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Harrow. 1818.—

April. 10th—

THE

SATIRES

OF

JUVENAL:

TRANSLATED AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

FRANCIS HODGSON, A.M.

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

NON HIC CENTAUROS, NON GORGONAS, HARPYIASQUE
INVENIES; HOMINEM PAGINA NOSTRA SAPIT.
SED NON VIS, MAMURRA, TUOS COGNOSCERE MORES,
NEC TE SCIRE:—LEGAS "ΑΙΤΙΑ" CALLIMACHI.

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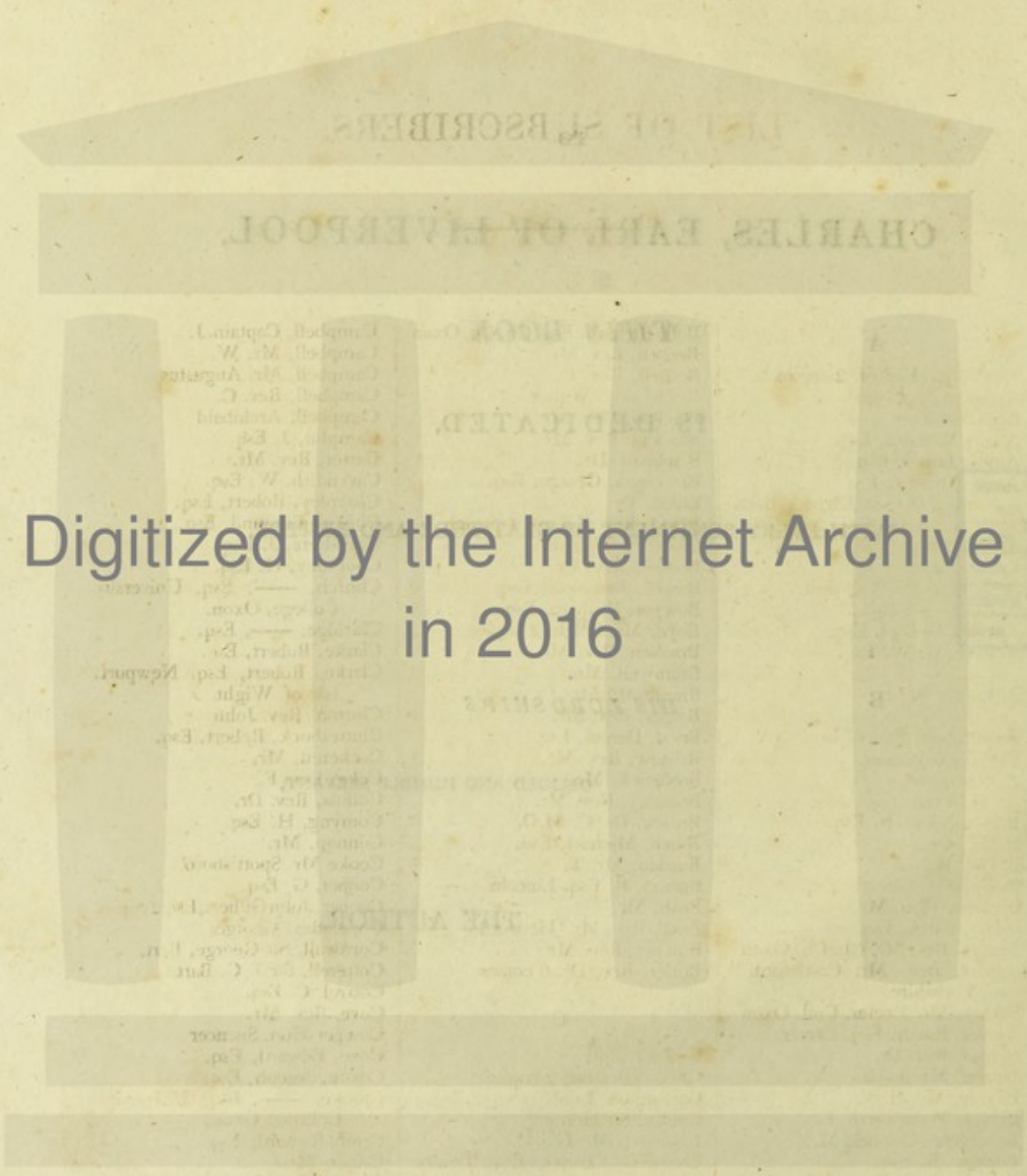
WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF GRATITUDE AND RESPECT,

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S

OBLIGED AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



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PREFACE.

It is with the utmost diffidence that I offer to the notice of the public a new translation of Juvenal. After the very spirited, although irregular, performance of Dryden and his coadjutors, in the way of freer version, and after the uncommonly faithful and meritorious work of Mr. Gifford, I am certainly called upon to say a few words in explanation of my own plan; and to state in what particulars my judgment has, perhaps erroneously, led me to believe, that an improvement might be made upon the plan of my predecessors. That it is possible I still think; but am far from fancying that the design is here carried into execution.

It will be necessary, in order that my ideas upon this subject may be more clearly understood, to make a very few preliminary remarks upon the widely different construction of the English and Latin languages, especially in what relates to their poetical idiom.

To those who have not been exercised in the task of rendering Latin verse into English, a simple difficulty, which I shall first cursorily mention, will appear inconsiderable, namely, that of avoiding the indiscriminate application of the pronouns[a] "thou" and "you," as the latter is constantly, though inaccurately, used by our poets in the singular

[a] It is not my wish to introduce quakerism into poetry; but, surely, our mode of address should not be varied in the same sentence; and yet, so paramount is convenience, this is sometimes the case.

number. I say inaccurately by our poets (to wave grammatical objections, which indeed, by the prevalence of custom, are no longer objections), because, although common conversation requires it, perhaps for that very reason it is the less fitted for poetry, except in the humbler passages.[b] But we are continually in want of it, even when our stile ought to be most elevated; for the inflections of the verb, governed by the pronoun "thou," are peculiarly rough and inharmonious. For instance, "thou buildest—build'st," "thou toilest—toil'st." And yet, "you build," if it should happen to be a lofty strain; or "you toil," if it should be up a very high hill, are sufficiently devoid of animation. Indeed we may use the former, "thou buildest," or "thou toilest," (which are somewhat softer) without the contraction; but we have enough to do, with every additional help, to keep our thoughts within their fetters of ten feet. Tu, in Latin, answers both purposes, of solemn, and of familiar address.

Another, and a much greater impediment to the harmony of English verse,[c] is our awkward, everlasting, and barbarous article, "the."

[b] Wakefield has well observed that Johnson's remark upon Gray's diction is rather a compliment than otherwise. "He thought his language more poetical," says the critic, "as it was more remote from common use." Did not Johnson think the same himself? Such at least is his practice, both in prose and poetry, to adopt words the farthest from familiar. He is eminently distinguished for the "Os Magna sonaturum."

[c] For those readers, who may be displeased with the detail and minuteness of the above remarks, (yet see Johnson's defence of such minuteness in the critique upon Milton) I will subjoin some more general observations upon the difficulties and duties of a translator; observations which it is much easier to defend in theory, than to exemplify by practice.

It is a good fundamental maxim, that a translation should be a complete and accurate copy of the original; that no addition or subtraction should be made; no image suppressed; no sentiment altered; that the very turn of particular phrases, if possible, but at any rate the stile of thinking and expression, should be most faithfully preserved. There

" The best and worst on the same theme employs
" His muse." DRYDEN's Juvenal, sat. 1.

Expectes eadem à summo minimoque poetâ.

We may now observe that the Latin line quoted above has fifteen syllables; the English ten. And the average of syllables in Latin hex-

are three sets of readers: those who are unacquainted with the Latin; those who have when young read and enjoyed it, but have now an imperfect recollection; and those who will be at the pains of comparing original and translated poems. Every translator must wish (speret idem—sudet multùm frustràque laboret) the first class to rise from the perusal with a tolerably correct idea of the manner of the original; the second to have all their former impressions brought fully to their minds, and often the very passages; the third to be quite astonished at finding that an imitation could be made at once so close and so spirited. But let me ask, has this fancied excellence been ever attained? has not one of the two contrary defects invariably prevailed? has not fidelity been sacrificed to versification, or poetry been excluded by a servile adherence to correctness? Pope and Cowper, in their respective translations of Homer, sufficiently answer the questions. But surely one must say, " mallem cum illo errare, quam cum hoc rectè sentire." An English poem in rhyme, whether translated or original, will never please, unless the verse be flowing, sweet, and simple; varied only by modifications of harmony; by dissimilar pauses; and a composed or hurried rythm. But how are we to reconcile the sudden turns, the strong points, and striking contrasts of Juvenal, with an equable, dignified, melodious cadence? Must we not lean more to another peculiarity of his character, that sweeping grandeur of declamation, that exalted stile of poetical oratory, which are the chief properties of this sonorous writer? The English language compels diffuseness; a literal version is impossible; the Latin verse is nearly a fifth longer than our own; and the very nature of rhyme, forbidding one line to run into another, often obliges us to stretch phrases (for to contract them is seldom possible) very capriciously, for the benefit of the couplet. Then come the great curses of Gothicism, crowds of auxiliary verbs—and the " the's, my's, thy's, em's, " us's—" which make our barbarous jargons, with their inharmonious monosyllables, bear the same resemblance to the ancient languages, that a modern-built church, dotted with windows, bears to the graceful and commanding simplicity of a Grecian temple consisting of pillars. " Expansion, for these reasons," (continues the friend, who suggested much of this note to my consideration) " is, I think, almost always necessary; but we must not take " calomel in a looseness. The more moderately and sparingly we use our privilege of " dilating, the better probably and the stronger in expression will the poem be; at all

ameters is perhaps about fifteen; as many as three dactyls usually occurring in a verse.[d] So that a person who attempted to translate Latin hexameters line for line into English heroic poetry, would have five extra syllables to cram into every verse; which particular difficulty

" events, the translation of Juvenal will be more complete. Ad summam—the difference " between us is, I conceive, this; you seem satisfied with attempting to clothe the spirit " of the author in an English body; I think body and spirit should be the same, and " nothing altered but the dress; that an exact resemblance in all points should be the first " object; and that the *effect will generally be copied with the words*; but if not, that " nothing but the most unbending stubbornness of idiom, or obscurity of allusion, should " drive you to a change." These arguments appear to me ingeniously urged; and will, perhaps, make more converts than my own freer opinions of poetical version, expressed above. But I do not see how a general poetical effect can be compatible with so close an imitation of every variety of manner, nay even of language, as my friend recommends. The uniform imitation of language or stile is, I hold, impossible in this case; i. e. to write well in English, a translator of Juvenal must be defective in closeness of version, except where the author himself is easy and flowing in his manner. This, I contend, he generally is; but to reconcile his occasional abruptness with English rhyme (the only species of our verse which can give effect to satire) is, it appears to me, a problem that never can be solved.

Concerning the obscurity of allusion I have a word to say. This is not the place to speak generally of what I have endeavoured in my notes; but I may observe that, as it was a part of my plan in the translation to make a reference to the notes for the explanation of Roman customs as seldom necessary as possible, it seemed reasonable to place them at the end of the volume. The pitiful idea of preserving the beauty of the page never entered my head. Various arguments may be used for, as well as against, my arrangement. For myself, I confess that I like to read a poem quite through before I examine it in detail. We must compound for a little temporary ignorance of the full meaning of particular passages by this method: but pleasure is the great end of poetry; and it is impossible to judge of the general effect of a poem, if our attention is called off every moment to quotation and reference in the notes. This must be the case, if they are at the bottom of the page. There is a sort of compulsion in this plan; a reader is forced by his natural curiosity to look at an explanation before his eyes; although in many passages he may have no occasion, or wish, to seek for more knowledge than he finds in the text, or can supply from his own stores of information.

[d] Dryden rates the number at less. Johnson rates it as above.

would be no slight one, not to mention the general conciseness of the Latin language (from the inflections of its nouns and verbs, and various other causes), compared with the "wild plenty" of the English.

But the critic will here say, Quorsum Hæc? Nobody expects a literal translation of a Latin poet. It would be the attempt of a Procrustes; fitting long and short alike to one inconvenient receptacle. Well, but it was the attempt of Barten Holyday, that most learned of all the commentators upon Juvenal, and to whom I shall almost in every note have occasion to confess my obligations. The consequence of Holyday's passion for literal translation was, that he neither wrote sense nor poetry. For instance,

Imponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis. JUV. sat. 6.

"In just acts too new aims she gives." HOLYDAY.

As Dryden says, Holyday obtained his pedantic end; namely, that of rendering his original line for line. Yet although such a plan as that of Holyday is evidently absurd, and both he, and the comparatively smooth Stapylton,[c] are obsolete as poetical translators of Juvenal, yet at the same time there is an opposite extreme of too great freedom in translating, which, I own, I think Dryden and his associates have run into. It is perhaps needless to mention that Dryden himself only

[c] Johnson calls Stapylton smoother than Holyday. Take one of Stapylton's smooth lines—

—— "overwrit
"O'th' sides, indors'd too, and not finisht yet." Sat. 1.

But Stapylton is, upon the whole, very smooth indeed for the time in which he wrote: he is very nervous too; and I am sorry to say Dryden owes many good lines to him, which he has not acknowledged. Of this more as we proceed.

translated five out of the sixteen satires in the work that bears his name; which were the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth. His assistants were numerous. Tate gave the second satire with beastly accuracy, but with much spirit. The reverend Richard Duke translated the fourth extremely ill. The reverend William Bowles succeeded rather better with the fifth. Charles Dryden, the poet's son, himself a poet, rendered the seventh. He had very good abilities; but I think he betrays his father's helping hand: particularly in such verses as the last of the following couplet;

> Exposing play-books full of fustian lines,
> And the dull libraries of dead divines. DRYDEN's Juv. sat. 7.

This verse is, we see, pure invention. Stepney, to whose lot the eighth satire fell, has the opinion of Fabricius in his favour. It is said in the Bibliotheca Latina that Stepney translated quædam Juvenalis non inscitè. Ruperti retails the information. Ruperti is a great retailer; I had almost said, a wholesale retailer. But more of him anon. Harvey, who I really think is the best of the band, next to Dryden and Congreve, paraphrased the ninth very poetically. I shall quote four of his lines in proof of my assertion; lines which I sincerely envy him, although there is hardly one thought in them from the original.

> Oh! there's a lust in man no charm can tame,
> Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;
> On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
> While virtuous actions are but born and die.
>
> DRYDEN's Juv. sat. 9.

But passages from this paraphrase have frequently been quoted.[f]

[f] The curious may refer to Clarissa Harlowe. "I met the angry fair," &c.

No one can doubt that Congreve would do any thing well which he undertook. The eleventh satire was fortunate enough to engage his attention. His translation, faulty as it is in point of rhymes, surely does more than "deserve forgiveness," as Johnson says of it. Mr. Power has done his utmost to annihilate every shadow of merit in the twelfth. Creech chose the thirteenth; and performed his task like himself, unequally, but upon the whole with vigour. Johnson says, but he says it with a "perhaps," that Creech is the only one of these translators who has not lost sight of the dignity of Juvenal; although they all, more or less, have preserved his point. This was a prudent "perhaps." Take a line or two of Creech. Talking of the hardened villain, he says,

"Dare him to swear, he with a cheerful face,
"Flies to the shrine, and bids thee mend thy pace;
"He urges, goes before thee, shews the way,
"Nay, pulls thee on, and chides thy dull delay."

This is not deficient in spirit, yet it is any thing but dignified.

John Dryden, jun. translated the fourteenth satire very creditably. But I fancy I see the father here again.

"Children like tender osiers take the bow,
"And as they first are fashion'd always grow."

DRYDEN's Juv. sat. 14.

Tate appears again in the fifteenth, and, as most of these translators do, shows a power of compressing a striking thought into a couplet, which will be remembered and quoted. "High praise and pleasure to "the tuneful soul." How beautiful is the following—

" Compassion proper to mankind appears,
" Which Nature witness'd when she lent us tears."

DRYDEN's Juv. sat. 15.

Dryden winds up the whole with his translation of the sixteenth satire; in itself a very imperfect performance, whether Juvenal's or not,[g] nor worthy Dryden's notice; had he not chosen, like the best actor, to appear in the last scene of the play, and to make his bow to the audience, when the curtain dropped. Although it must be confessed that his last compliments are a little extraordinary. Among the advantages of the soldiery he enumerates these, that they may

" Be daub'd with lace, live high, and drink, and whore;
" Sometimes be lousy—but be never poor."

DRYDEN's Juv. sat. 16.

Such is the finale of his translation.

I have given this general account of Dryden's coadjutors, because I did not think the real merit of some of them had ever been sufficiently appreciated. They abound in beauties, although they have many faults. I wish I might aspire to half the former; or hope to be free from half the latter; as far at least as either are discoverable in Congreve, Harvey, Tate, and Dryden's sons.[h]

Of Dryden himself it is wholly unnecessary to speak. It would be vain indeed to blame, and to praise him useless. We minor fry of poets, or, if the world pleases, poetasters, compared to him,

[g] See the argument to the sixteenth satire.

[h] Of Stepney and Creech, the translators of the eighth and thirteenth satires, I do not say any thing more, as I confess that, to my judgment, my friends appear to have greatly excelled them; and Bowles, Duke, and Power, are, perhaps, not very formidable opponents.

" Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
" In the vast shadow of the British whale."

DRYDEN'S JUV. sat. 10.

But no such comparison ever was or can be made. Fortunate will be the wight, who pursues his footsteps as Statius did those of Virgil,

Sequitur longè, et vestigia semper adorat.

Of the plan of the translation to which he lent his name, Dryden himself has given so frank and sincere an account in his inimitable dedication, that, in order to establish more firmly the opinion which I have already advanced concerning that plan, I cannot do better than transcribe his own words, as they will state the question in the clearest manner.

" The common way which we have taken is not a literal translation, " but a kind of paraphrase, or somewhat which is yet more loose, be- " twixt a paraphrase and imitation." And again, " We write only for " the pleasure and entertainment of those gentlemen and ladies who, " though they are not scholars, are not ignorant." Now I certainly must here yield the palm of gallantry to Dryden; for I do not profess to write for the entertainment of the ladies: on the contrary, I think Juvenal, for many obvious reasons, a most improper study for them; although I hope my translation will be found as little so as is consistent with the object of the original: an object, which I consider a very noble one, namely, that of exposing vice in its true colours, and natural deformity.[1] Nor am I ambitious of gaining the approbation of those

[1] Such was Spenser's design in drawing his hideous picture of Duessa, to display deceit in its own loathsome and filthy shape.

readers who are not perfectly well acquainted with the Latin language. They only who are, can duly appreciate the difficulty, and the consequent labour of my undertaking; and they therefore will be the most likely to excuse its failure. But to return to Dryden. He goes on in these words.

"A noble author would not be pursued by too close a translation. "We lose his spirit, when we think to take his body. The grosser part "remains with us; but the soul is flown away in some noble expression, "or delicate turn of words, or thought." This is written and felt like Dryden. I cannot so express myself, but I can feel with him.

—— Nequeo monstrare—at sentio.

Yet there is certainly a medium between too close a translation, and what Dryden calls "a paraphrase, or somewhat which is yet more "loose, betwixt a paraphrase and imitation." Had he and his friends attempted instead of this, somewhat betwixt a paraphrase and a translation,[k] I never should have exposed myself to the censure which I may probably now incur by making such an attempt. To speak still more plainly; in passages where I thought the exact meaning of the Latin could not be given poetically in English, I have had recourse to a diffuse kind of interpretation, or paraphrase; where I thought the exact meaning could be preserved, I have offered a translation as nearly literal as at the same time appeared to me reconcileable to po-

[k] So Mr. Gifford transcribes from Dryden. But in all the copies of his dedication which I have seen, the passage runs "betwixt a paraphrase and imitation." Indeed the context seems to require it. At all events the fact is, that what is called Dryden's *translation* of Juvenal *is* "somewhat betwixt a paraphrase and imitation."

etical usage. This is my design; concerning the execution of it I have of course nothing to say, except indeed a very few words presently, of a technical part, namely, the formation of the verse.

On some occasions I have committed a particular fault, which Dryden thus palliates:

"If sometimes any of us, and it is but seldom, make Juvenal ex-
"press the manners and customs of our native country instead of those
"of Rome, it is when there was some analogy between their customs
"and ours." He adds indeed another reason, "that it was to make
"their author more easy to vulgar understandings, that they gave him
"those manners which were familiar to their countrymen." But this last is an object which, as I said before, I do not aim at: when I have made Juvenal talk like an Englishman, it has been when I thought, to the most classical hearers, his translator could not talk poetically as a Roman. Dryden thus proceeds in his apology: and I trust, as I have been a less offender in this way, though certainly without his authority to offend at all, that his apology may also be accepted for my own.

"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: we should either make them English, or leave them
"Roman. If this can neither be defended nor excused, let it at least
"be pardoned, because it is acknowledged; and so much the more
"easily, as it is a fault which is never committed without some plea-
"sure to the reader." The conclusion of this sentence I do not mean to apply with confidence to my own case; but, as it would be foolish to plead guilty to more than I really am guilty of, I will by an ex-

ample, which is always the shortest, pleasantest, and most precise way of expressing our meaning, show the nature of my transgression.

In the seventh satire, where Juvenal talks of poets becoming auctioneers, I give them hammers, and set them knocking down their goods to the best bidders. It is chiefly in this way that I have offended, if indeed the above be an offence at all, and not an introduction (superfluous perhaps) of a real Roman custom, rather than an allusion to one analogous to it in England. However, the instances of this liberty are not numerous.

Dryden's translation then, upon the whole, may be considered as a performance, in which (with the exception of many passages which never will be equalled) ability relied too much upon itself, to feel the want of persevering labour; and in which some of the original is (I believe [l] wilfully) misinterpreted, and more omitted, to make room for imitation.

It is now necessary that I should say something of the work of Mr. Gifford. It is a work undoubtedly of great labour, and of no common excellence; and such as would disdain any comparison with the attempt of Mr. Owen, although that gentleman in many instances has not been an unsuccessful translator. But Mr. Owen's version has the inconceivably odd blemish of changing the metre in the fourth satire,[m] and of rendering all the latter part of it in Hudibrastic verse.

[l] Not ignorantly; as I shall state again in the succeeding notes; contrary to the opinion of some others. The cause of this wilful misinterpretation was the wish (a vain one perhaps) of improving upon his author.

[m] Besides this partial blemish in Owen, there are some more general defects in his translation of Juvenal, which, allowing its claim to fidelity, may yet be observed. Johnson has admonished authors to mind their own business, and not to concern themselves

Strange indeed must be his conception of the dignified satire of Juvenal, who sees in it any resemblance to the humorous stile of Butler. "Where the dignity of Juvenal is wanting," as Mr. Gifford has well remarked, "his wit will be imperfectly preserved. Wit indeed he pos-"sesses in an eminent degree; but it is tinctured with his peculiarities: "rarò jocos, sæpius acerbos sales miscet.[n] 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.[o] Ridet et odit."

with the contending labours of their brethren. But this is written with that consciousness of superiority which, to borrow a phrase from horse-racing, can "take the lead, and "keep it." A fair endeavour to get the whip-hand is admissible in a jockey, who cannot depend so confidently upon the swiftness of his own Pegasus. Johnson, however, was so true a disputant, that in another passage he furnishes me with a thought more to my present purpose. "He that spares his adversary in an argument, hits soft in a battle." I will venture then to say, that the character of Owen's genius is altogether inferior to that of Mr. Gifford; and that, although he (Owen) has doubtless rendered many passages with much happiness, and, considering the destination of his book to the use of schools, with a judicious cleansing of his original; he has not that vivida vis, or living vigour of language, that pervading animation of the poet, which could alone have given to his work the stamp of transcendent merit. Let it at the same time be remembered that to point out a deficiency in another, and to imagine that you can supply that deficiency yourself, are two distinct things.

> Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo—
> Quanquam O!—sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti,
> Extremos pudeat rediisse—hoc vincite, cives,
> Et prohibete nefas.

[n] Lipsius.

[o] Johnson, with one dash of his powerful pen, has hit off such a likeness of Juvenal, as it will be found difficult to add any material trait to, with the longest reflection. "His "peculiarity is a mixture of stateliness and gaiety; of pointed sentences, and declamatory "grandeur."

Mr. Gifford, in another part of his very entertaining essay on the Roman satirists, observes that there is a slovenliness in some of Juvenal's verses, for which he has been justly blamed,[p] as it would have cost him so little pains to improve them. But, generally speaking, (as Mr. Gifford, by the slight exception he has made, I suppose allows) the poetry of Juvenal has a remarkably equable and harmonious flow. To my ears, I confess, there is hardly among the Latin poets one, whose versification sounds more musically, or seems to have run with less labour from the author. Surely then such a writer should appear in English with as few discontinued and broken lines as possible. Indeed, however allowable these interruptions may be in Latin hexameters, in English rhymes they certainly are not, when the disjointed verse recurs frequently. This may be a natural defect in the constitution of rhyme; but so it is.[q] Pope's regular couplets, in which one complete part at least of the sense of a passage is almost always [r] expressed, have been censured: but are Dryden's verses so uniformly good, when considered as couplets? and whom besides Dryden, as a writer of rhyme, shall we venture to oppose to Pope? [s] In the general

[p] By Jortin in several instances. Nothing (in general) can be more acute and judicious than Jortin's criticisms, both upon the classics and our own authors. He is one of our best and most sensible scholars.

[q] Otherwise, should we not have seen so convenient a liberty made use of by our best authors repeatedly? But this is not the case.

[r] I mean, if you were to take two lines out of a sentence, they would still, in most instances, though separated from the context, be good sense.

Invenias etiàm disjecti membra poetæ.

[s] I know how severe Gilbert Wakefield has been upon Pope's rhymes. Verùm opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum: and the critic has sadly disgraced himself by his awkward attempts to mend the jingle of the poet. Goldsmith has been singularly accurate in

effect of harmony indeed Dryden is much superior. But of that elsewhere. To apply these observations to my subject—I have endeavoured to prevent my verses from intruding upon their neighbours as much as I could; being convinced that whatever may be the case in blank verse (for the composition of which ' I care but little), in rhyme

the terminations of his verses. They are (almost without exception) perfectly symphonious. Johnson too had a very correct ear. But they wrote little in verse, compared to Pope. And I question whether the English language (with all its unpruned luxuriance) affords a sufficient variety of teleutic music, to prevent the occasional recurrence of a faulty rhyme in long compositions. See the addenda.

Spenser has done wonders in this way, as well as in all others. But we have never yet seen any large poem, of excellence, quite as correct as we could wish in this particular. Milton's contempt for rhyme is well known. When Dryden called upon him one day to ask his permission to introduce some of his Paradise Lost, into a piece (in rhyme) which Dryden was preparing for the theatre—"Aye," said the old bard, "you may *tag* my "verses, if you will."

' This indifference, or rather this hatred, for blank verse, except in dramatic compositions, may perhaps account, unfavourably enough, for the freedom with which I have treated Thomson in a subsequent part of the book. Another perusal of Johnson's character of the Seasons has indeed made me somewhat distrust the opinions there expressed; but it has by no means convinced me of positive error. A noble show of discrimination is made in that character: Thomson is separated from other writers: his blank verse is said to be as different from that of Milton, as the rhymes of Cowley are from those of Prior. But observe, nothing more than a general comparison is here instituted. No peculiarities are even marked; much less praised. As to censure, Thomson is confessed by his panegyrist sometimes to fill the ear more than the mind; and his images and thoughts not always to be easily discerned. But allowing, for the sake of argument, these faults to be only occasional, are these the only faults of Thomson? has he no pedantry? no *learned simplicity* of stile; no affectation of introducing lofty subjects with an easy plainness? Surely he first gave a sanction to that mock familiarity of manner, which is so debasing to our poetical genius in the pages of Cowper and his imitators. With regard to the more particular defects of language, Thomson is sufficiently condemned by his lenient biographer, when he is called florid, luxuriant, and exuberant. Unless the Asiatic stile be a good one, these are the characteristics of a bad stile. Legitimate and natural ornament, in whatever proportion introduced, is a very different thing. Upon the whole, I think the lenity of Johnson to the author of the Seasons arose from the moral tendency of his writings, and from

the effect of these married lines is by no means pleasant. Batchelors are better, running in an easy parallel, and not disturbing one another on their way. But this, as Falstaff says, is a most "unsavoury simile, "a most rascally comparison."

I think then that Mr. Gifford, by his predominant desire of giving as much as he could of the original, in as small a compass of poetical translation as possible; by his fear of giving a wider diffusion to the sense; has admitted too many of these broken lines: and it seems as if he had been convinced of this himself; for his second edition is greatly improved in smoothness and evenness of versification.

The attentive reader will find that I have not omitted much of Juvenal in my translation. I have, assuredly, retained more than Dryden; though perhaps less (and yet I do not know this) than Mr. Gifford.[u]

the benevolence of his character; or from a sudden fit of good-humour in the critic himself, occasioned, perhaps, by a recollection of Savage, who was the intimate friend of Thomson, and who praised his social qualities as much, by the way, as he condemned his pure and rural descriptions, by asserting them not to have been derived from the actual contemplation of nature, nor from any refinement of feeling; to which "ingenuous elegance" I may add, Thomson is a most obtrusive pretender. As to the chance good-humour of a critic, I hope it is as likely to exist as an occasional fit of the spleen; such as that which produced the anathema uttered by Quinctilian and Longinus against the original author of many of Virgil's beauties, Apollonius Rhodius. One word more; in the literal translation of Horace—non homines—non Dii &c. applied to Thomson in the notes to the fifth satire, I meant still farther to burlesque the pedantry which I had just been condemning. But this is one, I fear, of the many instances, where the intended irony is not sufficiently plain to obviate misinterpretation.

[u] He has recast, has almost rewritten, a large part of his translation since the above remarks were made—

"The honest tribute of my humble praise"

shall never be wanting to what I conceive deserves it; and, certainly, there is a great improvement in this work. Could I ever expect opportunities of revision, I would express a

The extent, then, of my ambition, and it is no moderate one, has been this; not to reach the height of Dryden, where Dryden has chosen to leave all below him; yet, upon the whole, to give a more faithful version of Juvenal than he and his associates have given; and, at the same time, to do it in such a manner as to offend an English ear with fewer instances of interrupted versification than those which (originally at least) occurred in the pages of Mr. Gifford.[w]

wish that they might be used to equal advantage. Justice has required this of me with regard to Mr. G.'s corrected text. His notes are above my commendation. They abound in various and in accurate learning; and, when the apposite illustrations from history, which they so largely introduce, are more duly appreciated, they will be more generally considered as the best commentary upon Juvenal.

[w] But if I should be thought, in this place, invidiously to withhold that praise from Mr. Gifford which I do not deserve myself, let me address him in the words of Antilochus to Menelaus—

Αγσχεο νυν, πολλον γαρ εγωγε νεωτερος ειμι
Σεῖο, ἀναξ Μενελαε, συ δε προτερος και αρειων·
Ὀισθ', οἷαι νεα ἀνδρος ὑπερβασιαι τελεθουσι·
Κραιπνοτερος μεν γαρ τε νοος, λεπτη δε τε μητις·
Τῷ τοι ἐπιτλητω κραδιη· ἱππον δε τοι αὐτος
Δωσω, την ἀρομην· εἰ και νυ κεν οἰκοθεν ἀλλο
Μειζον ἀπαιτησειας, ἀφαρ κε τοι αὐτικα δεναι
Βελοιμην, ἠ σοιγε, διοτρεφες, ἡματα παντα
Ἐκ θυμω πιστειν, και δαιμοσιν εἶναι ἀλιτρος·

Let me add, that by the particular words ἱππον, την ἀρομην, I trust I shall not be suspected of the gross vanity of meaning to arrogate the merit in question to my own attempt, but only to deny it to Mr. Gifford's first edition; and, generally, that this address to him has a sincerity which it had not in its original application. Mr. Gifford does not, I believe, now doubt this: but should a trace of unfounded suspicion remain in his mind, let me here, for the first time, assure him, that I never wrote, nor caused to be written, a line concerning his labours as an author, excepting a few scattered sentences of commendation, applied to the Baviad and Mæviad, some remarks upon his Massinger, and the present opinion of his translation of Juvenal.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary for me to mention the names of some other poetical translators of Juvenal, upon whom the public has decided with unanimous disapprobation. Besides,

—— nullum memorabile nomen
Fæmineâ in pœnâ est, nec habet victoria laudem.

And one of these gentlemen says, in his preface, that "his muse flutters upon her unfledged wing, and catches inspiration from the exquisite productions of Mrs. Barbauld." Another gentleman has introduced Juvenal to Wapping. It would be endless to recount the imitations and paraphrases of detached satires. The glorious labours of Johnson will often be adverted to. Of Oldham too I shall speak hereafter.[x]

The useful prose of Madan has conferred so rare a benefit on our country gentlemen, that it never will be forgotten. His *character* as a commentator is however not quite equal to his *character* as a literal translator; and in the discharge of the last duty (to say nothing of mistakes) he has often been so unnecessarily faithful as, by confounding the idioms of the Latin and English languages, to make nonsense of his translation. Nor are his notes *so frequently* to be depended upon, when they are suggested by his own ingenuity, as when they are copied from Holyday, or even when translated from the edition of Henninius; who, by the way, according to the opinion of an acute critic,[y] has published this author with all the silly commentaries he could collect, and all the false stops he could contrive to make. To

[x] Has Johnson any where mentioned the hint which he owes to Oldham in the application of Juvenal's picture of Rome to London?

[y] Jortin.

the notes of numerous other triflers were added his own, and those of Almeloveen, which together are not worth one farthing. In this hotch-potch,[z] Grangæus, Domitius Calderinus, and Britannicus, are strikingly conspicuous for amplifying explanation, and inventing indecency. Britannicus indeed (though nobody can deny his learning) is almost as bad in this way as old Peter Burman, who, with all *his* erudition also, should have written, exclusively, notes upon Aretine and Meursius. The mention of this ribald set naturally brings me to the most unpleasant part of my subject.

I have said that I believed the aim of Juvenal, in writing so grossly, was to lay open the native unsightliness of vice; to remove that fascinating cloak which hides its horrors; and thereby to render it an object too disgusting to be publicly espoused; and a guest too dangerous to be privately admitted into our bosoms. He labours to awaken the conscience; and, even in *his* dreadful times, he surely must in some cases have succeeded. He has drawn his own character [a] in the following energetic lines, although they are applied to Lucilius:

> Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
> Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est

[z] This affectation of latinizing their own names is most absurd in that nation who have reduced Titus Livius to Tite Live. Who would expect to discover the smartness of Noel Comte under Natalis Comes? Dennis Petau in Dyonisius Petavius? Thuanus in De Thou? &c. &c.

[a] Hall too has drawn it excellently—

> The satire should be like the porcupine,
> That shoots sharp quills out in each angry line;
> And wounds the blushing cheek, and fiery eye,
> Of him who reads, and heareth guiltily.

Criminibus, tacitâ sudant præcordia culpâ—
Inde iræ et lacrymæ.

But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
And flashes in the face of guilty men,
A cold sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part,
And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart.

DRYDEN's Juv. sat. 1.

