minora
 frangere pannosus vacuis aedilis Vlubris?
 ergo quid optandum foret ignorasse fateris
 Seianum; nam qui nimios optabat honores
 et nimias posebat opes, numerosa parabat 105
 excelsae turris tabulata, unde altior esset
 casus et impulsae praeceps inmane ruinae.
 quid Crassos, quid Pompeios evertit et illum,
 ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites?
 summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus, 110
 magnaue numinibus vota exaudita malignis.
 ad generum Cereris sine caede ac vulnere pauci
 descendunt reges et sicca morte tyranni.
 Eloquium ac famam Demosthenis aut Ciceronis
 incipit optare et totis quinquatribus optat 115
 quisquis adhuc uno parcam² colit asse Minervam,

¹ *angusta* ψBüch. (1910) Housm.: *angusta* PABüch. (1893).

² *parcam* P: *partam* ψ.

¹ The highest and richest class of Equites were called *Equites Illustres* or *Splendidi*.

JUVENAL, SATIRE X

as he was? To bestow on one man the ivory chairs of office, appoint another to the command of armies, and be counted guardian of a Prince seated on the narrow ledge of Capri with his herd of Chaldaean astrologers? You would like, no doubt, to have Centurions, Cohorts, and Illustrious¹ Knights at your call, and to possess a camp of your own? Why should you not? Even those who don't want to kill anybody would like to have the power to do it. But what grandeur, what high fortune, are worth the having if the joy is overbalanced by the calamities they bring with them? Would you rather choose to wear the bordered robe of the man now being dragged along the streets, or to be a magnate at Fidenae or Gabii, adjudicating upon weights, or smashing vessels of short measure, as a thread-bare Aedile at deserted Ulubrae?² You admit, then, that Sejanus did not know what things were to be desired; for in coveting excessive honours, and seeking excessive wealth, he was but building up the many stories of a lofty tower whence the fall would be the greater, and the crash of headlong ruin more terrific. What was it that overthrew the Crassi, and the Pompeii, and him who brought the conquered Quirites under his lash?³ What but lust for the highest place pursued by every kind of means? What but ambitious prayers granted by unkindly Gods? Few indeed are the kings who go down to Ceres' son-in-law⁴ save by sword and slaughter—few the tyrants that perish by a bloodless death!

¹¹⁴ Every schoolboy who worships Minerva with a modest penny fee, attended by a slave to guard his little satchel, prays all through his holidays for elo-

² Fidenae, Gabii, Ulubrae, small and deserted towns in Latium. ³ Caesar. ⁴ Pluto.

IVVENALIS SATVRA X

quem sequitur custos angustae vernula capsae.
 eloquio sed uterque perit orator, utrumque
 largus et exundans leto dedit ingenii fons.
 ingenio manus est et cervix caesa, nec umquam 120
 sanguine causidici maduerunt rostra pusilli.
 "o fortunatam natam me consule Romam":¹
 Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic
 omnia dixisset. ridenda poemata malo
 quam te, conspicuae divina Philippica famae, 125
 volveris a prima quae proxima. saevus et illum
 exitus eripuit, quem mirabantur Athenae
 torrentem et pleni moderantem frena theatri.
 dis ille adversis genitus fatoque sinistro,
 quem pater ardentis massae fuligine lippus 130
 a carbone et forcipibus gladiosque paranti
 incude et luteo Vulcano ad rhetora misit.
 Bellorum exuviae, truncis adfixa tropaeis
 lorica et fracta de casside buccula pendens
 et curtum temone iugum victaeque triremis 135
 aplustre et summo tristis captivus in arcu
 humanis maiora bonis creduntur. ad hoc se
 Romanus Graiusque et barbarus induperator
 erexit, causas discriminis atque laboris
 inde habuit; tanto maior famae sitis est quam 140
 virtutis. quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,

¹ This line is taken from the poem (*De suo Consulatu*) which Cicero wrote to glorify the events of his Consulship. To the many who are not gifted with the divine faculty of poesy it may be a consolation to know that a writer of the most splendid prose could be guilty of such a rubbishy line as that here quoted.

JUVENAL, SATIRE X

quence, for the fame of a Cicero or a Demosthenes. Yet it was eloquence that brought both orators to their death; each perished by the copious and overflowing torrent of his own genius. It was his genius that cut off the hand, and severed the neck, of Cicero; never yet did futile pleader stain the rostra with his blood!

*“ O happy Fate for the Roman State
Was the date of my great Consulate ! ”*

Had Cicero always spoken thus, he might have laughed at the swords of Antony. Better verses meet only for contempt than thou, O famous and divine Philippic, that comest out second on the roll! Terrible, too, was the death of him whom Athens loved to hear sweeping along and holding in check the crowded theatre. Unfriendly were the Gods, and evil the star, under whom was born the man whom his father, blear-eyed with the soot of glowing ore, sent away from the coal, the pincers and the sword-fashioning anvil of grimy Vulcan,¹ to study the art of the rhetorician!

¹³³ The spoils of war and trophies fastened upon stumps—a breast-plate, a cheek-strap hanging from a broken helmet, a yoke shorn of its pole, the flag-staff of a captured galley, or a captive sorrowing on a triumphal arch—such things are deemed glories too great for man; these are the prizes for which every General strives, be he Greek, Roman, or barbarian; it is for these that he endures toil and peril: so much greater is the thirst for glory than for virtue! For who would embrace virtue herself if you stripped

¹ Demosthenes' father, of the same name, was a blacksmith—or at least a manufacturer of swords.

IVVENALIS SATVRA X

praemia si tollas? patriam tamen obruit olim-
 gloria paucorum et laudis titulique cupido
 haesuri saxi cinerum custodibus, ad quae
 discutienda valent sterilis mala robora fici, 145
 quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulcris.

Expende Hannibalem; quot libras in duce summo
 invenies? hic est, quem non capit Africa Mauro
 percussa oceano Niloque admota tepenti,
 rursus ad Aethiopum populos aliosque¹ ele-
 phantos! 150

additur imperiis Hispania, Pyrenaeum
 transilit; opposuit natura Alpemque nivemque:
 diducit scopulos et montem rumpit aceto.
 iam tenet Italiam, tamen ultra pergere tendit:
 "acti,"² inquit, "nihil est, nisi Poeno milite
 portas 155

frangimus et media vexillum pono Subura."
 o qualis facies et quali digna tabella,
 cum Gaetula ducem portaret belua luscum!
 exitus ergo quis est? o gloria, vincitur idem
 nempe et in exilium praeceps fugit atque ibi
 magnus 160

mirandusque cliens sedet ad praetoria regis,
 donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.
 finem animae, quae res humanas miscuit olim,
 non gladii, non saxa dabunt nec tela, sed ille
 Cannarum vindex et tanti sanguinis ultor 165
 anulus. i demens et saevas curre per Alpes,
 ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias!

¹ *aliosque* ψ: *altosque* PA.

² *acti* ψ Housm. Büch. (1910): *actum* PT Büch. (1893).

JUVENAL, SATIRE X

her of her rewards? Yet full oft has a land been destroyed by the vainglory of a few, by the lust for honour and for a title that shall cling to the stones that guard their ashes—stones which may be rent asunder by the rude strength of the barren fig-tree, seeing that even sepulchres have their doom assigned to them!

¹⁴⁷ Put Hannibal into the scales; how many pounds' weight will you find in that greatest of commanders? This is the man for whom Africa was all too small—a land beaten by the Moorish sea and stretching to the steaming Nile, and then, again, to the tribes of Aethiopia and a new race of Elephants! Spain is added to his dominions: he overleaps the Pyrenees; Nature throws in his way Alps and snow: he splits the rocks asunder, and breaks up the mountain-side with vinegar! And now Italy is in his grasp, but still on he presses: "Nought is accomplished," he cries, "until my Punic host breaks down the city gates, and I plant my standard in the midst of the Subura!" O what a sight was that! What a picture it would make, the one-eyed General riding on the Gaetolian monster! What then was his end? Alas for glory! A conquered man, he flees headlong into exile, and there he sits, a mighty and marvellous suppliant, in the King's antechamber, until it please his Bithynian Majesty¹ to awake! No sword, no stone, no javelin shall end the life which once wrought havoc throughout the world: that little ring² shall avenge Cannae and all those seas of blood. On! on! thou madman, and race over the wintry Alps, that thou mayest be the delight of schoolboys and supply declaimers with a theme!

¹ Prusias I., king of Bithynia. ² Containing poison.

IVVENALIS SATVRA X

Unus Pellaeo iuveni non sufficit orbis ;
 aestuat infelix angusto limite mundi
 ut Gyarae clausus scopulis parvaque Seripho ; 170
 cum tamen a figulis munitam intraverit urbem,
 sarcophago contentus erit. mors sola fatetur
 quantula sint hominum corpuscula. creditur olim
 velificatus Athos et quidquid Graecia mendax
 audet in historia, constratum classibus isdem 175
 suppositumque rotis solidum mare, credimus altos
 defecisse amnes epotaque flumina Medo
 prandente et madidis cantat quae Sostratus alis ;
 ille tamen qualis rediit Salamine relicta,
 in Corum atque Eurum solitus saevire flagellis 180
 barbarus Aeolio numquam hoc in carcere passos,
 ipsum conpedibus qui vinxerat Ennosigaeum :
 mitius id sane, quod non et stigmatum dignum
 credidit ; huic quisquam vellet servire deorum ?
 sed qualis rediit ? nempe una nave, cruentis 185
 fluctibus ac tarda per densa cadavera prora.
 has totiens optata exegit gloria poenas.
 " Da spatium vitae, multos da, Iuppiter, annos " :
 hoc recto vultu, solum hoc, et pallidus optas.
 sed quam continuis et quantis longa senectus 190
 plena malis ! deformem et taetrum ante omnia
 vultum
 dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem

¹ Alexander the Great, b. at Pella B.C. 356, d. at Babylon B.C. 323.

JUVENAL, SATIRE X

¹⁶⁸ One globe is all too little for the youth of Pella;¹ he chafes uneasily within the narrow limits of the world, as though he were cooped up within the rocks of Gyara or the diminutive Seriphos; but yet when once he shall have entered the city fortified by the potter's art,² a sarcophagus will suffice him! Death alone proclaims how small are our poor human bodies! We have heard how ships once sailed through Mount Athos, and all the lying tales of Grecian history; how the sea was paved by those self-same ships, and gave solid support to chariot-wheels; how deep rivers failed, and whole streams were drunk dry when the Persian breakfasted, with all the fables of which Sostratus³ sings with reeking pinions. But in what plight did that king⁴ flee from Salamis? he that had been wont to inflict barbaric stripes upon the winds Corus and Eurus—never treated thus in their Aeolian prison-house—he who had bound the Earth-shaker himself with chains, deeming it clemency, forsooth, not to think him worthy of a branding also: what god, indeed, would be willing to serve such a master?—in what plight did he return? Why, in a single ship; on blood-stained waves, the prow slowly forcing her way through waters thick with corpses! Such was the penalty exacted for that long-desired glory!

¹⁶⁸ Give me length of days, give me many years, O Jupiter! Such is your one and only prayer, in days of strength or of sickness; yet how great, how unceasing, are the miseries of old age! Look first at the misshapen and ungainly face, so unlike its former self; see the unsightly hide that serves for

² The famous walls of Babylon were built of brick.

³ An unknown poet. ⁴ Xerxes.

IVVENALIS SATVRA X

pendentisque genas et talis aspice rugas
 quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Thabraca saltus,
 in vetula scalpit iam mater simia bucca. 195
 plurima sunt iuvenum discrimina ; pulchrior ille
 hoc atque ille¹ alio, multum hic robustior illo :
 una senum facies. cum voce trementia membra
 et iam leve caput madidique infantia nasi,
 frangendus misero gingiva panis inermi ; 200
 usque adeo gravis uxori natisque sibique,
 ut captatori moveat fastidia Cosso.
 non eadem vini atque cibi torpente palato
 gaudia. nam coitus iam longa oblivio, vel si
 coneris, iacet exiguus cum ramice nervus 205
 et quamvis tota palpetur nocte, iacebit.
 anne aliquid sperare potest haec inguinis aegri
 canities? quid quod merito suspecta libido est
 quae venerem adfectat sine viribus?

Aspice partis

nunc damnum alterius. nam quae cantante
 voluptas, 210
 sit licet eximius, citharoedo sive Seleuco
 et quibus aurata mos est fulgere lacerna?
 quid refert, magni sedeat qua parte theatri
 qui vix cornicines exaudiet atque tubarum
 concentus? clamore opus est, ut sentiat auris 215
 quem dicat venisse puer, quot nuntiet horas.

Praeterea minimus gelido iam in corpore sanguis
 febre calet sola, circumscilit agmine facto
 morborum omne genus, quorum si nomina quaeras,
 promptius expediam quot amaverit Oppia moe-
 chos, 220
 quot Themison aegros autumno occiderit uno,
 quot Basilus socios, quot circumscripserit Hirus

¹ ille ψ, om. by PO. Housm. conj. ore.

JUVENAL, SATIRE X

skin ; see the pendulous cheeks and the wrinkles like those which a matron baboon carves upon her aged jaws in the shaded glades of Thabraca.¹ The young men differ in various ways : this man is handsomer than that, and he than another ; one is stronger than another : but old men all look alike. Their voices are as shaky as their limbs, their heads without hair, their noses drivelling as in childhood. Their bread, poor wretches, has to be munched by toothless gums ; so offensive do they become to their wives, their children and themselves, that even the legacy-hunter, Cossus, turns from them in disgust. Their sluggish palate takes joy in wine or food no longer, and all pleasures of the flesh have been long ago forgotten. . . .

²⁰⁹ And now consider the loss of another sense : what joy has the old man in song, however famous be the singer ? what joy in the harping of Seleucus himself, or of those who shine resplendent in gold-embroidered robes ? What matters it in what part of the great theatre he sits when he can scarce hear the horns and trumpets when they all blow together ? The slave who announces a visitor, or tells the time of day, must needs shout in his ear if he is to be heard.

²¹⁷ Besides all this, the little blood in his now chilly frame is never warm except with fever ; diseases of every kind dance around him in a body ; if you ask of me their names, I could more readily tell you the number of Oppia's paramours, how many patients Themison killed in one season, how many partners

¹ A town in Numidia.

pupillos; quot longa viros exorbeat uno
 Maura die, quot discipulos inclinet Hamillus; 225
 percurram citius quot villas possideat nunc
 quo tondente gravis iuveni mihi barba sonabat.
 ille umero, hic lumbis, hic coxa debilis; ambos
 perdidit ille oculos et luscis invidet; huius
 pallida labra cibum accipiunt digitis alienis,
 ipse ad conspectum cenae diducere rictum 230
 suetus hiat tantum ceu pullus hirundinis, ad quem
 ore volat pleno mater ieiuna. sed omni
 membrorum damno maior dementia, quae nec
 nomina servorum nec vultum agnoscit amici
 cum quo praeterita cenavit nocte, nec illos 235
 quos genuit, quos eduxit. nam codice saevo
 heredes vetat esse suos, bona tota feruntur
 ad Phialen; tantum artificis valet halitus oris
 quod steterat multis in carcere fornicis annis.
 Ut vigeant sensus animi, ducenda tamen sunt 240
 funera natorum, rogius aspiciendus amatae
 coniugis et fratris plenaeque sororibus urnae.
 haec data poena diu viventibus, ut renovata
 semper clade domus multis in luctibus inque
 perpetuo maerore et nigra veste senescant. 245
 rex Pylius, magno si quicquam credis Homero,
 exemplum vitae fuit a cornice secundae.
 felix nimirum, qui tot per saecula mortem
 distulit atque suos iam dextra computat annos,

¹ Referring to some barber who had made money, and was obnoxious to Juvenal as a rich parvenu.

² Nestor.

were defrauded by Basilus, how many wards corrupted by Hirrus, how many lovers tall Maura wears out in a single season; I could sooner run over the number of villas now belonging to the barber under whose razor my stiff youthful beard used to grate.¹ One suffers in the shoulder, another in the loins, a third in the hip; another has lost both eyes, and envies those who have one; another takes food into his pallid lips from someone else's fingers, while he whose jaws used to fly open at the sight of his dinner, now only gapes like the young of a swallow whose fasting mother flies to him with well-laden beak. But worse than any loss of limb is the failing mind which forgets the names of slaves, and cannot recognise the face of the old friend who dined with him last night, nor those of the children whom he has begotten and brought up. For by a cruel will he cuts off his own flesh and blood and leaves all his estate to Phiale—so potent was the breath of that alluring mouth which had plied its trade for so many years in her narrow archway.

²⁴⁰ And though the powers of his mind be strong as ever, yet must he carry forth his sons to burial; he must behold the funeral pyres of his beloved wife and his brothers, and urns filled with the ashes of his sisters. Such are the penalties of the long liver: he sees calamity after calamity befall his house, he lives in a world of sorrow, he grows old amid continual lamentation and in the garb of woe. If we can believe mighty Homer, the King of Pylos² was an example of long life second only to the crow; happy forsooth in this that he had put off death for so many generations, and had so often quaffed the new-made wine, counting now his years upon his

IVVENALIS SATVRA X

quique novum totiens mustum bibit. oro, parum-
 per 250
 attendas quantum de legibus ipse queratur
 fatorum et nimio de stamine, cum videt acris
 Antilochi barbam ardentem, cum quaerit ab omni
 quisquis adest socius,¹ cur haec in tempora duret,
 quod facinus dignum tam longo admiserit aevo. 255
 haec eadem Peleus, raptum cum luget Achillem,
 atque alius cui fas Ithacum lugere natantem.
 incolumi Troia Priamus venisset ad umbras
 Assaraci magnis sollemnibus Hectore funus
 portante ac reliquis fratrum cervicibus inter 260
 Iliadum lacrimas, ut primos edere planctus
 Cassandra inciperet scissaque Polyxena palla,
 si foret extinctus diverso tempore, quo non
 coeperat audaces Paris aedificare carinas.
 longa dies igitur quid contulit? omnia vidit 265
 eversa et flammis Asiam ferroque cadentem.
 tunc miles tremulus posita tulit arma tiara
 et ruit ante aram summi Iovis ut vetulus bos,
 qui domini cultris tenue et miserabile collum
 praebet ab ingrato iam fastiditus aratro. 270
 exitus ille utcumque hominis, sed torva canino
 latravit rictu quae post hunc vixerat uxor.
 Festino ad nostros et regem transeo Ponti
 et Croesum, quem vox iusti facunda Solonis
 respicere ad longae iussit spatia ultima vitae. 275
 exilium et carcer Minturnarumque paludes
 et mendicatus victa Carthagine panis

¹ socius P: socio ψ and Housm.

¹ i.e. had begun to count by hundreds.

² Nestor's son. ³ ardentem, i.e. on the pyre.

⁴ Laertes, father of Ulysses.

JUVENAL, SATIRE X

right hand.¹ But mark for a moment, I beg, how he bewails the decrees of fate and his too-long thread of life, when he beholds the beard of his brave Antilochus² in the flames,³ and asks of every friend around him why he has lived so long, what crime he has committed to deserve such length of days. Thus did Peleus also mourn when he lost Achilles; and so that other father⁴ who had to bewail the sea-roving Ithacan. Had Priam perished at some other time, before Paris began to build his audacious ships, he would have gone down to the shade of Assaracus⁵ when Troy was still standing, and with regal pomp; his body would have been borne on the shoulders of Hector and his brothers amid the tears of Ilion's daughters, and the rending of Polyxena's⁶ garments: Cassandra⁶ would have led the cries of woe. What boon did length of days bring to him? He saw everything in ruins, and Asia perishing by fire and the sword. Laying aside his tiara, and arming himself, he fell, a trembling soldier, before the altar of Almighty Jove, like an aged ox discarded by the thankless plough who offers his poor lean neck to his master's knife. Priam's death was at least that of a human being; but his wife⁷ lived on to open her mouth with the savage barking of a dog.

²⁷³ I hasten to our own countrymen, passing by the king of Pontus⁸ and Croesus,⁹ who was bidden by the wise and eloquent Solon to look to the last lap of a long life. It was this that brought Marius to exile and to prison, it took him to the swamps of Minturnae and made him beg his bread in the

⁵ Son of Tros, from whom the Trojans took their name.

⁶ Daughters of Priam. ⁷ Hecuba.

⁸ Mithridates. ⁹ The wealthy king of Lydia.

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hinc causas habuere ; quid illo cive tulisset
 natura in terris, quid Roma beatius umquam,
 si circumducto captivorum agmine et omni 280
 bellorum pompa animam exhalasset opimam,
 cum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru ?
 provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
 optandas, sed multae urbes et publica vota
 vicerunt : igitur Fortuna ipsius et urbis 285
 servatum victo caput abstulit. hoc cruciatu
 Lentulus, hac poena caruit ceciditque Cethegus
 integer, et iacuit Catilina cadavere toto.

Formam optat modico pueris, maiore puellis
 murmure, cum Veneris fanum videt, anxia mater 290
 usque ad delicias votorum. "cur tamen," inquit,
 "corripias ? pulchra gaudet Latona Diana."
 sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia qualem
 ipsa habuit, cuperet Rutilae Verginia gibbum
 accipere atque suum Rutilae dare. filius autem 295
 corporis egregii miseros trepidosque parentes
 semper habet ; rara est adeo concordia formae
 atque pudicitiae. sanctos licet horrida mores
 tradiderit domus ac veteres imitata Sabinos,
 praeterea castum ingenium vultumque modesto 300
 sanguine ferventem tribuat natura benigna
 larga manu (quid enim puero conferre potest plus
 custode et cura natura potentior omni ?),
 non licet esse viro ; nam prodiga corruptoris
 improbitas ipsos audet temptare parentes : 305

¹ *i.e.* after the battle of Campi Raudii, near Vercellae, in B.C. 101.

² When Pompey lay dangerously ill of a fever in B.C. 50 many of the towns of Italy offered vows and sacrifices for his recovery.

JUVENAL, SATIRE X

Carthage that he had conquered. What could Nature ever in all the world have produced more glorious than him, if after parading his troops of captives with all the pomp of war he had breathed forth his soul in glory as he was about to step down from his Teutonic car?¹ Kindly Campania gave to Pompey a fever, which he might have prayed for as a boon²; but the public prayers of all those cities gained the day; so his own fortune and that of Rome preserved him to be vanquished and to lose his head. No such cruel thing befell Lentulus³; Cethegus³ escaped such punishment and fell whole; and Catiline's corpse lay unviolated.

²⁸⁹ When the loving mother passes the temple of Venus, she prays in whispered breath for her boys—more loudly, and entering into the most trifling particulars, for her daughters—that they may have beauty. “And why should I not?” she asks; “did not Latona rejoice in Diana's beauty?” Yes: but Lucretia forbids us to pray for a face like her own; and Verginia would gladly take Rutila's hump and give her own fair form to Rutila. A handsome son keeps his parents in constant fear and misery; so rarely do modesty and good looks go together. For though his home be strict, and have taught him ways as pure as those of the ancient Sabines, and though Nature besides with kindly hand have lavishly gifted him with a pure mind and a cheek mantling with modest blood—and what better thing can Nature, more careful, more potent than any guardian, bestow upon a youth?—he will not be allowed to become a man. The lavish wickedness of some seducer will tempt the boy's own parents: such

² Accomplices in Catiline's conspiracy.

IVVENALIS SATVRA X

tanta in muneribus fiducia. nullus ephebum
deformem saeva castravit in arce tyrannus,
nec praetextatum rapuit Nero loripedem nec
strumosum atque utero pariter gibboque tumentem.

I nunc et iuvenis specie laetare tui, quem 310
maiora expectant discrimina. fiet adulter

publicus et poenas metuet quascumque maritis
iratis¹ debet, nec erit felicior astro

Martis, ut in laqueos numquam incidat. exigit autem
interdum ille dolor plus quam lex ulla dolori 315

concessit: necat hic ferro, secat ille cruentis
verberibus, quosdam moechos et mugilis intrat.

sed tuus Endymion dilectae fiet adulter

matronae. mox cum dederit Servilia nummos,
fiet et illius quam non amat, exuet omnem 320

corporis ornatum: quid enim ulla negaverit udis
inguinibus, sive est haec Oppia sive Catulla?

deterior totos habet illic femina mores.

"sed casto quid forma nocet?" quid profuit immo

Hippolyto grave propositum, quid Bellorophonti? 325
erubuit nempe haec ceu fastidita, repulsa,

nec Stheneboea minus quam Cressa, excanduit, et se
concussere ambae. mulier saevissima tunc est,

cum stimulos odio pudor admovet.

Elige quidnam
suadendum esse putes cui nubere Caesaris uxor 330
destinat? optimus hic et formosissimus idem

¹ *irati* PT: *exire irati* A: *exigere irati* ψ: *mariti irati*
Büch. Owen: *lex irae* conj. Housm.: *maritis iratis* Rigalt
Büch. (1910).

¹ *i.e.* however noble the lady may be.

trust can be placed in money! No misshapen youth was ever unsexed by cruel tyrant in his castle; never did Nero have a bandy-legged or scrofulous favourite, or one that was hump-backed or pot-bellied!

³¹⁰ Go to now, you that revel in your son's beauty; think of the deadly perils that lie before him. He will become a promiscuous gallant, and have to fear all the vengeance due to outraged husbands; no luckier than Mars, he will not fail to fall into the net. And sometimes the husband's wrath exacts greater penalties than any law allows; one lover is slain by the sword, another bleeds under the lash; some undergo the punishment of the mullet. Your dear Endymion will become the gallant of some matron whom he loves; but before long, when Servilia has taken him into her pay, he will serve one also whom he loves not, and will strip her of all her ornaments; for what can any woman, be she an Oppia or a Catulla,¹ deny to the man who serves her passion? It is on her passion that a bad woman's whole nature centres. "But how does beauty hurt the chaste?" you ask. Well, what availed Hippolytus or Bellerophon² their firm resolve? The Cretan lady flared up as though repelled with scorn; no less furious was Stheneboea. Both dames lashed themselves into fury; for never is woman so savage as when her hatred is goaded on by shame.

³²⁰ And now tell me what counsel you think should be given to him³ whom Caesar's wife is minded to wed. Best and fairest of a patrician house, the un-

² As Mr. Duff puts it, "Hippolytus and Bellerophon are the Josephs of the pagan mythology."

³ C. Silius, brought to ruin by the passion entertained for him by Messalina, wife of Claudius (*Tac. Ann.* xi. 12 and 26 foll.).

IVVENALIS SATVRA X

gentis patriciae rapitur miser extinguendus
 Messalinae oculis ; dudum sedet illa parato
 flammeolo Tyriusque palam genialis in hortis
 sternitur et ritu decies centena dabuntur 335
 antiquo, veniet cum signatoribus auspex.

haec tu secreta et paucis commissa putabas ?
 non nisi legitime vult nubere. quid placeat dic :
 ni parere velis, pereundum erit ante lucernas ;
 si scelus admittas, dabitur mora parvula, dum res 340
 nota urbi et populo contingat principis aurem.
 dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus ; interea tu
 obsequere imperio, si tanti vita dierum
 paucorum. quidquid levius meliusve putaris,
 praebenda est gladio pulchra haec et candida
 cervix. 345

Nil ergo optabunt homines ? si consilium vis,
 permittes ipsis expendere numinibus quid
 conveniat nobis rebusque sit utile nostris.
 nam pro iucundis aptissima quaeque dabunt di :
 carior est illis homo quam sibi. nos animorum 350
 impulsu et caeca magnaue cupidine ducti
 coniugium petimus partumque uxoris ; at illis
 notum qui pueri qualisque futura sit uxor.
 ut tamen et poscas aliquid voveasque sacellis
 exta et candiduli divina tomacula porci, 355
 orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano ;
 fortem posce animum mortis terrore carentem,
 qui spatium vitae extremum inter munera ponat
 naturae, qui ferre queat quoscumque labores,

JUVENAL, SATIRE X

happy youth is dragged to destruction by Messalina's eyes. She has long been seated; her bridal veil is ready; the Tyrian nuptial couch is being spread openly in the gardens; a dowry of one million sesterces will be given after the ancient fashion, the soothsayer and the witnesses will be there. And you thought these things were secret, did you, known only to a few? But the lady will not wed save with all the due forms. Say what is your resolve: if you say nay to her, you will have to perish before the lighting of the lamps; if you perpetrate the crime, you will have a brief respite until the affair, known already to the city and the people, shall come to the Prince's ears; he will be the last to know of the dishonour of his house. Meanwhile, if you value a few days of life so highly, obey your orders: whatever you may deem the easier and the better way, that fair white neck of yours will have to be offered to the sword.

³⁴⁶ Is there nothing then for which men shall pray? If you ask my counsel, you will leave it to the gods themselves to provide what is good for us, and what will be serviceable for our state; for, in place of what is pleasing, they will give us what is best. Man is dearer to them than he is to himself. Impelled by strong and blind desire, we ask for wife and offspring; but the gods know of what sort the sons, of what sort the wife, will be. Nevertheless that you may have something to pray for, and be able to offer to the shrines entrails and presaging sausages from a white porker, you should pray for a sound mind in a sound body; for a stout heart that has no fear of death, and deems length of days the least of Nature's gifts; that can endure any

IVVENALIS SATVRA XI

nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil et potiores 360
 Herculis aerumnas credat saevosque labores
 et venere et cenis et pluma Sardanapalli.
 monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare ; semita certe
 tranquillae per virtutem patet unica vitae.
 nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia : nos te, 365
 nos facimus, Fortuna, deam caeloque locamus.

SATVRA XI

ATTICUS eximie si cenat, lautus habetur,
 si Rutilus, demens. quid enim maiore cachinno
 excipitur vulgi quam pauper Apicius ? omnis
 convictus, thermae, stationes, omne theatrum
 de Rutilo ; nam dum valida ac iuvenalia membra 5
 sufficiunt galeae dumque ardent¹ sanguine, fertur
 non cogente quidem sed nec prohibente tribuno,
 scripturus leges et regia verba lanistae.
 multos porro vides, quos saepe elusus ad ipsum
 creditor introitum solet expectare macelli, 10
 et quibus in solo vivendi causa palato est.
 egregius cenat meliusque miserrimus horum
 et cito casurus iam perlucente ruina.
 interea gustus elementa per omnia quaerunt

¹ *ardenti* Pψ : *ardens* U : *ardent* conj. Rigalt.

¹ The last king of the Assyrian empire of Nineveh. A proverb for luxury.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XI

kind of toil ; that knows neither wrath nor desire, and thinks that the woes and hard labours of Hercules are better than the loves and the banquets and the down cushions of Sardanapalus.¹ What I commend to you, you can give to yourself ; for it is assuredly through virtue that lies the one and only road to a life of peace. Thou wouldst have no divinity, O Fortune, if we had but wisdom ; it is we that make a goddess of thee, and place thee in the skies.

SATIRE XI

EXTRAVAGANCE AND SIMPLICITY OF LIVING

IF Atticus dines sumptuously, he is thought a fine gentleman ; if Rutilus does the same, people say he has lost his senses : for at what does the public laugh so loudly as at an Apicius² reduced to poverty ? Every dinner table, all the baths, lounging-places and theatres have their fling at Rutilus ; for while still young, active, and warm-blooded, and fit to wear a helmet, he plunges on till he will have to enrol himself—not compelled indeed, but not forbidden by the Tribune³—under the rules and royal mandates of a trainer of gladiators. You may see many of these gentry being waited for by an oft-eluded creditor at the entrance to the meat-market—men whose sole reason for living lies in their palate. The greater their straits—though the house is ready to fall, and the daylight begins to show between the cracks—the more luxuriously and daintily do they dine. Meanwhile they ransack all the elements for new relishes ;

² A notorious and wealthy glutton ; see iv. 23.

³ *i.e.* a *tribunus plebis*, whose permission would be necessary.

IVVENALIS SATVRA XI

numquam animo pretiis opstantibus; interius si 15
 adtendas, magis illa iuvant quae pluris emuntur.
 ergo haut difficile est perituram arcessere summam
 lancibus oppositis vel matris imagine fracta,
 et quadringentis nummis condire gulosum
 fictile; sic veniunt ad miscellanea ludi. 20
 refert ergo quis haec eadem paret; in Rutilo nam
 luxuria est, in Ventidio laudabile nomen
 sumit,¹ et a censu famam trahit.

Illum ego iure

despiciam, qui scit quanto sublimior Atlans
 omnibus in Libya sit montibus, hic tamen idem 25
 ignoret quantum ferrata distet ab arca
 sacculus. e caelo descendit γνῶθι σεαυτόν
 figendum et memori tractandum pectore, sive
 coniugium quaeras vel sacri in parte senatus
 esse velis; neque enim loricae poscit Achillis 30
 Thersites, in qua se traducebat Vlixes;
 ancipitem seu tu magno discrimine causam
 protegere adfectas, te consule, dic tibi qui sis,
 orator vehemens an Curtius et Matho buccae.
 noscenda est mensura sui spectandaque rebus 35
 in summis minimisque, etiam cum piscis emetur,
 ne mullum cupias, cum sit tibi gobio tantum
 in oculis. quis enim te deficiente crumina
 et crescente gula manet exitus, aere paterno
 ac rebus mersis in ventrem faenoris atque 40
 argenti gravis et pecorum agrorumque capacem?
 talibus a dominis post cuncta novissimus exit

¹ *sumit* PSψ: *sumptus* Heinrich and Housm.

¹ Referring to his contest with Ajax for the arms of Achilles.

no cost ever stands in their way; if you look closely into it, the greater the price, the greater the pleasure. So when they want to raise money to go after the rest, they think nothing of pawning their plate, or breaking up the image of their mother; and having thus seasoned their gluttonous delf at a cost of four hundred sesterces, they come down at last to the hotch-potch of the gladiatorial school. It matters much therefore who provides the feast; what is extravagant in Rutilus, gets a fine name in Ventidius, and takes its character from his means.

