THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS

TRANSLATED:

WITH NOTES.

BY

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, ESQ. M. P.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETIES OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

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PREFACE.

In offering to the Public a new English version of Persius, my object has rather been to express his meaning clearly, than either to translate his words literally, or to copy his manner servilely. The sentiments of this satirist are indeed admirable, and deserve to be better known than they are; but his poetry cannot be praised for its elegance, nor his language for its urbanity. It is one thing, to esteem the excellent sense of an author, and another, to propose his style as a model of imitation.

The defects of Persius, considered with respect to composition, cannot perhaps be easily defended. Even Casaubon, his fondest admirer, and most successful interpreter, admits that his style
is obscure. If, however, any apology can be made for this first sin against good writing, it is in the case of a satirist, and above all, of a satirist who dared to reprobate the crimes, and to ridicule the follies of a tyrant. If Persius be obscure, let it be remembered, he lived in the time of Nero.

But it has been remarked, that this Author is not obscure, only when he lashes and exposes the Roman emperor. It was very well, it has been said, to employ hints, and to speak in half sentences, while he censured the vices of a cruel and luxurious despot; but there could be no occasion for enveloping himself in obscurity, while he expounded the doctrines of the Stoics to his friend Cornutus, or expatiated to the poet Bassus on the true use of riches.

But those who blame Persius for his obscurity, ought to reflect, that of all the various kinds of poetry satire is that, which loses most, by being read at a period very distant from the time of its
composition. Just observations upon men and manners will indeed be esteemed in every age, when taste and literature flourish; and well described characters will always interest readers of judgment and feeling. But it is not the nature of satire to dwell upon general topics, without allusion to existing circumstances, or without reference to particular, and even familiar, examples.

But it may be asked, if vice and folly would not be exposed with perhaps greater effect, by the delineation of fictitious characters, and by general observations upon manners, than by dwelling upon the absurdity of a temporary fashion, or upon the guilt or weakness of an obscure individual. To this question the satirist may justly reply, that his aim is not only to censure vice, but to punish those who practice it. If example teach at all, it teaches most where it applies best. The principle upon which punishment is justly inflicted, is for the sake of example; and the punishment, which we dread because it may be ours, seems terrible even when it falls upon others.
General and abstract reasoning upon virtue and morality, may delight the wise and the good; but it rarely corrects the foolish, or reforms the profligate.

As the moralist treats generally of virtue and of wisdom, of the influence of reason, and of the subordination of the passions; so the satirist remarks and censures those private and individual deviations from good sense or good conduct, which it does not fall within the province of the moralist to observe. The moralist displays the variety of the human character, as it exists in all ages and nations; the satirist marks its shades and its defects in particular instances.

While, therefore, I fully admit the charge of obscurity, which has been brought against Persius, I cannot allow to it that weight, which it would have in most other cases. Indeed, we may as well complain of the rust on an ancient coin, as of the obscurity of an ancient satire. Nature, it is true, always holds up the same mirror, but prejudice,
habit, and education, are continually changing the appearance of the objects seen in it.

The objections which have been made to my Author in some other respects, are more difficult to answer. His unpolished verses, his coarse comparisons, and his ungraceful transitions from one subject to another, manifest, it is said, either his contempt or his ignorance of elegant composition.

It cannot, indeed, be contended, that Persius displays the politeness of Horace, or that in the composition either of his words, his sentences, or his satires, he shows himself an adept in the *callida junctura*. His poetry is a strong and rapid torrent, which pours in its infracted course over rocks and precipices, and which occasionally, like the waters of the Rhone, disappears from the view, and loses itself under ground.

Among the defects of this Author in point of style, must be remarked the too evident labour,
with which he wrote, or rather corrected what he had written. In poetry, as well as in painting and in sculpture, the most perfect are generally the most laboured productions. The imagination, however, is seldom pleased with what suggests ideas of difficulty and toil—with what has been produced by an unusual effort, and is continued by a painful and unremitting exertion. In order to be graceful, it is necessary to be easy; and the poet, who aims at elegance, must conceal the pains which it costs him, to write with freedom, and yet with accuracy.

When we read fine verses, which flow easily, of which the sound is harmonious, the sentiments are just, the images natural, and the ideas connected; we can scarcely at first sight persuade ourselves, that they were probably composed with difficulty, and corrected with care. On the contrary, we are almost willing to give credit to the fiction of the poet, and to believe, that he is inspired by Muses, and writes, as they dictate. As the eye frequently wanders over a beautiful
garden, without perceiving the skill which has placed the groves, or spread the waters; so the mind does not always remark the art, which in a fine poem has polished the numbers, or adorned the language. Every reader of taste is charmed with the grace, the beauty, the elegance, the harmony, the majesty of Virgil's poetry; but the attentive critic alone will know how to appreciate the incessant labour, the unwearied vigilance, the scrupulous accuracy, and the patient industry, which must have been employed in the composition of the Aeneis, and of the Georgics, the most sublime productions of the Roman Muse.

It may indeed be considered as a proof of no common excellence in a poet, when his works have all the merits, which are produced by care and attention, without the appearance of stiffness, or pedantry. Who, upon a first perusal of the charming verses of Guarini, would suspect, that they had been extremely laboured? yet the graces of Guarini's style have an air of negligence, which the poet never indulged. It is well
known, that Pope corrected his works with the most scrupulous solicitude; nevertheless the precision of the critic seems seldom to constrain the facility of the master, or to cramp the genius of the poet.

In the writings of Persius we have continually to lament his studied compression, his elaborate brevity, his painful energy. Not satisfied with pruning the too luxuriant shoots, he lops off the branches, which make the ornaments of the tree. He seems perpetually to forget that a satirist does not write only for the wise, to whom a word is enough; and he is constantly guilty of the rare, though fatal error, of having said too little.

But although some critics have been thus far justly severe upon Persius, is it possible that they should be so much prejudiced against him, by the imperfections of his style, as to deny that this excellent satirist possessed energy, acuteness, and spirit? Because his language is rude, is not
his bold and manly sense to be admired? What mind is so fastidious as to contemn just observations, and sound and wise reflections, because they are not expressed in the most elegant manner? The ancients, who must have seen the defects of Persius better than we can do, nevertheless admired him. All the philosophers and poets of his time seem to have esteemed him; and the best critic, and the wittiest epigrammatist of antiquity, were among the number of those who celebrated him. And then comes the elder Scaliger, with all his offensive pedantry, to inform us that Persius was silly and dull. But Quintilian would not have praised a silly writer, nor would Martial have admired a dull one.

As the translator of Persius, I have sometimes thought it necessary to polish his language. Even Dryden found the expressions of this Author too much forced to be literally translated; and he observes, with more truth than delicacy, that his verses are scabrous and hobbling.
What Dryden judged too rude for imitation, the critics of the present day will probably think I have been prudent in not copying. I have generally, therefore, followed the outlines; but I have seldom ventured to employ the colouring of Persius. Where the coarse metaphor, or the extravagant hyperbole debases, or obscures the sense in the original, I have changed, or even omitted it; where the idiom of the English language required it, I have thought myself justified, in abandoning the literal sense of my Author; and lastly, where the bold hand of the Roman satirist has torn the veil, which ought perhaps for ever to have concealed from mankind the monstrous and unnatural crimes of Nero, I have turned the attention of my readers to reflections less disagreeable, and to objects less disgusting.

Some, I know, there are who think, that in translation not a thought of the author should be lost, and not one added to him. Such readers I shall not often please. But I must observe, that
of all kinds of poetry satire is the most difficult to translate with fidelity, and yet with elegance. The epic, the tragic, or the lyric poet, speaks to the heart, or to the imagination; and his ideas may be expressed in almost every tongue. What language but can convey the sublime, paint the beautiful, or express the pathetic!

Not only works of taste and imagination, but even philosophic and didactic poems are more easily translated than satiric compositions. We can always follow, though we may not always allow the reasoning of Lucretius; and it would perhaps be an easier task to translate well the Art of Poetry of Horace, than to preserve the grace, the spirit, and the elegance of the original, in rendering many of his satires.

Dryden observes, in apology for the style of Persius, that when he wrote, the Latin language was more corrupted than in the time of Juvenal, and consequently of Horace. But ought not Dryden to have known that Persius wrote before
Juvenal? Besides, it cannot be supposed that the Latin language had lost very much of its purity in the time of either of these poets. Persius was born about eighteen years after the death of Augustus Cæsar; and Juvenal began to flourish about eighty years after the same period. But the silver age of Roman eloquence was remarkable, rather for the decline of taste, than for the corruption of language. The fault seems to have been fastidious delicacy; for refinement, when it becomes excessive, is not less hurtful to good writing, than the very coarseness and rudeness which it would avoid. Quintilian, indeed, complains, that barbarisms were gaining ground; and in some degree authorizes Dryden's observation, by remarking that Persius had employed one word without much attention to the purity of its Latinity. But it is well known, that new expressions had been frequently employed by the best Latin authors. Cicero has introduced many words from the Greek, in his philosophical works, which are models of eloquence. Horace, the purest of the Roman poets, contends for the
admission of new words. Virgil employs several words in a sense peculiar to himself, as is remarked by Aurelius Victor. The Latinity of Livy has not escaped without censure; and though his style is better, his language is not purer than that of Tacitus. This last admirable writer offends only by the affected conciseness of his manner, which does not possess the simplicity required in history. Even Seneca himself, amidst the glare of his false eloquence, is guilty of incorrectness in taste, rather than of impurity in language. True indeed it is, that when taste is corrupted, language generally declines; but it is not the want of refinement, which can be imputed as a fault to most of the authors, who wrote immediately subsequent to the Augustan age.

A learned critic contends, that Persius brought satiric poetry to perfection, inasmuch as he was the first who treated only of one subject in each of his satires. Unity of subject, adds he, is as essential to satire, as unity of fable to tragedy.
I am doubtful if this be either true with respect to fact, or just with respect to criticism. Horace certainly does not violate the unity of subject, for example, in his first satire; and Persius can hardly be said to have preserved it in his sixth. In the fifth likewise, the most excellent of his satires, Persius cannot claim much praise for preserving the unity of subject, as he commences with some severe strictures upon bombast poets, and concludes with a dissertation upon liberty, as it was understood by the Stoics.

But is this critic right, in thinking that unity of subject is conformable to the nature, or consistent with the original plan of satire? Let us very briefly retrace the history of this species of poetry, and afterwards examine the justice of this opinion.

During the early ages of Rome the Fescennine verses, and the songs of the Salii, were probably the only poetical compositions known to the Romans. The Fescennine verses were generally
sung, or recited, at the annual celebration of the feast of Saturn, and upon other occasions of public rejoicing.

But the Tuscans were at this time the most esteemed for their poetical productions of any people of Italy; and the Romans having instituted scenic representations, in order to appease the anger of the gods after a pestilence, hired some players from Tuscany, to assist at these exhibitions. As the language of the Tuscans was not understood at Rome, they confined themselves to pantomime, and by their looks and gestures, full of expression, spoke to the heart and to the passions, with the energy of a thousand tongues.

The Romans soon caught the art, which they admired. In the year 514 of Rome, Livius Andronicus performed several pieces of his own, and added the interest of dialogue to the graces of action. Previous to this æra, the poems recited in public were known by the name of Satira. Many disputes have arisen on the derivation of this
word. According to Diomedes the grammarian, it may be derived, either \textit{à Satyris}, because it abounds with immodest and ridiculous things, such as might be said and done by those representing satyrs on the stage; or from \textit{satura lanx}, a full dish, in which the various first fruits of the year were anciently offered to the gods.

If satire be entirely a Roman poem, as is asserted both by Horace and Quintilian; the latter is evidently the juster derivation. It is then perhaps only necessary to admit this fact, to be convinced that satire was originally considered as a mixed and motley kind of composition—an olla, in which subjects were introduced with little attention to order or method.

If, indeed, arrangement or regularity had been thought essential to this species of composition, Horace would not have shewn himself so deficient in that lucid order which he recommends in his Epistle to the Pisos. But the truth is, that he considered variety as essential to satire. The
dish was not only to be full of fruit, but was to contain all kinds.

Et sermone opus est, modo tristi sæpe jocosò,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ:
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto. Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius plerumque secat res. hor.

But even if it should appear that satire was of Greek, or rather of Sicilian origin, still the earliest of the Roman satirists seem to have thought, that unity of subject was by no means consistent with the nature of the poetry which they wrote. Had not this been the case, they would not have preferred the old Greek comedy to the new. Menander would have been their model, and not Aristophanes.

It is partly from considering with attention the ancient satires which still remain; and partly from investigating with accuracy the history of satiric poetry, that we shall be best enabled to form a just judgment with respect to it. If I were to offer my opinion, I should say, that I believe
satire admits not less variety in style, than in subject. Sometimes dramatic, sometimes epistolary, it is confined neither in manner nor in matter. Now it is familiar, now it is dictatorial; now it speaks the easy language of elegant comedy, now it assumes the more serious tone of tragic declamation. With Horace, it is witty, instructive, ironical; with Persius, it is concise, learned, and ardent; with Juvenal, it is diffuse, eloquent, and unrelentingly severe.

In the comparison which Dryden has drawn between these masters, I cannot think he has shewn his judgment to be very accurate, or his taste to be very correct. The whole, indeed, of his admirable preface to Juvenal, displays his fine bold genius, but is not remarkable for depth or for accuracy of knowledge. I cannot think that Horace is a less pleasing satirist than Juvenal. On the contrary, the delight which I receive from the latter is generally mixed with a considerable portion of pain,—that pain too not excited by ideal miseries, not created by imagi-
nary woes—but resulting from the contemplation of real horrors, of existing crimes, and of practiced atrocities. Juvenal conducts his reader through no illusory scenes. It is to human life that he directs the attention.—It is there he points out a thousand causes for mournful reflection—it is there he exhibits enough, more than enough, to rouse the indignation of the moralist, and to excite the spleen of the satirist. Every vice that can blacken, and every weakness that can degrade our nature, are held forth to execration in his terrible page. But the philanthropist looks in vain for some extenuating word, some relenting expression, some exculpatory clause, which might indicate that mankind in general are not the slaves of vile passions, the perpetrators of detestable vices, the dupes or the agents of villainy. The pictures drawn by the vigorous and masterly hand of Juvenal may justly claim our admiration; but surely little delight can be felt in learning, even from him, the monstrous depravity of which humanity has been but too often found susceptible.
Horace seems to have studied the effects of light and shade in his pictures, with more attention than his rival; and he has happily combined the broad humour of the old Greek comedy with the elegance of the new. I think, in comparing him even with Juvenal, we may say, *multo est tersior, ac purus magis Horatius, et ad notanda hominum mores precipitus.*

The defect of Juvenal seems to be, that his tone is too generally, I had almost said invariably, grave. The Romans understood by satire a more mixed kind of composition than this poet (excellent as he certainly is,) seems to have attempted. We are surprised at the high strain of invective, at the magnificent verses, at the sounding eloquence, which we find in almost every page of a book, denominated by its author, a *farrago libelli.*

It will scarcely be urged in favour of Juvenal, that when he does not soar upon his eagle pinions, his flight is often directed where the eye of taste
cannot wish to follow it. In his sixth, the wittiest of all his satires, his scurrility, and his obscenity, have little—perhaps no pretensions to humour.

In comparing the three great satirists of antiquity, I am inclined to give the first place to Horace, the second to Juvenal, and the third to Persius. Horace is the most agreeable and the most instructive writer; Juvenal the most splendid declamer; and Persius the most inflexible moralist. The first is like a skilful gladiator, who vanquishes without destroying his antagonist;—the second exerts gigantic strength in the contest;—and the third enters the lists with all the ardour of a youthful combatant. If the style of Horace be chaster, if his Latinity be purer, if his manner be gayer and more agreeable than either of the two satirists who follow him, he does not write finer verses than Juvenal, nor has he nobler thoughts than Persius. The poetry of the first resembles a beautiful river, which glides along through pleasant scenes, sunny fields, and smiling valleys: that of the second is like the majestic
stream, whose waters, in flowing by the largest city in Europe, are polluted with no small portion of its filth and ordure: that of the third may be compared to a deep and angry torrent, which loves to roll its sullen waves under the dark shadow of the mountain, or amidst the silent gloom of the forest.

Having now considered the character of Persius as a poet, I shall proceed to make some observations upon him as a critic and a moralist.

1. The decline of Roman eloquence, and the bad taste in criticism, which prevailed at Rome under the reign of Nero, furnished Persius with the subject of his first satire. In his strictures upon the poetasters of his time, he is, indeed, as Ascensius terms him, acerbissimus irrisor. He ridicules the verses of Nero with very little ceremony, and mocks without reserve, the literary pretensions of his courtiers. Does the taste of nations then decline so rapidly? fifty years had
probably not elapsed between the publication of
the Æneis, and the composition of this bitter in-
vective against the corrupt taste of the Romans in
poetry and eloquence.

If it be indeed true, as has been asserted by se-
veral writers, and especially by D'Alembert in a
discourse which he pronounced before the French
Academy, that taste, though not generally pos-
sessed, is no wise an arbitrary thing; it seems
difficult to account for the short duration of those
periods, which in different ages have been most
distinguished for refinement and for learning.
When true notions of grandeur and of beauty
have once been understood; and when mankind
have once agreed in admiring the most perfect
productions of art; it appears extraordinary,
that the admitted standards of excellence should
not longer continue the models of imitation.
History and experience, however, teach us, that
revolutions in taste are at least as frequent as in
politics and in manners.
These fluctuations in the taste of nations may be influenced by many causes, but they seem generally to be produced by the love of that variety, to which Nature herself has habituated man. Every pleasure appears to us to be heightened by novelty; and as the first emotions are the strongest, so the imagination is still most forcibly affected by change. The human mind is too restless to remain long satisfied with the contemplation of the same objects. We seek for beauty, and we recognize it under many forms: we are not always most delighted with what is most regular: we not only desire variety, but we are sometimes pleased with contrast. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprise, that writers should hope to succeed by attempting what is new and uncommon. It is in consulting the human mind, that they strive to please by variety; and in making this endeavour too, even where they are neither directed by judgment, nor inspired by genius, they are often flattered by temporary success, and by transient reputation.
Affectation is another cause of the rapid decline of eloquence, among nations already advanced to refinement. As the most finished works of man still fall short of that perfection, which it will ever be more easy to imagine, than to attain; so the desire of improving excellence will sometimes hurry us into extravagance, and lead us to make trials, which are beyond our strength. Injudicious writers are apt to forget, that when they are arrived at the sublime, one step further will carry them into the bombast; nor do they ever seem able to form to themselves an idea of that beauty, which is, when unadorned, adorned the most. Accordingly, in their works they go on embellishing, what was already ornamented; refining, where elegance already existed; and adding new graces, where they already abounded. They are never content with what can be done by the art of the sculptor, but, like the Roman emperor, they gild the statue.

Bad taste indeed is seldom satisfied with simplicity. Nor are authors more guilty in this re-
spect, than readers. It is the common error of bad writers, to think that their works are sublime, when they are only bombast; and it is the common fault of bad critics not to discover the mistake.

When Persius wrote, the vice of affectation seems to have been universal. His own compositions, as Scaliger remarks, are not exempt from it. Many of his observations, however, are well worthy of our attention; for in these days we are not without our Accii in verse, or our Pedii in eloquence. We have indeed many speakers and many writers; but we have few, who seem to think with Longinus, that just judgment in speaking and writing is the last fruit of long experience.

2. I shall now direct the attention of the reader to the moral character of Persius as a writer; because this to a satirist must always be of the highest importance. Cicero has observed of how great consequence it is to an orator, that he should be esteemed a man of virtue and principle. But if a
good moral character be necessary to those, who endeavour to persuade others, it is surely no less essential to those, who presume to blame, and who attempt to reform the manners of mankind. Abi-

lity and virtue are indispensable in a satirist. We can neither bear with dullness in him who laughs at our follies, nor pardon crimes in him who censures our vices.

In order to be better enabled to appreciate the moral character of Persius, I shall make some remarks upon the philosophy of that sect to which he belonged, whose principles he generally followed, and whose doctrines he incul-
cated by his precepts, and recommended by his example.

From the time the Romans began to apply themselves to Greek literature, until the estab-

lishment of the Eclectic sect, the philosophical world at Rome seems to have been chiefly divided between the systems of Zeno and of Epicurus. In vain had Cicero ridiculed the lofty maxims
of the first of these philosophers—in vain had he exposed the presumptuous reasoning of the second. Whether the arguments of the Roman orator were not considered as convincing upon these topics; whether his speculations were too profound for his age; or whether his scepticism was too strong for it; it does not appear that he succeeded in making many converts to the doctrines of the new Academy, of whose philosophy he was the advocate. The licentious crowd still listened to the agreeable lessons taught by the followers of Epicurus; and the few but inflexible disciples of Stoicism adhered to their philosophy, in spite of the raillery of wits, and the subtleties of Dialecticians.

In the number of those who argued most warmly in favour of the dogmas of the Portico, our Author is to be placed. The heroic virtues of the Stoics seem to have suited "the habits of his soul." Their precepts were dictated in the highest strain of morality. Patience in misfortune, calmness in danger, insensibility to pain, indifference
to pleasure, and moderation in all things, were according to them inseparable from wisdom, and necessary to virtue. They held, that the great object of man should be to sustain the dignity of his moral nature; and they acknowledged no perfect liberty but that, which entirely frees the mind from the thraldom of the passions.

It is in his fifth satire, that Persius treats of this stoical doctrine of liberty. In nothing did the sect of Zeno push farther its almost romantic philosophy. According to this theory, no man was either truly wise, or truly free, who suffered himself in any degree to be swayed by his passions. These, the Stoics considered as the tyrants of the soul; and they taught, that their usurpation ought to be resisted by every one, who aspired to the rank of philosopher.

To extirpate the passions altogether from the breast, and to leave the mind in a state of apathy, cannot but be contrary both to reason, and to
nature. The passions, which are so constantly the motives of conduct, and the springs of action, are implanted in us, in order to stimulate our minds, and to incite us to exertion. Those, who have studied human nature, not in the systems of philosophers, but in the world, need not be told, that as man is a being formed for society, so he must consequently be influenced by passions and affections. We are made susceptible of anger, in order that we may repel injury—of fear; in order that we may attend to the preservation of our existence—of desire, in order that we may continue our species. It is not therefore against the passions, but against an improper indulgence of them, that good sense will direct us to guard. It is not against impulses, which Nature ordains, but against excesses which outrage her, that sound Philosophy cautions her disciples. If we see the existence of final causes demonstrated in the wonderful organization of the human body, can we suppose, that the constitution of the mind of man was less the work of design and intelligence? Shall we believe
that it is with no wise intention, and for no useful purpose, that Nature makes us susceptible of so many various emotions? The control of reason over the passions is indeed essential to happiness; and to restrain and moderate their violence will always be the task of philosophy, and the proof of wisdom. But they who teach us, that we ought to suppress all feeling—to be sensible neither to grief, nor to joy—to be indifferent to pain and to pleasure—to be moved neither by love nor by hatred, nor by ambition, nor by hope, nor by fear, nor by anger—recommend what cannot be practiced, and what, if it could, would be absurd and unnatural.

Cicero has ably exposed the doctrine of the Stoics concerning the nature of the Deity; and has ridiculed with his usual pleasantry their rotundum ardentem volubilem Deum. It is not a little difficult, indeed, to understand that part of their system, where they endeavour to make it appear, that the world is governed by the wisdom and providence of their igneous and material
god. If Persius has anywhere abandoned the principles of Stoicism, it seems to be upon this topic. It is evident from his second satire, that he had studied the writings of Plato, and that, like that philosopher, he had conceived an exalted notion of the Divine Intelligence. Whilst Idolatry lavished treasures upon the gods which she herself had created—whilst Superstition daily immolated victims upon her bloody altars—and whilst the capital of the world was divided between atheists and fanatics—or at least between those who thought, the gods interfered in everything, and those who thought, they interfered in nothing,—a heathen poet taught the sublime lesson, that a pure heart is the most acceptable gift which man can make to his Creator. Well might Bishop Burnet say of this satire, that it may pass for an excellent lecture in divinity.

From the remarks which I have made upon the object and tendency of my Author's writings, I flatter myself that the reader, who is yet unac-
quainted with them, and who can be satisfied with good sense and sound morality, without looking for wit, for elegance, or for invention, will be inclined to peruse them: and I have no doubt, but that he may be induced to think with me, that many of the maxims of Persius might be observed in the present age, with considerable advantage both to its morals, and to its taste in literature.

I cannot conclude this Preface without lamenting, that an early and untimely death should have prevented the Poet, whose works I have translated, from giving them a more finished appearance. His short day was so truly glorious, that it ever must be lamented it was closed so soon. Above all, the fate of Persius must have been mourned by the friendly Cornutus. It was his bosom, which had first received and cherished the neglected plant—it was his care, which had long fostered it with such fond and assiduous culture—it was his arm, which had already warded off a thousand dangers. Alas! the flower
was just expanded in full blossom to the morning sun, when the day overcast, and this promised pride of the garden perished by the relentless storm.
Aulus Persius Flaccus, according to the fragment ascribed to Probus, was born on the day before the Nones of December, in the consulship of Fabius Persicus, and Lucius Vitellius; and died in that of Rubrius Marius, and Asinius Gallus, on the eighth of the Kalends of December. But as there were only twenty-eight years between these two consulships, the author of the fragment is afterwards guilty of a glaring mistake, in stating that Persius died at thirty years of age.
Persius was born at Volaterrae in Etruria. He was of the equestrian order, and was allied to some of the noblest families of Rome. The author of the fragment says, his father died when Persius was scarcely six years old. But the account given by our Poet himself, seems to contradict this assertion.

Sæpe oculos memini tangebam parvus olivo,
Grandia si nollem morituri verba Catonis
Discere, ab insano multum laudanda magistro,
Quæ pater adductis sudans audiret amicis.
Jure etenim id summum, quid dexter senio ferret,
Scire erat in votis, damnosa canicula quantum
Raderet, &c.