Slight however as his success may have been in putting the prosperous villain to the blush, such, I firmly believe, was his intention in exhibiting that strong and daringly faithful picture of the corruptions of his country, which we meet with in every page of his revolting satire. Did I think he was in his heart a pandar to those enormities which he outwardly condemns, I should give him up toto animo to the execration he would deserve. And yet, with every fair allowance for the goodness of his design, the colouring is too deep for modest eyes. The Romans had ideas, had practices, so utterly repugnant to our very natures, which they openly avowed and countenanced, that there are some parts of Juvenal which cannot be presented to an English public either with credit to the translator or the reader; who, if he will read, must be afraid to leave the book unguarded, unless the veil of paraphrase be drawn over these offensive passages. Where I have not been able to do this, I have left them out entirely; although I would not be understood to say that I have been squeamish: on the contrary, where the subject was a legitimate one, I have called 'Dirt, dirt;' nor have been afraid to hold a candle to the devil: little solicitous of pleasing the hypocritical delicacy of those, who can bear any thing to

be said, if it is only sugared over with the terms of affectation and false politeness.

Having now given a general, although an imperfect, account of the different English translations of Juvenal, and having explained my own plan—to the casual mention which I have already made of the author himself, I have only here to add an apology for his life (from Suetonius, or whoever was the author of that disputed memoir, sometimes, but I think wrongly, attributed to Suetonius), and a very few gleanings from various authors, concerning the origin and progress of satire; upon which matters it cannot, in these enlightened times, be necessary to expatiate.

With a minute estimate of the relative merits of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, I do not at all meddle. A treatise of this kind has given occasion to such a display of talent from Dryden, and his outline has been so ably filled up by Mr. Gifford, that little perhaps of any interest has been left unsaid upon the subject. Those therefore who are not yet masters of it, should apply to these authors for information; [b] but I have already retailed so much from them, that I must stop, before I get the title myself which I have given to the grave Ruperti.[c] I trans-

[b] Or to the sources from which they have chiefly derived their remarks; Scaliger, Heinsius, Casaubon, Rigaltius; and (in Mr. G.'s case) Ruperti (the whipper-in of the pack of commentators), and some other French and German critics, of an earlier, or of a later date.

[c] Ruperti, like a tradesman with a large stock of old and damaged goods by him, which he sells off by sprinkling a thin layer of new articles upon their top, has retailed the trash of all that "monstrous, rude, misshapen rabblement," enlisted into the service of Henninius, under cover of his own shallow verbiage. This, in the cant of philologists, is, it seems, to be called "a running commentary;" and it does run on with a vengeance, to a most unconscionable length; and, so far from keeping parallel with the text, stretches

lated Juvenal because I preferred him to his rivals; because I felt that he was more vigorous and flowing than Horace, less crabbed and harsh than Persius. Whatever I may have to say, more particularly, concerning the character of the two last, I shall interweave with my notes, when opportunity offers. Every additional light that a regular and express comparison between the peculiarities of Juvenal and those of other writers can throw upon himself, has been already imparted to him. I shall therefore, for the most part, only consider the positive merits and defects of my author when I criticise his stile hereafter; except in passages where, without invidious reflection upon his competitors, I can establish his uncontested superiority; and where they cannot be blamed for failure, who have made no attempt of like magnitude. By particularizing also these instances of the higher tone of Juvenal's satire, when they occur, I shall bring them more forcibly to the support of my opinion, than by detaching them from the context. And now to my biography.

There are no indisputably authentic materials in existence for composing a life of Juvenal. That short account, by some assigned to Suetonius, bears, in my opinion, and in that also of much wiser men, strong marks of having been fabricated in a later age. It is most unlike a contemporary sketch. The several manuscripts of it indeed are not even generally correspondent: they are, on the contrary, so dis-

out beyond it into boundless ramifications of perverted learning. So much, in general, of this bewildered German: I shall have occasion to give him a cursory fillip (obiter perstringere) as I proceed; for I think he has by no means closed that chasm in literature, a good edition of Juvenal. He has leaped indeed, like Curtius, (for he may be offended at the simile of the tradesman, and the whipper-in) into the gulph, but has lost himself, without benefiting his fellows.

similar as, in some copies, to refer nearly all the works of Juvenal to the time of Domitian; and in others to afford plausibility to the strange opinion of many commentators, that our author religiously observed his promise of attacking the living under the names of the dead, and consequently wrote most of his satires in the reign of Adrian, when, at the advanced age of eighty,[d] he stood upon the brink of dissolution.

Aquinum, famous as the birth-place of Juvenal, produced also that pillar of scholastic disputation, Thomas Aquinas, doctor Angelicus. His spurious descendants, the commentators, have vainly endeavoured to elucidate the dark history of his countryman; their ill-directed labours have but involved it in tenfold obscurity. Holyday, the most learned, and, notwithstanding his simplicity, the most acute of them all, (though many viri clarissimi and doctores irrefragabiles have caused bales of criticism to be printed upon the subject) is here vague and unsatisfactory. He proves indeed very conclusively, that the prænomen of Juvenal could not have been Decius, because Decius was not a prænomen;[e] *and because* it certainly was Decimus. Important discovery! But when he says our author was born of wealthy parents, he

[d] Johnson indeed says of Levett—

"His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
"*Though now his eightieth year was nigh*—

(which, by the way, is no bad specimen of the bathos, after the two beautiful lines preceding)

"The busy day, the silent night,
"Unfelt, uncounted, glided by—"

But Levett was an apothecary, and might have possessed an elixir vitæ unknown to Juvenal.

[e] In this case Hoffman (not to mention others) is very erroneous; for he has a whole string of Roman names, with Decius for their prænomen. Stephanus too talks of Decius Brutus; but I will venture Holyday against the field. See his note, which is crowded with

omits that it is uncertain (another equally important fact) whether Juvenal was the son or the foster son of a freed-man; nor does he mention the time of his birth, which perhaps was in the year of our Lord 38.[f] His account is, for the most part, a close translation from the scanty biography incerti auctoris; but as he has judiciously retrenched the interpolations of the grammarians, I shall follow his steps, though with caution and reserve.

Juvenal then, until he was about the age of forty, had been accustomed to improve himself as an orator, by the practice of declamation; more however for his pleasure, than with a view to future fame or profit, in the schools of rhetoric, or at the bar. But he now yielded to nature, and became a poet. Facit indignatio versum, is the clue to his character. Satire was his choice; but he was afraid at first to recite his compositions to a large audience. Yet gaining increase of courage, from his increase of fame, he soon produced more publicly that poem which is now edited as his seventh satire;[g] and inserted in this later

authorities.—I am sorry to find Petrus Crinitus (from the respect which I bear, as well as Juvenal, to hairy persons) in an error upon this subject. Decimus, as Pitiscus, in his beautifully printed lexicon, observes, was originally made a prænomen, ab ordine nascendi, and afterwards indiscriminately applied.

[f] This is Mr. Gifford's opinion, from Dodwell, whom, in his annals, as well as Lipsius, Salmasius, and others, but particularly Henninius, (in his remarks upon the manuscript life of Juvenal in the possession of Isaac Vossius, and upon the account copied from Probus, by Valla, in the preface to his commentaries) my readers, if they wish to enjoy the inconsistencies of learned men, may consult with advantage upon this uninteresting subject.

[g] His works are arranged by his editors without any regard to time; and indeed they were begun and finished at such distant periods (he not only continuing to write through a long life, but ever and anon introducing new characters into his old satires, immiscens ultima primis), that to place them according to the accurate order of their composition is now impossible.

and new-modelled work, "some of his first sharp lines," as Holyday expresses himself, "wherein he seemed to touch one Paris, a player, "(Quod non dant proceres dabit histrio &c.) so strangely potent with "the emperor Domitian, that he could procure for his friends military "offices; and the jest of our poet was in his old age" (how so, if he was banished by Domitian?), "made his punishment; he being sent "into Egypt by way of an honorary service with a military command; "the virtue and fame of the man awing his adversaries from farther "revenge." Yet it is not likely that Domitian, or rather Paris, would have been awed by any such consideration; still less, as it is absurdly stated, that they would have been jocular in the business. But to proceed with Holyday, who, where he has any ground to stand upon, may safely be trusted to for support. Here, as I before said, he has none. "This disfavour he long outlived," (though it was in his old age that he suffered it!) "reaching into part of Adrian's reign. That he lived "to be an old man" (by this account he must have lived to be "an old, "old, man" indeed) "himself implies, (sat. 11) where he says of him-"self and his friend,

"Nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula Solem.

"For his person, some describe him to be of a large stature, and an-"tiquity has left unto us this portraiture of him." I here heartily wish I could present my readers with a copy of Barten Holyday's plate. Juvenal's hair is turned up in the middle of his forehead, exactly after the fashion of the present day.[h] He is indeed all over hair; for which

[h] Or rather perhaps after that of prince Riquet with the Tuft. Horace does not blame him, who

—— Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas.

ornament he seems to have had the highest respect; mentioning it often as the symbol of every virtue. But to return to Holyday. "For "the ability and manner of his life, though he reckons not himself "among the wealthy, saying of himself, (sat. 12) Si res ampla domi &c. "yet, sat. 11, he describes his country-house,[i] his cheer, his attendants, "which argue a sufficient plenty to so wise a mind. There is no "mention that he was ever married; nor is it probable, if we consider "his belief of the women of that age! For his acquaintance, besides "Umbritius, a famous aruspex, (mentioned sat. 3) and others, he was "singularly beloved and respected by Martial,[k] the poet, as his epi-

[i] This is not quite accurate. He alludes to his farm; but he is in his "town-house," as Holyday would have called it, at the time of writing his invitation to Persicus.

[k] The intimacy of Juvenal and Martial seems to be doubted, but, I think, without sufficient reason, by Mr. Gifford. Dissimilarity of character (nay, even repugnancy of principles, so strange is human nature!) has been in other cases no bar to friendship; and the unison of poetical spirits, where there can be no thought of rivalry, is surely not a pleasure only of the imagination. That there was a sincere regard existing between them, Juvenal, by omitting to return the praises of Martial, does not at all disprove; for the panegyric of the former would have been dangerous to its object. Nor, though I agree with Mr. Gifford in his censure of those childish exclamations of Martial against the mischief-maker who had set Juvenal at variance with him, can I think that the following beautiful and familiar address could have been written but by one assured friend to another. There is a gentleness in it which bespeaks its origin—the mutual interest which they took in their mutual welfare. For that Juvenal received all his marks of esteem coldly, I cannot so divest myself of the pleasing idea of their friendship as to believe.

Dum tu forsitan inquietus erras
Clamosâ, Juvenalis, in suburrâ,
Aut collem Dominæ teris Dianæ;
Dum per limina te potentiorum
Sudatrix toga ventilat, vagumque
Major Cælius et minor fatigant;
Me, multos repetita post Decembres,
Accepit mea, rusticumque fecit,
Auro Bilbilis et superba ferro.

" grams testify: praised also by Quinctilian, in his oratory institutions, " book 10,[1] as the chief of satirists."

This is all which I have to offer as an apology for the life of Juvenal. Were I to retail more, I should only have to detect more errors. Whether he died at Rome or in Egypt is unascertained: nay, to sum up all in a few words, whether he was banished by Domitian for a

> Whilst you perchance uneasily, my friend,
> Range through the noisy town from end to end,
> Wear with your steps Diana's hill, or wait
> Before the haughty thresholds of the great,
> Fanning your heavy gown, fatigued and spent
> With the vain task of daily compliment;
> I, far retiring from the thankless toil,
> Am grown a rustic on my native soil;
> Now, after many a year, conceal'd again
> Mid the rich mines, and fruitful vales of Spain.

It is but fair that I should warn my readers of this evil spirit of translation, which will haunt me throughout my notes as well as text. The fact is, that my predecessors, either in prose or verse, and the whole army of critics, have so ransacked all the Greek and Latin parallel passages that can illustrate Juvenal, as to leave me no novelty but the faulty one, perhaps, of turning their quotations into English.

[1] It would seem, from the uncertainty of every thing relating to Juvenal's public and private history, (except the very little which he has himself condescended to tell us) that Holyday had caught an inaccuracy quite foreign to the general strain of his observations. Quinctilian says nothing like the above. So far from calling Juvenal " the chief of satirists," he does not even name him; but is merely supposed to allude to him in the words " Sunt " clari hodie quoque, et qui olim nominabuntur," but whom he, of the emperor's party, very naturally did not dare to mention at present: for as to the supposition of Rigaltius and others, that Quinctilian omitted Juvenal among the satirists, because the latter had sneered at him in the seventh satire, it would be well, methinks, if they were first to prove the fact; and also to get over the evident praise of Quinctilian in the sixth satire, where his name is used (pars pro toto) to signify all learned and worthy men. I cannot, however, avoid remarking (although it makes rather against my own hypothesis above), that if Juvenal praised Quinctilian and Statius, (for who can here agree with Warton?) he might have afforded his friend Martial too a word of encomium.

positive, or by Adrian for a figurative, allusion to the times, or whether he was banished at all,[m] and did not visit Egypt from motives of curiosity—Ohe! jam satìs est.

Concerning the origin and progress of satire, I shall say but a very few words. It would be easy to write volumes upon the subject, by merely expressing the thoughts of others in my own language. The derivation of the word Satire [n] is to be looked for in the original nature of the composition; a rude poem, including a confusion of matter. It was, however, an improvement upon the Fescennine verses in several respects; being less licentious, from the law enacted against those invectives; and in as much as it borrowed from the example of the Tuscan players the addition of music and dancing. We may now consider it as a sort of unpolished theatrical dialogue; in which the praises of the gods, and the abuse of each other, which constituted perhaps nearly the whole of their primary office, were exchanged by the actors for more varied subjects, and more civil sarcasms. Livius Andronicus,

[m] There is however at least this foundation for the story, that he was frightened from the business of recitation immediately after his first more public attempt. This, perhaps, may account for some of his severity against that practice; for I do not in the least believe that he could in his heart, as a poet, be averse from it. But, with a sort of disappointed spleen, he holds the persons of the reciters, as well as their ill-chosen subjects, in derision. Mr. Gifford thinks that he revised and published all the satires which he had then composed, soon after the death of Domitian; and drew up the Semper ego auditor tantùm (showing, by the way, no small impatience to vent his stores) as an introduction. Mr. G. has also endeavoured to arrange some of the satires in chronological order; but the argument (excepting where it is unusually corroborated by internal evidence) only admits of probability. It is however sufficient praise to Mr. Gifford, that he has first arrived at any thing like probability in the points for which he contends.

[n] From Satura, feminine of Satur—filled with divers fruits, when applied to Lanx, a dish, and signifying an oblation to the gods. Hence, though separated from its substantive, it came, in process of time, to mean a miscellaneous collection of any kind.

in the year of Rome 514, superseded this imperfect amusement of the Romans, by the introduction of regular plays, after the model of the old Greek comedy. But, as soon as the charms of novelty were worn away, the people felt the loss of their native exhibitions; particularly as the dramas of Andronicus were, except in language, wholly Grecian. They therefore brought the old satire forward again, as a farce or entertainment after the comedy, under the name of Exodium. It would of course catch something of story, and of more refined expression, from its Grecian neighbour: but Ennius, soon after, having removed it from the stage into the closet, gave an entirely new interest to this favourite performance of the Romans. How far he added to the connexion, point, and delicacy of the composition, we cannot judge, as we have nothing of the old satire remaining to compare with the very little which we have of Ennius. He himself however, (as we gather from all accounts of him) by his frequent intermixture of Greek and Latin, and of every different species of verse, was too barbarous to deprive Lucilius of the praise of originality, as the father of the legitimate Roman satire; but which, after all, (not to enter into the unprofitable argument concerning the invention of the first rude and illegitimate satires, nor those of Varro, intitled Menippean) may be considered as a plant of Grecian growth; and directly borrowed, according to Horace, (who however always talks with spleen of Lucilius) from the old comedy—

Mutatis *tantùm* numeris pedibusque.*

* It is but right to say, that the very clear manner in which Mr. Gifford has drawn up his detail of this subject, has been of more use to me than all the scattered information of other commentators. And, now I am upon the theme of plagiarism, I would once for

Of Lucilius I shall speak, when he falls in my way, in the first satire; with a word of Horace and Persius. I have tried totis viribus to make Juvenal speak for himself. Yet I could wish for more time to exercise the labour of correction.

My plan in the notes, besides introducing as many parallel passages as I decently could, has been to leave nothing in general unexplained, which appeared to me to admit of instructive or lively explanation; if indeed I do not deceive myself in my notions of liveliness, which many may deem significant of the gentlest dulness.[p]

Henninius and Holyday have been largely drained by others, as well as by myself; but my principal aim has been, rather to amuse by collateral illustration, than to explain manners and customs already dilated upon by numerous critics and commentators. My readers therefore will not, I trust, be indignant when they are forewarned that the beginning and conclusion of my notes (like the sentences of some

all apprize my readers that in note-writing there is very little new under the sun. I have already confessed my running account with Holyday: I shall endeavour to name him, however, and all my other authorities, upon each particular occasion even of petty larceny from their treasures; for I have not forgotten the fable of the Peacocks and the Jay. In the text I am not conscious of any thievery worth specifying. If however such should occur (with the inverted comma unintentionally omitted), it has arisen from the half obliterated suggestion of former study, leaving the thought, but not its origin. And let my readers remember the following sentence, of which, as I quote without book, I may probably have impaired the beauty, but of which those will best feel the justice, who are in the habits of composition.

"Faded ideas float upon the surface of the memory; and the imagination, in mid "exercise, at its highest period of enjoyment, becomes suspicious of its own offspring, "and doubts whether it has created or adopted." SHERIDAN.

[p] Johnson forbids an author, on pain of being distrusted by his readers, to distrust himself. But plurima sunt quæ Non audent homines pertusâ dicere lænâ, as Mr. Gifford has reminded me.

famous orations) will occasionally have no nearer connexion than that which arises from their proximity of situation.[q]

It now only remains for me to mention with gratitude the great and unexpected patronage which my work has met with; to offer some apology for the delay in its publication; to state my literary obligations to my more intimate friends; and to conclude my preface.

For the encouragement of my undertaking, which I here warmly acknowledge, the best return appeared to be, an increased endeavour to make my book as worthy of acceptance as I could. This has naturally occasioned some additional delay; but the fact is, I had miscalculated the labour in which I was engaged. Books in manuscript and in print wear a very different aspect; and, as I proceeded, new difficulties arose. The detection of one error rendered me more cautious in the search for others; and so conscious am I of the many mistakes [r] and imperfections which still must remain, that instead of two years, I desire now a much longer period, to revise and publish a

[q] I wish they may not appear in some instances to resemble those famous advertisements which recommend razors, quack medicines, or lottery tickets, through the medium of misapplied quotations, irrelevant anecdotes, and unexpected transitions. For instance—

Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano. Sat. 10.

"A sound mind in a sound body, is a short but full description of a happy state in this "world; he that has these, has little more to wish for; and he that wants either, will be "little the better for any thing else. We have not the temerity to attempt the refutation "of an opinion advanced by one of our profoundest philosophers (Locke); but, without "courting the severity of criticism, we may observe, that at the period in which this ela-"borate treatise on education was written, the Guide to Health was not in existence, nor "had the country been blest with the discovery of the Cordial Balm of Gilead!"

[r] Some of these I have corrected at the end of the volume; some have been left uncorrected from want of time to re-examine the subjects; and others, doubtless, have not been perceived.

translation and illustrations of Juvenal, which were originally written with a very dangerous rapidity. Perhaps too, if enough has not been already said in the way of apology, I may add that, even in the comparatively short interval above mentioned, I have not been uninterrupted by avocations of a nature far from congenial to my task; nor undisturbed by other anxieties.

> Hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantùm,
> Anxietate carens animus facit.

As to my literary obligations—in the notes, and all other parts of the book which are written in prose, I am sorry to say that I have been almost wholly unassisted in the business of compilation and composition. With regard to the verse, I am indebted to J. H. Merivale, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, for the translation of the eighth satire; and to Mr. B. Drury, of Eton, for that of the thirteenth. The rest are my own, and, such as they are, I now hasten to submit them to the public.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SATIRES.

If, o'er the fields where tuneful Dryden flew,
Upborne by young ambition I pursue,
Let the great Spirit, as he soars on high
Through his own region of unclouded sky,
Look nobly back, with one serene regard
Cheer my bold flight, and hail th' aspiring bard.
Full from his eyes, ye beams of fancy, flow,
And my rais'd song shall catch the kindling glow.
In a rude age, ere Rome had yet unfurl'd
The banner destin'd to o'ershade the world;
When peaceful games employ'd the Latin clowns,
And holidays were kept in country towns;
When the rich vintage brought the hour of glee,
Sarcastic jeers, and boorish liberty,
Mix'd with warm thanks to Heav'n's benignant hand,
And the first off'rings of the fruitful land;

When the broad face was smear'd with ruddy lees,
And artless laughter found the art to please;
Then Satire first in coarse attire arose,
And lash'd with peasant wit her luckless foes.
But, bolder soon by playful triumphs grown,
Widely she rang'd, and spoke with deep'ning tone—
Struck by her force, surrounding crowds combin'd,
And angry blows reveng'd the wounded mind.
Justice awoke, and propp'd the gen'ral cause
On the strong bulwark of restrictive laws.
Then blush'd the Muse, nor at the guarded fool
So freely drove her piercing ridicule;
By pow'rful fear a milder strain was taught,
Smooth'd the rough word, and check'd th' offensive thought.

More various now her numbers roll'd along,
And sought the aid of Tuscan dance and song;
Her growing pleasures Rome was charm'd to see,
And hail'd the birth of rustic comedy:
No humour yet refin'd th' alternate part,
But gesture spoke, and reach'd the shepherd's heart.

Next Livius came, and from his native schools
Brought the new graces of Athenian rules;

But idly brought Athenian manners too,
Nor Roman vice, nor Roman folly drew.
Old Satire felt his innovating rage,
Sank into Farce, and thus resum'd the stage;
Disdain'd in private scenes to trifle long,
Or lend the boys of Rome her manly song;
But bade the crowded benches still prefer
Their ancient sport, and native character.

To sooth the ruffled soul, and smile away
The graver cares excited by the play,
Still the buffoon return'd upon the scene
With mask of grape-juice, and distorted mien.
Still liv'd the fondness for each old delight,
Though novelty awhile had seiz'd the sight;
Well-order'd art gave place to frolic rude,
And Rome yet saw her fav'rite interlude.

See from the scene grave Ennius now remove
The sharp lampoon, so long the people's love.
Fierce was the spirit of his motley page,
Nor grac'd the song it borrow'd from the stage.
He taught the Muse with rambling strength to speak,
And loosely mix her Latin notes with Greek.

The great Auruncan chose a higher flight,
And genuine Satire shed a sudden light;
With surer bolts she struck the guilty soul,
And shudd'ring villains own'd her new controul.

So, erst in Greece, that old dramatic choir
Stamp'd the bad brow with Satire's honest fire—
Lucilius brought their bold example home,
And smote with rival warmth the knaves of Rome;
Took from the Greeks their noble plan alone,
Their measure chang'd, and made the praise his own.
Screen'd in the shade of Scipio's awful name,
Lucilius shot his darts with vent'rous aim;
Like Teucer safe behind the sev'n-fold shield,
He chas'd each hostile Mutius from the field.

The courteous Horace next was heard to sing,
A contrast wide as wintry storms and spring!
There Nature's rage, irregular and wild,
Here the soft air of Art's accomplish'd child.
Too roughly that the stubborn truth convey'd,
Too gently this with tickled folly play'd;
Scarce prais'd the right, and scarce expos'd the wrong,
Skimm'd o'er life's surface in his easy song;

And taught the struggling soul that captive gait,
That vain urbanity which wins the Great.

When sly Octavius seiz'd th' imperial reins,
And hid in flow'rs the despot's iron chains,
Afflicted Rome, worn out with warlike toils,
And the long bloodshed of domestic broils,
Beheld, unmov'd, her ancient honour die,
And gave her freedom up without a sigh.
Then the wise chief with ev'ry peaceful art
Secur'd the willing slave's degraded heart;
Fair and more fair th' embellish'd city rose,
And the glad people flock'd to novel shows.
Nor dar'd the Muse rebuke her country's crimes,
But caught the spirit of the courteous times;
Wak'd not her lyre to notes of living flame,
Nor sang of Liberty's departed name;
But pass'd in myrtle bow'rs the joyous day,
And, crown'd with roses, quaff'd her cares away.

But lo! the rapid torrent rushes down
On the pale monsters of the startled town;
Rapid, yet clear, though smoothly flowing, strong,
The liquid force of that Aquinian song!

Back to his school let moral Persius fly,
And vainly preach the Stoic's apathy;
The world's great master trembles on his throne
At lofty Juvenal's undaunted tone.
No dogmas of the porch his bosom guide,
No grave Cornutus lectures at his side;
But, as from truth's celestial fount he drinks,
His virtue utters what his wisdom thinks.

Now, undisguis'd, each savage Tyrant stood,
And Rome was delug'd in her children's blood;
The poet's courage with the danger grew,
And fiercely at the eagle's nest he flew;
With daring soul tyrannic pow'r defied,
Spoke the plain truth, and spoke it, though he died.
His noble rage despis'd all humbler game,
And branded Vice, however high her name;
To slavish use no weak respect he paid,
But still rever'd the Senate's empty shade;
Call'd back the glories of the past in vain,
And breath'd his strong, republican disdain.

While blaze the fires of Liberty, enshrin'd
In their pure seat, the patriotic mind;

And while, exalted by such holy fires,
Far o'er the courtly slave that mind aspires—
While heav'n-born Wisdom's comprehensive eye
Outshoots the narrow glance of Sophistry;
While gen'ral Virtue's everlasting rules
Shame the poor Ethics of sententious schools—
So long th' Aquinian shall transcend in praise
Flaccus' light wit, and Persius' rugged lays;
So long shall Vice beneath his lashes groan,
And future times be punish'd in his own;
Apply th' anticipating scourge, and dread
The thunder launch'd at a forefather's head.

Oh! could I hope my native land would see
Her own disgrace in Rome's depravity,
And, as I spread that old indignant page,
Refer the picture to our shameless age;
Feel but one pang, confess the healing smart
In but one citizen's corrected heart—
Then, though my sighs for Dryden's fire be vain,
Blest are the labours of my youthful strain.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE I.

ARGUMENT.

A question arises which is the worst kind of argument—that, which closely analizes the contents of the Poem to which it is prefixed—or that, which merely attempting to display the present ingenuity of the writer, omits all consideration of his future business. It may be urged against the first method, that it anticipates the entertainment or instruction of the reader, in meaner language than it might possibly be conveyed to him in the course of the Poem itself; particularly if the argument is written in verse, according to the ancient custom of Spenser and others; or rather in the humblest prose, cramped by fetters of so many feet. Holyday has adopted this awkward manner; and quaint indeed are his prolegomena to the several satires: *e. g.*

Fables our author scorns, the times
Being so fruitful of great crimes.

The second sort of argument has this objection to it, that if the writer fails in his ambition to shine, he prepossesses you against what is to follow. Yet it is even a more injudicious plan to murder the stile of a poet, as Henninius has done that of Juvenal, by reducing his nervous lines to milk-and-water prose in an argument; or to compress the subjects of sixteen satires into three limping hexameters, which some concise puppy has performed for our author.

Vates 1. Hypocritæ 2. Roma Urbs 3. Rhombus 4. Parasitus 5.
Nupta 6. Ars sordet 7. Nobilitas vera 8. Impia 9. Vota 10.
Cæna 11. Redux 12. Deposta 13. Parens 14. Ægyptia 15. Miles 16.

By Vates is meant, I conclude, Juvenal's introduction of himself to the reader; and his declaration of his own choice of so important a task as the chastisement of his fellow citizens, in preference to the idle tales of those trivial poets whom he ridicules. But this satire might as well have been called Roma Urbs; for it is a general picture of Rome in the time of our Author. It lashes no particular crime; its examples of corruption are various and dissimilar, selected from the reigns of several emperors, without regard to the order of succession, and only springing up in the mind of the satyrist as some rival villainy recalled them. Thus Marius, the rapacious proconsul of Africa, who derided the lenient sentence passed upon him under Trajan, is mentioned before Tigellinus, the creature of Nero, &c. &c. Indeed the poet seems to reserve Nero (though, as is usual with him, he names the favourite) for the last object of his indignation.—He winds up the satire with a sort of climax, in the story of the unjust punishment inflicted by this Emperor upon the Christians; the ne plus ultra of diabolical atrocity.——Fraudulent guardians, begging nobles, masculine strumpets, eunuch husbands, spies, parasites, wretched dependants, gluttons, misers, gamblers, are brought before our eyes, each in his pitiable or disgusting shape, with a bold irregularity, throughout this animated composition.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE I.

Yet shall I hear yon croaking dolt rehearse,
Nor pay whole Theseids with a single verse?
Safely to me shall loud-tongued playwrights bawl,
And puling sonneteers, unpunish'd, drawl?
From hour to hour shall Telephus be read,
Or vast Orestes stun my wilder'd head,
O'er the broad margin closely writ, and black
With floods of ink, and endless on the back?
Thy grotto, Mars! and Vulcan's rough abode,
Where Ætna labours with the hidden god;
These, and the roaring of the winds I know,
And the keen torments of the damn'd below;
Who the rich fleece from plunder'd Colchis brought,
How with uprooted oaks the Centaurs fought;
Well as my house I know such tales as these,
Sung all the day to Fronto's echoing trees—

The very statues tremble through the shades,
And the noise cracks the marble colonnades,
As o'er the dull, unvaried, trivial theme,
Or genuine bards, or genuine blockheads dream.
I too, whose schoolboy tasks were wont to hail
The private Sylla in his peaceful vale,
Now from the rod and declamation free,
Spare not my ink through foolish clemency,
But, in each street when countless poets throng,
Resolve, myself, to waste it in a song.
Yet why o'er Satire's dang'rous path I run,
And trace the chariot of Aurunca's son,
Attend, unprejudic'd—AND ASK YE THIS,
When the soft eunuch courts the wedded kiss!
When Mævia naked to the waist appears,
And at the boar directs her deadly spears;
When all our lords to him in riches yield,
Who reap'd my manly chin's resounding field;
When proud Crispinus o'er his back displays
Tyre's radiant purple to the public gaze;
The refuse once of his Egyptian home,
Canopus' scandal—now the boast of Rome!
Wearing a lighter ring in summer's heat,
And fanning his fair hand beneath the weight—

Who can refrain from Satire's bursting rage,
Nor lash the crimes of this corrupted age?
When lawyer Matho's new-built chair I meet,
Fill'd with himself, slow-carried through the street;
When next th' informer's equipage I see,
Rais'd on the spoils of wreck'd nobility;
The fell informer—whose relentless hate
Plans the last ruin of the plunder'd great;
The spy of spies—whom Carus bribes for life
With heaps of gold, Latinus with his wife—
When nat'ral heirs are robb'd, and he succeeds
Who earns his legacies by am'rous deeds;
(His legacies—that, measur'd by the men,
Yield Proculeius five, and Gillo ten—)
Skulks from the wealthy hag's abhorr'd embrace,
Pale as the Lyons pleader's bloodless face,
Cold as the naked foot that stirs a snake,
And all for lucre's ignominious sake.
How shall I speak my soul's indignant spleen,
When with a crowd of slaves that wretch is seen,
Who seiz'd the very wealth himself should guard,
And hurried to the stews his starving ward?
How vainly Justice would his guilt amerce!
(For no disgrace can scandalize the purse)

When drunk ere noon, in exile's glad estate,
The culprit Marius mocks the frowns of fate,
And empty anger of the lenient laws—
But the stript province mourns her conqu'ring cause.
Shall I not think such crimes as these demand
The lamp Horatian, the satiric brand?
Shall I not rather punish these, than tell
How on the main the boy too vent'rous fell;
Repeat the Minotaur's appalling roar,
Or con Tydides and Alcides o'er?
When all th' adult'rer's wealth, a shameless prize,
Which our just statute to the wife denies,
Becomes, by will, the conscious cuckold's share,
Who, at the feast, beheld his ravish'd fair,
But, turning on the roof his vacant face,
Snor'd, broad awake, and help'd his own disgrace—
When to a soldier's honours he presumes,
The grov'ling patron of familiar grooms,
Who, in his ancient fortune's last decay,
Cuts with swift axle the Flaminian way,
And gives his boy the reins, that he the while
May on his martial strumpet gaze and smile.
Here shall the street my fearless tablet see
O'erflowing with the tale of forgery,

As six tall slaves their perjur'd master bear,
Supinely lolling in his open chair,
To mimic soft Mæcenas' idle air—
Their perjur'd master wet the seal he stole,
Fram'd a short will, and gave himself the whole.
Yon high-born matron mingled for her lord
Calenum's vintage at the social board;
Drugg'd the sweet cup, and taught her simpler kin
(A worse Locusta!) to conceal their sin,
And 'mid the crowd to drop the feigning tear,
O'er a distended, livid, husband's bier.
Would'st thou at Rome in wealth and pow'r prevail?
Be boldly wicked, and deserve a jail:
On barren praise integrity is fed,
Ill-paid by honour for the want of bread.
Guilt buys us gardens, houses, tables, plate,
Bowls wrought in gold, and all the glare of state.
Are we not rous'd at night by wives undone?
By the rich father cuckolding his son?
By the raw noble in his boyish gown,
But old in all the vices of the town?
If genius fail, disgust shall pour the line,
Fit for my muse, or, Cluvienus, thine.
From that old time, when 'mid the gen'ral flood
Deucalion safely on the mountain stood,

There moor'd his little bark, and, bending, pray'd
(Nor vain his pray'r) for Heav'n's continued aid;
When, wond'rous sight! the soft'ning stones began
To breathe, and move, and kindle into man;
From days when naked innocence was known,
Down to the tainted manners of our own;
The mad varieties of busy life,
Pleasure's smooth course, and passion's giddy strife,
Cares, hopes, and fears, of ev'ry following age,
Fill the wide circuit of my motley page.
And when did vice so flourishing before
Spread with her pois'nous weeds the nation o'er?
First, when did av'rice with so wide a sail
Catch the full favour of the public gale?
When sate such spirit on the gambler's brow?
When rose the main to such a stake as now?
See, as around the fatal board they stand,
And shake the dice-box with determin'd hand,
How deep, how dreadful is the contest there,
What bursts of joy! what looks of blank despair!
As the pale steward opes the waning chest,
Thousands are gone—but madness risques the rest,
Nor leaves enough for one poor cloak behind,
To guard a shiv'ring menial from the wind.

One villa serv'd our fathers, and their feasts
Were not so sumptuous, nor so void of guests.
Now, to the selfish glutton's outward door
The paltry dole-basket invites the poor;
E'en that is guarded by a slave, who pries
Into your title with suspicious eyes,
Fearful lest falsely you should claim a part
Of these o'erflowings from his master's heart.
And hark—where summon'd by the crier loud,
Troy's honour'd offspring to the threshold crowd—
" Give to the Prætor! to the Tribune there!
" Hold—the new freedman claims a prior share."
" Give me!" he cries; " let wealth take place of rank:
" What though I came from far Euphrates' bank,
" Though these soft ear-rings speak my foreign line,
" Are not five freeholds in the forum mine?
" Shall I then yield, though born, perchance, a slave,
" To the proud beggar in his laticlave?—
" While great Corvinus, on some lonely plain,
" Is forc'd to feed another's flock for gain,
" I spend a knight's estate, nay, I can boast
" More than the wealthiest of th' enfranchis'd host;
" Not e'en the Licini my stores possess,
" And Pallas' wide immunities are less.