²³ Rightly do I despise a man who knows how much higher Atlas is than all the other mountains of Africa, and yet knows not the difference between a purse and an iron-bound money-box. The maxim "Know thyself" comes down to us from the skies; it should be imprinted in the heart, and stored in the memory, whether you are looking for a wife, or wishing for a seat in the sacred Senate: even Thersites never asked for that breastplate of Achilles in which Ulysses cut such a sorry figure.¹ If you are preparing to conduct a great and difficult cause, take counsel of yourself and tell yourself what you are—are you a great orator, or just a spouter like Curtius and Matho? Let a man take his own measure and have regard to it in things great or small, even in the buying of a fish, that he set not his heart upon a mullet, when he has only a gudgeon in his purse. For if your purse is getting empty while your maw is expanding, what will be your end when you have sunk your paternal fortune and all your belongings in a belly which can hold capital and solid silver as well as flocks and lands? With such owners the last thing to go is the ring;

IVVENALIS SATVRA XI

anulus, et digito mendicat Pollio nudo.
 non praematuri cineres nec funus acerbum
 luxuriae, sed morte magis metuenda senectus. 45

Hi plerumque gradus : conducta pecunia Romae
 et coram dominis consumitur ; inde ubi paulum
 nescio quid superest et pallet faenoris auctor,
 qui vertere solum, Baias et ad ostrea currunt.
 cedere namque foro iam non est deterius quam 50

Esquillas a ferventi migrare Subura ;
 ille dolor solus patriam fugientibus, illa
 maestitia est, caruisse anno circensibus uno :
 sanguinis in facie non haeret gutta, morantur
 pauci ridiculum et fugientem ex urbe pudorem. 55

Experiere hodie numquid pulcherrima dictu,
 Persice, non praestem vitae tibi ¹ moribus et re,
 si laudem siliquas occultus ganeo, pultes
 coram aliis dictem puero, sed in aure placentas.
 nam cum sis conviva mihi promissus, habebis 60

Euandrum; venies Tiryntius aut minor illo
 hospes, et ipse tamen contingens sanguine caelum,
 alter aquis, alter flammis ad sidera missus.
 fercula nunc audi nullis ornata macellis.
 de Tibertino veniet pinguissimus agro 65

haedulus et toto grege mollior, inscius herbae
 necdum ausus virgas humilis mordere salicti,
 qui plus lactis habet quam sanguinis ; et montani

¹ *tibi* is added by Büch.: P has a blank.

¹ Alluding to the entertainment of Hercules by Evander
 (Virg. *Aen.* viii. 359-365). ² Aeneas.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XI

poor Pollio, his finger stripped, has to go a-begging! It is not an early death or an untimely grave that extravagance has to dread: old age is more terrible to it than death.

⁴⁶ The regular stages are these: money is borrowed in Rome and squandered before the owner's eyes; when some little of it is still left, and the lender's face grows pale, these gentlemen give leg bail, and make off for Baiae and its oyster-beds—for in these days people think no more of absconding from the Forum than of flitting from the stuffy Subura to the Esquiline. One pang, one sorrow only, afflicts these exiles, that they must, for one season, miss the Circensian games! No drop of blood lingers in their cheek: Shame is ridiculed as she flees from the city, and few would bid her stay.

⁵⁶ To-day, friend Persicus, you will discover whether I make good, in deed and in my ways of life, the fair maxims which I preach, or whether, while commending beans, I am at heart a glutton: openly bidding my slave to bring me porridge, but whispering "cheese-cakes" in his ear. For now that you have promised to be my guest, you will find in me an Evander¹; you yourself will be the Tirynthian, or the guest less great than he,² though he too came of blood divine—the one by water, the other borne by fire,³ to the stars. And now hear my feast, which no meat-market shall adorn. From my Tiburtine farm there will come a plump kid, tenderest of the flock, innocent of grass, that has never yet dared to nibble the twigs of the dwarf willow, and has more of milk in him than blood; some wild asparagus, gathered

³ Both heroes were deified; Hercules met his death by burning, Aeneas by drowning.

IVVENALIS SATVRA XI

asparagi, posito quos legit vilica fuso ;
 grandia praeterea tortoque calentia faeno 70
 ova adsunt ipsis cum matribus, et servatae
 parte anni quales fuerant in vitibus uvae,
 Signinum Syriumque pirum, de corbibus isdem
 aemula Picens et odoris mala recentis
 nec metuenda tibi, siccatum frigore postquam 75
 autumnum et crudi posuere pericula suci.

Haec olim nostri iam luxuriosa senatus
 cena fuit ; Curius parvo quae legerat horto
 ipse focus brevibus ponebat holuscula, quae nunc
 squalidus in magna fastidit compede fossor, 80
 qui meminit calidae sapiat quid vulva popinae.
 sicci terga suis rara pendentia crate
 moris erat quondam festis servare diebus
 et natalicium cognatis ponere lardum
 accedente nova, si quam dabat hostia, carne. 85
 cognatorum aliquis titulo ter consulis atque
 castrorum imperiis et dictatoris honore
 functus ad has epulas solito maturius ibat,
 erectum domito referens a monte ligonem.
 cum tremerent autem Fabios durumque Catonem 90
 et Scauros et Fabricium, rigidique¹ severos
 censoris mores etiam collega timeret,
 nemo inter curas et seria duxit habendum,
 qualis in Oceani fluctu testudo nataret,
 clarum Troiugenis factura et nobile fulcrum ; 95
 sed nudo latere et parvis frons aerea lectis

¹ *rigidique* ψ, Housm. : *postremo* P Büch.

¹ Manius Curius Dentatus, the conqueror of Pyrrhus, type of the simple noble Roman of early times.

by the bailiff's wife when done with her spindle, and some lordly eggs, warm in their wisps of hay, together with the hens that laid them. There will be grapes too, kept half the year, as fresh as when they hung upon the tree; pears from Signia and Syria, and in the same baskets fresh-smelling apples that rival those of Picenum, and of which you need not be afraid, seeing that winter's cold has dried up their autumnal juice, and removed the perils of unripeness.

⁷⁷ Such were the banquets of our Senate in days of old, when already grown luxurious; when Curius,¹ with his own hands, would lay upon his modest hearth the simple herbs he had gathered in his little garden—herbs scoffed at nowadays by the dirty ditcher who works in chains, and remembers the savour of tripe in the reeking cookshop. For feast days, in olden times, they would keep a side of dried pork, hanging from an open rack, or put before the relations a flitch of birthday bacon, with the addition of some fresh meat, if there happened to be a sacrifice to supply it. A kinsman who had thrice been hailed as Consul, who had commanded armies, and filled the office of Dictator, would come home earlier than was his wont for such a feast, shouldering the spade with which he had been subduing the hill-side. For when men quailed before a Fabius or a stern Cato, before a Scaurus or a Fabricius—when even a Censor might dread the severe verdict of his colleague²—no one deemed it a matter of grave and serious concern what kind of tortoise-shell was swimming in the waves of Ocean to form a head-rest for our Troy-born grandees. Couches in those days were

² For the quarrel between the censors, see Livy, xxix. 37.

vile coronati caput ostendebat aselli,
 ad quod lascivi ludebant ruris alumni :
 tales ergo cibi, qualis domus atque supellex.

Tunc rudis et Graias mirari nescius artes 100
 urbibus eversis praedarum in parte reperta
 magnorum artificum frangebatur pocula miles,
 ut phaleris gauderet equus caelataque cassis
 Romuleae simulacra ferae mansuescere iussae
 imperii fato, geminos sub rupe Quirinos, 105
 ac nudam effigiem¹ clipeo venientis et hasta
 pendentisque dei perituro ostenderet hosti.
 ponebant igitur Tusco farrata catino :
 argenti quod erat, solis fulgebat in armis.
 omnia tunc, quibus invidias si lividulus sis. 110
 templorum quoque maiestas praesentior, et vox
 nocte fere media mediamque audita per urbem
 litore ab Oceani Gallis venientibus et dis
 officium vatis peragentibus. his monuit nos,
 hanc rebus Latiis curam praestare solebat 115
 fictilis et nullo violatus Iuppiter auro.

Illa domi natas nostraque ex arbore mensas
 tempora viderunt; hos lignum stabat ad usus,
 annosam si forte nucem deiecerat Eurys.
 at nunc divitibus cenandi nulla voluptas, 120
 nil rhombus, nil damma sapit, putere videntur
 unguenta atque rosae, latos nisi sustinet orbis
 grande ebur et magno sublimis pardus hiatus

¹ Housm. inserts *in* before *clipeo*.

¹ *i.e.* the god Mars.

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small, their sides unadorned : a simple headpiece of bronze would display the head of a be-garlanded ass, beside which would romp in play the children of the village. Thus house and furniture were all in keeping with the fare.

¹⁰⁰ The rude soldier of those days had no taste for, or knowledge of, Greek art ; if allotted cups made by great artists as his share in the booty of a captured city, he would break them up to provide gay trappings for his horse, or to chase a helmet that should display to the dying foe an image of the Romulean beast bidden by Rome's destiny to grow tame, with the twin Quirini beneath a rock, and the nude effigy of the God¹ swooping down with spear and shield. Their messes of spelt were then served on platters of earthenware ; such silver as there was glittered only on their arms—all which things you may envy if you are at all inclined that way. The majesty of the temples also was more near to help us ; it was then that was heard through the entire city that midnight voice telling how the Gauls were advancing from the shores of Ocean, the Gods taking on them the part of prophecy. Such were the warnings of Jupiter, such the care which he bestowed on the concerns of Latium when he was made of clay, and undefiled by gold.

¹¹⁷ In those days our tables were home-grown, made of our own trees ; for such use was kept some aged chestnut blown down perchance by the South-western blast. But nowadays a rich man takes no pleasure in his dinner—his turbot and his venison have no taste, his unguents and his roses no perfume—unless the broad slabs of his dinner-table rest upon a ramping, gaping leopard of solid ivory, made

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dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes
 et Mauri celeres et Mauro obscurior Indus, 125
 et quos deposuit Nabataeo belua saltu
 iam nimios capitique graves. hinc surgit orexis,
 hinc stomacho vires; nam pes argenteus illis,
 anulus in digito quod ferreus. ergo superbum
 convivam caveo, qui me sibi comparat et res 130
 despicit exiguas. adeo nulla uncia nobis
 est eboris, nec tessellae nec calculus ex hac
 materia, quin ipsa manubria cultellorum
 ossea. non tamen his ulla unquam obsonia fiunt
 rancidula aut ideo peior gallina secatur. 135
 sed nec structor erit cui cedere debeat omnis
 pergula, discipulus Trypheri doctoris, aput quem
 sumine cum magno lepus atque aper et pygargus
 et Scythicae volucres et phoenicopterus ingens
 et Gaetulus oryx hebeti lautissima ferro 140
 caeditur et tota sonat ulmea cena Subura.
 nec frustum capreae subducere nec latus Afrac
 novit avis noster, tirunculus ac rudis omni
 tempore et exiguae furtis inbutus ofellae.
 plebeios calices et paucis assibus emptos 145
 porriget incultus puer atque a frigore tutus.
 non Phryx aut Lycius, non a mangone petitus
 quisquam erit et magno¹: cum posces, posce latine.
 idem habitus cunctis, tonsi rectique capilli
 atque hodie tantum propter convivia pexi. 150
 pastoris duri hic est filius, ille bubulci;

¹ *quisquam erit et magno* ALOT: *quisquam erit in magno* PSFGU: *qui steterit magno* conj. Housm.: *in magno si posces* Büch. (1893) Owen; *id magnum* Büch. (1910).

² Now Assouan, on the Roman frontier. The phrase "portal of Syene" means "the portal consisting of Syene," Syene itself constituting the portal.

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of the tusks sent to us by the swift-footed Moor from the portal of Syene,¹ or by the still duskier Indian—or perhaps shed by the monstrous beast in the Nabataean² forest when too big and too heavy for his head. These are the things that give good appetite and good digestion; for to these gentlemen a table with a leg of silver is like a finger with an iron ring. For this reason I will have none of your haughty guests to make comparisons between himself and me, and look down upon my humble state. So destitute am I of ivory that neither my dice nor counters are made of it; even my knife-handles are of bone. Yet are not the viands tainted thereby, nor does the pullet cut up any the worse on that account. Nor shall I have a carver to whom the whole carving-school must bow, a pupil of the learned Trypherus, in whose school is cut up, with blunt knives, a magnificent feast of hares and sow's paunches, of boars and antelopes, of Scythian fowls and tall flamingoes and Gaetulian gazelles, until the whole Subura rings with the clatter of the elm-wood banquet. My raw youngster, untutored all his days, has never learnt how to filch a slice of kid or the wing of a guinea-fowl, unpractised save in the theft of scraps. Cups of common ware, bought for a few pence, will be handed round by an unpolished lad, clad so as to keep out the cold. No Phrygian or Lycian youth, none bought from a dealer at a huge price, will you find; when you want anything, ask for it in Latin. They are all dressed alike; their hair cut close and uncurled, and only combed to-day because of the company. One is the son of a hardy shepherd;

² The Nabataei were an Arabian tribe. But there are no elephants in Arabia.

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suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,
 et casulam et notos tristis desiderat haedos,
 ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris,
 quales esse decet quos ardens purpura vestit, 155
 nec pupillares defert in balnea raucus
 testiculos, nec vellendas iam praebuit alas,
 crassa nec opposito pavidus tegit inguina guto.
 hic tibi vina dabit diffusa in montibus illis
 a quibus ipse venit, quorum sub vertice lusit; 160
 [namque una atque eadem est vini patria atque
 ministri.]

Forsitan expectes ut Gaditana canoro
 incipiant prurire choro plausuque probatae
 ad terram tremulo descendant clune puellae;
 spectant hoc nuptae iuxta recubante marito, 165
 quod pudeat narrare aliquem praesentibus ipsis,
 iritamentum veneris languentis et acres
 divitis urticae; maior tamen ista voluptas
 alterius sexus: magis ille extenditur, et mox
 auribus atque oculis concepta urina movetur. 170
 non capit has nugas humilis domus. audiat ille
 testarum crepitus cum verbis, nudum olido stans
 fornice mancipium quibus abstinet, ille fruatur
 vocibus obscaenis omnique libidinis arte,
 qui Lacedaemonium pytismate lubricat orbem; 175
 namque ibi fortunae veniam damus. alea turpis,
 turpe et adulterium mediocribus: haec eadem illi
 omnia cum faciunt, hilares nitidique vocantur.
 nostra dabunt alios hodie convivium ludos,
 conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maronis 180
 altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam.
 quid refert, tales versus qua voce legantur?

another of the cattle-man: he sighs for the mother whom he has not seen for so long, and thinks wistfully of the little cottage and the kids he knew so well; a lad of open countenance and simple modesty, such as those ought to be who are clothed in glowing purple.¹ No noisy frequenter he of baths, presenting his armpits to be cleared of hair, and with only an oil-flask to conceal his nudity. He will hand you a wine that was bottled on the hills among which he was born, and beneath whose tops he played—for wine and servant alike have one and the same fatherland.

¹⁶² You may look perhaps for a troop of Spanish maidens to win applause by immodest dance and song, sinking down with quivering thighs to the floor—such sights as brides behold seated beside their husbands, though it were a shame to speak of such things in their presence. . . . My humble home has no place for follies such as these. The clatter of castanets, words too foul for the strumpet that stands naked in a reeking archway, with all the arts and language of lust, may be left to him who spits wine upon floors of Lacedaemonian marble; such men we pardon because of their high station. In men of moderate position gaming and adultery are shameful; but when those others do these same things, they are called gay fellows and fine gentlemen. My feast to-day will provide other performances than these. The bard of the *Iliad* will be sung, and the lays of the lofty-toned Maro that contest the palm with his. What matters it with what voice strains like these are read?

¹ Referring to the purple stripe on the *toga praetexta* worn by all free-born boys.

Sed nunc dilatis averte negotia curis
 et gratam requiem dona tibi, quando licebit
 per totum cessare diem. non faenoris ulla 185
 mentio nec, prima si luce egressa reverti
 nocte solet, tacito bilem tibi contrahat uxor
 umida suspectis referens multicia rugis
 vexatasque comas et vultum auremque calentem.
 protinus ante meum quidquid dolet exue limen, 190
 pone domum et servos et quidquid frangitur illis
 aut perit, ingratos ante omnia pone sodales.

Interea Megalesiacae spectacula mappae
 Idaeum sollemne colunt, similisque triumpho
 praeda caballorum praetor sedet, ac mihi pace 195
 immensae nimiaeque licet si dicere plebis,
 totam hodie Romam circus capit, et fragor aurem
 percutit, eventum viridis quo colligo panni.
 nam si deficeret, maestam attonitamque videres
 hanc urbem veluti Cannarum in pulvere victis 200
 consulibus. spectent iuvenes, quos clamor et audax
 sponsio, quos cultae decet assedis puellae:
 nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula solem
 effugiatque togam. iam nunc in balnea salva
 fronte licet vadas, quamquam solida hora super-
 sit 205
 ad sextam. facere hoc non possis quinque diebus
 continuis, quia sunt talis quoque taedia vitae
 magna: voluptates commendat rarior usus.

¹ The Megalesian games (April 4-10) were held in honour of Cybele (*μεγάλη μήτηρ*); the praetor gave the signal for starting the chariot-race by dropping a napkin.

² There were four factions in the Circus, consisting of the supporters of the four charioteering colours, White, Red,

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183 And now put away cares and cast business to the winds! Present yourself with a welcome holiday, now that you may be idle for the entire day. Let there be no talk of money, and let there be no secret wrath or suspicion in your heart because your wife is wont to go forth at dawn and to come home at night with crumpled hair and flushed face and ears. Cast off straightway before my threshold all that troubles you, all thought of house and slaves, with all that slaves break or lose, and above all put away all thought of thankless friends.

193 Meantime the solemn Idaean rite of the Megalesian napkin¹ is being held; there sits the Praetor in his triumphal state, the prey of horse-flesh; and (if I may say so without offence to the vast unnumbered mob) all Rome to-day is in the Circus. A roar strikes upon my ear which tells me that the Green² has won; for had it lost, Rome would be as sad and dismayed as when the Consuls were vanquished in the dust of Cannae. Such sights are for the young, whom it befits to shout and make bold wagers with a smart damsel by their side: but let my shrivelled skin drink in the vernal sun, and escape the toga. You may go at once to your bath with no shame on your brow, though it wants a whole hour of mid-day.³ That you could not do for five days continuously, since even such a life has weariness. It is rarity that gives zest to pleasure.⁴

Green, and Blue. The Green it seems was the popular colour, being usually favoured by the emperor.

³ The bath was usually not taken till the eighth hour.

⁴ This would seem to be almost a translation from Epictetus (*Flor.* 6. 59). "The rarest pleasures give most delight."

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SATVRA XII

NATALI, Corvine, die mihi dulcior haec lux,
 qua festus promissa deis animalia caespes
 expectat. niveam reginae ducimus agnam,
 par vellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maura ;
 sed procul extensum petulans quatit hostia funem 5
 Tarpeio servata Iovi frontemque coruscat,
 quippe ferox vitulus templis maturus et arae
 spargendusque mero, quem iam pudet ubera matris
 ducere, qui vexat nascenti robora cornu.
 si res ampla domi similisque adfectibus esset, 10
 pinguior Hispulla traheretur taurus et ipsa
 mole piger nec finitima nutritus in herba,
 laeta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
 iret et a grandi cervix ferienda ministro
 ob reditum trepidantis adhuc horrendaque passi 15
 nuper et incolumem sese mirantis amici.

Nam praeter pelagi casus et fulminis ictus
 evasit : densae caelum abscondere tenebrae
 nube una subitusque antemnas inpulit ignis,
 cum se quisque illo percussum crederet et mox 20
 attonitus nullum conferri posse putaret
 naufragium velis ardentibus. omnia fiunt
 talia, tam graviter, si quando poetica surgit
 tempestas. genus ecce aliud discriminis audi

¹ Pallas.

² The Gorgon (or Gorgons) were supposed to belong to Libya.

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SATIRE XII

HOW CATULLUS ESCAPED SHIPWRECK

DEARER to me, Corvinus, is this day, when my festal turf is awaiting the victims vowed to the Gods, than my own birthday. To the Queen of Heaven I offer a snow-white lamb; a fleece as white to the Goddess¹ armed with the Moorish² Gorgon; hard by is the frolicsome victim destined for Tarpeian Jove, shaking the tight-stretched rope and brandishing his brow; for he is a bold young steer, ripe for temple and for altar, and fit to be sprinkled with wine; it already shames him to suck his mother's milk, and with his budding horn he assails the oaks. Were my fortune large, and as ample as my love, I should have been hauling along a bull fatter than Hispulla, slow-footed from his very bulk; reared on no neighbouring herbage he, but showing in his blood the rich pastures of the Clitumnus,³ and marching along to offer his neck to the stroke of the stalwart priest, to celebrate the return of my still trembling friend who has lately gone through such terrors, and now marvels to find himself safe and sound.

¹⁷ For besides the perils of the deep he escaped a lightning stroke. A mass of dense black cloud shut out the heavens, and down came a flash of fire upon the yards. Every man believed himself smitten by the bolt, and soon in his terror be-thought him that no shipwreck could be so terrible as a ship on fire. All happened in the same way and as frightfully as when a storm arises in a poem, when lo! a new kind of peril came: hear it and give

³ Famed for their breed of white cattle.

et miserere iterum, quamquam sint cetera sortis 25
 eiusdem pars dira quidem, sed cognita multis
 et quam votiva testantur fana tabella
 plurima; pictores quis nescit ab Iside pasci?

Accidit et nostro similis fortuna Catullo.
 cum plenus fluctu medius foret alveus et iam, 30
 alternum puppis latus evertentibus undis,
 arbori¹ incertae, nullam prudentia cani
 rectoris cum ferret opem, decidere iactu
 coepit cum ventis, imitatus castora, qui se
 eunuchum ipse facit cupiens evadere damno 35
 testiculi; adeo medicatum intellegit inguen.
 "fundite quae mea sunt," dicebat "cuncta" Catullus,
 praecipitare volens etiam pulcherrima, vestem
 purpuream teneris quoque Maecenatibus aptam,
 atque alias quarum generosi graminis ipsum 40
 infecit natura pecus, sed et egregius fons
 viribus occultis et Baeticus adiuvat aer.
 ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances
 Parthenio factas, urnae cratera capacem
 et dignum sitiente Pholo vel coniuge Fusci; 45
 adde et baseaudas et mille escaria, multum
 caelati, biberat quo callidus² emptor Olynthi.
 sed quis nunc alius qua mundi parte, quis audet
 argento praeferre caput rebusque salutem?
 [non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam, 50
 sed vitio caeci propter patrimonia vivunt.]

¹ *arbori* is Lachmann's conj. for the *arboris* of the MSS.

² *callidus* ψ: *pallidus* PA.

¹ *i.e.* by employing them to paint votive tablets for her temples.

² Baetica was one of the provinces of Spain, called after the Baetis (*Guadalquivir*). The wool was famed for its golden colour.

your pity once again, though the rest of the tale is all of one piece: a fearful lot, well known to many, and testified by many a votive tablet in our temples. Who knows not that it is Isis who feeds our painters?¹

²⁰ A fate like to these befell our friend Catullus also. For when the hold was half full of water, and the waves rocked the hull from side to side, so that the white-haired skipper, with all his skill, could bring no succour to the labouring mast, he resolved to compound with the winds like the beaver, who gives up one part of his body that he may keep the rest; so conscious is he of the drug which he carries in his groin. "Overboard with everything!" shouted Catullus, ready to cast headlong his finest wares: purple garments, such as would have befitted a soft Maecenas, with other fabrics dyed on the sheep's back by the noble nature of the herbage—though doubtless the hidden virtues of the water and air of Baetica² also lent their aid. Nor did he hesitate to throw over pieces of silver plate—chargers wrought by Parthenius,³ and bowls holding three gallons, fit to slake the thirst of the Centaur Pholus⁴ or the wife of Fuscus. Besides these were baskets and dishes without number, and much chased work out of which the crafty purchaser of Olynthus⁵ had slaked his thirst. What other man is there, in what part of the world, who would dare to value his life above his plate, or his safety above his property? Some men are so blinded and depraved that, instead of making fortunes for the sake of living, they live for their fortunes' sake.

¹ An engraver, otherwise unknown.

⁴ The Centaurs were famed for their drinking capacity.

⁵ Philip of Macedon.

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Iactatur rerum utilium pars maxima, sed nec
 damna levant. tunc adversis urgentibus illuc
 recedit ut malum ferro summitteret; ac se
 explicat angustum: discriminis ultima, quando 55
 praesidia adferimus navem factura minorem.
 i nunc et ventis animam committe dolato
 confisus ligno, digitis a morte remotus
 quattuor aut septem, si sit latissima, taedae;
 mox cum reticulis et pane et ventre lagonae, 60
 aspice¹ sumendas in tempestate secures.

Sed postquam iacuit planum mare, tempora
 postquam
 prospera vectoris fatumque valentius Euro
 et pelago, postquam Parcae meliora benigna
 pensa manu ducunt hilares et staminis albi 65
 lanificae, modica nec multum fortior aura
 ventus adest, inopi miserabilis arte cucurrit
 vestibis extentis et quod superaverat unum
 velo prora suo. iam deficientibus Austris
 spes vitae cum sole redit. tunc gratus Iulo 70
 atque novercali sedes praelata Lavino
 conspicitur sublimis apex, cui candida nomen
 serofa dedit, lactis Phrygibus mirabile sumen,
 et numquam visis triginta clara mamillis.

Tandem intrat posita inclusa per aequora moles 75
 Tyrrhenamque pharon porrectaque brachia rursum
 quae pelago occurrunt medio longeque relinquunt
 Italiam; non sic igitur mirabere portus

¹ *aspice* Pψ: *accipe* Housm.: *respice* Iahn.

¹ The Alban Mount.

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⁵² And now most of the cargo has gone overboard, but even these losses do not ease the vessel; so in his extremity the skipper had to fall back upon cutting away the mast, and so find a way out of his straits—a dire pass indeed when no remedy can be found but one that diminishes the ship! Go now, and commit your life to the winds! Go trust yourself to a hewn plank which parts you from death by four finger-breadths, or seven if it be extra thick! Only remember in future, besides your bread and your bread-basket and your pot-bellied flagon, to take with you axes also for use in time of storm.

⁶² But soon the sea fell flat, and our mariners came on better times. Destiny proved stronger than wind and wave; the glad Fates, with kindly hand, spun a yarn of white wool, there sprang up what was no stronger than a gentle breeze, under which the poor ship sped on by the sorry help of outstretched garments, and the single sail now left to her on her prow. Soon the winds abated, and out came the sun, bringing hope of life; and then there came into view the beetling height¹ so dear to Iulus, and preferred by him for his abode to his step-mother's Lavinum, a height that took its name from the white sow whose wondrous womb made glad the Phrygians' hearts, and gained fame for her thirty teats—a sight never seen before!

⁷⁵ And now at length the ship comes within the moles built out to enclose the sea.² She passes the Tyrrhenian Pharos, and those arms which stretch out and meet again in mid-ocean, leaving Italy far behind—a port more wondrous far than those of

² The port of Ostia, built by Claudius and called *Portus Augusti*.

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quos natura dedit. sed trunca puppe magister
interiora petit, Baianae pervia cumbae, 80
tuti stagna sinus. gaudent ibi vertice raso
garrula securi narrare pericula nautae.

Ite igitur, pueri, linguis animisque faventes
sertaque delubris et farra inponite cultris
ac mollis ornate focos glaebamque virentem. 85
iam sequar et sacro, quod praestat, rite peracto
inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parva coronas
accipiunt fragili simulacra nitentia cera.
hic nostrum placabo Iovem Laribusque paternis
tura dabo atque omnis violae iactabo colores. 90
cuncta nitent, longos erexit ianua ramos
et matutinis operatur festa lucernis.

Nec suspecta tibi sint haec, Corvine : Catullus,
pro cuius reditu tot pono altaria, parvos
tres habet heredes. libet expectare quis aegram 95
et claudentem oculos gallinam inpendat amico
tam sterili ; verum haec nimia est inpensa : coturnix
nulla umquam pro patre cadet. sentire calorem
si coepit locuples Gallitta et Pacius orbi,
legitime fixis vestitur tota libellis 100
porticus, existunt qui promittant hecatomben,
quatenus hic non sunt nec venales elephantis,
nec Latio aut usquam sub nostro sidere talis
belua concipitur, sed furva gente petita
arboribus Rutulis et Turni pascitur agro, 105
Caesaris armentum nulli servire paratum
privato, siquidem Tyrio parere solebant

¹ In fulfilment, no doubt, of a vow made in the moment of danger.

² The emperors kept a herd of elephants for games, etc., at Laurentum, near the kingdom of the Rutulian Turnus.

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Nature's making. Then the skipper, with his crippled ship, makes for the still waters of the inner basin in which any Baian shallop may ride in safety. There the sailors shave their heads¹ and delight, in garrulous ease, to tell the story of their perils.

⁸³ Away then, ye boys, and with reverent tongues and souls hang up garlands upon the shrines, sprinkle meal upon the knives, and deck the soft altars of verdant turf. I will quickly follow, and having duly performed the greater rite, will return thence home, where my little images of shining crumbling wax are being decked with slender wreaths. Here will I entreat my own Jupiter; here will I offer incense to my paternal Lares, and scatter pansies of every hue. Here all is bright; the gateway, in token of feast, has put up trailing branches, and is worshipping with early-lighted lamps.

⁹³ Look not askance, Corvinus, upon these rejoicings. The Catullus for whose return I set up all these altars has three little heirs of his own. You may wait long enough before you find anyone to bestow a sickly hen, just closing her eyes, upon so unprofitable a friend; nay, a hen would be all too costly: no quail will ever fall for a man who is a father! But if the rich and childless Gallitta or Pacius have a touch of fever, their entire porticoes will be dressed out with tablets fastened in due form; there will be some to vow hecatombs, not elephants, indeed, seeing that elephants are not for sale, nor does that beast breed in Latium, or anywhere beneath our skies, but is fetched from the dark man's land, and fed in the Rutulian forest and the domains of Turnus.² The herd is Caesar's,² and will serve no private master, since their forefathers were wont to obey the

IVVENALIS SATVRA XII

- Hannibali et nostris ducibus regique Molosso
 horum maiores ac dorso ferre cohortis,
 partem aliquam belli, et euntem in proelia tur-
 rem. 110
- nulla igitur mora per Novium, mora nulla per Histrum
 Pacuvium, quin illud ebur ducatur ad aras
 et cadat ante Lares Gallitæ victima sola
 tantis digna deis et captatoribus horum.
 alter enim, si concedas, mactare vovebit 115
- de grege servorum magna et pulcherrima quæque
 corpora, vel pueris et frontibus ancillarum
 inponet vittas, et si qua est nubilis illi
 Iphigenia domi, dabit hanc altaribus, etsi
 non sperat tragicæ furtiva piacula cervæ. 120
- Laudo meum civem, nec comparo testamento
 mille rates; nam si Libitinam evaserit aeger,
 delebit tabulas inclusus carcere nassæ
 post meritum sane mirandum atque omnia soli
 forsân Pacuvio breviter dabit, ille superbus 125
- incedet victis rivalibus. ergo vides quam
 grande operæ pretium faciat iugulata Mycenis.
 vivat Pacuvius quaeso vel Nestora totum,
 possideat quantum rapuit Nero, montibus aurum
 exaequet, nec amet quemquam nec ametur ab
 ullo. 130

¹ Pyrrhus.

² Legacy-hunters.

³ Sacrificed by her father Agamemnon to procure a fair wind for the Greek fleet.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XII

Tyrian Hannibal and our generals and the Molossian king,¹ and to carry cohorts on their backs—no small fraction of a war—whole towers going forth to battle! Therefore Novius² would not hesitate, Pacuvius Hister² would not hesitate, to lead that ivoried monster to the altar, and offer it to Gallitta's Lares, the only victim worthy of such august divinities, and of those who hunt their gold. For the latter worthy, if permitted, will vow to sacrifice the tallest and comeliest of his slaves; he will place fillets on the brows of his slave-boys and maidservants; if he has a marriageable Iphigenia³ at home, he will place her upon the altar, though he could never hope for the hind of tragic story to provide a secret substitute.⁴

¹²¹ I commend the wisdom of my fellow townsman, nor can I compare a thousand ships to an inheritance; for if the sick man escape the Goddess of Death, he will be caught within the net, he will destroy his will, and after the prodigious services of Pacuvius will maybe by a single word, make him heir to all his possessions, and Pacuvius will strut proudly over his vanquished rivals. You see therefore how well worth while it was to slaughter that maiden at Mycenae! Long live Pacuvius! may he live, I pray, as many years as Nestor; may he possess as much as Nero plundered; may he pile up gold mountain-high; may he love no one, and be by none beloved!

⁴ Later tradition pretended that a hind had been substituted for Iphigenia.

SATVRA XIII

EXEMPLO quodcumque malo committitur, ipsi
 displicet auctori : prima est haec ultio, quod se
 iudice nemo nocens absolvitur, improba quamvis
 gratia fallaci praetoris vicerit urna.
 quid sentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti 5
 de scelere et fidei violatae crimine? sed nec
 tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
 iacturae te mergat onus, nec rara videmus
 quae pateris; casus multis hic cognitus ac iam
 tritus et e medio fortunae ductus acervo. 10
 ponamus nimios gemitus. flagrantior aequo
 non debet dolor esse viri nec vulnere maior.
 tu quamvis levium minimam exiguanque malorum
 particulam vix ferre potes spumantibus ardens
 visceribus, sacrum tibi quod non reddat amicus 15
 depositum; stupet haec qui iam post terga reliquit
 sexaginta annos Fonteio consule natus?
 an nihil in melius tot rerum proficis¹ usu?
 Magna quidem, sacris quae dat praecepta libellis,
 victrix fortunae sapientia; ducimus autem 20
 hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitae
 nec iactare iugum vita didicere magistra.
 quae tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem,
 perfidiam, fraudes atque omni ex crimine lucrum
 quaesitum et partos gladio vel pyxide nummos? 25

¹ *proficit* P: *proficis* ψ and Housm.

¹ C. Fonteius Capito, consul A.D. 67. That fixes the date of this Satire to the year A.D. 127.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XIII

SATIRE XIII

THE TERRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

No deed that sets an example of evil brings joy to the doer of it. The first punishment is this: that no guilty man is acquitted at the bar of his own conscience, though he have won his cause by a juggling urn, and the corrupt favour of the judge. What do you suppose, Calvinus, that people are now thinking about the recent villainy and the charge of trust betrayed? Your means are not so small that the weight of a slight loss will weigh you down; nor is your misfortune rare. Such a mishap has been known to many; it is one of the common kind, plucked at random out of Fortune's heap. Away with undue lamentations! a man's wrath should not be hotter than is fit, nor greater than the loss sustained. You are scarce able to bear the very smallest particle of misfortune; your bowels foam hot within you because your friend will not give up to you the sacred trust committed to him; does this amaze one who was born in the Consulship of Fonteius,¹ and has left sixty years behind him? Have you gained nothing from all your experience?

