

The satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis / translated into English verse by William Gifford.

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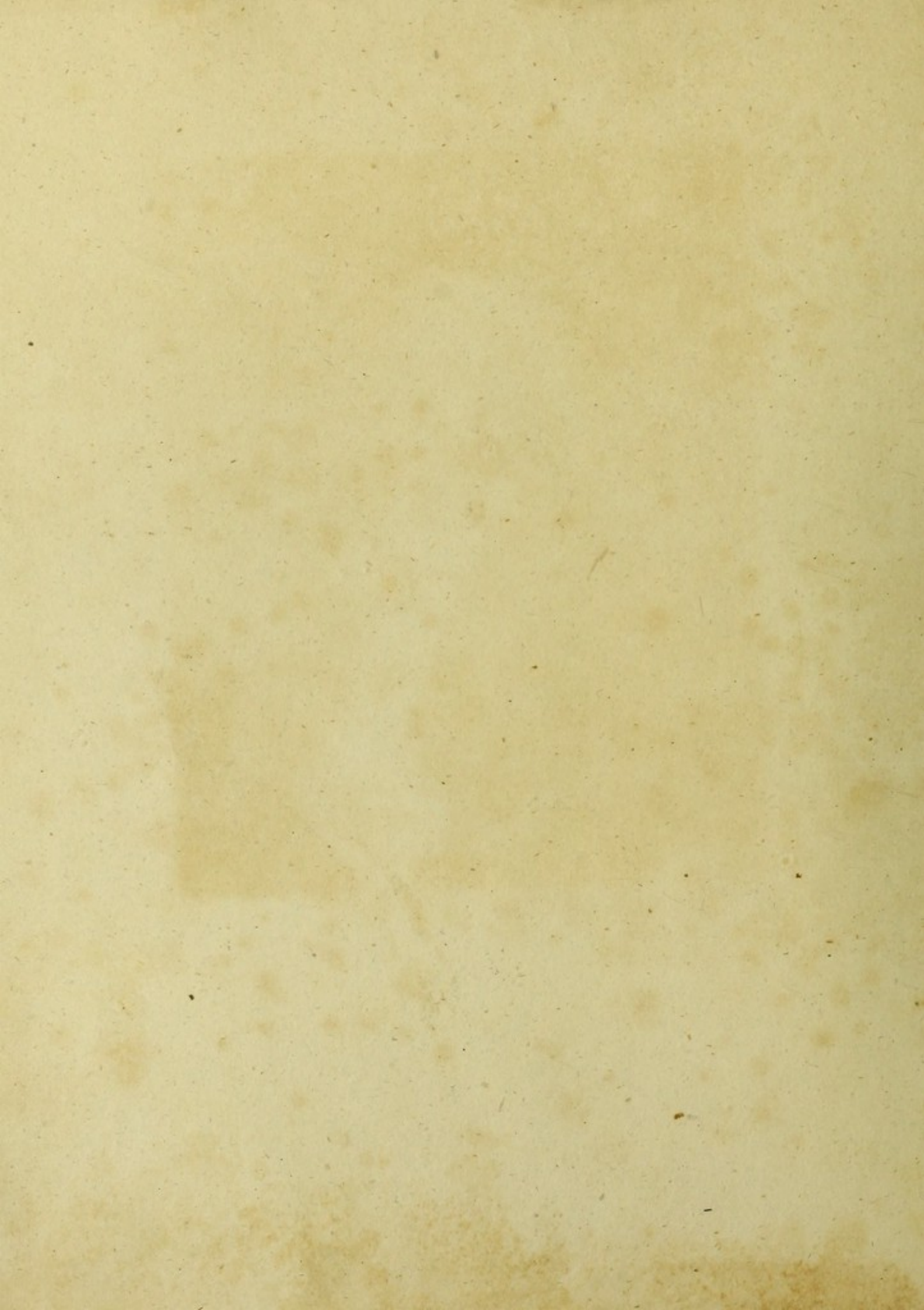
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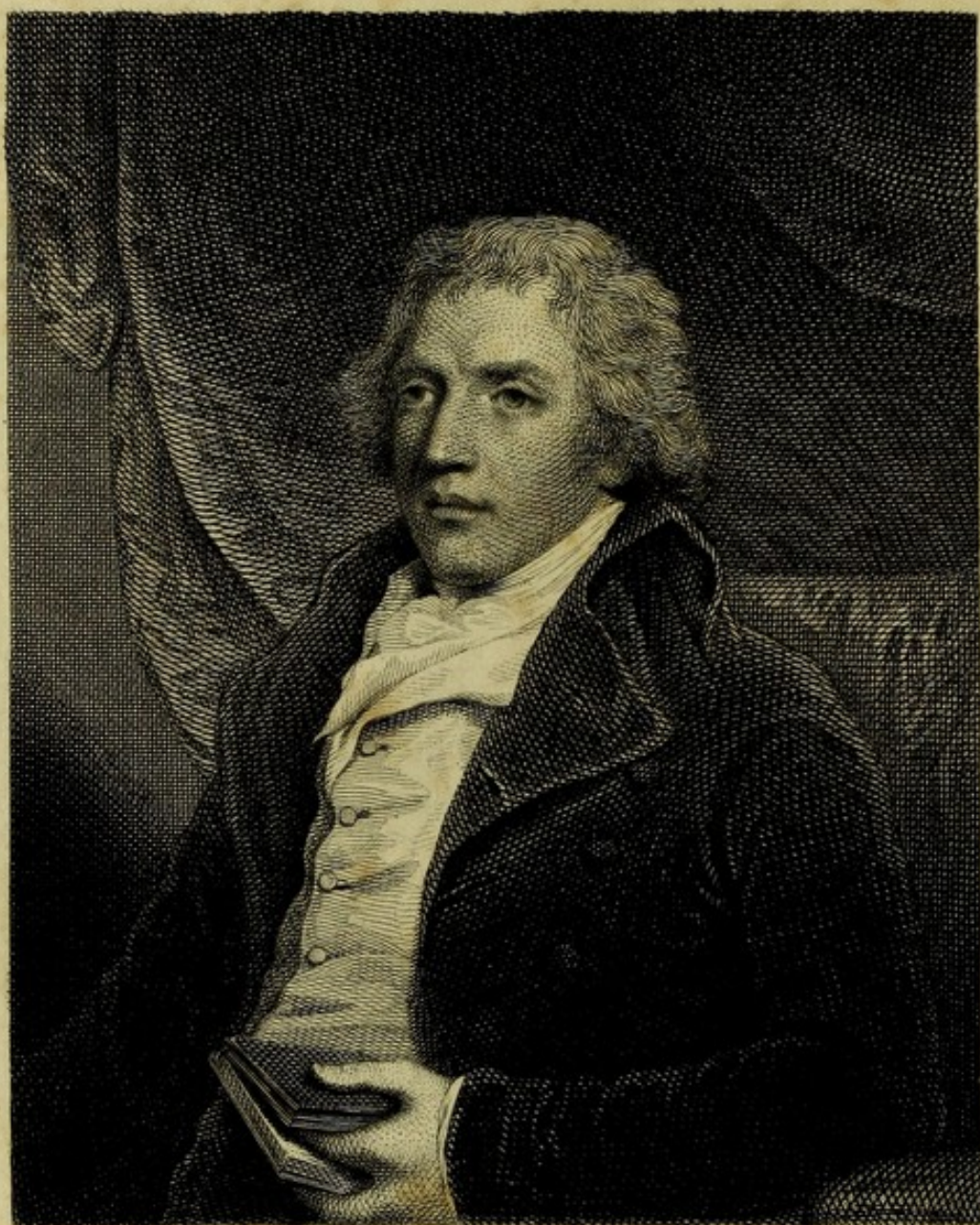






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W. GIFFORD.

London Published by G. Nicol. Pall Mall. 1802.

THE
SATIRES
OF
DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY
WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

WITH
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

ΠΙΛΑΚΟΣ ΕΞ ΙΕΡΗΣ ΟΛΙΓΗ ΛΙΒΑΣ.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND CO.
CLEVELAND-ROW, ST. JAMES'S,
FOR G. AND W. NICOL, BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY;
AND R. EVANS, PALL-MALL.

1802.



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TO
RICHARD EARL GROSVENOR,
VISCOUNT BELGRAVE, BARON GROSVENOR,
THIS
TRANSLATION OF JUVENAL
IS INSCRIBED,
AS
AN HUMBLE, BUT SINCERE TESTIMONY,
OF THE
GRATITUDE AND RESPECT OF
THE TRANSLATOR.

May 1st, 1802.

TO

RICHARD EARL GROSVENOR

IN THE

AT COURT DEBENT, BARON GROSVENOR

THIS

TRANSLATION OF JUVENAL

IS INSCRIBED

AN HUMBLE BUT SINCERE TESTIMONY

OF THE

GRATITUDE AND RESPECT OF

THE TRANSLATOR

MAY 14, 1802

INTRODUCTION.

I AM about to enter on a very uninteresting subject: but all my friends tell me that it is necessary to account for the long delay of the following Work; and I can only do it by adverting to the circumstances of my life. Will this be accepted as an apology?

I know but little of my family, and that little is not very precise. My great-grandfather, (the most remote of it, that I ever recollect to have heard mentioned,) possessed considerable property at Halsworthy, a parish in the neighbourhood of Ashburton; but whether acquired or inherited, I never thought of asking, and do not know.*

He was probably a native of Devonshire, for there he spent the last years of his life; spent them too, in some sort of consideration, for Mr. T. (a very respectable surgeon of Ashburton,) loved to repeat to me, when I first grew into notice, that he had frequently hunted with his hounds.

My grandfather was on ill terms with him: I believe, not without sufficient reason, for he was extravagant and dissipated. My father never mentioned his name, but my mother would sometimes tell me that he had ruined the family. That he spent much, I know; but I am inclined to think that his undutiful conduct occasioned my great-grandfather to bequeath a part of his property from him.

* I have, however, some faint notion of hearing my mother say, that he, or his father, had been a China merchant in London. By China merchant, I always understood, and so perhaps did she, a dealer in China-ware.

My father, I fear, revenged in some measure the cause of my great-grandfather. He was, as I have heard my mother say, "a very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing." He was sent to the grammar-school at Exeter; from which he made his escape, and entered on board a man of war. He was soon reclaimed from this situation by my grandfather, and left his school a second time, to wander in some vagabond society.* He was now probably given up, for he was, on his return from this notable adventure, reduced to article himself to a plumber and glazier, with whom he luckily staid long enough to learn the business. I suppose his father was now dead, for he became possessed of two small estates, married my mother,† (the daughter of a carpenter at Ashburton,) and thought himself rich enough to set up for himself; which he did with some credit, at South Molton. Why he chose to fix there, I never inquired; but I learned from my mother, that after a residence of four or five years he was again thoughtless enough to engage in a dangerous frolic, which drove him once more to sea. This was an attempt to excite a riot in a Methodist chapel; for which his companions were prosecuted, and he fled, as I have mentioned.

My father was a good seaman, and was soon made second in command in the *Lyon*, a large armed transport in the service of government: while my mother (then with child of me) returned to her native place, Ashburton, where I was born, in April, 1757.

The resources of my mother were very scanty. They arose from the rent of three or four small fields, which yet remained unsold. With these, however, she did what she could for me; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of her sight, sent me to a school-mistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this

* He had gone with Bamfylde Moore Carew, then an old man.

† Her maiden name was Elizabeth Cain. My father's christian name was Edward.

school ; they consisted merely of the contents of the " Child's Spelling Book : " but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which, about half a century ago, amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad-singers, or rather, readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of Catskin, and the Golden Bull, and the Bloody Gardener, and many other histories equally instructive and amusing.

My father returned from sea in 1764. He had been at the siege of the Havannah ; and though he received more than a hundred pounds for prize money, and his wages were considerable ; yet, as he had not acquired any strict habits of economy, he brought home but a trifling sum. The little property yet left was therefore turned into money ; a trifle more was got by agreeing to renounce all future pretensions to an estate at Totness ;* and with this my father set up a second time as a glazier and house-painter. I was now about eight years old, and was put to the free-school (kept by Hugh Smerdon,) to learn to read and write, and cypher. Here I continued about three years, making a most wretched progress, when my father fell sick and died. He had not acquired wisdom from his misfortunes, but continued wasting his time in unprofitable pursuits, to the great detriment of his business. He loved drink for the sake of society, and to this love he fell a martyr ; dying of a decayed and ruined constitution before he was forty. The town's people thought him a shrewd and sensible man, and regretted his death. As for me, I never greatly loved him ; I had not grown up with him ; and he was too prone to repulse my little advances to familiarity, with coldness, or anger. He had certainly some reason to be displeased with me, for I learned little at school, and nothing at home, though he would now and then attempt to give me some

* This was a lot of small houses, which had been thoughtlessly suffered to fall into decay, and of which the rents had been so long unclaimed, that they could not now be recovered, unless by an expensive litigation.

insight into the business. As impressions of any kind are not very strong at the age of eleven or twelve, I did not long feel his loss ; nor was it a subject of much sorrow to me, that my mother was doubtful of her ability to continue me at school, though I had by this time acquired a love for reading.

I never knew in what circumstances my mother was left : most probably they were inadequate to her support, without some kind of exertion, especially as she was now burthened with a second child about six or eight months old. Unfortunately she determined to prosecute my father's business ; for which purpose she engaged a couple of journeymen, who, finding her ignorant of every part of it, wasted her property, and embezzled her money. What the consequence of this double fraud would have been, there was no opportunity of knowing, as, in somewhat less than a twelvemonth, my poor mother followed my father to the grave. She was an excellent woman, bore my father's infirmities with patience and good humour, loved her children dearly, and died at last, exhausted with anxiety and grief more on their account than on her own.

I was not quite thirteen when this happened ; my little brother was hardly two ; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing that was left was seized by a person of the name of C——, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims ; and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection ; and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town, (which, whether correct or not, was, that he had repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects,) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me : but these golden days were

over in less than three months. C—— sickened at the expense ; and, as the people were now indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him, but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more, and in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this, I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table, I had fallen backward, and drawn it after me: its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow ; of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question, and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

As I could write and cypher, (as the phrase is,) C—— next thought of sending me to Newfoundland, to assist in a storehouse. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr. Holdsworthy of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr. Holdsworthy. On seeing me, this great man observed with a look of pity and contempt, that I was “ too small,” and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not however choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage-boat to Totness, from whence I was to walk home. On the passage, the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped with life almost by miracle.

My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing boats ; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen.

My master, whose name was Full, though a gross and ignorant, was not an ill natured, man ; at least, not to me : and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness ; moved perhaps by my weakness and tender years. In return, I did what I could to requite her, and my good will was not overlooked.

Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself : when we had to go farther, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

In this vessel (the Two Brothers) I continued nearly a twelve-month ; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished.

It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a "ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot : yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say, it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading ; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the Coasting Pilot.

As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful ; and I therefore frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropt into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing, and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship's side just in time to see me sink. He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconscious of it) intangled itself about me, and I was drawn up to the surface, till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to

recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remembering nothing but the horror I felt, when I first found myself unable to cry out for assistance.

This was not my only escape, but I forbear to speak of them. An escape of another kind was now preparing for me, which deserves all my notice, as it was decisive of my future fate.

On Christmas day (1770) I was surprised by a message from my godfather, saying that he had sent a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton; and desiring me to set out without delay. My master, as well as myself, supposed it was to spend the holydays there; and he therefore, made no objection to my going. We were, however, both mistaken.

Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken off all connection with Ashburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother,* who was yet too young for any kind of correspondence; and the conduct of my godfather towards me, did not intitle him to any portion of my gratitude, or kind remembrance. I lived therefore in a sort of sullen independance on all I had formerly known, and thought without regret of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had

* Of my brother here introduced for the last time, I must yet say a few words. He was literally

The child of misery baptised in tears;

and the short passage of his life did not belie the melancholy presage of his infancy. When he was seven years old, the parish bound him out to a husbandman of the name of Leman, with whom he endured incredible hardships, which I had it not in my power to alleviate. At nine years of age he broke his thigh, and I took that opportunity to teach him to read and write. When my own situation was improved, I persuaded him to try the sea; he did so, and was taken on board the Egmont, on condition that his master should receive his wages. The time was now fast approaching when I could serve him, but he was doomed to know no favourable change of fortune: he fell sick, and died at Cork.

known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trowsers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating my change of condition. This tale often repeated, awakened at length the pity of their auditors, and, as the next step, their resentment against the man who had reduced me to such a state of wretchedness. In a large town, this would have had little effect, but in a place like Ashburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur which my godfather found himself either unable or unwilling to withstand: he therefore determined, as I have just observed, to recall me; which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen, and consequently was not yet bound.

All this, I learned on my arrival; and my heart, which had been cruelly shut up, now opened to kinder sentiments, and fairer views.

After the holydays I returned to my darling pursuit, arithmetic: my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master (Mr. E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on those occasions, it raised a thought in me, that by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows, my ideas of support at this time, were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr. Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year, when I built these castles: a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

On mentioning my little plan to C —, he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me, in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty (so, indeed, he had;) he added, that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoe-maker, of some respectability; who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee, as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonstrate; but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound,* till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

The family consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master himself was the strangest creature! He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter Controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputacious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it, intollerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph: he was possessed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym, or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the other, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.

With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of knowledge, small as it was; and, indeed, nothing could well be smaller. At this period, I had read nothing but a black letter romance called *Parismus* and *Parismenus*, and a few loose magazines which my mother had brought from South Molton. The Bible,

* My indenture, which now lies before me, is dated the 1st of January, 1772.

indeed, I was well acquainted with ; it was the favourite study of my grand-mother, and reading it frequently with her, had impressed it strongly on my mind ; these then, with the Imitation of Thomas à Kempis, which I used to read to my mother on her death-bed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions.

As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it ; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sunk by degrees into the common drudge : this did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not however quite resign the hope of one day succeeding to Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study, at every interval of leisure.

These intervals were not very frequent ; and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first ; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

I possessed at this time but one book in the world : it was a treatise on Algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure ; but it was a treasure locked up : for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction : this was precisely what I wanted, but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own ; and that carried me pretty far into the science.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one : pen ink and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford,) were, for the most

part, as completely out of my reach, as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource ; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl : for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it, to a great extent.

Hitherto I had not so much as dreamt of poetry : indeed I scarce knew it by name ; and, whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never “ lisp’d in numbers.” I recollect the occasion of my first attempt : it is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an ale-house : it was to be a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verse : I liked it, but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose : I tried, and by the unanimous suffrage of my shop-mates was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse, till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject : and so I went on, till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly nothing on earth was ever so deplorable : such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them, even out of it. I never committed a line to paper for two reasons ; first, because I had no paper ; and secondly—perhaps I might be excused from going farther ; but in truth I was afraid, for my master had already threatened me, for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme.

The repetitions of which I speak were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial : little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in

an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed like a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c. and what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine: it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it, when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

But the clouds were gathering fast. My master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refused, my garret was searched, my little hoard of books discovered, and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

This was a very severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly; it was followed by another severer still; a stroke which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whose succession I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

I look back to that part of my life which immediately followed this event, with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom, and savage unsociability: by degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent; unfriended and unpitied; indignant at the present, careless of the future, an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour; and whenever I took my

solitary walk, with my Wolfius in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile, or a short question put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me: it revived at the first encouraging word; and the gratitude I felt for it, was the first pleasing sensation I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

Together with gratitude, hope, and other passions still more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloominess which so lately possessed me: I returned to my companions, and by every winning art in my power, strove to make them forget my former repulsive ways. In this, I was not unsuccessful; I recovered their good will, and by degrees grew to be somewhat of a favourite.

My master still murmured; for the business of the shop went on no better than before: I comforted myself, however, with the reflection that my apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when I determined to renounce the employment for ever, and to open a private school.

In this humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams which, perhaps, would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr. William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and given him a curiosity to inquire after the author.

It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him: his first care was to console; his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me.

Mr. Cookesley was not rich: his eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him, indeed, much employment; but in a country town; men of science are not the most liberally rewarded: he had besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence: that little, however, was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to supply the deficiencies of his fortune.

On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing: he heard, however, with equal surprise and pleasure, that amidst the grossest ignorance of books, I had made a very considerable progress in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair; and when he learned that I had made it in circumstances of discouragement and danger, he became more warmly interested in my favour, as he now saw a possibility of serving me.

The plan that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were indeed several obstacles to be overcome: I had eighteen months yet to serve; my hand-writing was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man; he procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart: it ran thus, "a Subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in Writing and English Grammar." Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten-and-sixpence: enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship, (the sum my master received was six pounds,) and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.

At the expiration of this period, it was found that my progress (for I will speak the truth in modesty,) had been more considerable than my patrons expected: I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor, too, spoke favourably of me; and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now, that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.

In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr. Smerdon, fit for the University. The plan of opening a writing school had been abandoned almost from the first; and Mr. Cookesley looked round for some one who had interest enough to procure me some little office at Oxford. This person, who was soon found, was Thomas Taylor, Esq. of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I had already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College; and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least, till I had taken a degree.

During my attendance on Mr. Smerdon I had written, as I observed before, several tuneful trifles, some as exercises, others voluntarily, (for poetry was now become my delight,) and not a few at the desire of my friends. When I became capable, however, of reading Latin and Greek with some degree of facility, that gentleman employed all my leisure hours in translations from the Classics; and indeed I do not know a single school-book, of which I did not render some portion into English verse. Among others, JUVENAL

engaged my attention, or rather my master's, and I translated the tenth Satire for a holyday task. Mr. Smerdon was much pleased with this, (I was not undelighted with it myself;) and as I was now become fond of the author, he easily persuaded me to proceed with him, and I translated in succession the third, the fourth, the twelfth, and I think the eighth Satires. As I had no end in view but that of giving a temporary satisfaction to my benefactors, I thought little more of these, than of many other things of the same nature which I wrote from time to time, and of which I never copied a single line.

On my removing to Exeter College, however, my friend, ever attentive to my concerns, advised me to copy my translation of the tenth Satire, and present it, on my arrival, to the Rev. Dr. Stinton, (afterwards Rector,) to whom Mr. Taylor had given me an introductory letter: I did so, and it was kindly received. Thus encouraged, I took up the first and second Satires, (I mention them in the order they were translated,) when my friend, who had sedulously watched my progress, first started the idea of my going through the whole, and publishing it by subscription, as a means of increasing my means of subsistence. To this I readily acceded, and finished the thirteenth, eleventh, and fifteenth Satires: the remainder were the work of a much later period.

When I had got thus far, we thought it a fit time to mention our design; it was very generally approved of by my friends; and on the first of January, 1781, the subscription was opened by Mr. Cookesley at Ashburton, and by myself at Exeter College.

So bold an undertaking so precipitately announced, will give the reader, I fear, a higher opinion of my conceit than of my talents: neither the one nor the other, however, had the smallest concern with the business, which originated solely in ignorance: I wrote verses with great facility, and I was simple enough to imagine that little more was necessary for a translator of Juvenal!

I was not, indeed, unconscious of my inaccuracies: I knew that they were numerous, and that I had need of some friendly eye to point them out, and some judicious hand to rectify or remove them: but for these, as well as for every thing else, I looked to Mr. Cookesley, and that worthy man, with his usual alacrity of kindness, undertook the laborious task of revising the whole translation. My friend was no great Latinist, perhaps I was the better of the two; but he had taste and judgment, which I wanted. What advantages might have been ultimately derived from them, there was unhappily no opportunity of ascertaining, as it pleased the Almighty to call him to himself by a sudden death, before we had quite finished the first Satire. He died with a letter of mine unopened in his hands.

This event, which took place on the 15th of January, 1781, afflicted me beyond measure.* I was not only deprived of a most faithful and affectionate friend, but of a zealous and ever-active protector, on whom I confidently relied for support: the sums that were still necessary for me, he always collected; and it was to be feared that the assistance which was not solicited with warmth, would insensibly cease to be afforded.

In many instances this was actually the case: the desertion, however, was not general; and I was encouraged to hope, by the unexpected friendship of Servington Savery, a gentleman who voluntarily stood forth as my patron, and watched over my interests with kindness and attention.

Some time before Mr. Cookesley's death, we had agreed that it would be proper to deliver out with the terms of subscription, a

* I began this unadorned narrative on the 15th of January, 1801: twenty years have therefore elapsed since I lost my benefactor and my friend. In the interval I have wept a thousand times at the recollection of his goodness: I yet cherish his memory with filial respect; and at this distant period, my heart sinks within me at every repetition of his name.

specimen of the manner in which the translation was executed :^{*} to obviate any idea of selection, a sheet was accordingly taken from the beginning of the first Satire. My friend died while it was in the press.

After a few melancholy weeks, I resumed the translation ; but found myself utterly incapable of proceeding. I had been so accustomed to connect Mr. Cookesley's name with every part of it, and I laboured with such delight in the hope of giving him pleasure, that now, when he appeared to have left me in the midst of my enterprize, and I was abandoned to my own efforts, I seemed to be engaged in a hopeless struggle, without motive or end : and his idea, which was perpetually recurring to me, brought such bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the work with feelings bordering on distraction.

To relieve my mind, I had recourse to other pursuits. I endeavoured to become more intimately acquainted with the Classics, and to acquire some of the modern languages : by permission too, or rather recommendation, of the Rector and Fellows, I also undertook the care of a few pupils : this removed much of my anxiety respecting my future means of support. I have a heartfelt pleasure in mentioning this indulgence of my college : it could arise from nothing but the liberal desire inherent, I think, in the members of both our Universities, to encourage every thing that bears the most distant resemblance to talents : for I had no claims on them from any particular exertions.

The lapse of many months had now soothed, and tranquillized my mind, and I once more returned to the translation, to which a

^{*} Many of these papers were distributed ; the terms, which I extract from one of them, were these. "The work shall be printed in quarto, (without notes,) and be delivered to the Subscribers in the month of December next."

"The price will be sixteen shillings in boards, half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the remainder on delivery of the book."

wish to serve a young man surrounded with difficulties, had induced a number of respectable characters to set their names : but alas, what a mortification ! I now discovered, for the first time, that my own inexperience, and the advice of my too, too partial friend had engaged me in a work, for the due execution of which, my literary attainments were by no means sufficient. Errors and misconceptions appeared in every page. I had, indeed, caught something of the spirit of Juvenal, but his meaning had frequently escaped me, and I saw the necessity of a long and painful revision, which would carry me far beyond the period fixed for the appearance of the work. Alarmed at the prospect, I instantly resolved (if not wisely, yet I trust honestly) to renounce the publication for the present.

In pursuance of this resolution, I wrote to my friend in the country, (the Rev. Servington Savery,) requesting him to return the subscription money in his hands, to the subscribers. He did not approve of my plan ; nevertheless he promised, in a letter which now lies before me, to comply with it ; and, in a subsequent one, added that he had already begun to do so.

For myself, I also made several repayments ; and trusted a sum of money to make others, with a fellow collegian, who, not long after, fell by his own hands in the presence of his father. But there were still some whose abode could not be discovered, and others, on whom to press the taking back of eight shillings would neither be decent nor respectful : even from these I ventured to flatter myself that I should find pardon, when on some future day I presented them with the Work, (which I was still secretly determined to complete,) rendered more worthy of their patronage, and increased, by notes, which I now perceived to be absolutely necessary, to more than double its proposed size.

In the leisure of a country residence, I fancied this might be done in two years ; perhaps I was not too sanguine : the experi-

ment, however, was not made, for about this time a circumstance happened which changed my views, and indeed my whole system of life.

I had contracted an acquaintance with a person of the name of ———, recommended to my particular notice by a gentleman of Devonshire, whom I was proud of an opportunity to oblige. This person's residence at Oxford was not long, and when he returned to town, I maintained a correspondence with him by letters. At his particular request, these were inclosed in a cover, and sent to Lord GROSVENOR: one day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his Lordship, necessarily supposing it to be meant for himself, opened and read it. There was something in it which attracted his notice; and when he gave the letter to my friend, he had the curiosity to inquire about his correspondent at Oxford; and, upon the answer he received, the kindness to desire he might be brought to see him upon his coming to town: to this circumstance, purely accidental on all sides, and to this alone, I owe my introduction to that nobleman.

On my first visit, he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life; and I told him that I had no friends, and no prospects of any kind. He said no more; but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he charged himself with my present support, and future establishment; and that till this last could be effected to my wish, I should come and reside with him. These were not words of course: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go, and reside with him; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption, from that hour to this, a period of twenty years!

In his Lordship's house I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called

upon to accompany his son, (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen that this country, fertile in such characters, could ever boast,) to the continent. With him, in two successive tours, I spent many years: years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection that a friendship was then contracted, which time, and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard that forms at once the pride and happiness of my life.

It is long since I have been returned and settled in the bosom of competence and peace: my translation frequently engaged my thoughts, but I had lost the ardour and the confidence of youth, and was seriously doubtful of my abilities to do it justice. I have wished a thousand times that I could decline it altogether; but the ever-recurring idea that there were people of the description I have already mentioned, who had just and forcible claims on me for the due performance of my engagement, forbade the thought; and I slowly proceeded towards the completion of a work in which I should never have engaged, had my friend's inexperience, or my own, suffered us to suspect for a moment the labour, and the talents of more than one kind, absolutely necessary to its success in any tolerable degree. Such as I could make it, it is now before the Public.

————— *majora canamus.*

THE
LIFE OF JUVENAL.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS,* the author of the following Satires, was born at Aquinum, a considerable town of the Volsci, about the year of Christ 38.† He was either the son, or the fosterson, of

* *Junius Juvenalis liberti locupletis incertum filius an alumnus, ad mediam ætatem declamavit, animi magis causâ, quam quod scholæ aut foro se præpararet.* The learned reader knows that this is taken from the brief account of Juvenal, commonly attributed to Suetonius; but which is probably posterior to his time; as it bears very few marks of being written by a contemporary author: it is, however, the earliest extant. The old critics, struck with its deficiencies, have attempted to render it more complete by variations, which take from its authenticity, without adding to its probability.

† I have adopted Dodwell's chronology. *Sic autem* (says he) *se rem illam totam habuisse censeo. Exul erat Juv. cum Satiram scriberet xv. Hoc confirmat etiam in v. 27 scholiastes. "De se Juv. dicit, quia in Ægypto militem tenuit, et ea promittit se relaturum quæ ipse vidit."* Had not Dodwell been predisposed to believe this, he would have seen that the scholium "confirmed" nothing: for Juvenal makes no such promise. *Proinde rixæ illi ipse adfuit quam describit.* So error is built up! How does it appear that Juvenal was present at the quarrel he describes? He was in Egypt, we know; he had passed through the Ombite nome, and he speaks of the face of the country, as falling under his own inspection: but this is all; and he might have heard of the quarrel, at Rome, or elsewhere. *Tempus autem ipse designavit rixæ illius cum et "nuper"† illam contigisse dicit, et quidem "Consule Junio." Jun. duplicem habent fasti, alium Domit. in x. Consulatu collegam App. Junium Sabinum A. D. lxxxiv; alium Hadriani in suo itidem con-*

† This *nuper* is a very convenient word. Here, we see, it signifies lately; but when it is necessary to bring the works of our author down to a late period, it means, as Britannicus explains it, *de longo tempore*, long ago.

a wealthy freedman, who gave him a liberal education. From the period of his birth, till he had attained the age of forty, nothing more is known of him than that he continued to perfect himself in the study of eloquence, by declaiming, according to the practice of those days: yet more for his own amusement, than from any intention to prepare himself, either for the schools, or the courts of law. About this time, he seems to have discovered his true bent, and betaken himself to poetry. Domitian was now at the head of the government, and shewed symptoms of reviving that system of favouritism which had nearly ruined the empire under Claudius, by his unbounded partiality for a young pantomime dancer of the name of Paris. Against this minion, Juvenal seems to have directed the first shafts of that satire which was destined to make the most powerful vices tremble, and shake the masters of the world on their thrones. He composed a few lines * on the influence of Paris, with

aulatu III collegam Q. Junium Rusticum. Quo minus prior intelligi possit, obstant illa omnia quæ in his ipsis Satiris occurrunt Domitiani temporibus recentiora. Yet, such is the capricious nature of criticism, Dodwell's chief argument to prove the late period at which Juvenal was banished, is a passage confessedly written under Domitian, and foisted into a satire published, as he himself maintains, many years after that emperor's death! Posteriores ergo intellexerit oportet. Hoc ergo anno (CXIX.) erat in exilio. Sed verò Româ illum ejicere non potuit Trajanus, qui ab anno usque CXII. Romæ ipse non adfuit; nec etiam ante CXVIII. quo Romam venit imperator Hadrianus. Sic ante anni CXVIII. finem, aut CXIX. initium, mitti vix potuit in exilium Juxenalis: erat autem cum relegaretur, octogenarius. Proinde natus fuerit vel anni XXXVIII. fine, vel XXXIX. initio. Annal. 157—159.

I have made this copious extract from Dodwell, because it contains a summary of the chief arguments which induced Pithæus, Henninius, Lipsius, Salmasius, &c. to attribute the banishment of the author to Hadrian. To me they appear any thing but conclusive; for, to omit other objections for the present, why may not the Junius of the fifteenth Satire be the one who was Consul with Domitian in 84, when Juvenal, by Dodwell's own calculation, was in his 47th year?

* *Deinde paucorum versuum satira non absurde composita in Paridem pantomimum, poetamque Claudii Neronis, (the writer seems, in this and the following clause, to have referred to Juvenal's words; it is therefore probable that we should read Calvi Neronis,*

considerable success, which encouraged him to cultivate this kind of poetry: he had the prudence, however, not to trust himself to an auditory, in a reign which swarmed with informers; and his compositions were, therefore, secretly handed about amongst his friends.* By degrees, he grew bolder; and, having made many

i. e. Domitian; otherwise the phrase must be given up as an absurd interpolation) *ejus semestribus militiis tumentem: genus scripturæ industriose excoluit.* Suet.

* *Et tamen diù, ne modico quidem auditorio quicquam committere ausus est.* Suet. On this Dodwell observes, *Tam longè aberant illa à Paridis ira concitanda, si vel superstite Paride fuissent scripta, eum irritare non possent, cum nondum emanassent in publicum.* 161. He then adds that “Martial knew nothing of his poetical studies,† who boasted that he was as familiar with Juvenal as Pylades with Orestes!” It appears indeed that they were acquainted; but I suspect, notwithstanding the vehemence of Martial’s assertions, that there was no great cordiality between minds so very dissimilar. Some one, it seems, had accused the epigrammatist to our author, not improbably, of making too free with his thoughts and expressions. He was seriously offended; and Martial, instead of justifying himself, (whatever the charge might be,) imprecates shame on his accuser in a strain of idle rant, not much above the level of a school-boy. Lib. vii. 24.

But if he had been acquainted, say they, with his friend’s poetry, he would certainly have spoken of it. Not quite so certainly. These learned critics seem to think that Juvenal, like the poets he ridicules, wrote nothing but trite fooleries on the Argonauts and the Lapithæ. Were the Satires of Juvenal to be mentioned with approbation? and, if they were, was Martial the person to do it? Martial, the most devoted sycophant of the age, who was always begging, and sometimes receiving, favours from the man whose castigation was, in general, the express object of them. Is it not more consonant to his character, to suppose that he would conceal his knowledge of them with the most scrupulous care?

† But how is this made out? O, very easily; he calls him *facundus Juvenalis*. Here the question is finally left; for none of the commentators suppose it possible that the epithet can be applied to any but a rhetorician. Yet it is applied, by the author himself, to a poet of no ordinary kind;

“ ————— tunc seque suamque

“ *Terpsichoren odit facunda et nuda senectus.*”

Let it be remembered too, that Martial, as is evident from the frequent allusions to Domitian’s expedition against the Catti, wrote this epigram (Lib. vii. 91) in the commencement of his reign, when it is acknowledged that Juvenal had produced but one or two of his Satires.

large additions to his first sketch, or perhaps recast it, produced what is now called his Seventh Satire, which he recited to a numerous audience. The consequences were such as he had probably anticipated: Paris, informed of the part he bore in it, was seriously offended, and complained to the emperor, who, as the old account has it,* sent the author, by an easy kind of punishment,

But when Domitian was dead, and Martial removed from Rome; when, in short, there was no danger of speaking out, he still appears, say they, to be ignorant of his friend's poetic talents. I am almost ashamed to repeat what the critics so constantly forget—that Juvenal was not only a satirist, but a republican, who looked upon Trajan as an usurper, no less than Domitian. And how was it “safe to speak out,” when they all assert that he was driven into banishment by a milder prince than Trajan, for a passage “suspected of bearing a figurative allusion to the times?” What inconsistencies are these!

* *Mox magna frequentia, magnoque successu bis ac ter auditus est; ut ea quoque qua prima fecerat, inferciret novis scriptis,*

“Quod non dant proceres dabit histrio, &c.” *Sat. vii. 90—92.*

Erat tum in delitiis aulae histrio, multique fautorum ejus quotidie provehebantur. Venit ergo in suspicionem quasi tempora figurate notasset: ac statim per honorem militiolæ, quam octogenarius, urbe summotus, missusque ad præfecturam cohortis in extremâ parte tendentis Ægypti. Id supplicii genus placuit, ut levi atque joculari delicto par esset. Verum intra brevissimum tempus angore et tædio periit. Suet. Passing by the interpolations of the old grammarians, I shall, as before, have recourse to Dodwell. *Recitavit ni fallor, omnia, emisitque in publicum CXVIII.* (Juvenal was now fourscore!) *postquam Romam venisset Hadrianus, quem ille principem à benevolo ejus in hæc studia animo, in hac ipsa satira, in qua occurrunt verba illa de Paride commendat.* 161. Salmasius supposed that the last of his Satires only were published under Hadrian; Dodwell goes farther, and maintains that the whole, with the exception of the 15th and 16th † (*si tamen verè et illa Juvenalis fuerit*) were then first produced! *Illa in Paridem dictoria*

† The former of these, Dodwell says, was written in exile, after the author was turned of eighty. Salmasius, more rationally, conceives it to have been produced at Rome. Giving full credit, however, to the story of his late banishment, he is driven into a very awkward supposition. *An non alio tempore, atque alia de causa Ægyptum lustrare juvenis potuit Juvenalis? animi nempe gratia, καὶ τῆς ἰσορίας χάριν, ut urbes regionis illius, populorumque mores cognosceret?* Would it not be more simple to attribute his exile at once to Domitian?

With respect to the 16th Satire, Dodwell, we see, hesitates to attribute it to Juvenal; and indeed the old scholiast says that, in his time, many thought it to be the work of

into Egypt with a military command. To remove such a man from his court, must undoubtedly have been desirable to Domitian ;

histrionem, in suum (cujus nomen non prodidit auctor) histrionem dicta interpretabatur Hadrianus. Inde exilii causa. Scripsit ergo in exilio Sat. xv. Sed cum " nuper Consulem Junium" fuisse dicat, ante annum ad minimum cxx. scribere illam non potuit Juv. Nec verò postea scripsisse, exinde colligimus, quòd " intra brevissimum tempus" perierit. 164. Such is the manner in which Dodwell accommodates Suetonius to his own ideas : which seem also to have been those of a much higher name, Salmasius ; and, while I am now writing, to be sanctioned by the adoption of the learned and judicious Rupert.† I never affected singularity ; yet I find myself constrained to differ

a different hand. So it always appeared to me. It is unworthy of the author's best days, and seems but little suited to his worst. He was at least eighty-one, they say, when he wrote it, yet it begins—

" ————— Nam si —————
 " Me pavidum excipiat tyronem porta secundo
 " Sidere, &c."

Surely, at this age, the writer resembled Priam, the *tremulus miles*, more than the timid tyro ! Nor do I believe that Juvenal would have been much inclined to amuse himself with the fancied advantages of a profession to which he was so unworthily driven. But the satire must have been as ill-timed for the army as for himself, since it was probably, at this period, in a better state of subjection than it had been for many reigns. I suppose it to be written, in professed imitation of our author's manner, about the age of Commodus. It has considerable merit, though the first and last paragraphs are feeble and tautological ; and the execution of the whole much inferior to the design. Such as it is, however, I should have presented a translation of it to the reader ; if a friend, to whom this work has many obligations, and who had, at my request, undertaken it, had not disappointed me when it was too late to apply elsewhere, or to attempt it myself. I yet hope to offer it to the public on a future occasion.

† During the progress of the translation, I had frequent occasion to lament the want of a good edition of my author. I was far from foreseeing that my wishes on this head were about to be gratified, when I received, by the kindness of Mr. Evans of Pall Mall, who had heard of my undertaking, the first copy of a new edition of Juvenal, which reached this country. It is by Geo. Alex. Rupert, already honourably known to the literary world by his excellent edition of Silius Italicus. It equals my warmest expectations : it is accurate and ingenious, possessing all the advantages of the best editions which I have seen, and adding others which none of them possess.

It came too late for me to profit by it in the translation, which was already nearly out of the press when I received it : but it has been useful to me in the pages which follow the Life of Juvenal.—I hope I may be allowed to take an honest pride in the similarity of our ideas respecting the original. We shall be found to differ in very few places ; we have sought information at the same sources ; and our illustrations, parallel passages, &c. are therefore frequently the same. In industry and learning I frankly yield to this excellent critic : it is praise enough for me, to be found so often in his footsteps.

and, as he was spoken of with kindness in the same Satire, which is entirely free from political allusions, the “facetiousness” of

from them all: but I will state my reasons. In his 7th Satire, after speaking of Quintilian, Juvenal adds,

“Si fortuna volet, fiet de rhetore consul:

“Si volet hæc eadem fiet de consule rhetor.”

Which, taking it for a proverbial expression, I have loosely rendered, Fortune can make kings of pedants, and pedants of kings. Dodwell, however, understands it literally. *Hæc sanè cum Quintiliani causa dicat, vix est quin Q. talem ostendant è rhetore nimirum “nobilem, senatorium, consularem,” et quidem illis divitiis instructum, quæ essent etiam ad censum senatorium necessariae.* 152. Now as Pliny, who probably died before Trajan, observes that Quintilian was a man of moderate fortune, it follows that he must have acquired the wealth and honours of which Juvenal speaks, at a later period. Dodwell fixes this to the time when Hadrian entered Rome *cxviii.* which he states to be also that of the author’s banishment. It must be confessed, that he lost no time in exerting himself: he had remained silent fourscore years; he now bursts forth at once, as Dodwell expresses it, recites all his Satires without intermission, (*unis continuisque recitationibus,*) celebrates Quintilian, attacks the Emperor, and is immediately dispatched to Egypt! 162. Here is a great deal of business crowded into the compass of a few weeks, or, perhaps, days;—but let us examine it a little more closely. Rigaltius, with several of the commentators, sees in the lines above quoted a sneer at Quintilian, and he accounts for the rhetor’s silence respecting our author, by the resentment which he supposes him to have felt at it. As this militates strongly against Dodwell’s ideas, he will not allow that any thing severe was intended by the passage in question; and adds that Quintilian could not mention Juvenal as a satirist, because he had not then written any Satires. 160. I believe that both are wrong. In speaking of the satirists, Quintilian says that Persius had justly acquired no small degree of reputation by the little he had written. *Lib. x. c. i.* He then adds, *sunt clari hodieque et qui olim nominabuntur.* There are yet some excellent ones, some who will be better known hereafter. It always appeared to me, that this last phrase alluded to our author, with whose extraordinary merits Quintilian was probably acquainted, but whom he did not choose, or did not dare to mention in a work composed under a prince whose crimes this unnamed satirist persecuted with a severity as unmitigated as it was just. Quintilian had no political courage. Either from a sense of kindness or fear, he flatters Domitian almost as grossly as Martial:—but his life was a life of innocence and integrity: I will therefore say no more on this subject; but leave it to the reader to consider whether such a man was likely to startle the “god of his idolatry” by celebrating the merits of Juvenal.

Nor do I agree with the commentators whom Dodwell has followed, in the literal

the punishment (though Domitian's was not a facetious reign) renders the fact not altogether improbable. Yet, when we consider

interpretation of those famous lines. *Unde igitur tot, &c.* Sat. VII. v. 188—194. Quintilian was rich, when the rest of his profession were in the extremes of want. Here then was an instance of good fortune. He was lucky; and, with luck, a man may be any thing; handsome, and witty, and wise, and noble, and high-born, and a member of the senate. Who does not see in this a satirical exaggeration? Wisdom, beauty, and high birth, luck cannot give: why then should the remainder of this passage be so strictly interpreted, and referred to the actual history of Quintilian? The lines, *Si fortuna volet, &c.* are still more lax: a reflection thrown out at random, and expressing the greatest possible extremes of fortune. Yet on these authorities principally (for the passage of Ausonius,† written more than two centuries later, is of no great weight) has Quintilian been advanced to consular honours; while Dodwell, who, as we have seen, has taken immense pains to prove that they could only be conferred on him by Hadrian, has hence deduced his strongest arguments for the late date of our author's satires; which he thus brings down to the period of mental imbecility! Hence, too, he accounts for the different ideas of Quintilian's wealth in Juvenal and Pliny. When the latter wrote, he thinks Quintilian had not acquired much property, he was "*modicus facultatibus*:" when the former, "he had been enriched by the imperial bounty, and was capable of senatorial honours." Yet Pliny might not think his old master rich enough to give a fortune with his daughter adequate to the expectations of a man of considerable rank, (*Lib. iv. Ep. ii.*) though Juvenal, writing at the same instant, might term him wealthy, in comparison of the rhetoricians who were starving around him; and count him a peculiar favourite of fortune. Let us bear in

† *Q. consularia per Clementem ornamenta sortitus, honestamenta potius videtur quam insignia potestatis habuisse. In gratiar. act.* Quintilian, then, was not actually consul: but this is no great matter—it is of more consequence to ascertain the Clemens by whom he was so honoured. In the preface to his fourth book, he says, *Cum verò mihi Dom. Augustus sororis suæ nepotum delegavit euram, &c.* Vespasian had a daughter, Domatilla, who married, and died long before her father: she left a daughter, who was given to Flavius Clemens, by whom she had two sons. These were the grandchildren of Domitian's sister, of whom Quintilian speaks; and to their father, Clemens, according to Ausonius, he was indebted for the show, though not the reality, of power. There is nothing incongruous in all this; yet so possessed are Dodwell and his numerous followers (among whom I am sorry to rank Dusaulx) of the late period at which it happened, that they will needs have Hadrian to be meant by Domitianus Augustus, though the detestable flattery which follows the words I have quoted, most indisputably proves it to be Domitian; and though Dodwell himself is forced to confess that he can find no Clemens under Hadrian to whom the passage applies. *Quis autem fuerit Clemens ille qui Q. ornamenta illa sub Hadriano impetraverit me sanè fateor ignorare!* 165.

that these reflections on Paris could scarcely have been published before 84, and that the favourite was disgraced and put to death almost immediately after, we shall be inclined to doubt whether his banishment actually took place; or, if it did, whether it was of any long duration. That Juvenal was in Egypt is certain; but he might have gone there from motives of personal safety, or, as Salmasius has it, of curiosity. However this may be, it does not appear that he was ever long absent from Rome, where a thousand internal marks clearly shew that all his Satires were written. But whatever punishment might have followed the complaint of Paris,* it had no other effect on our author, than increasing his hatred of

mind, too, that Juvenal is a satirist, and a poet: in the latter capacity, the minute accuracy of an annalist cannot be expected at his hands; and in the former—as his object was to shew the general discouragement of literature, he could not, consistently with his plan, attribute the solitary good fortune of Quintilian to any thing but luck.

But why was Quintilian made consul? Because, replies Dodwell (164), when Hadrian first entered Rome, he was desirous of gaining the affections of the people; which could be done no way so effectually as by conciliating the esteem of the literati; and he therefore conferred this extraordinary mark of favour on the rhetor. How did it escape this learned man, that he was likely to do himself more injury in their opinion by the banishment of Juvenal at that same instant? an old man of fourscore, who, by his own testimony, had spoken of him with kindness, in a poem which did more honour to his reign than any thing produced in it! and whose only crime was an allusion to the influence of a favourite player!—Indeed, the informers of Hadrian's reign must have had more sagacious noses than those of Domitian's, to smell out his fault. What Statius, in his time, was celebrated for the recitation of a Thebaid, or what Paris, for the purchase of an untouched Agave? And where, might we ask Dodwell, was the “jest” of sending a man on the verge of the grave, in a military capacity, into Egypt? Could the most supple of Hadrian's courtiers look on it as any thing but a wanton exercise of cruelty? At eighty, the business of satirizing, either in prose or verse, is nearly over: what had the Emperor then to fear? And to sum up all, in a word, can any rational being seriously persuade himself that the Satires of Juvenal were produced, for the first time, by a man turned of fourscore!

* But why should he complain at all? Was he ashamed of being known to possess an influence at the imperial court? These were not very modest times, nor is modesty, in general, the crying vice of the “quality.” He was more likely to have gloried in

tyranny, and turning his indignation upon the emperor himself, whose hypocrisy, cruelty, and licentiousness, became, from that period, the object of his keenest reprobation. He profited, indeed, so far by his danger or his punishment, as to recite no more in public; but he continued to write during the remainder of Domitian's reign, in which he finished, as I conceive, his second, third,* fifth, sixth,†

it. If Bareas, or Camerinus, or any of the old nobility, had complained of the author, I should have thought it more reasonable:—but Domitian cared nearly as little for them as Paris himself did.

* I hold, in opposition to the commentators, that Juvenal was known in Domitian's time, not only as a poet, but as a keen and vigorous satirist. He himself, though he did not choose to commit his safety to a promiscuous audience, appears to make no great secret of his peculiar talents. In this Satire, certainly prior to many of the others, he tells us that he accompanied Umbricius, then on his way to Cumæ, out of Rome. Umbricius predicted, as Tacitus says, the death of Galba, at which time he was looked upon as the most skilful aruspex of the age. He could not then be a young man; yet, at quitting the capital, he still talks of himself as in the first stage of old age, *nova canities, et prima et recta senectus*. His voluntary exile, therefore, could not possibly take place long after the commencement of Domitian's reign; when he speaks of Juvenal as already celebrated for his satires, and modestly doubts whether the assistance of so able a coadjutor as himself would be accepted.

This, at least, serves to prove in what light the author wished to be considered:—for the rest, there can, I think, exclusively of what I have urged, be little doubt that this Satire was produced under Domitian. It is known, from other authorities, that he revived the law of Otho in all its severity, that he introduced a number of low and vicious characters, *pinnirapi cultos juvenes, juvenesque lanistæ*, into the Equestrian Order, that he was immoderately attached to building, &c. Circumstances much dwelt on in this satire, and applicable to him alone.

† The following line, *Dacicus et scripto radiat Germanicus auro*, seems to militate against the early date of this Satire. Catanæus and Arntzenius say, Juvenal could not mean Domitian here, because “he did not think well enough of him to do him such honour; whereas he was fond of commending Trajan.” I see no marks of this fondness: nor were the titles, if meant of Domitian, intended to do him honour, but to reprove his vanity:—after all, I may be incorrect in attributing them to Domitian. Had I read the very ingenious and instructive Essay on Medals by Mr. Pinkerton, before I wrote the note (p. 186), I should have spoken with somewhat less confidence on the subject.

Whether medals were ever struck with the inscription of Dacicus and Germanicus

and perhaps thirteenth* Satires; the eighth† I have always looked upon as his first.

in honour of Domitian, I must now doubt. Certain it is, however, that he assumed both these titles; the latter, indeed, in common with his predecessors from the time of Germ. Cæsar; and the former, in consequence of his pretended success in the Dacian war, for which he is bitterly sneered at by Pliny, as well as Dio. It is given to him, amongst others, by Martial, who dedicates his Eighth Book, *Imper. Domit. Cas. Augusto Germanico DACICO*. Dodwell gives, as I do, the line to Domitian—a little inconsistently, it must be confessed; but that is his concern. If, however, it be adjudged to Trajan, I should not for that bring down the date of the Satire to a later period. Juvenal revised and enlarged all his works, when he gave them to the public: this under consideration, in particular, has all the marks of having received considerable additions; and one of them might be the line in question.

* This Satire has contributed as much perhaps as the seventh to persuade Lipsius, Salmasius, and others, that Juvenal wrote his best pieces when he was turned of fourscore.

“ ——— Stupet hæc, qui jam post terga reliquit

“ Sexaginta annos Fonteio Consule natus!”

There were four consuls of this name. The first is out of the question; the second was consul A. D. 13, the third in 59, and the fourth in 68. If we take the second, and add any intermediate number of years between sixty and seventy, for Calvinus had passed his sixtieth year, it will just bring us down to the early part of Domitian's reign, which I suppose to be the true date of this Satire; for I cannot believe, as I have already observed, that this, or indeed any part of Juvenal's works, was produced when he was trembling on the verge of ninety, as must be the case if either of the latter periods be adopted. But he observes, *Hæc quota pars scelerum quæ custos Gallicus urbis, &c.* Now Rutilius Gallicus was præfect of Rome from the end of 85 to 88, (Domitian succeeded his brother in 81,) in which year he died. There seems to be no necessity for mentioning a magistrate as sitting, who was not then in existence; nor can any reason be assigned, if the Satire was written under Hadrian, for the author's recurring to the times of Domitian for a name, when that of the *custos urbis* of the day would have better answered his purpose. It is probable that Gallicus succeeded Pegasus, who was præfect when the ridiculous farce of the turbot took place (Sat. iv.); this would fix it to 85, the year before Fuscus, who was present at it, was sent into Dacia.

† This Satire is referred by the critics to the reign of Trajan, because Marius, whose trial took place under that prince, is mentioned in it. I have attributed it to an earlier period; principally moved by the consideration that it presents a faithful copy of the state of Rome and the conquered provinces under Nero, and which could scarcely

In 95, when Juvenal was in his 54th year, Domitian banished the philosophers from Rome, and soon after from Italy, with many circumstances of cruelty; an action, for which, I am sorry to observe, he is covertly praised by Quintilian. Though Juvenal, strictly speaking, did not come under the description of a philosopher, yet he might not unreasonably entertain some apprehensions for his safety, and, with many other persons eminent for learning and virtue, judge it prudent to withdraw from the city. To this period I have always inclined to fix his journey to Egypt. Two years afterwards the world was happily relieved from the tyranny of Domitian; and Nerva, who succeeded, recalled the exiles. From this time, there remains little doubt of his being at Rome, where he continued his studies in tranquillity.

His first Satire, after the death of Domitian, seems to have been what is here called the fourth. About this time, too, he probably thought of revising and publishing those he had already written; and composed that introductory piece,* which now stands at the head of his works. As the order is every where broken in upon, it is utterly impossible to arrange them chronologically; but I am

have been given in such vivid colours after the original had ceased to affect the mind. What Rome was under Domitian, may be seen in the second Satire, and the difference, which has not been sufficiently attended to, is striking in the extreme. I would observe too, that Juvenal speaks here of the *crimes* of Marius:—they might be, and probably were, committed long before his condemnation; but under Domitian, it was scarcely safe to attempt bringing such gigantic peculators to justice. Add to this, that the other culprits mentioned in it, are all of them prior to that prince; nay, one of them, Capito, was tried so early as the beginning of Nero's reign! The insertion of Marius, however, (which might be an after-thought) forms a main argument with Dodwell for the very late date of this Satire; he observes that it had escaped Lipsius and Salmasius; and boasts of it, as *longè certissimum* &c. 156.

* I have often wondered at the stress which Dodwell and others lay on the concluding lines of this Satire: *Experiar quid concedatur*, &c. They fancy the engagement was seriously made, and religiously observed. Nothing was ever farther from the mind of Juvenal. It is merely a poetical, or if you will, a satirical, flourish; since

inclined to think that the eleventh Satire closed his poetical career. All else is conjecture ; but in this, he speaks of himself as an old man,

“ *Nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula solem ;*”

and indeed he had now passed his grand climacteric.

This is all that can be collected of the life of Juvenal ; and how much of this is built upon uncertainties ! I hope, however, it bears the stamp of probability ; which is all I contend for ; and which indeed, if I do not deceive myself, is somewhat more than can be affirmed of what has been hitherto delivered on the subject.

Little is known of his circumstances ; but, happily, that little is authentic, as it comes from himself. He had a competence. The dignity of poetry is never disgraced in him, as it is in some of his contemporaries, by fretful complaints of poverty, or clamorous whinings for meat and clothes ;—the little patrimony his foster-father left him, he never diminished, and probably never increased. It seems to have equalled all his wants, and, as far as appears, all his wishes. Once only he regrets the narrowness of his fortune : but the occasion does him honour ; it is solely because he cannot afford a more costly sacrifice to express his pious gratitude for the preservation of his friend : yet “two lambs and a youthful steer,” bespeak the affluence of a philosopher ; which is not belied by the entertainment provided for his friend Persicus, in that beautiful Satire which I have called the last of his works. Farther it is useless to seek : from pride or modesty, he has left no other notices of himself ; or they have perished. Horace and Persius, his immediate predecessors, are never weary of speaking of themselves.

there is not a single Satire, I am well persuaded, in which the names of many, who were alive at the time, are not introduced. Had Dodwell forgotten Quintilian ? Or, that he had allowed one of his Satires, at least, to be prior to this ?”

The life of the former might be written, from his own materials, with the minuteness of a contemporary history: and the latter, who attained to little more than a third of Juvenal's age, has left nothing to be desired on the only topics which could interest posterity,—his parent, his preceptor, and his studies.

AN

ESSAY ON THE ROMAN SATIRISTS.

It will now be expected from me, perhaps, to say something on the nature and design of Satire ; but in truth this has so frequently been done, that it seems, at present, to have as little of novelty as of utility, to recommend it.

Dryden, who had diligently studied the French critics, drew up from their remarks, assisted by a cursory perusal of what Casaubon, Heinsius, Rigaltius, and Scaliger, had written on the subject, an account of the rise and progress of dramatic and satiric poetry amongst the Romans ; which he prefixed to his translation of Juvenal. What Dryden knew, he told in a manner that renders every attempt to recount it after him, equally hopeless and vain ; but his acquaintance with works of literature was not very extensive, while his reliance on his own powers, sometimes betrayed him into inaccuracies, to which the influence of his name gives a dangerous importance.

“ The comparison of Horace with Juvenal and Persius,” which makes a principal part of his Essay, is not formed with much niceness of discrimination, or accuracy of judgment. To speak my mind, I do not think that he clearly perceived, or fully understood, the characters of the first two—of Persius indeed he had an intimate knowledge ; for, though he certainly deemed too

humbly of his poetry, he yet speaks of his beauties and defects, in a manner which evinces a more than common acquaintance with both.

What Dryden left imperfect has been filled up in a great measure by Dusaulx, in the preliminary discourse to his translation of Juvenal, and by Rupert, in his learned and ingenious Essay *De diversa Satirarum Lucil. Horat. Pers. et Juvenalis indole*. With the assistance of these, I shall endeavour to give a more extended view of the characteristic excellencies and defects of the rival Satirists, than has yet appeared in our language; little solicitous for the praise of originality, if I may be allowed to aspire to that of candour and truth. Previously to this, however, it will be necessary to say something on the supposed origin of Satire: and as this is a very beaten subject, I shall discuss it as briefly as possible.

It is probable that the first metrical compositions of the Romans, like those of every other people, were pious effusions for favours received or expected from the gods: of these, the earliest, according to Varro, were the hymns to Mars, which, though used by the Salii in the Augustan age, were no longer intelligible. To these, succeeded the Fescennine verses, which were sung, or rather recited, after the vintage and harvest, and appear to have been little more than rude praises of the tutelar divinities of the country, intermixed with clownish jeers and sarcasms, extemporally poured out by the rustics in some kind of measure, and indifferently directed at the spectators, or at one another. These, by degrees, assumed the form of a dialogue; of which, as nature is every where the same, and the progress of refinement but little varied, some resemblance may perhaps be found in the eclogues of Theocritus.

Thus improved, (if the word may be allowed of such barbarous amusements) they formed, for near three centuries, the delight of that nation: popular favour, however, had a dangerous effect on

the performers, whose licentiousness degenerated at length into such wild invective, that it was found necessary to restrain it by a positive law. *Si qui populo occentassit, carmenve condisit, quod infamiam faxit flagitiumve alteri, fuste ferito.** From this time, we hear no farther complaints of the Fescennine verses, which continued to charm the Romans; until about a century afterwards, during the ravages of a dreadful pestilence, the senate, as the historians say, in order to propitiate the gods, called in a troop of players from Tuscany, to assist at the celebration of their ancient festivals. This was a wise and a salutary measure: the plague had spread dejection through the city, which was thus rendered more obnoxious to its fury; and it therefore became necessary, by novel and extraordinary amusements, to divert the attention of the people from the melancholy objects around them.

As the Romans were unacquainted with the language of Tuscany, the players, Livy tells us, omitted the modulation and the words, and confined themselves solely to gestures, which were accompanied by the flute. This imperfect exhibition, however, was so superior to their own, that the Romans eagerly strove to attain the art; and as soon as they could imitate what they admired, graced their rustic measures with music and dancing. By degrees they dropped the Fescennine verses, for something of a more regular kind, which now took the name of SATIRE.†

* Rupert. Juv. LXXXV.

† The origin of this word is now acknowledged to be Roman. Scaliger derived it from *σατυρῶς* (*satyrus*,) but Casaubon, Dacier and others, more reasonably, from *satura* (fem. of *satur*) rich, abounding, full of variety. In this sense it was applied to the *lanx* or charger, in which the various productions of the soil were offered up to the gods; and thus came to be used for any miscellaneous collection in general. *Satura olla*, a hotch-potch; *saturæ leges*, laws comprehending a multitude of regulations, &c. This deduction of the name, may serve to explain, in some measure, the nature of the first Satires, which treated of various subjects, and were full of various matters: but enough on this trite topic.

These Satires (for as yet they had little claim to the title of dramas) continued, without much alteration, to the year 514, when Livius Andronicus, a Greek by birth, and a freedman of L. Salinator, who was undoubtedly acquainted with the old comedy of his country, produced a regular play. That it pleased, cannot be doubted, for it surpassed the Satires, even in their improved state; and indeed banished them for some time from the scene. They had however taken too strong a hold of the affections of the people to be easily forgotten, and it was therefore found necessary to reproduce and join them to the plays of Andronicus, (the superiority of which could not be contested) under the name of Exodia or after-pieces. These partook, in a certain degree, of the general amelioration of the stage; something like a story was now introduced into them, which, though frequently indecent, and always extravagant, created a greater degree of interest, than the reciprocation of gross humour and scurrility in unconnected dialogues.

Whether any of the old people still regretted this sophistication of their early amusements, it is not easy to say; but Ennius, who came to Rome about twenty years after this period, and who was more than half a Grecian, conceived he should perform an agreeable service by reviving the ancient Satires.* He did not pretend to restore them to the stage, for which indeed the new pieces were infinitely better calculated, but endeavoured to adapt them to the closet, by refining their grossness, and softening their asperity. Success justified the attempt; Satire, thus freed from action, and formed into a poem, became a favourite pursuit, and was cultivated

* It should be observed, however, that the idea was obvious, and the work itself highly necessary. The old Satire, amidst much coarse ribaldry, frequently attacked the follies and vices of the day. This could not be done by the comedy which superseded it, and which, by a strange perversity of taste, was never rendered national. Its customs, manners, nay, its very plots, were Grecian; and scarcely more applicable to the Romans than to us.

by several writers of eminence. In imitation of his model, Ennius confined himself to no particular species of verse, nor indeed of language, for he mingled Greek expressions with his Latin, at will. It is solely with a reference to this new attempt, that Horace and Quintilian are to be understood, when they claim for the Romans the invention * of this kind of poetry; and certainly they had

* To extend this to Lucilius, as is sometimes done, is absurd, since he evidently had in view the old comedy of the Greeks, of which his satires, according to Horace, were rigid imitations:

“ Eupolis atque Cratinus, Aristophanesque poëtæ

“ Atque alii, quorum comœdia prisca virorum est;

“ Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,

“ Quod mæchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui

“ Famosus, multa cum libertate notabant.

“ HINC omnis pendet Lucilius, hosce secutus,

“ Mutatis tantum pedibus numerisque:”—

Here the matter would seem to be at once determined by a very competent judge. Strip the old Greek comedy of its action, and change the metre from iambic to heroic, and you have the Roman satire! It is evident from this, that unless two things be granted; first, that the actors in those ancient satires were ignorant of the existence of the Greek comedy; and secondly, that Ennius, who knew it well, passed it by for a ruder model; the Romans can have no pretensions to the honour they claim.

And even if these be granted, the honour appears to be scarcely worth the claiming; for the Greeks had not only dramatic, but lyric and heroic satire. To pass by the Margites, what were the iambics of Archilochus, and the scazons of Hipponax, but satires? nay, what were the Silli—Casaubon derives them *απο του σιλλαζειν*, to scoff, to treat petulantly; and there is no doubt of the justness of his derivation. These little pieces were made up of passages from various poems, which, by slight alterations, were humourously or satirically applied at will. The satires of Ennius were probably little more; indeed we have the express authority of Diomedes the grammarian, for it. After speaking of Lucilius, whose writings he derives, with Horace, from the old comedy, he adds, *et olim carmen, quod ex variis poematibus constabat, satira vocabatur; quale scripserunt Pacuvius et Ennius*. Modern critics agree in understanding *ex variis poematibus*, of various kinds of metre; but, I do not see why it may not mean, as I have rendered it, “ of various poems;” unless we choose to compliment the Romans, by supposing that what was in the Greeks a mere cento, was in them an original composition.

It would scarcely be doing justice, however, to Ennius, to suppose that he did not

opportunities of judging, which we have not, for little of Ennius, and nothing of the old satire, remains.

It is not necessary to pursue the history of Satire farther in this place, or to speak of another species of it, the Varronian or, as Varro himself called it, the Menippean, which branched out from the former, and was a medley of prose and verse: it will be a more pleasing, as well as a more useful employ, to enter a little into what Dryden, I know not for what reason, calls the most difficult part of his undertaking, “a comparative view of the Satirists,” not certainly with the design of depressing one at the expense of another, (for though I have translated Juvenal, I have no quarrel with Horace and Persius) but for the purpose of pointing out the characteristic excellencies and defects of them all. To do this the more effectually, it will be previously necessary to take a cursory view of the times in which their respective works were produced.

surpass his models, for, to say the truth, the Greek Silli appear to have been no very extraordinary performances. A few short specimens of them may be seen in Diogenes Laertius, and a longer one, which has escaped the writers on this subject, in Dio Chrysostom. As this is, perhaps, the only Greek satire extant, it may be regarded as a curiosity; and as such, for as a literary effort it is worth nothing, a short extract from it may not be uninteresting. Sneering at the people of Alexandria, for their mad attachment to chariot-races, &c. he says, this folly of theirs is not ill exposed by one of those scurrilous writers of (Silli, or) parodies: *ἡ κακῶς τις παρεποίησε τῶν σαπρῶν τέττων ποιητῶν*

Ἀρματα δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν χθονὶ πύλατο πηλὺς οὐρεϊ,
 Ἄλλοτε δ' αἰξάσκει μετ' ὄρα· τοὶ δὲ θεαταὶ
 ὦμοις ἐν σφίτεροις, ἢ θ' ἴσαν, ἢ δ' ἐκαθήμενοι,
 Χλωροὶ ὑπαι δειρὲς πεφοβημένοι, ἢ δ' ὑπο νικῆς
 Ἀλλήλοισι τε κεκλωμένοι, καὶ πασι θεοῖσι
 Κεῖρας ἀνίσχοντες, μεγάλ' εὐχετόωντο ἑκάστοι.
 Ἦντε περ κλαγγὴ γέρανων πέλει, ἢ κολοίων,
 Αἰ τ' ἐπεὶ ἦν ζυγὸν τ' ἐπίον, καὶ ἀθεσπᾶτον οἶνος,
 Κλαγγὴ τὰ γὰρ πέτονται ἀπὸ γαδίου κελευθεῖ. κ. τ. λ.

Ad Alexand. Orat. xxxii.

LUCILIUS, to whom Horace, forgetting what he had said in another place, attributes the invention of Satire, flourished in the interval between the siege of Carthage and the defeat of the Cimbri and Teutons, by Marius.* He lived therefore in an age in which the struggle between the old and new manners, though daily becoming more equal, or rather inclining to the worse side, was still far from being decided. The freedom of speaking and writing, was yet unchecked by fear, or by any law more precise than that which, as has been already mentioned, was introduced to restrain the coarse ebullitions of rustic malignity. Add to this, that Lucilius was of a most respectable family, (he was great-uncle to Pompey,) and lived in habits of intimacy with the chiefs of the republic, with Lælius, Scipio, and others, who were well able to protect him from the Lupi and Mutii of the day, had they attempted, which they probably did not, to silence or molest him. Hence that boldness of satirizing the vicious by name, which startled Horace, and on which Juvenal and Persius delight to felicitate him.

Too little remains of Lucilius, to enable us to judge of his manner: his style seems, however, to bear fewer marks of delicacy than of strength, and his strictures appear harsh and violent. With all this, he must have been an extraordinary man; since Horace, who is evidently hurt by his reputation, can say nothing worse of his compositions than that they are careless and hasty, and that if he had lived at a more refined period, he would have partaken of the general amelioration. I do not remember to have heard it observed, but I suspect that there was something of political spleen in the excessive popularity of Lucilius under Augustus, and something of courtly complacency in the attempt of Horace to counteract it. Augustus enlarged the law of the twelve tables respecting libels; and the people who found themselves thus abridged of the liberty of satirizing the great by name,

* Rupert, Juv. Tom. I. cxxiii.

might not improbably seek to avenge themselves, by an overstrained attachment to the works of a man who, living, as they would insinuate, in better times, practised without fear, what he enjoyed without restraint.

The space between Horace and his predecessor, was a dreadful interval "filled up with horror all, and big with death." Luxury and a long train of vices which followed the immense wealth incessantly poured in from the conquered provinces, sapped the foundations of the republic, which were finally shaken to pieces by the civil wars, the perpetual dictatorship of Cæsar, and the second triumvirate, which threw the Roman world, without the hope of escape, into the power of an individual.

Augustus, whose sword was yet reeking with the best blood of the state, now that submission left him no pretence for farther cruelty, was desirous of enjoying in tranquillity the fruits of his guilt. He displayed, therefore, a magnificence hitherto unknown; and his example, which was followed by his ministers, quickly spread among the people, who were not very unwilling to exchange the agitation and terror of successive proscriptions, for the security and quiet of undisputed despotism.

Tiberius had other views, and other methods of accomplishing them. He did not indeed put an actual stop to the elegant institutions of his predecessor, but he surveyed them with silent contempt, and they rapidly degenerated. The race of informers multiplied with dreadful celerity; and danger, which could only be averted by complying with a caprice not always easy to discover, created an abject disposition, fitted for the reception of the grossest vices, and eminently favourable to the designs of the emperor; which were to procure, by universal depravation, that submission which Augustus sought to obtain by the blandishments of luxury, and the arts.

From this gloomy and suspicious tyrant, the empire was trans-

ferred to a profligate madman. It can scarcely be told without indignation, that when the sword of Chærea had freed the earth from his disgraceful sway, the senate had not sufficient virtue to resume the rights of which they had been deprived; but, after a timid debate, delivered up the state to a pedantic dotard, incapable of governing himself.

To the vices of his predecessors, Nero added a frivolity which rendered his reign at once odious and contemptible. Depravity could reach no farther, but misery might yet be extended. This was fully experienced through the turbulent and murderous usurpations of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius; when the accession of Vespasian and Titus gave the groaning world a temporary respite.

To these succeeded Domitian, whose crimes form the subject of many a melancholy page in the ensuing work, and need not therefore be dwelt on here. Under him, every trace of ancient manners was obliterated; liberty was unknown, law openly trampled upon, and, while the national rites were either neglected or contemned, a base and blind superstition took possession of the enfeebled and distempered mind.

Better times followed. Nerva, and Trajan, and Hadrian, and the Antonines, restored the Romans to safety and tranquillity; but they could do no more: liberty and virtue were gone for ever; and after a short period of comparative happiness, which they scarcely appear to have deserved, and which brought with it no amelioration of mind, no return of the ancient modesty and frugality, they were finally resigned to destruction.

I now proceed to the “comparative view” of which I have already spoken; as the subject has been so often treated, little of novelty can be expected from it: to read, compare, and judge, is almost all that remains.

HORACE, who was gay, and lively, and gentle, and affectionate, seems fitted for the period in which he wrote. He had seen the

worst times of the republic, and might therefore, with no great suspicion of his integrity, be allowed to acquiesce in the infant monarchy, which brought with it stability, peace, and pleasure. How he reconciled himself to his political tergiversation it is useless to inquire.* What was so general, we may suppose brought with it but little obloquy; and it should be remembered, to his praise, that he took no active part in the government he had once opposed:† if he celebrates the master of the world, it is not until he is asked by him whether he is ashamed that posterity should know them to be friends; and he declines a post, which few of his detractors have merit to deserve, or virtue to refuse.

His choice of privacy, however, was in some measure constitutional; for he had an easiness of temper which bordered on indolence; hence he never rises to the dignity of a decided character. Zeno and Epicurus share his homage, and undergo his ridicule by turns: he passes without difficulty from one school to another, and he thinks it a sufficient excuse for his versatility, that he continues, amidst every change, the zealous defender of virtue. Virtue, however, abstractedly considered, has few obligations to his zeal.

* I doubt whether he was ever a good royalist at heart; he frequently, perhaps unconsciously, betrays a lurking dissatisfaction; but having, as Johnson says of a much greater man, tasted the honey of favour, he did not choose to return to hunger and philosophy. Indeed, he was not happy; in the country he sighs for the town, in town for the country; and he is always restless, and straining after something which he never obtains. To float, like Aristippus, with the stream, is a bad recipe for felicity; there should be some fixed principle, by which the passions and desires may be regulated.

† He is careful to disclaim all participation in public affairs. He accompanies Mæcenas in his carriage, but their chat, he wishes it to be believed, is on the common topics of the day, the weather, amusements, &c. Though this may not be strictly true, it is yet probable that politics furnished but a small part of their conversation. That both Augustus and his minister were warmly attached to him, cannot be denied, but then it was as to a play-thing. In a word, Horace seems to have been the *enfant gâté* of the palace, and was viewed, I believe, with more tenderness than respect.

But though, as an ethical writer, Horace has not many claims to the esteem of posterity; as a critic, he is intitled to all our veneration. Such is the soundness of his judgment, the correctness of his taste, and the extent and variety of his knowledge, that a body of criticism might be selected from his works, more perfect in its kind than any thing which antiquity has bequeathed us.

As he had little warmth of temper, he reproves his contemporaries without harshness. He is content to “dwell in decencies,” and, like Pope’s courtly dean, never mentions hell to ears polite. Persius, who was infinitely better acquainted with him than we can pretend to be, describes him, I think with great happiness:

“Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico

“Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,

“Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.”

“He, with a sly insinuating grace,

“Laugh’d at his friend, and looked him in the face:

“Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found,

“And tickle, while he gently probed the wound.

“With seeming innocence the croud beguil’d;

“But made the desperate passes when he smil’d.

These beautiful lines have a defect under which Dryden’s translations frequently labour; they do not give the true sense of the original. Horace “raised no blush,” (at least Persius does not insinuate any such thing,) and certainly “made no desperate passes.”* His aim rather seems to be, to keep the objects of his satire in good humour with himself, and with one another.

* Mr. Drummond has given this passage with equal elegance, and truth:

“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 seiz’d,

“That tickled fools were rallied, and were pleased.”

To raise a laugh at vice, however, (supposing it feasible,) is not the legitimate office of Satire, which is to hold up the vicious, as objects of reprobation and scorn, for the example of others, who may be deterred by their sufferings. But it is time to be explicit. To laugh even at fools is superfluous;—if they understand you, they will join in the merriment; but more commonly, they will sit with vacant unconcern, and gaze at their own pictures: to laugh at the vicious, is to encourage them; for there is in such men a wilfulness of disposition, which prompts them to bear up against shame, and to shew how little they regard slight reproof, by becoming more audacious in baseness. Goodness, of which the characteristic is modesty, may, I fear, be shamed; but vice, like folly, to be restrained, must be overawed. Labeo, says Hall, with great energy,

“ Labeo is whipt, and laughs me in the face ;

“ Why ? for I smite, and hide the galled place.

“ Gird but the Cynic’s helmet on his head,

“ Cares he for Talus, or his flayle of lead ?”

PERSIUS, who borrowed so much of Horace’s language, has little of his manner. The immediate object of his imitation seems to be Lucilius; and if he lashes vice with less severity than his great prototype, the cause must not be sought in any desire to spare what he so evidently condemned. But he was thrown “on evil times;” he was besides, of a rank distinguished enough to make his freedom dangerous, and of an age, when life had yet lost little of its novelty; to write, therefore, even as he has written, proves him to be a person of very singular courage and virtue.

In the interval between Horace and Persius, despotism had changed its nature: the chains which the policy of Augustus concealed in flowers, were now displayed in all their hideousness. The arts were neglected, literature of every kind discouraged or disgraced, and terror and suspicion substituted in the place of the

former ease and security. Stoicism, which Cicero accuses of having infected poetry, even in his days, and of which the professors, as Quintilian observes, always digregarded the graces and elegancies of composition, spread with amazing rapidity.* In this school Persius was educated, under the care of one of its most learned and respectable masters.

Satire was not his first pursuit: indeed, he seems to have somewhat mistaken his talents when he applied to it. The true end of this species of writing, as Dusaulx justly says, is the improvement of society; but for this, much knowledge of mankind (*quicquid agunt homines*) is previously necessary. Whoever is deficient in that, may be an excellent moral and philosophical poet; but cannot with propriety, lay claim to the honours of a satirist.

And Persius was moral and philosophical in a high degree: he was also a poet of no mean order. But while he grew pale over the page of Zeno, and Cleanthes, and Chrysippus, while he imbibed, with all the ardour of a youthful mind, the paradoxes of those great masters, together with their principles, the foundations of civil society were crumbling around him, and soliciting his attention in vain. To judge from what he has left us, it might almost be affirmed that he was a stranger in his own country. The degradation of Rome was now complete; yet he felt, at least he expresses, no indignation at the means by which it was effected: a sanguinary buffoon was lording it over the prostrate world; yet he continued to waste his most elaborate efforts on the

* Dusaulx accounts for this by the general consternation. Most of those, he says, distinguished for talents or rank, took refuge in the school of Zeno; not so much to learn in it how to live, as how to die. I think, on the contrary, that this would rather have driven them into the arms of Epicurus. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," will generally be found, I believe, to be the maxim of dangerous times. It would not be difficult to shew, if this were the place for it, that the prevalency of Stoicism was due to the increase of profligacy, for which it furnished a convenient cloke. This, however, does not apply to Persius.

miserable pretensions of pedants in prose and verse! If this savours of the impassibility of Stoicism, it is intitled to no great praise on the score of outraged humanity, which has stronger claims on a well regulated mind, than criticism, or even philosophy.

Dryden gives that praise to the dogmas of Persius, which he denies to his poetry. "His verse," he says, "is scabrous and hobbling, and his measures beneath those of Horace." This is too severe; for Persius has many exquisite passages, which nothing in Horace will be found to equal or approach. The charge of obscurity, has been urged against him with more justice; though this, perhaps, is not so great as it is usually represented. Casaubon, I fancy, could have defended him more successfully than he has done; but he was overawed by the brutal violence of the elder Scaliger: for I can scarcely persuade myself that he really believed this obscurity to be owing to "the fear of Nero, or the advice of Cornutus." The cause of it should be rather sought in his natural disposition, and in his habits of thinking. Generally speaking, however, it springs from a too frequent use of tropes, approaching in every instance to a catachresis, an anxiety of compression, and a quick and unexpected transition from one overstrained figure to another. After all, with the exception of the sixth Satire, which, from its abruptness, does not appear to have received the author's last touches, I do not think there is much to confound an attentive reader: some acquaintance, indeed, with the porch *braccatis illita Medis*, is previously necessary. His life may be contemplated with unabated pleasure: the virtue he recommends, he practised in the fullest extent; and at an age when few have acquired a determinate character, left behind him an established reputation for genius, learning, and worth.

JUVENAL wrote at a period still more detestable than Persius. Domitian, who now governed the empire, seems to have inherited

the bad qualities of all his predecessors. Tiberius was not more hypocritical, nor Caligula more bloody, nor Claudius more sottish, nor Nero more mischievous, than this ferocious despot; who, as Theodorus Gadareus indignantly declared of Tiberius, was truly *πηλον αἵματι πεφυραμενον*, a lump of clay kneaded up with blood!

Juvenal, like Persius, professes to follow Lucilius; but what was in one a simple attempt, is in the other a real imitation, of his manner.* Fluent and witty as Horace, grave and sublime as Persius; of a more decided character than the former, better acquainted with mankind than the latter, he did not confine himself to the mode of regulating an intercourse with the great, or to abstract disquisitions on the nature of scholastic liberty; but, disregarding the claims of a vain urbanity, and fixing all his soul on the eternal distinctions of moral good and evil, he laboured, with a magnificence of language peculiar to himself, to set forth the loveliness of virtue, and the deformity and horror of vice, in full and perfect display.

Dusaulx, who is somewhat prejudiced against Horace, does ample justice to Juvenal. There is great force in what he says; and, as I do not know that it ever appeared in English, I shall take the liberty of laying a part of it before the reader, at the hazard of a few repetitions.

“ The bloody revolution which smothered the last sighs of liberty,† had not yet found time to debase the minds of a people,

* I believe that Juvenal meant to describe himself in the following spirited picture of Lucilius:

“ *Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens*

“ *Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est*

“ *Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa.*

† This is an error which has been so often repeated, that it is believed. What liberty was destroyed by the usurpation of Augustus? For more than half a century, Rome had been a prey to ambitious chiefs, while five or six civil wars, each more bloody than

amongst whom the traditionary remains of the old manners still subsisted. The cruel but politic Octavius scattered flowers over the paths he was secretly tracing towards despotism: the arts of Greece, transplanted to the Capitol, flourished beneath his auspices; and the remembrance of so many civil dissensions, succeeding each other with increasing rapidity, excited a degree of reverence for the author of this unprecedented tranquillity. The Romans felicitated themselves, at not lying down, as before, with an apprehension of finding themselves included, when they awoke, in the list of proscription: and neglected amidst the amusements of the Circus and Amphitheatre, those civil rights of which their fathers had been so jealous.

“ Profiting of these circumstances, Horace forgot that he had combated on the side of liberty. A better courtier than a soldier, he clearly saw how far the refinement, the graces, and the cultivated state of his genius, (qualities not much considered or regarded till his time*) were capable of advancing him, without any extraordinary effort.

“ Indifferent to the future, and not daring to recall the past, he thought of nothing but securing himself from all that could sadden the mind, and disturb the system which he had skilfully arranged on the credit of those then in power. It is on this account, that, of all his contemporaries, he has celebrated none but the friends of his master, or, at least, those whom he could praise without fear of compromising his favour.

the other, had successively delivered up the franchises of the empire to the conqueror of the day. The Gracchi first opened the career to ambition, and wanted nothing but the means of corruption, which the east afterwards supplied, to effect what Marius, Sylla, and the two triumvirates brought about with sufficient ease.

* This is a very strange observation. It looks as if Dusaulx had leaped from the times of old Metellus, to those of Augustus, without casting a glance at the interval. The chef-d'œuvres of Roman literature were in every hand, when he supposed them to be neglected: and, indeed, if Horace had left us nothing, the qualities of which Dusaulx speaks, might still be found in many works produced before he was known.

“ In what I have said of Horace my chief design has been to shew that this Proteus, who counted among his friends and admirers even those whose conduct he censured, chose rather to capitulate than contend; that he attached no great importance to his own rules, and adhered to his principles no longer than they favoured his views.

“ JUVENAL began his satiric career where the other finished, that is to say, he did that for morals and for liberty, which Horace had done for decorum and taste. Disdaining artifice of every kind, he boldly raised his voice against the usurpation of power; and incessantly recalled the memory of the glorious era of independence to those degenerate Romans, who had substituted suicide in the place of their ancient courage; and from the days of Augustus to those of Domitian, only avenged their slavery by an epigram or a bon-mot.

“ The characteristics of Juvenal were energy, passion, and indignation: it is nevertheless easy to discover, that he is sometimes more afflicted than exasperated. His great aim was to alarm the vicious, and if possible, to exterminate vice, which had, as it were, acquired a legal establishment. A noble enterprise! but he wrote in a detestable age, when the laws of nature were publicly violated, and the love of their country so completely eradicated from the breasts of his fellow-citizens, that, brutified as they were by slavery and voluptuousness, by luxury and avarice, they merited rather the severity of the executioner than the censor.

“ Meanwhile the empire, shaken to its foundations, was rapidly crumbling to dust. Despotism was consecrated by the senate; liberty, of which a few slaves were still sensible, was nothing but an unmeaning word for the rest, which, unmeaning as it was, they did not dare to pronounce in public. Men of rank were declared enemies to the state for having praised their equals; historians were condemned to the cross, philosophy was proscribed, and its

professors banished. Individuals felt only for their own danger, which they too often averted by accusing others; and there were instances of children who denounced their own parents, and appeared as witnesses against them! It was not possible to weep for the proscribed, for tears themselves became the object of proscription; and when the tyrant of the day had condemned the accused to banishment or death, the senate decreed that he should be thanked for it, as for an act of singular favour.

“ Juvenal, who looked upon the alliance of the agreeable with the odious as utterly incompatible, contemned the feeble weapon of ridicule, so familiar to his predecessor: he therefore seized the sword of Satire, or, to speak more properly, fabricated one for himself, and rushing from the palace to the tavern, and from the gates of Rome to the boundaries of the empire, struck, without distinction, whoever deviated from the course of nature, or from the paths of honour. It is no longer a poet like Horace, fickle, pliant, and fortified with that indifference so falsely called philosophical, who amused himself with bantering vice, or, at most, with upbraiding a few errors of little consequence, in a style, which, scarcely raised above the language of conversation, flowed as indolence and pleasure directed; but a stern and incorruptible censor, an inflamed and impetuous poet, who sometimes rises with his subject, to the noblest heights of tragedy.

From this declamatory applause, which even La Harpe allows to be worthy of the translator of Juvenal, the most rigid censurer of our author cannot detract much; nor can much perhaps be added to it, by his warmest admirer. I could, indeed, have wished that he had not exalted him at the expense of Horace; but something must be allowed for the partiality of long acquaintance; and Casaubon, when he preferred Persius, with whom he had taken great, and indeed successful pains, to Horace and Juvenal, sufficiently exposed, while he tacitly accounted for, the prejudices of

commentators and translators. With respect to Horace, if he falls beneath Juvenal (and who does not ?) in eloquence, in energy, and in a vivid and glowing imagination, he evidently surpasses him in taste, and critical judgment. I could pursue the parallel through a thousand ramifications, but the reader who does me the honour to peruse the following sheets, will see that I have incidentally touched upon some of them in the notes : and, indeed, I preferred scattering my observations through the work, as they arose from the subject, to bringing them together in this place ; where they must evidently have lost something of their pertinency, without much certainty of gaining in their effect.

Juvenal is accused of being too sparing of praise. But are his critics well assured that praise from Juvenal could be accepted with safety ? I do not know that a private station was “ the post of honour,” in those days ; it was certainly that of security. Martial, Statius, V. Flaccus, and other parasites of Domitian, might indeed venture to celebrate their friends, who were also those of the emperor. Juvenal’s, it is probable, were of another kind ; and he might be influenced no less by humanity than prudence, in the sacred silence he observed respecting them. Let it not be forgotten, however, that this intrepid champion of virtue, who, under the twelfth despot, persisted, as Dusaulx observes, in recognising no sovereign but the senate, while he passes by those whose safety his applause might endanger, has generously celebrated the ancient assertors of liberty, in strains that Tyrtæus might have wished his own : *Cras bibet, &c.*

He is also charged with being too rhetorical in his language. The critics have found out that he practised at the bar, and they will therefore have it that his Satires smack of his profession, *redolent declamatorem*.* That he is luxuriant, or, if it must be so,

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redundant may be safely granted ; but I doubt whether the passages which are cited for proofs of this fault, were not reckoned amongst his beauties, by his contemporaries. The enumeration of deities in the thirteenth Satire, is well defended by Rigaltius, who allows, at the same time, that if the author had inserted it any where but in a Satire, he should have accounted him a babler ; *faterer Juv. hinc περιπαλον fuisse et verborum prodigum*. He appears to me equally successful, (see his dissertation) in justifying the long list of oaths in the same Satire, which Creech, it appears, had not courage to translate.

The other passages adduced in support of this charge, are either metaphorical exaggerations, or long traits of indirect Satire, of which Juvenal was as great a master as Horace. I do not say that these are interesting to us ; but they were eminently so to those for whom they were written ; and by their pertinency at the time should they, by every rule of fair criticism, be estimated. The version of such passages is one of the miseries of translation.

I have also heard it objected to Juvenal, that there is in many of his Satires a want of arrangement ; this is particularly observed of the sixth and tenth. I scarcely know what to reply to this. Those who are inclined to object, would not be better satisfied, perhaps, if the form of both were changed ; for I suspect that there is no natural gradation in the innumerable passions which agitate the human mind. Some must precede and others follow ; but the order of march is not, nor ever was, invariable. While I acquit him of this, however, I readily acknowledge a want of care in

same mind, though it may be observed, that most of our celebrated poets have written admirably *solutâ oratione* : yet if Juvenal's oratory bore any resemblance to his poetry, he yielded to few of the best ornaments of the bar. The *torrens dicendi copia* was his, in an eminent degree ; nay, so full, so rich, so strong, and so magnificent is his eloquence, that I have heard one well qualified to judge, frequently declare that Cicero himself could hardly be said to surpass him.

many places, unless, it be rather attributable to a want of judgment. On some occasions, too, when he changed or enlarged his first sketch, he forgot to strike out the unnecessary lines: to this are owing the awkward repetitions to be found in his longer works, as well as the transpositions, which have so often perplexed the critics, and translators.

Now I am upon this subject, I must not pass over a slovenliness in some of his lines, for which he has been justly reproached, as it would have cost him so little pains to improve them. Why he should voluntarily debase his poetry, it is difficult to say: if he thought he was imitating Horace in his laxity, his taste must suffer considerably. Horace's verses are indeed akin to prose; but as he seldom rises, he has the art of making his low flights, in which all his motions are easy and graceful, appear the effect of choice. Juvenal was qualified "to sit where he dared not soar." His element was that of the eagle, "descent and fall to him were adverse," and, indeed he never appears more awkward than when he flutters, or rather waddles, along the ground.

I have observed in the course of the translation, that he embraced no sect with warmth. In a man of such lively passions, the retention with which he speaks of them all, is to be admired. From his attachment to the writings of Seneca, I should incline to think that he leaned towards Stoicism; his predilection for the school, however, was not very strong; perhaps, it is to be wished that he had entered a little more deeply into it, as he seems not to have those distinct ideas of the nature of virtue and vice, which were entertained by many of the ancient philosophers, and indeed, by his immediate predecessor, Persius. As a general champion for virtue, he is commonly successful, but he sometimes misses his aim; and, in more than one instance, has confounded the nature of the several vices in his mode of attacking them: he confounds too the very essence of virtue, which, in his hands, has often "no

local habitation and name," but varies with the ever-varying passions, and caprices of mankind. I know not whether it be worth while to add that he is accused of holding a different language at different times; respecting the gods; since in this he differs little from the Greek and Roman poets in general; who, as often as they introduce their divinities, state, as Juvenal does, the mythological circumstances coupled with their names, without regard to the existing system of physic or morals. When they speak from themselves indeed, they give us exalted sentiments of virtue, and sound philosophy; when they indulge in poetic recollections, they present us with the fables of antiquity. Hence the gods are alternately, and as the subject requires, venerable or contemptible; and this could not but happen, through the want of some religious standard, to which all might with confidence refer.

I come now to a more serious charge against Juvenal, that of indecency. To hear the clamour raised against him, it might be supposed, by one unacquainted with the times, that he was the only indelicate writer of his age and country. Yet Horace and Persius wrote with equal grossness: yet the rigid Stoicism of Seneca did not deter him from the use of expressions, which Juvenal perhaps would have rejected: yet the courtly Pliny poured out gratuitous indecencies in his frigid hendecasyllables, which he attempts to justify by the example of a writer to whose freedom the licentiousness of Juvenal is purity. It seems as if there was something of pique in the singular severity with which he is censured. His pure and sublime morality operates as a tacit reproach on the generality of mankind, who seek to indemnify themselves by questioning the sanctity they cannot but respect; and find a secret pleasure in persuading one another that "this dreaded satirist" was at heart, no inveterate enemy of the licentiousness he so vehemently reprehends.

When we consider the unnatural vices at which Juvenal directs

his indignation, and reflect, at the same time, on the peculiar qualities of his mind, we shall not find much cause perhaps for wonder in the strength of his expressions. I should resign him in silence to the hatred of mankind, if his aim, like that of too many others, whose works are read with delight, had been to render vice amiable, to fling his seducing colours over impurity, and inflame the passions by meretricious hints at what is only innoxious when exposed in native deformity : but when I find that his views are to render depravity loathsome; that every thing which can alarm and disgust, is directed at her, in his terrible page, I forget the grossness of the execution in the excellence of the design ; and pay my involuntary homage to that integrity, which fearlessly calling in strong description to the aid of virtue, attempts to purify the passions, at the hazard of wounding our delicacy, and offending our taste. This is due to Juvenal : in justice to myself, let me add, that I could have been better pleased to have had no occasion to speak at all on the subject.

Whether any considerations of this or a similar nature, deterred our literati from turning these Satires into English, I cannot say ; but, though partial versions might be made, it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that a complete translation was thought of ; when two men, of celebrity in their days, undertook it about the same time ; these were Barten Holyday, and Sir Robert Stapylton. Who entered first upon the task, cannot well be told. There appears somewhat of a querulousness on both sides ; a jealousy that their versions had been communicated in manuscript to each other : Stapylton's however, was first published, though Holyday's seems to have been first finished.

Of this ingenious man it is not easy to speak with too much respect. His learning, industry, judgment, and taste are every where conspicuous : nor is he without a very considerable portion of shrewdness to season his observations. His poetry indeed, or

rather his ill-measured prose, is intolerable: no human patience can toil through a single page of it;* but his notes, though inelegantly written, will always be consulted with pleasure. His work has been of considerable use to the subsequent editors of Juvenal, both at home and abroad; and indeed, such is its general accuracy, that little excuse remains for any notorious deviation from the sense of the original.

Stapylton had equal industry, and more poetry; but he wanted his learning, his judgment, and his ingenuity. His notes, though numerous, are trite, and scarce beyond the reach of a school-boy. He is besides scandalously indecent on many occasions, where his excellent rival was innocently unfaithful, or silent.

With these translations, such as they were, the town was satisfied until the end of the seventeenth century, when the necessity of something more poetical becoming apparent, the booksellers, as Johnson says, "proposed a new version to the poets of that time, which was undertaken by Dryden, whose reputation was such, that no man was unwilling to serve the Muses under him."

Dryden's account of this translation, is given with such candour, in the exquisite dedication which precedes it, that I shall lay it before the reader in his own words. "The common way which we have taken, is not a literal translation, but a kind of paraphrase, or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase, and a translation.

"Thus much may be said for us, that if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it: we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are sufficient to make us intelligible: we make our author at least appear in a poetic

* With all my respect for the learning of this good old man, it is impossible, now and then, to suppress a smile at his simplicity. In apologizing for his translation, he says: "As for publishing poetry, it needs no defence; there being, if my Lord of Verulam's judgment shall be admitted, a divine rapture in it!"

dress. We have actually made him more sounding, and more elegant, than he was before in English: and have endeavoured to make him speak that kind of English, which he would have spoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and it is but seldom) make him express the customs and manners of his native country, rather than of Rome, it is, either when there was some kind of analogy, betwixt their customs and ours; or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we gave him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuse it. For to speak sincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded."

This is, surely, sufficiently modest. Johnson's description of it is somewhat more favourable, "the general character of this translation will be given when it is said to preserve the wit, but to want the dignity, of the original." Is this correct? Dryden frequently degrades the author into a jester; but Juvenal has few moments of levity. Wit, indeed, he possesses in an eminent degree, but it is tinctured with his peculiarities; *raro jocos*, as Lipsius well observes, *sæpius acerbos sales miscet*. Dignity is the predominant quality of his mind: he can, and does, relax with grace, but he never forgets himself; he smiles, indeed; but his smile is more terrible than his frown, for it is never excited, but when his indignation is mingled with contempt; *ridet et odit*! Where his dignity, therefore, is wanting, his wit will be imperfectly preserved.*

On the whole, there is nothing in this quotation to deter suc-

* Yet Johnson knew him well. The peculiarity of Juvenal, he says, (Vol. IX. p. 424,) is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences, and declamatory grandeur. A good idea of it may be formed from his own beautiful imitation of the third Satire. His imitation of the tenth (still more beautiful as a poem) has scarce a trait of the author's manner.

ceeding writers from attempting at least, to supply the deficiencies of Dryden, and his fellow labourers: and, perhaps, I could point out several circumstances which might make it laudable, if not necessary:—but this would be to trifle with the reader, who is already apprized that, as far as relates to myself, no motives but those of obedience, determined me to the task for which I now solicit the indulgence of the public.

When I first took up this author, I knew not of any other translator; nor was it until the scheme of publishing him was started, that I began to reflect seriously on the nature of what I had undertaken, to consider by what exertions I could render that useful which was originally meant for amusement, and justify, in some measure, the partiality of my benefactors.

My first object was to become as familiar as possible with my author, of whom I collected every edition that my own interest, or that of my friends could procure; together with such translations as I could discover either here or abroad: from a careful examination of all these, I formed the plan, to which, while I adapted my former labours, I anxiously strove to accomodate my succeeding ones.

Dryden had said “if we give not the whole, yet we give the most considerable part of it.” My determination was to give the whole, and really make the work what it professed to be, a translation of Juvenal. I had seen enough of castrated editions, to observe that little was gained by them on the score of propriety; since, when the author was reduced to half his bulk, at the expense of his spirit and design, sufficient remained to alarm the delicacy for which the sacrifice had been made. Chaucer observes with great naïveté,

“Whoso shall tell a tale after a man,

“He moste rehearse as neighe as ever he can

“Everich word, if it be in his charge,

“All speke he never so rudely and so large:—

And indeed the age of Chaucer, like that of Juvenal, allowed of such liberties. Other times, other manners. Many words were in common use with our ancestors, which raised no improper ideas, though they would not, and indeed could not, at this time be tolerated: with the Greeks and Romans, it was still worse; their dress, which left many parts of the body exposed, gave a boldness to their language, which was not perhaps lessened by the infrequency of women at those social conversations, of which they now constitute the refinement, and the delight. Add to this, that their mythology, and their sacred rites, which took their rise in very remote periods, abounded in the undisguised phrases of a rude and simple age, and being religiously handed down from generation to generation, gave a currency to many terms, which offered no violence to modesty, though, abstractedly considered by people of a different language and manners, they appear pregnant with turpitude and guilt.

When we observe this licentiousness (for I should wrong many of the ancient writers, to call it libertinism) in the pages of their historians and philosophers, we may be pretty confident that it raised no blush on the cheek of their readers. It was the language of the times—*hæc illis natura est omnibus una*: and if it be considered as venial in those, surely a little farther indulgence will not be misapplied to the satirist, whose object is the exposure of what the former have only to notice.

Thus much may suffice for Juvenal: but shame and sorrow on the head of him, who presumes to transfer his grossness into the vernacular tongues. Though I have given him entire, I have endeavoured to make him speak as he would have spoken if he had lived amongst us; when, refined with the age, he would have fulminated against impurity in terms, to which, though delicacy might disavow them, manly decency might listen without offence.

I have said above, that “the whole of Juvenal” is here given;

this must be understood with a few restrictions. Where vice, of whatever nature, formed the immediate object of reprobation, it has not been spared in the translation; but I have sometimes taken the liberty of omitting an exceptionable line, when it had no apparent connection with the subject of the Satire. Some acquaintance with the original will be necessary to discover these lacunæ, which do not, in all, amount to half a page: for the rest, I have no apologies to make. Here are no allusions, covert or open, to the follies and vices of modern times; nor has the dignity of the original been prostituted, in a single instance, to the gratification of private spleen.

I have attempted to follow, as far as I judged it feasible, the style of my author,* which is more various than is usually supposed. It is not necessary to descend to particulars; but my meaning will be understood by those, who carefully compare the original of the thirteenth and fourteenth Satires, with the translation. In the twelfth, and in that alone, I have perhaps raised it a little; but it really appears so contemptible a performance in the doggerel of Dryden's coadjutor, (a Mr. Power) that I thought somewhat more attention than ordinary was in justice due to it. It is not a chef-d'œuvre by any means; but it is a pretty and a pleasing little poem, deserving more notice than it has usually received.

I could have been sagacious and obscure on many occasions, with very little difficulty; but I strenuously combated every inclination to find out more than my author meant. The general character of this translation, if I do not deceive myself, will be

* Let me be explicit. Several of these Satires were Englished before I had acquired any precise notions of style. On the revision of what I had written, I certainly endeavoured to adapt it to my more mature ideas on the subject: it is not for me to say, how I have succeeded: but with the exception of the third Satire, which is almost literally transcribed from my school exercise, all have undergone considerable alterations.

found to be plainness ; and, indeed, the highest praise to which I aspire, is that of having left the original more intelligible than I found it.

On numbering the lines, I find that my translation contains a few more than Dryden's. This will not appear extraordinary, when it is considered that I have introduced an infinite number of circumstances from the text, which he thought himself justified in omitting ; and that, with the trifling exceptions already mentioned, nothing has been passed, whereas he and his assistants overlooked whole sections, and sometimes (as in the fourteenth Satire) very considerable ones. Every where, too, I have endeavoured to render the transitions less abrupt, and to obviate or disguise the difficulties which a difference of manners, habits, &c. necessarily creates : all this calls for an additional number of lines ; which the English reader at least, will seldom have occasion to regret.

Of the " borrowed learning of notes," which Dryden says he avoided as much as possible, I have amply availed myself. During the long period in which I have had my thoughts fixed on Juvenal, it has been usual with me, whenever I found a passage that related to him, to fix it on my memory, or to note it down. These, on the revision of the work for the press, I added to such reflections as arose in my own mind, and arranged in the manner they now appear. I confess that this was not an unpleasant task to me, and I will venture to hope, that if my own suggestions fail to please, yet the frequent recurrence of some of the most striking and beautiful passages of ancient and modern poetry, history, &c. will render it neither unamusing nor uninstrusive to the general reader. The information insinuated into the mind by miscellaneous collections of this nature, is much greater than is usually imagined ; and I have been frequently encouraged to proceed, by recollecting the benefits I formerly derived from casual notices scattered over the margin, or dropped at the bottom of a page.

In this compilation, I proceeded on no regular plan, farther than considering what, if I had been a mere English reader, I should wish to have had explained: it is therefore extremely probable, as every rule of this nature must be imperfect, that I have frequently erred; have spoken where I should be silent, and been prolix where I should be brief: on the whole however, I chose to offend on the safer side; and to leave nothing unsaid, at the hazard of sometimes saying too much. Tedious, perhaps, I may be, but, I trust, not dull; and with this negative commendation I must be satisfied. The passages I have produced, are not always translated; but the English reader needs not for that be discouraged in proceeding, as he will frequently find sufficient in the context, to give him a general idea of the meaning. In many places I have copied the words, together with the sentiments of the writer; for this, if it call for an apology, I shall take that of Macrobius, who had somewhat more occasion for it than I shall be found to have: *Nec mihi vitio vertas, si res quas ex lectione varia mutuabor, ipsis sæpè verbis quibus ab ipsis auctoribus enarratæ sunt explicabo, quia præsens opus non eloquentiæ ostentationem, sed noscendorum congeriem pollicetur, &c.* Saturn. Lib. I. c. 1.

I have now said all that occurs to me on this subject: a more pleasing one remains. I cannot, indeed, like Dryden, boast of my poetical coadjutors. No Congreves and Creeches have abridged, while they adorned, my labours;* yet have I not been without assistance, and of the most valuable kind.

Whoever is acquainted with the habits of intimacy in which I have lived from early youth, with the Rev. Mr. Ireland,† will not

* I must except the first twenty or thirty lines of the eleventh Satire. See the Argument.

† Vicar of Croydon, in Surry.

want to be informed of his share in the following pages. To those who are not, it is proper to say, that besides the passages in which he is introduced by name, every other part of the work has been submitted to his inspection. Nor would his affectionate anxiety for the reputation of his friend, suffer any part of the translation to appear, without undergoing the strictest revision. His uncommon accuracy, judgment, and learning, have been uniformly exerted on it, not less, I am confident, to the advantage of the reader, than to my own satisfaction. It will be seen that we sometimes differ in opinion; but as I usually distrust my own judgment in those cases, I have submitted the decision to the reader.