"Wait then, ye tribunes."—Yes, inglorious, wait!
And follow, with your holy pomp of state,
The slave, who lately to the city walk'd
With shoeless feet, and for the market chalk'd.
Since then to gold, almighty gold, aspires
The heart's true incense in eternal fires,
Why smoke no altars to this god alone?
While Peace, and Vict'ry, each enjoys her own,
And Virtues, to their worshippers unknown,
Are prais'd, like Concord, by a wrangling train,
Loud as the stork's nest on her topmost fane.
But when the senate in their year's account
Include the basket's pitiful amount,
How shall the people live, whose all depends
On the scant largess of their wealthy friends?
Their coarse black bread, and ragged shoes and cloak,
And chilly hovel's miserable smoke.
See hurrying to the dole a host of chairs,
And rich patricians clam'rous for their shares;
The sordid noble, and his pregnant dame
Sick with fatigue, their hundred farthings claim.
Nay, impudently now, with common art,
The lord demands his absent lady's part,
Draws all the curtains round the close sedan—
"My wife's within, sir—make what haste you can—"

"Let her look out," the doubting slave replies—
"Hush!—she's asleep—you'll wake her with your cries."
In all its parts how orderly the day,
Wing'd with what busy fooleries away;
The patron's levy, the judicial court,
The crowded forum's general resort—
Where, 'mid the statues of victorious chiefs,
Some Nile-born pedlar's, some Arabian thief's,
Lifts, unabash'd, its execrable face,
And none must venture to pollute the place.
Tir'd from the door retreats each ancient guest,
And hopes no more the long-expected feast;
The hoary clients for themselves must seek
Their little fire, and supper of a leek;
While, stretch'd at ease, recline their haughty lords
On empty couches o'er unsocial boards;
Bid countless slaves, to please their various taste,
Hunt the whole land, and drag the wat'ry waste;
Bid with rich plate their Libyan tables shine,
And sink a patrimony when they dine.
Where now the parasite? his trade is gone;
Our greedy patrons gormandize alone;
And the vast epicure demands a boar,
Enough to feed a hundred guests or more.

But Death's at hand, and treads upon your heel,
When, swelling with your undigested meal,
Your pallid members in the bath you lave,
And rush, intestate, to a sudden grave.
Friends, unenrich'd, shall revel o'er your bier,
Tell the day's news, nor grace it with a tear.
Say, shall our sons exceed their fathers' crimes?
No! vice has reach'd its acme in our times.
Posterity shall ape the deeds of yore,
And others sin as we have sinn'd before.
'Tis now that satire with extended sail
Should ride triumphantly before the gale.

FRIEND.

But who—all glowing with the gen'rous soul
No bribe can soften, and no threat controul,
Bold in our ancient freedom, who shall dare
To paint the living monsters as they are?
When Mutius started at the blast of fame,
Unhurt the poet held him up to shame;
But Tigellinus if you rashly brand,
Fix'd to the stake you perish as you stand,
'Mid smould'ring flames—or, dragg'd by dogs around,
Stain with your issuing gore the furrow'd ground.

JUVENAL.

What! on his lofty car supinely spread,
Shall he be carried o'er the people's head,
To whose black heart and venom-dealing hand
Three hapless uncles left their life and land?—

FRIEND.

Yes—bid you tremble when your eye he meets,
If you but breathe his title in the streets.
Steer wisely then from this too daring course,
And match the Trojan's and Rutulian's force;
Achilles' wound excites no friendly rage,
None weep for Hylas in our distant age.
But when Lucilius hurls indignant down
His dreadful thunders on a guilty town,
Each blushing villain feels the shock within,
And shudd'ring sweats betray the conscious sin—
Hot tears of anguish speak the just award,
But deadly hate pursues the virtuous bard.
Weigh well your strength, ere yet the trumpets sound,
And arm'd you enter on the listed ground.

JUVENAL.

Since then I'm doom'd to check my vengeful gall,
And fear to lash the living criminal,
I'll point my satire at the noxious clay,
Beneath the Latin and Flaminian way.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE II.

ARGUMENT.

Hypocrisy, that most odious of all the vices of our mind, is the mark aimed at in this well-directed satire. Domitian, like the Hydra at the feet of Hercules, lies before the Poet, transfixed by his arrows, but yet alive. The vivacity of Juvenal's attack convinces me that its object was still in sight. He could not now exclaim, as he does afterwards with triumphant joy,

"Sed periit!" SAT. iv.

What veneration does the spirit of this untamed republican command, who in the face of informers and of tyrants, however cautiously, still did avow, over the cold ashes of truth and liberty, his detestation for their destroyers.

Not the fell tyrant's death-denouncing face,
The headstrong madness of the populace,
The god of storms, with loud and warring sweep
Controller, Adria, of thy troubled deep,
Not Jove himself, when all his thunders roll,
Can shake the Patriot's calm, collected, soul—
Were the great globe in ruins round him hurl'd,
He'd fall undaunted with the falling world.

Such a soul was Juvenal's; and he displays more than his usual intrepidity in the work before us. The name of Julia brands her incestuous murderer with undisguised horror. That such a monster should pretend to a love of virtue; that he should re-establish the fallen authority of the laws, no doubt, excited this high strain of indignation—involving, in its resistless course, not only the arch-hypocrite himself, but all that crowd of similar wretches, who peopled and disgraced imperial Rome. It closes—not as some critics most unwarrantably assert, with a sneer at religion—but in so exactly different a manner as to attribute, with equal piety and justice, the general corruption of the state to the prevailing infidelity of the times.

SATIRE II.

Oh let me fly to some deserted coast,
Some dreary region of eternal frost,
Far from the cant of hypocrites precise,
Far from the sermonizing slaves of vice,
Who seem all virtue in the streets of Rome,
And swell the Bacchanalian roar at home.
Gods! can I see the heavy blockhead sit
Amid the busts of many an ancient wit?
Gaze on their features with unmeaning eyes,
And fancy as he gazes he grows wise?
Chrysippus, Pittacus, Cleanthes, stand
Rang'd on his shelves a venerable band;
And Aristotle's plaister'd image there
Sheds o'er the scene a philosophic air.
No faith in foreheads—for that look demure
Is but the screen of appetites impure.
Yes, in the corners of the common ways
We meet the saint who fornicates and prays;

And scans his neighbour with a censor's eye,
Himself the sink of that Socratic sty.
Though his rough limbs bespeak a manly soul,
He bows to lust's effeminate controul;
Rank in his heart, though solemn in his mien,
Chaste in attire, in action how obscene!
When such men speak, with measur'd cadence slow
Their pompous words methodically flow;
No wanton lock upon their forehead lies,
But horrid hair o'ershades their frowning eyes.
—More honest Peribomius! who appears
Just what he is, the worst of characters;
His guilt at once and punishment betrays,
And walks a pathic in the public gaze.
Their very madness vindicates his deeds,
And fate, that damns him, for his pardon pleads.
Far worse are they, who talk of virtue's charms,
And rush immediate to a strumpet's arms;
Preach with feign'd zeal, enjoy with genuine gust,
Herculean morals, and Herculean lust.
In mock philosophy, severely loud,
Abandon'd Sextus overawes the crowd;
But should Varillus chance his face to see,
(Varillus, that abyss of infamy)

The sinner laughs at Wisdom's borrow'd air,
And scorns the rampant stoic on his chair.
Straight be his body who derides the lame,
And white his skin who puts the black to shame.
Did Gracchus' tongue the lawless crowd impeach,
Who could endure the self-condemning speech?
Who would not call on heav'n and earth, to hear
Clodius inveigh against th' adulterer?
Thee, Catiline, Cethegus' fire restrain,
Or Milo murd'rers, Verres thieves arraign?
Or blood-stain'd Sylla to the trial brought
By those assassins his example taught?
So strict a judge was HE, who climb'd thy bed,
And laid thee, Julia, with the silent dead,
Canker'd by drugs that kept the fatal birth
Of monsters like their uncle from the earth.
Who then reviv'd each biting statute's rage
Against the gross uncleanness of the age;
Pronounc'd adult'ry's universal doom,
And frighten'd Mars and Venus self from Rome.
Well may the lowest debauchees contemn
Such canting scoundrels, and retort on them.
So, when with angry ears the caustic dame,
Laronia, heard the hypocrite exclaim,

" Art thou asleep, oh Julian law?"—she smil'd,
And bade the times revere their virtuous child—
" Oh happy times," she cried, " our hearts to mend,
" See a third Cato from the skies descend!
" But should, my censor, from your shaggy brow
" Such od'rous balsams dissolutely flow?
" Where bought you these? nay, check your silly shame,
" Tell me the warehouse, and the master's name.
" But if—so hot for justice—ye recall
" Dead statutes into life, above them all,
" Let the Scantinian edict rise again,
" And lash the beastly natures of the men.
" But them their numbers from the law defend,
" Shield join'd to shield, and guilty friend to friend.
" So league the males—but blushing virtue checks
" The shameless union in our gentler sex;
" And Rome's expertest harlots never knew
" That secret concord of the pathic crew.
" We ne'er usurp the honours that ye claim,
" Nor range with you the field of public fame;
" Yours is the forum's undisputed rule,
" The rhetorician's, and the lawyer's school;
" Few women wrestlers to the ring repair,
" Or eat the food that gives them vigour there—

" Ye card the wool, with artful hand ye twine
" The curious texture of the growing line;
" Soft, as Arachne's self, the distaff hold,
" Skill'd, as Ulysses' patient wife of old,
" Sit on your voluntary clog, and spin
" Like country harlots punish'd for their sin.
" 'Tis plain why Hister, sinking in the grave,
" His unshar'd fortune to his freedman gave;
" While yet he liv'd, that in his consort's breast
" The horrors of the nuptial couch might rest,
" Rich were the gems the silent witness wore,
" Her lord is gone, and bribes his wife no more.
" Thou, who would'st deck with costly pearls thy head,
" Marry, be dumb, and make a third in bed.
" And shall the law our crimes alone reprove,
" Pardon the crow, and rage against the dove?"

The trembling stoics from the matron fled,
And each pale sinner hung his guilty head;
Truth on her lips, array'd in terror, dwelt,
And shudd'ring conscience ev'ry accent felt.

How can the judge, himself in muslin drest,
Rebuke the prostitute's transparent vest?
And scourge the bare-fac'd lewdness of the town,
While the whole court stands staring at his own?

What though Pollinea be a shameless whore,
Fabulla, Procula, and fifty more;
What though Carfinia's worse than all—would she
Wear the thin garment that disgraces thee?
" The raging dog-star rules the sultry sky!"
Go naked then, and plead insanity.
Oh! hadst thou sate in Rome's judicial seat,
With her old heroes bending at thy feet,
Fresh from the field, their glorious wounds still raw,
Hearing thee speak the thunder of the law—
How would the sturdy mountaineers around
Have made the hall with angry shouts resound;
How would their eyes indignantly have seen
Thy garb indecent, and thy woman's mien!
Say, would so loose, so profligate a dress
Suit e'en a witness?—but a judge much less—
A rig'rous judge, from weak compassion free,
And steel'd with all a stoic's apathy,
Thou art the man, stern Creticus, to wear
A robe of muslin, to be worse than bare!
The black contagion is already caught,
And numbers yet shall imitate thy fault:
So, 'mid the fields, the healthy herd of swine
One, sick'ning, taints—one grape infects the vine.

The time shall come, when far more foul disgrace
Shall raise no blushes on thy hardy face:
None reach at once the summit of their sin;
The boldest villains timidly begin.
Yes, by degrees, the secret throng thou'lt see
Assembling in the house of mystery;
And there, amid unmanly priests, who spread
Loose flowing bands o'er their dishonour'd head,
And bind their lady necks with jewels bright,
Thou too wilt revel through the conscious night;
Thou too the *Virtuous Goddess* wilt adore,
With slaughter'd swine, and goblets running o'er;
Exclude all females from the feast divine,
And bow with fellow-pathics at the shrine:
"Women, avaunt!" the mystic circle cry;
"No piping girls disturb our privacy."
So, 'mid the dance, and many a dreadful rite,
And torches flaming with lascivious light,
E'en till Cotytto's sated ear they tire,
Sing the wild Baptæ's execrable choir.
One at his toilet sits, loose round him thrown
The gauzy folds of his pellucid gown;
Paints his fair eyebrows with a sable dye,
And draws an arch above his trembling eye.

Another's locks are bound with threads of gold,
While his white hands a glass Priapus hold;
While mimic slaves affect their master's air,
Mince their soft curses, and by Juno swear.
One holds the mirror pathic Otho held,
When boldly marching to the Bebriac field;
And boasts the toy that Rome's vain master bore,
As Turnus did th' Auruncan's spoil of yore.
Otho, who heard the trumpet's loud alarms,
And idly gaz'd upon his glitt'ring arms,
Lent a new tale to grace th' historic page,
The scorn and laughter of each future age.
Sure 'twas a deed that shew'd him wond'rous brave,
To hurry crippled Galba to the grave;
And wond'rous wise a looking-glass to take
E'en to the war where empire was at stake;
Smooth with a milky paste his beardless skin,
And smell of perfumes 'mid the battle's din.
Not thus adorn'd th' Ægyptian whore was seen,
Not thus th' Assyrian quiver-bearing queen;
When o'er the East one held her ample sway,
One lost the world on Actium's fatal day.
Far from these orgies, with averted eye,
Retires the blushing goddess, Decency—

Here, with dishevel'd hair, the hoary priest
Presides, arch-glutton, at the madding feast;
And rolls the tide of impudence along,
From the corrupted fountain of his tongue—
A worthy leader of the shameless band,
Who only wait for Cybele's command,
To seize that knife her slavish Phrygians use,
And amputate the manhood they abuse.

Gracchus was rich, and generously gave
A bridal fortune to his fiddling slave:
The deeds are sign'd; the hymenæal sound
Echoes the well-replenish'd board around;
And shame extinct, and nature cast aside,
The monstrous husband clasps his manly bride!

Rulers of Rome, what mean these prodigies?
They ask the soothsayer's, not the censor's eyes:
Say, should we more the threat'ning portent fear,
Did cows breed lambs, or women heifers bear?

The veil of lace, the saffron-colour'd gown,
In many a fold profusely flowing down,
A bride's attire, the holy Salian wears—
He, whose strong neck the sacred buckler bears,
Who, in the dance, beneath the nodding weight,
Shews o'er his limbs an honourable sweat.

Oh father of the city, god of war,
The source of this depravity declare!
Whence sprung the weed, whose noxious venom runs
Through the pure blood of Latium's shepherd sons?
Behold! a Roman, of illustrious race,
Courts a detested catamite's embrace!
Still is your helm, nor shakes its terrors round,
Your jav'lin rests, nor strikes the guilty ground;
You ask no thunders of your father Jove,
For these proud realms to vindicate your love;
Give up your glorious country to her doom,
And watch no more the warlike tow'rs of Rome.
" To-morrow, at the dawning of the day,
" Down to Quirinus' vale I take my way—"
" What calls you thither?"—" Why will you enquire?
" I go to witness, at a friend's desire,
" His happy nuptials—he invites but few,
" Nor flaunts his bridegroom to the public view."
Oh scenes of shame! but soon releas'd from shame,
Eager to spread an universal fame,
The bride no longer shall concealment brook,
But date his wedding in the parish book.
Meanwhile a weight of misery assails
Th' accurs'd condition of these marrying males:

Chain'd to their sex by Heav'n's preventive care,
Forbid, by laws immutable, to bear;
Never a mother's honour'd state to gain,
And with the child the father's love retain;
Without the pledges of a wife they die,
Though cheating quacks their drugs prolific try,
And still more cheating priests their magic charms apply.

These monstrous deeds determin'd to outdo,
Gracchus comes forth a gladiator too.
See, with the net and trident in his hand,
The coward flying o'er the Circus' sand!
Though to his rank the brave Æmilian race,
Stout Manlius' birth, Marcellus' pride, give place,
With all the honours of the pit's first row,
And e'en th' imperial master of the show.

Realms of eternal night beyond the grave,
The gloomy boatman on the Stygian wave;
The shadowy thousands that he ferries o'er
To tort'ring dæmons from that dreary shore—
Those mournful realms to modern sceptics seem
The visionary terrors of a dream:
By none believ'd, so impious are the times,
But boys untutor'd in their fathers' crimes;
Yet from the bath's abhorr'd contagion free,
And blest with youth's untainted purity.

But doubt not thou.—When, 'mid the mighty dead,
Who nobly triumph'd, or as nobly bled;
Great Scipio's soul, Camillus' awful ghost,
And Cremera's, and Cannæ's slaughter'd host;
When, from this earth, an unbelieving sprite
Descends to them—they shudder at the sight;
Bid through the shades the lustral torches glow,
And all around the cleansing waters throw—
But vain the holy rite, the pious pray'r, below.

There shall we all, from this too pleasing sky,
Believe, or not, be hurried when we die;
There shall our soaring eagle sink at last,
Though his proud wing Juverna's shore has past;
And Britain, where the short solstitial night
Scarce intercepts the day's continued light;
Though to new conquest onward still he flies,
And at the pole is seen with trembling eyes.

Woe to the victors, that their lawless town
Should teach the vanquish'd vices not their own.
Yes, from Armenian plains a hostage came,
With all a blushing boy's ingenuous shame;
But soon, corrupted by his sojourn here,
To the vile Tribune lent a willing ear.
Ye youths, at manhood eager to arrive,
Leave your rude homes, in our gay city live;

Change the rough spoils of hunting and of war
For love's fond gifts, and ev'ry gentler care;
Learn all the luxury of lust, and then
Go, and refine your simple countrymen;
So shall your own metropolis become
Foul as the brothels of imperial Rome.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE III.

ARGUMENT.

Juvenal accompanies his friend Umbritius out of the city on his way to Cumæ. They stop together at the Conduit-gate, and descending into the grove of Egeria, take leave of each other, after Umbritius has pronounced an animated satire upon Rome.—He lashes the general corruption of the inhabitants; but, more especially, commiserates the wretched state of those of humbler fortunes, "elbowed," as Johnson says, from their places at the tables of the rich, by foreigners of every country, but particularly Grecians. Juvenal humours his friend's fondness for retirement, by saying that he would himself prefer a desert island to Rome. But our poet spent his life in that vicious town, which he and Umbritius so severely reprehend. It was, in short, the single place where he could meet with conversation suitable to his enlightened mind. The old Aruspex might grovel on at Cumæ; and the poet might kindly say every thing to reconcile him to the solitude he had so rashly chosen; but Rome, and Rome only, was the true residence for a man of literature.——How much more free from that peculiarity of manner, which has debased their best performances, would the enthusiasts of a certain literary lake have shewn themselves, had they mingled more largely in the world; had they caught and compared the various lights and shades of character; and submitted their singular tenets, with regard to poetical energy and simplicity, to the tribunal of learned and liberal discussion.——In the society of a large city, that collision of general sentiment takes place, which can alone correct the errors and prejudices of individuals. Thus favourably Hume thought of Edinburgh; and Juvenal's great imitator felt the same predilection for London.

SATIRE III.

Though, when I see my long-lov'd friend depart,
The mournful verse comes struggling from my heart,
Speed him, ye gods, to Cumæ's lonely fane,
And give one subject to the Sybill's reign.
Sweet be his sojourn in the pleasant land
That leads to Baiæ's salutary strand;
For me, I envy such a tranquil home,
And Prochyta itself prefer to Rome.
What silent waste, what habitation drear
Would we not fly to, from the nightly fear
Of blazing streets, high mansions rushing down,
The countless dangers of the crowded town,
And that chief curse, the loud poetic throng,
Who, spite of broiling dog-days, pour the song?
While one poor cart his little all convey'd,
My friend hung back, and meditating staid
Near the old aqueduct, where Numa's love
Met him at night-fall in the fav'rite grove:

The grove once sacred to the Roman muse,
Now let to beggars, and those beggars, Jews;
Who buy their wretched right to sleep and freeze
On wisps of hay beneath the shelt'ring trees,
And drive the tuneful sisters from the shade,
With the low practice of their gypsy trade.

Down to Egeria's vale we took our way,
Where, spoil'd by art, her formal grottos lay.
How much more honour'd had the goddess been,
Were the clear fountain edg'd with living green;
Through no vain marble did the waters run,
But only murmur o'er a bed of stone.

Here, as we paus'd, at length the pensive man
Rais'd his slow eyes, and, with a sigh, began:

"Since honest toil can find no friends in Rome,
And virtuous arts are exil'd from their home;
Since ev'ry day my waning fortunes fall,
And the next dawn may rob me of my all;
I'll seek the shore where Dædalus resign'd
His lagging wings, while vig'rous yet my mind;
While yet my frame no weak'ning ills impair,
And the first snow but whitens half my hair;
While my stout age has some remaining thread,
And unsupported by a crutch I tread.

" I'll fly the town—Arturius, tarry there,
And Catulus, still breathe the tainted air!
Ye, who can turn the blackest action white,
Defend the wrong, and falsify the right;
Ye who can hire a house, and fill with grace
A scavenger's, or water-carrier's place;
Farm the port duties, take the charge of graves,
Skill'd in all trades, and saleable as slaves.
Ye once were trumpeters; the strolling pair
Who hawk'd the games at ev'ry village fair;
Ye now are noblemen, and give the prize,
And at your nod the gladiator dies.
How unconfin'd, how versatile your pow'rs,
Præfects of sports, and purchasers of sew'rs;
Fav'rites of Fortune, whom her love alone
Lifts from the kennel, laughing, to the throne.
" Rome is no place for me—untaught to lie,
To praise bad books, and complaisantly buy;
To read the boding planets, and to cheer
With the glad prospect of his father's bier
The gaping son; to search with direful art
In the toad's entrails for the pois'nous part;
To play the sordid pimp, and slily bear
Lewd gifts and letters to the wedded fair—

None by my aid shall pilfer, cheat, or rob,
Burst the strong chest, or drive the dirty job;
Hence am I friendless in this peopled land,
Lopp'd from the trunk, a dead, unuseful, hand.
" O name of friendship! prostituted here
To the foul partnership of guilt and fear;
Beneath thy sacred cov'ring, closely spread,
Each vile accomplice masks his mutual dread;
His boiling breast with secrets torn, and sham'd
With damning sins too deadly to be nam'd.
He gains no patronage, nor profits ought,
Who shares the privacy of virtuous thought.
Dear is that man to Verres, who can awe
The conscious villain with th' impending law.
But thou—could Tagus from the main withhold,
And yield thee all his tributary gold,
Think it too dear for worlds of wealth to pay
One peaceful night, one well-exerted day;
For the base bribe thy sick'ning soul to bend,
And live the terror of thy guilty friend.
" Of all our alien tribes, above the rest,
One ignominious nation I detest,
The grov'ling creatures of the rich—no fear,
No shame shall check my satire—Romans, hear!

I cannot bear your city, 'tis become
Another Corinth, and no longer Rome.
And yet thy taint, Achaia, is not all;
Orontes' waters of corruption fall
Into the Tyber's channel, and along
With Syria's filth, her manners, and her tongue,
Bring her lewd music, singing girls, and whores,
To ply in public at the Circus' doors.
Go ye, whose taste the painted mitre suits,
And fondle on your foreign prostitutes.

" Look down from heav'n, Quirinus, and behold
Hung with triumphant chains of glitt'ring gold
Thy shepherd's perfum'd neck! or, see him haste,
In Grecian garments, to a Greek repast.

" From fair Ægean isles the vagrants pour,
From fruitful Asia's soft, unmanly, shore,
Fly to the sev'n-hill'd town, and fatten there,
The curse and ruin of each nat'ral heir,
Deep in their patron's heart, and fix'd as fate
The future lords of all his vast estate.

" A fancy quick, a face without a blush,
And words that in a ready torrent rush;
Arm'd at all points, uniting in his mind,
Though but one man, the pow'rs of half mankind;

Scholar, surveyor, painter, rhetorician,
Rope-dancer, augur, conjuror, physician—
Omniscient is a Greek by hunger driv'n,
Send him to heav'n for food, he flies to heav'n.
Nor Moor, nor Thracian he, who soar'd from earth
On waxen wings, but Athens gave him birth.

" And shall I yield the wall to Grecian cheats,
Flaunting their purple trappings through the streets?
Or to yet baser reptiles, brought to Rome
By the same wind that dates and damsons come?
Sooner than me shall these vile Syrians sign,
And loll upon a softer couch than mine?
Is it then nothing that my earliest air
I breath'd on Aventine's pure hill, and there
My childhood fed on native Sabine fare?

" With what address discerns the courteous Greek
Wit in the dull, and vigour in the weak;
Sees the stout arms that held Antæus round,
High from the touch of the reviving ground,
In the slim youth, and hears a silver sound,
When the shrill voice grates sharply on the ear,
Loud as the crow of am'rous chanticleer.
Defects and follies we may flatter too;
But only Grecian praise is fancied true.

Their's is the stage; they fill with nicest art
The whore's, the matron's, or the sea-nymph's part;
So look the very woman, and so act,
That though they may be men, we doubt the fact.
Yet the best mimics they transport to Rome,
Would raise no wonder at their native home;
Round Hæmus there no ravish'd crowds would sit,
Nor fam'd Demetrius charm the list'ning pit.
All Greeks are actors, and in this vain town
Walk a short road to riches and renown.
Smiles the great man? they laugh with noisy roar—
Weeps he? their eyes with bidden tears run o'er.
Asks he a fire in winter's usual cold?
The warmest rugs their shiv'ring limbs enfold.
Pants he beneath the summer's common heat?
Lo! they are bath'd in sympathetic sweat.
In vain the Roman would contest the prize,
For native genius arms the Greek with lies:
He, ev'ry moment of the night or day,
Mimics the great in all they look or say;
Loads their vain ear with praise that never tires,
And all their folly, all their filth admires.
" But worse—no awe his rude attempt disarms,
The wife's grave honour, or the virgin's charms:

If to his care your beardless boys you trust,
They fall, sad victims to their tutor's lust—
Or else, intriguing with the menial train,
The dang'rous secrets of the house he'll gain,
Drink all that drops in no regardless ears,
And turn to use the conscious master's fears.

"Now pass we to the schools, and, shudd'ring, see
Wisdom's wide cloak, the cloak of infamy.
A Roman's blood the rev'rend stoic spill'd,
The spy his friend, the sage his pupil kill'd;
The sage at Tarsus bred, where stories tell
To earth the flying courser's feather fell.

"What place for Romans, where a motley train,
Painters, and pathics, and informers reign;
Who with no rival will their kingdom part,
But quite monopolize their patron's heart.
This vice is national. Behold! a word,
A single word they whisper to their lord—
The Grecian poison instantly prevails,
And all my long obsequious service fails:
Driv'n from my station at the well-known door,
I feel how little Rome regards the poor.

"But have the poor to patronage a right,
E'en if they haunt the threshold through the night?

When lo, the Prætor, ere the morning breaks,
And the rich widow from her slumber wakes,
Cries, 'Run, my lictors, and with eager pace
'Outstrip your rivals in the gainful race;
'Lest my quick colleague reach the goal before,
'And first be seen at childless Modia's door.'
" Due rev'rence here to fortune's gifts allow'd
Mingles all ranks and orders in the crowd.
Here, arm in arm, conversing through the street,
The wealthy slave and youthful lord we meet:
High vice unites them; each can cast away,
For one cold kiss, a Tribune's yearly pay—
Too proud the noble in their haunts to move,
Whom poverty condemns to vulgar love;
Who vainly turn the leering, wishful eye,
When the gay harlot's chariot passes by.
" Could Rome, in these dark days, a witness boast
Pure as the Phrygian Mother's ancient host,
Sacred as Numa, or the priest whose hand
Sav'd the Palladium to the trembling land—
First for his rent-roll would the judges call,
And ask his character the last of all.
What troops of slaves around his table wait?
Rich are his feasts? extensive his estate?

What heaps of treasure do his coffers hold?
An oath is rated by the swearer's gold.
Though by the shrines of all the gods ye swear,
Gods brought to Rome, and gods created there,
Are ye not poor? ye therefore can despise
The whole collected anger of the skies,
While thund'ring Heav'n forgives your perjuries.

" How is the needy wretch condemn'd to hear
The cruel jest, to see the haughty sneer.
If in his dress his fortune he betrays,
Th' unfeeling rabble titter as they gaze;
Laugh at his shabby cloak, and tatter'd gown,
And ragged shoes, and hoot him through the town,
For the ill-cobbled gashes, that display
The coarse white packthread, pervious to the day.

" Keen is the bite of ridicule—the poor
Have not a pang so piercing to endure.
' Go, beggar! from the bench of knights retreat,
' Thy meanness ill accords with such a seat.
' Sit here, ye striplings, in a brothel born,
' Children of pimps, this noble row adorn;
' Ye herald's brats, assert this honour'd place,
' Spawn of the ring, these velvet cushions grace!'
So cries the overseer, since Otho chose
Vainly to range us at the public shows.

" That lover only here obtains a bride,
Who can for dress and pin-money provide:
None but the rich succeed to proud estates,
Or dare advise the lowest magistrates.
Long, long ago, in one despairing band,
The poor, self-exil'd, should have left the land.
Virtue, obscur'd by poverty at home,
Rarely shines forth, but least of all in Rome.
For here, a wretched hovel costs us dear,
A menial board, and parsimonious cheer:
Here, with false shame an earthen dish we see,
Lost to that hero's modest dignity,
Who, in the quiet of the Marsic shade
His laurell'd head, without repining, laid;
And, in a woollen frock uncouthly drest,
Sate, calmly smiling, o'er the Sabine feast.
" In simple country villages, 'tis said,
None wear the toga but the senseless dead.
When, on their theatre of turf, they pay
Due honours to the wish'd-for holy day;
When, as the ghost's terrific mask appears
In the stale show, repeated now for years,
The clownish child betrays his rude alarms,
And huddles closer in his mother's arms—

No homage there the haughty nobles claim,
The seats are equal, and the dress the same;
E'en the chief Ædiles are content to wear
White tunics for the robe of honour there.
But here, in pomp beyond their fortune drest,
(And that oft borrow'd from another's chest)
All burn with one ambition, poor and low,
All idly languish for superfluous show.

" Hope not admission to the Roman great,
If at the door without a bribe you wait.
That Cossus may your mean address allow,
Veiento pass you with a silent bow—
Soon as their minions to the temple bear
The beard's first off'ring, or the votive hair,
When parasites their venal dainties send,
Forget not thou the fav'rite of thy friend;
But go, poor client, and with rankling heart
Give from thy humble purse a tributary part.

" Do we beneath Prænestes' chilly skies,
Or where Volsinii's wooded hills arise,
On Tibur's bank, in Gabii's simple town,
Fear the vast ruin, tumbling headlong down?
But here, in houses, whose disparting sides
The slender buttress treacherously hides,

The steward bids us, careless of their fall,
Securely sleep beneath the nodding wall;
And the proud nation, whom the world obeys,
On wooden props their mighty city raise.
Free let me live from clamour and affright,
From conflagrations, crashing through the night—
For 'Water, water!' hark! your neighbours shout,
And carry all their gather'd lumber out;
The spreading blaze has reach'd your own third floor,
While you, in clouds of smoke, unconscious, snore.
You in your cockloft shall the last expire,
While all below lie buried in the fire;
You, whom the roof just covers from the rain,
Where am'rous turtles o'er their eggs complain.
"Less than his little wife was Codrus' bed,
Six earthen pipkins grac'd the cupboard's head;
Here a small tankard stood below, and there
Reclin'd a Chiron, of the same cheap ware:
In an old chest his learned volumes lay,
And the rude mice ate reams of verse away.
So poor was Codrus—yet condemn'd to fly
The flames of this abode of poverty,
Reft of his wretched all, behold he strays
A naked beggar through the public ways;

Houseless and hungry, in his utmost need
No roof to shield him, and no hand to feed.
" But if Arturius' lordly mansion burns,
The town wears sables, and the senate mourns;
The law stands still, and with a gen'ral groan
We all deplore his ruin as our own.
Ere yet the flames are quench'd, with anxious haste
The broken furniture is all replac'd:
See what a band of emulative friends,
And one his house, and one his fortune lends;
Pictures and statues round the threshold stand,
Works of Euphranor's, Polycletus' hand;
Works that once deck'd the temples of the gods,
Best ornament of those divine abodes;
Books, and gay cases, and Minerva's head,
And heaps of silver in profusion spread—
Richest of bankrupts, blest Arturius, hail!
Well may we now believe the rumour'd tale,
When such a gainer by his loss we see,
He was his own adroit incendiary.
" Could you but leave the Circus' sports, and go
To Sora's fair retreat, or Frusino,
There a whole house would cost you less, than here
A gloomy chamber for a single year.

The little garden, and the well that pours
Its easy fountain o'er the fruits and flow'rs;
And cultivation's ever-pleasing care—
These are the country's joys, and wait you there.
Go, bid your lentils flourish, and afford
A hundred suppers for your Samian board;
And you'll be happy in your rural lot,
Though but one lizard haunt the narrow spot.

" Here the poor wretch, who groans with fev'rish heat,
And the rank load of undigested meat,
Lifts in despair his ever-wakeful eyes,
And in his loud, unquiet lodging, dies.
None but the rich can sleep in peace at Rome,
On the soft beds of their suburban home:
Far from the noisy tenements of trade,
From the sick lab'rer on his pallet laid;
Where, in the turning of the narrow street,
Carts jostle carts, and waggons waggons meet;
And the clown, hollaing at his lazy beast,
Would break a sea-calf's, or dull Drusus' rest.

" High o'er the crowd, in yon luxurious chair,
Liburnian slaves the wealthy noble bear:
He lolls within, and idly, as he goes,
Scribbles, or reads, or sinks into a doze,
For the drawn curtains sooth him to repose.

Quick to his trivial sports is he convey'd,
While we, though death should summon, are delay'd.
For look! before us what a grove of heads,
And on our heels a mighty army treads;
Elbow'd by stout mechanics from our way,
The porter's burden, and the brewer's dray;
Here the sharp pole our writhing side impales,
There the long beam our wounded head assails;
Through many a martial buskin's piercing spike,
Through feet that trample, and through hands that strike,
Through seas of mud we wade—while, smoking nigh,
The gratis supper lures each passing eye.
With head erect the toiling menial bears
His master's portion of the hundred shares;
Bears a whole kitchen on his neck, and blows,
As on he moves, the lamp that feebly glows;
Warming the broken meat along the road,
While plates and heavy dishes swell his load—
A load that Corbulo could scarcely raise,
The giant prodigy of Nero's days.

" The poor, in flight, their ragged tunics tear,
When yon huge fir-tree trembles in the air;
Or the prest wheels, yon huger pine beneath,
Groan with their nodding load, and threaten death.

" Say, should the waggon, o'er whose sides incline
Those mighty fragments of the Apennine,
Hurl on the crowd its cataract of stone—
What mangled victim's features would be known?
Crush'd in one mass would fall the countless poor,
Nor shape of limb, nor look of man endure;
The body's very semblance would be lost,
And vanish like the unsubstantial ghost.

" Meanwhile, at home, each unreflecting slave
Prepares the board, or heats the bagnio's wave;
Lays out the flesh-brush, and the cruise of oil,
And careless plies his ev'ry household toil.
But he, their fellow, on the Stygian shore
All shiv'ring lingers to be ferried o'er—
So newly landed in that mournful place,
He shudders at the boatman's rugged face;
Views with sad eyes the stream that hardly flows,
Nor in his mouth the fated farthing shows.