¹⁹ Great indeed is Philosophy, the conqueror of Fortune, and sacred are her precepts; but they too are to be deemed happy who have learnt under the schooling of life to endure its ills without fretting against the yoke. What day is there, however festal, which fails to disclose theft, treachery and fraud: gain made out of every kind of crime, and money won by the dagger or the bowl?² For honest men

² *Pyxis* is any bowl made of boxwood.

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rari quippe boni : numera, vix sunt totidem quot
 Thebarum portae vel divitis ostia Nili.
 nona ¹ aetas agitur peioraque saecula ferri
 temporibus, quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa
 nomen et a nullo posuit natura metallo. 30
 nos hominum divumque fidem clamore ciemus
 quanto Faesidium laudat vocalis agentem
 sportula. dic, senior bulla dignissime, nescis
 quas habeat veneres aliena pecunia? nescis
 quem tua simplicitas risum vulgo moveat, cum 35
 exigis a quoquam ne peieret et putet ullis
 esse aliquod numen templis araeque rubenti?
 quondam hoc indigenae vivebant more, priusquam
 sumeret agrestem posito diademate falcem
 Saturnus fugiens, tunc cum virguncula Iuno 40
 et privatus adhuc Idaeis Iuppiter antris;
 nulla super nubes convivium caelicolarum,
 nec puer Iliacus formosa nec Herculis uxor
 ad cyathos, et iam siccato nectare tergens
 brachia Vulcanus Liparaea nigra taberna. 45
 prandebat sibi quisque deus, nec turba deorum
 talis ut est hodie, contentaque sidera paucis
 numinibus miserum urgebant Atlanta minori
 pondere, nondum aliquis ² sortitus triste profundi

¹ *nona*. So ψ and Housm.: *non* FG: P BÜch. and Owen have the unmeaning *nunc*.

² *aliquis* is read by ψ , but omitted by P. Housm. conj. *imi*. See *Journal of Phil.* No. 67, p. 42.

¹ Thebes had seven gates, the Nile seven mouths.

² The *dole* (*sportula*) is called "vocal" because it secures to the patron the applause of his client when he pleads in court.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XIII

are scarce; hardly so numerous as the gates of Thebes, or the mouths of the enriching Nile.¹ We are living in a ninth age; an age more evil than that of iron—one for whose wickedness Nature herself can find no name, no metal from which to call it. We summon Gods and men to our aid with cries as loud as that with which the vocal dole² applauds Faesidius when he pleads. Tell me, you old gentleman, that should be wearing the *bullæ*³ of childhood, do you know nothing of the charm of other people's money? Are you ignorant of how the world laughs at your simplicity when you demand of any man that he shall not perjure himself, and believe that some divinity is to be found in temples or in altars red with blood? Primitive men lived thus in the olden days, before Saturn laid down his diadem and fled, betaking himself to the rustic sickle; in the days when Juno was a little maid, and Jupiter still a private gentleman in the caves of Ida.⁴ In those days there were no banquets of the heavenly host above the clouds, there was no Trojan youth, no fair wife of Hercules⁵ for cup-bearer, no Vulcan wiping arms begrimed by the Liparaean⁶ forge after tossing off his nectar. Each God then dined by himself; there was no such mob of deities as there is to-day; the stars were satisfied with a few divinities, and pressed with a lighter load upon the hapless Atlas. No monarch had as yet had the gloomy realms below allotted to him; there was no grim Pluto with a

³ The *bullæ* was a case of gold containing an amulet against the evil eye, worn by all free-born boys until they put on the *toga virilis*.

⁴ Mount Ida in Crete where Zeus was born. ⁵ Hebe.

⁶ Lipari, the group of islands elsewhere called Aeolian (i. 7), where Vulcan's forge was placed.

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imperium, aut Sicula torvos cum coniuge Pluton, 50
 nec rota nec Furiae nec saxum aut vulturis atri
 poena, sed infernis hilares sine regibus umbrae.
 improbitas illo fuit admirabilis aevo,
 credebant quo grande nefas et morte piandum,
 si iuvenis vetulo non adsurrexerat et si 55
 barbato cuicumque puer, licet ipse videret
 plura domi fraga et maiores glandis acervos;
 tam venerabile erat praecedere quattuor annis,
 primaque par adeo sacrae lanugo senectae.
 Nunc si depositum non infitietur amicus, 60
 si reddat veterem cum tota aerugine follem,
 prodigiosa fides et Tuscis digna libellis,
 quaeque coronata lustrari debeat agna.
 egregium sanctumque virum si cerno, bimbri
 hoc monstrum puero et miranti¹ sub aratro 65
 piscibus inventis et fetae comparo mulae,
 sollicitus, tamquam lapides effuderit imber
 examenque apium longa consederit uva
 culmine delubri, tamquam in mare fluxerit amnis
 gurgitibus miris et lactis vertice torrens. 70
 Intercepta decem quereris sestertia fraude
 sacrilega. quid si bis centum perdidit alter
 hoc arcana modo? maiorem tertius illa
 summam, quam patulae vix ceperat angulus arcae?
 tam facile et pronum est superos contemnere
 testes, 75
 si mortalis idem nemo sciat! aspice quanta
 voce neget, quae sit ficti constantia vultus:
 per Solis radios Tarpeiaque fulmina iurat

¹ So ψ and Housm.: Büch. follows the *mirandis* of P.

² The wheel of Ixion. ³ The stone of Sisyphus.

³ Tityus was preyed upon by a vulture.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XIII

Sicilian spouse; there was no wheel,¹ no rock,² no Furies, no black torturing Vulture;³ the shades led a merry life, with no kings over their nether world. Dishonesty was a prodigy in those days; men deemed it a heinous sin, worthy of death, if a youth did not rise before his elders, or a boy before any bearded man, though he himself might see more strawberries, and bigger heaps of acorns, in his own home. So worshipful was it to be older by four years, so equal to reverend age was the first down of manhood!

⁶⁰ But nowadays, if a friend does not disavow a sum entrusted to him, if he restore the old purse with all its rust, his good faith is deemed a portent calling for the sacred books of Etruria, and to be expiated by a lamb decked with garlands. If I discover an upright and blameless man, I liken him to a boy born with double limbs, or to fishes found by a marvelling rustic under the plough, or to a pregnant mule: I am as concerned as though it had rained stones, or a swarm of bees had settled in a long cluster on a temple-roof, or as though some river had poured down wondrous floods of milk into the sea.

⁷¹ You complain, do you, that by an impious fraud you have been robbed of ten thousand sesterces? What if someone else has by a like fraud lost a secret deposit of two hundred thousand sesterces? A third a still greater sum, which could scarce find room in the corners of his ample treasure-chest? So simple and easy a thing is it to disregard heavenly witnesses, if no mortal man is privy to the secret! Hear how loudly the fellow denies the charge! See the assurance of his perfidious face! He swears by the rays of the sun and the Tarpeian thunder-

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et Martis frameam et Cirrhaei spicula vatis,
 per calamos venatricis pharetramque puellae 80
 perque tuum, pater Aegaei Neptune, tridentem ;
 addit et Herculeos arcus hastamque Minervae,
 quidquid habent telorum armamentaria caeli.
 si vero et pater est, "comedam," inquit flebile, "nati
 sinciput elixi Pharioque madentis aceto." 85

Sunt in fortunae qui casibus omnia ponant
 et nullo credant mundum rectore moveri
 natura volvente vices et lucis et anni,
 atque ideo intrepidi quaecumque altaria tangunt.
 est alius metuens ne crimen poena sequatur ; 90
 hic putat esse deos et peierat, atque ita secum :
 "decernat quodcumque volet de corpore nostro
 Isis et irato feriat mea lumina sistro,
 dummodo vel caecus teneam quos abnego nummos.
 et phthisis et vomicae putres et dimidium crus 95
 sunt tanti. pauper locupletem optare podagram
 nec dubitet Ladas, si non eget Anticyra nec
 Archigene ; quid enim velocis gloria plantae
 praestat et esuriens Pisaeae ramus olivae ?
 ut sit magna, tamen certe lenta ira deorum est ; 100
 si curant igitur cunctos punire nocentes,
 quando ad me venient ? sed et exorabile numen
 fortasse experiar, solet his ignoscere. multi
 committunt eadem diverso crimina fato :
 ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema." 105

¹ A famous Greek runner.

² An island on which hellebore, the remedy for madness, was grown.

³ An olive-wreath was the prize at the Olympian games.

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bolts; by the lance of Mars and the arrows of the Cirrhaean Seer; by the shafts and quiver of the maiden huntress, and by thine own trident, O Neptune, thou lord of the Aegaeon sea. He throws in besides the bow of Hercules, and Minerva's spear, and all the weapons contained in all the armouries of Heaven; if he be a father, "May I eat," he tearfully declares, "my own son's head boiled, and dripping with Egyptian vinegar!"

⁸⁶ Some think that all things are subject to the chances of Fortune; these believe that the world has no governor to move it, but that Nature rolls along the changes of day and year; they will therefore lay their hands on any altar you please without a tremor. Another fears that punishment will follow crime; he believes that there are Gods, but perjures himself all the same, reasoning thus within himself: "Let Isis deal with my body as she wills, and blast my sight with her avenging rattle, provided only that even when blind I may keep the money which I disavow; it is worth having phthisis or running ulcers or losing half one's leg at the price! Ladas¹ himself, if not needing treatment at Anticyra² or by Archigenes, would not hesitate to accept the rich man's gout; for what is to be got out of fame for swiftness of foot, or from a hungry branch of the Pisaean Olive³? The wrath of the Gods may be great, but it assuredly is slow; if then they charge themselves with punishing all the guilty, when will they get my length? And besides I may perchance find the God placable; he is wont to forgive things like this. Many commit the same crime and fare differently: one man gets a gibbet, another a crown, as the reward of crime."

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Sic animum dirae trepidum formidine culpa
 confirmat, tunc te sacra ad delubra vocantem
 praecedit, trahere immo ultro ac vexare paratus.
 nam cum magna malae superest audacia causae,
 creditur a multis fiducia. mimum agit ille, 110
 urbani qualem fugitivus scurra Catulli :
 tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora vincere possis,
 vel potius quantum Gradivus Homericus : “ audis,
 Iuppiter, haec, nec labra moves, cum mittere vocem
 debueris vel marmoreus vel aeneus ? aut cur 115
 in carbone tuo charta pia tura soluta
 ponimus et sectum vituli iecur albaque porci
 omenta ? ut video, nullum discrimen habendum est
 effigies inter vestras statuamque Vagelli.”
 Accipe quae contra valeat solacia ferre 120
 et qui nec cynicos nec stoica dogmata legit
 a cynicis tunica distantia, non Epicurum
 suspicit exigui laetum plantaribus horti.
 curentur dubii medicis maioribus aegri :
 tu venam vel discipulo committe Philippi. 125
 si nullum in terris tam detestabile factum
 ostendis, taceo, nec pugnis caedere pectus
 te veto nec plana faciem contundere palma,
 quandoquidem accepto claudenda est ianua damno,
 et maiore domus gemitu, maiore tumultu 130
 planguntur nummi quam funera. nemo dolorem
 fingit in hoc casu, vestem diducere summam

¹ See viii. 186.

² See Hom. *Il.* v. 785.

³ The Cynics discarded the tunic.

⁴ Some inferior doctor ; unknown.

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¹⁰⁶ That is how they reassure their minds when in terror for some deadly guilt. If you summon them then to the holy shrine, they will be there before you; nay, they will themselves drag you thither, and dare you to the proof; for when a bad cause is well backed by a bold face, the man gets credit for self-confidence. Such a one plays a part, like the runaway buffoon of the witty Catullus,¹ but you, poor wretch, may shout so as to out-do Stentor,² or rather as loudly as the Mars of Homer, "Do you hear all this, O Jupiter, with lip unmoved, when you ought to have been making yourself heard, whether you be made of marble or of bronze? Else why do I open my packet of holy incense, and place it on your blazing altar? Why offer slices of a calf's liver or the fat of a white pig? So far as I can see, there is nothing to choose between your images and the statue of Vagellius!"

¹²⁰ And now hear what consolations can be offered on the other side by one who has not embraced the doctrines either of the Cynics, or of the Stoics—who only differ from the Cynics by a shirt³—nor yet revered Epicurus, so proud of the herbs in his tiny garden. Let doubtful maladies be tended by doctors of repute; your veins may be entrusted to a disciple of Philippus.⁴ If in all the world you cannot show me so abominable a crime, I hold my peace; I will not forbid you to smite your breast with your fists, or to pummel your face with open palm, seeing that after so great a loss you must close your doors, and that a household bewails the loss of money with louder lamentations than a death. In such a misfortune no grief is simulated; no one is content to rend the top of his garment, or to squeeze forced

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contentus, vexare oculos umore coacto :
 ploratur lacrimis amissa pecunia veris.

Sed si cuncta vides simili fora plena querella, 135
 si decies lectis diversa parte tabellis
 vana supervacui dicunt chirographa ligni,
 arguit ipsorum quos littera gemmaque princeps
 sardonichum, oculis quae custoditur eburnis,
 ten, o delicias! extra communia censes 140
 ponendum, quia tu gallinae filius albae,
 nos viles pulli, nati infelicibus ovis?
 rem pateris modicam et mediocri bile ferendam,
 si flectas oculos maiora ad crimina. confer
 conductum latronem, incendia sulphure coepta 145
 atque dolo, primos cum ianua colligit ignes;
 confer et hos, veteris qui tollunt grandia templi
 pocula adorandae robiginis et populorum
 dona vel antiquo positas a rege coronas;
 haec ibi si non sunt, minor exstat sacrilegus qui 150
 radat inaurati femur Herculis et faciem ipsam
 Neptuni, qui bratteolam de Castore ducat;
 an dubitet solitus totum conflare Tonantem?
 confer et artifices mercatoremque veneni,
 et deducendum corio bovis in mare, cum quo 155
 clauditur adversis innoxia simia fatis.
 haec quota pars scelerum, quae custos Gallicus urbis
 usque a lucifero donec lux occidat audit?
 humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti
 sufficit una domus: paucos consume dies et 160
 dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris, aude.

¹ See note on viii. 214.

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moisture from his eyes; unfeigned are the tears which lament the loss of wealth.

¹³⁵ But if you see every court beset with complaints like to yours; if after a bond has been read over ten times by the opposing party, they declare the document to be waste paper, though convicted by their own handwriting, and by the signet ring, most choice of sardonyx stones, kept in an ivory case—do you, my fine fellow, suppose that you are to be placed outside the common lot, because you were born of a white hen, while we are common chickens, hatched out of unlucky eggs? Your loss is a modest one, to be endured with a moderate amount of choler, if you cast an eye on grosser wrongs. Compare with your case the hired robber, or the fire purposely started by sulphur, the flame bursting out at your front door; think too of those who carry off from ancient temples splendid cups of venerable antiquity, that were the gift of nations, or crowns dedicated by some ancient monarch! If such things are not to be had, a petty desecrator will be found to scrape off the gilding from the thigh of Hercules, or from the very face of Neptune, or to strip Castor of his beaten gold. And why should he hesitate, when he has been used to melt down an entire Thunderer? Compare too the manufacturers and sellers of poison, and the man who should be cast into the sea inside an ox's hide, with whom a luckless destiny encloses a harmless ape.¹ What a mere fraction these of the crimes which Gallicus,² the guardian of our city, has to listen to from dawn to eve! If you would know what mankind is like, that one court-house will suffice; spend a few days in it, and when you come out, dare to call yourself

² Rutilius Gallicus, prefect of the city under Domitian.

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quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus, aut quis
 in Meroe crasso maiorem infante mamillam?
 caerulea quis stupuit Germani lumina, flavam
 caesariem et madido torquentem cornua cirro? 165
 [nempe quod haec illis natura est omnibus una.]
 ad subitas Thracum volucres nubemque sonoram
 Pygmaeus parvis currit bellator in armis,
 mox inpar hosti raptusque per aera curvis
 unguibus a saeva fertur grue. si videas hoc 170
 gentibus in nostris, risu quatiare; sed illic,
 quamquam eadem adsidue spectentur proelia, ridet
 nemo, ubi tota cohors pede non est altior uno.
 "Nullane peiuri capitis fraudisque nefandae
 poena erit?" abreptum crede hunc graviore
 catena 175
 protinus et nostro (quid plus velit ira?) necari
 arbitrio: manet illa tamen iactura, nec umquam
 depositum tibi sospes erit, sed corpore trunco
 invidiosa dabit minimus¹ solacia sanguis.
 "at vindicta bonum vita iucundius ipsa." 180
 nempe hoc indocti, quorum praecordia nullis
 interdum aut levibus videas flagrantia causis;
 quantulacumque adeo est occasio sufficit irae.
 Chrysippus non dicet idem nec mite Thaletis
 ingenium dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto, 185
 qui partem acceptae saeva inter vincla cicutae
 accusatori nollet dare. plurima felix
 paulatim vitia atque errores exuit omnes,

¹ *minimus* Pψ: Housm. conj. *solum*.

¹ An island in Upper Egypt formed by two branches of the Nile.

² Legends of battles between cranes and pygmies are found in Homer (*Il.* iii. 3-6), Aristotle, and elsewhere.

³ The great Stoic philosopher, B.C. 280-207.

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unfortunate. Who marvels at a swollen throat in the Alps? or in Meroe¹ at a woman's breast bigger than her sturdy babe? Who is amazed to see a German with blue eyes and yellow hair, twisting his greasy curls into a horn? We marvel not, clearly because this one nature is common to them all. The Pygmy warrior marches forth in his tiny arms to encounter the sudden swoop and clamorous cloud of Thracian birds; but soon, no match for his foe, he is snatched up by the savage crane and borne in his crooked talons through the air.² If you saw this in our own country, you would shake with laughter; but in that land, where the whole host is only one foot high, though like battles are witnessed every day, no one laughs!

¹⁷⁴ "What? Is there to be no punishment for that perjured soul and his impious fraud?" Well, suppose him to have been hurried off in heavy chains, and slain (what more could anger ask?) at our good pleasure; yet your loss still remains, your deposit will not be saved; and the smallest drop of blood from that headless body will bring you hatred along with your consolation. "O! but vengeance is good, sweeter than life itself." Yes; so say the ignorant, whose passionate hearts you may see ablaze at the slightest cause, sometimes for no cause at all; any occasion, indeed, however small it be, suffices for their wrath. But so will not Chrysippus³ say, or the gentle Thales,⁴ or the old man⁵ who dwelt near sweet Hymettus, who would have given to his accuser no drop of the hemlock-draught which was administered to him in that cruel bondage. Benign Philosophy, by degrees, strips from us most of our vices, and all

⁴ The Ionic philosopher of Miletus, about B.C. 636-546.

⁵ Socrates.

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prima docet rectum sapientia. quippe minuti
semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas 190
ultio. continuo sic collige, quod vindicta
nemo magis gaudet quam femina.

Cur tamen hos tu

evasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti
mens habet attonitos et surdo verberere caedit
occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum? 195
poena autem vehemens ac multo saevior illis
quas et Caedicius gravis invenit et Rhadamanthus,
nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.
Spartano cuidam respondit Pythia vates
haut inpunitum quondam fore quod dubitaret 200
depositum retinere et fraudem iure tueri
iurando; quaerebat enim quae numinis esset
mens et an hoc illi facinus suaderet Apollo.
reddidit ergo metu, non moribus; et tamen omnem
vocem adyti dignam templo veramque probavit 205
extinctus tota pariter cum prole domoque,
et quamvis longa deductis gente propinquis.
has patitur poenas peccandi sola voluntas.
nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
facti crimen habet.

Cedo si conata peregit: 210

perpetua anxietas nec mensae tempore cessat,
faucibus ut morbo siccis interque molares
difficili crescente cibo, sed vina misellus
expuit, Albani veteris pretiosa senectus
displicet; ostendas melius, densissima ruga 215

¹ Not known.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XIII

our mistakes ; it is she that first teaches us the right. For vengeance is always the delight of a little, weak, and petty mind ; of which you may straightway draw proof from this—that no one so rejoices in vengeance as a woman.

¹⁹² But why should you suppose that a man escapes punishment whose mind is ever kept in terror by the consciousness of an evil deed which lashes him with unheard blows, his own soul ever shaking over him the unseen whip of torture ? It is a grievous punishment, more cruel far than any devised by the stern Caedicius¹ or by Rhadamanthus, to carry in one's breast by night and by day one's own accusing witness. The Pythian prophetess once made answer to a Spartan that it would not pass unpunished in after time that he had thought of keeping back a sum entrusted to him supporting the wrong by perjury ; for he asked what was the mind of the Deity, and whether Apollo counselled him to do the deed. He therefore restored the money, through fear, and not from honesty ; nevertheless he found all the words of the Oracle to be true and worthy of the shrine, being destroyed with his whole race and family and relations, however far removed. Such are the penalties endured by the mere wish to sin ; for he who secretly meditates a crime within his breast has all the guiltiness of the deed.

²¹⁰ What then if the purposed deed be done ? His disquiet never ceases, not even at the festal board ; his throat is as dry as in a fever ; he can scarcely take his food, it swells between his teeth ; he spits out the wine, poor wretch ; he cannot abide the choicest old Albanian, and if you bring out something finer still, wrinkles gather upon his brow as

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cogitur in frontem velut acri ducta Falerno.
 nocte brevem si forte indulsit cura soporem,
 et toto versata toro iam membra quiescunt,
 continuo templum et violati numinis aras
 et, quod praecipuis mentem sudoribus arguet, 220
 te videt in somnis; tua sacra et maior imago
 humana turbat pavidum cogitque fateri.
 hi sunt qui trepidant et ad omnia fulgura pallent,
 cum tonat, exanimes primo quoque murmure caeli,
 non quasi fortuitus nec ventorum rabie sed 225
 iratus cadat in terras et iudicet ignis.
 illa nihil nocuit, cura graviore timetur
 proxima tempestas velut hoc dilata sereno.
 praeterea lateris vigili cum febre dolorem
 si coepere pati, missum ad sua corpora morbum 230
 infesto credunt a numine, saxa deorum
 haec et tela putant. pecudem spondere sacello
 balantem et Laribus cristam promittere galli
 non audent; quid enim sperare nocentibus aegris
 concessum? vel quae non dignior hostia vita? 235
 mobilis et varia est ferme natura malorum:
 cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia; quod fas
 atque nefas, tandem incipiunt sentire peractis
 criminibus. tamen ad mores natura recurrit
 damnatos fixa et mutari nescia. nam quis 240
 peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
 eiectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?
 quisnam hominum est quem tu contentum videris uno

though it had been puckered up by some Falernian turned sour. In the night, if his troubles grant him a short slumber, and his limbs, after tossing upon the bed, are sinking into repose, he straightway beholds the temple and the altar of the God whom he has outraged; and what weighs with chiefest terror on his soul, he sees you in his dreams; your awful form, larger than life, frightens his quaking heart and wrings confession from him. These are the men who tremble and grow pale at every lightning-flash; when it thunders, they quail at the first rumbling in the heavens; not as though it were an affair of chance or brought about by the raging of the winds, but as though the flame had fallen in wrath and as a judgment upon the earth. If one storm pass harmless by, they look more anxiously for the next, as though this calm were only a reprieve. If, again, they suffer from pains in the side, with a fever that robs them of their sleep, they believe that the sickness has been inflicted on them by the offended Deity: these they deem to be the missiles, these the arrows of the Gods. They dare not vow a bleating victim to a shrine, or offer a crested cock to the Lares; for what hope is permitted to the guilty sick? What victim is not more worthy of life than they? Inconstant and shifty, for the most part, is the nature of bad men. In committing a crime, they have courage enough and to spare; they only begin to feel what is right and what wrong when it has been committed. Yet nature, firm and changeless, returns to the ways which it has condemned. For who ever fixed a term to his own offending? When did a hardened brow ever recover the banished blush? What man have you ever seen that was satisfied with one act of

IVVENALIS SATVRA XIV

flagitio? dabit in laqueum vestigia noster
 perfidus et nigri patietur carceris uncum 245
 aut maris Aegaei rupem scopulosque frequentes
 exilibus magnis. poena gaudebis amara
 nominis invisi, tandemque fatebere laetus
 nec surdum nec Teresian quemquam esse deorum.

SATVRA XIV

PLURIMA sunt, Fuscine, et fama digna sinistra
 et nitidis maculam haesuram figentia rebus,¹
 quae monstrant ipsi pueris traduntque parentes.
 si damnosa senem iuvat alea, ludit et heres
 bullatus parvoque eadem movet arma fritillo. 5
 nec melius de se cuiquam sperare propinquo
 concedet iuvenis, qui radere tubera terrae,
 boletum condire et eodem iure natantis
 mergere ficedulas didicit nebulone parente
 et cana monstrante gula; cum septimus annus 10
 transierit puerum, nondum omni dente renato,
 barbatus licet admoveas mille inde magistros,
 hinc totidem, cupiet lauto cenare paratu
 semper et a magna non degenerare culina.

Mitem animum et mores modicis erroribus
 aequos 15
 praecipit, atque animas servorum et corpora nostra
 materia constare putat paribusque elementis,

¹ Büch. (1910) inserts within brackets the following line
 found in ψ between 1 and 2: *et quod maiorum vitia sequi-
 turque minores.* AG read *vitio* for *vitia*.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XIV

villainy? Our scoundrel will yet put his feet into the snare; he will have to endure the dark prison-house and the staple, or one of those crags in the Aegæan sea that are crowded with our noble exiles. You will exult over the stern punishment of a hated name, and at length admit with joy that none of the Gods is deaf or like unto Tiresias.¹

SATIRE XIV

NO TEACHING LIKE THAT OF EXAMPLE

THERE are many things of ill repute, friend Fuscinus,—things that would affix a lasting stain to the brightest of lives,—which parents themselves point out and hand on to their sons. If the aged father delights in ruinous play, his heir too gambles in his teens, and rattles the selfsame weapons in a tiny dice-box. If a youth has learnt from the hoary gluttony of a spendthrift father to peel truffles, to preserve mushrooms, and to souse beccaficoes in their own juice, none of his relatives need expect better things of him when he grows up. As soon as he has passed his seventh year, before he has cut all his second teeth, though you put a thousand bearded preceptors on his right hand, and as many on his left, he will always long to fare sumptuously, and not fall below the high standard of his cookery.

¹⁵ When Rutilus delights in the sound of a cruel flogging, deeming it sweeter than any siren's song, and being himself a very Antiphates,² or a Polyphemus, to his trembling household, is he inculcating

¹ The soothsayer Tiresias was blind.

² A cruel tyrant, king of the Laestrygones.

IVVENALIS SATVRA XIV

an saevire docet Rutilus, qui gaudet acerbo
 plagarum strepitu et nullam Sirena flagellis
 comparat, Antiphates trepidi laris ac Polyphemus, 20
 tunc felix, quotiens aliquis tortore vocato
 uritur ardenti duo propter lintea ferro?
 quid suadet iuveni laetus stridore catenae,
 quem mire adficiunt inscripta, ergastula, carcer?
 rusticus expectas ut non sit adultera Largaë 25
 filia, quae numquam maternos dicere moechos
 tam cito nec tanto poterit contexere cursu,
 ut non terdecies respiret? conscia matri
 virgo fuit, ceras nunc hac dictante pusillas
 implet et ad moechum dat eisdem ferre cinaedis. 30
 sic natura iubet: velocius et citius nos
 corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
 cum subeant animos auctoribus. unus et alter
 forsitan haec spernant iuvenes, quibus arte benigna
 et meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan, 35
 sed reliquos fugienda patrum vestigia ducunt
 et monstrata diu veteris trahit orbita culpa.
 Abstineas igitur damnandis. huius enim vel
 una potens ratio est, ne crimina nostra sequantur
 ex nobis geniti, quoniam dociles imitandis 40
 turpibus ac pravis omnes sumus, et Catilinam
 quocumque in populo videas, quocumque sub axe,
 sed nec Brutus erit Bruti nec avunculus usquam.
 nil dictu foedum visuque haec limina tangat,

¹ Prometheus, who made men out of clay.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XIV

gentleness, and leniency to slight faults: does he hold that the bodies and souls of slaves are made of the same stuff and elements as our own; or is he inculcating cruelty, never happy until he has summoned a torturer, and he can brand some one with a hot iron for stealing a couple of towels? What counsel does the father give to his son when he revels in the clanking of a chain, and takes wondrous pleasure in branded slaves, in prisons and his country bridewell? Are you simple enough to suppose that Larga's daughter will remain virtuous when she cannot count over her mother's lovers so rapidly, or string their names together so quickly, as not to take breath full thirty times? She was her mother's confidante as a girl; at her dictation she now indites her own little love-notes, despatching them to her paramours by the hand of the self-same menials. So Nature ordains; no evil example corrupts us so soon and so rapidly as one that has been set at home, since it comes into the mind on high authority. Here and there perhaps a youth may decline to follow the bad example: one whose soul the Titan¹ has fashioned with kindlier skill and of a finer clay; but the rest are led on by the parental steps which they should avoid, and are dragged into the old track of vice which has so long been pointed out to them.

³⁸ Abstain therefore from things which you must condemn: for this there is at least one all-powerful motive, that our crimes be not copied by our children. For we are all of us teachable in what is base and wrong; you may find a Catiline among any people, and in any clime, but nowhere will you find a Brutus, or the uncle of a Brutus. Let no foul word or sight

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intra quae pater est¹; procul, a procul inde puellae 45
 lenonum et cantus pernoctantis parasiti.
 maxima debetur puero reverentia, siquid
 turpe paras; nec tu pueri contempseris annos,
 sed peccaturo obstet tibi filius infans.
 nam siquid dignum censoris fecerit ira 50
 quandoque et similem tibi se non corpore tantum
 nec vultu dederit, morum quoque filius, et qui
 omnia deterius tua per vestigia peccet,
 corripies nimirum et castigabis acerbo
 clamore ac post haec tabulas mutare parabis. 55
 unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,
 cum facias peiora senex vacuumque cerebro
 iam pridem caput hoc ventosa cucurbita quaerat?

Hospite venturo cessabit nemo tuorum.

“verre pavementum, nitidas ostende columnas, 60
 arida cum tota descendat aranea tela;
 hic leve argentum, vasa aspera tergeat alter”:
 vox domini furit instantis virgamque tenentis.
 ergo miser trepidas, ne stercore foeda canino
 atria displiceant oculis venientis amici, 65
 ne perfusa luto sit porticus; et tamen uno
 semodio scobis haec emendat servulus unus:
 illud non agitas, ut sanctam filius omni
 aspiciat sine labe domum vitioque carentem?
 gratum est quod patriae civem populoque dedisti, 70
 si facis ut patriae² sit idoneus, utilis agris,
 utilis et bellorum et pacis rebus agendis.
 plurimum enim intererit quibus artibus et quibus
 hunc tu

¹ est Pψ: es Housm. after Cramer.

² patriae ψ: patria PS: Housm. conj. civis.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XIV

cross the threshold within which there is a father. Away with you, ye hireling damsels! Away with the songs of the night-revelling parasite! If you have any evil deed in mind, you owe the greatest reverence to the young; disregard not your boy's tender years, and let your infant son stand in the way of the sin that you propose. For if some day or other he shall do a deed deserving the censor's wrath, and shall show himself like to you, not in form and face only, but also your child in vice, and following in all your footsteps with sin deeper than your own, you will doubtless rebuke him and chide him angrily and thereafter prepare to change your will. But how can you assume the grave brow and the free tone of a father if you in your old age are doing things worse than he did, and your own empty pate has long been needing the windy cupping-glass?

⁵⁹ When you expect a guest, not one of your household will be idle. "Sweep the pavement! Polish up the pillars! Down with that dusty spider, web and all! One of you clean the plain silver, another the embossed vessels!" So shouts the master, standing over them whip in hand. And so you are afraid, poor fool, that the eyes of your expected guest may be offended by the sight of dog's filth in the hall or of a portico splashed with mud—things which one slave-boy can put right with half a peck of sawdust: and yet will you take no pains that your son may behold a stainless home, free from any stain and blemish? It is good that you have presented your country and your people with a citizen, if you make him serviceable to his country, useful for the land, useful for the things both of peace and war. For it will make all the difference in what practices,

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moribus instituas. serpente ciconia pullos
 nutrit et inventa per devia rura lacerta : 75
 illi eadem sumptis quaerunt animalia pinnis.
 vultur iumento et canibus crucibusque relictis
 ad fetus properat partemque cadaveris adfert :
 hic est ergo cibus magni quoque vulturis et se
 pascentis, propria cum iam facit arbore nidos. 80
 sed leporem aut capream famulae Iovis et generosae
 in saltu venantur aves, hinc praeda cubili
 ponitur : inde autem cum se matura levavit
 progenies, stimulante fame festinat ad illam
 quam primum praedam rupto gustaverat ovo. 85
 Aedificator erat Cretonius et modo curvo
 litore Caietae, summa nunc Tiburis arce,
 nunc Praenestinis in montibus alta parabat
 culmina villarum graecis longeque petitis
 marmoribus vincens Fortunae atque Herculis
 aedem, 90
 ut spado vincebat Capitolia nostra Posides.
 dum sic ergo habitat Cretonius, imminuit rem,
 fregit opes, nec parva tamen mensura relictae
 partis erat : totam hanc turbavit filius amens,
 dum meliore novas attollit marmore villas. 95
 Quidam sortiti metuentem sabbata patrem
 nil praeter nubes et caeli numen adorant,
 nec distare putant humana carne suillam,
 qua pater abstinuit, mox et praepudia ponunt ;

¹ There were great temples of Fortuna at Praeneste, of Hercules at Tibur.

² A freedman of Claudius.