I have also to express my obligations to Abraham Moore, Esq. Barrister at law, a gentleman whose taste and learning are well known to be only surpassed by his readiness to oblige; of which I have the most convincing proofs; since the hours he dedicated to the following sheets (which I lament that he only saw in their progress through the press) were snatched from avocations as urgent as they were important.

A paper was put into my hand by Mr. George Nicol, the promoter of every literary work, from R. P. Knight, Esq. containing subjects for engravings illustrative of Juvenal, and, with singular generosity, offering me the use of his marbles, gems, &c. As these did not fall within my plan, I can only here return him my thanks for a kindness as extraordinary as it was unexpected. But I have other and greater obligations to Mr. Nicol. In conjunction with Mr. William Nicol, he has watched the progress of this work through the press with unwearied solicitude. During my occasional absences from town, the correction of it (for which, indeed the state of my eyes renders me at all times rather unfit) rested almost solely on him; and it is but justice to add, that his habitual accuracy in this ungrateful employ, is not the only quality to which I am bound to confess my obligations.

THE
S A T I R E S
OF
J U V E N A L.

SATIRE I.

Argument.

DRYDEN will have this *Satire* to be the “ground-work of all the rest;” it rather seems, from several circumstances mentioned in it, to have been produced subsequent to most of them; and was probably drawn up after the Author had determined to collect and publish his works, as a kind of *Introduction*.

Even without this evidence, we might have concluded it to be written late in life, and by a man habituated to composition. *Juvenal* could not say with *Hall*,

“Stay till my beard shall sweep my aged breast,

“Then shall I seem an awful *Satirist*.”

He had reached that period; and deriving dignity from years, and intrepidity from conscious rectitude, he announces himself with a tone of authority, which we neither feel inclined to doubt, nor to withstand.

He breaks silence with an impassioned complaint of the clamorous importunity of bad writers, and a humourous resolution of retaliating upon them, by turning author himself! He then ridicules the frivolous taste of his contemporaries in the choice of their subjects, intimating his own determination to devote himself wholly to *Satire*; to which he declares, with all the warmth of virtuous indignation, he is driven by the vices of the age.

He now exposes the corruption of the men, the profligacy of the women, the luxury of courtiers, the baseness of informers and fortune-hunters, the treachery of guardians, and the peculation of the officers of the state. Kindling with his theme, he warmly censures the general avidity for gaming, the servile rapacity of the mendicant patricians, the avarice and gluttony of the rich, and the miserable state of poverty and dejection in which they kept their followers and dependants. Finally, he makes some bitter reflections on the danger of satirizing living villany, and concludes with a resolution to attack it, under the mask of departed names.

SATIRE I.

v. 1—4.

WHAT! while with one eternal mouthing hoarse,
Codrus persists on my vex'd ear to force
His Theseid, must I, to my fate resign'd,
Hear, ONLY hear, and never pay in kind?

VER. 1. *What! while with one eternal mouthing hoarse,*] Before the invention of printing, authors had no shorter road to fame than public rehearsals. To procure full audiences for these, they had recourse to interest, solicitations, and, in case they were rich enough, to bribes.

This is mentioned as one of the plagues of Rome, so early as the time of Horace—*auditum scripta relictis omnibus officiis*; and Suetonius relates of Augustus, that he attended them with great patience and good humour. But the race of scribblers was prodigiously multiplied in Juvenal's days, and consequently, the grievance of following their rehearsals was more deeply felt. Pliny, good man! says he sacrificed months to them: our author, if we may judge from his manner, had sacrificed more. It appears, however, from a very picturesque passage in Pliny's letter to S. Senecio, that the general listlessness with which they were attended, was exceedingly great. After repeated invitations and delays, when the rehearser has now taken his station, and spread his book before him, and is on the point of beginning, "*tum demum*," says Pliny, "*ac tunc quoque lente, cunctanterque veniunt, nec tamen permanent, sed ante finem recedunt; alii dissimulanter et furtim, alii simpliciter et liberè.*" Ep. xiii. lib. i.

VER. 2. *Codrus, &c.*] Holyday supposes this to be the person who is mentioned again in the third Satire; and of whose goods and chattels so

Must this with farce and folly rack my head
 Unpunish'd? that, with sing-song, whine me dead?
 Must Telephus, huge Telephus! at will
 The day, unpunish'd, waste? or, huger still,
 Orestes, with broad margin over-writ,
 And back, and —— O, ye gods! not finish'd yet?
 Away—I know not my own house so well
 As the trite, thread-bare themes, on which ye dwell;

curious an inventory is there given. It may be so; and yet the valuables alluded to, would rather seem to have been collected by an antiquary, than a poet. Holyday adds, “he had nothing of a poet but the poverty:” he might, at least, have thrown in the pertinacity. What else he had cannot now be known, as his works are lost. The old scholiast tells us, that the *Theseid* (which so happily provoked our author to retaliate) was a tragedy: it was more probably an epic poem. The authors of *Telephus* and *Orestes*, have escaped the edge of ridicule; they are nowhere mentioned.

VER. 11. *Away—I know not my own house so well, &c.*] Hall has imitated this passage with some humour:

“No man his threshold better knows than I
 “Brutes first arrival, and his victory,
 “St. George’s sorrel, and his cross of blood,
 “Arthur’s round board, or Caledonian wood;
 “But so to fill up books, both back and side,
 “What boots it?” &c.

We have here a summary of the subjects which usually employed the wits of Rome; and certainly they could not be much more interesting to the readers of those times, than they are to us. Martial seems to have thought as meanly of them as our author; and in two very excellent epigrams, asserts the superior usefulness of his own compositions; you mistake, says he, when you call my works trifles; the *Supper of Tereus*, the *Flight of Dædalus*, &c. &c. these are trifles: what I write “comes home to mens’ businesses, and bosoms”—*et HOMINEM pagina nostra sapit!*

The expedition to fetch, or, as Juvenal will have it, to steal, the golden

Mars' grove, and Vulcan's cave!—How the Winds roar,
 How ghosts are tortured on the Stygian shore,
 How Jason stole the golden fleece, and how
 The Centaurs fought on Othrys' shaggy brow,
 The walks of Fronto echo round and round;
 (The columns trembling with the eternal sound,)
 While high and low, as the mad fit invades,
 Bellow the same dull nonsense through the shades.

I TOO CAN WRITE.—ONCE, at a pedant's frown,
 I pour'd my frothy fustian on the town,
 And idly proved that Sylla, far from power,
 Had pass'd, unknown to fear, the tranquil hour:
 Now I resume my pen; for since we meet
 Such swarms of desperate bards in every street,

fleece, is a manifest allusion to the Argonauts of Valerius Flaccus. The poem is, by no means, a bad one; and yet he sneers at it again in this very Satire: but it was the triteness of the story which provoked his ridicule; to which, perhaps, may be added some little prejudice against the author, for his flattery of the Flavian family—a family which Juvenal hated; and to use an expression of Dr. Johnson's, he was a good hater!

VER. 17. *The walks of Fronto, &c.*] Juvenal returns to the charge. The unhappy men who could not procure an audience for their rehearsals, haunted the baths, forums, porticos, and other places of general resort, in order to fasten on the loiterers, and thus obtain a hearing. For this, no place was so well adapted as the house and gardens of Fronto (a nobleman of great learning and virtue), which were always open to the public, and exceedingly frequented.

The picture in the original is excellent: nor can the fancy easily conceive a more ludicrous scene, than the little groups collected by the eager poets, in various parts of the garden, and compelled to listen to the ravings which burst the pillars, and shook the statues from their pedestals.

'Twere vicious clemency to spare the oil,
And hapless paper, they are sure to spoil.

But why I choose, adventurous, to retrace
The Auruncan's route, and in the arduous race
Follow his glowing wheels, attentive hear,
If leisure serve, and truth be worth your care.

When the soft eunuch makes the fair a bride,
When Mævia, all the woman laid aside,

VER. 29. *But why I choose, adventurous, to retrace*

The Auruncan's route, &c.] By the Auruncan, Juvenal means Lucilius, who was born at Aurunca, a town in Campania. Horace calls him the first satirist, which he was not, for Ennius preceded him by many years. Quintilian, with his accustomed accuracy, terms him the first regular one; and this he confessedly was. His works appear to have been highly esteemed, even in the Augustan age, when Horace, with more good sense than success, endeavoured to qualify the general prejudice in his favour. Quintilian observes of him, that he had a great deal of wit and learning, and that his boldness was equal to his severity. It was this latter quality which endeared him to Juvenal, who, as well as his immediate predecessor, Persius, always mentions him with respect.

VER. 34. *When Mævia, &c.]* Under Domitian such instances were common; for he not only exhibited combats of men with wild beasts, but of women also; and the noblest of both sexes were sometimes engaged in them!

Dryden read, in a note on this passage, *Alia indignatio in mulierum impudentiam quæ temporibus Domitiani, in venationes et pugnas theatrales descendebant*. The word *venationes* (the technical term for these kinds of combats) struck him, and he accordingly rendered the original thus,

“When mannish Mævia, that two-handed whore,

“Astride on horse-back hunts the Tuscan boar.”

For this, a late translator condescends to pity him, “Unhappy Dryden,” saith he, “but he shall appear but once more.” Now this, as Parson Hugh sagely observes, “is affectations;” and should, I think, be “reformed altogether.” If Pope called Dryden unhappy, it was not for an unimportant mistake;

Enters the lists, and, to the middle bare,
Hurls at the Tuscan boar the quivering spear;
When he who oft, since manhood first appear'd,
Hath trimm'd the exuberance of this sounding beard,

besides, that great man might venture to say what we small poets cannot with modesty repeat after him; and methinks it would not be amiss, if an observation of our author's, on another occasion, were sometimes in our minds,

“ ————— plurima sunt quæ

“ Non audent homines pertusâ dicere lænâ.”

Of Mævia I can find no account: there is, indeed, a strumpet so called in Martial, but she was poor: her profligacy, however, may have tempted Juvenal to transfer her name to this noble gladiatrix.

VER. 37. *When he who oft, &c.*]

“ Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat :”

Juvenal seems pleased with this line, for he introduces it in a subsequent passage. I suppose he meant it for a specimen of the mock-heroic; it is not, however, a very successful one. Holyday's translation of it, is curious enough.

“ One whose officious scizzars went snip, snip,

“ As he my troublesome young beard did clip!”

This “snipper” was Cinnamus, who, from the servile employment here mentioned, raised himself, by ministering to the pleasures of the ladies, to a knight's estate, and a prodigious fortune. He is brought forward again in the tenth Satire, and nearly in the same words. His fate affords a striking illustration of the great truths contained in that admirable piece; for not long after it was written, he was prosecuted for some offence not now known, and, to avoid condemnation, left all his wealth behind him, and fled into Sicily: where Martial, who is frequently the best commentator on Juvenal, honours him with an epigram; in which, after bitterly condoling with him on his helpless old age, and reckoning up a variety of employments for which he is *not* fit, he points out to him the necessity of turning barber again!

“ Non rhetor, non grammaticus, ludive magister,

“ Non Cynicus, non tu Stoicus esse potes;

“ Vendere nec vocem, Siculo plausumque theatris,

“ Quod superest, iterum Cinname, tonsor eris.” *Ep. lxiv. lib. vii.*

Vies with the state in riches: when that vile
 And low-bred reptile, from the slime of Nile,
 Crispinus, from his lady-shoulder throws
 The purple cloke which too luxuriant flows,

To this man, and to his fortunes, might justly be applied the fine sarcasm of Claudian on the eunuch Eutropius:

“ Culmine dejectum vitæ Fortuna priori

“ Reddidit, INSANO JAM SATIATA LUDO !”

VER. 41. *Cùm pars Niliacæ plebis, cùm verna Canopi*

Crispinus, ———] This man rose, under Nero, from the condition of a slave, to riches and honours. His connection with that monster recommended him to Domitian, with whom he seems to have been in high favour. He shared his counsels, ministered to his amusements, and was the ready instrument of his cruelties. For these, and other causes, Juvenal regarded him with perfect detestation. He cannot speak of him with temper; and whenever he introduces him, which he does on all occasions, it is with mingled contempt and horror. Here he is not only a Niliacan (an expression which conveyed more to Juvenal's mind than it does to ours) but a Canopian, a native of the most profligate spot in Egypt; not only one of the dregs of the people, but a slave; and not only a slave, but a slave born of a slave! Hence the poet's indignation at his effeminate luxury.

Martial, always begging, and always in distress, has a hue and cry after a “purple cloke,” stolen from this minion, while he was bathing:

“ Nescit cui dederit Tyriam Crispinus abollam *

“ Dum mutat cultus,” &c.

* The *abolla* (which I suppose to be the *lacerna* of our author), was a loose upper garment or wrapper, worn by philosophers, magistrates, senators, &c.: “that it was a grave habit” (says Holyday, on another occasion), “I nothing doubt, from Pegasus' taking it with him to the council.” This, however, depended on circumstances. A cloke of coarse gray cloth was neither repugnant to the age, nor gravity of the præfect: but the *abolla* of Crispinus was a very different thing; it was dyed in Tyrian purple, the most expensive of all colours; and, from its size, must have cost an inconceivable sum.

It may seem odd, that he who could scarce bear the weight of a summer ring, should nevertheless load his shoulders with a robe of this kind: but it was the splendour and extravagance of it, which influenced his choice. Vanity, as Shakspeare somewhere says of misery, makes a man acquainted with strange garments!

Or fans his finger, labouring with the freight
Of a light summer ring; and, faint with heat,
Cries, “save me from a gem of greater weight!”

}

’Tis hard to choose a less indignant strain—
For who so slow of heart, so dull of brain,
So patient of the town’s increasing crimes,
As not to burst impetuous into rhymes!
When bloated Matho, in a new-built chair,
Stuft with himself, is borne abroad for air;

and in an epigram equally contemptible for its baseness, and its impiety, entreats his favourable word with Domitian: *Sic*, says he,

“*Sic placidum videas semper, Crispine, tonantem,*

“*Nec te Roma minus quam tua Memphis amat.*”

But he has his reward: his adulation was then neglected, and is now despised; while the severity of his manlier friend, was the admiration of his own age, and will be the delight of posterity.

I do not know whether Ammianus Marcellinus had the character of Crispinus in his thoughts, when he wrote the following elegant passage; but it certainly throws more light than any other I am acquainted with, on the *humero revocante lacernas*, the flinging back and recovering the “purple cloke.” *Alii summum decus in ambitioso vestium cultu ponentes, sudant sub ponderibus lacernarum, quas collis insertas cingulis ipsis adnectunt, nimia subteminum tenuitate perflabiles, expectantes crebris agitationibus, maximèque sinistra, ut longiores fimbriæ tunicæque perspicuè luceant.*

VER. 44. *Of a light summer ring, &c.*] The “dainty pride” of the Romans, as Holyday calls it, had arrived at such a pitch, that they had different rings for different seasons: not that so absurd a refinement in luxury could be general; it serves, however, to mark the affected delicacy of Crispinus.

VER. 50. *When bloated Matho, &c.*] Matho (as we find from the seventh Satire) originally followed the profession of a lawyer; but meeting, perhaps deserving, no encouragement, he fell into the extremes of poverty, and broke.

Follow'd by him, who, to the imperial hate,
 A noble friend betray'd; and now, elate
 With one patrician's fall, aspires to wrest
 The poor remains of greatness from the rest;
 Whom Massa dreads, though of the informing tribe,
 Whom anxious Carus softens with a bribe,

He then turned informer; the dreadful resource of men of desperate fortunes and desperate characters. In this he seems to have been successful: he has a chair, which Juvenal takes care to tell us had not been long in his possession, and he is grown immoderately fat, for he fills it himself.

Critics are divided about the man who followed Matho. The old Scholiast says it was Heliodorus the Stoic, who informed against his friend and pupil Silanus; or it was Egnatius Celer, or Demetrius, the lawyer, &c. It was more probably, however, Marcus Regulus, who carried on the trade of an informer under Nero, and again under Domitian. Pliny gives an entertaining account of his cowardly apprehensions for himself after the death of the latter; and pronounces him to be the wickedest of all two-legged creatures, *omnium bipedum nequissimus*.

The difficulty of fixing on any particular name, affords matter for deep reflection. That so many people should at the same period be guilty of the complicated crimes of treachery and ingratitude (for such is the charge) could only be believed on the credit of concurring testimonies; and gives us a dreadful picture of the state of corruption into which Rome was now fallen.

VER. 56. *Whom Massa dreads, &c.*] He speaks of Bæbius Massa, who took up the trade of an informer under Domitian, and rose to great eminence in guilt. Tacitus calls him a pernicious enemy to all good men, and the cause of many evils to the state. He was prosecuted in his turn for malpractices in his government (of the province of Bætica), and condemned to refund his ill-gotten property. It seems, however, from Pliny, who was one of his prosecutors, that there was some collusion among the judges; and that the sentence was never enforced.

But though Massa might be rich, he was now no longer powerful: for Martial, who was never accused of temerity, attacks him without fear.

And pale Latinus, trembling for his life,
 Seeks to propitiate with a handsome wife.
 When brawny knaves defeat thee of thy right
 By the lewd labours of a lusty night;
 For now, the hoary grandam's itch supplies
 The readiest means to wealth, and power to rise:—
 Not that an equal rank her minions hold,
 Or all that share her favours, share her gold:
 More prudent, she, their different merits known,
 By nature's bounty regulates her own;
 And Proculeius mourns his scanty measure,
 While Gillo triumphs in exuberant treasure.
 And let him triumph! 'tis the price of blood—
 While thus defrauded of the generous flood,

Humourously exaggerating the thievish propensities of one Hermogenes, a thief by descent, he observes, that he was as great a stealer of napkins, wherever he went, as Massa was of money!

VER. 57. *Whom anxious Carus, &c.*] This was Carus Metius, no less conspicuous for villany than Massa. He did not, indeed, begin so early; for when Tacitus was writing the life of Agricola, he had obtained "but one victory;" that, probably, over the virtuous Senecio, who assisted Pliny in the prosecution of Massa.

The first draught of this Satire (for it was afterwards considerably improved and enlarged), might be formed, I should think, soon after the above event: since we find Carus, infamous as he was, and ready to join in the destruction of the worthiest characters, not yet so firmly established in the Emperor's favour, but that he needed the protection of a more powerful villain.

Carus obtained more "victories," as Tacitus calls them, afterwards, and outlived his execrable master; when he fell into poverty and contempt. Of Latinus, or rather the mime represented by him (for he himself had been put to death in a former reign), I have nothing to relate with certainty.

The colour flies his cheek, as though he press'd,
 With naked foot, the invenom'd aspic's crest;
 Or stood prepared at Lyons to declaim,
 Where the least hazard is the loss of fame.

Heavens! need I tell what frenzy fires my brain,
 When yon vile spoiler, with his numerous train,
 Chokes up the street, and leaves his orphan charge
 To prostitution, and the world at large?
 When, by a juggling sentence damn'd in vain,
 (For who that holds the plunder, heeds the pain?)
 Marius to wine devotes his morning hours,
 And laughs, in exile, at the offended powers;

VER. 74. *Or stood prepared at Lyons to declaim, &c.*] It was here that Caligula instituted games of oratory. The meed of the conqueror is no where mentioned, but the punishment of the vanquished was to obliterate what he had written with his tongue, to be ducked in the river, &c. &c. Tyranny, like dullness, sometimes "loves a joke," and this was a most miserable one.

If Caligula himself were one of the candidates, and any other won the palm, his reward was certain death. Dio tells a curious story of Caligula's accusing Domitius Afer in a set speech. Domitius wisely determined not to answer it; but throwing himself into an ecstasy at the beauty of the composition, he repeated parts of it here and there, affecting to be so enraptured by it, as utterly to forget that it was pronounced against himself. The artifice succeeded; his life was spared, because, when ordered to plead, he prostrated himself—καὶ χαμαι κείμενος, ἵκετευσεν, ὡς καὶ τὸν ρητορὰ αὐτὸν μᾶλλον ἢ τὸν Καίσαρα φοβούμενος. *Lib. LIX. c. xix.*

The scene of these contests, which was at the confluence of the Soane and the Rhone, had been looked on as a sacred spot from the earliest ages. After the subjection of the country, the natives built a temple and altar here to Augustus, and established, or rather renewed, the ancient festival, to which there was annually a great resort. The happy thought of instituting oratorical games at this altar, is, as I have already observed, due to Caligula.

While, sighing o'er the victory she has won,
The province finds herself but more undone!

And shall I feel that crimes like these require
The avenging strains of the Venusian lyre,
And not pursue them? Shall I sing, instead,
Fond trifler! Hercules, and Diomed,
The bellowing labyrinth, the builder's flight,
And the boy fall'n "such a pernicious height;"
When He can take th' adulterer's goods, and heir
That wealth, the law forbids the wife to share,

VER. 82. *Marius, &c.*] Marius (see Sat. VIII. v. 198), was proconsul of Africa, and being prosecuted by the province for extortion and cruelty, was convicted on the clearest evidence, fined, and banished from Italy. "Yet," says Holyday, "reserving the greater part of his former spoils, he lived in a wanton exile;"—while the Africans returned home with the wretched consolation of having defrayed their own expenses, and seen the money levied on their oppressor, carried to the Roman treasury.

Juvenal observes, Marius was *damnatus inani judicio*; that is, says the Scholiast, *non ademptis bonis*. Now Cæsar had made a law to prevent this kind of judgment. *Pænas facinorum auxit* (Suet. Cæs. lxii), *cum locupletes eò facilius scelere se obligarent, quod integris patrimoniis exulabant*. It is true, this, with other good laws, was now grown obsolete; but the Scholiast's explanation is, nevertheless, unfounded: Juvenal uses the expression *inani judicio*, in reference to the vast wealth of Marius, which could be little, if at all, affected by the paltry sum (not quite £6000) exacted from him by way of punishment. After all, I believe here is a tacit censure on Trajan; in the third year of whose reign this scandalous instance of lenity took place.

VER. 92. *When He can take the adulterer's goods, and heir*

That wealth, the law forbids the wife to share, &c.] Adulterers were accustomed to bequeath their property to their mistresses: this opened a door to universal corruption, and occasioned so great a clamour amongst

Who gave with wand'ring eye, and vacant face,
 A tacit sanction to his own disgrace,
 And while at every turn a look he stole,
 Snor'd unsuspected o'er the social bowl:

the defrauded relatives, that Domitian interfered,* and by an express law rendered such infamous women incapable of receiving any bequests whatever. The avarice of the Roman husbands, however, contrived to elude this wholesome restriction: they became panders to their own wives, and the legacies were in consequence of it, transferred to themselves!

Αὐτῷ τις γήμας πιθάνην τῷ γείτονι ρεγγεῖ

Καὶ τρεφεται. Ταύτ' ἦν ευχολῶν ἐργασία.

Μη πλεῖν, μη σκαπτεῖν, ἀλλ' ευδομαχῶς ἀπορεγγεῖν

Ἀλλοτρίῳ δαπάνῃ πλεῖσια βόσκομενον.

But this was not all. If the adulterer was old and wealthy, the husband slept and snored on; if not, he watched his opportunity, and took care to wake at a moment favourable to his views of extorting a compromise for an attempt.

Now I am on this subject (far, indeed, from a pleasing one), I will relate a little anecdote of Mæcenas. He was invited to supper by one Galba, who had a handsome wife. The minister was at this time all-powerful, and his protection, therefore, of consequence to his host, who remarked with joy his advances to his wife, and after supper, fell fast asleep. Mæcenas made the best use of his time; and a friend, whom he had brought with him, was proceeding to the same familiarities, when Galba, who had nothing to hope from this new competitor, gravely raised his head, and exclaimed *non omnibus dormio*, I don't sleep for every body. This was thought a good joke at Rome, where the expression soon passed into a proverb.

* Domitian's interference, however, obtains little credit with Xiphilinus. Sneering at his sudden and inconsistent starts of virtue, he says he put to death several women for adultery whom himself had debauched! Συχνοὶ δὲ καὶ ἄνδρες καὶ γυναῖκες τῶν πλεσιῶν ἐπὶ μοιχείᾳ ἐκολασθῆσαν, ὧν ἑνὶαι καὶ ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἐμοιχευθῆσαν. *Lib. LXVII. c. xii.*

Or when He hopes, presumptuous! a command,
 Who spent on horses all his father's land,
 While, meanly proud the charioteer to shew,
 O'er the Flaminian way he bade the axle glow—
 For there, our young Automedon first tried
 His powers, there loved the rapid car to guide,

VER. 98. *Or when He hopes, presumptuous! a command, &c.*] He probably alludes to Cornelius Fuscus, who fell in the Dacian war. (See Sat. iv.) Fuscus had assisted Nero in his mad follies, to the ruin of his patrimony; and on that founded his claim to promotion. Hence the indignation of Juvenal.

The two concluding lines of this paragraph have given the commentators some trouble:

“——— puer Automedon nam lora tenebat,

“ Ipse lacernatæ cum se jactaret amicæ.”

If I understand Holyday, he refers *ipse* to Fuscus, and *amica lacernata* to his “warlike mistress:” but from the mention of Automedon, it should seem as if *ipse* was meant of the Emperor, who, while Fuscus was shewing his dexterity in driving, employed himself in exhibiting his talents in some other way, to one of his favourites.

If this be allowed, the *amica lacernata* must relate to Sporus, whom this monster of lust espoused in Greece, afterwards brought to Italy, and exhibited publicly in the streets of Rome, and elsewhere, as his wife.* *Hunc Sporum lecticæ vectum, et circa conventus mercatusque Græciæ, ac mox Romæ circa Sigillaria comitatus est, identidem exosculans!* Suet. Nero. xxviii.

The end of Sporus is singular enough to deserve a line. A few years after this transaction, he was ordered, by Vitellius (then Emperor) to personate a nymph, who, in some pantomime, was to be carried off by a ravisher: and this creature—branded in the face of the whole world with infamy of the deepest dye, actually put an end to himself, to avoid appearing on the stage, in the dress of a female!

* The assertion of Dio may be a comment on the complex term (*amica lacernata*) applied to this master-miss by our author. Nero hoped to impose his eunuch-wife on the people, by giving him a female name—*ἡρώμαξις δὲ Σαβίνας τοῦ Σπύρου*—and thus excused his public kisses. *Lib. LXIII. c. xiii.*

While great Pelides sought superior bliss,
And toy'd, and wanton'd with his master-miss.

Who would not, reckless of the swarms he meets,
Fill his wide tablets in the public streets
With angry verse? when, through the mid-day glare,
Born by six slaves, and in an open chair,
The forger comes, who owes his lavish state
To a wet seal, and a fictitious date;
Comes, like the soft Mæcenas, lolling by,
And impudently braves the public eye!
Or the rich widow, who, in secret, bruised
A filthy toad, and the rank juice infused
Into sweet Calene wine, and, tender soul!
Reach'd to her thirsty spouse, the treacherous bowl.—

VER. 112 *Comes, like the soft Mæcenas, &c.*] This great man seems to have been, at once, a beau and a sloven. Seneca says, he used to walk abroad with his tawdry tunic about his heels. He was so indolent, that when the præfect of the guards came to him for the countersign, or watch-word, he generally received him half undrest. His effeminacy is again noticed in the twelfth Satire.

VER. 114. *Or the rich widow, &c.*] The person here alluded to, says Madan, was Agrippina, the wife of Claudius, &c. It is not unusual (and I speak it for the sake of critics of a much higher order than Mr. Madan), for a commentator to note what is immediately before him, without deigning to cast an eye to the right hand or the left. The husband, in the text, is poisoned by a draught of wine; Claudius was dispatched by a mushroom: but it is needless to pursue the subject. Poisoning husbands, unluckily, was not so rare an event in those days, that we should set an author at variance with himself to appropriate it. It is sad to see Britannicus fall into this error; *sed aliquando bonus*.—For the next line, see Sat. III. ver. 5.

Now baffling old Locusta in her skill,
 She shows her simpler neighbours how to kill,
 And how to bear the spotted corpse along,
 Deaf to the murmurs of th' indignant throng.

Dare nobly, man, if greatness be thy aim,
 And practice what may chains and exile claim;
 On Guilt's broad base, thy towering fortunes raise,
 For Virtue starves on—universal praise;
 While Vice controls the penury of Fate,
 Bestows the sculptured vase, the antique plate,
 The lordly mansion, and the fair estate.

VER. 118. *Now baffling old Locusta, &c.*] This superannuated wretch, Locusta (or, as the commentators on Dio call her, Lucusta), who seems to have reduced the art of poisoning to a science, is frequently mentioned by the writers of Juvenal's time, with execration. She had been condemned to die for a thousand crimes; but was kept alive by the besotted Claudius, as an useful instrument of state vengeance: and was, at length, employed against the very man, whose dark designs she was reserved to facilitate! But so it ever is: the man who formed the brazen bull, first proved its tortures; and, as Shakspeare beautifully observes,

“ ——— ’tis the sport to see the engineer

“ Hois'd with his own petar.”

Nero made use of her afterwards to destroy Britannicus, and, perhaps, Burrhus; but upon the accession of Galba, she was dragged to execution amidst the shouts and insults of the populace.

VER. 125. *For Virtue starves on—universal praise;*] This is prettily alluded to by Massinger.

“ ——— in this avaricious age

“ What price bears Honour? Virtue? Long ago

“ It was but praised, and freezed; but now-a-days,

“ ’Tis far more cold, and has nor love, nor praise.”

Fatal Dowry.

O! who can see the step-father impure,
The greedy daughter to his bed allure;
See, and suppress his feelings while he sees,
Unnatural brides, and stripling debauchees?
When crimes like these on every side arise,
Anger shall give the verse, that wit denies;
Force every dolt in Virtue's cause to write;
And make a poet in Minerva's spite.

E'er since Deucalion and his Pyrrha stood
On old Parnassus, (by the general flood
Upraised,) and, taught by Heaven, behind them threw
Their mother's bones, that soften'd as they flew,
Softened, and, with the breath of life made warm,
Assumed, by slow degrees, the human form;
Whatever wild desires have swell'd the breast,
Whatever passions have the soul possess'd,
Joy, Sorrow, Fear, Love, Hatred, Transport, Rage,
Shall form the motley subject of my page.

And when could Satire boast so fair a field?
Say, when did Vice a richer harvest yield?
When did fell Avarice so inflame the mind?
And when the lust of play so curse mankind?
For now no more the pocket's stores supply
The boundless charges of the desperate die:
The chest is staked! Muttering the steward stands,
And scarce resigns it, at his lord's commands.
Is it a SIMPLE MADNESS, I would know,
To venture countless thousands at a throw,

Yet want the soul a single piece to spare;
To clothe the slave, that shivering stands, and bare?

Who call'd, of old, so many seats his own,
Or on seven sumptuous dishes supp'd alone?
Then plain, and open, was the frugal feast,
And every client was a bidden guest;

VER. 159. *Who call'd, of old, so many seats his own,*

Or on seven sumptuous dishes supp'd alone?] Juvenal might well ask this; for the ancients did neither. Their usual eating-room was the atrium, or common-hall, which was open to the view of every passer-by; and they had rarely more than two plain dishes. Even the first men of the state, says Velleius, (lib. 11. c. iii.) were not ashamed to dine and sup there; nor had they any dish, which they blushed to expose to the meanest of their fellow-citizens.

VER. 162. *And every client was a bidden guest; &c.*] The old Republicans used to admit the clients, who attended them from the forum, to supper. Under the Emperors, this laudable custom was done away, and a little basket of meat given to each of them to carry home. Nero (Suet. xvi.) ordered a small sum of money to be distributed instead of meat, and Domitian brought back the former practice. Whether any changes were subsequently introduced, is not certainly known, but we here find, that money was again distributed: perhaps, the choice was in the patron. The sum was a hundred quadrantes, pieces something less than a farthing, and making, in all, about fifteen-pence of our money.

As this is the first place in which the names of patron and client occur, it may not be amiss to say a few words on the relative situations of two classes of men, which comprehended nearly all the citizens of Rome. A patron then, was a man of rank and fortune, under whose care the meaner people voluntarily put themselves, and, in consequence of it, were denominated his clients. The patron assisted his client with his influence and advice, and the client, in return, gave his vote to his patron, when he sought any office for himself, or his friends. The client owed his patron respect, the patron owed his client protection. The institution of this state of mutual dependance,

Now for the scanty dole aloof they wait,
 Nay, scramble for it at the outward gate.
 And first the porter, trembling for his place,
 Walks round and round, and pries in every face:
 Lest, strangers to the patronage you claim,
 You take the largess in a borrow'd name;
 When recognised, you then may hope to share,—
 And now he bids the sons of Troy draw near,
 The noble sons; for these besiege the door,
 E'en these, and wrest their pittance from the poor!
 "Dispatch the Prætor first," the steward cries,
 "And next the Tribune." "No, not so," replies
 The Freedman, bustling through—"first come, you know,
 "First served; and I may claim my right, I trow—

which commenced with the monarchy, was attended with the happiest effects; and, for the space of six centuries, we find no dissensions or jealousies between the two parties. But as riches and pride increased, new duties were imposed on the clients; they were harrassed with constant attendance, and mortified by neglect: in a word, they were little better than slaves.

They had yet other causes of complaint; and Juvenal, who appears, from an epigram addressed to him from Spain, by his friend Martial (see Sat. xi.), to have deeply felt the degradation he describes, sometimes speaks of it with pathos, and sometimes with indignation. But of this, elsewhere.

VER. 170. *And now he bids the sons of Troy draw near, &c.*] The old nobility of Rome affected to derive their origin from the great families of Troy. The satire here is very poignant: vain of their rank, they were careless of their actions, and swelling with the dignity of their ancient blood, were mean enough to be found scrambling amongst the poor, for a few paltry halfpence!

“ Though born a slave (for why should I deny
 “ What my bored ears evince to every eye),
 “ The rent of five good mansions now I touch;
 “ Your boasted nobles! can they say as much?
 “ There’s poor Corvinus, of patrician stock,
 “ Tends, for a groat a day, a grazier’s flock:
 “ Tut! I can buy ’em all; then, wherefore, pray,
 “ Should I be pass’d? No; let the Tribunes stay.”
 Yes, let them stay! Thine, Riches! be the field,—
 It is not meet that he to HONOUR yield,

VER. 177. *Though born a slave, &c.*] The original is “ though born near the Euphrates,” *i. e.* in Armenia, or rather in Cappadocia, from whence the Romans were chiefly supplied with domestics. From the freedman’s appeal to the holes, or as Juvenal contemptuously calls them, the windows in his ear, it would seem as if the meaner Asiatics all wore ear-rings at that time (as, indeed, they still do)—and this explains one of Cicero’s best jokes. His rival, Octavius, said to him rather rudely one day as he was pleading, “ I can’t hear what you say;” “ and yet,” replied the orator, “ you were wont to have your ears well bored!” A bitter retort; for the family of Octavius, though then ennobled, was supposed to have come originally from beyond sea, in a mean condition.

VER. 183. *Tut! I can buy ’em all; &c.*] In the original, the freedman boasts that he can buy Pallas and the Licinii; this is going a little too far, for Pallas, in particular, was immeasurably rich. He was the freedman of Claudius, a weak prince, who lavished unbounded wealth upon his favourites, and impoverished himself. When he complained of the emptiness of his treasury, somebody observed, and not badly, as Tacitus remarks, that it would be full enough, if his two freedmen (Pallas and Narcissus) would condescend to take him into their firm.

Pallas outlived Claudius, and was for some time in high favour with Nero, but was involved in the disgrace of Agrippina, and dismissed the court. He

TO SACRED HONOUR, who with whiten'd feet,
Was hawk'd for sale so lately through the street.

Pernicious gold! though yet no temples rise,
No altars to thy name, perfume the skies,
Such as to Victory, Virtue, Faith, are rear'd,
And Concord, where the clamourous stork is heard,
Yet is thy full divinity confess'd,
And thy shrine fix'd in every human breast.

But while, with anxious eyes, the great explore
How much the dole augments their annual store,
What misery must the poor dependants dread,
Whom this small pittance clothed, and lodged, and fed?

Wedged in thick ranks before the donor's gates,
A phalanx firm, of chairs and litters, waits:
Thither one husband, at the risk of life,
Hurries his teeming, or his bed-rid wife;
Another, practised in the well-known art,
With greater cunning tops the beggar's part,
Plants at his side a close and empty chair;

“ My Galla, master —— give me Galla's share.”

“ Galla!” the porter cries; “ let her look out;”

“ Sir, she's asleep: nay, give me—can you doubt!”

was now grown old, but as the strength of his constitution still threatened to disappoint the eager avarice of the Emperor, he broke through all restraint, and put him to death for the very wealth to which he trusted for safety!

The reader will observe, that the satire of Juvenal is incessant: the freedman is made to select for his examples, either an old patrician grown poor, or new men (*novi homines*) got into power from nothing.

What rare employments waste the clients' day !
 First to the great man's door they speed their way ;
 Thence to the forum, to support his cause,
 Last to Apollo, learned in the laws,
 And the triumphal statues ; where some Jew,
 Some mongrel Arab, some — I know not who,—

VER. 209. *What rare employments waste the clients' day, &c.*] The day is distinguished by nearly the same employments in Martial :

“ Prima salutantes atque altera continet hora,

“ Exercet raucos tertia causicos,

“ In quintam varios extendit Roma labores,

“ Sexta quies lassis, septima finis erit.”

VER. 211. *Thence to the forum, &c.*] Here, *i. e.* in the forum κατ' ἐξοχην, (for there were several others scattered about the city,) the public business was chiefly carried on. Apollo, who is mentioned in the next line, stood in the forum of Augustus, and acquired the legal knowledge, for which he is so handsomely complimented, from the lawyers, who frequented the courts of justice established there. The “ triumphal statues ” stood also in this forum ; they were those of the most eminent persons who had appeared in the state from the earliest ages.

VER. 213. ——— *where some Jew, &c.*] The indignation of the poet has involved him in obscurity. It is not easy to say who is meant here ; and the commentators have taken advantage of the uncertainty to display a world of curious research. Holyday, who recapitulates their conjectures, concludes, with every appearance of reason, that it was one Tiberius Alexander, a renegade Jew, who embraced the religion of Rome, and was made præfect of Egypt. He was the first to declare for Vespasian, (Tacit. Hist. xi. 79,) to whose party he brought a vast accession of strength, and was therefore, probably, honoured with a statue. Alexander's partiality to this prince, however, did him no great credit with our author ; whose hatred of Domitian was such, that he seems to have looked with abhorrence—

“ ——— on all unfortunate souls

“ That traced him in his line.”

Has impudently dared his own to raise,
 Fit to be p—— against, or—what you please.
 Returning home, he drops them at the gate;
 And now the weary clients, wise too late,
 Resign their hopes, and supperless retire,
 To spend the paltry dole in herbs and fire.
 Meanwhile, whatever earth and sea afford,
 Of rich or rare, will heap their patron's board:
 He from the vacant couch, where stretch'd he lies,
 Rolling o'er many an orb his eager eyes,
 Will cull forth one of special worth and note;
 And cram an ample fortune down his throat.

VER. 223. *He from the vacant couch, &c.*] Seneca somewhere says, that good cheer without a friend to partake it, is the entertainment of a wild beast. And the poet Alexis,

Εἰς ἐξ κορακας μονοφαγε και τοιχωρνε.

Go and be hang'd, thou solitary glutton,

Thou house-breaker!

VER. 225. *Nam de tot pulchris, et latis orbibus, et tam*

Antiquis, &c.] *Ad hunc locum nihil videre interpretes*, says Grævius; who is not a whit clearer sighted in the matter than the rest. I conceive that the satire is here levelled not so much at the gluttony, as at the extravagance of this secret gormandizer; who possessed such a number of large, beautiful, and antique orbs,* as to be somewhat embarrassed in the selection of one for his immediate use.

The prodigality of the Romans knew no bounds in the acquisition of these

* So Juvenal calls the upper part of the table, which was formed of the most rare and costly materials, and never of the same substance with the feet. See Sat. xi. ver. 200.

But who, (for not a flatterer will be there),
 Who such luxurious sordidness can bear?
 See, he requires whole boars! serves up a beast
 To his own maw, created for a feast!
 But mark him soon by signal wrath pursued;
 When to the bath he bears the peacock crude,
 That frets, and swells within;—thence every ill,
 Spasm, sudden death, and age without a Will!
 Swift flies the tale, by witty spleen increast,
 And furnishes a laugh at every feast:
 The laugh his friends not undelighted hear,
 And, fall'n from all their hopes, insult his bier.

favourite objects of luxury: the elder Pliny says, that two were exposed to sale amongst the effects of Asinius Gallus, which produced more than the price of two manors!

VER. 237. *The laugh his friends not undelighted hear,*

And, fall'n from all their hopes, insult his bier, &c.] We have a good instance of this in Pliny. Domitius Tullus amused himself, during a long life, with feeding the hopes of these will-hunters, *se captandum præbuit*, and yet left his fortune to the heir-at-law; upon which they began to abuse him. There is humour in the following passage. *Ergo varii tota civitate sermones: alii (scil. captatores) fictum, ingratum, immemorem loquuntur, seque ipsos, dum insectantur illum, turpissimis confessionibus produnt, qui de illo uti de patre, avo, proavo quasi orbi querantur; alii contra hoc ipsum laudibus ferunt, quod sit frustratus improbas spes hominum, quos sic decipere pro moribus temporum prudentia est.* Lib. viii. Epist. xviii.

The glutton, in the text, is prevented from remembering his parasites by the suddenness of his death, which did not allow time for a Will. Hence the comical mixture of rage and ridicule, with which they pursue his obsequies:

“Ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis.”

NOTHING is left—NOTHING for future times,
 To add to the full catalogue of crimes;
 The baffled sons must feel the same desires,
 And act the same mad follies, as their sires.
 VICE HAS ATTAIN'D ITS ZENITH.—Then, set sail,
 Spread all thy canvass to the favouring gale—

F. Hold:—Where's the genius for so vast a theme?
 And where the liberty? Or dost thou dream
 Of that rude plainness, (plainness, that I dare
 Nor name, nor hint at,) which allow'd, whilere,
 Our sires to pour on vice without controul,
 The impassion'd dictates of the kindling soul?
 Touch Tigellinus now, and thou shalt shine,
 (Such the vast difference 'twixt their days and thine,)

VER. 252. *Touch Tigellinus now, &c.*] Fielding makes Booth, in the other world, inquire of Shakspeare the precise meaning of the famous apostrophe of Othello, "Put out the light," &c.; and if some curious critic had done the same of Juvenal, respecting the sense of the following lines, he would have done a real service to the commentators, and saved an ocean of precious ink, which has been wasted on them to little purpose. The lines stand thus in the old editions, as cited by Lipsius.

"Pone Tigellinum, tæda lucebis in illa

"Qua stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant,

"Et latus mediam sulcus diducit arenam."

"Touch but Tigellinus, and you shall shine in that torch, where they
 "stand and burn, who smoke, fastened to a stake, and (where) a wide furrow
 "divides the sand."

The dreadful conflagration which laid waste a great part of Rome in the reign of Nero, broke out in the house of Tigellinus. As his intimacy with the Emperor was no secret, it strengthened the general belief, that the city was

In that pitch'd shirt in which such crowds expire,
Chain'd to the bloody stake, and wrapp'd in fire;

burned by design. Nothing seems to have enraged Nero so much as this discovery; and to avert the odium from his favourite, he basely taxed the Christians with having set fire to his house. Under this pretence, thousands of these innocent victims were dragged to a cruel death. The Emperor, says Tacitus, (Ann. xv. 44,) added insult to their sufferings: some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, and worried to death by dogs; others were crucified, and others again, WERE SMEARED WITH INFLAMMABLE MATTER, and LIGHTED UP WHEN THE DAY DECLINED, TO SERVE AS TORCHES DURING THE NIGHT! This last horrid species of barbarity sufficiently explains the two first lines; the remaining one, it seems, is not so easily got over.

I once supposed that a part of the amphitheatre might be separated from the rest by a "wide furrow," or ditch, and allotted to this dreadful purpose: this idea, however, does not seem to have occurred to any of the critics, (no great recommendation of it, I confess,) since they prefer altering the text, and reading,

"Et latum media sulcum deduces arena,"

"And you shall make, or draw out, a wide furrow in the sand." That is, say they, "by turning round the stake to avoid the flames:" which, as the sufferer was fixed to it, he could not well do. If the alteration be allowed, I should rather imagine the sense to be, "when the pitched cloth, in which you are wrapped, is burned out, your scorched, and half-consumed body, shall be dragged by a hook out of the arena." In the translation (for I am not quite satisfied with this last interpretation), I have taken "*et*" for a disjunctive, and supposed the passage to relate to a separate punishment. Madan's, or rather Curio's, idea, that the expression is proverbial in this place, and means "labouring in vain," is almost too absurd for notice. "You will be burned alive if you touch any of the Emperor's favourites, and besides, you will plough the sand, you will lose your labour!"

There is yet another meaning adopted by some of the learned, and which is produced by a gentleman in his remarks on Madan's translation of this very line. "I am surprised (he says) that Mr. M. when he knew

Or writhing on a hook, be dragg'd around,
And with thy mangled members, plough the ground.

so much, should not have been acquainted with the following passage of Jos. Scaliger, which sets the whole in the *clearest light*. *Stantibus ad palum destinatis unco (ne motatione capitis picem cadentem declinarent) gutturi suffixo è lamina ardente pix aut unguen in caput liquefiebat, ita ut rivi pinguedinis humanæ per arenam sulcum facerent.* By this interpretation, so intuitively true, that, by one acquainted with the facts, it might have been deduced from the vulgar text without the emendation of Scaliger," (rather of Lipsius, *Scaligero*, as Ferrarius says, *non improbante*), "the spirit of the poet is vindicated, history illustrated, and the image raised to its climax."

I have seen enough of criticism to be always on my guard against interpretations "intuitively true." Human fat, whether dissolved "in streams," or, as this gentleman translates it, "drop by drop," could scarcely make a wide furrow in the sand; and, indeed, both Ferrarius and Vossius, who had this interpretation of Scaliger's before them, concur in rejecting it as improbable. With respect to the "illustration of history," the former adds, "*Quæ Scaliger de lamina et pice adhibita Christianis ad palum, non memini me apud alios legisse!*" I see no reason to alter my translation.

To return to Tigellinus; he was recommended to Nero by his debaucheries. After the murder of Burrhus, he succeeded to the command of the prætorian guards, and abused the ascendancy he had over the Emperor, to the most dreadful purposes. He afterwards betrayed him; by which, and other acts of perfidy, he secured himself, during the short reign of Galba. He was put to death by Otho, to the great joy of the people; and he died as he had lived, a profligate and a coward.

Who the person was that is here alluded to under his name, cannot now be known. Trajan, though a good prince on the whole, had many failings. He is covertly taxed, as I have observed, in this very Satire, for his lenity in the affair of Marius; and the blood-suckers of Domitian's time seem to have yet had too much influence. He was, besides, addicted to a vice which we shall have too frequent occasions to mention, and consequently surrounded by effeminate and worthless favourites, whom it might be dangerous to provoke.

J. What ! shall the man who drugg'd three uncles, three !
Tow'r by in triumph, and look down on me !

F. Yes ; let him look. He comes : avoid his way,
And on your lip your cautious finger lay :
Crowds of informers follow in his rear,
And if you say but " Lo !" will overhear.
Bring, if you will, Æneas on the stage,
Once more the fierce Rutilian to engage ;

For these, and other reasons, Juvenal seems to have regarded him with no great kindness ; and, indeed, if the state of things be truly represented, we cannot accuse him of injustice.

VER. 257. *What ! shall the man who drugg'd three uncles, &c.]* " Still harping on Tigellinus : " *tres enim habuit patruos quos omnes, ut eorum hæreditatibus potiretur, veneno absumsit ; subtractisque annulis, et falsò tabulis signatis, hæreditates summo scelere consecutus est.* Val. Prob.

It appears that Juvenal really had some one in view, whose enormities bore a wonderful similarity to those of Tigellinus. The forger

" ———— who owed his lavish state

" To a wet seal, and a fictitious date,"

is described in the very words of this quotation ; and if the reader will have the goodness to turn to v. 112, he will probably be convinced that the person there alluded to, was some worthless minion, who derived his confidence in guilt from the partiality of a powerful protector.

VER. 363. *Bring, if you will, Æneas on the stage, &c.]* Pliny has a passage on this subject nearly to the same purpose. *Nos enim qui in foro, verisque litibus terimur, multum malitiæ quamvis nolumus, addiscimus. Schola et auditorium, ut ficta causa, ita res inermis innoxia est.* The same thought too, is touched with humour by Beaumont in the Knight of the burning Pestle.

Prol. By your sweet favour, we intend no harm to the city.

Cit. No, sir ! Yes, sir. If you were not resolved to play the jack, what need you study for new subjects purposely to abuse your betters ? Why

Make stern Achilles bleed in epic strain,
 And "Hylas! Hylas!" fill the shore in vain.
 Harmless, nay pleasant, shall your verse be found,
 You bare no ulcer, and you probe no wound.
 But when Lucilius, fired with virtuous rage,
 Nerves his bold arm to scourge an impious age,
 The conscious villain shudders at his sin,
 And burning blushes speak the pangs within;
 Cold drops of sweat from every member roll,
 And growing terrors harrow up his soul.
 Then tears of shame, and dire revenge succeed—
 Say; have you ponder'd well th' adventurous deed?
 Now—ere the trumpet sound—your strength debate;
 The soldier once engaged, repents too late.

J. YET I must write; and since these iron times,
 From living knaves preclude my angry rhymes,

could not you be content, as well as others, with the Legend of Whittington, the Story of Queen Eleanor, and the rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks?

VER. 268. *But when Lucilius, &c.*] In Randolph's Entertainment there is so admirable a paraphrase of this passage, that I shall be easily forgiven for producing it:

"When I (Satire) but frown'd in my Lucilius' brow.

"Each conscious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling

"Freez'd the chill soul, while every guilty breast

"Stood, fearful of dissection, as afraid

"To be anatomized by that skilful hand,

"And have each artery, nerve, and vein of sin,

"By it laid open to the public scorn."

I point my pen against the guilty dead,
And pour its gall on each obnoxious head.

VER. 279. *I point my pen against the guilty dead, &c.*] Hall, on the contrary,

“ I will not ransack up the quiet grave,
“ Nor burn dead bones as he (Juv.) example gave,
“ I tax the living, let the ashes rest,
“ Whose faults are dead, and nailed in their chest.

But Hall, like his predecessor, makes use of departed names; so that the generosity is more in appearance than reality. The design of both was the same; and nobody was deceived.

I point my pen against the guilty dead,
And pour its gall on each obnoxious head.

Var. 279. I point my pen against the guilty dead; I point on the

country.

"I will not tamask up the poet's name."

"Not open dead bones in the clay." (Cicero's text.)

"I lay the heart for the nation's sake."

"If those laws are dead, and nailed in their chest."

But Hall, like his predecessor, makes use of departed names; so that the
generosity is more in the manner than reality. The design of both was the
same; and nobody was deceived.

SATIRE II.

Argument.

THIS Satire contains an irregular but animated attack, upon the hypocrisy of philosophers and reformers; whose ignorance, profligacy, and impiety, it exposes with just severity.

Domitian is here the hero: his vices are covertly or openly alluded to, under every different name; and it must give us a high opinion of the intrepid spirit of the man who could venture to produce and circulate, though but in private, so faithful a representation of that ferocious and blood-thirsty tyrant.

The difficulties in the way of translating this Satire, are scarcely to be conceived but by those who have made the experiment: if my success were but at all equal to my pains, I should dismiss it with some degree of confidence.

SATIRE II.

Argument.

This Satire contains an invective but animated attack upon the hypocrisy of philosophers and clergymen: whose ignorance, presumption, and emptiness, it exposes with just severity.

Dominion is here the hero: his vices are carefully or openly alluded to, under every different aspect; and it must give us a high opinion of the surpassing spirit of the man, who could venture to present such caricatures, though but so private, as justified a representation of that ferocious and blood-thirsty tyrant.

The difficulties in the way of translating this Satire, are scarcely to be conceived but by those who have made the experiment: if any success were but at all equal to my pains, I should dismiss it with some degree of confidence.

SATIRE II.

v. 1—10.

O, FOR an eagle's wings! for I could fly
 To the bleak regions of the polar sky,
 Whene'er THEY make morality their theme
 Who live like Bacchanals, yet Curii seem!

Devoid of knowledge, as of worth, they thrust
 In every nook some philosophic bust;
 For he, amongst them, counts himself most wise,
 Who most old sages of the sculptor buys;
 Sets most true Zenos', most Cleanthes' heads,
 To guard the volumes which he—never reads.

VER. 4. *Who live like Bacchanals, ye Curii seem!*] The frugality and abstinence of the Curii, seem to have been proverbial. See Sat. III. and XI.

VER. 9. *Sets most true Zenos', most Cleanthes' heads, &c.*] As these philosophers were notorious above all others, for the shrewdness and subtilty of their disquisitions, there is a considerable degree of humour in our author's making his blockheads fix on their busts, for the purpose of ornamenting their libraries.

If we could suppose Lucian to have read Juvenal, (and he probably had) he might have this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote his illiterate book-hunter, Ἀπαιδεύτης καὶ πολλὰ βιβλία ὠνεύμενος. Locher, who translated Brant's

TRUST NOT TO OUTWARD SHEW ! in every street
 Obscenity in formal garb, you meet.
 And dost thou, hypocrite ! our lusts arraign,
 Thou ! of Socratic pathics the mere drain !

Ship of Fools, had undoubtedly both Juvenal and Lucian before him, when he gave the following version,

“ Spem quoque nec parvam collecta volumina præbent,
 “ Calleo nec verbum, nec libri sentio mentem,
 “ Attamen in magno per me servantur honore.”

For the rest; if another Brant were to arise, and incline to furnish out a cargo of fools from the stock in hand, I much doubt whether the “ illiterate book-hunter” would not still be the first he would put on board.

VER. 11. *Trust not to outward show ! &c.*] Martial has a pleasant epigram on this passage. A lady of his acquaintance, anxious to get, what he calls, a true husband, had tried six, and failed ! But they were fops, it seems ; he therefore advises her to have recourse to the rough and hirsute, whom he describes in the very words of Juvenal ; though even then he does not flatter her with any great hopes of success. (Lib. vii. 58.)

“ Quære aliquem Curios semper Fabiosque loquentem,
 “ Hirsutum, et durâ rusticitate truce,
 “ Invenies: sed habet tristis quoque turba cinædos,
 “ Difficile est VERO nubere, Galla, viro.”

VER. 14. *Thou ! of Socratic pathics the mere drain !*] This line has given offence to some of the critics, who consider it as a wanton attack upon Socrates ; while others, on the contrary, justify it, from the alleged propensities of that philosopher. This is no place to enter into a vindication of his character, which I believe, and which every good man must delight to think, unspotted ; nor, indeed, does Juvenal afford the least occasion for it. The opposite terms, *Socraticos cinædos*, conveyed not, in his mind, the slightest censure ; they are merely a continuation of the double image with which he began, and must evidently be referred to the *qui Curios simulant*, &c. It is extraordinary that the mistake should be so general, since whatever contempt our author might feel for the rabble of Greek philosophists, he never mentions

Thy rough and shaggy limbs might seem design'd
 The index of a fierce, and vigorous mind;
 But all's so smooth below, the surgeon smiles,
 "And scarcely can, for laughter, lance the piles."
 Gravely demure, in wisdom's solemn chair,
 (His beetling eyebrows longer than his hair,)
 In silent state, the affected stoic sits,
 And drops his maxims on the crowd by fits.
 Yon tottering pathic, whose wan look betrays
 His rank debaucheries, and more rank disease,
 With patience I can bear; he braves disgrace,
 Nor skulks behind a sanctimonious face:
 Him may his folly, or his fate excuse—
 But whip me those, who Virtue's name abuse,
 And, soil'd with all the vices of the times,
 Thunder damnation on their neighbours' crimes.

Socrates but with the highest respect. He quotes him as a pattern of moderation and virtue in the last Satire but one; and few of his readers have forgotten, I trust, that most beautiful designation of him in the address to Calvinus

"——— dulcique Senex vicinus Hymetto,

"Qui partem acceptæ sæva inter vincla cicutæ

"Accusatori nollet dare.

But the misapprehension has had another ill effect; it has induced those who thought well of Socrates (and the learned Prideaux among the rest) to suspect the integrity of the text, and alter Socraticos into Sotadicos! A most injudicious step; for Sotades was certainly no hypocrite: indeed, he appears from Strabo, Athenæus, and Suidas to be so far from pretending to the character of a rigid moralist (*turpium castigat*) that he openly wrote of, and recommended, the most detestable vices.

Why should I shrink at Sextus? can I be,
 The foul Varillus cries, more foul than he,
 More infamous?—the man who treads aright
 May mock the halt, the swarthy Moor, the white;
 This we allow; but all must hear, the while,
 The Gracchi rail at faction, with a smile.

VER. 31. *Why should I shrink at Sextus? &c.*] The immediate design of the Satire here opens upon us. Varillus, a beggarly debauchee, had been threatened by Sextus (a magistrate, it should seem) with the punishment due to a crime of which he was equally guilty. From this circumstance, Varillus takes occasion, first to claim impunity for himself, and then to expose the hypocrisy of his judge; which he aggravates by a number of examples, till the charge is artfully brought to bear with accumulated force on Domitian; to whom every vice here mentioned, is ultimately made to refer.

VER. 36. *The Gracchi, &c.*] The history of the Gracchi is an important one; but too long to be given in this place. They were brothers,* nobly descended, and virtuously educated; but, unfortunately, too ambitious: they were Cæsars, born near a century before their time. They proposed an Agrarian law, and to get it passed, struck at the root of that liberty of which they professed themselves the champions; and were guilty of unjustifiable violence—conceiving, perhaps, with other hasty reformers, that the end justified the means. They were murdered with every circumstance of barbarity; Tiberius, in the midst of his followers, by Scipio Nasica; and Caius, some time after, by a mob more powerful, and more profligate, than his own.

As Juvenal calls them factious, we may be sure he thought them so; and

* The difference of their characters is thus marked by Dio: *ἐκεῖνος μὲν* (Tiberius) *ἀπὸ ἀρετῆς ἐς φιλοτιμίαν, καὶ ἐξ αὐτῆς ἐς κακίαν ἐξώκειλεν, ὅτι δὲ ταραχῶδης τε φύσει ἦν, καὶ ἐκὼν ἐπὶ οὐκ ἐπὶ βουλήν, κ. τ. α.* Frag. 90. Plutarch is of a different opinion. Cicero speaks in the highest terms of Caius's abilities. *T. Gracchum sequutus est C. Gracchus, quo ingenio! quanta gravitate dicendi! ut dolerent boni omnes, non illa tanta ornamenta ad meliorem mentem voluntatemque esse conversa.* De Arusp. Resp. xli. The aim of both seems to have been the obtaining and securing of power by whatever means.

Who would not swear by every awful name,
 If Milo murder, Verres theft, should blame,
 Clodius pursue adulterers to the bar,
 Caius tax Catiline with civil war,
 Or Sylla's pupils, aping every deed,
 Against his TABLES of PROSCRIPTION plead?

the opinion of so decided a friend to the liberties of his country, must necessarily have great weight in determining the justice of their fall. But the mischief, unfortunately, did not end with them: they had shewn what might be effected by an unbridled multitude; and ambitious men, inferior indeed to the Gracchi in ability, but greater adepts in the easy arts of corrupting and inflaming the ignorant, learnt from their example, to make a more effectual use of the tremendous engine they first set in motion.* Elections were carried on by violence and outrage, and men of moderate and patriotic views were driven from the service of the state. Then followed a dreadful scene—*ardebant cuncta, et fracta compage ruebant*. Sylla, and Marius, and Cinna, appeared upon the stage in succession, and thinned the world by their bloody proscriptions. Others followed, equally sanguinary, till the people, weary of being disturbed to no end, and fatigued without direction or object, threw themselves, almost without a struggle, into the torpid arms of tyranny, as the only remaining refuge from anarchy and perpetual irritation.

The reader will find some account of Verres, Clodius, &c. in the subsequent pages.

VER. 41. *Or Sylla's pupils, &c.*] There were two Triumvirates, but Juvenal alludes to the last, which was the most bloody, and composed of Augustus, Antony, and Lepidus. Both, indeed, took Sylla for their master, and both might have said with Shylock, "the villainy you teach us, we will execute, and it shall go hard but we will better the instruction."

* Here are some of the immediate effects of the conduct of the Gracchi, *ἔθ' αἱ ἀρχαὶ τὰ νενομισμένα ἐπρασσον. Τα δὲ δικαστηρὶα ἐπέπρωτο, καὶ συμβολαίων οὐδὲν ἐγίγνετο· ἀλλ' ἢ τε ταραχὴ καὶ ἢ ἀκρίσια πάνταχε πολλὴ ἦν· καὶ ὄνομα πόλεως ἔφερον, στρατοπέδῳ δὲ οὐδὲν ἀπέειχον.* Dio. Frag. 87.

Yet have we seen,—O shame for ever fled!
 Warm from th' embrace of an incestuous bed,
 A barbarous prince those rigid laws awake,
 At which the Powers of War, and Beauty quake,
 E'en while his drugs were speeding to the tomb
 The abortive fruit of Julia's teeming womb!—
 Ye hypocrites! the worst of men shall hear
 Your fulsome admonitions with a sneer;

VER. 45. *A barbarous prince, &c.*] The old scholiast will needs have Claudius to be meant here, but without reason: and, indeed, every circumstance marks out Domitian so strongly, that it is wonderful he should have overlooked it. Claudius neither revived the laws against adultery, nor caused his niece to procure abortions. Domitian did both. He did worse: stained with every enormity, he affected an outrageous zeal for the propagation of morality; and under this hypocritical mask, indulged his savage disposition in the punishment of numbers, who probably thought themselves secure by his example.

One curious instance of this I have already given (p. 16) from Dio; but I forgot to add what immediately follows: that during this fit of virtue, he put to death a woman convicted of unrobing herself before one of his statues!

The "law" mentioned in this line, was the *Julian de Adulteriis*, introduced by Augustus, and so called, not as some have supposed from his daughter, but from his great uncle, the Dictator, whose name at first he bore. It had fallen into disuse, but had lately been revived in all its force by Domitian; for which Martial and Statius pay him many pretty compliments. His unfortunate niece Julia (v. 48), soon after this was written, followed her "abortive fruit" to the tomb; being killed by a potion stronger than ordinary. Pliny speaks with great indignation of Domitian's barbarous hyprocrisy, in an allusion to this very circumstance. *Nec minore scelere quam quid ulcisci videbatur Dom. absentem, inauditamque (Corneliam) damnavit incesti, cum ipse fratris filiam incesto non polluisset solum, verum etiam occidisset!* Lib. iv. xi.

And, while their flagrant vices ye arraign,
Turn, like the trampled asp, and bite again.

A reverend brother late, amidst the crowd,
With deep-dissembled virtue, cried aloud,
“Where sleeps the Julian law?” His zealous strain,
Enraged, Laronia heard, and smiled disdain—
“O, blest,” she cried, “be these discerning times,
“That made thee censor of our heinous crimes!
“Blush, Rome, and from the sink of sin arise;
“CATO THE THIRD’S descended from the skies!
“But mirth apart; in what sequester’d street
“Did you, most fragrant sir, that essence meet,
“Which scents your bristly hide? What! does it shame
“Your reverence to disclose the vender’s name?—
“If ancient laws must reassume their course,
“Give the Scantinian first its proper force;

VER. 56. *Enraged, Laronia, &c.*] Britannicus supposes this advocate for the sex to be the Laronia mentioned by Martial (Lib. 11. 32.); but this is little, if at all probable. The person, however, is immaterial; and I only mention her for the sake of observing, that the fable of the Lion and the Painter is admirably illustrated by her attack—which not only does away, in advance, several of the heaviest charges brought against the women in the Sixth Satire, but retorts them with good effect on the men.

VER. 65. *If ancient laws must reassume their course,
Give the Scantinian, &c.*] This was a law against unnatural lust. It took its name from C. Scantinius, tribune of the people, who in the 707th year of Rome was convicted by C. Marcellus of an assault upon his son. The punishment at this time was a fine, but under the Christian Emperors the offence was made capital.

Others, however, contend that the law was so called from Scantinius Aricinus, who procured it to be passed; it not being usual (as they say) for laws to

“ Men, lordly men, examine, and confess
 “ Their vices greater, their indulgence less :
 “ Yet, unappall’d, their shrouded phalanx stands,
 “ Safe in its numerous, and united bands.
 “ I know your monstrous leagues ; but can you find
 “ Our sex in interdicted pleasures join’d ?
 “ E’en Flora, though her life in lewdness past,
 “ Slept with Catulla, and with Cluvia, chaste ;
 “ While Hippo’s brutal itch both sexes tried,
 “ And proved, by turns, the bridegroom and the bride.
 “ WE ne’er, with mis-spent zeal, explore the laws,
 “ We throng no forum, and we plead no cause ;
 “ Some few, perhaps, may wrestle, some be fed,
 “ To aid their breath, with strong athletic bread :
 “ YE twirl the distaff with unmanly grace,
 “ And spin more subtly than Arachne’s race,
 “ Bent o’er your daily task, like the poor jade
 “ That, tether’d to a block, pursues her thriftless trade.

receive their titles from those who are the objects of them, but from those who introduce them. It may be so ; though this is not always the case—but the matter is of no great consequence.

VER. 70. *Safe in its numerous, &c.*] Thus Lucan,

“ ————— ipsa metus exsolverat audax

“ Turba suos. Quicquid multis peccatur, inultum est.”

VER. 80. See Sat. XI, v. 27.

VER. 83. *Bent o’er your daily task, like the poor jade*

That, tether’d to a block, pursues her thriftless trade.] “ Mistresses of families,” says the old scholiast, “ if they suspected their female slaves of too great familiarity with their masters, used, by way of punishment, to fasten them to a large log of wood before the door, and keep them to incessant labour, by dint of blows.”

“ Why Hister’s freedman heir’d his wealth, and why
 “ His wife, while yet he lived, was bribed so high,
 “ Who knows not? She must thrive who, sway’d by gain,
 “ Can make a third in bed, and ne’er complain.—
 “ On smother’d secrets gold and jewels wait,
 “ Then wed, my girls; be silent, and be great.
 “ Yet these are they who, loud in Virtue’s cause,
 “ Consign our venial frailties to the laws,
 “ And, while with partial aim their censure moves,
 “ Acquit the vultures, and condemn the doves.”

Laronia paused;—the zealots dared not stay,
 But, awed by her bold truths, fled tremblingly away.

Ah! how shall vice be shamed, when loosely drest
 In the light texture of a cobweb vest,
 Thou, Creticus, amidst the wondering croud,
 At Procla, and Pollinea, rails’t aloud?

VER. 99. *Thou Creticus, &c.*] Some will have this to be a fictitious name formed from Crete, (the judges of that island being deservedly famous for the integrity of their decisions,) and ironically given to some magistrate then in office: others, with more reason, suppose it to be a real name; and apply it to a descendant of the great Metellus, who took the addition of Creticus from his conquests. The scholiast says there was a learned pleader of this name under the Cæsars; another, but of what profession I know not, is mentioned by Martial, who addresses an epigram to him: and this, perhaps, is the person so indignantly apostrophised here.

What I have rendered a “cobweb vest,” is in the original *multitia*; that is, say the critics, *sericas, vel bombycinas molli subtextas subtemine, &c.* This I conceive to be confounding two things as distinct as silk and cotton. *Sericæ vestes* (I speak with hesitation) were what we now call fine cottons, imported into Europe then, as they were for ages before, from India, through the

These, thou rejoins't, are "daughters of the game."
 Strike, then—yet know, though lost to honest fame,
 The wantons would reject a robe so thin,
 And blush, while suffering, to display their skin.
 But Sirius rages with unwonted fire;
 I glow, I burn! quit then thy whole attire,

country of the Seres, the modern Bocharia. *Bombycinae vestes*, on the contrary, were of silk, and from a region much more remote.

It is not easy to say when the use of these vests was first introduced into Rome: no mention of them is made during the times of the old republic; so that they probably crept in with other luxuries, under the Emperors. They were first appropriated to the ladies, and appear to have given no small offence, if we may judge from the frequent pelting they received. Seneca is particularly severe against them, and quotes, with some humour, two lines of P. Syrus.

"Æquum est induere nuptam ventum textilem,

"Palam prostare nudam in nebulâ lineâ!

"A woven wind should married women wear,

"And naked in a linen cloud appear!"

And in a very curious passage, tinged with that pruriency of language to which, with reverence be it spoken, this grave philosopher was a little too prone; *video sericas vestes, si vestes vocandæ sunt, in quibus nihil est quo defendi corpus aut denique pudor possit: quibus sumptis mulier parum liquido nudam se non esse jurabit. Hæc ingenti summa ab ignotis etiam ad commercium gentibus accersuntur, ut matronæ nostræ ne adulteris quidem plus sui in cubiculo quam in publico ostendant.* The adoption of them by the men, was therefore something of a novelty when Juvenal wrote; and if we consider the fashion of a Roman gown, we must allow that a brawny magistrate, sitting on his awful tribunal in fine muslin, was a sight calculated to provoke a less irritable spectator than our author.

VER. 103. *The wantons would reject a robe so thin,*] The word which I have rendered robe is *toga*; this was peculiar to the men, as *stola* was to the women: but females of dishonest lives, and more especially such as were

And what thy perfect reason would debase,
 Madness, perhaps, may shelter from disgrace.
 O! had our sires, with recent victory crown'd,
 And bleeding still from many a glorious wound,
 Brave mountaineers, that "daft the plough aside"
 To meet the foe, a judge so drest descried,
 So lewdly drest! how had the patriot train
 Burst forth, with mingled anger and disdain!
 Lo! robes that would a witness misbecome,
 Invest the censor of imperial Rome;
 And Creticus, stern champion of the laws,
 Gleams through the tissue of pellucid gauze!
 Anon from thee, as from its fountain head,
 Wide and more wide the raging pest will spread,

convicted of adultery, were enjoined by way of penance to appear in public in the *toga*. Thus Martial, speaking of an effeminate wretch who walked out in it, says

"Thelin viderat in togâ Spadonem,

"*Damnatam* Numa dixit esse mœcham."

Hence *stolata* and *togata* came by degrees to signify the virtuous and the loose part of the sex. Martial can find no worse designation of his antagonist, than *matris togatæ filius*, in plain English, son of a w —; and he upbraids an acquaintance for sending a *stola* to a woman of no reputation, when a *toga* would have suited her better.

" ——— ianthina donas!

"Vis dare quæ meruit munera? mitte togam.

The Romans seem to have borrowed this custom, as they did many others, from the Greeks who, as Suidas says, had a law that prostitutes should wear a particular dress, τὰς ἑταίρας ἀνδρῶν φορεῖν.

As swine take measles from distemper'd swine,
 And one infected grape pollutes the vine.
 And we, erewhile, shall see thee, lewdlier clad,
 (For none at once become completely bad)

VER. 122. *And one infected grape pollutes the vine.*]

“Uvaeque conspecta livorem ducit ab uva.”

It is probable, after all, that Juvenal meant nothing more by *livor*, than that ripening colour which the rustics of his time supposed grapes to acquire by looking at one another. In this case, the line will not state the communication of a bad effect, but simply of an effect; the translation, however, agrees best with the other example.

For the rest, this is a proverbial expression. I find it in many languages. “One plum gets colour by looking at another” is said by Mr. Gladwin (in the Bahar Danush) to be a common phrase in Persia—to signify the propagation of an opinion, custom, &c.

VER. 123. *And we, erewhile, shall see thee, lewdlier clad,*
(For none at once become completely bad)

“Fœdus hoc aliquid quandoque audebis amictu.”

Lubin would read *aliud*, and, I think, judiciously; for Juvenal does not mean, as he is generally translated, “you will attempt a worse crime than this dress,” but “you will assume a dress even more scandalous and flagitious than this:”—evidently alluding to his entering into the society mentioned below, which took the ornaments and attire of women.

The observation that immediately follows (*nemo repente fuit turpissimus*) is a most important one, and cannot be too frequently, nor too deeply meditated upon. Dryden, or rather Stapylton, has rendered it

“No man e’er reach’d the heights of vice at first,”

which is very correct; though, if the laws of translation allowed, it might be given with more effect thus loosely,

By just degrees we mount from crime to crime,

And perfect villain is the work of time;

Madan has quoted a passage from some forgotten tragedy, which affords an admirable comment on our author’s remark:

Join that dire circle, which, in secret, decks,
 With flowing bands their brows, with pearls their necks,
 Soothes the GOOD GODDESS with large bowls of wine,
 And the soft belly of a pregnant swine.—

“ Never let man be bold enough to say,
 “ Thus and no farther shall my passion stray;
 “ The first crime past, compels us on to more,
 “ And guilt proves fate, which was but choice before.”

Beaumont has an allusion to it in his “ King and no King:”

“ There is a method in man’s wickedness,
 “ It grows up by degrees. I am not come
 “ So high as killing of myself; there are
 “ A hundred thousand sins ’twixt it and me,
 “ Which I must do—I shall come to’t at last.”

And Gresset applies it very happily to the singular depravity of the unfortunate Ver-Vert:

“ Il démentit les célèbres maximes
 “ Où nous lisons, qu’on ne vient aux grands crimes
 “ Que par degrés. Il fut un scélérat
 “ Profès d’abord, et sans noviciat.”

VER. 125. *Join that dire circle, which, in secret, decks,*

With flowing bands their brows, with pearls their necks,

Soothes the GOOD GODDESS, &c.] We have here a piece of

private history, which, from the silence of contemporary authors, cannot now be fully understood. Every one has heard of the Good Goddess, whose mysterious rites were performed with an extraordinary appearance of sanctity, by women only (see Sat. vi.); and it would seem that a number of men, in those days of irreligion, had formed themselves into a society for the sole purpose of burlesquing them:

“ Atque utinam ritus veteres, et publica saltem

“ His intacta malis agerentur sacra”——

but the memory of my readers will supply them with an instance, where

No female, strange perversion ! dares appear,
 For males, and only males, officiate here ;
 “ Far hence,” they cry, “ unhallow’d sex, be found,
 “ Hence, with your yelling minstrel’s barbarous sound !”
 (At Athens thus, while all the city slept,
 Cotytto’s priests her secret orgies kept,
 And in such wanton rites their vigils past,
 That e’en Cotytto thought them too unchaste.)
 THESE with a tiring-pin their eye-brows dye,
 Till the full arch give lustre to the eye,

rites more sacred, and mysteries more divine were polluted—*quin velut occultum pereat scelus !*

To make the ridicule more complete, the ancient society adopted as much of the established ceremony as possible ; the object of worship, and the sacrifices, were the same ; and as the women, for the sake of greater secrecy and security, met in the house of the Consul or Præfect, these assembled in a private house, and not in a temple ;—but here the resemblance ceased, and all besides was debauchery and profanation.

The commentators, however, maintain that Juvenal alludes, in the above passage, to a college or brotherhood founded by Domitian at Alba, in honour of Minerva, to whom (on account of his superior wisdom and virtue, I suppose) he fancied himself related. But this appears to be altogether improbable, from Suetonius’s account of the institution : *Celebrabat et in Albano quotannis Quinquatria Minervæ, cui collegium instituerat ; ex quo sorte ducti magisterio fungentur, ederentque eximias venationes et scenicos ludos, superque oratorum ac poetarum certamina.* There are no features of similarity. Add too, that Statius (in a poem to his wife) boasts of having obtained three prizes in these contests ; and he was a man little likely to be connected with a band of catamites and atheists.

VER. 137. THESE *with a tiring-pin their eye-brows dye, &c.*] We are now admitted into the interior of this society, and behold the members at their

That, trembling, darts lascivious glances; Those
Swill from a glass Priapus, and inclose,

several employments. These are well imagined and strongly painted: and if the mention of Otho had not, unfortunately, brought Domitian to the author's recollection, and occasioned a long digression for the sole purpose of attacking one who was probably dear to that prince, I know not where we should have found a higher-coloured picture, than that of the detestable group before us.

The custom of darkening and extending the arch of the eye, seems to have been derived from the East, where it prevailed from the earliest ages. We read of Jezabel (2 Kings, c. ix. v. 30) that she "*painted her face* and tired her head, and looked out of the window." In the Hebrew, it seems, it is "*she put her eyes in paint*," that is, says Bishop Patrick, *in stibium* (the word employed by Juvenal's commentators) "which made the eyes look black, and was accounted beautiful; and also dilated the eyebrows, and made the eyes appear big; which in some countries was also thought amiable." Britannicus seems to have thought with our translators of the Bible; *per oculos*, says he, *intellige genas, quæ inficiebantur*; while the Septuagint renders the Hebrew, and rightly, as I suppose, καὶ Ἰεζαβὲλ ηὗρε, καὶ ἐσιμμίσατο τὰς ὀφθαλμούς αὐτῆς, κ. τ. α. To effect this, an impalpable violet-coloured powder was taken up with the sharp point of a steel or silver needle, and applied to the inner surface of the lids: this was supposed to give the eye a brilliant humidity, a lascivious lustre, altogether irresistible. From the East it travelled to Greece, where we find frequent allusions to it. Anacreon desires the painter to give his mistress such an eye, that the portrait may resemble the original.

Ἐχέτω δ', ὅπως ΕΚΕΙΝΗ,

Τὸ λεληθότως συνοφρυῖ,

Βλεφάρων δ' ἵτυν κελαίνην.

In Rome too, the custom seems to have been pretty general among the ladies, before the period we are arrived at; for Ovid mentions it among many other notable receipts for increasing the power of their charms. Only instead of antimony (which appears to have been the Grecian pigment) the Romans used burnt coal: indeed, they used something stranger still—*raritatem*, says

In cawls of golden wire, their length of hair,
 Light filmy vests of azure shield-work wear,
 And by their Juno bid their servants swear.

Pliny, *superciliorum emendant cum fungis lucernarum, et fuligine quæ est in rostris earum*. Lib. XXVIII. This is the composition in the text.

Holyday says (and it is a very singular saying) that “the *balls* of their eyes were painted:” In this case *tremantes* will not have the idea of lustful, (his word) but, quivering from the tenderness of the application: but this learned man was misled, I suspect, by too literal a translation of his authorities; as the art he supposes, seems altogether impracticable. However this may be, the custom of which I have spoken, continued to prevail even in the decline of the empire, though it was zealously combated by some of the fathers. Naumachius, among much excellent advice which he gives the young women of his time, warns them *not to blacken their eyes*—which I the rather mention, because, though Holyday probably was not aware of the passage, it seems to favour his interpretation:

Μη δὲ μελαίνει τείοισιν ὑπο βλεφαροῖσιν ὀπωπας.

VER. 140. *Swill from a glass Priapus, &c.*] This vice is represented by the fabulist (at least it would seem so from the imperfect remains of a little apologue which have come down to us) as introduced in the the days of Prometheus. The vice, as Shakspeare says, is “of good kindred,” though not quite so highly descended: but it was not unusual with the ancients, when they could not satisfactorily account for the introduction of any abomination, to refer it to the “unwiser son of Japhet.” A tacit acquiescence, as it appears to me, in the Scripture doctrine of original depravation.

On the line before us it will be sufficient to remark, that it strongly characterises the profligacy of those wretches, who not only assumed the dress and manners of women; but ostentatiously imitated the most abandoned part of them, in their unnatural propensities.

Pliny the Elder complains of this detestable custom (Proem. Lib. XXXIII.) *Auxere et artem vitiorum irritamenta, in poculis libidines calare juvit, ac per obscenitates bibere—bibere!* say the commentators, *imo edere*: thus Martial,

“Si vis esse satur, nostrum potes esse Priapum

“Ipsa licet rodas inguina, purus eris.” Lib. XIV. lxix.

These grasp a mirror—pathic Otho's boast,
(Auruncan Actor's spoil) where, while his host,

And thus a more ancient writer,

“Fulget, et in patinis ludit pulcherrima Nais,

“Prudentum inflammans ora decore suo

“Congrua non tardus diffundat jura minister,

“Ut lateat positis tecta libido cibis.”

I do not know whether it be worth while to add, that in the cabinet of curiosities, collected by the profligate Commodus, and after his death, exposed to sale by Pertinax, there were several of these toys, these *drillopotæ*, *argento*, *auro*, *ebore*, *citroque compositæ*.

VER. 143. *And by their Juno bid their servants swear.*] Men swore by the male, and women by the female deities; there are exceptions to be found, no doubt, but Juno was always considered as exclusively belonging to the latter. For a man, therefore, to swear by her, was the extreme of effeminacy and irreligion; and this probably was what chiefly recommended it to this worshipful fraternity.

VER. 144. *These grasp a mirror—pathic Otho's boast,*] Our author seems extremely hostile to Otho: he recollected, perhaps, the influence he possessed in the court of Nero, to whose pleasures he administered in the most shameless manner. With the usual versatility of favourites, he was the first to join Galba, against his too indulgent master; and we now see him murdering the man whom he had contributed so much to advance.

And yet he had some virtues. When his compliances with the vices of Nero had procured him the Province of Lusitania, he conducted himself like a just and merciful governor: and there is great reason to suspect, that the report of his effeminate behaviour in the struggle with Vitellius, is a satirical exaggeration. Let us hear Tacitus. *Nec illi segne aut corruptum luxu iter*; (not a word of the *speculum*) *sed lorica ferrea, et ante signa pedester, horridus, incomptus, famæque dissimilis*. This rough and soldier-like appearance, so unlike his former habits, added to his voluntary death, and the alleged motives for it, should have exempted him from the sarcastic triumph with which Juvenal pursues his end. But the truth is, he was actuated by a spirit of hostility to the Flavian family, with whom Otho was a favourite—for Vespasian, who

With shouts, the signal of the fight requir'd,
 He view'd his mailed form; view'd, and admir'd!
 Heavens! what a subject for the historic page,
 For the new annals of this favour'd age,
 A MIRROR, midst the arms of civil rage!
 To murder Galba was—a general's part!
 A Senator's, forsooth, to—dress with art!
 The empire of the world in arms to seek,
 And—spread a softening poultice on the cheek!—

suspected Galba of a design upon his life, and therefore persecuted his memory, could not but be well pleased with his murderer.

“Pathic Otho's boast” is pleasantly parodied from Virgil's *validi gestamen Abantis*; as is *Auruncan Actor's spoil*, in the next line, from *Actoris Aurunci spoliū*—shewing, as Holyday expresses it from Lubin, “that these base sinners as much esteemed of Otho's looking-glass, as Turnus did of the mighty spear which he wan from Actor Auruncus.” But these “base sinners” were not in possession of Otho's looking-glass, nor does Juvenal say so.—They had, indeed, a glass, and so had Otho—the indignation of the poet supplied the rest.

Otho obtains no favour with Mr. Ireland: speaking of v. 151, he says, “amidst the obscurity of this passage, which is very abrupt and unconnected, the meaning of Juvenal may be seen in some degree, perhaps, by referring to the history of the time. Galba entered Rome, Dio says, with his sword, hanging from his neck by a string, being too much crippled to hold it in his hand. What a triumph, the conquest of such a foe! Otho's treachery, too, was remarkable in this affair. He attended the Emperor, as his friend, to the Capitol; then stole away to the camp, to bribe the soldiers, and left the poor old man to be stabbed by his partizans, who remained behind. As to his march against Vitellius, it was but a march—for he quitted the field before the action, pretending that he could not bear the sight of citizens destroying each other!—as if, adds Dio, he had not destroyed every body that stood between himself and the empire, ὥσπερ ἔτρεψε τὴν τε ὑπὸ αὐτοῦ καὶ τὸν Καίσαρα, τὸν τε αὐτοκράτορα ἐν αὐτῇ τῇ

Preposterous vanity! and never seen
 Or in the Assyrian, or the Egyptian queen,
 Though That in arms near old Euphrates stood,
 And This at Actium the dire conflict view'd.

No reverence for the table here is found;
 But brutal mirth, and jests obscene go round:

Ρωμη φωνευσας. Lib. LXIV. c. x. The only thing to be commended in him was his death. Plutarch says he lived full as badly as Nero, but died better: and Dio states this more strongly still, κακιστα γε μὴν ἀνθρώπων ζήσας, καλλιστα ἀπέθανε, καὶ κακουργοτάτα τὴν ἀρχὴν ἀρπάσας, ἀρίστα αὐτῆς ἀπηλλαγῇ."

VER. 159. *No reverence for the table here is found, &c*] Among many absurd, and many impious, tenets of the ancient theology, there are some to be found of excellent tendency, and not undeserving of imitation. Such, for instance, as the reverent attention with which they regarded their tables, at which the gods were constantly supposed to be invisible guests:

"Ante focos olim longis considerare scamnis

"Mos erat, et mensæ credere adesse Deos." *Ovid. Fast.*

This pleasing idea originated in the infancy of the world, when both profane and sacred history assure us, that celestial intelligences, "on errands of supernal goodness bent," did not disdain to sit and eat with men. Thus Catullus, in that noble burst of poetry which concludes his Peleus and Thetis,

"Præsentes namque ante domus invisere castas

"Sæpius, et sese mortali ostendere cœtu

"Coëlicolæ, nondum sprete pietate, solebant."

Whatever may be thought of this persuasion, the consequences of it were highly beneficial: for from hence arose that universal hospitality, in countries, and in times confessedly barbarous. From hence, too, that inviolable sanctity attached to the character of a poor man, and a stranger who, for aught his entertainer knew, might be a superior being in disguise. Such, at least, was the prevailing doctrine in the days of Homer:

——— ἔ μοι θεμὶς ἐς', ὅδ' εἰ κακίων σέθεν ἐλθοί

Ξείνων ἀτιμῆσαι· πρὸς γὰρ Διὸς εἰσὶν ἅπαντες

Ξεινοὶ τε, πῖλκοι τε———

They lisp, they squeal, and the rank language use
 Of Cybele's lewd votaries, or the stews ;
 Some wild enthusiast, silver'd o'er with age,
 Yet fired by lust's ungovernable rage,
 Of most insatiate maw, is named the priest,
 And sits fit umpire of th' unhallow'd feast—

And to this the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews alludes. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained Angels unawares." c. xiii. v. 2. The same thought, too, is prettily touched by Massinger's Angelo.

—— I try'd your charity

"When in a beggar's shape you took me up,

"And fed (as you believ'd) my famish'd mouth.

"Learn all from this, to look upon the poor

"With gentle eyes, for in such habits, often

"Angels desire an alms.

While the table was regarded as sacred, *ιερον τι χρεῖμα*, no light discourse was permitted there: hence we find the most grave and important conversations of the ancient philosophers to have taken place at it: conversations which began with a pious libation to the presiding power "though unseen," and which tended to the increase of wisdom and virtue. With reason, therefore, does Juvenal launch his indignation at this execrable society, who, not content with burlesquing the rites, profaned the wholesome customs, of their ancestors, and instead of the images of the Gods, (by the apposition of which they were used to consecrate it) placed upon the polluted table the instruments of impurity and vice!

VER. 162. *Of Cybele's lewd votaries, &c.*] He alludes to the obscene buffooneries with which the feast of this mother of the gods was celebrated; and which were so gross, that one who knew them well assures us, the parents of the actors in them were ashamed to be present at the rehearsals which took place at home, previous to the celebration of the festival.

The Galli mentioned a few lines below, were the priests of Cybele; effeminate, debauched, and irreligious wretches, differing in nothing but their

Why wait they then? Why, like the Galli, say,
 Do they not seize the knife without delay,
 And hack at once their useless flesh away?

Gracchus admir'd a trumpeter, or fife,
 And, with an ample dower, became his wife:
 The contract sign'd, the wonted bliss implored;
 A costly supper decks the nuptial board,
 And the new bride, amidst the wondering room,
 Lies in the bosom of th' accursed groom!
 And do we now, O Peers! a Censor need,
 Or an Aruspex? do not these exceed,
 These portents, all that Nature disavows,
 Of calving women and of lambing cows!

being eunuchs from this respectable set. It is not without cause, therefore, that Juvenal wonders why the latter preserve so trifling a mark of distinction; the abolition of which would completely assimilate them to their worthy prototypes.

VER. 170. *Gracchus admir'd, &c.*] Whether this horrid transaction really happened, as Juvenal relates it, cannot now be told, as none of his contemporaries speak of it: certain it is, that Nero had set the example, and, as our author well observes, *quis non faciet quod princeps?* That I may not be obliged, as Tacitus says, to return to so disgusting a subject, (*ne sæpius eadem prodigientia narranda sit*), I will give his account of it. "At the feast of Tigellinus, the Emperor personated a woman, and was given in marriage to one of his favourites called Pythagoras. The augurs assisted at the ceremony, the portion was paid, the genial couch prepared, the nuptial torches lighted up, and all which in a natural marriage is covered with darkness, freely exposed to the view of the people." *Ann.* xv. 38.

VER. 176 *And do we now, O Peers! a Censor need,
 Or an Aruspex?*] The first, says Holyday, purified the city from offences, by punishment; the second from monstrous births, prodigies, &c. by sacrifices and expiations. It was the service of these that was now wanted.

The lusty priest whose limbs dissolved in sweat,
 What time he danced beneath th' Ancilia's weight,
 Now lays the ensigns of his god aside,
 And takes the modest vestments of a bride!

Father of Rome! from what pernicious clime
 Did Latian swains derive so foul a crime?

VER. 180. *The lusty priest, &c.*] It appears from this, that Gracchus was of a noble family, (indeed it is said so just below,) for such only were admitted into the college of the Salii, or priests of Mars, who had the care of the Ancilia. They were twelve in number, and were so called from the extravagance of their gestures in their annual procession through the city. Plutarch gives a description of their dress, &c. which is very picturesque in the original.—

Τας κερὰς πελτάς ἀναλαβὼσιν ἐν τῷ Μαρτίῳ μηνί, φοινίκης μὲν ἐνδεδυμένοι χιτῶνισκῆς, μίτραις δὲ χαλκαῖς ὑπεζώσμενοι πλατείαις, καὶ κράνη χαλκᾶ φορῶντες, ἐγχειρίδιοις δὲ μικροῖς τὰ σῶλα ἔχοντες· Κινεῦνται δὲ ἐπιτερώως ἐλιγμῆς τινῆς, καὶ μεταβολῆς ἐν ρυθμῷ ταχέως ἔχοντι καὶ πυκνοτητα μετὰ ῥώμης καὶ κρφοτητος ἀποδιδόντες. *Vit. Num.*

With respect to the Ancile, it was a circular, or oblong shield, which, in the days of Numa, fell from Heaven, and was looked upon as the Palladium of the city. To prevent its being stolen, as that of Troy had been, the good king ordered eleven more to be made as like it as possible, and delivered them into the keeping of twelve of the most respectable families of Rome. It was these which were carried about the street in such boisterous solemnity.

When we consider the disposition of the Romans, we shall be almost tempted to excuse the salutary fraud of Numa. In giving them a pledge of security from above, he evidently sought to check that suspicious ferocity, which induced them to see their safety in nothing but incessant warfare, and the depression of their neighbours. Nor was the experiment a new one: these *αγαλματα διοπετή* were frequent in the old world:—witness the statue of Pallas at Troy, of Cybele in Phrygia, of Diana in Taurus, of Minerva at Athens, &c. &c. Though in some cases, these well-meant deceptions seem to have answered the purpose of their employers, yet are they for ever to be deplored, as having, in later days, taught men to use them, with little variation, in the fancied support of a cause which wants no such aids.

Say where the poisonous weed at first arose,
 Whose baneful juice through all thy offspring flows;
 Behold! a man for rank, for power renown'd,
 Marries a man!—and yet, with thundering sound,
 Thy brazen helmet shakes not; earth yet stands
 Fix'd on its base, nor feels thy wrathful hands!
 Is thy arm shorten'd? raise to Jove thy prayer—
 But Rome no longer knows thy guardian care,
 Quit then thy charge to some diviner Power,
 Of strength to punish in th' obnoxious hour.
 “To-morrow, with the sun, I must attend
 “In yonder vale. So early! why? A friend
 “Takes to himself a husband there:—but who?
 “Nay, that's a secret;—and has ask'd a few
 “Discreet acquaintance.” Good!—but wait a while;
 And this, and other marriages as vile,
 Will openly affront you, and appear
 Recorded in the “ANNALS OF THE YEAR.”

Meanwhile, one pang these passive monsters find,
 One ceaseless pang, that preys upon their mind;
 They cannot shift their sex, nor pregnant prove
 With the dear pledges of a husband's love.

VER. 204. *Meanwhile, one pang, &c.*] See the complaint of the eunuch Eutropius, after his dismissal from the arms of the Egyptian soldier.

“——— pro sors generis durissima nostri!

“Fœmina cum senuit, retinet connubia partu,

“Uxorisque decus matris reverentia pensat:

“Nos Lucina fugit, nec pignore nitimur ullo.”

'Twas fix'd by Heaven, that Nature's steady plan
 Should counteract the wild desires of man,
 And wisely:—so the steril pathics die,
 Though bloated Lydé all her nostrums try,
 And the lewd priest of Pan his agile wand apply. }

VER. 212. *And the lewd priest of Pan his agile wand apply.*] The festival of the Lupercalia (to which Juvenal here alludes) seems to have been instituted in honour of Pan by the herdsmen; and the rites were such as their uncultivated minds would naturally suggest. A goat was sacrificed, and as that animal was the symbol of generation, the rustics who partook of it were supposed to have the faculty of communicating fecundity to whatever they touched: they therefore wrapt themselves in the skin of the victim, and ran about the fields with a thong or light wand in their hands, with which they gently struck the palms of the women who superstitiously threw themselves in their way.

This festival was probably introduced into Italy by Evander; who was found sacrificing by Æneas (see the beautiful description of it, *Æneid*. lib. viii.) in a thick grove near the Palatine hill. As this was also the spot where Romulus and his brother were afterwards suckled by the wolf, it became doubly interesting to the Romans; and here, therefore, they built their temple to Lupercus or Pan.

The privilege of rendering the ladies fruitful, was not long confined to the rustics. Two societies of noble Romans were early instituted for this benevolent purpose, and a third was afterwards added by Julius Cæsar, of which Antony was a member:

Cæsar. Antonius!

Anton. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæsar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,

To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,

The barren, touched in this holy chase,

Shake off their steril curse.

Shakspeare.

This folly continued long after the introduction of Christianity; and is frequently alluded to, in terms of great indignation, by Lactantius, Minucius Felix, Prudentius, and others. But in their days, some slight innovations had

Yet these, O Heavens! these monstrous acts appear
 Less monstrous than the net and three-fork'd spear
 Of Gracchus, when he urg'd th' unequal fight,
 And fled, dishonour'd, in a nation's sight!
 Though nobler born, than all that throng'd the place,
 Nobler than Paulus', Fabius', Manlius' race,

been introduced:—the ladies who, when Juvenal wrote, only exposed their bare hands to the stroke, began now to strip themselves, to receive it more effectually. To sum up all in a word, this ceremony, indecent as it was, seems to have been one of the last Pagan superstitions that went out. It was abolished by Gelasius, and not without trouble: nay, the discontent ran so high, that the holy father was obliged to justify himself by an elaborate apology, which still exists:—*apud illos*, says he, *nobiles ipsi currebant, et matronæ nudato corpore vapulabant!*

VER. 214. *Less monstrous than the net and three-fork'd spear, &c.*] Holyday thinks it strange that Juvenal should fancy it more monstrous in Gracchus to become a gladiator than a wife; “the one being only a fault against honour, the other a crime against nature.” He will, therefore, have it, that the poet does not compare the two, for the heinousness, but for the impudence in committing them. But this was far from the mind of Juvenal, who thought as he spoke, and really believed this last action of Gracchus to be his worst.—Yet this, says Mr. Ireland, (in a remark on the passage) may well be doubted. In the eight Satire, he seems to go a step beyond this, and to consider the stage-playing of the great men, as still worse than their gladiatorship. Yet could he be of that opinion? Perhaps it is an instance of that spirit of aggravating satire which so much distinguishes Juvenal. Whatever the vice is which he lashes, he bestows the whole of his fury upon it; and in many places the climax of moral reprehension is strangely perverted.

However this may be, it is certain that the gladiatorship of the nobility was felt with the utmost horror by the writers of Roman history, whether native or Grecian. As I shall have an occasion to return to this subject, I postpone what I have to say on this adventure of Gracchus, to the eighth Satire, where it is given more at large.

Nobler than he whose gold the Shews supplied
At which his base dexterity was tried.

That angry Justice form'd a dreadful hell,
That ghosts in subterraneous regions dwell,
That hateful Styx his muddy current rolls,
And Charon ferries o'er unbodied souls,
Are now as tales, or idle fables prized,
By children question'd, and by men despised:

YET THIS, DO THOU BELIEVE. What thoughts, declare,
Ye Scipios, (once the thunderbolts of war!)
Fabricius, Curius, great Camillus' ghost!

Ye valiant Fabii, in yourselves an host!

Ye dauntless youths at fatal Cannæ slain!

Spirits of many a brave, and bloody plain!

Declare, what thoughts your sacred rest invade,

Whene'er ye spy an unbelieving shade?

—Ye fly, to expiate the blasting view;

Fling on the pine-tree torch the sulphur blue,

And from the dripping bay dash round the lustral dew. }

VER. 235. *Ye fly, to expiate the blasting view; &c.*] “The ancient manner of purifying those who were polluted by the sight or touch of impure objects, was with sulphur, and fire made of the unctuous pine:” they were also sprinkled with a laurel branch dipped in water. Juvenal’s expression is—*cuperent lustrari, si qua darentur*, if they could get sulphur, &c. *i. e.* says Lubin, *apud inferos ubi talia FORTE non sunt!* I love a careful commentator, like Lubin. In the simplicity of his heart, good man! he sometimes ventures to suspect the *veracity* of his author; but that he could ever be guilty of the crime of *poetry*, does not once seem to have entered his thoughts.

For the rest; we see here, that the poet attributes the profligacy of the

AND yet to these abodes we all must come;
 Believe or not, these are our final home,
 Though wide around our conquering arms are hurl'd,
 And the huge grasp embrace the polar world.
 But why of conquest boast? the conquer'd climes
 Are free, O Rome, from thy detested crimes.

times to the disbelief of a future state, and certainly with great reason; for were it possible that such incredulity could become general, no barrier would remain of sufficient force to check the torrent of vicious propensities, which would burst upon us from a thousand springs, and again, as in the days of Noah, fill the earth with corruption and violence.

It is to be lamented that Juvenal, who appears to be extremely anxious to impress upon the minds of his countrymen, the existence of a future state, should yet have given a description of it which, to speak tenderly, borders upon the mean, if not the ridiculous. But he is rather to be pitied than blamed. Such doctrines as his creed supplied, he laboured to enforce. It is true, purer sources of information had been opened, but before we condemn his ignorance, we ought to be sure that he had it in his power to avail himself of them.

Mr. Owen has an excellent observation on this passage. "Many strange conceptions have prevailed, even among Christians, with regard to the circumstances of the invisible world. And no wonder: we can only conceive it under sensible images. But the general truth stands independent of all fictions, and follies. Scepticism may smile at the croaking frogs, and squalid ferryman, but Nature will not be laughed out of her hopes and fears."

These "strange conceptions," however, do not affect Christianity. They are the reveries of men, unmindful alike of the language of their divine Master, and of his Apostle. By the former, a state of reprobation is briefly, but forcibly, described as a place "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched:" and of a state of blessedness, the latter says, with unrivalled energy and beauty "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Yet one Armenian youth, (so rumour says,)
Has travell'd far in these polluted ways:
So powerful is example! HERE he came
An hostage, here he caught th' infectious flame—
O, would the striplings flee! for sensual art
Here lies in wait to catch th' untutor'd heart;
Then farewell simple nature—pleased no more
With knives, whips, bridles, (all they prized of yore)
Thus taught, and thus debauch'd, they hasten home,
To spread the vices of imperial Rome!

SATIRE III

Argument.

UMBRIUS, an *Aruspex*,* and a friend of our Author, disgusted at the prevalence of vice, and the total disregard of needy, and unassuming virtue, is introduced on the point of quitting Rome. The Poet accompanies him some little way from the city, when the honest exile, no longer able to suppress his indignation, stops short, and in a strain of animated invective, acquaints him with the causes of his retirement.

This Satire is managed with wonderful ingenuity. The way by which Juvenal conducts his friend out of the city, is calculated to raise a thousand tender images in his mind; and when, after lingering a moment at the gate, Umbritius stops to look at it for the last time, in a spot endeared by religion, covered with the venerable relics of antiquity, and in itself eminently beautiful; we are tempted to listen with uncommon attention to the farewell of the solitary fugitive.

What he says may be arranged under the following heads, that Flattery and Vice are the only thriving arts at Rome; that in these, particularly the first, foreigners have a manifest superiority over the natives, and consequently engross all favour; that the poor are universally exposed to scorn and insult; that the general habits of extravagance render it difficult for them to subsist; and that a crowded capital subjects them to numberless inconveniences unknown in the country (on the tranquillity and security of which he feelingly dilates): He then adverts again to the peculiar sufferings of the poorer citizens from the want of a well regulated police: these he illustrates by a variety of examples, and concludes in a strain of pathos and beauty, which winds up the whole with singular effect.

* Tacitus says, that on the day Galba was murdered, Umbritius predicted the impending treachery (*Hist. lib. i. xxvii.*); in which he is followed by Plutarch. Pliny calls him the most skilful *Aruspex* of the age, *Umbritius Aruspicum in nostro ævo peritissimus.*

SATIRE III

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* Tacitus says, that on the day Gallus was murdered, Libanius predicted the impend-
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 him the most skillful Aruspex of the age. Libanius, however, in what we have translated.

SATIRE III.

v. 1—5.

GRIEV'D though I am, to see the man depart,
 Who long has shared, and still must share, my heart,
 I yet applaud his firm resolve, to live
 At lonely Cumæ, and the Sibyl give
 One citizen at least, one virtuous fugitive.

VER. 4. *At lonely Cumæ, &c.*] Juvenal gives the epithet *vacuæ* to Cumæ, which puzzles honest Barten; for how, says he, can a place be empty which is described, just below, as a thoroughfare to Baïæ? This, too, seems to be the opinion of the commentators, who, alarmed for the veracity of the poet, explain the word by *quietæ, otiosæ, non tam plenæ hominum quam est Roma, &c.* But there is no need—a place may be uninhabited though numbers pass through it daily; and this, in truth, is what the author satirically hints at: that Baïæ, which Seneca calls *diversorium vitiorum*, should have such attractions for the Romans, as to draw them all to it,—in despite of the many delightful spots in its vicinity, through which they were obliged to pass, and of whose charms, therefore, they could not be ignorant.

The next line—*atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ*,—appears to me to have been constantly mistaken. Holyday translates it—

“ ——— to add,

“ To good Sibylla one inhabitant more;”

and he is followed, I think, by all the rest, without exception. I have little doubt, however, but the poet meant to insinuate, that Cumæ was entirely deserted. No great compliment to the good sense of his contemporaries; for the situation was well chosen, and the country about it delightful. Whether

Full on the road to Baïæ, Cumæ lies,
 And many a sweet retreat her shore supplies—
 Though I would make e'en Prochyta my home,
 Bare as it is, ere the throng'd streets of Rome;
 For what rude, desert spot, can more affright
 Than fires, wide blazing through the gloom of night,
 Houses, with ceaseless ruin, thundering down,
 And all the horrors of this hateful town,
 Where poets, while the dog-star glows, rehearse,
 To gasping multitudes, their barbarous verse!

the taste of the Romans improved, I know not; but this town was afterwards inhabited, and, in the reign of Justinian, stood a long and severe siege.

I did not mention in its place, that Cumæ was dedicated to the Sibyl, who had a temple here. It was here, too, that Dædalus (v. 41) alighted, in his flight from Crete.

VER. 8. *Though I would make e'en Prochyta, &c.*] Prochyta was a bare and rugged rock in the Tuscan Sea, not far from the Promontory of Misenus. It is now a fertile, and a pretty spot.