" But mark the diff'rent dangers of the night—
When, from yon noble mansion's dizzy height,
The thund'ring flaggon, as it bursts below,
Prints the resisting pavement with the blow.
When the crack'd jorden from the garret falls,
And pours its plenteous torrent down the walls—

Dar'st thou, improvident, devoted, guest,
Seek, ere thy will is made, the midnight feast?
Death stalks around thee in unnumber'd shapes,
And with thy fate each wakeful window gapes.
Go, and be happy, if you only feel
The reeking urine o'er your shoulders steal.
" Till by his hand some scoundrel's blood is shed,
The drunkard suffers, on his restless bed,
Thy night, Achilles! stung with savage pain,
And thirsty vengeance for Patroclus slain.
He tastes no slumber, till contentions dire,
And murd'rous broils, have lull'd his stormy fire—
Yet though the fervour of his youthful soul
Has caught new phrenzy from the flowing bowl,
He flies the train of slaves, the robe of state,
And glaring torches of the magistrate;
Shrinks from his brazen lamp, and butts at me,
Who only by the moon's cheap lustre see,
Or one poor candle, whose declining light
Careful I husband for another night—
' Ho! stand!' he cries—unwilling I obey,
And thus begins the miserable fray;
If that a fray the peevish sot can call,
Where he heaps insults, and I suffer all.

But who, when madness and superior force
Arrest him in his solitary course,
Would brave the brunt? 'Ho!' staring in my face,
'Whence com'st thou,' cries he, 'from what wretched place,
'What hole, what cavern, where thy cobbling host
'Swell'd thee with vetches at his sumptuous cost?
'Where was thy board with dainty onions spread,
'Or honour'd with a ram's delicious head?
'What temple-porch beholds thee daily stand,
'And beg for alms from ev'ry passing hand?
'What! not a word? nay, answer me, or feel
'The rough salute of my resentful heel!'
Whether you speak, or silently withdraw,
He strikes you first, then threats you with the law.
This is the glorious priv'lege of the poor,
Only a few hard bruises to endure;
Only to lose some teeth, and then be gone,
Rejoic'd and happy to have sav'd but one.
"Nor is this all.—When shutters, safely clos'd,
Bespeak your family in sleep repos'd;
When ev'ry tavern through the city snores,
And the strong fast'ning barricades the doors—
The midnight robber creeps upon your rest,
The sudden murd'rer, at your guardless breast,

With hurried arm uplifts the sparkling steel,
And, as you see the point, the blow you feel.
From Pontine fens the bold banditti come,
To thrive and fatten in the stews of Rome;
In Rome, the forest-thief detection braves,
While useless soldiers scour his empty caves.
" Is not each furnace for our prisons blown,
And all our iron work'd in chains alone?
Soon shall the rustic, of his tools bereft,
Have not a ploughshare, rake, or sickle, left.
How blest our ancestors! how blest the time,
When Kings and Tribunes rul'd this honest clime!
When—can our vicious age believe the tale?
All Rome liv'd safely with a single jail.
" Yet could my heart in angry strains o'erflow,
And yet with livelier indignation glow—
But in the west declines the closing day,
My mules are far advancing on their way,
The driver cracks his whip, and chides my long delay.
Farewell, my friend!—but in that faithful breast
Still let your lov'd Umbritius' image rest;
And when, retiring to your native shade,
Your own Aquinum's philosophic glade,

You too the turbulence of Rome resign,
And court a solitude as calm as mine—
To your Diana from the Sybill's seat
Wand'ring, I'll share the joys of your retreat;
And, should the muse her champion not disdain,
Range with your Satires o'er the dewy plain."

JUVENAL.

SATIRE IV.

ARGUMENT.

Of all the innumerable absurdities into which our fellow creatures daily fall, none perhaps ever equalled the turbot consultation of Domitian. The gravity of the senators assembled on this important occasion; the earnestness of the emperor; the whole scene was worthy of our author's happiest irony, and he has bestowed it upon the subject. His little anecdotes of the several personages, as they pass before him to the council, are excellently introduced, and remind us of the family histories given by Asmodeus to his companion, as they cast their eyes over the open roofs of the houses in Madrid.——Juvenal appears, in some parts of this satire, in the unusual character of a humourist; but he cannot long suppress his habitual indignation; and as he proceeds, he gives it full vent, inveighing against the sordid and cowardly conduct of the patricians, who not only bore, with the most abject tameness, every insult offered them by their tyrant, but quietly beheld their dearest relatives murdered in succession by this unrelenting monster. Our author, at the same time, praises the nobler spirit of the plebeians—but here only cursorily, reserving his further enjoyment of this favourite theme for the eighth satire.——The poem before us may be considered, generally speaking, as inferior to many of Juvenal's more serious performances; but it contains, in the lines concerning Crispus particularly, some very beautiful versification; and in the opening and conclusion, bursts of highly impassioned eloquence. The descriptive poetry too, interspersed here and there, has its merit; relieves the severer stile of the satirical passages, and gives a more pleasing effect to the composition.

SATIRE IV.

Behold again Crispinus! must my rage
For ever blush to drag him on the stage?
Monster! whose heart with black corruption teems,
Whom not one virtue from the lash redeems;
Whose tott'ring limbs, by rank disease o'erthrown,
Retain their energy in lust alone;
Lust, that enjoys the wife's adult'rous charms,
But scorns the venial widow's purer arms.
And what avails it that his carriage goes
Proudly beneath long, cover'd, porticos?
That his tir'd mules, through many a shady way,
The pompous burthen of their lord convey?
That he can view, from many a stately dome,
Suburban pastures smiling round his home?
Still must he feel the conscious load of sin—
The wicked never are at peace within:
Much less the ravisher; who dar'd defame
The flow'r-crown'd Vestal's honourable name;

And seal'd, incestuous, her terrific doom
To breathe and famish in the living tomb.
Sleep the dire tale—I sing of lighter crimes—
And yet no Roman, in these rig'rous times,
Had thus escap'd our censor's watchful eye,
And gloried in corrupt impunity.
But what to virtuous souls were foul and base,
Adorns Crispinus, and becomes a grace.

How vain is satire, when a wretch exceeds
The worst enormity of wanton deeds.
For one small fish, as fabling gossips prate,
Who still improve the wonder they relate,
Full fifty pounds Crispinus freely gave,
A pound an ounce—oh rare Egyptian slave!
I should have prais'd his fortune-hunting skill,
Had the fish gain'd some childless miser's will;
Or, 'mid the pomp of equipage and state,
Had some imperious dame imbib'd the bait:
But no! 'twas purchas'd for his private board—
Yield, yield, Apicius! to this glutton lord;
The rush-clad bondman of old Egypt's shore
Makes poor the cost thy table knew of yore;
He for a fish can give such heaps of gold,
The fisherman himself for less had sold;

Less were the price of many a Gallic plain,
Less in Apulia of a vast domain.
But, if a slave such dainties can ensure,
What are thy meals, Imperial Epicure?
There, at one corner of a mod'rate feast,
Thy lov'd buffoon, in radiant purple drest,
Can belch away a fortune in a plate—
He, who was wont in broken jars of late
To cry stale herrings at his native home,
Now proudly plac'd above the knights of Rome.
Begin, Calliope, for truth demands
Historic boldness at the poet's hands;
Ye Muses, ever young, inspire my strain;
The youth I give you should your favour gain.
When the last Flavian o'er a groaning world
The bolts of his tyrannic fury hurl'd;
When Nero's spirit, rising from the grave,
Fill'd the bald ruler of each Roman slave;
Amid the depths of Adria's restless sea,
Arose an unexampled prodigy;
Just in the front of Venus' Grecian shrine,
A monstrous turbot met the fisher's line;
The bursting line could scarce the monster hold,
Vast, as Mæotis' icy chains enfold,

Till genial suns release th' imprison'd host,
And out they issue on the Euxine coast,
Fat with long ease, and slow with dead'ning frost.
This giant prize the master of the boat
For the high priest's insatiable throat
Wisely reserves—for who would dare to buy,
Or who to sell, the wond'rous luxury?
Around the shambles lurk th' informing band,
And the sea-weed is guarded on the strand;
The shameless spies contrive their cruel plan,
And thus attack the naked fisherman.
" Restore the fish! from Cæsar's ponds it came;
" Restore the fish, and honour Cæsar's claim.
" Hear how the lawyers of the crown declare
" That all the sea contains of rich and fair
" Is the revenue of the king alone—
" Then hope not such a treasure for thine own."
" Oh let it go," in haste the fisher cries,
" For autumn clouds the pestilential skies;
" Autumn's last breath attaints the blasted year,
" And sick'ning crowds the fatal ague fear."
Yet winter then, in cold and dark array,
Preserv'd the scaly monster from decay;
But the poor trembling wretch pursues his course,
As if hot Auster blew with deadliest force.

When now, close-heeded by attendant spies,
He came, where Alba's ruin'd city lies,
And reach'd the lake, on whose time-honour'd side
The Trojan fire and Vesta still abide;
Admiring crowds his eager steps delay,
Till wonder tires them, and they pass away,
And the glad gates receive the glorious prey.
Excluded senators await their call,
But the fish enters, and precedes them all.

Behold Atrides!—"Take, majestic lord,
"Take," says the wretch, "to thy imperial board,
"A feast too noble for a private home,
"A turbot sav'd for this blest age of Rome.
"Oh be to-day a sacred season thought,
"Eat the rich meal—he would, he would be caught!"

Could grosser lies insult the wounded ears?
And yet with kindling pride the monarch hears;
For kings can trust what flatt'ring poets feign;
No blockhead lifts them to the skies in vain.

But ah! no dish could hold th' unrivall'd treat,
And swift in council must the senate meet.
Unhappy senate! in whose pallid face
Sits the sad curse of pension and of place;
Suspected favour, and dissembled hate,
And all th' injurious friendship of the great.

First, when the herald cried, "Ye fathers, run!
"The chief is set—the council is begun—"
Snatching in haste his magisterial gown,
Ran Pegasus, the bailiff of the town.
The Præfect then deserv'd a bailiff's name—
Yet Pegasus acquir'd some honest fame;
For, though he deem'd, in those atrocious times,
Justice unarm'd, nor strong to punish crimes,
Best of the bad, he mark'd each venial flaw,
And spoke the words of ineffectual law.

Look where in sight old Crispus next appears,
Old, but good-humour'd in the vale of years;
Whose gentle life, that never gave offence,
Was pictur'd in his pleasant eloquence.
Where for the Man, who spreads his ample reign
O'er earth and sea, and all that they contain,
So useful a companion could we find
As modest Crispus, with his virtuous mind?
If with a voice unbiass'd, bold, and free,
He might have check'd the strides of cruelty;
Beheld the scourge of Rome, unaw'd by fear,
And brav'd the fierceness of a tyrant's ear;
Hurt at the threaten'd hail, the heat or cold,
And black with anger at a storm foretold.

But Crispus ne'er indulg'd so vain a dream,
Nor ever swam against th' impetuous stream;
He ne'er with patriot fires had warm'd his youth,
Nor stak'd existence on a fatal truth.
So, many a winter, many a summer ran
Calm and unclouded o'er the pliant man;
E'en in that court, amid despotic rage,
In flatt'ry's armour safe to latest age.
Acilius next with hasty step draws near,
(And he too trembles in his eightieth year)
Follow'd by him, whose blood shall soon be pour'd
In youthful vigour on the tyrant's sword.
But in those days 'twas wonderful to see
Rank in old age, time-honour'd dignity.
Hence had I rather from the dust proceed,
A little brother of the giant breed.
Ill-fated boy! your arts are all in vain,
And disbeliev'd the folly that you feign;
A naked spearman on the Alban sand,
While Lybian lions fall beneath your hand:
Such poor impostures now no more avail,
The world grows wiser, and the trick is stale;
Thy cunning, Brutus, now no child admires—
'Twas easy to deceive our bearded sires.

Next Rubrius comes, of mean, plebeian race,
But the same cloud o'erspreads his low'ring face;
A wretch long branded with the mark of shame,
And guilty of the deed without a name;
Yet loud in censure of his neighbour's crimes,
The pathic sat'rist of these monstrous times.
Montanus' paunch moves slowly through the streets,
While soft Crispinus, bath'd in morning sweets,
With his own atmosphere of rich perfume,
Rich, as two corpses in the charnel's gloom,
And savage Pompey, whose all-pow'rful breath
Sheds condemnation round, and whispers death,
And warlike Fuscus, to the council speed:
Fuscus, vain fool! in battle doom'd to bleed—
And Dacian vultures on his limbs shall feed,
Though, in gay villas, through the wanton night,
He idly meditates the glorious fight.
With sly Veiento comes Catullus dire,
Robb'd of his sight, but burning with desire;
For fancied beauties stung with lust, though blind,
And still more dark in his prodigious mind;
Brought from some beggar's bridge, his ancient stand,
Where to the passing coach he kiss'd his hand,
(As o'er th' Arician hill it roll'd along,
Nor heard the whining of Catullus' tongue,)

And seated at th' imperial council-board,
To sooth and flatter his degraded lord.
He spoke his eulogy with lofty mien,
And loudly wonder'd at the fish unseen;
Turn'd to the left, as to the right it lay,
And said, what all those nobles could not say.
Such are his words when stout Cilicians fight,
And thus he praises the dramatic sight;
The self-rais'd scaffold, and the boys that fly
Through clouds fictitious to a painted sky.
Nor fails Veiento to applaud the feast;
But loud, Bellona, as thy madd'ning priest,
Begins with rage fanatic to divine—
" A great, a glorious triumph shall be thine!
" Hail the blest omen, mighty chief, and see
" Some captive monarch bow his head to thee.
" Behold Arviragus subdued in war,
" And headlong falling from his British car.
" Foreign the monster, and his finny back
" Points its strong spears, and threats the vain attack."
Perfect Veiento! if thou could'st but name
The turbot's age, and from what shore it came.
" And must he then be cut?" dread Cæsar cry'd;
" Perish the thought!" Montanus quick reply'd:

" No! let a dish of giant size be made
" By some renown'd Prometheus of the trade;
" Quick let him form the clay's increasing mould,
" Till the vast round the royal banquet hold.
" But from henceforth, if Cæsar's nod approve,
" A troop of potters with the camp shall move."
Montanus ended, and the grave divan
Join in the thought, so worthy of the man.
Long had he known the court's luxurious feasts,
And shar'd the joys of Nero's midnight guests;
When, satiate oft, new hunger still return'd,
And strong Falernian in the liver burn'd.
None, in my time, more deeply understood
The bliss of eating, the substantial good;
None relish'd oysters with so true a taste—
If at the Lucrine rock their bed was plac'd,
Or in the Tuscan, or the British main,
The simple flavour made the diff'rence plain;
Nay, with one glance, Montanus could explore
The strangest shell-fish, and their various shore.
" Break up the court!" the haughty monarch cries;
Swift from their seats th' obedient peers arise:
Back they return down Alba's royal hill,
Which late they mounted, at their master's will,

Breathless with haste, and pale with wild alarms,
As if all Germany were up in arms;
Or from each corner of the world had come
War and Revolt on rapid wing to Rome.
And oh! that ever in such idle sport
Had liv'd the lord of that obsequious court;
Nor, worse employ'd in savage scenes of blood,
Had robb'd the city of the brave and good—
While highborn cowards saw their brothers' doom,
And vengeance slumber'd o'er the Lamian tomb.
But when he dar'd assail a vulgar head,
Uprose the people, and the tyrant bled.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE V.

ARGUMENT.

Under the name of Trebius, a freeborn Roman, but whom, from his abject disposition, our author chooses to consider as a slave, the whole race of voluntary dependants, of parasites or supper-hunters, are chastised in this satire; the insults with which they are loaded at the tables of the great humorously specified; and a very curious picture of the private life of the Romans exhibited, as far as relates to the intercourse between patron and client, and the stile of a fashionable entertainment in the time of Juvenal. But the sword of the satirist may here be said to cut with a double edge; for the meanness of Trebius, or the Dependant, in tamely submitting to be the laughing-stock of Virro, or the Great Man, is not more severely reprobated in the character of the former, than the pride, luxury, and want of feeling for the condition of inferiors, which are displayed in the conduct of the latter.

Lucian, in the first of his Ἐπιστολαὶ Κρονικαὶ, complains to Saturn, among other instances of offensive inequality between the rich and poor, that they are not served with the same food, when, upon rare occasions, such as his own festival of the Saturnalia, or any extraordinary invitation, they sup together. The passage, in the original, has so much liveliness, and is so apt an illustration of the following satire of our author, that I shall venture to insert it, freely translated.

" Command the rich, O Saturn, occasionally to invite the poor to dinner—four or five " of them at a time—but let not the entertainment be after the present fashion; but " given in a more popular stile; so given, that every guest may be an equal partaker " of the banquet. Let not our host wallow in luxury, with a slave waiting at his " elbow, till he can gorge no longer; while we, whom he has invited, eager to lay " our hands upon some passing dish, see the proud menial insolently bear it by us, " and, catching a momentary glance, just discover its emptiness, or the miserable " remains of a cheesecake. Nor, when the roast pig is brought in, let the carver place " it, sliced in half, head and all, before his master; and then offer the bones to us, " wrapt up for very shame in a napkin. Nor let the cupbearer mock our thirst, by " waiting till we call seven times for the goblet, but directly pour the liquor out for " us, upon the first bidding, and that unsparingly; aye, plentifully, as he does for " our patron. But let the wine too, O Saturn, be the same—for where, where is that " law written which ordains one man to be inebriated with nectar, and another to be " griped with sloe-juice?"

SATIRE V.

If thou canst bear in base dependance still
To live the creature of another's will;
Canst sponge and wheedle for the gratis feast,
Still laugh'd at, still despis'd, but still a guest;
Canst brook—what Galba, spiritless and poor,
What low Sarmentus never could endure,
Tamest of slaves, a drunken emp'ror's sport—
I would not trust thy solemn oath in court.

How few are nature's wants! their mean supply
Did niggard fortune to thy pray'r deny,
Say, could no booth, no bridge, no ruin'd shed,
Yield thee a stand, to beg thy daily bread?
Rather than sue for shame, and court disgrace,
Go, proudly shiver in the cheerless place;
And let thy freedom from contempt atone
For dog-like offals, and a fleshless bone.

For all thy labours in the cringing trade,
Mark, once invited, thou art well repaid;

For years of courteous toil, and servile zeal,
The hard-earn'd wages are a single meal.
Who treats the poor, however rare the treat,
Is wond'rous lib'ral in his own conceit.

So, when two weary months have reach'd their end,
Should Virro think of his neglected friend;
With haughty condescension should he say,
" My worthy sir, you'll dine with me to-day—"
How blest is Trebius! with what joy he'll fly,
Just to fill up the table's vacancy!
With this one favour is his heart elate—
For this is all the friendship of the great.
Well did the wretch his painful vigils keep,
And wisely for such honour barter sleep;
Run from his distant home with shoes unbound,
While dark and cheerless were the streets around;
Through the lone alleys seek the noble door,
And tremble lest the levee should be o'er;
While scarce the day-star on the welkin stole,
And cold Bootes crept around the pole.

But what a dinner shall be thine at last,
And wine, how worthy of the grand repast!
Thick lees, that woollen of the coarsest grain
Would not imbibe, shall fire thy madd'ning brain;

Thine eyes, like some fierce Corybant's, shall glare,
Foul words shall trumpet forth th' approaching war—
Freedman, and parasite with fury glows,
Saguntine flaggons deal promiscuous blows;
Thou too, assail'd, shalt hurl the goblets round,
And with red napkin wipe thy gaping wound.

Far from this brawl your happy lord reclines,
And quaffs the nectar of the noblest vines;
(Pour'd when Rome's chiefs were rough with manly hairs,
Or trampled from the grape 'mid Social wars—)
Quaffs it alone, nor has the soul to send
The gen'rous cordial to a drooping friend.
With Alban juice to-morrow's bowl he fills,
Or the rich vintage of Campania's hills;
Matur'd by such a length of mellowing years,
That date nor title on the cask appears.

Such wines great Thrasea and Helvidius pour'd,
Crown'd with dark myrtle at the patriot board;
When Cassius' natal day was festive made,
And Freedom drank to godlike Brutus' shade.

See rough with amber, and with pearls embost,
The goblets wielded by thy lordly host:
Should the proud treasures meet thy grasp by chance,
See, at thy side, their guardian's watchful glance;

Who counts the gems, and saucily the while
Notes thy long talons with a jeering smile;
And cries—"Your pardon, if too close I gaz'd,
"But yon bright jasper is so highly prais'd."
For now, no jewels decorate the hand,
But grace the cup by Fashion's new command;
Jewels that once, at Dido's festive board,
Shone from the hilt of lov'd Æneas' sword.
Go, drain thy four-ear'd mug, that bears the name
Of the base cobbler, Beneventum's shame;
Leaky and crack'd, whose worth would not produce
A match in barter—fit for Trebius' use.

If, fretted with rich wines, and various meat,
Thy patron's stomach burn with fev'rish heat,
Swift to his cure salubrious water flows,
Though boil'd before, now cold as Scythian snows.
A diff'rent water, beggar, shall be thine—
Gods! did I murmur at thy diff'rent wine?
Thy want some coarse Gætulian shall assist,
Some horrid negro's black and bony fist—
Whom should'st thou meet where sleep the silent dead,
On the lone hills with midnight clouds o'erspread,
Cold through thy veins would creep a quiv'ring dread.

But the fair flow'r of Asia's blooming boys,
From many a rival form the master's choice,

Bought with a larger sum, than all the store
That deck'd good Ancus' simple court of yore,
Or warlike Tullus' table, or the boards
Of the whole list of Rome's primæval lords,
Is Virro's cupbearer—his thirsty friends
Gætulia's swarthy Ganymede attends.
Think ye a youth so delicate would deign
To watch the bidding of your needy train,
So dearly purchas'd, whom such grace adorns?
The poor dependant's beck'ning nod he scorns,
Hears, unregarding, his repeated call,
And only wonders he should ask at all;
Indignant to behold a guest so base
Sit, while he stands, far worthier of the place.
Proud are the pamper'd footmen of the great,
And mimic all their masters' airs of state.
See to thy hand yon haughty scoundrel bear,
With grumbling voice, and discontented air,
Black, mouldy, bread, that mocks thy rav'nous bite—
While Virro banquets on the softest white.
Restrain thy hunger, and observe with fear
The Præfect of that costly canister.
If thou shouldst seize a roll, "Ho! lay it down,"
The butler bawls, "and gorge upon thine own—

" Canst thou not yet its proper colour see?
" Think'st thou my master's food is food for thee?"
" Did I for this before the dawn arise,
" Torn from my wife," (th' indignant client cries)
" Eager to cross the upland in my way,
" The cold Esquilian at the break of day?
" While the raw blast of wint'ry April roar'd,
" And down my cloak the patt'ring torrent pour'd!"
Deck'd with rare herbs, and stretching out in state,
A lordly lobster fills thy patron's plate;
Borne by the slave aloft, as if to show
How much it scorn'd the longing guests below.
For thee a crab with half an egg is spread,
Poor as the scanty supper of the dead.
Venafrian olives zest his noble fish,
Though the pale cabbage in thy nauseous dish
Breathe out the lamp's strong odour, and proclaim
That the rank seas'ning from Numidia came.
Our empty bagnios loathe the Moorish smell,
And sick'ning snakes creep harmless to their cell.
Dispatch'd from Corsica a mullet see,
Or the deep rocks that circle Sicily;
Our best resource, since gluttony and gain
Have clear'd the produce of the Tuscan main;

Driv'n for those feasts to some provincial shore
That now exhausted Latium yields no more;
Feasts that sly Lenas gives Aurelia old,
Whose av'rice sells the gift again for gold.
Behold a lamprey—large as ever found
In Rhegium's streight, when all is calm around;
And Auster, resting in his silent cave,
Shakes from his wings the moisture of the wave:
Forth springs the fisher, lur'd by such a prize,
And his bold lines Charybdis' self despise—
Behold it only—hope not to partake—
A doubtful animal, 'twixt eel and snake,
The frost-bit spawn of Tyber, all impure,
And gross with ordure from the issuing sew'r,
Such is thy banquet, mark'd with many a stain
Of its old haunt in mid Suburra's drain.
Virro! awhile thy patient hearing lend—
We ask not thee to use thy needy friend,
As Piso, Seneca, and Cotta did,
When to their treats the hungry poor were bid;
(For, far beyond the gorgeous pomp of state,
They thought a lib'ral soul adorn'd the great)
No! when permitted at thy board to lie,
All we request is cheap civility;

Grant us but this, and peacefully abide
Rich to thyself, and poor to all beside.
Next on the table smokes a giant boar,
Like Calydon's enormous plague of yore;
The dainty liver of a fatten'd goose,
A duck as dainty, and rich mushroom stews—
If genial spring, and thunder's welcome sound
Have call'd the sudden banquet from the ground.
" Ye swains of Lybia, keep your corn, nor plough
" With weary ox the fruitful furrow now;
" Send us but mushrooms, and we ask no more!"
In pray'rs like these the glutton's heart runs o'er.
But see, the measure of thy wrath to fill,
The carver's attitudinarian skill;
See the quick movements of his agile blade,
His nice dissections, and absurd parade.
How gravely varied too his gait and air,
Whether he cut a capon, or a hare.
Shouldst thou by one low murmur dare to claim
The nat'ral freedom of thy triple name,
Dragg'd out, like wounded Cacus from his den,
Thou'lt fly the board, nor see it e'er again.
Has Virro ever drank to thee? or deign'd
To touch the goblet which thy lips have stain'd?

Or hast thou ever pledg'd thy ruling god,
Rash slave, or hail'd him with an equal's nod?
Few are the words that safely can be spoke
By the mean wearer of a threadbare cloak.
But if to Trebius by the hand of Heav'n
The sudden fortune of a knight was giv'n,
Or by some friend more bountiful than fate—
How is his worth increas'd by his estate!
Into a lord the little wretch is turn'd,
And courtly Virro loves the man he spurn'd.
"Slaves, wait on Trebius! would my brother taste
"The sweet-bread? let it at thy side be plac'd,
"Dear Trebius!"—Canst thou not the cause divine?
He is thy fortune's brother, and not thine.
But, if his king and master thou wouldst be
Who reign'd so long omnipotent o'er thee,
No smiling striplings in thy hall should play,
No beauteous daughters, dearer still than they—
That friend is best belov'd whose wife shall bear
No child to jostle the presumptive heir.
Yet, should three blooming boys by thee be prest
(Thy Chloe's present) to a father's breast,
So thou be rich, thy noble friend will deign
With smiles to listen to their prattling strain;

Arm them with plaything shields whene'er they call,
And with some little dainty please them all.
Ambiguous toadstools are the client's food;
Mushrooms the patron's, exquisitely good,
As those which pleas'd imperial Claudius' taste,
Ere Agrippina tender'd him the last.
For Virro's self, and other Virros, bloom
Fruits of rich flavour, and of rare perfume;
Such as Alcinous' spicy garden bore,
Or the three sisters watch'd on Afric's shore.
But thy dessert is grac'd with rotten pears,
Fit for the throat of youngling brigadiers,
When the new helm sits awkward on their head,
And the rough serjeant fills their soul with dread;
First when they learn the pond'rous dart to throw,
And feel the doctrine of his halbert's blow.
Think ye that Virro treats you thus, to spare
The costly dainties of his better fare?
No! 'tis to place before his wanton eye
The hungry glutton's crying comedy;
To see your rankling hearts o'erflow with bile,
Hear your teeth gnash, and hear them with a smile.
Ye, great and glorious in your own conceit,
Fancy you're summon'd to a royal treat;

He by his kitchen's odour thinks you caught,
And far more just is his discerning thought.
For who, so naked, destitute, and poor,
A second time this banquet to endure,
Did to his youth th' Etruscan gold belong,
Or e'en the humbler freedman's leathern thong?
Now, now ye hope some dainty will descend,
Some half-eat duckling, to the table's end;
Rump of a boar, or remnant of a hare—
Now for your meal, all anxious, ye prepare,
Keep your bread whole, and motionless and dumb
Devour in thought the treasure ere it come—
Now, now the spoils of yon delicious plate
Ye wait to seize, and shall for ever wait.
Wise is your host—such insults ought to fall
On Trebius' head, for he can brook them all;
Soon shall he bow his shaven head beneath
The lordly lash, and not a murmur breathe;
Soon, the hack slave of e'en this slavish age,
Reap the last fruits of Virro's patronage.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE VI.

ARGUMENT.

Juvenal, in this tremendous satire, raising his voice to the highest pitch of indignation, inveighs against the vices of the Roman women. He addresses a friend upon the point of marriage; and intends his poem to operate, I suppose, as a slight dissuasive from that ceremony. In truth, he does not appear to have been capable of much feeling for the condition of the lover or the husband; as we shall see again in the eleventh satire. He was himself an impenetrable batchelor; jilted perhaps in his youth (though the conjecture is not sanctioned by much authority), and from thence contracting that bitterness of soul, which breaks out on every occasion that he has of naming the ladies, his contemporaries. When he touches upon this subject indeed, he does not appear in a very amiable light to the English reader. Of that true and gentle affection which, had he lived in a happier age and country, he might have enjoyed, he seems to have conceived no idea. In the heart of the capital of the world, he was a stranger to those graces of the female mind which, above all their other blessings, distinguish and delight the

——— penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.

Let us therefore rather pity than condemn that apparent savageness of disposition, which the society of virtuous women never softened, and which particularly disfigures his sixth satire. Let us also consider the dreadful corruption of the persons whom he exposes; for we have ample testimony that, in much better times than those of Juvenal, the Roman females were lascivious, cunning, cruel, extravagant, superstitious, unnatural. Lust however, as Dryden observes, was "the main body of the tree;" and our poet, accordingly, begins and ends with satirizing this predominant passion of his countrywomen. Nor does he forget for a moment the radical foundation of their character, when he enumerates the spreading branches which arise from it; adultery, poisoning, assassination, and a thousand other crimes of various heinousness. He refers every deviation from duty to this source; he is compelled to return for ever to the disgusting topic, and dwells upon it with undiminished detestation. It pervades the whole of this lively poem. It is like Achilles in the Iliad, never out of mind, though, for a time, out of sight—little hints and allusions are dropped, as it were accidentally, to magnify the importance of this leading feature, when compared with others which the poet is immediately employed in delineating. I cannot however agree with Mr. Gifford that the plan of this satire is strictly methodical. It may indeed be distributed under the general heads which Dryden and he have assigned to it—but, as Mr. Gifford has himself observed, when endeavouring to palliate the

charge of a want of arrangement, brought by many critics against Juvenal, particularly in this very satire, " 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." Juvenal therefore, in my opinion, followed no other method in this satire than that of making lust the most prominent object upon his canvas—and all the subordinate passions, as they by chance, or the connection of anecdote, recurred to his memory, he ranged around their chief; but, in the rapidity of composition, left them to find their own places.

Of this rapidity I am convinced by the heat which appears in the mind of our author. His accustomed hyperbole and exaggeration are most conspicuous in this satire. Each vice, as it springs up before him, seems to his inflamed fancy more odious than the last. We have here several instances of that unjust sort of aggravation of guilt which is observable in the second satire, in the lines beginning " Vicit et hoc mon- " strum, &c." As if the appearance of a nobleman as a public gladiator, however disgraceful, were in moral turpitude equal to the unnatural crime which our incensed satirist says it exceeded. Nay, in the poem which we are considering, the author once does so much dishonour to female lust as to exclaim, in the fury of a climax,

—— faciunt graviora coactæ
Imperio sexûs, minimumque libidine peccant.

But he soon redeems the character of this heroic vice, and is at a loss for words to express his violent feelings of abhorrence for the abandoned wives and daughters of his Roman brethren. They indeed seem to have deserved his severest anger; and I seize with pleasure another moment which may be allowed me to turn from the females of imperial Rome, and to contemplate those of England. They may see their own picture, generally speaking, in the exact reverse of those harsh epithets which I have accumulated above. But if there be one among them who recoils from her own likeness in the following satire, let her read it—

Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementes
Interfusa genas ——.

SATIRE VI.

Yes, in old times, before the Thund'rer's birth,
There might have been a virgin upon earth;
And she, perchance, was safe awhile, with men,
And gods, and cattle, in one common den:
Where the strong housewife, on the mountains bred,
Strew'd with dry leaves the savage hunter's bed;
With shaggy skins of neighb'ring lions slain,
And rushes gather'd from the barren plain.
In such stout toil the matron would engage,
Unlike the Cynthias of our polish'd age;
Unlike the Lesbias, whose soft-shining eyes
Grow dim with tear-drops when their sparrow dies—
But a rough dame, with sturdy brats to lug
At the huge nipple of each hanging dug;
Coarse as her spouse, replete with windy mast,
And freely belching o'er his rude repast.
Such was our life, when Heav'n itself was young,
And man's first race from trees prolific sprung;

Or, form'd of plastic mud, and mingled fire,
Heirs of the world arose, without a sire.
The new creation was with vice unstain'd;
Ah! that its early model yet remain'd.
Some fading virtues might prolong their stay
E'en to rebellious Jove's usurping sway;
But it was ere the manly beard of Jove
Impell'd th' adult'rer to his feats of love;
Ere impious Greeks to ev'ry falsehood swore,
And the rife days of thievery before;
When not a fence secur'd our garden fruits,
And men liv'd fearless as their fellow brutes.
But soon fair Justice to the skies withdrew,
And her Chaste Sister at a moment flew.
Now, unabash'd, Adult'ry rears its head,
And scorns the genius of the nuptial bed;
Bold, from its long impunity in crimes,
Since first it issu'd on the silver times,
And, with auxiliar sins, a countless train,
Came, like a deluge, o'er the iron reign.
And wilt thou now a woman's virtue trust?
Now, in this full maturity of lust,
The marriage deeds and settlement prepare,
And bid the master barber curl thy hair?

Thou hadst thy senses once—(afflicting thought!)
And now, perchance, thy wedding ring is bought.
Would my poor friend run headlong on a wife?
Oh! to what torments he devotes his life.
Some snake-hair'd Fury has possess'd his will.
And hurl'd him down this precipice of ill.
What! when unnumber'd ropes his neck invite,
And lofty windows open through the night,
Bows he his head the female yoke beneath?
Th' Æmilian bridge affords a ready death.
Or, if the choice perplex, to 'scape a bride,
Let him commit—what's worse than suicide.
Safe in the Julian law, he breathes a pray'r
Not for a consort only, but an heir.
No more the mullet on his board shall lie,
Nor the vast turtle fix his greedy eye;
The fortune-hunting parasite shall fail,
Nor send a gudgeon now to catch a whale.
But if the man, through all this guilty town
For the high priest of fornication known,
Whom, in the hot impatience of his lust,
Into the trunk's concealment timely thrust,
The interrupting cuckold scarce could check—
Now stoops to wedlock his degraded neck,

Hopes for a virtuous wife, for one of those
That in the good Saturnian age arose,
Ye surgeons, bleed him in the middle vein,
And cool the madd'ning fever of his brain.
How nice the rake! long years of whoredom past,
He courts the kiss of modest lips at last.
Go, if indeed a virtuous wife you wed,
And at Jove's statue bend your grateful head;
Go, and to Juno sacrifice a cow,
And deck with lavish gold her horned brow.
Few are the females chaste enough to wear
Great Ceres' fillets in their sacred hair;
Few are the daughters who embrace their sire
With no sensation of unholy fire.
Haste, and with flow'rs thy happy door adorn,
And wreathe thy windows on the nuptial morn.
But will one man thy wife's desires supply?
She'd rest as happy with a single eye.
And yet recorded on the rolls of fame
Shines the bright honour of one rural dame.
She ne'er had wander'd from her sylvan home,
Nor met temptation in the streets of Rome;
Nor e'en to Gabii's, nor Fidenæ's air
Trusted her charms, and kept them spotless there.