³ The phrase *caeli numen* is hard to translate. What Juvenal means is that the Jews worshipped no concrete deity, such as could be portrayed, but only some impalpable mysterious spirit. They did not worship the sky or the heavens, but only the *numen* of the heavens. This is what

JUVENAL, SATIRE XIV

in what habits, you bring him up. The stork feeds her young upon the serpents and the lizards which she finds in the wilds; the young search for the same things when they have gotten to themselves wings. The vulture hurries from dead cattle and dogs and gibbets to bring some of the carrion to her offspring; so this becomes the food of the vulture when he is full-grown and feeds himself, making his nest in a tree of his own. The noble birds that wait on Jove hunt the hare or the roe in the woods, and from them serve up prey to their eyrie; so when their progeny are of full age and soar up from the nest, hunger bids them swoop down upon that same prey which they had first tasted when they chipped the shell.

⁸⁶ Cretonius was given to building; now on Caieta's winding shore, now on the heights of Tibur, now on the Praenestine hills, he would rear lofty mansions, with marbles fetched from Greece and distant lands, outdoing the temples of Fortune and of Hercules¹ by as much as the eunuch Posides² overtopped our own Capitol. Housed therefore in this manner, he impaired his fortune and frittered away his wealth; some goodly portion of it still remained, but it was all squandered by his madman of a son in building new mansions of still costlier marbles.

⁹⁶ Some who have had a father who reveres the Sabbath, worship nothing but the clouds, and the divinity of the heavens,³ and see no difference between eating swine's flesh, from which their father abstained, and that of man; and in time they take

Tacitus means when he says (*Hist.* v. 5) "The Jews worship with the mind alone." So Lucan. ii. 592-3 *dedita sacris Incerti Judaea dei.*

IVVENALIS SATVRA XIV

Romanas autem soliti contemnere leges 100
 Iudaicum ediscunt et servant ac metuunt ius,
 tradidit arcano quodcumque volumine Moyses,
 non monstrare vias eadem nisi sacra colenti,
 quaesitum ad fontem solos deducere verpos.
 sed pater in causa, cui septima quaeque fuit lux 105
 ignava et partem vitae non attigit ullam.

Sponte tamen iuvenes imitantur cetera, solam
 inviti quoque avaritiam exercere iubentur.
 fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbra,
 cum sit triste habitu vultuque et veste severum, 110
 nec dubie tamquam frugi laudetur avarus,
 tamquam parcus homo et rerum tutela suarum
 certa magis quam si fortunas¹ servet easdem
 Hesperidum serpens aut Ponticus. adde quod
 hunc de

quo loquor egregium populus putat acquirendi 115
 artificem; quippe his crescunt patrimonia fabris.
 sed crescunt quocumque modo, maioraque fiunt
 incude adsidua semperque ardente camino.

Et pater ergo animi felices credit avaros;
 qui miratur opes, qui nulla exempla beati; 120
 pauperis esse putat, iuvenes hortatur ut illa
 ire via pergant² et eidem incumbere sectae.
 sunt quaedam vitiorum elementa, his protinus illos
 inbuit et cogit minimas ediscere sordes;
 mox acquirendi docet insatiabile votum. 125
 servorum ventres modio castigat iniquo

¹ PFGU have *fortuna*, other MSS. *fortunas*: Büch. (1910)
 reads a *fortuna*. ² *pergant* ψ: *peragant* P.

¹ It is possible that this refers to the practice of baptism
 which had become usual among the Jews in the time of our
 Lord, as we see from the case of John the Baptist.

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to circumcision. Having been wont to flout the laws of Rome, they learn and practise and revere the Jewish law, and all that Moses committed to his secret tome, forbidding to point out the way to any not worshipping the same rites, and conducting none but the circumcised to the desired fountain.¹ For all which the father was to blame, who gave up every seventh day to idleness, keeping it apart from all the concerns of life.²

¹⁰⁷ All vices but one the young imitate of their own free will; avarice alone is enjoined on them against the grain. For that vice has a deceptive appearance and semblance of virtue, being gloomy of mien, severe in face and garb. The miser is openly commended for his thrift, being deemed a saving man, who will be a surer guardian of his own wealth than if it were watched by the dragons of the Hesperides or of Colchis. Moreover, such a one is thought to be skilled in the art of money-getting; for it is under workers such as he that fortunes grow. And they grow bigger by every kind of means: the anvil is ever working, and the forge never ceases to glow.

¹¹⁹ Thus the father deems the miser to be fortunate; and when he worships wealth, believing that no poor man was ever happy, he urges his sons to follow in the same path and to attach themselves to the same school. There are certain rudiments in vice; in these he imbues them from the beginning, compelling them to study its pettiest meannesses; after a while he instructs them in the inappeasable lust of money-getting. He pinches the bellies of his slaves with

² Tacitus also attributed the Sabbath to laziness; and adds *dein blandiente inertia septimum quoque annum ignaviae datum* (*Hist.* v. 4).

IVVENALIS SATVRA XIV

ipse quoque esuriens, neque enim omnia sustinet
 umquam
 mucida caerulei panis consumere frusta,
 hesternum solitus medio servare minuta
 Septembri nec non differre in tempora cenae 130
 alterius conchem aestivam cum parte lacerti
 signatam vel dimidio putrique siluro,
 filaque sectivi numerata includere porri.
 invitatus ad haec aliquis de ponte negabit.¹
 sed quo divitias haec per tormenta coactas, 135
 cum furor haut dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
 ut locuples moriaris, egentis vivere fato?
 interea pleno cum turget sacculus ore,
 crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crevit,²
 et minus hanc optat qui non habet. ergo paratur 140
 altera villa tibi, cum rus non sufficit unum,
 et proferre libet fines maiorque videtur
 et melior vicina seges, mercaris et hanc et
 arbusta et densa montem qui canet oliva.
 quorum si pretio dominus non vincitur ullo, 145
 nocte boves macri lassoque famelica collo
 iumenta ad virides huius mittentur aristas,
 nec prius inde domum quam tota novalia saevos
 in ventres abeant, ut credas falcibus actum.
 dicere vix possis quam multi talia plorent 150
 et quot venales iniuria fecerit agros.
 Sed qui sermones, quam foedae³ bucina famae!
 "quid nocet haec?" inquit, "tunicam mihi malo
 lupini
 quam si me toto laudet vicinia pago
 exigui ruris paucissima farra secantem." 155

¹ *negabit* ψ: *negavit* PS: *negabat* O.

² *crevit* P: *alii crescit*.

³ *foedae* ψ: *foede* PG.

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short rations, starving himself into the bargain; for he cannot bear to eat up all the mouldy fragments of stale bread. In the middle of September he will save up the hash of yesterday; in summer-time he will preserve under seal for to-morrow's dinner a dish of beans, with a bit of mackerel, or half a stinking sprat, counting the leaves of the cut leeks before he puts them away. No beggar from a bridge would accept an invitation to such a meal! But for what end do you pile up riches gathered through torments such as these, when it is plain madness and sheer lunacy to live in want that you may be wealthy when you die? Meantime, while your purse is full to bursting, your love of gain grows as much as the money itself has grown, and the man who has none of it covets it the least. And so when one country house is not enough for you, you buy a second; then you must extend your boundaries, because your neighbour's field seems bigger and better than your own; you must buy that too, and his vineyard, and the hill that is thick and grey with olive-trees. And if no price will persuade the owner to sell, you will send into his green corn by night a herd of lean and famished cattle, with wearied necks, who will not come home until they have put the whole crop into their ravenous bellies; no sickle could make a cleaner job! How many bewail wrongs like these can scarce be told, nor how many fields have been brought to the hammer by such outrages.

¹⁵² But what a talk there will be! How loud the blast of evil rumour! "What harm in that?" you will say: "better keep my peapods for myself than have the praises of the whole country-side if I am to have but a small farm and a miserable crop."

IVVENALIS SATVRA XIV

scilicet et morbis et debilitate carebis,
 et luctum et curam effugies, et tempora vitae
 longa tibi posthac fato meliore dabuntur,
 si tantum culti solus possederis agri
 quantum sub Tatio populus Romanus arabat. 160

mox etiam fractis aetate ac Punica passis
 proelia vel Pyrrhum inmanem gladiosque Molossos
 tandem pro multis vix iugera bina dabantur
 vulneribus; merces haec sanguinis atque laboris
 nullis visa umquam meritis minor, aut ingratae 165
 curta fides patriae; saturabat glaebula talis
 patrem ipsum turbamque casae, qua feta iacebat
 uxor et infantes ludebant quattuor, unus
 vernula, tres domini; sed magnis fratribus horum
 a scrobe vel sulco redeuntibus altera cena 170
 amplior et grandes fumabant pultibus ollae:
 nunc modus hic agri nostro non sufficit horto.

Inde fere scelerum causae, nec plura venena
 miscuit aut ferro grassatur saepius ullum
 humanae mentis vitium quam saeva cupido 175
 inmodici census. nam dives qui fieri vult,
 et cito vult fieri; sed quae reverentia legum,
 quis metus aut pudor est umquam properantis avari?
 "vivite contenti casulis et collibus istis,
 o pueri," Marsus dicebat et Hernicus olim 180
 Vestinusque senex; "panem quaeramus aratro,
 qui satis est mensis; laudant hoc numina ruris,
 quorum ope et auxilio gratae post munus aristae
 contingunt homini veteris fastidia quereus.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XIV

Yes; and no doubt you will escape disease and weakness, you will have no sorrow, no trouble, you will have long and ever happier days, if only you are sole possessor of as many acres of good land as the Roman people tilled in the days of Tatius. In later times, Romans broken with old age, who had fought in the Punic battles or against the dread Pyrrhus or the swords of the Molossians, received at last, in return for all their wounds, a scanty two acres of land. None ever deemed such recompense too small for their service of toil and blood; none spoke of a shabby, thankless country. A little plot like that would feed the father himself and the crowd at the cottage where lay the wife in child-bed, with four little ones playing around—one slave-born, three the master's own; for their big brothers, on their return from ditch or furrow, a second and ampler supper of porridge would be smoking in a lordly dish. To-day we don't think such a plot of ground big enough for our garden!

¹⁷³ It is here mostly that lies the cause of crime. No human passion has mingled more poison-bowls, none has more often wielded the murderous dagger, than the fierce craving for unbounded wealth. For the man who wants wealth must have it at once; what respect for laws, what fear, what sense of shame is to be found in a miser hurrying to be rich? "Live content, my boys, with these cottages and hills of yours," said the Marsian or Hernican or Vestinian father in the days of yore; "let the plough win for us what bread shall suffice our table; such fare the rustic Gods approve, whose aid and bounty gave us the glad ear of corn, and taught man to disdain the acorn of ancient times. The man who is not ashamed to

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nil vetitum fecisse volet quem non pudet alto 185
 per glaciem perone tegi, qui summovet Euros
 pellibus inversis : peregrina ignotaque nobis
 ad scelus atque nefas, quaecumque est, purpura ducit."

Haec illi veteres praecepta minoribus, at nunc
 post finem autumnii media de nocte supinum 190
 clamorosus iuvenem pater excitat : "accipe ceras,
 scribe, puer, vigila, causas age, perlege rubras
 maiorum leges, aut vitem posce libello.

sed caput intactum buxo naresque pilosas
 adnotet et grandes miretur Laelius alas ; 195

dirae Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
 ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
 adferat. aut longos castrorum ferre labores
 si piget et trepidum solvunt tibi cornua ventrem
 cum lituis audita, pares quod vendere possis 200

pluris dimidio, nec te fastidia mercis
 ullius subeant ablegandae Tiberim ultra,
 neu credas ponendum aliquid discriminis inter
 unguenta et corium ; lucri bonus est odor ex re
 qualibet. illa tuo sententia semper in ore 205

versetur dis atque ipso Iove digna poeta :
 'unde habeas quaerit nemo, sed oportet habere.'
 hoc monstrant vetulae pueris repentibus assae,
 hoc discunt omnes ante alpha et beta puellae."

Talibus instantem monitis quemcumque par-
 entem 210
 sic possem adfari : "dic, o vanissime, quis te
 festinare iubet ? meliorem praesto magistro

¹ A powerful British tribe, occupying the greater part of
 England north of the Humber.

² i.e. the post of Senior Centurion (*centurio primi pili*),
 who had charge of the eagle of the legion.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XIV

wear high boots in time of frost, and who keeps off the East wind with skins turned inwards, will never wish to do a forbidden thing; it is purple raiment, whatever it be, foreign and unknown to us, that leads to crime and wickedness."

¹⁸⁹ Such were the maxims which those ancients taught the young; but now, when autumn days are over, the father rouses his sleeping son after midnight with a shout: "Awake, boy, and take your tablets; scribble away and get up your cases; read through the red-lettered laws of our forefathers, or send in a petition for a centurion's vine-staff. See that Laelius notes your uncombed head and hairy nostrils, and admires your broad shoulders; destroy the huts of the Moors and the forts of the Brigantes,¹ that your sixtieth year may bring you the eagle² that will make you rich. Or if you are too lazy to endure the weary labours of the camp, if the sound of horn and trumpet melts your soul within you, buy something that you can sell at half as much again; feel no disgust at a trade that must be banished to the other side of the Tiber; make no distinction between hides and unguents: the smell of gain is good whatever the thing from which it comes. Let this maxim be ever on your lips, a saying worthy of the Gods, and of Jove himself if he turned poet: 'No matter whence the money comes, but money you must have.'" These are the lessons taught by skinny old nurses to little boys before they can walk; this is what every girl learns before her A B C!

²¹⁰ To any father urging precepts such as these I would say this: "Tell me, O emptiest of men, who bids you hurry? The disciple, I warrant you, will

IVVENALIS SATVRA XIV

discipulum. securus abi : vinceris ut Ajax
 praeteriit Telamonem, ut Pelea vicit Achilles.
 parcendum est teneris, nondum implevere me-
 dullas 215
 maturae¹ mala nequitiae. cum pectere barbam
 coeperit et longae mucronem admittere cultri,
 falsus erit testis, vendet periuria summa
 exigua et Cereris tangens aramque pedemque.
 elatam iam crede nurum, si limina vestra 220
 mortifera cum dote subit. quibus illa premetur
 per somnum digitis! nam quae terraque marique
 acquirenda putas, brevior via conferet illi ;
 nullus enim magni sceleris labor. 'haec ego num-
 quam
 mandavi,' dices olim, 'nec talia suasi.' 225
 mentis causa malae tamen est et origo penes te.
 nam quisquis magni census praecepit amorem
 et laevo monitu pueros producit avaros
 et qui per fraudes patrimonia conduplicari²
 dat libertatem et totas effundit habenas 230
 curriculo, quem si revoces, subsistere nescit
 et te contempto rapitur metisque relictis.
 nemo satis credit tantum delinquere quantum
 permittas : adeo indulgent sibi latius ipsi.
 "Cum dicis iuveni stultum qui donet amico, 235
 qui paupertatem levet attollatque propinqui,
 et spoliare doces et circumscribere et omni
 crimine divitias acquirere ; quarum amor in te
 quantus erat patriae Deciorum in pectore, quantum
 dilexit Thebas, si Graecia vera, Menoeceus, 240

¹ *maturae* "quinque Rupertii": *naturae* Pψ.

² After 229 Housm. inserts a conj. line, *cum videant, cupiant sic et sua conduplicari.*

¹ Slew himself to save Thebes.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XIV

outstrip his master. You may leave him with an easy mind ; you will be outdone as surely as Telamon was beaten by Ajax, or Peleus by Achilles. Be gentle with the young ; their bones are not yet filled up with the marrow of ripe wickedness. When the lad begins to comb a beard, and apply to its length the razor's edge, he will give false testimony, he will sell his perjuries for a trifling sum, touching the altar and the foot of Ceres all the time. If your daughter-in-law brings a deadly dowry into the house, you may count her as already dead and buried. What a grip of fingers will throttle her in her sleep ! For the wealth which you think should be hunted for over land and sea, your son will acquire by a shorter road ; great crimes demand no labour. Some day you will say, 'I never taught these things, I never advised them' : no, but you are yourself the cause and origin of your son's depravity ; for whosoever teaches the love of wealth turns his sons into misers by his ill-omened instruction. When he shows him how to double his patrimony by fraud, he gives him his head, and throws a free rein over the car ; try to call him back, and he cannot stop : he will pay no heed to you, he will rush on, leaving the turning-post far behind. No man is satisfied with sinning just as far as you permit : so much greater is the license which they allow themselves !

²³⁵ "When you tell a youth that a man is a fool who makes a present to a friend, or relieves and lightens the poverty of a kinsman, you teach him to plunder and to cheat and to commit any kind of crime for money's sake, the love of which is as great in you as was love of their country in the hearts of the Decii, or in that of Menoeceus,¹ if Greece speaks true

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in quorum sulcis legiones dentibus anguis
 cum clipeis nascuntur et horrida bella capessunt
 continuo, tamquam et tubicen surrexerit una.
 ergo ignem, cuius scintillas ipse dedisti,
 flagrantem late et rapientem cuncta videbis. 245
 nec tibi parceretur misero, trepidumque magistrum
 in cavea magno fremitu leo tollet alumnus.
 nota mathematicis genesis tua, sed grave tardas
 expectare colus; morieris stamine nondum
 abrupto. iam nunc obstas et vota moraris, 250
 iam torquet iuvenem longa et cervina senectus.
 ocius Archigenen quaere atque eme quod Mithridates
 composuit; si vis aliam decerpere ficum
 atque alias tractare rosas, medicamen habendum est,
 sorbere ante cibum quod debeat et pater et
 rex." 255

Monstro voluptatem egregiam, cui nulla theatra,
 nulla aequare queas praetoris pulpita lauti,
 si spectes quanto capitis discrimine constant
 incrementa domus, aerata multus in arca
 fiscus et ad vigilem ponendi Castora nummi, 260
 ex quo Mars Ultor galeam quoque perdidit et res
 non potuit servare suas. ergo omnia Florae
 et Cereris licet et Cybeles aulaea relinquant:
 tanto maiores humana negotia ludi.
 an magis oblectant animum iactata petauro 265
 corpora quique solet rectum descendere funem,
 quam tu, Corycia semper qui puppe moraris,
 atque habitas, Coro semper tollendus et Austro,

¹ Money was deposited in the temple of Castor, in the Forum.

² The temple of Mars Ultor, in the *Forum Augusti*, seems to have been burgled.

³ i.e. the games.

⁴ Corycus, a town in Cilicia.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XIV

for Thebes—that country in whose furrows armed legions sprang into life out of dragons' teeth, taking straightway to grim battle as though a bugler had also risen up along with them. Thus you will see the fire, whose sparks you yourself have kindled, blazing far and wide and carrying all before them. Nor will you yourself, poor wretch, meet with any mercy; the pupil lion, with a loud roar, will devour the trembling instructor in his den. Your nativity, you say, is known to the astrologers: but it is a tedious thing to wait for the slow-running spindle, and you will die before your thread is snapped. You are already in your son's way; you are delaying his prayers; your long and stag-like old age is a torment to the young man. Seek out Archigenes at once; buy some of the mixture of Mithridates; if you wish to pluck one more fig, and gather roses once again, you should have some medicament to be swallowed before dinner by one who is both a father and a king."

²⁵⁶ I am showing you the choicest of diversions, one with which no theatre, no show of a grand Praetor can compare, if you will observe at what a risk to life men increase their fortunes, become possessors of full brass-bound treasure-chests, or of the cash which must be deposited with watchful Castor,¹ ever since Mars the Avenger lost his helmet and failed to protect his own effects.² So you may give up all the performances of Flora, of Ceres, and of Cybele³; so much finer are the games of human life. Is there more pleasure to be got from gazing at men hurled from a spring-board, or tripping down a tight rope, than from yourself—you who spend your whole life in a Corycian⁴ ship, ever tossed by the wind from North or South, a poor contemptible

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perditus ac vilis¹ sacci mercator olentis,
 qui gaudes pingue antiquae de litore Cretae 270
 passum et municipales Iovis advexisse lagonas?
 hic tamen ancipiti figens vestigia planta
 victum illa mercede parat, brumamque famemque
 illa reste cavet: tu propter mille talenta
 et centum villas temerarius. aspice portus 275
 et plenum magnis trabibus mare: plus hominum es
 iam

in pelago. veniet classis quocumque vocarit
 spes lucri, nec Carpathium Gaetulaque tantum
 aequora transiliet, sed longe Calpe relicta
 audiet Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem. 280

grande operae pretium est, ut tenso folle reverti
 inde domum possis tumidaque superbus aluta,
 Oceani monstra et iuvenes vidisse marinos.

Non unus mentes agitat furor; ille sororis
 in manibus vultu Eumenidum terretur et igni, 285

hic bove percusso mugire Agamemnona credit
 aut Ithacum: parcat tunicis licet atque lacernis,
 curatoris eget qui navem mercibus implet
 ad summum latus et tabula distinguitur unda, 290
 cum sit causa mali tanti et discriminis huius.
 concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.

occurrunt nubes et fulgura: "solvite funem"
 frumenti dominus clamat piperisve coempti,
 "nil color hic caeli, nil fascia nigra minatur;

¹ *ac vilis* P etc.: *a sicutis* ψ: *ac similis* conj. Housm.:
assiculis Büch. (1910).

² Because Zeus was born in Crete.

³ *i.e.* Orestes.

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trafficker in stinking wares, finding your joy in importing sweet wine from the shores of ancient Crete, or flagons that were fellow-citizens of Jove?¹ Yet the man who plants his steps with balanced foot gains his livelihood thereby; that rope keeps him from cold and hunger; while you run the risk for the sake of a thousand talents or a hundred mansions. Look at our ports, our seas, crowded with big ships! The men at sea now outnumber those on shore. Whithersoever hope of gain shall call, thither fleets will come; not content with bounding over the Carpathian and Gaetolian seas, they will leave Calpe² far behind, and hear the sun hissing in the Herculean main. It is well worth while, no doubt, to have beheld the monsters of the deep and the young mermen of the Ocean that you may return home with tight-stuffed purse, and exult in your swollen money-bags!

²⁸⁴ Not all men are possessed with one form of madness. One³ madman in his sister's arms is terrified by the faces and fire of the Furies; another,⁴ when he strikes down an ox, believes that it is Agamemnon or the Ithacan⁵ that is bellowing. The man who loads his ship up to the gunwale with goods, with only a plank between him and the deep, is in need of a keeper, though he keep his hands off his shirt and his cloak, seeing that he endures all that misery and all that danger for the sake of bits of silver cut up into little images and inscriptions! Should clouds and thunder threaten, "Let go!" cries the merchant who has bought up corn or pepper, "that black sky, this dark wrack, are nought—it is

⁴ *i.e.* Ajax, who went mad, slaughtering a flock of sheep in the belief that he was slaying Agamemnon and Ulysses.

⁵ Ulysses.

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aestivum tonat." infelix hac forsitan ipsa 295
 nocte cadet fractis trabibus fluctuque premetur
 obrutus et zonam laeva morsuque tenebit.
 sed cuius votis modo non suffecerat aurum
 quod Tagus et rutila volvit Pactolus harena, 300
 frigida sufficient velantes inguina panni
 exiguusque cibus, mersa rate naufragus assem
 dum rogat et picta se tempestate tuetur.
 Tantis parta malis cura maiore metuque
 servantur : misera est magni custodia census. 305
 dispositis praedives amis vigilare cohortem
 servorum noctu Licinus iubet, attonitus pro
 electro signisque suis Phrygiaque columna
 atque ebore et lata testudine. dolia nudi
 non ardent cynici ; si fregeris, altera fiet
 cras domus, atque eadem plumbo commissa mane- 310
 bit.
 sensit Alexander, testa cum vidit in illa
 magnum habitorem, quanto felicior hic qui
 nil cuperet quam qui totum sibi posceret orbem
 passurus gestis aequanda pericula rebus. 315
 nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia : nos te,
 nos facimus, Fortuna, deam.¹
 Mensura tamen quae
 sufficiat census, siquis me consulat, edam :
 in quantum sitis atque fames et frigora poscunt,
 quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis suffecit in hortis, 320
 quantum Socratici ceperunt ante penates ;
 quantum Socratici ceperunt ante penates ;
 numquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.
 acribus exemplis videor te cludere ? misce
 ergo aliquid nostris de moribus, effice summam

¹ The sentence *nullum—deam* is repeated from x. 365, quite irrelevantly.

² The gold-bearing river of Lydia. ² Diogenes.

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but summer lightning." Poor wretch! on this very night perchance he will be cast out amid broken timbers and engulfed by the waves, clutching his purse with his left hand or his teeth. The man for whose desires yesterday not all the gold which Tagus and the ruddy Pactolus¹ rolls along would have sufficed, must now content himself with a rag to cover his cold and nakedness, and a poor morsel of food, while he begs for pennies as a shipwrecked mariner, and supports himself by a painted storm!

³⁰³ Wealth gotten with such woes is preserved by fears and troubles that are greater still; it is misery to have the guardianship of a great fortune. The millionaire Licinus orders a troop of slaves to be on the watch all night with fire buckets in their places, being anxious for his amber, his statues and Phrygian marbles, his ivory and plaques of tortoise-shell. The nude Cynic² fears no fire for his tub; if broken, he will make himself a new house to-morrow, or repair it with clamps of lead. When Alexander beheld in that tub its mighty occupant, he felt how much happier was the man who had no desires than he who claimed for himself the entire world, with perils before him as great as his achievements. Had we but wisdom, thou wouldst have no Divinity, O Fortune: it is we that make thee into a Goddess!

³¹⁶ Yet if any should ask of me what measure of fortune is enough, I will tell him: as much as thirst, cold and hunger demand; as much as sufficed you, Epicurus, in your little garden; as much as in earlier days was to be found in the house of Socrates. Never does Nature say one thing and Wisdom another. Do the limits within which I confine you seem too severe? Then throw in something from our own manners;

IVVENALIS SATVRA XV

bis septem ordinibus quam lex dignatur Othonis.
 haec quoque si rugam trahit extenditque label-
 lum, 325
 sume duos equites, fac tertia quadringenta
 si nondum inplevi gremium, si panditur ultra,
 nec Croesi fortuna umquam nec Persica regna
 sufficient animo nec divitiae Narcissi,
 indulsit Caesar cui Claudius omnia, cuius 330
 paruit imperiis uxorem occidere iussus.

SATVRA XV

Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
 Aegyptos portenta colat? crocodilon adorat
 pars haec, illa pavet saturam serpentibus ibin;
 effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopithecii,
 dimidio magicae resonant ubi Memnone chordae 5
 atque vetus Thebe centum iacet obruta portis.
 illic aeluros,¹ hic piscem fluminis, illic
 oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam.
 porrum et caepe nefas violare et frangere morsu;
 o sanctas gentes quibus haec nascuntur in hortis 10
 numina! lanatis animalibus abstinet omnis
 mensa, nefas illic fetum iugulare capellae:
 carnibus humanis vesci licet. attonito cum
¹ *aeluros* Brod. : *illic caeruleos* ψ.

¹ See note on iii. 155.

² The most powerful and wealthiest of Claudius' freedmen.

³ For the part played by Narcissus in securing the punishment of Messalina, see Tac. *Ann.* xi. 33-37.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XV

make up a sum as big as that which Otho's law¹ deems worthy of the fourteen rows. If that also knits your brow, and makes you thrust out your lip, take a couple of knights, or make up thrice four hundred thousand sesterces! If your lap is not yet full, if it is still opening for more, then neither the wealth of Croesus, nor that of the Persian Monarchs, will suffice you, nor yet that of Narcissus,² on whom Claudius Caesar lavished everything, and whose orders he obeyed when bidden to slay his wife.³

SATIRE XV

AN EGYPTIAN ATROCITY

Who knows not, O Bithynian Volusius, what monsters demented Egypt worships? One district adores the crocodile, another venerates the Ibis that gorges itself with snakes. In the place where magic chords are sounded by the truncated Memnon,⁴ and ancient hundred-gated Thebes lies in ruins, men worship the glittering golden image of the long-tailed ape. In one part cats are worshipped, in another a river fish, in another whole townships venerate a dog; none adore Diana, but it is an impious outrage to crunch leeks and onions with the teeth. What a holy race to have such divinities springing up in their gardens! No animal that grows wool may appear upon the dinner-table; it is forbidden there to slay the young of the goat; but it is lawful to feed on the flesh of man! When

⁴ The famous statue of Memnon at Thebes, which emitted musical sounds at daybreak.

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tale super cenam facinus narraret Vlixes
 Alcinoο, bilem aut risum fortasse quibusdam 15
 moverat ut mendax aretalogus. "in mare nemo
 hunc abicit saeva dignum veraque Charybdi,
 fingentem inmanes Laestrygonas atque Cyclopas?
 nam citius Scyllam vel concurrentia saxa
 Cyaneis plenos et tempestatibus utres 20
 crediderim aut tenui percussum verbere Circes
 et cum remigibus grunnisse Elpenora porcis.
 tam vacui capitis populum Phaeaca putavit?"
 sic aliquis merito nondum ebrius et minimum qui
 de Corcyraea temetum duxerat urna. 25
 solus enim haec Ithacus nullo sub teste canebat ;

Nos miranda quidem, set nuper consule Iunco¹
 gesta super calidae referemus moenia Copti,
 nos volgi scelus et cunctis graviora cothurnis ;
 nam scelus, a Pyrra quamquam omnia syrmata
 volvas, 30
 nullus aput tragicos populus facit. accipe, nostro
 dira quod exemplum feritas produxerit aevo.

Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua simultas,
 immortale odium et numquam sanabile vulnus,
 ardet adhuc Ombos et Tentyra. summus utrimque 35
 inde furor volgo, quod numina vicinorum
 odit uterque locus, cum solos credat habendos

¹ *iunco* Bob. AU: *iunpo* P: *iunio* ψ.

¹ King of the Phaeacians, to whom Ulysses narrated his adventures.

² The clashing rocks (*συμπληγάδες*) at the mouth of the Bosphorus.

³ One of the crew of Ulysses turned into a pig by Circe.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XV

Ulysses told a tale like this over the dinner-table to the amazed Alcinous,¹ he stirred some to wrath, some perhaps to laughter, as a lying story-teller. "What?" one would say, "will no one hurl this fellow into the sea, who merits a terrible and a true Charybdis with his inventions of monstrous Laestrygones and Cyclopes? For I could sooner believe in Scylla, and the clashing Cyanean rocks,² and skins full of storms, or in the story how Circe, by a gentle touch, turned Elpenor³ and his comrades into grunting swine. Did he deem the Phaeacians people so devoid of brains?" So might some one have justly spoken who was not yet tipsy, and had taken but a small drink of wine from the Corcyraean bowl, for the Ithacan's tale was all his own, with none to bear him witness.

²⁷ I will now relate strange deeds done of late in the consulship of Juncus,⁴ beyond the walls of broiling Coptus; a crime of the common herd, worse than any crime of the tragedians; for though you turn over all the tales of long-robed Tragedy from the days of Pyrrha onwards, you will find there no crime committed by an entire people. But hear what an example of ruthless barbarism has been displayed in these days of ours.

³³ Between the neighbouring towns of Ombi and Tentyra⁵ there burns an ancient and long-cherished feud and undying hatred, whose wounds are not to be healed. Each people is filled with fury against the other because each hates its neighbours' Gods, deeming that none can be held as deities save its

⁴ Aemilius Juncus was consul in A.D. 127. This fixes the earliest date for this Satire.

⁵ Ombi and Tentyra (now *Dendyra*), towns in Upper Egypt.

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esse deos quos ipse colit. sed tempore festo
 alterius populi rapienda occasio cunctis
 visa inimicorum primoribus ac ducibus, ne 40
 laetum hilaremque diem, ne magnae gaudia cenae
 sentirent positis ad templa et compita mensis
 pervigilique toro, quem nocte ac luce iacentem
 septimus interdum sol invenit. horrida sane
 Aegyptos, sed luxuria, quantum ipse notavi, 45
 barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo.
 adde quod et facilis victoria de madidis et
 blaesibus atque mero titubantibus. inde virorum
 saltatus nigro tibicine, qualiacumque
 unguenta et flores multaeque in fronte coronae : 50
 hinc ieiunum odium. sed iurgia prima sonare
 incipiunt. animis ardentibus haec tuba rixae ;
 dein clamore pari concurritur, et vice teli
 saevit nuda manus. paucae sine vulnere malae ;
 vix cuiquam aut nulli toto certamine nasus 55
 integer. aspiceres iam cuncta per agmina vultus
 dimidios, alias facies et hiantia ruptis
 ossa genis, plenos oculorum sanguine pugnos.
 ludere se credunt ipsi tamen et puerilis
 exercere acies, quod nulla cadavera calcant. 60
 et sane quo tot rixantis milia turbae,
 si vivunt omnes? ergo acrior impetus, et iam
 saxa inclinatis per humum quaesita lacertis
 incipiunt torquere, domestica seditio
 tela : nec hunc lapidem, qualis et Turnus et Ajax, 65
 vel quo Tydides percussit pondere coxam

¹ A city in the Delta, near the W. mouth of the Nile.

own. So when one of these peoples held a feast, the chiefs and leaders of their enemy thought good to seize the occasion, so that their foe might not enjoy a glad and merry day, with the delight of grand banquets, with tables set out at every temple and every crossway, and with night-long feasts, and with couches spread all day and all night, and sometimes discovered by the sun upon the seventh morn. Egypt, doubtless, is a rude country; but in indulgence, so far as I myself have noted, its barbarous rabble yields not to the ill-famed Canopus.¹ Victory too would be easy, it was thought, over men steeped in wine, stuttering and stumbling in their cups. On the one side were men dancing to a swarthy piper, with unguents, such as they were, and flowers and chaplets on their heads; on the other side, a ravenous hate. First come loud words, as preludes to the fray: these serve as a trumpet-call to their hot passions; then shout answering shout, they charge. Bare hands do the fell work of war. Scarce a cheek is left without a gash; scarce one nose, if any, comes out of the battle unbroken. Through all the ranks might be seen battered faces, and features other than they were; bones gaping through torn cheeks, and fists dripping with blood from eyes. Yet the combatants deem themselves at play and waging a boyish warfare because there are no corpses on which to trample. What avails a mob of so many thousand brawlers if no lives are lost? So fiercer and fiercer grows the fight; they now search the ground for stones—the natural weapons of civic strife—and hurl them with bended arms against the foe: not such stones as Turnus or Ajax flung, or like that with which the son of Tydeus²

² Diomedes.

IVVENALIS SATVRA XV

Aeneae, sed quem valeant emittere dextrae
 illis dissimiles et nostro tempore natae.
 nam genus hoc vivo iam decresebat Homero;
 terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos; 70
 ergo deus quicumque aspexit, ridet et odit.