VER. 14. *Where poets, &c.*] The humourous malice of the author! Who, enumerating the dreadful dangers of an overgrown capital—fires, falls of houses, &c. finishes with the most dreadful of all—poets reading their works in the dog-days. Metastasio's translation of this Satire, though it be neither remarkable for vigour, nor for a right apprehension of the drift of the original, has yet many well turned passages. This is one of them:—to those who have experienced an Italian summer, it must be peculiarly striking:

“ ————— a tanti rischi

“ Della città trovarsi esposto, e al folle

“ *Cicalar de' poeti a' giorni estivi.*”

He follows the rest, in his rendering of the passage above—

“ Che a far s'en vada alla Sibilla il dono

“ D'un nuovo cittadin.”—

Now had my friend, impatient to depart,
 Consign'd his little all to one poor cart—
 For this, without the town he chose to wait;
 But stopt a moment at the Conduit-gate.
 Here Numa erst his nightly visits paid,
 And held high converse with the Egerian maid:
 Now the once-hallow'd fountain, grove, and fane,
 Are let to Jews, a wretched, wandering train,
 Whose wealth is but a basket stuff'd with hay:—
 For every tree is forced a tax to pay;

VER. 20. *Here Numa erst, &c.*] We lately (Sat. 11.) had occasion to notice one of the pious frauds of this good king; here is another not less pure in its nature, and not less salutary in its effect.

Livy tells us, that, just without the walls of Rome, there was a little grove, watered by a perennial spring, which rose in the middle of it. To this, Numa, who had probably contracted, in the privacy of his former life, a love of solitude, which followed him to the throne, used frequently to retire: and here he seems, soon after his accession, to have conceived the design of turning his darling propensity to the advantage of his new subjects. For this purpose, he gave out, that, in this lonely recess, he met the goddess Egeria, who furnished him from time to time with the statutes to be observed by the city. A rude and uninformed race of warriors listened with awe to the dictates of Heaven: and Numa had the secret satisfaction of seeing his institutions not merely received, but revered.

VER. 24. *Whose wealth is but a basket stuff'd with hay:—*] The commentators, not content with the obvious meaning of this passage, have laboured to find a mystery in it. Britannicus, in his observations on the Sixth Satire, (where the same words are again used,) says, the hay served them to lie on. This is rational enough; but how, rejoins Holyday, could they carry about sufficient for such a purpose? He, therefore, inclines to think, with Lyranus, that the hay was not so much a mark of their poverty, as of their servitude in Egypt, which, it seems, they gloried in obtruding upon the notice of the Romans: by

And the sweet Nine are banish'd, that the place
May raise an income from this beggar'd race!

Thence down the vale we slowly wind, and view
The Egerian grotts—ah! how unlike the true!
Nymph of the spring! more graced thy haunts had been,
More honour'd, if an edge of living green,
Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone,
And marble ne'er profan'd the native stone.

Umbritius here his sullen silence broke,
And turn'd on Rome, indignant, as he spoke.

way of contrasting it, I suppose, with their present flourishing and happy situation! It may look like trifling to reply, that in this case, they should rather have carried straw: but the truth is, there is no room for refinement on the subject. The poet merely intended to censure the irreligion and avarice of his countrymen. The former, in assigning the sacred groves to this despised race (*pars despectissima servientium*) who, being driven from the city by Domitian, were glad to take up their abode in the nearest place which promised them a shelter: and the latter, in exacting the rent from them, though all their wealth was a basket, in which, perhaps, they carried what they begged, and a little hay, which either served for provender for their beasts, (asses) or for themselves to lay their heads on at night.

One of Juvenal's most judicious translators observes, that it is, "improbable the Jews should pay tribute (why *tribute*? is it not *mercedem*, *rent*?) for their cold lodging in a grove." Yet this is expressly asserted by this author, *omnis enim populo, &c.*! He will, therefore, have it (and he is far from being singular) that Juvenal alludes to the tribute which every Jew was obliged to pay to the Temple, and which, after its destruction, Vespasian transferred to the Capitol. Such an idea is altogether inconsistent with the spirit of the passage. The obnoxious nature of the demand (in Juvenal's mind) was for the use of the groves themselves, and every other supposition weakens the force of his satire.

VER. 30. *Nymph of the spring! &c.*] We have here a pleasing instance of the good taste of Juvenal:—but he was an enthusiastic admirer of nature, and

Since Virtue droops, he cried, without regard,
 And honest toil scarce hopes a poor reward;
 Since every morrow sees my means decay,
 And still makes less the little of to-day;
 I hasten there, where, all his labours past,
 The flying artist found repose at last :—
 While something yet of health and strength remains,
 While yet my steps no bending staff sustains,
 While few gray hairs upon my head are seen,
 And my old age is vigorous still, and green;
 Here let me bid my native soil farewell—
 THERE may Arturius and his colleague dwell;
 Unblushing villains, who in truth's despite,
 Can white to black transform, and black to white,
 Build temples, furnish funerals, auctions hold,
 Farm rivers, ports, and scour the drains for gold:
 These once were trumpeters, and up and down
 Follow'd the prizes, through each country town;
 Where their puff'd cheeks were known to ev'ry clown.

the little views of the country with which he indulges as from time to time, are painted *con amore* (as they say), and from the heart.

It is but justice, however, to add, that he is indebted for some of the finest touches in the picture before us, to a most exquisite description of a fount and grotto, by Ovid.

“ ——— in extremo est antrum nemorale recessu,

“ Arte laboratum nullâ; simulaverat artem

“ Ingenio natura suo: nam pumice vivo,

“ Et levibus tophis nativum duxerat arcum.

“ Fons sonat à dextrâ tenui perlucidus undâ,

“ Margine gramineo patulos succinctus hiatus.

Met. III. 157.

Now they give SHEWS themselves; and save, or kill,
 As the rude rabble hint their sovereign will;
 Whom thus they court; then, as their avarice wakes,
 Run from the bloody scene, to—farm the jakes!

VER. 55. *Now they give SHEWS, &c.*] *i. e. munera*; exhibitions of gladiators: —“ They once served the players, (so Mr. Ireland thinks it should be, and not prize-fighters, as I have rendered it,) now they affect to be great men, and hire gladiators to amuse the people.”

When an ancient custom can be rendered with precision, it is always right to do that justice to the original; when it cannot, it is better, perhaps, to give its general sense, than to descend to particulars, in which every thing is disputed, and nothing concluded:

“ ————— verso pollice vulgi

“ *Quemlibet occidunt populariter*”—

literally means, from an affectation of popularity they put to death whomsoever the people, by a turn of their thumbs, condemn. *Verso pollice*, and *converso pollice*, are known to be signals of contempt, by which the spectators adjudged to death the vanquished combatant. How these were expressed,—whether by holding up a hand clenched, with the thumb bent backward, or by what other method, cannot now be determined. Nor is it of much consequence; the sense of the passage is given in the translation, and the reader who wishes for further remarks on it, may consult Dacier and others, who have written professedly on the subject.

When I observed, that the vanquished was adjudged to death *converso pollice*, I should have added, that he was sometimes preserved *compresso pollice*. I wish I could have said *frequently*: but he who considers how great a tendency the sight of reiterated murder has to harden the mind, will not believe that there were many proofs of compassion exhibited. If we look for them any where, it must be amongst the Vestal Virgins, whose service was unbloody, and who must, therefore have had a little of the “milk of human kindness” in them. Hear now Prudentius:

“ O tenerum mitemque animum! consurgit ad ictus:

“ Et, quoties victor ferrum jugulo inserit, illa

“ Delicias ait esse suas! pectusque jacentis

“ Virgo modesta jubet converso pollice rumpi;

And why not every thing? Since THESE are they
 Whom Fortune, midst her wild and wanton play
 With human state, her toy, in some blind hour
 Lifts, from the dregs of earth, to wealth and power.

“ Ne lateat pars ulla animæ vitalibus imis,
 “ Altius impresso dum palpitat ense secutor !”

Now I have mentioned these sports (for so they were called !) it may not be amiss to add a few words on the dreadful waste of mankind occasioned by them. No war, no pestilence, ever swept off such multitudes of the human race. Lipsius asserts, that in some months, twenty or thirty thousand were slaughtered in Europe alone ; and his calculation does not appear at all exaggerated. We blame, says he, the cruelty of Nero and Caligula, who probably put to death some hundreds of men in the course of their reigns ; while we say nothing of many private citizens, who frequently butchered a thousand in a day !

The dead (I scarce know why, unless from a principle of revenge in the living) were anciently supposed to delight in human blood. Prisoners of war, therefore, were sometimes put to death at the grave of a favourite chief who had fallen in battle, as the readiest way to appease his manes. From this practice, undoubtedly, sprang the one of which we are treating : combats of gladiators having been primarily exhibited in Rome, at the funerals of eminent persons ; to which indeed they were for some time restricted. The magistrates themselves first broke through this restraint, and produced them for the entertainment of the city at the Saturnalia, and other festivals. As they were much followed, ambitious men soon discovered that the readiest road to power, was to gratify the people in these their favourite amusements, and they, therefore, became extremely frequent.

They seem to have received their first check from Cicero, who introduced a law for preventing candidates for public offices from exhibiting them. Augustus afterwards decreed, that they should be given only twice a year ; and these regulations continued in force during the reign of his immediate successor. Caligula again permitted all the citizens to give them as often as they pleased. Domitian, who snuffed the scent of blood like a vulture, encouraged them by every means in his power ; and even the “ mild virtues” of

What should I do at Rome ! I know not, I,
 To cog and flatter ; I could never lie,
 Nor when I heard a great man's verses, smile,
 And beg a copy, if I thought them vile.

Trajan were not thought disgraced by the horrid spectacle of 10,000 wretched victims, whom he exhibited in his triumph over the Dacians !

Besides the checks above mentioned, there were others of a secondary nature. Tacitus quotes a decree of the senate, by which it was provided, *ne quis gladiatorum munus ederet cui minor quadringentorum millium res esset*. Even thus, it seems to have been confined to the free citizens ; for Harpocras, the freedman of Claudius, is mentioned by Suetonius as exhibiting them by the Emperor's "special indulgence." We may now account for the indignation with which the poet speaks of those arrogant upstarts, "Arturius and his colleague," who, puffed up by the success of their sordid contracts, presumed to put forth those bloody shews, and dispose of the lives of their fellow-creatures at the caprice of a barbarous rabble.

Combats of gladiators continued to the days of Constantine, who, to the honour of Christianity, first prohibited them by an edict. Some faint traces of them, however appeared under the succeeding emperors ; but they were finally done away by Arcadius and Honorius.

VER. 63. *What should I do at Rome ! &c.*] Martial has conveyed ("convey, the wise it call,") this and the following lines from our author, and worked them up into a tolerable epigram. Here is Cowley's translation of it ; which is not so good as it might be :—for the concluding couplets I am answerable.

"Honest and poor, faithful in word and thought,
 "What has thee, Fabian, to the city brought ?
 "Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd can'st play,
 "Nor with false whispers th' innocent betray ;
 "Nor wives corrupt, nor from rich beldames get
 "A living by thy industry and sweat ;
 "Nor with vain promises and projects cheat,
 "Nor bribe nor flatter any of the great,
 "What means hast thou to thrive ? Ho ! thou art just,
 "A man of courage, firm, and fit for trust.

A sublunary wight, I have no skill
 To read the stars; I neither can, nor will,
 Presage a father's death; I never pried
 In toads for poison, nor in aught beside.—
 Others, with subtler art, and nicer care,
 The adulterer's billets to the wife may bear;

“Nay then, thou canst not fail;—but, hie thee home,

“For seriously, thou art not made for Rome.” *Lib. iv. v.*

In Wyatt's epistle to his friend Paines, there are several passages which shew that he had this Satire before him:

“But how may I this honour now attain,

“That cannot dye the colour black a lyar?

“My Paines, I cannot frame my lips to feigne,

“To cloke the truth,” &c.

In consequence of this attachment to truth, he protests (among other things) that he cannot prefer Chaucer's tale of Sir Topas to his Palemon and Arcite: he cannot—

“Approve Sir Topas for a noble tale,

“And scorn the story that the knight he told.

“Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale,

“Grinne when he laughs that beareth all the swaye,

“Frowne when he frowns, and groan when he is pale;

“In others lust to hang both night and day.”—

VER. 69. ————— *I never pried*

In toads for poison, &c.] Either our toad is not the *rana rubeta* of the ancients, or it has lost its destructive qualities in this country; where it is generally understood to be altogether innoxious. In Juvenal's time, no doubt was entertained of its poisonous nature. It is frequently alluded to by the elder Pliny, and once in strong terms, as extremely hostile to life. The compounders of these doses, (and, as Rabelais says, there was a world of people at Rome then, as well as now, that got an honest livelihood by poisoning,) might probably give out such a report, to conceal the real fact; but I should imagine the substances they used were either vegetable, or mineral,

No pimp of pleasure, I such deeds detest,
And honest, let no thief partake my breast.
For this, without a friend, the world I quit;
A palsied limb, for every use unfit!

For who is lov'd, in these degenerate times,
But he whose conscious bosom swells with crimes,
With monstrous crimes, he never must impart,
Though the dire secret burst his labouring heart?
They owe, they pay thee nothing, who prepare
To trust an honest secret to thy care;
But, a dishonest!—there they feel thy power,
And buy thy friendship high from hour to hour:
But let not all that Tagus' waves contain,
Nor all the gold they pour into the main,
Be deem'd a bribe sufficient, to requite
Thy loss of peace by day, of sleep by night.—
O take not, take not what thy soul rejects,
Nor sell the faith, which he who buys suspects!

and of a much more subtle, and deleterious nature than any thing the genus of toads could supply. It is no great reflection, however, on our author, that he was ignorant of the secret.

Madan has a curious note on this line: "The language here is metaphorical, and alludes to augurs inspecting the entrails of beasts slain in sacrifice, on the view of which they drew their good or ill omens." With a degree of carelessness inexcusable in a school-boy, Mr. Madan confounds augurs with aruspices; and the consequences are such as might be expected. Umbritius, whose sole employment was inspecting the entrails of beasts, (Mr. Madan's "metaphorical" toads,) is made to declare, that he never looked into them; while the augurs, who always divined by the flight of birds, are said to

Who flourish now the favourites of the state,
 A supple crew I must for ever hate ;
 Unaw'd by fear, and unrestrain'd by shame,
 I haste to shew, nor thou my transport blame :
 I cannot rule my spleen, and calmly see
 Rome dwindling to a Grecian colony.
 Grecian ! O, no : to this vast sewer compar'd,
 The dregs of Greece are scarcely worth regard.
 Long since the stream that wanton Syria laves
 Has disembogued its filth in Tiber's waves,
 Its language, arts ; o'erwhelm'd us with the scum
 Of Antioch's streets, its minstrels, harp, and drum.
 Hie to the Circus ! ye who pant to prove
 A barbarous mistress, an outlandish love ;
 Hie to the Circus ! there in crowds they stand,
 Tires on their head, and timbrels in their hand.

Father of Rome, behold ! thy rustic wears
 A fencer's garb, and on his oil'd neck bears

take their omens from the beasts slain in sacrifice, with which they never meddled !

VER. 97. *Grecian ! O, no, &c.*] *Quamvis quota portio facis Achææ ?* As if, says Britannicus, the vices of the Greeks were so great, that a small portion of them was sufficient to corrupt the city. *O bone, ποιον σε εἶπον φυγεν !* Surely Juvenal means to say—I have called Rome a Grecian colony ; yet when I consider what a multitude of Syrians, &c. the Orontes has poured into the Tiber, I must confess that the filth of Greece forms but a small part of that inundation of impurity with which we are overwhelmed.

VER. 107. *Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine, Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.*] In this apostrophe to Romulus, the poet observes, that while the Greeks, &c. were worming themselves into all places of power and profit, the Romans, once so renowned for

A paltry prize, well-pleas'd; while every land,
 Sicyon, and Amydos, and Alaband,
 Tralles, and Samos, and a thousand more,
 Thrive on his indolence, and daily pour

their rough and manly virtues, were wholly taken up with the idle amusements of the Circus.

Of this perversion of the "Latian shepherd," he marks his contempt, by crowding his description with Greek words; of which the first, *trechedipna*, has occasioned the commentators some trouble. Holyday (from Lubin) translates it, the "haunt-dole gown," à *τρεχω καὶ δειπνον*: but the Romans "haunted the dole" in the *toga*; the use of which was no novelty, and therefore not worth appealing to Romulus about. Madan quotes Dryden, to shew that it was an "effeminate, gawdy kind of garment;" and Mr. Owen, to my great surprise, adopts his very words! It seems to me, that the poet meant to express but one action; and that is determined by the context. *Trechedipna*, therefore, (unless that name be given to the *endromidas*, or shaggy cloak, see Sat. vi.) must mean the succinct vest, which the Romans probably adopted from the Greek westlers, &c. *Ceroma* was a mixture of oil, clay, and bees-wax, with which they smeared their neck and breasts, and as it should seem, profusely; for Seneca, speaking to his friend Lucilius of a journey he had taken, says, the roads were so bad, that he rather swam than walked, and before he came to his inn, was covered with ceroma, like a prize-fighter. Madan still harping upon his "gawdiness," will have ceroma not to mean ceroma, but a curious and costly unguent for the hair! For this he again quotes Dryden, who neither thought, nor cared about the matter, and whose authority in this case can therefore determine nothing. *Niceteria*, Lubin says, were *vestes peregrinæ*; but he was misled by the scholium, where, by a mistake of the transcriber, *niceteria* is put for *trechedipna*: indeed, he afterwards corrects himself. *Niceteria* are the prizes which the victors ostentatiously wore round their necks.

The change of character is singular:—the Greeks, so fond of the Gymnasium at home, forsook it entirely here, and turned all their attention to the arts of thriving; while the Romans neglected the latter to apply to the former; and then broke out into childish complaints at being supplanted by the superior address of the foreigners.

Their starving myriads forth: hither they come,
And batten on the genial soil of Rome;
The minions, then the lords, of every princely dome.
A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
Of fluent tongue, and never-blushing face;
A Protean tribe, one knows not what to call,
That shifts to every form, and shines in all;
Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician,
Geometer, cook, conjurer, and physician,
All arts his own the hungry Greekling counts,
And bid him mount the skies, the skies he mounts—
You smile—was't a barbarian, then, that flew?
No 'twas a Greek, 'twas an ATHENIAN, too!
Bear with their state who will:—but I disdain
All converse with the proud, the upstart train,—
Wretches, who, stow'd in some dank lighter's womb,
With rotten figs, were lately borne to Rome,
Yet now above me sit, before me sign,
Their friendship and their faith preferr'd to mine!

And is the privilege of freedom lost!
And is it nothing, nothing then, to boast
That from the first, the breath of life I drew
In Roman air, on Roman olives grew!—
But, no—the Greek applauds, with winning grace,
His patron's folly, and his Gorgon face;
Admires his voice, that grates upon the ear
Like the shrill scream of wanton chanticleer;

And equals his crane neck, and narrow chest,
 To Hercules, when, straining to his breast
 The giant-son of earth, his every vein
 Swells with the toil, the more than mortal pain.

We too can flatter; true: but they alone
 Gain credit, they who make all parts their own.
 See! they step forth, and figure to the life,
 The naked nymph, the mistress, and the wife,
 So just, so true, you view the woman there,
 And fancy all, beneath the girdle, bare.
 No longer now, the favourites of the stage
 Boast their exclusive power to charm the age;
 The happy art with them a nation shares,
 Greece is a Theatre, where all are players,
 For lo! their patron smiles,—they burst with mirth;
 He weeps,—they droop, the saddest souls on earth;
 He calls for fire,—they court the mantle's heat;
 'Tis warm, he cries,—and they dissolve in sweat.
 Ill-match'd! ill-match'd! they get, and keep, the start,
 Who, taught from youth to play a borrow'd part,

VER. 154. *For lo! their patron smiles,—&c.*] The character of the flatterer is touched with great force in these lines; which are, however, exceeded, at least in humour, by the following:

Hamlet. Your bonnet to its right use: 'tis for the head.

Osrick. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Hamlet. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osrick. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Hamlet. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osrick. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry as it were, I can't tell how.

Can, with a glance, the rising passion trace,
 And mould their own to suit their patron's face;
 At deeds of shame their hands admiring raise,
 And mad debauchery's worst excesses praise.

Besides, no mound their raging lust restrains;
 All ties it breaks, all sanctity profanes.
 The wife, and virgin-daughter, are undone,
 The bridegroom, and the yet-untainted son:
 If none of these their patron's roof supplies,
 The hoary grandam falls a sacrifice.—
 They notice every word, haunt every ear,
 His secrets learn, and fix him theirs from fear.
 You think, perhaps, the wiser Greeks disclaim
 These horrors—turn, since Greeks are now my theme,
 Turn to their schools:—yon gray professor see,
 Smear'd with the sanguine stains of perfidy!

VER. 174 ————— *yon gray professor see, &c.*] This was P. Ægnatius, who came forward against Bareas Soranus, accused of a conspiracy against Nero. The appearance of this man, says Tacitus, (who gives a full account of the transaction,) excited general indignation. He had been first the client of Soranus, and afterwards his preceptor; and was bribed by the emissaries of the Emperor, to give evidence against his pupil and patron! He was a Stoic, who, under the appearance of austere and simple manners, concealed a crafty and perfidious, an avaricious and profligate mind. Money laid him open to view; and mankind learned from his example, that it was not sufficient to guard against characters of notorious baseness, since perfidy and deceit might be found under the mask of philosophy and virtue.

The honest Aruspex triumphs in the idea of his being a Grecian, and even marks out the place of his birth, by a contemptuous allusion to an adventure of Pegasus, (who is said to have stumbled, and dropt a feather from his fetlock

That tutor, most accurst his pupil sold !
 That Stoic sacrificed his friend to gold !—
 A Greek ! a true-born Greek ! spawn'd on that coast
 Where the Gorgonian hack a pinion lost.

Hence Romans, hence ! no place for you remains
 Where Diphilus, where Erymanthus reigns ;
 Miscreants, who, faithful to their native art,
 Admit no rival in their patron's heart :
 For let them fasten on his easy ear,
 And drop one hint, one poisonous slander, there,

at Tarsus, a town in Cilicia) whom he degrades into a hack. *Caballi appellatione afficit*, as Casaubon observes, *non quod illi quem in cælis vetustas collocavit, vellet iri detractum; sed quia Græcos male oderat*. He did, indeed, hate the Greeks; but he thought, and I believe with justice, that they had ruined the rigid virtues of his countrymen.

The professor is distinguished by the use of the *abolla*: a large kind of wrapper, mightily affected by the “ budge-doctors of the Stoic fur.” These I suppose, had it, for humility's sake, of the cheapest and coarsest materials, to serve them, as occasion required, either for a gown or a rug, *nudi tegmen grabati*; but it was sometimes seen of the costliest stuff, and the most glowing colours: it was then the proud distinction of the rich and great. Crispinus, as I have already observed, (p. 10,) had a purple *abolla* stolen from him while he was bathing, which Martial tells the thief will be an unprofitable robbery to him, since none but a person of eminence could venture to wear it. And Caligula, moved by envy, destroyed young Juba, (*percussit*) because, at a public exhibition, the prince, by the splendour of his *abolla*, drew all eyes from the Emperor to himself.

This was the greater *abolla*: but there was also a lesser *abolla*, peculiar to the military, and used by them when on duty. From its description it appears to have been something like the loose cloak worn by the German soldiery at this day.

Suck'd from their country's venom, or their own,
 That instant they possess the man alone;
 While we are driven, dishonour'd, from the door,
 Our long, long slavery thought upon no more.
 'Tis but a client lost,—and that, we find,
 Sits wond'rous lightly on a patron's mind;
 And light, indeed, it is: for, to be plain,
 What merit can a poor dependant gain
 By his best services? e'en though he rise
 And snatch his gown, while night involves the skies,
 And to the levee run; when, long before,
 The chiefs of Rome were hurrying to the door;
 And e'en the Prætor, with impatient face,
 And clamorous tongue, quickening the Lictors' pace,
 Lest his associate, in the brisk pursuit
 Should pass him, and the matrons first salute,
 The childish matrons, who, long since awake,
 His late appearance for neglect will take!
 Deaf to the voice of honour, men of birth
 HERE give the wall to upstarts, sons of earth;

VER. 193. *What merit can a poor dependant gain*] This is touched with great force by Martial:

“Cum tu laurigeris annum qui fascibus intras

“Mane salutator limina mille teras,

“Hic ego quid faciam? quid nobis, Paule, relinquis

“Qui de plebe Numæ, densaque turba sumus?”

The conclusion is entirely in the spirit and manner of Juvenal:

“Quid faciet pauper, cui non licet esse clienti?

“Dimisit nostras purpura vestra togas.”

Lib. x. Ep. x.

And wherefore? these, forsooth, can fling away,
 On Catiene, a tribune's ample pay
 For one short night; while those, when some gay fair
 Inflames their fancy, boggle, and forbear
 To hand the wanton from her stately chair.

Produce at Rome your witness; let him boast
 The sanctity of Cybele's fam'd host,
 Of Numa, or of Him whose zeal divine
 Snatch'd pale Minerva from her blazing shrine;
 First to explore his wealth the judges haste,
 His honour, and his honesty, the last—

VER. 212. *The sanctity of Cybele's fam'd host, &c.*] In the year 548th of Rome, the republic being much terrified by prodigies, the Sibylline books were consulted for the proper expiations: it was there found, that the evil might be averted, if the goddess Cybele were brought from Phrygia to Rome. Five men of eminence were deputed to fetch this powerful protectress, (a rude and shapeless stone; see Sat. xi.) and these were ordered, by the oracle, to place her, at their return, in the hands of the most virtuous man in the commonwealth, till a temple could be prepared for her reception. The senate unanimously declared Scipio Nasica to be this "most virtuous man," and Cybele was accordingly lodged with him.

The old scholiast says, *hic est Scipio qui oppressit Tiberium Gracchum leges agrarias ferre conantem*:—from which it appears, that people wrote notes formerly, as they sometimes do now, without thinking much of the text: since a moment's reflection on it, must have shewn the good man he was totally wrong; more than seventy years having passed between the two events. The Scipio of Juvenal was the grandfather of the Scipio mentioned by the scholiast; who seems, indeed, to have had few or no pretensions to the honourable distinction in favour of his ancestor.

VER. 213. ——— or of Him, &c.] This was L. Metellus, Pontifex Maximus, who, in a dreadful conflagration which happened at Rome a few years before the last mentioned event, when the fire had seized the temple of

“ What does his table cost him ; can you guess ?

“ What servants, what demesnes does he possess ? ”

These weighty matters known, his faith they rate,
And square his probity to his estate.

The poor may swear by all the Immortal Powers,
By the great Samothracian gods, and ours,
Their oaths are false, they cry ; the knaves despise
Almighty justice, and condemn the skies ;
Almighty justice knows they lie for bread,
And bids its thunders spare each venial head !—

Add, that the wretch is still the theme of scorn,
If the soil'd vest be rent, or over-worn,
If the bare foot through the burst shoe appear,
Or the coarse botch betray some recent scar.

O Poverty ! thy thousand ills combin'd,
Sink not so deep into the generous mind,
As the contempt, and laughter of mankind.

}

Vesta, and the virgins deserted it, ventured his life to save the Palladium. One of his arms was disabled in the attempt, and his sight totally destroyed, yet he effected his purpose. Ovid has some pretty lines on the subject. *Fast.* vi. 444.

VER. 222. *By the great Samothracian gods, &c.*] Macrobius (the only one of the Romans who has written rationally on the Samothracian gods) says they were Jupiter, Juno, Vesta, and Minerva. With this we must be content; for it would require a volume, instead of a note, to investigate this truly curious subject. Besides, I am warned by that most learned of historians, Dionysius Halicarnassus, of the impiety of inquiring too minutely into so sacred a matter. Those, however, who feel unawed by his admonition may, after carefully perusing his first and second books, turn to Cumberland's *ORIGINES*; where in his Appendix “*de Cabiris*,” they will find some remarks on the Samothracian worship, that will well reward their pains.

“Up! up! those cushion’d benches,” Lectius cries,
 “Are not for such as you: for shame! arise.”
 “Not such!”—but you say well; the pander’s heir,
 The spawn of bulks and stews, is station’d there,

VER. 231. *O Poverty, &c.*]

ΟΥΚ ΕΣΤΙ ΠΕΝΙΑΣ ΞΔΕΝ ΑΘΛΙΩΤΕΡΟΝ

ΕΝ ΤΩ ΞΙΩ ΣΥΜΠΤΩΜΑ· ΚΑΙ ΓΑΡ ΑΝ ΦΥΣΕΙ

ΣΠΩΘΑΙΘΗΣ, ΠΕΝΗΣ ΔΕ, ΚΑΤΑΓΕΛΩΣ ΕΣΗ.

Lubin (from whom I have taken these lines) gives them to Crates. He has printed them as prose; and, indeed, as he has copied them, they are not metre. I have no access to Stobæus, where he says he found the passage, and have, therefore, regulated it at a venture.

VER. 234. *Up! up! those cushion’d benches, &c.*] Umbritius alludes with becoming indignation to a law procured by L. Otho, tribune of the people, for the assignment of distinct seats in the theatres* to the knights, who used before to sit promiscuously with the populace. By this law, fourteen rows of benches next to those of the senators, were appropriated to their use; by which, says Cicero, (who seems marvellously pleased with the regulation,) both their dignity and their pleasure were properly consulted. The people, however, who were as fond of their amusements as the knights, and whose pleasure had not been at all consulted, resented the indignity of being thrust back, with great bitterness: and were only prevented from coming to blows on the spot, by the commanding eloquence of Cicero. The speech he made to them is lost—and I am sorry for it; for who would not wish to know by what arguments he convinced them that they had not been injured and suddenly turned (as he says he did) their violent censure of Otho into applause?

This happened in the 685th year of Rome: the senators, it should be

* I say theatres, because the regulation did not extend to the Circus, where the people were still suffered to mix indiscriminately with the knights. By an oversight very unusual with the excellent translator of Tacitus, the two places are confounded. (Ann. xv. 52.) The senators were first separated from the rest, by Claudius: and Nero brought forward the knights: he did not, however, content himself with assigning them fourteen benches only, but ordered the whole body of them to take place of the Plebeians; who were thus driven to the very top of the building.

The crier's spruce son, fresh from the fencer's school,
 And prompt the taste to settle, and to rule:—
 So Otho fix'd it, whose preposterous pride
 First dar'd to chace us from their honours' side.

In these curs'd walls, devote alone to gain,
 When do the poor a wealthy wife obtain?
 When are they nam'd in wills? when call'd to share
 The Ædile's council, or assist the chair?—

observed, had obtained the same privilege about 130 years before, through the influence of the elder Africanus; a distinction in a free city, which even then irritated the lower orders exceedingly, and as Val. Maximus observes, *favorem Scipionis magnopere quassavit*, mightily shook his popularity. Livy says, Africanus repented of what he had done; this, however, had no weight with the senators, who kept their seats; and in due time, as we have seen, were followed by the knights.

This invidious separation had now subsisted more than a century; yet it still rankled in the breast of the poorer citizens; but there is a peculiar propriety in its being mentioned here: for Domitian had revived the distinction, which, from its odious nature, was growing obsolete; and, out of pure hatred to the people, appointed overseers of the theatres, to enforce it. Martial takes frequent notice of this law, and incidentally gives us the name of one of the overseers:

“Quadringenta tibi non sunt, Chærestrate, surge,

“LECTIUS ecce venit: sta, fuge, curre, late!”

VER. 245. *The Ædile's council, &c.*] For the duties of this officer see Sat. x. In the following line, Umbricius alludes to the secession of the people to the sacred mount in the days of Men. Agrippa, by whose persuasions they were brought back to the city. At that time the poor had to struggle against the cruelty of the patricians; they had now to complain of their insolent contempt. The high and independant spirit of Juvenal thought this, perhaps, the greater evil of the two: and we must not, therefore, wonder at his recommending a second, and more effectual migration.

Long since should they have ris'n, thus slighted, spurn'd,
And left their home—but, not to have return'd!

Depress'd by poverty, the good and wise,
In every clime, by painful efforts rise;
HERE, by more painful still—where all runs high,
Servants' expenses, lodgings next the sky,
And the most frugal supper you can buy. }
An earthen dish is slighted here; yet he }
That, to the Marsian's seat remov'd, should see

VER. 248. *Depress'd by poverty, &c.*] Whether the condition of the "good and wise" was much improved in the time of Claudian may be very reasonably doubted, from the genuine history of that period. Had we no better information, indeed, than the poet's, we should be inclined to think it was, from the following elegant apostrophe to Stilicho:

" ————— non obruta virtus

" Paupertate jacet: lectos ex omnibus oris

" Evehis, et meritum, non quæ cunabula, quæris;

" Et qualis, non unde satus."——

The turn of the expression, and the choice of the circumstances, lead me to think that Claudian had Juvenal in his thoughts, and that he aimed at contrasting our author's times with his own. For a compliment, the idea is well enough; for a hint it is better. I hope some worthy man was benefitted by it.

VER. 253. *An earthen dish, &c.*]

" Fictilibus cœnare pudet, quod turpe negavit

" Translatus subito ad Marsos," &c.

Holyday (to say nothing of the rest) supposes the allusion is to the story of Curius Dentatus, (see Sat. XI.) but I cannot be of his opinion. I doubt whether Juvenal would have designated this good old man by so odd a phrase as *translatus subito*, because, as they say, he was *suddenly* sent into Samnium: and I am very sure it was not necessary; since his plainness and frugality were habitual, and he would as soon have eaten out of an earthen dish at Rome, as in the most secluded corner of Italy. It seems to me, that the author had

His frugal board, would scarce disdain it there,
Or blush the coarse Venetian hood to wear.

There are, they say, and I believe it true,
Some parts of Italy, nor those a few,
Where old simplicity prevails, and none
But dead men know the luxury of a gown.
There, when the toil forgone, and annual play,
Mark, from the rest, some high and solemn day,

nothing in view but general observation. At Rome every thing is extravagantly dear, yet we dare not contract our expenses, for fear of being despised: in the country we should have none of those prejudices to encounter; we might be poor without becoming the objects of scorn, and frugal without being thought ridiculous. Yet, says Holyday, if this had been the poet's meaning he might have said *negabit*: he might so; and even then, would be less correct than he probably was: *negavit* here, as well as in Sat. XIV. v. 134; should, in my opinion, be *negarit*. We want a correct edition of Juvenal.

VER. 260. ————— *the luxury of a gown.*] I have said the "luxury" of a gown; but I am not certain whether the allusion be not rather to the independance of these good people, than their frugality. The *toga* was the dress of ceremony; it was worn by the poor when they paid their respects to the rich; hence Martial calls the laborious attendance which was exacted from him by his patron, *operam togatam*: and in a little poem which he addressed to our author from Spain, seems to hint, that the chief happiness of his retreat consisted in its ignorance of the *toga*:

"Ignota est toga: sed datur petenti

"Ruptâ proxima vestis à cathedrâ.

It was also the dress of business; and Pliny reckons it not one of the least advantages of his Tusculan villa, that he was not obliged to appear there in the *toga*:—*ibi nulla necessitas togæ*.

With business or ceremony these happy villagers had little to do; and the sumptuous habiliment was, therefore, appropriated to the dead: for it should be observed, to their honour, that the ancients (the Romans more particularly) paid a sacred regard to the remains of their friends, which they dressed with

To theatres of turf the rustics throng,
 Charm'd with the farce which charm'd their sires so long;
 While the pale infant, of the mask afraid,
 Hides, in his mother's breast, his little head.

more than common care, and committed to the earth with, superfluous, but pious cost.

VER. 263. *To theatres of turf, &c.*] Though the Romans had always been excessively fond of such stage-shews as the times produced, they could boast, for many ages, of no better theatres than the rustics before us. Even when they began to frame them of more durable materials than "turf," they considered them as merely temporary, and, as such, commonly removed them as soon as the exhibition was over.

Pompey first built a permanent theatre at Rome, about threescore years before the Christian æra. It was of hewn stone, and though a very noble structure, appears to have given great offence to the old people, (Tacit. Ann. xiv. 20,) who looked upon it as a dangerous innovation on the practice of their forefathers. This, however, did not prevent them from being multiplied; and when Juvenal wrote, they were to be found in every quarter of the city.

Ferrarius says, he does not see why Juvenal might not mean by *herboso*, a theatre overgrown with weeds, on account of its being so little frequented. *Papæ!* these theatres were temporary, and raised for the occasion. Refinement frequently reverts to the old simplicity: there is no country on earth where there are so many of those turfy theatres, as in modern Italy.

Ovid has a charming picture of the simplicity of past times, in those edifices; which he artfully contrasts with the luxury and magnificence of the present.

"Tunc neque marmoreo pendebant vela teatro."

Arte Aman. Lib. I. v. 103.

Then, from the marble theatre, no veils
 Waved lightly in the sun; no saffron showers
 Bedrench'd the stage with odours. Oaken boughs,
 Lopt on the spot, and rudely rang'd around
 By the glad swains, a leafy bower compos'd:—
 Here, 'midst the simple scenery, they sat,
 Or on the green-sward, or the flowing turf,

No modes of dress high birth distinguish THERE;
 All ranks, all orders, the same clothing wear,
 And the dread Ædile's dignity is known,
 O sacred badge! by his white coat alone.
 But HERE, beyond our power, array'd we go
 In all the gay varieties of show;

Artlessly piled; while their rough brows were crown'd
 With garlands, such as the next tree supplied.

Warton has somewhere observed, that every true poet must be a lover of antiquity. Were our author's pretensions to be determined by this criterion, they would be readily admitted; for, with the exception of Ovid, I know no one who has more frequent allusions to the "olden time," or who appears to dwell on it with greater delight.

VER. 267. *No modes of dress, &c.*]

"——— similemque videbis

"Orchestram, et populum,"——

In the divisions of the Roman theatre (for those of the Greek were different) orchestra signified the place where the dances were performed: it was next the pulpitum or stage, but not on a level with it; and, as affording a good view of the actors, was usually frequented by the senators, who had chairs placed for them there. In his seventh Satire, Juvenal makes his poet borrow those chairs to accommodate his audience at a private house:

"Quæque reportandis posita est orchestra cathedris."

Our rustic theatre had no such orchestra of course; and Umbricius here uses the word figuratively for the space nearest the actors, where the wealthier villagers sat.

In the next line the poet pursues the contrast between the luxury and extravagance of Rome, and the frugality of the country: there the meanest of the people assisted at the theatre, dressed in white; here the Ædiles only, under whom the plays were acted, and whose importance is, according to custom, ironically magnified.

It is singular that this should have escaped Dryden;

"——— clari velamen honoris,

"Sufficiunt tunicae summis Ædilibus albæ."

And when our purse supplies the charge no more,
 Borrow, unblushing, from our neighbour's store:
 This is the reigning vice; and thus we flaunt,
 Proud in distress, and prodigal in want!
 Briefly, my friend, here all are slaves to gold,
 And words, and smiles, and every thing, is sold.
 What will you give for Cossus' nod? how high
 Will you Veiento's gracious silence buy?—
 For these, O Heavens! we to the temples bear
 The firstlings of the favourite's beard and hair;
 With tributary sweet-meats swell his hoard,
 And bribe the page for leave to bribe his lord.

He renders,

“ In his white cloak the magistrate appears,

“ The country bumkin the same livery wears.”

which is directly contrary, not only to the intent, but to the words of his author.

VER. 279. *What will you give for Cossus' nod? &c.*] I know nothing of Cossus. Veiento is mentioned in the fourth Satire, and again in the sixth. He had been a great favourite with Nero; which probably recommended him to Domitian; in whose reign this Satire appears to have been written. After the death of his execrable master, he fell into disesteem, and lived, I believe, to see the day when neither his silence nor his speech was worth the purchase.

VER. 281. *For these, O Heavens! we to the temples bear*

The firstlings of the favourite's beard and hair;] It was the custom of the wealthier Romans to dedicate the first shavings of their beard, and pollings of their hair, after they arrived at a state of manhood, to some deity. Thus Suetonius and Dio tell us, among a variety of other instances, that Nero inclosed his in a golden pix adorned with pearls, and offered it with great state to the Capitoline Jove, ἀνεθήκε τῷ Διὶ τῷ Καπιτωλίῳ. The day this was done by the rich, was kept as a festival, and presents were expected

Who fears the crash of houses, at the seat
 Of simple Gabii, or the cool retreat
 Of steep Volsinium, or the rugged brow
 Of Tibur, beetling o'er the plain below?—
 While half the city here by stilts is staid,
 And feeble cramps, that lend their treacherous aid.
 For thus the stewards patch the riven wall,
 Thus prop the mansion, tottering to its fall;
 Then bid the tenant sleep secure from dread,
 While the loose pile hangs trembling o'er his head.

O! may I live where no such fears molest,
 No midnight conflagrations break my rest!
 For here 'tis tumult all: the neighbours cry
 For "water"! and, in wild confusion, fly
 With what they can:—meantime the flames aspire,
 And the third floor is wrapt in smoke and fire,
 Ere thou art well awake: up, ho! and know,
 That, when th' impetuous pest bursts forth below,
 The topmost story soon becomes its prey,
 Where the thin tile scarce turns the shower away,
 And doves (a timid flock) their eggs securely lay.

from relations, friends, and clients, as on their birth-days, &c. This, however, is not what provoked the spleen of Umbritius: he complains, and justly too, that these presents should be exacted from the poor dependant, not only when his patron, but when his patron's minions, first polled and shaved! He is indignant, that it should be necessary to pay them tribute, as he calls it; since, possessing the ear of their lord, no means of access were left the client, but through the good pleasure of these proud slaves, which could only be purchased by presents.

Codrus had but one bed, and that more short
 Than his short wife; his goods of every sort
 Were else but few:—six little pitchers graced
 His cup-board head, a little can was placed
 On a snug shelf beneath, and by it lay
 A Chiron, form'd of the same marble-clay:
 Item, a crazy chest, which, from the rage
 Of barbarous mice, ill kept the Grecian page—
 “Codrus, in short, had nothing.” You say true;
 And yet poor Codrus lost that nothing too:

VER. 306. *Codrus, &c.*] The commentators will have this to be the person mentioned in the first Satire: but to me it seems doubtful. Be he who he will, his poverty was so notorious, that it grew into a proverb. Codrus might have furnished our author with a striking illustration of a remark in this very Satire—*Quid, quod materiam præbet causasque jocosum, &c.*; for jests and witticisms were poured upon him from all quarters. Here is one, which is neither the best, nor the worst of the set. I hope it had more ill-nature than truth in it.

“Plus credit nemo totâ quam Codrus in urbe:

“Cum sit tam pauper, quomodo? cæcus amat.”

The inventory of this unfortunate man is drawn up with humour, and, perhaps, with accuracy; the trifles he possesses are all described by diminutives; they are, besides, so few in number, that they can scarce be said, like the words of Otway's old woman, to “speak *variety* of wretchedness.”

I have never read this passage without feeling for poor Codrus. His little collection of curiosities (for such I am persuaded they were) totally destroyed, and himself turned out to starve in the streets! I hope it is not wicked; but I have been frequently tempted to exclaim with Martial on another occasion—

“O scelus, O magnum facinus, crimenque deorum,

“Non arsit pariter quod domus, et dominus!”

One curse alone was wanting to complete
 His woes, that, cold and hungry, through the street
 He begg'd relief, and, in the hour of need,
 Found none to lodge, to clothe him, or to feed.

But should the raging flames on greatness prey,
 And low in dust Asturius' palace lay,
 The squalid matron sighs, the senate mourns,
 The sympathizing judge the court adjourns;
 All join to wail the city's hapless fate,
 And rail at fire with more than common hate.
 Lo! while it burns, the obsequious courtiers haste,
 With rich materials, to repair the waste:

VER. 322. *The squalid matron sighs, the senate mourns, &c.*] We have here a very accurate description of a public mourning for any signal calamity. The women laid aside their ornaments, the senate put on black, the courts of justice deferred all business, &c. That all this would be done on such an occasion as the present may be reasonably doubted;—and yet if we duly attend to the state of Rome in our author's time, we shall not be inclined to suspect him of much exaggeration; for to be rich and childless gave the person so circumstanced the utmost consequence. Asturius was the richest of those, *orbis lautissimus*, (a word, by the bye, of which Lubin mistakes the meaning,) and therefore an object of no common consideration.

The state of manners must have been long declining at Rome; for Augustus had found it necessary, even in his time, to introduce a law (*lex Papia Poppea*) which conferred many privileges on matrimony, and subjected a single life to a variety of vexations, penalties, and inconveniences: notwithstanding which, celibacy still prevailed; and with the rapid degeneracy of manners under the succeeding emperors, became daily more common, and more reputable; insomuch, that there are instances of people of both sexes proving too powerful for the laws, because they were, like Asturius, rich, old, and childless!

This brings him marble, that a finish'd piece
 Of art; the boast of Polyclète, and Greece;
 This ornaments, which graced of old the fane
 Of Asia's gods; that figur'd plate and plain;
 This cases, books, and busts:—thus more, much more,
 The childless wretch possesses than before,
 Though richest of the rich; and now there's bred
 A shrewd suspicion, that, by avarice led,
 Asturius set his old abode on fire,
 To raise a new, more sumptuous, from the pyre.

O! from the Circus had'st thou power to fly,
 At Frusino, or Sora, thou might'st buy
 Some elegant retreat, for what will here
 Scarce hire a gloomy dungeon for a year!

VER. 334. ————— and now there's bred

A shrewd suspicion, &c.] Martial has the same thought on a similar event, expressed with no less elegance than brevity:

“*Empta domus fuerat tibi, Tongiliane, ducentis:*

“*Abstulit hanc nimium casus in urbe frequens.*

“*Collatum est decies. Rogo, non potes ipse videri*

“*Incendisse tuam, Tongiliane, domum?*”

The singular art with which the poet contrasts the different fate of Codrus and Asturius, has not, I trust, escaped the notice of the reader; any more than the dexterity with which it is made conducive to the great, indeed the sole, object of the Satire.

VER. 340 *O! from the Circus had'st thou power to fly, &c.*] *Si potes avelli;* which implies something of force; and, indeed, the fondness of the Romans for the sports of the Circus, well warrants the expression. Juvenal has many allusions to this extravagant attachment. In his sixth Satire, after observing

There wells, by nature form'd, which need no rope,
 No labouring arm, to crane their waters up,
 Around thy lawn their facile streams shall pour,
 And cheer the springing plant, and opening flower.
 There live, delighted with the rustic's lot,
 And till, with thy own hands, the little spot;
 The little spot with herbs shall crown thy board,
 And to thy frugal friends a pure repast afford.—
 And sure, in any corner we can get,
 To call one lizard ours, is something yet!

that Hippias had abandoned her husband, her children, and her country, to follow a blear-eyed gladiator, he adds, with a dignity of sarcasm peculiar to himself,

“ Utque magis stupeas, ludos, Paridemque reliquit!”

He is not less severe on the whole Roman people in the tenth Satire, where he represents them as careless of the loss of their political importance, and only solicitous for two things, of which the Circus is one. It is needless to multiply instances; they will occur in the course of the translation.

VER. 350. *And sure, in any corner we can get,*

To call one lizard ours, is something yet!] “ We asked Doctor Johnson” (says Boswell, in his amusing life of that author) “ the meaning of that expression in Juvenal, *unius domini lacertæ*. Johnson—I think it clear enough; it means as much ground as one may have a chance of finding a lizard upon.” And so it does! and this, the Doctor might have added, is very little in Italy. Poor Boswell was a man of infinite curiosity: it is a pity he never heard of the ingenious conjecture of a Dutch critic, who would exchange *lacertæ* for *lacerti*, which he accurately translates *een hand vol lands*, and still more accurately interprets, “ a piece of ground equal in extent to the space between the shoulder and the elbow,”—of a middle sized man I presume; though the critic has unaccountably forgot to mention it.

But see the fallacy of criticism! This *lacertus*, which was triumphantly pronounced to mean *een hand vol lands*, by one commentator, is irrefragably

Sick with the fumes of undigested food,
 Which, while it clogs the stomach, fires the blood,
 Here languid wretches painful vigils keep,
 Curse the slow hours, and die for want of sleep;
 For who can hope his weary lids to close,
 Where brawling taverns banish all repose?—
 Rest is not for the poor, it costs too dear,
 And hence disease makes such wild havoc here.
 The rumbling carts with rumbling carts that meet,
 In every winding of the narrow street,
 The drivers' efforts to inforce their way,
 Their clamorous curses at each casual stay,
 From drowsy Drusus all his sleep would take,
 And keep the calves of Proteus broad awake!

proved by another (a countryman of the former) to mean a salt-fish! *Similes deliciæ in salsamentis lacerti &c. pari modo "lacerti dominum" dixit Juv. sic enim malo quam lacertæ: lacertæ perperam nunc circumfertur*, (could Burman possibly be ignorant that *lacertus* and *lacerta*, were both used for a lizard?) *quod ipse damnat Sat. XIV. "cum parte lacerti;" neque enim lacertæ inter edulia habitæ!* Bur. Ovid. Tom. III. p. 126.

A true critic, we know, never looks an inch on this side, or on that of the object before him; Burman may therefore be excused for giving the poet a salt-fish to season his repast, notwithstanding he had said in the line immediately above, that it was the produce of his own garden, where such delicacies never grow; and was served up to his Pythagoric friends, who lived entirely on vegetables!

VER. 364. *From drowsy Drusus, &c.*] Some will have this to be the Emperor Claudius, who, to say the truth, if he had not, long ere this was written, fallen into the *υψηλὸν ὕπνον*, would not have been much injured by the supposition. It was more probably some well known character alive at the time. There is a good deal of humour in those unexpected, and gratuitous strokes of satire,

If business call, obsequious crowds divide,
 While o'er their heads the rich securely ride,
 By tall Illyrians borne; and read, or write,
 Or, should the sultry hour to rest invite,
 Shut close the litter, and enjoy the night.
 Yet reach they first the goal; while, by the throng
 Elbow'd, and jostled, scarce we creep along;
 Sharp strokes from poles, tubs, rafters, doom'd to feel;
 Bespatter'd o'er with mud, from head to heel,

so frequent in our author; and one can hardly help wondering at the want of taste in the commentators, who seldom appear to comprehend, and seldomer still to feel them. Thus Britannicus, *vir gregis ipse caper*, would alter *Druso* to *Urso*, because bears, forsooth, as Pliny somewhere says, are “very good sleepers;” and it seems more natural to proceed from one drowsy animal to another, than from a man!

Seals, or sea-calves, which are mentioned in the next line, are proverbially lethargic and sluggish. This, it must be confessed, is not a very recondite observation; and, indeed, I only make it for the sake of introducing the following remarks on the passage, by the learned Grævius. “How sea-calves, *vitulis marinis*, could be waked at Rome, let those tell who have seen them there, or elsewhere:” (meaning, I suppose, that there were no such persons.) “Every one sees that the place is corrupt. It should be *vetulis maritis*; old men being naturally drowsy; besides, there is another reason why old bride-grooms, married to young brides, should sleep sound!” And yet there are critics sceptical enough, forsooth, to doubt the authenticity of the far-famed “restorations” of Martinus Scriblerus.

VER. 366. *If business call, obsequious crowds divide, &c.*] We have here another lively picture of the misery attending the great inequality of fortunes in a state so constituted as that of Rome. The rich rapidly, and almost without consciousness of impediment, moving to the levees of the old and childless; while the poor, whose sole support probably depended upon their early appearance there, are hopelessly struggling with dangers and difficulties that spring up at every step, to retard them!

Kick'd by rude clowns, by brutal soldiers gor'd,
And trampled by the followers of my lord!

See, from the Dole a vast tumultuous throng,
Each follow'd by his kitchen, pours along!
Huge pans, which Corbulo could scarce uprear,
With steady neck the wretched menials bear,

VER. 377. *See from the Dole, &c.*] Umbrilius shifts the scene. The difficulties of the morning are overpast, and the streets freed from the crowds of levee-hunters, &c. New perils now arise, and the poor are obstructed in the prosecution of their evening business, by the prodigious numbers of clients returning from the houses of their patrons with the *sportula*, or supper.

As he observes, that each of these clients was followed by his kitchen, (*sequitur sua quemque culina*,) and, as it further appears, preserved some state at home; it is probable that his view here, as well as in the first Satire, was to expose the meanness and avarice of the rich, who were content to swell the train of the vain or ambitious, and to exact the dole in consequence of it, to the manifest injury of the poorer claimants, in whose favour the distribution was first instituted.

The “kitchen” here spoken of was a larger kind of chaffing-dish, divided into two cells, in the uppermost of which, they put the meat, and in the lower, fire to keep it warm. It was to cherish this, that the slaves made such haste:—to bustle through the smoke and heat of such an eager throng, must have been no less difficult than disagreeable. How often have I been reminded of the *sportula*, by the fire-pans, and suppers of the Neapolitans. As soon as it grows dark, the streets are filled with twinkling fires, glancing about, in every direction, on the heads of those modern “Corbulos;” and suddenly disappearing as they enter their houses with their frugal meal.

VER. 379. *Huge pans, which Corbulo, &c.*] Corbulo, says the old scholiast, was a famous wrestler;—but he was something better: he was a great and successful commander under Nero, by whom, when his services grew too great for reward, he was basely decoyed to Cenchreæ, (a small town near Corinth,) and condemned unheard.

He is called a faithful and wary chief, by Amm. Marcellinus, a judge of

And, lest amid the way the flames expire,
 Glide nimbly on, and gliding, fan the fire;
 Through the close press with sinuous efforts wind,
 And, piece by piece, leave their botch'd rags behind.

Hark! groaning on, th' unweildy waggon spreads
 Its cumbrous freight, tremendous! o'er our heads,
 Projecting elm or pine, that nods on high,
 And threatens death to every passer by,
 Heavens! should the axle break which bears a weight
 Of huge Ligurian stone, and pour the freight
 On the pale crowd beneath; what would remain,
 What joint, what bone, what atom, of the slain?

military merit: and Tacitus, who relates his actions, speaks of him with great respect. He terms him one of the most illustrious men of that age, not deficient surely in such characters; and describes him of a gigantic stature, and of inconceivable strength. He fell on his sword, like a Roman.

VER. 385. *Hark! groaning on, th' unweildy waggon spreads, &c.*] This seems to be an oblique attack on the frenzy of the emperors for building; as it was chiefly for their use, that these immense beams, masses of stone, &c. were brought to Rome. Juvenal, however, lived to see the evil, in some degree, lessened, at least, if we may credit Pliny, who celebrates Trajan (Paneg. c. li.) for his moderation in this respect. Here is the passage, and it is a very pertinent one. He first commends him for being *tam parcus in ædificando quam diligens in tuendo*; and he immediately adds, *Itaque non ut ante immanium transvectione saxorum urbis tecta quatiuntur: stant securæ domus, nec jam templā nutantia*. Lipsius says, the allusion here is to Domitian. Of this there can be no doubt; and this, if there were no other circumstance, would serve to determine under whose reign this Satire was written. Baudius too, quotes a good passage from the life of Poplicola: it is an apostrophe to Domitian. Οὐκ εὐσεβὴς ἦτε φιλοτιμῶν σὺν ἑσσι, νόσον ἔχεις, χαιρεῖς κατοικοδομῶν, ὥσπερ ὁ Μίδας; the last thought is not a bad one.

The body, with the soul, would vanish quite,
Invisible as air, to mortal sight!—
Meanwhile, unconscious of their fellow's fate,
At home they heat the water, scour the plate,
Arrange the strigils, fill the cruise with oil,
And ply their several tasks with fruitless toil:
For he who bore the dole, poor mangled ghost,
Sits pale and trembling on the Stygian coast,
Scared at the horrors of the novel scene,
At Charon's threatening voice, and scowling mien;
Nor hopes a passage, thus abruptly hurl'd,
Without his farthing, to the nether world.

VER. 397. *Arrange the strigils, &c.*] The strigil was an instrument with which the Romans scraped the sweat from their bodies after bathing. Britannicus says, it was made of iron; this, I suppose, was usually the case, but we read of brass, silver, and even of gold strigils. Holyday has given a print of one from Fortunatus Scacchus, from which it appears to be an orbicular rim of metal, fixed to a long tapering handle.

There are some who will have the strigil to be a coarse shaggy napkin; and others again, an artificial sponge: probably the rich had them of all these different kinds. Whatever it was, the application of it must have been peculiarly grateful to the Romans, since we find that several of them, and Augustus among the rest, injured their skin by too constant an application of it.

VER. 404. *Without his farthing, &c.*] The ancients believed, that the souls of the deceased could not cross the Styx, without paying a trifling fare to Charon, for their passage; this they were careful to put into the mouths of their dead friends, previous to their being carried out for interment. This idle notion, the Romans borrowed, together with other fooleries, from the Greeks: it does not, indeed, appear to have been general; but the vulgar, who every where adopted it, adhered to the custom with the most scrupulous pertinacity, and

Pass we these fearful dangers, and survey
 What other evils threat our nightly way,
 And first, behold the mansion's towering size,
 Where floors on floors, to the tenth story rise;
 Whence heedless garretteers their potsherds pour,
 And crush the passenger beneath the shower;
 Clattering the storm descends from heights unknown,
 Ploughs up the street, and wounds the flinty stone.
 'Tis madness, dire improvidence of ill,
 To sup from home before you make your Will;
 For know, as many deaths your steps belay,
 As there are wakeful windows in the way:
 Pray then; and deem yourself full fairly sped,
 If pots be only—emptied on your head!
 The drunken bully, ere his man be slain,
 Frets through the night, and courts repose in vain;

feared nothing so much, as being consigned to the grave, without their farthing.

Lucian frequently sneers at this fancy: and our author who, amidst his belief of a future state, had sense enough to mark the folly of the prevailing system, evidently points his ridicule at the monstrous absurdity of the practice.

VER. 405. *Pass we these fearful dangers, &c.*] Having gone through the difficulties and dangers which attended the poor in their morning and evening walks through the city, Umbritius completes his design by a description of the further evils which awaited them at night. There is every reason, from the testimony of contemporary writers, to believe that the picture is as faithful as it is animated; it is nearly that, in short, of every overgrown and vicious capital, which is not protected by a night-watch, or a vigilant police.

And while the thirst of blood his bosom burns,
 From side to side, in restless anguish, turns;
 Like Peleus' son when, quell'd by Hector's hand,
 His lov'd Patroclus prest the Phrygian strand.
 There are, who murder as an opiate take,
 And only when no brawls await them, wake:

VER. 422. *From side to side, in restless anguish, turns ;]* This is literally from Homer:

Ἄλλοτ' ἐπὶ πλευρᾶς κατακείμενος, ἀλλοτε δ' αὖτε

ἴππῳ, ἀλλοτε δὲ ὠρηγνύς——

Il. Ω. l. 10.

a passage, by the way, for which he is censured by Plato, who thinks the son of a goddess should have been made to bear his affliction with more dignity. From the terms of the comparison, it would seem that Juvenal thought the same. I believe that the old bard knew more of these matters than either of them.

VER. 425. *There are, who murder as an opiate take &c.]* There is a surprising similarity between this passage, and one in the Proverbs of Solomon. “Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men: for they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their rest is taken away unless they cause some to fall.” Chap. iv. 14.

The description which follows; the humorous, but strong and indignant, picture of the miseries to which the poor were exposed by the brutal insolence of midnight debauchees, roaming in quest of objects on whom to exercise their cruelty, is no exaggeration of our author's: grave historians have delivered the same accounts. Thus Tacitus, in the life of Nero; who, by the way, appears to have been one of the first disturbers of the public peace. “In the garb of a slave, he roved through the streets, attended by a band of rioters, who offered violence to all that fell in their way. In these mad frolics he was sometimes wounded;” not with impunity, however, for it appears that Julius Montanus was put to death, for repelling his insults. Tacitus does not tell us to whom they were offered, but Dio, who has the same story, says it was to his wife, ἀγανακτήσας ὑπὲρ τῆς γυναίκης προσέπεσε τε αὐτῷ, κ. τ. α.; “but from

Yet e'en these heroes, flush'd with youth and wine,
 All contest with the purple robe decline;
 Securely give the lengthen'd train to pass,
 The sun-bright flambeaux, and the lamps of brass.
 But me, who wander darkling, and alone,
 Or haply guided by the friendly moon,
 Pale lamp of night; or candle's paler beam,
 Whose wick I husband to the last extreme,
 Me he attacks: hear how the quarrel rose;
 If that be deem'd a quarrel, where, heaven knows,
 He only gives, and I receive, the blows!
 Across my path he strides, and bids me stand,
 I bow, obsequious to the dread command;
 What else remains where rage, inflam'd by wine,
 Is back'd by strength, superior far to mine?

the moment it was known that the emperor was become a night brawler, the mischief grew truly alarming. Men of rank were insulted, and women of condition suffered gross indignities: private persons took the opportunity to annoy the public; every quarter was filled with tumult and disorder, and Rome at night resembled a city taken by storm!"

It seems from Suetonius, that the evil continued to increase. Otho and others, he tells us, constantly sallied forth at night for the princely purpose of beating such as they met, and tossing them in the sagum (a coarse garment worn by the soldiery); and we learn from the Augustan history, that the *joke* was repeated with improvements, by those outcasts of human nature, *Commodus, Heliogabalus, Verus &c.* It was little discouraged, probably, by any of the succeeding emperors, until the introduction of Christianity inspired humaner sentiments, and shewed the necessity of establishing something like a regular system of protection.

“ Whose lees,” he cries, “ have swell’d your bloated maw ?
“ Where did you, rogue, to-night your bean-husks gnaw ?
“ And with what cobbler club, to wag your cheeks
“ On dainty sheep’s-head porridge, and chopp’d leeks ?
“ What ! no reply ? speak, or be sure to feel
“ The immediate greeting of my wrathful heel—
“ Your name ? your station ? At what temple door
“ Crouch ye, collecting farthings for the poor ?”

Whether I strive to sooth him, or retire,
I’m beaten, just the same ; then, full of ire,
He drags me to the bar, transfers the fault,
And impudently sues me for the assault.
Such law, such liberty, enjoy the poor !
Compell’d, though wrong’d, forgiveness to implore,
And creeping off, that mercy to admire,
Which sets them free, with yet a bone entire !

Nor are these evils all : when wary care
Has fix’d the ponderous chain and massy bar ;
When noisy shops a transient silence keep,
And harrass’d Nature woos the balm of sleep ;
Then thieves and murderers ply their dreadful trade :
With stealthy steps your drowsy couch invade—
Roused from the treacherous calm, aghast you start,
And the flesh’d sword is buried in your heart !

Hither from bogs, from rocks, and caves pursued
(The Pontine marsh, and Gallinarian wood,)

VER. 467. *The Pontine marsh &c.*] The Pontine marsh was a noted harbour for thieves, in Campania. It is at present too pestiferous for this, or any other

The dark assassins flock, as to their home,
And fill with dire alarms the streets of Rome.
Such countless multitudes our peace annoy,
That bolts and shackles every forge employ,
And cause so wide a waste, the country fears
A want of ore for mattocks, rakes and shares.

O! happy were our sires, estrang'd from crimes,
And happy, happy were the good old times,
Which saw, beneath their kings', their tribunes' reign,
One cell the nation's criminals contain!

Much could I add to prove this exile right,
And make you own the justice of my flight;
But see! the impatient team is moving on,
The sun declining; and I must be gone:
Long since the driver murmur'd at my stay,
And jerk'd his whip to summon me away.
Farewell, my friend; with this embrace we part—
Cherish my memory ever in your heart;
And when, for health and spirits, you retreat
To your Aquinum, to your native seat,

purpose. The Gallinarian wood lay somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cumæ, Umbricius's purposed place of residence, and, like the former spot, was a well-known receptacle for footpads, robbers, &c.

When their numbers became so great as to render travelling altogether unsafe, it was customary to send a body of soldiers from the capital to scour their retreats: the inevitable consequence of which was, that they escaped in crowds to Rome, where they continued to exercise their old trade of plunder and blood, and probably carried on their depredations with more security and effect than before.

Tear me from Cumæ; I will come, and share
 Your bleak abode, arm'd at all points for war,
 War, (if you deign my service to engage,)
 Just war with you, against an impious age.

VER. 487. *To your Aquinum, to your native seat,*] This is the 'only place, in which we find any mention made of our author's birth-place. Aquinum was a small town of the Volsci, (Lubin says a great one, but he mistakes,) on the Latin road.

There is something exquisitely beautiful in the conclusion of this Satire: the little circumstances which accelerate the departure of Umbricius, the tender farewell he takes of his friend, the compliment he introduces to his abilities, and the affectionate hint he throws out, that, in spite of his attachment to Cumæ, he may command his assistance in the noble task in which he is engaged, all contribute to leave a pleasing impression of melancholy on the mind, and interest the reader deeply in the fate of this neglected, but virtuous and amiable ascetick.

Caligatus, I have translated, "armed at all points:" that is, says Holyday, like a prepared soldier; which is the sense given to it by the whole body of commentators without exception. Mr. Ireland, however, differs from us all; and this is what he says. "You have fallen, I see, into the opinion of Britannicus: *Umbricius ergo habitu militari ostendit se venturum ad Juv. ut proinde mirum videri non debeat ipsis satiris, si non satis idoneus auditor visus fuerit, quum habitu non poetico sed militari venerit.* There is no idea of any thing military about Umbricius; notwithstanding his shoes. *Caliga* was the name of a country shoe, as distinguished from a town shoe; and was not appropriated to the soldiers, though worn by them in common with the peasantry, on account of its cheapness. Umbricius is therefore made to persevere in his preference of the country, by telling his friend that he will visit him in his country shoes, determined never more to wear town shoes, in other words, never to see Rome again. In this sense, the last line of the Satire agrees with the general drift of it, and keeps up the notion with which it began."

SATIRE IV.

Argument.

IN this Satire, which was probably written under Nerva, Juvenal indulges his honest spleen against two most distinguished culprits, Crispinus, already noticed in his first Satire, and Domitian the constant object of his scorn and abhorrence.

Considered as a whole, this is not a very capital performance; yet no particular division of it is without merit: its principal defect seems to be in the sudden transition from the shocking enormities of Crispinus to his gluttony and extravagance. Even this, inartificial as it certainly is, appears in some degree necessary to the completion of his design—the introduction of Domitian.

The whole of this part is excellent. The mock solemnity with which the anecdote of the turbot is introduced, the procession of the affrighted counsellors to the palace, and the ridiculous debate which terminates in as ridiculous a decision, shew a masterly hand: and though the mere reader may be tempted to cry out with Desdemona, “O most lame and impotent conclusion!” yet the critic will acquit the poet of any great want of judgment, since he most probably gives the circumstances as he found them.

What is more peculiarly his own, is the striking picture of the state of the empire under the suspicious, and gloomy tyranny of Domitian; which he boldly dashes out by briefly, but ingeniously, touching on the character and conduct of the chief courtiers, as they pass in review before him:—nor should we overlook the indignant and high-spirited apostrophe with which he concludes the Satire; an apostrophe, which under some of the emperors would be fatal, and under none of them without danger.

SATIRE IV.

v. 1—10.

ONCE more my voice (and oft shall I renew
Th' alarming strain) calls forth to public view
Crispinus; monster! in whose tainted heart
Not one atoning virtue claims a part:
Diseased, emaciate, weak in all but lust,
And whom the widow's sweets alone disgust.
Avails it then, in what long colonades
He tires his mules? through what extensive glades
His chair is borne? what vast estate he buys,
(Houses and lands,) that near the Forum lies?

VER. 3. *Crispinus; monster! &c.*] Crispinus has been already noticed in the notes to the first Satire. All that needs be added of him here is, that he continued in great favour during the whole reign of Domitian, and amassed immense riches; which he squandered in the gratification of the most vicious passions.

I am by no means satisfied with the usual explanations of the sixth line: "*ostendit illum jucundiora tantum sectari adulteria, nam qui viduas sequebantur, id lucri gratia faciebant.*" I rather think the author means to insinuate that Crispinus would not indulge his lust, unless he could add to it a crime of some peculiar heinousness. To corrupt virgin innocence, to invade the sanctity of the marriage bed, was his delight: intrigues with widows had too little turpitude in them to gratify his singular depravity.

O! no: peace never soothes the guilty mind:
 Least his, who incest to adultery join'd,
 His, who deflower'd a Vestal; whom, dire fate!
 The long dark night, and living tomb await:

Turn we to slighter crimes—and yet had these
 In others, *Seius*, *Titius*, whom you please,

VER. 13. *His, who deflower'd a Vestal, &c.*] If a vestal violated her vow of chastity, she was interred alive. The solemnity is thus described by Plutarch. At the Colline Gate, within the city, in a subterraneous cavern, there were first placed a bed, a lamp, a pitcher of water, and a loaf. The offender was then bound alive upon a bier, and carried through the Forum with great silence and horror. When they reached the place of interment, the bier was set down, and the poor wretch unbound; a ladder was then brought, by which she descended into the excavation, when upon a signal given, the ladder was suddenly withdrawn, and the mouth of the opening completely filled up with stones, earth, &c.

It is doubtful, whether the Vestal debauched by Crispinus, really underwent this punishment. Juvenal's words do not necessarily imply so much; the participle in *rus* (like the other) involving the moral fitness of the future event, and not exclusively the certainty of its accomplishment: *terram subitura*, i. e. who ought to be buried alive. For the rest, the severity exercised by Domitian against the Vestals was so dreadful, (whether their guilt was proved or not,) that one of the Pontifices, Elvius Agrippa, is related to have expired through the terror of it.

The word incest, used by Juvenal, is applied to the same act by Suetonius and Pliny; and is, say the critics, the appropriate term for cohabitation with a Vestal. This, however, is a mistake, it is an improper term: but such was the respect for religion, that they transferred to it a word which was only appropriate, in other acceptations; and the violator of a Vestal virgin, was placed upon a par, in criminality, with the violator of all natural decorum.

VER. 16. *Seius, Titius.*] “It does not appear,” says Madan, “who these were; but probably they were some valuable men who had been persecuted by the emperor for a supposed crime.” These “valuable men” had, indeed,

The Censor roused; for what the good would shame,
 Becomes Crispinus, and is honest fame.
 But, when the actor's person far exceeds,
 In native loathsomeness, his direst deeds,
 Say, what can satire? for a fish that weigh'd
 Six pounds, six thousand sesterces he paid,
 For a sur-mullet! as they tell, whose care
 Still magnifies the mighty things they hear.
 Had this expense been meant, with well-timed skill,
 To gull some childless dotard of a Will;
 Or e'en to bribe some fashionable fair,
 Who flaunts conspicuous in her splendid chair;

been persecuted for many a supposed crime; but, to give the devil his due, not by the Emperor. It is surprising the translator should not know that they were men of straw, fictitious personages, like our John Doe and Richard Roe, and, like them, inserted into all law-processes. Thus Plutarch, to quote no other, τοῖς δὲ ὀνομασί τε τοῖς ἄλλως κεχρημένοι κοίνοις εἶναι, ὥσπερ οἱ νομικοὶ Γαῖον, Σηιον, καὶ Τίτιον. *Quæst. Rom.* 30.

VER. 23. *For a sur-mullet! &c.*] So I have rendered mullus, and I believe properly. Barbel, which is the common translation, is a coarse fish, and could never be worth any thing. Mullet is still more incorrect: the proper word for that, being mugilis. For the rest, there is something extremely whimsical in the conduct of the Romans respecting their tables; sur-mullets, as it appears from the elder Pliny, were exceedingly plentiful, and consequently cheap; but then, they seldom weighed above two pounds. In proportion as they exceeded this, they grew valuable, till at last they reached the sum mentioned in the text, (about £ 50.) and even went beyond it.

One would think nature had fallen in with the caprice of the Romans, for the fish seems to have grown larger in the decline of the empire, as if to humour the extravagance of this degenerate people. Horace thought he had pretty well stigmatized the frantic folly of his glutton, by a mullus of three

'Twere not unworthy praise:—but no, he bought
 The dainty for his own voracious throat.
 This all past gluttony from shame redeems;
 And now Apicius poor and frugal seems!
 Didst thou, Crispinus, who cam'st here a slave,
 Wrapt in the flags thy country's marshes gave,—

pounds weight, (Lib. ii. Sat. ii.) the next reign furnished one of four and a half;* here we have one of six pounds, and we read elsewhere of others larger still! How long the passion for these enormous fish continued, I do not know; but Macrobius, speaking with indignation of one that was purchased under Claudius, by Asinius Celer, for a greater sum than any we have mentioned, (£ 56. 10s.) adds, that in his time, such mad prices were happily unknown: *pretia hæc insana nescimus*.

VÉR. 34. *Wrapt in the flags, &c.*] The translators have clothed Crispinus in paper: he was not, I believe, quite so delicately drest. Pliny the Elder says that the Ægyptians manufactured the stalks of the papyrus, not only into mats and sails, but into garments, *vela tegetesque, nec non et vestem*. I once thought Crispinus might have obtained one of these, but I am now persuaded he was not so fortunate. He was girt, in short, round the middle with the papyrus coarsely strung or plaited together, as the savages of the new-discovered islands are said to be, and as his countrymen are at this day. Rear-Admiral Perrée, who certainly had no intention of illustrating Juvenal, mentions this

* The story is in Seneca; it is curious, and as it seems to illustrate a passage in our author, I think it worth subjoining. Some one had presented Tiberius with a mullus of a prodigious size, (why should I not mention its weight, to make our gluttons' mouths water?) of four pounds and a half! The emperor ordered it to be carried to market, observing, at the same time, to his friends, that he should not be much surprised if it were bought either by P. Octavius or Apicius. His expectations were more than fulfilled, for these two gluttons bade one upon another for it. The victory fell at length to Octavius, who acquired a prodigious reputation among his acquaintance, for giving £ 40. for a fish which the Emperor sold, and which Apicius could not afford to buy! To this last circumstance Juvenal probably alludes, in v. 32.

Didst thou buy fish so dear? thou might'st, I guess,
Have bought the fisherman himself for less;
Bought, in some countries, manors at this rate,
And in Apulia, an immense estate.

How gorged the Emperor! when so dear a fish,
Yet, of his cheapest meals, the cheapest dish,
Was guttled down by this impurpled lord,
(Chief knight, chief parasite, at Cæsar's board,) Whom Egypt heard so late, with ceaseless yell,
Clamouring through all her towns—"ho! sprats to sell!"

Pierian Maids begin—this claims your care,
But not to sing; a simple fact is here:
Recount it then; and by your ready aids,
Prove it avails me, to have call'd you Maids.

When the last Flavius, drunk with fury, tore
The prostrate world, that bled at every pore,
And Rome beheld, in body as in mind,
A bald-pate Nero rise, to curse mankind;

circumstance, which, to my mind, does it very happily. *La férocité des habitants est pire que les sauvages; majeure partie habillés en paille.* The ferocity of the natives exceeds that of savages; most of them appear to be clothed in reeds or rushes. *Intercept. Lett. Part I. p. 117.*

The contrast between Crispinus thatched with rushes, and Crispinus clothed in Tyrian purple, is not overlooked by our author.

VER. 52. *A bald-pate Nero rise, &c.*] This Nero, as, with some injury to his worthy prototype, Juvenal calls Domitian, is said by Suetonius to have been so sore on the subject of his baldness, that it was not safe to mention a want of hair in his hearing. By a strange obliquity of reasoning, as soon as his hair was gone, he set about composing a treatise on the method

It chanced, that where the fane of Venus stands,
 Rear'd on Ancona's coast by Grecian hands,
 A turbot, rushing from the Illyrian main,
 Fill'd the wide bosom of the bursting seine.
 Monsters so bulky, from its frozen stream,
 Mæotis renders to the solar beam,
 And pours them, fat with a whole winter's ease,
 Through the dull Euxine's mouth, to warmer seas.
 The mighty draught the wondering fisher eyes,
 And to the Pontiff's board allots his prize ;

of taking care of it : and it should seem from the short extract which Suetonius has preserved of the work, that Sir Fretful himself could not have borne his misfortunes with greater fortitude, or talked of them with greater sincerity :—*forti animo fero comam in adolescentia senescentem. Scias nec gratius quidquam decore, nec brevius.* Domit. 18. Be this at it may, the designation our author has given of this last and worst of his family, is a masterly one.

The old scholiast says these four lines provoked the Emperor to send him into banishment. This is a judicious thought, as they must be allowed to be much more offensive than the short reflection on Paris, (in the seventh Satire,) which is commonly cited as the cause of his exile. There are, however, two objections, which I own have their weight with me ; first, that Domitian would have thrown the author of so severe a passage from the Tarpeian Rock, instead of sending him into Egypt ; and secondly, that he was luckily dead (as the critic would have found if he had read a few lines further) when it was written.

VER. 62. *And to the Pontiff's board, &c.*] Britannicus thinks Juvenal calls Domitian Pontiff, in allusion to his condemnation of the Vestals, which was the peculiar province of the High-priest. Others again suppose there is an allusion to the sottish vanity of the Emperor, in accumulating upon himself every office of power, and every title of honour. But can Britannicus be right ? Surely there were vices enough belonging to Domitian, and appro-

For who would dare to sell it, who to buy?
 When the coast swarm'd with many a practis'd spy;
 Mud-rakers! leagued to swear the fish had fled
 From Cæsar's ponds, where many a year it fed,
 And ought, recaptur'd now, to be restor'd
 To the dominion of its ancient lord.
 Nay, if Palphurius may our credit gain,
 Whatever rare, or precious, swims the main,

priate to his character. Our author could hardly mean to impute it to him as a crime that he was Pontifex Max. when he assumed that title only in compliance with the custom of his predecessors. He might, indeed, mean to contrast the real viciousness of his character with the outward sanctity of office:—after all, I cannot much admire Juvenal's taste in the selection of this word; he should rather have fixed on some title, by virtue of which the fish might be claimed. For the rest, the charge of assuming dignities improperly, might have been justly urged against him in the case of the Consulate and Censorship. He was Consul for ten years together, and Censor for life; and he was the first of the Romans that so usurped these honours, *πρωτῷ δὲ καὶ μόνῳ, καὶ ἰδιωτῶν καὶ αυτοκρατορῶν.*

VER. 69. *Nay, if Palphurius, &c.*] This is not much unlike what we find in Blackstone, that sturgeon and whale were anciently called royal fish with us, on account of their excellence, and, as such, appropriated to the sovereign. Palphurius, indeed, goes farther than our ancestors, and would confiscate every rare and precious fish, to the imperial use.

The history of this Palphurius is curious. He had been a buffoon and a parasite at the court of Nero; occupations for which Vespasian disgracefully turned him out of the senate; when he commenced Stoic in spite, and talked (which Suetonius says he could do very eloquently) of abstinence and virtue, till Domitian, who wanted little other recommendation of a man, than the having justly incurred the contempt and anger of his father, made him his own lawyer, and gave him the management of his informations, proscriptions, &c.; in which, says my author, he bestirred himself to some purpose.

Is forfeit to the crown, and you may seize
 The obnoxious dainty, when and where you please.
 This point allow'd, our wary boatman chose
 To give the prize he else was sure to lose.

Now were the dog-star's sickly fervours o'er,
 Earth, pinch'd with cold, her frozen livery wore;
 The old began their quartan fits to fear,
 And wintry blasts deform'd the beauteous year,
 And kept the turbot sweet: yet on he flew
 As if the sultry south corruption blew.—
 And now the lake, and now the hill he gains,
 Where Alba, though in ruins, still maintains
 The Trojan fire, that but for her were lost,
 And worships Vesta, though with less of cost.
 The wondering crowd, that gather'd to survey
 Th' enormous fish, and choak'd the fisher's way,

VER. 82. *Where Alba, &c.*] Alba, where Domitian now was, stood on the declivity of a hill, near a pretty spacious lake, famous in Roman story. It was built by Ascanius, after the death of his mother, and the Trojans seem to have deposited there the sacred fire brought from Ilium. When the city was destroyed, and Rome made the capital of the nation, a remnant of this fire was still left there from some superstitious motive, and piously preserved through all the vicissitudes of the commonwealth.

Domitian, as I have elsewhere observed, was attached to Alba. Here he spent much of his time, and here he usually kept the Quinquatria, or Festival of Minerva, whom, with matchless propriety, he had chosen for his patron and protectress. Madan, in the true spirit of a commentator, tells us, that the occasion of Domitian's being there at this time, might be the celebration of this holiday. This is excellent; the Quinquatria began on the 19th of April, and Juvenal has just told us, that the fish was presented at the close of autumn!

Satiate at length, retires; then wide unfold

The gates; the senators, shut out, behold

The luscious dainty enter: on the man

To great Atrides press'd, and thus began.

“ This, which no subject's kitchen can contain,

“ This fish, reserv'd for your auspicious reign,

“ O, chief, accept:—to free your stomach haste,

“ And here at large indulge your princely taste;

“ I sought him not,—he long'd his lord to treat,

“ And rush'd, a willing victim, to the net.”

Was flattery e'er so rank? yet he grows vain,
And his crest rises at the fulsome strain.

When to divine a mortal power we raise,

He looks for no hyperboles in praise!

But when was joy unmix'd? no pot is found

Capacious of the turbot's ample round:

VER. 92. *This fish, reserv'd for your auspicious reign,*

O, chief, accept:—&c.] I suppose no one ever expected to see this sublime flight of the Anconian fisherman seriously imitated; and yet there is something extremely like it, in a little poem written by a very grave doctor of the 16th century:

“ ———— Lycidas ad sese lina reducens,

“ Exeruit salientem udo de carcere piscem,

“ Quem nulli casses, quem nulla incendia terrent

“ Non ingrata tuæ modo sint sua viscera mensæ!”

VER. 99. *When to divine, &c.]*

“ O what is it proud slime will not believe

“ Of his own worth, to hear it equal prais'd

“ Thus with the gods?”

Sejanus.

But Ben was not so much the imitator as the translator of the ancients.

In this distress, he calls the chiefs of state,
 At once the objects of his scorn and hate,
 In whose wan cheeks distrust and doubt appear,
 And all a tyrant's friendship brings of fear.

Scarce was the loud Liburnian heard to say
 "He sits, the Emperor sits; away, away!"
 Ere the new bailiff of the affrighted town
 (For what were Præfects more?) snatch'd up his gown,

VER. 103. *In this distress, he calls the chiefs of state, &c.*] This brings to my recollection an anecdote of Nero, worthy, in every respect, to be placed by the side of this before us. When the empire was now in a state of revolt against him, (a revolt which was soon followed by his flight and death,) he affected to despise the general commotion. One day, however, he summoned the senate in great haste: they assembled (as Domitian's counsellors did) ἐξαπίνης σπᾶδῇ, expecting to hear something about the alarming state of public affairs. To their utter amazement, he merely wanted to inform them of an improvement he had made on the hydraulic organ! Εξευρηκα (for I will use, says the historian, his very words) πως ἡ υδραυλὶς καὶ μείζον καὶ ἐμμελεσερον φθγγίζεται!

VER. 109. *Ere the new bailiff of the affrighted town, &c.*]

"Pegasus attonitæ positus modò villicus urbi."

"I consulted," Mr. Gibbon says, "the first volume de l'Academie des Belles Lettres, for the meaning of *attonitæ*. De Valois applies it to the astonishment which prevailed at Rome on the revolt of L. Antonius. This is not impossible. But I am surprised he has not drawn from it the only conclusion that could render it interesting. Antonius' revolt happened in the year of Rome 840: the tyranny of Domitian had then reached its meridian," (no, not quite,) "yet the Romans had the baseness to endure it nine years longer!"

This is good; and yet the observation on which it is founded, is not correct. Fuscus, who was called to this famous council, fell in battle about the same time that Antonius revolted in Lower Germany: some other cause of the affright must, therefore, be sought. It need not be long in finding; for, besides the Dacians, who were now keeping Rome in a constant state of

And rush'd to council. From the ivory chair
 He dealt out justice with no common care;
 But yielded oft to those licentious times,
 And, where he could not punish, wink'd at crimes.

alarm, the Catti, the Sicambri, and other barbarous nations, were on the eve of commencing hostilities.

After all, little more, perhaps, is meant than that the town was amazed and terrified at the suddenness of the summons. The caprices of the emperor were always bloody:—and, indeed, Pliny mentions it, as a striking instance of the happiness which the senate enjoyed under Trajan, that when they met, they did it without fear of losing their heads!

VER. 110. *For what where Præfects more?*] Præfects were first appointed by Romulus, and his successors, and after them by the Consuls; but their authority was so much enlarged by Augustus, that he may be almost considered as having instituted them. He is said to have done this by the advice of Mæcenas; and the choice of those on whom he successively conferred the office, shews his opinion of its importance.

The Præfect was, indeed, trusted with extraordinary powers. His jurisdiction was no longer confined, as before, to the city, but extended a hundred miles beyond it—*intra centesimum lapidem*. He decided in all causes between masters and slaves, patrons and clients, guardians and wards, &c.; he had the inspection of the mints, the regulation of the markets, and the superintendence of the public amusements.

But this was in better days: the Præfect, like every other popular magistrate, was now reduced to insignificance; and the expressions of Juvenal contain a bitter sarcasm on the supineness of the Romans, who had carelessly seen this great officer degraded, by the overbearing tyranny of Domitian, and his immediate predecessors, to the humiliating situation of a bailiff, or country steward.

Lubin says that Pegasus was made Præfect of the city by Vespasian. I know not how to reconcile this to our authors *modo positus*, just appointed; and I suspect the accuracy of the critic; who is, however, followed by Holyday. For the rest, Pegasus was an upright and worthy magistrate; and, according to the scholiast, had presided over many of the provinces with honour to

Then old, facetious Crispus hastes along,
 Of gentle manners, and persuasive tongue:
 None fitter to advise the lord of all,
 Had that pernicious pest, whom thus we call,
 Allow'd a friend to check his savage mood,
 And give him counsel, wise at once and good.
 But who shall dare this liberty to take,
 When every word you speak your life's at stake,

himself, and satisfaction to the people. He was, besides, a man of great learning, and a most profound lawyer. Pegasus, I believe, was succeeded by Rutilius Gallicus, a man of extraordinary merit; in that case, the adventure of the turbot must have taken place before the year 87.

VER. 115. *Then old facetious Crispus, &c.*] Crispus is characterised nearly in the same manner by Statius. One of his good things is on record. He was met by a friend coming out of the palace, and asked whether any body was with the emperor. "No," replied he, "not even a fly:"—for Domitian, to keep his hand in, used to amuse his leisure hours with hunting these poor insects, and sticking them upon a stile, or sharp pointed instrument for writing.

Tacitus, from what motives it is not easy to say, speaks less favourably of Crispus than our author. It could not surely be for his cautious conduct; for this is what he expressly commends in his life of Agricola. "He did not choose," says he, "to imitate the zeal of those who by their intemperance provoked their fate, and rushed on sure destruction, without rendering any kind of service to their country."—Happily for mankind, the historian himself had the prudence to copy the example of his father-in-law. But whatever Crispus's demerits might be, we may be sure, from the language of Juvenal, who, though not so good a politician as Tacitus, was as honest a man, and as sincere a hater of tyranny in all its modes and forms, that a base compliance with any dangerous caprice of the emperor was not one of them. Like Pegasus, where he could not approve, he was probably silent.

The old scholiast makes a pleasant mistake about this man: he compounds him with Crispus Passienus, who was put to death by Claudius.

Though all your theme be cold, or showery springs?—
 For tyrants' ears, alas! are ticklish things.
 So did the good old man his tongue restrain;
 Nor strove to stem the headlong tide in vain.
 Not one of those, who, valuing life at nought,
 With freedom utter'd, what with truth they thought,
 He wisely temporized, and, thus secur'd,
 To fourscore springs, e'en in that court, endur'd!

Next him, appear'd Acilius hurrying on,
 Of equal years,—and follow'd by his son;

VER. 131 *Next him, appear'd Acilius, &c.*] Little is known of Acilius, but that little is favourable. How he could become dangerous to Domitian, at the advanced age of eighty, is not easily explained; but we find in Suetonius, that soon after the event here so worthily celebrated, he was driven into banishment on a suspicion of treason. His treasons were probably his virtues; for Pliny, speaking of him many years after his death, describes him as a man of singular prudence and worth. In the next line I have supposed, with most of the commentators, that the young man who followed Acilius was his son: this, however, is doubtful.

Why the youth, be he who he may, was induced to feign fatuity, after the example of the elder Brutus; and for what crime, real or pretended, he finally fell, are circumstances which have not come down to us. Juvenal lightly touches on the story, as one well known to his contemporaries; and the multiplied murders of Domitian, unfortunately took away all inclination, and indeed, all power, from the historians to particularize them.

There is, however, a singular story in Dio which I have been sometimes tempted to think might allude to the person who accompanied Acilius. A. Glabris, (the name seems to correspond) was put to death by Domitian, on an accusation of impiety, and of having fought in the arena. The impiety is explained by his attachment to what Dio calls, *τα των Ιεραίων ηθη*, perhaps Christianity. The fighting (*οτι και θηριοις εμαχετο*) was thus: when he was Consul (to this his youth is no objection, considering the times in which he

Who fell, unjustly fell, in early age,
 A victim to the tyrant's jealous rage:
 But long ere this, was hoary hair become
 A prodigy, amongst the great, at Rome;
 Hence would I rather choose the humblest birth,
 And, like the giants, rise from mother earth—
 Poor youth! in vain the well-known sleight you try;
 In vain, with frantic air, and ardent eye,
 You rend your vest, and desperate battle wage
 With bears, and lions, on the Alban stage.
 All smell the trick: and, spite of Brutus' skill,
 There are who take him for a driveller still.
 Since, in his days, it ask'd no mighty pains,
 T'outwit a prince with much more beard than brains.
 Rubrius, though not, like these, of noble race,
 Came next, with equal terror in his face;

lived*) Domitian sent for him to Alba, (here we have our author's Albana arena,) and *compelled* him to engage a lion at the celebration of the Juvenilia. He killed the beast, and Domitian put him to death, through envy of the applause he acquired by it. This also agrees with the text, *profuit ergo nihil misero, &c.* What follows, however, in Juvenal, seems to shew, unless something occurred which the historians of that period have agreed in omitting, that he and Dio do not speak of the same person:—but I leave it to the reader.

VER. 147. *Rubrius, &c.*] Who this was is also doubtful. There were several of the name; but the inquiry is not worth pursuing. His terrors, notwithstanding his obscure birth, might have taught our author that there was

* He was Consul with Trajan, who must also have been young.

And,—labouring with a crime I dare not name,—
More than the pathic satirist, lost to shame.

Montanus' belly next appear'd in sight,
Then, his legs tottering with th' unweildy weight.
Crispinus follow'd, daub'd with more perfume,
Thus early! than two funerals consume.

not so much safety in being a son of nobody, or "of earth," as he just before appears to have imagined. Tyranny knows no distinctions.

Holyday has a long note on his "fault," which "to name," as he poetically phrases it, "is no wit": and indeed, so it should seem; for, what he says of it, is at variance with his author. Juvenal has purposely wrapped it up in obscurity and his commentators will do well to leave it there:

"Non ego variis obsita frondibus

"Sub dio rapiam."

VER. 151. *Montanus' belly, &c.*] If this be the Montanus mentioned by Tacitus, (Hist. iv. 42,) of which there can be little doubt, he must have deviated widely from that firm and honourable conduct which he is there represented as pursuing to provoke the contempt of Juvenal. The designation of him by his overgrown belly, fully prepares us for the part he takes in the memorable debate which ensues.

VER. 153. *Crispinus follow'd, &c.*] *Ecce iterum Crispinus!* But he now makes his appearance in a subordinate character, *matutino sudans amomo*, dripping with early ointments. Holyday says that some of the commentators take *matutino* for eastern, and some for morning, and that both are right. This I doubt. He himself properly takes it in the last sense; but he misrepresents the manners of the Romans, (a thing altogether unusual with him,) and totally overlooks the sense of his author. "It was the custom of the Romans," says he, "to bathe in the morning, and then to use ointments." Now it was not the custom of the Romans to bathe in the morning, but at two or three in the afternoon; and the satire is evidently levelled at this voluptuous upstart, for a scandalous breach of that practice, by bathing, and anointing himself at so early an hour. In the eleventh Satire, indeed, Juvenal tells his

Then bloodier Pompey, practised to betray,
 And hesitate the noblest lives away.
 Then Fuscus, who, in studious ease at home,
 Plann'd future triumphs for the arms of Rome:
 Blind to the coming hour! those arms, defeat,
 Inglorious wounds, and Dacian vultures wait,
 Then shrew'd Veiento with Catullus came,
 Cruel Catullus, who, at beauty's name,

friend Persicus, that he may go into the bath before noon, without being ashamed. But Persicus was an old man, and the concession was professedly meant as an extraordinary indulgence to him. See the conclusion of that Satire.

VER. 155. *Then bloodier Pompey, &c.*] Of this wretch nothing is known, but what Juvenal tells us. Fuscus (v. 157) seems to have been a favourite with the emperor, by whom he was raised to the command of a pretorian cohort, and trusted with the conduct of the Dacian war, in which he perished with a great part of his army. Martial honoured his memory with a very good epitaph, (lib. vi. 76,) from which it appears, that his successor in the command had better fortune. He probably studied the art of war in the field.

Juvenal doubtless enjoyed this passing allusion to the Dacian war. It was the opprobrium and disgrace of Domitian:—but see Sat. vi.

VER. 161. *Then shrew'd Veiento with Catullus came,*] For Veiento, see Sat. III. v. 280 and vi. The only circumstance worth recording of him in this place is, that though he appears here as a base and servile flatterer, he was once in the greatest danger of losing his life for a crime of a very different nature. He was accused (Tacit. Ann. xiv. 50) in the reign of Nero of drawing up and publishing what he called the last wills of person deceased, in which he inserted strokes of satire on several of the senate, and, as it should seem, from the report of T. Germinius, his accuser, on the emperor himself! He escaped with banishment.

Catullus (see above) is mentioned by Pliny, whose character of him is not

Took fire, although unseen: a wretch whose crimes
Struck with amaze e'en these prodigious times.

a whit more favourable than Juvenal's. He says, that he was a wretch, who added to the loss of sight, a most savage disposition; that he was equally void of pity and remorse, of shame and fear; and was, therefore, used by Domitian as his most formidable weapon in the destruction of all that was virtuous.

His death may be added to the innumerable instances of retribution, which "vindicate the ways of God to man." He was afflicted with an incurable disease, attended by the most excruciating, and unremitting torture. Yet, says the commentator, the agonies of his body were perfect ease, compared to those of his mind. He was constantly haunted with the thoughts of his past cruelties; the ghosts of those he had accused, seemed ever before him, and he used to leap from his bed with the most dreadful shrieks, as if avenging flames had already seized upon it. Worn out at length by his mental sufferings, he expired one livid mass of putrefaction!

This note is already too long;—but in the dearth of virtue, to which my subject has condemned me, I cannot resist the temptation of recording one instance of noble-mindedness, to which the man just mentioned gave birth; and I do it the rather, as it is connected with the history of the two last names quoted above. "Nerva was supping with a few select friends. Veiento lay next him, and almost in his bosom; the conversation turned on the crimes and cruelties of the execrable Catullus, of whom all the guests spoke with the greatest freedom: when the emperor" (who was probably warned by the conversation into a momentary contempt for such characters) "exclaimed, 'I wonder what would be his fate were he now alive.' 'His fate,' replied Junius Mauricus (casting his eyes on Veiento, who was little less criminal than Catullus,) 'his fate,' replied he, with the dauntless spirit of an old Roman, 'would be to—sup with us!'" *Plin. Epist. lib. iv. 22.*

In his translation of this epistle, Lord Orrery observes that the answer of Mauricus "was levelled at Veiento." No such matter: it was levelled at the emperor, and well levelled too.

A base, blind parasite, a murderous lord,
 From the bridge-end, rais'd to the council-board;
 Yet fitter to resume his ancient stand,
 And, as the travellers pass, to beg with outstretch'd hand.
 None dwelt so largely on the turbot's size,
 Or rais'd with more applause his wondering eyes;
 But to the left (O treacherous want of sight!)
 He pour'd his praise;—the fish was on the right.
 Thus would he at the fencers' matches sit,
 And shout with rapture at some fancied hit;
 And thus applaud the stage-machinery, where
 The youths were rapt aloft, and tost in air.

VER. 166. *From the bridge-end, &c.*] Bridges appear to have been the usual stands for beggars among the Romans. Juvenal seldom introduces a beggar without mentioning a bridge at the same time.

VER. 175. *And thus applaud the stage-machinery, &c.*] This stage-machinery, or *pegma*, as Juvenal calls it, I am utterly unable to describe, so as to convey an adequate idea of what it really was, to the reader. It seems to have been a huge frame or platform of light materials, which, on its gradually projecting arms, supported men and boys, who by the pressure of enormous weights on the machinery below, were suddenly forced upwards to a considerable height.

The Roman theatres were open at the top. During the performance, however, they were usually covered with an immense veil (*velarium*) which was stretched across, and formed a kind of ceiling. Immediately under this, where the extremities were fastened to the veil, sat the common people, and, as I collect from the poets, the ladies of a gayer turn. Thus Ovid says to Corinna;

“ Sive ego marmorei respexi summa theatri,

“ Elegis è multis unde dolere velis.

Nor fell Veiento short :—as it possest,
 With all Bellona's rage, his labouring breast,
 Burst forth in prophecy; " I see, I see,
 " The omens of some glorious victory!
 " Some powerful monarch captur'd :—lo, he rears,
 " Horrent, on every side, his pointed spears!
 " Some chief hurl'd headlong from the British car—
 " The fish is foreign; foreign is the war!"

And Cynthia to Propertius,

" Colla cave inflectas ad summum obliqua theatrum."

Holyday calls the *velarium* a " feigned cloud." If he supposed it bore any analogy to the painted ceilings of our theatres, he evidently mistook, for there was no idea of deception in it: he has, however, misled Dryden, who strangely renders the passage,

" So did the scenes, and stage-machines admire,

" And boys that flew through canvas clouds in wire."

To return to the *pegma*; when it was to be lowered, and the boy at the top brought down again, the weights were removed, and the machine gradually reduced itself, and took another form:

" Mobile ponderibus descendat pegma reductis,

" Inque chori speciem spargentes ardua flammas

" Scena rotet."

Claudian.

Whatever the *pegma* was, it was a very favourite exhibition. Holyday thinks it was commonly used in playing the Rape of Ganymede. I do not well see how this could be :—and yet it is highly probable from a passage in St. Augustin, who was present, when a young man, he says, at a play of those *arreptitios*, or " rapt boys," that it was appropriated to something of the same disgraceful nature; to some amour in short, of those opprobriums of common sense, and common decency, the stage divinities of Rome.

VER. 183. *Some chief, &c*] Juvenal calls him Arviragus. Holyday (from our monkish historians) says that he was the younger son of Cymbeline, that he began his reign in the fourth year of Claudius, whose daughter he married

Proceed great Seer, and, what remains untold,
 The turbot's age, and country, next unfold;
 So shall thy lord his fortunes better know,
 And where the conquest waits, and who the foe;

The Emperor now the important question put:
 "How say ye, fathers? SHALL THE FISH BE CUT?"
 "O! far be that disgrace," Montanus cries,
 "No, let us form a pot of amplest size,
 "Within whose slender rim, the fish, dread Sire!
 "May spread its vast circumference entire.

at Gloucester, that he then revolted from his father, was brought back to his duty by Vespasian, reigned many years in great glory, and left his crown to his son, a prince not less valourous, and rather more wise, than his father.

Though all this be evidently fabulous, I have nothing more worthy of credit to substitute in its place. It is sufficient to observe with Owen, that some chief is alluded to, who had made himself formidable to the Romans after the recall of Agricola. The person known by the name of Arviragus had now been dead many years.

In the "monarch," about whom the commentators trifle so egregiously, our author might sarcastically allude to Decebalus, whose name he could not bring into his verse, but whose actions were the opprobrium of Domitian's reign. He opposed the emperor in the Dacian war in which Fuscus fell, (v. 160,) and was, indeed, no contemptible enemy.

VER. 192. *No, let us form a pot of amplest size,*] Montanus has devised an expedient, we see, for dressing the fish: but how is it to be served up? I do not know that this "tun of man" recollected it, but there was a dish at hand that would not have disgraced his pot.

Vitellius had collected, at an enormous expense, a prodigious quantity of the brains of birds, and livers of fishes; these he was desirous of bringing to table in a single dish. The kitchen treasures were ransacked, as in the present

“ Bring, bring the temper’d clay, and let it feel
 “ The quick gyrations of the plastic wheel;
 “ But Cæsar, thus fore-warn’d, have special care,
 “ And bid your potters follow you to war.”

He spoke: a murmur through the assembly ran,
 Applausive of the speech, so worthy of the man.
 Vers’d in the old court-luxury, he knew
 The feasts of Nero, and his midnight crew;
 And how, when potent draughts had fir’d the brain,
 The jaded taste was spurr’d to gorge again.
 And, in our days, none understood so well
 The science of good eating; he could tell,
 At the first smack, whether his oysters fed
 On the Rutupian, or the Lucrine bed,
 And from a crab, or lobster’s colour, name
 The country, nay the spot, from whence it came.

case, for one of an adequate size; but none could be found: nor would the potters undertake to make such a one. In this distress, the emperor applied to the silver-smiths, who succeeded to his wishes. In honour of the achievement, the dish was afterwards preserved as a sacred deposit, ὡς περ τι ἀνὰ θεῶν! Adrian had the good sense to melt it down.

VER. 201. *Vers’d in the old court-luxury, &c.*] This is well explained by Suetonius in his life of Nero. (§. 27.) *Paulatim vero invalescentibus vitiis, nulla-que dissimulandi cura, ad majora palam erupit. Epulas a medio die ad mediam noctem protrahabat; refotus sæpius calidis piscinis, ac tempore æstivo nivatis.* This accounts very naturally for the unweildy paunch of Montanus, and for the part he has just taken in the debate which, as Juvenal properly observes, was so worthy of him.

Holyday justly remarks, on the following lines, that the “ wanton luxury of

Here closed the solemn farce. The fathers rise,
 And each, submissive, from the presence hies:—
 Pale, trembling wretches, whom the chief, in sport,
 Had dragg'd, astonish'd, to the Alban court,
 As if the stern Sicambri were in arms,
 Or the fierce Catti threaten'd new alarms;
 As if ill news, by flying posts, had come,
 And gathering nations sought the fall of Rome.

O! that such scenes, disgraceful at the most,
 Had all those years of tyranny engrost,
 In which he daily drain'd, by none withstood,
 The city of its best, and noblest blood!—
 And yet he fell! he fell! for when the herd
 Saw his dire cruelty to them transferr'd,

the Romans may be discerned by the variety of their oysters, which were brought from every sea." Those from Rutupia (or the coast of Kent) were highly valued at Rome for their sweetness (*dulcitus*); but there are several others mentioned in our author, Circean, Gauran, Lucrine, &c. all distinguished for their peculiar excellencies.

VER. 217. *As if ill news, by flying posts, &c.*] Flying posts,—in the original *præcipiti pennâ*; which has been variously interpreted. Britannicus thinks it alludes to the ancient custom of sending intelligence by pigeons, of which there are numerous instances in history. This is not very probable. Holyday understands the words metaphorically, for a "letter of ill news, which is usually swift-winged." The scholiast explains them literally. *Antea si quid nuntiabant Consules in urbe, per epistolas nuntiabant. Si victoria nuntiabatur, laurus in epistolâ figebatur; si aliquid adversi, penna.* The former observation is certainly just; if the latter be so, which I doubt, we need look no farther for the meaning of Juvenal: at any rate, the translation is sufficiently correct.

They seized the murderer, wet with Lamian gore,
And instant hurl'd him to the infernal shore !

VER. 225. *They seized the murderer, wet with Lamian gore,*] The Lamian family, says Holyday, was most noble, being sprung from kings which, by the testimony of Homer, reigned at Cajeta. Of this family was Ælius Lamia, whose wife Domitian took away, and afterwards put Lamia himself to death.

Beaumont and Fletcher have imitated, or rather translated, the concluding lines thus,

“ Princes may pick their suffering nobles out,
“ And one by one, employ them to the block ;
“ But when they once grow formidable to
“ Their clowns, and cobblers, ware then.”——

The indignant sarcasm on the tameness of the nobility, who suffered themselves to be butchered by this detestable tyrant, without resistance, does honour to the invincible spirit of our author. He himself was one of the herd, the *cerdones*, and I have not a doubt, but that the exultation with which he mentions their prompt and decisive vengeance, was intended to convey a salutary, but an awful lesson to both parties—to the oppressors, and the oppressed.

SATIRE V.

Argument.

IN this excellent Satire, Juvenal takes occasion, under pretence of advising one Trebius to abstain from the table of Virro, a man of rank and fortune, to give a spirited detail of the mortifications to which the poor were subjected by the rich, at those entertainments to which, on account of the political connection subsisting between patrons and clients, it was sometimes thought necessary to invite them.

A strain of manly indignation pervades the whole:—nor has it so much exaggeration as some of the commentators have perceived in it: since there is scarcely a single trait of insult and indignity here mentioned, which is not to be found animadverted upon, with more or less severity, in the writers of that age.