What, could a child, not six years of age, have occasioned his father a sweating, because he could not repeat Cato's dying speech? And was this same infant, who was to have publicly recited the dying words of the Roman patriot, in
the habit of playing at hazard, and of making calculations of chances?

Persius studied at Volaterrae, till he was twelve years of age. After that period, he was under the tuition of two masters at Rome, one of whom was a grammarian, and the other a rhetorician. The author of the fragment says, Persius did not become the pupil of Cornutus, till he had reached his sixteenth year. But our Poet tells us, his acquaintance with Cornutus did not commence till after he had taken the virile gown:

Cum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit—

Now the age at which the prætexta was laid aside, was seventeen years.

Among the number of friends and companions of Persius, were the poets Lucan and Bassus.
The latter is mentioned with respect by Quintilian.

The author of the fragment says, *sero cognovit (nempe Persius) Senecam, sed non ut caperetur ejus ingenio*. By this I can only understand, that Persius could never relish the pompous eloquence, and declamatory style of Seneca. It is impossible that he should not have admired the talents, and respected the virtues of that philosopher, who was also a Stoic.

Persius was a person of the mildest manners, remarkable for the beauty of his form, and for the modesty of his appearance. His piety was exemplary, in discharging the relative duties of his situation. When he died he left a sum of money, together with his books, to Cornutus. The philosopher accepted the books, and delivered the money to the sisters of his pupil.
It appears that Persius wrote seldom and slowly. His Satires were much valued by his cotemporaries. The poet Lucan particularly admired them.

He is said to have died of a stomach complaint. He forms one of the few examples of a young man, during the course of a short life, having acquired immortality for his name by his virtues, his talents, and his learning.
Nay, spare your censures, nor condemn the lays:
The town—the town may yet accord its praise.—
Enlighten'd Warton may approve the style;
And classic Giffard nod the head and smile.
F. have I not told you o'er and o'er again,
Not to indulge your rhiming scribbling vein?
Besides, your age: consider, Sir, your age,
And learn to temper your poetic rage.
P. As time speeds on, and years revolve, my friend,
I grow too idle, or too old to mend.
While yet a youth, my pure descriptive lays
The learn'd could suffer, and the partial praise.
Her brilliant tints Imagination threw
O'er the wild scenes my artless pencil drew;
Soft numbers fell unstudied from my tongue,
Fancy was pleased, and Judgment yet was young:
Gay Hope then smoothed the wrinkled brow of Time,
Love waved his torch, and youth was in its prime.
But soon the tempest gather'd o'er my head,
Health lost her bloom, and faithless Pleasure fled;
Friendship retired, and left me to decay,
And Love desponding threw his torch away.
'Twas then, when sickness and when sorrow drew
Their sable curtain on my clouded view;
When lost to hope, I wander'd, wan and pale,
O'er Cintra's rocks, or sought Vaucluse's vale;
That left in distant climes to droop and pine,
The Muse's converse and her art were mine:
Nor less beloved has been the tuneful lay,
Since fortune smiled, and fate restored my day.
F. O idle talk! your early song, 'tis true,
Might please the rustic and unletter'd crew;
But now the strain has lost its wonted fire,
His art the Poet, and its tones the lyre.
P. And yet for me the Muses still have charms,
Their light yet guides me, and their fire yet warms.
For me the silvan world has beauties still,
The shaded valley, or the sun-clad hill.
Nor yet unwelcome does the hour draw nigh,
Which leaves me free from busy crowds to fly;
The hour which warns me to renew the oil,
The poet’s pleasure, and the student’s toil.
Nor un delighted does my mind recall
Its infant joys in yonder Gothic hall;
Where still the legendary tale goes round,
Of charms and spells, of treasures lost and found,
Of fearful goblins, and malicious sprites,
Enchanted damsels, and enamour’d knights:
Or led by fancy back to ancient times,
To fairer regions, and to milder climes,
I love through all the Muse’s haunts to rove,
On Hybla’s hill, or in th’ Aonian grove.
Or seek those fabled scenes, by poets sung,
Where his famed lyre the Thracian artist strung;
Where Phoebus, sighing o’er the shepherd’s tomb,
Bade the sweet flower of Hyacinthus bloom;
Where with young Zephyr Flora loved to play,
And hid her blushes in the lap of May;
Where Dian nightly wo’d a blooming boy,
And, veil’d by darkness, was no longer coy;
Where erst, when winter's stormy reign began,
A purple fountain changed Adonis ran,
Her annual tears desponding Venus shed,
And the wave redden'd, as the hunter bled.

F. Cease, cease to dream. The golden age is o'er,
And mortals know those happy times no more,
When Pan with Phoebus piped upon the plains,
When kings were shepherds, and when gods were swains.
Plain common sense, thank Heaven, has banish'd long
The age of fable, and the reign of song.
No cities now dispute the sacred earth,
Which haply gave some favour'd poet birth;
Affairs of empire no Augustus quits
To judge with critics, or unbend with wits:
The world's great master might sweet verse admire,
Might love the Muse, and listen to the lyre;
Might seek the festive board, where Horace sung,
And learn what accents fell from Maro's tongue.
Our Sovereign Lord, avenging Europe's wrongs,
Turns not his thoughts from politics to songs.
Alas, poor bards! fled are those golden days,
When monarchs' ears were tickled by your praise.
Be wise, my friend,—the useless lyre resign,
Forget Parnassus, and forsake the Nine.
Your Persius too, austere, though beardless sage,
Will ne'er be borne in this enlighten'd age.
His moral rules, his stiff ungracious air,
Will fright the young, and never please the fair.
No tender tale of grief, or love, he tells,
Reports no scandal, even of Roman belles;
But ever grave, decisive, and severe,
Scorns Folly's smile, nor asks for Pity's tear.

P. Unused to courts, nor sprung from flattery's womb,
The Muse beloved by Liberty and Rome,
Satire, stern maid, no adulation knows,
No weak respect for empty grandeur shows;
But, bold as free, brands purple Vice with shame,
And blots from honour's page the harlot's name;
At Folly scoffs, in robes of ermine dress'd,
And galls proud Arrogance by Power caress'd.
Not such her lays, when on her native plains
She sung rude carols to Etrurian swains.
No art, no grace, no polish, then she knew,
But coarsely colour'd, and with harshness drew.
Then Momus ever in her train advanced,
And Mirth and Revelry before her danced;
Triumphant Bacchus bore aloft the vine,
And old Silenus sung the joys of wine.
At length with skill great Ennius struck the lyre,
Lucilius glow'd with all the Muse's fire;
Politer Horace blended strength with art,
And ere he chid, was master of the heart:
Ardent, impressive, eloquent, sublime,
Th' Aquinian brook'd no compromise with crime:
Nor with less lustre that stern satirist shone,
Whose moral thunders roll'd around the throne,
Whose vengeful bolts at Rome's oppressor hurl'd,
Alarm'd the tyrant, and amazed his world.

Late as I slumber'd in yon woodbine bower,
And Fancy ruled the visionary hour;
Methought, conducted by an unknown hand,
I roam'd delighted o'er Liguria's land;
Beheld its forests spread before my eyes,
Its fanes, its palaces, its temples rise:
When lo, the sun-burnt Genius of the soil,
Ruddy his cheek, his arm inured to toil,
Before me walk'd, and to a gloomy shade,
O'ergrown with herbage wild, my steps convey'd;
Clear'd the rude path, and with his beechen spear
Show'd where a laurel, half conceal'd, grew near.
"Behold that tree," he cried, "neglected pine,
"Hang its green bays, its drooping head decline;
"The Muses bade it for their Persius bloom,
"O'ershade his ashes, and adorn his tomb.
"Rapt Meditation oft by moonlight eve,
"To wander here, a world unloved would leave,
"Self-communing: here patient Grief would fly,
"And lift to heaven the tear-unsullied eye:
"Here stern Philosophy would muse alone,
"And Wisdom call'd this peaceful grove her own:
"Religion too would quit celestial bowers,
"In this fair spot to gather earthly flowers.
"But envious thorns, that none its worth might see,
"Sprang from the ground to hide this beauteous tree;
"Haste then, O stranger, to this place draw nigh,
"To kill the brambles, lest the laurel die."

Straight, as he spake, methought an axe I seized,
(For Fancy smiled, and with the work was pleased.)
Already the rude wilderness was clear'd,
And the green laurel full in view appear'd;
When his dark wings retiring Morpheus spread,
And the loved vision with my slumbers fled.
Oft since that hour I've linger'd o'er thy page,
O youth lamented, at too green an age!
And if the Muse, propitious, hear my strains,
Assist the labour, or reward the pains,
That laurel, Persius, which once bloom'd for thee,
Again shall flourish, and revive for me.
THE

SIX SATIRES

OF

PERSIUS.
PROLOGUS.

Nec fonte labra proli Caballino:
Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
Memini, ut repente sic Poëta prodirem.
Heliconiadasque, pallidamque Pyrenen
Illis remitto, quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ sequaces: ipse semipaganus
Ad sacra vaturn carmen affero nostrum.
Quis expedivit psittaco suum χαίγα,
Picasque docuit nostra verba conari?
Magister artis, ingeniique largitor
Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.
Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
Corvos poëtas, et poëtrias picas
Cantare credas Pegaseium melos.
PROLOGUE.

Ne'er did I taste Castalia's stream;
Nor yet on fork'd Parnassus dream,
That I should feel a poet's fire,
Or string the lute, or strike the lyre.
I leave the Muse's magic ground
To bards profess'd, with laurel crown'd.
The gift I offer to the Nine,
A rustic wreath, to grace their shrine.
What taught the parrot to cry, hail?
What taught the chattering pie his tale?
Hunger; that sharpener of the wits,
Which gives ev'n fools some thinking fits.
Did rooks and pies but know the pleasure
Of heaping high a golden treasure:
And would their music money bring,
Ev'n rooks and pies would shortly sing.
THE

SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE I.
SATIRA I.

v. 1—9.

O curas hominum! ò quantum est in rebus inane!
Quis leget hæc, min’ tu istud ais, nemo Hercule, nemo?
Vel duo, vel nemo, turpe et miserabile, quare?
Ne mihi Polydamas, et Troiades Labeonem
Prætulerint, nugæ, non, si quid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas: examenve improbum in illa
Castiges trutina: nec te quæsiveris extra.
Nam Romæ est quis non? ac, si fas dicere: sed fas
Tunc, cum ad canitiem, et nostrum istud vivere triste
SATIRE I.

PERSIUS AND MONITOR.

VERSE 1—18.

PERSIUS.

Unhappy men lead lives of care and pain,
Their joys how fleeting, and their hopes how vain!
M. But who will read a satire so begun?
P. What this to me—this?—M. Faith, I'll tell you, none.
P. None, do you say? M. Why, yes, perhaps, a few;
But still the number will dishonour you.
P. Lest a lewd prince and his abandon'd throng
Bestow the laurel on a minion's song;
And must we then reserve the sacred bays
For those whom Rome's worst profligates shall praise?
Rely not always on the general voice;
Nor place all merit in the people's choice;
Let your own eyes be those with which you see;
Nor seek in others, what yourself should be.
For who at Rome does not?—Dare I speak plain?
I dare, I must,—to check my rage were vain.
My spleen o'erflows, I sicken to behold
A guilty world, in error growing old;
Aspexi, et nucibus facimus quaeunque relictis,
Cum sapimus patruos: tunc, tunc, ignoscite. Nolo:
Quid faciam? sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.
Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,
Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animae praelargus anhelet.
Scilicet haec populo, pexusque togaque recenti,
Et natalitia tandem cum sardonyche albus,
Sede leges celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur
Mobile conlueris, patranti fractus ocello.
Heic, neque more probo videas, neque voce serena,
Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina lumbum
Intrant, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.
Tun’vetule auriculis alienis colligis escas?
Auriculis, quibus et dicas cute perditus, ohe.
Quo didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum, et quae semel intus
Innata est, rupto jecore exierit caprisicus?
Each stage of life mark'd by its empty joys,
The infant and the man exchanging toys;
Triumphant vice and folly bearing sway,
With doting age and vanity grown grey.

M. But imitate the rest. See, they compose,
In secret, polish'd verse, and sounding prose.
P. Until, at length, demanded by the crowd,
The turgid nonsense be rehearsed aloud,
See, at the desk the pale declamer stand;
The ruby beaming on his lily hand;
Behind his back his wanton tresses flow;
With Tyrian dyes his splendid garments glow;
His pliant throat the liquid gargarle clears;
His languid eye lasciviously leers;
The voice accords with the luxurious mien,
The look immodest, with the tongue obscene:
Around him close the splendid circle draws,
Loud is the laugh, tumultuous the applause;
And Rome's first nobles, vanquish'd by his lyre,
Tremble with lusts which his lewd lays inspire.
And you, old dotard, do you waste your days,
That fools, at length, may surfeit you with praise?

Old M. "What, shall we live despised, without a name,
"Callous to glory, and unknown to fame?
"As the wild fig-tree walls and columns cleaves,
"And clothes the ruin with its mantling leaves;
"So all restraint indignant genius scorns,
"Luxuriant spreads, and as it spreads adorns."
En pallor, seniumque. ô 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 fuisset
Pro nihilo pendas? ecce inter pocula quærunt
Romulidæ saturi, quid dia poëmata narrent.
Heic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna est,
Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus,
Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, vatum et plorabile si quid,
Eliquat; et tenero supplantat verba palato.
Assensere viri: nunc non cinis ille poëtæ
Felix? non levior cippus non imprimit ossa?
Laudant convivæ: nunc non è manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo, fortunataque favilla,
Nascentur violæ? rides, ait, et nimis uncis
Naribus indulges: an erit qui velle recuset
Os populi meruisse: et cedro digna locutus,
Linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec thus?
P.  Lo, what decrepid age for fame endures!
Lo, the pale victim whom her voice allures!
No ray of health illumes your languid eye,
And on your cheek youth's faded roses die.
Yet you, O times! O manners! toil for fame,
And value knowledge only for its name.

Old M. "But still, 'tis fine to be admired and known,
"To gazing strangers by the finger shown."

P. Truly 'tis fine, that fools extol your art,
That lisping schoolboys learn your songs by heart;
That when the flush'd voluptuary sups,
He celebrates your name amidst his cups.
Here one there is, in purple clad, whose Muse
Collects the rancid offals of the stews;
In drawling snivelling song, delights to tell,
How Phyllis loved, how constant, and how well—
Sure, when this favour'd bard at length shall die,
On his bless'd bones the turf shall lightly lie,
Unfading laurel shall o'ershade the ground,
And sweetest violets breathe incense round.
But our offended poet stops us here,
Condemns the satire, and reproves the sneer.
"Who lives," he asks, "insensible to praise,
"Deserves, and yet neglects the proffer'd bays?"
"Who is not pleased, that from the bookworm's rage
"The juice of cedar shall preserve his page?
"That page which cooks nor chandlers shall employ,
"Nor ruthless grocers in their haste destroy."
Quisquis es, ò modo quem ex adverso dicere feci,
Non ego, cum scribo, si fortè quid aptius exit,
Quando hæc 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 heic est Ilias Acci
Ebria veratro? non si qua elegidia crudi
Dictarunt proceres? non quicquid denique lectis
Scribitur in citreis? calidum scis ponere sumen:
Scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna:
Et, verum, inquis, amo; verum mihi dicite de me.
 Qui pote? vis dicam? nugaris, cum tibi calve
Pinguis aqualicus propenso sesquipede extet.
O Jane, à tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,
Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas,
Nec linguae, quantum sitiat canis Appula, tantæ.
O thou, whate'er thy name, whoe'er thou art,
Whom I suppose upon the adverse part,
Think not, when well, if ever well, I write,
I feel from praise no genuine delight:
But praise ought not to be the only end,
For which our morals or our lives we mend,
For which our virtue struggles to excel,
And seeks pre-eminence in doing well.
Besides, do all obtaining men's applause,
Deserve the admiration which it draws?
Does drunken Accius glow with Homer's fire,
Though courts extol him, and though fools admire?
From noble pens do no crude numbers flow,
No cant of elegy, no whine of woe?
Have no quaint verses issued from the heads
Of princes, lolling on their citron beds?
The winning art is not to you unknown,
By which the venal crowd becomes your own.
Rich banquets crown your hospitable board;
Your wardrobe too cost garments can afford.
But you will have the truth. Shall I be plain;
Then, dotard, learn, that all your toil is vain.
Nor now, when swoln and bloated with excess,
Trick your old Muse in meretricious dress.
O! two-faced Janus, whom the people pass,
Nor lift the mimic hands to show the ass!
No tongue lolls out, no finger points at thee,
None laughs, or nods, or winks, but thou must see.
Vos ò patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est
Occipiti cæco, posticæ occurrite sannæ.
Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmina molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per lève severos
Effundat junctura unguæ : scit tendere versum
Non secus, ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno :
Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,
Dicere res grandes nostro dat Musa poëtæ.
Ecce modo heroas sensus afferre docemus
Nugari solitos Græcè, nec ponere lucum
Artifices, nec rus saturum laudare, ubi corbes,
Et focus, et porci, et fumosa Palilia foëno :
Unde Remus, sulcoque terens dentalia, Quinti,
Quum trepida ante boves Dictatorem induit uxor :
Et tua aratra domum lictor tulit : euge poëta.
Est nunc Brisæi quem venosus liber Acci,
Sunt quos Pacuviusque, et verrucosa moretur
Antiopa, ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta.
Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
Ye chiefs of Rome, who have not eyes behind,
Prevent all insults on the side that's blind.
What say the people? "What," the flatterer cries,
"But that your verse the critic's spleen defies;
"That taste and judgment mark each flowing line,
"The sound harmonious, and the sense divine:
"That whether feasts or battles be the theme,
"A hero's glory, or a lover's dream,
"Thy golden numbers by the Muse inspired,
"By art are polish'd, and by genius fired."
Heroic verse unletter'd dunces write,
And scribbling schoolboys dictate and indite—
Some praise the fields; yet wanting skill to sing,
Confound the tints of autumn and of spring;
Forgetting nature, paint a garish scene,
Of cloudless skies, and groves for ever green:
Or with rude pencil rustic manners draw,
Where swarms the village round the kindling straw,
Where pigs and panniers crowd the bustling street,
And merry hinds to honour Pales meet;
Or show the spot whence Rome's great founders sprung:
Nor, gallant Quintus, dost thou rest unsung,
When the dictator's laurel graced thy brow,
And thine own lictors bore away thy plough.
Are there not some who love the turgid strain,
Of drunken Accius, in his moody vein?
For whom a tragic rant can yield delight,
Nor ev'n Pacuvius is too dull to write?
Cum vidēas, quærīsne unde hæc sartago loquendi
Venerit in linguas? unde istud dedecus, in quo
Trossulus exultat tibi per subsellia lēvis?
Nilne pudet, capiti non posse pericula cano
Pellere, quīn tepidum hoc optes audire? Decenter!
Fur es, ait Pedio. Pedius quid? crimina rasis
Librati in antithetis, doctus 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 humero portes? verum, nec nocte paratum
Plorabit, qui me volet incurvasse querela.
Sed numeris decor est, et junctura addita crudis.
Claudere sic versum didicit, Berecynthius Attin,
Et qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea delphin,
Sic costam longo subduximus Apennino.
Arma virum, nonne hoc spumosum et cortice pingui?
Do you demand, whence the disease has sprung?
What stains, corrupts, contaminates our tongue?
False taste through all our books and writings runs,
And in the evil sires confirm their sons.
Pale Affectation quits her sickly bed,
Opes her dull eye, and lifts her languid head;
Ascends the rostrum, the tribunal seeks,
Rants on the stage, and in the senate speaks.
Is Pedius charged? his own vile cause he pleads!
For pardon sues, and skill'd in tropes, succeeds;
Vices with figures weighs in well-poised scales,
And shines in metaphor, where logic fails.
What should we give; what alms? if on the shore,
While round his neck the pictured storm he wore,
The shipwreck'd sailor, destitute of aid,
Sung as he begg'd, and jested as he pray'd?
'Tis not enough that wit and skill be proved;
Who means to move me, must himself be moved.
1 Poet. But if you blame what orators compose,
Their flowery diction, and their measured prose,
You must at least confess that song divine,
Where Berecynthian Atyn swells the line;
Where famed Arion swims on glassy waves,
And daring dolphin azure Nereus cleaves;
Where from the broad-back'd mountain's monstrous chine
The hero carves a rib of Apennine.
P. Compared with this, what could poor Virgil write?
His style is turgid, and his sense is trite:
Ut ramale vetus prægrandi subere coctum.
Quidnam igitur tenerum, et laxa cervice legendum?
Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassaris, et lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis
Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adsonat Echo.
Hæc fient, si testiculi vena ulla paterni
Viveret in nobis summa delumbe saliva
Hoc natat in labris: et in udo est Mænas, et Attin:
Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorsos sapit ungues.
Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero
Auriculas? vide sis, ne majorum tibi forte
Limina frigescant? sonat heic de nare canina
Littera? Per me equidem sint omnia protinus alba.
Nil moror: euge, omnes, omnes bene miræ eritis res.
Hoc juvat: heic, inquis, veto quisquam faxit oletum.
His wither'd laurel, faded, shrivell'd, shrunk,
Stands on the blasted wild a leafless trunk.
But when descending from this lofty strain,
How sing our poets in their tender vein?

2 Poet. To Mimallonean measures blow the horn;
The victim's head let Bassaris adorn;
Let Manas lead the lynx with ivy bound,
Evoe cry, while echo helps the sound.

P. Enough, enough. I can no more endure
This pompous stuff, affected and obscure.
Where is the spirit of our fathers fled,
Where the stern virtue by our country bred;
Where the exalted genius which inspired,
The force which nerved it, or the pride which fired?
Are these all gone? Does nature give offence,
Or chaste simplicity, or manly sense,
That themes like these, by poetasters sung,
Charm every ear, and hang on every tongue?

M. Do you not tremble, my unguarded friend,
Lest some Patrician poet you offend?
Still will you wear that most uncourtly scowl,
Still snarl a critic, still a Cynic growl?

P. 'Tis well, 'tis well. Be all their doggerel read;
Let courts applaud, and princes nod the head;
The same dead colour runs through all they write,
A trackless waste of snow, where all is white.
But I no more their faults and failings blame,
Admired their works, immortal be their fame;
Be it resolved, that this be sacred ground,
That babbling critics be to silence bound:
Be it resolved, that when occasion calls,
Unlucky boys do not pollute these walls.
Yet let me say, when old Lucilius sung,
Invectives fell not garbled from his tongue.
With greater art sly Horace gain'd his end,
But spared no failing of his smiling friend;
Sportive and pleasant round the heart he play'd,
And wrapt in jests the censure he convey'd;
With such address his willing victims seized,
That tickled fools were rallied, and were pleased.
But why should I then bridle in my rage?
Why tremble thus to lash a guilty age?
Here let me dig—ev'n here the truth unfold
(As once the gossip barber did of old),
Here to my little book I will declare,
Of ass's ears I've seen a royal pair.
Nor would I now have miss'd this single hit
For all the Iliads by the Accii writ.
If such there be who feel the force and fire
Of bold Cratinus' free and manly lyre;
Who, while they see triumphant vice prevail,
O'er the stern page of Eupolis grow pale;
Or nightly loiter with that comic sage,
Who lash'd, amused, did all but mend his age;
Let them look here; and if by chance they find
Men well described, or manners well design'd,
Inde vaporata lector mihi fermeat aure.
Non hic, qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere gestit
Sordidus, et lusco qui poscit dicere, lusce;
Sese aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus
Fregerit heminas Areti ædilis iniquas:
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 Callirhoën do.
Let them acknowledge that my breast has known
Fires not less pure, less generous than their own.
But let that sordid wretch approach not here,
Whose utmost wit is some offensive jeer;
Whose narrow mind nor sense, nor honour knows;
Who mocks the tear which from affliction flows;
Who never kindred sigh of sorrow heaves,
But dares to laugh when suffering nature grieves:
Hence let such readers fly, though on them wait,
An Ædile's honours, or Proconsul's state:
And hence, far hence, be all that vulgar crew,
Whose theme still is the stable or the stew;
Who mock all science, all her laws despise,
Insult the good, and ridicule the wise;
Hence too, that mushroom race of beardless fools,
An annual crop, the produce of our schools;
Who hear unmoved the sage's warning tongue,
To mark his shoe ill form'd, or gown ill hung;
Whose noisy laugh, whose plaudits still are heard,
When the pert wanton plucks the Cynic's beard.
Ye thoughtless fools, for greater things unfit,
The paths of vice for those of dullness quit:
There kill the time—there linger out your day:
Grow women's men, and dream your lives away.
THE

SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE II.
Hunc, Macrine, diem numera meliore lapillo,
Qui tibi labentes apponit candidus annos.
Funde merum Genio, non tu prece poscis emaci,
Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere divis.
At bona pars procerum tacita libabit acerra.
Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque, humilesque susurros
Tollere de templis, et aperto vivere voto.
Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clarè, et ut audiat hospes:
LET a white stone of pure unsullied ray
Record, Macrinus, this thy natal day,
Which not for thee the less auspicious shines,
That years revolve, and closing life declines.
Haste then to celebrate this happy hour,
And large libations to thy Genius pour.
With splendid gifts you ne'er will seek the shrine,
To tempt the power you worship as divine.
To venal nobles you consign the task,
To wish in secret, and in secret ask;
Let them for this before the altar bow;
And breathe unheard the mercenary vow:
Let them for this upon the votive urn
Mute offerings make, and midnight incense burn.
It ill might suit the selfish and the proud,
Were the grand objects of their lives avow'd;
Were all the longings of their souls express'd,
No latent wish left lurking in the breast.
When truth or virtue is the boon we seek,
We can distinctly ask, and clearly speak;
Illa sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat: ὅ si
Ebullit patrui præclarum funus! et, ὅ si
Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextra
Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres
Impello, expungam! namque est scabiosus, et acri
Bile tumet. Nermo jam tertia ducitur uxor.
Hæc sanctè ut poscas, Tiberino in gurgite mergis
Mane caput bis, terque, et noctem flumine purgas.
Heus age, responde, minimum est quod scire laboro:
De Jove quid sentis? estne, ut præponere cures
Hunc, cuinam? cuinam? vis Staio? an scilicet hæres,
Quis potior judex, puerisve quis aptior orbis?
But when the guilty soul throws off disguise,
Then whisper'd prayers, and mutter'd vows arise.
" O in his grave were my old uncle laid,
" And at his tomb funereal honours paid!
" O Hercules, when next I rake the soil,
" With a rich treasure recompence my toil!
" Or might I, Gods, to my young ward succeed,
" Urge on his fate, nor Heaven condemn the deed;
" The sickly child already seems to pine,
" And bile and ulcer hasten his decline.
" Three times hath Hymen's torch for Nerius burn'd,
" Three times hath he to widowhood return'd."
And now, fanatic wretch, to purge your soul,
Plunge where the sacred waves of Tiber roll;
To them each morn the night's foul stains convey,
And in their waters wash your crimes away.
To one plain question honestly reply:
What are your thoughts of him who rules the sky?
As all our judgments rest on what we know,
And good is still comparative below;
Is there a man whom ev'n as Jove you prize,
Like him believe beneficent and wise?
What, are you doubtful? such may Staius be?
Who is the juster judge, or Jove or he?
But let me ask, to Staius did you say
One half of what you utter when you pray,
Would he not from you with abhorrence turn,
And you and all your bribes indignant spurn?
Hoc igitur, quo tu Jovis aurem impellere tentas,
Dic agedum Staio: pro Jupiter ô bone, clamet.
Jupiter! at sese non clamet Jupiter ipse?
Ignovisse putas, quia cum tonat, ocyus ilex
Sulfure discutitur sacro, quami tuque, domusque?
An quia non fibris ovium, Ergennaque jubente,
Triste jaces lucis, evitandumque bidental,
Idcirco stolidam praebet tibi vellere barbam
Jupiter? aut quidnam est, qua tu mercede Deorum
Emeris auriculas? pulmone, et lactibus unctis?
Ecce avia, aut metuens divum matertera, cunis
Exemit puerum, frontemque, atque uda labella
Infami digito, et lustralibus ante salivis
Expiat, uarentes oculos inhibere perita.
Tunc manibus quatit, et spem macram supplice voto
Nunc Licini in campos, nunc Crassi mittit in ædes.
Hunc optent generum rex et regina: puellæ
But do you hope, that Jove will lend an ear
To prayers, which Staius would refuse to hear?
Do you believe that Heaven at you connived,
Because its lightnings flew, and you survived:
Because o'er you the thunder harmless broke,
While the red vengeance struck the blasted oak?
Do you conclude that you may mock your God,
Because his mercy still hath spared the rod;
Because no silent grove's unhallow'd gloom
By mortals shunn'd hath yet conceal'd your tomb,
Where, in last expiation of the dead,
The augur worshipp'd, and the victim bled?
What are the bribes with which Jove's ear you win,
Excusing guilt, and palliating sin?
Will prayer do this? will vows your pardon gain?
While entrails smoke, and fatted lambs are slain?
Lo, from his cradle, all his parents' joy,
The superstitious grandam lifts the boy;
Well skill'd the lines of destiny to trace,
She bathes his eyes, with spittle daubs his face,
Lays the mid-finger on his little brow,
Extends her hands, and meditates the vow.
In her quick thought Licinius quits his fields,
And wealthy Crassus his possessions yields.
"Let every bliss, sweet child of hope, be thine,
"Bright stars beam on thee, and mild planets shine.
"Let rival monarchs bow to thee the head,
"And queens design thee for their daughters' bed.
Hunc rapiant: quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat.
Ast ego nutrici non mando vota: negato
Jupiter hæc illi, quamvis te albata rogarit.
Poscis opem nervis, corpusque fidele senectæ:
Esto, age: sed grandes patinæ, tucetaque crassa
Annuere his superos vetuère, Jovemque morantur.
Rem struere exoptas cæso bove, Mercuriumque
Arcessis fibra: da fortunare penates,
Da pecus, et gregibus fœtum, quo, pessime, pacto,
Tot tibi in flammis junicum omenta liquescant?
Et tamen hic extis, et opimo vincere ferto
Intendit: jam crescit ager, jam crescit ovile,
Jam dabitur, jamjam: donec deceptus, et exspes
Nequicquam fundo suspiret nummus in imo.
Si tibi crateras argenti, incusaque pingui
Auro dona feram, sudes, et pectore lævo
Excutias guttas, lætari prætrepidum cor:
Hinc illud subiit, auro sacras quòd ovato
Pérducis facies, nam fratres inter ahenos,
"To thee their charms may blooming nymphs expose,
And still thy footsteps press the springing rose."
May never nurse with drawling canting whine,
Invoke such blessings on a child of mine!
But if she should, good Jove, the infant spare,
Though robed in white she shall prefer her prayer!
You ask strong nerves, age that is fresh and hale:
'Tis well; go on. But how shall you prevail?
For were great Jove himself to give his nod,
Your feasts and revels would defeat the god.
You sigh for wealth, the frequent ox is slain,
And bribes are offer'd to the god of gain.
For flocks and herds to household gods you cry;
Why then, you fool, do daily victims die?
Yet does this man the wearied gods assail,
And thinks by dint of offerings to prevail:
Now 'tis the field, and now the fold which teems,
Hope rests on hope, and schemes are built on schemes;
Until at length, deserted and alone,
In the deep chest the last sad farthing groan.
If to you e'er a present richly wrought,
If silver cups and golden gifts I brought,
Your eager hand would grasp at the decoy,
And your light heart would dance with hope and joy.
Hence, to the shrine with splendid bribes you run,
In triumph carried, but by rapine won.
And now each brazen brother's power you know,
In bringing fortune, and averting woe.
Somnia pituita qui purgatissima mittunt,
Præcipui sunt, sitque illis aurea barba.
Aurum, vasa Numæ, Saturniaque impulit æra,
Vestalesque urnas, et Tuscum fictile mutat.
O curvæ in terris animæ, et coelestium inanes!
Quid juvat hoc, templis nostros inmittere mores,
Et bona dies ex hac scelerata ducere pulpa?
Hæc sibi corrupto casiam dissolvit olivo:
Et Calabrum coxit vitiato murice vellus:
Hæc baccam conchæ rasisse, et stringere venas
Ferventis massæ crudo de pulvere jussit.
Peccat et hæc, peccat: vitio tamen utitur: at vos
Dicite pontifices, in sancto quid facit aurum?
Nempe hoc, quod Veneri donatæ à virgine puppæ.
Quin damus id superis, de magna quod dare lance
Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago:
He, who hath promised most, is most revered,
And wears, in proof of skill, a golden beard.
Now gold hath banish'd Numa's simple vase,
And the plain brass of Saturn's frugal days.
Now do we see to precious goblets turn
The Tuscan pitcher, and the vestal urn.
O grovelling souls, which still to earth incline,
From mortal nature judging of divine!
Must man's corruption to the skies be spread,
And godhead be by human passions led?
'Tis sense, gross sense, which clouds our mental sight,
And wraps the soul of man in moral night.
This for mistaken grandeur bids us toil;
This steeps the cassia in the tainted oil;
This makes the fleece its native white forego,
With costly dyes and purple hues to glow:
This seeks the pearl upon the rocky shore,
And strains the metal from the fusing ore:
This still by vice obtains its secret ends,
And this to earth the abject spirit bends.
But you, ye ministers of Heaven, declare,
What gold avails in sacrifice and prayer.
Not more than dolls upon the altar laid,
To Venus offer'd by the full grown maid.
Let me give that, which wealth cannot bestow,
The pomp of riches, nor the glare of show;
Let me give that, which from their golden pot
Messala's proud and bleary-eyed race could not:
Compositum jus fasque animo, sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto?
Hæc cedo ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo.
To the just Gods let me present a mind,
Which civil and religious duties bind,
A guileless heart, which no dark secrets knows,
But with the generous love of virtue glows.
Such be the presents, such the gifts I make,
With them I sacrifice a wheaten cake.
THE

SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE III.
SATIRA III.

v. 1—9.

Nempe hæc assidue. Jam 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 Jamdudum coquit, et patula pecus omne sub ulmo est.
Unus ait comitum: verumne? itane? ocyus adsit Huc aliquis, nemon'? turgescit vitrea bilis:
Findor: ut Arcadiae pecuaria rudere credas.
SATIRE III.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND DISCIPLE; OR,

THE REPROACH OF IDLENESS.

v. i—16.

What, always thus? Now in full blaze of day
Sol mounts the skies, and shoots a downward ray;
Breaks on your darken'd chamber's lengthen'd night,
And pours thro' narrow chinks long streams of light:
Yet still subdued by sleep's oppressive power,
You slumber, heedless of the passing hour;
Of strong Falerian dissipate the fumes,
And snore unconscious, while the day consumes.
See the hot sun through reddening Leo roll,
The raging dog-star fire the glowing pole;
The yellow harvest waving o'er the plain,
The reapers bending o'er the golden grain;—
Beneath the spreading elm the cattle laid,
And panting flocks recumbent in the shade.
"Is it indeed so late?" the sluggard cries.
"Who waits? here, slaves! be quick—I wish to rise."
Jam liber, et bicolor positis membrana capillis,
Inque manus chartæ, nodosaque venit arundo.
Tunc queritur, crassus calamo quod pendeat humor.
Nigra quod infusa vanescat sepia lympha;
Dilutas queritur gemitet quod fistula guttas.
O miser; inque dies ultra miser, huccine rerum
Venimus? at cur non potius, teneroque columbo,
Et similis regum pueris, pappare minutum
Poscis, et iratus mammæ lallare recusas?
An tali studeam calamo? cui verba? quid istas
Succinis ambages? tibi luditur: effluis amens.
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.
Quid metuas? cultrixque foci secura patella est.
Hoc satis? an deceat pulmonem rumpere ventis,
Stemmate quod Tusco ramum millesime ducis,
At length, to study see the youth proceed,
Charged with his book, his parchment, and his reed,
But now he finds the ink too black to write;
And now, diluted, it escapes the sight:
Now it is made too thick, and now too thin,
And now it sinks too deeply in the skin:
The pen writes double, and the point, too wide,
O'er the smooth vellum pours the sable tide.
O wretch, whose habits into vices grow,
Whose life accumulates the means of woe!
Dismiss the scholar, be again the boy,
Replace the rattle, reassume the toy;
Repose in quiet on your nurse's lap,
Pleased by her lullaby, and feed on pap.
Who is deceived; for whom are spread these lures?
Is the misfortune mine, or is it yours,
That you refuse to listen to the truth,
And waste in idleness the hours of youth?
Of shame sure victim when that youth is pass'd,
And sorrow mingles in your cup at last.
Yet art thou young, and yet thy pliant mind
Yields to the gale, and bends with every wind;
Seize then this sunny, but this fleeting hour,
To nurse and cultivate the tender flower.
Art thou of riches and of titles vain,
A splendid equipage, a pompous train?
Or dost thou boast a Tuscan race as thine,
A great, an ancient, and an honour'd line?
Censoremne tuum vel quod trabeate salutas?
Ad populum phaleras: ego te intus, et in cute novi.
Non pudet ad morem discincti vivere Nattæ?
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, sævos punire tyrannos
Haud alia ratione velis, cum dira libido
Moverit ingenium ferventi tincta veneno,
Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictæ.
Anne magis Siculi gemuerunt æra juvenci,
Et magis auratis pendens laquearibus ensis
Purpureas subter cervices terruit, Imus,
Imus præcipites, quàm si sibi dicat, et intus
Palleat infelix, quod proxima nesciat uxor?
Does it suffice, the purple round thee thrown,
To hail the Roman Censor as thine own?
Vain honours all—how little are the proud,
Ev'n when their pomp imposes on the crowd!
I know thee well; and hast thou then no shame,
That thy loose life and Natta's are the same?
But he, to virtue lost, knows not its price,
Fattens in sloth, and stupifies in vice:
Sunk in the gulf, immersed in guilt he lies,
Has not the power, nor yet the will to rise.
Great Sire of Gods, let not thy thunder fall
On princes, when their crimes for vengeance call;
But let remembrance punish guilty kings,
And conscience wound with all her thousand stings;
Let Truth's fair form confess'd before them rise;
And Virtue stand reveal'd to mortal eyes,
Astonish tyrants by her placid mien,
And teach them, dying, what they might have been.
Does he feel keener pangs, acuter pains,
Whom, doom'd to death, the brazen bull contains?
Was he more cursed, who, mock'd with regal state,
Around his throne saw slaves and courtiers wait,
While from the roof, suspended by a thread,
The pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head:
Than he, who cries, while rushing on his doom,
"I go, headlong, I go, nor fear the tomb:"
—Who from his bosom dares not lift the veil,
Shudders in thought, and at himself grows pale.
Sæpe oculos, memini, tanglebam parvus olivo,
Grandia si nollem morituri verba Catonis
Dicere, non sano multum laudanda magistro,
Quæ pater adductis sudans audiret amicis.
Jure: etenim id summum, quid dexter senio ferret
Scire, erat in voto: damnosa canicula quantum
Raderet, angustæ collo non fallier orcae:
Neu quis callidior buxum torquere flagello.
Haud tibi inexpertum curvos deprehendere mores,
Quæque docet sapiens bracchatis inlita Medis
Porticus insomnis, quibus et detonsa juventus
Invigilat, siliquis, et grandi pasta polenta.
Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit littera ramos,
Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem.
Stertis adhuc? laxumque caput compage soluta
Oscitat hesternum dissutis undique malis?
Est aliquid quò tendis, et in quod dirigis arcum?
An passim sequeris corvos, testaque, lutoque,
Securus quò pes ferat, atque ex tempore vivis?
Helleborum frustra, cum jam cutis ægra tumebit,
Trusting to none the secrets of his life,
Not ev'n confiding in his weeping wife?
Oft, when a boy, unwilling still to toil,
To shun my task, I smear'd my face with oil,
Great Cato's dying speech neglected lay,
And all my better thoughts to sport gave way;
With anxious friends my partial father came,
And sweating saw his son exposed to shame.
Alas, no pleasure then in books I knew,
But still with dextrous hand the dice I threw.
None with more art the rattling box could shake;
None reckon'd better on the envied stake;
None was more skill'd, along the level ground,
To drive the whirling top in endless round.
But you, what arts, what pleasures can entice,
To wander in the thorny paths of vice;
You, who so lately from the porch have brought
The godlike precepts, which great Zeno taught;
You, who in schools of rigid virtue bred,
On simple fare with frugal sages fed,
Where watchful youth their silent vigils keep,
And midnight studies still encroach on sleep;
You, who have listen'd to instruction's voice,
And with the Samian sage have made your choice;
Are you content to lose life's early day,
Or pass existence in a dream away?
Ah, thoughtless youth, ere yet the fell disease
Blanch your pale cheek, and on its victim seize,
Poscentes videas: venienti occurrite morbo.
Et quid opus Cratero magnos promittere montes?
Discite ô miser, et causas cognoscite rerum,
Quid sumus, et quidnam victuri gignimur, ordo
Quis datus, aut metae quàm mollis flexus, et unde:
Quis modus argento, quid fas optare, quid asper
Utile nummus habet: patriæ, carisque propinquus
Quantum elargiri deceat: quem te Deus esse
Jussit, et humana qua parte locatus es in re.
Disce: nec invides, quod multa fidelia putet
In locuplete penu, defensis pinguibus Umbris,
Et piper, et pernae, Marsi monumenta clientis:
Mænaque quod prima nondum defecerit orca
Heic aliquis de gente hircosa centurionum
Dicat, Quod sapio, satis est mihi: non ego curo
Esse quod Arcesilas, ærumnosique Solones,
Obstipo capite, et figentes lumine terram,
Murmura cum secum, et rabiosa silentia rodunt,
Apply the remedy, nor idly wait
Till hope be fled, and medicine come too late!
Contemplate well this theatre of man;
Observe the drama, and its moral plan;
Study of things the causes and the ends;
Whence is our being, and to what it tends;
Of fortune's gifts appreciate the worth;
And mark how good and evil mix on earth:
Observe what stands as relative to you,
What to your country, parents, friends, is due.
Consider God as boundless matter's soul,
Yourself a part of the stupendous whole;
Think that existence has an endless reign,
Yourself a link in the eternal chain.
Weigh these things well, and envy not the stores
Which clients bring from Umbria's fruitful shores;
Forego, without regret, the noisy bar,
Its din, its wrangling, its unceasing war;
Forsake that place where justice has a price,
And may be bought for fish, or ham, or spice.
But here, perhaps, some blustering son of Mars,
Will treat my doctrine as an idle farce.—
"What," doth he cry, "do I not know enough,
"That I must listen to this learned stuff?"
"I do not wish to be esteem'd a sage,
"Nor to be held the Solon of my age.
"I hate the dull philosopher who sits,
"Pores o'er his book, and talks and thinks by fits;
Atque exporrecto trutinantur verba labello,
Ægrotoi veteris meditantes somnia, gigni
De nihilo nihilum, in nihilum nil posse reverti.
Hoc est, quod palles: cur quis non prandeat, hoc est.
His populus ridet, multumque torosa juventus
Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.
Inspice: nescio quid trepidat mihi pectus, et ægris
Faucibus exsuperat gravis halitus, inspice sodes,
Qui dicit medico; jussus requiescere, postquam
Tertia compositas vidit nox currere venas,
De majore domo modicè sitiente lagena
Lenia loturo sibi Surrentina rogavit.
Heus bone, tu palles. Nihil est. Videas tamen istud,
Quicquid id est: surgit tacitè tibi lutea pellis.
At tu deterius palles: ne sis mihi tutor:
Turgidus hic epulis, atque albo ventre, lavatur,
Gutture sulphureas lente exhalante mephites.
"Whose crazy head with metaphysics teems,
"Who deeply ruminates on sick men's dreams,
"Who holds, that nothing is from nothing brought;
"And then again, that nought returns to nought.
"And is it this, which racks that head of thine?
"Is it for this, that thou hast fail'd to dine?"

Now roars the laugh, and now the noisy crowd
Of listening fools, delighted, shouts aloud.

Some one there was, who finding strength to fail,
His body meagre, and his visage pale,
For the physician sent, and told his case,
And show'd health's roses faded on his face.
Three days' repose the fever's force restrains,
And cools the current boiling in his veins.
Once more desirous for the world to live,
And taste of all the joys which it can give;
He quits his bed, prepares to bathe, and dine,
And quaff the juice of the Surrentin vine.
"How wan, how sallow!" the physician cries;
"Ah, but 'tis nothing now," the sick replies:
"Nothing, my friend; the dire prognosis shows
"Disease, productive of a thousand woes."
"Nay, pr'ythee, peace—I do not ask thine aid;
"My guardian in his grave long since was laid."
The doctor goes—the sick man's body swells,
And water gathers in a thousand cells:
His breath, sulphureous, taints the vernal gale,
And airs mephitic from his lungs exhale;
Sed tremor inter vina subit, calidumque triental
Excutit è manibus: dentes crepuere retecti.
Uncata cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris.
Hinc tuba, candelaæ: tandemque beatulus alto
Compositus lecto, crassisque lutatus amomis,
In portam rigidos calces extendit: at illum
Hesterni capite induto subiere Quirites.
Tange miser venas, et pone in pectore dextram,
Nil calet hic, summosque pedes attinge, manusque,
Non frigent, visa est forte pecunia, sive
Candida vicini subrisit molle puella,
Cor tibi rite salit? positum est algente catino
Durum olus, et populi cribro decussa farina.
Tentemus fauces: tenero latet ulcus in ore
Putre, quod haud deceat plebeia radere beta.
Alges, cum excussit membris timor albus aristas:
Nunc face supposta fervescit sanguis, et ira
Scintillant oculi: dicisque, facisque, quod ipse
Non sani esse hominis, non sanus juret Orestes.
At length unlook'd for death the wretch appals,
And from his hand the lifted goblet falls.
The trumpets sound, funereal torches glow,
Announcing far the mockery of woe.
On the state bed, the stiffen'd corse is laid,
And all the honours due to death are paid;
O'er the sad relics new made Romans mourn,
And place the ashes in the silent urn.

"Thy well told tale does not to me apply,
No fever rages, and no pulse beats high.
Lay thine hand here; my heart no throbbing knows,
And health for me uninterrupted flows."

Methinks thou mayst a few exceptions make.
Did loss of gold ne'er cause thine heart to ake?
Does not a fever rage whene'er, by chance,
A fond maid's soul is pictured in her glance?
Say, dost thou sit contented at the board,
Which just a cake and cabbage can afford?
Come, try thy mouth—hah—there's an ulcer there,
Too tender to be touch'd by such coarse fare.
Thou hast an ague, when heart-chilling Fear
Bristles thine hair, and whispers danger near:
And Madness, horrid fiend, is nigh at hand,
When raging Anger hurls his flaming brand;
And thou dost rave in such a frantic strain,
As mad Orestes would pronounce insane?
THE

SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE IV.
SATIRA IV.

V. I—12.

Rem populi tractas? barbatum hæc crede magistrum
Dicere, sorbitio tollit quem dira cicitæ.
Quo fretus? dic hoc magni pupille Pericli.
Scilicet ingenium, et rerum prudentia velox
Ante pilos venit: dicenda, tacendaque calles.
Ergo ubi commota fervet plebecula bile,
Fert animus calidæ fecisse silentia turbæ
Majestate manus: quid deinde loquère? Quiritès,
Hoc, puto, non justum est, illud male, rectius illud.
Scis etenim justum gemina suspendere lance
Ancipitis libræ: rectum discernis, ubi inter
Curva subit, vel cum fallit pede regula varo:
SATIRE IV.

v. 1—20.

Imagine that divine Athenian sage
(At once the shame and honour of his age)
Who, by the malice of his foes belied,
A victim to their rage, by hemlock died,
In scoffing language to have thus address'd
That beardless youth whom Athens once caress'd.
"Art thou a statesman? wouldst thou hold the helm?
And rule like Pericles the subject realm?
Does sense mature, ere life has reach'd its noon?
Does thy young judgment bring forth fruit so soon?
Ere yet the down has gather'd on thy cheek,
Art thou instructed how, and when, to speak?
Canst thou the tumult's mingled roar restrain,
Silence command, nor wave the hand in vain;
On public good the public mind enlight,
And lift the torch of truth where all is night?
No doubt, thou canst in thy experience trust,
Say what is right, and point out what is just;
No doubt, thy way thou always canst discern,
And men and manners thou hast not to learn:
Et potis es nigrum vitio præfigere theta.
Quin tu igitur summa nequicquam pelle decorus
Ante diem blando caudam jactare popello
Desinis, Anticyras melior sorbere meracas?
Quæ tibi summa boni est? uncta vixisse patella
Semper et assiduo curata cuticula sole.
Expecta: haud aliud respondeat hæc anus. I nunc.
Dinomaches ego sum, suffla, sum candidus. Esto:
Dum ne deterius sapiat pannucea Baucis,
Cum bene distincto cantaverit ocyma vernæ.
Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo:
Sed præcedenti spectatur mantica tergo.
Quæsieris. Nostrin' Vectidi prædia? cujus?
Dives arat Curibus quantum non milvus oberret:
Hunc ais? hunc diis iratis, genioque sinistro:
Qui quandoque jugum pertusa ad compita figit,
Seriolæ veterem metuens deradere limum,
Thou holdest virtue at its proper price;
Fixing thy stigma on the brow of vice.
But therefore cease, at every public place,
To show the beauties of thy form and face.
From all these idle practices refrain,
And take to hellebore to clear thy brain.
What have thy pleasures been? what is thy care?
A sumptuous table, and luxurious fare;
Of thy fine skin the whiteness to display,
Preserved untann'd amidst the blaze of day.
But for thy mind;—old Baucis at her stall,
Who ne'er did aught but beets and cabbage bawl,
Knows just as much—might place, as well as thou,
The statesman's laurel on her wrinkled brow.
None looks at home; none seeks himself to know
(The only knowledge undesired below).
But each intent regards his neighbour's mind,
Sees other's faults, and to his own is blind.
That man thou blamest; (him, whose lands extend
Far as a kite its longest course can bend;)
And him thou wouldst consign to every woe
Which gods award, or wretched mortals know;
Because he grudges annual presents due
To frugal Pales and her rustic crew;
Gives to his wearied hinds a scanty meal,
And dines himself upon an onion peel.
Lo, at thine elbow an accuser stands,
Who thy dark deed with foul opprobrium brands;
Ingemit, Hoc bene sit: tunicatum cum sale mordens
Cæpe: et farrata pueris plaudentibus olla,
Pannosam fæcem morientis sorbet aceti?
At si unctus cesses, et figas in cute solem,
Est prope te ignotus, cubito qui tangat, et acre
Despuat in mores: penemque arcanaque lumbi
Runcantem, populo marcentes pandere vulvas.
Tu cum maxillis balanatum gausape pectas,
Inguinibus quare detonsus gurgulio exstat?
Quinque palæstritæ licet hæc plantaria vellant,
Elixasque nates labefactent forcipe adunca,
Non tamen ista filix ullo mansuescit aratro.
Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.
That deed, which covers even Vice with shame,
While outraged Nature reddens at the name.

[How truly fair was bounteous Nature's plan!
How wisely suited to the state of man!
For him her hand had traced a flowery way;
Mild was her reign, and gentle was her sway:
But fury passions, owning no control,
Seized on her empire, and usurp'd the soul.

Then simple Nature charm'd mankind no more,
Her pleasures vanish'd, and her power was o'er:
Then, undistinguish'd, crowded on the view
The smiling forms her magic pencil drew:
Her hand then clothed the naked woods in vain,
Or threw the flowery mantle o'er the plain,
Gave form and order to the world below,
And show'd the source whence thought and being flow.