A deverticulo repetatur fabula. postquam
 subsidiis aucti, pars altera promere ferrum
 audet et infestis pugnam instaurare sagittis.
 terga fugae¹ celeri praestant instantibus Ombis 75
 qui vicina colunt umbrosae Tentyra palmae.
 labitur hic quidam nimia formidine cursum
 praecipitans capiturque. ast illum in plurima sectum
 frustra et particulas, ut multis mortuus unus
 sufficeret, totum corrosis ossibus edit 80
 victrix turba, nec ardenti decoxit aeno
 aut veribus: longum usque adeo tardumque putavit
 expectare focos, contenta cadavere crudo.

Hic gaudere libet quod non violaverit ignem,
 quem summa caeli raptum de parte Prometheus 85
 donavit terris; elemento gratulor, et te
 exultare reor. sed qui mordere cadaver
 sustinuit, nil umquam hac carne libentius edit.
 nam scelere in tanto ne quaeras et dubites an
 prima voluptatem gula senserit; ultimus autem 90
 qui stetit, absumpto iam toto corpore ductis
 per terram digitis aliquid de sanguine gustat.

Vascones, haec fama est, alimentis talibus olim
 produxere animas. sed res diversa, sed illic

¹ *fugae* POT: *fuga* ψ. The correct reading *instantibus*
Ombis is preserved by O only.

¹ A Spanish tribe N. of the Ebro; their chief town, Calagurris, was reduced by Afranius in B.C. 72, after the fall of Sertorius.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XV

struck Aeneas on the hip, but such as may be cast by hands unlike to theirs, and born in these days of ours. For even in Homer's day the race of man was on the wane; earth now produces none but weak and wicked men that provoke such Gods as see them to laughter and to loathing.

⁷² To come back from our digression: the one side, reinforced, boldly draws the sword and renews the fight with showers of arrows; the dwellers in the shady palm-groves of neighbouring Tentyra turn their backs in headlong flight before the Ombite charge. Hereupon one of them, over-afraid and hurrying, tripped and was caught; the conquering host cut up his body into a multitude of scraps and morsels, that one dead man might suffice for everyone, and devoured it bones and all. There was no stewing of it in boiling pots, no roasting upon spits; so slow and tedious they thought it to wait for a fire, that they contented themselves with the corpse uncooked!

⁸⁴ One may here rejoice that no outrage was done to the flame that Prometheus stole from the highest heavens, and gifted to the earth. I felicitate the element, and doubt not that you are pleased; but never was flesh so relished as by those who endured to put that carcase between their teeth. For in that act of gross wickedness, do not doubt or ask whether it was only the first gullet that enjoyed its meal; for when the whole body had been consumed, those who stood furthest away actually dragged their fingers along the ground and so got some smack of the blood.

⁹³ The Vascones,¹ fame tells us, once prolonged their lives by such food as this; but their case was

fortunae invidia est bellorumque ultima, casus 95
 extremi, longae dira obsidionis egestas ;
 huius enim, quod nunc agitur, miserabile debet
 exemplum esse cibi, sicut ¹ modo dicta mihi gens :
 post omnis herbas, post cuncta animalia, quidquid
 cogeat vacui ventris furor, hostibus ipsis 100
 pallorem ac maciem et tenuis miserantibus artus,
 membra aliena fame lacerabant, esse parati
 et sua. quisnam hominum veniam dare quisve
 deorum
 ventribus ² abnueret dira atque inmania passis,
 et quibus illorum poterant ignoscere manes, 105
 quorum corporibus vescebantur? melius nos
 Zenonis praecepta monent, nec enim omnia, quaedam ³
 pro vita facienda putant; sed Cantaber unde
 Stoicus, antiqui praesertim aetate Metelli?
 nunc totus Graias nostrasque habet orbis Athenas, 110
 Gallia caesidicos docuit facunda Britannos,
 de conducendo loquitur iam rhetore Thyle.
 nobilis ille tamen populus quem diximus, et par
 virtute atque fide sed maior clade Zacynthos
 tale quid excusat: Maeotide saevior ara 115
 Aegyptos; quippe illa nefandi Taurica sacri
 inventrix homines (ut iam quae carmina tradunt

¹ Housm. reads *tibi* from G in place of *cibi* Pψ, and conj. *si cui* in place of *sicut* Pψ.

² So Housm., after Hadr. Vales.: PU have *urbibus*, and so Büch. and Owen: *viribus* ψ.

³ *quaedam* AGLT: P has *quidam*: so Büch. and Housm.

¹ The founder of the Stoic school.

² The Vascones were not Cantabrians, who were more to the W.

³ Q. Caecilius Metellus conducted the war against Sertorius, B.C. 79-72.

different. Unkindly fortune had brought on them the last dire extremity of war, the famine of a long siege. In a plight like that of the people just named, resorting to such food deserves our pity, inasmuch as not till they had consumed every herb, every living thing, and everything else to which the pangs of an empty belly drove them—not till their very enemies pitied their pale, lean and wasted limbs—did hunger make them tear the limbs of other men, being ready to feed even upon their own. What man, what God, would withhold a pardon from bellies which had suffered such dire straits, and which might look to be forgiven by the Manes of those whose bodies they were devouring? To us, indeed, Zeno¹ gives better teaching, for he permits some things, though not indeed all things, to be done for the saving of life; but how could a Cantabrian² be a Stoic, and that too in the days of old Metellus?³ To-day the whole world has its Greek and its Roman Athens; eloquent Gaul has trained the pleaders of Britain, and distant Thule⁴ talks of hiring a rhetorician. Yet the people I have named were a noble people; and the people of Zacynthos,⁵ their equals in bravery and honour, their more than equals in calamity, offer a like excuse. But Egypt is more savage than the Maeotid⁶ altar; for if we may hold the poet's tales as true, the foundress of that accursed Tauric rite does but

⁴ The most distant land or island to the N.; possibly Shetland or Iceland.

⁵ A poetic name for the Spanish town of Saguntum, supposed to have been founded from Zacynthus; taken by Hannibal B.C. 218.

⁶ The *palus Maeotis* was the sea of Azov: strangers were there sacrificed on the altar of the Tauric (*i.e.* Crimean) Artemis.

digna fide credas) tantum immolat, ulterius nil
aut gravius cultro timet hostia. quis modo casus
inpulit hos? quae tanta fames infestaque vallo 120
arma coegerunt tam detestabile monstrum
audere? ane aliam terra Memphitide sicca
invidiam facerent nolenti surgere Nilo?
qua nec terribiles Cimbri nec Brittones umquam
Sauromataeque truces aut inmanes Agathyrsi, 125
hac saevit rabie inbelle et inutile vulgus,
parvula fictilibus solitum dare vela phaselis
et brevibus pictae remis incumbere testae.
nec poenam sceleri invenies nec digna parabis
supplicia his populis, in quorum mente pares sunt 130
et similes ira atque fames. mollissima corda
humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
quae lacrimas dedit; haec nostri pars optima sensus.
plorare ergo iubet causam dicentis amici
squaloremque rei, pupillum ad iura vocantem 135
circumsriptorem, cuius manantia fletu
ora puellares faciunt incerta capilli.
naturae imperio gemimus, cum funus adultae
virginis occurrit vel terra clauditur infans
et minor igne rogi. quis enim bonus et face dignus 140
arcana, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
ulla aliena sibi credit mala? separat hoc nos
a grege mutorum, atque ideo venerabile soli
sortiti ingenium divinorumque capaces
atque exercendis pariendisque artibus apti 145
sensum a caelesti demissum traximus arce,
cuius egent prona et terram spectantia. mundi

¹ An uncertain tribe, placed by Herodotus in Transylvania.

² i.e. worthy of being initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XV

slay her victims; they have nought further or more terrible than the knife to fear. But what calamity drove these Egyptians to the deed? What extremity of hunger, what beleaguering army, compelled them to so monstrous and infamous a crime? Were the land of Memphis to run dry, could they do aught else than this to shame the Nile for being loth to rise? No dread Cimbrians or Britons, no savage Scythians or monstrous Agathyrans,¹ ever raged so furiously as this unwarlike and worthless rabble that hoists tiny sails on crockery ships, and plies puny oars on boats of painted earthenware! No penalty can you devise for such a crime, no fit punishment for a people in whose minds rage and hunger are like and equal things. When Nature gave tears to man, she proclaimed that he was tender-hearted; and tenderness is the best quality in man. She therefore bids us weep for the misery of a friend upon his trial, or when a ward whose streaming cheeks and girlish locks raise a doubt as to his sex brings a defrauder into court. It is at Nature's behest that we weep when we meet the bier of a full-grown maiden, or when the earth closes over a babe too young for the funeral pyre. For what good man, what man worthy of the mystic torch,² and such as the priest of Ceres would wish him to be, believes that any human woes concern him not? It is this that separates us from the dumb herd; and it is for this that we alone have had allotted to us a nature worthy of reverence, capable of divine things, fit to acquire and practise the arts of life, and that we have drawn from on high that gift of feeling which is lacking to the beasts that grovel with eyes upon the ground. To them in the

IUVENALIS SATVRA XV

principio indulsit communis conditor illis
tantum animas, nobis animum quoque, mutuus
ut nos

adfectus petere auxilium et praestare iuberet, 150

dispersos trahere in populum, migrare¹ vetusto
de nemore et proavis habitatas linquere silvas,

aedificare domos, laribus coniungere nostris

tectum aliud, tutos vicino limine¹ somnos

ut collata daret fiducia, protegere armis 155

lapsum aut ingenti nutantem vulnere civem,

communi dare signa tuba, defendier isdem

turribus atque una portarum clave teneri.

Sed iam serpentum maior concordia, parcit

cognatis maculis similis fera; quando leoni 160

fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore umquam

expiravit aper maioris dentibus apri?

Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem

perpetuam, saevis inter se convenit ursis.

ast homini ferrum letale incude nefanda 165

produxisse parum est, cum rastra et sarcula tantum

adsueti coquere et marris ac vomere lassii

nescierint primi gladios extendere fabri,

aspicimus populos quorum non sufficit irae 170

occidisse aliquem, sed pectora bracchia voltum

crediderint genus esse cibi. quid diceret ergo

vel quo non fugeret, si nunc haec monstra videret

Pythagoras, cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui

tamquam homine et ventri indulsit non omne

legumen?

¹ *limine* ψ : *limite* PA.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XV

beginning of the world our common maker gave only life; to us he gave souls as well, that fellow-feeling might bid us ask or proffer aid, gather scattered dwellers into a people, desert the primeval groves and woods inhabited by our forefathers, build houses for ourselves, with others adjacent to our own, that a neighbour's threshold from the confidence that comes of union, might give us peaceful slumbers; shield with arms a fallen citizen, or one staggering from a grievous wound, give battle signals by a common trumpet, and seek protection inside the same city walls, and behind gates fastened by a single key.

¹⁵⁹ But in these days there is more amity among serpents than among men; wild beasts are merciful to beasts spotted like themselves. When did the stronger lion ever take the life of the weaker? In what wood did a boar ever breathe his last under the tusks of a boar bigger than himself? The fierce tigress of India dwells in perpetual peace with her fellow; bears live in harmony with bears. But man finds it all too little to have forged the deadly blade on an impious anvil; for whereas the first artificers only wearied themselves with forging hoes and harrows, spades and ploughshares, not knowing how to beat out swords, we now behold a people whose wrath is not assuaged by slaying someone, but who deem that a man's breast, arms, and face afford a kind of food. What would Pythagoras say, or to what place would he not flee, if he beheld these horrors of to-day,—he who refrained from every living creature as if it were human, and would not indulge his belly with every kind of vegetable?

IVVENALIS SATVRA XVI

SATVRA XVI

Quis numerare queat felicitis praemia, Galli,
 militiae? nam si subeuntur prospera castra,
 me pavidum excipiat tironem porta secundo
 sidere. plus etenim fati valet hora benigni
 quam si nos Veneris commendet epistula Marti 5
 et Samia genetrix quae delectatur harena.

Commoda tractemus primum communia, quorum
 haut minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare togatus
 audeat, immo etsi pulsetur, dissimulet nec
 audeat excussos praetori ostendere dentes 10
 et nigram in facie tumidis livoribus offam
 atque oculum medico nil promittente relictum.
 Bardaicus iudex datur haec punire volenti
 calceus et grandes magna ad subsellia surae
 legibus antiquis castrorum et more Camilli 15
 servato, miles ne vallum litiget extra
 et procul a signis. "iustissima centurionum
 cognitio est igitur¹ de milite, nec mihi derit
 ultio, si iustae defertur causa querellae."
 tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipuli 20
 consensu magno efficiunt curabilis ut sit
 vindicta et gravior quam² iniuria. dignum erit ergo
 declamatoris mulino corde Vagelli,
 cum duo crura habeas, offendere tot caligas, tot

¹ For the *igitur* of Pψ Housm. reads *inquis*.

² *quam* Pψ: Būch. (1910) conj. *tum*.

¹ Juno.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XVI

SATIRE XVI

THE IMMUNITIES OF THE MILITARY

Who can count up, Gallius, all the prizes of prosperous soldiering? I would myself pray to be a trembling recruit if I could but enter a favoured camp under a lucky star: for one moment of benignant fate is of more avail than a letter of commendation to Mars from Venus, or from his mother,¹ who delights in the sandy shore of Samos.

⁷ Let us first consider the benefits common to all soldiers, of which not the least is this, that no civilian will dare to thrash you; if thrashed himself, he must hold his tongue, and not venture to exhibit to the Praetor the teeth that have been knocked out, or the black and blue lumps upon his face, or the one eye left which the doctor holds out no hope of saving. If he seek redress, he has appointed for him as judge a hob-nailed centurion with a row of jurors with brawny calves sitting before a big bench. For the old camp law and the rule of Camillus still holds good which forbids a soldier to attend court outside the camp, and at a distance from the standards. "Most right and proper it is," you say, "that a centurion should pass sentence on a soldier; nor shall I fail of satisfaction if I make good my case." But then the whole cohort will be your enemies; all the maniples will agree as one man in applying a cure to the redress you have received by giving you a thrashing which shall be worse than the first. So, as you possess a pair of legs, you must have a mulish brain worthy of the eloquent Vagellius to provoke so many jack-boots, and all those thousands

IVVENALIS SATVRA XVI

- milia clavorum. quis tam procul absit ab urbe 25
 praeterea, quis tam Pylades, molem aggeris ultra
 ut veniat? lacrimae siccentur protinus, et se
 excusaturos non sollicitemus amicos.
- “da testem” iudex cum dixerit, audeat ille
 nescio quis, pugnos qui vidit, dicere “vidi,” 30
 et credam dignum barba dignumque capillis
 maiorum. citius falsum producere testem
 contra paganum possis quam vera loquentem
 contra fortunam armati contraque pudorem.
- Praemia nunc alia atque alia emolumenta note-
 mus 35
- sacramentorum. convallem ruris aviti
 improbus aut campum mihi si vicinus ademit
 et sacrum effodit medio de limite saxum,
 quod mea cum patulo coluit puls annua libo,
 debitor aut sumptos pergit non reddere nummos 40
 vana supervacui dicens chirographa ligni,
 expectandus erit qui lites inchoet annus
 totius populi. sed tunc quoque mille ferenda
 taedia, mille morae; totiens subsellia tantum
 sternuntur, iam facundo ponente lacernas 45
 Caedicio et Fusco iam micturiente parati
 digredimur, lentaque fori pugnamus harena.
 ast illis quos arma tegunt et balteus ambit,
 quod placitum est ipsis praestatur tempus agendi
 nec res atteritur longo sufflamine litis. 50
- Solis praeterea testandi militibus ius
 vivo patre datur. nam quae sunt parta labore

¹ The inseparable friend of Orestes.

JUVENAL, SATIRE XVI

of hobnails. And besides who would venture so far from the city? Who would be such a Pylades¹ as to go inside the rampart? Better dry your eyes at once, and not importune friends who will but make excuses. When the judge has called for witnesses, let the man, whoever he be, who saw the assault dare to say, "I saw it," and I will deem him worthy of the beard and long hair of our forefathers. Sooner will you find a false witness against a civilian than one who will tell the truth against the interest and the honour of a soldier.

³⁵ And now let us note other profits and perquisites of the service. If some rascally neighbour have filched from me a dell or a field of my ancestral estate, and have dug up, from the mid point of my boundary, the hallowed stone which I have honoured every year with an offering of flat cake and porridge; or if a debtor refuses to repay the money that he has borrowed, declaring that the signatures are false, and the document null and void: I shall have to wait for the time of year when the whole world begin their suits, and even then there will be a thousand wearisome delays. So often does it happen that when only the benches have been set out—when the eloquent Caecilius is taking off his cloak, and Fuscus has gone out for a moment—though everything is ready, we disperse, and fight our battle after the dilatory fashion of the courts. But the gentlemen who are armed and belted have their cases set down for whatever time they please: nor is their substance worn away by the slow drag-chain of the law.

⁵¹ Soldiers alone, again, have the right to make their wills during their fathers' lifetime; for the law ordains that money earned in military service

IVVENALIS SATVRA XVI

militiae, placuit non esse in corpore census,
 omne tenet cuius regimen pater. ergo Coranum 55
 signorum comitem castrorumque aera merentem
 quamvis iam tremulus captat pater; hunc favor
 aequus
 provehit et pulchro reddit sua dona labori.
 ipsius certe ducis hoc referre videtur
 ut qui fortis erit, sit felicissimus idem,
 ut laeti phaleris omnes et torquibus, omnes 60

JUVENAL, SATIRE XVI

is not to be included in the property which is in the father's sole control. This is why Coranus, who follows the standards and earns soldier's pay, is courted by his own father, though now tottering from old age. The son receives the advancement that is his due, and reaps the recompense for his own good services. And indeed it is the interest of the General that the most brave should also be the most fortunate, and that all should have medals and necklets to be proud of.

The Satire breaks off here.

THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS

PERSI SATVRAE

PROLOGVS

NEC fonte labra prolui caballino
nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnaso
memini, ut repente sic poeta prodirem.
Heliconidasque pallidamque Pirenen
illis remitto, quorum imagines lambunt 5
hederae sequaces : ipse semipaganus
ad sacra vatū carmen adfero nostrum.
quis expedivit psittaco suum chaere,
picamque docuit verba nostra conari ?
magister artis ingenique largitor 10
venter, negatas artifex sequi voces ;
quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
corvos poetas et poetridas picas
cantare credas Pegaseium nectar.

¹ The inspiring spring Hippocrene, struck out by the hoof of Pegasus, on the top of Mt. Helicon.

² *i.e.* the Muses.

³ Pirene also was an inspiring spring near Corinth, called "pale" because poets were supposed to become pale from study.

THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS

THE PROLOGUE

I NEVER soused my lips in the Nag's Spring;¹ never, that I can remember, did I dream on the two-topped Parnasus, that I should thus come forth suddenly as a poet. The maidens² of Mount Helicon, and the blanching waters of Pirene,³ I give up to the gentlemen round whose busts the clinging ivy⁴ twines; it is but as a half-member⁵ of the community that I bring my lay to the holy feast of the bards. Who made it so easy for the parrot to chirp his "good morrow"?⁶ Who taught the magpie to ape the language of man? It was that Belly, who has a rare skill in getting at words which are not his own. If only the enticing hope of money were to flash upon them, you would believe that raven poets and magpie poetesses were singing the pure nectar of the muses.

¹ The busts of poets were crowned with chaplets of ivy: *doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, Hor. *Od.* i. i. 29.

² Referring to the feast of the Paganalia common to all *pagani*, i.e. members of the village community (*pagus*). Persius calls himself a half-outsider as compared with professional poets.

⁶ i.e. the Greek *χαίρε*.

SUMMARY OF SATIRE I

THIS whole satire is an attack on the corruption of literature and literary taste in Rome, as a sign and accompaniment of a similar corruption in morals.

The poem takes the form of a dialogue between Persius and a Friend. Persius recites a line (possibly from Lucilius) which looks like the beginning of a poem. "Who will read stuff like that?" asks the Friend. "Well," says Persius, "what does that matter! The opinion of thick-headed Rome isn't worth a d—n! If only I could say what I think! But when I look at our gloomy way of living, and our affectation of morality, I feel that I must have my laugh out (1-12). Just look at the foppery and ostentation of our public recitations, and the licentious character of the things recited" (13-23).

F. "But surely you must allow our young poets to show their learning and give their genius a vent?" (24-25).

P. "Learning, indeed! as if knowledge were of no use unless other people know that you possess it!" (26-27).

F. "But you cannot deny the charm of being praised and of hearing people say 'That's the man!'" (28-30).

P. "And what kind of praise do they win? Listen to the mawkish stuff poured forth at dinner tables, and the applause given to it by the well-filled guests. How grand and soul-sufficing!" (30-40).

SUMMARY OF SATIRE I

F. "You are very nasty with your gibes. Do you suppose that any one is so indifferent to fame that he would not care to be ranked among the immortals?" (40-43).

P. "Certainly not. I value praise justly bestowed as much as any man; but I decline to accept the verdict of guests whose favour has been secured by gifts of old clothing and good viands. You say you want the truth? then let me tell it you: you are a mere twaddler, happy only in this that, unlike Janus, you cannot see the gibes made at you behind your back" (44-62).

F. "Anyhow the public are enchanted. Never, they say, did poets write more smoothly and correctly, or handle great themes more nobly" (63-68).

P. "Yes, indeed! To-day we find heroic themes attempted by men who cannot describe the simplest scenes of country life without committing absurdities. Others have a mania for archaisms; and what can be more artificial than our rhetoric? An advocate cannot defend a man on his trial for some crime without using all the embellishments of the schools! He is like the shipwrecked mariner who appeals to you by a song" (69-91).

F. "But you will at least grant that our modern Muse has grace and polish?" (92).

P. "Grace and polish indeed! Let me quote some instances of your modern polish... What would Virgil have said of turgid and frothy stuff like that? Now please give me some instances of the tender languishing style" (93-98).

(Then follow four lines of furious magniloquent bombast, quoted admiringly by P's interlocutor (99-102).)

SUMMARY OF SATIRE I

P. "Whew! what nerveless sputtering trash! Not one sign there of real honest work!" (103-106).

F. "But why vex delicate ears with biting truths like these? See that the doors of your great friends are not closed to you after this. Beware of the dog!" (107-110).

P. "Well! Well! Have your way. Put up a notice—'No nuisance here,' and I'll be off. But Lucilius had his say out, sparing no man; Horace spoke out his mind with well-spiced pleasantry; and am I to keep my mouth shut? am I not to divulge my secret to any one, not even to a ditch? Nay, here is a ditch, and I will dig it in: '*All the world are fools.*' This little secret joke of mine I will not sell you for all your Iliads!" (110-123).

"No: let me have for hearers all you that have drawn an inspiring breath from Cratinus, and Eupolis, and the Grand Old Man; I care not for the fry that love to vent their wit upon the slippers of the Greeks, nor for the puffed-up local magnate who jeers at a one-eyed man, nor for the man who flouts philosophers and thinks it a fine joke to see a saucy wench pluck a cynic by the beard. Let these enjoy the pleasures they deserve!" (123-134).

The first satire of Persius seems to have furnished a pattern for the first satire of Juvenal. In each case the poet begins by an attack on the character of his own age, Persius laying stress upon the corruption of literature, Juvenal upon that of morals as a whole. In each case a friend warns the poet of the dangers of such an attack. Both poets justify themselves by the example of Lucilius, and his free-

SUMMARY OF SATIRE I

spoken attacks upon his contemporaries. Persius rejects all appeal to the depraved opinion of his own time, and asks for readers who have caught the spirit of the masters of the old Greek comedy; Juvenal promises to spare the living and to confine his attacks to the dead.

SATVRA I

“O CURAS hominum, o quantum est in rebus inane!”
 “quis leget haec?” “min tu istud ais? nemo her-
 cule.” “nemo?”
 “vel duo vel nemo.” “turpe et miserabile!”
 “quare?”

ne mihi Polydamas et Troiades Labeonem
 praetulerint? nugae. non, si quid turbida Roma 5
 elevet, accedas examenque improbum in illa
 castiges trutina, nec te quaesiveris extra.
 nam Romae¹ quis non—ah, si fas dicere—sed fas
 tunc cum ad canitiem et nostrum istud vivere² triste
 aspexi ac nucibus facimus quaecumque relictis, 10
 cum sapimus patruos; tunc tunc ignoscite; (nolo:
 quid faciam? sed sum petulanti splene) cachinno.

¹ The MSS. read *Romae est* or *Romaest* for *Romae*, and *ae* for *a* or *ah*.

² The use of the Infinitive as a Noun is a special characteristic of Persius. So *scire tuum* (l. 27), *ridere meum* (l. 122), *pappare minutum* (iii. 17), etc.

¹ Polydamas is from Homer (*Il.* xxii. 104–5). Polydamas and the high-born Roman ladies are supposed to represent the opinions of the respectable Mrs. Grundys of the day. Attius Labeo was a poor poet of the time, said to have translated Homer.

SATIRE I

P. "O THE vanity of mankind! How vast the void in human affairs!"

F. "Who will read stuff like that?"

P. "Is it to me you are speaking? Not a soul, by Hercules."

F. "What? nobody?"

P. "One or two perhaps or nobody."

F. "What a poor and lamentable result!"

P. "Why that? Are you afraid that Polydamas and his Trojan ladies¹ will put Labeo above me? Stuff and nonsense! And if thick-headed Rome does disparage anything, don't you go and put right the tongue in that false balance of theirs; look to no one outside yourself. For who is there in Rome who is not²—oh, if only I might say my secret!—and yet say it I must, when I look at these gray heads of ours, and our gloomy ways of living, and indeed everything that we have been doing since the days when we gave up our marbles, and put on the wise airs of uncles. So please forgive me! I would rather not say it—but what else can I do?—I have a wayward wit and must have my laugh out.

² The secret is that every one is an ass, see l. 121. For the passage 8-12 I follow the punctuation and explanation given by Professor Housman (*C.R.* Jan. 1913). *Cachinno* is a verb, "I laugh"; it has been commonly taken as a substantive ("a laugher"), but for this there is no authority.

PERSI SATVRA I

"Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,
 grande aliquid, quod pulmo animae praelargus anhelet. 15
 scilicet haec populo pexusque togaque recenti
 et natalicia tandem cum sardonyche albus
 sede leges celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur
 mobile conlueris, patranti fractus ocello.
 tunc neque more probo videas nec voce serena
 ingentis trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum 20
 intrant et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.
 tun, vetule, auriculis alienis colligis escas,
 auriculis,¹ quibus et dicas cute perditus 'ohe'?"
 "quo didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum et quae semel intus
 innata est rupto iecore exierit caprificus? 25
 en pallor seniumque!" "o mores, usque adeone
 scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter?"
 "at pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier 'hic est';
 ten cirratorum centum dictata fuisse
 pro nihilo pendes?"² "ecce inter pocula quaerunt 30

¹ Professor Housman adopts Madvig's conjecture of *articulis* for *auriculis*, and translates "What? catering at your age for others' ears with cates which you, disabled with gout and dropsy, must forgo?" (*Classical Quarterly*, Jan. 1913, p. 14. Subsequent references to Professor Housman are to be found in this article.) ² *pendas* aP².

¹ *Titos* for *Titienses*, one of the three original Roman tribes, ironically applied to those who prided themselves on their ancient Roman descent. Similarly used are *Troiades* in l. 4, *Romulidae*, l. 31, and *Rhamnes* in Hor. *A.P.* 342.

² The ferment of poetic inspiration longing for a vent is

PERSIUS, SATIRE I

13 "We shut ourselves up and write something grand—one in verse, one in prose—something that will take a vast amount of breath to pant out. This stuff you will some day read aloud to the public, having first lubricated your throat with an emollient wash; you will take your seat on a high chair, well combed, in a new white robe, and with a rakish leer in your eye, not forgetting a birthday sardonyx gem on your finger. Thereupon, as the thrilling strains make their way into the loins, and tickle the inward parts, you may see the burly sons of Rome,¹ quivering in no seemly fashion, and uttering no seemly words. What, you old reprobate? Do you cater for other people's wanton ears?—ears to which, however hardened your hide, you might fain cry 'hold, enough!'"

F. "But what avail study and learning if the yeast, and the wild fig-tree² which has sprung up within, are never to break through the bosom and come forth? See our pallid cheeks and aged looks!"³

P. "Good heavens! Is all your knowledge to go so utterly for nothing unless other people know that you possess it?"

F. "O but it is a fine thing to have a finger pointed at one, and to hear people say, 'That's the man'! Would you yourself deem it of no account to have been conned as a task by a hundred curly-headed urchins?"

P. "See, now, the sons of Romulus, having well compared to the sturdy shoot of the wild fig-tree, which finds its way through masonry and dislodges even solid stones (Juv. x. 143).

³ These words refer to the *cavities*, etc., ridiculed in l. 9, which the Friend accounts for by the hard work of the poet. Some give these words to Persius, with an ironical meaning.

PERSI SATVRA I

Romulidae saturi, quid dia poemata narrent ;
 hic aliquis, cui circum umeros hyacinthina laena est,
 rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus
 Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, vatum et plorabile siquid,
 eliquat ac tenero subplantat verba palato. 35
 adsensere viri : nunc non cinis ille poetae
 felix ? non levior cippus nunc inprimit ossa ?
 laudant convivae : nunc non e manibus illis,
 nunc non e tumulo fortunataque favilla
 nascentur violae ?” “rides,” ait, “et nimis uncis 40
 naribus indulges. an erit qui velle recuset
 os populi meruisse et cedro digna locutus
 linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina nec tus ?”
 “Quisquis es, o modo quem ex adverso dicere feci,
 non ego cum scribo, si forte quid aptius exit, 45
 quando haec rara avis est, si quid tamen aptius exit,
 laudari metuam ; neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.
 sed recti finemque extremumque esse recuso
 ‘euge’ tuum et ‘belle.’ nam ‘belle’ hoc excute totum :
 quid non intus habet ? non hic est Ilias Atti 50
 ebria veratro ? non siqua elegidia crudi
 dictarunt proceres ? non quidquid denique lectis
 scribitur in citreis ? calidum scis ponere sumen,
 scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna,

¹ *i.e.* some sentimental ditty taken from heroic times ; there may be an allusion to the *Heroides* of Ovid.

² Referring to the simple prayer often inscribed over the ashes of the dead, *sit tibi terra levis* (S.T.T.L.).

³ A clear imitation of Cat. xcv. 7, and Hor. *Epp.* II. i. 269, alluding to the uses of waste paper.

⁴ No doubt the Attius Labeo of l. 4.

PERSIUS, SATIRE I

dined, are asking over their cups, 'What has divine poesy to say?' Whereupon some fellow with a purple mantle round his shoulders lisps out with a snuffle some insipid trash about a Phyllis or a Hypsipyle¹ or some other dolorous poetic theme, mincing his words, and letting them trip daintily over his palate. The great men signify their approval; will not your poet's ashes be happy now? will not the grave-stone press more lightly upon his bones?² The lesser guests chime in with their assent: will not violets now spring up from those remains, from the tomb and its thrice-blessed ashes?"

F. "You are scoffing, and use your turned-up nose too freely. Do you mean to tell me that any man who has uttered words worthy of cedar oil will disown the wish to have earned a place in the mouths of men, and to leave behind him poems that will have nothing to fear from mackerel or from spice?"³

⁴⁴ P. "Well, my friend, whoever you are whom I have set up to speak on the opposing side, I am the last man, if by chance when writing I let fall something good (rare bird as that would be), I am the last man, I say, to be afraid of praise. My heart is not made of horn! But I decline to admit that the final and supreme test of excellence is to be found in your 'Bravo!' and your 'Beautiful!' Just sift out all those 'Bravos': what do they not contain? Will you not find there the bedrugged Iliad of Attius,⁴ and all the love-ditties spouted by your grandes while digesting their dinners—all the stuff in short that is scribbled on couches of citron-wood? You know how to serve up a sow's paunch piping hot: you know how to present a shivering client with a

PERSI SATVRA I

et 'verum' inquis 'amo, verum mihi dicite de me.' 55
 qui pote? vis dicam? nugaris, cum tibi, calve,
 pinguis aqualiculus propenso¹ sesquipede extet.
 o Iane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,
 nec manus auriculas imitari mobilis albas,
 nec linguae quantum sitiatis canis Apula tantum!² 60
 vos, o patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est
 occipiti caeco, posticae occurrere sannae.
 quis populi sermo est?" "quis enim, nisi carmina
 molli

nunc demum numero fluere, ut per leve severos
 effundat iunctura unguis? scit tendere versum 65
 non secus ac si oculo rubricam derigat uno.
 sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum
 dicere, res grandes nostro dat Musa poetae."
 "ecce modo heroas sensus adferre videmus³
 nugari solitos graece, nec ponere lucum 70
 artifices nec rus saturum laudare, ubi corbes
 et focus et porci et fumosa Palilia faeno,
 unde Remus sulcoque terens dentalia, Quinti.

¹ *propenso* PA²L: *protenso* E: *protento* Prisc.

² *tantum* L²: *tante* EPL¹.

³ *videmus* ABP²: *docemus* EP¹.

¹ These lines, again, are closely imitated from Hor. *Epp.* I. xix. 37.

² Janus, having two faces (*bifrons*), could not be ridiculed from behind.

³ A metaphor from the art of the sculptor, who passes his nail along the surface to make sure that there is no inequality.

⁴ The Palilia or Parilia were celebrated on the 21st of

PERSIUS, SATIRE I

threadbare cloak,¹ and then you say, 'I love the Truth; tell me the truth about myself!' How can the man do that? Would you like *me* to tell you the truth? You are just a fool, you old bald-pate, with that pot-belly of yours sticking out a foot and a half in front of you! O happy Janus, who cannot be pecked at from behind by a stork, nor mocked by a hand nimble at mimicking white donkey-ears; at whom no tongue can be thrust out as far as that of a thirsty Apulian hound! O ye blue-blooded patricians, you who have to live without eyes in the back of your head, turn round and face the gibing in your rear!² And what does the town say?"

F. "Why what else but this—that now at last we have verses flowing smoothly along, so that the critical nail³ glides unjarred over the joinings. Our poet knows how to draw his lines as straight as if he were directing a ruddle cord with one eye shut. Whatever be his theme: whether it be the morals and luxury of the times, or the banquets of the great, the Muse furnishes him with the lofty style."