One of Pliny's letters (lib. ii. 6) is expressly on this subject; and as a better illustration of the Satire before us, cannot possibly be desired, I subjoin a pretty long extract from it. "Longum est altius repetere, &c. I supped lately with a person with whom I am by no means intimate, who in his own opinion treated us with much splendid frugality; but according to mine, in a sordid, yet expensive manner. Some very elegant dishes were served up to himself and a few more of us; while those which were placed before the rest of the company, were extremely cheap and mean. There were in small bottles, three different sorts of wine; not that the guests might take their choice, but that they might not have an option in their power. The best was for himself and his friends of the first rank; the next for those of a lower order; and the third for his own and his guests' freed-men. One who sat near me took notice of this circumstance, and asked me how I approved of it? Not at all I replied. Pray then, said he, what is your method on such occasions? When I make an invitation, I replied, all are served alike: I invite them with a design to entertain, not to affront them; and those I think worthy of a place at my table, I certainly think worthy of every thing it affords."

Argument.

In this excellent Satire, Juvenal takes occasion under pretence of advising one Yvelius to abstain from the toils of Nero, a man of rank and fortune, to give a spirited detail of the misapprehensions to which the poor were subjected by the rich, of those enjoyments to which, on account of the political connection subsisting between patrons and clients, it was sometimes thought necessary to invite them.

A strain of irony, indignation pervades the whole:—not that it is much exaggeration as some of the commentators have perceived in it; since there is scarcely a single trait of insult and indignation here mentioned, which is not to be found unadorned upon, with more or less severity, in the writers of that age.

One of Pliny's letters (lib. ii. c. 6) is especially on this subject; and as a better illustration of the Satire before us, cannot possibly be desired, I subjoin a pretty long extract from it. "I am not at all surprised," says Pliny, "I suppose fairly with a justice which whom I am to no wonder that men, who in his own opinion, would be with much splendour and glory, had according to merit, in a modest and expensive manner. Some very elegant dishes were served up to himself and a few more of us; while those which were placed before the rest of the company, were extremely cheap and mean. There were in small bottles, three different sorts of wine; not that the guests ought to take that choice, but that they might not have an option in their power. The best was for himself and his friends of the first rank; the next for those of a lower order; and the third for his own and his guests' freed men. One who had more me took notice of this circumstance, and asked me how I approved of it? At all, I replied, I never would be what I then witnessed on such occasions. When I look on my situation, I repeat, all my services will be in vain, if I am not able to entertain, as to all my friends, and those I think worthy of a place at my table, I certainly would not be of any thing if I could."

SATIRE V.

TO TREBIUS.

v. 1—8.

IF,—by reiterated scorn made bold,
Thy mind can still its shameless tenor hold,
Still think the greatest blessing earth can give,
Is solely at another's board to live;
If, for this sordid purpose, thou can'st hear,
Unmov'd, the open taunt, the whisper'd jeer;
Cans't brook what sneaking Galba would have spurn'd,
And mean Sarmentus with a frown return'd;

VER. 7. *Cans't brook what sneaking Galba would have spurn'd,*

And mean Sarmentus, &c.] Galba. This is probably the person mentioned in the notes to the first Satire, (p. 16,) and who, from the anecdote there recorded, appears not altogether unworthy of the epithet here assigned him. He is frequently noticed by Martial; and appears to have been a kind of necessary fool or jester, on whom every one broke his witticisms with impunity.

Sarmentus was a run-a-way slave, who, instead of being sent back to his mistress to be whipt, as he deserved, was taken into the family of a man, who has been usually supposed to have other, and better claims on the gratitude of posterity, than the patronage of a scurrilous buffoon.

In his journey to Brundisium, Horace gives an account of a scolding match,

T

At Cæsar's haughty board dependants both;
I scarce would take thy evidence on oath.

The belly's fed with little cost: yet grant
Thou should'st, unhappily, that little want,
Some vacant bridge might surely still be found,
Some high-way side, where, grovelling on the ground,
Thy shivering limbs compassion's sigh might wake,
And gain an alms for "Charity's sweet sake!"
What! can a meal thus sauced, deserve thy care?
Is hunger so importunate? when there,

which he witnessed, between this Sarmentus, and a fellow of the name of Messius. There was not much humour in the dispute, yet Mæcenas, who was also present at it, found it so agreeable to his taste, that he took the former into his train, carried him to Rome, and recommended him to Augustus, with whom (as we learn from Plutarch) he became a kind of favourite. The old scholiast gives a long account of him; from which it appears, that what was so unworthily bestowed by the emperor, was as unworthily spent by his minion; who was again reduced, in the decline of life, to a state of absolute beggary and dependence.

VER. 11. *The belly's fed, &c.*

"Discite quam parvo liceat producere vitam

"Et quantum natura petat"— *Lucan, iv. 377.*
and Spencer,

"But would men think with how small allowance

"Untroubled nature doth herself suffice,

"Such superfluity they would despise

"As with sad care impeach their native joys."

Here is the moral of the Satire in three words, and a very fine one it is:—but intemperance, as Cowley says of avarice, has been so pelted with good sayings, that every reader can suggest them to himself.

VER. 13. *Some vacant bridge, &c.*] See Sat. iv. v. 166.

There, in thy wretched stand, thou mayst, my friend,
On casual scraps more honestly depend,
With chattering teeth toil o'er thy wretched treat,
And gnaw the crusts that dogs refuse to eat.

For, first, of this be sure: whene'er thy lord
Thinks proper to invite thee to his board,
He pays, or thinks he pays, the total sum
Of all thy pains, past, present, and to come.
Behold the meed of servitude! The great
Reward their humble followers with a treat,
And count it current coin: they count it such,
And though it be but little, think it much.
If, therefore, after two whole months, he send
A billet to his long-neglected friend,
(Though but to fill a vacant couch,) and say,
You—Master Trebius, dine with me to-day;
Thy joys o'erflow:—Trebius for THIS must rise,
(The dew of sleep yet lingering on his eyes,)
While the faint stars yet gleam, and round the pole
The wain of slow Boötes seems to roll;
Trembling, lest every levee should be o'er,
And the full court retiring from the door!

And what a meal at last! such ropy wine
As wool, which takes all liquids, would decline;
Hot, heady lees, to fire the wretched guests,
And turn them all to Corybants, or beasts.
At first with sneers, and sarcasms you engage,
Then deal round mutual wounds, with mutual rage:

And oft do you and the domestic train,
 With coarse stone pots, a desperate fight maintain,
 While streams of blood in smoking torrents flow,
 And my lord smiles to see the battle glow !

Not such his beverage ; he enjoys the juice
 Of ancient days, when beards were yet in use ;
 The nectar of the times, when civil hate
 Raged with wild fury, and convulsed the state :
 Enjoys it to himself ; nor condescends
 To cheer, with one small cup, his drooping friends.
 To-morrow he will change, and, haply, fill
 The mellow vintage of the Alban hill,

VER. 53. *The nectar of the times, when civil hate*

Raged with wild fury, &c.] He speaks of the Social or Marsian war, which broke out in Italy near two centuries before this Satire was written. Can wines be kept so long ? Those of Italy were, indeed, of a roughness and strength that a considerable lapse of time only could subdue :—but such a period ! Pliny the Elder, however, mentions a wine which had been kept for 200 years ; but then it had acquired, he says, the colour, and, I suppose, the consistency of honey ; and was no longer drinkable.

Hall has imitated this passage with much humour :

“ What though he quaff pure amber in his bowl
 “ Of March-brew’d wheat ; he slakes thy thirsting soul
 “ With palish oat frothing in Boston clay,
 “ Or in a shallow cruize ; nor must that stay
 “ Within thy reach, for fear of thy craz’d brain,
 “ But call and craye, and have thy cruize again !”

VER. 58. *The mellow vintage of the Alban hill,]* This wine is frequently alluded to by our author, as of peculiar excellency. Addison tells us in his Italian travels, that Alba still preserves its credit for wine, “ which would probably be as good now as it was anciently, did they preserve it to so great

Or Setine; wines that cannot now be known,
 So much has mouldiness the cask o'ergrown,
 The district, and the date; such generous bowls
 As Thrasea and Helvidius, patriot souls!
 To freedom pour'd, when, crown'd with flowers, they lay,
 And largely quaff'd, on Brutus' natal day.

Before thy patron, cups of price are placed,
 Amber and gold, with rows of beryls graced:

an age." Setine wine was still more excellent; at least, if we may trust Augustus, who is said, by Pliny, to have preferred it to all others: it grew in Campania. This passage also is well imitated by Hall:

" If Virro list revive his heartless graine
 " With some French grape, or pure Canariane;
 " While pleasing Bourdeaux falls unto his lot,
 " Some sowerish Rochelle cuts thy thirsting throat."

VER. 62. *As Thrasea or Helvidius, &c.*] Of these two eminent men, the former was put to death, and the latter driven into banishment, by Nero. Tacitus dwells with singular complacency on their virtues; and, indeed, we may gather from the concurring testimonies of historians, that Rome had seldom, if ever, produced two worthier citizens. They fell, in truth, "on evil days," but they seem to have "bated no jot of heart," and in every circumstance to have acted with dignity and spirit. Helvidius was recalled from banishment by Galba; (another motive for our author's partiality to that chief;) he was afterwards prosecuted on a charge of sedition, by Vespasian, but acquitted; and probably ended his days in peace.

Thrasea was the son-in-law of that Pætus whose wife Arria is so justly celebrated for her heroic constancy in that well-known epigram of Martial's, *Casta suo gladium, &c.*

There are no data to determine the precise time when this Satire was written. The passage before us certainly evinces a noble spirit of daring; but it is probably somewhat posterior to the reign of Domitian. The two men whose memory was particularly hateful to that tyrant, were, undoubtedly, Thrasea

Cups, thou cans't only at a distance view,
 And never trusted to such guests as you!
 Or if they be; a faithful slave attends,
 To count the gems, and watch your fingers' ends.
 You'll pardon him; but lo! a jasper there,
 Which cannot be observ'd with too much care:
 For Virro, like his brother peers, of late,
 Has stripp'd his fingers to adorn his plate.
 Alas, for glory! jewels, which the lord
 Of Dido wore upon his conquering sword,
 Irradiate now the cups of some luxurious board.
 From such he drinks; thou drain'st the four-lugg'd pot,
 The pipkin of the Beneventine sot,

and Helvidius, who are here indirectly introduced for the sake of a covert censure on the wretch who insulted their fame! Domitian put one person to death for calling Thræsea a man of sanctity, *τον Θρασεαν ἱερὸν ὠνομαζε;* and another for writing the life of Helvidius!

VER. 69. ——— *but lo! a jasper there,*] He alludes, as the commentators have observed, to Virgil, who places such a stone in the hilt of Æneas' sword.

“ ——— atque illi stellatus jaspide fulvâ

“ *Ensis erat.*”

Æn. lib. iv. v. 261.

A tawny jasper is singular enough; yet Pliny also mentions one of them.

VER. 79. *The pipkin of the Beneventine sot,*] This Beneventine was a drunken cobbler called Vatinius. It would have been well if giving his name to an article of coarse pottery had been his only claim to celebrity; but he had, unfortunately, others of a different nature. He possessed, says Tacitus, “ a vein of ribaldry and vulgar humour, which qualified him to succeed as a buffoon; in which character he first recommended himself to notice: but he soon forsook his scurrility for the trade of an informer, and

A fragment, a mere shard, of little worth
But to be truck'd for matches—and so forth.

If my lord's veins with indigestion glow,
They bring him water, cold as Scythian snow.—
What! did I late complain a different wine
Fell to thy lot? a different water's thine!

Getulian slaves thy vile potations pour,
Or the coarse paws of some huge, raw-bon'd Moor;
Spectres, whose ghostly aspect would affray,
If met by moon-light near the Latin way;
On him, a youth, the flower of Asia, waits,
So dearly purchas'd, that the whole estates
Of Tullus, Ancus, would not raise the sum,
No, nor the gear of all the kings of Rome!
Bear this in mind; and, when a cup you need,
Call on your own Getulian Ganymede:

having, by the ruin of the worthiest characters, arrived at eminence in guilt, he rose to wealth and power, the most dangerous miscreant of those dangerous times.”

Tacitus adds, that when Nero was on his way to Greece, to earn immortal honour by his musical exertion, he stopped at Beneventum, where Vatinius entertained him with a shew of gladiators.

The “four-lugg'd pot” is mentioned by Martial, who is always to be found at the heels of Juvenal:

“Vilia sutoris calicem monumenta Vatinî

“Accipe; sed nasus longior ille fuit.”

Here the allusion is evidently to the character given of him in the note. The noses or handles of the pot, indeed, were long, but the nose of the inventor was longer still: hinting at his pernicious sagacity in finding out charges against the objects of the emperor's fear or hate.

A page that cost so much, will ne'er, be sure,
 Come at your beck; he heeds not, he, the poor;
 But of his youth and beauty justly vain,
 Trips by them, with indifference, or disdain.
 When does he note thy wants? When, at thy call,
 Bring hot or cold, or—any drink at all?
 No; he is fir'd with rage, to see the board
 Sham'd with an old dependant of his lord,
 Who offers to command him, lolls at ease,
 While he stands by, and serves: such pets as these,
 Such proud, audacious minions swarm in Rome,
 And trample on the poor where'er they come!

Mark, with what insolence another thrusts
 Before thy plate th' impenetrable crusts,
 Black, mouldy fragments, which no teeth can chew,
 The mere despair of every aching jaw!
 While manchets of the finest flour of wheat,
 Snow-white, and soft, before thy lord are set;

VER. 112. *While manchets, &c.*]

“What though he chires on purer manchet's crown
 “While his kind client grinds on black and brown,
 “A jolly rounding of a whole foot broad,
 “From off the mong-corn heap shall Trebius load.”

Hall. Lib. v. Sat. ii.

Manners were strangely altered at Rome since the days of Cæsar, who is said, by Suetonius, (J. Cæs. 48,) to have severely punished his “pantler,” for serving his guests with a species of bread inferior to that which was placed before himself.

So tempting—but, the sight, the touch forbear,
 Safe be the pantler's honour! should'st thou dare,
 Yet, should'st thou rashly dare—they quickly wrest
 The untasted morsel from thee. "Saucy guest,"
 They frown, and cry, "what! wilt thou ne'er divine
 "What's for thy patron's tooth, and what for thine;
 "Never take notice from what trough thou'rt fed,
 "Nor know the colour of thy proper bread!"
 "Was it for this," the baffled client cries,
 While tears of indignation fill his eyes,
 "Was it for this I left my wife ere day,
 "And o'er the cold Esquilian urg'd my way,
 "While the wind howl'd, the hail-storm beat amain,
 "And my cloak stream'd beneath the driving rain!"

VER. 122. *Was it for this, &c.*] The early hour at which the client was expected to attend the levee of his patron was a serious subject of complaint. It is frequently mentioned by Juvenal, and still more frequently by Martial who, like Trebius, had often suffered from the inclemency here so well described. He tells his patron, in one place, that unless he will sleep longer, he must not expect to see him; and in another, expostulates with him in the following sensible and affecting language:

"Si quid nostra tuis adicit vexatio rebus,

"Manè, vel à mediâ nocte togatus ero.

"Stridentesque feram flatus Aquilonis iniqui,

"Et patiar nimbos, excipiamque nives.

"Sed si non fias quadrante beatior uno,

"Per gemitus nostros, ingenuasque cruces:

"Parce, precor, lasso, vanosque remitte labores,

"Qui tibi non prosunt, et mihi, Galle, nocent." *Lib. x. Ep. lxxii.*

But lo! a lobster introduc'd in state,
 Whose ample body stretches o'er the plate—
 With what a length of tail, he seems to scorn
 The wretched guests, as, by them proudly borne,
 He presses on, with herbs and pickles crown'd,
 And comes before his lordship, with a bound!
 Thou hast a crab, with half an egg prepar'd,
 A supper for the dead! in an old shard.

He pours Venafran oil upon his fish
 While the stale cole-worts in thy wooden dish
 Stink of the lamp; for such to thee is thrown,
 Such rotten grease, as Afric sends to town;
 So strong! that when her factors seek the bath,
 All wind, and all avoid the noisome path;
 So pestilent! that her own serpents fly
 The horrid stench, or meet it but to die.

See! a sur-mullet next before him set;
 From Corsica, or isles more distant yet,
 Brought post to Rome; since our own seas no more
 Supply the insatiate glutton, as of yore,

VER. 135. *A supper for the dead, &c.*] “They did place, (says Holyday,) in the sepulchres of the dead, to appease their ghosts, (such was the heathens’ folly,) a little milk, honey, wine and olives.” If these were eaten by the dead, it was well; if not, they were burned, or, what was more generally the case, stolen by a set of starving wretches, who frequented the burying-grounds for this purpose.

With all their reverence for the deceased, the ancients seem to have been strangely inattentive to their diet. It was not only of the worst quality, but

Thinn'd by the net, whose everlasting throw
 Allows no Tuscan fish in peace to grow.
 Still luxury yawns, unfill'd;—the nations rise,
 And ransack all their coasts for fresh supplies;
 Thence come your presents, thence, as rumour tells,
 The dainties Lenas buys, Aurelia sells.

A lamprey of the largest size, and caught
 Near howling Scylla, is to Virro brought:—
 For oft as Auster seeks his cave, to fling
 The cumbrous moisture from his dripping wing,
 Forth flies the daring fisher, lur'd by gain,
 While rocks oppose, and whirlpools threat in vain.
 To thee they bring an eel, whose slender make
 Bespeaks a near relation to the snake;

extremely ill prepared. Plautus (*Pseudolo*, A. III. S. ii.) says of a worthless cook, that he was “merely fit to dress a supper for the dead;” and those of the living who condescended to share it with them, were universally stigmatized as the most necessitous and miserable of human beings:

“Uxor Meneni sæpe quam in sepulchretis

“Vidisti ipso rapere de rogo cœnam.”

Catull.

VER. 153. ———— *Aurelia*, &c.] “*Aurelia*,” Madan says, “was probably the name of some famous dealer in fine fish!” It is not in this manner Juvenal is to be read. *Aurelia* was a rich and childless old lady, whom *Lenas*, one of those legacy-hunters who swarmed in Rome, endeavoured to wheedle out of a bequest in his favour, by costly presents of fish, &c. So far, indeed, she might be termed a “dealer in fine fish,” that, preferring money to mullets, she sent what was given her to market.

Aurelia is mentioned by *Pliny*, who calls her a respectable lady, and tells an amusing story of her being obliged to tack a codicil to her will in favour of a more daring, and apparently, a more successful hæredipete than *Lenas*; the detestable *Regulus*. *Lib.* 11. *Epist.* xx.

Or some frost-bitten reptile, nurs'd at home,
 In Tyber's bed, amidst the filth of Rome;
 Some tenant of the sewers, that, day by day,
 Through half the city's mud suck'd his vile way!

Would Virro deign to hear me, I could give
 A few brief hints :—we look not to receive
 What Seneca, what Cotta, us'd to send,
 What the good Piso, to an humble friend;
 (For bounty then preferr'd a juster claim
 Than birth and power, to honourable fame.)
 No;—all we ask, and 'tis a small request,
 Is—to sup free from insult: for the rest,
 Be, like the world, to thy dependants poor,
 Rich to thyself; we seek, we hope, no more.

But no: near him a goose's liver lies,
 A capon, equal to a goose in size,
 And a boar, huge as that which felt the spear
 Of the fam'd hero with the golden hair.

VER. 176. ————— *a goose's liver,*] This was looked upon as a great dainty by the ancient epicures; and they, therefore, took extraordinary pains to increase its size, by subjecting the animal to a particular kind of regimen.

Brydone says of the Sicilians, that by a modern refinement in luxury, they contrive to increase the livers of their fowls, &c. (The refinement, as the reader sees, is not very *modern*.) Upon which Doctor Darwin observes; "it is to be lamented that he did not procure the secret." There is no great secret in the matter, I fancy; as there is scarce a town on the continent which is not possessed of it. I do not pretend to know it myself; but I have been told, that the animals are very closely confin'd, and kept without water; but

Then mushrooms, if the spring its influence shed,
 And welcome thunders call them from their bed,
 Large mushrooms enter : ravish'd with their size,
 " O Lybia ! spare thy grain !" Alledius cries,
 " And break thy ploughs, and loose thy oxen straight ;
 " What ! thou that grow'st such mushrooms, think of wheat !"
 Meanwhile, to put thy patience to the test,
 Lo ! the spruce carver, to his task address,

what ! I am talking Latin before clerks ; since both the dainty, and the manner of obtaining it, are probably as well known in London as in Sicily, or elsewhere.

It may be superfluous to remark, that Doctor Darwin *ne possède trop bien son Martiale* : the liver of which he speaks, was not increased so much by the goose's feeding, as by the cook's stuffing. The distich in question,

" Adspice quàm tumeat magno jecur ansere majus !

" Miratus dices ; hoc, rogo, crevit ubi ?" *Lib. XIII. Ep. lviii.*
 is a riddle ; no very extraordinary one, it must be confessed ; and the solution is—a kitchen.

VER. 179. *Of the fam'd hero with the golden hair.*] He speaks of Meleager, of whom, as well as of the " boar " he destroyed, a pretty romantic tale is told in the Iliad, lib. ix. Thomson, who was now and then a little pedantic, calls him, somewhere in his " Liberty," the *yellow* hunter ; I suppose from the *flavus* of our author ; an epithet which, though by no means uncommon, does not seem to have pleased the critics. It is an idle one, (*epitheton otiosum*,) says Heinsius, and he, therefore, recommends *validus* (a silly one) in its place ; while Burmann thinks that Juvenal did not mean to apply it to the Meleager who killed the boar, but to the *ministrum delicatum habitu venatorio*, who was to cut it up ! So learnedly can men trifle.

In the lines that follow, there is much genuine humour in the rapturous apostrophe of Alledius to Lybia. Africa, it should be remembered, was one of the principal granaries of Rome. See Sat. viii.

VER. 187. See Sat. xi.

Skips, like a harlequin, from place to place,
 And waves his knife with pantomimic grace,
 Till every dish be rang'd, and every joint
 Dissected, by just rules, from point to point.
 Thou think'st this folly—'tis a vulgar thought—
 To such perfection, now, is carving brought,
 That different gestures, by our curious men
 Are us'd for different dishes, hare and hen.
 But think whate'er thou may'st, thy comments spare;
 For should'st thou, like a free-born Roman, dare

VER. 197. *For should'st thou, like a free-born Roman, dare, &c.*] In the original, *tanquam habeas tria nomina*, as if thou hadst three names: this, when Juvenal wrote, every free-born Roman had, and, as appears from his own case, every *libertinus*, or son of a freedman. These were, the *nomen*, the *prænomen*, and the *cognomen*; the *nomen* was the family or sur-name, as Scipio; the *prænomen* answered to our font-name, as Cornelius, and the *cognomen* was added from some incidental circumstance, or to mark some particular branch of a family, as Publius. To these a fourth name was sometimes superadded, as an honourable distinction, as Africanus.

There seems no great difficulty in this passage, and yet the reader would bless himself, if he did but know the ingenious absurdities to which it has given birth. Even Holyday, bewildered in the maze of his own learning, wanders with the rest. He cannot conceive why Juvenal should say of Trebius, "if thou hadst three names," when it is evident that, being a freeman, he must have had three names: and he, therefore, goes back to the first ages of the commonwealth, when none but the nobility were thus distinguished, and explains his author in this manner; "thou may'st not (though free) talk like a nobleman, *i. e.* like a three-named man of the first institution, before the privilege became ordinary." He did not see, that Juvenal, from the very commencement of the Satire, affects to consider Trebius as a SLAVE, and that

To speak thy mind, forth springs some sturdy groom,
And drags thee straight, heels foremost, from the room!

Does Virro ever pledge thee? ever sip
The liquor touch'd by thy unhallow'd lip?
Or is there one of all thy tribe so free,
So daring, as to say—"Sir, drink to me?"—
O, there is much, that never must be spoke
By a poor client in a threadbare cloke.

But should some god, or man of godlike soul,
The penury of fate, for once, control,
And give thee wealth; Heavens, what a change! How dear
Would'st thou be then! How great would'st thou appear
From nothing! Virro, so reserv'd of late,
Grows quite familiar: "brother, send your plate,
"Dear brother Trebius! you were wont to say
"You lik'd these dainties; let me help you, pray."

the principal aim of it is to prove that Virro considered him IN THE SAME LIGHT.

Mr. Ireland disagrees with me in this explanation. What he says on the subject is very ingenious, and will probably obtain more suffrages than that which I have just hazarded. "Juvenal does not consider him as a slave whose oath is never admitted; but (what is far more cutting) his meaning is, I know thou art a freeman, that thy oath is, by the laws, to be believed; as I know here too, that thou hast the honour of bearing three names, and therefore mayst use the language of a privileged Roman; but such is the servility of thy disposition, that it destroys the effect of these advantages. Sworn, as thou hast a right to be, (this is the force of *quamvis jurato*,) I will not believe thee; and having a right to liberty of speech, thy supper-hunting draws thee into situations where thou art afraid to make use of it."

O riches! you're his brother, and to you
Alone this friendship, this respect, is due!

But would'st thou be "my lord?" nay, my lord's lord?
Let no young Trebius wanton round thy board,
No Trebia, none: a barren wife procures
The tenderest, truest friends! let such be yours.
Yet should she breed, and, to augment thy joys,
Pour in thy lap, at once, three bouncing boys,
Virro will still, so thou be wealthy, deign
To toy and prattle with the lisping train;
Will have his pockets still with farthings stor'd,
And, when the sweet young rogues approach his board,
Will order pretty corslets for the breast,
And nuts, and apples, for each coaxing guest.

You champ on spongy toadstools, hateful treat!
Fearful of poison, in each bit you eat:
He feeds secure on mushrooms, fine as those
Which Claudius erst, imperial glutton, chose

VER. 217. *Let no young Trebius, &c.*] This is a pleasant parody of a passage in Virgil,

" ————— si quis mihi parvulus aula

" Luderet Æneas."

It would not be easy to point out a piece of more chaste humour than a little tetrastic on the subject of the preceding line, which is to be found amongst the reprobated Greek epigrams:

Ἦν ὁ φίλος τι λαβῇ, δομινε φρατερ, εὐθὺς ἐγραψεν,

Ἦν δ' αὖ μὴ τι λαβῇ, τὸ φρατερ εἶπε μόνον.

Ὡνία γὰρ καὶ ταῦτα τὰ ῥήματα· αὐτὰρ ἐγώ γε

οὐκ ἐθέλω δομινε, κ' γὰρ ἐχω δομεναί.

To feast on; till, with one more fine, his wife
Ended at once his feasting, and his life.

Apples, which thou mayst smell, but never taste,
Before thy lord, and his great friends, are placed;
Apples, as fragrant, and as bright of hue,
As those which in Alcinoüs' garden grew,
Mellow'd by constant sunshine; or as those
Which graced the Hesperides in burnish'd rows.
To thee they bring mere wind-falls: such stale fruit,
As serves to mortify the raw recruit,

VER. 230. *He feeds secure on mushrooms, &c.*] “The *agaricus cesareus*, or imperial *agaric*, is the most splendid of all the species; it is common in Italy, and is brought to the markets there for sale. The ancient Romans esteemed it one of the greatest luxuries of the table. This is the mushroom with which Claudius was poisoned.” *Miller's Gard. Dict.*

I am sorry that the botanists did not go a step farther, when they were naming this article, and call it the *agaricus claudianus*. When every German professor who discovers a new species of dandelion in his walks, is immortalized: why should not this poor emperor be permitted to take his rank in the everlasting muster-roll, with Swartzia, Krockeria, and Wachendorfia?

VER. 231. *Which Claudius, &c.*] See Sat. vi.

“Dic mihi, quis furor est? turbâ spectante vocatâ,

“Solus boletos, Cæciliane, voras.

“Quid dignum tanto tibi ventre, gulâque precabor?

“Boletum, qualem Claudius edit, edas.” *Mart. Lib. i. Ep. xxi.*

VER. 240. *To thee they bring mere wind-falls, &c.*]

“Tu scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit

“Qui tegitur parmâ, et galeâ, metuensque flagelli,

“Discit ab hirsutâ jaculum torquere capellâ.”

There are few passages in Juvenal, or, indeed, in any other author, which have cost the critics more pains than this. *Scabie mali*, says the old scholiast, *i. e.* such as apes eat, *qualem simia manducat*; nothing more was necessary to

When, arm'd with helm and shield, he learns to throw
The javelin, fearful of the impending blow.

Thou think'st, perhaps, that Virro treats so ill,
To save expense: no; 'tis to vex thee still:
For, say, what comedy such mirth can raise
As hunger, tortur'd thus a thousand ways?

convince the commentators that the whole passage related to an ape: they never reflected that though apes might eat stale fruit, it did not necessarily follow that they monopolized it.—But Cluverius had seen an animal of this kind practice his tricks on the back of a goat, at some fair in Germany: and it is really entertaining to contemplate the delight which this good man received from it. *Dii boni! quam volupe est spectare hanc bestiolam, ubi præsertim clypeum sinistrâ, jaculum dexterâ ostentat, molosso, &c. lapsu proclivi, inhærens!*

Cluverius was the first, says Henninius, that comprehended the scholiast; and he was soon followed by Grangæus, Rutgersius, and others.

But though the majority of the learned, referred, with Cluverius, the *qui tegitur* to an ape, no two of them agreed about the sense of *hirsuta capella*. One understood it of a thong made of goat's skin, another of a garment, a third of a quiver, and a fourth, of I know not what. Titius thought it meant a goat on which the tyro was seated, in imitation of the children of kings, who in ancient times were accustomed to learn to ride on rams!—the example of Helle was lost upon them, we see; while Grangæus took it to be the showman, who taught the ape his exercise!

After all this, comes Ferrarius and tells us, that the notion of an ape seated on a goat, is an old woman's fable. Not so, replies Henninius, the ape was certainly seated on a goat; but to suppose, as Rutgersius and Grangæus do, that he was exhibited by a showman, is worse than an old woman's fable.—No, no, he was kept in the prætorian camp, and taught to ride and fling darts, by the idle soldiery, who had no better methods of amusing themselves!

Pshaw! quoth Lipsius, I cannot away with this nonsense about apes. The *qui tegitur* cannot possibly mean any thing but a *bestiarius*, a person who fought with wild beasts in the amphitheatre; and the goat (for a goat there

No; if thou know'st it not, 'tis to excite
 Thy rage, thy frenzy, for his mere delight;
 'Tis to compel thee all thy gall to show,
 And gnash thy teeth in agonies of woe.—

is) was not for him to ride, but to practise upon—*i. e.* to fling darts at, that he might acquire dexterity enough to attack lions, tigers, &c.

But it is time to draw towards a conclusion. Scaliger, Britannicus, Curio, and Ferrarius, understand the passage nearly as I have given it above; and, as I am persuaded, the old scholiast understood it before them. *Qui tegitur parmâ*, &c. he explains by *tyro*, which applies very well to a young recruit; though scarcely so, to an ape of any age. *Discit ab* &c. he explains by *sene magistro*, which clearly shews, as Ferrarius, and Scaliger have well observed, that he read *hirsuto*. Capella will then be the name of the *campi-doctor*, who taught the young soldiers the use of arms; and we know it was not an uncommon one at Rome.—The propriety of the epithet *hirsutus* applied to such a person, I suppose no one will dispute.

But why, says Lipsius—who returns to the charge, should the raw recruit eat vile apples! I cannot tell; unless it were that his pay would not enable him to purchase better. Indeed, I should be as much at a loss to tell why the *bestiarius*, or the ape, should:—those of the latter that I have seen, having been rather delicate in their choice of fruit. To his other questions, why the *tyro* should be armed with a *parma* (a round shield) when they were no longer in use? or be afraid of a scourge, (*flagellum*,) when he could only be beaten with a rod? it might perhaps, be sufficient to answer, that Juvenal writes like a poet, and not like a drill-serjeant:—but Holyday goes farther, and combats the critics' accuracy.

This learned man, who candidly recapitulates the opinions of the commentators, follows that of Rutgersius. I did not expect this:—it is but fair, however, to give his reasons for it. “First, because it is without any alteration of the copy; second, because it is free from any of those inconveniences which follow the other opinion; third, because it supposes nothing, but what, according to the ordinary custom of such sports, will be easily granted; and lastly, because it is far more quick and satirical, to this sense; Virro has his curious fruit; but thou such as they feed apes with.”

Thou deem'st thyself, (such pride inflates thy breast,)
 Forsooth, a freeman, and thy patron's guest;
 He thinks thee a vile slave, drawn by the smell
 Of his warm kitchen there; and he thinks well.
 For who so low, so wretched, as to bear
 Such treatment twice, whose fortune 'twas to wear
 The golden boss; nay, to whose humbler lot
 The poor man's ensign fell, the leathern knot!

Your palate still beguiles you: heavens! how nice
 That smoking haunch! now we shall have a slice;
 Now that half hare is coming; now a bit
 Of that young pullet; now—and thus you sit,

VER. 258. *The golden boss.*] This ornament, or rather amulet, was adopted by the Romans from the Etruscans, (who probably brought it from the East,) and at first worn only by the children of the nobility. In process of time, it became common, like the *tria nomina*, to all who were free born. From its Latin name *bullæ*, it would seem to have been a little hollow drop, or globule;—indicative, as Lubin says, of human fragility. Holyday, who adopts the opinion of Macrobius on the subject, thinks it was shaped like a heart, and worn before the breast as an incitement to virtue; while Plutarch gives it the form of a crescent, to which, indeed, the heart (if it was moulded like the trinkets of our days,) might bear no very distant resemblance.

Whatever its figure was, and probably it was variable, it was considered, as the scholiast rightly remarks, as a badge of liberty, and used by the children of all ranks of freemen, till they reached the age of fifteen.

Whether any degree of birth was necessary at the time our author wrote, to intitle a family to wear the *Hetruscum aurum*, is not easily ascertained: from his own words, I should incline to the negative, and conclude that circumstances alone determined it. In that case we may say, that the rich only had the *bullæ* of gold; the poor, and the immediate descendants of freedmen, of leather, and, perhaps, of other cheap materials.

Thumbing your bread in silence; looking still
For what has never reach'd you, never will.

No more of freedom; 'tis a vain pretence!
Your patron treats you like a man of sense:
For, if you can, without a murmur, bear,
You well deserve th' indignities you share.
Anon, like voluntary slaves, you'll bow
Your humbled neck beneath the oppressor's blow,
Nay, with bare backs, solicit to be beat,
And merit SUCH A FRIEND, and SUCH A TREAT!

SATIRE VI.

Argument.

THIS is not only the longest, but the most complete, of our Author's works. With respect to his other Satires, some of them are distinguished by one excellence, and some by another; but in this he has combined them all. Forcible in argument, flowing in diction; bold, impassioned, and sublime; it looks as if the poet had risen with his theme, and, conscious of its extent, taxed all his powers to do it justice.

The whole of this Satire is directed against the female sex. It is strictly methodical in its plan, and may be distributed under the following heads: lust variously modified, imperiousness of disposition, fickleness, gallantry, attachment to improper pursuits, litigiousness, drunkenness, unnatural passions, fondness for singers, dancers, &c.; gossiping, cruelty, ill-manners, outrageous pretensions to criticism, grammar, and philosophy; superstitious and unbounded credulity in diviners and fortune-tellers, introducing supposititious children into their families, poisoning their step-sons to possess their fortunes, and, lastly, murdering their husbands.

These, it must be confessed, form a dreadful catalogue of enormities, and seem to have terrified the translators. Even Dryden, who was never suspected of sparing the sex, either in his poems or plays, deems it necessary to apologize here, and assures the world that he was compelled to translate this formidable Satire because "no one else would do it." "Sir C. S." he says, "had undertaken it, and, though he would have done it better than himself, he unfortunately gave it up!" That Sir C. S. (Sir Charles Sedley, I suppose) would have succeeded better than Dryden, no one but Dryden would venture to insinuate. It is a piece of affectation, equally false and foolish—but sic vivitur, as Cicero somewhere says—for Dryden's translation, though neither complete nor correct, is a most noble effort of genius.

I know not why such dread should be felt at approaching this Satire. The ashes of the ladies whose actions are here recorded, have long been covered by the Latin and Flaminian ways; nor have their follies, or their vices, much similarity with those of modern times. If there be any, however, who recognize themselves (for guilt is sometimes ingenuous) in the pictures here drawn, let them shudder in silence, and amend; while the rest gaze with a portion of indignant curiosity, on the representation of a profligate and abandoned race, not more distant in time, than in every virtue and accomplishment, from themselves.

It would seem from internal evidence, that this Satire was written under Domitian. It has few political allusions; and might not from its subject, perhaps, have been displeasing to that ferocious hypocrite, who affected, at various times, a wonderful anxiety to restrain the licentiousness of the age.

SATIRE VI.

TO URSIDIUS POSTHUMUS.

v. 1—6.

YES, I believe that CHASTITY was known,
And priz'd on earth, while Saturn fill'd the throne ;
When rocks a bleak and scanty shelter gave,
When sheep and shepherds throng'd one common cave,
And when the mountain wife her couch bestrew'd
With skins of beasts, joint tenants of the wood,

VER. 5. *And when the mountain wife, &c.*] "That is," says Stapylton, "the wife that dwelt in the mountain before such time as the men, although they came down themselves, durst bring their wives into the level!" This is the strangest idea imaginable. The women here spoken of, were not very likely to create any fears on their account: they were not less bold and adventurous than the men, nay often, says the poet, more so.—But thus it is, when the author is thinking of one thing, and the translator of another. A few lines below, because Juvenal calls the children of these primeval women large, Madan tells us that they were suckled till they were near a hundred years old!

This passage is charmingly imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in their tragedy of *Philaster*:

Phil. O, that I had but digg'd myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed

Y

And reeds, and leaves pluck'd from the neighbouring tree;
 A woman, Cynthia, far unlike to thee,
 Or thee, weak child of fondness and of fears,
 Whose eyes a sparrow's death suffus'd with tears:
 But strong, and reaching to her burly brood
 Her big-swoll'n breasts, replete with wholesome food,
 And rougher than her husband, gorg'd with mast,
 And frequent belching from his coarse repast.
 For when the world was new, the race that broke,
 Unfather'd, from the soil, or opening oak,

Might have been shut together in one shed;
 And then had taken me some mountain girl,
 Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rock,
 Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed
 With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
 Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breasts,
 My large coarse issue.

Act. iv.

Thus did the reading of the old dramatists enable them to enrich their works with passages that charmed alike in the closet, and on the stage. The reading of the present race of Bartholomew-fair farce-mongers, seldom, I believe, extends, beyond the nursery, and their productions are in consequence of it, the disgrace of the one, and the contempt and aversion of the other.

VER. 9. *Or thee, weak child of fondness, &c.*] He means Lesbia, the mistress of Catullus, whose exquisite hendecasyllables on the death of her favourite sparrow are still extant. The lines to which Juvenal particularly alludes are these,

“ O factum malè, O miselle passer,

“ Tuâ nunc operâ meâ puellæ

“ Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.”

Cynthia, mentioned in the preceding line, was the mistress of Propertius.

VER. 15. *For when the world was new, &c.*] Juvenal had Lucretius in his eye in this passage :

Liv'd most unlike the men of later times,
The puling brood of follies and of crimes.

Nay, after this, some trace perhaps, remain'd
Of chastity, while Jove usurping reign'd,
But while he yet was beardless; ere mankind
Learn'd by each others' heads their faith to bind,
Or, dreading theft, their gardens to immure;
And all was unenclos'd, and all secure.
At length Astrea, from these confines driven,
Regain'd, by slow degrees, her native heaven;

“ Et genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis

“ Durius, ut decuit, tellus quod dura creasset;

“ Et majoribus, &c.”

Lib. v. 923.

It is not to be supposed, that he adopted the ideas of this Epicurean system-monger with his words, and spoke his real sentiments here.—No; he had juster and more elevated notions of the origin of mankind; and in his 15th Satire, as Owen well observes, almost speaks the language of Holy Writ. But see the introduction.

VER. 21. ————— *ere mankind,*] In the original, “ ere the Greeks,” the standing objects of his dislike. Holyday has a long and learned note on this passage, which is worth consulting: though it is probable, after all, that the poet only meant, that in those days of innocence, men had not the trick, afterwards so common, of binding themselves by the most solemn asseverations to an untruth. It is well known, that the Greeks were as much talked of for their bad faith, as the Carthaginians, and, as some think, with much more reason; and that their usual form of oath was by another's head. I do not call the reader's attention to the contemptuous sneer at Jupiter in the preceding lines, because it must have pressed itself on his notice. To do the author justice, he treats the vices and follies of the popular divinities with as little ceremony as those of Nero or Domitian, or any other object of his abhorrence.

With her retir'd her sister in disgust,
And left the world to rapine, and to lust.

'Tis, my good friend, no modern vice, to slight
The sacred Genius of the nuptial rite,
And climb another's couch: all other crimes
Were the sad offspring of the iron times,
All but adultery; that, and that alone,
E'en in the silver age too well was known.
Yet thou, it seems, art labouring to engage
Thy witless neck, in this degenerate age!
E'en now thy hair the modish curl is taught
By master hands; e'en now the ring is bought;
E'en now—thou once, Ursidius, hadst thy wits;
But thus to talk of wiving! O, these fits—
What madness, prithee, has thy soul possest,
What snakes, what furies agitate thy breast?
Heavens, wilt thou tamely drag the galling chain,
While hemp is to be bought, while knives remain?
While windows woo thee so divinely high,
And Tiber, and the Æmilian bridge, are nigh?

VER. 25. *At length Astrea, &c.*] Juvenal seems to have had in view in this place, that beautiful passage of Hesiod *Μηκετ' ἐπειτ' ὠφειλον, κ. τ. λ.* of which the concluding lines form the more immediate subject of his imitation:

Καὶ τότε δὴ πρὸς Ὀλυμπον ἀποχθονὶ εὐρυδείης,
Λευκοῖσιν φάρεσσι καλυψαμένῳ χροῶ καλόν,
Ἀθανάτων μετὰ φυλ' ἴτην προλιπόντ' ἀνθρώπων,
Αἰδῶς καὶ Νέμεσις. Τὰ δὲ λείπεται ἀλγεᾶ λυγρὰ
Θνητοῖς ἀνθρώποισι· κακὸν δ' ἔκ ἐσσεταὶ ἀλκή.

Ερ. καὶ Ημ. v. 197.

But should'st thou, Posthumus, too hard to please,
 Take no great fancy to such leaps as these,
 Say, art thou not already better sped,
 With a soft blooming boy to share thy bed?—
 “Ay, but the law,” thou criest, “the Julian law,
 “Will keep my wife secure from every flaw;
 “Besides, I long for heirs.” Good! and for those
 Ursidius will, forsooth, the turtle lose,
 And all the dainties, which the flatterer still
 Heaps on the childless, to secure his Will!

But what will hence impossible be held,
 If thou, old friend, to wedlock art impell'd?
 If thou, the veriest debauchee in town,
 With whom wives, widows, every thing, went down,
 Should'st change at this late hour, and idly poke
 Thy aukward nose into the marriage yoke?

VER. 51. ————— “the Julian law,] So called because Augustus, the author of it, had been adopted by Julius Cæsar. It was meant to prevent adultery; but the increasing depravity of the times, rendered it of little effect, and, indeed, it was almost forgotten, when Domitian revived it with all its terrors. Statius calls it a *castum fulmen*, but there are not many instances of offenders being struck by it, (one is to be found in Pliny, Lib. vi. Ep. xxxi.) as it was rendered nugatory, at least as to the spirit of it, by the facility with which illusory divorces might be obtained. Martial has a good epigram on the subject (Lib. vi. Ep. vii.) “It is hardly thirty days,” says he, “since the Julian law was revived, and Thelesina, to escape the odium of adultery, has already taken her tenth husband!”

Authors are not agreed on the punishment inflicted by this law; some maintaining it to be death, and others banishment: it was most probably the latter.

Thou, fam'd for scapes, and, by the trembling wife,
 Thrust in a chest so oft, to save thy life?
 But what! Ursidius hopes a mate to gain
 Frugal and chaste, and of the good old strain:
 Alas, he's frantic! ope a vein with speed,
 And bleed him copiously, good doctor, bleed.—
 Jewel of dotards! lowly bending, pay
 Thy vows to Juno, and a heifer slay;
 If thy researches for a wife, be blest
 With one who is not——need I speak the rest?
 For few the matrons Ceres now can find
 Her hallow'd fillets with chaste hands to bind;
 Few whom their fathers with their lips can trust,
 So strong their filial kisses smack of lust!
 Go then, prepare to bring thy mistress home,
 And dress thy door with garlands ere she come:
 But tell me; will one man her fancy please?
 Alas! one eye may do't, with equal ease.

VER. 77. *Go then, prepare to bring thy mistress home,
 And dress thy doors with garlands ere she come:]* There are frequent
 allusions to this custom, which it will be sufficient once for all, to mention.
 Previously to bringing home the bride, the door-posts of the bridegroom were
 adorned with wreaths of flowers, branches of laurel, &c. while scaffolds were
 erected before the front of the house, for the accommodation of the people
 who flocked to see the nuptial procession. It must be understood that I speak
 of the better sort:—though the poor were not altogether without their garlands,
 and their processions on this important occasion.

VER. 79. *But tell me, &c.]*

“Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit? ocyus illud

“Extorquebis, ut hæc, &c.

And yet there runs, I hear, a wond'rous tale,
 Of some chaste maid that lives in some lone vale;
 There she may live; but let the phoenix, plac'd
 At Gabii, or Fidenæ, still prove chaste
 As at her father's farm—Yet who can swear
 That nought was done in night, and silence there?
 The gods have oft, in other times, we're told,
 With many a nymph, in rocks and caves, made bold;
 And still, perhaps, they may not be too old.

}

Survey our public places: see'st thou there,
 One woman worthy of thy serious care?
 See'st thou, through all the crowded benches, one
 Whom thou might'st take, with prudence, for thy own?

Holyday thinks that *hæc* and *illud* are used emphatically to express the author's suspicions of Ursidius' destined wife; while Jortin fancies they serve only as props to keep up the verses. Jortin is evidently right; the lines are careless and unpoetical.

VER. 84. *At Gabii, or Fidenæ, &c.*] The translators do not appear to have felt the full force of the satire here. Stapylton calls Gabii and Fidenæ, "great towns," and Holyday seems to admit, that though they were exceedingly inferior to Rome, yet they were likely, from the number of their inhabitants, to corrupt the maidens' virtue. But these "great towns" had scarce any inhabitants. Even in Horace's time they were proverbial for their deserted state, *Gabiis desertior, atque Fidenis*: and that they had not improved when Juvenal wrote, appears from the way in which he speaks of them in the tenth Satire. In short, they were wretched hamlets, and almost abandoned by every body. What the poet, therefore, means to insinuate is, that though these places differed but little, in point of populousness, from her father's farm; yet that little, such was the frail texture of female purity, was sufficient to endanger it.

Lo! while Bathyllus, with his flexile limbs,
Acts Leda, and through every posture swims,
Tuccia delights to realize the play,
And in lascivious trances melts away;

VER. 94. *Lo! while Bathyllus, &c.*] As Juvenal has frequent allusions to these amusements, and to the extravagant fondness of the people for them, I will endeavour to give the best account I can find, of their rise, progress, and final disappearance.

Before the time of Augustus, the Romans were acquainted only with mimes and farces of the lowest kind. Buffoons from Tuscany were the performers in these pieces, which were introduced between the acts of their tragedies, and comedies, and consisted of little more than coarse and licentious ribaldry, and the most ridiculous and extravagant gestures.

In this state the stage was found by Pylades and Bathyllus; the latter of whom was a native of Alexandria, and one of Mæcenas's slaves. He had seen Pylades dance in Cilicia, and spoke of him in such terms to his master, that he sent for him to Rome. Here these two men formed the plan of a new kind of spectacle, which pleased Mæcenas so much, that he gave Bathyllus his freedom, and recommended both him and his friend to Augustus.

This new spectacle was a play performed by action alone; it was exhibited on a magnificent theatre raised for the purpose, and being accompanied by a better orchestra than Rome had yet seen, it astonished and delighted the people so much, that they forsook, in some measure, their tragic and comic poets, for the more expressive ballets of Pylades and Bathyllus.

To say the truth, these were very extraordinary men. The art which they introduced, they carried to the highest pitch of perfection; and however skillful their followers may have been, they do not appear to have added any thing to the magnificence of the scene, or the scientific movements of the first performers.

We can form no adequate idea of the attachment of the Romans to these exhibitions; it degenerated into a kind of passion, and occupied their whole souls. Augustus regarded it with complacency, and either from a real love for the art, or from policy, conferred honours and immunities on its professors.

While rustic Thymelè, with curious eye,
Marks the quick pant, the lingering, deep-drawn sigh,
And, while her cheeks with burning blushes glow,
Learns this,—learns all the city matrons know.

By an old law, magistrates were allowed to inflict corporal punishment on mimi and players; pantomimi (such was the expressive name given to these new performers) were exempted from this law: they were besides allowed to aspire to honours from which the former were excluded. Such protection produced its natural effects: insolence in the dancers, and parties among the people. Pylades excelled in tragic, and Bathyllus in comic subjects: hence arose disputes on their respective merits, which were conducted with all the warmth of a political question. Augustus fancied he should re-establish tranquillity by banishing the former; but he was mistaken: the people found they had lost one great source of amusement by his absence, and their clamours occasioned his immediate recall.

The death of Bathyllus, soon after this event, left Pylades without a rival. He did not bear his faculties meekly; he frequently insulted the spectators for not comprehending him, and they endeavoured to make him feel the weight of their resentment. He had a favourite pupil named Hylas; this youth they opposed to the veteran, who easily triumphed over his adversary, though he could not humble him. We hear no more of Pylades; but Hylas fell under the displeasure of the emperor soon after, and, if I understand Suetonius right, was, “contrary to the statute in that case made and provided,” publicly whipped at the door of his own house.

It appears from this, that Augustus kept the superintendence of these people in his own hands. Tiberius left them to themselves, and the consequence was, that the theatres were frequently made a scene of contention and blood, in which numbers of all ranks fell. A variety of regulations, as we learn from Tacitus, were now made to check the evil, which they only exasperated; and in conclusion, the emperor was obliged to shut up the theatres, and banish the performers.

In this state were things at the accession of Caligula. His first care was to undo every thing that had been done. Under this profligate madman, the

Others, when of the theatres bereft,
 And nothing but the wrangling bar is left,
 In the long interval that, 'twixt the shows,
 (The Megalesian and Plebeian,) flows,

ballets took a licentious turn, and hastened the growing degeneracy of manners. Claudius left them as he found them; but under Nero, the bloody disputes to which they constantly gave birth, reluctantly compelled that *excellent* prince to banish them once more. He was too fond of the fine arts, however, to suffer so capital a branch of them to languish in neglect, and therefore, speedily brought back the exiles. From this time, the pantomimi seem to have flourished unmolested, until Paris, the Bathyllus of Domitian's reign, raised the jealousy of that wretched tyrant, who put him, and a young dancer who resembled him, to death, and drove the rest from Rome. They were recalled the instant the emperor was assassinated, and continued through the whole of Nerva's, and some part of Trajan's reign; but they were now become so vitiated by the shameful indulgence of Caligula and Nero, that, if we may believe Pliny, (which I am not much inclined to do in this case,) that prince finally suppressed them, at the unanimous desire of the people.

From this long, and, as I fear I shall be told, unnecessary note, which I have painfully collected from various commentators, but principally from Salmasius and Cahousac, I return to my text.

In a very profound treatise on dancing, which I only know by an extract in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the author cites this passage in Juvenal to prove that there was a female dancer of the name of Chironomon. Papæ! the Chironomon here mentioned, was a ballet of action founded on the well known amour of Leda, in which some favourite dancer (probably Paris) was the principal performer. Whether he played the swan or the lady, cannot now be told; but in a story so wantonly framed, and in an age where so little restraint was imposed on an actor, enough might be done in either to interest and inflame the coldest spectator.

VER. 105. (*The Megalesian and Plebeian,*) &c.] The former games were celebrated on the 5th of April, and the latter on the 15th of November; so that here really was a long interval to exercise the patience of the ladies.

Sicken for business, and assume the airs,
 The dress, and so forth—of their favourite players.
 Some hire buffoons their wanton mirth to raise,
 In a loose jig; poor Ælia doats on these:
 Some from Seleucus take the power to sing,
 Some, at high rates, slip the comedian's ring,

VER. 109. *In a loose jig;*] In the original, *gestibus Autonoës*. All that is known of Autonoë is that she was daughter to an unhappy father, (Cadmus,) and mother to an unhappy son. (Actæon.) How such a "lamentable tragedy" as her life presents, could be "mixed full of pleasant mirth," as we find it was, is not easy to conceive. Probably it was a burlesque of some serious ballet on the subject. Ælia, mentioned in the same verse, was of a noble family, long since fallen into decay. If Rome had been less corrupt, or furnished fewer instances of "prodigality in want," I should have taken her to be the person mentioned in another part of this Satire, by the name of Ogulnia.

VER. 111. *Some, at high rates, slip the comedian's ring, &c.*] "*Il s'agit*," says Dusaulx, "*d'une opération pratiquée par les anciens pour conserver aux jeunes gens la santé, aux gladiateurs la force, aux acteurs la voix: elle s'appelloit infibulation, son objet étoit d'empêcher ceux que l'on boucloit (car l'infibulation n'étoit rien autre chose) d'avoir commerce avec les femmes*," i. e. the object of the *fibula* (or, as I have translated it, ring) was to prevent a favourite comedian or tragedian from having any connection with women. A useless precaution, it appears, for the public, though sufficiently profitable for the actors.

Among many pleasant epigrams by Martial on this subject, there is one so truly humorous, and at the same time so void of offence, that I think I may venture to quote it.

"Menophili penem tam grandis fibula vestit,

"Ut sit comœdis omnibus una satis.

"Hunc ego credideram (nam sæpe lavamur in uno)

"Sollicitum voci parcere, Flacce, suæ:

"Dum ludit mediâ populo spectante palæstrâ,

"Delapsa est misero fibula; verpus erat!" *Lib. vii. Ep. lxxxii.*

Some the tragedian's; some—but thou art mov'd;
 Heavens! didst thou think Quintilian would be lov'd?
 Hie then, fond Lentulus, and instant wed,
 That the chaste partner of thy loving bed,
 May single, from this piping, fiddling race,
 Some Glaphyrus, thy honour'd brows to grace:

Holyday has two engravings of these *fibulae*, which being, as he truly says, “without any immodestie,” I would have copied, had I thought them, as he did, curiosities.

It is not unamusing to see how sedulously the early Christian writers accommodated their language to the habits and manners of the people whom they wished to convert. Thus when Tertullian, in conformity to the precepts of the Gospel, enjoins the “mortifying of our lusts,” he expresses himself by an “infibulation of the flesh,”—*fibulam carni imponere*.

VER. 113. ————— Quintilian—] Juvenal always speaks with great respect of this most learned and excellent man, whom he is fond of introducing, and whose name he uses in this place, as the representative of all that is wise and good. Some of the commentators say that our author studied rhetoric under him, but I know not on what authority. See more respecting him in the next Satire.

VER. 114. *Hie then, fond Lentulus, &c.*] In the name which Juvenal here gives his friend Posthumus, he had in view a very curious anecdote, which is handed down to us by Valerius Maximus, and which Grangæus, I believe, was the first to notice. Lentulus and Metellus (Consuls A. U. C. DCVII.) were observed by all the spectators at a play, to be extremely like a second, and third rate actor, then on the stage! Lib. ix. c. 14. Sec. iv. The reader now sees the malicious archness of the allusion. Madan's idea, (which indeed is that of most of the commentators except Owen,) that Lentulus was a famous fencer of those days, is too absurd for notice. Did he not know that Lentulus was the name of one of the noblest families of Rome?

VER. 117. *Some Glaphyrus, &c.*] We learn from Martial that Glaphyrus was a popular performer upon some musical instrument. This poet has taken

Yes, hie—before thy gates huge scaffolds raise,
 And crown thy threshold with triumphant bays;
 That the proud heir of thy illustrious name,
 In every feature, may, at once, proclaim
 From what sword-player, sweet innocent! he came. }

Hippia, who shar'd a rich patrician's bed,
 To Egypt, with a gladiator, fled,
 Where rank Canopus eyed, with strong disgust,
 This ranker specimen of Roman lust.

up Juvenal's idea, and formed a very laughable epigram on it. It is too long to be inserted here, but is worth turning to. Vide Lib. vi. Epist. xxxix.

VER. 123. *Hippia, who shar'd a rich patrician's bed,*

To Egypt, &c.] It is not clear when this elopement took place, but it could not be much later than the middle of Domitian's reign; about which time, too, this Satire must have been composed. Paris, who is mentioned in it, was put to death not long after; and the pantomimic performers, here spoken of as the minions of the ladies, ignominiously driven from the city.

Veiento (her husband) has been mentioned twice before. (See Sat. iii. v. 280, and iv. v. 161,) He survived his disgrace many years, though he was not young when it happened. He talked of himself as a very old man in a succeeding reign, when, upon being prevented from speaking in a cause which concerned himself, and his friend Certus, by the clamours of the senate; he exclaimed in the words of Tydides to Nestor,

Ω γερων, ἥ μάλα δὴ σε νεοὶ τειρῶσι μαχῆται.

The critics will not allow Hippia to be the real name of his precious moiety. Juvenal calls her so, they say, for two reasons: first, for her lustful disposition, (in allusion to that passage of Virgil, *Scilicet ante omnes, &c.*) and secondly, for the sake of concealing her real name, out of respect to her noble family. The first may be right for aught I know; but the second is absurd enough. To give a woman a fictitious name, and then to bring forward her husband, and relate at length the most remarkable occurrences of her life, with an idea of concealing

Without one pang the profligate resign'd
 Her husband, sister, sire; gave to the wind
 Her weeping children; tore herself away,
 (O, passing strange!) from PARIS, and the PLAY.
 And though, to affluence born, a parent's cares
 Nurs'd in the lap of ease, her infant years,
 She brav'd the deep, (she long had brav'd her fame,
 But that's a trifle to the courtly dame;)
 And with undaunted breast, the tossing bore
 Of the rude billows, and their deaf'ning roar.—
 Have they a call, an honest call, to bear
 These hardships? they are struck with sudden fear;
 Cold shiverings on their listless members seize,
 And slowly they advance on knocking knees:
 But set illicit pleasure in their eye,
 Onward they rush, and every toil defy.
 Had Hippia been requested by her lord,
 Alas! she'd cry, how can I get aboard?
 Then the sink's noisome, then the ship's unsound,
 And her head's dizzy, and the sky turns round!

her, seems just such another happy contrivance as that of Bottom's comrade; who, after being dressed out at all points like a lion, was to thrust his head through the animal's neck, "and tell the audience plainly that he was Snug the joiner!"

Nothing can be more full of bitterness than the remark which follows, that even Canopus was disgusted at the profligacy of the Roman ladies,—*et mores urbis damnante Canopo*,—since that town, as I before observed, (p. 10,) surpassed in dissoluteness of manners, every part of Egypt, and, perhaps, of the Empire.

With her gallant, no idle qualms she knows,
Strong, and more strong her stomach hourly grows;
But with her husband—O, how chang'd the case!
“Sick! sick!” she cries, and vomits in his face.

But with what form was Hippia so inspir'd,
With what gay stripling was her bosom fir'd,
What youth, what beauty; that she calmly bore
The title of a gladiator's whore?

O, the sweet Sergy—note it, prithee note—
Had long begun to scrub his bristly throat,
And hope a quick dismissal from the stage,
Due to his wounds, and his declining age;
Add, that his face was batter'd, and decay'd;
The helmet on his brow huge galls had made,
A wen deform'd his nose of monstrous size,
And sharp rheum trickled from his blood-shot eyes.

But then he was a swordsman! that alone
Made every charm, and every grace his own;
That made him dearer than her father's house,
Dearer than country, sister, children, spouse.—
'Tis blood they love: let Sergius quit the sword,
And he'll appear, at once, so like her lord!

Start'st thou at wrongs that touch a private name,
At Hippia's lewdness, and Veiento's shame?
Turn to the rivals of the Immortal Powers,
And mark how like their fortunes are to ours.
Claudius had scarce begun his eyes to close,
Ere from his side his Messalina rose;

(Accustom'd long the bed of state to slight,
 For the rank mattress, and the hood of night ;)
 And with one maid, and her dark hair conceal'd
 Beneath a yellow tire, a strumpet veil'd !
 She slipt into the stews, unseen, unknown,
 And hir'd a cell, yet reeking, for her own.

VER. 177. ————— *her dark hair conceal'd*

Beneath a yellow tire,—] Holyday, whose authority is always respectable, understands *galerus* of a veil. I take it to be an artificial tire or head-dress. The empress seems to have chosen it of a yellow, or rather carotty colour, not only as an effectual disguise, but as being in some degree appropriated to prostitutes. Ferrarius makes himself merry with Servius for saying that black hair (false, it must be understood) was peculiar to matrons, and yellow to women of pleasure; but without reason, for Servius is essentially right. To bring passages where *flavus* is applied to Lavinia, Lucretia, &c. is the worst of trifling. Who does not know that the ancients availed themselves of such epithets as *flavus*, *candidus*, *purpureus*, &c. as mere indicatives of beauty, and without the smallest reference to the colours respectively signified by them? The sense must always be determined by the context.

In the present case, it is certain that the Roman prostitutes wore a kind of yellow head-dress; nor was this custom peculiar to them; they found it established in Greece, where this coloured hair was deemed as improper for a matron to appear in, as it was at Rome. This is clear from a fragment of Menander:

Νυν δ' ερρ' απ' οικων τωνδε, την γυναικα γαρ

Την σωφρον' & δει τας τριχας ξανθας ποιειν.

VER. 179. *She slipt into the stews, &c.]* The stews at Rome were constructed in the form of a gallery, along which were ranged on each side, a number of contiguous cells, or little chambers. Over the door of each of these was written the name of the tenant, who stood at the entrance, soliciting the preference of the visitors. Messalina, we see, took the cell of Lycisca, whose absence she had probably procured, and who was undoubtedly a lady in some

There, flinging off her dress, the imperial whore
 Stood, with bare breasts, and gilded, at the door,
 And shew'd, Britannicus, to all that came,
 The womb that bore thee, in Lycisca's name :
 Allur'd the passers by with many a wile,
 And ask'd her price, and took it, with a smile
 And when the hour of business was expir'd,
 And all the girls dismiss'd, with sighs retir'd ;
 Yet what she could, she did ; slowly she past,
 And saw her man, and shut her cell the last.
 Still raging with the fever of desire,
 Her veins all turgid, and her blood all fire,
 Exhausted, but unsatisfied, she sought
 Her home, and to the Emperor's pillow brought,
 Cheeks rank with sweat, limbs drench'd with poisonous dew,
 The steam of lamps, and odour of the stews !

request. She is mentioned by Martial, with whom she seems to have been a favourite.

I should have added, that the writing over the door contained not only the name of the lady, but the price of her favours. The following curious proof of it, is to be found in Hist. Apoll. Tyr. QUICUMQUE TARSIVM DEFLORAVERIT MEDIAM LIBRAM DABIT. POSTEA POPULO PATEBIT AD SINGULOS SOLIDOS.

VER 182. ——— *with bare breasts, and gilded, &c.*] The critics do not seem to understand this passage: they either suppose Messalina's breasts to be bound with golden fillets, or they change *auratis* (gilded) into *ornatis* (beautiful); but Juvenal is to be understood literally—the *papillæ* were covered with gold-leaf; a species of ornament which, however repugnant to our ideas of beauty, is used by many of the dancing girls, and privileged courtesans of the East, to this day.

'Twere long to tell what philters they provide,
 What drugs, to set a son-in-law aside.
 Women, in judgment weak, in feeling strong,
 By every gust of passion borne along,
 Act in their fits such crimes, that, to be just,
 The least pernicious of their sins is lust.

But why's Cesennia then, you say, ador'd,
 And call'd the first of women, by her lord?
 Because she brought him thousands. Such the price,
 It cost the lady to be free from vice!

VER. 203. *But why's Cesennia, &c.*] Juvenal is seldom without his meaning; and while he exposes the overgrown fortunes of the women in his own time, and the vicious liberties they took in consequence of their wealth, he secretly reminds us of the very moderate dowers given to the daughters of the first men of the state in the better times of Rome; and of the domestic virtues for which they were conspicuous. It was usual for the rich wives of his time, to hold a considerable portion of their fortune, and a certain number of slaves, at their own disposal. It was not, therefore, the mere gratitude of the husband which made him wave his own authority, and allowed the wife to domineer. The Greeks seem to have given the same personal indulgence to women who brought ample dowers with them. "The ornaments of gold which now adorn my head," says Hermione, "and the variety of robes I possess, came to me neither from Achilles, nor from Peleus. I brought them from Sparta. Menelaus, my father, presented them to me with a dowry still more considerable, to the end that I might speak with freedom!" Androm.

It is amusing to observe the contrast this custom of the Greeks, and Romans forms, with the practice of the rugged nations of the North. These high-spirited barbarians could not bear the idea of dependance even on their wives, and they, therefore, refused to receive any dowries with them. "*Apud Gothos non mulier viro, sed vir mulieri dotem assignat, ne conjux, ob magnitudinem dotis insolescens, aliquando ex placida consorte proterva evadat, atque in maritum dominari contendat.*"

You think the good man for her beauty pin'd,
And, like a true Arcadian, puled and whin'd;
No, 'twas her ample dower that touch'd his heart,
That shot the fatal, the resistless dart.
She brought enough her liberty to buy,
And tip the wink before her husband's eye:
A wealthy wanton, to a miser wed,
Has all the privilege of a widow'd bed.

But then, Sertorius what I say disproves,
For though his Bibula was poor, he loves.
True! but examine him, and, on my life,
You'll find he loves the beauty, not the wife.
Let but a wrinkle on her forehead rise,
And time obscure the lustre of her eyes,
Let but the moisture leave her flaccid skin,
And her teeth blacken, and her cheeks grow thin,
And you shall hear th' insulting freedman say,
"Pack up your trumpery, madam, and away;
"Nay, bustle, bustle; here you give offence,
"With snuffling night and day:—take your nose hence!"—

But ere that hour arrive, she reigns indeed!
Shepherds, and sheep of Canusinian breed,
Vineyards (but these are trifles all,) she craves,
And store of boys, and troops of country slaves;
Briefly, for all her neighbour has, she sighs,
And plagues her doting husband till he buys.
In winter, when the merchant fears to roam,
And snowy roofs confine his crew at home;

She ransacks every storehouse; cheapens here,
 Huge myrrhe and chrystal vases; there, that dear,
 And far-fam'd gem, which on the finger glow'd
 Of Berenice, (dearer thence,) bestow'd

VER. 236. *Huge myrrhe, and chrystal vases,*] In the original *myrrhina*, a word about which no two of the commentators are agreed. Pliny the Elder says, that these vases were first introduced by Pompey. *Ea victoria* (that, over Mithridates) *primum in urbem murrhina induxit, primusque Pompeius sex pocula ex eo triumpho Capitolino Jovi dicavit, quæ protinus ad hominum usum transiére—excrecitque indies ejus rei usus.* 37. 2. Propertius, who had undoubtedly seen them, says,

“Murrheaque in Parthis pocula cocta focis.”

This seems a very good description of what we now call porcelain, and with this we might have been content, had not Pliny, who could not be ignorant of it, added, *Oriens murrhina mittit: inveniuntur enim ibi in pluribus locis, nec insignibus, maxime Parthici regni; præcipue tamen in Carmania.* Here it is manifest that Pliny took them for gems; and so, indeed, he elsewhere terms them; in which he is followed by Martial, and others. Hardouin inclines to Propertius.

I am aware that all this is very unsatisfactory; but I know not where to look for any thing more to the purpose. Salmasius is confused and contradictory on the subject, and Scaliger, who agrees with Propertius, introduces a circumstance which is incompatible with his own explanation. Ainsworth says, *murra* is a “stone of divers colours, of which cups are made:” this is well enough; yet he refers to this passage of Juvenal, under another word, *myrrhina*; i. e. says he, “of myrrh, or scented with myrrh.” In some modern travels, I find that the districts mentioned by Pliny, still afford a gem that answers, in some measure, to his description: it is a species of agate; and this, after all, may be the substance alluded to.

VER. 238. *Of Berenice, &c.*] Jortin observes, on a passage in the 14th Satire, that the commentators have poured out a flood of nonsense or profaneness, in attempting to explain it. He might have said the same of this before us, with equal justice. Briefly, (for here is nothing after all, very obscure, though Dusaulx thinks it, “beyond doubt, the most difficult place in

By an incestuous brother, in that State,
Where kings the sabbath, barefoot, celebrate;

Juvenal,") the Berenice mentioned above, was the daughter of Agrippa, whose youngest son, called after his father,* was suspected of an incestuous commerce with her. She was a woman equally celebrated for her lewdness and her beauty; and had prevailed on Titus to promise her marriage; a promise which nothing but his dread of an insurrection, prevented him from carrying into execution: *tum reginam Berenicem dimisit, invitum invitam.*

VER. 239. ————— in that State,] That is, says the old scholiast, in Judæa, where the Synagogue is, and where they spare the old hogs because they prefer eating the young ones! This is very good: eating the young hogs is certainly not the way to have old ones. The truth, however, is that this good man knew not what he was writing about. Juvenal himself is sufficiently incorrect. The ancients observed that the Jews did not eat swine's flesh, and they, therefore, conjectured, that they held swine in reverent estimation. The fact is, that they neither ate old nor young; they kept them indeed, but it was for their neighbours; and hogs in Judæa, I fancy, had no particular indulgences.

It is well known that Plutarch is sufficiently credulous: he is less reprehensible for this, however, than for his unaccountable propensity to give reasons for all the nonsensical things he relates. He says that the Jews *worshipped* swine. And why? Out of gratitude, forsooth, to the animals who first taught them to plow the ground!—The journey to Laputa will hereafter rank with the treatise on Isis and Osiris.

In the next line Juvenal says, *mero pede* (barefoot); if it were not for his general ignorance of the Jewish ritual, I should be almost tempted to think, with Holyday, that he had looked into Josephus for this circumstance. See Bell. Jud. Lib. 11.

Apropos of Holyday. It may tend to relax the severity of the critic at an awkward phrase, when he sees to what hard shifts the wicked necessity of

* This young Agrippa was the Tetrarch of Galilea who heard Saint Paul at Cæsarea, during his visit to the Proconsul.

And old indulgence grants a length of life
To hogs, that fatten fearless of the knife.

What! and is none of all this numerous herd,
Worthy thy choice? not one to be preferr'd?—
Suppose her from a line of heroes sprung,
An ancient line; of fruitful blood, and young;
Perfect in every duty, rich and fair,
And (though a black swan be not half so rare,)
Chaste as the Sabine wives, who rush'd between
The kindred hosts, and clos'd the dreadful scene.
Yet who could bear to lead an humbled life,
Curst with that veriest plague, a faultless wife!
Some simple rustic at Venusium bred,
Would I, much sooner than Cornelia, wed,

rhyme, sometimes drives this most excellent scholar. The verse in question, he translates;

“ ————— where, you know,

“ Kings, on their sabbath, barefoot go, *tho' cold!*

“ And where kind custom lets their hogs grow old.”

VER. 254. “*Would I, much sooner than Cornelia, wed,*”] This Cornelia was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, the wife of Cornelius, and the mother of Caius, and Tiberius Gracchus. She had, the reader sees, some reason to be proud, and it appears she was not wanting to herself; for Plutarch says, she was fond of boasting of the victories of her father over Hannibal and Syphax. To this laudable propensity Juvenal alludes; he had also in view, perhaps, a circumstance that seems to have escaped the critics. So great was her haughtiness, that when Ptolemy, king of Egypt, asked her in marriage, after the death of her husband, she was seriously offended, and rejected the proposition with every mark of indignation. The unhappy fate of her two sons has been already mentioned; (see Sat. II. v. 36;) their eloquence and spirit were hers, their

If to great virtues, greater pride she join,
 And count her ancestors as current coin.
 Hence with thy Hannibal! go, prithee tramp,
 With vanquish'd Syphax, and his sooty camp!
 Plague me no more with Carthage! I'd be free
 From all this pageantry of worth, and thee.

O let, Apollo, let my children live,
 And thou, Diana, pity, and forgive,
 Amphion cries; they, they are guiltless all:
 The mother sinn'd, let then the mother fall.
 In vain he cries; Apollo bends his bow,
 And, with the children, lays the father low.
 Such were the effects of Niobe's mad pride!
 Vain of her numerous offspring, she decried
 Latona; nay, the sow Æneas found,
 With thirty snow-white sucklings grunting round.

turbulence, I hope, was their own:—not that she seems altogether to have disapproved of it, for on the basis of a statue raised to her memory, we find CORNELIA MATER GRACCHORUM; the very words of Juvenal.

Boileau has imitated this passage very happily:

“Ainsi donc au plutôt délogeant de ces lieux,

“Allez, princesse, allez avec tous vos aïeux,

“Sur le pompeux débris des lances Espagnoles,

“Coucher, si vous voulez, aux champs d' Cerizoles.” *Sat. x. v. 479.*

VER. 269. ——— *nay, the sow Æneas found, &c.*] This famous sow, who is introduced more than once, was found by Æneas near Lavinium, on the spot where Alba was afterwards built. Ridiculous as the incident is, it makes a conspicuous figure in the Æneid, where it is given with wonderful gravity. Juvenal has fallen into a curious anachronism in mentioning it; but of this he was as well aware as we can be; he produced it, I am persuaded, merely

Beauty and worth are purchas'd much too dear,
 If a wife ding them hourly in your ear ;
 For say, what pleasure can you hope to find,
 E'en in this boast, this phoenix of her kind,
 If, warp'd by pride, on all around she lour,
 And in your cup more gall than honey pour ?
 Ah ! who (though blindly wedded to the state)
 Who would not shrink from such a perfect mate,
 Of every virtue feel th' oppressive weight,
 And curse the worth he loves, seven hours in eight ?

Some faults, though small, there are, which none can bear :
 For, shame to sense ! none fancies she is fair,
 Unless her thoughts in Attic terms she dress ;
 A mere Cecropian of a Sulmoness !
 All now is Greek : in Greek their souls they pour,
 In Greek their fears, hopes, joys ;—what would you more ?

to vex Domitian, (whom he never forgets,) who being, as Owen observes, extremely attached to Alba, and probably interested in its glory, might be mortified at having this idle story brought forward, and ridiculed.

Extulit ergo gregem natorum, ipsumque parentum, Owen translates, “ and sons, and mother slew.” Perhaps it is an error of the press ; though I observe the same expression in Dryden. The satire evidently requires that we should understand it of Amphion, who fell upon the bodies of his sons, *ferro per pectus adacto*, as Ovid says. It is true, Niobe herself perished not long after ; but this Juvenal purposely drops : his business was to shew the fatal consequences of her pride, on those who had no share in her guilt.

VER. 284. *A mere Cecropian of a Sulmoness !*] The satire of this line will be understood by recollecting, that the inhabitants of Sulmo, a town of Pelignum, spoke a barbarous Latin dialect ; while the Cecropians, or people of Athens, made use of the purest and most elegant Greek.

After this line there follows in the original, *cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire*

In Greek they clasp their lovers. We allow
 These fooleries to girls, indeed; but thou,
 Who tremblest on the verge of eighty-eight,
 To Greek it still! O, 'tis a day too late.—
 Foh! how it savours of the dregs of lust,
 When an old hag, whose blandishments disgust,
 Affects the infant lisp, the girlish squeak,
 And mumbles out, “my life! my soul!” in Greek.
 Words which the secret sheets alone should hear,
 But which thou trumpet'st in the public ear.—
 And words, we know, possess a magic power,
 To heighten, or prolong the extatic hour:
 But though thou speak'st them in a tend'rer strain
 Than Hæmus, or Carpophorus,—'tis vain:
 Thy face alone employs thy lover's cares,
 And while thou sigh'st soft things, he counts thy years.

But tell me;—if thou canst not love a wife,
 Made thine by every tie, and thine for life,

Latinè; which I believe, with Barthius and others, to be spurious, and have therefore omitted. It is unworthy of Juvenal; who seldom deals in those modicums of wisdom; those trite observations, which every body can make, and which, when made, are good for nothing.

VER. 294. *And mumbles out, “my life! my soul!” in Greek.*] *Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ*. These expressions were familiar to the Roman ladies. We find them again in Martial, in an epigram patched up from the passage before us:

“Cum tibi non Ephesos, nec sit Rhodos, aut Mitylene,

“Sed domus in vico, Lælia, patricio,—

“*Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ* lascivum congeris usque,

“Proh pudor! Hersiliæ civis, et Ægeriæ.”

Lib. x. Ep. lxviii.

Why should'st thou wed at all? why, my good friend,
 Lavish thy fortune to no earthly end?
 Why waste the wedding-supper, and the cakes
 The queazy-stomach'd guest, at parting, takes,
 And the rich present, which the bridal right
 Claims for the favours of the happy night,
 The charger, where, triumphantly inscroll'd,
 The Dacian hero shines in current gold?
 If thou canst love, and thy besotted mind
 Is so uxoriously to one inclin'd,
 Then bow thy neck, and, with submissive air,
 Receive the yoke thou must for ever wear.

VER. 312. *The Dacian hero, &c.*] *Dacicus*, (says the scholiast,) *hoc est, solidi ita signati, qui pro virginitate deposita novæ nuptæ donantur*. The custom was not peculiar to Rome; it prevailed, under the name of *morgengab*, or morning-present, over a great part of the North of Europe; where, indeed, some faint traces of it are still to be found.

The kind of money which was given to the bride, is not specified without reason. It was coined, we see, in consequence of Domitian's victories in the Dacian war; and there is no doubt, as I have already said, (p. 126,) but that Juvenal mightily enjoyed this indirect allusion to them.

The Dacian war was one of the most dishonourable circumstances of Domitian's reign. He aspired to the conduct of it himself: and the consequences were precisely such as might have been predicted. His cowardice kept him at a distance from danger, and his voluptuousness ruined the discipline of the camp: thus every thing went on ill under his auspices. Happily for the army, he left it at last: yet not till he had dispatched his "laurell'd letters" to Rome: where the senate (nearly as contemptible as their master) decreed that MEDALS SHOULD BE STRUCK, and statues raised to his success; and that he should come among them at all times, in the habit of triumph!

Women no mercy to a lover show
 Who once declares his passion; though they glow
 With equal fires, no warm return they deign,
 But triumph in his spoils,—but mock his pain.
 Less hope has then a man of blameless life,
 Less prospect of enjoyment, with a wife,
 When e'en his virtue (such the fatal curse
 Of their perverseness,) makes his case the worse.
 Nought must be given, if she opposes; nought,
 If she opposes, must be sold or bought:
 She tells thee where to love, and where to hate,
 Shuts out the ancient friend, whose beard thy gate
 Knew, from its downy to its hoary state:
 And when pimps, parasites, of all degrees,
 Have power to Will their fortunes as they please,
 She dictates thine, and impudently dares,
 To name thy very rivals for thy heirs.

“Go, crucify that slave.” For what offence?
 Who's the accuser? where the evidence?
 Hear all: no time, whatever time we take,
 To sift the cause, when a MAN's life's at stake,
 Can e'er be long; hear all, then, I advise—
 “Dolt! idiot! is a slave a man?” she cries,

VER. 336. ——— *no time, &c.*] Thus Amm. Marcellinus, *De vitâ et spiritu hominis laturum sententiam diu multumque cunctari oportere, nec præcipiti studio, ubi irrevocabile sit factum, agitari*. But both Ammianus, and our author, had been long preceded in this humane sentiment, by the Grecian

“ He’s innocent ; be’t so :—’tis my command,

“ My will ; let that, sir, for a reason stand.”

Thus the she-tyrant triumphs, thus she reigns :—

Anon she sickens of her first domains,

And seeks for new ; husband on husband takes,

Till of her bridal veil one rent she makes.

Again she tires, again for change she burns,

And to the bed she lately left returns,

While the fresh garlands, and th’ unfaded boughs,

Yet deck the threshold of her wondering spouse.

Thus swells the number, thus the list appears

Gloriously full ; EIGHT HUSBANDS IN FIVE YEARS !

While thy wife’s mother lives, expect no peace.

She teaches her, with savage joy, to fleece

legislator. Νομῶ αλλῶ περι θανάτου, μη μίαν μόνον ἡμέραν κρίνειν, ἀλλὰ πολλὰς.
Plato Apol. de Socrat. I find a very notable piece of advice on this subject,
among the wise sayings of D. Cato,

“ Nil temerè uxori de servis crede querenti,”

which every husband should get translated, and hung over his parlour-
chimney.

VER. 351. ——— EIGHT HUSBANDS IN FIVE YEARS !] I have already
mentioned the facility with which divorces might be obtained, (v. 51,) it only
remains to add here, that the licence was most grievously abused. Women of
fashion do not now, says Seneca, reckon their years by the number of Consuls,
but by the husbands they have had.

Britannicus, taking an epigram of Martial’s too literally, (Lib. vi. Epig.
vii.) affirms that Juvenal mentions eight husbands, because the law allowed no
more ; all beyond that number being esteemed adultery. In this he is followed
by Holyday ; but surely both are wrong : no such licentiousness ever was, or
ever could be, allowed by law. But Juvenal adds, *titulo res digna sepulchri* !

The wretched husband; she, kind soul! befriends
 The lover's hopes, and when her daughter sends
 An answer to his prayer, the style inspects,
 Softens the cruel, and the wrong corrects.
 Experienc'd bawd! she blinds, or bribes all eyes,
 And brings the adulterer in despite of spies.—
 And now the farce begins; the lady falls
 "Sick, sick, Oh! sick;" and for the doctor calls:
 Sweltering she lies, 'till the dull visit's o'er,
 While the rank lecher, at the closet door,
 Lurking in silence, maddens with delay,
 And in his own impatience melts away.
 Nor think this strange: what mother e'er was known
 T' inculcate morals purer than her own?
 No;—with their daughters' lusts they swell their stores,
 And thrive as bawds, when out of date as whores!

Upon which Lubin (not Britannicus, as Holyday has it) says, it was customary to inscribe the number of husbands a woman had taken, on her sepulchre; and he fancies he proves it by this distich of Martial's, which, as usual, is little more than a transcript from our author:

"Inscripsit tumulo septem celebrata virorum

"Se fecisse Chloe.—Quid pote simplicius?"

But I doubt the fact itself. To have been the wife of one man only, was looked upon as an honourable distinction, it is true, and therefore was carefully noted on the tombs of such as were intitled to it, but that a lady's executors ever recorded that she had buried seven or eight husbands, I cannot bring myself to think. The exclamation of Juvenal is merely a bitter sarcasm on the wives of his time, who were so lost to every sense of the ancient honour, as to be ready to perpetuate their want of chastity on their tomb-stones!

Women support the bar: they love the law,
 And raise litigious questions for a straw.—
 They meet in private, and prepare the Bill,
 Draw up the Instructions with a lawyer's skill,
 Suggest to Celsus, where the merits lie,
 And dictate points for statement or reply.

Nay more, they FENCE! who has not mark'd their oil,
 Their purple rugs, for this preposterous toil?
 Room for the lady—see! she seeks the list,
 And fiercely tilts at her antagonist,
 A post! which, with her buckler, she provokes,
 And bores, and batters with repeated strokes;
 'Till all the fencer's art can do, she shows,
 And the glad master interrupts her blows.

VER. 374. *Suggest to Celsus, &c.*] An orator of those times, says the scholiast, who left behind him seven books of institutes. If by "those times" be meant the age of Juvenal, there is a manifest error, for Celsus died in the reign of Tiberius. He is now better known as a physician than a lawyer.

There is, indeed, a Junius (Juventius) Celsus mentioned by Grangæus; and this, perhaps, may be the person to whom the scholiast alludes. But as he flourished under Adrian, (somewhat too late a period for the date of this satire,) I still incline to believe that our author gives, as is customary with him, the name of the well-known rhetorician, to some cotemporary master of the art.

VER. 377. *Their purple rugs, &c.*] I have already mentioned these rugs (*endromidæ*) in the third Satire. (p. 78.) They were usually put on after violent exercise. It only remains to note with what ingenuity the ladies contrived to make even their tilting pursuits subservient to their vanity. Their rugs are ornamental, and they grow cool in Tyrian purple! How happened it that this escaped Martial?

O worthy, sure, to head those wanton dames,
Who foot it naked at the Floral games ;

VER. 385. ————— *the Floral games ;*] Flora, the Romans say, was a lady of pleasure, who, having acquired an immense fortune in the honest way of trade, left it to the people, on condition that the interest of it should be annually laid out in a merry meeting, which was to be held on her birthday, and called, after her own name, Floralia. The senate took the money, and, out of gratitude (out of shame, Lactantius thinks,) to so exquisite a benefactress, made her a goddess forthwith, and put the flowers under her protection ! The people, good souls ! made no objection to the promotion of their old friend, and kept her birth-day, now her festival, more zealously than ever ! Except the audacious claim put in by Greece on behalf of Rhodope, (“ a customer,” like the former,) to the erection of one of the pyramids, which was built before that country had yet given shelter to a few naked savages ; nothing was ever more impudently urged than this idle story. The flowers of Italy had a presiding power, ages before Rome or her senate was heard of. Varro supposes Flora to have been a Sabine deity ; and adds, that Numa first gave her a priest. Ovid puzzles himself sorely to account for the singular manner in which she was worshipped in his time, but is at no loss about the rest of her story. He translates her name into Greek, proves her to have acted as a midwife at the birth of Mars, &c. and has some beautiful verses on her marriage with Zephyrus, who gave her the charge of blossoms, and flowers, for a dowry. —But enough of this.

The Floralia were first sanctioned by the government in the consulship of Claudius Centho, and Sempronius Tuditanus, (A. U. C. DXCIII.) out of the fines then exacted for trespasses on the grounds belonging to the people : (this is Ovid’s story :) even then they were only occasional ; but about eighteen years afterwards, on account of an unfavourable spring, the senate decreed that they should be celebrated annually, as the most effectual method to propitiate the goddess of the season.

This is the best account I can find of them : my own opinion is, that they had their rise in a very remote age, and, like the Lupercalia, were the uncouth expressions of gratitude of a rude and barbarous race, handed down by

Unless to nobler daring she aspire,
 And tempt the Arena's truer fight, for hire!
 What sense of shame is to that woman known,
 Who envies our pursuits, and hates her own?
 Yet—though she madly doat on arms and blood,
 She would not be a man, e'en if she cou'd,
 For there's a thing she loves beyond compare,
 And we, alas! have no advantage there.—

tradition, adopted by a people as yet but little refined, and finally, degenerating into licentiousness amidst the general corruption of manners.

These games were celebrated on the last day of April, and the first and second of May; and with an indecency hardly credible amongst a civilized people. Strumpets, taken from the dregs of the populace, appeared upon the stage, and exhibited a variety of obscene dances, feats of activity, &c. The people claimed a privilege of calling upon these miserable wretches, to strip themselves quite naked; which was regularly done with immense applause! Val. Maximus says, that when Cato once happened to be present at these games, the spectators were ashamed to call upon the ladies to strip as usual; Cato, who, I suppose, expected it, asked his friend Favorinus why they delayed; and was answered, out of respect to him; upon which he immediately left the theatre, to the great joy of the people, who proceeded to indemnify themselves for their reluctant forbearance. Martial has an epigram on this story, in which he puts a very pertinent question. "Why," says he to Cato, "since you knew the nature of these games, did you go into the theatre? was it merely that you might come out again!"

Holyday tells us "that these vile strumpets were wont to dance naked about the streets, to the sound of a trumpet, to which the poet alludes here more particularly." I cannot find it "so set down;" but they were certainly assembled by the sound of a trumpet; and, at any rate, the leader of this immodest band must have required all the impudence, and all the profligacy, which Juvenal sees in his female fencer.

O, how it must delight thee to behold
 Thy wife's accoutrements in public sold;
 And auctioneers, displaying to the throng
 Her crest, her belt, her gauntlet, and her thong!
 Or, if in other frolics she engage,
 And take her private lessons for the stage,
 Then double, treble joy must fill thy breast,
 To see her greaves "a-going" with the rest.

Yet these are they, the tender souls! who sweat
 In muslins, and in silks expire with heat.
 Mark, with what force, as the full blow descends,
 She thunders "hah!" again, how low she bends
 Beneath the opposer's stroke, how firm she rests,
 Pois'd on her hams, and every step contests,
 How close tuck'd up for fight, behind, before,
 Then laugh to see her squat, when the vile farce is o'er.

Tell me, ye daughters of Metellus old,
 Æmilius, Gurges, did ye e'er behold
 A fencer's trull, and be the truth confest,
 Thus tilting at a stake, thus impudently drest?

VER. 413. *Thus tilting &c.*] We have now seen the ladies exhibiting as fencers, prize-fighters, gladiators, &c. Occupations so abhorrent from the nature of the sex, that the mere difficulty of conceiving it possible they should ever engage in them, has probably led many to imagine the whole to be the invention of the poet. But this is to be ignorant of the history of those times. We have but to open the pages of cotemporary writers to be convinced that, far from inventing, he does not even exaggerate.

I had once a design of tracing the progressive infamy of the Roman women from Nero, when female decorum received its first great shock, to the period

'Tis night; yet hope no slumbers with thy wife;
The nuptial bed is still the scene of strife:
There lives the keen debate, the clamorous brawl,
And quiet "never comes, that comes to all."
Fierce as a tigress plunder'd of her young,
Rage fires her breast, and loosens all her tongue,
When, conscious of her guilt, she feigns to groan,
And chides thy want of love, to hide her own;
Rails at the produce of thy loose amours,
And twits thee with imaginary whores:
Then opes the fruitful fount of tears, and bids
The impassion'd showers fall copious from her lids,
For at their posts, like marshall'd troops, they stand,
Prepar'd to flow, to pour, at her command.
Thou fanciest cares for thee this tempest move,
And deem'st thyself so happy in her love!
With fond caresses striv'st her heart to chear,
And from her eye-lid suck'st the starting tear:
But could'st thou now examine the scrutore,
Of this most loving, this most jealous whore,
What billet-doux, what letters would'st thou see;
Proofs, damning proofs, of her sincerity!

But these are doubtful;—put a clearer case:

Suppose her taken in a slave's embrace,

of this Satire: but I dropt it from mere irksomeness. Those, however, who delight in such humiliating speculations may find abundant gratification in the pages of Tacitus, Suetonius, Dio, &c.

Or, e'en a knight's. Now, my Quintilian, come,
And fashion an excuse. What! thou art dumb?
Then let the lady speak. "Was't not agreed
The MAN should please himself?" "It was; proceed."
"Then so may I." "Heavens!"—"Nay, no oath, no oath:
"MAN is a general term, and takes in both."
When once surprised, the sex all shame forego,
And more audacious, as more guilty grow.

And dost thou ask from what polluted source,
These monstrous crimes, these horrors, took their course?
From wealth, my friend. Our matrons then were chaste,
When huswifery, that gave no hour to waste,
Short, hasty slumbers, long, laborious days,
Hands still employ'd the Tuscan wool to tease,
Their husbands arm'd, and anxious for the State,
And Carthage hovering near the Colline gate,
Conspir'd to keep all thoughts of ill aloof,
And banish'd vice far from their lowly roof.
Now, all the evils of long peace are ours;
Luxury, more terrible than hostile powers,
Her baleful influence wide around has hurl'd,
And well aveng'd thy cause, O conquer'd world!
Yes, since the good old poverty is fled,
Vice, like a deluge, o'er the State has spread:—
Now, shame to Rome! in every street is found
Th' effeminate Sybarite, with roses crown'd,
The rank Miletan, and the Tarentine,
Lewd, petulant, and reeling ripe with wine.

Riches, the ready pander to all sin,
 Brought foreign manners, foreign vices in;
 Enervate riches, and with sensual art
 Sapp'd every home-bred virtue of the heart;
 Yes, every:—for what cares the drunken dame,
 (Take head or tail; to her 'tis much the same.)
 Who at deep midnight, on fat oysters sups,
 And froths with unguents her Falernian cups;

VER. 473. *And froths with unguents her Falernian cups;*] This most extravagant custom of pouring precious ointments into their wine, and drinking them off together, is mentioned in terms of great indignation by the Elder Pliny, (lib. xxxi.) *At, Hercules, jam quidam etiam in potu addunt unguenta, —ut odore prodigo fruuntur, ex utraque parte corporis, exteriori scilicet et interiori!*

It was then, we see, confined to a few; but it swiftly spread, with every other vicious excess, and when Martial wrote was common enough.

“Hâc licet in gemmâ, quæ servat nomina Cosmi,

“Luxuriosè bibas, si foliata sitis.”

Cosmus seems to have been a celebrated compounder of this unguent. I do not know his ingredients; but the commentators on Martial say, they consisted of the leaves of *nardus*, *costus*, &c. This is likely enough; and when we are so happy as to know what the leaves of *nardus*, *costus*, &c. are, our perfumers may hope to rival Cosmus.

This monstrous luxury continued in fashion to the decline of the empire. It is casually mentioned by Ælian, (Hist. lib. xii.) *μυρω οινον μίγνυντες ἔτως ἐπιπνον*; and introduced more than once by Claudian. In a note on this hemistich,—*Te foliis Arabes ditent*,—his critic says, *odoratis scilicet foliis, quæ erant, et nunc sunt quoque, inter aromata. Ex his foliis faciebant unguentum quod foliatum usurpabatur; pretiosissimum erat.*

It is not very easy to conceive the motives for the singular practice to which I have just alluded. Savage nations, it is well known, are fond of having recourse to the most nauseous mixtures, for the sake of procuring a temporary delirium: strong infusions of aromatic ointments in wine, are said to produce

Who swallows oceans, till the tables rise,
And double lustres dance before her eyes?

And canst thou doubt, as Tullia homeward goes,
With what contempt she tosses up her nose
At Chastity's hoar fane? what impious jeers,
Collatia pours in Maura's tingling ears?

giddiness: and it is not altogether improbable, but that this corrupt and profligate people (as the extremes of barbarism and refinement sometimes meet) might be influenced by considerations of a similar nature, to adopt so disgusting and extravagant an expedient, for the mere purpose of accelerating, and heightening the effects of intoxication.

I would not lightly introduce sacred matters; but I wish to observe here, that the Jews were accustomed to give condemned persons a draught of wine and myrrh. This is apparent from the last scene of our blessed Saviour's life. St. Mark calls the wine which they gave him *εσμυρνισμενον οινον*. This was according to the usual practice; and the merciful purpose of it was to stupify the feelings of the sufferer. This was independant of what they offered him afterwards—that was done in derision; but they first acted by him as they did by common criminals.

In his Prayer before his Passion, he prays that the “cup might pass from him.” Is it allowable to conjecture, that, in his own mind, he put the customary cup of stupefaction, for his actual death?

VER. 477. *With what contempt, &c.*] “They are not pleased,” says Stappylton, “with all the variations of wantonness, unless they do show their spite to, and contempt of the Goddess of Chastity, at her antiquated, and neglected altars.” There were two temples of Chastity at Rome; one consecrated to Pudicitia Patricia in the *Forum Boarium*, or ox-market, the other to Pudicitia Plebeia, in the *Vicus Longus*, or high-street. The former, (which was also the most ancient) was the scene of these nocturnal impurities.

I find no mention of Tulla or Collatia elsewhere, but Maura is brought forward again in the tenth Satire: and in a manner every way worthy of her introduction here.

Here stop their litters, here they all alight,
And squat together in the Goddess' sight ;—
Then separate to their homes. At break of day
Thou to the levee go'st, and, on the way,
Wad'st through the plashy scene of thy chaste moiety's play. }

Who knows not now, my friend, the secret rites
Of the GOOD GODDESS ; when the dance excites
The boiling blood, when to distraction wound,
By wine, and music's stimulating sound,
The votaries of Priapus, with wild air,
Howl horrible, and toss their flowing hair !—
Then, how their lusts at every pore o'erflow !
How their eyes sparkle ! how their bosoms glow !—
Saufeia now springs forth, and tries a fall
With the town prostitutes, and throws them all ;
But yields, herself, to Medullina, known
For parts and powers, superior to her own.
Maids, mistresses, alike the contest share,
And 'tis not always birth that triumphs here.
Nothing is feign'd in this unnatural game,
'Tis genuine all ; and such as would inflame
The frozen age of Priam, and inspire
The ruptur'd, bed-rid Nestor with desire.
Stung with their mimic feats, a heavy groan
Of lust goes round ; the sex, the sex is shown !
And the cavé echoes with the impassion'd cry,
“ Let in the men, the adulterers, or we die.”

They're not yet come. "Not come? then scour the street,
 "And bring us quickly here the first you meet."
 There's none abroad. "Then fetch our slaves." They're gone.
 "Then hire a waterman." There's none. "Not one!"—

And, would to heaven, our ancient rites were free
 From these impurities! But earth, and sea,
 Have heard what singing-wench produc'd his ware,
 Vast as two Anti-Catos, there, e'en there,
 Where the male mouse, in reverence, lies conceal'd,
 And e'en the picture of a man is veil'd.

VER. 513. ——— *what singing-wench, &c.*] This was Clodius. The affair to which Juvenal alludes was a remarkable one, and happened thus. Clodius, then a very young man, had an intrigue with Pompeia, the wife of Julius Cæsar. As the lady was narrowly watched by her mother-in-law, Aurelia, they had few opportunities of meeting; this irritated their impatience, and forced them upon an expedient as flagitious as it was new. The mysteries of the Bona Dea, as every one knows, were so respected of the Romans, that none but women had the privilege of officiating at them; every male, even of animals, was driven from the house, and every statue, every picture of the masculine kind scrupulously veiled. Clodius dressed himself like a woman, and knocked at the door of Cæsar's house, where the mysteries were then celebrating. One of Pompeia's maids, who was in the secret, let him in; but unluckily, while she was gone to acquaint her mistress with his arrival, the impatient Clodius advanced towards the assembly. On the way, he was met by another domestic, who, taking him for one of her own sex, began to toy with him. Clodius was confused; which the other perceiving, insisted on knowing who, and what he was. His voice, and still more his agitation, betrayed him. The women, struck with horror at the profanation, covered the altar and the implements of sacrifice with a veil, and drove the intruder from the house. They left it themselves immediately after, and went to acquaint their husbands with the unprecedented abomination. Clodius was instantly

And who was then a scoffer? who despis'd
The Immortals; and the simple rites, devis'd
By Numa? Now, religion's in its wane,
And daring Clodii swarm in every fane.

I hear, old friends, I hear you: "make all sure,
"Plant spies within, and bolts without the door."
But who shall KEEP the KEEPERS? Wives contemn
Our poor precautions, and begin with THEM.
Lust is the master-passion; it inflames
Alike both high and low; alike the dames
Who, on tall Syrians' necks, their state display,
And those who pick on foot their miry way.

Whene'er Ogulnia to the Circus goes,
To emulate the rich, she hires her clothes,
Hires followers, friends, and cushions; hires a chair,
A nurse, and a trim girl with golden hair,
To slip her billets:—prodigal and poor,
She wastes the wreck of her paternal store
On smooth-fac'd wrestlers; wastes her little all,
And strips her shivering mansion to the wall.
There's many a woman knows distress at home;
Not one that feels it, and, ere ruin come,

accused, and would have been condemned; but for the clandestine influence of Pompey and Cæsar, (of whom he was a necessary tool,) and a species of bribery almost too infamous for belief, though Cicero asserts it as a fact. *Jam vero (O Dii boni!) rem perditam; etiam noctes certarum mulierum, atque adolescentulorum nobilium introductiones nonnullis judicibus pro mercedis cumulo fuerant!*

To her small means conforms. Taught by the ant,
 Men sometimes guard against the extremes of want,
 And stretch, though late, their providential cares,
 To food and raiment, for their future years :
 But women never see their wealth decay ;
 With lavish hands, they scatter night and day,
 As if the gold, with vegetative power,
 Would bloom afresh, and spring from hour to hour ;
 As if the mass its present size would keep,
 And no expense reduce th' eternal heap.

Others there are, who centre all their bliss
 In the soft eunuch, and the beardless kiss :
 They need not from his chin avert their face,
 Nor use abortive drugs, for his embrace.
 But oh ! their joys run high if he be form'd
 When his full veins the fire of love has warm'd ;
 When every part's to full perfection rear'd,
 And nought of manhood wanting, but the beard.

But should the dame in music take delight ;
 The public singer is disabled quite :
 In vain the prætor guards him all he can,
 She slips the buckle, and enjoys her man.

VER. 545. *As if the gold, &c.*] None of the commentators seem to have understood this passage, which is represented by some of them as incorrect, and by others as unintelligible. It is neither the one nor the other ; but a plain allusion to a notion very generally received amongst the ancients, that mines, after being exhausted, sometimes reproduced their ores.

VER. 560. *She slips the buckle,*] See p. 171.

Still in her hand his instrument is found,
 Thick set with gems, that shed a lustre round;
 Still o'er his lyre the ivory quill she flings,
 Still runs divisions on the trembling strings,
 The trembling strings, which her lov'd Hedymel
 Was wont to strike so sweetly, and so well!
 These still she holds, with these she sooths her woes;
 And kisses on the dear, dear wire bestows.
 A noble lady, of the Lamian line,
 To Janus' temple came, with meal and wine;
 To ask if Pollio might expect renown,
 At the next contest for the Harmonic crown!

VER. 569. *A noble lady of the Lamian line,*] I have already observed, (Sat. iv. v. 225,) that the Lamian family was of great antiquity. Pollio, for whom this high-born dame was so interested, is mentioned by Martial, and appears to have been a favourite performer. The games at which he proposed to become a competitor, were instituted by that great *amateur*, Domitian: they were held every fifth year, and from their being dedicated to Tarpeian Jove, probably in the Capitol. The manner in which Juvenal describes the mode of consulting the Aruspex, is worth noticing; it is so minute, and at the same time so accurate, as to leave little to be added on the subject.

Pliny says, that the stated forms of prayer were adhered to with the most scrupulous exactness, and that a monitor (a minor priest, I suppose,) stood by the suppliant, to prevent the slightest aberration. Tertullian, who was intimately acquainted with all such matters, has an observation on the subject of these monitors, in which he nobly contrasts the practices of the Christians with those of their adversaries. "*Illuc suspicientes Christiani, manibus expansis quia innocuis*; (the hands of the Heathens were folded;) *capite nudo*, (the heads of the Heathens were covered,) *quia non erubescimus*; *denique sine monitore, quia de pectore oramus*!"

What could she for a husband more have done,
 What for an only, an expiring son?—
 Yes, for a harper the besotted dame
 Approach'd the altar, reckless of her fame,
 And veil'd her head, and, with a pious air,
 Follow'd the Aruspex through the form of prayer ;
 And trembled, and turn'd pale, as he explor'd
 The entrails, breathless for the fatal word.
 But tell me, father Janus, if you please,
 Tell me, most ancient of the deities ;
 Is your attention to such suppliants given ?
 If so ;—there is not much to do in heaven.
 For a comedian, this consults your will,
 For a tragedian that ; kept standing, still,
 By this eternal rout, the wretched priest
 Feels his legs swell, and longs to be releas'd.

But let her rather sing, than scour the streets,
 And thrust herself in every croud she meets ;
 Chat with great generals, with a forward air,
 And in your presence lay her bosom bare.—

VER. 590. *And thrust herself in every crowd, &c.*] There is a beautiful passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, which may serve to illustrate this remark of our author :

“ O, these ENCOUNTERERS so glib of tongue,
 “ That give a coasting welcome ere it come,
 “ And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
 “ To every ticklish reader ! set them down
 “ For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
 “ And daughters of the game.”

She too with curiosity o'erflows,
 And all the news of all the world, she knows;
 Knows what in Scythia, what in Thrace is done;
 The secrets of the step-dame and the son;
 Who speeds, and who is jilted: she can swear
 Who made the widow pregnant, when, and where,
 And what she said, and how she jugg'd it there. }
 She first espied the star, whose baleful ray
 O'er Parthia, and Armeniâ, shed dismay:—
 She watches at the gates, for news to come,
 And intercepts it, as it enters Rome;
 Then, fraught with full intelligence, she flies
 Through every street, and, mingling truth with lies,
 Tells how Niphates swell'd beyond its bound,
 Burst forth, and deluged all the country round,
 While cities rock'd, and hills sunk in the gulf profound. }

And yet this itch, though never to be cur'd,
 Is easier than her cruelty endur'd:
 For let a dog but bark, and discompose
 Her rest a moment, wild with rage she grows;
 "Ho! whips," she cries; "and flay that cur accurst;
 "But flay the rascal there, that owns him, first."