If she was chaste, she fear'd her father's eye,
And ow'd her virtue to her privacy;
If she was chaste—but, 'mid the mountains cold,
Mars riots yet, and Jove is never old.
Beneath the foul piazzas wilt thou go,
Or seek thy partner at the scenic show?
View the gay dames in glitt'ring rows array'd,
And 'mid those thousands hope to find a maid?
When soft Bathyllus, as a woman fair,
Swims through the dance, with wanton Leda's air;
Moves to sweet sounds his undulating hands,
And the mute wonder of the crowd commands—
Then the rude girl, untimely present here,
Breathes the warm sigh, and darts th' immodest leer;
Learns the last mode of kindling fierce desire,
Listens entranc'd, and gazes all on fire.
But when the drama's annual joys are o'er,
And Rome is silent, save the forum's roar;
When the Great Games inopportunely fall,
The women, in that weary interval,
Sigh for theatric sports, and boldly then
Usurp the belt and buskin of the men;
React the pleasures of the mimic scene,
And ape the fav'rite figuranti's mien.

When the buffoon appears with gestures rude
As Cadmus' daughter in the interlude,
Poor Ælia views him with uncurb'd delight,
And laughs and chuckles at the pleasant sight:
While the rich dame at any price would buy
The singer's kiss, and spoil his melody.
Their wayward lusts so variously appear,
And this a smile allures, and that a tear.
The sad tragedian is Hispulla's love—
Whom all Quinctilian's worth would fail to move.
Marry, fond dotard, and your heir shall be
Some stout musician's rightful progeny;
Spring from some fencer's loins to bless your bed—
Uxorious Lentulus, oh haste and wed!
On the boy's birth-day through the crowded street
Erect the theatre, and spread the treat;
With gay rejoicings feast the happy poor,
And crown with laurel boughs your honour'd door.
Look, where beneath yon awning's ample shade
Safe from the gnats your noble child is laid;
Your noble child! whose vig'rous frame declares
How well the swordsman fought in Venus' wars.
To the lewd town on Nile's voluptuous side,
Hippia, the rich, the senatorial bride,

Follow'd her fencer, and Canopus' race
Were shock'd themselves at Italy's disgrace.
The wretch, forgetful of her sacred home,
Left her poor babes, without a sigh, in Rome;
Sister, nor husband, could her flight delay,
Nor (stronger ties!) could Paris, and the play.
She, who was nurs'd with all the tender care
That the weak children of the wealthy share;
Who, when an infant, in the downy nest
Of her embroider'd cradle sank to rest;
Now scorns the roaring seas, undaunted dame!
(Already had she scorn'd the blast of fame,
And, woman-like, had gloried in her shame)
Beholds the yawning of the liquid grave
With eyes unalter'd, and serenely brave;
Cuts through the billows with unshaken soul,
While changing oceans far around her roll.
Embark'd in virtue's cause, this cursed sex
A whisper frightens, and a shadow checks;
Tremble their feet, disorder'd is their air—
Let vice allure them, and they boldly dare.
See, at a husband's call, how faint, how slow
To climb the ladder of the ship they go;
Then stinks the pump-room, then the deck turns round,
And ready fits, and vomitings abound.

But when th' adult'rer wafts them o'er the main,
No nausea rises, and no fears restrain;
Free with the crew the mannish harlots talk,
Handle the ropes, and through the vessel walk.
Rare must have been the beauty that could make
The wife a mistress for a fencer's sake;
Matchless the youth—the youth! an aged thing,
Half-dead with duels in the venal ring;
A poor, maim'd, swordsman, with a bristly beard,
And a grim face, in ev'ry feature scarr'd;
Bumps on his nose, and on his forehead rise,
Rheum trickles ceaseless from his scalded eyes—
Such was your darling, Hippia, such the man
With whom from children, husband, home, you ran;
Who borrow'd all Narcissus' blooming charms
From his long title to a fencer's arms;
But who, deprive him of his hireling sword,
Would touch your heart as little as your lord.

But wonder not at Hippia's life obscene,
Hear the worse actions of a strumpet queen;
Hear what the wife of godlike Cæsar dar'd,
And who the pleasures of a monarch shar'd.
Yes, when her Claudius slept, the royal bride
Stole to the stews, impatient, from his side;

One girl the partner of her guilty flight,
Wrapt in her hood, she hurried through the night;
In a red caul her own black locks were stow'd,
And thus she enter'd on the lewd abode;
Supplied Lycisca's place, her title bore,
And, skill'd in all the bus'ness of a whore,
Allur'd the passenger, and claim'd the fee,
And bar'd the source of thy nobility,
Britannicus! her breasts adorn'd with gold,
And naked for the vulgar to behold.
Then, when the pander's welcome voice set free
His herd of trulls, she went unwillingly,
She last retreated from the reeking den,
Though quite worn out, unsatisfied with men;
And black all over with the brothel's fume,
And flaming with the madness of her womb,
Climb'd, unabash'd, again th' imperial bed,
And by the world's great master laid her head.
But mark the stepmother—her soul exceeds
The blackest stain of Messalina's deeds.
Mix'd by dire hate for her unhappy child,
The fatal drug, and incantation wild,
And damn'd Hippomanes their work begin—
Rage fires the sex, and lust's a venial sin.

Cesennia's praise her rapt'rous lord resounds—
Cesennia brought him twenty thousand pounds.
Nor yields his heart to love's delightful pow'r,
'Twas not her face that won him, 'twas her dow'r.
Wealth too confers a liberty of will;
Rich wives are privileg'd in acting ill;
They're free as widows, in their husbands' sight
Nod to their beaux, and am'rous answers write.
Sertorius dotes on Bibula—"But why?
"Without one virtue!"—hold—she pleas'd his eye.
When o'er her brow the with'ring wrinkles spread,
And the fresh roses of her cheek are dead;
Iv'ry no more is rivall'd by her teeth,
Nor 'eglantine outsweeten'd by her breath;'
"Begone, thou hag!" the freedman will exclaim,
"I love thee not, thou art not now the same;
"Disgusting drivel from thy nostrils flows,
"I'll have a consort with a cleaner nose."
Meanwhile, in youth, in beauty's transient hour,
Boasts the fair bride a dictatorial pow'r;
For each possession of her neighbour pines,
Canusian fleeces, and Falernian vines;
For ev'ry slave in ev'ry workhouse near,
For all that wealth can buy, however dear.

When winter reigns, and now the sailor band
In snow-clad cabins on the rocky strand
Lay up their barks, the merchant's house she views
Stock'd with the gains of many a summer cruise;
The lucid crystal vase, the balmy myrrh,
The diamond rare, but not too rare for her—
The well-known diamond Berenice wore,
Agrippa's present to his sister-whore,
In that rude land, where kings with naked feet
Observe the Sabbath, and no swine's flesh eat;
Where hogs, grown aged, at their leisure die,
Safe in the Jew's fantastic clemency.
But, 'mid the herds of womankind in Rome,
Are all unfit to grace Ursidius' home?
Yes—though your choice be fair, be nobly born,
Though fortune's gifts the favour'd dame adorn,
Pure as the Sabine wives, who staid the war
With cries imploring, and dishevel'd hair;
A virtuous spouse, a prodigy of worth,
Like a black swan, the scarcest bird on earth—
Say, could you brook a consort thus endow'd?
No! rather chuse her from the vulgar crowd;
Chuse a poor rustic, rather than the dame
Who joins the Scipios' to the Gracchis' name;

With many a proud heraldic honour swells,
Of many a brave and bloody triumph tells;
Thinks these a vast addition to her dow'r,
And talks of conquer'd Syphax by the hour;
For ever talks of haughty Carthage' fall—
Away, Cornelia, with your Hannibal!

" Spare, Pæan, spare my harmless offspring's life.
" Hurl not your darts, or hurl them at my wife;
" Her's was the guilt, let her the vengeance know—"
Amphion cries, but Pæan bends his bow.
Then the sad mother lit the fun'ral pyre
Of all her children, and their wretched sire;
Rival no more of that prolific swine,
Nor proud insulter of Latona's line.
So, if you wed a Niobe, how vain
Her wond'rous virtues, and how small your gain;
Who, ev'ry moment of your life must hear
Her worth, her beauty, dinn'd into your ear;
See her rare excellence debas'd by pride,
And more of gall than honey in your bride.
Can you be so uxorious as to prize
The silly thing you flatter to the skies?
As not to wish her far, how far away,
And hate her more than half of ev'ry day?

Can trifling faults provoke a husband's hate?
Trifles become, by long recurrence, great.
Is't not enough to make one sick, to see
The Tuscan, drest in Grecian frippery,
And borne by fashion's giddy tide along,
Renounce her country, and cast off its tongue:
Cry—"I've forgot my Latin!" pretty fool!
And vent in Greek each fury of her soul;
Fear, anger, hope, dejection, and delight,
And the hot secrets of the shameless night.
Beauty and youth have privilege to err—
But the grey strumpet! can we pardon her?
Who lisps the love-notes of her former joys,
"Ζωὴ καὶ Ψυχὴ!" with a failing voice,
Nor blushes in the public streets to speak
The lewd incentives of her chamber-Greek.
Incentives! no—though melting be her note
As Hæmus' own—her look's an antidote.
If then you ne'er can love the wife you wed,
Ursidius, why admit her to your bed?
Why waste the dainties of the marriage feast,
And the sweet bride cakes, on the glutted guest?
Why throw away the rich, engraven, plate,
(Where conq'ring Cæsar shines in gorgeous state,

Crown'd in the German and the Dacian war)
To bribe the favours of your virgin fair?
But if drawn on by love's resistless tie,
You compromise your manly liberty,
The sole directress of your future fate
Shall plague your heart, and plunder your estate;
With ceaseless jars torment your weary life,
You the meek husband, she the tyrant wife.
(Though the vile sex for careless lovers burn,
The true Arcadian meets no kind return;
A doting fondness is our greatest curse,
And e'en our virtues make our suff'rings worse.)
No sum without her knowledge shall be spent,
Nor sale, nor purchase made, till she consent;
Your gen'rous heart shall freeze at her controul,
Against the ancient partner of your soul,
The friend you lov'd in youth, in age revere—
" He must be gone—he has no bus'ness here!"
Nor shall his name be suffer'd in your will—
Though panders are their own testators still;
The fencer leaves to whom he likes his pelf,
And is his last chief counsellor himself.
But you, commanded by your haughty dame,
Shall fill your tablet with some rival's name,

Or half a score of minions.—" Harkee, spouse!
" Yon slave no longer shall disgrace my house—
" I'll have him crucified!"—" But why, my love?
" What is his crime? and who that crime can prove?
" Hear nature's voice, thy vengeful anger stay,
" And doubt to take thy fellow's life away."
" Fool! is a slave my fellow? let him fall!
" My will is law, my pleasure all in all."
Thus rules the wife; but soon, induc'd to fly
To a strange bed by sweet variety,
Rends her old wedding robe, assumes a new,
Tires other mates, and then returns to you;
Leaving some bridegroom in the festal hours,
And his gay threshold hung with living flow'rs.
So swells her list of husbands, wife of eight
In five short summers, wond'rous to relate,
And worthy to be written on her tomb,
To raise the envy of the maids of Rome.
And has your wife a mother? old in stealth,
She'll teach her child to dissipate your wealth;
She'll teach her child the billet-doux to pen,
And answer all the raptures of the men:
To cheat your spies, or bribe them to her will;
To feign herself, in health's full vigour, ill;

Throw off the blankets, for the doctor call—
While the young fav'rite, hid behind the wall,
Trembles and pants, impatient to incur
The damning guilt of an adulterer.

What can the child of such a parent be?
The rival of her mother's infamy:
Who thrives, when grown too aged for the game,
On the foul profits of her daughter's shame.

Through all the varied bus'ness of the laws
The sex sustain a part in ev'ry cause;
Here act the plaintiffs, the defendants there,
And love to wrangle at the wordy bar;
Presume to guide the learned pleader's skill,
And teach old Celsus how to draw the bill.

Who has not seen the matron smear'd with oil
Endure the wrestler's voluntary toil?
Wrapt in his rug, with Tyrian purple dy'd,
To manly strength join all a woman's pride?
In mimic combat with the fencer's stake,
Thrust the long foil, the heavy buckler shake;
Go through each movement of the exercise,
And bid full fairly for the bloody prize,
If not content with Flora's ribald games,
And the lewd dance of her unblushing dames,

The fearless wretch should impudently stand
A gladiatrix on the Circus' sand.
Oh! when she puts her threat'ning helmet on,
Then ev'ry female, modest, charm is gone;
Her sex is alter'd, she becomes a man,
And violates perverted nature's plan—
But still retains her own, her proper lust,
For our poor pleasure has not half the gust.
How fair a sight the husband would behold,
Were his wife's armour at an auction sold!
Her belt, her gauntlets, scatter'd round the room,
And military boots, and nodding plume.
Or, if indeed she hanker'd to engage
In real combat on the public stage,
Happy the sale for his repose would be,
And save him from superior infamy.
This is the gentle dame who cannot bear
The summer clothing of a slight cymar;
This is the little love, who dies with heat
Beneath a scarf of silk, but who can sweat,
And stamp, and push with an exulting shout
At her opponent in the fencing-bout.
Look, how enormous is her helmet's size!
With what a strength she rests upon her thighs!

And what a bag of breeches has she got—
Shall we not titter—when she takes the pot?
Say, virtuous daughters of our elder times,
Knew ye the practice of these wanton crimes?
Ye who could boast Metellus for your sire,
Saw ye the wife of him who fenc'd for hire,
Like our unblushing matrons, wield the sword,
And imitate the battles of her lord?
When now the day in jarring strife has past,
And nature courts a little peace at last,
The wedded wretch is still condemn'd to hear
The curtain lecture stun his sleepless ear.
Then, like a tigress, in resentful mood,
A tigress, roaring for her ravish'd brood,
The wife transfers upon the husband's head
The crime of wand'ring from the marriage bed;
And, conscious of her own true guilt within,
Groans over his supposititious sin;
Raves at the servants, or, dissembling, weeps,
"For ah! her cruel lord a mistress keeps!"
Weeps at her will, such ready tears supply
Th' exhaustless fountain of a woman's eye,
Stand in their place, wait her command to fall,
Nor ever disobey the sudden call.

But you, fond cuckold! by her cunning mov'd,
Think never man was like yourself belov'd;
Catch on your glowing lips the crystal tide,
And hang enamour'd o'er your beauteous bride.
Oh! could you ope yon escritoir, and there
Peruse the letters to your jealous fair,
Gods! what a change would in your heart arise,
When lust's unnumber'd agents met your eyes!
But lo! th' adult'ress in the fact is caught—
Now what excuse, Quinctilian, for her fault?
Can all your eloquence defend the deed?
No! for thyself, thou shameless harlot, plead.—
Nor hesitates the whore—"I've sinn'd, I grant;
"But mutual freedom was our covenant.
"Say, did I ever act the sordid spy,
"Or interrupt your pleasing privacy?
"Call heav'n and earth to witness as you will,
"I shall be frail, and but a woman still."
When once detected in a crime, the sex
No shame embarrasses, no tremor checks;
Bold from the proofs, and bolder they become,
Turn on the judge, and push th' accuser home.
Say, from what source such monstrous deeds arose,
And swell'd the list of Rome's unnumber'd woes?

Chaste were our wives, while humble yet and poor,
They dwelt in cottages, from vice secure;
Woke with the morn, a vig'rous, healthy band,
And work'd the Tuscan wool with toiling hand;
While their brave lords sustain'd the doubtful fight,
And threat'ning Hannibal appear'd in sight.
Now a long peace our ancient fire impairs,
And lux'ry, worse than unsuccessful wars,
Makes, as by Heav'n's vĭndictive mandate sent,
The conquest of the world our punishment.
Since we grew rich, corrupted have we grown,
The lusts of Asia have become our own;
Each subject isle her pois'nous trade instils,
And Rhodes is planted on the Latian hills;
While lewd Tarentum's bacchanalian throng
Burst on our streets, and roll uncheck'd along.
'Twas foreign spoil that Rome shall ever rue,
Delug'd the land with foreign manners too;
Pernicious vict'ry has o'erturn'd the state,
And left us wealthy, but no longer great.

Hence are we doom'd the drunken trull to see
Immers'd at once in lust and gluttony,
Devour fat oysters at the dead of night,
And spur her strength to profligate delight;

Drop costly perfumes in the sparkling bowl,
Till round and round the dizzy chambers roll,
Till double lamps upon the table blaze,
And stupor blinds her undiscerning gaze.
Go now, and doubt their lewdness—what is said
By Maura to Collacia in their bed—
Or when to Modesty's old shrine they go,
And bid around the shameless torrent flow.
Here oft at eve their guilty litters stay,
And games indecent wing the hours away;
Till the pale moon, astonish'd at the sight,
Hurries to close the dreadful scene of night,
And day, returning, calls them to their home—
Then, as the husband through the streets of Rome,
Hies with the dawn his pow'rful friend to court,
He treads the reliques of his darling's sport.
The *Virtuous Goddess* hides her rites no more—
There the shrill pipe inflames the frantic whore,
There, as she shakes her streaming locks abroad,
And howls obedience to the Garden God,
She dances round the prostituted shrine,
And raves with lewdness, and o'erflows with wine;
But bows, with all her sister trulls, to thee,
Laufella, and thy wond'rous energy—

Thou, mid the contest for the wreath of shame,
Bear'st it in triumph from each vulgar dame;
Yet art thou doom'd the glorious palm to yield,
When Medullina meets thee in the field.
Illustrious strumpets! whose aspiring worth
Equals your high nobility of birth.
There all is truth—no mimic transports there,
Nor sham resemblance of the real war;
Old Priam's frost might there to rapture turn,
And wither'd Nestor for the battle burn.
Now, now, impatient to obtain the prize,
Woman's herself, and throws off all disguise—
A gen'ral shout re-echoes through the den,
"The rites are over, now admit the men!
"What! are the drones asleep? then haste, my boys,
"And snatch your hoods, and vindicate your joys.
"Ye linger too! then come, thou happy slave,
"And thou thy master's privilege shalt have.
"Thou fail! the bargeman will not fail, and he,
"He shall be hir'd to join our revelry."
And oh! that safe from such accursed sights
We kept the holiest of our ancient rites:
But Moors have heard, and savages turn'd pale
At the wide rumour of the dreadful tale—

Yes, to the scene, where man must never stray,
And the male mouse runs tremblingly away,
Where e'en the pictures of our sex are hid,
By ev'ry law of heav'n and earth forbid,
Went the mock singing-wench, devoid of shame,
A woman, only in the dress and name.
Nor then had infidelity become
The senseless fashion of abandon'd Rome;
None view'd religion then with daring eyes,
Or scoff'd at Numa's rustic sacrifice,
His brittle bowls, and earthen-ware divine—
But Clodii now dishonour ev'ry shrine.
"Lock up your wife! her guilty will restrain—"
"Alas! my honest friends, 'tis all in vain.
"How shall I guard against my guards, when they
"Who take my wages, will her bribes obey?"
Lust is the vice of women, high and low—
Whether on foot through dirty streets they go,
Or, rais'd above the poor, ignoble, throng,
Ride on the necks of Syrian slaves along.
Ogulnia hires a dress to see the games,
A chair, a cushion, and attendant dames;
Slaves, and a nurse, and girl with yellow hair
To carry messages and letters there.

Ogulnia apes the rich, and feeds her pride—
But still her lust remains unsatisfied;
And all that's left of her paternal store
She freely gives—to be a wrestler's whore.
Women are oft in want, but never know
To live, remote from meanness and from show,
Within the compass of their humble pow'r—
Men will at times foresee the evil hour;
But, while the labours of the ant afford
An useful lesson to the docile lord,
The dashing wife consumes the gather'd hoard;
As if the source of this exhausted store
Would reproduce its everlasting ore,
As if the sinking heap would still arise,
Counts not the cost of her debaucheries.

The beardless eunuch some delight to prove
In the safe contest of unfruitful love.
No growing witness shall detect the deed,
No drugs abortive shall the strumpet need;
Yet 'tis not then the weak, imperfect boy,
'Tis the full man that gives the fancied joy—
The man! the smock-face—on whose cheek display'd
Rough strength should frown, and turn the barber's blade.

Loves she the song? the Prætor's care is vain;
Soon shall the singer lose his liquid strain,

The darling singer! ever in her sight—
Oh, how she hugs his harp from morn to night!
Decks it with gems, and plays the lessons o'er
Her lov'd Hedymeles has play'd before;
Recalls the touches of his heav'nly skill,
And prints with many a kiss the precious quill.
A noble matron of the Lamian name
To Vesta's shrine with votive off'rings came,
And, trembling, ask'd, if tuneful Pollio's brow
Should wear the honours of the oaken bough.
What could she more, if on the bed of death
Her son, her husband, drew their latest breath?
For his success she bow'd her cover'd head,
E'en at the altar's base for him she pray'd;
Follow'd the dictates of the holy man,
And shook and falter'd when the rites began.
Say, father Janus, oldest of the gods,
Hear ye these vows in your divine abodes?
All unemploy'd must flow your idle hours,
And careless leisure lull the heav'nly pow'rs.
Not such on earth the priest's religious ease,
Plagu'd all the day with busy devotees;
Till his tir'd ancles swell condemn'd to stand,
And pray for all the actors in the land.

But worse the wife, who gossips through the town,
And makes the councils of the men her own;
E'en when her blushing spouse is present there,
Holds converse with the red-coat sons of war,
Looks boldly up, and lays her bosom bare.
This is the dame, who gathers all that's new
Of rebel Thrace, and savage Scythia's crew;
Who knows the scandal of each private home,
And all the quarrels and intrigues in Rome.
By her the stepdame's secret lusts are spread,
And when the widow will be brought-to-bed—
She is the first to see the comet fling
A threat portentous o'er the Parthian king;
Hear at the city's gate the recent tale,
Or coin a lie herself when rumours fail;
Tell how Niphates, bursting o'er its mounds,
With one wide deluge wastes Armenia's grounds;
Of dreadful earthquakes talk to all she meets,
And set the quidnuncs gaping through the streets.

Yet be the gossip to the scold preferr'd;
She, if a neighbour's barking cur is heard,
Inexorable vixen, has them beat
Before her eyes together for a treat;
And stimulates the slave's relaxing blows
Against the murd'rers of her sweet repose.

Then, all on fire, the midnight bath she seeks,
A gloomy anger blushing on her cheeks;
While, like a camp, her apparatus moves,
And slaves with ointments swell the pomp she loves.
Till the dumb-bells have worn her out with heat,
And the sly bathkeeper rubb'd off her sweat,
Her hungry, sleepy, guests must wait at home.
Nor dare to touch the supper ere she come.
She comes at last, and, flush'd with exercise.
Calls for a flaggon of the largest size;
Another yet before her food she'll drain,
That her clear stomach may the more contain.
And lo! the burthen of her wash'd inside
Flows o'er the pavement in a purple tide;
Or, in the foaming bason, deep and broad,
Vents the cascade, and renders up the load.
Gods! one would think a monstrous serpent there
Had drunk, and vomited—foul smells the air,
The sick'ning guests in horror turn away,
The husband hides his eyes, and damns his wedding day.
Yet is she worse who praises Virgil's stile,
And with her grief for Dido stirs your bile;
Compares the Grecian and the Roman muse,
And still, at meals, their rival strain reviews.

In hopeless silence sit the guests around,
O'ermatch'd and conquer'd by the wond'rous sound;
The scholar yields, the rhetorician fails,
O'er the loud lawyer's tongue her tongue prevails,
Dumb-founders e'en the crier, and, most strange!
No other woman can a word exchange.
So irresistible the rushing noise,
A peal of bells is nothing to her voice.
Strike not your brazen kettles! she alone
Can break th' enchantment of the spell-bound moon.

She who is wise, discourse she e'er so well,
Never too long on any theme will dwell:
But she who aims her wit and sense to show,
In a short garment to the bath should go,
Dip for a farthing, and in all appear
The model of a poor philosopher.

Let not my wife the flow'rs of speech command,
Be there some books she does not understand;
Grant her, ye gods, no syllogistic skill,
Nor her vain head with loads of hist'ry fill.
I hate the woman who can talk by rule,
And knows the canons of the grammar school;
Who quotes old verses that I never heard,
And catches at her friend's unpolish'd word:

Let me, oh let me, if I chance to err,
Not be set right—or not set right by her!
When o'er her neck the costly em'rald shines,
When through her ears the pendent union twines,
A woman then imagines she is free
To act the lowest scenes of infamy.
All evils else though I am doom'd to bear,
Let not a wife with riches be my share.
Then should I kiss a foul, beplaister'd, face,
While my lips loath'd the glutinous embrace;
Then should I clasp a Nero's greasy bride,
With fat pomatums stinking at my side.
Oh blest adult'rers! she can dress for you,
And fresh, and fragrant, seek the rendezvous;
At home a slattern, but abroad as neat
As dress can make her, or as perfumes sweet:
All India's spikenard from her body flows,
And scents ambrosial breathe from all her clothes.
Now, not disfigur'd with the paste she wore
On cheeks thought fair enough for me before,
She only smoothes them with her asses' milk,
And gives them to her lover soft as silk.
This precious recipe the tender soul
Would take in exile with her to the pole.

But say, Ursidius, can the lump of clay
Rich ointments thus renew from day to day,
Can it be call'd a face so poultic'd o'er?
By heav'ns, an ulcer it resembles more.
But if the husband for a single night
Forgets the payment of her lawful right,
Lo! with the dawn her angry freaks begin,
And slaves are punish'd for their master's sin.
The trembling housekeeper is forc'd to strip,
And, with the tirewoman, endures the whip:
The tardy chairman came an hour too late—
He must be scourg'd—he made his mistress wait.
Some hire tormentors by the year, and then
No mercy for the howling serving-men.
Their ruthless lady o'er her toilet bends,
And holds the levee of her female friends;
In such a dress consults them on her look,
Or reads long extracts from her pocket-book;
Though the tir'd lictors can no longer hold,
She can't decide upon the flounce of gold;
Till "Off!" at last she cries, with hideous yell,
"Your trial's over—rascals, off to hell!"
Not the dread court of Sicily could show
Severer tortures than her servants know:

For if, adorn'd with more than usual care,
She seeks the Gardens, and her lover there,
Or rather seeks the whore-frequented shrine
Where false religion and true lust combine;
Then, hapless Psecas! undeserving maid,
On thee the fault of straggling hairs is laid;
Thy locks are torn to answer for their guilt,
To glut a moment's spleen thy blood is spilt.
The lash, the lash resounds, with ceaseless blows,
And thou art flay'd for her offending nose.
Another wretch upon the left is seen
To curl her ringlets with the crisping-pin;
While the sage matron, blest with years and ease,
Or only forc'd the yielding wool to tease,
Sits gravely by, and first gives her advice,
But seems in doubt upon a point so nice.
The others speak according to their age,
While anxious cares the mistress' soul engage,
As if her life or honour were at stake,
But all is done for lust's and beauty's sake.
So high she builds her head, she seems to be,
View her in front, a tall Andromache;
But walk all round her, and you'll quickly find
She's not so great a personage behind.

Yet not a pygmy—were she, she'd be right
To wear the buskin, and increase her height;
To gain from art what nature's stint denies,
Nor lightly to the kiss on tiptoes rise.
While thus to riot and expense resign'd,
Her husband's ruin ne'er disturbs her mind;
She lives regardless of his bed and board,
And only seems the neighbour of her lord;
Save in her bills—there, there appears the spouse,
Who hates his parties, and embroils his house.
Behold Bellona's and Cybebe's throng
Enter your doors with frantic dance and song:
A monstrous eunuch heads th' unmanly choir,
Long dead to pow'r, still living to desire:
Each puny semivir around him bows
To the lewd mitre on his holy brows;
Waits for his nod to raise the mystic yell,
To strike the drum, and bid the trumpet swell.
He, with vast stride, and high, commanding, air,
Thus, hollowly, breaks forth: "Beware, beware!
"September's sultry blast approaches nigh,
"And the presaging murmurs pierce the sky.
"Quick let a hundred lustral eggs be giv'n,
"To pacify the wrath of threat'ning Heav'n:

" Your robes, ye matrons, must be offer'd too;
" Robes of the fading vine-leaf's yellow hue;
" Into these presents all your crimes transfer,
" And expiate the whole offending year."
Ere yet the shudd'ring fair-one feels releas'd
From the stern voice of Dindymene's priest,
Behold another, an Egyptian train,
To pray'r and penance call her soul again:
Call her to Tyber's frozen stream, and thrice
Plunge her at morn amid the crashing ice—
Through the cold eddies see the maniac go,
And crawl and shiver o'er the waste of snow;
O'er the whole field of Mars on naked knees,
That bleed and stiffen in the wintry breeze.
See her, to earth's remotest regions sent,
To Meroe's burning isle in banishment,
Bring back the waters of that holy shore
To sprinkle the polluted temple's floor,
Where Isis now is worshipp'd, where of old
The kingly shepherds watch'd their humble fold.
For, as she slept, the mighty mandate broke
Deep on her ears—'twas Isis self that spoke!
Oh! what a pure, a consecrated breast,
To make a goddess its nocturnal guest!

But hark! the leader of the howling crowd
Wails through the streets Osiris' loss aloud;
And bears on high the image of his son,
The dog Anubis—through the city run,
Clad in their woollen frocks, the bald-pate crew,
The hoary sinner chuckling at the view.
He, if the wife, on some forbidden day,
(Unnat'ral horror!) with the husband lay,
And dar'd the hour of sacrifice defile,
Implores her pardon from the god of Nile—
Around whose statue when the silver snake
Seems as incens'd its magic head to shake,
Then tears of anguish from the matron flow,
And mutter'd pray'rs avert th' impending blow;
But chief the fatten'd goose and cakes appease
The wrath of Egypt's glutton deities.
Next comes the Jew—she leaves her bed of hay,
And steals to Rome with trembling steps away;
And begs and whispers in the private ear
Of the fanatic fool she juggles here—
"The faithful delegate of Heav'n above,
"Queen of the Gypsies in th' Egerian grove,
"The holy law's interpretress is she!"
But, though so lofty, takes the lowest fee,

Cheaply performs the fortune-teller's task,
And promises whatever dreams you ask.
There are of Syrian soothsayers who buy
A tender lover, or a legacy;
While the gross cheats the slaughter'd bird dissect,
Or smoking entrails of the dog inspect,
Or bid, at times, the human victim bleed,
And then inform against you for the deed.
But blinder faith Chaldæa's seer awaits,
And all believe his knowledge of the fates;
List to his voice as that of Ammon's shrine,
As once, Apollo, they relied on thine;
But thou art dumb, and man no more from thee
Hears the dark tidings of futurity.
Of all this tribe in dignity the first
Was that old exile, by whose aid accurst,
By whose hir'd tablet, and concurring spell,
The noble Roman, Otho's terror, fell.
Implicit credit the diviner gains,
Long in the camp confin'd, and gall'd with chains;
But, uncondemn'd, no honour will he have,
Nor ever banish'd to th' Ægean wave—
Let him for years in bleak Seriphos lie,
Scarce freed at last, deserving then to die,

And he's a great astrologer! your wife
Consults him on her jaundic'd mother's life,
Her uncle's, sister's—longs to bury all,
But is most eager for her husband's fall;
And prays—if Heav'n so great a boon can give—
"The dear adult'rer may her loss survive!"
Yet is she not a stargazer; nor knows
When Saturn lour'd, or smiling Venus rose;
Nor mumbles over in the public ways
Her list of lucky and unlucky days:
Avoid the wretch, with greasy fingers black,
Sweating like amber o'er her almanack,
Who is herself a conjurer of fame,
And reads the planets to each curious dame;
Who, if her lord is forc'd to march from Rome,
Or from the camp returns rejoicing home,
Whene'er her wizard calculations frown,
Will stay behind, nor quit, nor seek the town.
Her book's consulted ere she rides abroad
To the first milestone on the Latin road;
Itch but the corner of her eye, she'll hope
No cure till she has seen her horoscope;
Let her be sick and hungry, she'll not eat
Till Petosyris marks the hour for meat.

If she be poor, the Circus is her place
To find the cheapest fortune-telling race;
There she draws lots, and there the priest divines
Her story from her hands', and forehead's lines;
And, as he runs his mystic finger o'er,
Asks for a kiss—or asks for something more.
The Phrygian augur, or the Indian seer,
Who knows the secrets of the rolling sphere,
Or he, who rails the sad Bidental round,
And hides the heav'n-struck ruins in the ground,
Answers the rich—but in the Circus lie
The hopes, and fears, and fate of poverty.
They, on whose neck ne'er hangs the glitt'ring gold,
Close conf'rence here with rogues and gypsies hold;
And, as they walk from gaol to gaol, below
Dolphins and turrets in a goodly row,
"Whether 'twere wise," they ask the prophet's book,
"To take the slopseller, and jilt the cook?"
Yet these the childbed agony endure,
And all a mother's feelings bless the poor;
Pinch'd by keen want they show the nurse's care,
And yearn with fondness for the babes they bear.
Oh! rarely on the golden couch you'll see
The full accomplishment of pregnancy:

The lab'ring engines of abortion speed,
And complicated horror marks the deed—
She hir'd a man to get the child, whose doom
She antedates (poor bastard!) in her womb.
Rejoice, Ursidius, happy cuckold, laugh!
Give her thyself the pois'nous drug to quaff;
For, had she borne a child, the teeming whore
Had made thee father of a blackamoor;
The sooty embryo, had he sprung to light,
Had heir'd thy will, and petrified thy sight;
Each morn with horror hadst thou turn'd away,
Lest the dark omen should o'ercloud the day.

'Twere waste of breath to name the spurious boys
Husbands have thought the produce of their joys:
But many a future priest of Mars has come
From the foul marshes in the skirts of Rome.
There, through the night, sly Fortune loves to stand,
And take the naked foundlings by the hand;
Lead them herself to some rich door away,
And laugh in secret at the comic play,
When, nurs'd and favour'd by the cheated great,
Her little bastards wear the robes of state.

See in your courts Thessalian witches throng,
And sell the philtre, and the magic song:

Hence are you govern'd by your wife, and hence
Tame to indignity, and lost to sense,
Loll the fool's tongue, and fix the vacant eye,
In deep oblivion of the day gone by.
Yet is this better than the madd'ning bowl
Where the Hippomanes was offer'd whole
To Nero's uncle. Then, throughout the town,
All was on fire, and rush'd together down;
Earth saw the scenes that would have pass'd above,
Had Juno fir'd the mighty brain of Jove.
Say, if such deeds by royal dames are done,
Will not the sanction spur the vulgar on?
Cæsonia's act, that delug'd Rome in blood,
Makes Agrippina innocent and good:
When through the glutton's veins her poison ran,
It rid his country of a weak old man;
To a mere sot the fatal shock was giv'n,
And hurl'd a driv'ler to his downward heav'n.
But when the frantic tyrant rag'd amain,
Commingled knights and senators were slain;
The bravest bulwarks of the empire fell,
So dire the draught, so horrible the spell.