P. "Yes; and so we now see heroics produced by men who have been used to trifle over Greek verses—men who have not art enough to describe a grove, or commend the abundance of country life, with its baskets and its hearths, with its pigs and the smoking hay-heaps of the Palilia;⁴ out of which emerges Remus, and thou, Cincinnatus,⁵ polishing thy share-beam against the furrow, and

April, the supposed birthday of Rome. Part of the ceremony or sport of the day was to jump over burning heaps of hay.

⁵ L. Quintus Cincinnatus. Alluding to the well-known story of his being saluted as Dictator on coming home from the plough.

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cum¹ trepida ante boves dictatorem induit uxor
 et tua aratra domum lictor tulit: euge poeta! 75
 est nunc Brisaei quem venosus liber Acci,
 sunt quos Pacuviusque et verrucosa moretur
 Antiopa, aerumnis cor luctificabile fulta.
 hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
 cum videas, quaerisne unde haec sartago loquendi 80
 venerit in linguas, unde istud dedecus, in quo
 trossulus exultat tibi per subsellia levis?

“ Nilne pudet capiti non posse pericula cano
 pellere, quin tepidum hoc optes audire ‘decenter’?
 ‘fur es,’ ait Pedio. Pedius quid? crimina rasis 85
 librat in antithetis, doctas posuisse figuras
 laudatur: ‘bellum hoc.’ hoc bellum? an, Romule,
 ceves?

men moveat? quippe et, cantet si naufragus, assem
 protulerim? cantas, cum fracta te in trabe pictum
 ex umero portes? verum, nec nocte paratum, 90
 plorabit qui me volet incurvasse querella.”

“ Sed numeris decor est et iunctura addita crudis.

¹ cum P¹: quem EaP²L.

¹ *Brisaeus* is an epithet of *Bacchus*, used here (like *venosus* and *verrucosus*) to indicate the poet's style. Line 78 is apparently a parody of a line in the *Antiöpe* of Pacuvius, in which he is said to have imitated Euripides.

² These were the greatest of the early poets of Rome, after Ennius. Both wrote tragedies. Pacuvius was born about B.C. 220, Accius (or Attius) in B.C. 170. Horace speaks of

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then thy wife in a flurry arraying thee as Dictator before the oxen, while the lictor drives home the plough! Bravo, bravo! Mr. Poet! One man pores over the dried-up tome of the Bacchanalian¹ Accius;² others dwell lovingly on the warty Antiope of Pacuvius,² 'her dolorific heart buttressed up with woes.' When you see blear-eyed sires pouring lessons like these into their children's ears, can you ask whence has come this farrago of language into their tongues? or whence came those shameless ditties which put your smooth-faced sprigs of nobility into a tremble of ecstasy on the benches?

⁸³ "Are you not ashamed to be unable to ward off danger from some hoary head without wishing to hear some trifling word of commendation? 'You are a thief!' says the accused to Pedius: how does Pedius³ reply? He balances the charges against each other in smooth antitheses, and is praised for his artistic tropes: 'How fine!' they say. What, Romulus? Do you call that fine? Or are you just losing your virility? Shall I be touched, think you, and pull a penny out of my pocket because a ship-wrecked mariner sings a song? You sing, do you, when you carry on your shoulder a picture of yourself, squatting on a broken plank? No, no! the man who wishes to bend me with his tale of woe must shed true tears—not tears that have been got ready overnight."

⁹² F. "But you will admit, anyhow, that grace and polish have been added to the uncouth measures of them with more respect than Persius: *aufert = Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti* (*Epp.* II. i. 56).

³ The name "Pedius," as that of an advocate, seems taken from Hor. *Sat.* I. x. 28, but there seems to be no reference to the cause in which Pedius is there concerned.

PERSI SATVRA I

claudere sic versum didicit 'Berecynthius Attis,'
 et 'qui caeruleum dirimebat Nerea delphin' ;
 sic 'costam longo subduximus Appennino.' " 95
 "arma virum! nonne hoc spumosum et cortice
 pingui,
 ut ramale vetus vegrandi subere coctum?
 quidnam igitur tenerum et laxa cervice legendum?"
 " 'torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,'
 et 'raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo 100
 Bassaris,' et 'lynxem Maenas flexura corymbis
 euhion ingeminat, reparabilis adsonat echo!' "
 "haec fierent, si testiculi vena ulla paterni
 viveret in nobis? summa delumbe saliva
 hoc natat in labris, et in udo est Maenas et Attis, 105
 nec pluteum caedit nec demorsos sapit unguis."
 "Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero
 auriculas? vide sis ne maiorum tibi forte
 limina frigescant: sonat hic de nare canina
 littera." "per me equidem sint omnia protinus
 alba; 110
 nil moror: euge! omnes, omnes bene, mirae eritis res!

¹ These lines (93-5), admiringly quoted by the Friend, seem to be invented or quoted to show the absurdities of modern poetic diction.

² These four lines of furious bombast are said by the Scholiast, apparently without any authority, to have formed

PERSIUS, SATIRE I

our sires. See how we have learnt to round off our verses with 'Berecynthian Attis'; or 'the dolphin which was cleaving the sky-blue Nereus'; or how 'we filched a rib off from the lengthy Apennines'!"¹

P. "O shade of Virgil! What is this but frothy inflated stuff, like an old bough smothered under its bloated bark! Now give me something of the languishing kind; something that should be recited with a gentle bending of the neck."

F. "'They filled their savage horns with Mimalonean boomings'; 'the Bassarid ready to tear off the head of the prancing calf'; or, 'the Maenad, about to rein the lynx with ivy-trails, redoubles the Evian shout: responsive Echo gives back the cry!'"²

P. "What? Would such things be written if one drop of our fathers' manhood were still alive in our veins? Your Maenad and your Attis are just marrowless drivel, floating and spluttering on the lips, on the top of the spittle: no banging of the desk here, no biting of nails to the quick!"³

¹⁰⁷ F. "But why rasp people's tender ears with biting truths? Take heed, I beseech you, that the doorsteps of your great friends do not grow cool towards you: don't you hear the snarl of a dog?"

P. "Well, well, have your way; I will paint everything white henceforth! Bravo! Bravo! you shall all be paragons of creation! Will that please you?"

part of a poem by Nero. They are ridiculed both for their grandiloquence in rhythm and for their crudities in expression. Line 99 is imitated from Catull. lxii. 264. Line 100 is from Eur. Bacch. 743.

³ This line is obviously imitated from Hor. Sat. i. x. 70.

PERSI SATVRA I

hoc iuvat? 'hic' inquis 'veto quisquam faxit oletum.'
 pinge duos anguis : pueri, sacer est locus, extra
 meite : discedo. secuit Lucilius urbem,
 te Lupe, te Muci, et genuinum fregit in illis ; 115
 omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 tangit et admissus circum praecordia ludit,
 callidus excusso populum suspendere naso :
 men¹ muttire nefas? nec clam? nec cum scrobe?
 nusquam?
 hic tamen infodiam. vidi, vidi ipse, libelle : 120
auriculas asini quis non habet? hoc ego opertum,
 hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nulla tibi vendo
 Iliade. audaci quicumque adflate Cratino
 iratum Eupolidem praegrandi cum sene palles,
 aspice et haec, si forte aliquid decoctius audis. 125
 inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure,
 non hic qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere gestit
 sordidus et lusco qui possit dicere 'lusce'
 sese² aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus
 fregerit heminas Arreti aedilis iniquas, 130

¹ men P² : me Büch. ² sese aL : seque P.

¹ On spots to be protected from defilement snakes were painted up, as a warning, representing the *genius loci*.

² C. Lucilius, the father of Roman Satire, and forerunner of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, was born in B.C. 148. He wrote thirty books of Satires, and, living in days of freedom, was unsparing in his attacks upon the follies of his contemporaries. See Introd. pp. xliii sqq.

PERSIUS, SATIRE I

‘No nuisance here,’ you say; paint up a couple of snakes, my lads, and clear out; the ground is holy, and I’ll be off.”¹

“And yet Lucilius² flayed our city: he flayed you, Lupus, and you, Mucius, and broke his jaw over you. Horace, sly dog, worming his way playfully into the vitals of his laughing friend, touches up his every fault; a rare hand he at flinging out his nose and hanging the people on it!³ And may I not mutter one word? Not anywhere, to myself, nor even to a ditch? Yes—here will I dig it in. I have seen the truth; I have seen it with my own eyes, O my book: *Who is there who has not the ears of an ass?* this dead secret of mine, this poor little joke, I will not sell for all your Iliads!

“O all ye that have caught the bold breath of Cratinus—ye who have grown pale over the blasts of Eupolis or of the Grand Old Man⁴—look here too, if you have an ear for anything of the finer sort. Let my reader be one whose ear has been cleansed and kindled by such strains, not one of the baser sort who loves to poke fun at the slippers of the Greeks, and who could cry out ‘Old one-eye!’ to a one-eyed man; nor yet one puffed up with his dignity as a provincial aedile who deems himself somebody because he has broken up short pint measures

³ This is Mr. Conington’s excellent translation.

⁴ i.e. Aristophanes. These three poets, as recorded in the famous lines of Horace, *Sat.* I. iv. 1:

*Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque poetae
Atque alii quorum Comoedia prisca virorum est,*

constituted the great Triumvirate of the Old Comedy of Greece. Cratinus was born in B.C. 519, Eupolis in 446, and Aristophanes in 444.

PERSI SATVRA I

nec qui abaco numeros et secto in pulvere metas
scit risisse vafer, multum gaudere paratus,
si cynico barbam petulans nonaria vellat.
his mane edictum, post prandia Calliroen do."

PERSIUS, SATIRE I

at Arretium. Nor do I want a man who thinks it funny to laugh at figures on a blackboard, or cones traced in the sand, and is ready to scream with joy if some saucy wench plucks a Cynic by the beard. To such gentlemen I would commend the play-bill in the morning, for the afternoon Calliroe." ¹

¹ Some mawkish sentimental poem, of the kind satirised above.

SUMMARY OF SATIRE II

PERSIUS takes advantage of the birthday of his friend and fellow-pupil Plotius Macrinus to discourse on the folly of the prayers usually offered to the Gods (1-7). Men pray openly for worthy objects; they pray secretly for money, for inheritances, for the death of all who stand in their way, besieging Jupiter with petitions at which any ordinary citizen would stand aghast (8-30). Old women offer the most silly prayers on behalf of babes (31-40). One man prays for health and strength, while ruining his constitution by rich living (41-43); another for riches, while wasting his substance in costly sacrifices (44-51). Thirsting ourselves for gold, we believe the gods must love it also: we overlay their images with gold and use gold vessels in their service in place of the delf of Numa (52-60). O fools and grovellers! Why measure the Gods by our own fleshly lusts, and by our own joy in gratifying them? Nay, rather let us approach them with clean hands and a pure heart, and the homeliest offerings will win their favour (61-75).

SATIRE II

SET the whitest of white stones, Macrinus, to mark this bright day that places the gliding years to your account! Pour out libations to your Genius! You are not, the man to utter a huckster's prayer, such as you could only entrust to the gods in privacy. Most of our great men offer their libations from censers that divulge no secrets: it is not every man that is ready to make away with mutterings and whisperings from the temples, and to offer prayers such as all men may hear.¹ "A sound mind," "a fair name," "good credit"—such prayers a man utters aloud, and in a stranger's hearing—the rest he mutters to himself, under his breath: "O if only my uncle would go off!² what a fine funeral I would give him!" or "if only favouring Hercules³ would cause a crock of silver to grate against my harrow!" or "if only I could wipe out that ward of mine who stands next before me in the succession: for indeed he is scrofulous, and full of acrid humours." "There's Nerius⁴ (lucky dog!) burying his third wife." Is it that you may put up prayers like these with all due piety⁵ that you dip your head every morning twice and three times in the Tiber, washing off in his waters all the pollutions of the night?

¹ Perhaps the usurer mentioned by Horace, *Sat.* II. iii. 69.

² *Sanctè* is emphatic. However unholy his prayers, he hopes to keep on the right side of the gods, and so neglects none of the proper religious observances. See Hor. *Sat.* II. iii. 290-2, and Juv. vi. 523.

PERSI SATVRA II

Heus age, responde (minimum est quod scire
laboro):

de Iove quid sentis? estne ut praeponere cures
hunc—"cuinam?" cuinam? vis Staio? an scilicet
haeres?

quis potior iudex puerisve quis aptior orbis? 20

hoc igitur, quo tu Iovis aurem impellere temptas,
dic agetum Staio: "pro Iuppiter! o bone," clamet,
"Iuppiter!" at sese non clamet Iuppiter ipse?

ignovisse putas, quia, cum tonat, ocius ilex
sulpure discutitur sacro quam tuque domusque? 25

an quia non fibris ovium Ergennaque iubente
triste iaces lucis evitandumque bidental,
idcirco stolidam praebet tibi vellere barbam

Iuppiter? aut quidnam est qua tu mercede deorum
emeris auriculas? pulmone et lactibus unctis? 30

Ecce avia aut metuens divum matertera cunis
exemit puerum, frontemque atque uda labella
infami digito et lustralibus ante salivis
expiat, urentis oculos inhibere perita;

tunc manibus quatit et spem macram supplice voto 35

¹ Staius is taken as a representative of an average respectable citizen.

² An obviously Etruscan name. Etruria was famous for its soothsayers.

³ *Bidental* is properly a spot struck by lightning, purified or consecrated by the sacrifice of a *bidens* (a two-year-old victim), and enclosed with a fence. Such spots were of evil omen. Here the *bidental* stands for the body of the man killed by lightning.

PERSIUS, SATIRE II

¹⁷ Come now, answer me this question: it is a very little thing that I want to know; What is your opinion of Jupiter? Would you rank him above—"Above whom?"—Above whom, you ask? Well, shall we say Staius?¹ or do you stick at that? Could you name a more upright judge than Staius; or one more fitted to be a guardian to an orphan family? Well then, just whisper to Staius the prayer with which you would impress the ear of Jupiter:—"O gracious Jupiter!" he would cry, "O Jupiter!" And will not Jupiter call upon himself, think you? Do you imagine that he has condoned everything because, when it thunders, the sacred fire rends an oak-tree in twain sooner than you and your house? Or because you are not lying in a grove, at the bidding of Ergenna² and a sheep's liver, an accursed and abhorred object,³ will Jupiter therefore offer you his foolish beard to pluck? And what is the price by which you have purchased a kindly hearing from the gods? Is it a dish of lights and greasy entrails?⁴

³¹ See how a granny, or an auntie who fears the gods, takes baby out of his cradle:⁵ skilled in averting the evil eye, she first, with her middle finger, applies the charm of lustrous spittle⁶ to his forehead and slobbering lips; she then dandles the wizened Hopeful⁷ in her arms, and destines him in

⁴ Persius and Juvenal are continually ridiculing the offering of *exta* to the gods (Juv. x. 354, xiii. 115).

⁵ This passage bears a close resemblance to Juv. x. 289 foll.

⁶ Various were the virtues of saliva, especially in magical and semi-magical ceremonies. See Pliny, *H.N.* xxviii. 4, 22. It was especially efficacious against the evil eye.

⁷ The contemptuous epithet heightens the contrast. Professor Housman takes *spem* to mean simply hope; hope lean and hungry, and therefore insatiable.

PERSI SATVRA II

nunc Licini in campos, nunc Crassi mittit in aedis :
 "hunc optent generum rex et regina ; puellae
 hunc rapiant ; quidquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat."
 ast ego nutrici non mando vota ; negato,
 Iuppiter, haec illi, quamvis te albata rogarit !¹ 40

Poscis opem nervis corpusque fidele senectae.
 esto, age ; sed grandes patinae tuccetaque crassa
 adnuere his superos vetuere Iovemque morantur.

Rem struere exoptas caeso bove Mercuriumque
 accersis fibra : "da fortunare penatis, 45
 da pecus et gregibus fetum !" quo pessime, pacto,
 tot tibi cum in flammis² iunicum omenta liquescant ?
 et tamen hic extis et opimo vincere fertō
 intendit : " iam crescit ager, iam crescit ovile,
 iam dabitur, iam iam "—donec deceptus et exspes 50
 nequiquam fundo suspiret nummus in imo.

Si tibi crateras argenti incusaque pingui
 auro dona feram, sudes et pectore laevo
 excutiat guttas laetari praetrepidum cor.
 hinc illud subiit, auro sacras quod ovato 55
 perducis facies ; nam fratres inter aenos

¹ rogarit P : rogabit aL. ² flammis aL.

¹ Both men of proverbial wealth. Crassus was the Triumvir slain at the battle of Carrhae B.C. 53 ; Licinus was an enfranchised slave of Caesar who became Procurator of Gaul. See Juv. i. 109 and Mayor's note.

² Mercury also (*merx*) was the god of gain.

³ Several fanciful interpretations have been given of this phrase. The "brazen brotherhood" seems to refer to the gods as a whole, whose statues were usually of bronze. If

PERSIUS, SATIRE II

her prayers to the domains of a Licinus,¹ or the mansion of a Crassus;¹ "May kings and queens desire him for their daughter! May the maidens scramble for him! May roses bloom wherever he plants his foot!"—No! never shall prayer of mine be committed to a nurse; reject, O Jupiter, her petition, though she be clothed in white to ask it of thee!

⁴¹ You pray for strength of limb, and for a body that shall not fail you in old age. Good; but your grand dishes and rich ragouts forbid the gods to listen to you, and stay the hand of Jupiter.

⁴⁴ Lusting for wealth, you slay an ox, and summon Mercury² with a liver. "Grant that my household gods may prosper me!" you cry; "grant increase to my flocks and herds!" But how can that be, poor fool, when the fat of all those heifers is melting away in the flames? Yet on the fellow goes, bent upon winning his wish with his entrails and his rich cakes:—"I am now adding field to field, and flock to flock," he cries, ever hoping and hoping on, till at length his last coin, duped and disappointed, heaves a vain sigh at the bottom of his purse!

⁵² Were I to offer you cups of silver, or gifts richly inlaid with gold, your heart would beat high with joy, and drops of sweat would trickle from your left breast. Hence your idea of overlaying the faces of the gods with triumphal gold; for you say, "Let those among the brazen brothers³ rank highest

any of these, says Persius ironically, send us dreams free from gouty humours, they should be highly honoured and given beards of gold. See Professor Housman, *l.c.* pp. 15-16.

PERSI SATVRA II

somnia pituita qui purgatissima mittunt
 praecipui sunt sitque illis aurea barba.
 aurum vasa Numae Saturniaque impulit aera
 Vestalesque urnas et Tuscum fictile mutat. 60

O curvae in terris animae et caelestium inanis!
 quid iuvat hoc, templis nostros immittere mores
 et bona dis ex hac scelerata ducere pulpa?
 haec sibi corrupto casiam dissolvit olivo,
 et Calabrum coxit vitiatum murice vellus; 65

haec bacam conchae rasisse et stringere venas
 ferventis massae crudo de pulvere iussit.
 peccat et haec, peccat, vitio tamen utitur. at vos
 dicite, pontifices: in sancto quid facit aurum?
 nempe hoc quod Veneri donatae a virgine pupae. 70

quin damus id superis, de magna quod dare lance
 non possit magni Messalae lippa propago:
 compositum ius fasque animo sanctosque recessus
 mentis et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.
 haec cedo ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo. 75

¹ The bronze vessels of the Saturnian age, with a possible reference to the bronze coinage of early Rome.

² *cp.* Juv. xi. 115. *Fictilis et nullo violatus Iuppiter auro.*

³ Just as boys dedicated the *bulla* on assuming the *toga virilis*, so did maidens hang up their dolls to Venus on attaining womanhood.

PERSIUS, SATIRE II

who send us dreams most free from gouty vapours, and let their beards be all of gold! Gold has now ousted Numa's crockery, and the bronze vessels of Saturn;¹ it has supplanted the urns and Tuscan pottery² of the Vestals.

⁶¹ O Souls bowed down to earth, and void of all heavenly thoughts! What avails it to bring our ideas into the temples, and to infer from this sinful flesh of ours what is pleasing to the gods? It is the flesh that has spoilt our oil by mingling it with casia, and misused Tyrian purple for the soaking of Calabrian fleeces; it is this that has bidden us pluck the pearl from the shell, and tear out the veins of shining ore from the native clay. The flesh indeed sins, it sins, and yet it gets profit from its sinning. But tell me this, ye priests, what avails gold inside the sanctuary? Just as much as the dolls³ which maidens dedicate to Venus! Nay rather let us offer to the gods what the blear-eyed progeny of the great Messala⁴ cannot give out of his lordly salver:—a heart rightly attuned towards God and man; a mind pure in its inner depths, and a soul steeped in nobleness and honour. Give me these to offer in the temples, and a handful of corn shall win my prayer for me!

⁴ A degenerate descendant of the distinguished *Messalae*, a family of the *Valerian* gens, with a possible reference to L. Aurelius Cotta Messalinus, mentioned with contumely by Tacitus (*Ann.* v. 3 and vi. 5).

SUMMARY OF SATIRE III

PROF. HOUSMAN has well explained the difficulties of this satire. Throughout its first sixty-two verses, it is aimed at those who live amiss though they know the right way; and the satirist takes himself as a specimen of the class (*Class. Quart.* Jan. 1913, pp. 26-28). Persius alternately acts the part of the youth satirised (which explains the use of the first person in *stertimus, findor, querimur*) and alternately assumes the rôle of a monitor, expostulating with the young man and trying to recall him to a sense of the follies and wasted opportunities of his life (1-43). Childish sports are suitable to the age of childhood; but when childhood is past, and knowledge has arrived, the serious purposes of life must be faced (44-62).

From that point onwards the theme is more general, being directed against those who have not been illuminated by philosophy (63-118).

"What? still sleeping? Won't you be up and doing?" "How can I? won't somebody come to help me? My pen won't write, and the ink won't mark" (1-14). Mere baby that you are! you are running to waste; satisfied with your competency, you're letting the precious moments slip, and will soon be no better than Natta who has lost all sense of right and wrong. What torture more horrible than to feel that virtue has for ever passed out of

SUMMARY OF SATIRE III

your grasp? (15-43). As a child I too rejoiced in childish games; but you are no child, you have studied philosophy, you know the difference between the straight and the crooked; yet here you are, yawning off yesterday's debauch without a thought for the ends which alone make life worth living! (44-62).

The time will come when it will be too late to mend; be wise in time. Learn what you are, and why you were brought here; what is the true end for man, and what are his duties: don't be envious of the rich stores of your wealthy lawyer-neighbour (63-76). At this no doubt some shaggy soldier will burst into a guffaw and tell us that he doesn't care a fig for all the philosophers in creation, with their dull looks, their bent figures, their dismal mutterings and old-wife dreamings that nothing can come out of nothing, and nothing go back to nothing (77-87).

A man feels ill and consults his doctor, who orders rest and abstinence. Feeling better after a few days, he returns to his old habits, rejects scornfully the warnings of friends, and bathes on a full stomach. While drinking his wine, he is seized by a sudden stroke, and is carried to the grave by citizens of yesterday's making (88-106). You tell me you have no illness, no fever in your pulse. But does not your heart beat high when you catch sight of money, or when a pretty girl smiles sweetly on you? Can you put up with plain food? Not you! Cold at one moment with fear, at another hot with wrath, you say things and do things which Orestes himself would declare were signs of madness (107-118).

SATVRA III

"NEMPE haec adsidue? iam clarum mane fenestras
 intrat et angustas extendit lumine rimas;
 stertimus, indomitum quod despumare Falernum
 sufficiat, quinta dum linea tangitur umbra.
 en quid agis? siccas insana canicula messes 5
 iam dudum coquit et patula pecus omne sub ulmo est"
 unus ait comitum. "verumne? itan? ocius adsit
 huc aliquis. nemon?" turgescit vitrea bilis:
 findor ut Arcadiae pecuaria rudere credas.
 iam liber et positis bicolor membrana capillis 10
 inque manus chartae nodosaque venit harundo;
 tunc querimur¹ crassus calamo quod pendeat umor,
 nigra set infusa vanescit² sepia lympha;
 dilutas querimur geminet quod fistula guttas.
 O miser inque dies ultra miser, hucine rerum 15
 venimus? aut cur non potius teneroque columbo
 et similis regum pueris pappare minutum
 poscis et iratus mammae lallare recusas?

¹ *querimus* a; *queritur* L; *quaeritur* P².

² *vanescat* aL.

SATIRE III

“WHAT? Is this to go on for ever? Here is the morning sun pouring in at your windows and widening every chink with its beams. The shadow is just touching the fifth line of the sundial and we are snoring enough to work off that indomitable Falernian! What are you going to do? The mad Dog-star has long been drying and baking the crops; the cattle are all lying under the branching elms!” So speaks one of my young lord’s friends.

⁷ “What now, really, is that so? Won’t somebody come quick? What? Nobody there?” The glassy bile swells big within him. “I’m just splitting,” he shouts; till you would think that all the herds of Arcadia were setting up a bray. We now take up our book, and the two-coloured parchment, well cleansed of hair; some paper too, and the knotty reed-pen. Next we complain that the ink is thick and clots upon the pen; that when water is poured in, the blackness disappears, and that the pen sprinkles the diluted stuff in blots upon the paper.

¹⁵ Poor fool, and more of a fool every day! Is this the pass to which we have come? Why not rather go on like a pet dove, or like a child in some great man’s house that asks to have its food cut up small, or refuses in a rage to listen to its mammy’s lullaby?

PERSI SATVRA III

"An tali studeam calamo?" cui verba? quid istas
 succinis ambages? tibi luditur. effluis amens, 20
 contemnere: sonat vitium percussa maligne
 respondet viridi non cocta fidelia limo.
 udum et molle lutum es, nunc nunc properandus et acri
 fingendus sine fine rota. sed rure paterno
 est tibi far modicum, purum et sine labe salinum 25
 (quid metuas?) cultrixque foci secura patella.
 hoc satis? an deceat pulmonem rumpere ventis,
 stemmate quod Tusco ramum millesime ducis
 censoremve tuum vel quod trabeate salutas?
 ad populum phaleras! ego te intus et in cute novi. 30
 non pudet ad morem discincti vivere Nattae?
 sed stupet hic vitio et fibris increvit opimum
 pingue, caret culpa, nescit quid perdat, et alto
 demersus summa rursus non bullit in unda.
 Magne pater divum, saevos punire tyrannos 35
 haut alia ratione velis, cum dira libido
 moverit ingenium ferventi tincta veneno:
 virtutem videant intabescantque relicta.
 anne magis Siculi gemuerunt aera iuvenci,
 et magis auratis pendens laquearibus ensis 40

¹ This metaphor, taken from testing the soundness of a jar by the ring, is repeated in v. 24.

² Referring to the annual parade (*transvectio*) of the *equites*, clad in their purple robes of state (*trabea*), before the Censor.

³ Persius warns the youth that he is in danger of falling into the lowest state of all, that of the incorrigible reprobate who is dead to all moral feeling, and has to suffer, when too

PERSIUS, SATIRE III

19 "But how can I work with a pen like this?"

Whom will you deceive? Why these whining evasions? The gamble is your own; your brains are oozing away, and you are becoming contemptible; formed of green and ill-baked earth,¹ the jar rings false when struck, and betrays the flaw. You are moist and ductile clay; what you need is to be taken in hand from this instant, and moulded ceaselessly on the swift-revolving wheel. But you have an ancestral property, with a moderate crop of corn; you have a bright and spotless salt-cellar (nothing to fear, you think), with an ample salver for the worship of the hearth. What? Will that satisfy you? Or are you to puff out your lungs with pride because you come of a Tuscan stock, yourself the thousandth in the line; or because on review days you salute your Censor² in a purple robe? To the mob with your trappings!³ I know you within and on the skin.⁴ Are you not ashamed to live after the fashion of the abandoned Natta? a man deadened by vice, whose heart is overlaid with brawn, who has no sense of sin, no knowledge of what he is losing, and is sunk so deep that he sends up no bubble to the surface?

³⁵ O mighty Father of the gods! Be it thy will to punish cruel tyrants whose souls have been stirred by the deadly poison of evil lust in no other way but this—that they may look on Virtue, and pine away because they have lost her! Did ever brazen bull of Sicily⁵ roar more frightfully; did ever sword hanging from gilded ceiling strike more terror late, all the horrors of a guilty conscience (30-43). This character corresponds to the ἀκόλαστος of Aristotle.

¹ *i.e.* "closely." *cf.* ἐν χροῦ.

⁵ In allusion to the brazen bull of Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum. See the parallel passage in Juv. viii. 81-82.

PERSI SATVRA III

purpureas subter cervices terruit, "imus
imus praecipites" quam si sibi dicat et intus
palleat infelix quod proxima nesciat uxor?

Saepe oculos, memini, tangebam parvus olivo,
grandia si nollem morituri verba Catonis 45
dicere¹ non sano multum laudanda magistro,
quae pater adductis sudans audiret amicis.
iure etenim id summum, quid dexter senio ferret,
scire erat in voto, damnosa canicula quantum
raderet, angustae collo non fallier orcae, 50
neu quis callidior buxum torquere flagello.

Haut tibi inexpertum curvos deprendere mores,
quaeque docet sapiens bracatis inlita Medis
porticus, insomnis quibus et detonsa iuventus
invigilat siliquis et grandi pasta polenta; 55
et tibi, quae Samios diduxit² littera ramos,
surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem;³
stertis adhuc? laxumque caput conpage soluta

¹ *dicere* P: *discere* aL. ² *deduxit* PaL.

³ *callem* P²LA²: *collem* P¹a.

¹ An obvious reminiscence of Horace, *Od.* III. i. 17-18.

² In playing with the *tesserae*, cubes like our dice, the highest throw (called "Venus," or *jactus venereus*) was the *senio*, when all the dice turned up sixes. The lowest throw was when all came out singles (*unionès*): that was called *canis*, or, as here, *canicula*.

³ "Straight" and "crooked" (or "curved") are naturally applied to denote "good" and "bad" respectively. Similarly our word "right" is derived from *rectus*, and "depraved" from *pravus*, "crooked." *cf.* "the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain" (Isaiah xl. 4).

PERSIUS, SATIRE III

into the purple necks below,¹ than for a man to say to himself, "I am falling, falling to ruin," and to turn pale, poor wretch, for a misdeed which the wife of his bosom may not know?

⁴⁴ I used often, I remember, as a boy to smear my eyes with oil if I did not want to recite the noble speech of the dying Cato—a speech which would be much applauded by my idiot of a master, and that to which my father, sweating with delight, would have to listen with his invited friends. And very right too: for in those days it was my highest ambition to know how much the lucky sice² would bring me, how much the ruinous ace would carry off; not to be baffled by the narrow neck of the jar, and not to be outdone by anyone in whipping the boxwood top.

⁵² But you have learnt how to distinguish the crooked from the straight;³ you have studied the doctrines of the learned Porch, daubed over with trousered Medes:⁴ those doctrines over which a sleepless and close-cropped youth, fed on beans and grand messes of porridge, nightly pores; and the letter which spreads out into Pythagorean branches has pointed out to you the steep path which rises on the right.⁵ And are you snoring still? yawning off

¹ Referring to the *ποικίλη στοά*, or Painted Portico, in which Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, taught. It was adorned with pictures, one of which represented the battle of Marathon, with Persians in their native dress.

⁵ Pythagoras of Samos is said to have depicted the "Choice of Life" under the form of the Greek letter Υ , which was originally written with a straight stem, Υ . The straight stem represents the period of indeterminate childhood; the branching ways represent the moment when the choice of life has to be made. The steep path to the right is the path of virtue; the sloping path to the left that of vice and pleasure.

PERSI SATVRA III

oscitat hesternum dissutis undique malis?
 est aliquid quo tendis, et in quod derigis¹ arcum? 60
 an passim sequeris corvos testaque lutoque,
 securus quo pes ferat, atque ex tempore vivis?

Elleborum frustra, cum iam cutis aegra tumebit,
 poscentis videas: venienti occurrite morbo,
 et quid opus Cratero magnos promittere montis? 65
 discite et, o miseri, causas cognoscite rerum:
 quid sumus et quidnam victuri gignimur, ordo
 quis datus aut metae qua mollis flexus et unde,
 quis modus argento, quid fas optare, quid asper
 utile nummus habet, patriae carisque propinquis 70
 quantum elargiri deceat, quem te deus esse
 iussit et humana qua parte locatus es in re;
 disce, nec invidias quod multa fidelia putet
 in locuplete penu defensis pinguibus Vmbris,
 et piper et pernae, Marsi monumenta cluentis,² 75
 maenaeque quod prima nondum defecerit orca.

Hic aliquis de gente hircosa centurionum
 dicat: "quod sapio, satis est mihi. non ego curo
 esse quod Arcesilas aerumnosique Solones

¹ *derigis* A²: *dirigis* P²: *dirigas* P.

² *cluentis* P¹: *clientis* P²L.

¹ The name of a doctor, taken from Hor. *Sat.* II. iii. 161.

² *i.e.* what is the real and proper use of money.

³ Country clients seem generally to have paid their lawyers' fees in kind. See the enumeration of such rural gifts in Juv. vii. 119-121.

⁴ Nothing so moves the ire and contempt of the gentle philosophic Persius as the ignorance and coarseness of the brawny soldiery. See v. 189-191; also Juv. xvi. throughout.

PERSIUS, SATIRE III

the debauch of yesterday, with a head unhinged and nodding, and jaws gaping from ear to ear? Have you any goal in life? Is there any target at which you aim? Or are you just taking random shots at crows with clods and potsherds, not caring whither your feet are taking you, and living from one moment to another?

⁶³ It is too late to call for hellebore when the skin is already swollen and diseased; meet the malady on its way, and then what need to promise big fees to Craterus?¹ Come and learn, O miserable souls, and be instructed in the causes of things: learn what we are, and for what sort of lives we were born; what place was assigned to us at the start; how to round the turning-post gently, and from what point to begin the turn; what limit should be placed on wealth; what prayers may rightfully be offered; what good there is in fresh-minted coin;² how much should be spent on country and on kin; what part God has ordered you to play, and at what point of the human commonwealth you have been stationed. Learn these things, and do not envy your neighbour because he has a jar going bad in a larder well stored with gifts from the fat Umbrians³ whom he has defended, or with the pepper and hams that tell of grateful Marsian clients, or because the pilchards in his first barrel have not yet come to an end.