Unmark'd we see succeeding seasons roll,
Revolving stars illume the glowing pole;
Unmark'd behold the glorious sun arise,
Tinging with purple light the orient skies;
Unmark'd the spring, on wings of zephyrs borne,
Hangs the wild rose upon the scented thorn;
Unmark'd the cluster bends the curling vine;
Unmark'd the tempest rocks the mountain pine.

All-powerful habit the enchantment breaks;
While wonder sleeps, attention scarcely wakes,
Each soft indulgence blunts the edge of joy;
And every pleasure has, or finds alloy.
Vivitur hoc pacto: sic novimus. Ilia subter
Cæcum vulnus habes: sed lato balteus auro
Prætegit: ut mavis, da verba, et decipe nervos,
Si potes. Egregium cum me vicinia dicat,
Non credam? Viso si palles improbe nummo,
Si facis, in penem quicquid tibi venit amarum,
Si Puteal multa cautas vibice flagellas:
Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris aures.
Respue quod non es: tollat sua munera cerdo:
Tecum habita: noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.
Unhappy man takes passion for his guide,
And sighs for bliss to sated sense denied;
Untamed desires impel the vicious mind,
To God, to Virtue, and to Nature blind.]
But dost thou hope thy crimes shall rest unknown,
Hid by the splendour of thy golden zone?
Think not that rigid Virtue frames her laws
In vile compliance with a mob's applause.
If o'er his lusts the wretch cannot prevail,
But in the sordid search of wealth grows pale;
If to our scorn he can himself expose,
In drunken riot at the midnight shows;
Not all the splendour of a noble name
Shall hide the folly, or conceal the shame.
Look at thyself, examine well thy mind,
To pride, to sloth, to luxury, resign'd;
Vicious, yet weak, and arrogant, yet mean,
Retire, unequal to this troubled scene;
Live not of power the tyrant and the fool,
Nor scourge that empire which thou canst not rule."
THE

SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE V.
SATIRAE V.

AD ANNÆUM CORNUTUM, CJUS FUIT AUDITOR.

V. I—I4.

VATIBUS hic mos est, centum sibi poscere voces,
Centum ora et linguas optare in carmina centum:
Fabula seu moesto ponatur hianda tragœdo,
Vulnera seu Parthi ducentis ab inguine ferrum.
Quorum hæc? aut quantas robusti carminis offas
Ingeris, ut par sit centeno gutture niti?
Grande locuturi, nebulas Helicone legunto:
Si quibus aut Prognes, aut si quibus olla Thyestæ
Fervebit, sæpe insulso cœnanda Glyconi.
Tu neque anhelanti, coquitur dum massa camino,
Folle premis ventos; nec clauso murmuræ raucus
Nescio quid tecum grave cornicaris inepte,
Nec stloppo tumidas intendis rumpere buccas.
Verba togæ sequeris, junctura callidus acri,
SATIRE V.

PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS.

V. I—16.

PERSIUS.

Poets, whene'er they sing, do still invite
An hundred tongues to utter what they write:
Whether the tragic Muse the tale rehearse,
Or deeds in arms be told in epic verse.

C. But wherefore thus? for what bombast of thine
Must all these hundred tongues in concert join?
Let him for sounding words and fustian seek,
Who loves on themes of import high to speak;
Who all his sense in lofty language shrouds,
And gropes on Helicon amidst the clouds.
If such there be, who loving things obscure,
Horrors delight, and Progne's feasts allure;
Who sit well pleased where Glyco is the guest,
And share the banquet for Thyestes dress'd;
It is not thine to brood o'er dark designs,
Or utterance give to empty sounding lines.
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores
Doctus, et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.
Hinc trahe quæ dicas: mensasque relinque Mycenis
Cum capite et pedibus: plebeiaque prandia noris.
Non equidem hoc studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.
Secreti loquimur: tibi nunc hortante Camena
Excutienda damus præcordia: quantaque nostræ
Pars tua sit Cornute animæ, tibi dulcis amice
Ostendisse juvat: pulsa, dignoscere cautos
Quid solidum crepet, et pictæ tectoria linguae.
His ego centenas ausim deselecte voces:
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,
Bullaque succinctis Laribus donata pependit:
Cum blandi comites, totaque impune Suburra
Permisit sparsisse oculos jam candidus umbo:
Cumque iter ambiguum est, et vitæ nescius error
But thee the Muses and the arts engage,
Well taught to lash the vices of the age;
Skill'd in smooth words keen satire to convey,
And faults to censure, whilst thou seem'st in play;
Hence know thy task, let Atreus feast prepare,
Rest thou contented with plebeian fare.

P. 'Tis true, on lofty themes I seldom dwel,
Nor love with empty sounds my verse to swell.
But now, my gentle friend, while thus the hours,
While even the inspiring Muse herself is ours,
Let me my heart unfold, and there disclose
The generous love which for Cornutus glows.

An hundred voices now I dare to ask,
For praising thee becomes thy poet's task:
Nor think these words a flattering Muse has sung;
They fall not varnish'd from a faithless tongue:
They leave my bosom to thy view reveal'd,
And own the secret which it long conceal'd.

When first, a timid youth, I knew the town,
Exchanged the purple for the virile gown,
The golden bulla from my neck unstrung,
The sacred bauble by the Lares hung,
From harsh restraint the first enlargement knew,
And crowds of parasites around me drew;
When the white shield, by youthful warriors worn,
Through all the streets of Rome by me was borne;
When too the martial dress forbade reproof,
And kept each friendly monitor aloof:
Diducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes,
Me tibi supposui: teneros tu suscipis annos
Socrático Cornute sinu: tunc fallere sollers
Apposita intortos extendit regula mores:
Et premitur ratione animus, vincique laborat,
Artificemque tuo ducit sub pollice vultum.
Tecum etenim longos inemini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes.
Unum opus, et reuiciem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.
Non equidem hoc dubites, amboruin fœedere certo
Consentire dies, et ab uno sidere duci.
Nostra vel æquali suspendit tempora Libra
Parca tenax veri, seu nata fidelibus hora
Dividit in Geminos concordia fata duorum:
Saturnumque gravem nostro Jove frangimus una.
Nescio quod, certe est quod me tibi temperat, astrum.
Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus:
At that green age, when error most beguiles,
And Vice puts on her most seductive smiles,
Allures from Virtue unsuspecting youth,
And teaches Folly to abandon truth;
To thee, Cornutus, I myself resign'd,
To thee entrusted my uncultured mind.
Thy gentle bosom, O Socratic sage,
Proved the best refuge to my tender age:
Train'd by thy hand, and moulded by thy will,
I was thy scholar and companion still;
With thee I saw the summer sun arise,
With thee beheld him gild the evening skies:
Well pleased from feasts the twilight hours to steal,
And share with thee a philosophic meal.
On us, my friend, like fortune still awaits,
And stars consenting have conjoin'd our fates.
Whether by chance our lives were both begun,
When equal Libra had received the sun;
Whether our lots the Twins between them share,
And those, who love like them, have made their care;
Whether malignant Saturn's clouded hour
Was cross'd for us, by Jove's prevailing power;
The stars I know not, which do thus combine
To regulate my destiny by thine.
Of men and manners there are various kinds,
And life seems still to alter with our minds;
By turns the picture renovates and fades,
Its colours shifting to a thousand shades:
Velle suum cuique est, nec voto vivitur uno.
Mercibus hic Italis mutat sub sole recenti
Rugosum piper, et pallentis grana cumini:
Hic satur, irriguo mavult turgescere somno:
Hic campo indulget: hunc alea decoquit: ille
In Venerem putret: sed cum lapidosa chiragra
Fregerit articulos veteris ramalia fagi,
Tunc crassos transisse dies, lucemque palustrem,
Et sibi jam seri vitam ingemuere relictam.
At te nocturnis juvat impallescere chartis.
Cultor enim es juvenum: purgatas inseris aures
Fruge Cleanthea: petite hinc juvenesque senesque
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.
No single passion rules mankind alone,  
But each has one peculiarly his own.  
His Tuscan wares, on India's burning shores,  
The merchant barters for her spicy stores.  
Here, one in drunken stupor loves to lie;  
Here, one prefers the chase, and one the die.  
Another here, indulging sensual joys,  
His health for Venus wantonly destroys;  
But when, at length, in all his aking bones  
The racking gout creates the chalky stones,  
When all his limbs distorted by disease,  
Like knotted branches of misshapen trees,  
Proclaim old age and sorrow come too soon,  
An early evening, and a clouded noon;  
The pallid victim, at himself aghast,  
Mourns when too late enjoyments that are past.  
Thee it delights, by the nocturnal oil,  
In learning's fair and fruitful fields to toil;  
To scatter round thy Cleanthean corn,  
And youthful minds to polish and adorn.  
Lay up, ye youth, and ye with age grown grey,  
Some mental stores ere nature feel decay;  
Propose some purpose to the active mind,  
Ere yet your setting sun be quite declined;  
Ere yet you reach that last unhappy state,  
Where life stands trembling on the brink of fate;  
When all the prospects of this world are o'er,  
Pleasures delight, and hope deceives no more.
Cras hoc fiat. Idem cras fiat, quid? quasi magnum
Nempe diem donas, sed cum lux altera venit,
Jam cras hesternum consumsimus: ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno
Vertentem sese, frustra sectabere canthum,
Cum rota posterior curras, et in axe secundo.
Libertate opus est: non hac, ut quisque Velinâ
Publius emeruit scabiosum tesserula far
Possidet. Heu steriles veri, quibus una Quiritem
Vertigo facit: hic Dama est non tressis agaso,
Vappa, et lippus, et in tenui farragine mendax.
Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
Marcas Dama, papæ! Marco spondente recusas
Credere tu nummos? Marco sub judice palles?
"To-morrow we shall choose another way."
To-morrow passes like the former day.
"Ah, but to-morrow something shall be done,
"We wait impatient for to-morrow's sun."
But still another day is like the last;
The hour of promised change already past.
See, while the victor's chariot gains the goal,
The rapid wheels on glowing axles roll;
Their circling orbs impell'd with equal force,
With equal swiftness trace each other's course;
The hinder pair pursue the first in vain,
Their distance keep, but no advantage gain:
So flying Time is follow'd close by you,
He still escaping, while you still pursue.
Let us speak out. 'Tis liberty we need:
Not such as wretches vaunt, from bondage freed:
Not such as every Publius may obtain,
Who takes his quota of divided grain,
Who dares the rights of citizen to claim,
And fix a proud praenomen to his name.
Besotted race! is thus a Roman made?
By this one turn are all his rights convey'd?
Here Dama stands, a worthless stupid slave,
A bleary-ey'd villain, and a cheating knave:
But let his master turn this varlet round,
And Marcus Dama is a Roman found.
Marcus is bound: your money do you grudge?
You need not fear, 'tis Marcus sits as judge.
Marcus dixit: ita est, adsigna Marce tabellas.
Hæc mera libertas, hoc nobis pilea donant.
An quisquam est alius liber, nisi ducere vitam
Cui licet, ut voluit? licet, ut volo, vivere: non sim
Liberior Bruto? Mendose colligis, inquit
Stoicus hic, aurem mordaci lotus aceto.
Hoc (reliquum accipio), licet illud, et, ut volo,
tolle,
Vindicta, postquam meas à prætore recessi,
Cur mihi non liceat jussit quodcunque voluntas,
Excepto si quid Masuri rubrica vetavit?
Disce: sed ira cadat naso, rugosaque sanna,
Dum veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.
Non prætoris erat stultis dare tenuia rerum
Officia, atque usum rapidae permittere vitae.
Sambucam citius caloni aptaveris alto.
Stat contra ratio, et secretam garrit in aurem,
Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiabit agendo.
Publica lex hominum, naturaque continet hoc fas,
Marcus said thus.—Nay, then the thing is true.
Marcus, the will must first be sign'd by you.
O sacred Liberty! O name profaned!
Are thus thine honours, and thy rights obtain'd?
No, 'tis not wealth which lifts the soul to thee,
Nor yet thy cap, which makes the wearer free!
"My pleasure is my law, by that I go.
"What greater freedom did your Brutus know?"
Ah, falsely urged, the indignant Stoic cries,
(Who thinks the truly free to be the wise).
"E'er since the prætor's wand hath changed my doom,
"And made the slave the citizen of Rome,
"My will alone my passions have obey'd,
"Save where my country and its laws forbade."
Listen; but lay that haughty frown aside,
That sneer, produced by prejudice and pride;
Whilst from thy breast those noxious weeds I tear,
Which fools have sown, and thou hast nurtured there.
'Tis not the prætor, nor the prætor's wand,
Which o'er itself can give the mind command,
Which can instruct the unreflecting fool
The stormy passions of his soul to rule;
To fix the lifted eye on things sublime,
While his swift bark glides down the stream of time.
The clown shall sooner catch the poet's fire,
And touch with skilful hand the tuneful lyre.
Reason condemns the unavailing toil,
Which fondly cultivates a sterile soil;
Ut teneat vetitos inscitia debilis actus.

Diluis helleborum certo compescere puncto
Nescius examen: vetat hoc natura medendi,
Navem si poscat sibi peronatus arator
Luciferi rudis, exclamet Melicerta perisse
Frontem de rebus. Tibi recto vivere talo
Ars dedit? et veri speciem dignoscere calles,
Ne qua subærato mendoam tinniat auro?
Quæque sequenda forent, quæque evitanda vicissim,
Illa prius creta, mox hæc carbone notasti?
Es modicus voti, presso lare, dulcis amicis:
Jam nunc astringas, jam nunc granaria laxes:
Inque luto fixum possis transcenderè nummum:
Nec glutto sorbere salvam Mercurialem?
Hæc mea sunt, teneo, cum vere dixeris, esto
Liberque, ac sapiens, prætoribus, ac Jove dextro,
Sin tu, cum fueris nostræ paulo ante farinæ,
Pelliculam veterem retines, et fronte politus
Astutam vapido servas sub pectore vulpem:
Quæ dederam supra repeto, funemque reduco.
Nil tibi concessit ratio, digitum exere, peccas:
Forbids the effort where, through want of skill,
The end proposed rests unaccomplish'd still.
The laws of nature and of man declare,
That ignorance from action should forbear.
'Tis not for you the medicine to compose,
To mix the hellebore, a dangerous dose;
The grains to weigh, the healing art to try,
Who know not when the balance hangs awry.
If, quitting all the labours of the plain,
The hind should launch his vessel on the main;
Indignant Nereids through the deep would cry,
That shame had left the earth, and sought the sky.
Has art instructed thee to reason well?
Its semblance, from the truth, at once to tell?
On fleeting things to set their proper price,
And mark the bounds of virtue and of vice?
Dost thou know when to save, and when to spend,
A prudent master, but a generous friend?
Canst thou unmoved another's wealth behold,
The treasure view, nor sigh to gain the gold?—
When virtues, such as these, belong to thee,
Then let propitious Jove ordain thee free.
But if beneath a new and glossy skin,
The same envenom'd serpent lurk within;
If still thy passions do their power retain,
I must retract, and call thee slave again.
Imperious reason holds despotic rule,
And even his slightest actions mark the fool.
Et quid tam parvum est? sed nullo thure litabis,
Hæreat in stultis brevis ut semuncia recti.
Hæc miscere nefas: nec cum sis cætera fossor,
Treas tantum ad numeros satyri moveare Bathylli.
Liber ego, unde datum hoc sumis tot subdite rebus?
An dominum ignoras, nisi quem vindicta relaxat?
I puer, et strigiles Crispini ad balnea defer.
Si increpuit, Cessas nugator? servitium acre.
Te nihil impellit: nec quicquam extrinsecus intrat,
Quod nervos agitet, sed si intus, et in jecore ægro
Nascantur domini, qui tu impunitior exis,
Atque hic, quem ad strigiles scutica, et metus egit herilis?
Mane piger stertis: Surge, inquit Avaritia; eja
Et quid agam? Rogitas? saperdas advehe Ponto,
Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa:
Tolle recens primus piper e sitiente cameló.
Varo, regustatum digitó terebrare salinum
Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.
Jam pueris pellem succinctus, et oenophorum aptas
Ocyus ad navem: nihil obstat, quin trabe vasta
In vain for him whole clouds of incense rise,  
In vain he wishes to be counted wise.  
The clown shall sooner, when soft music plays,  
By nimble motion catch the people's gaze,  
With young Bathyllus in the group advance,  
And lead, like him, the Graces in the dance.  
Imagine not, while passions keep their sway,  
That you no master but yourself obey.  
What though you've knelt beneath the prætor's wand,  
And in your turn submissive slaves command:  
Are there not tyrants which usurp your soul,  
Divide your bosom, and your will control?  
But hark, a voice;—'tis Avarice that cries,  
"The day advances fast, for shame, arise."  
Back on his bed the drowsy sluggard falls;  
Again he sleeps, again his tyrant calls.  
"Arise, I say, arise." But what to do?  
"Wealth through the world at every risk pursue.  
"Bring luscious wines from Coa's fruitful shores;  
"Transport from Asia half its vaunted stores;  
"Dare the wild wastes of Afric's sterile soil:  
"Thy camels load with Oriental spoil;  
"Defraud, deceive, make money if you can,  
"Nor think that Jove will disapprove the plan:  
"He who on earth for heaven alone shall live,  
"Will know full soon how much the gods can give."  
Awhile the voice of Avarice prevails;  
Already in your thoughts you spread the sails;
Ægeæum rapias, nisi sollers luxuria ante
Seductum moneat: Quò deinde insane ruis? quò?
Quid tibi vis? calido sub pectore mascula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ.
Tun'mare transilias? tibi torta cannabe fulto
Coena sit in transtro, Vejentanumque rubellum
Exhalet vapida læsum pice sessilis obba?
Quid petis? ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto
Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces?
Indulge genio, carpemus 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
Ancipiti obsequio dominos; alternus obberes.
Nec tu, cum obstiteris semel instantique negaris
Parere imperio, Rupi jam vincula, dicas.
Nam et luctata canis nodum abripit: attamen illi
Cum fugit, à collo trahitur pars longa catenæ.
Dave, cito, hoc credas jubeo, finire dolores
Præteritos meditor: (crudum Chærestratus unguem
Abrodens ait hæc) An siccis dedecus obstem
Cognatis? an rem patriam rumore sinistro
The famed Egean in your mind explore,
And brave the stormy Euxine's barbarous shore.
But still as on your downy bed you lie,
You hear the voice of Luxury reply.
"Whither, O madman, whither wouldst thou run;
Across what seas, beneath what sultry sun?
Is then thy bile so hot, as to require
Whole urns of hemlock to assuage the fire;
A sparing supper canst thou stoop to eat,
Bad wine thy beverage, and a rope thy seat:
And this, to add a trifle to thy store,
And swell the sum, which was enough before?
Ah think, vain schemer, how the moments fly;
The instant now observed is time gone by.
Seize then the hour; thy way with roses strew;
Thy days make happy, for they must be few.
Enjoy the world ere yet oblivion be,
And dust and ashes all that rest of thee."
Thus in their turns your masters you obey,
Pursue now one, and now another way.
Between two baits have liberty to choose,
That you may take, and that you may refuse.
But think not long your freedom to retain;
The dog broke loose still drags the galling chain.
Who has not heard the lover in the play,
In frenzy raving, to his servant say?—
"Shall I then, Davus, long my parents' care,
Waste all the wealth of which they made me heir;
Limen ad obscöenum frangam, dum Chrysidis udas
 Ebrius ante fores extincta cum face canto?
 Euge puer, sapias: diis depellentibus agnam
 Percute. Sed censen', plorabit Dave relictà?
 Nugaris: solea, puer, objurgabere rubra,
 Ne trepidare velis, atque artos rodere casses.
 Nunc ferus, et violens: at si vocet, Haud mora, dicas,
 Quidnam igitur faciam? ne nunc, cum accersat, et ultro
 Supplicet, accedam? Si totus et integer illinc
 Exieras, nec nunc, hic hic, quem quærìmus, hic est:
 Non in festuca, lictor quam jactat ineptus.
 Jus habet ille sui palpo quem ducit hiantem
 Cretata ambitio? Vigila, et cicer ingere large
 Rixanti populo, nostra ut Floralia possint
 Aprici meminisse senes; quid pulchrius? at cum
 Herodis venere dies, unctaque fenestra
 Dispositæ pinguem nebulam vomuere lucernæ
 Portantes violas, rubrumque amplexa catinum
 Cauda natat thynni, tumet alba fidelia vino:
 Labra moves tacitus, recutitaque sabbata palles.
“For Chryses, live the shame of all my race,
“By them consider’d as their worst disgrace?
“Shall I on her with midnight music wait,
“And hold late revels at a harlot’s gate?”
“Spoke like yourself;” cries Davus, “haste, and kill
“A lambkin to the gods averting ill.
“But should she weep?” “And dost thou tremble, boy,
“Lest her correcting slipper she employ?”
He who commands himself, is only free.
If any wear not chains, this—this—is he.
His freedom comes not through the prætor’s hand,
Nor owes its being to a lictor’s wand.
Are those men free, who wear the chalky gown,
Canvass the mob, and struggle for renown,
That future gossips, basking in the sun,
May tell what feats at Flora’s feasts were done?
But now the troubled times of tumult past,
The reign of Superstition comes at last.
The fatted calf, the milk white heifer slay,
And feasts prepare for Herod’s natal day.
Let colour’d lamps from every window beam,
Fat clouds of incense rise in oily steam,
Bright censers burn with flowery garlands crown’d,
And blooming violets breathe odours round.
Let hungry Jews at your rich banquets sup,
And wines luxuriant sparkle in their cup.
In whispers mutter the mysterious prayer,
And tremble at the rites yourselves prepare.
Tunc nigri lemures, ovoque pericula rupto:
Hinc grandes Galli, et cum sistro lusca sacerdos,
Incussere deos inflantes corpora, si non
Prædictum ter mane caput gustaveris allî.
Dixeris hæc inter varicosos centuriones,
Continuo crassum ridet Vulfenius ingens,
Et centum Græcos curto centusse licetur.
Now fancied evils fill you with affright,
Omens by day, and visions in the night:
Cybebe's shrines you visit with her priests,
Behold their orgies, and partake their feasts.
While the blind priestess incantations makes,
And o'er your heads the sounding sistrum shakes;
With direful omens all your souls alarms,
And guards you round with amulets and charms.
Now should you teach this doctrine to the crowd,
Some military fool would laugh aloud,
At a clipp'd farthing all the sages prize,
Whom Athens valued, and whom Greece thought wise.
THE

SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE VI.
SATIRA VI.

AD CÆSIUM BASSUM.

V. I—IO.

A. d m o v i t j a m b r u m a f o c o t e, Basse, Sabino?
Jamne lyra, et tetrico vivunt tibì pectine chordæ?
Mire opifex numeris veterum primordia rerum,
Atque marem strepitem fidis intendisse Latinæ,
Mox juvenes agitare jocos, et pollice honesto
Egregios lusisse senes? mihi nunc Ligus ora
Intepet, hybernatque meum mare, qua latus ingens
Dant scopuli, et multa littus se valle receptat.
Lunai portum est operæ cognoscere cives.
Cor jubet hoc Enni, postquam destertuit esse
SATIRE VI.

ADDRESS TO CÆSIUS BASSUS.