They hate their husbands' bastards—let them hate—
But more unnat'ral have they grown of late,

And now the lawful offspring of their lord
Feeds not in safety at his mother's board.
Ye wealthy minors, when your sire is gone,
And all he left will soon become your own,
Dare not with her who gave you birth to eat,
Parental poison rankles in the meat;
And if she pledge you, ere ye drink it up,
Let the pale tutor taste th' envenom'd cup.

But this is all a dream—and I, who sing
Beyond the height of any ancient string,
To Satire's muse the tragic buskin give,
And write not of the land in which I live.

Would it were false! but Pontia cries, "'Tis true—
"I did the deed myself."—"You did it? you?
"What, both your children, hell-kite, at one swoop?"—
"Sev'n had there been, I'd murder'd all the troop."

Now let us trust the Grecian bards, and now
The dreadful truth of Procne's tale allow;
Believe Medea's unrelenting rage,
And all the portents of an elder age.
But 'twas not av'rice urg'd them on to crimes,
The colder passion of our grov'ling times—
When, with a rapid, a resistless gust,
Rise the fierce flames of anger or of lust,

Then nature shudders at the daring sex,
Nor Heav'n the tempest of their fury checks;
They rush, like fragments from a mountain hurl'd,
And thunder down impetuous on the world.
Still worse is she, who in her wits and cool,
By measure sins, and goes to hell by rule.
Say, does the sight of fair Alcestis' love
Our wond'ring dames to imitation move?
They'd rather save their precious lapdog's head,
And place their worthless husband's in its stead.
New Belides appear in ev'ry home,
New Clytemnestras haunt the streets of Rome;
Alike in guilt, but far improv'd in art,
Without an axe they reach Atrides' heart:
She with both hands the pond'rous weapon swung;
They kill with rat's-bane, or an adder's tongue.
But if their lords, unwilling yet to die,
The Pontic king's preventive med'cines try,
Then, breaking through each ineffectual charm,
They plunge the dagger with decisive arm.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE VII.

ARGUMENT.

The neglect of Poetry, History, Law, Rhetoric, Grammar, and their professors, forms the melancholy theme of the following satire. I conceive it (upon the authority of Holyday and others) to have been written in the early part of Domitian's reign, and to allude to him in the opening lines, where an Emperor is praised as the patron of genius, which HE assuredly was upon his accession to the throne (as Suetonius and Quinctilian inform us) although he afterwards became the severest persecutor of the learned. And this well agrees with that sudden and unexpected cruelty which marked his character. But, after all, the words of Juvenal only imply a partial encouragement of poetry—an encouragement, however, to which, as a poet, he could not refuse his just tribute of commendation; and he, perhaps, hoped it might bring him into favour. In the expressions "Celebres notique poetæ," I suppose him to intend Statius, Valerius Flaccus, and Martial—the successful parasites of Domitian. Perhaps also he obliquely insinuates their compulsory choice of subject, at least the necessity of their praising the Emperor, in the line

Materiamque sibi Ducis indulgentia quærit.

As to the seeming inconsistency of the above opinions with the story that Juvenal was banished by Domitian for a passage in this very satire, levelled at Paris, the celebrated actor and favourite of the court; the story itself is made up of so many opposing anecdotes (as appeared in the preface) that it deserves little consideration. However, if we must attend to it, the obnoxious verses, "Quod non dant proceres dabit histrio," &c. &c. (which formed a part of our author's first mentioned, but more private, composition) might have been inserted into this satire, the earliest, as I imagine, of Juvenal's recited works, at somewhat a later period than its primary introduction to the public: and indeed his unknown, but only biographer, intimates as much. If so, the capricious favour of Domitian might by that time have degenerated into persecution; and, as to the kindness with which Juvenal had before treated him, he might have thought it cancelled by the subsequently published attack upon Paris, might have resented the insult offered to himself in the person of his ignoble favourite, and expelled the poet with the philosophers from Italy. Juvenal's panegyric besides, in this commencement of his career, might not be deemed worthy of gratitude—and, indignant at being unnoticed, feeling his own powers, and encouraged by applause, the satirist might have hastily determined to brave the vengeance of the hypocrite whom he had praised in vain. He certainly pursued him, living and dead, with all the exasperation which disappointment could have created.

There is one passage in the satire before us which may bear comparison with any of our author's most fortunate efforts. It is the description of the true poet. And here I must give Mr. Gifford all credit for his animated and close version of the lines in question. He has preoccupied the original by his spirit and fidelity.

—— neque ego illi detrahere ausim
Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.

All that remained for me was paraphrase. There is but one chance for good translation: that ticket drawn, and the rest of the lottery is composed of blanks.

It would almost appear, from the pathetic flow of verse in which Juvenal apostrophizes the shades of the ancient Romans, who treated the tutors of their children with such kindness and respect, and from the spleen and indignation with which he exclaims against the conduct of the great men of his own day towards their preceptors, that he himself had suffered some of the insults which he commemorates. It is pleasing to consider the power which nature has placed in the hands of the poet, of rewarding or of punishing the actions of mankind, in the ideas which he attaches to their memory.

SATIRE VII.

Scorn'd by the world, the dying Muses rest
Their last sad hope on Cæsar's princely breast:
For he alone, with gen'rous hand, rewards
The tuneful labours of our lofty bards.
Those lofty bards to Gabii else had fled,
And kept a bagnio for a little bread;
Had hir'd a baker's, or a crier's place,
Supplied their wants, nor blush'd at the disgrace.
Yes, long ago, without his guardian aid,
Had hungry Clio left th' Aonian shade,
And stood, imploring with her brethren poor,
At the cold threshold of each wealthy door.
For when that trash, a poet's purse, is gone,
Pieria's vales must be no more his own,
No more her murm'ring fountains charm his ear—
Glad to become (kind Heav'n!) an auctioneer,
He puffs his lumber to the gaping throng,
Dull Paccius' plays, and Faustus' doggrel song;

Knocks ancient bowls, and rev'rend tripods down,
And with his noisy hammer gulls the town.
Better do this, than, question'd at the bar,
To what ye never saw profanely swear—
O let the sordid Asiatic tribe,
Bithynian knights, be perjur'd for a bribe;
Thus let the shameless Cappadocian thrive,
And barefoot Gallo-Greek in plenty live.
But, from henceforth, whoe'er can wake the lyre
To notes impregnate with celestial fire,
Rapt in high visions o'er the midnight oil,
Shall bear no burthen of inglorious toil.
Sing on, ye bards! 'tis Cæsar prompts your lays,
And seeks a subject for his royal praise.
Sing on, ye bards! but hope no other friend,
On no encouragement but his depend.
Burn ev'ry verse, for ev'ry verse is vain,
If he inspire not your exalted strain;
Give to devouring moths your brightest page,
That embryo wonder of a future age—
Fond, dreaming, men! who in your garrets high
Pour forth an everlasting minstrelsy;
Of well-fought fields, and deathless heroes write,
And with loud epics wound the ear of night;

Mad for an ivy wreath, and image lean,
Where wit and hunger are together seen;
Fond, dreaming, men! renounce your rapt'rous joys,
Break your lov'd tablets, stop your flowing voice;
For av'rice only listens to your lays,
Only admires, and never, never pays:
Just as the child a painted peacock views,
So the rich miser wonders at the muse.
Meanwhile, regardless of the flying hours,
Ye waste the vigour of your youthful pow'rs,
And idly sing, till ye no more can bear
The sweat of labour, or the shock of war;
Till old, and poor, and weary of your toils,
Ye curse the Muses, and their barren smiles.
How mean the tricks that patrons play in Rome,
To keep the client from their niggard home:
"We need no poet but ourselves," they cry,
"Away, ye sons of song and poverty!"
Yes, and so proud are these poetic peers,
They only yield to Homer from his years.
Though, if ye ask for nothing but renown,
And leave to vent your verses on the town,
Then the great man will lend his house, and then
Place round the hall applauding serving-men;

And freely ope the barricaded door,
That ever baffles the besieging poor.
But fancy not that your illustrious host
Will pay a doit of the recital's cost:
No! the vain bard must hire his desk and stairs,
And rent his benches, and orchestra-chairs.

Yet we must sing! and with unthrifty hand
Draw a long furrow in the fruitless sand.
So sweet the task, so glowing the desire
To chain attention on the siren lyre,
The darling folly to the grave we nurse,
And drivel out the impotence of verse.
But HE, who rolls the mighty strain along,
Deaf to the praises of the vulgar throng,
Divinely kindles o'er the living lay,
And bursts to immortality away!
HE, whom no words, no image can define,
But whose embodied soul I feel within—
He must be free from ev'ry gnawing care,
Range through the woods, and pour his numbers there;
Drink from the Muses' heav'nly fount, nor know
The little wants of busy life below.
Alas for madness! for the wretch who raves,
Poor, and unconscious, in Pierian caves;

Naked, and hungry, and with phrenzied eye
Bearing the thyrsus o'er the rocks on high.
Oh! when the bard to Bacchus sang, his soul
Swell'd with the god, and pledg'd him in the bowl.
Fancy ne'er wakes till care is lull'd to rest,
And wine and music fire the joyous breast.
'Twas from a mind, a glorious mind, above
These earthly trammels, that the form of Jove
Sprang forth majestic, and the Fury's sight
Blasted the stout Rutulian with affright;
And car-borne heroes through the battle's throng
Were shown in all the energy of song.
Had chilly want 'repress his noble rage,'
The world had lost the Mantuan's deathless page;
The snakes had fallen from Alecto's hair,
Nor the deep trump groan'd heavy on the air.

Yet we demand from Lappa's plays the fire
That wak'd the transports of the Grecian lyre;
From Lappa's plays, that better were withdrawn
Ere they are damn'd, and send his clothes to pawn.

How poor is Numitor! he cannot give
His friend a farthing—but his girl can live:
Tame lions too this beggar can afford,
But not to keep a poet at his board;

The rogues consume such loads of drink and meat,
So largely swill, so ravenously eat.
Let Lucan in his marble gardens lie,
Contented with the wreath of poetry:
Though poor Serranus should the meed deserve,
The glorious meed—what is it, if he starve?
When tuneful Statius, all the town's delight,
Prepares, on some blest morning, to recite,
Crowds flock to listen to the Muses' son,
And Theban wars in liquid numbers run;
Th' enchanted audience catch the honey'd sound,
And growing plaudits shake the benches round—
And yet without a meal he wastes the day,
Till Paris fees him for his virgin play—
The lib'ral Paris! whose controuling hand
Sheds plenteous honour o'er the grateful land;
Promotes the leaders of the lucky fight,
And gives the bard the trinket of the knight.
An actor grants us what our peers deny!
Court not in vain the dull nobility.
Write for the stage, and ye shall then become
Præfects and Tribunes of imperial Rome.
Yet hold awhile—the flatt'ring hope resist—
Sad is the fate of many a dramatist.

Cotta is gone, and no Mæcenas lends
A pow'rful succour to his rhyming friends:
Where is the Fabius of this sordid age?
We've lost the very name of patronage.
In good old times 'twas lucrative to write,
Grow pale with musings o'er the lamp of night,
Fly from the feast, renounce December's wine,
And woo at home the sedentary nine.

Ye vain historians! whose eternal toil
Wastes whole estates in paper and in oil;
Whose countless leaves unite remotest times
In one vast catalogue of kindred crimes;
Ye, in your field who sow such heaps of grain,
Say, does the crop remunerate your pain?
No! nor half reach the clerk's allotted fees,
Who copies acts, and registers decrees.
But bus'ness, bus'ness is your dread—ye love
The downy couch, the muse-frequented grove.

Say, for what gain the subtle lawyer looks
From his long pleadings, and his load of books?
Hark! how he bawls, and yet a higher note!
What means this strange exertion of his throat?
His client jogg'd his elbow—'twas to tell
A lie as black, and infamous, as hell—

'Tis told—the debt, that never was incurr'd,
Is sworn to, and the plaintiff's claim preferr'd.
Triumphant counsel! o'er whose whiten'd gown
Fell the thick spray of rapid falsehood down,
What hast thou earn'd? a poor reward awaits
The labours of these roaring advocates;
And let a hundred join the whole they've got—
One coachman's fortune shall outweigh the lot.
"The chiefs are set"—rise, Ajax, pale with awe,
And prove a slave a freedman by the law:
Rise, and before thy country judge, exclaim,
Bellow, and foam, for a distinguish'd name;
For verdant palms around thy garret hung,
For empty praises of thy fluent tongue.
And is this all? perchance, a kit of sprats,
Perchance, a ham, some wine from Sabine vats,
Less than a flask a trial, thou'lt receive,
Or the dry roots that Lybian deserts give—
Or if thou gain'st a pound, attorneys come
Each for his share of the diminish'd sum.
Æmilius, ask whatever fees he will,
Has twice our bus'ness, though but half our skill:
Æmilius, on his conqu'ring car elate,
Stands cast in bronze before his palace gate;

Lifts his pois'd jav'lin o'er the crowd below,
And from his blinking statue threats the blow.
Pedo, aspiring to the same success,
And Matho too, were lost in their finesse;
And such Tongillus was the fate of thee,
Beggar'd by show, to gain celebrity:
Erst to the bath by thronging menials borne,
With oil distilling from the rarest horn;
By Median chairmen to the forum brought,
Bidding at sales, as if thou couldst have bought,
For boys "a-going," houses just knock'd down,
All on the credit of thy purple gown.
And yet 'tis useful to appear in state,
A Tyrian garment makes the lawyer great:
If he seems rich, he pleads in ev'ry cause,
And splendour gives him learning in the laws.
So might he prosper—had he but the sense
Not to o'erstep the profit of expense.
For, could old Tully from the grave arise,
Unless his finger wore a ring of price,
None would employ him—hast thou not a chair
Without the court? eight slaves in waiting there?
And ten attendants? hast thou not a train
Of needy gownsmen?—all thy law is vain.

Paulus was wise, and hir'd a precious stone,
Which pass'd before his clients for his own.
This got him briefs, and doubled all his fees,
While learned Cossus lost the pow'r to please,
And in his plain, unornamented cloak,
To listless hearers eloquently spoke.
Poor Basilus! he never must produce
Mothers in court, nor turn their tears to use;
Nor can his speech be suffer'd to extend,
His noblest speech, beyond the minute's end.
Ye starving lawyers! leave the Roman halls,
And plead the causes of more gen'rous Gauls;
Or haste to Afric's favourable shores—
Afric! the nurse of mighty orators.
Teach to declaim—oh Vectius! heart of brass!
Still canst thou listen to the noisy class,
While the same nonsense flows from ev'ry pen,
And kills the tyrant o'er and o'er again;
Now hear it read, now hear it ranted out,
Or by the sitting, or the standing rout—
Such daily themes the master's peace destroy,
Just as his daily cabbage tires the boy.
Teach to declaim! what, all this crowd of fools?
Instruct them in the jargon of the schools,

Where the chief merits of the question lie,
To draw distinction, and prevent reply?
What, all this crowd? when not a single one
Will pay thee when thy half-year's toil is done,
But each will boldly ask thee—"What he knows?"
In vain the Pedant all his care bestows,
From morn to night inculcate what he will,
Pupils born blockheads must be blockheads still.
And 'tis his fault! though all the week he hears
The dreadful Carthaginian stun his ears;
Hears him in council—"if from Cannæ strait
"He should march onward to the city's gate;
"Or, frighten'd at the storm's prophetic sound,
"Lead his wet legions cautiously around."
Worn out at last, the rhetorician cries,
"I can no longer bear these miseries!
"Come, tell me quickly what the fathers ask,
"I'll give it them, to hear their dunces' task."
Six other sophists join his angry roar,
Turn to the law, and keep a school no more:
No more retail the bandied lies of Greece,
The loves of Pluto, and the Golden Fleece;
Medea's drugs, ungrateful Jason's flight,
And mortars to restore the blind to sight.

Nor, if they hear my monitory strain,
Will they return to this old track again;
But, flying from their desks, a joyful band,
With warmth solicit the discharging wand,
Ere yet they lose their little all, ere yet
Their last poor tally for a bag of wheat.
This rich reward the lawyer may obtain—
But what Chrysogonus, or Pollio's gain,
From teaching Rhet'ric, long successive years,
To the dull children of our stingy peers?
—Peers, who can build the lavish bath, and ride
Beneath the cover'd porticos of pride,
What! must they wait the weather's smiles, or stain
Their painted chariots with the mud and rain?
Or drive—oh shocking! through the dirty street
Their mules' sleek sides, and unpolluted feet?
Peers, who can raise the banquet-room on high,
And stretch'd beneath the Lybian columns lie;
Front the cool east, when now th' averted sun
Through the mid ardours of his course has run;
Nor, when the gorgeous house is built, forget
To stock it well with cooks, a skilful set,
Who know the most extravagant receipts,
Soups of rich flavour, and high-season'd meats.

But what meanwhile the rhetorician's fee?
Ten pounds, Quinctilian, are enough for thee.
Nothing so cheap as children to the great—
How then arose Quinctilian's proud estate?
Pass we this lucky master of the school,
His rare exception but confirms the rule.
Fortune can give her fav'rites what she will,
Riches, and wit, and elegance, and skill;
Fix on their shoes the high-born crescent's note,
And drop persuasion from their honey'd throat;
Lend to the hoarse the melody of song,
Strength to the weak, and judgment to the strong.
The future colour of our lives on earth
Flows from the star ascendant at our birth;
Just as our planet rules we mount or fall,
'Tis luck that prospers, luck that ruins all.
How rose Ventidius? Tully how? 'Twas Fate
The pow'rful fiat spoke, and they were great.
Fate rescues captives, gives the slave a crown,
And sets up mighty kings, and pulls them down.
But Fortune's sons are few—while ev'ry hour
Thousands accuse her inauspicious pow'r.
Yet dost thou court the rhetorician's fame?
Mark the sad end of many a glorious name.

Behold Thrasymachus' unhappy lot,
Nor let Secundus' suff'rings be forgot;
Nor HIS—whom Athens, cruel Athens! gave
Only the draught that laid him in the grave.
Oh! let the spring's eternal verdure bloom,
And sweetest flow'rs around our fathers' tomb;
Light be the sods that o'er their ashes lie,
And no unhallow'd footstep wander nigh.
Blest was the tutor of their virtuous race,
And lov'd and honour'd in a parent's place.
Achilles, rising to his twentieth year,
Beheld the Centaur-Pædagogue with fear;
Sang on his native hills, nor laugh'd to see
His tutor wag his tail in symphony.
But Ruffus bears his saucy pupil's blow—
Ruffus, who finds gross faults in Cicero!
Who gives Enceladus his due reward?
What are the profits by Palæmon shar'd?
Yet from this morsel, less than e'en the fee
Of rhetoricians, all the family,
The steward, footman, steal a bite before,
And pare away the tutor's little store.
He, like a saleman, baited in his price
By the sharp purchaser, must not be nice,

But gladly take whatever he can get,
And think the paltry lucre something yet.
Lose not, my friend, thy long protracted toil,
Thy patient vigils o'er the midnight oil;
When not a smith, or weaver, through the gloom
Puff'd at the forge, or sweated at the loom—
Let not in vain thy miserable nose
Have smelt the lamps of pupils standing close;
Dropping the grease on Horace' dingy back,
And making Virgil as the chimney black—
Happy grammarian! if at last thou'rt paid,
Without a lawsuit's interfering aid.

But ye, th' employers of this wretched man,
Be sure that he can construe, prove, and scan;
And grind his gerunds with superior art,
And have all authors old and new by heart.
That if ye ask him, suddenly, the name
Of God knows whom—Anchemorus' stepdame—
Anchises' nurse—Acestes' age—what jars
Of rosy wine, the solace of their wars,
That good Sicilian gave the Trojan tars—
As to the bath, or to the bogs he goes,
Ye turn him off unless the blockhead knows.
Be sure too that his keen observant eyes
Watch o'er your sons' polluted privacies;

And all the father glowing in his blood,
Mould their young minds to ev'ry shape of good.
Oh task Herculean! for the potter's clay
More ductile far, is not more foul than they.
Such be his cares—and when those cares are o'er,
His whole year's salary shall not be more
Than what the fencer for one prize receives,
And with loud shout the glad arena gives.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The subject of this satire may be told in one quotation—

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

Juvenal here indulges his democratic spirit to its fullest extent, and in the examples of the low-born, but virtuous Decii, of Marius, and of Cicero, triumphs over the degenerate sons of the noble families of Rome. The courtly Horace talked of the transmissive glories of the great, and sang their hereditary praise—

Fortes creantur fortibus, et bonis;
Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
Virtus ——.

But no—says the more honest poet—

Nîl ibi majorum respectus—gratia nulla
Umbrarum ——.

And he is in the right. The stimulus to distinguished action is greater in the man of rank—his ignominy is therefore greater if he engages in base pursuits. But I will not detain my readers from the pleasure which I am sure they will receive in perusing the spirited and easy version which my friend has furnished of this excellent poem.

SATIRE VIII.

What boots it on the lineal stock to trace
The long-drawn honours of a noble race;
Or what avails it, Ponticus, to show
Of imag'd forefathers a goodly row;
Æmilius in his conq'ring car sublime,
The Curii broken by neglect and time;
The headless trunk of Manlius to expose,
And Galba, shorten'd of his ears and nose?
What boots it on capacious rolls to see
The fairest boast of ancient pedigree;
The name of great Corvinus at the root,
And Consuls and Dictators for the fruit;
If, with such bright examples in thine eye,
Thou liv'st in vice before the Lepidi?
Why boast the pictures of a warlike race,
If, with the Scipios frowning in your face,
You pass your thriftless nights in gambling play,
And stagger to your bed at break of day,

Just at the hour when those whose name you boast
Broke up the camp, and march'd th' embattled host?
Why glories Fabius in his race divine,
His Gallic honours, and Herculean shrine;
If, covetous, effeminate, and vain,
And softer than the lambs on Padua's plain,
He smooths with pumice-stone his woman's frame,
And loads his rough old ancestors with shame;
If, a base pois'ner, and the time's disgrace,
He adds a statue to his guiltless race
Which future indignation will deface?
Though ancient pictures round your walls are shown,
Yet virtue is nobility alone.
In actions Paulus, Cossus, Drusus be;
Place them before your painted ancestry;
Let them precede the consul's rods, and show
A nobler boast than honours can bestow.
First make the virtues of the soul thy claim—
Dost thou deserve by deeds the glorious name
Of just and holy? I confess thy worth,
And own the true nobility of birth.
All hail, great patriot, wheresoever born,
Whose acts thy grateful countrymen adorn!
Whether Silanus' ancient name you bear,
Or the proud trophies of Getulia wear,

Or, humbly bred in life's inglorious vale,
Rais'd by thy deeds, illustrious patriot, hail!
With louder triumphs should thy praise be crown'd
Than Egypt offers for Osiris found.
For who the name of noble would disgrace
On the vile wretch whose acts bely his race,
In title lofty, but in action base?
Thus at a dwarf in ridicule we sneer,
And call him vast supporter of the sphere;
Foul Æthiops thus the swan's complexion claim,
And the distorted wench Europa's name;
While those of lion, tyger, pard, and all
That's fierce and terrible on earth, may fall
Upon a mangy pack that crawl with pain
To lick the stinking lamp for food in vain.
Beware lest thus the world bestow on thee
The name of Creticus in mockery!
To whom address this monitory line?
Rubellius Plancus, be the warning thine;
Swoln with thy high descent from Cæsar's name,
As if thy deeds had earn'd immortal fame,
Or made thee worthy of a Julian womb,
Rather than of the dirtiest trull's in Rome.

The young Patrician, insolent and proud,
Looks down disdainful on the passing crowd:
" Dregs of the people! lowest of the low,
" Of whom not one your father's birth-place know!
" From ancient Cecrops I my lineage trace—"
Long live, Rubellius, and enjoy thy race!
Yet search this crowd of outcasts, and you'll find
Some active spirit, some capacious mind,
On which, a novice in your country's laws,
E'en you may rest your weak and tott'ring cause:
Yes—from the people's dregs shall worthies come,
Skill'd in the deep and knotty laws of Rome;
While others shine in arms, their country's boast,
Lead to Euphrates' shore her conq'ring host,
Or plant her eagles on Batavia's coast;
But thou remain'st Cecropides alone,
Like an old Hermes on a shapeless stone.
One only diff'rence an ascendant gives—
His head is marble; while your statue lives.

Say, progeny of Teucer, is it birth
That fixes on the useful brute his worth?
The gen'rous horse, to whom the judge decrees
The palm of oft-repeated victories,
O'er whom the thunders of the Circus roll,
First in the race, and earliest at the goal,

For his own worth we prize, and ne'er enquire
The pastures where he fed, nor what his sire:
While the degen'rate and unhonour'd steed,
Though sprung from fam'd Hirpinum's ancient breed,
Or from the fleetest of Corithian mares,
Sells undistinguish'd at the public fairs.
There no respect to ancestry is paid,
No honour to the gallant courser's shade:
His slow and sluggish offspring must belong
To ev'ry clod that buys him for a song,
Bend the gall'd neck, inglorious, to the wain,
Or turn a mill, worn blind with age and pain.

If then to honour's meed thy soul aspires,
Let thine own actions claim it, not thy sire's;
If thou wouldst rise to glory, shew some cause
For praise, nor rest on undeserv'd applause.

Enough for him, whose pride can stoop to claim
His grand alliance to a tyrant's name;
For plain good sense, first blessing of the sky,
Is rarely met with in a state so high.
Now, Ponticus, my mind reverts to thee;
Thy praise by birth bestow'd I will not see,
Thyself unworthy of futurity.
'Tis weak to rest on others your renown;
Shake but the pillar, the whole pile falls down.

The vine, that creeps abandon'd on the plain,
Looks to its widow-elm's support in vain.
Be thou, thyself, in war thy country's sword,
In peace the upright judge and gen'rous lord;
If ever summon'd by the sacred laws
A witness in some dark, uncertain cause,
Though Phalaris himself command the lie,
And present torments prompt the perjury,
Count it an evil, worse than flames or death,
To barter honour for this short-liv'd breath;
Or, for the sake of fickle life, to give
That, which alone should make thee wish to live.
Worthy his fate, the perjur'd wretch will die,
How great soe'er his wealth and luxury;
Though he lie plung'd in essenc'd baths, and eat
A hundred Lucrine oysters at a treat.
Th' expected Præfecture at length obtain'd,
Be rage, be rapine, in just bounds restrain'd;
And when among the poor allies you see
The dire effects of war and slavery,
Their princes wasted by extorted loans,
And drain'd e'en to the marrow of their bones;
Respect the law's commands, the state's reward,
What honours wait the mild and upright lord;

How just a hand the bolt of vengeance sped
At the proud robber of Cilicia's head:
But vain is law when all at Rome are thieves,
And Pansa pillages what Natta leaves.
Unhappy Greeks, who own a despot's sway,
Sell your last rags, and silently obey!
'Tis madness, in the shipwreck of the state,
When all is lost, to throw away the freight.
Not thus, of old when arms had won the prize,
Did groans and tears succeed our victories.
The people thriv'd beneath our fost'ring sway:
Their homes unsack'd, untouch'd their coffers lay,
Their robes of Sparta, and their Tyrian die;
While Phidias breath'd in sculptur'd ivory,
And, spar'd in ancient palaces to shine
With fairest forms of Myron's bold design,
While yet Parrhasius on the canvas glow'd,
And Mentor's bowls round ev'ry table flow'd;
Spar'd, but till Dolabella's sword commands,
Or Verres waves his sacrilegious hands,
Or Antony, who spoil'd the wealth of Greece,
To swell the triumphs of insulted peace.
The fields are forfeited; but, o'er the plain,
Some scatter'd herds, perhaps, may yet remain:

They go the next; and, last, the household gods
Are forced to follow when the Præfect nods.
Th' unwarlike sons of Rhodes you may despise,
And Corinth, steep'd in sensual luxuries;
Her smooth, anointed, youth shall strive in vain
With nerveless arms to burst oppression's chain—
But oh! beware Hispania's martial host,
The Gallic axle, and Illyrian coast;
And from those reapers let thy hands abstain
Who fill our idle citizens with grain:
Besides, what spoil can rapine now await
From Afric's sons, whom Marius stript of late?
Beware or e'er the heavy hand of wrong
You lay upon the desperate and strong!
Take all the wealth their ravag'd fields afford;
Spare but the helm, the buckler, and the sword,
Arms still are left them: this prophetic strain
Is not an idle fancy of the brain:
Oh think the sibyl's warning voice you hear!
Her scatter'd leaves I read, Heav'n's will declare.
If all thy train be patient and discreet;
If no smooth minion sell thy justice-seat;
If, free from vice, thy consort can abstain
From base corruption and extorted gain,

Nor grasp with harpy claws the prostrate earth;
Then may'st thou boast thy honourable birth:
Let Picus in thy line of fathers be,
Count all the Titans in thy pedigree,
E'en from Prometheus' self thy lineage trace,
And ransack hist'ry to adorn thy race.
But if, a traitor to thy sacred trust,
And, headlong urg'd by avarice and lust,
Thy Prætor's rods are drench'd in subjects' gore,
And thy blunt axe can feed the block no more—
The lofty pride of ev'ry honour'd name
Shall rise to vindicate insulted fame,
And hold the torch to blazon forth thy shame!
How dare you boast, if, shameless in your guilt,
You sign false deeds in fanes your fathers built,
And forge and perjure for a paltry hire
Before the frowning image of your sire?
If, in a Gallic cowl's obscure disguise,
All night you ply your foul debaucheries?
Where his forefathers' ashes mould'ring lie,
In rapid car see Damasippus fly;
See the gross consul lay aside the rein,
And clog his axle with the cumb'rous chain;

By night indeed, but in the moon's full light,
While stars cast down their all-attesting sight:
And when the short-liv'd task of state is o'er,
He cloaks his foul disgrace in night no more;
Mounts in broad day, and, if he chance to meet
Some old and grave acquaintance in the street,
Bare-fac'd salutes him with a shameless stare,
And cracks his whip, high-flourish'd, with an air;
Then acts the groom, unbinds the truss of hay,
And measures out the barley for the day.
E'en when (as Numa's sacred laws ordain)
He stands, a priest, at Jove's imperial fane,
And the fat victim by his hand lies slain,
He dares attest, before the Prætor's rods,
Hippona, and the stinking stable-gods.

When to the forum, hot with nightly sport,
And daily feasts, he pleases to resort,
The Syro-Tyrian ever us'd to wait,
(The Tyrian of the Idumæan gate)
Wet with perfumes, invites him to the board,
Fawns as his host, and calls him King and Lord;
And a tight handmaid, as he sits to dine,
Brings forth a sample of her tavern-wine.

Still for these faults some candid friend may plead,
"We did the same ourselves, when young—" Agreed;
But, when the hey-day of your youth was past,
You saw your errors, and grew wise at last.
Short be the shameless period of disgrace!
With the first beard that shades the manly face,
Some cherish'd vices claim the razor too—
"Yet we should pardon youth," you say—I do.
Ripe for Armenian wars, for Syrian tents,
For Rhine's or Ister's vigilant defence,
Still Damasippus drains his hot-bath wine,
And still frequents the Bagnio's well-known sign.
His age proclaims him fit for Nero's guard:
The ports are full, the navy is prepar'd;
Send, Cæsar, to the port, the legions call—
But in his tavern seek your general!
There shall you find him, at his ease reclin'd,
Quaffing full bumpers with some cut-throat hind;
'Mongst crowds of sailors, thieves, deserted slaves,
Hangmen and undertakers, sots and knaves,
Stretch'd, with Cybebe's silent drums around,
Whose drunken priest lies snoring on the ground.
Here all are equal, of one goblet taste,
On one couch lying, at one table plac'd.

A slave, thus vicious, would be sent to till
Your farms, or labour at the Tuscan mill;
But you, ye sons of Troy, your vices grace,
And crimes that tinge with shame the cobler's face
Become the lords of Brutus' honour'd race.

Yet, in these vile degen'rate times, we find
No stains so foul, but worse remain behind.
Made poor by all the vices of the age,
Lo! Damasippus next attempts the stage;
Lets out his voice (his sole remaining boast)
And rants the nonsense of a clam'rous ghost:
While Lentulus, who acts the slave indeed,
Deserves the cross on which he seems to bleed.
Nor can I bear the people's harden'd face
Who sit to see their senators' disgrace,
To hear the bare-foot noise that Fabius makes,
And laugh at ev'ry slap Mamercus takes.
Who cares at what a price they sell their breath?
No Nero lives to threaten instant death,
Yet still they sell it, to their endless shame,
Nor blush to sell it at a Prætor's game.
On this side place the sword, on that the stage;
And can you scruple where you would engage?
Can any wretch so basely fear to die
As rather act Latinus' jealousy,

And beat his wife; so lost to honest pride,
As sing with vile Corinthus at his side?
Yet here is nothing that should make men stare;
The prince a fiddler, ev'ry lord's a player:
The court's buffoon'ry leads the gen'ral rage,
The crowd adopts, and all the world's a stage.
Rome, in the lists, a new dishonour bears;
Not in the arms the fierce Mirmillo wears,
Not with the crooked scymetar and shield,
(For those he hates, he hates and fears, to wield)
Not e'en the helm, his shameless front to hide,
But, brandishing the trident at his side,
With fruitless aim the net great Gracchus plies,
Shews his bare face before a million eyes,
And, mark'd by all th' arena, nobly flies.
'Tis he—you well may note him by his vest,
The broad gold lace that shines upon his breast,
His helmet-cap with glitt'ring chin-stays bound,
And the long ends that half-way reach the ground.
The worst disgrace the gladiator knows
Is to be pitted with such noble foes.
If votes were free, what slave, so lost to shame,
Prefers not Seneca's to Nero's name,
Whose parricides, not one close sack alone,
One serpent, nor one monkey, could atone?

Like the mad Greek, his mother's blood he spilt,
The act the same—but oh how wide the guilt!
One rose th' avenger of his father's dust,
Slain at the feast, a sacrifice to lust;
The gods inspir'd him, and the deed was just.
He never touch'd Electra's sacred head;
He never stain'd with blood his Spartan bed,
Nor drugg'd the bowl with fratricidal rage—
He never sang upon an Argive stage,
Nor wrote dull Troics. What could more inspire
Virginius', Vindex', Galba's honest ire?
What, but such acts, did Rome, indignant, see
Perform'd in Nero's savage tyranny?
These are the arts that dignify a throne;
In these the noble prince unrivall'd shone;
To seek from actors and buffoons renown,
And carry from the Greeks their parsley-crown.
Go! with the chaplet on your voice bestow'd,
The marble statue of Domitius load!
Before his feet Thyestes' syrma place,
Antigone's or Menalippe's face;
And on the proud Colossus of your sire
Suspend the splendid trophy of—a lyre!
Thy lofty birth, Cethegus, who could blame?
Who knew not Catiline's illustrious name?