⁷⁷ Here one of the unsavoury tribe of Centurions⁴ may say, "What I know is enough for me; I have no mind to be an Arcesilas,⁵ or one of your poor

⁵ Arcesilas, or Arcesilaus, a Greek philosopher of the third century B.C., regarded as the founder of the Middle Academy.

obstipo capite et figentes lumine terram, 80
 murmura cum secum et rabiosa silentia rodunt
 atque exporrecto trutinantur verba labello,
 aegroti veteris meditantés somnia, gigni
 de nihilo nihilum, in nihilum nil posse reverti.
 hoc est quod palles? cur quis non prandeat hoc est?" 85
 his populus ridet, multumque torosa iuventus
 ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.
 "Inspice, nescio quid trepidat mihi pectus et aegris
 faucibus exsuperat gravis halitus, inspice sodes"
 qui dicit medico, iussus requiescere, postquam 90
 tertia compositas vidit nox currere venas,
 de maiore domo modice sitiente lagoena
 lenia loturo sibi Surrentina rogavit.¹
 "heus bone, tu palles." "nihil est." "videas tamen
 istuc,
 quidquid id est: surgit tacite tibi lutea pellis." 95
 "at tu deterius palles. ne sis mihi tutor.
 iam pridem hunc sepeli: tu restas." "perge, tacebo."
 turgidus hic epulis atque albo ventre lavatur,
 gutture sulphureas lente exhalante mefites.
 sed tremor inter vina subit calidumque trientem² 100
 excutit e manibus, dentes crepuere relecti,
 uncta cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris.
 hinc tuba, candelae, tandemque beatulus alto

¹ rogavit P: rogabit P²: rogabis aL. ² triental φ.

¹ The early sage and legislator of Athens of the seventh century; the most famous of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

² The fundamental principle of the Epicurean philosophy.

³ cf. Hor. Sat. II. iii. 88: *ne sis patruus mihi.*

PERSIUS, SATIRE III

devils of Solons¹ who go about with their heads bent down, pinning their eyes to the ground, champing and muttering to themselves like mad dogs, balancing their words on protruded lip, and pondering over the dreams of some sickly grey-beard that nothing can come out of nothing, and that nothing can into nothing return.² Is it over stuff like this that you grow pale? is it worth while for this to go without your dinner?" Such jests move the mob to mirth: peal after peal of laughter comes rippling forth from the curled nostrils of our brawny youth.

⁸⁸ "Examine me," says a patient to his doctor; "I have a strange fluttering at the heart; my throat is sore, and the breath coming from it is bad." The doctor orders rest; but when the third night finds the man's veins flowing quietly along, he sends a good-sized flagon to a wealthy friend, and asks for some old Surrentine wine to take before his bath. "You're a bit pale," says the friend. "O that's nothing," says the other. "But you had better look to it, whatever it is; your skin is yellow and is beginning to swell." "You're paler yourself: don't come the guardian³ over me; I buried mine long ago:⁴ only you are left." "As you please, I say no more." So, gorged with a good dinner, and pale in the belly, he takes his bath, slowly pouring forth sulphurous vapours from his throat. But as he drinks his wine a shivering fit comes on and knocks the hot tumbler out of his hand; his teeth are laid bare and chatter; the savoury morsels drop out of his relaxed lips. Then follow the trumpet and the torch, and at last the poor departed, laid out on a high

⁴ From Horace again, *Sat.* 1. ix. 28: "*Omnes composui: Felices! nunc ego resto.*"

PERSI SATVRA III

conpositus lecto crassisque lutatus amomis
 in portam rigidas calces extendit. at illum 105
 hesterni capite induto subiere Quirites.

“Tange, miser, venas et pone in pectore dextram.
 nil calet hic. summosque pedes attinge manusque :
 non frigent.” visa est si forte pecunia sive
 candida vicini subrisit molle puella, 110
 cor tibi rite salit? positum est argente catino
 durum olus et populi cribro decussa farina :
 temptemus fauces ; tenero latet ulcus in ore
 putre, quod haut deceat plebeia radere beta.
 alges, cum excussit membris timor albus aristas ; 115
 nunc face supposita fervescit sanguis et ira
 scintillant oculi, dicisque facisque quod ipse
 non sani esse hominis non sanus iuret Orestes.

¹ The *tuba*, *candelae*, *amomis* (or *amomum*), all part of the paraphernalia of a funeral. See Juv. iv. 108.

PERSIUS, SATIRE III

bed and smeared with greasy unguents,¹ stretches out his heels cold and stark towards the door, and Quirites of yesterday's making, with caps of liberty² on their heads, carry him out to burial.

¹⁰⁷ "Feel my pulse, poor fool, and put your hand upon my heart; no fever there! Touch my hands and my feet; they are not cold!" No, but if you catch a glimpse of coin, or if the pretty girl next door smiles sweetly on you: will your heart beat steadily then? Or suppose you have a dish of tough cabbage served up to you on a cold plate with bread made of the coarsest flour, would we not discover a sore place in your throat, if we looked into it, which must not be scraped by plebeian beet? You shiver when pale fear sets your bristles up; anon, if a torch is applied to you, your blood boils, your eyes flash with rage, and you say things, and do things, which the mad Orestes himself would swear were the signs of madness!

² The body is carried to the grave by slaves manumitted by their late master's will. As soon as the slave was manumitted he put on a conical cap (*pileus*) as a sign of liberty.

SUMMARY OF SATIRE IV

PUFFED up by his ancestry, the youthful Alcibiades would fain guide the state. Knowledge of men and morals have come to him before his beard; trusting to his birth, his beauty, and his wheedling tongue, he advises the multitude on the most delicate points of right and policy. Yet he has none but the lowest conceptions of life; he has no higher ideals than an old woman who hawks vegetables in the street (1-22).

Not one of us has any knowledge of himself, though we are all ready to discourse about our neighbours. Ask a question about Vettidius, and you will learn all the particulars of his life; how miserly he is, how he starves alike himself and his slaves. And are you any better, though your vices lie in an opposite direction to his? (23-41).

Thus we lash and are lashed in turn. Do not deceive yourself; however much the neighbourhood may praise you, care for no man's opinion but your own. Look carefully into your own heart, and acknowledge how poorly you are furnished (42-52).

SATVRA IV

“REM populi tractas?” barbatum haec crede
magistrum

dicere, sorbitio tollit quem dira cicutae.
 quo fretus? die hoc, magni pupille Pericli.
 scilicet ingenium et rerum prudentia velox
 ante pilos venit, dicenda tacendave calles. 5
 ergo ubi commota fervet plebecula bile,
 fert animus calidae fecisse silentia turbae
 maiestate manus. quid deinde loquere? “Quirites,
 hoc puta¹ non iustum est; illud male, rectius illud.”
 scis etenim iustum gemina suspendere lancee 10
 ancipitis librae, rectum discernis ubi inter
 curva subit vel cum fallit pede regula varo,
 et potis es nigrum vitio praefigere theta.
 quin tu igitur, summa nequiquam pelle decorus,
 ante diem blando caudam iactare popello 15
 desinis, Anticyras melior sorbere meracas?

¹ *puto* P²A²L.

¹ Socrates.

² Pericles was guardian to Alcibiades, and introduced him to public life.

³ See *Sat.* iii. 52 and note.

⁴ The Greek letter θ , the initial letter of $\theta\acute{\alpha}\nu\alpha\tau\omicron\varsigma$, was used by judges in passing a death sentence.

SATIRE IV

“WHAT? Are you busying yourself with affairs of state?”

Imagine these to be the words of the bearded sage¹ who was carried off by that deadly draught of hemlock. Tell me, you ward of the mighty Pericles,² what are your qualifications? Sagacity, no doubt, and a knowledge of affairs, have come to you quickly, before your beard; you know well what to say, and what to leave unsaid. So when the bile of the multitude has been stirred to heat, the spirit moves you to impose silence on the fevered mob by a lordly waving of the hand. What will you say after that? “Fellow citizens! This proposal is unjust; that other one is bad; this third plan is the best!” For, of course, you know exactly how to weigh justice in the twin scales of the wavering balance; you can detect the straight line when it comes in between curves,³ even when the straddling leg of the foot-rule would lead you wrong; and you know how to affix to guilt the black mark of death.⁴ But seeing that your sleek outside skin will avail you not, why not stop waving that tail of yours to the fawning multitude before your time, when it would be better for you to be swallowing whole islands-full⁵ of hellebore undiluted?

⁵ There were two towns called Anticyra, one in Phocis, one in Thessaly. Both produced hellebore, the sovereign remedy for madness.

PERSI SATVRA IV

Quae tibi summa boni est? uncta vixisse patella
semper et adsiduo curata cuticula sole?

expecta, haut aliud respondeat haec anus. i nunc,
"Dinomaches ego sum," suffla, "sum candidus."

esto,

20

dum ne deterius sapiat pannucia Baucis,
cum bene discincto cantaverit ocima vernae.

Vt nemo in sese temptat descendere, nemo,
sed praecedenti¹ spectatur mantica tergo!

quaesieris "nostin Vettidi praedia?" "cuius?" 25
"dives arat Curibus quantum non miluus errat."

"hunc ais, hunc dis iratis genioque sinistro,
qui, quandoque iugum pertusa ad compita figit,
seriolae veterem metuens deradere limum,
ingemit 'hoc bene sit' tunicatum cum sale mordens 30

caepe, et farrata² pueris plaudentibus olla²
pannosam faecem morientis sorbet aceti?"

at si unctus cesses et figas in cute solem,
est prope te ignotus, cubito qui tangat et acre
despuat: "hi mores! penemque arcanaque lumbi 35
runcantem populo marcentis pandere vulvas!

tunc cum maxillis balanatum gausape pectas,
inguinibus quare detonsus gurgulio extat?
quinque palaestritae licet haec plantaria vellant
elixasque nates labefactent forcipe adunca, 40
non tamen ista filix ullo mansuescit aratro."

Caedimus inque vicem praebemus crura sagittis.
vivitur hoc pacto, sic novimus. ilia subter

¹ praecedentis L. ² farrata olle PA²: farratam ollum L.

¹ The lines 21 and 22 have been variously, but not satisfactorily, explained. The name Baucis is that of a peasant-woman in one of Ovid's tales (*Met.* viii. 640 foll.). The general sense seems to be that the arts employed by Alcibiades are no better in their way than those used by an old woman in hawking vegetables to some slovenly fellow-slave.

PERSIUS, SATIRE IV

¹⁷ What is your notion of the highest good? Is it to live off dainty dishes every day, and to have your delicate cuticle comforted by continual basking in the sun? Wait a bit, and this old woman here will give no other answer. Go, then, and blow your trumpet: "I am Dinomache's son; I am the pink of beauty!" Good! only remember that you are no wiser than this tattered old Baucis when she puffs off her greengroceries to some slipshod slave!¹

²³ Not a soul is there—no, not one—who seeks to get down into his own self;² all watch the wallet on the back that walks before! Ask any one whether he knows the property of Ventidius; "Whom do you mean?" he will ask. "O that rich man at Cures who owns more land than a kite can fly over." "What? Do you mean that fellow, hateful alike to the gods and his own Genius, who, on the day when he hangs up his yoke at the Cross Roads, hesitates to wipe off the dirt that has gathered round his cannikin of wine, and groans out, 'May it all be for the best!' and while the slave-lads are revelling over their hasty-pudding, munches an onion, skin and all, with a pinch of salt to it, and sucks down the dregs of some expiring vinegar?"

But, on the other hand, should you be living in lazy luxury, basking in the sunshine, there is always some one you never knew to jog you with his elbow, and, spitting savagely at you, cry, "Are these your vile practices?" . . .

⁴² We keep smiting by turns and by turns presenting our own legs to the arrow. That is the rule of life; that is the lesson of experience. You have a

² From line 23 to the end the subject is once more the want of self-knowledge.

PERSI SATVRA IV

caecum vulnus habes, sed lato balteus auro
 praetegit. ut mavis, da verba et decipe nervos, 45
 si potes.

“Egregium cum me vicinia dicat,
 non credam?” viso si palles, inprobe, nummo,
 si facis in penem quidquid tibi venit, amarum
 si puteal multa cautus vibice flagellas,
 nequiquam populo bibulas donaveris aures. 50
 respue quod non es, tollat sua munera cerdo;
 tecum habita: noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.

¹ This line has not been satisfactorily explained. *Puteal*,
 or *Puteal Libonis*, seems to stand for the Forum, which was

PERSIUS, SATIRE IV

secret wound beneath the groin ; but a broad golden belt keeps it out of view. Well, as you please ; trick your body and befool it if you can !

⁴⁶ "What? If all my neighbours call me a fine fellow, am I not to believe them?" If, in your greed, you change colour at the sight of gold ; if you yield to every foul desire ; if by some crafty trick you flog the money-market with whipcord,¹ in vain will you lend your thirsty ears to the flattery of the mob. Cast off everything that is not yourself ; let the mob take back what they have given you ; live in your own house, and recognise how poorly it is furnished.

the Roman money-market, and the line is supposed to refer to some fishy or fraudulent operation on the Stock Exchange.

SUMMARY OF SATIRE V

THIS satire begins with an enthusiastic acknowledgment by the poet of all that he owes to his beloved guide, philosopher, and friend, L. Annaeus Cornutus, and then goes on to discuss the great Stoical thesis that all men (Stoics of course excepted) are slaves. The whole is modelled upon Horace, *Sat.* II. vii.

O for a hundred tongues, as the poets of old used to say! (1-4). "Why such a prayer from you? You are not going to gather solemn vapourings on Mount Helicon, or inflict upon us the ghastly tales and grandiose mouthings of Greek Tragedy; yours is a more homely theme, to rebuke skilfully and pleasantly, in every-day language, the vices and the foibles of common life" (5-18).

No, no! my page is not to be swollen out with nothings. It is to you, dear friend, that I wish to open out my soul, that you may test it, and discern how sound it rings, and how deeply I have planted you in the recesses of my heart (19-29). From the day when I first put on the robe of manhood, when the two roads of life lay uncertainly before me, you took me under your guardian care; you folded me to your Socratic bosom, and taught me, with cunning hand, to discern the crooked and the straight. It was you who fashioned my soul; you made our two lives into one, alike for work and play. Sure, sure

SUMMARY OF SATIRE V

am I that our two lives are derived from one common star, which links them both together (30-51).

No two men have the same desires. One is a busy merchant, another longs for ease: games, gambling, and love have each their votaries, but when their joints have been broken by old age and gout, all alike bemoan their days of grossness, and lament the life they have left behind them (52-61). Your delight is in study; you love to sow in the hearts of youth the good grain of Cleanthes. But men will not learn the one true lesson of life: "To-morrow," they say, "will be soon enough," and then again, "to-morrow": a morrow which is for ever pursued and never reached (62-72). What we want is freedom; but not the sort of freedom which is bestowed by the lictor's rod (73-82). "But is not the newly-made Davus free? has he not liberty to do what he likes? "Not so," says the Stoic; "no man is free who has not learnt the proper uses of life; no man is free to do what he will spoil in the doing of it. A doctor must understand medicine, a sailor navigation: how can a man live rightly if he does not understand the principle of right living, knowing what to aim at, what to avoid, how to behave in all the circumstances of life? Satisfy me on these points, and I will call you free, and a wise man to boot: but if your knowledge is but pretence, if you are but an ass in a lion's skin, reason will not listen to your claim; naught but folly can come out of a fool, not one step can he take without going wrong" (83-123). "For all that I am free," you say. "What? do you know of no master but one who uses the rod? Are you not a slave when your passions drive you this way or that way as they will? Avarice bids you rise and

SUMMARY OF SATIRE V

scour the seas for gain. Luxury warns you that you are mad in giving up, for filthy lucre's sake, all the ease and all the joys of life. Which master will you obey? And if you once break free, how long will you keep your freedom? (124-160). Or is it Love that enslaves you? Chaerestratus feels his chain, but cannot make up his mind to break it: the slightest word from his mistress brings him back to her. What kind of freedom was it that he got from the lictor's rod?" (161-175). And what of the candidate for public office who courts the mob by shows? What of the superstitions of the Jews, or the many magical follies to which men enslave themselves? (176-188).

At this philosophy the varicose Fulfennius laughs aloud, and bids a hundred pence for a pack of your Greeklings (189-191).

SATVRA V

VATIBUS hic mos est, centum sibi poscere voces,
centum ora et linguas optare in carmina centum,
fabula seu maesto ponatur hianda tragoedo,
vulnera seu Parthi ducentis ab inguine ferrum.

“ Quorsum haec ? aut quantas robusti carminis
offas

5

ingeris, ut par sit centeno gutture niti ?
grande locuturi nebulas Helicone legunto,
si quibus aut Prognos aut si quibus olla Thyestae
fervebit saepe insulso cenanda Glyconi.

tu neque anhelanti, coquitur dum massa camino, 10
folle premis ventos, nec clauso murmure raucus
nescio quid tecum grave cornicaris inepte,
nec scloppo tumidas intendis rumpere buccas.

¹ The reference is to *Iliad* ii. 489, where Homer says that ten tongues and ten voices would be all too few to recount the leaders of the Achaean host ; also to Virgil, who declares that a hundred tongues and a hundred voices would not be enough to tell all the forms of punishment in the lower world (*Aen.* vi. 625 foll.). See, too, *Geor.* ii. 43-4.

² This line is closely imitated from *Hor. Sat.* II. i. 15.

³ A grotesque expression, after the manner of Persius. For whereas the demand made was for a hundred mouths for utterance, the speaker perverts the sense, and assumes that the hundred mouths are wanted for swallowing : as

SATIRE V

IT is the fashion of poets to call for a hundred voices, a hundred mouths and a hundred tongues for their lays,¹ whether their theme be a play to be gaped out by a lugubrious tragedian, or a wounded Parthian plucking an arrow from his groin.²

⁵ "What are you driving at? What are these big lumps of solid poetry that you would cram down the throat so as to need a hundred throat-power to grapple with them?"³ Let those who meditate lofty themes gather vapours on Mount Helicon,⁴ if there be any who propose to set a-boiling the pot of Procne or of Thyestes,⁵ whereby that dullard Glyco⁶ may be provided with his nightly supper. But you are not one that squeezes the wind like the bellows⁷ of a forge when ore is a-smelting, nor are you one who croaks to himself some solemn nonsense with hoarse mutterings like a crow; nor do you swell out your cheeks till they burst with an

though the poet were a glutton stuffing himself with Thyestean meals.

⁴ Helicon, near Delphi, was the mountain of the Muses.

⁵ Referring to the grim tragic story of the supper off his own children that was served up to Tereus by his wife Procne.

⁶ An actor of the time, who seems to have played the part of Tereus.

⁷ The metaphor of the bellows is closely imitated from Hor. *Sat.* i. iv. 19 foll.

PERSI SATVRA V

verba togae sequeris iunctura callidus acri,
 ore teres modico, pallentis radere mores 15
 doctus et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.
 hinc trahe quae dicis¹ mensasque relinque Mycenis
 cum capite et pedibus plebeiaque prandia noris."

Non equidem hoc studeo, pullatis² ut mihi nugis
 pagina turgescat dare pondus idonea fumo, 20
 secreta³ loquimur. tibi nunc hortante Camena
 excutienda damus praecordia, quantaque nostrae
 pars tua sit, Cornute, animae, tibi, dulcis amice,
 ostendisse iuvat. pulsa dinoscere cautus
 quid solidum crepet et pictae tectoria linguae. 25
 hic ego centenas ausim deposcere fauces,
 ut quantum mihi te sinuoso in pectore fixi,
 voce traham pura, totumque hoc verba resignent
 quod latet arcana non enarrabile fibra.

Cum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit 30
 bullaque subeinctis Laribus donata pependit,
 cum blandi comites totaque impune Subura
 permisit sparsisse oculos iam candidus umbo,
 cumque iter ambiguum est et vitae nescius error

¹ *dicas* L. ² Some MSS. have *bullatis*. ³ *secreti* LA².

¹ The toga was worn in comedy, as representing the dress of ordinary life, while the *praetexta* was worn in tragedy. This line, and especially the use of the word *iunctura*, is imitated from Hor. *A.P.* 47-8 and 242.

² The pallor, as elsewhere, is the pallor of debauchery.

³ The metaphor from unbaked pottery is repeated from

PERSIUS, SATIRE V

explosive *Pop!* No; your language is that of every-day life; ¹ skilled in clever phrasing, rounded but not full-mouthed, you know well how to chide vicious ways, ² how to hit off men's foibles with well mannered pleasantry. Let these be the sources from which you draw: leave to Mycenæ her banquets, her heads and extremities, and make acquaintance with the dinners of common folk."

¹⁹ Nay, indeed, it is no aim of mine that my page should swell with pretentious trifles, fit only to give solidity to smoke. To yourself alone, Cornutus, do I speak; I now shake out my heart to you at the bidding of the Muse; it is a joy to me to show you, beloved friend, how large a portion of my soul is yours. Strike it and note carefully what part of it rings true, ³ what is but paint and plaster of the tongue. It is for this that I would ask for a hundred voices: that I may with clear voice proclaim how deeply I have planted you in the recesses of my heart, and that my words may render up all the love that lies deep and unutterable in my inmost soul.

³⁰ When first as a timid youth I lost the guardianship of the purple, and hung up my bulla as an offering to the short-girt household gods; in the days when comradeship was sweet, and my gown, now white, ⁴ permitted me freely to cast my eyes over the whole Subura—at the age when the path of life is doubtful, and wanderings, ignorant of life, parted my

iii. 21, 22. The phrase *pictae tectoria linguae* is strained, combining as it does two different ideas:—lit. "the plaster of a painted tongue."

⁴ Not "my yet unsullied gown" (Conington), but "my gown now white," as distinguished from the *toga praetexta* of boyhood.

PERSI SATVRA V

diducit¹ trepidas ramosa in compita mentes, 35
 me tibi supposui. teneros tu suscipis annos
 Socratico, Cornute, sinu. tunc fallere sollers
 adposita intortos extendit regula mores
 et premitur ratione animus vincique laborat
 artificemque tuo ducit sub pollice vultum. 40
 tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles
 et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes.
 unum opus, et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
 atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.
 non equidem hoc dubites, amborum foedere certo 45
 consentire dies et ab uno sidere duci.
 nostra vel aequali suspendit tempora Libra
 Parca tenax veri, seu nata fidelibus hora
 dividit in Geminos concordia fata duorum,
 Saturnumque gravem nostro Iove frangimus una, 50
 nescio quod certe est quod me tibi temperat astrum.

¹ *diducit* A² and others: *deducit* Pa Büch. 1893, Owen.

¹ These lines repeat, in a more complicated form, the idea of the branching ways given in iii. 56-57; and just as in the former passage the reading *diducit*, though not that of the best MSS., is to be preferred to *deducit*, so here *diducit*, though hard to translate, may perhaps be preferred to *deducit*. *Cum iter ambiguum est* denotes the point at which the choice has to be made, when *vitae nescius error*, "the ignorant wanderings of childhood," *diducit trepidas mentes*, i.e. "parts, or draws asunder," the youthful mind into the two branching ways. The phrase illustrates the tendency of Persius to jumble two separate ideas into one, a new idea being introduced before he has finished off the old. The less natural, the more tortuous, the expression, the more is it after the manner of Persius. *Deducit* would have the simpler meaning "leads down the mind to the point where the roads begin to diverge" (Conington).

² We have here repeated from iv. 11-12, in a more grotesque form, the idea of a moral foot-rule. In the former passage the truly moral man can distinguish the crooked from the

PERSIUS, SATIRE V

trembling soul into the branching cross-ways¹—I placed myself in your hands, Cornutus; you took up my tender years in your Socratic bosom. Your rule, applied with unseen skill, straightened out the crooked ways;² my soul, struggling to be mastered, was moulded by your reason, and took on its features under your plastic thumb. With you, I remember, did I pass long days, with you pluck for feasting the early hours of night. We two were one in our work; we were one in our hours of rest, and unbent together over the modest board. Of this I would not have you doubt, that there is some firm bond of concord between our lives, and that both are drawn from a single star.³ Either a truth-abiding Fate hangs our destinies on the even-balanced Scales, or if the hour which dawned upon the faithful pair distributes between the Twins the accordant destinies of us twain,⁴ and a kindly Jupiter has vanquished for us the malignancy of Saturn,⁵ some star assuredly there is which links your lot with mine.

straight even when his foot-rule has a crooked leg (*i.e.* is off the square); in the present passage the moral foot-rule of Cornutus is so perfect that it cunningly and insensibly straightens out the most twisted ways: his teaching is so skilfully applied that the pupil is led on to virtue without effort, scarcely knowing it himself.

³ The passage which follows (45-51) is closely imitated from Hor. *Od.* II. xvii. 15-24. I have followed the translation and interpretation given by Professor Housman (*l.c.* pp. 16-18). The horoscope is the sign of the zodiac which rises at the moment of birth; Persius chooses the signs of the Balance and the Twins, as both are suggestive of close friendship.

⁴ The translation given above for lines 48 and 49 (*seu nata . . . duorum*) is that given by Professor Housman. He takes *seu* in line 48 as equivalent to *vel si* (*l.c.* p. 20).

⁵ The influence of Saturn was always malignant, that of Jupiter favourable (Hor. *Od.* II. xvii. 23-25). Compare the use of our words "saturnine" and "jovial."

Mille hominum species et rerum discolor usus ;
 velle suum cuique est, nec voto vivitur uno.
 mercibus hic Italis mutat sub sole recenti
 rugosum piper et pallentis grana cumini, 55
 hic satur inriguo mavult turgescere somno,
 hic campo indulget, hunc alea decoquit, ille
 in venerem putris ; set cum lapidosa cheragra
 fecerit¹ articulos veteris ramalia fagi,
 tunc crassos transisse dies lucemque palustrem 60
 et sibi iam seri vitam² ingemuere relictam.²

At te nocturnis iuvat inpalescere chartis ;
 cultor enim iuvenum purgatas inseris aures
 fruge Cleanthea. petite hinc puerique senesque 65
 finem animo certum miserisque viatica canis.
 "cras hoc fiet." idem cras fiet.³ "quid ? quasi
 magnum

nempe diem donas ?" sed cum lux altera venit,
 iam cras hesternum consumpsimus ; ecce aliud cras
 egerit hos annos et semper paulum erit ultra.
 nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno 70

¹ *fecerit* a Büch : *fregerit* PL Sch. Owen.

² *vitam relictam* aL Büch. 1893, Owen : *vita relictam* P (see iii. 38), Büch. 1910. ³ *cras fiat* a. So Housm.

¹ See Hor. *Sat.* II. i. 17 : *Quot capitum vivunt totidem studiorum Millia.*

² i.e. the life of virtue which they have abandoned. Professor Housman takes this somewhat differently : "they mourn that life is a thing which they have left untouched" (*l.c.* p. 21). For the general meaning, cf. iii. 38 : *virtutem videant intabescantque relictam.*

³ Cleanthes (born at Assos about B.C. 300) was a pupil of Zeno, the founder of the Stoical school, and had Chrysippus for his pupil.

PERSIUS, SATIRE V

⁵² Men are of a thousand kinds,¹ and diverse are the colours of their lives. Each has his own desires; no two men offer the same prayers. One under an Eastern sun barter Italian wares for shrivelled pepper, or for the blanching cumin-seed; another grows fat with good cheer and balmy slumbers. A third is all for field games; a fourth loses his all over the dice-box; a fifth ruins himself by love: but when once the knotty gout has broken up their joints till they are like the boughs of an old beech tree, they lament that their days have been passed in grossness, that their light has been that of a mist, and bemoan too late the life which they have left behind them.²

⁶² But your delight has been to grow pale over nightly study, to till the minds of the young, and to sow the seed of Cleanthes³ in their well-cleansed ears. Seek thence all of you, young men and old alike, a sure aim for your desires, and provisions for the sorrows of old age! "So I will, to-morrow," you say: but to-morrow you will say the same as to-day.⁴ "What?" you ask, "do you think it a great thing to present me with a single day?"—No, but when to-morrow comes, yesterday's morrow will have been already spent: and lo! a fresh morrow will be for ever making away with our years, each just beyond our grasp. For though the tire is close to you, and revolves under the self-same pole, you

⁴ *i.e.* "it will be the same story again to-morrow": "you will then again say 'to-morrow.'" Professor Housman reads *fiat*, following AB, and explains: "The new life shall begin to-morrow," says the sluggard. "No, no, let the old life continue to-morrow," answers Persius; "the day after to-morrow will be soon enough to begin the new."

PERSI SATVRA V

vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum,
cum rota posterior curras et in axe secundo.

Libertate opus est. non hac, ut quisque Velina
Publius emeruit, scabiosum tesserula far
possidet. heu steriles veri, quibus una Quiritem 75
vertigo facit. hic Dama est non tresis agaso,
vappa lippus et in tenui farragine mendax;
verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama: papae, Marco spondente recusas
credere tu nummos? Marco sub iudice palles? 80
Marcus dixit, ita est. adsigna, Marce, tabellas.
haec mera libertas, hoc nobis pillea donant.

“An quisquam est alius liber, nisi ducere vitam
cui licet ut libuit? licet ut volo vivere: non sum
liberior Bruto?” “mendose colligis,” inquit 85
stoicus hic aurem mordaci lotus aceto:
“hoc reliquum accipio, ‘licet’ illud et ‘ut volo’ tolle.”

¹ This passage has caused much trouble to commentators, but can be simply explained. “We have need of liberty (*i.e.* the true liberty)—a kind of liberty not possessed by any Publius (any Tom, Dick, or Harry) who by getting enrolled in the Veline tribe becomes the owner of a ticket entitling him to a mouldy ration of corn.” *Hac* stands for the true kind of liberty: “it is not by *that* sort of liberty that Publius becomes possessed of a corn-ticket.” (See Professor Housman, *l.c.* p. 23.) The Veline tribe was the latest addition to the local tribes instituted by Servius Tullius, making up the total to thirty-five, a number which was never exceeded. The allusion in *tesserula* is to the free distribution of corn made to all citizens enrolled in the tribes.

² The process of manumission here ridiculed was that by the rod (*vindicta*). The master took the slave before the Praetor or other magistrate, a third person touched the

PERSIUS, SATIRE V

will in vain pursue it, seeing that your wheel is the hind wheel, and that your axle is the second, not the first.

⁷⁵ What we want is true liberty;¹ not by that kind is it that any Publius enrolled in the Veline tribe becomes the possessor of a ticket for a ration of mangy corn. O souls barren of truth, you who think that one twirl of the thumb can make a Roman citizen! Look at Dama here: an under-strapper not worth three groats; blear-eyed from drink; a man who would tell a lie about a half-feed of corn: his master gives him one spin, when lo and behold! in the turning of a top, he comes forth as Marcus Dama!²—"What? Do you hesitate to lend money when Marcus is the surety?—Are you uneasy with Marcus for a judge?"—"Marcus has said it, it must be so!"—"Pray, Marcus, put your signature to these deeds."—This, indeed, is liberty undefiled! This is the kind we get from our caps of liberty!

⁸³ "And pray how otherwise would you describe a free man than as one who is free to live as he chooses? I am free to live as *I* choose: am I not more free than Brutus?"—"Your logic is at fault," says my Stoical friend, whose ears have been well washed with pungent vinegar: "I accept the rest; but you must strike out the words 'you are free' and 'as you choose.'"

slave with the rod (*virga* or *festuca* or *vindicta*), saying "*Hunc hominem liberum esse aio.*" The master then acknowledged the claim by turning the man round, with the words "*Hunc hominem liberum esse aio.*" The ceremony was then complete. See below, 88. The newly-enfranchised citizen at once rejoices in a *praenomen*; so Hor. *Sat.* II. v. 32. "*Quinte,*" *puta*, aut "*Publi*" (*gaudent praenomine molles Auriculae*).

PERSI SATVRA V

"Vindicta postquam meus a praetore recessi,
cur mihi non liceat, iussit quodcumque voluntas,
excepto siquid Masuri rubrica vetavit?" 90

Disce, sed ira cadat naso rugosaque sanna,
dum veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.
non praetoris erat stultis dare tenvia rerum
officia, atque usum rapidae permittere vitae;
sambucam citius caloni aptaveris alto. 95

stat contra ratio et secretam garrit in aurem,
ne liceat facere id quod quis vitiabit¹ agendo.
publica lex hominum naturaque continet hoc fas,
ut teneat vetitos inscitia debilis actus.
diluis elleborum certo conpscere puncto 100
nescius examen: vetat hoc natura medendi.

navem si poscat sibi peronatus arator
Luciferi rudis, exclamet² Melicerta perisse
frontem de rebus.

Tibi recto vivere talo
ars dedit et veri³ speciem⁴ dinoscere calles, 105
nequa subaerato mendosum tinniat auro?

¹ *vitiabit* L² Sch.: *vitiavit* PaL¹.

² *exclamat* P.

³ *veri* aL Prisc.: *veris* P Büch. Owen.

⁴ *speciem* P Prisc.: *specimen* aL.

¹ Masurius Sabinus was a distinguished jurist in the reign of Tiberius. The titles of laws were written in red ink.

² These words come naturally from a Stoic. The Stoical doctrine of Nature had much to do with the adoption by Roman jurists of the theory of a "Law of Nature," the principles of which were applied to those who, not being Roman citizens, could not claim the benefit of pure Roman Law (*ius civile*). Maine shows in his *Ancient Law* how this fiction of a "Law of Nature" lay at the root of what we call

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⁸⁸ "What? When on leaving the Praetor's presence I had been made my own master by his rod, why am I not free to do everything that I want to do, excepting only what the red-titled Law of Masurius¹ forbids?"

⁹¹ Just listen then, and drop that wrath and those curling sneers from off your nose, while I pluck your old wife's notions out of your head. It was no part of the Praetor's business to impart to fools a delicate sense of duty, or empower them to make a right use of our fleeting life: it would be more easy to fit a hulking clodhopper with a harp. Reason forbids, and whispers privately into the ear that no man be allowed to do what he will spoil in the doing of it. The public law of man and Nature² herself lay down this rule, that ignorance and imbecility should hold action to be forbidden them.³ If you would compound hellebore when you do not know at what point to steady the tongue of the steel-yard, the principles of the healing art forbid; if a hobnailed countryman, who knows nothing of the morning star, were to ask for the command of a ship, Melicerta⁴ would declare that modesty had perished from off the earth.