V. I—16.

Hath the stern aspect of the winter sky
Compell'd thee, Bassus, yet from Rome to fly;
From crowded streets and temples to retire,
In Sabine solitudes to string the lyre?
Dost thou, O wondrous artist, now rehearse,
In all the majesty of Latin verse,
How from the first great Cause existence sprung,
While brooding night o'er inert matter hung?
Or is gay youth delighted by thy page,
Or does thy sprightly satire rally age?
For me, I seek, while distant tempests roar,
A warm retirement on Liguria's shore,
Where circling rocks an ample valley form,
And Luna's port lies shelter'd from the storm.
Thy Muse, O Ennius, sung this tranquil scene,
This sea cærulean, and this sky serene.
Mæonides, Quintus pavone ex Pythagoreo.
Heic ego securus vulgi, et quid præparet Auster
Infelix pecori: securus, et angulus ille
Vicini, nostro quia pinguior: et si adeo omnes
Ditescant orti pejoribus, usque recusem
Curvus ob id minui senio, aut coenare sine uncto,
Et signum in vapida naso tetigisse lagena.
Discrepet his alius. Geminios horoscope varo
Producis genio. Solis natalibus, est qui
Tigat olus siccum muria vafer in calice empta,
Ipse sacrum inrorans patinæ piper: hic bona dente
Grandia magnanimus peragit puer: utar ego, utar?
Nec rhombos ideo libertis ponere laetus,
Nec teneum sollers turdarum nosse salivam.
Messe tenus propria vive: et granaria (fas est)
Thy spirit now, its earthly labours o'er,
Lives in thy verse, and transmigrates no more.
No tumults here disturb my peaceful life,
No loud declaimers bent on public strife.
Unheedful too of winter's rage I sleep,
Though Auster threaten, and Aquarius weep.
I view my neighbour's fields, nor yet repine
That his estate will soon be double mine:
Though in his wealth I see the upstart roll,
Yet purest wine still sparkles in my bowl;
Though he grow rich, yet I content can sup;
Nor hate nor envy mingles in my cup.
To different men were different lots assign'd,
And fate still separates, whom planets join'd;
In life opposed, though at their natal hour
The Twins ascendant shed their mutual power.
Here one, on festal day, prepares to dine,
Dips the dried olive in the salted brine;
Picks up the crumb, which must not go to waste,
And sprinkles pepper on the mouldy paste.
Another here, no fears of want appal,
Spendthrift of treasures, prodigal of all.
For me, I spend the sum I can afford.
And modest plenty crowns my humble board.
As corn abounds, so measure out your grain,
Nor let vain fears your liberal hand restrain.
If now but just enough the granary yields,
The future harvest ripens on the fields.
Emole, quid metuas? occa: et seges altera in herba est.
Ast vocat officium: trabe rupta, Bruttia saxa
Prendit amicus inops: remque omnem, surdaque vota
Condidit Ionio: jacet ipse in littore, et una
Ingentes de puppe Dei: jamque obvia mergis
Costa ratis lacerae: nunc et de cespite vivo
Frange aliquid: largire inopi, ne pictus oberret
Cærulea in tabula. Sed coenam funeris heres
Negliget, iratus quod rem curtaveris: urnae
Ossa inodora dabit: seu spirent cinnama surdum,
Seu ceraso peccent casiae nescire paratus.
Tune bona incolmis minuas? et Bestius urget
Doctores Graios. Ita fit, postquam sapere urbi
Cum pipere, et palmis venit nostrum hoc maris expers,
Fœnisècae crasso vitiarunt unguine pultes.
With friends, you cry, your wealth you must divide,
For them, when fortune frowns, you must provide.
Lo, where one stands, wreck'd on the Bruttian coast,
His prayers unheeded, and his treasures lost.
Far floating on the surge, you may discern
The broken rudder and the painted stern;
His guardian gods are toss'd by angry waves,
His brethren buried in their watery graves.
Unlock your stores, put forth your saving hand,
Nor let your kinsman wander on the strand:
To passing strangers tell his tale of woe,
And the blue picture of his shipwreck show.
Thus urged, you cry that your unfeeling heir
Will blame the deed, and curse your generous care;
No honours due shall at your grave be paid,
No prayers shall bless, no rites shall soothe your shade:
No crowd of mourners shall attend your tomb,
No torches burn, no cassia round it bloom.
How long shall we, indignant Bestius cries,
Adopt the customs conquer'd Greece supplies?
These funeral honours render'd at the tomb,
Are strange to Italy, are new to Rome.
Time was, he adds, when foreign climes unknown,
Our speech was simple, and our style our own;
Our frugal fare, the produce of the soil,
Required no dates, no pepper, and no oil.
Now through all ranks luxurious pleasures spread,
And Vice unblushing stands in Virtue's stead:
Hæc cinere ulteriore metuas! at tu, meus heres
Quisquis eris, paulum à turba seductior audi:
O bone num ignoras? missa est à Cæsare laurus
Insignem ob cladem Germanæ pubis, et aris
Frigidus excutitur cinis: ac jam postibus arma,
Jam chlamydes regum, jam lutea gausapa captis,
Essedaque, ingentesque locat Cæsonia Rhenos:
Diis igitur, genioque ducis centum paria, ob res
Egregie gestas, induco: quis vetat? aude.
Væ, nisi connives, Oleum, artocreasque popello
Largior: an prohibes? dic clare: Non adeo, inquis,
Exossatus ager juxta est. Age, si mihi nulla
Jam reliqua ex amitis, patruelis nulla, proneptis
Nulla manet patrui, sterilis matertera vixit,
Deque avia nihilum superest: accedo Bovillas,
Clivumque ad Virbi: præsto est mihi Manius heres.
Progenies terræ? quaere ex me, quis mihi quartus
Rome's warlike Genius, humbled in the dust,
His laurel soil'd, his armour stain'd with rust,
Walks in her train, assumes her spotted robe,
And sheathes that sword which had subdued the globe.
In silken cords his palsied hands are bound,
His reverend head with folly's cap is crown'd;
With him the sons of revelry advance,
And Bacchants sing, and Satyrs round him dance.
O thou, my heir, whoe'er thou art, attend;
Trust not to me, nor on my wealth depend.
Lo, Cæsar triumphs on Germania's plains,
And binds her hardy sons with Roman chains;
Cæsonia shows the trophies won in war,
The regal mantle, and the gilded car:
Exulting Rome bids all her altars blaze,
Through all her streets proclaims the victor's praise.
Shall I not then, to join the festive joy,
Unlock my coffers, and my wealth employ?
Two hundred gladiators straight I'll pay,
To grace the shows, and celebrate the day.
Who blames my conduct? Do you mutter still?
Another word, and I have changed my will.
Away, away, I soon shall find an heir,
Though my own stock no kindred plant should bear;
I'll seek Bovillæ, to Aricia go,
And on poor Manius all my wealth bestow.
"What, on a peasant, born of humble birth,
"A wretch obscure, the progeny of earth?"
Sit pater: haud prompte, dicam tamen, adde etiam unum,
Unum etiam, terrae est jam filius; et mihi ritu
Manius hic generis prope major avunculus exit.
Qui prior es, cur me in decursu lampada poscas?
Sum tibi Mercurius: venio deus huc ego, ut ille
Pingitur: an renuis? vin tu gaudere relictis?
Deest aliquid summæ: minui mihi: sed tibi totum est,
Quicquid id est. Ubi sit, fuge querere, quod mihi
quondam
Legarat Tadius: neu dicta repone paterna:
Fœnoris accedat merces: hinc exime sumptus:
Quid reliquum est? reliquum? nunc nunc impensius
unge,
Unge puer caules. Mihi festa luce coquatur
Urtica, et fissa fumosum sinciput aure:
Ut tuus iste nepos olim satur anseris extis,
Cum morosa vago singultiet inguine vena,
Patriciæ immeiat vulvae? mihi trama figuræ
Sit reliqua; ast illi tremat omento popa venter?
Vende animam lucro, mercare, atque excute solers
Omne latus mundi; ne sit præstantior alter,
'Tis even so; and thus I trace his line,  
And find his origin the same with mine.  
Ah! think, my friend, while you impatient wait,  
And grieve that my last hour should come so late;  
Think, after you in life's career I ran,  
And last should finish, what I last began.  
Your eyes no more their wonted fire disclose,  
From your pale cheek is fled health's living rose:  
Fled too the morn of life, its balmy dews,  
Its purple light, and all its orient hues:  
Can you then hope my funeral pile to raise,  
To place the urn, or bid the torches blaze?  
But if, by chance, you lay me in the grave,  
Enjoy my stores, nor ask what Tadius gave.  
Nor let me now those selfish precepts hear  
Which misers whisper in a spendthrift's ear.  
Shall I, in times when mirth and freedom reign,  
The joyful voice of merriment restrain;  
Check the gay spirits kindling with delight,  
When social pleasures flow, and friends invite;  
On herbs, and cheek of hog, content to dine,  
That you may own the wealth which now is mine?  
Here, pour the oil, nor spare the spices, boy:  
Time flies apace, we must the world enjoy;  
Nor hoard for others, who shall spend our store,  
When life and all its joys are ours no more.  
Go, miser, go, in avarice grown old,  
Raise heaps on heaps, increase the mass of gold:
Cappadocas rigida pingues plausisse catasta.
Rem duplica. Feci: jam triplex: jam mihi quartò,
Jam decies redit in rugam. Depinge, ubi sistam.
Inventus, Chrysippe, tui finitor acervi.
Go, dare the storms and terrors of the main;
Brave hunger, thirst, and pawn your soul for gain:
As interest bids, be sure to buy or sell;
Still as you hoard, the mighty heap shall swell:
Now twice, now thrice the sum it was before;
Now it is five; now it is ten times more:

O good Chrysippus, you who sagely found
Limits to number, and to space a bound,
Instruct me here, and your assistance lend,
That to this growing wealth I find an end.
NOTES UPON PERSIUS.
NOTES.

SATIRE 1.

Ver. 1, O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!

The Author may be supposed to have commenced a satire upon the idle vanities of the world, when his friend interrupts him, by asking him, who would read so grave a piece of morality. Casaubon has had the dexterity to find out, that Persius meant to be facetious in this line. He hath omitted none of those things, says the commentator, quæ satiricum cachinnum possunt movere. But it seems, he not only sneered, but conveyed in these few words much recondite wisdom. Vides, continues Casaubon, quam apto, quam philosophico, quam τεχνων principi utatur Persius?
Ver. 4. — Ne mibi Polydamas, &c.

By Polydamas et Troides, Persius is generally supposed to have meant Nero and his courtiers. But was not Polydamas an illustrious character?

'Oι μην οἷς Εὐσφυγίστοι παί, καὶ ΑΜΤΜΟΝΙ Πελυδαμαῖς.

Iliad. μ.

Labeo was a minion of Nero's, who had translated the Iliad.


Longinus remarks the difficulty of guarding against the bombast in writing; and observes that authors are naturally led to seek what is grand; but in avoiding dryness and feebleness, they become turgid, and vainly console themselves, with the reflection, that if they err, it is in attempting what is great and noble. 'Ολως δ' εἰσιν εἰνα τὸ οἴδειν εν τοῖς μαλισκα δυσφυλαχθολον φυσι γὰρ απαθεῖς οἱ μεγεθος εφιμενοι; φευγομεν ἄσθενειας καὶ ἐπιβιβαζομενοι καλάγωναν, καὶ ἓνθ' ὅπως, ἐπὶ τῆς ὑποφερουσας, πειραμενοι τω, Μεγαλως απολισθαίνειν

Ἀμαθῆς εὐγενεῖς.

Ver. 20. Ingentes trepidare Titos, &c.

The praenomen Titus was frequent among the Roman nobility. The praenomen was never taken by a roturier. See notes to Sat. v.
NOTES TO SATIRE I.

Ver. 28. — digito monstrari, &c.

The Greek expresses this action by a single word, δακτυλοδεικτεῖσθαι.

Ver. 35. Eliquat, et tenero supplantat, &c.

Verbisque sonat plorabile quiddam
Ultra nequitiam fractis—eliquat.

CLAUDIAN.

Eliquare signifies to liquidate, and here figuratively, to speak in a plaintive tone.

Supplantare et subnervare, are, as Casaubon observes, verba palestræ. Supplantare verba—estropier les mots.

Ver. 42. — et cedro digna locutus.

'Η κεδρος ἀναρέλικην ποιεὶ τῶν σκωλῆκων τὴν κεδρεάν.

Athan.

Ver. 43. Linguere nec scombros metuentia carmina nec thus.

Id est, to leave no books which shall be in danger of being used as waste paper in the shops.

Ver. 47. — neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.

I am not, says Persius, a man of so much apathy as to be quite insensible to praise—I only think it necessary to deserve it, in order truly to enjoy it.
Ver. 50. — Non hic est Ilias Acci

Hellebore was taken by persons professing the art of divination, who probably drank it, in order to exhilarate their spirits, and to work themselves up to a proper pitch of phrenzy for acting their parts. The expression of Persius then means, that the Iliad of Accius, was turgid and declamatory, and was destitute of all real poetical merit.

The hellebore, which was known in Italy by the name of veratrums, was of two sorts, the black and the white. The latter of these was, as Pliny assures us, much the stronger. It is only when speaking of the external appearance of these two sorts, that Theophrastus says — τῶ χρώματi μονον διαφέρων.

It appears from several authors, and among others from Pliny, that before any serious application to study, the ancients used to prepare themselves by taking a large dose of hellebore. The idlers of the present day would not be the more reconciled to the labours of the mind by such a diarrhetic discipline of the body.

Ver. 57. — calve

Casaubon says, pinguis aqualicus, quia, ut ex aquali funditur aqua, sic ab illa parte urina. It is very true, that aqualicus is often used for venter. But here Per-
sius probably alludes to those dropsical habits incurred by indolence, luxury, gluttony, and inebriety. The sense is, "you are an old fool to write verses, when, from the size of your paunch, it is evident that you have thought much more of indulging your appetite, than of cultivating your mind."

Ver. 70. *Nugari solitos Græce, &c.*

The fashion is again revived; and we have bald-heads in this country, who employ themselves in strumming modern airs on the untuned lyre of Pindar, and in adapting English strains to the pipe of Theocritus.

Ver. 72. — *et fumosa Palilia, &c.*

The *Palilia* were rural feasts observed in honour of Pales. Varro.

Ver. 76. — *venosus liber Acci.*

*Venosus* stands here for *asper, durus, horridus*. See the Thesaurus of *R. Stephanus*.

Ver. 77. *Sunt quos Pacuviusque, et verrucosa movetur Antiopa, &c.*

Pacuvius was the author of the tragedy of Antiopa—*verrucosa*, literally, full of warts, is put here figuratively to express the rugged style, in which this tragedy was written.
NOTES TO SATIRE I.

Ver. 78. — *aerumnis cor *luctificabile* fulta.
We may here exclaim with Longinus, *ov* τραγινα ἡ ταίσα ἀλλα παραληγωδα.

Ver. 85. — *crimina rasis* Librat in antithesis, &c.
When Longinus says ἐκαὶ δὲ παντομον, ὅσ φυσι ποσ συμμαχει το ὑφα τα σχηματα και παλι αλισυμμα-
χαλι ταυμας υπ' αυλα—it is evident he means, when
the figures are well chosen and properly introduced.

Ver. 87. — *an Romule ceves ?*
This is a happy stroke of satire, which can hardly be
put in English with the force and brevity of the original.

Ver. 89. — *cantas cum fracta, &c.* See Sat. vi. v. 32.

Ver. 93. — *Berecynthius Attin.*
What Osiris was to the Egyptians, Attin was to the
Phrygians; with this difference, indeed, that the worship
of Attin was celebrated with rites, whose monstrous ex-
cesses had no example even in the East. See Arnobius.

Ver. 99. — *Torva Mimalloneis, &c.*
Joseph Scaliger having remarked the following words
in the Nero of Dio, ἐκ Ταρωδους τον Αττινα και Βαικας,
it has been admitted by most of the commentators, who
have since written upon Persius, that he has here introduced some verses of the Emperor's. But if the author of the life of Persius say truly, that Cornutus altered one of the verses of his pupil, *ne hoc Nero in se dictum arbitraretur*; can it be imagined, that he would have suffered the tyrant's vanity to have been affronted by this public ridicule, by this unconcealed mockery of his talents as a poet? The cautious preceptor would hardly have failed to have repressed the vivacity of his pupil in this instance, as well as in the other. Let us rather believe then, that the poet's allusions to Nero were not quite so plain, as has been imagined; unless we should be inclined to consider the fragment ascribed to Probus as a forgery.

*Ver. 104.* — *summa delumbe saliva*

*Hoc natat in labris: et in udo est Mænas et Attin.*

This passage is not without difficulty. The word *delumbe* is here used substantively, and signifies feebleness or debility. Casaubon, in explaining the words, *et in udo est Mænas et Attin*, says, *et coria et multa alia aquæ immersa et modefacta robur suum ac ῥονον priorem amittunt: suntque languida et mollia. Ex eo dixit poeta in udo esse ύππα τινα molle, femineum atque enervatum neque ullo partum labore.*

This explanation does not appear to me quite satisfactory. When a foolish, or hasty thing was uttered, it was said, *in ore nasei non inpectore.* See Aulus Gellius,
L. i. c. 15. and Quintilian has the expression *verba in labris nascentia*.

But these foolish productions, of which Persius here speaks, might be said, not only *in ore nasci*; *sed etiam summa saliva natura*. They were written not only without reflection, and composed without judgment; but they were to the last degree superficial and trifling.

The passage may then be paraphrased as follows:

*_Haec fient si quid in Romanis pristini roboris maneret?*_

*Vere ha ineptiae aniles nascuntur in ore non in pectore,*

*natantque summa saliva, ut super undas feruntur folia stramina, et alia leviora. Nunc nihil modestè est, nihil studiosè, nihil compositè dictum; et (si isto modo intelligere sensum Persii forsan placeat lectori) Nero hanc corruptionem nomine ejus, exemploque firmat.*

*Ver. 107.* — *mordaci radere vero.*

Cicero has *mordax homo*; and Quintilian uses an expression similar to our author's. The Italian translator of Persius has copied this passage closely, if not elegantly.

*Ma che ti cal con verità mordace*

*Andar radendo delicate orecchie.*

*Ver. 109.* — *sonat hic de nare canina*

*Litera.*

*Hic—id est, in liminibus Neronis et procerum, sonare litera dicitur, cum irritatus aliquis minas funditat:*
proprie in canibus herringtibus locum habet: non incommode
hæc verba possent tribui: cum autem hic fuerit, in tuis
verbis mi monitor: sensus erit, intelligo quid velis; peri-
culum enim præsens denuntias, si propositio permansero:
priorem interpretationem jure aliquis praferat. Casaubon.

Ver. 113. Pinge duos angues.

Vetere Gentiles serpentes appinxere ad conciliandum
locu sacro reverentiam, quos mystæ suos interpretabantur,
quemadmodum Christiani crucem appingunt.

Laurentius de variis Sacris Gentilium.

Ver. 115 — et genuinum fregit in illis.

Casaubon says, in illis, by enallage for in vobis. I
see no difficulty in understanding the passage, as it
stands.

Ver. 133. Si Cynico barbam, &c.

This line puts me in mind of a remark of Helvetius,
which in the course of their experience probably most
men of letters, who mix in the world, will find true.
"Le Philosophe qui vivra avec des petits maîtres sera le
ridicule et l'imbecille de leur société. Il s'y vera joué
par le plus mauvais bouffon, dont les plus fades quolibets
passeront pour d'excellents mots; car le succès des
plaisanteries depend moins de la finesse d'esprit de leur
auteur, que de son attention à ne ridiculiser que les
idées désagréables à sa société. Il en des plaisanteries
comme des ouvrages de parti—elles sont toujours admirées de la cabale.

*Ver. 134.* *His mane editum, &c.*

*Editum* stands here for *editum ludorum*—a kind of playbill, which was written by the magistrate, who presided at the public shows. This sense of the word *editum* has escaped Casaubon; nor is it noticed by R. Stephanus. But it seems to have the authority of Seneca in the following passage. *Nemo qui parturienti filiæ obstetricem accersit, editum et ludorum ordinem perlegit.*

Nero frequently presided at the games, when the Romans were accustomed to see him seated

_εν τῷ Βασιλείῳ ήθῳ._

and arrayed

*In tunica Jovis, et pictæ Sarrana ferentem Ex humeris aulae togae._

Concerning the latter part of this verse the reader will see that I agree with Casaubon; and that from his opinion I was induced to give the turn I have done to my version. *Callirhoeo voce hic (nomen id scorti quondam celeberrimi) universa voluptuariorum studia atque occupatione σωφρονειως intelliguntur.* Those, who shall read this note of Casaubon's, will judge from this example, if a literal translation of Persius would be intelligible to an English reader.
NOTES TO SATIRE II.

SATIRE II.

Ver. 1. Hunc Macrine, &c. This Macrinus was not Minutius Macrinus Brixianus, mentioned by Pliny, but Plotius Macrinus, a learned man, and, as it appears, the friend of Persius.

Ver. 2. Qui tibi labentes, &c.

It was a fashion (probably not very general) among the Romans, to cast every day into an urn stones of various colours, as the person performing this ceremony was fortunate or unfortunate: when the day was lucky, and fortune was propitious, the stone was white.

This custom appears to have been derived from the Thracians. Vana mortalitas, et ad circumscribendum se ipsam, ingeniosa, computat more Thraciae gentis; quae calculos colore distinctos pro experimento cujusque diei in urnam condit, ac suprema die separatos dinnumerat, atque ita de quoque pronuntiat. Plin. L. vii. c. 40.

Ver. 3. Funde merum Genio.—

Genio est Deus cujus in tutela, ut quisque natus est, vivit. Censorinus de Die Natali, c. 3.

The Polytheist ranked among the number of his gods the Genius whom he supposed to have presided at his
nativity; upon each anniversary of which he raised altars to this tutelary deity, crowned them with flowers, and burned incense upon them. The joyful day was also celebrated by his servants being freed from labour, and by plentiful libations of wine being poured forth to the health of the master, and in honour of his Genius.

—*cras genium mero*

*Curabis, et porco bimestri,*

*Cum famulis operum solutis.*

HOR.

—— *venit natalis ad aras,*

*Quisquis ades lingua vir mulierque fare;*

*Urantur pia thura facis, urantur odores,*

*Quos tener e terra divite mittit Arabs.—*

*Ipsa suos Genius adsit visurus honores,*

*Cui decorant sanctas mollia serta comas.*

*Ilius puro distillent tempora nardo,*

*Atque satur libo sit, maedatque mero.*

TIBUL. L. ii. El. 2.

It was also the custom to send presents upon the natal day in ancient times:

*Sicci terga suis, rara pendentia crate,*

*Moris erat quondam festis servare diebus,*

*Et natalitium cognatis ponere lardum*

*Accedente nova, si quam dabat hostia, carne.*

JUV. Sat. xi.

Laurentius (in his learned treatise *de variiis Sacris Gen-
NOTES TO SATIRE II.

Natalium) is mistaken, when he says, Natale sacrum Genio factum sine victima sed cum thure et mero. The reader of these notes will remember, how Juvenal commences his twelfth satire:

\[ \text{Natali, Corvine, die mihi dulcior hæc lux,} \\
\text{Qua festus promissa Deis ANIMALIA cespes;} \\
\text{Expectat.} \]

\textit{Ver. 14.} — \textit{Nerio jam tertia ducitur uxor.}

In the way in which I have rendered \textit{ducitur}, I have followed the opinion of Casaubon, and of Stephanus. Some of the old copies erroneously have it \textit{conditur}.

\textit{Ver. 15.} — \textit{Tiberino in gurgite mergis}

\textit{Mane caput bis, terque} — —

Servius informs us that there were three modes of purification among the ancients, \textit{aut tæda sulphure et igne, aut aqua, aut aere.} It, however, appears from abundance of testimonies, that other lustrations were in use.

Lustrations by water were frequent among the ancients. Even in the lesser mysteries of Eleusis the symbolical purification of the soul, by ablutions of the body, was not dispensed with. \( \text{Taula μὴν ἐκ συνέθυλο πρὸ τοῦ Ίλισσου, καὶ τὸν καθάρμεν τελῶσι τοῖς ελατήσι μυστριοῖς.} \)

It also appears from Hesychius, that of two streams which flowed by Eleusis, one, which ran to the sea, was consecrated to Ceres, and another, which ran towards
the city, was consecrated to Proserpine: Ο特朗, adds he, τοῖς λαξροῖς ἀγνῗζοθαι τες Ἐιασες.

.Ver. 26. An, quia non fibris orium, Ergennaque ju-bente,

Triste jaces lucis, evitandumque bidental.

Appellat (Persius) bidental ipsum fulguritum, poetica licentia: nam vulgo ita vocabant locum cui religio propter talem casum accesserat, qui in medio extincti cadaver habe-bat: quid in eo bidentibus sacrificarent, inquit Festus: ergo ut Lucilius carcerem appellavit hominem dignum car-cere, vel qui sapius carcerem habitaverat: sic Persius bidental hominem cui mortuo bidental est factum loco con-secrato, et circumsepto, atque altari adjecto. Casaubon. Ergenna was probably some ancient soothsayer, whose name stands here for the general appellation of augur.

It was part of the duty of the priests among the an-cients, to decide where dead bodies should be interred; and it was likewise their office to expiate by lustration and sacrifice those places, which had been struck with lightning. Persius does not inform us, if any mark served to warn strangers not to approach the tomb of the person killed by the thunderbolt. Seneca indeed mentions, that the ancient Romans built altars upon those spots which had thus been made the scenes of the vengeance of heaven. But after all, it may be asked, if there was any sign upon the altar, which showed that it was a place which might not be approached? was
there any thing in the form of the tomb, or in the sculpture of the altar, which indicated that the traveller must turn aside? The place of interment being a grove, was not remarkable or extraordinary.

Among the ancients a learned writer has mentioned it to have been very common to bury the dead in groves: quia ibi Lares viales, animæ heroum et piorum habitare dicuntur.

The custom of erecting monuments to the memory of the dead seems indeed to have been of the earliest antiquity. The Jews distinguished the repository of their dead by a monument, which they called ור. Kimchi observes, that it was formed either of one stone, or of many piled together—

According to R. Maimonides tsiuw was the same with nephash. "They do not," says the Talmud, "make nepashoth for the just; their words preserve their memory."

Ver. 30. — pulmone et lactibus unctis.

The satire conveyed in these words is strong. Is it by offering sacrifices, (the poet asks) that you gain the favour of heaven? And then, what sacrifices? the lungs and entrails of animals, which you cannot eat yourselves,
you lay upon the altars of the gods. Juvenal imitates, and improves the irony of this passage:

Ut tamen et poscas aliquid, voveasque sacellis,
Exta, et candiduli divina tomacula porci. Sat. x.

*Ver. 31.* — aut metuens divum matertera, &c.
It may be conjectured, that there were females, whose business it was to perform that lustration, to which the poet alludes. In this case, the prophetess taking the child from its mother, was termed *matertera*, i. e. *mater altera*.

*Ver. 32.* — fronsemque, atque uda labella
Infami digito, et lustralibus ante salivis.
Dryden translates this,

"Then in the spawl her middle finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips;
Pretending force of magic to prevent
By virtue of her nasty excrement."

This would indeed have been a very nasty sort of lustration. That, to which Persius alludes, was dirty enough of all conscience. The spittle was mixed with dust, and then rubbed upon the forehead. The middle finger (which among the ancients expressed a great deal according to the position in which it was held) was employed to administer this charm. Thus Petronius; *Mox turbatum sputo pulverem anus, medio sustulit digito,*
frontemque repugnantis signat. I extract the following words from Brissonius. At Beda referit morem in ecclesia inolevisse scriptum reliquit, ut sacerdotes illius his, quos percipiendis baptismi sacramentis prepararent, prius inter cetera consecratis exordia de saliva oris sui nares tangerent, et aures, dicentes ephata, &c.

Ver. 35. Tunc manibus quatit, &c.
This ceremony had a very ancient and illustrious example; and these lines will naturally recur to the recollection of the learned reader.

Ἀλὰξ ὅν ὦν φίλον ὤν ἐπει κυσε θῆλε τε Χερσυν,
Εἰτεν ἐπευχάμενος Διί, τ' ἀλοισίν τε Θεοῖσ. ΙΙιαδ. ζ.

Spem macram for infantem tenellum.

Ver. 36. Nunc Licini in campos, &c.
This was probably Licinius Stolo, who, according to Livy, was condemned to pay a fine by Popilius Lena, for possessing together with his son, more land than was permitted by the law which he himself had made. Some have supposed that the person meant here, was Licinus, and not Licinius. Licinus was a freedman of Augustus, and possessed great riches. The immense wealth of Crassus is expatiated upon by Plutarch. The word mittit here is borrowed from a law phrase; and the old woman is ludicrously represented as putting the child in possession of houses and estates in the same language,
which was employed by the Prætor, when he adjudged what was due to the right owner.