VER. 600. *She first espied the star, &c.*] Lubin (as well as Lipsius) says the appearance of this blazing star must be referred to the times of Trajan, who undertook an expedition against the Parthians and Armenians. But this Satire, was written, I believe, before Trajan began his reign, I should, therefore, refer it to the times of Titus. The dreams of Henninius on the subject, are not worth noticing, any more than the conjectures about the overflowing of the

Dangerous to meet while in these frantic airs,
 And terrible to look at, she prepares
 To bathe at night; she issues her commands,
 And in long ranks forth march the obedient bands,
 With tubs, cloths, oils;—for 'tis her dear delight
 To sweat midst clamour, tumult and affright.
 Then, when her arms refuse the balls to ply,
 And the sly bath-keeper has rubb'd her dry;
 All flush'd she enters, where the wretched guest,
 At once with hunger, and with sleep opprest,
 Has sicken'd at her stay; enters athirst
 For floods, whole floods of wine, and swallows first
 Two quarts to clear her stomach, and excite
 A ravenous, an unbounded appetite!—
 Huisch! up it comes, good heavens! meat, drink, and all,
 And rolls in muddy torrents round the hall;

Niphates; which, being a mountain river, might be supposed liable to such accidents, without any extraordinary stretch of imagination. Besides, Juvenal covertly insinuates these prodigies to have been rather fabricated by his female gossip, than to have actually happened.

VER. 621. *Then, when her arms, &c.*] This alludes to the custom of swinging two heavy masses of lead, to procure a profuse perspiration, before they went into the bath;—no very delicate fancy for a lady; though full as much so, by the bye, as that of having a male bath-keeper to anoint, and rub her dry.

VER. 629. *Huisch! up it comes, &c.*] Here again Juvenal is accused of exaggeration, but with how little reason will appear from the following passage of Seneca: "*Non minus pervigilant, non minus potant; et oleo et mero viros provocant: atque invitis ingesta visceribus per os reddunt, et vinum omne vomitu remetiantur!*" Need I go farther?

Or a gilt ewer receives the foul contents,
And poisons all the house with vinous scents.
So, dropt into a vat, a snake is said
To drink, and spew. The husband turns his head,
Sick to the soul, from this disgusting scene,
And struggles to suppress his rising spleen.

But she is more intolerable yet,
Who plays the critic when at board she's set,
Calls Virgil charming, and attempts to prove
Poor Dido right, in venturing all for love.
From Maro, and Mæonides, she quotes
The striking passages, and while she notes
Their beauties, and defects, adjusts her scales,
And accurately weighs, which bard prevails.
The astonish'd guests sit mute: grammarians yield,
Loud rhetoricians baffled, quit the field;
E'en auctioneers, and lawyers stand aghast,
And not a woman speaks!—so thick, and fast,
The wordy shower descends, that you would swear
A thousand bells were jingling in your ear,
A thousand basons clattering. Vex no more
Your trumpets, and your timbrels, as of yore,
To ease the labouring moon; her single yell,
Can drown their clangor, and dissolve the spell.

VER, 653. *To ease the labouring moon, &c.*] In Melchor's song at the court of Moab, Cowley has these two lines,

“ He sung how earth blots the moon's gilded wain,
“ Whilst foolish men beat sounding brass in vain.”

She lectures on the KALON, and explains,
 “ In good set terms” at large, the END and MEANS :—
 But should not she, who makes a bold pretence
 To more than female eloquence, and sense,
 Abjure all female ornaments, and wear
 The coarse, short coat of a philosopher ;

On which he has a note. It is clumsily drawn up, but as it contains an accurate account of the superstitious folly to which Juvenal alludes, I have subjoined it. “ This custom took the original from an opinion that witches, by muttering some charms in verse, caused the eclipses of the moon, which they conceived to be when the moon (that is, the goddess of it,) was brought down from the sphere by the virtue of these enchantments ; and therefore they made a great noise by the beating of brass, sounding of trumpets, whooping and hallowing, and the like, to drown the witches’ murmurs, that the moon might not hear them, and so to render them ineffectual.”

VER. 655. *She lectures on the KALON, &c.] Imponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis.* Without entering into the disputes on this difficult line, which would lead me too far, I shall merely observe, that I have given what I conceive to be the sense of it, in conformity to the opinion of some of the most judicious commentators. *Non solum mulier de poetis judicat* (says Brit.) *sed etiam more philosophi præcepta dat de ratione rectè vivendi, &c.* And Lubin, *Etiam philosophiam tractat!*—*et more sapientum de summo bono disputat.* Holyday translates it thus,

“ In just acts too new aim she gives.”—

I do not pretend to understand his poetry, but in a long, and learned note on it, he seems to explain his author as I do ; except, that he supposes the lady ambitious to establish a sect of her own.

Doctor Jortin thinks the meaning is “ the wise person in all things, even in things honest, and commendable, observes the due medium, the τὸ μένεν ἔγαν: therefore a prudent woman, &c. &c.” This is very good sense, and may, perhaps, be that of the author.

I pass over the idle fancies of the critics on the following lines—their

A hog, Sylvanus, sacrifice to thee,
And bathe in public for the farthing fee?—

O, never may the partner of my bed,
With subtleties of logic stuff her head;
Nor whirl her rapid syllogisms around,
Nor with imperfect enthymemes confound!
Enough for me, if common things she know,
And have the little learning schools bestow.
I hate the female pedagogue, who pores
O'er her Palæmon hourly; who explores

obvious meaning is, that the woman who quits her proper pursuits to follow those of men, should also adopt their peculiar habits, privileges, &c. should wear a succinct coat, instead of a flowing stole, sacrifice to Sylvanus, (which none but men might do,) and frequent the common baths, like one of the people.

VER. 663. *O, never may the partner of my bed, &c.*] In the WIFE, by Sir Thomas Overbury, there is a stanza on this subject, which, whatever may be thought of its poetry, is not deficient in good sense:

“ Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
“ By nature wise, not learned by much art;
“ Some knowledge on her side, will all my life
“ More scope of conversation impart;
“ Besides, her inborn virtues fortify,
“ They are most firmly good, who best know why.”

How superior is this (I do not mean in poetry, but in just and liberal thinking) to the following:

Σοφὴν δὲ μισῶ. Μὴ γὰρ ἐν γ' ἐμοῖς δομοῖς
Εἴη φρονεῖσα πλεῖον, ἢ γυναῖκα χρεὴν.
Τὸ γὰρ πανουργὸν μᾶλλον ἐντικτεῖ Κυπρὶς
Ἐν ταῖς σοφαῖσιν.

Eurip. Hip.

VER. 670. *O'er her Palæmon, &c.*] For Palæmon, See Sat. vii.

All modes of speech, regardless of the sense,
 But tremblingly alive to mood and tense:
 Who, when I speak, corrects my homely phrase,
 By some old canticle of Numa's days,
 To me unknown; and, by the book, amends
 The verbal slips of her provincial friends,
 Which I scarce mark'd: 'tis well;—but let me make
 A solecism, uncheck'd, for heaven's sweet sake!

A woman stops at nothing, when she wears
 Rich emeralds round her neck, and, in her ears,
 Pearls of enormous size; these justify
 Her faults, these make all lawful in her eye.
 Sure, of all ills with which the state is curst,
 A wife, who brings you money, is the worst.
 Behold! her face a spectacle appears,
 Bloated, and foul, and plaister'd to the ears
 With viscous pastes:—the husband looks askew,
 And sticks his lips in this detested glew.

VER. 681. *Pearls of enormous size;*] *Magnos elenchos.* It is not easy to say what these were: the scholiast calls them *uniones, margaritas oblongas*; the modern commentators, oval, oblong, and pear-shaped pearls. Holyday quaintly translates the word, eye-checking, because, as he says, *ελεγχω* sometimes signifies to check, or reprehend! I incline to think that *elenchus* did not signify a single pearl for the ear, but a drop, formed of several; for that such were worn and admired in Juvenal's time, may be readily proved. The following passage in Seneca, *De Beneficiis*, seems to me much to the purpose: *Video uniones non singulos singulis auribus comparatos; (jam enim exercitata aures oneri ferendo sunt;) junguntur inter se, et insuper alii bini suppanguntur. Non satis muliebris insania viros subjecerat, nisi bina, ac terna patrimonium singulis auribus pependissent!*

Still to the adulterer, sweet and clean she goes,
 (No sight offends his eye, no smell his nose,)
 But rots in filth at home, a very pest,
 And thinks it loss of leisure to be drest.
 For him she breathes of nard, for him alone,
 She makes the sweets of Araby her own;
 For him, at length, she ventures to uncase
 Her person; scales the rough-cast from her face,

VER. 687. *With viscous pastes, &c.*] Ariosto had this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote the following lines:

“Se sapesse Ercolan dove la labbia
 “Pon quando bacia Lidia, avria più a schivo
 “Che se baciasse un cul marcio di scabbia;
 “Non sà che 'l liscio è fatto col salivo
 “Delle Giudee”——

but the old bard grows quite abominable as he proceeds.

VER. 689. *Still to the adulterer, &c.*] Le Grange fancies that Juvenal had Lucilius in view in this place:

“Quom tecum est, quidvis satis est; visuri alieni
 “Sint homines, spiram, pallas, redimicula promit.” *Sat. xv.*

This is not unlikely: but I believe the more immediate subject of his imitation, was the following passage of Tibullus, Lib. 1. El. ix. 67.

“Tune putas illam pro te disponere crines,
 “Aut tenues denso pectere dente comas?
 “Ista hæc persuadet facies, auroque lacertos
 “Vinciat, et Tyrio prodeat apta sinu?
 “Non tibi, sed juveni cuidam vult bella videri;
 “Devoveat pro quo remque, domunque tuam.”

VER. 696. —— *scales the rough-cast from her face,*] Thus, too, Tibullus,

“Et faciem, dempta pelle, referre novam.”

Scaliger, speaking of this renewing of faces, has a most ungallant observation. I thought, says he, *nostro tempore tantum hoc incepisse; sed, quantum video, non minus illæ veteres lupæ insaniebant, quam hæ nostræ ætatis.*

And (while her maids to know her now begin)
 Washes, with asses' milk, her frowzy skin;
 Asses, which, exiled to the Pole, the fair,
 For her charms' sake, would carry with her there.
 But tell me yet; this thing, thus daub'd and oil'd,
 Thus poultic'd, plaister'd, bak'd by turns and boil'd,
 Thus with pomatums, ointments, lacquer'd o'er,
 Is it a FACE, Ursidius, or a SORE?

"Tis worth a little labour, to survey
 Our wives more near, and trace 'em through the day.

VER. 698. *Washes with asses' milk, &c.*] For this refinement in luxury, as well as for the "viscous paste" mentioned above, the Roman ladies were indebted to the younger Poppæa, the mistress, and finally the wife, of Nero; who avenged the cause of two husbands, whom she had abandoned, by a kick which occasioned her death.

"Poppæa," Stapylton says, "was so careful to preserve her beauty, that when she went into banishment, she carried fifteen" (the scholiast says fifty) "she-asses along with her, for their milk to wash in." I will not vouch for the truth of this anecdote; but that Poppæa was profusely extravagant, in every thing which related to her person, is undoubted. Here is Xiphilinus's account: Η δε Σαβινη αυτη ἔτιως ὑπερετρυφήσεν, ὥστε τὰς τε ἡμίονους τὰς ἀγῶστας αὐτὴν ἐπιχρῦσα ὑποδείσθαι, καὶ ὄνους πεντακοσίας ἀρτίτοκους καὶ ἡμέραν ἀμελγεσθαι, ἢ ἐν τῷ γαλακτὶ αὐτῶν ληῆται. Lib. LXII. 28. Here we find that she had not fifteen, as Stapylton, or fifty, as the scholiast, says; but five hundred she-asses in her suite!

Apropos of the scholiast. He has furnished Reimarus with a notable opportunity of displaying his critical sagacity. *Nugatur S. aut certè miserè corruptus est, quinquagintas asinas Poppæam secuta esse "missam in exilium."* Scribe quingentas, cum Dione, et Plinio; et missam in solium, quod est vas balneare. To exchange an error for an absurdity is too much. Certainly, the scholiast was no great critic; yet Reimarus must excuse me, if I still believe him incapable of saying that fifty asses followed Poppæa into the bathing-tub!

If, dreadful to relate! the night foregone,
The husband turn'd his back, or lay alone,
All, all is lost; the house-keeper is stript,
The tire-maid chidden, and the chairman whipt;
Rods, cords, and thongs, avenge the master's sleep,
And force the guiltless house to wake, and weep.
There are, who hire a beadle by the year,
To lash their servants round; who, pleas'd to hear
Th' eternal thong, bid him lay on, while they,
At perfect ease, the silk-man's stores survey,
Chat with their female gossips, or replace

The crack'd enamel on their treacherous face.
No respite yet;—they leisurely hum o'er
The numerous *items* of the day before,
And bid him still lay on; till, faint with toil,
He drops the scourge; when, with a rancorous smile,
“Begone,” they thunder, in a horrid tone,
“Now your accounts are settled, rogues, begone!”

But worse remains; for, should she wish to dress
With more than common care, and the time press,
(Whether th' adulterer for her coming wait
In Isis' fane, to bawdry consecrate,
Or in Lucullus' walks,) the house appears
Like Phalaris' court, all bustle, gloom, and tears.
The wretched Psecas, for the whip prepar'd,
Her locks dishevell'd, and her shoulders bar'd,
Attempts her hair: fire flashes from her eyes,
And, “strumpet, why this curl so high?” she cries.

Instant the lash, without remorse, is plied,
 And the blood stains her bosom, back, and side.
 But why this fury? Is the girl to blame,
 If your own looks displease you? shame, O shame!—
 But now another on the left, prepares
 To open, and arrange the straggling hairs
 In ringlets trim; meanwhile the council meet;
 And first the nurse, a personage discreet,
 Late from the toilet to the wheel remov'd,
 (Th' effect of time,) yet still of taste approv'd,
 Gives her opinion; then the rest debate,
 In turn, as age, or practice gives them weight.
 So warm they grow, and so much pains they take,
 You'd think her honour, or her life at stake.
 So high they build her head, such tiers on tiers,
 With wary hands they pile, that she appears
 Andromache before;—and what behind?
 A dwarf, a creature of a different kind.—

VER. 749. *So high they build her head, &c.*] Synesius, who lived in the fourth century, describes a bride as walking about like Cybele, with turrets on her head. Who instigated the women to follow so absurd a fashion in this good man's time, I cannot tell; but about two centuries before, the turpitude of it was ascribed to the devil. "He," says one of the fathers, "first introduced it to give the lie to our Saviour, who hath said, no one can add one cubit to his stature."—An idea which proves (and which, indeed, was my sole reason for producing it) the preposterous excess to which this custom was carried.

Juvenal adds, that she appeared in front like Andromache. Tradition represents this lady (I suppose because she was the wife of a hero) as very tall. Dares Phrygius (*aut quisquis ille fuit*) calls her *longam*, Ovid, *longissimam*;

Meanwhile, engross'd by these important cares,
 She thinks not on her lord's distress affairs,
 Scarce on himself; but leads a separate life,
 As if she were his neighbour, not his wife;
 Or,—but in this, that all he loves she hates,
 Destroys his peace, and squanders his estates.

Room for Bellona's frantic votaries! room
 For Cybele's mad enthusiasts! lo, they come!

and in another place he says, “that though every body else thought her too strapping a dame, *spatiosior æquo*, Hector himself was perfectly satisfied with her,”—which I am very glad to hear.

There follows in the original,

“————— cedo, si breve parvi

“Sortita est lateris spatium, breviorque videtur

“Virgine Pygmæâ, nullis adjuta cothurnis;

“Et levis erectâ consurgit ad oscula plantâ?”

I have thrown this passage out of the text, not so much on account of its singular clumsiness, as of my utter inability to make any tolerable sense of it. Holyday satisfied himself with rendering it in this manner:

“————— if she's short loin'd;

“Than a girle-pygmy shee's more dwarf without

“High-heels, and tiptoes for a kiss and flout.”

The other translators have, I think, evaded the difficulty. If it be at all intelligible, it may be something in this way: though, even thus, the drift of the author is not very apparent:

Nay, if unbuskin'd, she scarce match in size

A Pygmy virgin, and must lightly rise

On tip-toe for a kiss; there's some excuse,

If every art to aid her height, she use.

VER. 759. *Room for Bellona's frantic votaries! &c.*] We come now to one of the grand divisions of this Satire, and, as it seems to me, the most curious. How a late translator could call it “dull and tedious,” I cannot con-

A lusty semivir, whose part obscene
 A broken shell has whipt off smooth and clean,
 A raw-bon'd, turban'd priest, whom the whole choir
 Of curtail'd priestlings reverence, and admire,
 Enters, with his wild rout; and bids the fair
 Of autumn, and its sultry blasts, beware,
 Unless she lustrate with an hundred eggs
 Her household straight;—then impudently begs
 Her cast-off clothes, that every ill they fear
 May enter them, and expiate all the year!
 But lo! another tribe: at whose command,
 See her, in winter, near the Tiber stand,

ceive; since the very reason he gives for his assertion—"that the practices here mentioned are now no where to be met with"—evidently tends to render it peculiarly interesting. Whatever may be thought of this, however; it must have appeared of no little importance to Juvenal, since he has laboured it with uncommon care: nor is there any part of his works in which his genius is more conspicuous.

Of Cybele and her frantic votaries I have already spoken. (Sat. 11. v. 162.) Bellona's, were not a whit more sane. They ran up and down, lancing their arms with sharp knives, upon her festival, which was kept on the twenty-third, or twenty-fourth of March, and which, in allusion to those horrid rites, was sometimes called the DAY OF BLOOD.

VER. 761. *A lusty semivir, &c.*] Lusty (*ingens*) is not an idle epithet; for these priests of Cybele seem to have been creatures of an extraordinary size. I suppose their bulk was increased by the operation they underwent; but I do not know that it was so. Persius calls them *grandes*—this, a late commentator says, must be applied to the mind, and rendered *stupid*. Must it so? then both Juvenal and Persius have chosen the wrong words; since, whatever these people might be, they were certainly not stupid. The truth is, that *grandis*, like *ingens*, must be applied to the body, and in its customary sense; as a very little acquaintance with the subject, would have sufficed to shew.

Break the thick ice, and, ere the sun appears,
 Plunge in the crashing eddy to the ears,
 Once, twice, and thrice; then shivering at the breeze,
 Crawl round the field, on bare and bleeding knees.
 Should milk-white Iö bid, from Meroë's isle,
 She'll fetch the sacred waters of the Nile,

VER. 771. *But lo! another tribe, &c.*] These are the priests of Isis, whose absurd and contemptible ceremonies, are described with admirable spirit and humour.

It is not easy to say by what criterion the Romans judged of the admissibility of foreign divinities into their temples. Cybele, with all her train of wild and furious enthusiasts, found an easy admittance; while Isis and Osiris, deities not more detestable, were long opposed, and still longer regarded with distrust and aversion.

Of a truth, however, this was confined to the men: the women seem to have found something peculiarly seducing in the worship of Isis, and to have been from the first, her warmest devotees.

Whether the envy of the priests of Cybele, and other exotic divinities, was excited by this marked predilection, or whether the attendance on her rites was made (as it certainly was in after times) a cloak for intrigue, I do not know; but in the consulship of Piso and Gabinius, a furious persecution was raised against her; and she was banished, with all her ridiculous mummary, from the territories of the republic. Some years afterwards, however, her worship was re-established, when Tiberius, on account of an impious farce which was played in one of her temples, (see the story in Joseph. Antiquit. lib. xviii) rased it to the ground, hanged or crucified the priests, and flung the statue of the goddess into the Tiber. Again the temple was rebuilt, again destroyed by a decree of the senate, and again, and again reconstructed, till the vigilance of the government was finally remitted, or its obstinacy overcome. It was then, that they rose on all sides, and became (what too many of the Roman temples were) the most favoured spots for forming assignations.

Whenever Juvenal has occasion to mention these Ægyptian divinities, he does it with a contemptuous sneer; but in this, he is not singular; since almost

To sprinkle in her fane ; for she, it seems,
 Has heavenly visitations in her dreams—
 Oh precious soul ! with whom the gods delight
 To hold high converse at the noon of night !
 For this she cherishes above the rest,
 (What can she less ?) her Iö's favourite priest ;
 A holy hypocrite, who strolls abroad,
 With his Anubis, his dog-headed god,

every ancient writer on the subject, does the same. Lucan conveys a bitter reproach to his countrymen for their partiality to them, in a pathetic and beautiful apostrophe to Ægypt, on the murder of Pompey. Lib. viii. 831.

“ Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isin,

“ Semideosque canes, et sistra jubentia luctus,

“ Et quem tu plangens hominem testaris Osirin :

“ Tu nostros, Ægypte, tenes in pulvere manes.

“ Tu quoque”—————

But I should never have done if I pretended to quote all the indignant ridicule that has been poured on these brutal superstitions.

With all this, however, they continued in full vigour from our author's time to that of Commodus, who, as Lampridius says, enrolled himself amongst the priests of Isis, and condescended to carry her son (the dog-headed Anubis,) upon his shoulder.* Constantine abolished them, with the other heathen rites :

* However severe the satirists may have been on these follies, they fall infinitely short of the Prophets. Isaiah, in particular, prosecutes them with a dignity of sarcasm, a bitterness of ridicule, that is altogether irresistible. “ He planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it,—he burneth part thereof in the fire—yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, ‘ aha ! I am warm, I have seen the fire.’ And the residue thereof he maketh a GOD ! he falleth down unto it, and saith ‘ deliver me, for thou art my GOD !’ Chap. xlv. v. 17. And again, more tauntingly : ‘ They lavish gold out of the bag, and weigh silver in the balance, and hire a goldsmith, and he maketh a GOD ! They fall down, yea they worship. They BEAR HIM UPON THE SHOULDER, THEY CARRY HIM, (αἰσχρογ

Girt by a linen-clad, a bald-pate crew
 Of howling vagrants, who their shrieks renew
 In every street, as up and down they run,
 To find OSIRE, fit father to fit son !

they were again revived, and for the last time, by that frivolous pedant Julian, (so liberally dubbed a philosopher,) who laboured to enforce their observation, in some of his epistles.

VER. 785. *A holy hypocrite, who strolls abroad,*

With his Anubis, &c.] These gloomy and fantastic processions in quest of Osiris, (see Sat. VIII.) continued for several days; during which the female votaries of Isis, in sympathy for her loss, abstained from all commerce with their husbands. For *cadurcus*, which I have rendered sacred sheets, but which was more probably a kind of coverlet, some copies have *caduceus*; put, the critics say, by an allowable metonymy, for Mercury, the Osiris of Egypt. Of this I believe nothing. Whatever sacrifices an interested set of vagabonds from that country might make to Roman vanity, a sensible Egyptian would have smiled at this pretended identity of beings so characteristically distinct as Osiris and Mercury: the latter, therefore, must be sent packing with his *caduceus*, and the old reading recalled.

But what is the meaning of *argentea serpens*, the silver snake? Holyday gives a long account from Macrobius, of a three-headed monster that stood in the temple of Osiris; and seems mightily pleased with the “exposition;” though he confesses he can find nothing concerning the snake—the only material point.

But Macrobius speaks of Alexandria, where such allegorical groups might

ἐπὶ τῆς ὤμης, καὶ ὠρευνονται) and set him in his place, and he standeth!” Chap. XLVI. v. 6, 7.

St. Jerome applies this passage of the sacred writer, to the circumstance in the text, i. e. to the “carrying” about of Anubis on the shoulders of the chief priest. It is singular that he should do so; since the prophet is evidently speaking of the Babylonish divinities Bel and Nebo. The quotations, however, prove the great antiquity of these idolatrous processions.

He sues for pardon, when the liquorish dame
 Abstains not from the interdicted game,
 On high, and solemn days; for great the crime
 To stain the sacred sheets at such a time,
 And great the atonement due:—"the silver snake
 "Abhorrent of the deed, was seen to quake."
 Yet he propitiates heaven; back'd by a goose,
 And a plumb-cake, his tears and prayers induce
 Osiris, great Osiris, to forgive
 Th' enormous deed, and let the culprit live.

His end obtain'd, he vanishes: and straight
 A Jewess, who, without the city-gate,

possibly exist: at Rome nothing of this kind was to be found. The snake, I am persuaded, was nothing more than the asp, wreathed round the head of Isis and Osiris, as the well known symbol of eternity: at least, I recollect that when I was in Italy, a bust of the former was found, thus incircled; and was then thought, by the literati, to give light to this very passage.

Holyday follows the commentators in supposing that the snake moved its head in sign of reconciliation. I rather think the priests insinuated that such a miracle had taken place, in sign of anger—and accordingly, we see them proceeding with prayers and tears to the work of propitiation.

It should be observed, that it is Osiris, and not Isis, who is offended. The bawd (as Juvenal irreverently calls the goddess a few lines above) understood her trade too well, to be seriously hurt at a peccadillo of this kind; but then it was necessary that her husband should be represented as extremely delicate on the subject—*aliter non fit, Avite, liber*; otherwise, no goose for the priest!

The goose is not mentioned at random: that bird was usually sacrificed to Isis, and in Egypt constituted the chief food of her priests. The Romans were at first a little scandalized at this treatment of the ancient guardian of their Capitol; but use soon reconciled them to it.

Has left her hay, and basket; pale with fear,
 Enters, and begs a trifle in her ear.
 No common personage! she knows full well
 The laws of Solyma, and she can tell
 The dark decrees of heaven; a priestess she,
 An hierarch of the consecrated tree.
 Mov'd by these claims, thus modestly set forth,
 She gives her a few coins of little worth;
 For Jews are moderate, and, for farthing fees,
 Will sell whatever idle dreams you please.

VER. 803. *Has left her hay and basket;*] The Jews have here the same characteristic symbols they had in the third Satire: their baskets and their hay. Domitian had laid a heavy poll-tax on these people, and that they might not evade it, they were enjoined, I suppose, not to appear abroad without these badges of their condition. To avoid being detected, and insulted by the rabble when they entered the city, these poor persecuted wretches laid aside their degrading accompaniments. This accounts for the epithet *tremens*, which Juvenal applies to this female fortune-teller, who, if she had been discovered, would, in spite of her lofty pretensions, have been severely punished for contempt of the imperial regulations. What is meant by *magna sacerdos arboris*, high-priestess of the tree, I cannot tell. Probably the Egerian grove, the degradation of which is so indignantly deplored in the third Satire, might, like the Norwood of our metropolis, be frequented by such of the vulgar as were anxious to inquire their fortunes. In that case, some favourite tree might be the place of rendezvous, and this Betty Squires, the most infallible oracle of it.

The conjectures of some of the critics, that Juvenal alludes to the idolatrous propensity of the Jews for worshipping in woods; and of others, that he hints at the "grove of oaks by Dodona in Chaonia, which was consecrated to Jupiter," are alike unfounded. Of the first he knew nothing; and the second was much too far-fetched for his purpose.

The prophetess dismiss'd, a Syrian sage
 Now enters, and explores the future page,
 In a dove's reeking entrails; there, he sees
 A youthful lover, there, rich legacies—
 For more assurance, then a chick he takes,
 And in its breast, and in a puppy's, rakes,
 And sometimes in a child's—O, he will do,
 What, in another, he'd to death pursue!

But chiefly in Chaldeans she believes,
 Whate'er they say, with reverence she receives,
 As if from Hammon's secret fount it came:
 Since Delphi now, if we may credit fame,
 Gives no responses, and a long, dark night,
 Conceals the future hour from mortal sight.

VER. 819. ————— O, he will do,

What, in another, he'd to death pursue.] The scholiast says that this really happened. *Ægnatium Philosophum significat, qui filiam Barea Sorani, quam, cum ipsius ad magicam descendisset hortatu, Neroni detulit.* I do not know his authority for this application. Tacitus, who tells the story of her condemnation, (Ann. lib. xvi. 32,) and who speaks of the testimony of Ægnatius upon the occasion, with every mark of horror; does not say that he instigated her to the practices for which she suffered: the anecdote may nevertheless be genuine. Vide Sat. III. v. 174.

VER. 824. *Since Delphi now, &c.*] When this was written, and indeed long before, oracles were rapidly falling into contempt. This accounts naturally enough for their silence, without having recourse to the pious fancies of the earlier Christians, which are evidently groundless. If the oracle of Jupiter Ammon survived the rest, as Juvenal says it did, it was probably because, like Voltaire's El Dorado, few, or none, could go to seek it.

Of these the most approv'd is he, who sent
 Oftenest to prison, and to banishment,
 Stands forth the veriest knave; he who foretold
 The death of Galba,—to his rival sold.
 Yes, trust him, trust him! he can never fail,
 Who long has rotted in a loathsome jail;
 Who arms yet livid from his chains can show,
 And a back welk'd with many a beadle's blow.

No conjurer must for fame, or profit hope,
 Who has not narrowly escap'd the rope;
 Begg'd hard for exile, and, by special grace,
 Obtain'd confinement in some desert place.—
 To him thy Tanaquil applies, in doubt
 How long her hectic mother may hold out,
 But first, how long her husband; next inquires,
 When she shall follow to their funeral pyres

VER. 829. ————— *he who foretold, &c.*] This was Ptolemy, who accompanied Otho into Spain, and there predicted that he would survive Nero. "From his success in this instance," says Tacitus, "he took courage, and ventured to predict his elevation to the empire. Otho believed it" or rather affected to believe it, "and from that moment determined to work the destruction of Galba." In the dreadful scenes which followed, Ptolemy was a principal actor.

I have no intention, even if I had room, to give the history of astrology. Suffice it to say, that its professors were alternately banished and recalled, persecuted and cherished, as the events they predicted were prosperous, or adverse, to the fortunate candidates for power. That they were the occasion of frequent commotions among this ambitious, and credulous people, cannot be doubted; and, indeed, Tacitus says of them with equal truth and spirit *genus hominum*

Her sisters, and her uncles : last, if fate
Will kindly lengthen out the adulterer's date
Beyond her own ;—content, if he but live,
And sure that heaven has nothing more to give.

Yet she may still be suffer'd ; for what woes
The low'ring aspect of old Saturn shows ;
Or in what sign bright Venus ought to rise,
To shed her mildest influence from the skies ;
Or what fore-fated month to gain is given,
And what to loss, (the mysteries of heaven !)
She knows not, nor pretends to know : but flee
The dame, whose Manual of Astrology
Still dangles at her side, smooth as chafed gum,
And fretted by her everlasting thumb.
Yes, flee her, flee ! profound in mystic lore,
She now consults astrologers no more,
But is herself consulted : if her mate
Prepare to seek, or quit, the parent state,

potentibus infidum, &c. “ They were a pestilent race of impostors, ever ready to poison the heart of princes, and stimulate ambition to its ruin : a set of perfidious men proscribed by law, and yet in defiance of law, tolerated in the heart of the city.” Hist. i. 22.

VER. 839. *To him thy Tanaquil, &c.*] So he calls the future spouse of Posthumus. Tanaquil was the wife of Tarquinius Priscus, “ a notable housewife,” Holyday says—and (what was more to our author's purpose) if we believe Val. Maximus, a marvellous adept in the art of divination.

VER. 859. ————— *if her mate*

Prepare to seek, &c.] This folly appears to have struck its roots inconceivably deep. Near three centuries after Juvenal's time, we find Amm. Marcellinus characterizing the Romans by it, and almost in the words of our

She will not follow ; she has look'd above,
 And certain stars forbid her to remove.
 If she incline to take the air, she'll look
 For the fit hour and minute, in the book ;
 If her eye itch, most patiently endure,
 Nor, till her scheme be raised, apply the cure ;
 Nay, languishing in bed, will touch no meat,
 Till Petosyris bid her rise and eat.

The curse is universal ! high and low
 Are mad alike the future hour to know.
 The rich provide a Babylonian seer,
 Skill'd in the mysteries of either sphere ;
 Or a gray-headed priest, kept by the state,
 To watch the lightning, and to expiate.

author. *Multi apud eos negantes esse superas potestates in cælo, nec in publico prodeunt, nec prandent, nec lavari arbitrantur se cautius posse, antequam ephemeride scrupulosè sciscitata didicerint ubi sit signum Mercurii, &c.* (Lib. xxviii. cap. iv). Here we have Pope's—"godless regent trembling at a star." Such are the monstrous inconsistencies of atheism !

VER. 868. *Till Petosyris, &c.*] Petosyris was a celebrated astrologer. He seems, like our learned Moore, to have allotted particular diseases, and particular stages of life, to the government of particular planets. "Taurus? that's sides and heart. No, sir; it is legs and thighs." See the profound disquisitions of Sir Toby Belch on the subject.

VER. 874. *To watch the lightning, &c.*] The Romans had many superstitious notions respecting lightning. It would be a waste of time to enter into them, but, by way of explaining the text, it may be necessary to observe, that whenever a place was struck, a priest was always called in to expiate it. This was done by collecting every thing that had been scorched, and burying in on the spot, with due solemnity. A two-year old sheep was then sacrificed, and the ground slightly railed in—after which, all was supposed to be well.

“ The middle sort, who have not much to spare,”
 Flock to the Circus’ well-known haunts, and there
 Seek out some common quack, at whose command
 They lift the forehead, and make bare the hand ;
 While the sly lecher in the table pries,
 And clasps it wantonly, with gloating eyes.
 The poor apply to humbler cheats, who crawl,
 A filthy group ! along the Circus wall,
 Or the dry ditch : she who no trinkets wears,
 (Sad proof of penury !) to the tow’rs repairs,
 And anxiously inquires, which she shall chuse,
 The tapster, or old-clothes man ; which refuse.

VER. 883. *Or the dry ditch: &c.*] This ditch, or moat, was for the reception of water, when the emperors thought fit to indulge the people with a *naumachia*, or sea-fight ; it ran along a considerable part of the Circus wall. The towers, and dolphins’ pillars mentioned in the original, were also a part of the Circus : the first were for the accommodation of the better order of spectators during the chariot-races ; the second, I believe, were purely ornamental ; they stood at the two extremities, and had their name from the dolphins which crowned their capitals. This is but a jejune account ; it is the fullest, however, my limits will admit : those who wish for more detailed information, may consult such treatises as have been expressly written on the subject ; of which there is no want.

The hemistich which follows that which I have just quoted—“ she who no trinkets wears,” *quæ nullis longum ostendit cervicibus aurum*, has somewhat embarrassed me. Perhaps (for I can think of no more probable meaning,) the poet might intend to point out the general extravagance of the Roman women, in thus characterising the extremity of indigence amongst them, by the want of a gold necklace.

Ferrarius takes these inquisitive wenches for courtezans. He did not see that they came to consult the wizard about marrying. Vossius has a note on

Yet these the pangs of child-birth undergo,
 And all the yearnings of a mother know;
 These, urg'd by want, assume the nurse's care,
 And learn to breed the children which they bear.
 Those shun both toil and danger; for, though sped,
 The wealthy dame is seldom brought to bed:
 Such is the power of drugs, such the curs'd skill
 They boast, to cause miscarriages at will!
 Weep'st thou? O, fool! the blest invention hail,
 And give the potion, if the gossips fail;
 For should the seed that now distends her womb,
 Quicken to life;—thou, haply, might'st become
 Sire to an Ethiop! to a sooty thing,
 That, seen at morn, would sure misfortune bring
 On all the day; that, got without thy care,
 The law, in thy despite, will make thy heir!

this passage, of such consummate arrogance, and absurdity, that a short extract from it may not be unentertaining:

“Quæ nudis longum ostendit cervicibus annum.”

Annum reposuimus pro aurum, uti vulgo inepte legitur, et ineptius etiamnum a viris doctis exponitur. Longum nempe annum vocat, quem longum, et tædiosum faciat frigus; hanc emendationem nostram confirmant sequentia, ubi muliercula ista quærit num rectius factura sit, si, caupone relicto, nubat negotiatori sagario, qui nempe frigus arceat. Not. ad Catull.

VER. 900. *That, seen at morn, &c.*] Another absurd superstition of the Romans. *Vetus opinio* (says Dempster in his notes on Claudian) *non tantum vulgo approbata occursu Æthiopis, iter inceptum reddi infaustum*. If this happened in a morning, not only the walk, but the whole business of the day, was superseded and ruined!

Supposititious breeds, the hope and joy
 Of fond believing husbands, I pass by ;
 The beggars' bantlings, spawn'd in open air,
 And left by some pond side, to perish there —
 From hence your Flamens, hence your Salians come ;
 Your Scauri, and your noblest blood of Rome !
 Fortune stands tittering by, in playful mood,
 And smiles complacent on the sprawling brood ;

VER. 909. *Fortune, &c.*] Fortune, I think, is the only one of the old rabble of divinities that we have adopted. She still retains her ancient attributes, and is spoken of at this hour, much as she was two thousand years ago ; sometimes as a person, and sometimes as a quality ; as something, in short, which every one can conceive, and no one define. Fortune is for all the world like Bottom's dream, " man is but an ass if he go about to expound her,—man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what she is : " yet hath Mr. Spence attempted it ! Though his entertaining work shows no great learning, or reach of thought in general, yet I cannot but think him particularly inefficient in what he says of Fortune. In speaking of this line,—*stat Fortuna improba noctu*, he adds, " that Juvenal alludes to a statue of Fortune, which represented her under a good character, as the patroness of poor infants." Juvenal alludes to no statue, but to the goddess herself *in propria persona*, nor does he represent her under a good character.—But Mr. Spence goes on—" the distinction of the *bona* and *mala Fortuna* is very necessary for the explanation of the passage : the lady stands like Fortune in the streets, (not the good Fortune, but the very bad one), and gets up all the children she can, to introduce them into the family, and boast of them as her own." In this washer-woman's language does he mangle, and confound, one of the most amusing and animated pictures, that a keen and vigorous fancy ever drew !

But why must it be a lady, and not Fortune herself, that is engaged in *getting up children* ? O, for a very excellent reason, because "*improba* is applied to her, and the action itself, is a good one !" Not to reply that what is good for the one, could not be bad for the other, it seems very strange that Mr. Spence should be ignorant of the meaning of *improba* in this place. He

Takes them all naked to her fostering arms,
 Feeds from her mouth, and in her bosom warms :
 Then to the mansions of the great she bears
 The precious brats, and for herself prepares
 A secret farce ; adopts them for her own :
 And when her nurselings are to manhood grown,
 She brings them forth, rejoiced to see them sped,
 And wealth and honours dropping on their head.

Some purchase charms, some, more pernicious still,
 Curs'd philters, to subdue a husband's will
 Entirely to their lusts ! and make him bear,
 Blows, insults, all a saucy wife can dare ;
 From hence proceeds that dizziness, from hence,
 Those vapours which envelop every sense ;
 That strange forgetfulness from hour to hour ;
 And well if this be all :—more fatal power,
 More terrible effects, the dose may have,
 And force thee, like Caligula, to rave,
 When his Cæsonia squeez'd into the bowl
 The dire excrescence of a new-dropt foal.

renders it bad ; but it signifies what we call, unlucky, *i. e.* delighting in sportive mischief. Some of the commentators explain it by *stolida*, stupid ! Can the reader find any thing stupid in the business in which Fortune is so actively engaged ?

VER. 930. *The dire excrescence of a new-dropt foal.*] This excrescence, Holyday says, “ is a tender piece of flesh, growing on the brow of a young foal.” Dryden calls it “ mother's love,” which, I take for granted, is its true English name ; as he was very well acquainted with those trifles.

How the critics, and Holyday among the rest, could suppose for a moment,

Then uproar rose; the universal chain
 Of order snapp'd, and Anarchy's wild reign
 Came on apace, as if the queen of heaven
 Had fired the Thunderer, and to madness driven.—
 Thy mushroom, Agrippine! was innocent
 To this accursed draught; that only sent
 One palsied, bed-rid sot, with gummy eyes,
 And slavering lips, heels foremost to the skies;

that, in this fine passage, Juvenal alluded to the effect produced on Jupiter, by the borrowed cestus of Venus, I cannot imagine. I will not take upon myself to defend the taste of our author in every instance:—but if we only allow him common sense, it must surely be more than enough, to keep him from such an absurd application of one of the most beautiful allegories in all poetry. I know but little mischief that was produced by Juno's charming philter, more than procuring a few Trojans to be knocked on the head. What has this then, to do with the frantic and wide-spreading massacres of a Caligula! massacres which appear to have made so powerful an impression on the poet, that he can think of nothing to illustrate them by, but the universal destruction that must have ensued if Juno, like Cæsonia, had driven her husband mad!

VER. 935. *Thy mushroom, Agrippine! &c.*] We have already seen (Sat. v.) that Claudius was poisoned by a mushroom, his favourite food. “It was prepared,” Tacitus says, by Locusta (Sat. i. v. 118) “and given to him when he was either half stupid, or half asleep”—most likely both—“so that he did not perceive it had any ill taste.” For the rest, Juvenal's description of this moon-calf, is confirmed, in every part, by Suetonius. *Risus indecens, ira turpior, spumante rictu, humentibus naribus, caputque cum semper, tum in quantulocumque actu vel maxime tremulum*, §. 30. To make the poor creature some amends for poisoning him, they made a god of him, out of hand; and the facetious Nero, who profited by his apotheosis, used ever after, in allusion to the event, to call mushrooms, *ἑρμῶν θεῶν*, the food of the gods!

But there was no end to the pleasantries of the Romans on this descent of Claudius into heaven! Seneca's play upon the word *ἀποθανάτωσις* is well known.

This, to wild fury rous'd a bloody mind,
 And call'd for fire and sword; this potion join'd,
 In one promiscuous slaughter, high and low,
 And levell'd half the nation at a blow.
 Such is the power of philters! such the ill
 One sorceress can effect by wicked skill!

They hate their husband's spurious breed; and this,
 If this were all, were not, perhaps, amiss:
 But they go farther; and 'tis now some time,
 Since poisoning sons-in-law was held no crime.
 Mark then, ye fatherless! what I advise,
 And trust, O, trust no dainties, if you're wise:
 Ye heirs to large estates! touch not that fare,
 Your mother's fingers have been busy there;
 See! it looks livid, swell'n.—O check your haste,
 And let your wary foster-father taste
 Whate'er she sets before you: fear her meat,
 And be the first to look, the last to eat.

But this is fiction all! I pass the bound
 Of Satire, and incroach on tragic ground:
 Deserting truth, I choose a fabled theme,
 And, like the buskin'd bards of Greece, declaim

Gallio, his brother too, is celebrated for a joke on the subject; which seems to have pleased Dio, and is, indeed, far from a bad one. Alluding to the hooks with which criminals were dragged from the place of execution to the Tiber, and of which by far too many instances occurred under Claudius, he observed that he was "hooked to Heaven."—Κλαυδιον αγκισρω ες τον θρανον ανενεχθηναι!

In deep-mouth'd tones, in swelling strains, on crimes
As yet unknown to our Rutulian climes.

Would it were so! but Pontia cries aloud,

“No, I perform'd it.” see! the fact's avow'd—

“I mingled poison for my children, I:

“'Twas found upon me, wherefore then deny?”

VER. 963. *Would it were so! but Pontia cries aloud, &c.*] Here again the ancient objectors to the truth of our author's statements imagined, perhaps, like the modern, that they had taken him at a disadvantage; but he was prepared for them. The story of Pontia, which he produces as his justification, was well known at Rome. Indeed, it so happens, that there were two monsters of that name, and that the history of either would have answered his purpose. The first was the wife of Vectius Bolanus, a man of high rank and estimation, who gave her two children (they were twins) poison in the time of NERO. Parrhasius, Holyday says, seems to make it but an attempt in her. If he had read Statius with his wonted care, he would have seen that Parrhasius was right; for the *Protrepticon* of that poet is addressed to one of these children, who at the time he wrote, which was in the beginning of Domitian's reign, was still a mere youth.

The scholiast says the mother was put to death by Nero; this is doubtful. Statius, whose authority is more to be relied on, seems to say it was by Domitian:—at least, those adulatory lines appear to be meant of him,

“Exegit pœnas, hominum cui cura suorum,

“Quo pietas authore redit, terrasque revisit,

“Quem timet omne nefas”——

Protrep. Syl. v.

The other Pontia, to whom Juvenal more particularly alludes, was the wife of Drymo; whose family took care to perpetuate her crime by the following inscription (which we owe to Grangæus, not, as Holyday thinks, to Pithæus) on her tomb. PONTIA TITI PONTII FILIA HEIC SITA SUM QUÆ DUOBUS NATIS A ME VENENO CONSUMPTIS AVARITIÆ OPUS MISERE MIHI MORTEM CONSCIVI TU QUISQUIS ES QUI HAC TRANSIS SI PIUS ES QUÆSO A ME OCULOS AVERTE. It is not unprofitable to remark, that this wretched woman was driven to escape, by self-murder, from the reproaches of her own con-

What, two at once, most barbarous viper! two?

“Nay, sev’n, had sev’n been there; what’s here to do!”

Now let us credit what the ancient stage,

Abhorrent, sung of fierce Medea’s rage,

And Progne’s; tales, which, disbeliev’d before,

Now grow familiar, and revolt no more.

These, in their days, in infamy were bold,

And acted monstrous crimes, but not for gold.

In every age we view with less surprise,

Less horror, such enormities as rise

From gusts of passion, which unseat the soul,

And rage and swell, indignant of controul.—

As when impetuous winds, and driving rain,

Have min’d a rock, that overhung the plain,

The massy ruin falls with thundering force,

And bears down all that interrupts its course.

Curse on the woman who reflects by fits,

And in cold blood her cruelties commits!—

They see, upon the stage, the Grecian wife

Redeeming, with her own, her husband’s life;

science. To this Pontia, I suppose, Martial addressed the following witty epigram—though it would serve equally well for the other:

“Cum mittis turdumve mihi, quadramve placentæ,

“Sive femur leporis, sive quid his simile;

“Buccellas misisse tuas te, Pontia, dicis.

“Has ego nec mittam, Pontia, sed nec edam.” *Lib. vi. 75.*

VER. 985. *They see upon the stage, the Grecian wife, &c.*] The Grecian wife was Alceste, who voluntarily submitted to die, to preserve the life of her husband Admetus, king of Thessaly. Euripides has a tragedy on the subject.

Yet, in her place, would eagerly deprive
 Their lords of breath, to keep their dogs alive !
 Abroad, at home, the Belides you meet,
 And Clytemnestras swarm in every street ;
 But here the difference lies ;—those bungling wives,
 With a blunt axe hack'd out their husbands lives :
 While now, the deed is done with dextrous art,
 And a drugg'd bowl performs the axe's part.
 Yet if the husband, prescient of his fate,
 Have fortified his breast with mithridate,
 She baffles him e'en there, and has recourse
 To the old weapon, for a last resource.

VER. 989. ————— *the Belides, &c.*] The Belides, as every one knows, were the daughters of Danaus ; they were fifty in number, and were married, on the same day, to the fifty sons of their uncle Ægyptus, all of whom, except one, they murdered at night. Clytemnestra had more patience ; she waited several years before she dispatched Agamemnon. There is another lady mentioned in the text, but I spare her, on account of her singular humanity—she only sent her husband to be killed, and that, too, for value received.

Yet, in her place, would eagerly deprive
 Their lords of breath, to keep their dogs alive!
 Abroad, at home, the Heliades you meet,
 And Clytemnestras known in every street;
 But here the Heliades lie;—those hanging wives,
 With a blunt axe hack'd on their husbands' lives.
 While now, the blood is dune with dextrous art,
 And a drugg'd bowl performs the axe's part,
 Yet is the husband, prescient of his fate,
 Have fortified his breast with midnight
 She battles him even the Heliades recount
 To the old weapon, for a last resource,
 And the Heliades, the Heliades, as you know,
 Was the daughter of Danaë, they were five in number, and were married
 on the same day, to the five sons of their father Agamemnon, all of whom, except
 one, they murdered at night. Clytemnestra had some painted; she waited
 several years before she dispatched Agamemnon. There is another lady men-
 tioned in the text, but I spare her, on account of her singular humours—the
 only son her husband to be killed, and that too, by value received.

SATIRE VII.

Argument.

THIS Satire contains an animated account of the general discouragement under which Literature laboured at Rome. Beginning with Poetry (of which several interesting circumstances are introduced) it proceeds with great regularity through the various departments of History, Law, Oratory, Rhetoric, and Grammar: interspersing many curious anecdotes, and enlivening each different head with such satirical, humourous, and sentimental remarks, as naturally flow from the subject.

SATIRE VII.

TO TELESINUS.

v. 1—6.

YES, all the hopes of learning, 'tis confest,
And all the patronage, on CÆSAR rest :
For he alone the drooping Nine regards—
Now, when our best and most illustrious bards,
Drop their ungrateful studies, and aspire
Baths, bagnios, what they can, for bread, to hire ;

VER. 2. *And all the patronage on CÆSAR rest :*] There have been many disputes among the learned concerning the Cæsar, who is here styled the sole patron of the arts. Grangæus will have it to be Trajan, and warns his readers to be careful how they understand it of Domitian. Britannicus does the same ; and quotes a very apposite passage from the Panegyrics of Pliny in support of his opinion. Some will have it to be Nerva ; who, though a poet himself, was little disposed to patronize poetry in others ; and others, again, Nero. Lubin, however, and Grævius, *et quorum melior sententia*, understand it of Domitian ; of which, indeed, I have not the slightest doubt.

This excellent prince, it appears, had once an idea of contesting the empire with his father : finding the armies, however, averse from his designs, he retired from all public business, and, with a specious appearance of content, lived in a kind of solitude ; pretending that poetry, and literary pursuits in

With humbled views, a life of toil embrace,
And deem a cryer's business no disgrace;

general were his only passion.* This mask he continued to wear during the reign of Titus; and whether habit had begot a kind of nature, or that he thought it dangerous to lay aside the hypocrite too soon, I know not; but from one or other of these causes, he certainly patronized the arts at his accession: Quintilian, Statius, Valerius Flaccus, Martial, &c. tasted of his bounty, and sang his praises with more gratitude, perhaps, than truth.

This Satire must have been written in the early part of Domitian's reign. Like the fifth and sixth (both of which were somewhat posterior to it) it has few political allusions, and, with the exception of the short passage, for which our author is supposed to have suffered, might have been published under the most inquisitorial tyranny.

In giving "one honest line" of praise to Domitian, Juvenal, probably, meant to stimulate him to extend his patronage. I am persuaded he did not think

* The attachment of the emperor to Minerva, is frequently noticed by Juvenal's contemporaries. Thus Martial, in that most detestable medley of flattery and impiety, (lib. ix. iv.)

"Pallada prætereo; res agit illa tuas."

Whether the goddess took as much pleasure in him, as he professed to do in her, I cannot say; but, according to the custom of the emperors in selecting some favourite deity for their especial worship, he made choice, as I have said, of Minerva. In Reger's Numismata, a Pallas frequently accompanies Domitian on the reverse of his coins: and on one of them (Tab. xxxii. 4,) he appears in the act of sacrificing to her, with his head veiled, in the usual manner. There is little doubt, I think, but that these representations allude to some former attachment of his to the cause of literature: at all events, this strengthens the opinion I have hazarded above, that, the poet means to speak of the early part of Domitian's reign.

That he afterwards changed his sentiments; and fell suddenly upon the men of letters is certain: but this may readily be accounted for, from the nature of the man, which was at once crafty and violent. Thus he is represented by Xiphil. in the beginning of lib. lxvii.

Δομιτιανὸς δὲ ἦν μὲν καὶ θρασυς καὶ ὀργίλος, ἦν δὲ καὶ ἐπιβελὸς καὶ κρυψίνης· ὥστε ἀφ' ἑκατέρων τῶν μὲν το προπετες, τῶν δὲ το δολιον εχων, πολλὰ μὲν ὡς σκηπτός ὅξως ἐμπιπῶν τισιν, ἐλυμαινετο, πολλὰ δὲ καὶ ἐκ παρὰσκευῆς ἐκακουργεῖ.

Since Clio, driven by hunger from the shade,
Mixes in crowds, and bustles for a trade.

And truly, if (the bard's too frequent curse)
No coin be found in thy Pierian purse,
'Twere not ill done to copy, for the nonce,
Machæra, and turn auctioneer at once.
Hie, my poetic friend; in accents loud,
Commend thy precious lumber to the crowd,
Tubs, presses, chests, joint-stools; swell with the praise }
Of Œdipus and Tereus, the damn'd plays }
Of Faustus, Paccius, and such sots as these!
Better do so, than haunt the courts, and deal
In oaths, and informations, for a meal:
Leave that resource to Cappadocian knights,
To Gallo-Greeks, and such new-fangled wights

very ill of him at this time, and that he augured happily for the future. Nor is it certain, but that the anguish he felt at finding his predictions falsified, and his "sole patron of literature" changed, in a few years, into a ferocious and bloody persecutor of all the arts, might have exasperated his resentment, and produced that superior hatred, with which he pursues his memory.

VER. 19. *Of Faustus, Paccius, &c.*] For Paccius some copies have Bacchus. It signifies little which we read, for nothing is known of either. Their works luckily followed—it may be, preceded, them; or, according to the happy expression of a lady, lamenting the premature fate of her infant,

Their babes, which ne'er received the gift of breath,
Did pass before them, through the gates of death!

VER. 22. *Leave that resource to Cappadocian knights, &c.*] Who has not heard of the three kappas?

————— τρια καππα κακισα,
Κρητες, Καππαδοκες, Κιλικες.

As want, or infamy has chas'd from home,
And driven, in bare-foot multitudes, to Rome.

But come, my youths:—the genuine sons of rhyme,
Who in sweet numbers couch the true sublime,
Shall, from this hour, no more their fate accuse,
Or stoop to pains unworthy of the Muse.
Come then, my youths; your tuneful labours ply,
Secure of favour; lo! the imperial eye
Looks round, attentive, on each rising bard,
For worth to praise, for genius to reward.
But if for other patronage you look,
And therefore write, and therefore swell your book,
Quick, call for wood, and let the flames devour
The hapless produce of the studious hour;
Or lock it up, to moths and worms a prey,
And break your pens, and fling your ink away:—
Or pour it rather o'er your epic flights,
Your battles, sieges, (fruits of sleepless nights;)
Pour it, mistaken men, who rack your brains
In garrets, cocklofts, for heroic strains;

There is a curious circumstance respecting the Cappadocians mentioned by the old scholiast on Persius. It is nothing to the purpose for which it is there produced; but it serves well enough to illustrate the passage before us. *Hoc dicit, quia Cappadoces dicerentur habere studium naturale ad falsa testimonia proferenda; qui nutriti in tormentis à pueritia—cum in pœna perdurarent, ad perjuriam se bene venundarent.* The same character, according to Cicero, might be justly given of all the people of Lesser Asia. It is singular, however, that with such numbers contending for the preference of selling their evidence, any of them should get rich.

Who toil and sweat to purchase mere renown,
And a starv'd statue, with an ivy crown!

Here bound your expectations: for the great,
Grown covetous, have wisely learn'd of late,
To praise, and only praise, the high-wrought strain,
As boys, the bird of Juno's glittering train.
Meanwhile those vigorous years, so fit to bear
The toils of agriculture, commerce, war,
Spent in this idle trade, decline apace,
And age, unthought of, stares you in the face:
Then you look round, and finding, to your cost,
Nought but sweet strains, and nakedness to boast,
You curse the Muses, but yourselves the most.

VER. 45. *And a starv'd statue, with an ivy crown!*] I do not know whether the starved statue with which Juvenal threatens his poet, alludes to the custom of erecting statues to all such as distinguished themselves; or to the busts of celebrated writers, which were sometimes placed, together with their works, in the temple of the Palatine Apollo.

The old scholiast is pleased, but without knowing it, to be witty at the poor poet's expense. *Imagine macrá*, he thus explains, *corpore exili propter vigiliis; quia poetæ sic pinguntur quasi ad summam maciem nimio labore (et inedia*, he should have added) *confecti*. But Juvenal had no such "lenten stuff" in his thoughts; he merely meant to say that his poet was in the condition of one described by Aristophanes,—

Στεφανον μεν εχων, διψη δ' απολωλως.

VER. 48. *To praise, and only praise, &c.*] This is prettily imitated by Spenser in the Shepherd's Calendar. What signifies it, says he, to receive no other recompense than applause?

"So praisen babes the peacock's spotted train

"And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye;

"But who rewards him e'er the more, forthy,

"Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?"

Hear now what sneaking ways our patrons find
 To save their darling gold;—they pay in kind!
 Verses, compos'd in every Muse's spite,
 To the starv'd bard they, in their turn, recite;
 And if they yield to Homer, let him know
 'Tis—that he liv'd a thousand years ago.
 But, if inspir'd with genuine love of fame,
 A dry rehearsal, only, be your aim,
 The generous miser will not fail to lend
 His house, his castle rather, to a friend,

VER. 57. *Hear now what sneaking ways, &c.*]

“ Discite pro numeris numeros sperare, poetæ,

“ Mutare est animus carmina, non emere.” *Vet. Epig.*

There is a very good story told by Macrobius, which will not be much out of the way here. A Greek poet had presented Augustus Cæsar with many little compliments, in hopes of some trifling remuneration. The emperor, who found them worth nothing, took no notice of the poor man; but as he persisted in offering him his complimentary verses, composed himself an epigram in praise of the poet; and when he next waited on him with his customary panegyric, presented his own to him with amazing gravity. The man took, and read it with apparent satisfaction; then putting his hand into his pocket, he deliberately drew out two farthings, and gave them to the Emperor, saying, *κατὰ τὴν τύχην, ὡς σέβαστε· εἰ πλεονεξ εἶχον, πλεονεξ αὖ καὶ ἐδίδην.* “ This is not equal to the demands of your situation, Sire; but 'tis all I have: if I had more I would give it to you.” Augustus, who was not an ill-natured man, could not stand this; he burst into a fit of laughter, and, as Macrobius says, made the poet a handsome present.

The Bufo of Pope is shadowed out in part from this animated passage:

“ Till grown more frugal in his riper days,

“ He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;

“ To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,

“ And others, harder still! he paid in kind.”

Where every door, secur'd by iron plates,
 Is watch'd, like a beleagur'd city's gates.
 Nay, he will do e'en more; dispose with care
 His clients and his freedmen, here and there,
 Through the throng'd benches to support your cause,
 And rouse the tardy audience to applause:—
 But will not spare one farthing, to defray
 The numerous charges of this glorious day,
 The rostrum, where with so much pride you sat,
 The beams, and scaffolds, and I know not what.
 Still we persist; plough the light sand, and sow
 Seed after seed, where none can ever grow:
 Nay, should we, conscious of our fruitless pain,
 Strive to escape, we strive, alas! in vain;
 Long habit, and the thirst of praise, beset
 And close us in the inextricable net.
 Th' insatiate itch of scribbling, hateful pest!
 Creeps, like a tetter, through the human breast,
 Nor knows, nor hopes a cure; since years, which chill
 All other passions, fire this growing ill.

But HE, the bard of every age and clime,
 Of genius fruitful, and of soul sublime,

VER. 73. *But will not spare one farthing, &c.*] I have little doubt but that if we were better acquainted with the literary history of Juvenal's time, we should find most of his allusions to be founded on fact. I could almost venture to affirm, that in the little narrative here produced, he had Saleius Bassus in view:—at least, many of the circumstances correspond with what Tacitus delivers of him in the *Dial. de Oratoribus*: *Versus Basso domi nascuntur pulchri*

Who, from the glowing mint of fancy, pours
 No spurious metal, fus'd from common ores,
 But gold, to matchless purity refined,
 And stamp'd with all the god-head in his mind;
 He whom I feel, but have not power to paint,
 Springs from a breast impatient of restraint,
 And free from every care; a breast that loves
 The Muses' haunts, clear springs, and shady groves.
 Never, no never, did he wildly rave,
 And shake his thyrsus in the Aonian cave,
 Whom poverty kept sober, and the cries
 Of a lean stomach, clamorous for supplies:
 No; the wine circled briskly through the veins
 Of Horace, when he pour'd his dithyrambic strains!
 What room for fancy, say; unless the mind,
 And all its thoughts, to poetry resign'd,
 Be hurried with resistless force along,
 By the two kindred Powers of wine and song!

quidem et jucundi, quorum tamen hic exitus est, ut cum toto anno, per omnes dies, magna noctium parte, unum librum extudit, rogare ultro et ambire cogatur, ut sint qui dignentur audire: et ne id quidem gratis, nam et domum mutuatur, et auditorium extruit, et subsellia conducit, etc. §. 9.

VER. 103. *What room for fancy, say; &c.*] Spenser had this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote the following noble lines:

“The vaunted lays a vacant head demand;

“Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell,

“Unwisely weaves, that takes two webs in hand.

“Who ever casts to compass weighty prize,

“Let pour in lavish cups, and generous meat,

O! 'tis the exclusive business of a breast
 Impetuous, uncontroll'd, not one distrest
 About a rug at night, to paint th' abodes,
 The steeds, the chariots, and the forms of Gods;
 And the fierce Fury, as her snakes she shook,
 And wither'd the Rutulian with a look.—

“ For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phœbus wise ;
 “ And when with wine the brain begins to sweat,
 “ The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

“ Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rime should rage,
 “ O if my temples were distain'd with wine:—
 “ How I would rear the Muse on stately stage,
 “ And teach her tread aloft in buskins fine,
 “ With quaint Bellona in her equipage!” *Ecl. x.*

VER. 109. ————— to paint th' abodes,

The steeds, the chariots, and the forms of gods ;] In these and the following lines Juvenal alludes to various passages in Virgil, but chiefly to these two :

“ Jam summas arces Tritonia (respice) Pallas

“ Insedit, nimbo effulgens et Gorgone sæva.

“ Ipse pater Danais animos viresque secundas

“ Sufficit ; ipse deos in Dardana suscitât arma.—

“ Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ

“ Numina magna Deûm.”

“ Talibus Alecto dictis exarsit in iras.

“ At Juveni oranti subitus tremor occupat artus ;

“ Diriguère oculi : tot Erinnyes sibilat hydris,

“ Tantaque se facies aperit :” &c.

These are good specimens of the sublime, especially the first ; yet I cannot but think our author might have found in the compass of Latin poetry, something more to his purpose ; but he was evidently partial to Virgil : no great impeachment of his taste, by the way. Horace has a quotation from Ennius of much force and sublimity ; and Lucretius (who had also his Mæcenas) would

Those snakes, had Virgil no Mæcenas found,
 Had dropt, in listless length, upon the ground;
 And the loud trump, that rous'd the world to arms,
 Languish'd in silence, guiltless of alarms.
 Yet we expect from Lappa's tragic rage,
 Such scenes as graced of old the Athenian stage:
 Though he, poor man! from hand to mouth be fed,
 And driv'n to pawn his furniture for bread!

When Numitor is ask'd to serve a friend,
 "He cannot, he is poor:" yet he can send
 Rich presents to his mistress; he can buy
 Tame lions, and find means to keep them high:
 What then? the beasts are still the lightest charge;
 For your starv'd bards have maws so devilish large!

Stretch'd in his marble palace at his ease,
 Lucan may write, and only ask your praise;
 But what is this, if this be all you give,
 To Bassus and Serranus? they must live!

have supplied him, I think, with examples of greater fire and animation than those he has selected; but Lucretius was doomed to misfortune: his contemporaries neither saw his beauties, nor his defects; and succeeding writers, if they did not entirely neglect, plundered him, and were silent. His philosophy ruined his poetry in the eyes of the Romans.

VER. 130. *To Bassus and Serranus? &c.*] Bassus is spoken of in the *Dial. de Orat.* (see note on v. 73,) as a most excellent poet (*absolutissimum poetam*, §. 5,) and a worthy man. I take him to be the person alluded to in v. 86; as Quintilian, after observing that he had a fervid genius, adds, that the warmth of it was not repressed by age, *nec ipsum (ingenium) senectus maturavit*. Tacitus, who was evidently attached to him, introduces him again (§. 9,) to shew that, notwithstanding his acknowledged merit, he was scandalously

When Statius fix'd a morning to recite
His Thebaid to the town, with what delight

neglected. Once, indeed, it appears from the same authority, he received a present of five hundred sesterces from Vespasian, (a prodigious effort of generosity in that frugal prince,) and this was sufficient to make Domitian neglect him; for he was not over fond of imitating his father.

I can find nothing of Serranus, but that he was very much in debt to one Afer. Mart. *Lib.* iv. 37.

VER. 131. *When Statius, &c.*] “Juvenal,” says Doctor Warton (Pope’s Works, Vol. IV. p. 202,) “in a well known passage, laughs at Statius reciting his Thebaid!” This is (at best) hastily said; but something to the same effect, has been asserted by others. Gevartius observes, in his notes on Statius, that Martial and this poet were on ill terms: this, I am afraid, is too true: now, says Henninius, as Juvenal was extremely attached to Martial, it is probable that he took up the quarrel, and gave his enemy a rub *in transitu*. I doubt this extreme attachment: that they were friends is certain; but surely not sufficiently so, to induce either of them to embrace the unjust prejudices of the other. Afterwards, indeed, the gross flattery which Statius continued to heap upon Domitian might, and probably did, contribute to alienate our author from him; but at the time this Satire was written, and when there is reason to suppose that Statius himself was no great favourite, he could have had no possible cause for his displeasure. On the most careful perusal of the passage, I can see nothing like a tendency to laughter, but rather to pity. Public recitation, if not highly honourable, was yet exceedingly common; and, if the short history of our author’s life may be credited, was frequently practiced by himself.

If there be any thing which can be construed into a sneer in any part of this passage, (which yet I do not suspect) it may be levelled at the singular fondness of Statius for reciting; joined, as it seems to me, with a certain degree of vanity at the respectability of his audiences, and the effect his poetry usually had upon them. In the Epicedion on his father, he says very beautifully,

“Qualis eras, LATIOS quoties ego carmine PATRES

“Mulcerem, felixque tui spectator adesses

They flock'd to hear! with what fond rapture hung
 On the sweet strains, made sweeter by his tongue!
 Yet, while the seats crack'd with a general peal
 Of boisterous praise, the bard had lack'd a meal,
 Unless with Paris he had better sped,
 And truck'd a virgin tragedy for bread.

“Muneris: heu quali confusus gaudia fletu

“Vota, piosque metus inter, lætumque pudorem!

“Quam tuus ille dies, qua non mihi gloria major.” *Syl. v. 215.*

and in the *Protrepticon* to young Crispinus, where he laments that he shall not have him at his readings, &c.

“Hei mihi! sed cœtus solitos si forte ciebo,

“Et mea ROMULEI venient ad carmina PATRES,

“Tu deeris, Crispine, mihi, cuneosque per omnes

“Te meus absentem circumspectabit Achilles.”

For *cœtus* some copies have *quæstus*; because, says Gronovius, *Papinius exercitatione* (read *recitatione*) *poematum victum quærebat*. I suppose he was encouraged to these frequent rehearsals by the sweetness of his voice; which is noticed, as we see, by Juvenal, and again by the old scholiast. *Est enim*, as he truly observes, *et poema (Thebais) ipsum delectabile, et ipse dicitur bonam vocem habuisse*.

VER. 137. *Unless with Paris he had better sped, &c.*] For Paris, see Sat. VI. v. 94. He here appears as the dispenser of the imperial favours; but such is the capricious nature of tyranny, and so unsteady is the tenure of its attachment, that not long after the publication of this Satire, he was seized and put to death in a fit of jealousy, by the very man over whom his influence was at this moment unbounded!

It is probable that Domitian, with the usual versatility of tyrants, repented of the fact as soon as he had committed it; for Martial has a very good epitaph on Paris, which he would not have ventured to write if the emperor's displeasure had continued. It is in his eleventh book; which, though published after Domitian's death, was principally composed, I believe, during his reign.

Mirror of men! he gives, with liberal hands,
To needy poets, honours and commands;

VER. 139. ——— he gives, with liberal hands,

To needy poets, honours and commands;] *Semestri vatum digitos circumligat auro*; he adorns the poets' fingers with semestral gold; in other words, makes them military tribunes for six months. Kennet says, these tribunes had the honour of wearing a gold ring* in the same manner as the knights; and because their office was extremely desired, to encourage as many as possible, their command lasted but half a year. Rom. Ant. p. 195.

What Kennet (or rather Lipsius, from whom he took it,) means by the concluding part of the paragraph, I cannot tell. A permission to wear a gold ring for six months, seems to hold out no mighty "encouragement" either to poets or soldiers: indeed, if the thing were so "extremely desirable," much would not be necessary, for what was to become of them, on their descent from their temporary elevation? To be plain, I have long suspected that Lipsius, whose general accuracy, and learning I cheerfully acknowledge, spoke without sufficient consideration, in this place.

I wish there were any authority for supposing that the *aurum semestre* alluded to a division of quantity, and not of duration: the permission to wear it, might then confer an honorary, or brevet rank, (a real command, I am convinced, it never could,) which should give the possessor a claim to something like half-pay. Or, if this be not allowed, it might intitle him to certain privileges, and immunities, which, though less than these conferred by the *jus trium liberorum*, might yet be very advantageous: I have said *less*, because this favour could only be granted by the emperors; whereas the other, was bestowed by generals, præfects, &c. Thus Pliny entreats Sossius (one of Trajan's lieutenants) to confer this honour on the nephew of his friend C. Nepos. *C. Calvisium rogo semestri tribunatu splendidiorem et sibi, et avunculo suo facias*. Lib. iv. Epist. iv. And in another place, he transfers a tribuneship, which he had obtained for Suetonius, at the historian's own request, to one of

* That the military tribunes wore gold rings, is clear enough: the only question is, whether, as Kennet says, (*loc. cit.*) these rings were what Juvenal calls the *aurum semestre*.

Behold! an ACTOR's patronage affords
 A surer means of rising, than a LORD's!
 And wilt thou still on Camerinus wait,
 And Bareas? wilt thou still frequent the great?
 Ah! rather to the Player thyself betake,
 And, at one lucky stroke, thy fortune make.

his relations. Lib. III. 8. Lord Orrery observes on this with some surprise, that Suetonius is "usually drawn as a philosopher rather than a soldier." He is so—and this seems to confirm what I have just advanced, that the *aurum semestre*, though sufficiently lucrative perhaps, required no actual service.

I have already hinted that I know no authority for my supposition. The reader, therefore, will kindly receive what is urged, as nothing more than an attempt to examine, or rather to induce those who are competent to the task, to examine a custom, hitherto taken on credit, and which still appears, to me at least, in want of explanation.

VER. 145. *Ah! rather to the Player, &c.*] This is the famous passage for which, according to the ancient critics, Juvenal was sent into banishment. Certainly,

"It stands on record that in Richard's times,

"A man was hanged for very honest rhymes,"

and there is no physical impossibility in the way of a man's being banished for a similar offence. But does there not appear something like a contradiction in those learned gentlemen? They agree that our author was sent into exile by Domitian; and yet they differ about the emperor under whom this Satire was written! What is equally strange, they must allow, that if he was punished for the line in question, it could only be by Domitian, and yet this is the only work in which he is mentioned with kindness!

I am no advocate either for the gratitude, or the consistency of that prince; I have other reasons for disbelieving the popular tale; these I have already given in the life of the Author, and to these I refer the reader.

Doctor Warton, in his excellent edition of Pope, (so, it seems, we must call it,) says that Juvenal was "banished for commending the Agave of Statius;" for commending the Agave of Statius! well——

Yet envy not the man that earns hard bread
 By tragedy: the Muses' friends are fled;
 Mæcenas, Proculeius, Fabius, gone;
 And Lentulus, and Cotta,—every one!
 THEN worth was cherish'd, then the bard might toil,
 Secure of favour, o'er the midnight oil;
 Then all December's revelries refuse,
 And give the festive moments to the Muse.

VER. 147. *Yet envy not the man, &c.*] The protection of Paris, and such as he, does not gratify the manly mind of Juvenal; he feelingly regrets the want of those whose favourable opinion might be received with pride, and whose bounty might be accepted without dishonour.

The patrons he has enumerated were, indeed, "the Muses' friends," and such as they have seldom had to boast. The name of Mæcenas, is but another word for generosity. Proculeius and Lentulus, were little less celebrated for their unbounded liberality; while Fabius and Cotta joined to this, the rarer quality of fidelity in distress: they were both the affectionate friends of Ovid, and that too, at a time when their friendship was as valuable to him, as dangerous to themselves; when he was an exile, and in disgrace!

I have sometimes wondered why Juvenal never mentions Pliny. He had here an opportunity of doing it; and Pliny was certainly a generous, and in some cases a munificent man. It may be, that he thought there was more of vanity than of genuine kindness in the favours he conferred; and there is certainly some reason for such an opinion. In one of his letters he mentions his kindness to Martial, but in a way that shews he was thinking more of himself than of the poet. The whole account is degrading, and has always mortified me in the perusal. It was not so that Lentulus and Cotta shewed their love of genius!

Spenser has an allusion to these lines:

"But ah! Mæcenas is yclad in clay,
 "And great Augustus long ago is dead,
 "And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
 "That matter made for poets on to play!"

So fare the tuneful race. The HISTORIANS' pains
Are, doubtless, recompens'd by ampler gains.
More time, more study they require, and pile
Page upon page, heedless of bulk the while;
Till, fact conjoin'd to fact, with toil intense,
The work is clos'd at many a ream's expense.
Say now, what harvest was there ever found,
What golden crops, from this long-labour'd ground?
None: 'tis a thriftless soil; and a dull scribe
Gets more, by copying briefs, than all the tribe.
True; but the breed is slothful, fond of ease,
And solitude: then tell me, if you please,
What gain the LAWYER's active life affords,
His sacks of papers, and his war of words?
Heavens! how he bellows in our tortur'd ears;
But then, then chiefly, when the client hears,
Or one, (more anxious than his fellows) come
To prove the credit of a doubtful sum,
Twitches his elbow:—then his passions rise!
Then forth he puffs th' immeasurable lies
From his swell'n lungs! then the white foam appears,
And, drivelling down his beard, his vest besmears!
Take now the balance, and the profits weigh—
And first, th' accumulated fortunes lay
Of five-score lawyers there; then, place me here,
The riches of a favourite charioteer,
And see which sinks! “The generals take their place;”
Thou, my poor Ajax, rising with pale face,

Stepp'st forth to plead a trembling client's cause,
 Before Judge Jolthead—learned in the laws.
 Now stretch thy throat, unhappy man! now raise
 Thy voice, that, when thou'rt hoarse, a bunch of bays,
 Stuck in thy garret-window, may declare
 What a victorious pleader nestles there!
 O glorious hour! but what's thy fee, meanwhile?
 A rope of shrivell'd onions from the Nile,
 A rusty ham, a jar of broken sprats,
 And wine, the refuse of our country vats;
 Five flaggons for four causes! if thou hold,
 Though this indeed be rare, a piece of gold;
 The brethren, as *per contract*, on thee fall,
 And share the prize, sollicitors and all.
 Whate'er he asks, Æmilius may command;
 Though more of law be ours: but then, there stand

VER. 181. ————— “*The generals take their place;*”] A humorous parody on Ovid:

“*Consedere duces, et vulgi stante corona,*

“*Surgit ad hos clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax.*”

VER. 196. *And share the prize, sollicitors, &c.*] It appears from the Orator of Cicero, (lib. i. 45, and 59,) that in his time these sollicitors (*pragmatici*) were confined to Greece. The Roman *causidici*, or advocates, when they were ignorant of the law, used at that time to apply to the learned men of rank, such as the Scævolaë, &c. But under the successors of Augustus, there was not the same encouragement (nor indeed security) for these great men to study that science: the orators were, therefore, obliged of course to adopt the Grecian method. *Neque ego*, says Quint. lib. xii. c. iii. *sum nostri moris ignarus, oblitusve eorum qui velut ad Arculas sedent, et tela agentibus subministrant; neque idem Græcos quoque nescio factitare, unde nomen his Pragmaticorum datum est.*

Four stately steeds, conspicuous from afar,
 Before his gate; stands too a brazen car;
 And the great pleader, balancing his spear,
 On a fierce charger that scarce treads on air,
 Looks round with wary eye, in act to throw,
 And seems to meditate no common blow.
 Seduced by this example, Matho sought
 By the same arts to rise, and thus was brought
 To want; and thus Tongillus, who was borne
 To bathe (with oil in a capacious horn)

VER. 201. *And the great pleader, balancing his spear,*

On a fierce charger, &c.] This vagary of Æmilius (choosing, though a man of peace, to be represented on a war-horse) seems to have taken mightily at Rome, most probably from its absurdity, and to have had a number of imitators. Martial, in an attack upon an unfortunate pedagogue for interrupting his sleep, can think of nothing to compare the noise of his school to, but the sledges of the smiths forging war-horses for the lawyers:

“*Tam grave percussis incudibus æra resultant,*

“*Causidicum medio cum faber aptat equo.*”

We learn from the sequel, that it did not succeed much with his imitators; and, indeed, it seldom happens that any but the author of a joke, profits by it.

VER. 205. ——— *Matho, &c.] Matho deficit.* This Dryden translates,

“*With arts like these rich Matho when he speaks*

“*Attracts all fees, and little lawyers breaks.*”

For this he was indebted to Lubin, who corrects himself, indeed, a few lines after; this, however, Dryden did not read far enough to see. I should not have noticed the blunder, had it not materially interfered with the date of this Satire. It appears that Matho, disgusted with his ill-success as a lawyer, gave it up entirely, and betook himself to the trade of an informer. In this, unfortunately, he succeeded but too well; and when Juvenal wrote his first Satire, which was consequently many years after the present, he was become wealthy, arrogant, and luxurious. See Sat. i. v. 50.

By a long, draggled train; or swept in state,
To every auction, villas, slaves, or plate;
And, trading on the credit of his dress,
Cheapen'd whate'er he saw, though pennyless.—

And some, indeed, have risen by tricks like these:
Purple and violet, swell a lawyer's fees;
Bustle and shew above his means, conduce
To business, and profusion is of use:
But 'tis a general failing; Rome confounds
The wealthiest,—prodigal beyond all bounds.

Could our old pleaders visit earth again,
Tully himself would scarce a brief obtain,
Unless his robe were purple, and a stone,
Diamond, or jasper, on his finger shone.
The wary plaintiff, ere a fee he gives,
Inquires at what expense his counsel lives;
“Has he eight slaves, ten followers; chairs to wait,
“And clients to precede his march in state?”
This Paulus knows full well, and therefore hires
A ring to plead in; therefore, too, acquires

VER. 228. *A ring to plead in; &c.*] This “hired ring” seems to have answered even better than the war-horse of Æmilius; for Paulus, in process of time, grew into great practice, and consequently great riches. Our author's friend Martial had the misfortune to be under his patronage which, like that of many other *parvenus*, was so burdensome, that the poet, in a fit of spleen, threatens to shake it off entirely:

————— te post mille labores

“Paule, negat lasso janitor esse domi:

“Exitus hic operis vani, togulæque madentis;

More briefs than Cossus:—preference not unsound;
 For how should eloquence in rags be found?
 Who trusts poor Cossus with a cause of state?
 When does he, to avert a culprit's fate,
 Produce a weeping mother? or who heeds
 How close he argues, and how well he pleads?
 Unhappy drudge;—but, Cossus! thou art wrong;
 Wouldst thou procure subsistence by thy tongue;
 Renounce the town, and instantly withdraw
 To Gaul; or Afric, the dry nurse of law.

But Vectius, O that adamantine frame!
 Has op'd a RHETORIC SCHOOL of no mean fame,
 Where boys, in long succession, rave and storm
 At tyranny, through many a crowded form.—
 The exercise, he lately, sitting, read,
 Standing, distracts his miserable head,

“Vix tanti Paulum mane videre fuit.

“Semper inhumanos habet officiosus amicos:

“Rex, nisi dormieris, non potes esse ineus.” *Lib. v. 23.*

Among all the evils of clientage, I perceive that Martial deprecates none so bitterly as the being obliged to attend the levees of the great before day. Juvenal seems to have thought with his friend on this subject.

VER. 238. *To Gaul; or Afric, &c.*] “Gaul and Africa,” Madan says, “were remarkable at that time for encouraging eloquence; and had great lawyers who got large fees!” For this precious piece of information, he refers to Dryden’s notes, which are beneath the notice of a school-boy. That Gaul and Africa were noted for litigiousness is certain, and to this Juvenal alludes; but he was far from imagining there were great lawyers, or great fees, I believe, to be found in either country.

And every day, and every hour, affords
 The self-same subject, in the self-same words,
 Till, like hash'd cabbage serv'd for each repast,
 The repetition kills the wretch at last.
 Where the main jet of every question lies,
 And whence the chief objections may arise,
 All wish to learn; but none th' expense will pay.
 "Th' expense!" exclaims the scholar, "do you say?
 Why, what know I?" there go the master pains,
 Because, forsooth, the Arcadian brute lacks brains!
 And yet this oaf, every sixth morn prepares
 To split my head with Hannibal's affairs;
 While he debates at large, "whether 'twere right
 "To take advantage of the general fright,
 "And march to Rome; or, by the storm alarm'd,
 "And all the elements against him arm'd,

VER. 243. *The exercise, &c.*] Juvenal has omitted one evil which attended this unfortunate race: besides having their heads distracted with these constant declamations, they were sometimes liable to lose them altogether: and Domitian actually put one of them to death for a rhetorical flourish about tyranny, which was produced in his school. Dio tells the story, and says the name of the poor wretch was Maternus. Our author, perhaps, did not consider this as an additional calamity in the lives of such men.

VER. 254. ——— *the Arcadian brute, &c.*] *i. e.* ass. *Arcadico juveni; hoc est,* says Britannicus, *tardo et asinino: NAM in Arcadiâ OPTIMI prognerantur!* Though this seems an odd kind of deduction, the reader, I believe, must acquiesce in it; unless he choose to subscribe to the opinion of Lubin, who says it is a mule; which, besides being as stupid as an ass, is, as he very gravely asserts, an ungrateful brute, *nam ubi matris ubera ad satietatem usque suxit, in eam calcem rejicit, percutitque!*

“ The dangerous expedition to delay,
 “ And lead his harrass’d troops some other way.”
 Sick of the theme that still returns, and still,
 Th’ exhausted master cries, ask what you will,
 I’ll give it, so you on the sire prevail,
 To hear as oft, the booby’s tedious tale.

Thus Vectius fares: his brethren, wiser far,
 Have shut up school, and taken to the bar;
 Adieu the idle fooleries of Greece;
 The soporific drug, the golden fleece,
 The faithless husband, and the abandon’d wife,
 And Æson, coddled to new light and life,
 A long adieu! on more productive themes,
 On actual crimes, the sophist now declaims:
 Thou too, my friend, would’st thou my counsel hear,
 Should’st free thyself from this ungrateful care;
 Lest all be lost, and thou reduc’d, poor sage,
 To want e’en bread, in thy declining age:—
 Bread still the lawyer earns; but tell me yet,
 What your Chrysogonus, and Pollio get,
 The chief of rhetoricians, though they teach
 Our youth of quality, the ART OF SPEECH?

Oh, no! the great pursue a nobler end,—
 Five thousand on a bagnio they expend;

VER. 282. *Our youth of quality, the ART OF SPEECH?*] This “ Art of Speech” was written by Theodorus Gadareus, a man of great eminence in rhetoric, who flourished in the reign of Tiberius. Britannicus and others will have Chrysogonus and Pollio mentioned in the preceding line, to be music-

More on a portico, where, when it lours,
 They ride, and bid defiance to the showers.
 What! shall they tarry till the sky be clear,
 Or splash their mule so sleek? no, rather here,
 Here rather, let them ride; for here the beast
 May keep its hoofs unsullied, at the least.
 Yet more; on columns of enormous size,
 They bid a spacious eating-room arise,
 Which fronts the east, wide opening to the day,
 Ere yet the sun emit too warm a ray.
 Expensive these! but cost whate'er they will,
 Sewers must be hir'd, and cooks of taste and skill.—
 'Midst this extravagance, that knows no bounds,
 Quintilian gets, and hardly gets, ten pounds
 For all his pains: there's no possession, none,
 That costs a sire so little as a son.

Whence has Quintilian, then, his vast estate?
 Urge not an instance of peculiar fate:
 Perhaps, by luck. The lucky, I admit,
 Have all advantages; beauty, and wit,

masters. True it is, that there were two professors of these names at Rome about this period; but they were not likely to be much acquainted with the works of Theodorus. I have little doubt but that the translation gives the true sense of the author. Dryden follows Britannicus.

VER. 301. *Whence has Quintilian, then, &c.*] For Quintilian, see Sat. vi. v. 127. Juvenal here considers him as a *rich* man, while Pliny, in a letter which does equal honour to himself and his master, (for such Quintilian was,) talks of his *moderate* fortune. The cause of this difference should probably be sought in the different circumstances of the two writers. What appeared

And wisdom, and high blood : the lucky, too,
 May take at will the senatorial shoe ;
 Be first-rate speakers, pleaders, every thing ;
 And, though they croak like frogs, be thought to sing.

O, there's a difference, friend, beneath what sign
 We spring to light, or kindly, or malign !
 Fortune is all. Fortune can, if she please,
 Make kings of pedants, and, with equal ease,

immense to Juvenal, might be far from seeming so, to so wealthy a man as Pliny. It is pleasant, however, to know that this amiable and virtuous character experienced nothing of the neglect and poverty, which overwhelmed so many of his unfortunate brethren.

VER. 306. *May take at will the senatorial shoe;*] The shoes of senators differed from those of the people, in various ways ; but chiefly in colour, shape, and ornament. The colour, Middleton says, in his Treatise on the Rom. Sen. was invariably black, while others wore them of any colour, according to their fancies ; the form was somewhat like a short boot, reaching nearly to the middle of the leg, as they are sometimes seen in statues, and bas-reliefs ; and the appropriate and peculiar ornament was a figure of a half-moon sewed upon the fore-part, near the instep. Plutarch, in his Quest. Roman. proposes several reasons for this emblem ; and more may be found in the commentators on Juvenal. It is probable, after all, however, that it had no kind of reference to the moon, but was merely designed to express the letter C, as the numerical sign of a hundred, the original number of the senators.

Cicero tells a pleasant story of a man who, during the confusion that followed the death of Cæsar, got into the senate merely by changing his shoes. *Est etiam quidam senator voluntarius lectus ipse a se. Apertam curiam vidit post Cæsaris necem, mutavit calceos, pater conscriptus repente est factus !* Phillip. XIII. 13.

VER. 311. ———— *Fortune can, if she please,*
Make kings of pedants, &c.] Though Juvenal could scarcely mean to be understood literally, yet something very like this, *fies de consule rhetor*, happened about the time he wrote. Valerius Licinianus, a most eloquent

Pedants of kings: for what, my Vectius, say,
 Were Tullus and Ventidius? what were they,
 But great examples of the secret power
 Of stars, presiding o'er the natal hour;
 Of stars, whose unrespective smiles, or frowns,
 Give captives triumphs, and dependants crowns!
 He, then, is lucky; yet a coal-black swan
 Is easier found, than such another man:
 Hence many a rhetorician counts his gains,
 And execrates, too late, his fruitless pains.
 Witness Thrasy-machus, thy end; and thine,
 Charinas:—and thou saw'st him, Athens, pine!

speaker, as Pliny tells us, was expelled the senate on suspicion of an incestuous commerce with the vestal Cornelia (Sat. iv.) and driven into Sicily; where he set up a school for teaching rhetoric. His opening speech bears a wonderful similarity to the passage above. "*Quos tibi, Fortuna, ludos facis? Facis enim ex professoribus senatores, ex senatoribus professores!*" A sentence, says Pliny, so full of bitterness and gall, that I am almost persuaded he turned rhetoric-master for the sole purpose of uttering it. The other hemistich, *fies de rhetore consul*, though originally, perhaps, pronounced at random, a succeeding age saw literally fulfilled in the person of Ausonius, who, from a professor of rhetoric, was advanced by Gratian to the consulship, in the year ccclxxix.

VER. 314. — *Tullius and Ventidius?*] He means Servius Tullius, whom he afterwards (Sat. viii.) calls the last good king of Rome, and who was said to be born of a servant. Ventidius ran through a greater variety of fortune. He was taken prisoner when an infant, together with his mother, by Pompeius Strabo; (father of Pompey the Great;) became an errand-boy, next a waggoner, then a muleteer, a soldier, centurion, general, tribune of the people, prætor, and, in the same year, pontiff and consul. He obtained, too, a splendid triumph over the Parthians, to which Juvenal more particularly alludes; and thus, says Stapylton "he who formerly lay in prison as a captive, at last filled the Capitol with his trophies:" finally, he was honoured with a public funeral.

Thou saw'st him ! and would'st nought but bane bestow ;
The only charity thou seem'st to know !

O, peaceful may our great forefathers rest,
And lightly lie the turf upon their breast ;
Sweet-smelling crocus scatter odours round,
And everlasting sun-shine deck the ground !
They honour'd tutors, now a slighted race,
And gave them all a parent's power and place.

Achilles, grown a man, the lyre essay'd
On his paternal hills, and, while he play'd,

VER. 323. *Witness, Thrasymachus, thy end ; and thine,*

Charinas :—] Thrasymachus taught rhetoric, the old commentators say, at Athens. Want of encouragement forced him to shut up his school, and want of every thing else, probably, drove him to suicide.

Charinas taught rhetoric in the same city, and with the same ill success: he left it, therefore, and came to Rome. It appears from Dio, that he might almost as well have followed the example of Thrasymachus, and hanged himself where he was:—for he had scarce opened his school, ere he provoked the suspicion of Caligula by a declamation against tyranny, and was either sent into banishment immediately, or poisoned ! The Charinas mentioned by Tacitus in his Annals, I take to be a different person.

Madan, and some others, refer the *hunc inopem* of our author to Socrates. The general allusion, indeed, in the bitter sarcasm on Athens, is to him ; but the words apply immediately to Charinas.

VER. 333. *Achilles, grown a man, &c.*] Thus Ovid, very prettily:

“ Phillyrides puerum citharæ perfecit Achillem,

“ Atque animos placidâ contudit arte feros.

“ Qui toties socios, toties exterruit hostes ;

“ Creditur annosum pertimuisse senem.

“ Quas Hector sensurus erat, poscente magistro,

“ Verberibus jussas præbuit ille manus.”

De Art. Aman. lib. 1. 10.

With trembling ey'd the rod;—and yet the tail
Of the good Centaur, hardly then could fail
To raise a smile: such reverence now is rare,
And boys with bibs strike Ruffus on his chair;
Fastidious Ruffus, who, with critic rage,
Arraign'd the purity of Tully's page.

Enough of these. Let the last wretched band,
The poor GRAMMARIANS, say what liberal hand
Rewards their toil: let learn'd Palæmon tell,
Who proffers what his skill deserves so well.

VER. 337. ————— *such reverence now is rare,*

And boys with bibs strike Ruffus in his chair;] This was a complaint of long standing. Plautus has a remark on the subject, which, if it has lost nothing in passing through my hands, will be allowed to possess some force, as well as humour.

“*Nam olim populi prius honorem capiebat suffragio,*

“*Quam magistri desinebat esse dicto obediens, &c. &c.*”

Bacchides, Act. iii. Sc. iii.

Time was, a tutor was obey'd, and fear'd,
Till youth grew fit for office: now, alas!
Let him but chide a child of seven years old,
And the brat flings his tablets at his head—
You hasten to his father, and complain:
And what redress? aha! old Bumbrusher,
You see my boy here can defend himself,
So touch him, at your peril. Thus aveng'd,
You hang your ears in silence, and sneak home,
With your crack'd pate beplaister'd, and bepatch'd,
Like an old paper lantern!—

VER. 343. ————— *let learn'd Palæmon tell, &c.]* Palæmon, “a poor grammarian, but of great esteem.” Dryden. If he really was poor, it was in consequence of his extravagance, for he had a very handsome income.

Yet from this pittance, whatsoe'er it be,
(Less, surely, than a rhetorician's fee,)
The usher snips off something for his pains,
And the purveyor nibbles what remains.
Courage, Palæmon! be not over nice,
But suffer some abatement in your price;
As those who deal in rugs, will ask you high,
And sink by pence, and half-pence, 'till you buy.
Yes, suffer this; while something's left to pay
Thy rising, hours before the break of day,
When e'en the labouring poor their slumbers take,
And not a weaver, not a smith's awake:
While something's left, to pay thee for the stench
Of smouldering lamps, thick hung on every bench,
Where ropy vapours Virgil's pages soil,
And Horace looks one blot, all soot and oil.

Even then, the salary thus reduc'd, thus small,
Without a law-suit, rarely comes at all.

Add yet, ye parents, add to their disgrace,
And heap new hardships on this wretched race.
Make it a point that all, and every part,
Of their own science, be possess'd by heart;

Suetonius represents him as an arrogant, luxurious, and profligate pedant, rendered infamous by vice of every kind, and to whom no youth could with safety be trusted; though he allows his grammatical knowledge to have been very extraordinary. He had been long dead, however, when this Satire was written, being mentioned for the last time under Claudius. Juvenal merely gives his name to some excellent grammarian of his own time, in allusion to his celebrity in the art. See Sat. vi. v. 670.

That general history with our own, they blend,
 And have all authors at their finger's end:
 That they may still inform you, should you meet,
 And ask them at the bath, or in the street,
 Who nurs'd Anchises; from what country came
 Archim'rus' step-mother, and what her name;
 How long Acestes flourish'd, and, in short,
 With how much wine Æneas left his court.
 Make it a point too, that, like ductile clay,
 They mould the tender mind, and, day by day,
 Bring out the form of virtue; that they prove
 A father to the youths, in care and love;
 And watch that no obscenities prevail.—
 And trust me, friend, e'en Argus' self might fail,

VER. 371. *Who nurs'd Anchises; &c.*] This absurd curiosity about things which, Seneca well observes, it is more profitable to be ignorant of than to know, was but too common among the ancients. A. Gellius, in one of his best chapters, (lib. xiv. cap. vi.) gives us many pleasant instances of it, to which the learned translator has added more. Diogenes, I have somewhere read, used to reprove the grammarians, because they were solicitous to know what evils Ulysses suffered, while they were negligent of their own: the censure of Juvenal, however, falls rather on those who exacted such miserable *minutiae* of them; in particular, he seems to allude to an anecdote recorded of Tiberius, (Suetonius, §. lxx.) who used to harrass these poor men, by inquiring who was Hecuba's mother, what the Sirens used to sing, &c. &c.

It is impossible to suppress a smile at the perverse industry of the more modern critics, in hunting out what Juvenal represents as puzzling those of his own time. The nurse of Anchises, and the step-mother of Archimorus, are now no longer secrets.

The busy hands of school-boys to espy,
 And the lewd fires that twinkle in their eye.
 Yes, make all this a point; and, having found
 The man you seek, say—when the year comes round,
 We'll give thee for thy twelve-month's toil and pains,
 As much—as in an hour a fencer gains!

SATIRE VIII.

Argument.

IN this Satire, in which Juvenal puts on a most serious and impressive air, he demonstrates that distinction is merely personal; that though we may derive rank, and titles from our ancestors, yet if we degenerate from the virtues by which they obtained them, we cannot be considered as truly noble. This is the great object of the Satire: it branches out, however, into many collateral topics; the first of which is, the profligacy of the young nobility; from this, he passes, by an easy transition, to the miserable state of the provinces, which were usually placed under their management, and which they plundered and harrassed without mercy. This part of his Satire is treated with a freedom of thought, and an elevation of language, worthy of the best times of the Republic: and from this, he returns once more to the main subject of the Satire, the state of debasement into which the descendants of the first families had voluntarily sunk: he severely lashes their meanness, cowardice, and base prostitution of every kind; vices which he sets in the strongest light, by contrasting them with the opposite virtues, to be found in persons of the lowest station, and the humblest descent.

Considered as a whole, this is a very fine performance. If we are inclined to examine it with severity, we may perhaps discover a triteness in the instances produced towards the conclusion. Cicero and Marius are somewhat too hacknied, to give zest to a subject like this; but perhaps the poet was willing to sacrifice novelty to notoriety; and fancied his examples would be more effectual in proportion as they were more generally recognized and allowed.

An expression in line fifty-one of the original (domitique Batavi) has been supposed to allude to Domitian. As it appears from Tacitus, Silius

Italicus, and Suetonius, that he was really engaged in an expedition against those people in his youth, I am induced to embrace this opinion. In this case, I should fix on a very early period for the production of this Satire: and indeed the detailed history of Nero's enormities shews it to have been written while they were yet fresh in the author's mind; probably before the death of Vespasian.

Pliny has a letter upon this very subject, which is every way worthy of him. The reader who turns to it, must not expect to find the force and dignity of Juvenal, though he will meet with much of his good sense and humanity. It is that to his friend Maximus. Lib. VIII. Epist xxiv.

If the works of Epicharmus were extant in our Author's time, he might, as it should seem from what has reached us, have found some hints for this Satire in one of his comedies.

SATIRE VIII.

TO PONTICUS.

v. 1—10.

“**Y**OUR ancient house!” no more.—I cannot see

The wondrous merits of a pedigree;

No, Ponticus;—nor of a proud display

Of smoaky ancestors, in wax or clay;

Æmilius mounted on his car sublime,

Curius, half wasted by the teeth of time,

Corvinus dwindled to a shapeless bust,

And high-born Galba crumbling into dust.

What boots it, on the LINEAL TREE to trace,

Through many a branch, the founders of our race,

VER. 3. *No, Ponticus;—&c.*] Of the young nobleman to whom this Satire is addressed, nothing is known but the name: as Juvenal took an interest in his conduct, he had probably some sparks of worth. We do not find that he afterwards distinguished himself; let us hope, then, that his virtues were greater than his talents, and that, if he did not add to his family honours, the poet's admonitions prevented him, at least, from tarnishing, or contemning them.

The illustrious names which follow, and history can boast of none more truly so, are familiar to every reader.

Time-honoured chiefs; if, in their sight, we give
 A loose to vice, and like low villains live?
 Say, what avails it, that, on either hand
The stern Numantii, an illustrious band,
 Frown from the walls, if their degenerate race
 Waste the long night at dice, before their face?
 If, staggering, to a drowsy bed they creep,
 At that prime hour when, starting from their sleep,
 Those chiefs the signal of the fight unfurl'd,
 And drew their legions forth, and won the world?

Why should yon Fabius, of the Herculean name,
 Vaunt, with such arrogance, his House's claim
 To the GREAT ALTAR? if, with anxious care,
 From his soft limbs he pumice every hair,
 And shame his rough-hewn sires? if greedy, vain,
 If a vile trafficker in secret bane,

VER. 14. *The stern Numantii, &c.*] By the Numantii, he means Scipio Africanus, (the conqueror of Numantia,) and the immediate descendants and relatives of that great man.

VER. 21. *Why should yon Fabius, &c.*] The Fabian family pretended to derive their origin from Hercules; and for this reason, were entrusted with the service of the altar, erected to that hero, in the *Forum Boarium*, or ox-market. This altar, which Juvenal calls *magna*, but which was more commonly called *maxima*, seems to have been regarded with great veneration; and the Fabii were, probably, not a little vain of their exclusive right to minister at it. They were very far, however, from being as tenacious of the virtues, as of the privileges of their family; for one of them was interdicted, for his riotous excesses, from the use of the Fabian estate, by the father of Pompey the Great; and his descendants, if we may trust our author's account of them, added to his extravagance, every other vice.

He blast his wretched family with a bust,
For public justice—to reduce to dust?

Fond man! though all the heroes of your line
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine,
In wax or stone; yet, take this truth from me,
“VIRTUE ALONE IS TRUE NOBILITY.”

VER. 27. ————— a bust

For public justice—to reduce to dust?] The busts and statues of such as had been guilty of any notorious crime, were sometimes delivered up to the common executioner to be destroyed, that they might not disgrace the name, by being carried with the rest, in the funeral processions of the family. This might have operated as a very powerful preventive of vice, had it not, like many other salutary customs, been perverted by the emperors, and their favourites, to the purposes of private hatred and revenge. Motions were sometimes made in the senate, for breaking the busts of such as were obnoxious to the tyrant of the day; and even so early as the reign of Tiberius, we find it was not considered safe in the splendid funeral of Junia, the wife of Cassius, to bring out, amongst the numerous busts of her illustrious family, either that of her husband, or her brother.

De Foe, in a poem which I yet remember to have read with pleasure, has compressed this, and the following idea, into a few lines pregnant with good sense. I quote from memory, for I have not seen the book since I was at school:

“Could but our fathers break the bonds of fate,
“And see their offspring thus degenerate;
“How they contend for birth and names unknown,
“And build on others actions, not their own,
“They’d burn their titles, and their tombs deface,
“And disavow the vile, degenerate race:
“For fame of families is all a cheat,
“’Tis personal virtue only, makes us great.”

Be then what Drusus, Cossus, Paulus were;—
 The bright examples of their lives prefer
 To all your statues; nay, to all the state,
 Chairs, fasces, lictors, of your consulate.

No slave to birth, the virtues I require,
 Inherent, not reflected from the sire,
 Must aggrandize the son: dare to be just,
 Firm to your word, and faithful to your trust;
 These praises hear, at least deserve to hear,
 I grant your claim, and recognise the peer.

Hail! from whatever stock you draw your birth,
 The son of Cossus, or the son of Earth,
 All hail! in you, exulting Rome espies,
 Her guardian power, her great Palladium rise;
 And shouts like Egypt, when her priests have found
 A new Osiris, for the old one drown'd.

VER. 47. *And shouts like Ægypt, &c.*] This is no place to enter into the mythology of Egypt: it will be sufficient, for the understanding of this passage, to remark, that Osiris was worshipped in that country, under the figure of a live ox, which he was supposed to animate. When the animal grew old, and consequently unfit for the residence of the divinity, he was thought to quit it, and migrate into a younger body of the same species. Just as the Tartars, with infinitely more good sense, are taught to believe that their Lama migrates from one human body to another. The deserted ox was drowned with much ceremonious sorrow; and then, those melancholy maniacs, his priests, attended by an immense concourse of people, dispersed themselves over the country, wailing and lamenting, in quest of the favoured individual which Osiris had selected to dwell in. This the priests were supposed to know by some sacred marks, and this they always took care to find in due time: the

But who shall call him great, that founds his claim
 To title, only on a father's fame?
 Preposterous thought!—so, with a taunting smile,
 The dwarf an Atlas, Moor a swan, we style;
 The crook-back'd runt, Europa; and the hound,
 Broken with age, blind, toothless, and unsound,
 That listless lies, and licks the lamps for food,
 Lord of the chase, and tyrant of the wood!
 You, too, beware, lest Satire's piercing eye
 The slave of guilt through grandeur's blaze espy,
 And, drawing from your crimes some sounding name,
 Declare at once your greatness, and your shame.

Ask you for whom this picture I design?
 Plautus! thy birth and folly make it thine.

lamentations of the people were then changed into songs of joy; they conducted him with great pomp to the shrine of his predecessor, shouting and calling to the inhabitants as they passed, "We have found him, we have found him! come, and let us rejoice together."

All the rites of the Egyptians were of a gloomy cast. I should be inclined to give this as one of the causes of the singular attachment of the women to them, wherever they were introduced.—This, however, by the way. We have seen in the sixth Satire, in what manner the priests of Isis ran up and down the streets of Rome, howling and lamenting for Osiris: this was a paltry imitation of their native ceremonies; to the clamorous termination of which Juvenal here alludes.

VER. 62. *Plautus! &c.*] The commentators will have this to be the Rubellius Plautus mentioned by Tacitus, in the life of Nero; but the account there given of him, (*ipse placita majorum colebat, habitu severo, casta et secreta domo, &c.* Ann. xiv. 22,) agrees but ill with the description of our author. If it be he, however, it must be confessed that he had some grounds for his pride; for he was descended from Julia, the sister of Cæsar; and thus as nearly related

Thou vaunt'st thy pedigree, on every side
 To noble and imperial blood allied ;
 As if thy honours by thyself were won,
 And thou hadst some illustrious action done,
 To make the world believe thee Julia's heir,
 And not the offspring of some easy fair,
 Who, shivering in the wind, near yon dead wall,
 Plies her vile labour, and is all to all.

“ Away,” thou criest, “ ye slaves of humblest birth,
 “ Ye dregs of Rome, ye nothings of the earth,
 “ Whose fathers who shall tell ! my ancient line
 “ Descends from Cecrops.” Man of blood divine,
 Long may'st thou know the secret sweets which spring
 In breasts affined to so remote a king !—
 Yet know, amidst those “ dregs of Rome,” thy scorn,
 Names may be found whom arts and arms adorn:
 Some skill'd to plead a noble blockhead's cause,
 And solve the deep ænigmas of the laws ;
 Others that, great in war, to conquest fly,
 And spread our fame beneath the polar sky ;

to the throne as Nero. Indeed, there was more than once a design on foot for removing that monster, and putting Rubellius in his place. After all, I am disposed to think, both from what is said above, and from the date of this Satire, that the person here meant, was a son of this Plautus, for we learn from the account of his assassination by Nero, that he left several children.