¹⁰⁴ Has Philosophy taught you how to live rightly?⁵ Are you skilled in discerning the appearance of truth, that there be no false ring of copper underneath the "Equity" in English law. The instrument by which the idea of a "Law of Nature" was grafted on to Roman law was the Praetor's Edict, each Praetor adopting and carrying on the Edict of his predecessor.

³ This may either mean "may deem them to be forbidden to them" (which is precisely what incompetence never does), or else "holds back or checks action as though it were forbidden."

⁴ Melicertes, otherwise Palaemon, was a sea deity.

⁵ The catechism which follows seems modelled upon Hor. *Epp.* ii. ii. 205-211.

PERSI SATVRA V

quaeque sequenda forent quaeque evitanda vicissim,
 illa prius creta, mox haec carbone notasti?
 es modicus voti, presso lare, dulcis amicis?
 iam nunc adstringas, iam nunc granaria laxes, 110
 inque luto fixum possis transcendere nummum
 nec gluttu¹ sorbere salivam Mercurialem?
 "haec mea sunt, teneo" cum vere dixeris, esto
 liberque ac sapiens praetoribus ac Iove dextro.
 sin tu, cum fueris nostrae paulo ante farinae, 115
 pelliculam veterem retines et fronte politus
 astutam vapidio servas in pectore volpem,
 quae dederam supra relego² funemque reduco:
 nil tibi concessit ratio; digitum exere, peccas,
 et quid tam parvum est? sed nullo ture litabis, 120
 haereat in stultis brevis ut semuncia recti.
 haec miscere nefas; nec, cum sis cetera fossor,
 tris tantum ad numeros satyrum moveare Bathylli.
 "Liber ego." unde datum hoc sumis,³ tot sub-
 dite rebus?
 an dominum ignoras nisi quem vindicta relaxat? 125

¹ *gluttu* P: *glutto* aL.

² Some MSS. have *repeto*.

³ *sumis* PL²: *sentis* aL¹ (cf. Hor. *Sat.* II. ii. 31).

¹ Mercury being the god of gain.

² Here Persius, in his effort to combine two passages from Horace into a single phrase, perpetrates a gross confusion of metaphors. In the one passage (*Sat.* I. vi. 22) Horace alludes to the ass in the lion's skin, in the other (*Sat.* II. iii. 186) to that of the fox dressed up as a lion. The words *farinae nostrae* ("of the same flour as ourselves") introduce a new metaphor; and when he says *pelliculam veterem*, "the old

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gold? Have you marked off the things to be aimed at, and those again to be avoided—the former with a white stone, the latter with a black? Are you moderate in your desires, modest in your establishment, and kindly to your friends? Can you now close your granaries, and now again throw them open? Can you pass by a coin sticking in the mud, without gulping down your saliva in your greed for treasure?¹ When you can truly say, “Yes, all these things are mine,” I will call you a free and a wise man, under the favour of praetors and of Jove; but if, after having been but a little ago of the same stuff as ourselves, you hold to your old skin, and though your brow be smooth, still keep a crafty fox² in that vapid heart of yours, I take back what I have just granted you and pull in my rope. Not one point has reason granted you; put out your finger (and what can be a slighter thing than that?) and you go wrong: not all the incense in the world will win leave from the Gods that one short half-ounce of wisdom may find lodgment in the head of a fool! To mingle³ the two things is sacrilege; if you are a clown in all else, you cannot dance as much as three steps of the Satyr of Bathyllus.⁴

¹²⁴ “Yet for all that I am free,” you say. And what is your ground of confidence, you that are a slave to so many masters? Do you know of no master but the one from whom the praetor’s rod sets you

skin,” what he means is that the real nature of the fox remains unchanged beneath the skin.

³ *Miscere* is exactly the right word here, being used of mingling things which have no proportion or affinity to each other, as distinguished from *temperare*, “to mix in due proportion.”

⁴ A comic dancer of the time.

PERSI SATVRA V

"i puer et strigiles Crispini ad balnea defer!"
 si increpuit, "cessas nugator?" servitium acre
 te nihil inpellit, nec quicquam extrinsecus intrat
 quod nervos agitet; sed si intus et in iecore aegro
 nascuntur domini, qui tu inpunitior exis 130
 atque hic, quem ad strigiles scuticia et metus egit
 erilis?

Mane piger stertis. "surge," inquit Avaritia,
 "heia
 surge." negas. instat: "surge," inquit. "non
 queo." "surge."
 "et quid agam?" "rogas? en saperdas advehe
 Ponto,

castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, tus, lubrica Coa; 135
 tolle recens primus piper ex¹ sitiente camelo;
 verte aliquid; iura." "sed Iuppiter audiet."
 "eheu,

baro,² regustatum digito terebrare salinum
 contentus perages, si vivere cum Iove tendis."

Iam pueris pellem succinctus et oenophorum
 aptas; 140
 "ocius ad navem!" nihil obstat quin trabe vasta
 Aegaeum rapias, ni sollers Luxuria ante
 seductum moneat: "quo deinde, insane, ruis, quo?
 quid tibi vis? calido sub pectore mascula bilis

¹ e φ: et PaL; and so Housm.

² baro P¹a: varo P²A²L.

¹ The word *verte* is usually explained as = the phrase *versuram facere*, "to borrow"; properly to borrow from one man in order to pay another. But the word may denote

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free? If somebody sharply bids you take Crispinus' scrapers to the bath, and then abuses you as a lazy scoundrel, no strict bond of slavery, certainly, bids you stir, no force from without comes in to move your muscles; but if masters grow up within, in that sickly bosom of yours, how do you get off scot-free any more than the man who was sent off to fetch the scrapers by the terror of his master's whip?

¹³² You are snoring lazily in the morning: "Up you get," says Avarice; "come, up with you!"—You do not budge: "Up, up with you!" she cries again.—"O, I can't!" you say.—"Rise, rise, I tell you!"—"O dear, what for?"—"What for? Why, to fetch salt fish from Pontus, beaver oil, tow, ebony, frankincense and glossy Coan fabrics; be the first to take the fresh pepper off the camel's back before he has had his drink; do some bartering,¹ and then forswear yourself."—"O, but Jupiter will hear!"—"Whew! if you mean to live on terms with Jupiter, you must just go on as you are, content to be a simpleton scraping and scraping away with your thumb at the salt-cellar which you have so often tasted."²

¹⁴⁰ And now you are all ready, piling packing-cases and wine-jars on to your slaves. "Quick aboard!" you cry; there's nothing now to stop you from scudding over the Aegean in a big ship, were it not that crafty Luxury takes you aside for a word of remonstrance: "Where are you off to now, you madman? What do you want? What masterful

mere bargaining or exchange: "exchange something," i.e. "enter into trade and then help yourself by perjury."

² The phrase *ἀλίαν τρυπᾶν* is said of those who have come to the end of their resources through poverty.

intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutae? 145
 tu mare transilias? tibi torta cannabe fulto
 cena sit in transtro Veientanumque rubellum
 exhalet¹ vapida laesum pice sessilis obba?
 quid petis? ut nummi, quos hic quinceunce modesto
 nutrieras, peragant² avidos sudore deunces? 150
 indulge genio, carpamus dulcia, nostrum est
 quod vivis, cinis et manes et fabula fies.
 vive memor leti, fugit hora, hoc quod loquor inde est."

En quid agis? duplici in diversum scinderis hamo.
 huncine an hunc sequeris? subeas alternus oportet 155
 ancipiti obsequio dominos, alternus oberres.
 nec tu cum obstiteris semel instantique negaris
 parere imperio, "rupi iam vincula" dicas;
 nam et luctata canis nodum abripit, at tamen illi,
 cum fugit, a collo trahitur pars longa catenae. 160

"Dave, cito, hoc credas iubeo, finire dolores
 praeteritos meditor": crudum Chaerestratus un-
 guem

adrodens ait haec. "an siccis dedecus obstem
 cognatis? an rem patriam rumore sinistro

¹ *exalet* P¹: *exalat* P². ² *pergant* a.

¹ A *quincunx* was five ounces, of which there were twelve to the *as*, or pound. In calculating interest, five-twelfths of an *as* on 100 *asses* paid monthly was equivalent to five per cent. per annum; similarly eleven ounces a month would be equivalent to eleven per cent.

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humour is that swelling in your fevered heart so that a whole gallon of hemlock cannot assuage it? What? *You* to go skipping over the sea? *You* to take your dinner on a bench, with a coiled cable for a cushion, while a dumpy pot exhales for you the fumes of some reddish Veientine wine that has been spoilt because of the pitch going bad? What would you be at? Is it that the money which you have been nursing at a modest five per cent.¹ shall go on until it sweats out an exorbitant eleven? No, no; give your Genius a chance! Let us gather our sweets! Our life is our own to-day, to-morrow you will be dust, a shade, and a tale that is told. Live mindful of death; the hour flies; the word that I speak is so much taken from it."

¹⁵⁴ What *are* you to do? Two hooks are pulling you in different ways; are you to follow this one or that? With wavering allegiance you must needs submit to each master by turns, and by turns break away from him. Nor if you have once made a stand, and refused the imperious command, can you say, "Now I have broken my chain"; for though even a dog may struggle against his chain and break it, yet as he runs away a good length of it will be trailing from his neck.

¹⁶¹ "Here, Davus, quick! I am in real earnest; I mean² to bring my past follies to an end." So says Chaerestratus, biting his nails to the quick. "What? Am I to be a stumbling block and a scandal to my excellent relations? Am I to lose

² The passage which follows is taken from the *Eunuchus* of Menander, translated by Terence; Persius gives the names Chaerestratus and Davus as in the Greek play, instead of Phaedria and Parmenio as in Terence.

limen ad obscaenum frangam, dum Chrysidis udas 165
 ebrius ante fores extincta cum face canto?"

"euge puer, sapias, dis depellentibus agnam
 percute." "sed censen, plorabit, Dave, relicta?"

"nugaris; solea, puer, obiurgabere rubra,
 ne trepidare velis atque artos rodere casses! 170

nunc ferus et violens; at si vocet, haut mora, dicas
 'quidnam igitur faciam? nec nunc, cum arcessat¹
 et ultro

supplicet, accedam?' si totus et integer illinc
 exieras,² nec nunc." hic hic quod quaerimus,
 hic est,

non in festuca, lictor quam iactat ineptus. 175

Ius habet ille sui, palpo quem ducit hiantem
 cretata ambitio? vigila et ciceringere large
 rixanti populo, nostra ut Floralia possint
 aprici meminisse senes! quid pulchrius? at cum
 Herodis venere dies unctaque fenestra 180
 dispositae pinguem nebulam vomuere lucernae
 portantes violas rubrumque amplexa catinum

¹ *accessor a: accersor L.* ² *exieris L¹.*

¹ Another word for the *vindicta*, the rod by which the slave was claimed for freedom.

² *i.e.* the man ambitious of public office. All candidates for public offices had their toga artificially whitened, and hence were called *candidati*.

³ Candidates sought to gain popularity by exhibiting public games. At these games, especially at the Floralia, celebrated from April 28 to May 3, peas and other vegetables were often scrambled for by means of tickets (*tesserae*). Horace thus addresses a candidate for office: *In cicere atque faba bona tu*

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alike my patrimony and my character by singing drunken songs, with my torch put out, before my mistress's dripping door?" "Bravo! my young sir. Show your good sense, and slay a lamb to the Protecting Deities!" "But do you think, Davus, that she will cry if I leave her?" "You're just playing the fool! And won't you be catching it, my boy, with her red slipper, just to teach you not to jib or to gnaw at the tight-drawn meshes! At one moment you're all bluster and indignation; next moment, if she call you back, you'll be saying, 'What *am* I to do? Am I not to go to her even now, when she sends for me, and actually implores me to return?' No, no, say I, not even now, if once you have got away from her entire and heart-whole." Here, here is the freedom we are looking for, not in the stick¹ brandished by that nincompoop of a lictor.

¹⁷⁶ And that white-robed² wheedler there, dragged open-mouthed by his thirst for office—is *he* his own master? Up with you before dawn, and deal out showers of vetches for the people to scramble for, that old men sunning themselves in their old age may tell of the splendour of our Floralia!³ How grand! But when Herod's birthday⁴ comes round, when the lamps wreathed with violets and ranged round the greasy window-sills have spat forth their thick clouds of smoke, when the floppy tunnies' tails are curled round the dishes of red ware, and the white

perdasque lupinis (*Sat.* II. iii. 182). These games were attended by great license, especially among women (*Ov. Fast.* v. 183-378; *Juv.* vi. 249-250). Hence the mention of them here leads naturally on to the consideration of the superstitious observances mentioned in the next section (179-188).

⁴ Apparently the birthday of Herod the Great. The Romans regarded the Jews as practising the basest of all superstitions. See notes on *Juv.* xiv. 96-106 and vi. 542-547.

PERSI SATVRA V

cauda natat thynni, tumet alba fidelia vino,
 labra moves tacitus recutitaque sabbata palles.
 tum nigri lemures ovoque pericula rupto, 185
 tum grandes galli et cum sistro lusca sacerdos
 incussere deos infantis corpora, si non
 praedictum ter mane caput gustaveris alli.
 Dixeris haec inter varicosos centuriones,
 continuo crassum ridet Pulfenius ingens 190
 et centum Graecos curto centusse licetur.

¹ Isis was supposed to punish offenders with blindness (Juv. xiii. 93).

² The idea seems to be that of causing bodies to be possessed by evil spirits as were the Gadarene swine.

PERSIUS, SATIRE V

jars are swollen out with wine, you silently twitch your lips, turning pale at the sabbath of the circumcised. Then, again, there are the black spectres and the perils of the broken egg; there are the huge priests of Ceres, and the one-eyed¹ priestess with her rattle, who drive demons into you² that make your bodies swell if you do not swallow the prescribed morning dose of three heads of garlic.³

¹⁸⁹ If you talk in this fashion among your varicose Centurions, the hulking Pulfennius straightway bursts into a huge guffaw, and bids a clipped hundred-penny piece for a lot of a hundred Greeks.⁴

³ Persius piles up a list of the best known superstitions. Line 186 refers especially to the rites of Cybele, with her eunuch priests (Galli), and of Isis. See Juv. ii. 111; vi. 512-13, and Hor. *Epp.* ii. ii. 208-9.

⁴ Persius once more has his fling at the muscular soldier class.

SUMMARY OF SATIRE VI

HAS winter taken you back, Caesius Bassus, to your Sabine home, with that manly lyre of yours that strikes every note so fitly, whether grave or gay? I am wintering in my own Luna, regardless of the multitude, without care of flocks, without envy of inferiors richer than myself (1-17). Others may think differently; there are some who meanly stint themselves on feast-days; others waste their substance in good living. Use what you have, say I; thrash out your harvest, and commit a new crop to the soil (18-26). O, but a friend needs help, you say, lying shipwrecked on the Bruttian shore: then break off a bit of your estate for him, that he may not want. "What? am I to incur the wrath of my heir, and tempt him to neglect my funeral rites?" Bestius does well in condemning all foreign notions (27-40). Come, my heir, let me have a quiet talk with you. Have you heard that there's grand news from the front? that the Germans have had a tremendous smashing, and that there are to be rejoicings on a grand scale? Woe to you if you don't join in! I am going to treat the multitude: do you dare stay my hand? (41-52). Well, if you refuse, and if I can find no legitimate heir of my own; if I can find no relation, male or female, sprung from ancestors of mine up to the fourth generation, I will go to Bovillae and find

SUMMARY OF SATIRE VI

one on the beggars' stand (52-60). Do you object to my spending on myself some part of what is my own? You will have the rest: take what I leave you and be thankful; don't force me to live scurvily for your benefit, and don't serve up to me wise sayings about living on one's income and keeping one's capital intact. Am I to be starved in order that some scape-grace heir of yours may grow a belly? Sell your life for gain; ransack the world in your quest for wealth; let it come back to you with a two-fold, a three-fold, ay a ten-fold increase: if you can tell me where to stop, Chrysippus, your fallacy of the *Sorites* will have been solved (61-80)!

SATVRA VI

ADMOVIT iam bruma foco te, Basse, Sabino?
 iamne lyra et tetrico vivunt tibi pectine chordae?
 mire opifex numeris veterum primordia vocum
 atque marem strepitum fidis intendisse Latinae,
 mox iuvenes agitare iocos et pollice honesto 5
 egregius¹ lusisse senex.² mihi nunc Ligus ora
 intepet hibernatque³ meum mare, qua latus ingens
 dant scopuli et multa litus se valle receptat.
 "Lunai portum, est operae, cognoscite, cives":
 cor iubet hoc Enni, postquam destertuit esse 10
 Maeonides, quintus pavone ex Pythagoreo.

¹ *aegregius* a: *aegraecius* P¹: *aegregios* P²L.

² *senes* P²L.

³ Housm. suggests *mite tepet vernetque* (*l.c.* pp. 26-7).

¹ The phrase *primordia vocum* is from Lucretius, iv. 531, who uses it to mean the bodily "first beginnings of voices," i.e. the actual corporeal atoms of which he supposes voices and words to consist. Here it seems to refer to the beginnings of Latin, with an indication of the manly and archaic character of the style of Bassus.

² The readings vary between *egregius senex* and *egregios senes*. Conington translates *senex*, but has *senes* in his text. Büch. reads *egregius senex*.

SATIRE VI

HAS winter yet brought thee, Bassus, to thy Sabine hearth? Are thy lyre and its strings still alive under thy sturdy quill? Thou that art so rare a craftsman in setting to numbers the beginnings of our ancient tongue,¹ and bringing out the manly notes of the Latin lyre; then again a wonderful old man to ply the youthful jest, and sing in lighter but not indecorous strains.² To me now the Ligurian coast, and my own winter sea,³ are giving all their warmth: here the cliffs form a mighty wall, with a deep valley running in from the shore. "'Tis worth your while, O citizens, to know the port of Luna":⁴ so did Ennius speak his mind⁵ when he had given up dreaming that he was Maeon's son, fifth in descent from the peacock of Pythagoras.⁶

¹ For the difficulties raised by the words *intepet* and *hibernat*, see Professor Housman (*l.c.* p. 65).

² This line is a quotation from Ennius.

³ The Romans considered the heart, not the brain, to be the seat of intelligence. Cicero quotes from Ennius the phrase *egregie cordatus homo* = "a clever man."

⁴ This is the explanation of the Scholiast, who imagines Ennius in his dream to have gone through five transformations, the stages being (1) Pythagoras, (2) a peacock, (3) Euphorbus, (4) Homer, (5) Ennius. But in his *Annals* Ennius only relates that he had seen Homer in a dream, who told him he had once been a peacock; and it seems simpler to take *Quintus* to refer to Ennius' own *praenomen*, "when he ceased to dream himself Homer, becoming *Quintus*, i.e. himself (*Quintus* being his own *praenomen*) out of the Pythagorean peacock."

PERSI SATVRA VI

Hic ego securus volgi et quid praeparet auster
 infelix pecori securus et angulus ille
 vicini nostro quia pinguior; et si adeo omnes
 ditescant orti peioribus, usque recusem 15
 curvus ob id minui senio aut cenare sine uncto
 et signum in vapida naso tetigisse lagoena.
 discrepet his alius. geminos, horoscope, varo
 producis genio: solis natalibus est qui
 tinguat olus siccum muria vafer in calice empta, 20
 ipse sacrum inrorans patinae piper; hic bona dente
 grandia magnanimus peragit puer. utar ego, utar,
 nec rhombos ideo libertis ponere lautus,
 nec tenuis sollers turdarum¹ nosse salivas.

Messe tenuis propria vive et granaria, fas est, 25
 emole. quid metuas? occa, et seges altera in
 herba est.

at vocat officium, trabe rupta Bruttia saxa
 prendit amicus inops remque omnem surdaque vota
 condidit Ionio, iacet ipse in litore et una
 ingentes de puppe dei iamque obvia mergis 30
 costa ratis lacerae: nunc et de caespite vivo
 frange aliquid, largire inopi, ne pictus oberret
 caerulea in tabula. sed cenam funeris heres
 negleget iratus, quod rem curtaveris; urnae
 ossa inodora dabit, seu spirent cinnama surdum 35

¹ *turdarum* P¹Sch.: *turdorum* aP²L.

¹ *Adeo* here seems to be used in the old Plautine sense,
 = "Nay, more," "in addition to that."

² Lit. "goes through an entire property with his teeth,"
i.e. spends it in gormandising.

PERSIUS, SATIRE VI

¹² Here I live, heedless of the mob, or of what trouble the baleful Auster may be brewing for my herd, untroubled because that corner of my neighbour's field is richer than my own—ay,¹ and though men of baser birth than I were growing rich, I should still refuse, on that account, to be bent double and grow thin with vexation, or to dine without a savoury, or explore with my nose the seal of a bottle of vapid wine. Others may think differently: one horoscope will bring forth twins of diverse temperament. One man, on birthdays only, moistens his dry cabbage with a brine which, knowing dog that he is, he has bought in a cup, sprinkling the sacred pepper over the platter with his own hand; another is a lordly youth who runs through² a whole estate in gormandising. Enjoy what I have, say I; being neither grand enough to feed my freedmen upon turbots, nor yet epicure enough to distinguish the fine flavour of a hen thrush.

²⁵ Use up your crop, and grind out your granaries, as is right. Why need you be afraid? harrow again, and a second crop is in the blade. "But duty," you say, "has a call on you: a poor shipwrecked friend is clutching hold of the rocks of Bruttium, all his goods and his unheeded prayers sunk in the Ionian Sea; he himself lies upon the shore, the great Gods from the ship's poop beside him; the gulls are by this time flocking to the shattered timbers." Well then, break off a bit from your green turf, and bestow it on your needy friend, that he may not have to roam the country with his picture on a sea-green plank. But your heir, you say, will be wrathful that you have curtailed your property: he will stint the funeral feast, and will commit your bones unscented to the urn,

PERSI SATVRA VI

seu ceraso peccent casiae, nescire paratus :
 "tune bona incolumis minuas?" et Bestius urguet
 doctores Graios : "ita fit ; postquam sapere urbi
 cum pipere et palmis venit nostrum hoc maris
 expers,
 faenisecae crasso vitiarunt unguine pultes." 40
 haec cinere ulterior metuas? at tu, meus heres
 quisquis eris, paulum a turba seductior audi.
 O bone, num ignoras? missa est a Caesare laurus
 insignem ob cladem Germanae pubis, et aris
 frigidus excutitur cinis ac iam postibus arma, 45
 iam chlamydas regum, iam lutea gausapa captis
 essedaque ingentesque locat Caesonia Rhenos.
 dis igitur genioque ducis centum paria ob res
 egregie gestas induco. quis vetat? aude.
 vae, nisi conives! oleum artocreasque popello 50
 largior. an prohibes? dic clare "non adeo," inquis,

¹ The name Bestius is taken from the *corrector Bestius* of Horace (*Epp.* i. xv. 37), and is used to represent the vulgar irrelevant critic, who connects all the evils of his day with the bringing in of new-fangled Greek learning along with foreign articles like pepper, dates, etc. "Your heir will snarl," says Persius, "and Bestius will talk drivel; but why should that trouble you in the grave?" *Sapere* of course has a punning meaning, referring to Greek Philosophy as well as to the smack of dates and pepper.

² The words *maris expers* are taken from Horace (*Chium maris expers, Sat.* ii. viii. 15), but the context is quite different from the Horatian. They have been usually explained as meaning "destitute of salt," and therefore "tasteless," or foolish. But Professor Housman has shown that Casaubon's rendering, "destitute of virility," gives the true meaning (*l.c.* pp. 27-28). Bestius complains that modern Greek ideas

PERSIUS, SATIRE VI

not caring to enquire whether the cinnamon has lost its fragrance or the casia has been adulterated with cherry. "What?" he will say, "are you to squander your property, and not suffer for it?" And then Bestius¹ has his fling at the Greek philosophers: "It's always so; ever since this emasculated² wisdom of ours entered the city along with dates and pepper, our haymakers have spoilt their porridge with thick oils!"—What? are you to be afraid of taunts like these on the other side of the grave? And as for you, my heir, whoever you may be, come away from the crowd for one moment and listen:—³

⁴³ Have you not heard the news, my good fellow? A laurelled despatch has arrived from Caesar because of a splendid victory over the Germans; the cold ashes are being raked out from the altars; Caesonia⁴ is contracting for arms to put up over the gates, with regal mantles, and yellow perukes for the prisoners, and chariots, and life-sized effigies of the Rhine.⁵ So in honour of the Gods and the Genius of our General, I am putting on a hundred pairs of gladiators to celebrate these grand doings. Who dares to say me nay? Woe to you if you don't fall in with my humour! I am giving the mob a largess of oil and bread and meat. Do you forbid? Speak out plainly. "No, no," you say, "that field there close by

have destroyed the old robustness of Rome: even the rustics have corrupted the homely porridge by mixing with it scented oils.

³ Persius remonstrates with his heir. On an occasion of national rejoicing, he intends to spend freely and patriotically (43-51). ⁴ Caligula's wife.

⁵ Besides actual trophies, pictures illustrative of the recent campaign, and even pictures of rivers, were carried in a triumphal procession.

PERSI SATVRA VI

"exossatus ager iuxta est." age, si mihi nulla
 iam reliqua ex amitis, patruelis nulla, proneptis
 nulla manet patruui, sterilis matertera vixit,
 deque avia nihilum superest, accedo Bovillas 55
 clivumque ad Virbi, praesto est mihi Manius heres.
 "progenies terrae?" quaere ex me quis mihi quartus
 sit pater: haut prompte, dicam tamen; adde etiam
 unum,
 unum etiam: terrae est iam filius, et mihi ritu
 Manius hic generis prope maior avunculus exit. 60
 qui prior es, cur me in decursu lampada poscis?
 sum tibi Mercurius, venio deus huc ego ut ille
 pingitur. an renuis? vis tu gaudere relictis?
 "dest aliquid summae." minui mihi, sed tibi totum
 est
 quidquid id est. ubi sit, fuge quaerere, quod mihi
 quondam 65

¹ This obscure phrase has been variously explained. *Exossatus* means "cleared of bones." Some interpret "cleared of stones," i.e. good land prepared for a crop; others "land from which the bones, the strength and marrow of the soil, have been taken," and so "poor land." In line 51 Persius challenges his heir to reply. Conington takes *adeo* as a verb: "I decline the inheritance," says the heir; to which Persius replies, "Here is a field, now, cleared for ploughing," for which I can easily find an heir. Professor Housman follows an interpretation given by Hermann: Persius says to his heir, "Do you forbid my extravagance? Tell me plainly." "I would rather not," says the heir; "that field close by is far too full of stones"; i.e. he is afraid that the populace will stone him if he lifts his voice against the pro-

PERSIUS, SATIRE VI

is not sufficiently cleared of stones." ¹ Well then, if none of my paternal aunts survives, if I have no cousin on my father's side, if my paternal uncle has left no great-grand-daughters, if my maternal aunt has died without issue, and there is no living descendant of my grandmother, I go off to Bovillae and the hill of Virbius,² and there I find in Manius an heir ready to my hand! "What? the son of a clod?" you say. Well, just ask of me who is my great-great-grandfather: I could tell you that, though perhaps not in a moment; add one step more, and then again another, and by that time you come to a son of earth, so that by strict lineal ascent this Manius turns out to be a kind of great-great-uncle. Why do you, who are before me, ask for my torch while I am still running?³ I am for you a Mercury, I come to you just as that God is represented in pictures. Do you reject the gift? Won't you take what I leave you and be thankful?—"There is a shortage in the amount," you say. Yes; I lessened it for my own use: but what remains, whatever it is, is all for you. Don't

posed entertainment (*l.c.* p. 29). "Very well," says Persius, "I can find another heir elsewhere."

² *i.e.* the *clivus Aricinus*, near Bovillae, which was a great resort for beggars. Virbius, another name for Hippolytus, was worshipped at Aricia along with Diana.

³ This line is evidently based on Lucretius, ii. 77: *Inque brevi spatio mutantur saecla animantum, Et quasi cursores vitae lampada tradunt*. The idea is that of passing on a blazing torch from one hand to another; but it is not easy to reconcile the words *qui prior es* with the accounts given of the Athenian *λαμπαδηφορία*. See *Dict. Ant.* It is not impossible that Persius, whose phrases are taken from books rather than life, copied the phrase of Lucretius without quite realising its meaning.

PERSI SATVRA VI

legarat Tadius, neu dicta repone¹ paterna,
 "faenoris accedat merces, hinc exime sumptus."
 "quid reliquum est?" reliquum? nunc nunc inpen-
 sius ungue,

ungue, puer, caules! mihi festa luce coquatur
 urtica et fissa fumosum sinciput aure, 70

ut tuus iste nepos olim satur anseris extis,
 cum morosa vago singultiet inguine vena,
 patriciae inmeiat vulvae? mihi trama figurae
 sit reliqua, ast illi tremat omento popa venter?

Vende animam lucro, mercare atque excute
 sollers 75

omne latus mundi, ne sit praestantior alter
 Cappadocas rigida pinguis plausisse catasta,
 rem duplica. "feci; iam triplex, iam mihi quarto,
 iam decies redit in rugam." depunge ubi sistam:
 inventus, Chrysispe, tui finitor acervi. 80

¹ *reponere* L and old edd. Büch. has *neu dicta* "*pone paterna . . . sumptus.*" "*quid reliquum est?*" Housm. suggests *neu dic ita*, "*pone paterna . . . reliquum est.*" *reliquum?* and explains, "Do not say 'state what you inherited, add interest, subtract expenditure, and see how much is left.' Left, quotha?" (*l.c.* p. 31). *ita* then means "as follows." Büch. takes *pone* to mean "invest."

¹ Cappadocian slaves, being tall, were much prized as litter-bearers.

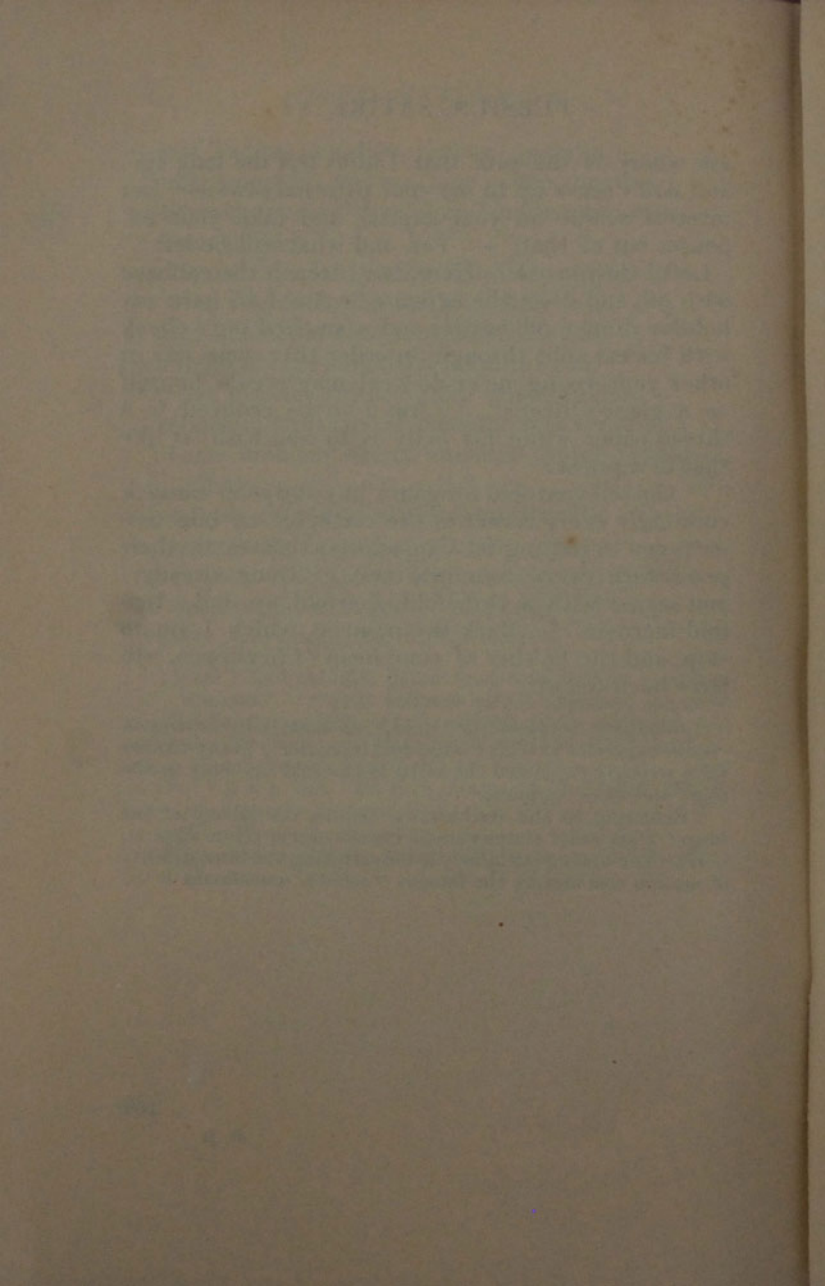
PERSIUS, SATIRE VI

ask where is the sum that Tadius left me long ago, and don't serve up to me your paternal saws:—"Let interest accrue on your capital, and take your expenses out of that."—"Yes, and what will be left?" "Left," do you ask? Here, boy, drench the cabbage with oil, and d—n the expense! Am I to have my holiday dinner off nettles and a smoked pig's cheek with his ear split through, in order that some day or other your young ne'er-do-weel may regale himself on a goose's liver? . . . Am I to be reduced to a thread-paper while his belly is to wag with fat like that of a priest?

⁷⁵ Go, sell your soul for gain; buy and sell; ransack cunningly every corner of the earth, let no one outstrip you in patting fat Cappadocian¹ slaves in their pen; turn every coin into two. "Done already," you say; "with a threefold, fourfold, ay, and a tenfold increase."² Mark the point at which I am to stop, and the finisher of your heap,³ Chrysippus, will have been found!

² *Ruga* is a "crease," or "fold," so that *redire decies in rugam* expresses exactly "a ten-fold increase." Many editors have wrongly explained the word as the fold or *sinus* in the toga, and so = "a purse."

³ Referring to the well-known *Sorites*, the fallacy of the heap: *Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi* (Hor. *Epp.* II. i. 47). The analogous fallacy demonstrating the impossibility of motion was met by the famous "*solvitur ambulando.*"



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