Yet these by night instruct their murd'rous band,
And threaten ruin to their native land;
With worse than Gallic rage the state invade,
And merit well the shirt for traitors made.
But in the midst the active consul wakes,
And the proud banner of rebellion shakes:
This new Arpinian, of a humble home,
And just become a country-knight at Rome,
Sees all the plot, and o'er the unprepar'd,
Affrighted, ruffians posts his ready guard:
And hence, within the walls, the peaceful gown
Conferr'd a title of more just renown
Than young Octavius gather'd from the main,
Or reap'd on Thessaly's ensanguin'd plain:
Free Rome confess'd the work of Tully's hand,
And hail'd him father of a rescu'd land.

From the same borough, on the Volscian hill,
A master's grounds great Marius us'd to till,
And drive the plough-share for a lab'rer's pay:
Next, in the camp he toil'd from day to day;
Where, if with slacken'd bill his work he sped,
A Tribune's staff was broken on his head.
Yet he, alone, the state's worst dangers brav'd,
Destroy'd the Cimbrians, and the city sav'd.

Thus, when the terrors of the fight were o'er,
And crows devour'd the bodies, fierce no more,
More huge than e'er had flesh'd their beaks before,
Content, his noble colleague bore away
The second honours of that glorious day.
The Decii own'd a low plebeian name,
Their race plebeian, and unknown to fame;
Yet, for our legions, our auxiliar band,
And for the safety of our native land,
To mother-earth, and the dread gods below
Themselves, a glorious off'ring, they bestow;
Those heav'n-born souls devoting to the grave,
More precious far than all the lives they save.
Born of a female slave, the royal crown
Of great Quirinus, and the purple gown,
That last of virtuous kings deserv'd to wear:
While the degen'rate sons of Brutus dare
With impious hands the city-gates unclose
For banish'd tyrants, and their country's foes,
E'en then when doubtful liberty requir'd
The noblest acts by patriot zeal inspir'd,
Such acts as Mutius might admire, or she
Who swam through Tyber's stream, the empire's boundary.
The horrid tale a slave was doom'd to bear,
(Oh tale too hideous for a mother's ear!)

The rods of justice for their guilt atone,
And the sharp axe, to Rome before unknown.
'Twere better far Thersites were thy sire,
So thou, like great Æacides, aspire
To arms attemper'd with celestial fire,
Than boast of Peleus' blood, content to be
Thersites, and disgrace thine ancestry.
Yet to the earliest time your lineage trace,
Draw from their source the honours of your race,
The grand foundation of your house you'll find
A den for all the refuse of mankind.
A shepherd was the founder of your fame,
Or something worse—and what I will not name.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE IX.

ARGUMENT.

There is but one part of the ninth satire to which I would call the attention of my readers; it is the complaint of the shortness of youth, so beautiful in the original, yet so strangely debased by the character to whom it is attributed. In such common places as these the force of genius shews itself. The plain remark of Horace—

> Difficile est propriè communia dicere——

and the happy couplet of Pope—

> True wit is nature to advantage drest,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest—

are here powerfully illustrated. To those, who are delighted with the musical cadences of poetry, an extract of the passage which I am commending will not be unacceptable.

> Quid mihi nunc suades post damnum temporis, et spes
> Deceptas? festinat enim decurrere velox
> Flosculus, angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
> Portio—dum bibimus, dum vina, unguenta, puellas
> Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.

For the rest of this satire (with a few other exceptions) I could have been better pleased to omit it altogether—for Scaliger has hardly been too severe in his censure of its boldness and latitude of speech upon subjects which should be buried in the silence of disgust.

SATIRE IX.

JUVENAL.

SAY, wand'ring with that cloudy look abroad,
Like Marsya, conquer'd by the tuneful god,
Say, Nævolus, unhappy and cast down,
Why dost thou stroll thus sadly o'er the town?
Why wear the face of Ravola, when caught
In the commission of his horrid fault—
Not Pollio's self more mournful, when no friend
Was fool enough a single doit to lend,
Though offer'd triple int'rest for the loan—
Why, Nævolus, so gloomy art thou grown?
Erst, with thy little fortune, wont to play
The gentlemanly servant all the day,
A boon companion at each city feast,
Rally with grace, and popularly jest—
Now all is sorrow in thy alter'd air,
Loose flows the length of thy neglected hair;

O'er thy sleek limbs no dropping odours shine,
(As when the bandage of warm glue was thine)
Thy squalid legs with bristles are o'erspread,
And in dejected dullness hangs thy head:
Thin as the miserable wretch become
Whose dwelling is the quartan ague's home:
Oh! we can ne'er to such distress be blind,
The face is still the index of the mind;
When the brow lours the bosom is not right,
And joy within springs gaily forth to sight.
Therefore thy life has suffer'd some reverse,
And left its ancient bus'ness for a worse,
Or whence this sudden melancholy change?
Thou, who wast seen through ev'ry walk to range,
So light of heart, in ev'ry shrine to ply,
And profit by notorious infamy;
Chief minion at procuring Isis' fane,
Prime fav'rite of the Phrygian Mother's train,
Nay, e'en of Ceres' holy dames (for now
Ceres herself these freedoms must allow)
Why art thou sad, who reap'st the double fruits
Of pleasing male and female prostitutes?

NÆVOLUS.

I reap no fruits, alas! though others thrive
In this good practice, I can hardly live.

Shabby surtouts of common cloth I gain,
The greasy wool ill-comb'd, and coarse the grain,
Or shillings, of the base inferior vein,
Poor gifts, and seldom these. 'Tis fate alone
Prospers the man, though merit be his own;
Merit, superior to the vulgar herd,
And e'en by Virro's judging eye preferr'd.
Virro! the wretch, in whose polluted soul
Lust fires a part, but av'rice fills the whole;
He, whose fond letters drew me to his door,
Mark how he treats me, now my contract's o'er;
Counts ev'ry farthing of my paltry hire
For foul submission to his damn'd desire;
Calls for his book to witness to my pay,
And what he gave on such and such a day;
Reads each disbursement in the ledger found,
Makes the high balance rise to many a pound
Against my lamentable duties weigh'd,
And cries—"My Nævolus is nobly paid!"
What! was it then an easy task? Oh Jove!
Is Virro like thy Ganymede above?
In his own eyes as delicate and fair,
And worthy in the clouds thy cup to bear.
Th' unnat'ral brute a niggard boon denies
To the poor slave of his debaucheries;

And will he e'er reward the virtuous train
Of humble clients, courting him in vain?
To HIM, ye fools, your lady-presents send,
The soft umbrella to your gentle friend;
The toy of amber, when the Zephyrs now
Returning ask the tributary vow,
And Venus' feast beholds the pathic pay
A woman's rev'rence to her natal day;
Stretch'd out at length on cushion'd sophas lie,
And offer gifts to her divinity.

Say, letch'rous sparrow, for what worthless heir
Keep'st thou thy lands with such penurious care,
Thy spreading pastures that fatigue the kite
To cross them in his long, extended, flight?
Campanian vineyards press the grape for thee,
And many a vale of fruitful Italy,
And many a hill, where Cumæ's walls arise,
And hollow Gaurus seems to join the skies,
Yield all to thee their sunny banks produce,
And fill thy cellars with the gen'rous juice.

Have I not then one little farm deserv'd?
And must the partner of thy guilt be starv'd?
Nor shall yon rural, yon sequester'd cot
Fall to thy poor, thy worn-out client's lot,

But, with its pretty family, the dame,
The boy, the dog with many a playful game,
To thy more favour'd drastic priest be giv'n,
Whose rattling cymbals wound the ear of Heav'n?
" Unconscionable slave!" the miser sighs,
" Whose impudence no present satisfies—"
And yet my house-rent must be duly paid,
And my poor servant's hunger must be staid;
Loud, as the Cyclops' agonizing cry
When the wise Greek escap'd, he craves supply—
Another menial must be brought; my cost
Will thus be doubled in the winter's frost;
And, while December's cheerless ev'nings hold,
How shall I guard their shoulders from the cold?
What! bid them wait, and banter all their pain,
Till vernal grasshoppers are heard again?
But, though my viler merits be denied,
Have I done nothing, Virro, for thy bride?
Nothing, thou age and impotence, for thee,
When I subdued that pure virginity,
Which thou so oft hadst labour'd to destroy,
With ineffectual heat, and fruitless joy?
Once had she near elop'd, near left your house,
And sought the pillow of a stouter spouse;

Your deeds were torn, and his already sign'd—
I interpos'd, and chang'd the lady's mind.
Yes, many a wife, just running to divorce,
Th' adult'rer's spur has kept within the course.
What can he now, ungrateful pathic, say,
By what evasion rob me of my pay?
Was it not I, whose timely, pow'rful, aid,
Procur'd him twins from her he left a maid?
Who wrote him "father" in the parish book,
And gave false manhood to his sapless look?
Oh! let his door with glorious wreaths be hung,
And his new honours sound from ev'ry tongue;
Laughter shall hoot him through the streets no more,
Nor Scorn stand pointing at the fumbler's door;
A parent's rights are his, and he shall fill
The tablet of the undivided will;
Large wind-falls too the happy man shall share,
And live unburthen'd with the guardian's care;
When with three brats I've deck'd his fruitful home,
Live the most envied citizen of Rome.

JUVENAL.

Much-injur'd Nævolus! what cunning feint
Has Virro left to baffle thy complaint?

NÆVOLUS.

He turns me off, and hires a meaner still,
And more subservient to his shameless will.
But oh! in silence let these horrors rest,
And bury deep my secret in thy breast;
For deadly ever is the pathic's hate,
Daggers and drugs his enemy await;
Suspicion eyes me with a guilty dread,
And brooding Vengeance hovers o'er my head—
Yes, in the midnight street my blood shall flow,
And Murder aim the unexpected blow;
Or, as I sleep, th' inflammatory torch
Smoulder unseen beneath my lowly porch.
The rich ne'er want the instruments of ill,
But, like the viewless gods, by proxy kill.
Therefore be dumb, as that Athenian hall,
Where silent Justice wore a shadowy pall.

JUVENAL.

O Corydon, thy terrors are too late,
Nothing is done in secret by the great.
Though hopeless silence bound each menial tongue,
E'en from the beasts confession would be wrung;
The sweating pavement, and the conscious wall,
Would cry out "Vengeance!" and discover all.

Shut, shut the windows, draw the curtains o'er,
Put out the light, and bolt and bar the door,
Let all be dumb, no prying witness nigh—
And yet the deed of nameless infamy,
The Deed of Night—before the dawn appears,
Shall loudly sound in ev'ry neighbour's ears:
In ev'ry tavern shall the servants meet,
And blab their master's foulness through the street;
And, as his scourges in their mem'ry rise,
Shall damn him with unnecessary lies.
You too, as trembling o'er the town you walk,
Shall be compell'd to hear the rabble talk;
And drunken bullies, watching where you go,
Shall tell you all th' unwelcome truths they know.
Entreat their silence, as you sued for mine;
But they love babbling, more than stolen wine,
More than Laufella lov'd the boundless draught
She and her crew at Fauna's orgies quaff'd.

Pure be thy life, and challenge ev'ry eye,
Pure be thy life, and ev'ry tongue defy;
Then, 'mid the rights the virtuous ever have,
First thou shalt scorn the rumours of thy slave.
The tongues of scoundrels are their vilest part;
But worse is he, whose guilt-encumber'd heart

Dreads e'en the rogues who at his cost carouse,
Himself the meanest slave in all his house.

NÆVOLUS.

Thy counsel's good—but that let others heed—
Advise me now, in my distressing need.
Oh! how shall I recall the moments gone,
Blasted in hope, and utterly undone!
Swift down the pathway of declining years,
As on we journey through this vale of tears,
Youth wastes away, and withers like a flow'r,
The lovely phantom of a fleeting hour.
Mid the light sallies of the mantling soul,
The smiles of beauty, and the social bowl,
Inaudible, the foot of chilly age
Steals on our joys, and drives us from the stage.

JUVENAL.

Causeless thy grief! while these old hills shall stand,
The vice thou liv'st by shall o'errun the land.
Hither they flock from many a foreign sea,
From each corrupted realm of Italy,
Th' unmanly wretches flock—and thou be sad!
Eat, eat eringoes, and thy fortune's made.

NÆVOLUS.

So let the lucky thrive! my frowning fate,
Toil as I will, forbids me to be great.

Nor ask I grandeur—Oh! my household god!
Still duly worshipp'd in my poor abode,
Crown'd with small wreaths, with incense cheap bestrown,
When wilt thou make a competence my own?
When will thy shrine my humble wishes grant,
And save my age from solitary want?
Shall not some pounds by honest use be mine?
Some silver vessels on my table shine,
Free from alloy, and worth the censor's care?
Two sturdy Mæsians to support my chair,
And take me safely through the Circus' crowd,
These are my pray'rs, if these could be allow'd—
Perchance a painter too, with speedy skill
My goodly hall-of-ancestry to fill,
And a few statues from a master's hand,
This, this is all, I languish to command.
But angry Fortune dooms me still to lie
In the abyss of lowest poverty,
Turns with indignant frown her face away,
And stops her ears when I presume to pray,
Deaf, as Ulysses' bark, while o'er the main
Th' alluring Siren flung her notes in vain.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE X.

ARGUMENT.

According to Garrick, this satire (the noblest moral poem that ever was composed) is but little known to the English reader by Johnson's Imitation; for David always asserted that the Vanity of Human Wishes, "was as hard as Greek." Nor does Mr. Gifford, in my opinion, give a less extraordinary account of that splendid Imitation. "Though "highly beautiful as a poem," he says, "it has scarcely a trait of the Latin author's "manner." It appears to me, on the contrary, to be written (as far as English poetry can be compared to Latin) in the same impressive stile which Juvenal has peculiarly adopted in this satire; with the same grave and dignified elevation of verse; where the sentiment, though often of the utmost weight, is yet fully supported by the strength of the words; and where the sublimest precepts of uninspired wisdom are arrayed both by the Roman and the English poet in an adequate solemnity of expression: where, in short, a voice of power and authority speaks to our very conscience; and that most glorious prerogative of genius, the novelty of illustration, gives additional credibility to acknowledged truth, and to trite example all the lively interest of original allusion. Seneca had already said—"O quàm inimica nobis sunt vota nostrorum! equidèm inimiciora quo cessere feliciùs." But it remained for Juvenal to clothe the idea differently—

Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
Dîi faciles.

The fate of the popular and of the rich had been often described; but never so aptly and so forcibly as in the instance of Sejanus. The question of—"Quid Crassos, quid "Pompeios evertit?" had been asked before; but never brought home to our bosoms with such justness of application. The miserable end of the eloquent had been the subject of rhetorical lamentation; the short career of military glory had excited the pathetic address of the poet, and the profound reflection of the philosopher; but who, excepting Juvenal, could have said of Cicero and Demosthenes—

—— utrumque
Largus, et exundans letho dedit ingenii fons.

Who could have thus apostrophized Hannibal—

I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias.

This is setting aside every author who has before ventured upon the subject; this is the true novelty of illustration which I have endeavoured to describe above: and this last quotation naturally brings me to the famous couplet of Johnson, which every one can repeat—

> He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

If, with all the reasonable mistrust of his own judgment which he ought to feel who dares to disagree in opinion upon a point of criticism with our greatest critic, I may presume to censure these lines in any respect, I would ask whether the most ambitious conqueror could pant for more, after death, than—"To point a moral, or adorn "a tale?" to become the ornament and the effect of historical instruction? Juvenal purposely keeps out of sight every circumstance of posthumous aggrandizement: nay, he only talks of the decay of the tombstone, and its empty titles; and, as to the admiration of posterity, he confines that to the rhetoricians and their pupils. Dryden has preserved the genuine sense and spirit of the passage:

> Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
> To please the boys, and be a theme at school.

But, generally speaking, there is, I think, a striking resemblance between the very tone of Juvenal and that of his imitator in this satire—a melancholy sort of cadence, which diffuses (perhaps to the ear of imagination only) a great charm over the language and the thoughts. This, among other hopeless excellencies, is one which every translator should strive to reach. Dryden, in the opening and conclusion of his grand but unequal version of the tenth satire, has most happily attained this mournful flow of poetry. I have mentioned the exordium of this satire, and its spirited protest against the general blindness of human prayers; against the vanity of wealth and civic honours (combined in the person of Sejanus), of oratory, and of warlike enterprise. Length of life, and personal accomplishments, are, in their order, shewn to be equally undesirable; and the whole is concluded by an enumeration of those real blessings which we ought to solicit. In this parting advice of the poet (if we except the impious boast that our unaided reason is sufficient to guide us in the search for happiness) we discover principles worthy of Christianity. Perhaps, without being conscious of the benefit, Juvenal had already partaken of that divine light, which was now gradually disclosing itself to mankind.

SATIRE X.

Search the wide world, from Gades' rock afar
To the bright kingdom of the morning star,
And mark, by man how little understood
Is the true path of evil, or of good!
Error's deep shade o'erhangs our hopes and fears,
And prosp'rous fools repent their plans in tears.
Too oft the cruel kindness of the skies
At their own wish o'erwhelms whole families:
War yields the brave a perilous renown,
And Danger waits upon the peaceful gown;
The flowing stream of eloquence has sent
Some to the tomb's eternal banishment;
The wrestler, swelling with the lofty pride
Of his vast strength, exerted it, and died.
But Wealth has laid unnumber'd victims low,
Man's heaviest curse, his magazine of woe.
The fatal gains of too successful care,
Pil'd in proud heaps, o'ertop the common share,

Far as the monster of the British sea
Exceeds each puny fish in majesty.
Ripe are the times, and, arm'd with Nero's sword,
Plunder assails Longinus' dazzling hoard;
And bids round Seneca's rich gardens stand,
And Lateranus' courts, her warlike band.
No tyrant slips his hell-hounds at the poor,
No sanction'd robber bursts the garret door.
The nightly trav'ler, with his paltry load
Of silver cups, shall tremble on the road;
Start at the rustling of a leaf, and see
The sudden falchion flash from ev'ry tree;
While, though the moon a lurking thief betray,
The beggar, singing, shall pursue his way.
"Oh! let the highest heap of gold be mine!"
This is the gen'ral pray'r in ev'ry shrine:
For money, money, we fatigue the gods,
And clamorously storm their blest abodes.
And yet the pois'nous drug is never quaff'd
From earthen bowls—then fear the deadly draught,
When to thy lip the Setine juice shall flow,
And glitt'ring gems reflect the rosy glow.
Still dost thou think Democritus was mad,
Nor Heraclitus rationally sad?

Well might they laugh and weep, when sure to meet
Wretches and fools in ev'ry crowded street.
The caustic grin with ease at folly sneers;
But wonder asks, "how flow'd eternal tears?"
The merry sage for ever smil'd to see
A race of insects swoln with vanity.
Yet in those elder days, those simpler towns,
There were not senators in purple gowns;
Lictors with rods, or tribunes on their chair,
Or beaux in litters, riding out for air—
Oh! had he seen the Prætor passing by
On his triumphal wheels triumphantly,
Deck'd in Jove's tunic, mid the Circus' throng,
And clouds of dust that follow'd him along;
While from the shoulders of the lofty fool
Flow'd a whole tapestry of Tyrian wool;
While, at his side, the sweating menial bore
A monstrous crown no mortal ever wore,
The menial, destin'd in his car to ride,
And cool the swelling consul's fev'rish pride—
Oh! had he seen the eagle perch'd on high
For flight upon the wand of ivory,
The puffing trumpeters, and ample train
Of white-rob'd Romans, holding at the rein,

Friends by the dole, and not by merit made—
Had old Democritus this farce survey'd,
How would his sides have split, when e'en of yore
He fed on folly's less abundant store.
Born in the cloudy atmosphere of Thrace,
He gave new honour to her heavy race;
He show'd the fruit of an unkindly air,
Which darkness could not hide, nor foggy damps impair.
He ridicul'd our sorrows, and our joys,
Of youth and age the bubbles and the toys;
Never himself elated, or cast down,
Look'd Fortune in the face, and bade her frown;
And by his bright example made it plain
That all we ask is hurtful, or is vain.

Some, on the pinnacle of Pow'r who stand,
The secret envy of a fawning land,
Rush from their dizzy height, and all around
Their nodding statues thunder to the ground.
The driven axe destroys the conqu'ring car,
And unoffending steeds the ruin share.
Now hiss the fires, now sinking in the flame,
Cracks great Sejanus—that illustrious name,
That second emp'ror! from whose mighty face—
The potter forms his vessels of disgrace.

Crown, Envy, crown thy doors with joyous bay,
And lead to Jove the milk-white bull away;
See through the streets Sejanus dragg'd along,
And give a loose to thy insulting tongue.
" How is he fall'n! how hideous is his look!
" Oh! 'twas a wretch my soul could never brook!
" Say, by what crime the fav'rite was undone?
" What were the proofs that stamp'd him guilty?" " None—
" Big with his death from Capreæ's royal shore
" The pompous letter came." " I ask no more.
" How felt the people when they heard the tale?"
" The people feel! they follow with the gale,
" Hate those who fall, and flatter those who rise:
" They, had the guidance of the deities
" Sped to old Cæsar's breast the dagger home,
" This hour would hail Sejanus lord of Rome!
" They, since their sordid votes they sell no more,
" Nor give the places which they gave before,
" Fill up the army, or the state controul—
" To meaner cares resign their grov'ling soul,
" Pleas'd with the Circus' sports, and paltry dole."
" Many, I hear, are doom'd to die." " 'Tis plain;
" The furnace would whole hecatombs contain:
" My poor Brutidius met me, pale with dread,
" And, hurrying, cried, 'I tremble for my head!'

" Let us be quick our loyal zeal to show,
" Who spares Sejanus is great Cæsar's foe.
" Like Ajax, raving, he'll demand our blood,
" If, NOW, we haste not to the Tyber's flood,
" And, while the carcase on the margin lies,
" Kick it with warmth before our servants' eyes;
" Lest the false slaves forswear it, and we go
" Tied neck and heels to share the vengeful blow."

Thus, when the proud Etrurian was o'erthrown,
Who view'd his ruin, shudder'd for their own.
Wouldst thou then see around thy threshold wait
The soldier begging with the magistrate?
Rule for thy pupil prince, who sleeps the while
With dreaming jugglers in his narrow isle?
Yes, thou wouldst have thy legion at command,
Thy body guard of horse, thy knightly band—
So glorious is the privilege to kill,
All court the pow'r, though none avow the will.

But what avails success, when ev'ry joy
Still has its own commensurate alloy?
Better than wear yon murder'd fav'rite's gown,
Live the patch'd Ædile of a country town;
Deal out the law, and curb with high decree
The tricks of trade at empty Ulubræ.

With boundless av'rice and ambition fir'd,
Sejanus knew not what his pray'rs requir'd;
Nor that the aim of his imperial pow'r
Was but to build an elevated tow'r,
Whose very height would aggravate its fall,
And one wide-spreading ruin bury all.
How sunk the Crassi? Pompey how? and he
Who bow'd the neck of Rome to slavery?
Through pride, assisted by malignant heav'n,
Through dang'rous honour, to their wishes giv'n.
How rarely to the tomb in peace descend
Ambition's slaves, or meet a bloodless end.
The child, just enter'd at his petty school,
And only taught one miserable rule,
For whom the servant boy his satchel bears,
This little master breathes eternal pray'rs,
That kind Minerva would on him bestow
Th' Athenian's strength, the learned Roman's flow.
Yet from the freedom of the copious tongue,
The tide of soul that came uncheck'd along,
And drown'd resistance in its rapid way,
These sons of genius met their fatal day.
With fruitless rage the puny lawyer pleads,
Nor stirs revenge, nor honourably bleeds.

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!
Such jingling lines had Tully always pour'd,
Ne'er had he stain'd the fell triumvir's sword.
Divine Philippic! where, profound and clear,
Each vig'rous sentence wins the captive ear,
Thou second Wonder, I prefer to thee
The safe disgrace of banter'd poetry.
He too, whom Athens in amazement heard,
Struck with the "breathing thought, and burning word,"
Whose single voice controul'd the crowded hall,
And bade their passions rise, or bade them fall,
He too, untimely, died—that godlike man,
Whose life in low obscurity began;
Who left the forges of his sooty sire,
The sounding anvil, and the black'ning fire;
With niggard fortune struggled to be great,
And, strong in eloquence, o'ercame his fate.

War's glitt'ring spoils, the trophy rais'd on high,
The broken emblems of proud victory;
The Arch, with flags and chariots hung around,
And the sad captive on the summit bound;
These are thy charms, immortal glory, these
The vain Barbarian swell'd with hope to seize;
For these the restless Greek, the Roman toil'd,
Nor shrunk from danger, nor from death recoil'd.

So far superior is the thirst of Fame
To the weak love of Virtue's naked name.
Who clasps fair Virtue to his throbbing breast
Without a dow'r? Ambition has opprest
Full many a groaning land; Ambition, brib'd
By empty titles, o'er our bones inscrib'd—
Though the wild fig, and mould'ring age combin'd,
Leave but a wreck of fun'ral pomp behind,
And e'en the last sad honours of the tomb
Have their own end, and share the gen'ral doom.
How are the mighty chang'd to dust! how small
The urn that holds what once was Hannibal!
Yet in these silent ashes dwelt a soul
No fear could daunt, no limit could controul—
Not the wide space of Afric's fruitful reign,
From Nile's warm torrent to the Moorish main,
Stretching its vast interminable tracks
To other elephants, and other blacks.
Spain swells his empire, but he pants for more;
The steepy Pyreneese he rushes o'er—
In vain would Nature to the chief oppose
Her cloud-capt Alps, and everlasting snows;
Burst by his art, the solid mountain yields
A yawning passage to Italia's fields;

Italia's fields are his; but, thund'ring on,
Insatiate yet, he cries, "We've nothing won!
"Till the detested gates we batter down,
"And sound our trumpets through the blazing town;
"Till I, myself, in mid Suburra stand,
"And plant the Punic flag with conq'ring hand."
Oh! what a picture would the chief have made,
The one-ey'd chief, when thus he proudly said,
On his triumphal elephant display'd!
Thy work, O Fame! thus gallantly begun,
How didst thou finish for thy favour'd son?
Swift Rout behind and skulking Terror wait
On his vain march—the glorious, and the great,
The godlike Hannibal, compell'd to fly
For shameful safety to a foreign sky,
Before a despot's tent, the cruel sport,
The wonder of an Asiatic court,
Bows his brave head with all a suppliant's fear,
Till the Bithynian deign to wake, and hear.
No hostile dart, no rocky fragment hurl'd,
Laid low this hot disturber of the world;
A little ring aveng'd the heaps of slain,
The streams of blood on Cannæ's fatal plain.
Was it for this, infuriate chief, you crost
Each Alpine barrier of relentless frost;

Was it for this you triumph'd, to employ
The teaching pedant, and declaiming boy?
The Macedonian felt his life a curse,
Imprison'd in this narrow universe;
Felt like a slave in some small dungeon here,
And sigh'd for kingdoms in an ampler sphere;
But calmly prest his narrow bed of stone,
Within the walls of conquer'd Babylon.
Death shows our littleness. What though the tales
Of Athos cover'd o'er with Persian sails,
The sea with chariots, all that Greece has feign'd
Of copious streams by thirsting armies drain'd,
All be believ'd that drunken poets sing—
How did HE fly—this wonder-working king!
He, who was wont against the winds to rave
With whips they felt not in th' Æolian cave,
Whose haughty chains earth-shaking Neptune shar'd,
Whose burning brand he was in pity spar'd;
(Ye gods! obey'd ye such a fool as this!)
How did he fly from fatal Salamis?
O'er bloody waves in one poor bark he fled,
And slowly labour'd through the floating dead.
Heav'n to his pray'rs exalted glory sent,
And made his own request his punishment.

"Grant us, ye gods, a dateless term of years,"
In health, in sickness, these are still our pray'rs.
And yet how num'rous are the ills of age,
The darkest blot on life's unhappy page.
A hideous face—a body lank and thin—
Loose, hanging, jaws—a parch'd and shrivell'd skin—
Unlike ourselves we grow, and change our shape
To the foul portrait of a wrinkled ape,
Who squats, surrounded by her mimic brood,
Scrubbing her cheek in some Numidian wood.

Youth has a gay variety of charms,
Here a fair face, and there Herculean arms:
Age is alike in all—the trembling frame,
Weak voice, bald head, and running nose the same;
A second infant wretched man becomes,
And bread is broken for his toothless gums;
So odious to his wife, his child, himself—
The flatt'rer scarce can hunt him for his pelf.
Gone is his taste, and the luxurious store
Of wine and food he relishes no more;
Nor pants his heart with rapture's youthful glow
For eyes of radiance, or for arms of snow:*

* Any one acquainted with the manly stile of Juvenal, will know that this flourish is foreign to him. But he had expressed the insensibility of the old to love, in terms too gross to be translated; and yet the feature was too material to be left out of the picture.

But, if he yet affects an am'rous fire,
" Long dead to pow'r, still living to desire,"
Doubt, doubt the nature of his gray-hair'd lust,
And mark the dotard with deserv'd mistrust.
Gone is his hearing too—the tuneful string
Charms him no more; nor, though Seleucus sing,
With all the masters of the golden vest,
Can the sweet chorus melt his frozen breast.
Close to the loud orchestra though he sit,
Mid the first list'ners of the silent pit,
The piercing clarions scarce provoke his ear—
His servants' lungs are crack'd to make him hear,
Should friends salute him, should he wish to know
How on their course his lagging moments go.
Through the cold mass scarce creeps the languid blood,
Till fev'rish heats accelerate the flood;
Round the pale phantom dark diseases stand,
A ghastly, undistinguishable, band—
Name all their kinds! I'd sooner count the host
Of Hippia's lovers, or each patient's ghost
One doctor hurries in one month to hell—
Sooner the rapine of a prætor tell,
A guardian's forgeries, or all the fools
That haunt our crowded brothels, and our schools;

All the gay seats that lordly barber shares,
Whose razor clear'd my youthful chin of hairs.
Some o'er rack'd limbs in peevish accents run,
Reft of both eyes, some envy those with one:
Others with pallid lips accept their meat
From stranger hands, and when they see the treat,
To which with whetted grinders once they sprung,
Sit, feebly yawning, like the swallow's young,
When the fond mother to her callow brood
Bears on her furnish'd beak the long-expected food.
But Heav'n, unsatisfied with all the pain
Our aged bodies feel, assaults the brain.
Servants and friends are recogniz'd no more,
E'en those we supp'd with but the night before.
The very children we begot and bred
Are from our will cut off, and, in their stead,
The bagnio's hack is written heiress sole,
Who bore our loathsome kiss, and earn'd the whole.
But, should our reason last, we yet must see,
As we grow old, our dying family;
O'er our sweet consort shed the pious tear,
Lead out our offspring on the frequent bier;
For a lov'd brother now retire to mourn,
Now weep in silence at a sister's urn.

These are thy comforts, Age! thou mak'st us rue
Life's faded joys in griefs for ever new;
Thou com'st in sable cloth'd, thy daily gloom
Just shows our eyes some dear relation's doom.
Next to the raven was the Pylian king
In space of days, if Homer truly sing.
Happy, forsooth, whom death's sure arrow spares
Through a sad century of toils and cares;
Happy, whose lips so frequently have quaff'd,
Prest in revolving suns, the rosy draught;
But hear himself accuse the lengthen'd thread
Of his hard fate, and praise the envied dead;
Ask all around him, "Why survives the sire
"Who saw his lov'd Antilochus expire?
"Thou gallant youth, why fell I not with thee,
"Burnt on thy pile, partook thy destiny?
"Thus to be spar'd, oh what has Nestor done,
"Thus to behold thee lie, my son, my son?"
So Peleus sigh'd to join his hero lost,
Laertes his, on boundless billows tost.
Glad to the shades would Priam's ghost have flown,
While Troy yet stood, and empire was his own;
Hector himself had borne the corpse along,
And fair Cassandra led the weeping throng;

Majestic pomp a nation's grief exprest,
And sorrowing thousands lull'd their king to rest.
Well had he died, before his daring boy
Built the dire bark, the future curse of Troy!
But Fate reserv'd him, cruel Fate, to see
Th' aspiring flames of Grecian victory,
And Troy's best blood upon her ashes pour'd—
Then, casting off the crown, he seiz'd the sword,
A feeble warrior, and too soon to prove
Fierce Pyrrhus' arm before the shrine of Jove:
There, at the altar's base, with pitying eye
Dejected Ilium saw her sov'reign die;
Die, like an aged ox, condemn'd to feel
On its weak neck the swift-descending steel;
Disdain'd its labours, and forgotten now
All its old service at the thankless plough.
Yet did he fall a man; his wretched wife
Howl'd as a brute the remnant of her life.

Haste we to Rome, and pass the ruin'd state
Of Pontus' king, and pass the Lydian's fate,
Whom Solon warn'd, that death alone could show
The true criterion of our bliss or woe.
Age ends in tears the victor's happy tale—
Minturnæ's marshes, exile, and a jail,

Hence had their source; and, from his height cast down,
He begg'd his bread in Carthage' conquer'd town.
Nature and Rome had never borne a son
Than him more favour'd, had his race been run,
When captive thousands stood around his car,
And swell'd the pageant of the Cimbric war;
Closing the scene of that triumphal day,
Had he then breath'd his mighty soul away.
Campania kindly to her Pompey gave
Disease preventive of a bloody grave;
But that the pray'rs of Italy obtain'd,
That the fond city for her fav'rite gain'd:
Snatch'd from a fever, by the sword he bled,
And laid on Egypt's sand his sever'd head.
Conspirators a milder fate have found,
And Lentulus expir'd without a wound;
Unmaim'd, Cethegus render'd up his soul,
And e'en the corpse of Catiline was whole.
"Fair sons, and daughters fairer still, be mine!"
Such are the mother's pray'rs in Venus' shrine;
Such is her darling wish—"And why reprove
"The venial weakness of parental love?
"Diana's charms Latona proudly view'd—"
But chaste Lucretia all her beauty rued:

Virginia too her humbler lot would bless,
Could she change shapes with tranquil ugliness.
How curst the father of a blooming son!
His sleepless fears forebode the boy undone;
So rare an union in one form to see
The charms of grace, the rose of pudency.
Though the strict house with Sabine virtue shine,
With the rough morals of its ancient line,
Though bounteous Nature with her kindest care
Mould the chaste bosom of the blushing heir,
(And what can Nature's providential hand,
Better than all the tutors in the land,
What can herself upon a boy bestow,
What nobler gift, than candour's honest glow?)
Yet shall he ne'er be man; his gen'rous soul
Shall bow to lust's effeminate controul;
The boundless prodigality of sin,
Corruption's work shall with the sire begin;
Trust to all-pow'rful bribes, nor trust in vain—
Who would refuse damnation's self for gain?
No tyrant gelds the stripling void of grace,
No club-foot pathic of illustrious race
In Nero's cruel tow'rs was ever found
With ruptur'd belly, and with shoulders round.