Here is the maternal line of the family, as it is given by Lipsius: Julia (Cæsar's sister), Atia, Octavia, Antonia, Julia, the mother of Rubellius Plautus, and, as I suppose, the grand-mother of the vain and insolent young nobleman, here introduced.

While thou, in mean inglorious pleasure lost,
 With "Cecrops! Cecrops!" all thou hast to boast,
 Art a full-brother to the cross-way stone,
 Which clowns have chipp'd the head of Hermes on:
 For 'tis no bar to kindred, that thy block
 Is form'd of flesh and blood, and their's of rock.

Say, of dumb animals who vaunts the blood,
 Unless their courage, or their strength be good?—
 'Tis thus we praise the horse, that mocks our eyes,
 While, to the goal, with lightning's speed, he flies ;

VER. 85. *Art a full-brother to the cross-way stone, &c.*] The figures here described were termes, rough-hewn square stones set upright, and surmounted with a head of Hermes, or Mercury. They were anciently placed at the turning of streets, and in cross and intricate roads, for the direction of passengers: for which purpose they were furnished with an appendage, which, though those good old times saw nothing extraordinary in it, might, perhaps, be thought a little singular at present. The honour of serving as a direction-post, was allotted to Hermes, as the old critics say, on account of his name, *απο το ερμηνευειν*, to shew, or explain: it is much more probable, however, that it was in reference to some obscure idea of his being the same deity as Sol, or the sun.

VER. 89. *Say, of dumb animals, &c.*] Hall, who has imitated some parts of this Satire very closely, though not in his best manner, has been rather successful here :

" Tell me, thou gentle Trojan, dost thou prize
 " Thy brute beasts' worth by their dams' qualities?
 " Say'st thou this colt shall prove a swift-paced steed,
 " Only because a Jennet did him breed?—
 " The whiles thou see'st some of thy stallion race,
 " Their eyes bor'd out, masking the miller's maze,
 " Like to a Scythian slave sworne to the payle,
 " Or dragging frothy barrels at their tayle?"

Whom many a well-earn'd palm and trophy grace,
 And the Cirque hails, unrivall'd in the race.
 Yes, they are noble, spring from what they will,
 Whose footsteps in the dust are foremost still;
 While Hirpine's stock are to the market led,
 If victory light but rarely on their head:
 For no respect to pedigree is paid,
 No honour to their sire's illustrious shade;
 Truck'd for a song, they drag the cumbrous wain,
 With shoulders bare, and bleeding from the chain;
 Or take, with some blind ass in concert found,
 At Nepo's mill, their everlasting round.
 That Rome may, therefore, thee, not thine, admire,
 Exert thyself, Rubellius, and acquire
 Some individual praise thy name to grace,
 Besides the deeds that dignified thy race,

VER. 105. *That Rome may, therefore, thee, not thine admire, &c.*] Hall again,

“And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise;

“No thank to thee, by whom their name decays;

“By virtue got they it, and valorous deed,

“Do thou so, Pontice, and be honoured.”

These are fine lines, but they are much surpassed in beauty by the following, with which I shall, for the present, conclude my extracts from this admirable writer :

“Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own,

“Brag of his lands, if they are not foregone;

“Brag of thine own good deeds; for they are thine,

“More than his life, or lands, or golden line.”

Lib. iv. Sat. iii.

And won those honours which, with pain, we see,
Are rank, and worth, and every thing to thee.

THIS for the youth, whom Rumour brands as vain,
And insolently boastful of his strain;
Perhaps with truth:—for rarely do we see,
A modest sense in those of his degree.

VER. 113. ———— *rarely do we see,*
A modest sense in those of his degree.]

“Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illa

“Fortuna.”———

Juvenal seems to have had Phædrus in his thoughts here, (lib. 1. fab. vii.) but what is the meaning of the passage? Holyday turns it in this manner,

“For almost *common sense* is hardly found

“In such great state,”———

which, though barbarously expressed, is clearly what Phædrus means by *sensus communis*: whether Juvenal does so too, may reasonably admit of a doubt.

Stepney, who translated this Satire, follows Holyday. Dryden probably revised the version published under his name, we may conclude therefore, that he did not object to this interpretation. Indeed, we are not left to probability in the matter, for in the preface to *All for Love*, he quotes the original, and evidently understands it of common sense.

The words had, however, another meaning, which is more likely to be that of Juvenal. *Communis hominum sensus*, is used by Cicero for a polite intercourse between man and man; by Horace, for suavity of manners; by Seneca, for a proper regard for the decencies of life; and by others for all these, which are but various modifications of the same thing, and which together constitute what we call courteousness, or good breeding. This too, I am persuaded, is the meaning of the phrase in Quintilian. *Sensus ipsum, qui communis dicitur, ubi discet, cum se a congressu,—segregarit?* Lib. 1. c. ii. §. 20. The learned Spalding thinks with our translators; and approves Dusaulx for rendering the words of Juvenal, *Ils ont rarement le sens commun*. *Sensus ergo communis*, he adds, *hic est notitia eorum quæ nosse sentire homines solent, &c.* Quint. Vol. 1. p. 45. But Quintilian is speaking of the advantages of a public

But trust me, Ponticus, 'twould grieve thy friend,
 To see thee so on others' worth depend,
 As to neglect thy own. Get thee a name;
 'Tis dangerous building on another's fame,
 Lest the foundation sink, and, sinking, cast
 Thy baseless pile in ruins on the waste.—
 So, straggling on the ground, the frail vine tries
 To clasp the elm she dropt from, fails—and dies!
 Be brave, be just; and when thy country's laws
 Call thee to witness in a dubious cause,
 Though Phalaris place his bull before thine eye,
 And frowning, dictate to thy lips a lie,

education for boys; one of which is, that true civility, that *sensus communis* which society only can teach, by shewing the necessity of condescension, and mutual forbearance.

The emperor Marcus Aurelius, seems to have found a good word for it: he calls it κοινονημοσυνη, and a better commentary on Juvenal cannot be hoped for, than the learned Salmasius furnishes, in his explanation of it. Κοινονημοσυνην eleganter vocat modestam illam, moderatam, usitatam et ordinariam, ut, ita dicam, hominis mentem quæ in commune quodammodo consulit, nec omnia ad commodum suum refert; respectumque etiam habet eorum cum quibus versatur, modestè modicèque de se sentiens. At contra, inflati et superbi omnes se sibi tantum suisque commodis natos arbitrantur, et præ se cæteros contemnunt et negligunt: et hi sunt qui sensum communem non habere rectè dici possunt. In Jul. Capitol. notæ.

Mr. Ireland thinks that *illa fortuna*, (which I have translated, those of his degree) though certainly not meant to exclude the nobility at large, was principally intended to characterise the Imperial House. I do not think this unlikely, when the hatred which Juvenal bore to it, is taken into consideration; and that the reflection comes immediately after the winding up of the climax of insolence, *plenumque Nerone propinquo*.

Think it the height of baseness, breath to choose
 Ere honour, and LIFE'S END FOR LIFE TO LOSE.
 LIFE! I recall the word; can he be said
 To live, who merits death? No, he is dead;
 Though Gauran oysters load his sumptuous board,
 And o'er his dripping limbs, all Cosmo's sweets be pour'd.

Mark! when the province (meed of service past)
 Long wish'd, and long expected, comes at last;
 Restrain thy wrath, thy avarice restrain,
 Fling on each wild desire the curbing rein,
 And pity our allies: all Asia grieves,
 Her blood, her marrow, drain'd by legal thieves.
 Revere the laws, obey the parent state;
 Observe what rich rewards the good await,
 What punishments the bad: how Tutor sped,
 While Rome's whole thunder rattled round his head.
 And yet what boots it, that one spoiler bleed,
 If still a worse, and still a worse succeed;
 If neither fear, nor shame controul their theft,
 And Pansa seize the little Natta left?
 Haste then, Cherippus, while 'tis yet thy own,
 Look for a chapman for thy tatter'd gown;

VER. 147. *Haste then, Cherippus, &c.*] This is exceedingly well explained by the old scholiast. Of what advantage is it to thee, Cherippus, (one of the poor Cilicians who had been first robbed by Tutor, and then by Pansa and Natta) to complain, since when one rapacious ruler is removed, another still more so, is sent in his stead? Better to sell the few trifles thou hast, before a new governor comes to devour what the former spared. "Intending," as

Go, sell it, and say nought; 'tis honest craft;
 Thou could'st not keep the hatchet;—save the haft.
 Not such the cries of old; not such the stroke,
 When first the nations bow'd beneath our yoke.
 Wealth, then, was theirs, unenvied and unsought;
 Then all had pictures by Parrhasius wrought,
 Busts, that from Myro did their form receive,
 And ivory, taught by Phidias' skill to live:
 On every side a Polyclete you view'd,
 And scarce a board without a Mentor stood.
 These Antony and Dolabella fir'd
 With most rapacious frenzy, these inspir'd
 The sacrilegious Verres:—so, for Rome
 They shipp'd their secret spoils; so they brought home
 More plunder from our friends, in peace, obtain'd,
 Than from our foes, in war, were ever gain'd!

Holyday justly remarks, “that if he did thus turn his small goods into money, he might happily the better conceal it.” His next idea, that by *furor est post omnia perdere naulum*, is meant, “never take a passage to Rome, lest thou spend the little left thee, in vain upon thy waftage;” though he thinks it the best interpretation of the passage, is certainly wrong. It is merely a proverbial expression, and means, save what thou canst in the wreck of thy fortunes, or, as I have rendered it by a corresponding English proverb, do not throw the haft after the hatchet.

VER. 161. *The sacrilegious Verres, &c.*] He calls Verres sacrilegious, in allusion to one of the charges brought against him by Cicero. *Siculos jam ne Deos quidem in suis urbibus, ad quos confugerent, habere; quod eorum simulacra sanctissima C. Verres ex delubris sanctissimis sustulisset.* It is not unpleasant to reflect, that Verres fell a sacrifice at last to the detestable rapacity for which he is here stigmatized; being proscribed by a greater plunderer,

Now all is gone! the stallion made a prey,
 The few brood-mares and oxen swept away,
 The Lares,—if the household shrine possess'd
 One little god that pleas'd above the rest;—
 Mean spoils indeed! but such were now their best.

Perhaps thou scorn'st, and may'st securely scorn,
 The essenc'd Greek, whom arts, not arms, adorn:
 Soft limbs, and spirits by refinement broke,
 Would feebly struggle with th' oppressive yoke.
 But spare the Gaul, the fierce Illyrian spare,
 And the rough Spaniard, terrible in war,
 Spare too the Africk hinds, whose ceaseless pain
 Fills our wide granaries with autumnal grain,
 And pampers Rome, while weightier cares engage
 Her precious hours—the Circus and the Stage!
 For, shouldst thou rifle them, what share of spoil
 Would recompense thy execrable toil,
 When greedy Marius fleec'd them all, so late,
 And bare, and bleeding, left the hapless state!

M. Antony, for the sake of his Sicilian rarities, which no persuasions could induce him to surrender.

The other two, C. Antony, governor of Achaia, and Dolabella, proconsul of Asia, were both prosecuted by the senate, and condemned for extortion.

VER. 182. *When greedy Marius fleec'd them all, so late, &c.*] For Marius, see Sat. I. v. 82. In his translation of Pliny's Letters, Lord Orrery has introduced a singular observation respecting the fate of this man.

He is speaking of the trial of Cæcilius Classicus, who escaped from the punishment that hung over him, by a voluntary death. He then adverts to

But chief the brave, and wretched;—hold thou there;
 Nor tempt too far the madness of despair:
 For, shouldst thou all their little treasures drain,
 Helmets, and shields, and swords, would still remain;
 THE PLUNDER'D NE'ER WANT ARMS. What I foretell
 Is no trite apothegm, but, mark me well,
 True as a Sibyl's leaf, fix'd as an oracle.

If men of worth the posts beneath thee hold,
 If no spruce favourite barter law for gold;
 If no inherent stain thy wife disgrace,
 Nor, harpy-like, she flit from place to place,

the lenity exhibited in the case of Marius, and adds. "In these two trials we may perceive the different influence which the two emperors, Domitian and Trajan, had over the senate. Under the *tyranny* of the first, the laws were not put in execution against Marius; under the *golden age* of the latter, Classicus and his abettors were punished in the amplest manner, and according to law." Vol. i. p. 207.

Well and wisely singeth that ancient bard of Warwickshire:

"Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,

"'Tis not the devil's crest!"

Certainly not; let us call the age of Trajan "golden," and all injustice shall be wiped away from it. Who would imagine after this, that the two trials took place in the same reign, and, probably, within a few months of each other! Yet so it was: the compliment to Trajan, therefore, is as unjust, as the attack on Domitian; who, heaven knows it, little needed to be saddled with the offences of his successors!

VER. 193. *If no inherent stain thy wife disgrace, &c.*] The avarice and rapacity of the women who followed their husbands to their governments, had long, ere this, become a serious subject of complaint. Before the time of Augustus, the women rarely, if ever, went abroad: that uxorious emperor took Livia with him in most of his expeditions, and his example seems to have had

A curs'd Celæno, ever on the watch,
 And ever furious, all she sees to snatch;
 Then choose what race thou wilt: derive thy birth
 From Picus, or those elder sons of earth,
 That shook the throne of heaven; call him thy sire,
 Who first inform'd our clay with living fire;
 Or single from the songs of ancient days,
 What tale may suit thee, and what parent please.
 But if wild passions rage without controul,
 And into guilt precipitate thy soul,
 Into rank pride, and lust; if thy stern eyes
 Can view the lictors mangle our allies,
 And ply the deed of death, athirst for gore,
 Till their tir'd arms lift the dull'd ax no more;
 Then, every honour by thy father won,
 Indignant to be borne by such a son,
 Will to his blood oppose thy daring claim,
 And light a torch, to blaze upon thy shame.

a pernicious effect; for in the succeeding reign, the custom was grown so common, and so oppressive to the provinces, that Severus Cæcina made a motion in the senate, *ne quem magistratum, cui provincia obvenisset, uxor comitaretur*. Tacitus, who gives his speech at some length, contents himself with observing, that the senate did not meet the question fairly; out of compliment perhaps to Drusus, who opposed it; and who, instead of answering Cæcina's objections, had recourse to the *argumentum ad hominem*. "*Se quoque in Illyricum profectum; et si ita conducatur, alias ad gentes iturum, haud semper æquo animo, si ab uxore carissimâ divelleretur.*" *Ann. Lib. III. 34.*

As the proconsuls could not be prevented from taking their wives with them, it seemed but just that they should be answerable for their peculations, &c.; and this principle was recognized by the senate. *Proficisci autem*

For vice is still more criminal, and base,
As he, who sins, is high in power or place.

SEE! by his great progenitors' remains
Fat Damasippus sweeps, with loosen'd reins:
Good Consul! he no pride of office feels,
But humbly stoops to clog his headlong wheels.
"What then! is't not by night?" the hero cries.
But the MOON sees! but the STARS stretch their eyes
Intentive, on thy shame! a moment wait,
Till Damasippus quits his cumbrous state;
Then, proud the experienced driver to display,
He'll mount his chariot, in the face of day,

proconsulem melius est sine uxore; sed et cum uxore potest, dummodo sciat, senatum, Cotta et Messala Coss. censuisse futurum, ut si quid uxores eorum, qui ad officia proficiscuntur, deliquerint, ab ipsis ratio et vindicta exigatur.

VER. 213. *For vice is still, &c.*] This idea is finely exemplified by Beaumont and Fletcher,

"The sins the great do, people view through optics

"Which shew 'em ten times more than common vices,

"And sometimes multiply them." *Thiery and Theodoret.*

After this, there follow in the original, four lines which by some accident have been shuffled out of their place, and which I cannot re-instate to my satisfaction. Some have supposed they relate to Fabius, mentioned in the beginning of this Satire, in that case, they would come in after the thirtieth line; but I have not ventured to insert them. Here is the translation:

Say, what's thy birth to me,—if thou incline

Thy life to perjury in the very shrine

Thy pious fathers rear'd, and in the sight

Of their triumphal statues? If, by night,

Thou steal abroad disguis'd, that none may see

Thy lewd amours; say, what's thy birth to me?

Whirl, with bold front, his grave associate by,
And jerk his whip, to catch the senior's eye:
Unyoke his wearied steeds, and, to requite
Their service, feed and litter them at night.
Meanwhile, 'tis all he can, what time he stands
At Jove's high altar, as the law commands,
And offers sheep and oxen, he forswears
The eternal king, and gives his silent prayers
To stable deities, whose forms divine
Our ostlers o'er their stinking cribs enshrine,
Hippona, and the rest!—this for the day:
At night, to his old haunts he slips away;
Where, while the host, bedrenched with liquid sweets,
With many a courteous phrase his entrance greets,
And many a smile; the hostess nimbly moves,
And gets the flaggon ready, which he loves.

Here some, perhaps, my growing warmth may blame,
And say, "in youth's wild hours we did the same."
I grant we did; but then we stopp'd in time,
Nor hugg'd our darling faults beyond our prime.

VER. 235. *Hippona*, &c.] This strange goddess "which," as Holyday observes, "the lamentable devotion of the heathens did raise to themselves," is frequently mentioned by the ancient writers.

It is not known with what rites she was worshipped, but Apuleius says he saw her image prettily adorned with fresh-gathered roses. Juvenal speaks of her with great contempt, in which he is followed by the early Christians, who rally the heathens with equal spirit and success, on their devotion to so odious and contemptible an object. It should be mentioned, however, that though they placed her "over their stinking cribs," as Juvenal calls them, they did

O friends! be folly's giddy reign concise,
 And brief the hour ye consecrate to vice.
 Some sins must, with the firstlings of the beard,
 Be thrown aside; boys only should be spared.
 Yet Damasippus still frequents the stews,
 Still haunts the bagnios, now, that manlier views
 Should urge him, ripe in vigour and in age,
 The foes of Cæsar and the State t'engage;
 On Tigris' banks in burnish'd arms to shine,
 And sternly guard the Danube, or the Rhine.
 "The East has risen" ho! let the troops repair
 To Ostia, quick! "But where's the general? where?"
 Go search the nastiest tavern's nastiest hole,
 There shall you find his honour, cheek by jole,
 With cut-throats, bargemen, vagabonds, thieves, slaves,
 Hangmen, contractors "for base biers" and graves,

not presume to introduce her into heaven; which, considering the liberty they sometimes took, is a notable instance of forbearance:

"Nemo Cloacinæ aut Eponæ super astra deabus,

"Dat solium, quamvis olidam persolvat acerram."

Pruden. Apotheos. 265.

Upon which Fulgentius remarks, *Vertumnum, Priapum, et deam stabulorum (quam Apuleius Hiponem alii Hipponam nuncupant) inter semonas deos numerari, qui, tanquam cælo indigni, ob meriti paupertatem, cælitum numero nunquam adscripti fuerunt.* Fulgentius might have learned from Ovid, that one of them at least was admitted amongst the gods, and that for no very extraordinary merit,—*sed de his satis.*

VER. 260. — contractors "for base biers"] These contractors, (*fabri sandapilarum*) who figure in this worshipful society, were people employed in furnishing the biers, or rather perhaps hand-barrows, on which the bodies of such

And Cybele's priests outstretch'd, a precious pack!
 Midst their loose drums, and snoring on their back.
 Here none are less, none greater, than the rest,
 Here my lord gives and takes the scurvy jest;
 Here all who can, round the same table sprawl,
 And here one greasy tankard serves for all.
 Blessings of birth! but Ponticus, a word:
 Hadst thou a slave, like this degenerate lord,
 What would'st thou do? send him, in chains, to till
 Thy Lucan farm, or turn thy Tuscan mill.
 But Troy's great sons dispense with being good,
 And boldly sin by courtesy of blood;
 Wink at each other's crimes, and look for fame
 In what would tinge a cobbler's cheek with shame.

What! have I wreak'd on such foul deeds my rage,
 That worse should yet remain to blot my page;
 Should, as I strike, with tenfold vigour grow,
 And rise like Hydra's heads beneath my blow!
 Thou, Lateranus, now thy all is spent,
 Art doom'd a squealing ghost to represent;
 While Lentulus, thy brother in renown,
 So well plays Laureole, the perjur'd clown,

as were killed in the bloody sports of the amphitheatre, were removed to the place of interment. The scholiast has *sandaliorum*, but the common reading is right: base biers, is Holyday's version.

VER. 282. *So well plays Laureole, &c.*] This slave, whose part was so well performed by this degenerate nobleman, was a principal character in a ballet, or drama of action, composed by Nævius. For a dance it must have been horrible enough in all conscience, since Laureolus (whose supposed crime was

Is crucified so well, that, for his pains,
 I hold him worthy of—the death he feigns.
 Nor must I not the thoughtless rabble blame,
 Who, lost alike to decency and shame,
 Sit with unblushing front, and calmly see
 The hir'd patricians' low buffoonery;
 Smile at the Fabii's tricks, and grin to hear
 The cuffs resound from the Marmerci's ear.

perjury) was not only crucified, but set upon by wild beasts, while in that dreadful situation.

Juvenal might have taken the hint of recommending Lentulus to a real cross, from what happened at Rome in his own time; for Martial tells us, that this ballet was truly, and, *bona fide*, performed in the amphitheatre, for the amusement of this detestable people. A malefactor (he does not seem to know for what crime) was actually nailed to a cross, while real bears, hungry Caledonian bears, were let loose to devour him!

“Nuda Caledonio sic viscera præbuit urso,

“Non falsâ pendens in cruce Laureolus.

“Vivebant laceri membris stillantibus artus,

“Inque omni nusquam corpore corpus erat.”

De Spectac. Ep. vii.

VER. 289. *Smile at the Fabii's tricks, &c.*] Juvenal calls them (the Fabii) *planipedes*; buffoons of the lowest order; bare-footed Jack-puddings, who, smeared with soot, and dressed in sheep or goat skins, capered about the stage, in the intervals of the play, for the entertainment of the rabble. And this was done by the descendants of Fabius, and Marmercus! a dereliction of every honourable feeling, that more than justifies the indignation of our author. In his subsequent remark, too, on the conduct of the spectators, there is much good sense; since nothing is more certain, than that the people are degraded in the voluntary degradation of their superiors: a momentous truth, that seems to have escaped the observation of many princes, and many people of modern, as well as of ancient, times.

Who heeds how low they sell their blood, how high?
 No Nero drives them now their fate to try:
 Freely they come, and freely they expose
 Their lives for hire, to grace the public shows.
 But grant the worst: suppose the scaffold here,
 And there the stage; on which would'st thou appear?

VER. 292. *No Nero drives them now, &c.*] Nero compelled four hundred senators, and six hundred knights, some of them of fair fortune, and character, to enter the lists as gladiators, encounterers of wild beasts, &c. *ad varia arenæ ministeria*. (Suet. Nero, §. 12.) To this circumstance Juvenal alludes. From the numbers here mentioned, a suspicion has arisen that the text is corrupt, and that for *quadringentos*, should be read *quadraginta*; this is probable enough, as the amount would, even then, sufficiently tax our credulity.

To do all justice, however, to this worthy prince, it should be observed that he merely perfected the system which was entered upon by his predecessors. Cæsar seems to have had the honour of striking it out; as there is no earlier instance of this scandalous prostitution, than that which occurs in the account of his life by Suetonius. *Munere in foro depugnavit Furius Leptinus, stirpe prætorii, et Q. Calpurnius senator. Ludis D. Laberius eques Romanus mimum suum egit, &c. Cæsar. 39.* The exquisitely dignified and pathetic remonstrance of the knight, at being compelled to appear upon the stage, is still extant: the noblemen and senators, probably, submitted with a better grace, at least we hear of no complaints they made.

Augustus, who was extravagantly fond of the amusement of the Circus and Amphitheatre, appears to have extended the shameful practice. *In Circo aurigas, cursoresque, et confectores ferarum, et nonnunquam ex nobilissima juventute, produxit.* And again. *Ad scenicas quoque et gladiatorias operas, etiam equitibus Romanis aliquando usus est.* (Suet. Aug. 43.) This emperor, however, who had many pretensions to decency, and some to humanity, put a temporary stop to the shameful practice; which was afterwards revived, and continued through the succeeding reigns, till it reached, as has been just observed, its highest point under Nero.

The first: for death I never so did dread,
 As, in a stupid scene, to whine for bread;
 Squat on my hams, in some blind nook to sit,
 And watch my mistress, in a jealous fit.
 But 'tis not wondrous, when the emperor tunes
 A scurvy harp, the lords should turn buffoons;
 The wonder is, they turn not Fencers too,
 Secutors, Retiarians,—AND THEY DO!
 For lo! the last of all our ribald peers,
 The worthless Gracchus, in the lists appears;

VER. 303. *The wonder is, they turn not Fencers too,*

Secutors, Retiarians,—AND THEY DO!

For lo! the last of all our ribald peers,

The worthless Gracchus, &c.] Our author here takes up the scandalous adventure of Gracchus, on which he had briefly touched in the second Satire. The reader who recollects the lines, may appreciate the horror with which Juvenal regarded the transaction; since he speaks of it as surpassing in infamy a crime at which universal nature revolts.

Mr. Ireland, who doubted whether the author was sincere in what he advanced, attributed (see p. 61,) his superior indignation at the transaction before us, to that spirit of aggravation which led him to treat whatever vice he happened to be satirizing, as the most enormous in the catalogue. I believed then, as I still do, that the poet "spoke as he thought, and really imagined this last action of Gracchus to be his worst."

Every sentence, every word that drops from Juvenal, proves him to have been a sturdy republican, a genuine, and unsophisticated patriot, who loved the honour and dignity of his country, above his life; and felt with the deepest anguish, every act which tended to debase her in the eyes of surrounding nations. I shall now produce one of the most striking passages in Dio; indeed, I might say, without fear of contradiction, in any historian extant, to show that this debasement was more effectually brought about by the gladia-

No shield his arm, no sword his thigh invests,—
 He spurns such weapons, he; spurns and detests;
 Spurns e'en a casque, and impudently stands
 With the poised net and trident in his hands,

torial pursuits of the young nobility, than by any other enormity whatever. In his sixty-first book, that writer observes that, amidst all the scandalous festivities and excesses of Nero, nothing appeared so truly flagitious and abominable, as the prostitution of the male and female nobility, who exhibited themselves in the Orchestra, Circus, and Amphitheatre, on a footing with the vilest of the rabble. The old and honourable families of the state, the Furii, the Fabii, the Porcii, and the Valerii, to whose ancestors temples and trophies had been erected by the public, voluntarily (at least for the greatest part) submitted to this degradation, in the presence of all Rome, and of an immense concourse of people from every part of the empire! These, probably, enjoyed, with the highest relish, a spectacle that amply revenged the conquest of their respective countries by the ancestors of those who now degraded themselves for their amusement. “As the sports and combats proceeded, the strangers pointed out to each other, the descendants of those great men—*ἐδακτυλοδείκτων γὰρ αὐτὰς ἀλλήλοις, καὶ ἐλέγον, Μακεδόνες μὲν, ‘Οὐτὸς ἐστὶν ὁ τὸ Παῦλος ἐκγονοῦ* (Emilius Paulus;) *Ἕλληνες δὲ, ‘Οὗτός τ’ ἐστι Μοῦμιος* (Lucius Mummius;) *Σικελιωταί, Ἰδετέ τον Κλαυδίον* (Claudius Marcellus;) *Ἐπειρωταί, Ἰδετέ τον Ἀππίον* (Appius Claudius;) *Ἀσκανοί, τον Λακίον* (Lucius Scipio;) *Ἰήρες, τον Πάπλιον* (Publius Scipio;) *Καρχηδονιοί, Ἀφρικανόν* (Scipio Africanus;) *ΡΩΜΑΙΟΙ ΔΕ ΠΑΝΤΑΣ!* c. i. §. 17.

It is more than probable, that Juvenal himself was present at these most humiliating scenes. As a spectator, we may conceive him to have watched the significant looks of the strangers, as their fingers moved from object to object; to have heard their whispers, to have noted their sneers!—Can it now be wondered at, that a man of his quick feelings, of his strong sensibility, should speak with indignation and horror, of actions, which were sure to spread the disgrace and ridicule of his country, as far as the wanderings of the astonished visitants extended? Or, that he should think them superior in infamy to the most hateful vices; which, however they might implicate the character of individuals, brought no great degree of odium on the general reputation of

And waits the foe; anon a cast he tries,
 But misses, and, in wild confusion, flies
 Around the Cirque; and, anxious to be known,
 Lifts his bare face, with many a piteous moan.

Rome? I do not think it can. However this may be, the praise of consistency must, in the present case at least, be fully allowed him. In this very Satire, when he enumerates the crimes of Nero, he insinuates that it was not so much his multiplied murders, as his public exposure of himself on the stage (where he repeated his Troics), that exhausted the patience of mankind, and excited that general insurrection, which swept him from the earth!

Of this enough. It now only remains to add a few words, for the sake of the English reader, on the weapons, manner of fighting, &c. of these heroes of the amphitheatre.

Of the two combatants (who entered the lists) one was called Retiarius, and the other Mirmillo, or Secutor: the former was lightly drest in a tunic, or short coat, and furnished with a trident, or three-forked spear, and a net, (*rete*,) whence his name. The latter was armed with a helmet, shield, and short scimitar. They approached each other, the Secutor with his weapon raised, and the Retiarius with his protruded trident in his right hand, and his net open, and ready for casting, in his left. His object was to throw it over the head of his antagonist, and entangle him in such a manner, as to render him an easy prey. If he failed in his attempt, he had no resource but flight, for which the lightness of his dress was well adapted; and during which, he endeavoured to collect, and prepare his net for a second throw:—if the Secutor reached him before this was done, his fate was inevitable, unless he were saved by the interposition of the spectators, which sometimes happened.

It is not easy, at this distance of time, to say whether one of these characters was looked upon as less respectable than the other, or not:—but Juvenal seems to direct some of his indignation at Gracchus, for choosing the part of the Retiarius, instead of that of the Secutor: perhaps it was less dangerous; it was certainly more impudent, for it afforded no means of concealing the face; since we know, from Suetonius, that the drivelling Claudius took a cruel pleasure in putting the Retiarii to death upon particular occasions, that he might have the diabolical satisfaction of remarking the successive changes in

" 'Tis he! 'tis he! I know the Salian vest,
 " Bedeck'd with golden fringe about the breast;
 " Know too the Salian hat, from whose high crown
 " The glittering ribands float redundant down.
 " O spare him, spare!"—the brave Secutor heard,
 And stopp'd the chase, and blush'd; for he preferr'd

their expiring countenances! Gracchus, however, seems to have been determined in his choice more by cowardice, than by impudence; as he did not merely rely upon being recognized by his features, which, as he was of one of the most distinguished families in Rome, could not but be well known; but was even mean enough to enter the lists in the magnificent hat and tunic of the Salii, or priests of Mars, of whom he was probably the chief.

It only remains to say a word of the Mirmillo. "He was so called," says Madan, after some of the commentators, "from *μυρμῶ* (*myrmos*) an ant;" a derivation that pleases him wonderfully, for he gives it again in the sequel. He was called so, however, from *μορμυλῶ* (*mormylus*), a spotted fish, *αἰολῶ* *ἰχθύς*, (Oppian Halieut. lib. i. 100,) a representation of which formed the crest of his helmet. Hence the chaunt of the Retiarius, mentioned by Festus: "I do not want to catch you, I only want to catch your *fish*; what are you afraid of?" This, as Stephano observes, is but a scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; but it had, apparently, as much music as wit in it.

Polyænus and Festus derive the origin of the Retiarius from Pittacus, one of the seven sages of Greece, who fought in this manner with Phryno: ὕστερον δὲ ἐκ μονομαχίας προσκαλεσάμενος τὴν Φρυγῶν αἰλιευτικὴν ἀναλαβὼν ζεύγην, ζυνεδράμει καὶ τῷ μὲν ἀμφιβλήστρῳ περιέβαλε, τῇ τριαινῇ δὲ καὶ τῷ ξιφιδίῳ ἐπείρει καὶ ἀνείλε. Lib. XIII Here is sagacity with a witness? but the practice was undoubtedly very ancient, for Herodotus speaks of it as existing among the Persians:—"there are some of them," says he (the Sagartæ) "who, when they come to engage, cast a rope with a kind of gin at the end of it, on the enemy, and thus endeavour to entangle and draw him into their power." From these people, and their manner of fighting, came most probably the Greek word *Σαργάνη*, a sort of coarse basket.

Wounds, death itself, to the contemptuous sneer,
Of conquering such a hero! such a peer!

Were Nero, Seneca, propos'd for choice;
What wretch would hesitate to give his voice,

VER. 323. *Were Nero, Seneca, &c.*] Every one knows that Seneca was put to death by Nero, on a charge of being concerned in Piso's conspiracy, of which he was confessedly innocent. It was reported at Rome, Tacitus says, (Ann. xv. 65,) that the conspirators, after having made use of Piso to destroy Nero, intended to make away with Piso himself, (for what should we gain, said the chief of them, Subrius Flavius, by exchanging a harper for a tragedian? alluding to Piso's having appeared on the stage,) and raise Seneca to the vacant seat. It is to this circumstance, which seems to have escaped the notice of the commentators, that Juvenal alludes: I must, however, be permitted to add, that if the conspirators really entertained such an idea, they were the weakest of men; for Seneca (to say nothing of his age and infirmities) was too unpopular to have held the undisturbed possession of the empire for a day.

With respect to Seneca, it is his fortune to have been "at the Fair of good names, and to have bought a reasonable commodity of them;" for, exclusive of our author, who evidently thought highly of him, and appears to have been a very diligent reader of his works, several ancient writers have been lavish in his praise: and I have somewhere read (where, I do not now recollect,) that St. Jerome put him into the catalogue of saints. Yet we shall look in vain into the history of his life for any extraordinary number of virtuous, or praiseworthy actions.

His first exploit was corrupting the daughter of Germanicus, for which he was driven into banishment; and I should judge, from the obtrusive and never-ending boasts of the magnanimity with which he endured it, that Ovid himself did not bear his exile much more impatiently than this impassible Stoic. He flattered Claudius, and still more grossly his favourite, Polybius, in order to obtain his recall; and as soon as he had succeeded, forgot the latter, and betrayed the former. He then joined the virtuous Nero, whom he took care to supply with a mistress, in his hatred of Agrippina, his great patroness; and

Had he the right of suffrage, (lost long since)
 To the philosopher, before the prince?
 Whose crimes, so much have they all crimes out-done,
 Deserve more serpents, apes, and sacks, than one.

when her son, not long afterwards, put her to death, he was more than suspected of drawing up the palliating account of it.

A better moralist than Seneca, hath said, “ he who maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent.” This was notoriously our philosopher’s case. Dio attributes the insurrection of the Britons, in a great measure to his avarice and rapacity; and P. Suilius appears, from Tacitus, to have attacked him on this head, with a violence which no common arts of enriching himself, could have provoked. “ By what system of ethics has this professor, in less than four years, amassed three hundred million sesterces? His snares are spread through all the city; last wills and testaments are his quarry, and the rich, who have no children, are his prey. He has overwhelmed Italy; the provinces are exhausted, and he is still unsatisfied!” *Annal.* XIII. 42.

His behaviour too, after he perceived the decline of Nero’s favour, was pusillanimous; and his affected resignation of his unbounded wealth, pitiful in the extreme. He did not, indeed, imitate the elder Brutus, for what Juvenal calls the time of bearded kings, was past; but he feigned himself sick, and infirm, and lived on spring water, and bread baked under his own eye. In a word, I can find little amiable in his life; and in his boasted death, scarcely any thing more than a fond and over-weening anxiety, to make an exhibition of it.

His writings, where they are not too free, are, to me at least, excellent: it is pleasant to see so poor a pedant as Aulus Gellius, affect to treat them with contempt!

VER. 328. *Deserve more serpents, apes, and sacks, than one.*] Parricides, by the Roman law, were sewn up in a sack, with these and other unfortunate creatures, and thrown into the nearest river, or the sea. See *Sat.* XIII.

It is scarcely possible to understand the next five and twenty lines, without a constant reference to the life of Nero, of whose more than bedlamite follies and crimes they contain an enumeration.

“ Orestes slew his mother.” True; but know,
 The same effects from different causes flow:
 He slew her, to avenge his father’s death,
 High in the social hour deprived of breath;
 Slew her at heaven’s command:—but, in his mood,
 Poison’d no kindred, shed no consort’s blood,
 Buried no poniard in a sister’s throat,
 Sung on no public stage, no Troics wrote—

VER. 333. *Slew her at heaven’s command:—*] A manifest allusion to this passage of the Electra.

Ω πατρῶν δῶμα· σὲ γὰρ ἐρχομαι
 Δίκη καὶ θάρτης πρὸς θεῶν ὀργημένῃ.

In the comparison here instituted between the insane Orestes, and the sane Nero; if, as one of the commentators well observes, such a wretch can be called sane; the advantage is infinitely on the side of the former. They both murdered their mothers; but what was in Orestes an act of divine retribution, (since antiquity represents Clytemnestra as forewarned by heaven of the fate that awaited her, if she imbrued her hands in her husband’s blood;) was in Nero an act of gratuitous cruelty; for Agrippina had done him no injury; nay, had been guilty of the greatest crimes to pave his way to the empire. Waving this, however, says Juvenal, Orestes, mad as he was, did not poison his relations, (as Nero poisoned Domitia and Britannicus,) nor kill his sister, (as Nero killed Antonia,) nor murder his wife, (as Nero murdered Octavia,) nor appear upon the stage, (as Nero did in several places,) nor write verses on the burning of Troy. Here the poet suddenly breaks off the parallel for the sake of observing that, savage as the emperor’s conduct was, he could not go beyond this last act of baseness. The commentators, not entering into the feelings of Juvenal, cannot conceive how this could “top,” &c. Some of them, therefore, suppose that he alludes to Nero’s recitation of his Troics while Rome was burning; which Suetonius and Xiphilinus, though with some variation in the circumstances, concur in affirming he did: *Hoc incendium è turri Mæcenatiana prospectans, lætusque flammæ, ut aiebat, pulchritudine, αλωσιν*

This topt his frantic crimes! this rouz'd mankind!
 For what could Galba or Virginius find,
 In the dire annals of his bloody reign,
 That call'd for vengeance in a louder strain?
 Lo here, the arts, the studies, that engage
 Our matchless chief; proud, on a foreign stage,
 To prostitute his voice for base renown,
 And ravish from the Greeks their parsley crown!

Come then, great prince! great poet! come along,
 Bring the rich trophies of thy deathless song,
 To grace thy fathers' statues; bring forth all
 Thy tragic properties, the sweeping pall,

Ilii, in illo suo scenico habitu decantavit. Nero 38. And Xiph: Νερων ἐς-τε το ακρον τε παλαίῃς ἀνῆλθῃ, καὶ τὴν σκευὴν τὴν κιθαρῳδικὴν λαβὼν, ἦσεν αλωσιν, ὡς μὲν αὐτὸς ἐλεγεν, Ἰλιῶ, ὡς δὲ ἔωρατο, Ῥώμης. Lib. lxii. §. 18.

Others again imagine that the author alludes to the report of this profligate madman having set Rome on fire, (for the sake of illustrating his subject,) a circumstance which, whether true or not, was generally credited in our author's time; and with which, indeed, Nero was charged to his face by Subrius Flavius, who suffered with Seneca; and whose dying words Tacitus seems inclined, and to my thinking, not without reason, to prefer to those of the philosopher. Ann. xv. 67. But I am persuaded, (see p. 292,) that the author meant to speak only of his reciting his poem in public, which we know he did at the Pentaetericon, and other festivals.

VER. 345. *Come then, great prince! &c.*] "It were but an overplus (as Holyday observes,) to fill the reader with the base and scenical behaviour of Nero, both in Italy and Greece; the dishonour being as known as the empire he dishonoured: wherefore I leave him to the jeere of our satirist." I cannot help saying a word, however, on his singular choice of characters; the parts which he chiefly delighted to perform, would have suited Bottom to a miracle; they were truly "parts to tear a cat in:" being, exclusive of those enumerated

In which thou lov'd'st Antigone to play,
 And Menalippè; bring the masks, and lay
 The whole before Domitius' feet; then bear
 Thy conquering harp, prime object of thy care,
 To the Colossus, and suspend it there!

Cethegus! Catiline! whose ancestors
 Were nobler born, or higher rank'd, than yours?

by Juvenal, Hercules raving mad, Œdipus murdering his father, Orestes stabbing his mother, &c. &c.

With respect to Menalippe, the only piece on the list, whose subject is not known to every school-boy, Nero appears to have been directed to it solely by his love of the sciences. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says, that Euripides wrote a play of the Wise Menalippe, *της σοφης Μεναλιππης*, of which this is the plot. The young lady, in spite of her wisdom, had an amour with Neptune, who got her with child of twins; these she contrived to hide in her father's cow-house, where he soon after found them. In the simplicity of his heart, good man, he took them for a monstrous production of one of his cows, and was about to commit them to the flames; when his wise daughter stept in, and by a long series of reasoning, convinced the poor old king that they were the natural produce of the animal, and thus fortunately saved them both. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, quoth my uncle Toby, but nothing to this." No, no, much-enduring as the frequenters of our theatres are, (and surely no ass was ever more patient,) they would fly out at such an heterogeneous jumble of dullness and absurdity as this. How an Athenian audience could listen to it, is to me inconceivable.

It is probable, that what the poet here affects to recommend to the emperor, is merely a recapitulation of what was actually done. There is no account, indeed, of his having laid his "tragic properties" at the feet of his fathers and grandfathers' (the Domitii's) statues, though the circumstance is far from being unlikely; but the suspension of his harp to the Colossus, is an historical fact: *CITHARAM autem*, (says Suetonius, Nero 12,) *a judicibus ad se delatam, adoravit, ferrique ad Augusti statuam jussit*. If the learned Casaubon had recollected

Yet ye conspir'd, with more than Gallic hate,
 To wrap in midnight flames this hapless state;
 On men and gods your barbarous rage to pour,
 And deluge Rome with her own children's gore:
 Horrors, that call'd indeed for vengeance dire,
 For the pitch'd coat, and stake, and smouldering fire,
 But Tully watch'd—your league in silence broke,
 And crush'd your impious arms, without a stroke.

Juvenal when he read this passage, he would not have altered *citharam* to *citharæ*, from an idea that a crown was more likely to be offered to Augustus than a harp. See his note on the passage, loc. cit.

There is still some doubt among the commentators, whether Nero might not have graced his own statue with this immortal instrument. Both Pliny and Suetonius say that he erected one of prodigious height and magnitude: but as this seems to have been of brass, and that mentioned by Juvenal, is expressly said to be of marble, I see no room for hesitation.

The fate of Nero's Colossus is worth noticing. After his death the senate, in a fit of virtuous resentment, which generally seized them at the accession of a new family, whipt off that prince's head from it, and put on one of Apollo: this preserved its situation until the reign of Commodus, who removed it in its turn, to make way for a head of himself! It must be confessed, that Apollo had got some how or other, into a very worshipful line; and it would perhaps, have puzzled his godship, and all his oracles to boot, to determine precisely whether he derived most honour from his immediate successor or predecessor.

VER. 361. — *the pitch'd coat, and stake, &c.*] This was the punishment of incendiaries. I hope Juvenal meant this as a tacit kind of testimony to the innocence of the Christians, (at that time universally acknowledged) respecting the charge of setting fire to Rome; of which they were accused by Nero, and in consequence of it, put to death in great numbers. (see p. 28.) He seems to say, you Catiline and Cethegus, who actually conspired to burn the city, really merit that dreadful punishment which was so unjustly inflicted upon the Christians,—*ausi quod liceat tunicâ punire molestâ!* For Tully, see Sat. x.

Yes, he, poor Arpine, of no rank at home,
 And made, and hardly made, a knight at Rome,
 Secur'd the trembling town, plac'd a firm guard
 In every street, and toil'd in every ward:
 And thus within the walls, in peace, obtain'd
 More fame, more honour, than Augustus gain'd
 At Actium, or Philippi, from a flood
 Of patriot gore, and sword still drench'd with blood;
 For Rome, free Rome, hail'd him, with loud acclaim,
 THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY—glorious name!

VER. 373. THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY—] *Parens et Pater Patriæ*. The founder and father of his country. This honourable title was conferred on Cicero, after his detection and defeat of Catiline's conspiracy. There is a strong and characteristic trait of the stern republican in the epithet *libera*, (free,) which is not applied to Rome, as the critics think, on account of her recent delivery from the machinations of the conspirators; but rather to stigmatize her situation under the emperors, where our author considered her, and justly, as in a state of slavery. The title of *Pater Patriæ* was given to Augustus, and afterwards, to several of his successors: but Cicero was the first, and indeed last, to whom it was given by FREE Rome; the only circumstance, in the manly and independent spirit of Juvenal, that made it of any estimation.

LIBERA is used with the same feelings in v. 325; *Libera si dentur*, &c. It must have been these flashes of uncontrollable indignation at the fallen state of his country, and not a sarcastic compliment to a favourite dancer, that occasioned his removal from Rome.

The *toga* of Cicero, and the *sword* of Augustus, are strikingly contrasted. It must be admitted, that this emperor was, at one period of his life, too lavish of human blood; but his clemency was more fatal, perhaps, to our author's cause, than his cruelty. Juvenal, however, was no compromiser; he hated Augustus, even worse than Sir William Jones, and, indeed, with somewhat more reason.

Another Arpine, wont in youth to till,
 For scanty hire, his bleak paternal hill,
 Sick of the ungrateful toil, forsook his plough,
 And join'd the legions, lowest of the low;
 Where the centurions, when he wrought too slack,
 Broke many a knotty vine-twigg on his back.
 And yet, when the fierce Cimbri threaten'd Rome
 With swift, and scarcely evitable doom,
 This man, in the dread hour, to save her rose,
 And turn'd the impending ruin on her foes:
 For which, while ravening birds devour'd the slain,
 And their huge bones lay whitening on the plain,
 His nobler colleague to his worth gave way,
 And took, well pleas'd, the secondary bay.

VER. 374. *Another Arpine, &c.*] I should have mentioned before, that Arpinum was a little town of the Volsci, situated in the north of what is now called the Campania Felice, and still retaining its ancient name. Speaking of this place, Valerius Maximus remarks, that it had the singular fortune of producing two of the greatest characters of the age, in a cultivator of literature, and a despiser of it; in a Cicero and a Marius.—With respect to the latter, Juvenal represents him as a labouring hind, or ploughman, in which he agrees with Plutarch, and others; Velleius, however, says he was born *equestri loco*, this is contrary to his own declaration; Lipsius, therefore, for *equestri* would read *agresti*, which is ingenious enough; but the error probably lies deeper.

VER. 386. *His nobler colleague, &c.*] This was Q. Catulus, a man of extraordinary merit, and one of the speakers in Cicero's *Dial. de Orat.* He does not appear to have gained much by his complacency to Marius; being afterwards barbarously put to death by the ferocious old man.

Some acquaintance with the earlier part of the Roman history is necessary

The Decii were plebeians all:—they came
 From a mean stock; and mean was still their name,
 When they devoted, in the trying hours,
 Their heads to Earth, and to the Infernal Powers;
 And, by those solemn acts, redeem'd from fate,
 Confederates, legions, the whole Latian state:
 More priz'd than all they sav'd, in heaven's just estimate. }
 The last good king of Rome a bondmaid bore;
 And yet he dignified the crown he wore.

to the understanding of the remainder of this Satire; of this the reader is presumed to be possessed. Were it otherwise, the illustration of every trivial event here mentioned, would be insufferably tedious, as I should be reduced to copy whole pages of what the commonest school-book will supply.

VER. 390. *When they devoted, &c.*] It was anciently supposed, that if the leader of an army would consent to DEVOTE, or sacrifice, himself to Earth and the infernal deities, the misfortunes which might otherwise befall his party would, by that pious and patriotic act, be transferred to his enemies. The form of devotement, which is very solemn and awful, is to be found in Livy; as is the story of the Decii, who, father, son, and grandson, all fell in this manner, glorious but mistaken sacrifices to the interests of their country.

This was not, as the commentators fancy, a superstitious reverie peculiar to the Romans; it prevailed also in Greece, where it was, in better times, frequently acted upon, as the fate of Menæceus, Codrus, and others, sufficiently proves.

VER. 395. *The last good king of Rome a bondmaid bore.*] *Ancillâ natus*; Juvenal is sufficiently complaisant to the good king: for it appears from the best authorities, that he was not only born of a servant, but of a servant born of a servant; the lowest degree of servitude. Livy pleasantly makes him descended from a captive maid; so does Dryden in the passage before us: undoubtedly, a princess in disguise:

“Regium certe genus, et penates

“Mœret iniquos!”

The Consul's sons, (e'en his, who set us free
 From lawless lust, and pride, and tyranny,)
 Who, while the recent storm yet shook the state,
 And Tarquin thunder'd vengeance at the gate,
 Should, to confirm the labours of their sire,
 Have dar'd what Cocles, Mutius, might admire,
 And she who mock'd the javelins whistling round,
 And swam the Tiber, then the empire's bound;—
 The Consul's sons, leagued basely to betray
 Their country to the Exiles' hated sway:
 While a poor slave their dark designs disclos'd;
 For which, when low on earth his head repos'd,
 The grateful matrons wept him: while all Rome
 Follow'd with execrations to the tomb,
 The high-born pair; just forfeits of the laws,
 And the first sacrifice to Freedom's cause.

I'd rather far Thersites gave thee birth,
 So thou wert like Achilles, first in worth,
 Than that Achilles should thy father be,
 And in his derogate son a mere Thersites see.

And yet, how high soe'er thy pride may trace
 The long-forgotten founders of thy race,

VER. 403. *And she who mock'd, &c.*] This was Clelia, one of the hostages who made her escape from Porsenna. Madan thinks that the slave mentioned in the next lines, was bewailed by the matrons "as the sad cause of their sons' death." He seems to have a very incompetent idea of the matrons of that early age: they bewailed him as one of their patrons; they bewailed him in short, as they did Brutus, and the other assertors of their liberty.

Still must the search with that Asylum end,
From whose polluted source we all descend.
Haste then, th' inquiry haste, secure to find
Thy sire some vagrant slave, some bankrupt hind,
Some—but I mark the kindling glow of shame,
And will not shock thee with a baser name.

SATIRE IX.

Argument.

No part of Juvenal's works has given such offence as this Satire; in which, he is accused of speaking too openly of that most execrable practice, in which the ancients, to their eternal shame, so freely indulged.

Vice, as Pope has well observed,

"Vice is a monster of so foul a mien,

"That to be hated, needs but to be seen;"

but we fear to strip her, and thus conceal half her enormity. Juvenal had no such apprehensions: he, therefore, exhibits her in all the deformity of nakedness, and the spectacle strikes us with disgust and horror. Far from him was the idea of corrupting the heart, of inflaming the passions, by a partial exposure of the profligacy he pretends to censure: no, his aim was direct, and his immediate purpose, to impress the minds of others with the same loathing he felt himself for a crime, which to name is to condemn.

This is no place to enter into the disputes respecting the propriety of his object: granting it, however, to be legitimate, he will be universally allowed to have pursued it with no ordinary degree of dexterity and success.

The Satire consists of a dialogue between himself and one Nævolus, an enfranchised slave; a poor wretch, who, from a kind of jester or dabbler in small wit for a meal, had become what is called a man of pleasure; and thence, by a regular gradation, a dependant of some wealthy debauchee (here named Virro,) who made him subservient to his unnatural passions; and in return, starved, insulted, hated, despised, and discarded him! This miserable object Juvenal rallies with infinite spirit, on his disconsolate appearance; and, by an affected ignorance of the

cause, engages him to enter into a detailed account of his infamous life. The gravity with which this is done constitutes, in the opinion of Gibbon, the whole pleasantry of the Satire. Pleasantry is not the word. There is a loathsomeness in Nævolus's part of the dialogue, which, though admirably calculated for the end our author had in view, never yet excited one agreeable sensation; and, in that of Juvenal, a vein of keen and sarcastic ridicule, that may provoke indignation, but cannot create mirth. This, however, is far from being the only merit of the piece; it has many beautiful, and many moral passages, exclusive of the grand and important lesson, which, whether Juvenal meant it or not, it is our duty to gather from it; that a life of sin is a life of slavery, that those who embrace it for the sake of profit, are deluded in their expectations from day to day, till in age they sigh to be emancipated from that state of misery which they voluntarily adopted, and from which, while they view it with eyes of anguish and despair, they have no longer strength or resolution to fly: therefore, in the words of Divine Wisdom, "they shall eat of the fruits of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

SATIRE IX.

v. 1—12.

JUV. **W**HAT all amort, good Nævolus! O say,
What means this shew of grief from day to day,
This copy of flay'd Marsyas? what dost thou
With such a length of face, and such a brow,
As Ravola wore, when his bedabbled beard
Was caught of late, where—all the world has heard?
Not Pollio look'd so rueful, so cast down,
What time he trudg'd through every street in town,
And proffering treble rate, found not one friend,
One usurer, indiscreet enough to lend.

But seriously, (for thine's a serious case,)
How came those sudden wrinkles in thy face?

VER. 3. *This copy of flay'd Marsyas?*] The story of Marsyas, who was overcome by Apollo in a musical contest, and afterwards flayed alive by him for his presumption, is known to every school-boy. Juvenal here alludes to a very celebrated statue of this baffled champion, which stood in the Forum, so that the comparison must have been sufficiently striking.

VER. 7. *Not Pollio, &c.*] We find this liberal-hearted gentleman again in the eleventh Satire; but his circumstances do not seem to have improved in the interval, for he is there reduced to pawn his last article of value for a dinner.

I knew thee once, a gay light-hearted slave,
 Contented with the little fortune gave;
 A sprightly guest, of every table free,
 And fam'd for modish wit and repartee.
 Now all's revers'd: dejected is thy mien,
 Thy locks are like a tangled thicket seen;
 And every limb, once smooth'd with nicest care,
 Rank with neglect, a shrubbery of hair!

What dost thou with that dull, dead, wither'd look,
 Like some old debauchee, long ague-shook?
 All is not well within; for still we find
 The face the unerring index of the mind,
 And as this feels or fancies joys or woes,
 That pales with sorrow, or with rapture glows.
 What must I think? too sure, the scene is chang'd,
 And thou, from thy old course of life estrang'd:
 For late, as I remember, at all haunts
 Where dames of fashion flock to hire gallants,
 At Isis, and at Ganimede's abodes,
 At Cybele's, dread mother of the gods,

VER. 23. ————— *for still we find*

The face the unerring index of the mind,] So Ovid, *in vultu pignora mentis habet*: and Achilles Tatius more fully. Ὁ γὰρ υἱὸς ἔμοι δοκεῖ λελεχθαι καλῶς εἶναι αὐρατὸ το παρα πάν· φαίνεται γὰρ ακριβῶς, ὡς ἐν κατοπτρῷ, ἐν τῷ προσώπῳ. Am. Clit. lib. vi.

VER. 31. *At Isis, and at Ganimede's abodes,*

At Cybele's, &c.] This enumeration of temples consecrated to the purposes of debauchery, presents a frightful picture of the state of morals at Rome. It must be confessed, indeed, that the name of some of those deities,

Nay, at chaste Ceres, (for at shame they spurn,
 And e'en her temples now to brothels turn,)
 None was so fam'd: the favourites of the town,
 Baffled alike in business and renown,
 Murmuring retired; wives, daughters, were thy own,
 And, if the truth must come, not they alone.

NÆV. Right: and to some this trade has answer'd yet:
 But not to me; for what is all I get?
 A drugget cloak, to save my gown from rain,
 Coarse in its texture, dingy in its grain,
 And a few pieces of the "second vein!"

does not suggest the idea of much purity in their votaries: we need not, therefore, be greatly surprised at the use which was made of the temple of Ganymede, or of Cybele, or of Isis, who, as Ovid says, had made many women what she herself was to Jupiter: but that Ceres, the patroness of chastity, whose fillets it was unlawful for any suspected person to bind, or even to touch, that her temple should be prostituted to the same shameful purposes, sufficiently proves that the city must now have been in the last stage of depravity!

This horrible desecration did not escape the notice of the first Christians, who speak of it with an indignant freedom, not unworthy of Juvenal himself. *Ubi autem*, says Minucius Felix, *magis à sacerdotibus quam inter aras et delubra conducuntur stupra, tractantur lenocinia, adulteria meditantur? frequentius denique in adituorum cellulis quam in ipsis lupanaribus flagrans libido defungitur!* And Tertullian, whom he seems to have had in view, *Cæterum si adjiciam, quæ non minus conscientia omnium recognoscent, in templis adulteria componi, inter aras lenocinia tractari, in ipsis plerumque adituorum et sacerdotum tabernaculis, sub iisdem vittis, et apicibus, et purpuris, thure flagrante, libidinem expungi, &c.*

VER 43. ————— of the "second vein!"] *Venæque secundæ, i. e.* says Grangæus, *quod nostri non amplius argentum vocant, sed billon.* Silver adulterated with brass below the standard; base metal, in short.

Fate governs all. Fate, with full power, presides
 E'en o'er those parts which modest nature hides;
 And little, if her genial influence fail,
 Will vigour stead, or boundless powers avail.
 Though Virro, gloating on thy naked charms,
 Foam with desire, and woo thee to his arms,
 With many a soothing, many a flattering phrase;—
 For your curs'd pathics have such winning ways!

But mark this prodigy, this mass impure
 Of lust and avarice! "Let's," he cries, "be sure:
 I've given thee this, and this;—now count the sums,
 (He counts, and woos the while,) look, love! it comes
 To five sestertia, five! now, look again,
 And see how much it overpays thy pain."
 "What! 'overpays?' "is it then nothing, pray,
 To rake into the filth of yesterday?"—
 "But thou, forsooth, art fair, and form'd for love,
 And worthy of the cup and couch of Jove!"
 Will they relieve a client, they who grudge
 A doit to feed the miserable drudge

VER. 44. *Fate governs all.*] *Etiam*, says Farnaby, pleasantly enough, *etiam* στωικίζει *cinædus iste scarabæus!* He does so; and it is in character. I see no reason, therefore, to give these reflections, as some do, to Juvenal.

VER. 51. *For your curs'd pathics, &c.*] This verse, in the original, is parodied from a line in the *Odyssey*—αὐτῷ γὰρ ἐφελκεται ἀνδρὰ σιδήρῳ; which had, before this, been imitated, as Rigaltius observes, in the following epigram:

Μαγνης Ἡρακλεῖτ' εἰ μοι ποδ' ἔτι σιδήρον
 Πέτρῳ, πνεύμα δ' ἐμὸν κάλλει ἐφελκομένῳ.

That toils in their disease?—behold, my friend,
 The reverend youth, to whom we presents send
 Upon the female calends, or the day
 That gave him birth; in what a lady-way
 He takes our favours, as he lies in state,
 And sees adoring crouds besiege his gate!

Insatiate sparrow! whom does thy estate,
 Thy numerous hills, thy numerous vales await;
 Manors, which such a tract of land embrace,
 That kites are tir'd within the unmeasur'd space?
 For thee the purple vine luxuriant glows,
 On Trifoline's plain, and on Misenus' brows;
 And hollow Gaurus, from his fruitful hills,
 Thy spacious vaults with generous nectar fills.
 What were it then, a few poor roods to grant
 To one so worn with lechery and want?
 Sure yonder female, with the child she bred,
 The dog their play-mate, and their little shed,
 Had with more justice been conferr'd on me,
 Than on a cymbal-beating debauchee.

VER. 66. *Upon the female calends, &c.*] He speaks of the Matronalia, a festival instituted in honour of the women, for their meritorious exertions in putting an end to the Sabine war. (See Sat. vi. v. 249.) It fell on the first of March, which, therefore, Juvenal elegantly calls the Female Calends. On this day, as well as on their birth-day, the ladies sat at home "in great solemnity," and received from their husbands, admirers, and friends, such presents as were peculiarly adapted to their sex. The satire here is obvious.

“ I'm troublesome ;” you say, when I apply,
 “ And give, give, give ! is my eternal cry.” —
 But house-rent due, solicits to be paid,
 But my sole slave, importunate for bread,
 Follows me, clamouring in as loud a tone
 As Polyphemus, when his guest was flown.
 Nor will this one suffice ; my work's too great :
 Another must be had, and both must eat.
 What shall I say, when cold December blows,
 And their bare limbs shrink at the driving snows,

VER. 88. ——— *clamouring in as loud a tone*

As Polyphemus, &c.]

“ ——— appellat puer unicus, ut Polyphemi

“ *Lata acies, postquam solers evasit Ulysses.*”

Postquam is the reading of Grangæus for *per quam*, and, as I think, the true one. Those who are curious to see how strangely men can wander on a plain subject, may turn to Holyday, who has collected the opinions of the critics on this passage. Rigaltius, the learned Rigaltius, as he calls him, supposes Nævolus to mean, that the eye of Polyphemus was so broad, that Ulysses escaped through it ! This they all allow to be very foolish ; but then they say, it is quite in character, and suitable to the stupidity of Nævolus. But Nævolus is not stupid : he appears to me to be a kind of rustic Polonius ; with faculties, indeed, somewhat confused, and enfeebled by a long course of execrable debauchery, but with a brain still “ crammed with strange places of observation, the which he quotes.” —

To return to the original. There is, I fancy, no great violence done to the Latin idiom, in rendering *lata acies Polyphemi*, the broad-eyed Polyphemus : the rest is clear enough. Juvenal, who frequently amuses himself with the hyperboles of Homer, has a little fling here, not much to the credit of his taste, perhaps, at the bellowing of the Cyclops after his eye was put out : — and this is the whole purport of the comparison.

What shall I say their drooping hearts to cheer?

“ Be merry, boys, the spring will soon be here !”

But though my other merits you deny,
One yet you must allow—that had not I,
I, your devoted client, lent my aid,
Your wife had to this hour remain’d a maid.

You know what motives urg’d me to the deed,
And what you promis’d, could I but succeed:—

Oft in my arms the flying fair I caught,
And back to your cold bed reluctant brought,
E’en when she’d cancell’d all her former vows,
And now was signing to another spouse.

What pains it cost to set this matter right,
While you stood whimpering at the door all night,
I spare to tell:—a friend, like me, has tied
Full many a knot when ready to divide.

Where will you turn you now, sir? whither fly?
What to my charges first, or last, reply?
Is it no merit, none, ungrateful! none
To give you thus a daughter, or a son,
Whom you may breed with credit at your board,
And prove yourself a man upon record?

VER. 115. *And prove yourself a man upon record?*] He alludes to the public registers, in which parents were obliged to set down the names of their children, a few days after their births. These registers were kept in the temple of Saturn, where they were open to all; and as, besides births, they contained records of marriages, divorces, deaths, and other occurrences of the year, they were of singular use to the historian, antiquary, &c.

Haste, with triumphal wreaths your gates adorn;
 You're now a father, and no theme for scorn:
 My care has ta'en the opprobrium from your name,
 And stopt the babbling of malicious fame.
 A parent's rights you now may proudly share,
 Now, thank my industry, be nam'd an heir;

VER. 120. *A parent's rights, &c.*] This and the five following lines can only be understood by a reference to the *Lex Papia Poppæa*, (already mentioned in the sixth Satire,) which was introduced at the desire of Augustus, for the sake of extending the provisions of the *Lex Julia de maritandis ordinibus*. By this law, it was provided, amongst other things; First, that persons living in a state of celibacy, should not succeed to an inheritance,* except in cases of very near relationship, unless they married in somewhat more than three months from the death of the testator. Second, that, if a married person had no child, a tenth part, and, in some cases, a much greater proportion of what was bequeathed him, should fall to the exchequer. Virro was no longer in this situation; he had a child, and was, therefore, capable of the "whole bequest." Third, that those who at Rome had "three children" lawfully born in wedlock, in the other parts of Italy four, and in the provinces five, should be intitled to various privileges and immunities; of which the principal were, an exemption from the trouble of wardship, a priority in bearing offices, and a treble proportion of grain on the customary distributions.

What Juvenal calls windfalls, were those unexpected legacies which were left a person on certain conditions, such as those of being married, having children, &c. (which were all settled by the same law,) and in default of which the whole went to the prince.

The avowed purpose of these and similar clauses, was to promote population, at a time when Italy had been thinned by a long succession of civil wars; and certainly they were well calculated to answer the end. They were,

* Many of the Romans, says Plutarch, in a very striking passage, marry and beget children, not so much for the sake of having heirs, as to enable themselves to be the heirs of others! 'Ρωμαίων πολλοὶ γάμοισι καὶ γεννώσιν, ἕχ' ἵνα κληρονομᾶς εἰχωσιν, ἀλλ' ἵνα κληρονομεῖν δύνωνται.

Take now the whole bequest, and what beside,
 From lucky windfalls, may in time betide ;
 With other blessings, if I but repeat
 My pains, and make the number three complete."

Juv. Nay, thou hast reason to complain, I feel:
 But what says Virro ?

NÆV. Not a syllable ;
 But while my wrongs and I unnoticed pass,
 Hunts out some other drudge, some two-legg'd ass.
 Enough :—and never, on your life, make known
 The secret, I have told to you alone ;
 But let my injuries, undivulg'd, still rest
 Within the closest chamber of your breast :
 How the discovery might be borne, none knows—
 And your smooth pathics are such fatal foes !
 Virro, who trusts me still, may soon repent,
 And hate me for the confidence he lent ;
 With fire and sword my wretched life pursue,
 As if I'd blabb'd already all I knew.

however, abused, like every other salutary regulation : and the most important of them, the *jus trium liberorum*, (or the privilege annexed to having three children,) was frequently granted not only to those who had no children, but even to those who were never married ! If the reader wish for more, he may turn to the Excursus of Lipsius on the Ann. of Tacit. lib. III. c. 25 ; where he will find every thing that can be said on the subject.

VER. 138. *With fire, &c.*] As I would have the reader pass as lightly over this Satire as possible, I have studiously avoided detaining him by notes, &c. ; I cannot, however, resist the temptation of laying before him one short specimen of the perverse pruriency of the old critics. What I have translated " fire," is, in the original, *candelam apponere valvis* ; a simple phrase, hardly

Sad situation mine! for, in your ear,
 The rich can never buy revenge too dear;
 And—but enough: be cautious, I entreat,
 And secret as the Athenian judgment-seat.

Juv. And dost thou seriously believe, fond swain,
 The actions of the great unknown remain!
 Poor Corydon! e'en beasts would silence break,
 And stocks and stones, if servants did not, speak.
 Bolt every door, stop every cranny tight,
 Close every window, put out every light;
 Let not a whisper reach th' attentive ear,
 No noise, no motion; let no soul be near;
 Yet all that pass'd at the cock's second crow,
 The nearest vintner shall ere day-break know,
 With what besides the cook's and carver's brain,
 Subtly malicious, can in vengeance feign:
 For thus they glory, with licentious tongue,
 To quit the harsh command, and galling thong.

possible to be misunderstood, for setting a house on fire: yet hear Domitius Calderinus; *apponere candelam valvis*, i. e. *produci*, *hoc supplicii genus notavit Catullus*:

“ Ah, tum te miserum malique fati,

“ Quem attractis pedibus, patente porta,

“ Percurrent raphanique, mugilesque!”

Patentem portam dixit Catullus, ut valvam Juvenalis. Upon which Britannicus remarks with surprising gravity; *domum accendere adhibitâ candelâ; hoc magis placet quam ut intelligas candelam per inferiora immissam: illud enim minime letale esset supplicium!*

VER. 156. *For thus they glory, with licentious tongue, &c.]*

———μαλα γ' εἴπω τ' εὐεῖν δοκῶ

Ὅταν καταρασώμην λαθρα τῷ δεσποτῇ.

Rana, v. 737.

Though these be mute, some drunkard in the streets
 Will pour out all he knows, to all he meets,
 Force thee unwilling, the long tale to hear,
 And with his stories drench thy hapless ear.
 Go now, and earnestly of these request,
 To lock, like me, the secret in their breast;
 Alas! they heed thee not, and will not sell
 The dear, dear privilege to see and tell,
 For more stol'n wine than late Saufeia bouz'd,
 When, for the people's safety, she—carouz'd.

LIVE VIRTUOUSLY—thus many a reason cries,
 But chiefly this, that so thou may'st despise

and in allusion, I suppose, to this trick of the servants avenging themselves of their masters, with their licentious tongues, Menander calls them γλωσσασπίδας, *quod linguâ se tanquam scuto defendant*.

VER. 166. *For more stol'n wine than late Saufeia bouz'd, &c.*] Stolen waters, says Solomon, are sweet. Juvenal seems to have thought the same of stolen wines.—The Saufeia here mentioned, who turned a religious institution into a drinking-bout, and intoxicated herself, while she was sacrificing to the Bona Dea for the safety and prosperity of the people, is undoubtedly the person introduced in the sixth Satire, v. 493. The poet does not forget her love of wine, for there too, she is prepared by previous intoxication, for the infamous scene in which she appears.

It may not be improper to remark, that the propensity of the women for wine was so strong, that it was found necessary to prevent their officiating at any of the sacred rites, (at which wine was always used,) after night-fall, by an express law. The only exception was this before us, to the Bona Dea; and we see how it was abused. Cicero gives us the words of the prohibition: *nocturna mulierum sacrificia ne sunt, præter olla, quæ pro populo rite fiant*. But see Sat. XII.

Thy servants' tongues; for, take this truth from me,
 'Tis the bad slave's worst part; yet worse is he,
 The lord, whose actions keep him still in dread
 Of the domestic spies who eat his bread.

NÆV. Well have you taught, how we may best disdain
 Th' envenom'd babbling of our household train;
 But this is general, and to all applies:—
 What, in my proper case, would you advise,
 After such hopes, such expectations crost,
 And so much time in vain dependance lost?
 For youth, too transient flower, (of life's short day
 The shortest part,) but blossoms to decay.
 Lo! while we give the unregarded hour
 To wine and revelry, in Pleasure's bower,
 The noiseless foot of Time steals swiftly by,
 And ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh!

Juv. Tut! fear not: thou canst never seek in vain
 A pathic friend, while these seven hills remain;
 Hither in crouds the master-misses come
 From every point, as to their proper home.
 One hope has fail'd; another may succeed:
 Do thou, meanwhile, on hot eringo feed.

NÆV. Tell this to happier men; the Fates ne'er meant
 Such luck for me; my Clotho is content,

VER. 179. *For youth, too transient flower, &c.*]

——— μινυνδα δε γιγνεται ηβης

Καρω, ὅσον τ' εἰς γην κιδναται ηελι.

Mimner.

When all my toil a bare subsistence gains,
And fills my belly by my back and reins.

O, my poor Lares ! dear domestic powers !
To whom I come with incense, cakes, and flowers,
When shall my prayers, so long preferr'd in vain,
Acceptance find ? O, when shall I obtain
Enough to free me from the constant dread
Of life's worst ill, gray hairs and want of bread ?
On mortgage, eight-score pounds a year complete,
A little plate, which yet, for over-weight,
Fabricius would have censur'd ; a stout pair
Of hireling Mæsiens, to support my chair
In the throng'd Circus : add to these, one slave
Well skill'd to paint, another to engrave ;
And I—but let me give these day-dreams o'er,
Wish as I may, I ever shall be poor ;
For when to Fortune I prefer my prayers,
Th' obdurate goddess stops at once her ears
With that same wax which serv'd Ulysses' crew,
When by the Syrens' rocks and songs they flew,
False songs, and treacherous rocks, which still to ruin drew. }

VER. 201. *A little plate, which yet, for overweight,*

Fabricius would have censur'd ; &c.] Livy tells us that C. Fabricius, when censor, removed Rufinus, who had been twice consul, and once dictator, from the senate, because he had in his possession more than ten pounds weight of plate : “ esteeming this,” as Holyday says, “ as a notorious ensample of luxury.”

SATIRE X.

Argument.

THE subject of this inimitable Satire is the Vanity of Human Wishes. The poet takes his stand on the great theatre of the world, and summons before him the illustrious characters of all ages. As they appear in succession, he shews, from the principal events of their lives, how little happiness is promoted, by the attainment of what our indistinct and bounded views represent, as the most perfect of earthly blessings. Of these, he instances wealth, power, eloquence, military glory, and personal accomplishments; all of which have, as he observes, proved dangerous or destructive to their respective possessors. From hence, he argues the wisdom of acquiescing in the dispensations of Heaven; and concludes with a form of prayer, in which he points out, with great force and beauty, the objects for which a rational being may presume to approach the Almighty.

The commentators suppose Juvenal to have had the second Alcibiades of Plato, or the Hunc Macrine diem, of Persius, in his thoughts; it is probable he had both: he has taken nothing from them, however, but the general idea; the filling up is entirely his own, and it is done with a boldness of imagery, an awful and impressive sublimity of style and manner, of which it would perhaps be difficult to find another example in any merely human composition.

SATIRE X.

v. 1—13.

IN every clime, from Ganges' distant stream
To Gades, gilded by the western beam,
Few, from the clouds of mental error free,
In its true light, or good or evil, see.—
For what, with reason, do we seek or shun?
What plan, how happily soe'er begun,
That, when achiev'd, we do not wish undone?
The gods have heard, with too indulgent ears,
And crush'd whole families beneath their prayers.

Bewilder'd thus, by folly or by fate,
We beg pernicious gifts in every state:
A copious tide, a full and rapid flow
Of eloquence, lays many a speaker low;

VER. 5. *For what, with reason, do we seek or shun? &c.*] This is beautifully alluded to by Shakspeare, who, without knowing any thing, perhaps, of our author, frequently falls into his train of thinking:

—————“ We ignorant of ourselves,
“ Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
“ Deny us for our good; so find we profit
“ By losing of our prayers.”

E'en strength itself is fatal; Milo tries
His wondrous arms, and in the trial dies.

But heaps of wealth have still more dangerous prov'd,
(Too anxiously amass'd, too fondly lov'd,)
Heaps, which o'er common fortunes proudly rise,
As o'er the dolphin towers the whale in size.
Hence, in those dreadful times, at Nero's word,
The ruffian bands unsheath'd the murderous sword,
Rush'd to the swelling coffers of the great,
And seiz'd the rich domain, and lordly seat;
While sweetly in their cock-lofts slept the poor,
And heard no soldier thundering at their door.

The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night, and makes his way by stealth;
E'en then, he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
And starts at every rush's waving shade:
While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
And, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song.

VER. 14. ————— *Milo tries*

His wondrous arms, &c.] The story of Milo is told in two words
by Roscommon:

“ ————— Remember Milo's end,

“ Wedg'd in the timber which he strove to rend.”

VER. 26. *The traveller, &c.*] *Pauca licet portas, &c.* This, which all the translators take for an imaginary case, I believe to be an historical fact. The poet is still speaking of Nero's time, and he alludes to the cautious practice of those who, being in possession of a few valuables, wished to remove them without being seen:—*nocte iter ingressus*; even thus, they trembled for their safety. The rapacity of Nero is again noticed in the twelfth Satire, which see.

The first great wish we all with rapture own,
 The general cry, to every temple known,
 Is gold, gold, gold! "O give us gold, ye powers,
 "And let our neighbour's coffer yield to ours!"
 Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip:
 Dread then the baneful draught, when at thy lip
 The goblet mantles, grac'd with gems divine,
 And the broad gold inflames the Setine wine.

And do we now admire the stories told
 Of the two Sages, so renown'd of old;
 How This for ever laugh'd, whene'er he stept
 Across the threshold; That, for ever wept?
 But all can laugh:—the wonder yet appears,
 What source supplied the eternal stream of tears!

VER. 42. *How This for ever laugh'd, &c.*] "To believe," Holyday says, "that Heraclitus did continually weep, may well deserve to be laughed at." He has a long anatomical note, however, to prove that if he did not, it was not from any natural deficiency of tears; but neither did Democritus continually laugh. How these two men came to be distinguished by the names of the laughing and the crying Philosophers, I know not; they certainly did not deserve such trifling appellations. Democritus in particular, was a man of very extraordinary talents: and unless some perverted, or exaggerated notions, respecting the nature of his scepticism, led the vulgar to form so silly an opinion of him, it will be difficult to account for this singular degradation of the first philosopher of his age.* As for Heraclitus, he was a stern and rigid moralist of what was afterwards called, the Stoic school; as little likely to

* This praise, however, must not go forth unqualified. He was the father of all that desolating philosophy which, placing the senses in the room of reason, tends to extinguish science, while it encourages personal gratifications.

Democritus, at every step he took,
 His sides with unextinguish'd laughter shook,
 Though in his days, O Thrace! thy simple towns
 No fasces, litters knew, no purple gowns.—
 What! had he seen, in his triumphal car,
 Amid the dusty Cirque conspicuous far,
 The Prætor perch'd aloft, superbly drest
 In Jove's gay tunic, with a trailing vest
 Of Tyrian tapestry, and o'er him spread
 A crown, too bulky for a mortal head,

cry upon all occasions, as the other to laugh. This, however, was not Juvenal's concern; he had only to do with the qualities commonly assigned them; and it must be granted, that he has made an admirable use of both, particularly of those allotted to Democritus.

VER. 50. *What! had he seen, in his triumphal car, &c.*] He describes the procession of the Prætor to open the Circensian games. It was not, I believe, altogether so absurd as it is here represented, for Juvenal has confounded it with a triumph, from which it differed in two or three circumstances. The "vest of Jove," indeed, was borrowed of the god for a day, for the Prætor, as well as for the victorious general; the "tapestry of the *toga*" too, was common to both; but the crown and the slave were appropriated solely, I think, to the latter.

The imperial ensign, (the ivory sceptre surmounted with an eagle,) seems as much out of its place here, as most of the other accompaniments; it was however too important a gew-gaw to be left behind; for, as Prudentius tells us,

"Aquilâ ex eburnâ sumit arrogantiam

"Gestator ejus, ac superbit belluæ

"Inflatus osse."——

Upon the whole, this heterogeneous jumble of unwieldy magnificence had enough of ridicule in it to provoke the spleen of a much less risible spectator than Democritus is supposed to be.

Which a poor slave supports, ordain'd to ride
 In the same car, forsooth, to check his pride!
 Add too, the ivory sceptre in his hands,
 The trumpeters, and the dependant bands
 That stalk before him; add the friends in white,
 That lead his steeds, allur'd to grace the sight,
 By the fond prospect of a dole at night!

}

Yes, in those times, in every varied scene
 The good old man found matter for his spleen:
 A wondrous Sage! whose story makes it clear,
 That men may rise in folly's atmosphere,
 Beneath Bœotian fogs, of soul sublime,
 And great examples to the coming time.
 He laugh'd aloud to see the vulgar cares,
 Laugh'd at their joys, and sometimes at their tears;

VER. 66. ————— *in folly's atmosphere, &c.*] Democritus was born at Abdera, a town of Thrace, proverbial, it seems, for the stupidity of its inhabitants.

Bœotia lay under the same, or even a worse reproach: it was the country of "hogs," Βοιωτῶν ὕψ, as the other was of "sheep." Pindar, who was a Bœotian, seems a little mortified at the proverb. He of all men, had the least reason for it; for, though there might be better poets, there certainly was not a wiser or a better man in any of the states around him.

I recollect an old French epitaph, which says,

"Guillaume de Machault, ainsi avoie nom,

"Né en Champagne fus, et si eu grand renom!"

Champagne then, is the Abdera of France; and indeed most countries have some reprobate spot, to which its courteous neighbours, *uno ore*, assign the exclusive privilege of producing bell-wethers. I do not pretend to know the Abdera of England; my readers, I fear, have been sometimes inclined to fancy it must be Ashburton.

Himself, the while, would mock at Fortune's frown,
 And when she threaten'd, bid her hang or drown.
 Learn hence, that when we crowd each sacred shrine,
 And fix our tablets on the powers divine,
 Dangerous or useless favours we require,
 And grow most wretched through our own desire.

What crowds by envied POWER, the wish of all,
 Are hurl'd from high; press'd, in their rapid fall,
 By cumbrous names!—the statues tumbled down,
 And dragg'd by hooting thousands through the town;
 The cars upturn'd, the wheels to shivers broke,
 And the steeds fractur'd by the axe's stroke!—
 Then roar the fires; the sooty artist blows,
 And all Sejanus in the furnace glows;
 Sejanus once so honour'd, so ador'd,
 And only second to the world's great lord,

VER. 74. *And fix our tablets on the powers divine,*] “It was the manner of the ancients,” Holyday says, “when they made their vows to the gods, to write them in paper, (and some in waxen tables,) seal them up, and with wax, fasten them to the *knees* of the gods;) or to the *thighs* of them, (for so Apuleius speaks,) the ancients counting *that* the seat of mercy. When their desires were granted, the manner was to take away the paper, tear it, and bring unto the gods what they had promised.” Substitute saints for gods, and the passage will accord with the practice in Catholic churches at this day.

VER. 84. *And all Sejanus in the furnace glows; &c.*] This instance of Sejanus is most happily chosen, since it exhibits at one view, not only the instability of court, but of popular, favour.

No subject ever ascended to such a height of power; none ever fell from it so rapidly into the abyss of disgrace and ruin. This is not the place for his

Runs glittering from the mould, in cups and cans,
And such mean things, in pitchers, pots, and pans.

“ Hang out your laurels, and of triumph full,
“ Lead to the Capitol a milk-white bull;
“ For lo! where great Sejanus by the throng,
“ A joyful spectacle, is dragg’d along.
“ What an ill-favour’d wretch! well, for my part,
“ I never lov’d him—that is, in my heart.

history, but it may not be improper to call the readers attention to this picture of the unfeeling and barbarous versatility of the mob; a picture which for truth and humour has seldom, I think, been equalled.

To understand the little drama which follows, we must suppose one of those who had witnessed the commencement of Sejanus’s punishment, to have hastened home to announce the intelligence, and prepare his public demonstrations of loyalty and joy. The dialogue passes between him and his neighbours.

With respect to Sejanus, it may be said of him, as it was of Lally, by Voltaire; he was one against whom every man had a right to lift his hand, but the executioner. During the full tide of his prosperity, nothing seems to have been too low for his malice. In the prologue to his third book of Fables, Phædrus, the obscure and inoffensive Phædrus, pathetically complains of having been unjustly accused by him: he survived, however, both the accusation, and the accuser, and in his story of Princeps Tibicen, gently retorts upon the fallen fortunes of his adversary.

I know not whether Pliny had this particular event in his thoughts; but he gives a very entertaining detail of the impotent vengeance exercised on the statues of disgraced favourites by the rabble. *Juvabat illidere solo superbissimos vultus, instare ferro, sævire securibus, ut si singulos ictus sanguis dolorque sequeretur. Nemo tam temperans gaudii, seræque lætitiæ, quin instar ultionis videretur cernere laceros artus, truncata membra, postremo truces horrendasque imagines abjectas excostasque flammis, ut ex illo terrore et minis, in usum hominum ac voluptates, ignibus mutarentur.* Panegy. cap. lii.

“ But tell me; why was he adjudg’d to bleed?

“ And who discover’d, and who prov’d the deed?”

“ Prov’d? tush! a huge epistle came, they say,

“ From Capreæ.” Good! I’m satisfied: but pray,

“ What think the people of their favourite’s fate?”—

They follow fortune as of old, and hate

With their whole souls the victim of the state.

Yet would the herd, thus zealous, thus on fire,

Had Nurscia met the Tuscan’s fond desire,

And crush’d th’ unwary prince, have all combin’d,

And hail’d Sejanus Master of mankind.

For since their votes have been no longer bought,

All public care has vanish’d from their thought;

VER. 97. ——— a huge epistle came, they say,

“ From Capreæ,” &c.] Dio sneers at the length of this epistle: and Suetonius calls it, *pudenda miserandaque oratio*. The truth is, that Tiberius, who, like Cromwell, was always too cunning to be clear, was at this time confounded by his fears, or at least pretended to be so; and therefore wrote “ about it, and about it.” Suetonius has preserved a sentence of this memorable address, which fully justifies the character he has given of it. Among other things Tiberius besought the senate, *mitterent alterum è consulibus, qui senem se, et solum in conspectum eorum, cum aliquo militari præsidio perduceret!* Tib. 65.

VER. 103. *Had Nurscia*, &c.] So the Tuscans called the Goddess Fortuna. As Sejanus was a Tuscan, Lipsius fancies there is some cleverness in giving her this name. Begging pardon, both of Lipsius and Juvenal, I think there is more pedantry.

VER. 106. *For since their votes*, &c.] There spoke the old republican! and indeed, it must be confessed, that if Juvenal sometimes lashes the tyranny of the chiefs, he at others treats the base and abject submission of the people with equal, if not superior, severity.

It is clear, that their power had been broken by the usurpations of Marius

And they who once, with unresisted sway,
 Gave armies, empire, every thing, away,
 For two poor claims have long resign'd the whole,
 And only ask,—the Circus and the Dole.

“ But there are more to suffer.” “ So 'tis said ;
 “ So fierce a fire for one was never made.

and Sylla; they still, however, retained a considerable degree of influence, and nominally gave, or rather sold, their suffrages, till the days of Julius Cæsar. That they were ripe for the slavery which awaited them, cannot be denied; for such was their corruption and rapacity, that they only inquired which of the candidates would bribe highest.

Cæsar, however, did not directly deprive the people of their suffrages, (*cruda adhuc servitute*, as Lipsius says,) he only took the nomination of the consuls upon himself, and left the choice, or rather the sale, of the inferior magistracies to them, upon condition that he should have the recommendation to one half! Suetonius has preserved his *congé d'élire*, and a very curious one it is, on many accounts. CÆSAR DICTATOR ILLI TRIBUI. *Commendo vobis illum, et illum, ut VESTRO SUFFRAGIO suam dignitatem teneant.* (Julius Cæsar, 41.) The reader may be sure that these recommendations were never overlooked: *preces erant*, as Tacitus says on another occasion, *sed quibus contradici non posset.*

Augustus seems somewhat to have enlarged the power of the people, which was again abridged by Tiberius, or rather taken quite away; *neque*, says the historian with honest indignation, *populus ademptum jus questus est nisi inani rumore.* Caligula, in a fit of popularity, shewed symptoms of re-establishing them in a part of their rights, which however came to nothing: this I think was the last effort in their favour, and from this period they gradually, and indeed deservedly, sunk into insignificance and contempt.

It argues great courage in our author to reproach the Romans for their supineness; and must have been highly offensive to their rulers. About this however, he appears to be little solicitous; nay, I am persuaded that much of what he says here, is immediately levelled at Trajan, who had, about this time, transferred to the senate, or rather to himself, the very trifling degree of power which the people had hitherto been permitted to retain.

" I met my friend Brutidius, and I fear,
 " From his pale looks, he thinks there's danger near ;
 " Heavens ! if the baffled Ajax once be led
 " To deem our zeal too luke-warm,—we are sped.
 " Swift then, let's fly our loyalty to show,
 " And trample on the carcase of his foe :
 " But hear me ;—lest our slaves the fact forswear,
 " And drag us to the bar, look they be there."

Thus of the favourite's fall the converse ran,
 And thus the whisper pass'd from man to man.

Lur'd by the splendour of his happier hour,
 Would'st thou possess Sejanus' wealth and power ;
 See crowds of suppliants at thy levee wait,
 Give this to sway the army, that the state ;
 And keep a prince in ward, who sits the while,
 With his Chaldean flock, in Capreæ's isle ?

VER. 129. ————— in Capreæ's isle ?] *angustâ Caprearum in rupe*, as Juvenal happily expresses it. For *angusta* most of the copies have *augusta*, which, though an ingenious variation, appears to me to weaken the force of the satire. The long residence of Tiberius at Capreæ is too well known to be dwelt on here.

It may seem a little extraordinary that Tiberius, who, at a former period had driven the Chaldeans, (*i. e.* the astrologers,) out of Italy, nay, put some of them to death, should, in the decline of life, have secluded himself from the world to enjoy their society without molestation ; but his conduct may be accounted for, from the condition of human nature. The multiplied cruelties that followed the fall of Sejanus, though they could not appease the ferocity, had yet alarmed the conscience, of this execrable monster : anguish and despair took possession of all his thoughts, and if we could for a moment suppose the damned permitted to make their " eternal blazon to ears of flesh and

Yes, yes thou would'st, (thy secret thoughts I see,)
 Have cohorts, legions, armies, just as he;
 'Tis nature this: e'en they who want the will,
 Pant for the dreadful privilege to kill.
 And yet, what great delight can power bestow,
 Since every joy is balanc'd by its woe!
 Or would'st thou, rather than assume the gown
 Of him whom public rage dragg'd up and down,
 At Gabii or Fidenæ laws propound,
 For faulty measures, and for wares unsound,
 And take the tarnish'd robe, and petty state,
 Of poor Ulubræ's ragged magistrate?

blood," we could not image terms of deeper horror for them, than those with which he begins one of his letters to the senate. *Quid scribam vobis P. C. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam, hoc tempore, Dii me, Deæque pejus perdant, quam quotidie perire sentio, si scio.* Suet. Tiber. 67. In this state, dissatisfied with the present, and anxious for the future, his enfeebled and distracted mind clung for relief, to the wretched impostures of astrology, which it had formerly rejected; and endeavoured to divert the evils of to-day, by vague and senseless researches into the destiny of to-morrow. I have already remarked the strange inconsistency of atheism; Tiberius is a striking proof of it: *circa deos*, (says Suet. 69,) *ac religiones negligentior; quippe addictus mathematicæ, persuasionisque plenus, cuncta fato agi, &c.* Dio has the same remark.

VER. 141. ——— poor Ulubræ's ragged magistrate?] *Pannosus vacuis Ædilis Ulubris.* There were two kinds of Ædiles, (strictly speaking indeed, there were three,) the Curule, and the Plebeian: the first were officers of considerable power. It is the latter, however, of whom Juvenal now speaks, and with whose imaginary importance he delights, on all occasions, to sport. They were chosen, as their name imports, out of the commons or plebeians, and had the care of weights and measures, of markets and provisions, the

You grant me then, Sejanus grossly err'd,
 Nor knew what prayer his folly had preferr'd:
 For when he rashly begg'd for too much power,
 And too much wealth, he did but climb a tower
 Of giddy height, a heavier fall to prove,
 Hurl'd with tremendous ruin from above!

What wrought the Pompeys, what the Crassi's doom,
 And his, who bow'd the stubborn neck of Rome,
 But power supreme, obtain'd by force or fraud,
 And boundless vows heard by some angry god?
 For few th' ambitious chiefs who breathe in peace,
 Till wearied nature sends a kind release.

The urchin, whom a slave conducts to school,
 Has scarce acquir'd his first and easiest rule,

determination of petty cases, the inspection of the roads, the overseeing of the theatres, &c. In little municipalities, such as Fidenæ, Gabii, and Ulubræ, they were probably the only magistrates. We have nothing precisely like them in this country; but in the Italian villages, they still subsist, as ragged and consequential as ever, under the name of Podestas. The "tarnished robe," which was probably an heir-loom attached to the office, is finely contrasted with the *prætecta*, or purple gown of Sejanus.

VER. 145. ————— *he did but climb a tower*

Of giddy height, &c.] The thought is from Horace:

" ————— *excelsæ graviore casu*

"Decidunt turres." —————

but wonderfully heightened and improved by our author; who has, in his turn, found many imitators.

VER. 49. *And his, &c.]* Julius Cæsar's. The Crassi, (father and son,) seem rather to have fallen sacrifices to their avarice, than their ambition.

Ere ardent hopes his little bosom seize,
 To rival Tully and Demosthenes
 In eloquence and fame: for this he prays,
 And plagues Minerva through her sacred days.
 Yet both these orators, in evil hours,
 Prov'd the sad victims of persuasive powers;
 Both found it fatal to harangue too well,
 And that by steel, and this by poison, fell:
 While meaner speakers unmolested stood,
 Nor smear'd the rostrum with their wretched blood.

VER. 159. *And plagues Minerva through her sacred days.*] He speaks of the Quinquatria; a festival kept in honour of Minerva, as the patroness of the arts and sciences. It began on the nineteenth of March, and lasted, as the name imports, for five days, during which the schools were shut up.

VER. 163. *And that by steel, &c.*] Cicero was murdered by the second triumvirate. Antony, whom Juvenal supposes to have been particularly irritated by the second Philippic, dispatched a band of assassins after him, who overtook him as he was proceeding to the sea-side. He made no resistance, but looking sternly on the leader, whose life he had formerly saved, and thrusting his neck as forward as he could out of the litter, he bade him take what he wanted. The ungrateful wretch cut off his head, and his hands, and carried them to Antony, who rewarded him for the agreeable present, with a civic crown! and a large sum of money. The head was fixed on the Rostra, between the two hands, (where, as we find from Florus, the people ran as eagerly to see his relics, as formerly to hear his eloquence,) a piece of impotent revenge, which, not long after, recoiled on the author of it.

Speaking of Antonius, (the grandfather of the triumvir,) who fell in the bloody proscription of Sylla, Cicero has an observation of striking singularity: *in his ipsis rostris in quibus ille remp. constantissime consul defenderat, positum caput illud fuit, a quo erant multorum civium capita servata!* Never could it be more truly said,

“ ————— mutato nomine, de te

“ Fabula narratur.” —————

“ O happy Rome! that happen'd to be sav'd

“ By me, her consul, sole.”———

VER. 166. “ O happy Rome! that happened, &c.] *O fortunatam natam, me consule, Romam.* I have attempted to give the English reader some idea of the construction of this well known verse of Cicero's, but not, I think, with much success. Most of my predecessors seem to have thought it necessary to translate it into nonsense, or load it with the most barbarous tautology: this, however, is paying but an ill compliment to one of the greatest men “ that ever lived in the tide of times,” and is, besides, as unjust as it is impertinent.

It appears notwithstanding, that this line, or some one like it, had been made the subject of ridicule during the author's life. In the second Philippic, after severely retorting upon Antony, he adds,—*nec vero tibi de versibus respondebo; tantum dicam breviter neque illos, neque ullas te omnino literas nosse.* This, I suppose, is “ the reply churlish; when, instead of answering an adversary, you disable his judgment:” what he subjoins, however, is a noble apology for his lighter studies.

I doubt whether Cicero's poetry, generally speaking, deserved the epithet, (*ridenda*,) which Juvenal has been pleased to affix to it: the verse in question, indeed, has long been the jest of small wits, and even the “ mousing Martial hawks at it;” but there are many vigorous and elegant passages scattered amongst his works. After all, perhaps, it was the *ME CONSULE*, and not the *natam natam*, the vanity, and not the jingle, of the verse which provoked the sneers of his contemporaries.

Middleton has laboured to establish his poetical character. Plutarch, he says, reckons Cicero among the most eminent of the Roman poets; but Plutarch's judgment, in this matter, is of no great weight. To Quintilian's authority indeed, every one must subscribe, but not to Middleton's interpretation of it. *In carminibus utinam perpercisset quæ non desierunt carpere maligni.* “ Quintilian seems to charge the cavils of his censurers to a principle of malignity;” whereas he merely wishes that he had omitted some things, (evidently alluding to his boastings,) which furnished a constant subject of censure to his enemies. To conclude, his verse is only mean, when compared to his prose; and if he had not been the first of orators, no one would have been unjust enough to stile him the last of poets.

Such had his pleadings been, no haughty lord
 Had deem'd the jingle worthy of his sword:
 Yet such would I prefer, the scorn of Rome,
 To that Philippic which provok'd his doom,
 That second burst, where eloquence divine
 Pour'd on the ear from every nervous line.
 And he too fell, whom Athens, wondering, saw
 Her fierce democracy, at will, o'er awe;
 Fell by a cruel death: some angry power
 Scowl'd with dire influence on his natal hour.—
 Blear'd with the glowing mass, the luckless sire,
 From anvils, sledges, bellows, tongs, and fire,
 From tempering swords, his own more safe employ,
 To study rhetoric sent his hopeful boy.

The spoils of war; the trunk in triumph placed,
 And with the gleanings of the battle graced,
 Crush'd helms, and batter'd shields; and streamers borne
 From vanquish'd fleets, and beams from chariots torn,

VER. 174. *And he too fell, &c.*] Demosthenes, who poisoned himself to avoid falling into the hands of Antipater.

VER. 182. *The spoils of war; the trunk, &c.*] This, says Dryden, who translates the passage very carelessly, is a mock account of a Roman triumph! On the contrary, it is a serious account of the manner of raising a trophy on the field of battle, after a victory; which, as Holyday properly observes, “was by cutting down a tree, lopping off its branches, fixing it in the ground, and then hanging upon it the spoils taken from the enemy.” But indeed the whole process is so admirably described in the text, that any further remarks on it are unnecessary.

And captives rang'd around in mournful state,
 Are priz'd as blessings scarcely known to fate;
 Fir'd with the love of these, what countless swarms,
 Barbarians, Romans, Greeks, have rush'd to arms,
 All danger slighted, and all toil defied,
 And madly conquer'd, or as madly died!
 So much the raging thirst of fame exceeds
 The generous warmth which prompts to worthy deeds,
 That none confess fair Virtue's genuine power,
 Or woo her to their breast, without a dower.
 Yet has this wild desire, in other days,
 This boundless avarice of a few for praise,
 This frantic rage for names to grace a tomb,
 Involv'd their country in one general doom:
 Vain rage! the roots of the wild fig-tree rise,
 Strike through the marble, and—their memory dies;
 For, like their mouldering tenants, tombs decay,
 And with the dust they hide, are swept away.

Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
 And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains:

VER. 194. *That none confess fair Virtue's genuine power, &c.]*

“Nec facile invenies multis in millibus unum,

“Virtutem pretium qui putet esse sui;

“Ipse decor recti, facti si præmia desint,

“Non movet et gratis pænitet esse probum.”

Ex Pont. lib. 11. 3.

VER. 205. *And weigh the mighty dust, &c.]* I do not know that this was ever done; at least with regard to Hannibal; but in the Statistical Account

And is this all! Yet THIS was once the bold,
 The aspiring chief, whom Afric could not hold,
 Afric, outstretch'd from where the Atlantic roars,
 To Nilus; from the Line, to Lybia's shores!
 Spain conquer'd, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds;
 Nature oppos'd her everlasting mounds,
 Her Alps, and snows: through these he bursts his way,
 And Italy already owns his sway——
 Still thundering on,—“ think nothing done,” he cries,
 “ Till low in dust our haughty rival lies;
 “ Till through her smoaking streets I lead my powers,
 “ And plant my standard on her hated towers.”
 Big words! but view his figure, view his face:
 O, for some master-hand the chief to trace,
 As through the Etrurian swamps, by rains increas'd,
 Spoil'd of an eye he flounc'd, on his Getulian beast!

of Scotland, I find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect, and weigh the ashes of a person discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles; which he was happily enabled to do with great facility, as “ the inside of the coffin was smooth, and the whole body visible.” Wonderful to relate, he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half! AND IS THIS ALL!

VER. 212. ——— *through these he bursts his way,*] In the original *et montem rupit aceto*, he rent the mountain with vinegar. Appian's account is Ελθων δε επι τα Αλπια ορη, κ.τ.α. “ He came to the Alps, and finding an abundance of frost and snow there, he cut down the trees, burned them, and extinguished the glowing embers with vinegar and water (την δε τεφραν σβεννυς υδατι και οξει); he then beat down the rock, thus softened, with sledges, and so opened a passage.” But see Mr. Whitaker's learned and ingenious work on this subject.

But what ensued, illusive glory! say?—
 Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
 He flies in exile to a foreign state,
 With headlong haste; and, at a despot's gate
 Sits, wond'rous suppliant! of his fate in doubt,
 'Till the Bithynian's morning nap be out.

Just to his fame, what death has Heaven assign'd
 This great controller of all human kind?
 Did hostile armies give the fatal wound,
 Or mountains press him, struggling, to the ground?
 No; three small drops, within a ring conceal'd,
 Aveng'd the blood he pour'd on Cannæ's field!
 Go madman, go! the paths of fame pursue,
 Climb other Alps, and other realms subdue,
 To please the rhetoricians, and become,
 A DECLAMATION for the boys of Rome!

VER. 232. — *three small drops, within a ring conceal'd, Aveng'd, &c.*] Such was the end of Hannibal: the Romans, who never thought themselves secure while this great man was alive, no sooner heard that he had taken shelter at the court of Prusias, than they sent Q. Flaminius to demand him. Hannibal, who was well acquainted with the weakness of the Bythinian prince, and determined to die free, saw no other resource, but swallowing poison; which, to be prepared against the worst, he always carried with him in the hollow of a ring!

To the question in v. 228, I think Hannibal might have replied, with Arbaces:
 "Why should you that have made me stand in war
 "Like fate itself, cutting what threads I pleas'd,
 "Decree such an unworthy end to me,
 "And all my glories?" *King and no King.*

One world the ambitious Youth of Pella found
 Too small; and toss'd his feverish limbs around,
 And gasp'd for breath, as if confin'd the while,
 Unhappy prince, in Gyaræ's rocky isle :
 But, entering Babylon, found ample room
 Within the narrow limits of a tomb !
 Death, the great teacher, Death alone proclaims
 The true dimensions of our puny frames.

The daring tales in Grecian story found,
 Were once believed:—of Athos sail'd around,

VEE. 241. *Unhappy prince, in Gyaræ's rocky isle :*]

“ Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis, parvaque Seripho.”

As these places are frequently mentioned by Juvenal, it may be necessary, once for all, to observe, that they were bare and rocky islands in the Ægean sea, to which offenders were sometimes banished, and generally in the worst of cases. The inhabitants of these little spots were despised, Gibbon says, “ for their ignorance and obscurity:” they should rather have been pitied for their wretchedness. Stratonicus, who was sent to the former of them (Gyaræ) for defamation, found himself so uncomfortable there, that he one day asked his host what crime was punished with exile in his country; the man said perjury, “ why dost thou not forswear thyself then,” replied Stratonicus, “ that thou mayest be dismissed from this accursed place?”

Hall has a fine allusion to the next verse:

“ Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store,

“ And he that cares for most, shall find no more.”

What harmonious monosyllables! but this is surpassed by that beautiful and pathetic apostrophe of Prince Henry to the lifeless remains of Hotspur :

“————— Fare thee well great heart!

“ Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

“ When that this body did contain a spirit,

“ A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

“ But now, two paces of the vilest earth

“ Is room enough!”——

Of fleets that bridges o'er the waves supplied,
Of chariots rolling on the stedfast tide,

VER. 246. *The daring tales in Grecian story found, &c.*] The *quicquid Græcia mendax*, says the translator of Herodotus, (applied by Juvenal to the Greek Historian,) "partakes more of insolence than justice." Gillies too, terms it "downright impudence;" "by my troth, Gossip, these be bitter words:" and the former adds, it is not perhaps very extravagant to affirm, that Livy has more prodigies than all the Greek historians together." Perhaps not; and if Juvenal had been called on to give his opinion of them, he would have delivered it with very little ceremony. But he is not on the subject of prodigies here, nor, as far I can see, of Herodotus: he is speaking of Sostratus, a poet, says the old scholiast, (who knows nothing of the matter,) that wrote the campaigns of Xerxes. After all, I do not mean to palliate his hesitation respecting the vagaries of the Persian prince, nor the incredulity with which he treats "the daring tales of Greece" in general. There can, I think, be no doubt with any rational person, but that most of the circumstances of this famous expedition, are either fabricated by the Greeks, or grossly exaggerated. As far indeed as relates to circumnavigating Athos, (next to chaining the waves, the most absurd of all exploits, since even Herodotus* allows that the fleet might have been dragged over-land with infinitely less pains,) I am somewhat inclined to think Sostratus correct; since not only Thucydides, *unus instar omnium*, but Plato, Lysias, Diodorus, and others speak of it, as an undoubted fact. The wonder is, that a matter so easy to ascertain, should ever have been a subject of dispute. Yet it was, and is; this is sufficient for Juvenal.

Modern travellers can find no traces of this work, and therefore discredit the story. But they do not reflect on the size of the ancient ships. A canal, somewhat less than that of Languedoc, would be sufficient for them; and yet even that, if neglected, would be completely filled up in a few centuries.

* I am much pleased at the caution of Herodotus, who, with all the credulity of his countrymen, had little of their vanity, and none of their propensity to falsehood. "He had heard of stigmata too," he says; but he does not take upon himself to answer for this: *ἤδη δὲ ηἰκεῖσα ὥς καὶ στιγμάς ἀπεπεμψε σιζόντας τὸν Ἑλλησποντον.*

Of lakes exhausted, and of rivers quaft
 By countless nations, at a morning's draught,
 With all that Sostratus so wildly sings,
 Besotted poet, of the king of kings.