Ver. 40. — Color autem (says Tully) albus pre-

tipue decorus Deo est, &c.

In the mysteries of Isis and of Ceres the priests were
robbed in white. Nec ulla lina eis candore mollitiaue præ-
ferenda, says Pliny, speaking of garments made of cot-
ton: vestes inde (adds he) sacerdotibus Ægypti gratissimae. Apuleius affords a yet stronger testimony. Tunc influ-
unt turba sacris divinis initiatae viri, fœminaque omnis
dignitatis, et omnis ætatis, lintea vestis candore puro lu-
minosi. Ovid says, speaking of the festivals of Ceres,

Festa piaæ Cereri celebrabant annua matres
Illa, quibus nivea velatae corpora veste, &c.

Met. L. x.

again, in his Fasti;

Alba decent Cererem, vestes Cerealibus albas
Sumite, nunc pulli vellaris usus abest.

The custom of wearing white garments was also
common among the Druids and the priests of Gaul. Plin. L. xvi. c. 43.

Ver. 42. — tucetaque crassa.

Tucetum was originally a word taken from the lan-
guage of the Gauls. See the Thesaurus of R. Ste-
phanus.
Ver. 48. ——— et opimo vincere ferto.
Casaubon rightly prefers this reading to et opimo vincere ferto.

Ver. 56. ——— nam fratres inter ahenos.
Persius is here supposed by most of his commentators to mean fifty brazen statues of the sons of Ægyptus, which stood in the porch of Apollo's temple. These statues were consulted as oracles.

Ver. 58. ——— sitque illis aurea barba.
Videntur (Romani) aureas barbas diis de se bene meritis apposuisse. Casaubon.

Ver. 61. O curvæ in terris animæ, et cælestium inanes!
Quid juvat hoc, templis nostros inmittere mores,
Et bona Diis ex hac scelerata ducere pulpa?
Hæc sibi corrupto easiam dissolvit olivo:
Et Calabrum coxit vitiato murice vellus:
Hæc baccam conchæ rassisse, et stringere venas
Feruentis massæ crudo de pulvere jussit.
Peccat et haec, peccat: vitiò tamen utitur: at vos
Dicite pontifices, in sancto quid facit aurum?
Nempe hoc, quod Veneri donatae à virgine puppæ.
Quin damus id superis, de magna quod dare lance
Non possit magni Messala lippa propago:
Compositum jus fasque animo, sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto?

Hac cedo ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo.

Some of these verses have much poetical merit; and contain much excellent instruction. Are there not even Christian temples, where they deserve to be written up in letters of gold?

This satire is founded upon the second Alcibiades of Plato, which I recommend to the student to read along with it. I have already observed in my Preface, that if ever Persius abandons the doctrines of the Stoics, it is in this poem. The Stoics contended for the existence of a περίονος; but they adopted with this belief all the superstitions of the popular worship. Cicero, in the third book of his treatise de Natura Deorum, charges them with admitting all the puerile and contradictory fables, which had imposed upon vulgar credulity; and alludes to that very practice, of offering bribes to the Deity, which Persius condemns with so much just severity.
SATIRE III.

Ver. 2. — et angustas extendit lumine rimas.

• Hypallage: non enim rime extenduntur, aut dilatantur, quod ineptè quidam scribunt: sed lumen extenditur, transmittente sole radios suos per rimas. Casaubon.

Ver. 3. — Stertimus, for stertitis.

Ver. 4. — Quintâ dum linea tangitur umbrâ.

Most of the commentators upon Persius have understood him in this place, to mean eleven o'clock, A. M. I have not specified the particular hour. The Romans divided the natural day, i. e. from sun-rising to sun-setting, into twelve hours. Hence the length of those hours was the same only twice a year. The distinction made by the Romans, between the civil and the natural day, is thus explained by Censorinus. Dies partim naturalis, partim civilis. Naturalis dies, tempus ab oriente sole, ad solis occasum, cujus contrarium est tempus nox, ab occasu solis ad ortum; civilis autem dies vocatur tempus, quod fit uno coeli circuitu, quo dies verus et nox continentur.

It appears that the Romans were acquainted with the use of sun-dials before the first Punic war. Pliny says, that Lucius Papirius Cursor placed a dial on the temple
of Quirinus eleven years previous to that period. He observes, that Fabius Vestalis, upon whose authority he states this fact, has not mentioned either the method according to which the dial was constructed, the artificer who made it, whence it was brought, or in what author he found it described.

It is to be suspected, that the Roman dials were not very exact. Seneca says, facilius inter philosophos, quam inter horologia, conveniet. Salmasius thinks, that only eleven lines were drawn on the dials. See what Cassiodorus, who wrote in the sixth century, has said de Horologio Solari.

Vitruvius ascribes the invention of water-clocks to Ctesibius of Alexandria. They were introduced at Rome by Scipio Nasica; and were first employed in the consulship of Pompey, to regulate the length of the speeches made in the Forum. In this the Romans copied the Athenians. It appears from Eschines, that in the public trials at Athens certain portions of time were allowed to the accuser, as well as to the prisoner, and the judge. These divisions of time were regulated by a water-clock. No orator was permitted to speak after his time had elapsed, nor without the water was poured into the clepsydra, could he commence his discourse. Sigonius has quoted several authorities to prove the use of the water-clock among the Athenians; and to show that it regulated the length of public orations. I observe, however, he has not cited the following words from
Demosthenes, in his celebrated speech de fulsa legatione, 
Ou γὰρ εγὼ θρίνεμαι τῆμερον οὐδὲ ἔγκει μείξα ταύρῳ ὤδωρ ὤδεις ἵμοι.

It is probable, that the Greeks were instructed by the Egyptians in the art of making the clepsydra, or water-clock. That ingenious people generally formed this machine with a cynocephalus sculptured upon it; a name by which it is sometimes called. *Sunt qui tradunt*, says a learned author, *cynocephalum non modo meiere sed etiam latrare singulis horis.* The imaginary animal, called a cynocephalus by the Egyptians, was supposed to be an ape with a dog’s head. It is mentioned twice by Pliny, and, I think, once by Solinus.

I am led to believe that the Egyptians were acquainted with the use of sun-dials even in very remote periods. I agree with Goguet, that their obelisks were originally intended to serve as gnomons: but ingenuity would soon contract the size of the gnomon; and it may be presumed, would render it more useful upon a smaller scale. This I can the more easily believe, because the astronomical science of the Egyptians was undoubtedly profound; and from the accuracy with which they calculated the greater divisions of time, such as cycles, years, and months, it is probable they would endeavour to measure its minuter portions with equal exactness.

It appears, indeed, that the very name given to the regular divisions of the day, by the Greeks and Romans, is taken from an Egyptian word: and that *Horus,* though
undoubtedly altered in the termination, is the original of ὤς hora, whence so many modern nations derive words of similar signification. *Apud eos* (nempe *Ægyptios*), says Macrobius, *Apollo qui et Sol Horus vocatur, ex quo et horae viginti quatuor, quibus dies noxque conficitur, nomen acceperunt.*

Some authors seem inclined to throw doubts on this derivation made by Macrobius. But I am induced to think, if Horus was an appellation of the sun, considered with respect to a particular period of the year, the etymology is very far from being fanciful or forced. Still less will it appear to be so, when compared with that of Horapollo, who derives the Egyptian word from the Greek Ἡλιος ἐκ Ὁρας ἁρποτο Ἱπόν ὁρᾶν ἀράτειν. It has been supposed, upon the authority of Epiphanius, that Horus and Harpocrates were the same (*Cuperus in Harpocrate*). But I am inclined to think with Jablonski, that they were distinct. The Egyptians symbolically represented the sun under the name of *Harpocrates* when it passed the winter solstice, and rose from the lower hemisphere. Again, the solar orb was distinguished by the name of *Horus*, when, immediately before and after entering the sign of Leo, it poured upon the world the full blaze of its meridian glory. This opinion is confirmed by the signification of the word *horus*; which in Egyptian, according to Salmasius, was lord or king, though more properly the latter. Some have erroneously derived it from the Hebrew בָּש, fire or light; and
Jablonski, with still less appearance of plausibility, understands horus to have been an Egyptian word, which signified virtus effectrix vel causalis.

Ver. 5. — siccas insana canicula messes
Famdudum coquit, &c.
Nam caniculae exortu accendi solis calores quis ignorat? cujus sideris effectus amplissimi in terra sentiuntur. Plin. L. ii. c. 40. One is rather surprised at this from a philosopher.

Ver. 8. — turgescit vitrea bilis.
Horace has splendida bilis.

It is thought by some of his commentators, that Persius makes the young man close his part of the dialogue at nemon? and they read findituer instead of findor. But as all the old copies have findor, I think it right to abide by them. Casaubon is of opinion, that the young man still continues speaking, until Persius interrupts him, by exclaiming—ut Arcadiae pecuaria rudere credas. But the words turgescit vitrea bilis, are evidently addressed by the poet to the reader. In the satires of the ancients, narration and dialogue continually interrupt each other. The reading then will be.

Unus ait comitum. "Verumne? Itane? ocus adsit
Huc aliquis. Nemon?" P. Turgescit vitrea bilis.
C. "Findor." P. "Ut Arcadiae pecuaria rudere credas."
These last words Persius addresses to the young rake. They are thus explained by Casaubon—*sic enim clamás, ut asino rudenti et σκομέσσω σις similis*.

*Ver. 10.* — *et bicolor positis membrana capillis.*

The inside of the parchment was white: the outside was yellow. Hence Juvenal says,

—atque ideo crocea membrana tabella

*Impletur.*

The hair was removed by a pumice stone.

*Ver. 11.* — *nodosaque venit arundo.*

As I have translated *arundo* literally a reed, it may perhaps be proper to inform some of my readers, that the Romans made pens of reeds, as we do of quills. They were seldom of Italian growth, but were generally gathered in other countries. *Chartis serviunt calami; Egyptii maxime cognitio quodam papyri; probationes tamen Gnidii, et qui in Asia circum Anaiticum lacum nascentur.* Dioscorides, in speaking of this kind of reed, calls it *πολυσωρκος*. But it is difficult to understand this, unless we suppose the fleshy or pithy part of the reed was dried before using. See what Tournefort, Chardin, and other modern travellers, have said concerning the reeds employed for pens in the Levant.

Some have thought, that the ancients made use of quills. They quote the following words of Juvenal:

— *tanquam ex diversis partibus orbis*
Anxia præcipiti venisset epistola penna.

But the expression of the poet is evidently figurative. It is true, an ancient writer informs us in one instance, that as news were good or bad, a laurel or a feather was ordered to be fixed on the letter, which conveyed the intelligence. These authors have mentioned the figure of Egeria with greater reason, who is represented with a pen in her hand. Beckmann, however, supposes the pen to have been added by a modern artist.


The Romans seem to have employed several different kinds of ink. Some used the juice of the cuttlefish; others soot mixed with a liquid. The Romans also occasionally coloured and gilded their letters. See Pliny and Dioscorides.

Ver. 16. — at cur non potius teneroque columbo

Et similis regum pueris, &c.

I do not think the reader will understand this passage the better from Casaubon's note, which, however, if he think fit, he may consult. The manner in which the pigeon feeds its young, suggested the comparison which Persius makes.

Ver. 17. — pappare minutum

Poscis; et iratus mammae, lallare recusas?

The word pappare here signifies to feed.
I am doubtful if, in following Casaubon, I have not ill translated *lallare*, in the next verse. He thus expresses himself. *Irati autem infantes lallare recusant; hoc est, dormire nolunt, cum eos sive mater, sive nutrix in cunis collocatos, provocat ad somnum cantillando.* But I am rather inclined to think *lallare* signifies to suck; and thus it was originally understood. The meaning of the whole passage then is.—"O wretch! and every, day more a wretch! are you then come to this pass? But why do you not rather, like a pampered child, or like a creature incapable of doing any thing for itself, desire that they would feed the poor little bantling, and then quarrelling with mamma, refuse to suck. In short, act the child completely over again." In a poetical version of an ancient and obscure author, I have sometimes found, that to give the spirit of the original, was the best thing, that could be done; and not unfrequently, that it was the only thing, that could be done.

*Ver. 20.*  
——*tibi luditur: effluis amens.*
*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.*

The whole of this passage, is (to use the words of Dryden) insufferably strained. I have ventured to change the metaphor.
Ver. 25. — et sine labe salinum.

I am not satisfied with the explanation of Casaubon. He says, sali vis inest contra putredinem: inde purum vocant poetae, &c. But Persius alludes here to the brightness of the salt-cellar, which even at the tables of the poor was generally made of silver.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum.

Even in decrees, by which the gold and silver of private persons were confiscated for the use of the state, and the precious metals were forbidden to be converted into plate, the salt-cellar was excepted. See Livy, xxvi. 36. Without this explanation, it is impossible to understand what Horace means by the word splendet, in the verses quoted above.


It was a custom religiously observed by the ancients, to make an offering of part of their meals to the household gods, before eating any thing themselves. In every house there was a small and perpetual fire, which burnt in honour of Vesta. It was into this fire that the consecrated meat was thrown. This custom was at least as old as Homer:

—— Θεοῖς οί νυσσί αὐτίγει
Πάτροξκλον οί ιπαῖρον ὁδίν πυρὶ κάλλε νυπλας.

The patella was a small but wide dish used in these domestic sacrifices.
Ver. 29. — vel quod trabeate salutas?

Suetonius says, there were three different kinds of the \textit{trabea}: one consecrated to the gods, entirely of purple; another appropriated to kings, of purple and white: a third worn by the augurs, of purple mixed with scarlet. But it appears from Tacitus that the Roman knights also wore the trabea. Tacit. iii. Ann. 2. Rubenius says, \textit{existimo trabeam non forma, sed solo colore à vulgari paludamento et chlamyde differre}: and afterwards, \textit{igitur censeo trabeam fuisse chlamydem albam, purpura praetextam, et insuper clavis aut trabibus è coco distinc}t\textit{am, a quibus trabea dicebatur}. Ferrarius justly remarks upon this: \textit{confundit, minime ferendo errore, Rubenius chlamydem cum trabea}.

Ver. 46. — non sano multum laudanda magistro.

One of the commentators and translators of Persius has the following curious note on these words. "This does not mean, that the \textit{master was mad}, but that, in commending and praising such puerile performances, and the vehemence with which he did it, \textit{he did not act like one that was in his right senses.}" I cannot tell if this gentleman knew his own meaning, he certainly did not even guess at that of Persius. The Stoics admitted that man only to be wise, who understood and practiced their philosophy; and in the language of their sect, all other men were \textit{non sani}. The meaning of Persius therefore is, that the dying speech of Cato, who was a
NOTES TO SATIRE III.

Stoic, was much extolled by the schoolmaster, who nevertheless did not understand it, and had never followed the wise injunctions it contained.

*Ver. 48.* *Jure; etenim id summum quid dexter senio ferret *
*Scire erat in voto; damnosa canicula quantum *
*Raderet.*

Who was the inventor of gambling? St. Chrysostom says, it was the Devil. Considering the consequences of this vice, St. Chrysostom’s guess is not a bad one.

Learned men are not agreed about the form of the dice used by the ancients. Freigius and Polydore Virgil say, that the *tessera* had six sides, and the *talus* four; but Dempsterus and Beroaldus say the very reverse.

The ancients gave names to all the throws at the dice. One was called after a hero; another after a goddess; and a third after a courtezan. Venus was the fortunate throw, or rather that repeated. Thus Propertius,

*Me quoque per talos Venerem quærentem secundos.*

See also the words of Augustus in Suetonius.

*Ver. 53.* — *braccatis illita Medis*  
*Porticus.*—

The portico is here put by metonymy for the philosophers who taught in it. This portico was the famous Ποικίλη σοφ, which Pausanias informs us, was adorned with statues and pictures. Among those which he describes, was a painting representing the battles between
the Athenians and the Persians. Demosthenes (in Neeram) also mentions this picture. Harpocration has wrongly accused the Orator of being mistaken about this. Διαμαρτάνει Δημοσθένης, εἰς ἑαυτὰ Νεκίρας, λέγων, πλασίας γεγράφασι εἰ τῇ ποιμήν σοι. ἔδεις γὰρ ἃ ἔτο ἰππαῖν. Besides the ample description given of this painting by Pausanias; it is likewise mentioned by Αἰσχίνης contra Ctesiphontem: and, indeed, by several others.

It is difficult to say precisely, what was the form of the bracca.

The Persian bracca most probably resembled the loose trowsers now worn in Turkey. Strabo gives the name of αναξυψ to this part of the dress. This word is ill rendered by subligaculum.

The Gallic bracca is described to have been vestis fluxa, intonsaque, ac varii coloris. It may be here observed, that the dress of the Gauls was exactly similar to that worn at present by some of the Highlanders of Scotland. The tartan plaid answers to the sagulum virgatum, and the trowsers to the bracca. The kilt was not taken from the military dress of the Romans, as some have imagined, but from that of the Celts, as indeed the name seems to indicate. What Strabo has said about the garb of the Celts confirms me in this opinion.

Ver. 56. Et tibi quae Samios diduxit litera ramos,
Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem.
Pythagoras, the philosopher of Samos, employed the letter γ as a symbol, whose two branches (as our author calls them) denoted the opposite ways of virtue and of vice. Casaubon rightly reads diduxit and not deduxit.

**Ver. 65. — Cratero ——**

This Craterus was a famous physician. See Horace, L. ii. Sat. 3. Cicero. Epist. Porph. de Abstinentia ab Animalibus.

**Ver. 66. Discite o miser, &c. ——**

From this verse, down to verse 72, are contained some admirable lessons of morality.

To some readers it will perhaps appear, that the four following lines in my translation are not authorized by the text:

Consider God as boundless matter's soul,
Yourself a part of the stupendous whole;
Think, that existence has an endless reign,
Yourself a link in the eternal chain.

But those, whom the sapiens braccatis inlita Medis porticus instructed in philosophy, would have recognized in these lines their own doctrines.

**Ver. 79. Esse quod Arcesilas, &c.**

According to Laertius, Arcesilas was the founder of the middle Academy. I do not recollect, that Cicero
any where mentions the school of Arcesilas under that name. On the contrary, when he speaks of the new academicians, he seems always to include Arcesilas. Nevertheless, as the opinions of Carneades did certainly differ in some respects from those of Arcesilas, it may be right to abide by the distinction of Diogenes. Arcesilas then was the founder of the middle Academy, and Carneades of the new.

Ver. 80. Obstipo capite, &c.

Accurate hic irrisor gestum exprimit hominis meditantis. Casaubon. This expression is borrowed from Horace. Stes capite obstipo.

Figentes lumine terram, hypallage, for figentes lumina in terram.

Ver. 83. —gigni

De nihilo nihilum, in nihilum nil posse reverti.

This dogma seems to have been pretty generally received among the ancients. Even the philosophic Theists did not contend, that God had created matter; they only insisted, that he had given it form, organization, and life.

Ver. 92. —Surrentina rogavit.

Ver. 103. Hinc tuba candelæ.

Gutherius pretends, that there was a triple Nenia, or dirge, among the ancients in honour of the dead. *De prima (inquit) quæ in exequiarum comitata, nihil repeto, quæ ἐπικυνδιόν καὶ Ἕπικυνδιός; secunda canebatur ad rogum, tertia ad tumulum."

The funeral procession was accompanied by trumpets, and sometimes by flutes.

"— at hie si plaustra ducenta
Concurrantque foro tria funera, magna sonabit
Cornua quod vincatque tubas." - HOR.

"In cælo clamorque virum clangorque tubarum." - VIRG.

"Nec mea tune longa spatietur imagine pompa,
Nec tuba sit fati vana querela mei." - PROPERT.

"Cantabat mæstis tibia funeribus" - OVID.

"Sic mæsta cecinere tubæ." - PROPERT.

It appears from Servius, that the tibiae accompanied the funerals of young persons, and the tubae those of people advanced in age. *Servius in V. Æn.* This is confirmed by Lactantius. *Jubet religio, ut majoribus mortuis tuba, minoribus tibia caneretur."

Also by Statius,

"Cum signum luctus cornu grave mugit adunco
Tibia, cui teneros suetum producere manes,
Lege Phrygium mæsta."

At the funeral of Claudius, there was such a noise of instruments, says Seneca, *ut etiam Claudius audire posset.*
It was the custom among the Romans to bury their dead at night; and the funeral was attended by persons bearing torches. But perhaps by the word *candelæ*, Persius alludes to the lamps which were usually placed in sepulchres. Of these lamps there are many absurd reports. It is pretended, that they were frequently found still burning at the expiration of many centuries. Licetus has even written a great deal to prove, that there was a species of fire, which can preserve itself without consuming the combustible matter which supports it.

Let us hear what evidence is brought in favour of the existence of this extraordinary species of fire.

Scardeoneus argues strenuously for it: *Nam* (says he) *circiter anno M. D. circa Ateste Municipium Patavinum, dum foderetur à rusticis terra solito altius, reperta est urna fictilis, et in ea altera urnula, in qua erat lucerna, adhuc ardens inter duas ampullas, quarum altera erat aurea, altera vero argentea, purissimo quodam liquore plenas. Cujus virtute, lucerna illa per tot annos arsisse creditur, et nisi retecta fuisset, perpetuo arsura. It was the urn of Olybius Maximus, in which this lamp was found, and upon which we read, among others, the following words:*

*Abite hinc pessimi fures—*

*Vos quid vultis cum vestris oculis emissitiis?*

*Abite hinc vestro cum Mercurio petasato caduceatoque.*
The story related by the author, who assumed the name of Martinus Chronographus, is yet more ridiculous. He tells us, that in 1601 a peasant dug up the body of a man, whose carcass was so immense in height, *ut erectum altaœ mœnia Romœ excederet*.

At the head of this giant, (who it seems was Pallas the son of Evander,) stood an unextinguished lamp; and had they not bored a hole in it, and let the oil run out, this wonderful lamp might have been burning still. Mark, gentle reader, it had already burnt two thousand six hundred and eleven years!

It has been thought by some learned men, that the wick in these lamps was made from the *asbestos*. This extraordinary mineral, of which the filaments are so pliable as to admit of weaving, resists the operation of fire. Pliny expressly says, *nihilque igni deperdit*. In another place he says of it—*ex eo vidimus mappas sordibus exustis splendentes igni magis, quam possent, aquis*. I believe, some experiments have been made before the Royal Society, which in a great degree confirm what Pliny advances.

With respect to the lamps, which the ancients placed in the sepulchres of the dead, it is extremely improbable that they burnt for any great length of time. In a small sepulchral vault, the quantity of oxygen gas would not have been sufficient to have preserved the flame, even if the oil, which supplied the lamp, had been inexhaustible.
Ver. 104. — crassisque lutatus amomis.

The *amomum* is a small shrub, which in its growth in some degree resembles the vine. It has a small flower like that of the white violet, but its leaves are similar to those of the wild vine, which is called *bryonia*. The most excellent kind of the *amomum*, and that which has the most agreeable odour, is brought from Armenia. Its wood is reddish, inclining to the colour of gold.

Such is the account, which I have taken from Dioscorides. The *amomum* is also described by Pliny, L. xii. c. 13.

Salmasius observes, that the ancients gave the name of *amomum* to various aromatics. It was likewise employed to signify perfumed ointments.

In the ancient world, it was the custom to wash and to anoint the dead. Thus Virgil,

—Corpusque lavant frigentis, et ungunt.

I must not omit here the curious note of Theodorus Marcilius.

Ver. 105. *In portam rigidos calces extendit.*

After the dead body was anointed, and laid out upon the bed, and crowned with flowers; it was carried into the vestibule, and was there placed with the feet opposite to the door. (This was called *collocatio mortui*; or perhaps simply *collocatio*. See, how Lipsius has explain'd a passage in one of Seneca's Epistles.)
SATIRE IV.

Ver. 1. Rem populi tractas?

In this satire Persius severely censures the conduct of Nero. He begins by imitating Plato's first Alcibiades; and repeats part of the ironical conversation which Socrates addressed, in that celebrated dialogue, to his young and ambitious pupil. But the Roman satirist soon appears under the disguise of the Grecian sage; and the raillery, which humbled the vanity of the aspiring Athenian, is converted into a just and terrible invective against the tyrant of Rome.

It was, indeed, impossible for the poet to censure Nero under the name of Alcibiades, without soon and plainly discovering the real object of his satire. The character of that Athenian, shaded as it is by a thousand defects, interests us, even while it offends against morality; even while it amazes us by its levity; even while it displeases us by its inconstancy. Blest with almost every advantage, which Nature can bestow—liberal in his disposition—brilliant in his conversation—seductive in his manners—beautiful in his person—at Athens a luxurious libertine—at Sparta a rigid moralist—now too easily influenced by the suggestions of ambition—
now too softly sensible to the charms of pleasure—strangely blending the insignificance of a fop, and the fickleness of a woman, with the magnanimity of a hero, and with the talents of a statesman—Alcibiades persuaded his countrymen to forgive him many crimes, to pardon him innumerable follies, and to find him amiable, even when he was culpable. How opposite was the character of Nero! that tyrant flattered only to betray; and betrayed only to destroy. Exceeding the limits of moderation in the gratification of his desires, and abandoning the guidance of justice in the exercise of his power, he abused alike the gifts of nature and of fortune. Alcibiades loved pleasure, but Nero hated virtue. The vile atrocities, which Persius imputes to the tyrant, could never have been applicable to the young Athenian, at least while he was the pupil of Socrates. Alcibiades, under the influence of passion, and corrupted by debauchery, is indeed accused of unjustifiable vices; but his mind had not arrived at that last degree of depravation, which causes so many wretches to forget character, to defy opinion, and to abandon principle; which degrades all that is most excellent in human nature; and which by making men infamous, makes them also desperate.