But how return'd he, say? this soul of fire,
 This fierce barbarian, whose impatient ire
 Severer chastisement to Eurys gave,
 Than e'er he suffer'd in the Æolian cave;
 Chain'd Neptune, and was wond'rous clement found,
 For that he branded not the slave he bound!—
 But how did he return? his navy lost,
 In a small bark he fled the fatal coast,
 And forc'd a dreadful passage through the flood,
 Choak'd with his slaughter'd troops, and red with blood.
 So Xerxes sped; so speed the conquering race;
 They catch at glory, and they clasp disgrace!

"Life! length of life!" for this, with earnest cries,
 Or sick or well, we supplicate the skies.
 Pernicious prayer! for mark, what ills attend
 Still on the old, as to the grave they bend:
 A ghastly visage to themselves unknown,
 For a smooth skin, a hide with scurf o'ergrown,
 And such a flabby cheek as an old ape,
 In Tabraca's thick woods, might haply scrape.

VER. 261. *In a small bark, &c.*] So Justin. *Erat res spectaculo digna et æstimatione sortis humanæ, rerum varietate miranda, in exiguo latentem videre navigio, quem paulo ante vix æquor omne capiebat, &c.* Lib. 11. cap. xiii.

In youth a thousand different features strike;
All have their charms, but have not charms alike:

VER. 270. *A ghastly visage, &c.*] In this striking description of old age, Juvenal seems to have thought of a passage in Crates, thus admirably rendered by Mr. Cumberland:

“ Hard choice for man to die—or else to be
“ That tottering, wretched, wrinkled, thing you see.
“ Age then we all prefer; for age we pray,
“ And travel on to life’s last lingering day;
“ Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,
“ Find heaven’s extorted boon our greatest curse.”

But indeed the idea is sufficiently obvious, and has had good things said on it in every age; here is one of them,

“ ————— Some comfort
“ We have in dropping early—we expire,
“ And not without men’s pity; to live still,
“ Have their good wishes: thus, too, we prevent
“ The loathsome misery of age, beguile
“ The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
“ For grey approachers.”— *Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Again,

“ For as our age increases, so vexations,
“ Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,
“ Rheums, coughs, catarrhs—we’re but our living coffins;
“ Besides, the fair soul’s old too.” *Wife for a Month.*

And Spenser, in a stanza of surpassing beauty,

“ O why do wretched men so much desire
“ To draw their days unto the utmost date,
“ And do not rather wish them soon expire;
“ Knowing the miseries of their estate,
“ And thousand perils which them still awate,
“ Tossing them like a boat amid the mayne:
“ That every hour they knock at Deathe’s gate;
“ And he that happiest seems, and least in payne,
“ Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth playne.”

While age presents one universal face—
 A faltering voice, a weak and trembling pace,
 An ever-dropping nose, a forehead bare,
 And toothless gums to mump his wretched fare.
 He grows, poor wretch, (now, in the dregs of life,)
 So loathsome to himself, his child, his wife,
 That those who hop'd the legacy to share,
 And flatter'd long, disgusted disappear.
 The sluggish palate dull'd, the feast no more
 Excites the same sensations as of yore;
 Taste, feeling, all, a universal blot,
 And e'en the rites of love remember'd not :
 Or if—through the long night he feebly strives,
 To raise a flame where not a spark survives ;
 While Venus marks the effort with distrust,
 And hates the gray decrepitude of lust.

But lo! another loss : the warbling quire,
 In him no sentiments of joy inspire ;

VER. 273. *In Tabraca, &c.*] “A city in the maritime part of Lybia,” the scholiast says, “near which is a thick wood abounding in apes.” It is probably the modern Tunis. Strabo quotes an entertaining passage from Posidonius, respecting the vast number of those animals which he saw there, and with whose gambols he was entertained in his voyage along the Lybian coast.

VER. 280. *He grows poor wretch, now in the dregs of life, So loathsome, &c.*] This is illustrated by a pretty quatrain in the Anthologia :

Αν περιλειφθῇ μικρὸν ἐν ἀγῆσιν ἡδεῖα οἶνος,
 Εἰς ὄξυ τρεπεται τὸ το λειπομένον·
 Οὕτως ἀνέλησας τὸν ὅλον εἶον, εἰς ἑαυτὸ δ' ἐλθὼν,
 Γῆρας ὁ πρεσβυτῆς γίγνεται ὄξυχολος.

The sweetest airs escape him ; and the lute,
 That thrills the general ear, to him is mute.
 He sits, perhaps, too distant : bring him near ;
 Alas ! 'tis still the same : he scarce can hear
 The deep-ton'd horn, the trumpet's clanging sound,
 And the loud blast that shakes the benches round.
 E'en at his ear his boy, to tell the hour,
 Or who's arriv'd, must shout with all his power.

Add that a fever scarce can warm his veins,
 And thaw the little blood which yet remains ;
 That ills of every kind, and every name,
 Rush in, and seize the unresisting frame.
 Ask you how many ? I could sooner say
 How many drudges Hippias kept in pay,
 How many wards by Irus were undone,
 How many patients kill'd by Themison ;
 How many men by Maura over-toil'd,
 How many provinces by Basil spoil'd,
 How many boys by Hirrus : in a word,
 How many villas call my quondam barber lord !

These their shrunk shoulders, those their hams bemoan ;
 This hath no eyes, and envies that with one ;

VER. 304. *That ills of every kind, and every name,*

Rush in, &c.] So Plautus, but more soberly,

“ ——— ut ætas mala merx, mala est tergo !

“ Nam res plurimas pessumas, cum advenit, affert,

“ Quas si autumem omneis, nimis longus sermo sit.”

Menæch. A. v. S. ii.

This a sad spectacle of pity stands,
Helpless and weak, and fed by others' hands;
While that, accustom'd, at the sight of food,
To stretch his jaws, gapes like the callow brood
Of Progne, when from bill to bill she flies,
Hungry herself, distributing supplies.

But other ills, and worse, succeed to those:
His limbs long since were gone; his memory goes.
Poor driveller! he forgets his servants quite,
Forgets, at morn, with whom he supp'd at night;
Forgets the children he begot and bred;
And makes a strumpet heiress in their stead:
So much avails it the rank arts to use,
Gain'd by long practice in the loathsome stews!

But grant his senses unimpair'd remain;
Still woes on woes succeed, a dreadful train!
He sees his sons, his daughters, all expire,
Sees his lov'd consort on the funeral pyre,
Sees brothers, sisters, friends, to ashes turn,
And all he lov'd, or lov'd him, in an urn.
Lo here, the dreadful fine we ever pay,
For life protracted to a distant day!
To see our house by sickness, pain, pursued,
And scenes of death incessantly renew'd:
In sable weeds to waste the joyless years,
And drop at last mid solitude and tears.

The Pylian's (if we credit Homer's page)
Was only second to the raven's age.

“ O happy, sure, beyond the common rate,
 “ Who warded off so long the stroke of fate!
 “ Who told his years by centuries, who so oft
 “ Quaff’d the new must! O happy, sure”—But, soft;
 This happy man of destiny complain’d,
 Curs’d his gray hairs, and every god arraign’d;
 What time he lit the pyre, with streaming eyes,
 And round his son saw the dark flames arise.
 “ Tell me,” he cried, with wild, distracted air,
 “ Ye faithful friends, who these sad duties share,
 “ What monstrous crimes have rouz’d the Almighty’s hate,
 “ That thus, in vengeance, he protracts my date?”

VER. 346. *Who told his years by centuries,—*] *Suos jam dextrâ computat annos*, now told his years on his right hand. The ancients had a way of numbering with their fingers; they reckoned on the left hand as far as a hundred, and “all above,” says Madan, “on the right.” This is not correct; for after a certain number, on which the critics are not agreed, they returned to the left. Nestor, we see, was got on the right hand; but I find mention made of an old lady, (in the Anthologia,) who had travelled back to the left, and consequently far surpassed him in years:

Ἡ πολλὴ κροταφοῖσι Κοτυτῆρις, ἢ πολυμυθῶ

Γραῖα, δι’ ἣν Νεῶν ἐκ ἐτι πρεσβυτατῶ.

Ἡ φαῶ ἀδρησασ’ ἐλαφρὸν πλεον, ἢ χερὶ λαιῇ

Γηρας ἀριθμεισθαι δευτερον ἀρχαμένη.

Holyday has a very long note on this subject, which he illustrates by a curious table; shewing the different inflections of the fingers, and positions of the hands, necessary to produce the requisite numbers. As a whole it is tedious, but it may be consulted with great advantage.

VER. 350. *What time he lit the pyre, &c.*] Our author had Propertius in view here: he has, however, improved upon him:

“ Non ille Antilochi vidisset corpus humati:

“ Diceret aut, O Mors, cur mihi sera venis?”

Lib. II. 13.

So Peleus question'd heaven, Laertes so ;
(Their hoary heads bow'd to the grave with woe,)
While one bewail'd his son, at Ilium slain,
One his, long wandering o'er the faithless main.

While Troy yet flourish'd, had her sovereign died,
With what solemnity, what funeral pride,
Had he descended, every duty paid,
To old Assaracus' illustrious shade !—
Hector himself, bedew'd with many a tear,
Had join'd his brothers to support the bier ;
Long trains of Trojan dames, in sable vests,
Follow'd Polyxena, and beat their breasts,
And rent their garments, as the funeral cry,
By wild Cassandra led, had pierc'd the sky :
Had he but fall'n, ere his adulterous boy
Spread his bold sails, and left the shores of Troy.

But what did lengthen'd life avail the sire ?
To see his realm laid waste by sword and fire.
Then too, too late, the feeble soldier tried
Unequal arms, and flung his crown aside ;
Totter'd the murderer of his son to meet,
And fell, without an effort, at his feet,
Like a lean ox, that, old and useless now,
Is led to slaughter from the ungrateful plow.
Yet, happier than the partner of his cares,
He died, at least, a man, while, chang'd with years,
She, in a brute, retain'd her ancient lore,
And bark'd and howl'd, at those she curs'd before.

Enough of these: I hasten to supply
 The rest from Rome; and pass in silence by,
 The fall of Mithridates, sad event;
 And Croesus, whom "that old man eloquent"
 Wisely forbid in fortune to confide,
 Or take the name of HAPPY till he died.

That Marius, exil'd from his native plains,
 Was hid in fens, discover'd, bound in chains;

VER. 382. *She, in a brute, &c.] Non tu scis, &c.*

Me. Hark ye my mistress! do you know why Greece
 Feign'd Hecuba was turn'd into a bitch?

Wom. Not I, indeed.

Me. I'll tell you then; because
 She rail'd and rav'd at every one she met,
 As you do now,—and therefore was she called,
 And rightly call'd, a bitch.

Menæc. A. v. Sc. i.

VER. 387. ————— "that old man eloquent"] Solon. The story to which Juvenal alludes is to be found in Herodotus. It had already furnished Ovid with some fine lines:

" ————— scilicet ultima semper

" Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus

" Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."

VER. 390. *That Marius exiled, &c.]* The particulars in the text, are copied from Paterculus. The example, indeed, is less happily chosen than that of Sejanus; for though the mutability of fortune in his case was singular and extreme, yet his end was fortunate. Lucan has noticed it in his best manner;

" Ille fuit vitæ Mario modus, omnia passo

" Quæ pejor fortuna potest, atque omnibus uso

" Quæ melior, mensoque, homini quid fata parent."

Stapylton says that "the (Minturnian) fens in which Marius lay hid, were in Switzerland!" For this accurate piece of topography, he was indebted to the old scholiast. The spot, however, lies on the right hand of the Ferry of the Gargiliano, as you go from Rome to Naples.

That, bursting these, to Africa he fled,
 And, through the realms he conquer'd, begg'd his bread,
 Arose from age, from treacherous age alone:
 For what had Rome or earth so happy known,
 Had he, in that blest moment, ceas'd to live,
 When, grac'd with all that victory could give,
 "Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"
 He first alighted from his Cimbric car!

Campania, prescient of her Pompey's fate,
 Sent a kind fever to arrest his date:
 When lo! a thousand suppliant altars rise,
 And public vows obtain him of the skies.
 Ill done! that head, thus rescued from the grave,
 Fell mangled by a vile Egyptian slave—

VER. 400. *Campania, prescient of her Pompey's fate, &c.*] This too, is to be found in Paterculus; but Juvenal was more immediately indebted for it, as well as for the story of Priam in a former page, to that storehouse of ethical and moral wisdom, the Tusculan Questions. There the two examples follow each other, and we shall see that our author has not only adopted the circumstances, but the words of Cicero. *Priamum autem tanta progenie orbatum, cum in aram confugisset, hostilis manus interemit. Hic si vivis filiis, incolumi regno, occidisset, utrum tandem à bonis, an à malis discessisset? tum profectò videretur à bonis. &c.* He then subjoins, *Pompeio nostro familiari, cum graviter ægrotaret Neapoli, &c. utrum igitur, si tum esset extinctus, à bonis rebus, an à malis discessisset? certe à miseris. Qui si mortem tum obiisset, in amplissimis fortunis occidisset; is propagatione vitæ quot, quantas, quam incredibiles hausit calamitates?*

VER. 405. *Fell mangled, by, &c.*] The strange notion of the ancients, that their wounds and mutilations followed them to the other world, filled them with inexpressible horror at the idea of being dismembered in this. Suetonius

Cethegus knew no punishment so dire,
 No pain; unmaim'd did Lentulus expire,
 And Catiline, though vanquish'd, sunk entire.

}

Whene'er the fane of Venus meets her eye,
 The anxious mother breathes a secret sigh,
 For handsome boys; but asks, with bolder prayer,
 That all her girls be exquisitely fair!
 "Why not?" she cries, "Latona, in the sight
 "Of Dian's beauty, took unblam'd delight."
 True; but Lucretia curs'd her fatal charms,
 When spent with struggling in a Tarquin's arms;
 And poor Virginia would have chang'd her face,
 For Rutila's, the scandal of her race.

"But boys may still be fair." No, they destroy
 Their parents' peace, and murder all their joy;
 For rarely are those jarring blessings join'd,
 A beauteous body, and a virtuous mind,
 Though the strict house like ancient Sabines live,
 And every hour some moral precept give.
 Besides, should Nature, in her kindest mood,
 Confer th' ingenuous flush of modest blood,

tells us, that the last and most earnest request of the wretched Nero to his few followers was, that his head might not be severed from his body, but that he might be burnt entire, *totus cremaretur*. Nero, 49.

VER. 413. ————— *Latona, in the sight*

Of Dian's beauty, took unblam'd delight,] An allusion to Homer,

————— γέγηθε δὲ τε φρενα Λατῶ. κ. τ. α.

The disposition chaste as unsunn'd snow;
 And what can nature more than these bestow,
 These, which no art, no care, can give? e'en then,
 They cannot hope, they must not, to be men.
 Smit with their charms, the imps of hell appear,
 And pour their proffers in a parent's ear,
 For prostitution,—infamously bold,
 And trusting to the almighty power of gold:

VER. 429. ————— e'en then

They cannot hope, they must not, to be men.] It is to the praise of Domitian, (alas! for Trajan,) that mutilation of boys was prohibited during his reign.

Nunc, says Statius very finely,

“ ————— nunc frangere sexum

“ Atque hominem mutilare nefas, gavisaque solos

“ Quos genuit, Natura videt!”

Some of Martial's best epigrams are on this subject; the following lines bear a close resemblance to the text:

“ Non puer avari sectus arte mangonis

“ Virilitatis damna moeret ereptæ:

“ Nec quam superbus computet stipem leno,

“ Dat prostituto misera mater infanti.” *Lib. ix. 7.*

As do these,

“ Jam cunæ lenonis erant, ut ab ubere raptus

“ Sordida vagitu posceret æra puer.

“ Immatura dabant infandas corpora pœnas, &c.”

I have given credit, with Amm. Marcell. and others, to Domitian for this humane and salutary restriction. Xiphilinus, however, will not allow this solitary sprig to decorate his brows; he says that he did it to insult the memory of his brother, whom, as well as his father, he had a perverse pleasure in counteracting on all occasions. Καὶ δια τὸτο, καίπερ καὶ αὐτῷ Εὐσεβίου τινὲς εὐσεβερῶν, ὁμῶς, ἐπεὶ καὶ ὁ Τίτῳ ἰσχυρῶς περὶ τῆς ἐκτομίας ἐσπύδακει, ἀπηγορεύσειν ἐπὶ ἐκείνῳ ὕβρει, μηδὲν ἐτι ἐν τῇ τῶν Ῥωμαίων ἀρχῇ ἐκτεμνεσθαι. *Lib. lxxvii. §. 2.*

While youths, in shape and air less form'd to please,
No tyrants mutilate, no Neros seize.

Go now, and triumph in your beauteous boy,
Your Ganimede; whom other ills annoy,
And other dangers wait: his charms once known,
He stands profess'd, the favourite of the town;
And dreads, incessant dreads, on every hand,
The fierce revenge a husband's wrongs demand:
For sure detection follows soon or late;
Born under Mars, he cannot 'scape his fate.
Oft on the adulterer too, the furious spouse
Inflicts worse evils than the law allows;
By blows, stripes, gashes some are robb'd of breath,
And others by the mullet rack'd to death.

“ But my Endymion will more lucky prove,
“ And serve a beauteous mistress, all for love.”
No; he will soon to ugliness be sold,
And serve a toothless grandam, all for gold.
Servilia will not miss him; jewels, clothes,
All, all she sells, and all on him bestows;

VER. 445. *Oft on the adulterer too, the furious spouse*

Inflicts worse evils, &c.] See many instances of this in Val. Maximus, lib. vi. 13. With respect to the punishment mentioned in the next line, (the being clystered, as Holyday oddly expresses it, with a mullet,) it was allowed by no written law; but seems to have been an old and approved method of gratifying private vengeance.

One of the commentators (Isidorus) thinks the fish was selected for this singular purpose, on account of its anti-venereal properties; but he confounds the mugilis with the mullus; two very distinct things.

For women nought to the dear youth deny,
 Or think his favours can be bought too high:
 When love's the word, the naked sex appear,
 And every woman is a spendthrift here.

“ But if my son with virtue be endued,
 “ What harm will beauty do him?” nay, what good?
 What slew Hippolitus of old, and chas'd
 Bellerophon from home, belied, disgrac'd,
 But charms like those you fatally require,
 And chastity, that spurn'd each loose desire?
 Then, then did Phædra redden, then her pride
 Took fire, to be so stedfastly denied;
 Then, then did Sthenobœa glow with shame,
 And both burst forth with unexampled flame.
 A woman scorn'd, is pitiless as fate,
 For then the dread of shame adds stings to hate.

But Silius comes;—now be thy judgment tried:
 Shall he accept, or not, the proffer'd bride,

VER. 461. *What slew Hippolitus of old, and chas'd*

Bellerophon from home, &c.] The adventures of Hippolitus and Bellerophon are well known. They were accused of incontinence, by the women whose inordinate passions they refused to gratify at the expense of their duty; and sacrificed to the fatal credulity of the husbands of the disappointed fair ones. It is very probable, that both the stories are founded on the Scripture account of Joseph and Potiphar's wife.

VER. 471. *But Silius comes;—&c.*] Tacitus agrees with Juvenal. “The graces of the form and manners of this young man (Caius Silius) were highly celebrated. That Messalina might enjoy her favourite without a rival, she obliged him to repudiate his wife Junia Silana, a lady of noble birth. Silius was neither

And marry Cæsar's wife? hard point in truth:
 Lo, this most noble, this most beauteous youth,
 Is hurried off, a helpless sacrifice
 To the lew'd glance of Messalina's eyes!
 Now bring the victim: in the nuptial vest
 Already see the impatient empress drest,
 The genial couch prepar'd, th' accustom'd sum
 Told out, the augurs and the notaries come.
 "But why all these?" you think, perhaps, the rite
 Were better, known to few, and kept from sight:

blind to the magnitude of the crime of marrying the empress, nor to the danger of not complying. On the whole, however, he resolved to hazard the future consequences, and enjoy the present moment." *Ann.* xi. 12.

VER. 477. ————— in the nuptial vest

Already see the impatient empress drest,] Here is no exaggeration: all passed precisely as our author describes it. The folly and enormity of the transaction seem to have struck Suetonius, and yet more Tacitus, with astonishment.—"That a Consul elect, and the wife of an emperor, on a day appointed, should dare to affront the public eye, and sign a contract with express provision for the issue of an unlawful marriage, will hardly gain credit with posterity: still less, that the empress should hear the ceremony pronounced by the augurs, and in her turn, repeat the words; that she should join in a sacrifice to the gods, take her place at the nuptial banquet, exchange caresses, &c. But the facts here related, are well attested by writers at that period, and by grave and elderly men, who lived at the time, and were informed of every circumstance." *Tacit Ann.* xi. 27.

The observation in v. 489, For he the last, &c. *dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus*, is an allusion to the sottish stupidity of Claudius, who was with great difficulty persuaded to credit the report of Messalina's infamy, after it had been long notorious to all the world; and with greater still, induced to issue the final orders for her punishment.

Not so the lady ; she abhors a flaw,
 And wisely calls for every form of law.
 But what shall Silius do ? refuse to wed ?
 That instant, see him number'd with the dead.
 Consent ? he lives but till the scandal, clear
 To town and country, reach the emperor's ear ;
 For he besure, the last, his house's shame will hear.
 Then let him, if a day's precarious life
 Be worth his study, make the fair his wife ;
 For wed or not, poor youth ! 'tis still the same,
 And still the axe must mangle that fine frame.

Say then, must man, depriv'd all power of choice,
 Ne'er raise to Heaven the supplicating voice ?

VER. 494. *Say then, must man, &c.*] We are now drawing towards the end of this divine Satire, which finishes in a manner highly worthy of the grave and solemn dignity with which it has been hitherto conducted. As the author has so clearly proved, that those ideal advantages which we commonly make the subject of our petitions, are too often dangerous and destructive ; the conclusion, that we should leave the granting or withholding of them to an unerring and gracious providence, is at once rational and pious.

Chaucer has some pleasing lines on the subject :

“ Alas ! why pleynin men so in commune

“ Of purveyance of God, or of Fortune,

“ That giveth them full ofte in many a gise,

“ Well better than themselvin can devise !”

Knight's Tale.

And Spenser,

“ In vain, said then old Melibee, doe men

“ The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse ;

“ Since they know best, what is the best for them—

“ For they to each such fortune doe diffuse

Not so; but to the gods his fortunes trust:
 Their thoughts are wise, their dispensations just.
 What best may profit or delight they know,
 And real good, for fancied bliss bestow;
 With eyes of pity they our frailties scan;
 More dear to them, than to himself, is man.
 By blind desire, by headlong passion driven,
 For wife, and heirs we daily weary Heaven;
 Yet still 'tis Heaven's prerogative to know,
 If heirs, or wife, will bring us weal or woe.

But, that thou may'st (for still 'tis good to prove
 Thy humble hope) ask something from above;
 Thy pious offerings to the temples bear,
 And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer.

O THOU, who see'st the wants of human kind,
 Grant me all health of body, health of mind;

“As they do know each can most aptly use.

“Sith not that which men covet most is best,

“Nor that thing worst, which men doe most refuse.”

VER. 506. *But, that thou may'st (for still 'tis good to prove*

Thy humble hope) ask, &c.] “Though the deity is inclined,” says Owen, “by his own benignity to bless his creatures, yet he expects the outward expressions of devotion from the rational part of them.” This is certainly what Juvenal means to inculcate: hence his earnest recommendation of a due regard to the public and ceremonial part of religion.

It is lamentable to see Dryden turning a solemn admonition to pay those external marks of respect which all dependant beings owe to the Creator, into one of those trite and senseless sneers against the priesthood, which were the scandal of his own times, and are the disgrace of ours!

A soul prepar'd to meet the frowns of fate,
 And look undaunted on a future state;
 That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
 Existence nobly, with its weight of care;
 That anger and desire alike restrains,
 And counts Alcides' toils and cruel pains,
 Superior to the feasts, the wanton sport,
 And morbid softness of the Assyrian court.

THIS, thou to give thyself may'st well suffice:—
 The only path to peace through virtue lies.
 O Fortune, Fortune! all thy boasted powers
 Would shrink to nothing, were but prudence ours:

VER. 522. *O Fortune, Fortune! all thy boasted powers*

Would shrink to nothing, &c.] So Tasso,

“—— sovente avvien che'l saggio e'l forte

“Fabbro a se stesso è di beate sorte.”

Thus rendered by Fairfax, in his admirable translation, with an eye, perhaps,
 to our author:

“They make their fortunes, who are stout and wise,

“Wit rules the heavens, discretion guides the skies.”

And Beaumont:

“—— Go on, I say!

“Valiant and wise rule heaven, and all the great

“Aspects attend them.”

Bonduca.

Spenser passim:

“Since then in each man's self, said Callidore,

“It is to fashion his own life's estate, &c. &c.”

And Higgins more at large:

“'Tis said a wise man all mishaps withstands;

“For though by storms we borne to mischiefs are,

But man, fond man, exalts thee to the spheres,
And clothes thee in the attributes he fears!

“ Yet grace and prudence bayle our careful bands;
“ Each man, they say, his fate hath in his hands,
“ And what he marres, or makes to leese, or save,
“ Of good or ill, is ev’n self doe, self have.” *Mirr. of Magist.*

The exclamation in a preceding line, (520) has been thought to savour of the sufficiency of Stoicism, but without reason; since, it must, in fairness, be restricted to the independance of the wise and virtuous man on fortune. Wisdom, and virtue, indeed, Juvenal thought, with the rest of the heathen world, men could attain by their own exertions; but there were some at Rome, as Madan finely observes, at that time, who could have taught him, that, EVERY GOOD GIFT, AND EVERY PERFECT GIFT, IS FROM ABOVE; AND COMETH DOWN FROM THE FATHER OF LIGHTS.

I cannot conclude without noticing an observation of Mr. Gibbon on this Satire. After bestowing great, and indeed just praise on its design and execution, he adds: “ *A propos des dieux, je remarque cette indecision, &c.* I remark in Juvenal that want of decision with respect to the gods, which is so common amongst the ancients. This moment nothing can be more pious, more philosophical, than his resignation and his faith; the next, our own wisdom is sufficient for us, and prudence alone supplies the place of all the divinities.” And this was written by a sneerer at Revelation! I am not he “ that judgeth another man’s servant,” but methinks, if one rose from the dead, he could not evince the superiority of the pious and humble believer, over the bewildered yet confident infidel, by stronger arguments than are here adduced by this extraordinary man, WHO HAD EYES AND SAW NOT!

SATIRE XI.

Argument.

THIS Satire consists principally of an invitation to Persicus, the poet's friend, to spend the day with him; but it is made the vehicle of much valuable information, and much amusing description.

It begins with a severe invective against a person of the Equestrian Order, (here called Rutilus,) who had wasted his property in riot and profusion; and from whose reduced and miserable state, Juvenal takes occasion to draw many admirable maxims for the due regulation of life. These introduce, with sufficient propriety, the little picture of his own domestic economy; which is followed by a most pleasing view of the simplicity of ancient manners, artfully contrasted with the extravagance and luxury of the current times. He then enters at length into the particulars of his purposed entertainment, and concludes with a spirited description of the scandalous excesses practised at the tables of the great, and an earnest recommendation to his friend, to enjoy the present with content, and to await the future with calmness and moderation.

I should imagine this to be one of Juvenal's last works. It has all the characteristics of age: the laudator temporis acti, is ever foremost in the scene; and I please myself with thinking that time had "mellowed and improved" the social feelings of the author. Here is indeed much to be seen of those strong, dark, and elevated passions, which distinguish his earlier writings; but softer and more amiable sentiments have their turn; and the narrative old man appears as a warm friend, a generous landlord, and a most kind and affectionate master of a family.

I do not like his guest. He is a morose and suspicious character:

sufficiently unhappy, it seems, in his domestic concerns; but careful about many things, which Juvenal seems to think he had better dismiss from his thoughts.

This Satire has always been my favourite. A predilection which I probably received from the friend, and patron of my youth; who was so much pleased with it, that he undertook to translate it for this work. He had proceeded, however, but a very little way, when he returned it to me, with an observation that it was "above his strength." His death followed immediately after. Had he lived, I should probably have suppressed the lines; now, it seems to me a duty to insert them: I have, however, taken great pains to assimilate them to the rest.

SATIRE XI.

TO PERSICUS.

v. 1—10.

IF Atticus in sumptuous fare delight,
'Tis taste; if Rutilus, 'tis madness quite;
And what diverts the sneering rabble more
Than an Apicius, miserably poor?

In every company, go where you will,
Bath, forum, theatre, the talk is still
Of Rutilus: for, while he now might wield,
With firm and vigorous arm, the spear and shield,
While youthful blood runs high, (though not compell'd,
As by the tribune erst, yet not withheld,)

VER. 4. *Than an Apicius, &c.*] Apicius (see Sat. iv. v. 32,) was, says Staphylton, "so exquisite a glutton, that he wrote a book of cookery; and so rich, that he made all his experiments at his own cost." Nothing, in life, however, "became him, like the leaving of it;" for, after spending near eight hundred thousand pounds in luxurious living, he poisoned himself, while he had yet four-score thousand pounds left, for fear of wanting a meal!

VER. 9. ———— (*though not compell'd,*
As by the tribune erst, yet not withheld,)] Juvenal had already observed, in the eighth Satire, that young men of family and fortune entered the

He cultivates the gladiator's trade,
And learns th' imperious language of the blade.

What swarms we see of this degenerate kind!
Spendthrifts, whom, when their creditors would find,
To shambles and to fish-stalls they repair,
Sure, though deceiv'd at home, to meet them there,
Of these, the man whose ruin draws most near,
Whose fate to all but to himself is clear,
Lives best, as if in haste to be undone,
And in the jaws of bankruptcy feasts on.
Meanwhile, ere yet the last supply be spent,
They search for dainties every element,
Aw'd by no price; nay, making this their boast,
And still preferring those which cost them most.
Such prodigals will pawn, with thoughtless ease,
Their ancient plate, a desperate sum to raise,
Or melt their mother's statue, to prepare
Yet one treat more, though but in earthen ware.

lists, not, as formerly, by the compulsion of the reigning tyrant; but from a principle of depravity. Here he goes further, and insinuates that it is not sufficient for the magistrates not to compel men to disgrace themselves; they ought, as guardians of the public honour, to do more; to supply the deficiency of the laws, and prohibit so scandalous a prostitution.

What he calls the imperious language of the blade, is thought to be the terms used in the schools of the gladiators, such as *percutere*, *urere*, *cadere*, &c.

VER. 27. *Or melt their mother's statue, &c.*] *Matris imagine fractâ*; "fractured," Lubin says, that it might not be known by the pawn-broker. Calderinus thinks there is an allusion here to some well-known story, which is probable

Then to the fencer's mess they come, of course,
And mount the scaffold, as a last resource.

I hate not sumptuous boards; I only scan,
When such are spread, the motive, and the man;
Here the profusion damns the beggar's name,
There gives the noble, just and lasting fame,
Here seems the effect of gluttony, and there,
Of liberal taste, and hospitable care.

Whip me the fool who knows how Atlas soars
O'er every hill on Mauritania's shores,
Yet sees no difference 'twixt the chest's large hoards,
And the poor pittance a small purse affords!

Heaven sent us, "KNOW THYSELF," to be imprest,
In lasting characters, on every breast,
And still revolv'd; whether to wed we choose,
Or to the sacred senate point our views.
So when Pelides' armour lay the prize
Of highest worth, Thersites dar'd not rise;

enough. The "mess," mentioned in a subsequent line, was a particular kind of food, to which gladiators were restricted some time before they were brought out to engage. The commentators suppose it to be a mixture of cheese and flour; this seems also to be Holyday's opinion, who terms it "a special diet-bread to advantage the combatants at once in breath and strength." See Sat. II. v. 80.

VER. 41. *Heaven sent us, KNOW THYSELF, &c.*] This sacred maxim Γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν, has been attributed to several of the ancients; to Pythagoras, to Thales, and to Chilo. Be whose it may, however, it was deemed of such importance as to be inscribed, in gold letters, over the portico of the temple at Delphi. From hence, perhaps, came the notion, in after times, that it was

And wisely; when Ulysses trembling stood,
 Shrunk as he spoke, and doubted as he view'd.—
 Thou too who burn'st, in some important cause,
 To vindicate thy injur'd country's laws,
 Knock at thy breast; examine well and see,
 First what and who thou art: search if thou be,
 An orator of force, of skill profound,
 Or a mere Matho, emptiness and sound?
 Yes, know thyself: in great concerns and small,
 Let this be all thy care, for this is all:

immediately derived from heaven: no improbable conjecture, if we consider that it is the foundation of all knowledge; and little favourable to that over-weening self-love, which the wisest of the heathens cherished, amidst all their professions of humility.

The comic poets, to whom nothing was sacred, have, of course, made free with this; Menander pleasantly observes,

Καίτε πολλὰ ἄρ' εἰν καλῶς εἰρημένον
 Τὸ ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΑΥΤΟΝ, χρησιμώτερον γὰρ ἢ
 Τὸ ΓΝΩΘΙ ΤΟΥΣ ἈΛΛΟΥΣ.

Away with that fam'd sentence KNOW THYSELF,

'Tis not well put; KNOW OTHERS, to my thinking,

Is a more apt and profitable maxim.

VER. 54. *Or a mere Matho, emptiness and sound?*] For Matho, see Sat. i. v. 50, and vii. v. 205. Our author is not to be deterred, by the altered fortunes of the man, from sneering at him *en passant*. It is, probable, however, that Matho might not feel much hurt at a reflection on his unfitness for a profession which he had long since abandoned, to avoid starving; especially, after his success in his new occupation.

The character Juvenal gives of Matho is confirmed by Martial, who speaks of him (lib. iv. 80,) as so pertinacious a bawler, that one almost wonders how he failed.

Nor, when thy purse will scarce a gudgeon buy,
 Let thy intemperate taste for turbots sigh!
 O think what end awaits thee, timely think,
 If thy maw widen as thy pockets shrink,
 Thy maw, of all thy father's thrift could save,
 Flocks, herds, and fields, the insatiable grave!
 And now, when nought remains a meal to bring,
 (The last poor shift) off goes the knightly ring,
 And sad Sir Pollio savoury scraps demands,
 With bated voice, and undistinguish'd hands.
 No fate is premature, no death severe
 To such as these:—age, age, alone they fear.
 Thus they proceed: they borrow, and apace,
 Waste what they raise before the lender's face:
 Then, while they yet some wretched remnant hold,
 And the pale usurer trembles for his gold,
 Wisely they sicken for the country air,
 And flock to Baïæ, Ostia, heaven knows where.—

VER. 64. ———— *off goes the knightly ring,*] Martial is very witty on this “knightly ring.” A person, whom he chooses to attack under the name of Zoilus, had been raised from a state of servitude to knighthood, (no uncommon circumstance in those times,) and was determined to make the ring, the badge of his new honour, conspicuous enough:

“Zoile, quid totâ gemmam præcingere librâ

“Te juvat, et miserum perdere sardonicha?

“Annulus iste tuis fuerat modò cruribus aptus;

“Non eadem digitis pondera conveniunt.

Lib. xi. 38.

Might not something like this have been the case with another Zoilus (Crispinus?) If so, he might well be unable to bear “a ring of greater weight.” See p. 11.

For now 'tis held (so rife the evil's grown)
 No greater shame for debt to quit the town,
 Than from the hot Suburrâ to remove,
 In dog-days, to the Esquilian shades above.
 One pang alone, what time they leave behind
 Friends, country, every thing, distracts their mind,
 One pang alone, for twelve long months to lose,
 Oh insupportable! the public shews.
 Where sleeps the modest blood! in all our veins,
 No conscious drop, to form a blush, remains;
 Shame, from the town, scorn'd, baffled, hastes away,
 And few, alas! solicit her to stay.

Enough: to day my Persicus shall see,
 Whether my precepts with my life agree;
 Whether with counterfeit reserve I prize
 The spare repast, a glutton in disguise:
 Bawl for coarse pottage, that my friends may hear,
 But whisper "sweet-meats," in my servant's ear.

VER. 91. *Bawl for coarse pottage, &c.*] I can find no better term than this for *puls*. It was a mixture of coarse meal and water, seasoned with salt, and sometimes enriched with an egg. Our hasty-pudding comes pretty near it; but hasty-pudding, unfortunately, is rather of an anti-poetic cast. Pliny the Elder says, it was long the food of the ancient Romans, *pulte non pane vixisse longo tempore Romanos manifestum*; and their descendants, the poor of Italy, still consume vast quantities of it, under the name of *polenta*, or macaroni,* a

* Mr. Ireland says, that the Italians make a distinction between those two articles; that what they call *polenta*, is made of Turkish wheat, *grano Turco*; while an inferior sort, called *grano duro*, or hard grain, is employed in the making of macaroni.

For since, by promise, you are now my guest,
 Know, I invite you to no sumptuous feast,
 But to such simple fare as long, long since,
 The good Evander bade the Trojan prince.
 Come then, my friend, you will not, sure, despise
 The food that pleas'd the offspring of the skies.
 Come; and while fancy brings past times to view,
 I'll think myself the king, the hero you.

Take now your Bill of Fare: my frugal board
 Is with no purchas'd delicacies stor'd,
 But dishes all my own. From Tibur's stock,
 A kid shall come, the fattest of the flock,
 The tenderest too, and yet too young to browse
 The thistle's shoots, the willow's watry boughs,
 With more of milk than blood; and pullets drest
 With eggs yet warm and reeking from the nest;

little improved, indeed, by the addition of rasped cheese, and its never-failing attendant—oil!

VER. 103. ————— *From Tibur's stock*

A kid shall come, &c.] Martial has imitated this bill of fare in several places, but more particularly in lib. x. xlviii. His entertainment, however, is more varied, and his guests are more numerous. I am not certain that I should not have preferred sitting down with the epigrammatist: the seasoning of his treat is mightily pleasant:—

“Accedent sine felle joci, nec manè timenda

“Libertas, et nil quod tacuisse velis.

“De Prasino conviva meus, Venetoque loquatur;

“Nec facient quemquam pocula nostra reum.”

This is better than listening to Homer and Virgil; (v. 272,) which is no bad thing neither.

And sperage wild, which, from the mountain's side,
My housemaid left her spindle to provide;
And grapes long kept, yet pulpy still, and fair,
And the rich Signian, and the Syrian pear,
And apples, that in flavour and in smell,
The boasted Picene equal, or excel;
Nor need you fear, my friend, their liberal use,
For age has mellow'd and improv'd their juice.
How homely this! yet once this homely fare,
Our senate deem'd it luxury to share;
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace,
O'er a few sticks his little pot to place,
With roots, which now the squalid wretch disdains,
Who digs the live-long day in cumbrous chains,
And who remembers still, with fond regret,
The savoury relish of a season'd teat.

Time was, when on the rack a man would lay
The well-dried flitch against a solemn day,
And think his friends when met, with decent mirth,
To celebrate the hour which gave him birth,
On this, and what the sacrifice had spar'd,
(For then the gods were thought of,) well had far'd.

VER. 119. *When the good Curius, &c.*] This good old man is the constant theme of our author's praise. He was a pattern of frugality, when all were frugal; an incorruptible statesman, and a great and successful commander: but the particular allusion in this place, is to the well-known anecdote of his being found by the Samnite ambassadors, sitting by a small fire, and preparing a dish of turnips for his supper, with his own hands.

Some kinsman, who had three times consul been,
 And general and dictator, from the scene
 Of business now retir'd, would gaily haste,
 Before the wonted hour, to such repast,
 Shouldering the spade, that, with no common toil,
 Had tam'd the genius of the mountain soil.
 Yes, when the world was fill'd with Rome's just fame,
 And Romans trembled at the Fabian name,
 The Scauran, and Fabrician; when they saw
 Stern censors keep their stern colleagues in awe,
 No virtuous hero deem'd it his concern,
 Or worth a moment's serious pain, to learn
 What land, what sea, the fairest tortoise bred,
 Whose clouded shell might best adorn his bed:—
 His bed was small, and did no signs impart,
 Or of the painter's, or the graver's art,
 Save where the front, cheaply inlaid with brass,
 Show'd the rude features of a vine-crown'd ass;

VER. 147. *Save where the front, cheaply inlaid with brass,*

Show'd the rude features of a vine-crown'd ass;]

“ ————— parvis frons ærea lectis

“ Vite coronati caput ostendebat aselli

“ Ad quod, &c.

All the commentators that I have seen, suppose this ass's head to be hung out in the fields, and the beds, or rather couches, of those rustics, to be so placed as to afford them a sight of it as they sat at meat! what gratification they could possibly derive from such a spectacle, “these deponents do not say.”

There was, indeed, as Britannicus observes, from Columella, a very ancient

An uncouth brute, round which his children play'd,
And laugh'd, and jested, at the face it made.

notion among the country people, that the skeleton of an ass's head placed on the boundary of their lands, had a marvellous effect in averting blights, &c. and, as we further learn from Palladius, in fertilizing the particular spots to which it was directed: *item equæ calvaria, vel potiùs asinæ; credebantur enim sua præsentia fecundare quæ spectant*. On the authority of this passage, Scioppius wishes to read *coronatæ caput asellæ*; but the text is undoubtedly right, as it stands, and all the curious research of Britannicus and others on the subject, is little or nothing to the purpose. It is evident from the plain and obvious construction of the words, that this ass's head, either cast, or engraved in brass, was fixed upon the couches, not detached from them; and that it had nothing to do with any rural superstition whatever. But what then is the sense of the passage? This; for which we are indebted to the extensive reading of Ferrarius. He quotes Hyginus. *Antiqui autem nostri in lectis triclinariis in fulcris capita asellorum vite alligatâ* (would not one swear that Juvenal alluded to this very passage?) *habuerunt; significantes * * * * * suavitatem invenisse*. Fab. cclxxiv. A few words have dropt out through the carelessness of the copyists, but the sense is clear enough. The ass, by browsing on the vine, was supposed to have taught mankind the art of improving its virtues by pruning, &c. Indeed, this idea was common enough, for Pausanias, long after Hyginus, speaks of the same story, as current among the Nauplians, *i. e. ὡς (ὁ οὐκ) ἐπιφαγων ἀμπέλε κλημα, ἀφ' ὧν ἴτερον ἐς τὸ μέλλον ἀπεφηνε τὸν καρπὸν*. Lib. II. We all know the ass was a favourite of Silenus; (and, for a much better reason than Ovid gives, extremely disagreeable to Priapus,) his head, therefore, crowned with clusters of grapes, was cast in brass, and fixed upon the front of their couches, as a provocative to hilarity and good fellowship. As the old Romans had made no extraordinary progress in any of the fine arts, we may easily suppose that the workmanship of these ornaments excited no great envy in the breasts of the Myros, and Lysippuses of the day. It was this, which provoked the risibility of the unlucky (*lascivi*) boys of the family, and not a few dry bones perched on a post, which could have little to interest, and less to amuse them.

Briefly, his house, his furniture, his food,
Were uniformly plain, and simply good.

Then the rough soldier, yet untaught by Greece
To hang enraptur'd o'er a finish'd piece,
If haply, midst the congregated spoils,
Proofs of his power, and guerdons of his toils,
Some antique cup of master-hands were found,
Would dash the glittering bauble on the ground;
That in new forms the molten fragments drest,
Might blaze illustrious on his courser's chest,
Or, beaming from his awful helmet, show
The rise of Rome to the devoted foe;
The mighty Father, with his shield and spear,
Hovering, enamour'd, o'er the sleeping fair,

VER. 163. *The mighty father, &c.*] I have followed Mr. Addison's interpretation of this passage. "The Roman soldiers," he says, "used to bear on their helmets the first history of Romulus, who was begot by the God of War, and suckled by a wolf. The figure of the god was made as if descending on the priestess Ilia. The occasion required his body should be naked; the sculptor, however, to distinguish him from the rest of the gods, gave him what the medallists call, his proper attributes, a spear in one hand, and a shield in the other. As he was represented descending, his figure appeared suspended in the air over the vestal virgin." *Travels*, p. 184. This he illustrates by an engraving of a coin struck in the reign of Antoninus Pius. I am no medallist, and can therefore say nothing as to the genuineness of the coin: it certainly gives a very good explanation of the passage; indeed, it appears to be a mere copy of it. After all, I will not affirm it to be the true one, as it does not correspond with the more ancient ideas on the subject. Ovid says, Mars was unarmed when he saw the priestess, and so does Tibullus.

And the fierce wolf, at heav'n's command grown mild,
 And playful at her dugs each wondrous child.
 Thus, all the wealth those simple times could boast,
 Small wealth! their horses and their arms engrost;
 All else was homely, and their frugal fare,
 Cook'd without art, and serv'd in earthen ware;
 Yet justly worth thy envy, were thy breast
 But with one spark of noble spleen possest;
 Then, then the Majesty of Temples show'd
 More glorious, honour'd with a present god:—
 Then solemn sounds, heard from the sacred walls
 At midnight's solemn hour, told of the Gauls

VER. 175. *Then solemn sounds, &c.*] This alludes to a circumstance recorded by the writers of Roman history. M. Cæditius, as he was passing by one of the temples in the dead of night, heard a loud and alarming voice from the sanctuary, distinctly cry, "The Gauls are at hand!" commanding him at the same time, to repeat what he had heard to the Senate. Liv. lib. v. 32. Plutarch tells the same story, in the life of Camillus.

The elder Pliny has a curious passage on the subject of the following lines. *Hæ enim tum effigies deûm erant laudatissimæ; nec pænitet nos illorum, qui tales coluère. Aurum enim et argentum ne dîs quidem conficiebant: durant etiamnum plerisque in locis talia simulacra, **** sanctiora auro, certè innocentiora.* Lib. xxxiv. We have seen, (p. 84,) that the statue of Cybele was still more rude and artless than that mentioned in the text; and the true principle, I believe, of the adoration which was anciently paid to those unfinished masses of stone, as well as to the first shapeless blocks which were set up in the temples, was the profound reverence entertained for the gods; which did not suffer the artists to invest them too closely with a determinate form. In process of time, they grew bolder: and it is an observable thing in the history of sculpture, that the most admired statues of the deities were produced in the

Advancing from the main; while, prompt to save,
 Stood Jove, the prophet of the signs he gave.
 Yet, when he thus reveal'd the will of fate,
 And watch'd attentive o'er the Latian state,
 His shrine, his statue, rose of humble mold,
 Of artless form, and unprofan'd with gold.

Those good old times no foreign tables sought;
 From their own woods the walnut tree was brought,
 When withering limbs declar'd its pith unsound,
 Or winds uptore and stretch'd it on the ground.
 But now, such strange caprice has seiz'd the great,
 They find no pleasure in the costliest treat;
 From ven'son and from turbot turn their eyes,
 At flowers and unguents feel their gorge arise,
 Unless wide-yawning panthers, tow'ring high,—
 (Enormous pedestals of ivory,

age of scepticism, or infidelity. This applies no less to the Greeks than the Romans; with respect to the latter, while they were sincere believers in their mythology, they had not a god tolerably executed. Yet observe, says Seneca, how propitious they then were: *cogita, deos quum propitii essent, fictiles fuisse!*

VER. 191. *Unless wide yawning panthers tow'ring high,—*

The spacious orbs support.] “ Orbis, super quem carnes in mensâ minutim concidere solemus, ne corrumpatur mappa.” Steph. Thesau. It appears from this, that Stephens took orbs for plates, on which meat is cut! This explanation, strange as it is, is still more strangely supported:

“ Tu Lybicos Indis suspendis dentibus orbes :

“ Fulcitur testâ fagina mensa mihi. *Mart. lib. II. 43.*

How could this learned man overlook the sense of so plain a passage? You, says Martial to Candidus, place your Lybian orbs on ivory feet, whereas my beechen table is propped up by an empty barrel! The orbs of Candidus are

From teeth the Æthiopian realm supplies,
Or Indian; or from those of larger size,

precisely those of the text, citron wood brought from the Mediterranean coast of Africa, where this tree abounded: and indeed Varro calls it *Lybissa citrus*.

I have already spoken, (p. 26,) of the estimation in which such tables were held: but this fancy was not peculiar to the times of Juvenal. Cicero accuses Verres of stealing a most valuable one from a Sicilian. *Tu maximam et pulcherrimam citream mensam à Q. Lutatius Diodoro abstulisti*. In Verr. iv. 17. And Seneca was reproached, according to Xiphilinus, with having five hundred of them in his possession. The quantity is beyond question exaggerated; but it is certain, that the wealthy Romans had numbers of them at the same time: Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, as, at their entertainments, one of them was usually set before every guest. The glutton in the first Satire, (v. 226,) was not, perhaps, the only one who swallowed down a fortune at a single table, *unâ comedit patrimonia mensâ*.

Cowley, in his description of David's flight to Nob, mentions the feast made for him by the high priest; and, among other articles of luxury, introduces this. It affords a specimen of that perverted wit, which may be almost considered as the distinguishing characteristic of his poetry. Conceits, as Johnson observes, are all the Davideis supplies.

“ In midst a table of rich iv'ry stands,
“ By three fierce tigers, and three lions borne,
“ Which grin, and fearfully the place adorn:
“ Widely they gape, and to the eye they roar,
“ As if they hungered for the meat they bore.”

In a note he says, “ these kind of ivory tables borne up with the images of beasts, were much in esteem among the ancients. The Romans had them, as well as all other instruments of luxury, from the Asiatics. Thus Juvenal,” &c. The extravagance of the Romans, indeed, knew no bounds in this article; their tables, however, as I have just observed, were not (as Cowley thinks) of ivory, but of citron and other precious woods: it was the feet only that were formed of this substance.

Whether Dryden, or rather Congreve, had been dipping into the Davideis

Which, now too old, too heavy for the head,
 The beasts in Nabathean forests shed)
 The spacious orbs support : then they can feed,
 And their late orts are delicate indeed !
 For silver feet excite in them such scorn,
 As iron rings, upon the finger worn.
 For this, my friend, the haughty guest I shun,
 Who, measuring my expenses by his own,
 Remarks the difference with a scornful leer,
 And slights my humble house, and homely cheer.
 Look not to me for ivory ; I have none—
 My chess-board and my men are all of bone ;
 Nay, my knife-hafts ; yet, Persicus, for this
 My pullets neither cut nor taste amiss.

You'll find no carver here from yonder school,
 Profoundly tutor'd to dissect by rule ;

during the translation of this passage, I cannot tell ; but he has given it with a conundrum, not unworthy of Cowley in his happiest moments :

“ An iv'ry table is a certain whet ;
 “ You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
 “ As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
 “ By sympathy from those o'the elephant.”

VER. 209. *You'll find no carver here, &c.*] The skilful carving of meat was a matter of so much importance at Rome, that it was taught by professors of the science. The one honoured with our author's notice was named Trypherus ; Doctor Trypherus, he calls him, whose learned instructions were dispensed in the Suburra, or Strand of the city : “ for such masters did purposely choose,” says Holyday, “ the most public places, thereby to be the more taken notice of, and so to get custom.” The wooden delicacies on which the scholars practised

Strange school! where wooden birds, beasts, fishes, point
 The nice anatomy of every joint;
 And dull, blunt tools, severing the mimic treat,
 Clatter around, and deafen all the street.
 My simple lad, whose skill will just suffice
 To broil a steak in the plain country guise,
 Knows no such art; humbly content to serve,
 And bring, the dishes which he cannot carve.
 Another lad (for I have two to-day)
 Clad, like the first, in home-spun russet gray,
 Shall fill our earthen bowls: no Phrygian he,
 No pamper'd attribute of luxury,
 But a rude rustic:—when you want him, speak;
 But speak in Latin, for he knows no Greek.

are enumerated below: they were, doubtless, representations of the most rare and esteemed articles of food; and the scientific dissection of them was, therefore, a point of prodigious consequence:

“ Sumine cum magno lepus, atque aper, atque pygargus,

“ Et Scythicæ volucres, et phœnicopterus ingens,

“ Et Getulus oryx.

Which Holyday literally renders,

“ Large sow teats; the hare, boar, the white-breech too,

“ The Scythian pheasant, the huge-crimson wing,

“ And the Getulian goat.”

This conveys but little information to the English reader, and I have scarce any thing to add to it. The phœnicopterus is the flamingo; the pygargus, and oryx, are probably different species of the gazel, or antelope kind. Sparman takes the former to be the Spring-bok, (or bounding-goat) which is common, he says, at the Cape, where it is accounted excellent food. Pennant calls it the white antelope.

Both go alike, with short, straight hair undrest,
 And only spruc'd to-day, to grace our feast;
 And both were born on my estate, and one
 Is my rough shepherd's, one my neatherd's son.
 Poor youth! he mourns, with many an artless tear,
 His long, long absence from his mother dear;
 Sighs for his little cottage, and would fain
 Meet his old play-fellows, the goats, again.

VER. 229. *Poor youth! he mourns, &c.*] It is impossible to read these lines, without being impressed with the most favourable opinion of the writer. How could Gibbon say his character was devoid of sweetness and sensibility! Do not both appear in every word he utters of his rural pages? The young neatherd, (who seems to be his favourite,) is mentioned by him, not only with the warmth of a kind master, but with the tenderness of an affectionate parent. Can a man so susceptible of the generous affections, be said to want sensibility?—but the poor youths have been as ill-treated by the translators, as their master by the critics. Holyday makes the first a thief:

“ ————— though he's rude,
 “ To steal a morsel he's with skill endued.”

Dryden is still more injurious,

“ On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
 “ At once my carver, and my Ganymede.”

Certainly, the lad was no “carver;” and, if by Ganymede (a very improper word) he meant cup-bearer, he misconceives his author, who expressly gives that office to the second boy.

It would seem from v. 268, that Juvenal superintended their education. One of the boys could read Homer; the other (v. 224) knew no language but his own. These remarks, are of little importance; indeed of none, except to the writer, who, by long dwelling on a subject, becomes interested in a thousand trifles, which provoke, and perhaps justly, the impatience, or risibility of the general reader. We all know and feel this; yet habit is too powerful for judgment,—*tenet insanabile*.—

His look belies his birth; ingenuous grace
 Beams from his eye, and flushes in his face;
 Charming suffusion! that would well become,
 And well adorn the noblest blood of Rome.—
 This stripling, this, shall bring thee wine which grew
 On hills where first the breath of life he drew;
 On Tibur's hills, beneath whose well-known shade,
 The rural cup-bearer in childhood play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a wanton throng
 Of Gaditanian girls, with dance and song,

VER. 241. *But you, perhaps, expect, &c.*] The Romans were now arrived at such a pitch of licentiousness, that they had dancing girls to attend their feasts from all parts of the world. Those from Gaditania (the south of Spain) seem to have been most in request: their stile of dancing is described by Martial (lib. v. 79,) with a force and spirit which are not exceeded by any thing in the text:

“Nec de Gadibus improbis puellæ,
 “Vibrabunt sine fine prurientes
 “Lascivos docili tremore lumbos.”

The dance alluded to, is neither more nor less than the Fandango; which still forms the delight of all ranks in Spain; and which, though somewhat chastised in the neighbourhood of the capital, exhibits at this day, in the remote provinces, a perfect counterpart (actors and spectators) of the too free but faithful representation before us.

In a subsequent line, Juvenal mentions the *testarum crepitus*, the clicking of the castanets, which accompanies this dance: on this the critics have trifled egregiously. The *testæ*, in short, were small oblong pieces of polished wood or bone, which the dancers held between their fingers, and clashed in measure, with inconceivable agility, and address. Holyday, who was in Spain, says he heard nothing but the snapping of fingers: he was then unfortunate; I have heard them often. The Spaniards of the present day are very curious in the

To kindle loose desire; girls, that now bound
 Aloft, with active grace, now on the ground,
 With quivering limbs alight; while peals of praise go round. }
 Lo; wives, beside their husbands plac'd, behold
 What could not in their ears, for shame, be told;
 (Expedients of the rich, the blood to fire,
 And wake the dying embers of desire;)
 "Behold?" O, heavens! they view with keener gust
 These strong provocatives of jaded lust,
 Feel at each gesture, sound, their passions rise,
 And draw in pleasure both at ears and eyes!

Such vicious fancies are too great for me.
 Let him the wanton dance unblushing see,
 And hear th' immodest terms which, in the stews,
 The veriest strumpet scarce would deign to use,
 Whose drunken spawlings roll, tumultuous, o'er
 The proud expansion of a marble floor;
 For there the world a large allowance make,
 And spare the folly for the fortune's sake.
 Gaming, adultery, with a small estate,
 Are damning crimes; but venial with a great;

choice of their castanets; some have been showed me that cost five and twenty or thirty dollars a pair; these were made of the beautifully variegated woods of South America.

VER. 262. *Gaming, adultery, &c.*] Thus Beaumont:

"In lords a wildness is a noble trick,
 "And cherish'd in them, and all men must love it."

Maid in the Mill.

Nay more than venial; witty, gallant, brave,
And such wild tricks “as gentlemen should have.”

My feast, to-day, shall other sports afford:
Hush'd as we sit around the frugal board,
Great Homer shall his deep-ton'd thunder roll,
And mighty Maro elevate the soul;
Maro, who, warm'd with all the poet's fire,
Disputes the palm of victory with his sire.
Nor fear my rustic clerks; read as they will,
The bard, the bard will rise superior still!

And Monsieur Parolles. “So please your majesty, my master is an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath in him which gentlemen have!”

The late Lord Orford seems to have been somewhat of Parolle's way of thinking. Of the Duke of Wharton, he says, “he comforted all the dull by throwing away the brightest profusion of parts, on scrapes and debaucheries, which mix graces with a great character, but never compose one!” No, I'll be sworn——

“Sed vos Trojugenæ, vobis ignoscitis, et quæ

“Turpia cerdoni, Volusos Brutosque decebunt!”

VER. 267. ——— as we sit around the frugal board,

Great Homer, &c.] This practice was not uncommon among old republicans: it had, indeed, lost somewhat of its frequency in Juvenal's days; but there were not wanting, in any period, virtuous characters who preferred this rational and instructive method of passing their time at table, to all the blandishments of dancing-girls, and all the noisy buffoonery of pipers, tumblers, &c. The entertainments of Atticus were always seasoned with these mental recreations; and C. Nepos, his friend and guest, speaks of them with the warmest approbation. *Nemo in convivio ejus aliud acroama audivit, quam anagnosten: quod nos quidem jucundissimum arbitramur. Neque unquam sine aliquâ lectione apud eum cœnatum est, ut non minus animo quam ventre convivæ delectarentur.*

Come then, my friend; an hour to pleasure spare,
 And quit awhile thy business and thy care;
 The day is all thy own: come, and forget
 Bonds, interest, all; the credit and the debt;
 Nay, e'en thy wife; though, with the dawning light,
 She left thy couch, and late return'd at night;
 Though loose her hair, disorder'd her attire,
 Her eye yet glistening, and her cheek on fire.
 O come, and at my threshold leave behind,
 House, servants, every thing that wounds thy mind;
 And, what the generous spirit most offends,
 O, more than all leave there, ungrateful friends.
 And see! the napkin hung aloft, proclaims
 The opening of the Megalesian games;
 And the proud prætor, in triumphal state,
 Sits perch'd aloft, the arbiter of fate.

VER. 286. *And see! the towel, hung aloft, &c.*] The origin of the custom is thus related by Holyday, from Cassiodorus: "Nero, on a time, sitting alone at dinner, when the shews were eagerly expected, caused the towel, with which he had wiped his hands, to be cast out at the window, for a sign of his speedy coming; whereupon it was afterwards the usual sign for (the beginning of) those shows." This is, at best, but a very doubtful story; but the circumstance is of no great moment. The towel (*mappa*) was hung out at the house of the prætor.

The expression in the next line, *prædo caballorum*, I have left as I found it; not being satisfied with any of the explanations, or pretended emendations of it, which I have seen, nor able to propose any thing better myself. If it do not relate to some well-known anecdote of the times, I consider it as an irremediable corruption.

Ere this all Rome (if 'tis, for once, allow'd
 To say all Rome, of so immense a crowd)
 Is cramm'd within the Cirque—hark! shouts arise—
 From these I guess the Green has won the prize;

VER. 290. *Ere this all Rome, &c.*] The fondness, or rather passion of the Romans, for the amusements of the Circus, is forcibly depicted by Amm. Marcellinus. *Quod est studiorum omnium maximum, ab ortu lucis ad vesperam sole fatiscunt vel pluviis, per minutias aurigarum equorumque præcipua, vel delicta scrutantes. Et est admodum mirum videre plebem innumeram, mentibus ardore quodam infuso, cum dimicationum curalium eventu pendentem.* Lib. XIV. 6. Gibbon, who had considered this passage well, formed on it the very accurate and animated account which follows. “The impatient crowd rushed at the dawn of day to secure their places; and there were many who passed a sleepless and anxious night in the adjoining porticos. From the morning to the evening, careless of the sun, or of the rain, the spectators, who sometimes amounted to the number of 100,000, remained in eager attention, their eyes fixed on the charioteers, their minds agitated with hope and fear, for the success of the colour which they favoured: and the happiness of Rome appeared to hang on the event of a race.”

Though this be meant for a picture of a later period, it is precisely that of our author's time; as we learn from Seneca, Martial, Pliny, &c. The last-named has a letter, (lib. IX. 6,) which is worth consulting, as it illustrates the subject of the following note.

VER. 292. ————— hark! shouts arise—

From these, &c.] While Juvenal is still writing to his friend, he is suddenly interrupted by the boisterous joy of the Circus: from this he conjectures, with a bitter sarcasm on the base adulation of the people, that the Green, (the court party,) had won the race.

As the date of this Satire cannot be precisely ascertained, it is not easy to say into how many parties the charioteers were divided at this time. Originally there seem to have been four; the Prasina, or green, the Russata or red, the Albata or white, and the Veneta or blue; but others were afterwards added: all of whose parts, as Holyday says, “the Romans most factiously and

For had it lost, all joy had been suppress'd,
 And grief and horror seiz'd the astonish'd breast;
 As when dire Carthage forc'd our arms to yield,
 And pour'd our noblest blood on Cannæ's field.

Thither let youth, whom it befits, repair,
 And seat themselves beside some favourite fair,
 And clamour, and bet deep; while our shrunk skin,
 Scap'd from the gown, the vernal ray drinks in

foolishly did take, sometimes even to great dissention." Caligula, and, if I recollect right, Nero, (both admirable judges of true merit,) honoured the Green with their patronage; nay, the former, Suetonius says, was so madly attached to it, that he could not live out of the stables of the party. From a line in the seventh Satire, *parte aliâ solum Russati pone Lacertæ*, I should conjecture that Domitian favoured the Red:* the Green, we see, had now resumed its popularity, which was so great, that if it had been conquered, not (as Holyday strangely understands *si deficeret*,) if the "shews should cease," the whole city would have been confounded as at the news of the slaughter of Cannæ. "A strange expression of a strange vanity, that a like sorrow should affect a people for so unlike a cause."

VER. 306. *Scap'd from the gown, &c.*] The busy gown; so Holyday, and with his usual accuracy, renders *effugiatque togam*;† though it appears, from his notes, that he was not fully aware of the force of the passage. The *toga*, as I have already observed, (Satire III. v. 360,) was the dress of ceremony. Clients put it on, when they attended their patron's levee, when they followed

* This however, must have been in the early part of his reign; for it appears from Dio that he added two, (*τὸ μὲν χρυσεὺν, τὸ δὲ ἀργυρεὺν*, Suet. says *purpureus*, Dom. 7. which is right, for the *ἀργυρεὺν*, was in use before, *ονομασας, προσκατεσησε*, lib. lxxvii. 4,) the golden and the silver to the former four; and it is reasonable to conjecture that he favoured his own colours. They never, I believe, became popular.

† Madan has the strangest idea here that ever entered mortal head. By *toga*, he says, "Juvenal means the Romans now crowding to the Circus: let

At every pore: the time permits us now,
To bathe an hour ere noon, with fearless brow.—

him to the forum, when they went to receive the sportula; in a word, it was little better than the badge of their servitude; and as such, probably regarded with no great complacency. It is for this reason that Juvenal seizes the opportunity, while all ranks and orders of people are thronging to the Circus, of advising his friend to indulge with him, in the decent relaxations which a temporary freedom from all attendance on the great, so happily allowed them.

Martial, who had retired to Bilbilis, in Spain, soon after the accession of Trajan, (dispirited, perhaps, at the coldness with which he was received, on account of his flattery of Domitian and his minions;) addresses a little poem from thence to his friend; which sets the misery of this attendance in the strongest light:

“Dum tu forsitan inquietus erras

“Clamosâ, Juvenalis, in Suburrâ,

“Aut collem dominæ teris Dianæ:

“Dum per limina te potentiorum,

“Sudatrix toga ventilat, vagumque

“Major Cœlius, et minor fatigant.”

Lib. XII. xviii.

We feel for the poet, especially when we recollect his strong sense of independence, and are tempted to wish that he too had retired from this state of slavery: indeed, it is not easy to conjecture why he did not, as he had a small estate at Tibur, and probably some hereditary property at Aquinum. He doubtless sacrificed much to the mental pleasures, which were only to be found in perfection in the capital; and indeed a mind like his, inquisitive, vigorous, and profoundly reflective, does not appear altogether suited to retirement. I may mistake, but I sometimes think I discover striking traits of similarity between our author, and Dr. Samuel Johnson.

us therefore keep out of their way.” To avoid being thrown down perhaps, and trampled upon!

I observe that Congreve lays the poet and his friend, on “beds of roses.” The Megalesian games were held in the beginning of April; rather too early a season for roses, even in the genial climate of Italy.

Indulge for once, the novelty may please;
Yet thou would'st sicken, friend, of five such days:
For frequent repetitions quickly cloy;
And temperance only gives a zest to joy.

VER. 305. *Yet thou would'st sicken, friend, of five such days:*] How beautifully is this thought illustrated by Shakspeare! The words too, are selected with a felicity, of which poetry furnishes but few examples:

“ All violent delights have violent ends,
“ And in their triumphs die; the sweetest honey,
“ Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
“ And in the taste, confounds the appetite.”

SATIRE XII.

Argument.

THIS is the shortest of Juvenal's pieces, which have come down to us; and certainly is not one of the most important, though it is by no means wanting in good passages, some of much moral force, and many of an affectionate and pathetic tendency.

Its subject is soon told: Catullus, for whom he had conceived a friendship of the liveliest kind, had narrowly escaped shipwreck; and the poet, whose joy knows no bounds on the occasion, (no great proof of his being deficient in the "social affections,") addresses an exulting letter to their common friend, Corvinus; in which, after acquainting him that he was then about to sacrifice the victims he had vowed for the safety of Catullus, he describes his danger and escape. He then gives a most beautiful picture of the private part of the solemnity, and of the various marks of gratulation which his house exhibits.

So far we see nothing but the pious and grateful friend. The satirist now takes his turn: he recollects that sacrifices are vowed by others, for the preservation of their acquaintance; this leads him to speak with manly confidence of his own disinterestedness, which he considers as almost singular; and which he opposes, with equal spirit and success, to the base and designing promises of the hereditæ, or legacy-hunters, by whom the sick-beds of the rich and childless were constantly surrounded.

SATIRE XII.

TO CORVINUS.

v. 1—16.

Not with such joy, Corvinus, I survey
The hour that gave me birth, as this blest day;
This day, on which the festive turf demands
The promis'd victims at my willing hands.

A snow-white lamb to Juno I decree,
Another to Minerva; and to thee,
Tarpeian Jove! a steer, which from afar,
Shakes his long rope, and meditates the war.
'Tis a fierce animal, that proudly scorns
The dug, since first he tried his budding horns
Against an oak; high mettled, and, in fine,
Fit for the altar, and the sprinkled wine.

O, were my power but equal to my love,
A nobler sacrifice my joy should prove!
A bull high-fed, and boasting in his veins
The pasture of Clitumnus' distant plains,

VER. 16. of *Clitumnus*, &c.] The waters of Clitumnus (a river on the confines of Tuscany) were supposed to possess the faculty of making the cattle

Fatter than fat Hispulla, and as slow
With bulk, should fall beneath no common blow;
Fall for my friend, who now, from danger free,
Revolves the recent perils of the sea;
Shrinks at the roaring waves, the howling winds,
And scarce believes the safety which he finds.

For not the gods' inevitable fire,
The surging billows that to heaven aspire,
Alone perdition threat; black clouds arise,
And blot out all the splendour of the skies;
Loud and more loud the thunder's voice is heard,
And sulphurous fires flash dreadful on the yard.—
Then shrunk the crew, and, fix'd in wild amaze,
Saw the rent sails burst into sudden blaze;
While shipwreck, late so dreadful, now appear'd
A refuge from the flames, more hoped than fear'd.
Horror on horror! earth, and sea, and skies
Convuls'd, as when poetic tempests rise.

But lo, another danger! list again,
And pity, though 'tis of the self-same strain;

which drank of them, white: and, as this was the colour most pleasing to Jupiter, his altars were usually supplied with victims from its banks. It does not appear that Juvenal believed this idle tale, which is also laughed at by Addison, who has collected, from what Sterne calls his "satchel of school-books," a variety of passages on the subject. One, however, which would have given him infinitely more information than all the rest, escaped his notice: it is that exquisite description in Pliny's letter to his friend Romanus, (lib. viii. epist. viii.) a perfect model, as it seems to me, of simplicity, elegance, and taste.

And known too well ; as Isis' temples show,
 By many a pictur'd scene of votive woe ;
 Isis, by whom the painters now are fed,
 Since their own gods no longer yield them bread !

VER. 39. *Isis', &c.*] The hatred our author bears this exotic divinity, breaks out in contemptuous sneers at his countrymen, for their mad confidence in her. And, indeed, it does seem a little singular, that a goddess, whose genuine worshippers at home held the sea, and every thing connected with it, in abhorrence, should be fixed upon at Rome for the tutelar deity of that element; and have her temples crowded with votive tablets. Anciently they were hung up to Neptune; and in this there was some propriety:—but it was not only on his prerogatives she trenched, but on those of Apollo, Esculapius, &c.

“ Nunc, Dea, nunc succurre mihi; nam posse mederi

“ Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis.” *Catul.* 1. 3.

The unbounded attachment of the women to her, seems to have finally seduced the men; and this strange divinity, (whose temples were little better than marts of debauchery,) was suffered to usurp by rapid degrees, the attributes of almost every other god.

The “ tablets,” which men in danger of shipwreck vowed to Isis, and which they procured to be painted, and hung up in her temple, contained a representation of their perils and escape. Had this been the worst, there would have been little reason to regret the universality of her worship; for the temples of the Roman gods contained tablets of a much less innoxious nature. Propertius, even while he confesses that they were abandoned to spiders, appears to derive some satisfaction from reflecting, that the webs of those insects covered the impure paintings which disgraced their walls. He pathetically describes the prevalence, as well as the dreadful effects, of this profanation:

“ Quæ manus obscænas depinxit prima tabellas,

“ Et posuit castâ turpia visa domo;

“ Illa puellarum ingenuos corruptit ocellos,

“ Nequitiaque suæ noluit esse rudes.—

This now befell Catullus : for a sea,
 Upsurging, pour'd tremendous o'er the lee,
 And fill'd the hold ; while, toss'd by wave and wind,
 To right and left, by turns, the ship inclin'd :
 Then, while my friend observ'd, with drooping heart,
 The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art,
 He wisely hasten'd to compound the strife,
 And gave his treasure to preserve his life.
 The beaver thus to scape his hunter tries,
 And leaves behind the medicated prize,
 Happy to purchase with his dearest blood,
 A timely refuge in the well-known flood.

“ Away with all that's mine,” he cries, “ away !” —
 And plunges in the deep, without delay,
 Purples which soft Mæcenases might wear,
 Crimson deep-tinctur'd in the Bætic air,

“ Sed non immerito velavit arænea fanum

“ Et mala desertos occupat herba deos !”

The vagabond and profligate priests of Isis were not the least zealous in following this practice ; and we may be certain, that the walls of her sanctuary exhibited other designs than shattered ships, and limbs and bodies variously affected.

VER. 49. *The beaver thus, &c.*] This, as every one knows, is an idle fancy ; it makes, however, a very good illustration in our author's hands : and I observe it is used precisely in the same manner, in a letter which Sapor is said to have sent to Constantius. *Hocque bestias facitare : quæ cum advertant cur maxime capiantur, illud propriâ sponte amittunt, ut vivere deinde possint impavidæ*. Amm. Marcel. lib. xvii. 5.

Where herbs and springs of secret virtues, stain
 The flocks at feed, with Nature's richest grain.
 Nor these alone: baskets from Britain brought,
 Rich silver chargers by Parthenius wrought,

VER. 57. *Where herbs and springs, &c.*] There is not, perhaps, much more foundation for this fact, than for that mentioned in the last note; the belief of it, however, was very general: and this is sufficient for the poet.

Martial frequently speaks of this singular property of the air and water of Bætica, (Andalusia,) in staining the fleeces of the sheep kept there, with a bright yellow or golden hue: and Virgil, long before him, had mentioned this faculty of communicating colours to the "flocks at feed," as one of the blessings of that golden period, which was to commence with the arrival of young Pollio at man's estate.

"Ipse sed in pratis aries jam suave rubenti, &c."

The truth of this was not ascertained, because the youth, whoever he was, died too soon; but as nature is invariable, methinks the wool of Andalusia should be as rich in native grain as ever—perhaps it is so. Seriously, however, the Spanish shepherds do not trust to this; they stain the fleeces of their sheep at present, with a kind of ochre: probably they always did, and this, after all, may be the secret.

VER. 59. ——— *baskets from Britain brought,*] These baskets (almost the only manufacture of our simple ancestors) seem to have excited the admiration, indeed, I might say the envy, of the Romans, by the neatness of the workmanship. It is curious to observe how greatly the most savage nations excel in this kind of rush-work. Vaillant speaks highly of some baskets which he found among the people of Caffraria; and our navigators have brought from the new-discovered isles, specimens of art in this branch, which our expertest basket-makers would strive in vain to equal. It is some little compliment to our forefathers, that their conquerors adopted the name with the article. *Bascauda* is Juvenal's term:—making allowance for the Roman orthography, here is a word which has continued perhaps unchanged in sound, for more than two thousand years.

A huge two-handed goblet, which might strain
A Pholus, or a Fuscus' wife, to drain;

VER. 62. *A Pholus, or a Fuscus' wife, &c.*] Pholus was an honest, free-hearted Centaur; a little given to drink, it must be confessed, but not more so than his company; since it appears that his guest drained the goblet, as well as himself:

Σκυφίον δὲ λαβὼν δέπας ἐμμετρον ὡς τριλαγυῖον

Πιεῖν ἐπισχομένῳ, τὸ ῥά, οἱ παρέθηκε Φολῷ κεράσας.

Adod, as Mungo says, 'twas a tumper!

"Fuscus' wife," indeed, might have tossed off such a vessel; for the Roman writers take frequent notice of the immoderate love of the women for wine; see p. 317. Not to multiply instances, I shall content myself with a passage from Plautus. It is very humorous, and so ardent withall, that I doubt whether the most brain-sick lover ever poured out such genuine strains of rapture to his goddess, as the bibulous old lady before us, lavishes on her darling liquor:

"Flos veteris vini meis naribus objectus est.

"Ejus amor cupidam me huc prolicit per tenebras:

"Ubi, ubi est? prope me est. Evax! habeo. Salve anime mi,

"Liberi lepos; ut veteris vetusti cupida sum!

"Nam omnium unguentum odor præ tuo, nautea est.

"Tu mihi stacte, tu cinnamomum, tu rosa,

"Tu crocinum et casia es, tu bdellium: nam ubi

"Tu profusus, ibi ego me pervelim sepultam! *Curcul, A. 1. S. ii.*

Thornton's version of this passage does it so little justice, that I have ventured to translate it anew:

Huh! huh! the flower, the sweet flower of old wine,

Salutes my nostrils; and my passion for it,

Hurries me, darkling, hither: where, O where,

Is the dear object? sure 'tis near.—Ye gods!

Ye gracious gods! I have't. Soul of my soul!

Life of my Bacchus! how I doat upon

Thy ripe old age! the fragrance of all spices,

Follow'd by numerous dishes, heaps of plate,
 Plain, and enchas'd, which serv'd, of ancient date,
 The wily chapman of the Olynthian state.

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But shew me yet another, who has sense
 And spirit to redeem, at this expense,
 His menac'd days. You cannot: none conceive,
 Wealth now to life subservient; but believe
 E'en life the slave, the abject slave, design'd
 Of wealth;—so gross is avarice, and so blind!

Now had the deep devour'd their dearest store,
 Nor seems their safety nearer than before:—

Is puddle, filth, to thine. Thou, thou, to me,
 Art roses, saffron, spikenard, cinnamon,
 Frankincense, oil of myrrh! where thou art found,
 There would I live and die, and there be buried!

VER. 65. *The wily chapman, &c.*] This was Philip of Macedon, who is said, by Demosthenes, to have persuaded the governor of Olynthus, (a strong town at the foot of Mount Athos,) to deliver it up to him for a bribe. It is not necessary to understand Juvenal literally, it is sufficient that the plate thrown over-board by Catullus was extremely valuable: and yet, if we consider how very earnest the Romans were to get into their possession every thing rich, or rare, that Greece afforded; it will not appear very improbable that Catullus should really have in his possession dishes, &c. which once belonged to the Macedonian king.

VER. 66. *But shew me yet another, &c.*] This is a very strange passage, to say no worse of it. Bentley observes, in his notes on Horace, that the two last lines, *non propter vitam, &c.* are the insertion of some meddling copyist. The poetry indeed is wretched enough, but the sense of them is full as good as that of the two preceding ones, to which he does not object. I wish I had the least authority for omitting the whole; but I see the old scholiast had it in his copy.

The last resource alone was unexplor'd—
 To cut the mast and rigging by the board;
 Haply the vessel so might steadier ride
 O'er the vex'd surface of the raging tide.
 Dire threats th' impending blow, when, thus distress,
 We sacrifice a part to save the rest.
 Go now, fond man, the faithless ocean brave,
 Commit thy fortunes to the wind and wave;
 Trust to a plank, and draw precarious breath,
 At most seven inches from the jaws of death!
 Go; but forget not, with thy wine and cake,
 The needful axe against a storm to take.

But now the winds were hush'd; the wearied main
 Was sunk to rest, a calm unruffled plain;
 For fate, superior to the tempest's power,
 Averted from my friend the mortal hour:
 A whiter thread the chearful Sisters spun,
 And lo! with favouring hands their spindles run.

VER. 83. *At most, seven inches, &c.*] Ritterhusius strenuously maintains that Juvenal took this from the Scythian Anacharsis! The thought, however, does not seem to surpass the acknowledged extent of our author's own powers; and, such as it is, probably occurred to the first poor savage who crossed a brook on a log.

There is a passage in one of Seneca's letters, that pleases me much better than this modicum of wisdom, which, to say the truth, the poets had worn thread-bare long before our author picked it up. *Erras, si navigatione tantum existimas minimum esse, quo à morte vita diducitur; in omni loco æque tenue intervallum est.*

Mild as the breeze of eve, a rising gale
 Rippled the wave, and fill'd their only sail;
 Others the crew supplied of garments join'd,
 And spread to catch each vagrant breath of wind;
 By aids like these, slow o'er the deep impell'd,
 The shatter'd bark her course for Ostia held;
 While the glad sun uprose, supremely bright,
 And hope return'd with the returning light.

At length the mount where, from Lavinum mov'd,
 Iulus built the city which he lov'd,
 Burst on the view; (auspicious heights! whose name,
 From a white sow and thirty sucklings came.)

VER. 103. *From a white sow, &c.*] See p. 183. The lines which follow, contain a description of the Mole and port of Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber. Addison, who visited the ruins,* says they gave him no idea of the original plan: it was, however, a very magnificent one. This gentleman has an engraving from a medal struck by Nero, which, according to him, represents the port as it formerly stood, and “agrees wonderfully with the description before us.” Ital. Trav. 174. I see no such agreement. The Pharos of Juvenal is, in the print, a colossal statue: this Mr. Addison, whose reading, I fancy, was not very extensive, thinks to be correct. If he had looked into Dio, who is sufficiently explicit on the subject; or indeed into Suetonius, who agrees with him in almost every particular, he would have found his error. *Portum Ostiæ extruxit, circumducto dextrâ sinistrâque brachio, et ad introitum profundo jam*

* My curiosity led me also to Ostia, and I walked between the piers, now covered with grass. The land has gained much on the west as well as the east coast of Italy; the bottom of the old harbour, on which you now walk, is therefore much raised: yet the arms are still so high above it, as to intercept the view of the adjoining country. The extremities of the old arms towards the sea must have fallen in; for, in their present state, they are but short, and a sandy coast stretches out far beyond them.

And now, the port they gain; the tower, whose ray
 Guides the poor wand'rer o'er the watery way,
 And the huge mole, whose arms a sea embrace,
 And stretching, an immeasurable space,
 Far into Ocean's bosom, leave the coast,
 Till, in the distance, Italy is lost!
 Less wonderful the bays which Nature forms,
 And less secure against assailing storms.
 Here rides the wave-worn bark, devoid of fear;
 For Baian skiffs might ply with safety here.
 The joyful crew, with shaven crowns, relate
 Their timely rescue from the jaws of fate;

solo mole objecta; quam quo stabilius fundaret, navem ante demersit, quâ magnus obeliscus ex Ægypto fuerat advectus, congestisque pilis superposuit altissimam turrin in exemplum Alexandrini Phari, ut ad nocturnos ignes cursum navigia dirigerent. Claud. 20.

Dio gives a very rational account of the motives which induced Claudius to execute this stupendous work; which seems to have been highly necessary for insuring the regular supply of Rome.

VER. 114. *The joyful crew, with shaven crowns, &c.*] It was anciently supposed that the gods would accept life for life; in other words, that the voluntary devotement of one person, would preserve another from the fate which hung over him: for it should be observed, that absolute forgiveness was never deemed an attribute of the heathen divinities.

As the world grew older it grew more foolish: the gods, it was now imagined, might be shuffled off with somewhat less than full payment; and this persuasion gave rise to a thousand absurdities, such as the maiming and wounding still practised in barbarous countries, the sacrifice of some personal beauty, the vowing of hecatombs, and I know not what. The hair was a "personal beauty:" it was cherished with uncommon care and affection, and therefore not thought unworthy to be tendered in a calamity like this, as a kind of vicarial

On every ill a pomp of words bestow,
And dwell delighted on the tale of woe.

Go then, my boys; but let no boding strain
The sacred silence of your rites profane—
With meal the knives, with wreaths the temples grace,
And round the living turf your fillets place:
That done, I'll speed, myself, your toil to share,
And finish what remains, with pious care.

Then, hastening home, where chaplets of sweet flow'rs
Bedeck my Lares, dear domestic powers!
I'll offer incense there, and at the shrine
Of highest Jove, my father's god, and mine;
There will I scatter every sweet that blows,
And every tint the various violet knows.

All savours here of joy: luxuriant bay
O'ershades my portal, and the taper's ray
Anticipates the feast, and chides the tardy day.

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Nor think, Corvinus, interest fires my breast:
Catullus, for whose sake my house is drest,
Has three sweet boys, who all such hopes destroy,
And nobler views excite my boundless joy.

offering for life. This I believe to be the true history of these vows; for as to what the critics, and Holyday amongst the number, say that they alluded to the manner of manumitting the slave, by shaving his head, to shew he "had escaped the tempest of servitude." I hold it little better than trifling.

VER. 131. ——— *the taper's ray, &c.*] "It seems extraordinary," says my learned friend Mr. Drummond, "that Persius should sneer at the Jews

Yet who besides, on such a barren friend,
 Would waste a pining chicken? Who would spend
 So vast a treasure where no hopes prevail,
 Or for a father sacrifice a quail?
 But should the symptoms of a slight disease,
 The childless Paccius, or Gallita seize,
 Legions of flatterers to the fanes repair,
 And hang, in rows, their votive tablets there.

for lighting lamps at their festivals, as a similar practice was common to the Romans. 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:

“ ——— longos crexit janua lauros

“ Et matutinis operitur festa lucernis.”

It appears from Tertullian, that the Christians* soon adopted this practice: *sed luceant, inquit (Christus) opera vestra. At nunc lucent tabernæ et januæ nostræ: plures jam invenies Ethnicorum fores sine lucernis quam Christianorum.* Sat. of Per. 170.

I had written a great deal on this custom, before I perceived that my note was swelling to an essay; *ibi omnis*, &c. Briefly, I am convinced that this solemn lighting of lamps was the primal indication of idolatry; the first profane ceremony which took place when men fell from worshipping the Father of Light, to the adoration of the noblest material object, the sun; of which those artificial fires were the most obvious symbol. The institution itself, that of the Festival of Lamps, shows the universality of this specious worship; as it would not be easy to point out a region, in which it has not, at

* But who were those Christians? Men converted from Paganism. They did not, as the note seems to suppose, “adopt this practice;” but, after they became followers of the Gospel, continued the ancient customs of their Heathenism. The great struggle of the fathers was to induce the converts to abandon those ceremonies, which for some ages were carried on in conjunction with the new profession of Christianity.

Nay, some with vows of hecatombs will come—
For yet no elephants are sold at Rome ;
The breed, to Latium and to us unknown,
Is only found beneath the burning zone :
Thence to our shores, by swarthy Moors convey'd,
They roam at large through the Rutulian shade,
Kept for the imperial pleasure, envied fate !
And sacred from the subject, and the state :
Though their progenitors, in days of yore,
Did worthy service, and to battle bore
Whole cohorts ; taught the general's voice to know,
And rush, themselves an army, on the foe.
But what avails their worth ! could gold obtain
So rare a creature, worth might plead in vain.
Novius, without delay, their blood would shed,
To raise his Paccius from affliction's bed ;
An offering sacred to the great design,
And worthy of the votaries, and the shrine !
Pacuvius, did our laws the crime allow,
The fairest of his numerous slaves would vow ;
The blooming boy, the love-inspiring maid,
With garlands crown, and to the temple lead ;

one period or other, prevailed. It extends even now (though the origin and object of it have been forgotten for ages,) over more than half the habitable globe.

The transition of this illumination, from a mark of veneration to a simple type of joy and festivity, is neither singular, nor difficult to explain ; but I must have done with the subject.

Nay, seize his Iphigene, prepar'd to wed,
And drag her to the altar from the bed,
Though hopeless, like the Grecian prince, to find,
In happy hour, the substituted hind.

And who shall say my countryman does ill?
A thousand ships are trifling to a Will!
For Paccius, should the fates his health restore,
May cancel every *item* fram'd before,
(Won by his friend's vast merits, and beset,
On all sides, by the inextricable net,)
And in one line convey plate, jewels, gold,
Lands, every thing to him, "to have and hold."
With victory crown'd Pacuvius struts along,
And smiles contemptuous on the baffled throng,
Then counts his gains, and deems himself o'er paid,
For the cheap murder of one wretched maid.

Health to the man! and may he thus get more
Than Nero plunder'd; heap his shining ore

VER. 167. *Nay seize his Iphigene, &c.*] Of this trite fact, the English reader, to save the trouble of turning to his school-books, may take the following account from Holyday. "The Grecians having killed a hind consecrated to Diana, were by the offended goddess a long time detained at the haven of Aulis with a contrary wind. Whereupon consulting the Oracle, and being told that, to pacify the goddess, they must sacrifice Agamemnon's daughter, Iphigenia; her parents, by the deceit or eloquence of Ulysses, were persuaded to consent that she should be sacrificed. But when the time came, Diana conveyed her away unto the Tauric Chersonese; placing in her stead a hind for a ready sacrifice."

High, mountain high: in years a Nestor prove,
And, loving none, ne'er know another's love!

VER. 184. *Than Nero plunder'd; &c.*] The rapacity of this tyrant (see p. 324,) was proverbial. The sums he extorted from the provinces under various pretences exceed all belief, and almost all arithmetic. He gave no office, says Suetonius, without the addition of this special charge: *scis quid mihi opus sit; et hoc agamus, ne quis quicquam habeat*. You know what I want; let us manage in such a manner, that nobody else may have any thing.

SATIRE XIII.

Argument.

CALVINUS (at setting out on a journey, we may suppose) had left a sum of money in the hands of a confidential person: no uncommon thing in those days, when there were no public banks. This person, when he came to redemand it, forswore the deposit. The indignation and fury expressed by Calvinus at this breach of trust, seem to have reached the ears of his friend Juvenal, who endeavours to soothe and comfort him under his loss.

Such is the simple foundation on which the beautiful structure before us is raised! It is needless to analyse it, for the different topics of consolation and advice follow one another so naturally, that it would only be to recapitulate in less forcible language what is already rendered, too clear for doubt, and too intelligible for illustration.

Juvenal is here almost a Christian. I say almost: for though his ignorance of "that light which was come into the world," did not enable him to number among the dreadful consequences of impenitent guilt, the certain punishment of the life to come; yet on every other topic that can alarm or terrify the sinner, he is energetic and awful beyond example. Perhaps the horrors of a troubled conscience were never depicted with such impressive solemnity as in this Satire.

Bishop Burnet recommended the Tenth Satire to his Clergy, in his Pastoral Letters; the present would have been more to his purpose. It is not, indeed, so poetic, so fervid, so majestic as that; but, on the other hand, it enters more into the common business of life. All cannot be statesmen and kings; but all may be injured by treachery, and all have need to be reminded, that guilt sometimes finds its punishment on this side the grave!

SATIRE XIII.

TO CALVINUS.

v. 1—6.

MAN, wretched man, whene'er he stoops to sin,
Feels, with the act, a strong remorse within;
'Tis the first vengeance: Conscience tries the cause,
And vindicates the violated laws;
Though the brib'd Prætor at their judgment spurn,
And falsify the verdict of the Urn.

VER. 5. *Though the brib'd Prætor, &c.*] This can only be understood by a reference to the judicial forms of the Romans. In criminal causes, the Prætor Urbanus, who sat as chief judge, put into an urn the names of his assessors, (a kind of jurymen, who, to the amount of some hundreds, were annually chosen for this purpose,) from which he drew out the number prescribed by law, usually about fifty, who sat by him at the trial. When the pleadings were over, they retired, and deliberated on what had passed. On their return, they had each three waxen tablets put into their hands, one of which was marked with the letter C. for *condemno*, guilty; another with the letter A. for *absolvo*, not guilty; and the third with the letters N. L. for *non liquet*, I am doubtful. One of these tablets each person dropt privately into the urn, which was then brought to the Prætor, who took them out, and pronounced sentence according to the decision of the majority.

In this last transaction, a perverse or corrupt judge had an opportunity of juggling, which the history of those times proves he did not always let slip. It is to this Juvenal alludes.

What says the world, not always, friend, unjust,
 Of this late injury, this breach of trust?
 That thy estate so small a loss can bear,
 And that the evil, now no longer rare,
 Is one of that inevitable set,
 Which man is born to suffer and forget.
 Then moderate thy grief; 'tis mean to show
 An anguish, disproportion'd to the blow.

But thou, so new to crosses, as to feel
 The slightest portion of the slightest ill,
 Tremblest with rage, because a friend forswears
 The sacred pledge entrusted to his cares.—
 What, thou, Calvinus, bear so weak a mind,
 Thou, who hast left full three-score years behind?

VER. 7. *What says the world, &c.*] *Quid sentire putas, &c.* I understand this passage differently from all the translators: they suppose it alludes to the general indignation of the people at the fraud practised on Calvinus; thus Creech,

“————— public hate

“Pursues the cheat, and proves the villains fate;”

misled, perhaps, by the *sed*, which immediately follows; but *sed* is not always a disjunctive; in this place, for example, I take it to be rather an intensive conjunctive, if the expression may be allowed; they not only say what is usually said on such occasions, *but* they add, that thy estate, &c.

Juvenal surely could not mean to produce one of his strongest arguments in the outset: he proceeds on a different plan, and, before he enters on the guilt of the offender, endeavours to moderate the passionate transports of his friend. For the rest; he seems almost to have translated Menander in the latter part of this paragraph:

Συ δ' ἄθ' ὑπερβαλλοντα, Τροφίμ', ἀπωλεσας
 Ἀγαθὰ· τὰ νυνὶ δὲ ἐσι μετρία σοι κακὰ.

Heavens ! have they taught thee nothing, nothing, friend ;
And art thou grown gray-headed to no end ?

Wisdom, I know, contains a powerful charm,
To vanquish fortune, or, at least, disarm :
Yet happy they who, wise without the rules,
Without the studied maxims of the schools,
Have learn'd, by old experience, to submit,
And lightly bear the yoke they cannot quit.

What day so sacred, which no guilt profanes,
No fraud, no rapine, nor no murder stains ?
What hour, in which no dark assassins prowl,
Nor point the sword for hire, nor drug the bowl ?
And why ? THE GOOD ARE FEW ! “ the valued file,”
In number, scarce exceeds the mouths of Nile.
For now an age is come, that teems with crimes,
Beyond all precedent of former times ;
An age so bad, that Nature cannot frame
A metal base enough to give it name.
Yet thou, indignant at a paltry cheat,
Call'st heaven and earth to witness the deceit,
With cries as deaf'ning as the shout that breaks
From the brib'd audience, when Fæsidius speaks.

VER. 33. THE GOOD ARE FEW ! &c.] Lucian expatiates with much pleasantry on this scarcity of virtuous characters. He calls a good man χρημα δυσσευρετον, and, as he sarcastically adds, προ πολλῇ εκλελοιπεν εκ τε βιῆς ὅπερ εἰς ὁ Λυγκευς αν εξευροι ραδιως, αμαυρον ετω καὶ μικρον ον.

VER. 41. ————— the shouts that breaks

From the brib'd audience when Fæsidius speaks.] I know nothing of this orator, this Fæsidius, who is attacked with a stroke of oblique satire, for purchasing such vehement applause by bribes. The practice, however, was

Gray-headed infant ! art thou to be told
 What loves, what graces, deck another's gold?
 Art thou to learn, to what loud bursts of mirth,
 Thy primitive simplicity gives birth;
 When thou stepp'st forth, and with a serious air,
 Forwarn'st the crowd from perjury to forbear;
 Requir'st them to believe in things divine,
 And that a god inhabits every shrine?

Idle old man ! there was, indeed, a time,
 When the rude natives of this happy clime
 Cherish'd such dreams : 'twas ere the king of heaven,
 To change his sceptre for a scythe was driven;
 Ere Juno yet the sweets of love had tried,
 Or Jove advanc'd beyond the caves of Ide :

neither new nor singular, though it was undoubtedly carried to an unusual height in our author's time. I have already estimated the dole (p. 21,) at about twenty-pence of our money; and this appears to be the customary fee for a morning's shouting: for Pliny writes, that two of his servants were seduced away from him, to shout for that sum:—but the whole passage is so apposite to the line before us, and presents so curious a picture of the practice alluded to, that I shall give it entire. *Nunc refractis pudoris et reverentiæ claustris, omnia patent omnibus. Nec inducuntur sed irrumpunt. Sequuntur auditores actoribus similis, conducti et redempti mancipēs: convenitur in media basilica, ubi tam palam sportulæ quam in triclinio dantur. Heri duo nomenclatores mei (habent sane ætatem eorum qui nuper togas sumpserunt) ternis denariis ad laudandum trahebantur; tanti constat, ut sis disertissimus!* Lib. II. Ep. xiv.

VER. 54. *To change his sceptre, &c.*] Orig. his diadem, *i. e.* says Causaubon, *fascia candida*, a white fillet. I think it is Diod. Siculus, who tells us that Bacchus invented the diadem for the cure of the head-ach: I hope he found it answer. Very few of those who have tried it since his time, I believe, have experienced much relief from it.

'Twas when no gods indulg'd in sumptuous feasts,
 No Ganimede, no Hebe, serv'd the guests;
 No Vulcan, with his sooty labours foul,
 Limp'd round, officious, with the nectar'd bowl;
 But each in private din'd: 'twas when the throng
 Of godlings (now beyond the scope of song)
 Burden'd the courts of heaven with swarms less great,
 And press'd poor Atlas with a lighter weight.
 Ere Neptune's lot the watry world obtain'd,
 Ere Dis and his Sicilian consort reign'd;
 Ere Tityus and his ravening bird were known,
 Ixion's wheel, or Sisyphus's stone:
 While yet the shades confess'd no tyrant's power,
 And all below was one Elysian bower!

Vice was a phoenix in that blissful time,
 Believ'd, but never seen: and 'twas a crime,

VER. 61. ————— *'twas when the throng*

Of godlings, &c.] The commentators observe, that Juvenal sneers in this place, at the monstrous polytheism of the Romans. Of this there can be no doubt; and, indeed, he seldom misses an opportunity of so doing: here however, he had a farther and more important end in view; for his Satire is directly levelled at the frequent apotheoses of the Cæsars, in which the base and abject herd of Rome contentedly acquiesced.

The deifying of such characters, and of a multitude of imaginary beings little less odious and contemptible, is alleged by implication, as the prime cause of the increased depravity of the times. To have spoken plainer would have been unsafe; to have left the subject untouched, unlike our author: I believe, indeed, he did not escape with impunity even for this; for it was written when Atlas was more "pressed" than ever.

Worthy of death, (such awe did years engage,)
 If manhood rose not up to reverend age,
 And youth to manhood; though a larger hoard
 Of hips and acorns grac'd the stripling's board,

VER. 74. *If manhood rose not up to reverend age, &c.*] All profane and sacred history supports Juvenal in his assertion respecting the reverence anciently paid to old age. It was synonymous with power: it continued so, while men led a pastoral life; nor did they know any other judge or leader than the aged, till a thirst for rapine spread amongst them, and wisdom and justice were compelled to give way to activity, strength, and brutal ferocity.

Solomon, by a beautiful figure, calls a virtuous old age “a crown of dignity:” and even so early as the days of Moses, we find this attention to age the subject of a positive command. “Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of an old man.” Levit. xix. v. 32.

I am much pleased with the following fragment of Tyrtaeus:

Γηρασκων δ' αἰσίοισι μεταπρεπεί, ἔδε τις αὖλον

Βλαπτείν, ἔδ' αἰδῶς ἔδε δίκης ἐθέλει·

Πάντες δ' ἐν θωκοῖσιν ὁμῶς νεοὶ ἢ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ

Εἰκῆσ' ἐκ χώρης, οἵ τε παλαιότεροι.

Nor less with this of Phocylides:

Αἰδεῖσθαι πολιοκροτάφους, εἰκὲν δὲ γερῶσιν

Ἐδρῆς καὶ γεράων πάντων· γενεῇ δ' ἀταλάντου

Πρεσβῶν ὁμηλίκᾳ πατρὶ ἰσαῖς τιμαῖσι γεραιρε.

And even among our author's countrymen, long after the golden period of which he speaks, age was no less venerated, than venerable. Thus Ovid:

“Tum senior juvenum, non indignantibus ipsis,

“Ibat, et interior si comes unus erat.

“Verba quis auderet coram sene digna rubore

“Dicere? censuram longa senecta dabat.” *Fast. lib. v.*

Among our poets, I know not where to find a more beautiful passage on the subject than this, which is evidently taken from the text:

“*Colax*. It is an impious age. There was a time,

“And pity 'tis so good a time had wings

“To fly away, when reverence was paid

Then, then, was age so venerable thought,
 That every day increase of honour brought;
 And children, in the springing down, rever'd
 The sacred promise of a hoary beard.
 Now, if a friend, miraculously just,
 Restore the entrusted coin, with all its rust,
 'Tis deem'd a portent, worthy to appear
 Amongst the wonders of the calendar;
 A prodigy of faith, which threatens the state,
 And a ewe-lamb alone can expiate!—

“ To the gray head: 'twas held a sacrilege

“ Not expiable, to deny respect

“ To one of years and gravity.” *Muses Looking Glass.*

I cannot conclude this note, long as it already is, without the following apposite passage from Ben Jonson:

“ *Knowell.* When I was young, he lived not in the stews,

“ Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it

“ On a grey head: age was authority

“ Against a giber, and a man had then,

“ A certain reverence paid unto his years,

“ That had none due unto his life: so much

“ The sanctity of some prevail'd for others.

“ But now they all are fallen; youth from their fear,

“ And age from that which bred it, good example.”

That strain I heard was of a higher mood: this is, indeed, what Dryden calls “invading the ancients like a monarch:” it is not a theft, but a victory.

VER. 84. *Amongst the wonders of the calendar;*] *Thuscis digna libellis.* These books, in which, amongst other things, all the marvellous events of the years were treasured up, seem to have been something like our almanacks. They are called Tuscan, either because they were still compiled by people from that country, or because the old Romans, a race equally ignorant and credulous, first learnt from them the juggling arts of soothsaying and divination.

If such a man I see, of ancient worth,
 I straight compare him to a monstrous birth,
 To pregnant mules, to fish, now found in air,
 And now upturn'd beneath the wond'ring share:
 Anxious and trembling for the woe to come,
 As if a shower of stones had fall'n on Rome;
 As if a swarm of bees, together clung,
 Down from the Capitol, thick-clustering, hung;

VER. 90. ———— *the wond'ring share:*] “Henninius,” says Doctor Jortin, “has given in the text *mirandis*,” Lubin says we must read *mirantis*, not *miranti*, Gataker conjectures, (God knows why,) *liranti*. These honest men were all disposed to feed upon acorns; while other copies had *miranti*, which was very well explained by Britannicus, *sub arato miranti, ut rei inanimæ dederit sensum*. *Miranti arato* is just such another expression as *iratro sistro, esuriens ramus olivæ*, &c.

VER. 93. *As if a swarm of bees, &c.*] This is said by Tacitus to have really happened in the reign of Claudius. (Ann. lib. xii. 64.) But the Roman history is full of such prodigies. The soothsayers always considered it as portentous of calamity; and it is pleasant to see with what grave arguments the elder Pliny refutes their errors. *Apes ostenta faciunt*, (he believed they were ominous) *privata et publica: uvâ dependente in domibus templisque, sæpè expiata magnis eventibus*. *Sedére in ore infantis Platonis, tunc etiam suavitatem illam prædulcis eloquii portendentes*. *Sedére in castris Drusi Imp. cum prosperimè pugnatum apud Arbalonem est; haudquaquam Haruspicum conjectura, qui dirum id ostentum existimant*. Lib. xi. 17.

If we wish to know why the swarming of bees should be so alarming, Marcellinus will inform us. *In domo Barbationis examen apes fecére perspicuum: superque hoc ei prodigiorum gnaros consulenti, discrimen magnum portendi responsum est, conjectura scil. tali, quod hæ volucres post compositas sedes, opesque congestas, fumo pelluntur et turbulento sonitu cymbalorum!* Lib. xviii, 3.

Nothing can be clearer! it may, however, be worth while to add, for the sake of the credulous, that Barbatio and his family fell sacrifices to the accident, which their simplicity alone erected into a prodigy.

Or Tiber, swoll'n to madness, burst away,
And roll'd a milky deluge to the sea.

And dost thou at a trivial loss repine!
What if another, by a friend like thine,
Has lost ten times as much? another yet,
Twice, three times that, perhaps his whole estate—
For 'tis so common, in this age of frauds,
And costs so little to condemn the gods,
That, can we but elude man's searching eyes,
We laugh to scorn the witness of the skies.
Mark, with how bold a voice, how fix'd a brow,
The villain dares his treachery disavow!
“By the all-hallow'd flame that lights the skies,
“By Jove's own bolts, I HAD IT NOT,” he cries,
“By the wing'd shaft that laid the Centaur low,
“By Dian's arrows, by Apollo's bow,
“By the dread lance that Mars delights to rear,
“By Neptune's trident, by Minerva's spear,
“By all, the Armories of heaven, contain—
“Nay, IF I HAD—proceeds the impious strain,
“I'll sacrifice my only son, though dear,
“And eat him sous'd in Pharian vinegar.”

VER. 97. *And dost thou at a trivial loss repine!*] The sum of which Calvinus had been defrauded, and about which he makes such a clamour, was only ten thousand sesterces; about eighty pounds sterling! Let us hope (for his credit) that the crime of violated friendship afflicted him more deeply than the loss of his money.

There are, who think that chance is all in all,
 That no first cause directs th' eternal ball:
 But that brute Nature, in her blind career,
 Varies the seasons, and brings round the year:
 These rush to every shrine with equal ease,
 And, owning none, swear by what Power you please.

Others believe, and but believe, a god,
 And think that punishment may follow fraud;
 Yet these forswear; and, reasoning on the deed,
 Thus reconcile their actions to their creed:
 " Let Isis storm, if to revenge inclin'd,
 " And with her angry sistrum strike me blind,

VER. 117. *There are who think, &c.*] The old scholiast has a very just observation on this passage. *Dicit quam ob causam homines perjurent, cum dicant quod non diis agimur, sed fortunæ casibus. Quid ergo dii nocebunt læsi, si fortuna disponente vita hominum regitur?*

It would be well, methinks, if the dreamers on virtuous communities of atheists, would seriously meditate on such passages as these. I should pay the most moral unbeliever of the present day, no small compliment, I fancy, if I allowed him to rank with Juvenal in virtue: yet Juvenal could see that this was insufficient to controul the vicious propensities of mankind; which can only be held in order by the solemn conviction that THERE IS AN EYE which marks their ways; an overseer who, in the sublime language of Callimachus, is seated,

Ακρης εν πολιεσσιν, εποψις οί τε δικησι

Λαον ὑπο σχολης, οί τ' εμπαιδιον ιδυνουσιν.