To read this satire may be useful to the young. It may help to correct petulance—it may serve to warn inexperience—I cannot hope that it will reclaim guilt. But from it the young statesman may learn, that even in remote times, and in small states, government was con-
sidered as a most difficult science: from it too, the high-born libertine may see, that as the sphere which he moves in, is wide and brilliant, his conduct and character are in proportion conspicuous, his vices in proportion heinous, and his follies in proportion ridiculous.

Ver. 7. — fecisse silentia turbae
Majestate manus.

Lucan, in his first book, says of Julius Cæsar,
— tumultum
Composuit vultu; dextraque silentia jussit.

What a picture does this give us of Cæsar!

It was the custom of orators, and of those who addressed the people, that they should obtain audience by stretching forth the hand; which the Greeks call ἑκατοσιγαζειν and κατασιγαζειν ἃ λεων τὴν χειρὶ or κατασειλειν. So in the Acts of the Apostles, St. Paul, when about to speak, is said ἐκεῖνοι τὴν χειρὰ and κατασειλειν τὴν χειρὶ; and so speaks Luke the Evangelist. In the beginning of Herodian, the philosopher goes into the theatre, when the certamen Capitolinum was celebrated τῷ τε τοῦ χειρὸς νεμάθει τοῦ δήμου κατασιγαζει. You may read in the Hadrian of Xiphilinus, that the public criers were accustomed to command silence to the people always by the hand, never by the voice. But it was the custom of orators, when they stretched out the right hand, that, with the fourth and little fingers shut, they should extend the others; which Apuleius hath left testified in
NOTES TO SATIRE IV.

his second book. There was another manner of proclaiming silence, *concrepatione digitorum*. Thus Hieronymus *ad Rusticum monachum*.—“As soon as the table being placed, he had exhibited a pile of books, with the eyebrow drawn down, and the nostrils contracted, and the forehead wrinkled, *duobus digitalis concrepabat*, inciting his scholars by this sign to listen to him.” So persons, who said any thing in the ear, that they might indicate it to be worthy of being attended to in silence, *digitis concrepabant*. Teste eodem Hieronymo.

Ver. 13. — *vito praesigere theta.*

*Si quis accepto breviculo (libello) in quo nomina militum continentur, nitatur inspicere quanti ex militibus supersint, quanti in bello ccciderint, et requirens qui inspicere missus est, propriam notam, verbi causa ut dici solet, Θ ad unius-cujusque defuncti nomen adscribat, et propria rursus nota superstitem signet. Numquid videtur is qui notam ad defuncti nomen apponit, et propria rursus nomen nota superstitem signat, quod egerit aliquid, ut vel hic defuncti, vel ille caussam viventis acciperit.* Rufinus.

Casaubon is surely mistaken when he says, *cum recensabant laterculos militum, nominibus eorum qui perierant, praefigebant Θ; hoc erat expungere*. The letter theta, the first of the word Θωνάς, death, was prefixed to the names of those who were capitally condemned; and was afterwards put in the muster rolls of the army, before the names of those who had died. It therefore simply indicated that the person, to whose name it was prefixed,
was dead; and thus served to inform the general of an army, what individuals, and what number of them, had perished.

Ver. 16. — Anticyras melior, &c.

The Anticyræ were two islands in the Ægean sea, famous for the production of hellebore. See notes to Sat. 1.

Ver. 18. — curata cuticula sole.

Era uso de' lascivi untarsi prima d'odorosi unguenti, e poi espossi ai vaggi del sole per far mediante quel calore, che imbevuta la pelle conservasse più lungamente quella fragranza. Rovigo.

Ver. 20. Dinomaches ego sum.—

Alcibiades was the son of Dinomache. See Plutarch.

The reading from ver. 19 should be as follows:

A. Expecta; S. haud aliud respondeat hac anus. A.

1 nunc,

Dinomaches ego sum. S. Suffla. A. Sum candidus.

S. Esto, &c.

Ver. 22. — ocima—

Casaubon reads ocima in preference to ocyma; between which there is a difference in sense as well as in orthography. The first is that species of plant, to which we give the name of Basil, and which is better known in the south of Europe than with us. The second was an
herb, which, as Varro informs us, the ancients gave to cattle for a purge. The ocimum has an exceedingly strong perfume. It is remarkable, that Ruellius understands these words in direct opposition to Casaubon.


Peras imposuit Jupiter nobis duas:
Propriis repletis vitis post tergum dedit,
Alienis ante pectus suspendit graven
Hac re videre nostra mala non possimus
Alii simul delinquunt, censores sumus. Phæd.

Ver. 26. — quantum non milvus aberret.

Dic, passer, cui tot montes, tot prædia servas,
Appula, tot milvius intra tua pascua lassos. Juv.

Ver. 28. — ad compita, &c.

Compita—ubi multa viæ competunt in unum. The compitum seems to have been what the French call a carrefour.

The compitalia were feasts instituted in honour of the Lares. They were celebrated only by slaves and peasants. (Plin. xxxvi. c. 26. and Dionysius Halicarnassus, L. ix.) The Saturnalia were held in the month of December. To this Juvenal alludes when he says,

Vinum toto nescire Decembri.

But the compitalia were held in the beginning of January. Thus Cicero: Ego quoniam quarto nonas Januarii Compitalitius dies est, &c.
I50

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It appears, that the rustic crew, having assembled to celebrate the Compitalia, hung up the yokes of oxen in little open temples, erected for the purpose at the crossways: *Ubi adiculae consecratur patentes, in his juga fracta ab agricolis ponuntur emeriti et laborati operis indicium.* Interp. Pers.

*Ver. 30.* ——— tunicatum cum sale mordens

*Cape, et farratam pueris plaudentibus ollam,*

*Pannosam facem morientis sorbet aceti?*

Dryden translates this,—

To a short meal *he makes a tedious grace,*
Before the barley pudding comes in place:
Then, *bids fall on;* himself, for saving charges,
A peeled sliced onion eats, *and tipples verjuice.*

*Ver. 33.* *At si unctus cesses,* &c.

In the remainder of this Satire I profess to have imitated, and not to have translated my Author; and the thirty verses between the hooks are perhaps rather founded upon Persius, than imitated from him. I observe the Reviewers, in noticing the first edition of my work, say nothing of the bold intrusion of these thirty lines. May I be allowed here to make a very few remarks to the conductors of the British Critic, and of the Monthly Review?

The author of the British Critic, with undoubtedly a good-natured intention upon his part, commences his
critique upon my work, by defending me from the imputation of want of modesty in publishing it. He supposes, that I was unacquainted with Brewster's translation of Persius, because I have not mentioned it in my Preface; and thence he absolves me from the charge of presumption, in attempting what had been already done, in his opinion, with unparalleled success. I must hope to be forgiven by the author of the British Critic, if, in acknowledging his erudition, his various literature, the general ability of his criticisms, and the soundness of his principles, both moral and political, I do not always coincide with him in his notions of poetical excellence. Brewster's translation of Persius was not unknown to me, when I began mine. If I deserve to be charged with presumption, I at least do not desire to evade a merited censure, by a false plea of ignorance. The truth is, that I judged very differently of Brewster from the author of the British Critic. I did not find out, that he united all the talents which can be required in a translator. I did not discover, that his numbers were remarkable either for their strength, or for their harmony. On the contrary, I fairly own, I thought them, as I think them still, feeble and prosaic. I no where see in his verses those flashes of genius, which, amidst all the defects of Dryden's translation, occasionally shine through the gloom, and discover the poet.

The author of the British Critic will probably abide by his opinion, as I, not less probably, shall abide by
mine. If he shall think, that I now doubly deserve to be blamed for want of modesty, he will perhaps regret having said many things of me, with which, if I were not flattered, I should have little modesty indeed.

The Monthly Reviewers find my versification strong, flowing, and harmonious; but they question, whether it possess that ease and vivacity, in which Dryden, in their judgment, particularly excels. What English poet can exist, without admiring Dryden? Dryden is to our poets, what Michael Angelo is to the painters of Italy.

Would we wish to see the effects in poetry of the τὸ στροφὸν καὶ ἐθνεσιασμῶς ποιητικῶν,* which Longinus considers as one of the sources of the sublime, let us study the works of Dryden. If his verses be not always polished; if his poems be defective in design, if his figures be generally too coarse; there is a vivida vis animi, which pervades his works, which gives to them the immortal stamp, the indelible character of genius. Perhaps above all other English Poets, Dryden possesses that constant glow of poetical enthusiasm, which more than metre or rhyme distinguishes poetry from prose. But with submission to the acuteness and learning of the Monthly Reviewers, I have never thought that in satire, especially, ease and vivacity were peculiarly characteristic of the Muse of Dryden. Sometimes we are struck

* See in the Thesaurus of Stephanus how the word ποιητικῶν was understood ἀπὸ ῥητορῶν.
with the beauty of her form, with the dignity of her appearance, with the majesty of her aspect, rather contrasted, than concealed, by the negligence of her apparel. Sometimes we see her fallen from her high estate, pressed within the iron gripe of poverty, her dress slovenly, her zone unbound, and her bays untrimmed. In these less happy hours, can we be made merry by her unnatural mirth? can we smile, while the Muse of Dryden, formed to strike with no unequal hand the lyre of Pindar, condescends to employ the coarse language of vulgar libertinism; and strives to entertain us with ribaldry gathered from the stews, and with jests worthy of the alehouse?
SATIRE V.

Ver. 1. Vatibus hie mos est centum sibi poscere voces,
Centum ora, et linguæ optare in carmina centum.
Persius probably particularly alludes here to the ex-
travagant hyperbole employed by Virgil, where he says,
Non mihi si centum linguæ sint, oraque centum.

Ver. 9. — sæpe insulso caenanda Glyconi.
Glyco, tragædi alicujus nomen vocis obsonæ, quem obiter
satiricus irridet. Casaubon.

Ver. 25. — et pictæ tectoria linguæ.
The old copies have plectoria. Casaubon, no more
than any body else, could tell what plectoria meant. He
therefore reads tectoria.

Ver. 31. Bullaque succinctis Laribus, &c.
The bulla was a small ornament, or rather amulet,
hung about the neck. It seems to have been used even
in the remotest times, and by different nations. The
Egyptians, according to Diodorus Siculus, wore round
their necks images suspended to collars. The supreme
judge was adorned with a golden chain, to which was attached an image of precious stones, which was the figure of truth. 'Εφορεῖ δὲ ἄρχιδιανας περὶ τον τράχηλον ἐκ χρυσῆς ἀλύσεως προτιμενον ἑωδίων των πολυτελῶν λιθῶν ὁ προσηγορευον ἀληθείαν. Ælian nearly concurs with Diodorus, only he makes the image to consist of a single sapphire. Ἐις ὁ δὲ καὶ ἀγαλμα περὶ του ἀυχενα ἐκ φαφφερα λίθα, δε εκαλεῖτο ἄγαλμα αληθεία. If we can believe Pignorius, the Egyptian soldiers wore beetles, sculptured in gems or stones, and tied round their necks or arms. According to Ælian the soldiers wore rings with the figure of the beetle sculptured on it. Αἰγυπτίων οἱ μαχιμοί ἐπὶ των δακτυλίων εἰχον ἐγγεγλυμμένον κάβαρον. The ring here (δακτυλίων) probably is put for the gem, which was set in it. Thus also Plutarch de Iside et Osir, τοῖς μαχιμοῖς κάβαρος τη γλυφὴ σφραγίδος.

The Jews, besides the urim and thummim, which formed part of the sacerdotal ornaments; and the teffilas, which were tied on the head, and the hand: wore phylacteries upon their breasts, inscribed with the sacred name of ἴσι. It seems a little singular, that a living author, who is a man of research, should adduce the τετραγράμματον as a proof of the Jews having mystically adorned a triad.

The bulla appears to have been an ornament worn by the Roman youth from very remote antiquity. Macrobius mentions, that it was given by the elder Tarquin
to his son, a boy of fourteen, who had killed a Sabine chief. *Et pro concione laudavit, et bullâ aureâ donavit insigniens puerum ultra annos fortem præmiis virilitatis et honoris.*

It appears from Macrobius, that in the early ages of the republic, this ornament was reserved for the children of those patrician magistrates, who had sat in the curule chair. *Duntaxat illi quorum patres curulem gesserunt magistratum.* It was, however, afterwards universally worn by the *prætextati.*

The golden bulla was only worn by those, whose rank and wealth authorized it—*bulla suspendi in collo infantibus ingenuis solet aurea.* Those children who were poor wore leathern thongs, instead of the bulla, whence Juvenal,

— *Et ruscum puro si contigit aurum*  
*Vel nodus tantum, et signum de paupere loro.*

The ancient scholiast observes, *Antiquitus nobilium pueri bullas aureas habebant, pauperum de loris signum libertatis.* But it is probable, that in the knots tied on these thongs, were supposed to exist those charms, which were capable of repelling evil. Macrobius, speaking of the bulla, says, *inclusis intra eam remediis, quæ crederent adversus invidiam valentissima.* These thongs might have been in imitation of those small whips, which the priests of Egypt emblematically used, to expel evil from their temples and habitations. According to Bellorius, the Syrian goddess, *flagellum in manu pro sceptro gerit.* The gods, averters of evil, *Averrunci nuncupati,* were also
supposed to be armed with these whips, which had three leathern thongs with knots at the end of each. The Oriental scholar, will have anticipated me in remarking, that the youth of the cast of the Bramins wear thongs of the antelope's skin round their necks, which they lay aside at fourteen years of age. With respect to the shape of the bulla, there appears some difference of opinion among Antiquarians. In the figures of the Egyptian god Harpocrates, which I have seen, viz. one in Cuper. de Harpocrat.; and another, No. 77 of the Abbé Winckelmann's ancient Monuments; the bulla is round. But Macrobius informs us, that among the Romans it was made in the shape of a heart. Macrobi. in Somn. L. i. c. 6. But Plutarch, on the other hand, speaking of the bulla, says, τὸ γαρ φαίνομενον σχῆμα τῆς σελήνης, ὡταν ἦ διχωμένος ἐ σφαιροειδεῖς, &c. I have no doubt myself, but that this ornament was originally worn by those nations, which had fallen into the Sabean superstition. The round bulla among the Egyptians was worn in honour of the sun, as seems to be indicated by its being found of that form on the figures of Harpocrates. When it was in the shape of a crescent, it was consecrated to Isis. As it is very possible that the Romans might not have known whence they derived the superstition of wearing the bulla, they perhaps were not very accurate in giving it its proper figure, and thus Macrobius might have been led to suppose, that its shape resembled that of a heart.
Succinctis Laribus, &c. succinctis autem (says Casaubon), id est, εὐκοινος, quia habitu perigrinantium erant Lares pellibus amici, cum cane comite. We may say of this obscure note, what Johnson said of one of Warburton's on Shakespeare, it puts the commentator almost on a level with the poet. Was it then in honour of the Lares viales, and not of the Lares familiares, that the bulla was hung up? If to the latter, as seems indubitable, Casaubon will not be found to have solved the difficulty.

Ver. 32. — totâque impune Suburrâ.

The Suburra of ancient Rome did not correspond, as some have thought, with the Subura of the modern city. Donatus is mistaken, when he supposes it to have extended towards the Quirinal hill and the porta Viminalis. Panvinius thinks it extended between the Palatine mount, and mount Cælius. But I rather am inclined to follow Nardinus, who says, tota igitur illa planities inter Cælium et Exquilinum à SS. Petri et Marcellini âede usque ad amphitheatrum Titi, Subura appellata fuit, &c.

Nardinus informs us, that in the Suburra were the lupanaria. This, he says, may be proved not only upon the authority of Rufus and Victor, but by six hundred testimonies besides from the ancient poets. I am not so well read in the ancient poets, as to be able to cite them quite so often upon this subject: but if the
reader think it worth his while to have a poetical authority, he may turn to Martial, who will furnish him with several. We are, however, obliged to Nardinus for his information, as we can no longer be at a loss to guess what attracted Persius, and possibly the blandi comites to the Suburra.

Ver. 33. Permisit sparisse oculos jam candidus umbo.

The most ancient scholiasts upon Persius, thought that umbo in this passage was put συνέδοχονυς for toga. Casaubon has adopted this opinion, and if he had executed his intention of writing de re vestiaria, would no doubt have treated this subject with his usual erudition. I have, however, preferred giving umbo its more common signification of a shield, in which I have followed the example of Dryden and Holyday.

It does not clearly appear, what part of the toga was understood by the umbo. Tertullian (de Pallio) mentions it. Ferrarius de re vestiaria shows it to be not different from the sinus: but I am led to suspect, that both he and Rubenius build too much upon conjecture, in their opinions upon this and other parts of the Roman dress. Ferrarius contends, in spite of the authority of Tertullian, that the sinus and the umbo, at least in togis communibus, were the same. Rubenius controverts this opinion; and Ferrarius replies to his objections in his Analecta. Rubenius says, after stating what he conceives to be the opinion of Lipsius,
tior, et existimo, umbonem dictum fuisse partem illam togae, quae circa humerum sinistrum, in varias rugas contracta descendebat in pectus, et imponebatur balteo illi, qui sub humero dextro ad sinistrum duciebatur, atque ita umbonem cingebat.

Ferrarius replies, that Lipsius does not authorize this opinion. The words of Lipsius, to which Rubenius alludes, are—Latinos, vestis positum, qui ad pectus exibat in tumorem, umbonem vocasse. These words, Ferrarius contends, imply, that the umbo was composed ex sinu superiore et inferiore.

Upon reconsidering this dispute, which probably to some of my readers will not appear very interesting, I am inclined to coincide in opinion with Rubenius: I think the words of Tertullian decide it in his favour. Dehinc diluculo tunica prius cingulo correpta (quam praestabat moderatiorem texuisse) recognito rursus umbone, et si quid exorbitavit reformato, partem quidem de lao promittat; ambitum vero ejus ex quo sinus nascitur, jam deficientibus tabulis retrabat a scapulis.

Ver. 40. — sub pollice vultum.

In order to illustrate these words, which none of the commentators seem rightly to have understood, I shall transcribe a passage from the celebrated Winckelmann’s History of the Arts.

“Je commence par l’argile, comme la premiere matiere employée par l’Art, et surtout par les modeles en terre
NOTES TO SATIRE V.

cuire, et en plâtre. Les artistes anciens, ainsi que font les nôtres travaillent ces modèles avec l'ébanochoir, comme on le voit à la figure du Statuaire Alcamene sur un petit bas-relief de la Villa Albani. Mais ils se servaient aussi des doigts, et particulièrement des ongles, pour rendre de certaines parties delicatés, et pour imprimer plus de sentiment à l'ouvrage. C'est de ces touches fines que parle Polycleète, lorsqu'il dit que la plus grande difficulté dans l'exécution ne se manifeste que quand la terre se niche sous les ongles. "Οταν εἰς οὖν χεῖρος πιλος, ἀφ'εκίται. Du reste, ce passage n'a pas été entendu par les savans, et quand François Junius le traduit par, cum ad unguem exigitur lutum, il ne répond pas plus de jour sur la sentence du Statuaire Grec. Le mot ὀὖν χεῖρ, ἐϰ οὖν χεῖρ; paroît désigner les dernières touches que sculpteur donne à son modèle. Ce modèle des artistes s'appelait νινυξς. C'est à ces derniers coups d'ongles donnés au modèle, que se rapporte l'expression d'Horace ad unguem factus homo, et ce que le même Poète dit dans un autre endroit, perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem. Il me semble que ni ces deux passages Latins, ni l'expression Grecque, n'ont jamais été entendus. On voit qu'on peut appliquer ces façons de parler à la dernière main donnée aux modèles avec les ongles des doigts. Les anciens n'ont jamais parlé de la manière des figures de cire.

Exigit ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat
Est si quis cera vultum facit.

Juv.
Ver. 55. — *et pallentis grana cumini*.

*Cuminum.* This plant grows to the height of eight or nine feet in hot countries. In our hot-beds it seldom exceeds three or four. It is planted in considerable quantities in the island of Malta, and the seed is sold for propagation to the inhabitants of other countries. The ancients put this spice into their wine; and those, who drank it thus mixed, were remarkable for their paleness. Pliny observes, *Omne cuminum pallore bibentibus gignit,* &c.

Wine sometimes produces this effect *bibentibus* without the aid of Cumin spice.

Ver. 57. — *hunc alea decoquit: ille In Venerem putret.*

Dryden translates this,

"One bribes for high preferment in the state,
A second shakes the box, and sits up late:
_Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
Till knots,“ &c.

*Risum teneatis?*

Next let us hear the gentle Brewster.

"_This Spark the frail consuming die devours;_
_While that dissolves away in loose amours.”*

Is it the Spark who devours the die, or the die which devours the Spark? If the former, I wish the young gentleman a good digestion. But if it be the die, which devours the young gentleman, as I suppose it is, I have yet to learn, what, in the name of nonsense, is meant
by a *frail consuming die*. As for the paralytic line which follows, it is so miserably feeble, as really to claim compassion. A ballad writer would be ashamed of the rhyme.

_Ver. 60._ *Tunc crassos transisse dies, lucemque palustrem._

I do not understand _lucemque palustrem_, as it is generally translated _gloomy light_. I rather think, that Persius alludes here to the luminous vapours, which are seen during the night to exhale from fens and bogs, and which are said to mislead the unwary traveller. The sense of this verse then, and of the subsequent, will be: “Then they lament, that they have journeyed through life in darkness and error, with no other light than the treacherous ray of the nocturnal vapour——then, when too late, they regret their past life so much, as even to mourn, that there is any more of life to spend.”

_Ver. 71._ ——— _canthum——_

This is the word to which I allude in my Preface. It is not pure Latin, but of Spanish or African origin. There is indeed the Greek word *κανθος*, which signifies the corner of the eye; but from which we cannot derive _canthus_, as Quintilian pronounces it barbarous.

_Ver. 79._ *Marcus Dama, &c._

The ceremony of making a slave free was very short.
The _prætor_ turned him round, laid his wand on his head, and said, _hunc esse liberum volo_. Forthwith the _new man_ strutted out of the _prætor's_ house with the cap of liberty on his head; and giving himself a _prænomen_, was saluted by this new appellation as he passed through the streets. It is for this reason, that Persius repeats so often the name of Marcus. But these were not all the advantages which accrued to the _novus homo_—His name was enrolled in one of the tribes; and upon his producing a ticket, which had been given to him on his manumission, he was entitled to his share in all public distributions of meat and corn, &c.

*Ver. 82.* _Hæc mera libertas! hoc nobis pilea donant!_

I have rather imitated, than translated Persius in this passage:

O sacred Liberty! O name profaned!
Are thus thine honours, thus thy rights obtain'd?
No, 'tis not wealth which lifts the soul to thee,
Nor yet thy cap, which makes its wearer free!

Brewster has rendered this verse in his usual style:

"A sample here of perfect freedom see;
Thanks to our caps, they make us charming free."

If such versification as this can get a man reputation, I must say that Fame played Sir Richard Blackmore a sorry trick, when she sounded his name through the postern.
Ver. 86. Stoicus hic, aurem mordaci lotus aceto.
The expression of Persius is entirely figurative; and if translated literally into another language (where the metaphor is not employed) would be unintelligible. Ausonius says,

Scillite decies si cor purgeris aceto.

I do not understand Persius, as most of his commentators do. I think, he means the Stoic’s acuteness of intellect, and not the severity of his morals. The sense is "here you infer falsely, says the Stoic, whose understanding has been rendered acute, and quick in the perception of truth, by the severe application and constant exercise which he had given his mind."

Ver. 87. Hoc reliquum accipio; licet illud, et ut volo, tolle.
The sense is,—“I admit, that all who have the power to live as they please, are free; but I deny that you have that power, and I still deny that you are free.”

Ver. 88. Vindicta, &c.
Cicero says, si neque censu, neque vindicta, nec testamento, liber factus est, non est liber.

Ver. 90. — si quid Masuri rubrica notavit.
Masurius was a lawyer, who made a digest of the Roman laws about the time of Tiberius.
Dryden is not inaccurate, when he says, that the text
of the Roman laws was written in red letters, which was called the rubric. There is, however, a distinction, which ought to be made. The criminal and civil codes (which include the twelve tables) were written in red; but those rules, which were established in the courts by the prætors, were not.—Ecce hic album pro jure pratoris dixit, rubricas pro jure civili, &c. Ex Turneo. Vide Juv. Sat. xiv.

Ver. 95. Sambucam, &c.

The sambuca was a musical and stringed instrument of a triangular form. This was a Syriac word adopted by the Greeks and Romans.

Ver. 103. Luciferi rudis. i.e. ignorant of astronomy.

Ver. 134. — saperdas advehe Ponto.

Saperda was the name of a fish. Ainsworth under this word says, "a sorry fish, coming from Pontus." I conceive there are two mistakes here. First, there is no authority for calling it a sorry fish. We learn, indeed, from Athanæus, that it was the same with the coracinus, which was a fish of the Nile; and Martial says

Princeps Niliacis raperis coracine macellis.

But, if it had been a sorry fish, it would not have been an object of traffic. Secondly, Pliny (L. xxxii.) says, that this fish was peculiar to the Nile. It therefore did not come from Pontus. Persius says, saperdus
advehe Ponto: i.e. carry the fish called *saperda* to the coasts of the Pontus.

*Ver. 138. Varo, &c.*

This word does not signify *servus militum* here, as it sometimes does, and as the old scholiast has understood it. *Varo* or *Baro* was a term of contempt. It was particularly given to those, who without either sense or knowledge pretended to philosophize. Suidas even says that *Baro* was the name of a female philosopher; and some have maliciously insinuated, that it was thence given, *per contemptum*, to all shallow thinkers.

*Ver. 169.* — *solea, puer, objurgabere rubra.*

I could have almost wished, that Persius had stood more in need of a commentary between this note and the last. If I have any female readers, they will think it quite ungallant, that two notes should follow each other, from which they must see how the sex has been libelled from the remotest antiquity. Not only have female philosophers been held in contempt, but the meek and mild government of wives and mistresses has been aspersed and libelled. Malice has transmitted it to posterity, that there was a Greek comedy in which Hercules was represented as spinning, while Omphale sat beside him, and beat him with her slipper as often as the thread broke. Terence alludes to this in the Eunuch; and *Thraso* in the Roman comedy seems to have been very
willing to play the same part which Hercules had done in the Greek. This is without doubt a scandalous piece of satire upon female authority. But Juvenal, who is guilty of the most shameful slanders, with respect to the ladies, gives us to understand, that wives as well as mistresses, could sometimes employ the correcting slipper. I hope a learned friend of mine will be able to say something in his author's defence upon this subject, when he comes to publish his admirable version of Juvenal. But I find, that St. Chrysostom (whom we must not suppose to have spoken from experience) also affirms, that the tyranny of the women was intolerable. They beat and buffet, and spit upon their lovers, says the good Father, and that for nothing at all. As for Persius, he is evidently copying Terence, and whereas the comic writer employs the verb *commitigari*, to knock, or strike; the satirist employs a gentler word, which signifies *to chide*.

*Ver. 178.*  
— *nostra ut Floralia possint.*

The most minute and compendious account of the *Floralia*, which I happen to know, is the following: *Floralia, a Flora, sumpsere nomen, cui ut arbores affatim efflorescerent, ad justamque magnitudinem fructus accedere, quarto calendas Maii, oraculo moniti sacra consti- 

*tuerunt, namque haec tempora frugibus metuenda sunt in cujus festis diebus saeenas, quae vulgato corpore quasstum faciunt, denudari, et pudendis obscenisque invelatis per luxum et lasciviam currere, et impudicos jocos agere ser-
vatum est, quibus etiam Ædiles cicer, fabas, et missilia plebi spargere, assueverant, leporesque, et capreas, aliaque mitia animalia ludis admittère, quos in vico Patricio aut proximo, celebrabant, noctuque accordis facibus, cum multa obscenitate verborum per urbem vadere, et ad tūba sonitum convenire. Fuit enim Flora nobile scortum, hujus auctor argumenti, quæ cum præpotens esset, et divitiis affueret, populum Romanum morte obitu hæredem fecit, pecuniamque annuam ludis exhiberi voluit.

Ver. 179. At cum

Herodis venere dies, unctûque fenestrâ
Dispositae pinguem nebulam vomiere lucernae
Portantes violas; rubrumque amplexa catinum
Cauda natat thynni; tumet alba fidelia vino:
Labra moves tacitus, recutitque sabbata palles.

I have thought myself obliged to alter this passage from the original. Persius, in throwing contempt upon the Jews, has expressed himself with as much obscurity, as when he censured the crimes, or laughed at the follies, of Nero.

Upon the first consideration of the above verses it does not appear, why the superstitious man waits for the celebration of Herod's birthday, before he fasts at the sabbaths of the Jews. I can only conjecture, that that was the season when strangers were generally admitted at Rome within the pale of the temple. The Herodians, who probably alone of all the Jews observed
this festival of Herod, were numerous at Rome. They had disoblighed their countrymen by the support which they gave to Herod the Great, and by acceding to the payment of a tribute to Augustus.

It seems extraordinary that Persius should sneer at the Jews for lighting lamps at their festivals, as a similar practice was common to the Romans. The Jews, however, had certainly given offence at Rome upon that subject. \textit{Accendere aliquem}, says Seneca in one of his epistles, \textit{lucernas Sabbatis prohibeamus: quoniam}, adds he contemptuously, \textit{nec lumine Dii egent, et ne homines quidem delectantur fuligine.}

Nothing, however, was more common at Rome, than the lighting of lamps at festivals. Even upon occasions of domestic rejoicing, the doors of the house were hung with laurels, and illuminated with lamps. Juvenal in a beautiful satire thus expresses himself,

\begin{quote}
\textit{Longos erexit janua ramos,}
\textit{Et matutinis operatur festa lucernis.}
\end{quote}

It appears from Tertullian, that the Christians soon adopted this practice. He thus charges the alienated disciples of the faith. \textit{Sed luceant, inquit (nempe Christus), opera vestra. At nunc lucent tabernæ et januæ nostræ: plures jam invenies Ethniorum fores sine lucernis et laureis quam Christianorum.}

The Jews probably took their custom of burning lamps at their feasts from the Egyptians. Herodotus \textit{L. xi.} tells us, there was an annual sacrifice at Sais
known by the name of the feast of lamps. The Chinese have a similar festival at the present day.

We must not understand Persius in this place to speak of the feast of lamps among the Jews. That festival was instituted by Judas, and was held annually on the twenty-fifth of the month Cisheu. See Josephus, and Picart des Cérémonies des Juifs.

Persius, as well as Suetonius, is mistaken in supposing that the Jews fasted on their sabbaths. The verb ἱσθι, signifies quievit; the substantive derived from it (and which is the same in sound) signifies quies. The Jews on their sabbath abstained from labour, but they did not observe it as a fast: on the contrary, it appears that the ἱσθι Sabbath eve was generally employed in preparing the feast of the succeeding day. They then lighted lamps, which burned during the day-time, which practice they still continue. Picart says he has seen "leur appartement très artistement illumine, tandis que les rayons du soleil encore doroit le toit de la maison."

Through the whole of this passage, it is evident, Persius means to expose the meanness and poverty of the Jews. The rubrum catinum, the alba fidelia, the cauda thynnii, all mark the wretchedness of the feast, at which the superstitious man assists.

Persius alludes in the words, labra moves tacitus, to the Jews repeating inwardly certain words and prayers. Thus they never pronounce the name יהוה Jehovah but upon occasions of extraordinary solemnity; and when
at the commencement of the festival of Cheipur, the priest prays aloud from the hechal, the people repeat after him in a low voice that is scarcely audible.

The real meaning of the word recutita has been rightly guessed at by Stelluti and Holyday. A more modern translator has strangely rendered it curtailed—

"Strictly observant of the curtail'd race,
Poor thou, with anguish brooding on thy face."

Brewster.

But by what miracle did this translator account for the continuation of the curtailed race? I believe this question would have puzzled the whole Sanhedrim, if God, instead of ordering the males of his chosen people to be circumcised, had ordered them to be curtailed.

The severity which Persius displays in this passage, arose from a prejudice (if it was one) general among the Romans. The obstinacy, the treachery, and the intolerance of the Jews disgusted their conquerors. The usual lenity of the Caesars towards the inhabitants of the provinces annexed to their empire, was necessarily violated towards the children of Israel; and in endeavouring to subdue their untractable spirit, Rome was provoked to acts of cruelty and oppression unexampled in her annals.

The rigid observance of their laws, as well as of the most minute ceremonies, rendered the Jews objects of derision to other nations, who considered them as the most ignorant and superstitious of mankind. But as the Roman arms gradually broke down the fence which
separated them from the rest of the world, their ancient institutions could not prevent the inundation of new opinions. Various sects suddenly sprang up, who disputed with all the subtlety of dialecticians. Philosophical questions, never before heard of within the walls of the synagogue, startled Superstition in her dotage. The children of the house of Aaron beheld with indignation the progress of Gentile doctrines, and denounced angry curses against those who neglected the laws of Israel, to teach the philosophy of Greece, —Cursed be the man instructing his son in the wisdom of the Greeks.

In the age of Persius the Jews were become better known to the Romans; but their new masters treated them only with contempt. The satirist, without doubt, thought the worst opprobrium he could throw upon the votary of superstition, was to represent him observing the rites and ceremonies of the Jews and Syrians. Little did he know, that in that same country of Judea, where he believed misanthropy reigned with error, bigotry, and ignorance, a system was already taught, whose morality was simpler and sublimer than his own; and whose pure, benevolent, and exalted principles, far eclipsed all the splendid precepts admired in the school of Zeno.

*Ver. 185.* Tunc nigri lemures, ovoque pericula rupto: Hinc grandes Galli, et cum sistro lusca sacerdos,
Incussere Deos infantes corpora, si non
Prædictum ter mane caput gustaveris alli.
The reader will probably smile at the translation
Dryden has given of this passage.—

"Then a crack'd eggshell thy sick fancy frights,
Besides the childish fear of walking sprites,
Of o'ergrown gelding priests thou art afraid;
The timbrel, and the squintifego maid
Of Isis awe thee:"

These priests were indeed what Dryden calls them.
Herodian informs us how they received the appellation
of Galli,—παλαι μὴν φευγεῖς ὀφρύξον ἐπὶ τῷ πόλαμῳ Γαλλῶν
πάρμαχοι, from which, continues he, the τομίαι ἰερομνοὶ
received their surname: they were generally called at
Rome by names more descriptive of their situation than
Galli, such as, evirati, abscissi, semi-viri, &c. Lucian
thus describes the ceremony of their inauguration. Ado-
lescens quicunque ad hoc paratus venit, abjectis vestibus,
magna voce in medium progreditur, atque ense distringit:
accepto autem ea, continuo se ipsum secat, curritque per
urbem, et ea quæ ressecuit in manibus portat. En quam-
cunque autem domum haec abjicit, ex ea, et vestem fæmineam,
et ornamentum muliebrem accipit.

These eunuchs were the priests not of Isis, but of
Cybele or Cybebe, the goddess of the Phrygians. I
have preferred giving her the latter name, as being more
expressive. Κυβελήως νυνίως τὸ ἐπὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν ῥίπτειν, ὦ Θεεν
The sistrum belonged equally to the Phrygian and Egyptian goddesses. Apuleius describes it as a brazen timbrel—cujus per angustam laminam in modum balthei recurratam, trajecta media, parvae virgulae, crispare brachio, tergeminos ictus reddent argutum sonum.

Plutarch pretends, that the rods were expressive of the four elements,—why not the four cardinal points, or the four seasons? This is an ill founded conjecture, Besides the sistrum had sometimes only three rods.

Ver. 189. *Dixeris bæc inter varicosos centuriones,*

*Continuo crassum ridet Vulstenius ingens,*

*Et centum Græcos curto centusse licetur.*

I could have wished the absence of these three verses.

It was not worthy of the attention of the poet to consider, how his philosophical opinions might be received *inter varicosos centuriones.* Any man, who should be rash enough to introduce an abstruse metaphysical argument, while dining with the young ensigns at a mess-room, would probably not go unpunished for his want of knowledge of the world. But upon the other hand, it is at least equally unbecoming the character of a philosopher, to be solicitous about the reception which his opinions may meet from those, who from prejudice, ignorance, or imbecillity, are incapable of judging of them.
SATIRE VI.

Ver. 2. — *et tetrico vivunt tibi pectine chordae.*

Casaubon, perhaps rightly, observes, that the reading should be *tetrico*, and not *Tetrico*. For my part, I almost suspect my author's gravity of a pun.

Ver. 6. — *Mihi nunc Ligus ora Intepet.*

Casaubon, according to custom, when any difficulty occurs, makes all easy by supposing a rhetorical figure. Thus he says, *Ligus ora ῥυπαλλαγῆ pro Ligustica, ut max juvenes jocos, id est juveniles.* I observe, Casaubon does not take notice of the construction of the last line of the fifth satire. I understand an infinitive.

This great commentator has another peculiarity. He admires Persius to extravagance; but he seems never to suspect him of poetry. It is true, the satirist did not shine in description; yet, unless I had been told so by Casaubon, I should never have dreamt, that while my author is talking of the port of Luna, and of the Ligurean shore, he is in fact all the time busy philosophizing. Who, that had not been bred to the profession of a commentator, would have discovered that Persius was
alluding here to the universal principle of heat, which, according to the Stoics, pervades every part of the universe? of this principle the vast body of the waters has its share. Now as the air begins to cool when winter approaches, the transition from heat to cold would be much more felt, if the earth and ocean did not part with a certain portion of caloric, as the air becomes less heated by the sun's rays. But water (as its fluidity evinces) contains a larger proportion of caloric than other matter, of which the particles are united by a closer adhesion, and a more powerful attraction; it necessarily follows then, that in the same latitudes the air of the sea will be warmer than that of continents. Now although this reasoning may appear to be borrowed from the modern chemists, yet it might certainly have been inferred from the principles of the Stoic philosophers, who held the universality of caloric just as much as Black or Lavoisier. Persius, therefore, under other terms, might have reasoned as I have now done: but still is it not a little absurd to suppose, that he could not describe his country residence, nor even talk of the weather, without taking all this trouble to prove that he was of the sect of Zeno, to his friend, who knew it very well before?

Ver. 9. Lunai portum, &c.

Strabo (L. v.) has celebrated the size and beauty of this port. It is still known by its ancient name; and
is situated at the mouth of a small river called Vitra, which falls into the golfa de la Spetia.

_Ver. ii._ — _Quintus pavone ex Pythagoreo._

The Metempsychosis, like many other metaphysical doctrines, is laughed at by some who do understand it, and by more who do not.

The transmigration of the soul was taught by the priests, and believed by the people of India, of Persia, of Chaldea, and of Egypt. This doctrine, which was first introduced into Greece by Pythagoras, was afterwards adopted and perhaps refined by the Platonists. According to their sublime, but fanciful philosophy, God is the source of intellectual being; and from him all other intelligences are derived. As the rays of light, which illuminate the earth, emanate from the orb of the sun, so the spirits, which animate matter, have originally proceeded from the essence of God. The soul, upon its first immersion into matter, loses all its energies, which it slowly and imperfectly recovers. If, in its union with matter, it becomes enamoured of its present existence, and forgets its intellectual pleasures, it continues wandering upon earth (according to the beautiful allegory of Apuleius) rising, or sinking, in the scale of being, as it is exalted by virtue, or degraded by vice. At length, when the soul of a virtuous man desires to be re-united with the primary intelligence, it becomes capable of attaining a higher sphere of existence. Finally, it returns
to the source whence being flows; and in this union is the ultimate happiness.

This doctrine is certainly sublime; but does it not sometimes happen, that the sublime borders upon the extravagant?

*Ver. 16.* ——— *aut caenare sine uncto.*

Those authors are mistaken who say, that the Greeks took the custom of perfuming themselves at meals from the Persians; and Pliny had forgotten his Homer, when he said that the Greeks did not use unguents, until a period subsequent to the siege of Troy. Thus, speaking of Paris in the third book, the poet says,—

Καλλες τε εἷβιοι καί εμαατι.

In another book he speaks of the wounds of Patroclus being filled with unguents.

In later ages the custom of anointing the head, hands, and feet, became very general, not only at the commencement, but at the conclusion of feasts. Then,

\[
\Omegaραιος \; \piα\varepsilon \; \nuλθε \; \phiερον \; \mu\upsilon\upsilon ι\nu\nu εν \; \nu\thetaυ \\
\text{Αλλος} \; δ' \; \alpha\upsilon \; \sigma\varepsilon\varepsilon\varepsilon\varepsilon\varepsilon\varepsilon \; \epsilon\pi\iota\delta\varepsilon\varepsilon\iota\alpha \; \piα\varepsilon\varepsilon \; \iota\nu\omega\kappa\nu\epsilonν.
\]

The Ionians are said to have been the first who wore crowns of flowers during their meals. It became among the Romans a common fashion; and the hair was first anointed, and then adorned with flowers.

—— *funde capacibus*

_Unguenta de conchis. Quis udo*_
Notes to Satire VI.

Deproperare apio coronas,

Curatue myrto?

But the perfumes most in request were those which came from Arabia, India, and Persia.

Non omnes possunt olea unguenta exotica.

It appears from Seneca, that one method of inviting a person of rank to supper, was to send him perfumes and garlands. (Seneca de Ira, L. ii.) Perfumes, among the Romans, were made from myrrh, cinnamon, nard, spikenard, casia, roses, baccar, &c.

Ver. 17. Et signum in vapida naso tettigisse lagena.

This is to draw from the life. Horace himself could hardly have given a more striking picture of avarice.

Ver. 18. —— Genitos horoscope, varo

Productis genius.—

In the age of Persius the number of judicial astrologers at Rome seems more than once to have excited the indignation of the poet, who justly reprobated a superstition by which jugglers and sciolists imposed upon the credulity of the people. The senate had in vain decreed the expulsion of those cheats: they assumed the names of Chaldæi, Genethliaci, and Mathematici; and obtained the highest credit among the lower orders of the Romans, who were the dupes of their impostures. Everybody knows the weakness of Dryden upon the subject of astrology. He has no note upon these words of Persius.
NOTES TO SATIRE VI. 181

Ver. 22. — Utar ego, utar.
Perhaps the French language would admit here of a more literal translation than ours can do without offending the idiom. J'userai moi, j'userai des biens que j'aye. An English translator, fearful of losing any of the graces of repetition, renders these words,

I, I will use, will use my fortune too.

Brewster.

Ver. 27. — trabe rupta, Bruttia saxa

Prendit amicus inops: &c.

Dryden conjectures that these lines are Lucan's, because they are more poetical than is common with the verses of Persius. Dryden's conjecture can hardly be admitted, I think, upon any one principle of critical justice. I remember six or eight very beautiful lines in Aurengzebe: shall we say, that they were not Dryden's, because they much surpass any others in that piece? Dryden says further, that except this passage, and two lines at the conclusion of the second satire, our poet has written nothing elegantly. I have very amply criticised upon Persius in my Preface, and shall not therefore discuss his poetical merits here. But before the reader determines upon the justice of Dryden's observation, I would wish him to examine the following passages in Persius. Satire I. from v. 115 to v. 119; Satire II. from v. 23 to v. 27; from v. 59 to v. 69; Satire III. from v. 35 to v. 43; from v. 65 to v. 72; Satire V. from
v. 30 to v. 51. I do not contend that every thing in these passages is elegant, but I think they entitle Persius to put in his claim for the laurel, not less than those which are cited by Dryden.

_VER. 31._

—— _Nunc et de cespite vivo_

_Frange aliquid._——

Brewster has translated this,—

"Sell, sell some land, and so support thy friend."

The general fidelity of Brewster's translation I admit, however in other respects I may speak of it _naso adunco_. His having mistaken his author here, I can therefore very easily forgive to him, and the more readily, that all the commentators seem to have misunderstood this passage.

Persius does not literally mean that the avaricious man should sell any part of his land to support his relation, as has been generally supposed. The private sacrifices to the Lares were made upon a turf, which probably (especially among the poor) supplied the place of a more costly altar. Thus Juvenal,

_Lqua festus promissa Deis animalia cespes_

.Expectat.

Horace says in one ode,

_Hic vivum mihi cespitem, hic_

_Verbenas pueri, ponite thuraque_

_Bini cum patera meri._

He begins another,
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Martis cælebs quid agam Calendis
Quid velint flores, et accerra thuris
Plena, miraris, positusque carbo in Cespite vivo,

Docte sermones utriusque lingue?

Now as the sacrifices to the Lares were always in proportion to the daily consumption of provisions, and to the expenditure of the family; the person who lessened his household expences might be said, *frangere aliqua de vivo cespite*. He contracted the size of his altars, and the quantity of the offerings made upon them, because his mode of living, in other respects, was become less expensive.

The meaning of Persius, therefore, is, contract your own expences, and bestow some of your wealth on your indigent friend.

*Ver. 32.*

—— ne pictus oberret
Cærulea in tabula.

Sailors escaped from shipwreck, were wont to carry about with them a picture descriptive of their misfortune. This was painted of a blue colour. See Casaubon.

*Ver. 39.*

—— maris expers.

Much has been written about these two words. Perhaps enough, to have made it better, to have written no more. But as I differ from other commentators about their import, I shall concisely state how I understand them.
According to some of the interpreters of Persius, these words signify void of manliness. Dryden seems to have understood them in this sense:

"Now toys and trifles from their Athens come,
And dates and pepper have unsinewed Rome."

If I understand rightly the following couplet of Brewster, he seems to have preferred a more literal signification:

"Pack'd up with dates and pepper, here they throng,
And ship their damn'd philosophy along."

This expression is evidently copied from the phrase of Horace:

—— Chium maris expers.

Now did Horace mean Chian wine void of strength, or Chian wine which had never crossed the seas? I think, without doubt, the latter. The poet is ridiculing the entertainment of Nasidienus. Now if we understand Chium expers maris to mean weak Chian wine, we entirely lose the point, which Horace meant to give. Nasidienus, if he had no better wine to present his guests than weak Chian, was perhaps more to be pitied than to be blamed; but if he gave them bad Italian wine, and impudently called it Chian, his falsehood and his vanity were deservedly punished and exposed.

Having thus fixed the sense of the phrase maris expers, as it was used by Horace, we shall have the less difficulty in ascertaining how it was employed by Persius.
But it is necessary to the comprehension of this passage to observe here, that the poet speaks figuratively, and borrows his metaphor from the taste. The word sapere literally signifies to taste; and Persius continues his observations, as if he had really employed sapere in its literal signification. This will shew us that we are not to take the phrase pipere et palmis in its literal sense, any more than the word sapere. Now let us see how the sense of this difficult passage will be. Bestius, says the satirist, inveighs against the teachers of the Grecian philosophy. "So it is," cries he, "that since they have come among us, hoc nostrum sapere maris expers: this our taste, not versant in foreign flavours—(i.e. the plain natural sense of the Roman people) postquam urbi cum pipere et palmis venit: afterwards came to the city with pepper and dates—(i.e. afterwards was corrupted by vicious innovations)—Fœnisece crasso vitiarunt unguine pultas: the hay-cutters have vitiated their puddings with thick oil—(i.e. and even the lowest orders of the people have become corrupt and luxurious.)

Ver. 51. —— Non adeo, inquis,

Exossatus ager juxta est.—

Casaubon has rightly interpreted exossatus ager, "a piece of land cleared from rocks and stones;" i.e. a cultivated field. But I differ from that commentator, when, by understanding urbe, he makes juxta equivalent to suburbanus. There is certainly no authority for
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this; and I am doubtful if it be not altogether contrary to the sense. All the commentators, indeed, seem to me, to have mistaken the meaning of this difficult passage, from construing *juxta* as a preposition, and not as an adverb. I know very well, that when *juxta* is taken adverbially it generally signifies *æque, eodem modo, similiter*. Thus Tacitus, *spem ac metum juxta gravatus*. But this rule is not without its exceptions. Suetonius has the following passage. *Tantique in avum, et qui juxta erant, obsequii, ut non immerito sit dictum, nec servum meliorem ullum, nec deteriorem dominum fuisses.*

Now as, in the words of Persius, there is no accusative expressed, I am there also inclined to understand *juxta* as an adverb. I think too, it helps to elucidate the sense; but of that, the reader will presently judge.

I agree with a commentator whose notes in general are puerile enough, that "the taking *est* from *juxta*, and transferring it to *exossatus*, is not the natural method of the syntax." I, however, differ entirely from him when he says that *exossatus* signifies exhausted.

I likewise think that *non adeo* refers to what has been before said, and should by no means be construed with *exossatus*. I would therefore point the passage as follows,—

—— "Non adeo," 'inquis;

"Exossatus ager juxta est."

I shall now give my own interpretation. The selfish and avaricious heir is pressed by his relation, to say
whether or not he objects to the manner in which this latter proposes to expend his fortune. An prohibes? cries the rich man. Die clare. Non adeo, inquis; not so truly, say you; but you add, exossatus ager juxta est; a rich field is hard by. The relation immediately perceives that his heir by this insinuates, that though he does not openly object to his proposed plans of expenditure, yet he would recommend a wiser method of laying out his money.—vix. in the purchase of an estate, which though it might add nothing to his own pleasures, might benefit those who are to succeed to him. In consequence the rich man is offended, and exclaims,—

— Age si mihi nulla
Jam reliqua ex amitis, &c.

This explanation appears to myself to be satisfactory, and I hope it will be found so by others. The only objection, I think, that can be urged against it, is with respect to the meaning and construction of adeo. But I find it used sometimes for certè, as the reader will see by looking into Stephanus; and, employed in this way, it answers to the sense I give the passage.

Ver. 79. — Depinge ubi sistam
Inventus, Chrysippe, tui finitor acervi.

In the preceding satire it may have been observed, that I have rendered fruge Cleanthea literally Cleanthean corn. This may appear obscure, and it may be thought, that I might have said better, with Dryden, Stoic insti-
lutes, or even with Brewster, Stoic seed. But it appeared to me, that Persius probably had some reason for expressing himself as he did, and I am confirmed in this opinion by the words above quoted.

After Zeno, Cleanthes and Chrysippus were the most distinguished teachers among the Stoics. Cleanthes appears to have followed pretty closely the steps of his master Zeno; but Chrysippus has in many things differed from both. Hence the Stoics were not thoroughly agreed amongst themselves; some following Cleanthes, and others Chrysippus. Persius, both by his using the expression "fruge Cleanthea" in the fifth satire, and by this sarcasm against Chrysippus in the sixth, seems desirous to mark whom of the two philosophers he preferred.

1. The first point concerning which Cleanthes and Chrysippus differed, was with respect to perception. The former thought, that sensible impressions were made upon the brain, and that the objects of its contemplation were actually imprinted upon it. This opinion is not very dissimilar to those of Democritus, Leucippus, and Aristotle. It was, however, justly controverted by Chrysippus. The doctrine of material images floating betwixt mind and matter, and of the sensible species of things leaving impressions upon the brain, is one of the most vulnerable parts, either of the Epicurean, or of the Aristotelian philosophy.

2. The next question, upon which these two philosophers disagreed, was, whether or not virtue could be
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lost, after having been once acquired. Cleanthes main-
tained that it could not, Chrysippus that it could. If
human virtue were perfect virtue, I should think with
Cleanthes.

3. The tendency of the Stoics to materialism, did
not prevent them from asserting, that the world had a
mind which guided, and a providence which protected
it. Chrysippus maintained that providence existed in
the æther, and Cleanthes that it resided in the sun. Non
nostrum tantas componere lites.

The reader may find other subjects of difference in
the precepts of these celebrated Stoics, by consulting
Diogenes Laertius, and Stobæus among the ancients,
and Stanley and Bruckerus among the moderns. Re-
ferring him to these authors, I forbear dwelling any
longer upon this subject, or swelling these Notes to a
greater size.

—— Depinge ubi sistam
Inventus, Chrysippe, tui finitor acervi.

FINIS.