VER. 127. *Let Isis storm, if to revenge inclin'd,*
And with her angry sistrum strike me blind,] There is a propriety in this punishment, which has escaped the notice of the commentators. Blindness is a disease more frequent in Egypt than elsewhere: its infliction,

- “ So, with my eyes, she ravish not my ore,
 “ But let me keep the pledge which I forswore.
 “ Are putrid sores, phthisic that no one kills,
 “ And crippled limbs, forsooth, such mighty ills !
 “ Ladas, for a rich pair of gouty shanks,
 “ If not stark mad, would give his legs, with thanks;
 “ For what do these procure him ? mere renown,
 “ And the starv’d honour of an olive crown.

therefore, is rightly assigned to an Egyptian deity. Travellers still speak with astonishment of the numerous hospitals for the blind, to be found in every part of that country. The evil is probably occasioned in great measure, by the nitrous quality of their air, and by those dreadful typhons or whirlwinds, which sweep before them an impalpable sand, so hot that it pierces the lachrymal gland like a flake of flying fire. And, indeed, when no wind prevails, if the eye be extended over the smooth and arid plains which lie at a certain distance from the Nile, while the sun is at any great elevation, it is constantly affected by a tremulous motion in the air, just as if it were looking at the fiercest flame.

The maladies that follow, the phthisis and the vomicae putres, are also unusually prevalent in Egypt.

VER. 133. *Ladas for a rich pair, &c.*] This Ladas was a celebrated runner of antiquity. Solinus thus speaks of him: *primam palmam velocitatis Ladas quidam adeptus est, qui ita supra cavum pulverem cursitavit, ut arenis pendentibus nulla indicia relinqueret vestigiorum.* But this is not the only wonderful story told of him. Juvenal, however, seems to have had in view a Greek epigram on a statue of this man by the celebrated Myro:

- “ Such as when flying with the whirlwinds haste,
 “ In your foot’s point your eager soul you plac’d,
 “ Such, Ladas, here by Myro’s skill you breathe,
 “ Ardent through all your frame, for Pisa’s wreath.”

We now see where our author found his *esuriens Pisææ ramus olivæ*.

“ But grant the wrath of heaven be great; ’tis slow,
 “ And days, and months, and years, precede the blow
 “ If then, to punish ALL, the gods decree,
 “ When, in their vengeance, will they come to me?
 “ But I, perhaps, their anger may appease,
 “ For they are wont to pardon faults like these:
 “ At worst, there’s hope; for every age and clime
 “ See different fates attend the self-same crime;
 “ Some made by villainy, and some undone,
 “ And this ascend a scaffold, that a throne.”

These sophistries, to fix awhile suffice
 Their minds, yet shuddering at the thoughts of vice:
 And thus confirm’d, at the first word they come,
 Nay, run before thee, to the sacred dome;
 Chide thy slow pace, drag thee, amaz’d, along,
 And play the raving Phasma to the throng.
 (For impudence the vulgar suffrage draws,
 And seems th’ assurance of a righteous cause.)
 While thou, poor wretch! suspected by the crowd,
 Like Stentor, or like Mars, exclaim’st aloud:

VER. 152. *And play the raving Phasma, &c.*] The allusion is supposed to be to a character in the farce of that name, of which some account has been already given (p. 287.) It may be, for all is conjectural here, that the slave, (Laureolus), like the perjured villains in the text, endeavoured to free himself from the charge of fraud, by the most clamorous and vehement protestations of innocence;—whence the expression, *clamosum phasma*.

VER. 156. *Like Stentor or like Mars, exclaim’st aloud:*] In this pleasant hyperbole, Juvenal indulges himself with a good-humoured smile at Homer,

“ Jove! Jove! will nought thy indignation rouse?

“ Can’st thou, in silence, hear these faithless vows;

“ When all thy fury, on the slaves accurst,

“ From lips of marble, or of brass, should burst!

“ If not, why burn we incense at thy shrine,

“ Why heap thy altars with the fat of swine,

“ When we might ask redress, for aught I see,

“ As wisely of Bathyllus, as of thee!”

Rash man! but take what med’cine I, e’en I,

Can to a malady like this apply;

I, who no knowledge of the schools possess,

Cynic, or Stoic, (differing but in dress,)

Who read not Epicurus, nor admire

The tranquil precepts of the frugal sire:

A desperate case needs able hands, but thine

May yield, thank heaven! to Philip’s boy’s, or mine.

who represents Stentor (or rather Juno under his appearance) shouting as loud as fifty, and Mars as nine or ten thousand, men in the heat of battle, *ἐπὶ δὲ ζυναιχονίῃς Ἀπην*.

VER. 168. *Cynic, or Stoic, (differing but in dress,)]* Salmasius (in *Jul. Capitol*) says that the Cynics wore no tunic under their cloak, which the Stoics did. This, then, our author sarcastically remarks, was the only material distinction between the two sects: for as to the difference of opinion, he seems to think it unworthy of notice! The truth of the matter is, that although he every where treats the founders of the different schools with a certain portion of respect, yet he had too much good sense not to see, that the frivolous and idle contests of their followers, (a vagabond, disputatious, and profligate horde, that swarmed at Rome about that time,) merited nothing but contempt. For Epicurus, see Sat. xiv.

If no example of such guilt be found,
 Then rend thy hoary hair, thy bosom wound,
 And shut thy gates, and bid thy house disclose,
 In clamorous agony, the woe of woes;
 Thy cause is just;—sincerer grief attends
 The loss of money, than the loss of friends:
 There none dissemble, none, with scenic skill,
 Affect a sorrow which they do not feel;
 Content in squalid garments to appear,
 And vex their lids for one hard-gotten tear:
 No, genuine drops fall copious from their eyes,
 And their breasts labour with unbidden sighs.
 But when thou see'st each court of justice throng'd,
 With crowds, like thee, by bare-fac'd treachery wrong'd,
 See'st men invalidate their bonds, and plead
 Against the obligations, ten times read,
 Though their own hand and seal, in every eye
 Flash broad conviction, and evince the lie;
 Shalt thou alone from fortune's power be free,
 And think the lot of all revers'd for thee?
 And why?—from a white hen 'twas thine to spring,
 While we were foster'd by an unblest wing!

VER. 193. ———— *from a white hen, &c.*] "*Alba gallinæ filius*, Staphylton says, sonne of a white hen, was a Roman proverb amounting to as much as ours of, wrapt in's mother's smock." This is certainly the explanation. I have looked into the commentators for the origin of so singular an expression, without being able to find any thing satisfactory. Erasmus, who is sometimes successful enough in his conjectures, has little to the purpose here, except the

Pause from thy grief awhile, and view the crimes
 That stain the records of these dreadful times :
 His fault will then seem venial, and, compar'd
 With what's around thee, scarcely worth regard.
 What's he, poor knave ! to those who rob for hire,
 Who kindle, and then aid, the midnight fire ?
 Say, what to those who, from the hoary shrine,
 Tear the huge vessels age hath stamp'd divine,
 Offerings of price, by grateful nations given,
 And crowns inscrib'd, by pious kings, to heaven ?
 Or, impious in detail, not finding these,
 Who scrape the gilded thighs of Hercules,
 Strip Neptune of his silver beard, and peel
 The plate of Leda's sons, from head to heel ?
 (What will they not, who, with irreverence dire,
 Steal, and melt down the thunderer entire !)
 Or what to those who, with pernicious craft,
 Mingle and set to sale the deadly draught ;
 Or those, who in a raw ox hide are bound,
 And, with an ill-starr'd ape, poor sufferer ! drown'd ?

very obvious remark, that *white* was a lucky colour. Columella observes that white hens are not fruitful. Upon which Curio remarks that it is wonderful how the proverb (chick of a white hen,) should have come to signify fortunate and happy. It is so : unless we suppose, for want of a better solution, that it was the rarity, and not the felicity of the object, which the old adage had in view.

VER. 214. *And with an ill-starr'd ape, &c.* Parricides were sewed up in a hide, together with an ape, a dog, a cock, and a viper, and flung into the nearest river. Livy says, the first who underwent this punishment was

“ Monstrous ! ”—yet monstrous as the list appears,
 ’Tis nought to what the Præfect daily hears,
 From breaking dawn to sun-set. Wouldst thou know
 The genuine state of morals ? That will show,
 That single court. Stay but a little there,
 And then complain, then murmur, if thou dare !

Say, whom do goitres on the Alps surprise ?
 In Meroe, whom the breast’s enormous size ?
 Whom locks, in Germany, of golden hue,
 And spiral curls, and eyes of sapphire blue ?

P. Malleolus, convicted of murdering his mother. It is not easy to account for the singular choice of animals: the viper, indeed, as being anciently supposed to eat its way into the world through the intrails of its dam, was not unaptly selected: but what had the rest done ! Cicero gives several reasons for drowning the parricide, which are all unsatisfactory, and therefore not worth repeating. Juvenal seems to pity the poor ape ; and there is reason in that.

One of the translators fancies that the animals were fixed on “ from a persuasion that, by deliberately preying on the flesh of the criminal, they prolonged his punishment.” This is a most luminous idea. We all know how deliberately drowning animals feed on flesh, especially if, as in the present case, most of them happen not to be carnivorous.

VER. 221. *Say whom do goitres, &c.*] These goitres are prettily pointed out by Shakspeare, to whose knowledge they had not long been familiar :

————— “ When we were boys,
 “ Who would believe that there were mountaineers
 “ Dew-lapp’d like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
 “ Wallets of flesh ! people, which now we find,
 “ Each putter out of one for five, will bring us
 “ Good warrant of.” *Tempest.*

VER. 224. ———— *and eyes of sapphire blue ?*] The people of the south seem to have regarded, as a phenomenon, those blue eyes, which with us are so common, and, indeed, so characteristic of beauty, as to form an

None: for the prodigy, amongst them shar'd,
 Becomes mere nature, and escapes regard.
 When clouds of Thracian birds obscure the sky,
 To arms! to arms! the desperate Pigmies cry:
 But soon, defeated in th' unequal fray,
 Disorder'd flee; while, pouncing on their prey,
 The victor cranes descend, and clamouring bear
 The wriggling mannikins aloft in air.

indispensable requisite of every Daphne of Grub-street. Tacitus, however, from whom Juvenal perhaps borrowed the expression, adds an epithet to *cærulean*, which makes me doubt the common interpretation. The Germans, he says, (De Mor. Ger. 4,) have *truces et cærulei oculi*, fierce lively blue eyes. With us, this colour is always indicative of a soft, voluptuous languor. What then, if we have hitherto mistaken the sense, and instead of blue, should have said sea-green! This is not an uncommon colour, especially in the north. I have seen many Norwegian seamen with eyes of this hue, which were invariably quick, keen, and glancing.

Shakspeare, whom nothing escaped, has put an admirable description of them into the mouth of Juliet's nurse:

“ O he's a lovely man! an eagle, madam,

“ Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,

“ As Paris hath.”

Steevens, who had some glimpse of the meaning of this word, refers to an apposite passage in the Two Noble Kinsmen. It is in Emilia's address to Diana:

“ ————— Oh vouchsafe

“ With that thy rare green eye, which never yet

“ Beheld things maculate, &c.

Our old writers, we see, understood the expression; of which their modern editors are lamentably ignorant. Stewart would change *green* here into *sheen*; as Hanmer actually does, in the quotation from Shakspeare, into *keen*; while Malone absurdly attempts to explain it by a burlesque passage in the Midsummer Night's Dream!

Here, did our climes to such a scene give birth,
 We all should burst with agonies of mirth;
 There, unsurpris'd, they view the frequent fight,
 Nor smile at armies scarce a foot in height.

“ Shall then no ill the perjur'd head attend,
 “ No punishment o’ertake this faithless friend?”
 Suppose him seiz’d, abandon’d to thy will,
 (What more would rage?) to torture, or to kill;

VER. 233. *Here, did our climes to such a scene give birth, &c.*] The facetious Domitian, whom we have seen, in the first Satire, amusing himself with bringing women and dwarfs into the lists, seems, if I rightly understand Statius, to have treated himself with a spectacle of this kind:

“ Hic audax subit ordo pumilonum;
 “ Edunt vulnera, conseruntque dextras,
 “ Et mortem sibi (qua manu!) minantur:
 “ Ridet Mars pater, et cruenta Virtus!”

While these little creatures were fighting, a number of cranes appear to have been let loose about them: they did not, indeed, venture to attack them, for, as the poet, who was a spectator of the circumstance, adds, they were alarmed at the increased ferocity of these European pygmies:

“ Casuræque vagis grues rapinis
 “ Mirantur pumilos ferociores!”

What Juvenal might have thought of such a scene I know not, but Statius appears to have been highly diverted with it. Such were the contemptible amusements of this gloomy tyrant in his retirement!

I must not forget a weighty objection of the grave Lubin, to the veracity of our author in this little narrative. Juvenal says that the cranes soar away with the pygmies in their crooked talons, *curvis unguibus*: how can this be, asks Lubin, when cranes have no crooked talons? *Quomodo hoc a grue fieri possit, quæ quidem curvos ungues non habet?* In truth, I cannot tell. I have, however, done what I could for my author, and kept the obnoxious word out of sight.

Yet still thy loss, thy injury, would remain,
And draw no retribution from his pain.

“ True; but methinks the smallest drop of blood,

“ Squeez’d from his mangled limbs, would do me good :

“ Revenge, THEY SAY, and I believe their words,

“ A pleasure sweeter far than life affords.”

WHO SAY? the fools, whose passions, prone to ire,

At slightest causes, or at none, take fire ;

Whose boiling breasts, at every turn, o’erflow

With rancorous gall : Chrysippus said not so,

Nor Thales, to our frailties clement still,

Nor that old man by sweet Hymettus’ hill,

Who drank the poison with unruffled soul,

And dying, from his foes withheld the bowl.

Divine philosophy ! by whose pure light

We first distinguish, then pursue the right,

Thy power the breast from every error frees,

And weeds out all its vices by degrees :—

Illumin’d by thy beam, revenge, we find,

The abject pleasure of an abject mind ;

And hence so often seen in poor, weak, woman-kind.

But tell me ; why must those be thought to scape,

Whom guilt, array’d in every dreadful shape,

VER. 252. *Nor that old man by sweet Hymettus’ hill,*] This is a charming designation of Socrates by the place of his residence. Hymettus’ hill was not far from Athens : Juvenal calls it the sweet Hymettus, because it was much celebrated for the richness of its honey.

Still urges, and whom conscience, ne'er asleep,
 Wounds with incessant strokes, not loud but deep,
 While the vex'd mind, her own tormentor, plies
 A scorpion scourge, unmark'd by human eyes!
 Trust me, no punishment the poets feign,
 Can match the fierce, th' unutterable pain,
 He feels, who night and day, devoid of rest,
 Carries his own accuser in his breast,
 A Spartan once the oracle besought,
 To solve a scruple which perplex'd his thought,
 And plainly tell him, if he might forswear
 A purse of gold, intrusted to his care.

VER. 266. *While the vex'd mind, &c.*] I have already observed that I love to meet with our old writers in the traces of Juvenal. He was evidently a favourite with them; and I consider the predilection as no slight indication of their taste and spirit. The following is a pretty close rendering of the text:

“ ————— There's no punishment

“ Like that to bear the witness in one's breast

“ Of perpetrated evils, when the mind

“ Beats it with silent stripes.”

Microcosmus.

VER. 272. *A Spartan once, &c.*] This is taken from Herodotus. To save the reader the trouble of turning to him, I shall briefly give the story. A Milesian had intrusted a sum of money to one Glaucus, a Spartan. After a time, the sons of the Milesian came to redemand it. Glaucus affirmed that he had no recollection of the circumstance, and sent them away. As soon as they were gone, he hastened to Delphi, to inquire, as Juvenal says, whether he might safely forswear himself? The priestess answered, as in the text, but somewhat more at large; and the terrified Spartan sent for the young Milesians, and restored the money.

This story is appositely told to the Athenians by Leutichydes, a Spartan

Shuddering, the Pythia answer'd—"Waverer, no:
 "Nor shalt thou, for the doubt, unpunish'd go."
 With that, he hasten'd to restore the trust;
 But fear alone, not virtue, made him just:
 Hence he soon prov'd the oracle divine,
 And all the answer worthy of the shrine;
 For plagues pursu'd his race without delay,
 And swept them from the earth, like dust, away.
 By such dire sufferings did the wretch atone
 The crime of meditated fraud alone!
 For, in the eye of heaven, a wicked deed
 Devis'd, is done; how, then, if he proceed
 To perfect his device, how will th' offender speed?

prince, who concludes thus: "at the present day no decendant of Glaucus, nor any traces of his family, are to be found; they are utterly extirpated from Sparta." Beloe's Herod. The original is very strong. Γλαυκος νυν οτε τι απογονον εστι οδεν, εστιν οδεμνη νομιζομενη ειναι Γλαυκος εκτετριπται τε προρριζοται εκ Σπαρτης. Erato. 86.

VER. 286. *For, in the eye of heaven, a wicked deed*

Devis'd, is done.] I did not call the reader's attention from the last paragraph but one; though I trust it did not escape him, that neither Thales, nor Chrysippus, no, nor his great master Zeno, ever taught, or even conceived doctrines of such pure, such sublime morality, as are there delivered: doctrines, in short, which the light of nature alone was incapable of discovering; and which the author undoubtedly derived from that "true light" which now began to glimmer through the Roman world, and by which many sincere lovers of truth and virtue already began to direct their ways, while they were yet unconscious of the medium through which they received the illumination. With respect to the passage before us, it is not heathenism. It is not to be found in the precepts of their gravest teachers: and elevated as the morality of our author confessedly is, it is difficult to imagine it could soar so far above

O, then perpetual fears his peace destroy,
 And rob the social hour of all its joy:
 At table seated, with parch'd mouth he chaws
 The loitering food, which heaves beneath his jaws;
 Spits out the produce of the Albanian hill,
 Mellow'd by age; you bring him mellow still,
 And lo! such wrinkles on his brow appear,
 As if you brought Falernian vinegar.

At night, should sleep his harrass'd limbs compose,
 And steal him, one short moment, from his woes,
 Then dreams invade; sudden, before his eyes,
 The violated fane and altar rise;
 And, what disturbs him most, thy awful shade,
 In more than mortal majesty array'd,
 Frowns on the wretch, alarms his treacherous rest,
 And wrings the dreadful secret from his breast.

These, these, are they who tremble and turn pale,
 At the first mutterings of the hollow gale,

the ethics of his time, without the assistance of which I have spoken. What is more, this was the peculiar boast of Christianity. It was the vantage ground, on which its first professors stood, and proclaimed aloud the superiority of their faith. *Vos* (says Minucius Felix) i. e. *Ethnici, scelera admissa punitis; apud nos et cogitare peccare est: vos conscios timetis, nos conscientiam, &c.* For v. 293, see p. 140.

VER. 304. *And wrings the dreadful secret from his breast.*] Thus Tibullus:

“Ipse deus somno domitos emittere vocem

“Jussit, et invitos facta tegenda loqui.”

How much better is this, than the gloomy and unsatisfactory ideas of Lucretius upon the subject; who, while he confesses the effect, endeavours to ridicule the cause; and with the most palpable impressions of terror on his own mind,

Who sink with terror at the transient glare
 Of meteors, glancing through the turbid air.
 This is not chance, they cry; this hideous crash
 Is not the war of winds; nor this dread flash,
 Th' encounter of dark clouds; but blasting fire,
 Charg'd with the wrath of heav'n's insulted sire.
 That clap, at a safe distance, dies away;
 Shuddering, they wait the next, with more dismay,
 As if the short reprieve were only sent,
 To add new horrors to their punishment.

absurdly hopes to succeed in reasoning his followers out of their well-grounded apprehensions:

“Etsi fallit enim divum genus, humanumque,
 “Perpetuo tamen id fore clam diffidere rebus;
 “Quippe ubi se multi per somnia sæpe loquentes,
 “Aut morbo delirantes procraxe ferantur
 “Et celata diu in medium peccata dedisse.” *Lib. v.*

In the lines which immediately follow, I think it very probable that our author had again Lucretius in his thoughts:

“Præterea cui non animus formidine divûm
 “Contrahitur? cui non conrepunt membra pavore,
 “Fulminis horribili cum plaga torrida tellus
 “Contremat, et magnum percurrunt murmura cœlum?
 “Non populi, gentesque tremant? regesque superbi
 “Conripiunt divum percussi membra timore,
 “Ne quod ob admissum fœdè dictumve superbè
 “Pœnarum grave sit solvendi tempus adactum?” *Lib. v. 1217.*

These are noble lines; and, indeed, though I feel, and have often expressed a contempt of this author's philosophical, yet I venerate his poetical, talents. The book which I have quoted, for example, is an unrivalled composition. In pathos, in energy, in richness of language, in full and genuine sublimity, it leaves every thing, I think, in the Latin language, very far beneath it.

Yet more; when the first symptoms of disease,
 When feverish heats their restless members seize,
 They think the plague by wrath divine bestow'd,
 And feel, in every pang, th' avenging God.
 Rack'd at the thought, in hopeless grief they lie,
 And dare not tempt the mercy of the sky;
 For what can such expect! what victim slay,
 That is not worthier far to live, than they!

With what a rapid change of fancy roll
 The varying passions of the sinners' soul!
 Bold to offend, they scarce commit th' offence,
 Ere their minds labour with an innate sense
 Of right and wrong;—not long, for nature still,
 Incapable of change, and fix'd in ill,
 Recurs to her old habits: never yet
 Could sinner to his sin a period set.—

VER. 323. *For what can such expect, &c.*] An important truth, of which many of the ancients were well persuaded. Πως, says the virtuous Xenophon, η θεος δυστομεν ηδεως, ποιβυτες εργα ασεβη; and Plautus:

“Atque hoc scelesti illi in animum inducunt suum,

“Jovem se placare posse donis hostiis,

“Et operam et sumptum perdunt: ideo fit, quia

“Nihil ei acceptum est a perjuris supplicii.”

VER. 331. ————— *never yet*

Could sinner to his sin a period set.—] The Christian can hardly wish for a more decisive inference in favour of the Gospel than is afforded by this passage. Heathenism could offer no sufficient inducement to repentance; and therefore the mind once engaged in sin, was for ever enslaved to it; and in the just representation of the Apostle, “worked out all iniquity with greediness.” From what a dreadful scene of determined vice and impenitence

When did the flush of modest blood inflame
The cheek, once harden'd to the sense of shame?
Or when th' offender, since the birth of time,
Retire, contented with a single crime?

And this false friend of ours, shall still pursue
His dangerous course, till vengeance, long since due,
O'ertake his guilt; then shalt thou see him cast,
In chains, midst tortures, to expire his last;
Or hurried off to join the wretched train,
Of exil'd great ones, in the Ægean main.

THIS THOU SHALT SEE; and, while thy voice applauds
The dreadful justice of the offended gods,
Reform thy creed, and, with an humbled mind,
Confess that Heaven is neither deaf nor blind.

has the Christian world been rescued by the acceptance of the doctrine of remission of sins through the agency of a mediator! Those who would admit the morality of the Gospel without its doctrinal points, should think again of this! It is observable that Juvenal, who had been certainly benefited by the precepts of Christianity, was uninfluenced by its faith: but this was for a time the case of Heathenism at large. The world was silently improved by the spreading influence of the Gospel; till at length the conviction of its divinity became too strong to be suppressed; and what began in the humbler admiration of moral purity, ended in the dignity of faith.

SATIRE XIV.

Argument.

THE subjects of this Satire are of the most important kind, and the poet, as if fully aware of it, has treated them in his best manner. In none of his works does he take a loftier flight; in none is he more vigorous and energetic; in none more clear and precise in his style, more original in his conceptions, more happy in his illustrations, nor more powerful and commanding in his general deductions.

The whole is directed to the one great end of self-improvement. By shewing the dreadful facility with which children copy the vices of their parents, he points out the necessity, as well as the sacred duty, of giving them examples of domestic purity and virtue.

After briefly enumerating the several vices, gluttony, cruelty, debauchery, &c. which youth imperceptibly imbibe from their seniors; he enters more at large into that of avarice; of which he shews the fatal and inevitable consequences. Nothing can surpass the exquisiteness of this division of the Satire, in which he traces the progress of that passion in the mind, from the paltry tricks of saving a broken meal, to the daring violation of every principle human and divine.

Having placed the absurdity, as well as the perplexity and danger of immoderate desires in every possible point of view, the piece concludes with a solemn admonition to be satisfied with those comforts and conveniences which nature and wisdom require, and which a decent competence is easily calculated to supply. Beyond this, desire is infinite: a gulf which nothing can fill, an ocean without soundings and without shores!

SATIRE XIV.

TO FUSCINUS.

v. 1—9.

YES, there are faults, Fuscinus, that disgrace
The noblest qualities of birth and place,
Which, like infectious blood, transmitted run
In one eternal stream from sire to son.
Thus, if the senior game, the hopeful boy
Will grasp his little dice-box, and enjoy,
Like him, the rattle of the darling toy.

Nor does that stripling fairer hopes inspire,
Who, tutor'd by the epicure his sire,

VER. 9. *Who, tutor'd by the epicure his sire,*
Gray-headed prodigal! knows, &c.] This is appositely applied by
old Knowell. Speaking of the education he gave his son, he says,
“ ————— neither have I
“ Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him;
“ Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him to make 'em,
“ Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,
“ At all the ord'naries, and only fear'd
“ His palate should degenerate, not his manners.”
Quintilian reprobates, no less strongly than Juvenal, that early gluttony in

Gray-headed prodigal! knows, with nice care,
 The mushroom and the truffle to prepare,
 And in the savoury sauce, voluptuous whim!
 To souse the beccaficos till they swim.—
 For take him, thus to early luxury bred,
 Ere twice four springs have blossom'd o'er his head,
 And let ten thousand teachers, hoar with age,
 Inculcate temperance from the Stoic page:
 His wish will still be found, in state to dine,
 And keep the kitchen's honour from decline.

Does Rutilus inspire a generous mind,
 Prone to forgive, and to slight errors blind;
 Inspire the liberal thought that slaves have powers,
 Sense, feeling, every thing, as fine as ours;

which the children of his time were indulged: "we form their palate," says he, "before their tongue;" *ante palatum eorum quam os instituimus*.

In looking at this passage, in Professor Spalding, I observed that the very learned editor has been induced, probably by his recollection of Juvenal, to give a meaning to his author's expression, which it will not bear. "*Quid non adultus concupiscet, qui in purpuris repserit? Nondum prima verba exprimit, et jam coccum intelligit, jam conchylium poscit!*" Lib. 1. *Coccum*, he would read, or rather interpret *coquum*, and understand *conchylium* not of the colour, but of the fish which produced it. This is specious; but when the obvious meaning of the words is so pertinent, why should we meddle with the text? Where does it appear that the shell-fish which produced the purple dye, was ever eaten at Rome? besides, the word *purpuris* determines the sense. The child, whose swaddling clothes were of purple, was brought to distinguish and call for the most costly colours, (the bright, and the ferruginous or dark-red purple,) before he could speak distinctly! An instance of absurd and pernicious indulgence, which well deserved the lash of the satirist, and which it is rather singular that Juvenal should have overlooked,

Or fury? Rutilus, who hears the thong,
 With far more pleasure than the Syren's song ;
 Who, the stern tyrant of his small domain,
 The Polyphemus of his trembling train,
 Knows no delight, save when the torturer's hand
 Stamps, for low theft, the agonising brand.—
 O, what but rage can fill the stripling's breast,
 Who sees his savage sire then only blest,
 When his stretch'd ears drink in the wretches' cries,
 And racks and prisons fill his vengeful eyes !

Dost thou expect a girl, from Larga sprung,
 Should e'er prove virtuous ; when her little tongue
 Ne'er told so fast her dam's adulterous train,
 But that she stopt and breath'd, and stopt again ?
 Even from her tender years, unnatural trust !
 The child was privy to the mother's lust ;
 Now, ripe for man, with her own hand, she writes
 The billet-doux the ancient bawd indites,
 Employs the self-same pimps, and hopes ere long,
 To share the visits of the wanton throng.

VER. 22. ———— *that slaves have powers, &c.*] One of the best chapters in Macrobius is on the subject of slavery. In one part of it, he has a direct allusion to this passage. *Tibi autem unde in servos tantum et tam immane fastidium? quasi non ex iisdem tibi et constant et aluntur elementis, eundemque spiritum ab eodem principe carpant! Vis tu cogitare eos, quos jus tuum vocas, iisdem seminibus ortos, eodem frui cælo, æque vivere atque mori?* Lib. i. ii. These last expressions are taken from Seneca, who is, indeed, a magazine of good things, to which, by the way, our author, as well as Macrobius, was fond enough of applying.

So Nature prompts : drawn by her secret tie,
 We view a parent's deeds with reverent eye ;
 Take, with pernicious haste, the example take,
 And love the sin for the dear sinner's sake.
 One youth perhaps, form'd of superior clay,
 And animated by a purer ray,
 May dare to spurn proximity of blood,
 And in despite of nature, to be good ;
 One youth :—the rest the beaten pathway tread,
 And blindly follow where their fathers lead.
 Pernicious guides ! this reason should suffice,
 To make you shun the dangerous route of vice,
 This powerful reason ; lest your race pursue,
 The guilty track too plainly mark'd by you !
 For youth is facile, and its yielding will,
 Receives, with fatal ease, th' imprint of ill :
 Hence Catilines in every soil abound,
 While Catos, Brutuses, are rarely found.

O friend ! far from the walls where children dwell,
 Every immodest sight and sound repel ;

VER. 62. *O friend ! &c.*] Fully sensible of the vast importance of his maxims, Juvenal delivers them in this place with a kind of religious solemnity. That they were highly necessary, may be learned from Quintilian, who wrote about the same time. *Gaudemus (i. e. parentes) si quid filius licentius dixerit ; verba nec Alexandrinis quidem permittenda deliciis, risu et osculo excipimus, nec mirum : nos docuimus, ex nobis audierunt, nostras amicas, nostros concubinos vident, omne convivium obscænis canticis strepit ; fit ex iis consuetudo, deinde natura. Discunt hæc miseri antequam sciunt vitia esse : inde soluti ac fluentes, non accipiunt ex*

THE PLACE IS SACRED. Far, far hence, remove,
 Ye venal votaries of illicit love !
 Ye dangerous knaves, who pander to be fed,
 And sell yourselves to infamy for bread !
 Reverence to children, as to heaven, is due :
 When thou would'st, then, some darling sin pursue,
 Think that thy infant offspring eyes the deed ;
 And let the thought abate thy guilty speed,
 Back from the headlong steep thy steps entice,
 And check thee, tottering on the verge of vice.
 O yet reflect ; for should he e'er provoke,
 As sure he will, the law's avenging stroke,
 (Since not in person and in face alone,
 But e'en in morals, he will prove thy son,)
 Oh ! thou wilt then, forsooth, with anger flame,
 And threaten, from thy Will, to dash his name.
 Audacious ! with what front dost thou aspire,
 To exercise the license of a sire ?
 When all, with rising indignation, see
 The youth, in turpitude, surpass'd by thee,

scholis mala ista, sed in scholas afferunt. Lib. 1. How strong, yet how affecting a picture !

But does it suit the fathers of a former age only ? Have we none at present who labour, with a perversity truly diabolical, to assimilate the morals of their sons to their own ? Can the acquaintance of my reader furnish him with no parent who encourages his child to lisp indecencies, who forms his infant tongue to ribaldry, who accustoms him to spectacles of impurity, till what was habit becomes nature ; who initiates him in debaucheries before the boy

By thee, old fool, whose windy, brainless head,
Long since requir'd the cupping-glass's aid!

Is there a guest expected? all is haste,
All hurry in the house, from first to last.

"Up, up, ye slaves!" th' impatient master cries,
Whips in his hand, and fury in his eyes;

"Up, up, ye loiterers! ope the saloon doors,

"Furbish the clouded columns, scour the floors,

"Sweep the dry cobwebs from the ceiling; clean,

"You, sir, the figur'd silver; you, the plain."

O inconsistent wretch! make you this coil,

Lest your front-hall or gallery, daub'd with soil,

(Which yet a little sand removes) offend

The prying eye of an indifferent friend?

And do you stir not, that your son may see,

Your house from moral filth, from vices, free!

True, you have given a citizen to Rome;

And she shall thank you, if the youth become,

By your o'er-ruling care, or soon or late,

A useful member of the parent state:

For all depends on you; the stamp he'll take,

From the strong impress which at first you make,

is sensible of their heinousness, and who finally dismisses him from his arms, to corrupt the seminaries of learning, and amaze his tutors with a professor of licentiousness just escaped from the bib, and go-cart!

I trust there is no such person:—if there be, let him profit by the morality of an unenlightened heathen, and retrace his steps with prudence and dispatch: so Juvenal will not have written in vain.

And prove, as vice or virtue was your aim,
His country's glory, or his country's shame.

The stork, with newts and serpents from the wood,
And pathless wild, supports her callow brood;
And the fledg'd storklings, when to wing they take,
Seek the same reptiles through the devious brake.
The vulture snuffs from far the tainted gale,
And hurrying where the putrid scents exhale,
From gibbets and from graves the carcass tears,
And to her young the loathsome dainty bears;
Her young, grown vigorous, hasten from the nest,
And gorge on carrion with the parent's zest.
While Jove's own eagle, bird of noble blood,
Scours the wide champaign for untainted food,
Sweeps the swift hare, or swifter fawn, away,
And feeds her nestlings with the generous prey;
Her nestlings hence, when from the rock they spring,
And pinch'd by hunger, to the quarry wing,
Stoop only to the game they tasted first,
When, from the parent shell, they, clamorous, burst.

VER. 119. *Scours the wide champaign for untainted food, &c.*] This is a vulgar prejudice. Buffon, who has too many errors of this kind, asserts, that the eagle, though famishing, will not touch carrion. *Quelqu' affamé qu'il soit, il ne se jette jamais sur les cadavres*: and the editors of the "History of British Birds," unwarily follow him! 'Twas never well for truth, since naturalists took poets for their guides. The fact is, that the eagle is hardly more delicate in the choice of his food than the vulture. Alas, for the credit of the feathered king!

Centronius plann'd and built, and built and plann'd;
 And now along Cajeta's winding strand,
 And now amid Prænesté's hills, and now
 On lofty Tibur's solitary brow,
 He rear'd prodigious piles, with marble brought
 From distant realms, and exquisitely wrought:
 Prodigious piles! that tower'd o'er Fortune's shrine,
 As gelt Posides towers, O Jove! o'er thine.
 While thus Centronius crowded seat on seat,
 He spent his cash, and mortgag'd his estate;
 Yet left enough his family to content:
 Which his mad son to the last farthing spent,
 While, building on, he strove, with fond desire,
 To top the stately structures of his sire.

Sprung from a father who the sabbath fears,
 There is, who nought but clouds and skies reveres;

VER. 133. *Ut spado Posides.*] "By the word *spado*," Mr. Gibbon says, "the Romans very forcibly expressed their abhorrence" (rather, their contempt) "of that mutilated condition: the Greek appellation of eunuch, which insensibly prevailed, had a milder sound, and a more ambiguous sense."

With respect to Posides, he was one of the freedmen of Claudius, who prostituted some of the most honourable rewards of military merit in his favour: thus Suet. *Libertorum præcipuè suspexit Posidem spadonem*, (Juvenal's words,) *quem etiam Britannico triumpho inter militares viros hasta pura donavit.* Claud. 28. Posides, like most of this emperor's favourites, amassed vast wealth, which he lavished in building.

VER. 141. ———— *who nought but clouds and skies reveres; &c.*] This popular error, with regard to the Jews, arose from their having no visible representation of the deity. When Pompey using, says Tacitus, the license of

And shuns the taste (by old tradition led)
 Of swine's flesh, and of man's, with equal dread—
 This first; the prepuce next he lays aside;
 And, taught the Roman Ritual to deride,

victory, first entered the temple of Jerusalem, the report was, that he found no statue there! *nulla intus deum effigie, &c.* Hist. v. 9. This confounded the gross conceptions of the Romans, and they instantly concluded that the Jews, whose adorations they had noticed, worshipped nothing but “clouds and skies:” for whether we read with Henninius, *cæli numen*, or with Scaliger and others, *cæli lumen*, the sense is still the same, and can only mean the material or visible heaven.

“The world” saith the Apostle, “by wisdom knew not God.” A truth which should sink deep into our minds. Hear how sublimely Tacitus describes the God of the Jews. *Judæi mente sola, unumque numen intelligunt: profanos, qui deum imagines mortalibus materiis in species hominum effingant.* SUMMUM ILLUD ET ETERNUM, NEQUE MUTABILE, NEQUE INTERRITURUM! But did this “immutable, and incomprehensible, this omnipotent, and everlasting God,” satisfy or fill the historians mind? No, he carelessly turned from a Being whom “wisdom alone” could not conceive, as a visionary creation of the Jews, and humbled himself before the impure and brutal idols of his own country!

Dio, too, speaks of the God of the Jews in lofty and energetic language. Ἐνα δὲ (Θεόν) τινα ἰσχυρῶς σεβᾶσι· καὶ ἀγαλμα οὐδὲν ἐν αὐτοῖς ποτε τοῖς Ἱεροσολυμοῖς ἔσχον· ἀρρήτον δὲ καὶ αἰδῆ αὐτὸν νομιζόντες εἶναι, περισσοτάτα ἀνθρώπων θρησκεύεσι. Lib. xxxvii. 17. But did Dio comprehend what he thus sublimely describes, or acknowledge the superior understanding of the Jews in worshipping this “ineffable and invisible” Being, instead of the stocks and stones before which he himself bowed down? Neither: he dismisses the former from his thoughts, and continues to insult and revile the latter as a weak and credulous nation!

Thus, then, “the world by wisdom knew not God:” his attributes, though repeated by the wisest of the heathens after the Jews, conveyed no ideas to their minds. It is to Revelation only, that we are indebted for just and rational conceptions on the subject: and if the theists of modern times have more

Clings to the Jewish, and observes with awe,
 All Moses wrote in his mysterious law:
 And therefore, to the circumcis'd alone,
 Will point the road, or make the fountain known;

distinct and adequate notions of the Divine Being, than Tacitus and Dio; it is still to the manifestations which he has been pleased to make of himself, that they owe them, however prejudice or pride may operate to prevent the acknowledgement.

VER. 148. *And therefore, to the circumcis'd alone, &c.*] “The letter of these laws, says Gibbon, (Vol. I. p. 537,) with a sneer truly worthy of the disciple of Voltaire, is not to be found in the *present* volume of Moses.” But is the *spirit* of it? On the contrary, does not the “volume of Moses” inculcate justice and humanity to strangers, by the most forcible and pathetic appeals to the feelings of the people! “Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt. Exod. xxii. Again. Thou shalt not oppress a stranger; for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt, Exod. xxxiii. Indeed, one of the most striking features in the “volume of Moses,” is the anxious concern it takes in the protection of the stranger. If a sheaf of wheat be forgotten in the field, it is not to be fetched; it is for the stranger: if the olives do not drop at the first beating, the trees are not to be touched again; the fruit is for the stranger: if the vines be not cleared at first, they are not to be gleaned; the grapes are for the stranger, &c. &c. (Deut. xxiv. v. 17—22;) and, indeed, the stranger is invariably connected by Moses, with the two most interesting objects of human kindness, the fatherless and the widow. O, “but” continues Mr. Gibbon, “the wise, the humane Maimonides openly teaches,” &c. Of what consequence is it to Moses what a Spanish Jew of the twelfth century teaches! If Mr. Gibbon’s object had been truth, he would have consulted Moses himself, for the sense of his “volume,” which, however secret and mysterious it might be to Juvenal, was plain and open to him: but misrepresentation was his aim, as it materially furthered his darling design of attacking Christianity through the sides of Judaism.

The word “*present*” is almost of too contemptible a nature for a caviller of the

Aping his bigot sire, who whil'd away,
In thriftless indolence, every sev'nth day!

But youth, so prone to follow other ills,
Are driven to avarice against their wills;
For this grave vice, array'd in virtue's guise,
Seems virtue's self, to superficial eyes.

lowest kind. Mr. Gibbon certainly did not believe that the "volume" we now have, was different from that which existed in Juvenal's time; but he chose to sacrifice his reason to his prejudice. Surely, of all bigots, sceptics and atheists are the most blind and intolerant!

With respect to our author, who was confessedly as ignorant of the laws, as of the practises of the Jews, all that he says amounts to nothing more than the old charges against them, which had been refuted a thousand and a thousand times. Even while he was writing, Josephus had noticed and repelled them. ΜΗΝΥΕΙΝ ΔΕ ΚΑΙ ΤΑΣ ΟΔΕΣ ΤΟΙΣ ΑΓΝΟΟΣΙ, ΚΑΙ ΜΗ ΓΕΛΩΤΑ ΘΗΡΩΜΕΝΟΣ ΑΥΤΟΙΣ ΕΜΠΟΔΙΖΕΙΝ, κ. τ. α. Antiq. Lib. iv. c. viii. § 31. And again, more strongly: ΤΑΣ ΕΚ ΠΑΡΕΡΓΩΝ ΠΡΟΣΙΟΝΤΑΣ ΑΝΑΜΙΓΝΥΣΘΑΙ ΤΑΙΣ ΣΥΝΗΘΕΙΑΙΣ Ή ΕΘΕΛΗΣΕ' Τ' ΑΛΛΑ ΔΕ ΠΡΟΕΙΡΗΚΕΝ, ΩΝ ΕΣΤΙΝ ἢ ΜΕΤΑΔΟΣΙΣ ΑΝΑΓΚΑΙΑ' ΠΑΣΙ ΠΑΡΕΧΕΙΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΔΕΟΜΕΝΟΙΣ ΨΥΡ, ΎΔΩΡ, ΤΡΟΦΗΝ, ΟΔΟΣ ΦΡΑΣΕΙΝ, κ. τ. α. Contra. App. ii. 28. Moses certainly discouraged all unnecessary familiarities with such as were not sincerely attached to us. But he mentioned at the same time many things in which we must participate with others: he commanded us, for example, to supply those that asked us with fire, water, food, to shew the way, &c. &c.

Long as this note is, I have yet a word to add. The Pagans talked of Moses, but knew him only through the corrupt sects into which, in its latter age, Judaism was divided. From this circumstance alone, in my opinion, came all that abuse of the Hebrew system, with which the Greek and Roman writers abound, and which has been either ignorantly or wilfully continued to our time, by Voltaire, Gibbon, and others. About the age of Juvenal indeed, the Jews had somewhat receded from their ancient integrity, in favour of the Pagans: the interested prudence of the Pharisees had tried to smooth the way for an intercommunity of sacrifice in the temple; and Philo and Josephus had manifested a certain laxity in their writings, which might have tended to

The miser hence, a frugal man, they name,
 Hence too, they boldly follow with acclaim,
 The griping wretch, who strictlier guards his store,
 Than if the Hesperian dragon kept the door.
 Add that the vulgar, still a slave to gold,
 The worthy, in the wealthy man, behold;
 And, reasoning from the fortune he has made,
 Hail him, a perfect master of his trade:
 And true it is, that masters such as these,
 Raise vast estates; no matter by what ways,

soften the asperity of the heathen world towards them. But neither the genuine humanity which, as I have already observed, characterises the law of Moses, nor the corrupt accommodations of the later Jews, were at all regarded. The Roman government indeed, had on various occasions shewn some degree of respect to the worship and manners of the Jews: but the whole race was incessantly followed by the unmitigated odium of the Roman people. And what gave an apparent authority to their hatred, was the ungracious and forbidding spirit of some of those sects; whose singularity had pointed them out to the particular notice of the age. From these Juvenal draws his false, and exaggerated picture: he talks of Moses, not with any real knowledge, but with those impressions which had been made on him, in common with the rest of mankind, by the gloomy bigotry and fanatic austerity of the Essenians, Therapeutians, Zealots, &c.

It is to be lamented that the unsociable and wayward dispositions of those wrong-headed sectaries, prevented them from communicating to the people around them, a portion of their history, polity, laws, &c. especially, as they could not be uninform'd of the absurd fables propagated concerning them. Tacitus derives the Jews from Crete, because he finds a mount Ida there, from whence he thinks they were originally called Idæos, which their barbarous pronunciation, it seems, changed into Judæos! Such is the deplorable ignorance of the most judicious of the Roman historians! The Greeks are equally uninformed.

But raise they do, with brows in sweat still died,
 With forge still glowing, and with sledge still plied.
 The father, by the love of wealth possest,
 Sure that the covetous alone are blest,
 And that, nor past, nor present times e'er knew
 A poor man happy; bids his son pursue
 The route they take, and keep that thriving sect in view. }

Vice boasts its A B C, like other arts;
 These he inculcates first: anon, imparts
 The petty tricks of saving; last inspires,
 Of endless wealth, the insatiable desires.
 Hungry himself, his hungry slaves he cheats,
 With scanty measures, and unfaithful weights;
 And sees them lessen, with apparent dread,
 The musty fragments of his vinnew'd bread.
 In dog-days, when the sun, with fervent power,
 Corrupts the freshest meat from hour to hour,
 He saves the last night's hash, sets by a dish
 Of sodden beans, and scraps of summer fish,
 And half a stinking shad, and a few strings
 Of a chopp'd leek, counted like sacred things,

VER. 178. *With scanty measures, &c.*] The Romans weighed, or measured, out the food of their slaves. The ordinary allowance, Holyday says, was "about a quart of bread-corn for a day." The distribution seems to have been monthly.

VER. 183. ————— *sets by a dish, &c.*] In the conclusion of this admirable picture of sordid avarice, Juvenal had Theophrastus in his mind: τα δε καταλειπομενα απο της τραπεζης ημισυ των ραφανιδων απογραφεισθαι, ινα οι διακονεντες παιδες μη λαβωσιν. Περι Εδελ.

And seal'd with caution; though the sight and smell,
Would a starv'd beggar from the mess repel.

But why this curs'd avidity of gain,
This mass collected with such toil and pain?
Since 'tis the veriest madness to live poor,
To die with bags and coffers running o'er.
Besides, while thus the streams of affluence roll,
They nurse th' eternal dropsy of the soul,
For thirst of wealth, still grows with wealth increas'd,
And they desire it less, who have it least.
Now swell his wants: one manor is too small,
Another must be bought, house, lands, and all;
Still "cribb'd, confin'd," he spurns the narrow bounds,
And turns an eye on every neighbour's grounds:
There all allures; his crops seem but a foil,
To the full produce of their happier soil.
"And that I'll buy," he cries, "and this sweet grove,
"And those hoar hills the fattening olives love!"
Then, if the owner to no price will yield,
Resolv'd to keep the hereditary field,
Whole droves of oxen, starv'd to this intent,
Amongst his springing corn, by night, are sent,

VER. 193. *Besides, while thus the streams, &c.*] So Ovid, very beautifully:

"Creverunt et opes, et opum furiosa cupido,

"Et cum possideant plurima, plura volunt;

"Quærere ut absument, absumpta requirere certant,

"Atque ipsæ vitiis sunt alimenta vices.

"Sic quibus intumuit suffusa venter ab unda

"Quo sunt plus potæ, plus sitiuntur aquæ." *Fast. lib. i. 211.*

To revel there, till not a blade be seen,
And the field look like a close-shaven green.
“ Monstrous ! ” yet I should vainly strive to tell,
What numbers, tricks like these, have forc’d to sell.

But what says Fame the while ? her hundred tongues,
Have surely lash’d the author of such wrongs—

“ And what care I ? ” he cries. “ I value more,
“ Th’ addition of a bean-husk to my store,
“ Than all the country’s praise ; if curs’d by fate,
“ With the mean produce of a small estate.”

’Tis well ! disease, forsooth, thy couch will flee,
And sorrow, and care ; yes, thou, be sure, wilt see
Long years of happiness, till now unknown,
If as much ground pertains to thee alone,
As, under our first kings, Rome call’d her own !

Since then, the veteran, whose brave breast was gor’d
With the fierce Pyrrhic, or Molossian sword,
Hardly receiv’d, for all his service past,
And all his wounds, two acres at the last,
The meed of toil and blood ! yet never thought
His country thankless, or his pains ill bought.
For then this trifling glebe, improv’d with care,
Largely supplied with plain and wholesome fare,
The good old man, the wife in child-bed laid,
And four hale boys that round the cottage play’d,
Three free-born, one a slave : while, on the board,
Huge porringers, with wholesome pottage stor’d,

Smok'd for their elder brothers, who were now,
 Hungry and tir'd, expected from the plough.
 Now such a paltry spot, so chang'd the times,
 Would scarce afford a garden: hence our crimes!
 For not a vice that taints the human soul,
 More frequent points the sword, or drugs the bowl,
 Than the dire lust of an "untam'd estate;"
 For he who covets wealth, disdains to wait:—
 Law threatens, conscience calls; both, both he spurns,
 And this he silences, and that o'eturns;

VER. 240. *For he who covets wealth, disdains to wait:—*]

"——— nam dives qui fieri vult,

"Et citò vult fieri."———

This, Mr. Owen says, is a literal translation of an axiom of the Gospel; they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare. It is so; but even this might be taken from a heathen poet:

ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΠΛΑΤΗΣΕΝ ΤΑΧΕΩΣ, ΔΙΚΑΙΩΝ.

Menan.

Not to multiply quotations, however, I would observe, once for all, that the ancients held that the good grew rich by slow and imperceptible degrees; the wicked rapidly, and, as it were, at once. The first, say the commentators, because if the good were to grow wealthy too suddenly, they might be suspected of cultivating virtue not for herself, but for what she brought them; the second, for a reason which I shall not transcribe on account of its want of charity.

The ancients have conveyed this opinion, (as they have most of those which relate to the conduct of life,) in a very pretty apologue. "When I am sent to any one by Jupiter (says Plutus) I halt so that he usually grows old before I arrive." "That is hardly true, (replies Mercury,) for I have seen those who had not a groat yesterday, wallowing in riches to day." "You say right, (rejoins Plutus,) but I was not sent to those people by Jupiter, but by Dis!"

Fear, shame—he bears down all, while, with loose rein,
He pours along the alluring paths of gain.

“ Let us, my sons, contented with our lot,
“ Enjoy in peace our hillock, and our cot ;
(The good old Marsian to his children said,)
“ And, from our labour, seek our daily bread.
“ So shall we please the rural Powers, whose care,
“ And kindly influence, taught us to prepare
“ The golden grain, what time we rang’d the wood,
“ A savage race, for acorns, savage food !
“ The poor who, with inverted skins, defy
“ The lowering tempest, and the freezing sky,
“ Who, without shame, without reluctance, go,
“ In clouted brogues, through mire and drifted snow,
“ Ne’er think of ill : ’tis purple, boys, alone,
“ Which leads to every crime, purple, to us unknown.”

VER. 257. “ *The poor who, with inverted skins, defy, &c.*] Cicero makes an admirable use of this sentiment in his oration for Sex. Roscius. *Qua in re prætereo illud, quod mihi maximo argumento ad hujus innocentiam poterat esse, in hac horrida incultaque vita istiusmodi maleficia gigni non solere. In urbe luxuries creatur : ex luxuria existat avaritia, necesse est : ex avaritia erumpat audacia ; inde omnia scelera.—Vita autem hæc rustica, quam tu agrestem vocas, parsimonie, diligentie, justitie, magistra est.* Pro. R. 27. And, indeed, the villagers of those days seem to have been a simple, and uncorrupt order of men : *Maximè pius questus consequitur, says Cato, de Re Rust. minimèque malè cogitantes, qui in agricultura occupati sunt.* It was reserved for these monster-breeding times to see public evil produced by the plough, and the patriarchal and innocent pursuit of agriculture converted into the means of licentiousness, and the annoyance of every civil and religious establishment.

Thus to their children spoke the sires of yore ·
 Now, autumn's sickly heats are scarcely o'er,
 Ere, while deep midnight yet involves the skies,
 Th' impatient father shakes his son, and cries,
 " What, ho, boy, wake! up; pleas, rejoinders, draw;
 " Turn o'er the musty rubric of the law:
 " Up, up, and study; or, with brief in hand,
 " Petition Lælius for a small command,
 " A captain's; Lælius loves a spreading chest,
 " Broad shoulders, tangled locks, and hairy breast.
 " Up, and to battle! crush the Britons, Moors,
 " That, if kind Fortune life and limb secures,
 " At sixty, a rich Eagle may be yours. }
 " But if the trumpets, sounding to the fight,
 " And the long labours of the camp affright,

VER. 275. *At sixty a rich Eagle, &c.*] The eagle, or chief standard of the Legion, was committed to the charge of the first centurion. " This station," says Kennet, " was not only honourable, but very profitable too, for the primipilus (first centurion) had a special stipend allowed him, probably as much as a knight's estate, (*locupletam aquilam*,) and when he left that charge, was reputed equal to the members of the Equestrian Order."

Dryden translates the passage thus,

" And when in service your best days are spent,
 " Perhaps you may command a regiment;"

Which is accurate enough. For as the centurion answered to a captain, so did the primipilus to a general, in a modern army. A legion, not to be too nice, consisted of six thousand men, divided into three battalions, which were again subdivided into sixty companies. Every company had a centurion at its head, and every ten a primipilus. This was a post, therefore, of great importance, and very capable of tempting the cupidity of an avaricious father.

- “ Go, traffic—look for wares of readiest vent,
 “ Which promise to repay you cent. per cent.
 “ Buy these, no matter what; the stuff is good,
 “ Though not allow’d on this side Tiber’s flood;
 “ Hides, unguents, mark me, boy, are equal things,
 “ And gain smells sweet from whatsoe’er it springs.
 “ This golden sentence, which the powers of heaven,
 “ Which Jove himself might glory to have given,

VER. 288. *And gain smells sweet from whatsoe’er it springs, &c.*] This good man may be thought to have borrowed his precious apothegm from Orestes:

Δοκῶ μὲν ὕδεν ῥήμα συν κερδεὶ κακόν.

He alludes however to the answer given by Vespasian to Titus, who had remonstrated with him on the sordid nature of his tax on urine. The emperor very gravely held a piece of money to his nose, and asked him how it smelt. “Not bad at all,” said Titus: “and yet,” replied Vespasian, “this came from the very tax you reprobate.”

But we shall lose much of the humour of the emperor’s answer, as is justly observed in the History of Inventions, if we do not advert to the custom of the ancients in trying the purity of their money by the smell. Thus Arrian in Epict. i. 20. Ὁ ἀργυρογνώμων προσχρηταὶ καλὰ δοκιμασίαν τὴ νομισματικῇ σφρασίᾳ κ. τ. α. And habit, and indeed, necessity, (for they were not far advanced in chemistry,) had given them an acuteness of perception in these matters, of which we can scarcely have an idea. I much question whether the precaution of a Scapha would be necessary at this time to deceive the keenest-scented lover:

- “ *Scap.* Cape igitur speculum—
 “ Linteum cape, atque exterge tibi manus.
 “ *Phil.* Quid ita, obsecro?
 “ *Scap.* Ut speculum tenuisti, metuo ne oleant argentum manus.
 “ Ne usquam argentum te accepisse suspicetur Philolaches.”

Mostel. A. i. Sc. iii.

The golden sentence mentioned in the next line, is taken from Ennius. It is introduced with admirable gravity and effect.

“ Will never, never from your thoughts, I trust,—

“ NONE CARE FROM WHENCE IT COMES, BUT COME IT MUST.”

This, when the lisping race a farthing ask,

Old women set them, as a previous task,

The wondrous apothegm all haste to get,

And learn it sooner than their Alphabet.

But why this haste? Without thy care, vain fool!

The pupil will, ere long, the tutor school:

Sleep then, in peace; secure to be outdone,

Like Telamon, or Peleus, by thy son,

Be but indulgent to his tender years:—

The seeds of vice, sown by thy fostering cares,

Have scarce taken root; but they will rise at length,

“ Grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength.”

Then, when the firstlings of his youth are paid,

And his rough chin requires the razor's aid,

Then he will swear, then to the altar come,

And sell deep perjuries for a paltry sum!

Yes, count thy step-daughter already dead,

If, with an ample dower, she mount his bed;

Lo! scarcely laid, his murderous fingers creep,

And close her eyes in everlasting sleep.

For that unbounded wealth which, with much pain,

Thou thought'st would be acquir'd by land and main,

He gets a readier way; the skill's not great,

The toil not much, to make a knave complete.

But thou wilt say hereafter, “ I am free;

“ He never learn'd those practices of me.”

Yes, all of thee :—for he who, madly blind,
 Imbues with avarice his children's mind,
 Fires with the thirst of riches, and applauds
 The attempt to double their estate by frauds,
 Unconscious, flings the headlong wheels the rein,
 Which he may wish to stop, but wish in vain;
 Deaf to his voice, with growing speed they roll,
 Smoak down the steep, and spurn the distant goal.

None sin by rule; none heed the charge precise,
 Thus, and no farther, may ye step in vice;
 But leap the bounds prescrib'd, and, with free pace,
 Scour far and wide the interdicted space.
 So, when thou tell'st the youth, that FOOLS alone,
 Regard a friend's distresses as their own,
 Thou bidd'st him, in effect, rob, plunder, seize,
 And gather riches by the worst of ways;
 Riches, whose love is on thy soul imprest,
 Deep as their country's on the Decii's breast;
 Or Thebes on his, who sought an early grave,
 If Greece say true, her sacred walls to save.
 Thebes, where, impregn'd with serpents' teeth, the earth
 Pour'd forth a marshall'd host, prodigious birth!

VER. 331. *Deep as their country's on the Decii's breast; &c.*] For the Decii see Satire VIII. The person alluded to immediately after, is Menœceus, son of Creon, King of Thebes. He had learnt from Tiresias that the city, which was then closely besieged, could not be taken if he would devote himself to a voluntary death; which he readily did. All this, and more, is finely told by Statius.

Juvenal never forgets the verbiage and vanity of the Greeks; which he pleasantly imitates and ridicules in the succeeding lines.

Horrent with arms, that fought with headlong rage,
 Nor ask'd the trumpet's signal, to engage.
 But mark the end! the fire, deriv'd at first
 From a small sparkle, by thy folly nurst,
 Rais'd to a flame, on all around it preys,
 And wraps thee in the universal blaze.
 So the young lion rent, with hideous roar,
 His keeper's trembling limbs, and drank his gore.

“Tut! I am safe,” thou cry'st; “Chaldæan seers
 Have rais'd my scheme, and promis'd length of years.”
 But has thy son subscrib'd? will he await
 The lingering distaff of decrepid Fate?
 No—his impatience will the work confound,
 And snap the vital thread ere half unwound.
 Already, see! thy stag-like age annoys
 His prospects, and procrastinates his joys.
 Fly then, and bid Archigenes prepare
 An antidote, if life be worth thy care;

VER. 342. *So the young lion, &c.*] This alludes to a real incident, which took place under Domitian, and is thus related by Martial:

“Læserat ingrato leo perfidus ore magistrum,

“Ausus tam notas contemerare manus:

“Sed dignas tanto persolvit crimine pœnas,

“Et qui non tulerat verbera, tela tulit.” *De Spect. x.*

From the mention of *verbera*, say the critics, it appears that the keeper had wantonly irritated the natural ferocity of the animal. This renders the application infinitely more striking.

VER. 352. *Fly then, and bid Archigenes prepare, &c.*] Archigenes is frequently mentioned by Juvenal. The scholiast says he was “a very celebrated physician of his own times, who practised at Rome.” It appears from Galen, that he was a native of Syria.

If thou would'st see another autumn close,
 And pluck another fig, another rose,
 Take mithridate, rash man, before thy meat,
 A father thou, and unprotected eat!

Come, my Fuscinus, come with me, and view
 A scene more comic than the stage e'er knew.
 Lo! with what toil, what danger, wealth is sought,
 And to the fane of watchful Castor brought;
 Since MARS THE AVENGER slumber'd to his cost,
 And, with his helmet, all his credit lost!

VER. 361. *And to the fane of watchful Castor brought.*] Εἰς γὰρ, says an old scholiast on Thucydides, παλαιοντα χρηματα εν τοις ἱεροῖς ταμιευειν. It was anciently the custom to deposite their money in the temples for the gods to keep. This was judicious enough; some unlucky wight, however, might have asked, with our author on another occasion—But who shall keep the keepers? for it appears that both gods and money were sometimes swept away together!

The public treasure was laid up at Rome in the temple of Saturn, because, (says Macrobius,) when Saturn reigned in Italy, robbery was unknown there; which, I dare say, it was: and, indeed, the money continued there pretty safe, unless from the clutches of such mighty robbers as Julius Cæsar, as a good guard was constantly stationed at the doors.

Individuals kept their money in the temple of Mars, which stood in the Forum of Augustus, hence our author says, in his tenth Satire,

“ ————— ut maxima toto
 “ Nostra sit area Foro.” —————

After the misfortune which befel this poor god, they removed it to the temple of Castor and Pollux, it seems: here they were less secure than before, Mars was only stript of his armour, but these luckless beings, whose vigilance Juvenal notices, were absolutely flayed—*bracteolam de Castore ducat!*

I should imagine, that the temple of Peace succeeded to the credit of Castor and Pollux; for when that truly magnificent structure was destroyed by fire, in the reign of Commodus, treasures to an enormous amount perished in the conflagration.

Quit then the stage; the farce of life supplies,
 A sight more sportive, in the sage's eyes.
 For who amuses most?—the man who springs
 Light through the hoop, and on the tight-rope swings;
 Or he who, to a fragile bark confin'd,
 Dwells on the deep, the sport of every wind?
 Fool-hardy wretch! scrambling for every bale
 Of stinking merchandize, expos'd to sale;
 And proud to Crete, for rosy wine, to rove,
 And jars, the fellow-citizens of Jove!
 THAT skips along the rope with wavering tread,
 Dangerous dexterity! which brings him bread;
 THIS ventures life for wealth too great to spend,
 Farm join'd to farm, and villas without end.
 Lo! every harbour throng'd, and every bay,
 And more than half mankind upon the sea:
 For where he hears the attractive voice of gain,
 The merchant hurries, and defies the main.—

VER. 372. *And proud to Crete, &c.*] Crete, the commentators gravely tell us, was the native country of Jove, who was born and nursed on mount Ida! the bitter sarcasm of Juvenal totally escapes them. But Crete was not only the birth, but the burying, place of that deity, whose tomb the people of the island pretended to shew. Callimachus, indeed, seems inclined to deprive them of their claims in both instances. The first he disputes rather faintly; but for the second, he rebukes them with a solemnity that borders on the sublime. "The Cretans, and the Arcadians boast of having given thee birth," says he to Jupiter:

————— ποτεροι, Πατερ, εψευσαντο;

Κρητες αιε ψευσαι· και γαρ ταφον, ω ανα, σεις.

Κρητες ετεκτηναντο. Συ δ' ε θανες· εσσι γαρ αιε.

Nor will he only range the Lybian shore ;
 But, shooting Calpé, other worlds explore ;
 See Phœbus, sinking in the Atlantic, lave
 His fiery car, and hear the hissing wave.
 And all for what? O glorious end! to come,
 After such toils, with purse replenish'd, home,
 And, with a traveller's privilege, to boast
 Of unknown monsters on an unknown coast.

How madness shews itself in different forms !
 Orestes, safe within his sister's arms,
 Sees, in idea, the pale Furies rise,
 And wave their bloody torches in his eyes :
 While Ajax strikes an ox, and, at the blow,
 Believes he hears great Agamemnon low :
 And surely he, (though haply he forbear,
 His keepers and his clothes, like these, to tear,)
 Is just as mad, who, to the water's brim,
 Loads his frail bark ; an inch twixt death and him !
 When all this risk is but to swell his store
 With a few coins, a few gold pieces more.

VER. 401. *Concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.*] This, which is merely a periphrasis for coined money, is thus rendered by Dryden:

“ But silver makes him all this toil embrace,

“ Silver with titles stamp'd, and a dull monarch's face.”

I should not have noticed this, if his example had not seduced the last translator ; whose book being designed for schools, should carefully avoid those gratuitous and illiberal reflections.

I must observe here, that the notes subjoined to this Satire by young Dryden, are ignorant, petulant, and licentious to the last degree. His father should have flung them into the fire.

Heaven lowers, and frequent, through the muttering air,
 The nimble lightning glares, or seems to glare :
 “ Weigh ! weigh ! ” the impatient man of traffic cries,
 “ These gathering clouds, this rack that dims the skies,
 “ Are but the pageants of a sultry day ;
 “ A thunder shower, that frowns, and melts away.”
 Deluded wretch ! dash’d on some barbarous coast,
 This night, this hour perhaps, his bark is lost ;
 While he still strives, though whelm’d beneath the wave,
 With teeth, or hand, his darling purse to save.
 Thus he, whose wishes erst, not all the gold
 Down the rich Tagus and Pactolus roll’d,
 Sufficed, now bounds them to one poor request,
 A scanty morsel, and a tatter’d vest ;
 And shews, where tears, where supplications fail,
 A daubing of his melancholy tale !

Wealth, by such hardship’s earn’d, requires more pain,
 More care to keep it, than at first to gain ;
 Whate’er my miseries, make me not, kind fate,
 The sleepless Argus of a vast estate !

VER. 416. *And shews, where tears, where supplications, fail,*

A daubing, &c.] Thus Persius :

“ ———te fractâ in trabe pictum

“ Ex humero portes.” ———

But Phœdrus had said the same before him, in the shipwreck of Simonides:

“ ——— Cæteri tabulam suam

“ Portant, rogantes victum.”

They carried about a coarse painting of their misfortune, to move pity, perhaps, in countries where their language was not understood.

The slaves of Licinus, a numerous band,
 Watch through the night, with buckets in their hand,
 While their rich master trembling lies, afraid,
 Lest fire, his ivory, amber, gold, invade.
 The naked Cynic mocks such anxious cares,
 His earthen tub no conflagration fears;
 If crack'd, or broke, he soon procures a new,
 Or, coarsely soldering, makes the old one do.—
 E'en Philip's son, when, in the little cell,
 Content he saw the mighty master dwell,
 Own'd, with a sigh, that he who nought desir'd,
 Was happier far than he who worlds requir'd,
 And whose ambition certain dangers brought,
 As vast, as boundless, as the object sought.
 Fortune, advanc'd to heaven by fools alone,
 Would lose, were prudence ours, her shadowy throne.

“What call I, then, ENOUGH?” What will afford
 A decent habit, and a frugal board;
 What Socrates, of old, sufficient thought,
 And Epicurus: these, by Nature taught,

VER. 430. *Even Philip's son, when, in the little cell, &c.*] This circumstance in Alexander's history is alluded to by Butler, with his usual felicity of humour:

“The whole world was not half so wide,

“To Alexander, when he cry'd,

“Because he had but one to subdue;

“As was a paltry, narrow tub, to

“Diogenes, who ne'er was said,

“For ought that I could ever read,

“To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,

“Because he'd ne'er another tub.”

Squar'd, by her simple rules, their blameless life—
 Nature and Wisdom never are at strife.
 Thou think'st, perhaps, these rigid means too scant,
 And that I ground philosophy on want;
 Take then, (for I will be indulgent now,
 And something for the change of times allow,)
 As much as Otho for a knight requires:—
 If this, unequal to thy wild desires,
 Contract thy brow; enlarge the sum, and take
 As much as two,—as much as three, will make.

VER. 441. *And Epicurus, &c.*] No one could hold the theological tenets of Epicurus in greater contempt and abhorrence than Juvenal, and yet he never omits an opportunity of doing justice to the simplicity of his life. This is the more laudable, as few have lain under greater obloquy, (from the dissipated lives of his followers,) than this philosopher, who, to say the least of him, was no ordinary man. He has been represented as wallowing in sensuality! He placed, it must be confessed, the chief good in pleasure: but he meant by it, that calm and soothing delight which arises from a life spent in the contemplation of virtue. Diocles says that he was a perfect example of continence and simplicity; and Juvenal loves to dwell on his frugality—*parvis sufficit in hortis*. In a word, the garden of Epicurus was a school of temperance: and would have afforded little gratification, and still less sanction, to those sensualists of our day, who, in turning hogs, fancy they are becoming Epicureans!

After saying thus much of the man, it is but just to add a word respecting his doctrines. With regard to the beauty of temperance and sobriety; and the strong necessity of restraining the tumultuous and disorderly passions, Epicurus may be listened to with advantage; but on the higher and more important subjects of life, there is not a more false and destructive system on earth than his; nor one so likely to make mankind worse by imitation. Perhaps he is the only philosopher, who never had one follower like to himself. *Decipit exemplar vitii imitabile*. All his imitators have been vicious, and the world has been ruined by his virtues.

If yet, in spite of this prodigious store,
 Thy craving bosom yawn, unfill'd, for more,
 Then all the wealth of Lydia's king, increas'd
 By all the treasures of the gorgeous East,
 Will not content thee; no, nor all the gold
 Of that proud slave whose mandate Rome controll'd,
 Who sway'd the emperor, and whose fatal word
 Plung'd in the empress' breast the lingering sword.

VER. 458. *Who sway'd the emperor, &c.*] The state of dependance in which this moon-calf (Claudius) was kept by his freedmen, is sarcastically alluded to by Seneca, in a passage of exquisite humour: *excandescit Claudius: quid diceret nemo intelligebat. Ille autem febrim duci jubebat, illo gestu solutæ manus, quo decollare homines solebat. Jusserat illi collum præcidi; putares omnes illius esse LIBERTOS, ADEO ILLAM NEMO CURABAT.*" *Apokol.*

VER. 458. ————— and whose fatal word,

Plung'd, &c.] This is agreeable to history. Narcissus, the person here meant, though inferiour in rank to Pallas, was the chief adviser, Tacitus says, in the whole affair.

But this is not all, for when Claudius appeared irresolute, and shewed marks of returning fondness for Messalina, Narcissus gave the orders for her death, without consulting him: fearful of her resentment, if she recovered her influence, he would not even permit her to be heard. Such was the end of Messalina! Her two accusers were not much more fortunate. Pallas perished by the sword of Nero, as we have already seen, Satire I. Narcissus preserved his influence during the life of Claudius, but on the accession of Nero, Agrippina, whose designs he had endeavoured to thwart, threw him into prison; and, by a detestable refinement in cruelty, compelled him, through mere want of sustenance, to put an end to his life. A strange catastrophe for one who had seen the resources of the Roman world at his feet!

SATIRE XV.

Argument.

IN this Satire, which was written after the Author's return from Egypt, he directs his ridicule at the sottish and ferocious bigotry of the Egyptians. The enumeration of their animal and vegetable gods, is a fine specimen of dignified humour; and though he may be thought to treat the actors in the horrid transaction, which makes the chief subject of his poem, with too indiscriminate a severity, yet it should be considered that he had, for many justifiable causes, long regarded the country and the countrymen of Crispinus, with contempt and aversion: neither of which, we may presume, was much diminished, by a nearer view of both.

The conclusion of the Satire, which is a just and beautiful description of the origin of civil society, (infinitely superior to any thing that Lucretius or Horace has delivered on the subject,) does honour to the genius, good sense, and enlightened morality, I had almost said, piety, of the Author. It is not founded in natural instinct, but on principles of mutual benevolence, implanted, not by Nature, as Mr. Gibbon carelessly or perversely asserts, but by NATURE'S GOD, in the breast of man, and of MAN ALONE.

SATIRE XX.

In this Satire, which was written after the Author's return from Italy, he directs his ridicule at the superstitious and credulous people of that country. The cause of this Satire, and the manner in which it was written, is given in the Preface to the second edition. The Author's intention was to show, that the people of Italy were not so much in the possession of the highest knowledge, as they were supposed to be. He also intended to show, that the people of Italy were not so much in the possession of the highest knowledge, as they were supposed to be.

The conclusion of the Satire, which is a great and beautiful piece of poetry, is the origin of the Satire. The Author's intention was to show, that the people of Italy were not so much in the possession of the highest knowledge, as they were supposed to be. He also intended to show, that the people of Italy were not so much in the possession of the highest knowledge, as they were supposed to be.

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SATIRE XV.

TO VOLUSIUS BITHYNICUS.

v. 1—6.

WHO knows not to what monstrous gods, my friend,
The mad inhabitants of Egypt bend?
While These the ibis piously inshrine,
Those think the crocodile alone divine;
Others, where Thebes' vast ruins strew the ground,
And shatter'd Memnon yields a magic sound,

VER. 6. *And shatter'd Memmon, &c.*] "The gigantic statue of Memmon, in his temple of Thebes, had a lyre in his hands, which, many credible writers assure us, sounded when the rising sun shone upon it." *Darwin*. What credible writer says this? An old scholiast on Juvenal, indeed, mentions it; but he is totally unworthy of belief.

The history of this wonderful statue seems to be simply this: Herodotus, when he went into Egypt, was shewn the fragments of a Colossus, thrown down some years before by Cambyzes. This he calls Memnon, but says not a syllable respecting its emitting a vocal sound: which appears to have been an after-thought of the priests of Thebes.*

The upper part of this statue has been covered by the sand for ages: it is

* Savary observes with a simplicity that excites a smile: "Herodotus is the first who speaks of the statue of Memmon, and indeed, it is but a word he says of it, because, when he was in Egypt, it had not been long mutilated! Since his time, a crowd of travellers have dwelt upon it with enthusiasm!" *Lett. sur l'Egypte*, Vol. III. p. 175.

Set up a glittering brute of uncouth shape,
 And bow before the image of an ape !
 Thousands regard the hound with holy fear,
 Not one Diana : and 'tis dangerous here,

that which yet remains on its pedestal, which performs the wonders mentioned by so many travellers, who have perpetuated their credulity on the spot, by inscribing their names on the stone. One man, indeed, of high respectability, bears a kind of testimony to the common report of a sound proceeding, not from the harp of Memnon, for there never was any such thing, but from the statue. Strabo says he heard a sound, but whether it came from the Colossus itself, or the base, or from some one of the numerous standers by, he could not tell. "Indeed," adds he, "one would be inclined to suppose almost any thing, rather than to believe stones, however disposed, capable of producing a sound." Germanicus too, according to Tacitus, (Ann. 11. 61,) was indulged with the same favour. If he listened with patience to the nonsense first read to him by the priests, he was not unworthy of it.

In a word, the whole appears to have been a trick not ill-adapted to such a place as Egypt, where men went, and still go, with a face of gaping wonderment, predisposed to swallow the grossest absurdities. The sound, (for some sound I suppose there was,) I am inclined to think, with De Pauw, proceeded from an excavation near the plinth, the sides of which might be struck, at a concerted moment, with a bar of sonorous metal. Even Savary, who saw nothing but prodigies in Egypt, treats this foolish affair as an artifice of the priests. So much for the harp of Memnon ! which, though miserably out of its place in a work of philosophy, does very well in a poetic description :

"As Memnon's marble harp, renown'd of old
 "By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
 "Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
 "Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
 "Unbidden strains."

Akenside.

"But," says Dr. Darwin, who seems to have no objection to believe any miracle, provided it be not in Scripture, "the truncated statue is said, for many centuries, to have saluted the rising sun with cheerful tones, and the setting sun with melancholy ones." This gross and palpable invention of one

To violate an onion, or to stain
The sanctity of leeks, with tooth profane.

Philostratus, (the scorn of every man of sense,) was scarce worth notice; the Doctor, however, thinks otherwise, he speculates profoundly upon it; and observes, among other things, that the sun's light possesses a mechanical impulse: a truism, it seems, which would have been proved by Mr. Michel, if the experiments had not totally failed!

I recommend this whole passage, (Botanic Garden, note ix.) to the curious. It contains such marvellous discoveries; and such ingenious and economical proposals for opening the glasses of melons and cucumber beds, as have not been equalled, since the never-to-be-forgotten plan of constructing parish sun-dials with eight-and-forty pounders!

VER. 11. *To violate an onion, &c.*] Yet Herodotus was told of the immense quantity of onions consumed by the workmen who were employed on the pyramids. How shall we reconcile this? In the book of Numbers, the children of Israel, now wandering in the Desert, regret, among other articles of luxury, the *onions* with which they were liberally supplied in Egypt. Were they then, the constructors of them? This is a subject for an essay, not a marginal note. One thing, however, I cannot avoid saying: the race of men who inhabited Egypt when Herodotus visited that country, do not appear to be the descendants of those who produced the massy structures which encumber, rather than embellish it. Nay, I am tempted to think that they were not even the progeny of those for whom they were raised; a people, superior in every respect to the timid and boastful horde, (the aborigines of the country,) which the historian found there, and which, with little variation, has continued to our times. One reason, and indeed a principal one, for this supposition, is the profound ignorance of the natives respecting the purport of their sacred edifices, rites, &c. which, if ever known to them, could not possibly have been so totally obliterated from their minds as it appears to be. Not many years had elapsed between the invasion of Cambyzes, and the visit of Herodotus; yet the origin of the pyramids, temples, statues, &c. were no better known to the priests of that period, than to the imans, and Coptic cenobites of the present day. Could this have been the case, if their predecessors had possessed any information in the time of the Persian monarch? Certainly not.

It is worse than trifling, therefore, to attempt, as many of the commentators

O holy nations! Sacro-sanct abodes!
 Where every garden propagates its gods!
 From mutton they abstain, and think it ill,
 The blood of lambkins or of kids to spill;

do, to account for the practises Juvenal found amongst this people, which if they understood ill, he understood much worse. I do not think indeed it will ever be found in Egypt. A ray of light, however, is breaking upon us from another quarter; I mean India: there, at no very distant period perhaps, if the present learned race of investigators continue their researches, will a clue be found, to guide us through the hitherto inextricable maze of Egyptian history.

Meanwhile, the Egyptians have been fortunate. As few or none of their visitants understood their language; and as to those few, they could not explain what they did not know; all their absurd and bestial superstitions have been gratuitously supposed to be pregnant with sound sense, and a pure and enlightened system of morality. Ουδεν, says Plutarch, γαρ αλογον, εδε μυθωδες, εδε υπο δεισιδαιμονιας, κ. τ. α. "The Egyptians have inserted nothing into their worship without a reason, nothing merely fabulous, nothing superstitious," *O bone!* " (as many suppose;) but their institutions have either respect to morals or to something useful in life; and many of them bear a beautiful resemblance of some fact in history, of some appearance of nature, οιον το περι κρομμυς," &c. And the very ingenious translator of the Hymn to Ceres: "The Egyptian priests threw an awful and ambiguous veil over their religious rites, and having enjoined silence and secrecy as indispensable terms of initiation, gave an air of pomp and solemnity to institutions that were trifling, and doctrines that were absurd."

This is too much. The Egyptians of profane history were neither a wise, nor a moral people: nor did their priests give an air of pomp and solemnity to their religious rites, which, on the contrary were sottish, ludicrous, and obscene. To talk therefore, as some do, of their being the teachers of the old world is truly ridiculous. What could Pythagoras learn from a nation, whose knowledge is not proved in a single instance? What did Herodotus learn? Milesian tales. What Plato? To sell oil, perhaps:—in short, it is time to have done with the prejudices of childhood, and to think for ourselves.

But human flesh—O! that is lawful fare,
And you may eat it without scandal there.

When, at th' amazed Alcinoüs' board, of old,
Ulysses of so strange an action told,
He mov'd of some the mirth, of more the gall,
And for a lying vagrant pass'd with all:

“ Will no one seize this knave, and, for his pains,
“ On some true Scylla dash him ;—while he feigns
“ Monsters unheard of since the world began,
“ Cyclops and Læstrigons, who feed on man !
“ For I should less demur at Scylla's train,
“ At rocks that float and jostle in the main,
“ At bladders fill'd with storms, at men, in fine,
“ By magic chang'd, and driven to grunt with swine,
“ Than at his cannibals.—The fellow lies,
“ As if he thought Phæacians not o'er wise.”

Thus one, a little sob'rer than the rest,
Observ'd, and rightly, of their travell'd guest,
Who spoke of prodigies till then unknown ;
And brought no attestation but his own.
—And I, too, have my wonders: I can tell,
Of what, in Junius' consulship, befel,

VER. 19. *When at the amaz'd Alcinoüs' board, &c.*] All the wonders recorded in the subsequent lines, and more, are to be found in the tenth book of the Odyssey, to which the reader, if they are not familiar to him, should have recourse: they form perhaps, the most bewitching narrative that ever came from the tongue of man.

VER. 38. *Of what, in Junius' consulship, &c.*] For Junius see the Life of Juvenal.

Near Coptus' walls; tell of a nation stain'd
 With deeper guilt than tragedy e'er feign'd;
 For search all buskin'd strains from Pyrrha's time,
 No poet will be found, to charge a crime
 On a whole people; take then, what the stage
 Yet never dar'd; a scene of barbarous rage,
 Collectively perform'd, and in our age!

Between two neighbouring towns, a deadly hate,
 Sprung from a sacred grudge of ancient date,
 Yet flames; a hate no lenients can assuage,
 No time subdue, a rooted, rancorous, rage!
 Blind bigotry, at first, the evil wrought;
 For each despis'd the other's gods, each thought
 Its own the true, the genuine, in a word,
 The only deities to be ador'd.

VER. 50. *Blind bigotry, &c.*] The Ombites worshipped the crocodile, the Tentyrites the ibis, whose respective claims to superiority are not yet settled: I hold them both to be very excellent gods, and, as Lucian, says, ἀληθῶς ἀξιοῖται προσεῖναι, but do not feel inclined to fight or to dispute for either.

The singularity here is, that the critics will not allow Juvenal to know his own meaning. De Pauw seems to think, (I say, seems, for it is not always easy to discover his real meaning,) that this was not a religious war. It is owing to the corrupt text of Juvenal, he says "that the false opinion prevailed of the Ombites having fought with the Tentyrites for a crocodile.* These two towns were near a hundred miles distant, and therefore not likely

* But why must the inhabitants of the two capitals be the people who fought? Each of them had a considerable district lying around it, and the borderers, therefore, might not be very remote neighbours. Even if this be disallowed, a voyage of fourscore miles up the Nile is no very tedious, or difficult matter. Superstitious frenzy has frequently impelled its votaries to more laborious undertakings.

And now the Ombite festival drew near :
 When the prime Tent'rites, envious of their cheer,
 Resolv'd to seize the occasion, to annoy
 Their feast, and spoil the sacred week of joy.
 It came: the hour the thoughtless Ombites greet,
 And crowd the porches, crowd the public street,
 With tables richly spread; where, night and day,
 Plung'd in the abyss of gluttony they lay:
 (For savage as the country is, it vies,
 In luxury, if I MAY TRUST MY EYES,

to have great interests to promote such vain pretexts. The dispute really took place between the Tentyrites and the inhabitants of Coptus, and was occasioned solely by a jealousy of trade !”

This is a little hard upon Juvenal: though we grant that he (or his transcribers) might have written Ombos for Coptos, still he could not well have mistaken the motives of the fray.

Bruce, who seems to have read our author, as he read “ Peter Paez,” and indeed every other writer, as far as I have followed him, *i. e.* “ rapidly, and looking for things only where they ought to be;” has another fancy. “ It is remarkable (Vol. I. p. 142,) these two parties were anthropophagi as late as Juvenal’s time; yet no author speaks of this extraordinary fact! which cannot be called in question, as he was an eye witness, and resided at Syene. A chain was stretched across the Nile, and as the Ombites and Tentyrites could only meet on that river, either one or the other possessing it, could hinder his adversary from coming nearer him. As the chain is in the Harmonthic nome, as well as the capital of the Ombi, I suppose it to be the barrier of this last state, to hinder those of Dendera from coming up to EAT THEM !”

As Bruce is very generally read, it is not amiss to notice his errors. I am not hostile to his fame; though a careless reader, he was a curious observer; and though a mere pretender to literature, a most indefatigable, enterprizing, and sagacious traveller.

With dissolute Canopus.) Six were past,
Six days of riot, and the seventh and last,
Rose on the feast. And now the Tent'rites thought,
A cheap, a bloodless victory, might be bought,
O'er such a helpless crew; nor thought they wrong:
For, could the event be doubtful? where a throng
Of drunken revellers, stammering, reeling-ripe,
And capering to a sooty minstrel's pipe,
Coarse unguents, chaplets, flowers, on this side fight;
On that, keen hatred and deliberate spite!

At first both sides, though eager to engage,
With taunts and jeers, the heralds of their rage,
Blow up their mutual fury; and anon,
Kindled to madness, with loud shouts rush on;
Deal, though unarm'd, their vengeance blindly round,
And, with clench'd fists, print many a ghastly wound.
Then might you see, amid the desperate fray,
Features disfigured, noses torn away,
Hands, where the gore of mangled eyes yet reeks,
And jaw-bones starting through the cloven cheeks!

But this is sport, they think, mere children's play,
As yet beneath their feet no bodies lay;

VER. 73. *On that keen hatred, &c.*] Holyday, supposes that the Tentyrites envied the good cheer of the Ombites; and therefore fell on them with such fury. But *inde* in the text, is opposed to *hinc*. Each word is placed at the head of the muster-roll of the respective armies. This personification of the combatants, is spirited and pleasant in the original; but necessarily loses much of its effect in the translation.

(And why, forsooth, should two such armies fight
 The cause of heaven, if none be slain outright?)
 Rous'd at the thought, more fiercely they engage,
 With stones, the weapons of intestine rage;
 Yet not precisely such, to tell you true,
 As Turnus, or as Ajax whilom threw;
 Nor quite so large as that two-handed stone,
 Which bruis'd Æneas on the huckle-bone;
 But such as men, in our degenerate days,
 Ah! how unlike to theirs, make shift to raise.
 E'en in his time, Mæonides could trace
 Some dimunition of the human race;
 Now earth, grown old and frigid, rears with pain,
 A pigmy brood, a weak and wicked train;

VER. 95. *Ah! how unlike to theirs, make shift to raise.*] “There prevailed,” says Dr. Johnson in his life of Milton, “an opinion in his time, that the world was in its decay, and that we have the misfortune to be produced in the decrepitude of nature.” The Doctor probably meant to confine his observation to this country only: the opinion, however, was universal, and prevailed many thousand years before Milton was born; and seems derived from a natural predilection in the aged for the companions of their youth; or perhaps from an unconscious recurrence to the longevity of the antediluvian world. “Few and evil,” says the patriarch, with pathetic simplicity, “few and evil have been the days of the years of my life, and have not attained to the days of the years of the life of my fathers, in the days of their pilgrimage.”

Homer seems to place the *maximum* of human strength and activity at the period of the Trojan war, when Nestor had already observed a decline of both. Where it really should be placed, we shall never know, though we all agree, as we advance in years, that it must be thrown back a little. As for Juvenal, he is pleased to be facetious, as usual. I am glad, however, that while he was

Which every god, who marks their passions vile,
Regards with laughter, though he loaths the while.

But to our combatants. With arm'd supplies
Inforc'd, the Tent'rites feel their courage rise,
And wave their swords, and, kindling at the sight,
Rush on, and with fell rage renew the fight.
The Ombites flee; they follow:—in the rear,
A luckless wretch, confounded by his fear,
Trips, and falls headlong: with loud yelling cries,
The pack rush in, and seize him as he lies.

And now the conquerors, none to disappoint
Of the dire banquet, tear him joint by joint,
And dole him round; the bones yet warm they gnaw,
And champ the flesh that heaves beneath their jaw.
They want no cook to dress it—'twould be long,
And appetite is keen, and rage is strong.

indulging a smile at Homer's expense, he did not overlook Virgil, who, in copying him, manifests a lamentable deficiency of taste. These are the passages:

————— Αἶας πολὺ μείσωνα λαὰν αἰράς

Ἡκ' ἐπιδίνησας.

Il. H.

————— ὁ δὲ χερμαδίον λαβὲ χεῖρι

Τυδείδης, μέγα ἔργον, ὃ κ' δύο γ' ἀνδρὲ φέροισιν,

Οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσι.

Il. E.

“————— saxum circumspicit ingens:—

“Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,

“Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.” *Æn.* XII.

I do not know how it is; but, generally speaking, Virgil's heroes have always appeared to me less striking, in their qualities both of body and of mind, than Homer's; yet they perform greater feats upon occasion.

And here, Volusius, I rejoice at least,
 That fire was unprofan'd by this curs'd feast,
 Fire, rapt from heaven! and you, I think, will join
 Your greetings to the element, with mine.
 But least you doubt, if those who came in time,
 First at the bloody banquet, and the crime,
 Relish'd the treat; know those who came the last,
 And when the rest had finish'd the repast,
 Stoop'd down, and scraping where the wretch had lain,
 With savage pleasure lick'd the gory plain.

The Vascons once (the story yet is rife)
 With such dire aliment sustain'd their life;

VER. 116. *And here Volusius, &c.*] I cannot see the purport of this apostrophe to Volusius. It is not, indeed, unusual with our author, when he is ridiculing one species of superstition, to manifest something like tenderness for another; but even this caprice could not influence him here; for the Romans cared little for fire, and the Egyptians, I believe, still less.

The mysteries of Mithra were neither unknown, nor unpracticed at Rome, when Juvenal wrote: if his friend was attached to those, a compliment might be intended; though, even in that case, the introduction of Prometheus would shew a want of judgment. I can think of nothing to the purpose.

VER. 125. *The Vascons once, &c.*] The Vascons were a people in the north-east of Spain, who took part with Sertorius, and stood a long and severe siege from Cn. Pompey, and Metellus. Holyday says that Sertorius compelled these two chiefs to raise the siege, after their capital had been reduced to a state of the most dreadful necessity; but Val. Max. (lib. vii. 6,) who also mentions the calamities of the besieged, speaks of that general as already dead. *Horum (the Numantines) trucem pertinaciam in consimili facinore Caliguritanorum execrabilis impietas supergressa est; qui, quo perseverantius interempti Sertorii cineribus fidem prestarent, (quia nullum jam aliud in urbe eorum supererat animal,) ad usum nefariæ dapis verterunt.*

But then the cause was different: Fortune there,
Prov'd adverse. They had borne the extremes of war,
The rage of famine, the still-watchful foe,
And all the ills beleagur'd cities know.

(And nothing less, should prompt mankind to use
Such desperate means.) This then was their excuse:

For after every root and herb were gone,
And every creature yet to hunger known;
When their lean frames, and cheeks of sallow hue,
Struck e'en the foe with pity at the view,
And all were ready their own flesh to tear,
They first adventur'd on this horrid fare.

And surely every god would pity grant,
To men so worn by wretchedness and want,
And e'en the very ghosts of those they ate,
Absolve them, mindful of their dreadful state.

True, we are wiser; and, by Zeno taught,
Know life itself may be too dearly bought;
But how should this be to the Vascon known,
And in an age so distant from our own?

Now, thanks to Greece and Rome, in wisdom's robe,
The bearded tribes rush forth, and seize the globe:

Already learned Gaul aspires to teach

Your British orators the art of speech;

VER. 150. *Already learned Gaul, &c.*] Could any one suppose that a writer of eminence would seriously fix on a passage like this, to prove the migration of oratory from France to Britain? Yet this is done by La Bletterie, in his observations on the life of Agricola!—and the Frenchman seems to derive no

And Thulé, blessings on her! seems to say,
 She'll hire a good grammarian, cost what may.
 The Vascons then, who thus prolong'd their breath,
 And the Saguntines, true, like them, to death,
 Like them, too, brave, but by worse ills subdued,
 Had some small plea for this unnatural food.

Diana first, (and let us doubt no more,
 The barbarous rites we disbeliev'd of yore,)
 Rear'd her dread altar near the Tauric flood,
 And ask'd the sacrifice of human blood:
 Yet there, the victim only lost his life,
 And fear'd no cruelty beyond the knife.
 Far, far more savage, Egypt's frantic train;
 They butcher first, and then devour the slain.
 But say, what cause impell'd them to proceed,
 What siege, what famine, to this monstrous deed?

little vanity from the circumstance. Certainly, "if two men ride upon a horse, one must ride behind:" and yet I doubt whether Gaul, with all her boasted pre-eminence, passed in Juvenal's mind for a much more enlightened spot than Britain. The fact is, that he laughs at both.

But apropos of La Bletterie. How would his patriotic triumph have increased, if it had luckily occurred to him that, near a thousand years after our author's time, "learned Gaul" had still the advantage of Britain! One of Abelard's correspondents, (about the middle of the twelfth century,) compliments him upon the general resort to his lectures; and adds, as the most extraordinary event of all, that even Britain purposed sending her brute beasts to be instructed by him—*remota Britania sua animalia erudienda destinabat!*

VER. 155. *And the Saguntines, &c.*] Saguntum was destroyed by Hannibal, after one of the most dreadful sieges on record. Juvenal speaks of its fidelity

What could they more, had Nile refus'd to rise,
 And the soil gap'd with ever-glowing skies,
 What could they more, the guilty flood to shame,
 And heap opprobrium on his hateful name !

to the Romans, so does Valerius Maximus, and in a way which shews that he felt it. After observing that the citizens made a flaming pyre of their most valuable effects, on which they voluntarily threw themselves, and were consumed ; he adds *Crediderim tunc Ipsam Fidem, humana negotia speculantem, mæstum gessisse vultum ; perseverantissimum sui cultum iniquæ fortunæ judicio, tam acerbo exitu damnatum cernentem.* Lib VI. EX. XI.

VER. 168. *What could they more, the guilty flood to shame,]*

“ ——— anne aliam (terra Memphitide sicca)

“ Invidiam fecerent nolenti surgere Nilo ?”

“ None of the commentators,” Dr. Jortin observes, “ at least none of those whom Henninius hath published, understand the sense of this phrase.” The same may be said of the translators ; Holyday, always learned, seldom incorrect, thus renders it :

“ ————— by what fact

“ Could they have more made their kind Nilus slow

“ To rise, and their parch'd Memphian land o'erflow ?”

Stapylton,

“ For which methinks their Memphian Nile should grow

“ Into a rage, and cease to overflow.”

Dryden follows Britannicus :

“ Or did the miscreants try this conjuring spell,

“ In time of drought to make the Nile to swell ?”

It is the more extraordinary that the meaning should have been so generally mistaken, as it is completely ascertained by a passage in Ovid :

“ Utque parum justæ nimiumque in pellice sævæ,

“ Invidiam fecere Deæ.”

Met. lib. IV. 546.

They excited the public odium against the goddess for her excessive cruelty ; this is the precise sense of the phrase in Juvenal ; and this I have endeavoured to express in the translation.

Lo! what the fierce inhabitant of Thrace,
 Or Scythia, never dar'd, done by a race
 Of worthless dastards; placing all their pride,
 In shoving painted pans from side to side,
 With twelve-inch oars, and sails a hand-breadth wide. }
 What racks, what tortures, can the indignant mind
 Suggest for miscreants of this abject kind,
 Whom spite impell'd such horrors to pursue,
 As famine, in its deadliest form, ne'er knew!

NATURE, who gave us tears, by that alone,
 Proclaims she made the feeling heart our own;
 And 'tis our noblest sense. For thus we fly
 To wipe the drops from sorrowing friendship's eye,
 Sorrowing ourselves; to wail the prisoner's state,
 And sympathize in the wrong'd orphan's fate,
 Compell'd his treacherous guardian to accuse,
 While many a shower his blooming cheek bedews,
 And through his scatter'd tresses, wet with tears,
 A doubtful face, or boy's, or girl's appears.
 Thus too, we heave a sigh, when some bright maid
 Is, ere her spousals, to the grave convey'd;

VER. 175. ——— *painted pans, &c.*] *pictæ testæ*. Boats made of clay hardened in the fire, and varnished, so as to be water-tight. Grangæus is puzzled to know how they could possibly float. He might easily have made the experiment. They floated very well down the tranquil current of the Nile; and Strabo tells us that he saw many of them on their passage from Upper to Lower Egypt. The only circumstance worth mentioning in this place, is the miserable shifts to which this nation was reduced by its absolute want of

Some babe—by fate's inexorable doom,
Just shewn on earth, and hurried to the tomb.

For who, that to the purity aspires,
Which Ceres, for her secret rites, requires,
Feels not for others' woes? This marks our birth;
Our great distinction from the beasts of earth:
And therefore, in our bosom only, springs
True knowledge, capable of heavenly things;
And therefore, are we apt for every art,
That fires the genius, or expands the heart.—
This, from above, this sense to brutes unknown,
We draw, and feel exclusively our own:
For from the first, the Universal Sire
With SENSUAL LIFE alone, did them inspire,
Us, with a REASONING SOUL:—that mutual love
Might prompt to give the aid we hop'd to prove;
Woo to one spot the scatter'd hordes of men,
From their old forest, and paternal den;
Rear the fair dome, extend the social line,
And, to our mansion, that of others join,
Join too our faith, our confidence to theirs,
And sleep, relying on the general cares:

timber. Even under the Greeks, when they enjoyed a transient gleam of prosperity, their internal communications were carried on in canoes that would disgrace the New Zealanders. The Ptolemies, indeed, had vessels of a considerable size in the Mediterranean, but these came, as they still do, from Cyprus, Rhodes, &c.

In war, that each to each support might lend,
 When wounded, succour, and when fall'n, defend ;
 At the same trumpet's clangor rush to arms,
 By the same walls be shelter'd from alarms,
 Near the same gate the foe's incursions stay,
 And trust our safety to one common key.

—But serpents now more amity maintain :
 E'en leopards from their kindred spots abstain ;
 No lion drinks a weaker lion's gore,
 No boar expires beneath a stronger boar ;
 Tigers with tigers join'd in peace we see,
 And savage bears with savage bears agree :
 But man, vile man, flesh'd in the dreadful trade,
 Forges without remorse the murderous blade,
 On that curs'd anvil, where primæval skill,
 As yet untaught a brother's blood to spill,
 Wrought only what rude nature would allow,
 Goads for the ox, and coulter for the plough.

E'en this is trifling ; we have seen a rage,
 Too fierce for murder only to assuage ;
 Seen a whole state their victim piecemeal tear,
 And count each quivering limb delicious fare.

O ! had the Samian view'd an act so dread,
 What would the sage have thought, and whither fled ?

VER. 222. *E'en leopards from their kindred spots abstain, &c.*] "This is prettily said, but without truth: since the male beasts of every kind fight together, when hunger or lust stimulates them; and act, in this respect, just as if they were men." Jortin. Crit. Rem. And this too is prettily said.

He who the flesh of animals declin'd,
 As piously as man's; and could not find
 A will to feed on pulse of every kind!

VER. 240. ————— and could not find,

A will to feed on pulse of every kind!] Juvenal alludes to the popular story of Pythagoras forbidding his followers the use of beans.

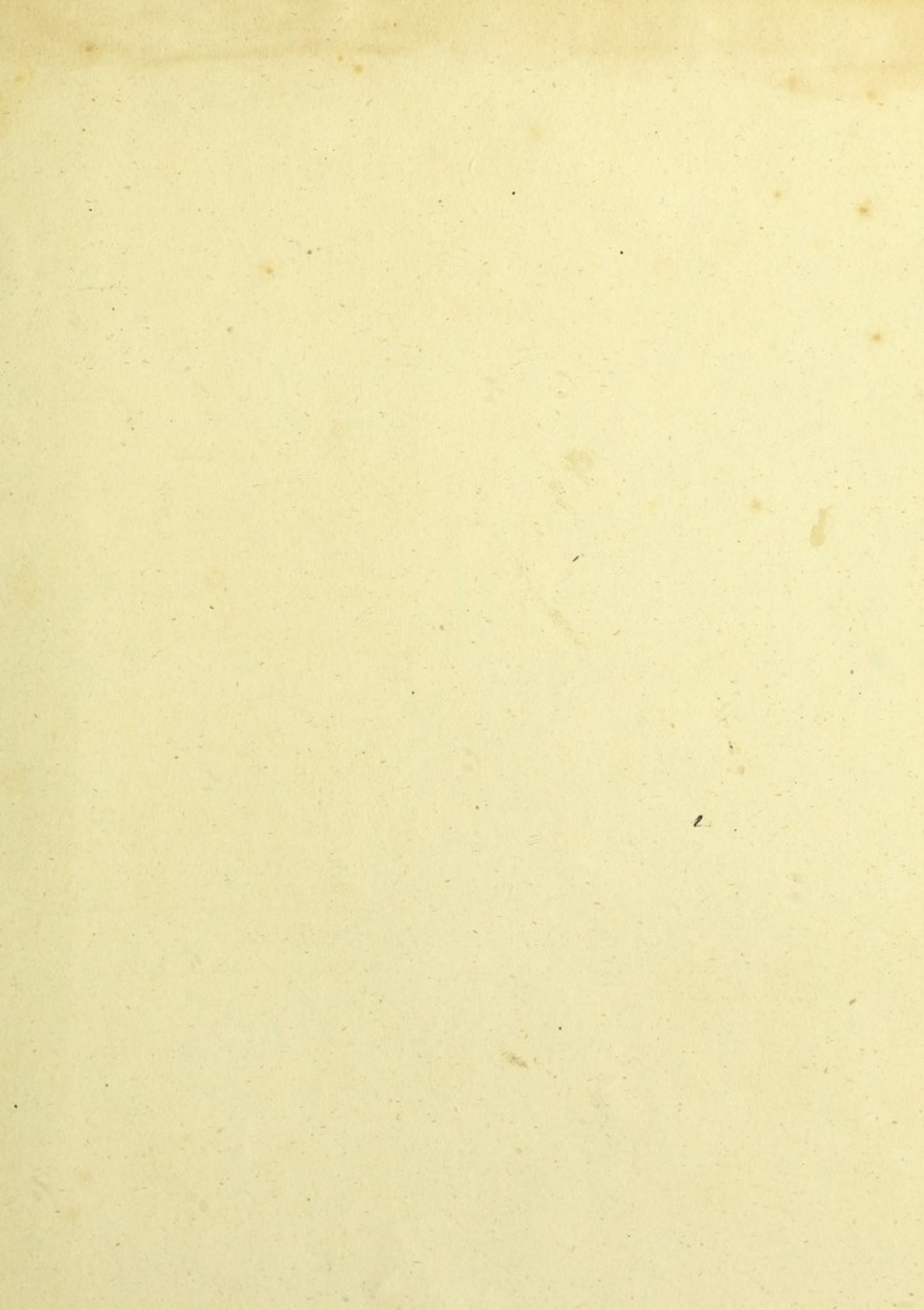
I do not intend to enter into the various conjectures of the learned respecting the origin of this singular, and superstitious piece of abstinence: no two of them agree together, and all seem equally vague and unsatisfactory. For myself, when I consider many parts of this man's character, as it is to be collected from a variety of writers, and find him, in mathematics, in astronomy, in theology, many centuries beyond his age, I am almost tempted to regard these tales, respecting his veneration or abhorrence for this or that particular kind of pulse, as the invention of later times. Instead, therefore, of wasting our ingenuity on endless conjectures, we should do better, perhaps, to call to mind the history of the golden tooth, and be previously certified of the existence of the fact!

ERRATA.

- 0, line 8, for LUDO, read JOCO.
 4, — 25, for η , read η .
 5, — 11, for 198, read 182.
 6, — ult. for 200, read 191.
 2, — 1, for he, read him.
 4, — 6, for marble-clay, read marble, clay.
 1, — 23, for words, read weeds.
 8, — 29, for April, read March.
 2, — penult. for compounds, read confounds.
 7, — 2, for these, read those.
 8, — 26, for veil, read wall.
 9, — 1, for it, read if.
 7, — 21, for TARSUM, read TARSAM.
 4, — 20, for parentum, read parentem.
 1, — 22, after επιχρυσια, insert σπαρτια.
 0, — 16, for were, read was.
 4, — 27, for life, read lips.
 2, — 16, for alligatâ, read alligata.
 4, — 17, for arænea, read aranea.
 6, — 12, for it, read them.
 5, — 14, for ILLAM, read ILLUM.
 2, — 30, for fecerent, read facerent.

ERRATA

2. for 1000; read 100.
25. for 4; read 5.
11. for 132; read 133.
41. for 200; read 191.
1. for he; read him.
6. for marble; clay; read marble; clay.
23. for 2; read 23.
25. for 2; read 25.
26. for 2; read 26.
27. for 2; read 27.
28. for 2; read 28.
29. for 2; read 29.
30. for 2; read 30.
31. for 2; read 31.
32. for 2; read 32.
33. for 2; read 33.
34. for 2; read 34.
35. for 2; read 35.
36. for 2; read 36.
37. for 2; read 37.
38. for 2; read 38.
39. for 2; read 39.
40. for 2; read 40.
41. for 2; read 41.
42. for 2; read 42.
43. for 2; read 43.
44. for 2; read 44.
45. for 2; read 45.
46. for 2; read 46.
47. for 2; read 47.
48. for 2; read 48.
49. for 2; read 49.
50. for 2; read 50.



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