Go now, and glory in your beauteous boy!
How shall his perils dash your heedless joy;
A common stallion shall the wretch become,
And cuckold ev'ry benedict in Rome;
Dread ev'ry benedict's revenge, and prove,
Like Mars, the danger of discover'd love;
Caught in the snare, unlucky as the god,
Here meet the sword, and there the bloody rod;
Here by the mullet mangled, suffer more
Than strictest laws allow—to please a whore.
But your Endymion in his happier arms
Shall clasp his fav'rite dame's adult'rous charms—
Yes, and solicited by winning gold,
Shall hug the hideous bodies of the old.
Servilia parts with all her gems to buy
The youthful smack of strong debauchery;
Catulla, Hippia, rich and poor the same,
Waste their whole substance on the precious game;
Though they want bread, have drudges still they must,
The stingiest crone is lavish in her lust.
"But how does beauty hurt the chaste?"—Recall
The wise Hyppolitus' untimely fall;
Recall Bellerophon, the great, the good—
When scorn inflam'd the wanton Argive's blood,

When the loose Cretan blush'd with rage—they died,
The victims both of woman's injur'd pride.
Then, then the sex their fiercest passions show,
When shame, when hatred prompts the vengeful blow.
Let Silius make his choice, for Cæsar's wife
Enjoys his person, or devotes his life.
The first patrician, and the fairest, dies
In the hot gaze of Messalina's eyes.
Clad in her saffron robe she waits at home,
And pants with fierce impatience till he come;
The Tyrian couch is in the garden laid,
Without disguise the settlement is paid;
The witnesses are call'd, the augur's nigh—
Thought ye this wedding shunn'd the public eye?
Each form of law is honour'd by the bride,
And quickly must her doubting spouse decide;
If he refuse, he falls within the day,
If he consent, he gains a short delay,
Till through the city blown by Fame's loud blast,
Th' imperial cuckold hears his shame the last.
Go, fool, and barter for a little breath
The loss of honour, heavier far than death;
Live for a guilty hour, and then resign
Each blooming charm that fatally was thine.

" Shall man then nothing ask?"—This rule receive—
The choice of blessings to the Giver leave:
He grants us happiness, and not our will;
E'en when we hate ourselves, he loves us still.
By a blind impulse violently driv'n,
We claim a wife, a family, from Heav'n;
But Heav'n best knows how vile our wife may be,
How shameless our ungrateful family.

Yet to that God on whom our hopes depend,
While with deep awe, with righteous zeal we bend,
Be this our pray'r—" Oh let thy creatures find
" A healthful body, and a healthful mind;
" With a brave soul that, yielding up its breath,
" Mid nature's kindest presents places death;
" That, soaring far o'er all terrestrial cares,
" Smiles on the load of life it briefly bears;
" That, temp'ring each rebellious passion's fire,
" Too firm for fear, too holy for desire,
" Prefers Herculean toils to lazy sports,
" And fields of danger to voluptuous courts."

This thou canst give thyself, and only this
Can lead thy footsteps to the path of bliss.
Be Virtue then, be Prudence still thy guide,
And ev'ry pow'r shall arm upon thy side;

But thy weak vows in Fortune's temple rise,
And Folly wafts their incense to the skies.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XI.

ARGUMENT.

In this satire Juvenal invites his friend Persicus to dinner, and sends him the bill of fare. The simplicity of the entertainment forms a pleasing contrast to the details of gluttony and extravagance which the poet has been making before; and which appear to present a just picture of the general habits of his fellow citizens. The time of this invitation was on the first day of the Megalesian games; a season particularly appropriated to entertainments among friends. These games were instituted in honour of the great goddess (Cybele), the mother of the gods, and celebrated annually at the beginning of April. The linen flag mentioned in this satire, as the sign of their commencement, was hung out of the Prætor's window; and the origin of the custom was an anecdote which is told of Nero—that, being at dinner once on the first day of the Megalesian games, and the people shewing impatience, he flung his napkin from the window, as a token that he had dined, and was coming into the streets to join the festival. Many circumstances of the private manners of the Romans are to be gathered from this poem; and, as usual, the author continually recurs to the plainness and modesty of the ancient Romans; and inveighs, though in a less severe manner than is common with him, against the pomp and luxury of their descendants. The passage relating to his rustic servants does Juvenal as much honour in point of an unexpected tenderness of disposition, as in exquisite beauty of versification. The whole of this satire indeed breathes the gentleness and subdued spirit of old age. Juvenal, now no longer the unrelenting censor of his countrymen, descants upon folly rather than vice; and, excepting one or two indignant passages, seems to feel that "the thousand ills our flesh is heir to" require the balm of friendship, and virtuous relaxation.—We here see the poet, declining in years, and mellowed, though not weakened in genius by the decline, dwelling with pleasure upon the prospect of a modest feast, an evening's conversation with his friend—flying from the tumult of the gay and young, and basking at his door in the quiet beams of the sun of April. Such is his declaration—

Nostra bibat vernum contracta cuticula solem.

He, surely, died at Rome, whether ever banished to Egypt or not. We cannot suppose any of the satires to have been written later than this; and he is now in his own city house, receiving the produce of his Aquinian farm, confessedly in his old age.—It were to be wished that he had written more poems of so philosophic and unimpassioned a nature.

SATIRE XI.

If Atticus prepare the sumptuous board,
All Rome admires the spirit of the lord;
If, madly, Rutilus attempt the same,
Laughter and scorn pursue the beggar's name.
What with more pleasure do the vulgar see
Than the poor rags of ruin'd gluttony?
From house to house the gossip's story goes,
And ev'ry bath, and ev'ry tavern knows,
That bankrupt Rutilus, while young and strong,
And fit to mingle in the martial throng,
Is bound apprentice to the fencer's trade,
And copies rules by gladiators made;
By no proud Tyrant to this shame compell'd,
But, O ye Roman Tribunes! not withheld.
One half the world are born to eat alone,
And wish to die, when all life's feast is gone.
For these the bailiff to the market hies,
And guards the shambles with expecting eyes.

But still the joyous rogues their parties give,
And, as they're nearer jail, more nobly live;
On ruin's brink cast off encumb'ring care,
And launch into the riot of despair:
Hunt the whole land, and drag the wat'ry waste,
To suit the changes of their royal taste;
Heed not the price, or if it wakes a thought,
'Tis that the sweetest food is dearest bought:
And when their solitary pound is spent,
Each ancient vase is to the broker sent—
Their mother's bust, demolish'd and disguis'd,
And for its worth in pawn now only priz'd,
Procures the relish of one earthen plate,
With one last pleasure wards the stroke of fate:
Then to the garbled trash the wretches come,
That hungry sword-players devour in Rome.
The boasting fool just indignation meets,
Plebeian donor of patrician treats;
And all at Rutilus' mean house deride
The splendid feast, Ventidius' proper pride.
Such inconsistent blockheads I despise,
Who know how high old Atlas' summits rise
Above his brother hills on Lybia's shore,
Yet see no diff'rence 'twixt the paltry store

Of their own purse, and all the heaps of gold
The iron coffers of their patron hold.
" Man, know thyself!" this precept from on high
Came down, imagin'd by the Deity.
Oh! be his words indelibly imprest
On the live tablet of each human breast.
Through ev'ry " change of many-colour'd life,"
Whether thou seek'st a blessing in a wife,
Or in the senate dost aspire to stand
Mid holy wisdom's venerable band,
Still from the gods forget not to implore
Self-knowledge for thy bosom's monitor.
Thersites never could that armour bear,
Which e'en Ulysses hesitates to wear.
And thou—if, yet unlearned in the laws,
Offer'd the pleading of some weighty cause,
Say to thy heart—" What am I, to support
" The fix'd attention of a crowded court?
" Feel I a noble confidence of soul,
" A gifted voice the tide of speech to roll?
" Or shall I drawl like Curtius at the bar,
" And, like slow Matho, fly the wordy war?"
The standard of thy genius must be weigh'd,
And thy coin counted ere the game is play'd.

Leave then the task beyond thy pow'r, though loth,
And cut thy coat according to thy cloth.
Wish not for mullets, when thy purse can buy
Only a gudgeon, or such humble fry;
For if thy appetite's increase attend
Thy fortune's failure, what must be thy end?
When thy paternal hoards are buried whole
In that vast sepulchre of flesh and fowl,
In that insatiate stomach when they fall,
Money, and lands, and living stock, and all?
Then, when thy knightly ring at last is gone,
Thou'lt beg with naked finger through the town.
An early grave can ne'er unwelcome be
To wretches ruin'd by their luxury;
Decrepit age far more than death they fear;
Nor thirst, nor hunger, haunt the silent bier.
Behold the spendthrift's life—he wastes at home
His gather'd loans from ev'ry fool in Rome;
And, while a little yet remains, but now
Prophetic terror clouds the usurer's brow,
Makes off to Baiæ, or to Ostia runs,
And brushes from the sight of gaping duns.
For now to give the constable the slip,
Is thought no more of than to take a trip

To the Esquilian hill in summer's heat,
And leave your town-house for your country-seat.
'Tis but a pleasant jaunt for change of air—
And, in their flight, the jolly exiles' care
Is only that they lose the pleasures here,
And shall not see a play this whole long year.
Shame! they have none—no kindling blushes speak
Through the brass armour of a debtor's cheek.
Derided Modesty has flown away,
And few were anxious to prolong her stay.
Yourself, my Persicus, to-day shall see
How well my actions with my words agree;
And, dining at my simple board, approve
The modest tenor of the life I love.
Think you, a glutton in my heart, I praise
The frugal banquet in my specious lays?
Cry out for "cabbage-soup," when friends are near,
But whisper "turtle" in my servant's ear?
Not so, my Persicus—engag'd to share
The cheap enjoyment of my humble fare,
You'll have a new Evander for your host,
A hearty welcome, but no mighty cost.
I'll call my guest Alcides, son of Jove;
Or heav'n-born offspring of the queen of love;

He to the skies by water did aspire,
As Hercules was made a god by fire.
Now hear the produce of no butcher's stall,
But dishes by my farm provided all.
The firstling of my flock shall Tibur send,
The fattest kid, to entertain my friend;
That never browz'd the meadow's tender blade,
Nor cropt the willow in the marshy glade;
More full of milk than blood; and herbs beside,
Pick'd by my bailiff's plain but cleanly bride;
Who, when the wheel's domestic task is o'er,
Culls on the hills my vegetable store.
Large new-laid eggs, still warm within the hay,
And barn-door fowls, my friend shall taste to-day;
Grapes, kept so blooming half the year, they shine
As yet unpluck'd, and fresh upon the vine;
And baskets fill'd with those delicious pears
The Signian orchard, and Tarentum bears;
With apples fill'd, whose mellow odours please
Like the rich produce of Picenian trees;
Apples no more with hurtful juices crude,
But soft in flavour, and by cold subdu'd.
Such was the board our ancient senate spread,
These were the banquets of the virtuous dead;

So Curius gather'd with industrious hand
The herbs that flourish'd in his plot of land;
Trimm'd his small fire, and cook'd the plain repast
That modern slaves would sneer at, and would fast:
Slaves, chain'd to work, and banish'd far from home,
But still rememb'ring the delights of Rome;
Rememb'ring still the tripes on which they fed,
And their low revels at the Cæsar's head.

The flitch of bacon, on the rack that lay,
Was once ate only on the holy-day;
When some dear friend was born, then taken down,
And broil'd, the hospitable board to crown.
Or, if the sacred off'ring chanc'd to spare
Part of the fresh-kill'd meat, 'twas priz'd as rare.
The thrice-made consul, the dictator great,
The conq'ring hero, hasten'd to the treat.
Each honour'd kinsman, whether taught to wield
The warlike spear, or till the fruitful field,
Came from the camp, or from his mountain toil
Should'ring his spade, the tamer of the soil.
This was the time when ev'ry Roman saw
His blameless consul with a righteous awe;
When Vice was startled at Fabricius' name,
And shrunk abash'd from Cato's moral fame;

When the stern censor's unforgiving frown
Bade his lax colleague closely watch the town.
None then were seriously concern'd to know
Where tortoises to full perfection grow;
Nor div'd into the bosom of the sea
To grace the couch of vain nobility.
Propp'd by no cushion'd back, their simple bed
Was unadorn'd, but with an ass's head,
A brazen head in front, with vine-leaves crown'd,
That pleas'd the country boys, who play'd around.
Such was our household, such our banquets were,
Till conquer'd Greece brought arts and vices here;
Till at the soldier's foot her treasures lay,
Who knew not half the richness of his prey:
Rudely he sack'd each learned town, and broke
The pride of sculpture with a barb'rous stroke;
With trappings deck'd his horse, or show'd the foe,
All pale and trembling at the lifted blow,
His gaudy helm, embost in Grecian gold
With many a native prodigy of old;
With the tame wolf, at Heav'n's command grown tame,
Suckling the founders of the Roman name,
The twins beneath the rock; and Mars on high,
Naked, with spear and buckler in the sky,
And hov'ring o'er his infant progeny.

Then all their wealth was on their armour spent,
And war engross'd the pride of ornament.
Then their plain food, on Tuscan dishes drest,
Was thought luxurious by each hardy guest;
Ye modern gluttons! envy such a feast.
Then virtuous Rome was Jove's peculiar care,
And through the stillness of the midnight air
A solemn warning from the temple giv'n,
Proclaim'd the present Majesty of Heav'n.
Th' awaken'd soldier heard the mighty call,
Rush'd to the gate, and met th' invading Gaul.
The Gods themselves were our diviners then,
Nor spoke by proxy to the sons of men.
So Jove watch'd o'er us, while he yet remain'd
An earthen statue, nor with gold profan'd.
Those good old times beheld our tables made
Of native wood, nor splendidly inlaid;
The work and the materials were our own,
When the wind threw an aged nut-tree down.
But now our feasts no pleasure can afford,
Though turbot, ven'son, crown the luscious board,
Though costly ointments shed a rare perfume,
And flow'rs distil ambrosia round the room,

Save when their iv'ry claws the tables show,
And the tall leopard widely yawns below;
Form'd of the teeth Syene's portals send
From farthest Egypt's Æthiopian end;
Or Moors, or Indians darker than the Moor,
Or wild Arabians gather on their shore;
Cast by the elephant now growing old,
Teeth too enormous for his mouth to hold.
Hence have our peers an appetite, and eat
With hearty relish the delicious treat;
But if the sideboard upon silver stand—
Oh!—vile as rings of iron on the hand.

Away with the fastidious, haughty, guest,
Who scorns the meanness of my frugal feast.
No inch of iv'ry shall he witness there,
No, not a die, nor chess-board's single square.
The very handles of my knives he'll see
Rugged with bone, not smooth with ivory.
Yet hence my viands have no rancid smell,
And my plump chicken cuts up quite as well.
Though no great carver, gormandizing sage!
The public teacher of this carving age,
Stands at my board, and plays his antics there,
Skill'd in the nice dissection of a hare;

Joints the fat roebuck, and the mighty boar,
And dainties brought from many a foreign shore;
The Phænicopter huge, the Scythian bird,
The goat of Afric, to our own preferr'd—
Dainties in wooden show he keeps at home
To practise on before the fools of Rome,
Who flock to see him use his iron blade,
And hear the rattling by the dishes made.
My little Tiro knows not to divide
The lordly haunch, nor slice the turkey's side;
Knows not the rich, luxurious meal to dress,
But cooks with simple skill my daily mess.
Clad in thick cloth that keeps him from the cold,
Another rustic to your mouth will hold
Plebeian cups, nor grac'd, nor bought with gold:
A homebred slave, unknown on Asia's strand,
In Latin speak, or he'll not understand.
Think not an elegance of dress to see,
Or fashion, in the youths that wait on me;
Cropt are their heads to greet my welcome guest,
And duly comb'd in honour of the feast.
This is my shepherd's, that my ploughman's boy—
Poor artless child! his cottage was his joy;
He longs to meet his mother's eyes again,
And with his lambs run o'er the grassy plain.

The little rustic's mournful look betrays
His fond remembrance of more happy days;
So sweet a look, and such an air of truth,
Would grace the features of a nobler youth.
This modest cup-bearer shall bring you wine
Prest from the grapes of his compatriot vine;
The vine that grew upon the mountain's brow,
Where once he rambled, sighs to ramble now.
Think not to see the Spanish girl appear
In the bold postures of the ballet here;
Postures that charm the city madam's eye,
At the rich board, her husband lolling by;
A spur to jaded lust, and such as shame
Forbids before a woman e'en to name—
But that soft sex enjoy the action most,
And fierce embraces are their proper boast.
Far from my humble roof be scenes like these!
Let the lewd castanet my betters please;
Let songs, that harlots decently refuse,
Stir their slow ears, too prurient for the stews.
So let the proud on Tyrian couches dine,
And o'er the Spartan pavement spue their wine.
The rich are privileg'd to play the fool,
But strictly must the poor their passions rule;

No licens'd whoremongers, no gamblers they—
While, though he cast all sense of shame away,
A lord is only reckon'd wild and gay.

My feast to-day shall other joys impart,
The mighty masters of the tuneful art,
Homer and Virgil shall in turns be read,
And wear an equal garland on their head.
What though my boy be hoarse, he cannot wrong
The native grandeur of their heav'nly song.

But now your bosom of all care divest,
And grant yourself an interval of rest;
Let the whole day be pleasure, not a word
Of gain usurious, or of loss be heard:
Nay, though your wife from morn to night be out,
Ranging with lawless step the town about,
Bringing her muslin drap'ry rumpled home,
While horror whispers whence the creases come—
Her hair dishevel'd, and her cheeks on fire
With the wild blush of half-appeas'd desire—
Let no dire images to-day be brought
To wake the hell of matrimonial thought.
When at the threshold of my lowly door,
Curse your expensive, thieving slaves no more;
There for awhile let household troubles end,
And, above all, forget the thankless friend.

Lo! as I write, the linen flag proclaims
'Tis time to join the Megalesian games.
Rome flocks to see her gorgeous Prætor ride
In all the splendour of triumphal pride,
And pay due worship to the queen of Ide.
While through the streets his ample train proceeds,
And tedious pomp fatigues the pacing steeds.
Now, if the freedom of my language rude
Will not offend the countless multitude,
All Rome within the dusty Circus lies—
Now, from afar, I hear the cheering cries
To the green jockey, foremost on the course,
And servile thousands hail his conq'ring horse.
Oh! had he lost, as mournful would the town
Then have become, as wretched and cast down,
As when they heard their bravest troops lay slain,
And bit the bloody dust on Cannæ's plain.

To sights like these let youthful gallants go,
And sit beside their mistress at the show;
Their lovely mistress, who adorns the scene,
Deck'd in the favours of the winning green.
Them the loud shout, the daring bet become—
But we, grown old, will rest in peace at home,
Sunning our wrinkles in the vernal ray,
And flying all the tumult of the day.

Deserted are the streets, and bathers now,
Though a full hour ere custom's laws allow,
May seek the bagnio with unblushing brow.

Ye sons of pleasure, all the joys ye prize,
All your belov'd, your gay festivities,
Would in a week be loathsome in your eyes!
Our very sports by repetition tire,
But rare delight breeds ever-new desire.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XII.

ARGUMENT.

This satire again places Juvenal in a very amiable light. He congratulates Corvinus upon the escape of their mutual friend Catullus from shipwreck. The goodness of his heart, and the fervour of his gratitude to Heaven upon this occasion, are demonstrated by a sacrifice sumptuous enough for a private man and a poet: he leads two white lambs and a steer to the altar; victims which he had devoted for the safety of his friend. The inconsistency of his piety in the poem before us, with his ridicule upon the gods in other places, only affords another proof of the lamentable want of a revelation from above, to prevent the gross insults offered to the Creator by the capricious worship of human reason: such an inconsistency may indeed prove also, that according to the spirit of his age, the poet did not confess, but despised rather, the source of that improvement in morality, which is observable in several of his satires. But perhaps the benefit, as I have stated before, was unconsciously received. However this may be, the following passage in the thirteenth satire—

—— Scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
Facti crimen habet——

a doctrine above the purity of earthly wisdom, and other passages which might be quoted, leave me but little in doubt, that the growing diffusion of the Gospel in Rome had imbued the mind of our author with some partial knowledge of the strict tenets of Christianity.

To return to the twelfth satire. There is a considerable degree of puerility in the account of the storm in this poem; and upon the whole we have no reason to regret that it is the shortest of Juvenal's compositions. The pedantry of a periphrasis to express proper names, such as "jugulata Mycenis" for Iphigenia, and "emptor Olynthi" for Philip of Macedon (a pedantry Mr. Gibbon has studiously adopted in his History), is, perhaps, another instance of a boyish manner. But whether Juvenal was in his first or second childhood when he wrote this satire, I leave Ruperti and such solemn triflers to decide. Too much however must not be detracted from its merit: it not only displays the kind affections of our author very pleasingly, but in the description of the calm after the storm, and of the vessel approaching the coast of Italy over a safe and tranquil sea, contains many beautiful verses. The picture too of the public and private sacrificial ceremonies is curious, and the satire and irony of the concluding lines, addressed to legacy-hunters, are striking and spirited.

SATIRE XII.

This day, Corvinus, is more dear to me
Than the glad day of my nativity.
Now, on its living turf, the festive shrine
Claims my due off'rings to the pow'rs divine:
A milk-white lamb to Pallas shall be giv'n,
Another to the dark-ey'd Queen of heav'n;
While, fiercely struggling, to the death shall move
The steer devoted to Tarpeian Jove;
Run to the rope's extent, and shake his brow,
A gen'rous beast, and worthy of my vow,
Worthy the sprinkled wine, and ripe for slaughter now—
He flies his mother's teat with playful scorn,
And butts the oak-trees with his growing horn.
Were not my joyous gratitude confin'd
By humble means, unequal to my mind,
A lordly bull, whose rich and plenteous blood
Boasts the clear produce of the noblest food,

(Not such as thinly grows on Latian fields,
But what Clitumnus' fruitful pasture yields)
A lordly bull my altar should imbrue,
Fat as Hispulla's self, and fatter too;
And proud in strength, and ponderously slow,
Should meet the sturdy priest's athletic blow:
Fit off'ring for the gods, who deign'd to save
My lov'd Catullus from the yawning wave;
Still doubting his escape from Death so near,
And looking back with wonder and with fear.

For not alone the sea's tempestuous roll,
And the red lightning's passage shook his soul;
One cloud of darkness overwhelm'd the sky,
And brooding Night did on the waters lie.
When, through the gloom, an instantaneous light
Flash'd on the shiv'ring sails, and banish'd Night.
Each thought it struck himself, and cast a gaze
Of wild distraction on the spreading blaze;
Wishing by shipwreck rather to expire
Than perish in the flames of sudden fire.
So loud the thunder, such the whirlwind's sweep,
As when the poet lashes up the deep;
And in the horror of his fancy sees
Something more wild than worst realities.

Let all your tears for shipwreck'd sailors flow,
And weep their long variety of woe;
The chilly need, that wand'ring crowds repine,
The sad memorials hung in ev'ry shrine.
For half our painters are by Isis fed,
And in her foreign worship earn their bread.
Such was the scene my poor Catullus view'd,
When now the rushing of the billows rude
Burst o'er the deck, and, tost from side to side,
The vessel mounted on the stormy tide.
When now the hold was full, and all the art
Of the grey pilot could no aid impart—
Then, wisely, with the elemental strife
My luckless friend compounded for his life;
Fear'd not his treasures to the deep to give,
But thank'd the loss that suffer'd him to live.
So the sage beaver to his native flood
Close by the hunter's rapid throng pursued,
Bites off, and leaves the medicinal prey,
And flies the clam'rous peril of the day.
"Cast overboard my all," Catullus cried—
His choicest robes, in Tyrian purple dy'd,
Such as the soft Mæcenas' self might wear,
He bade them all the common ruin share:

E'en those, whose bloom no feeble arts infuse,
Colour'd more bright by nature's living hues;
Spun from the wool that airy breezes yield,
And genial fountains in the Bætic field.

Nor did my friend, with unavailing care,
The curious labours of the sculptor spare;
The dish in silver wrought, the full-siz'd bowl,
Fit for the wife of Fuscus, thirsty soul!
Fit for a Centaur, at one draught to drain—
These my Catullus cast into the main,
With plates, and British baskets, and a store
Of precious cups, high-chas'd in golden ore,
Cups that adorn'd the crafty Philip's state,
And bought his entrance at th' Olynthian gate.

Who else in the corrupted world so bold
To save his life would sacrifice his gold?
Our's is an age of Trade, when Av'rice rules,
And all mankind are mercenary fools;
Feel but one care, pursue but one employ,
To hoard that wealth they tremble to enjoy.

Of her whole cargo now the ship is eas'd,
But still the roaring winds are unappeas'd;
And, forc'd to cut their reeling main-mast down,
All to the mercy of the tempest thrown,

In a bare hulk, "alas, poor souls!" they wait
The harrowing crisis of remorseless fate.
Go, thou vile slave of avaricious gain,
Climb thy frail bark, and tempt the boist'rous main;
Trust to a little plank 'twixt death and thee,
And by four inches 'scape eternity.
Well for thy voyage be the vessel stor'd,
Take plenteous meat, and jolly wine on board;
But still forget not that thy shatter'd mast
May want the hatchet in the stormy blast.
But when the winds were silent, and the sea
Lay, as asleep, in smooth tranquillity;
When now the sailor, rescued from the wave,
No longer shudder'd at a wat'ry grave;
When the kind Fates the lab'ring vessel sped,
And wove with cheerful hand a whiter thread;
Upon the ocean blew a gentle gale,
And swell'd the gown, extended for a sail;
Her foresprit only left, the leeky bark
Saw the glad sun illume the welkin dark;
With renovated hope, o'ercoming fear,
Saw the green coast of Italy appear;
And the lov'd hills, to which Iulus bore
The seat of empire from Lavinium's shore;

Hills that receiv'd an everlasting name
From the white sow the Mantuan gave to fame.
The port at length our weary sailors gain,
Where a new Pharos lights the Tuscan main;
Enter the moles, (that, running out so wide,
Clasp in their giant arms the billowy tide,
That leave, afar diminishing, the land,
More wondrous than the works of Nature's hand)
And moor their shatter'd bark, where safely stray
The Baian wherries o'er the quiet bay.
Now to the pitying gods they haste to bear
The grateful off'ring of their votive hair;
Tread the dear soil again with joyous glee,
And love to tell the dangers of the sea.
Go then, my boys, with holy, silent dread,
And o'er the shrine your leafy chaplets spread;
Let the soft pyres with od'rous smoke be crown'd,
Sprinkle the meal, and deck the turf around.
I soon will follow to the temple door;
And, when the public sacrifice is o'er,
Kneel, with warm thanks, those household pow'rs before,
Whose waxen forms my modest roof defend,
And wear fresh garlands for my rescued friend.

My guardian Jove, and dear paternal pow'rs,
I'll sooth with frankincense and fragrant flow'rs,
And all the colours of the violet strew;
While the bright skies put on their loveliest blue,
While o'er my gate looks green the festive bay,
And morning lamps do honour to the day.
Nor let suspicion wrong my glowing zeal;
He, for whose safe return this joy I feel,
For whom this pomp of sacrifice prepare,
Has three sweet sons, nor can I be his heir.
Tell me, who else for such a fruitless friend
Would e'en one miserable hen expend?
A hen! too costly—not a quail would fall
For him whose children will possess his all.
Does rich Gallita burn with fev'rish heat?
Does childless Paccius dangerously sweat?
See ev'ry porch of ev'ry temple bear
The ritual tablet of inscriptive pray'r.
More ardent some the vows of princes pay,
And promise a whole hecatomb to slay.
'Tis well they cannot in our Latian sky
An elephant's majestic off'ring buy:
Though from afar, from Afric's thirsty sand
Transported now at Cæsar's high command,

Never to serve a private master bred,
The royal beasts in Tuscan woods are fed:
Beasts, whose more honour'd ancestors of yore
Fierce Hannibal and warlike Pyrrhus bore;
Or by our own brave heroes forc'd to yield,
Stalk'd with their peopled turrets to the field.
'Tis not that parasites the spirit want
To sacrifice the lordly elephant;
They want the pow'r; or, to the household god
That watches o'er Gallita's proud abode,
By Novius' hand would fall the mighty beast,
Worthy of such a god, and such a priest.
Still more Pacuvius for his friend would vow;
Nay, did our laws the dreadful rite allow,
Select the fairest of his vassal train,
Crown them with flow'rs, and lead them to be slain.
And if some lovely Iphigene were his,
In beauty's prime, and ripe for wedded bliss,
Her to the altar's horns the wretch would bind,
Though he could hope no substituted hind.
I praise my countryman—too prudent he
To lose his child for the community—
The Grecian chieftain's was a public end,
The Roman slays his daughter for his friend.

What are a thousand vessels to a will!
Yes, ev'ry blank Pacuvius' name shall fill;
His rescued lord, for love so nobly tried,
Shall set each former testament aside,
And, caught within one fortune-hunter's net,
All his outdone competitors forget.
Rejoice, Pacuvius! see what blessings spring
From the bright pattern of Mycenæ's king!
The life of Nestor be thy happy lot,
The gold that Nero by his rapine got,
The hills of gold—and then, thou wealthy lord,
Hate all mankind, and be by all abhorr'd.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XIII.

ARGUMENT.

It is not my purpose to analize the contents of this satire with the accuracy Creech has chosen to bestow upon the argument prefixed to his translation. That which follows is, as I have specified in my preface, by a friend of mine; who, and the translator of the eighth satire, are the only literary assistants I have met with in my undertaking. If I am not mistaken however, their aid will be thought very important. The terrors of a guilty conscience are here nobly described. The business of the poem is briefly this—that a crime is its own punishment. Juvenal reproves his friend Calvinus for too violently lamenting the loss of a moderate sum of money, occasioned by a breach of trust in an acquaintance. He foretels the continued treachery of this person; and the end of his career in jail or banishment. There are passages here as successful in point of language as can be found in any Latin author; and more sublime in thought than all the ancient poets collected can produce. The cause of this unusual elevation of sentiment I have already endeavoured to explain.

SATIRE XIII.

Each guilty deed, with grievous fears beset,
Stamps on the breast indelible regret;
Avenging conscience first the sword shall draw,
And self-conviction baffle quibbling law.
Nor arts, nor bribes, their sure decrees can turn;
Though faithless Prætors sift the venal urn.
What thinks Calvinus is the gen'ral sense
Of this late fraud upon his confidence?
And yet, too rich for such a loss to fail,
No total ruin does my friend bewail;
Nor rare the mischief, but to thousands sent,
With heavier cause to murmur and lament.
Such cheats are hackney'd in the public eye,
Stale tricks of Chance, that pass unheeded by.
Hush we these long-drawn sobs, this girlish whine,
And scorn to wince at shallow wounds like thine!
But thy rebellious passions idly wage
A war of anguish, and delicious rage;

Nor strive with manly patience to sustain
The slightest particle of trivial pain.
What cause for wonder if, with dauntless brow,
The sacred loan yon traitor disavow?
Starts he at this, who, numb'ring consuls o'er,
Has left behind him sixty years or more?
Say, hast thou nought imbib'd, no maxims sage,
From the long use of profitable age?
Wisdom, whose precepts fortitude inspire,
Inform the breast, and warm with holy fire,
Wisdom alone victorious arms can wield,
And drive capricious Fortune from the field.
Nor those unblest, though strangers to the schools,
With plain good sense their substitute for rules,
Who taught by life, by long experience broke,
Bear their hard load, nor toss the galling yoke.

What day so holy, but a thief is found,
Perfidious fraud, and sacrilege abound,
But thirst of gold new whets the ruffian's knife,
And secret poison saps the strength of life?
Few as the Theban portals are the good,
Few as the mouths of Nile's benignant flood.
An age rolls on, more black than iron times,
An age so steep'd in sin, so clogg'd with crimes,

That very Nature, jealous of her fame,
Refus'd to stamp it with a metal's name.
" O faith of men and gods," we bawl aloud—
Such cries as issue from the famish'd crowd,
Who, when Fæsidius pleads, around him prowl,
And earn with noisy praise the paltry dole.
Say, baby dotard, ignorant and old,
Whose breast is worthy of the boyish gold,
Know'st not what charms a neighbour's wealth displays,
How laughs the mob in these degen'rate days,
Of all the sons of Rome when only you
Require an oath (prepost'rous!) to be true,
And bid us fancy from our rites divine
That any godhead fills the glowing shrine.
So thriv'd our ancestors, a goodly band,
Sprung from the soil, first tenants of the land;
Ere exil'd Saturn bow'd his royal head,
And ply'd the sickle for precarious bread.
When little Juno was a lisping maid,
And urchin Jove still lurk'd in Ida's shade.
No banquets then above the clouds were plac'd,
No Trojan boy the mantling goblet grac'd;
No dimpled Hebe, great Alcides' bride,
Delicious nectar with a smile supply'd;

Nor Vulcan, first to drain the copious bowl,
Wip'd his rough arms, engrain'd in Ætna's coal.
But ev'ry god (nor yet such crowds were there)
Apart regal'd on solitary fare;
And stars, with few divinities content,
An easier load, laborious Atlas bent.
Nor yet (the grand partition treaty sign'd)
One brother lorded it o'er wave and wind;
Nor grizly Pluto bore with hellish pow'r
Through yawning earth Sicilia's fairest flow'r.
No wheel, no stone, no fury's hissing head,
No vulture scar'd the unmolested dead;
Nor did free ghosts a sad obeisance pay
To the dark tyrants' subterraneous sway.

On earth, pure morals took the place of law,
A crime the greatest wonder that they saw.
'Twas a foul sin, and doom'd to deadly rage,
If youth arose not at th' approach of age;
If boys to bearded men their seat denied,
Though drunk with plenty, flush'd with rustic pride,
At home they saw more clust'ring berries swell,
And countless acorns of the largest shell.
Four years' precedence was so high rever'd;
Nor less the glories of the dawning beard.

Now, if a friend deny not what he owes,
If voluntary payment he propose,
Restore the whole depositary trust,
The ancient bag with ev'ry speck of rust—
Egregious virtue! stamp the Tuscan wax,
And add a wonder to the almanacks;
Crown the white lamb, and make the city clean,
In which such fearful prodigies are seen.
Here, if one just, one holy man be found,
"A present miracle!" we shout around—
Not more dismay'd should monstrous forms appear,
And earth-born fish arrest the ploughing steer:
Should pregnant mules affright the gaping street,
Or stones loud rattle in the angry sleet;
Or swarming bees, portending ills to Rome,
Hang clust'ring from a consecrated dome;
Or milky torrents, deluging the plain
With whirlpools strange, impetuous seek the main.
Whence these sad tears, these pitiable sounds?
'Tis but a petty theft of eighty pounds!
Another loses full two hundred more—
A third yet double from his secret store—
The private trust of much superfluous gold,
A sum no corner in his chest could hold.

So prompt is man, if screen'd from mortal eyes,
The conscious gods, unblushing, to despise.
How fierce, how loud the sturdy thief declaims!
How sanctified the countenance he frames!
By Sol's bright rays, by thund'ring Jove's alarms,
The lance of Mars, the Delphic prophet's arms,
The bow and quiver of the huntress maid,
He resolutely swears the debt is paid:
Attests the trident that o'erawes the seas;
Minerva's spear; thy arrows, Hercules;
Whatever engines or of death or pain
The vast ethereal armouries contain.
Or if a father he—to feeling dead,
"I've sworn," he cries; "devote my darling's head;
"Swift be the scalp immers'd in Pharian brine,
"My truth disprov'd, the dire repast be mine."
There lives a godless, unbelieving tribe,
Who to loose chance the Universe ascribe;
And, while progressive Nature's wondrous sway
Rules the divided year, and changes night to day,
Imagine that the worlds, around them roll'd,
By no Almighty Ruler are controll'd.
Undaunted, therefore, to the shrine they fly,
Nor dread that Pow'r, whose being they deny.

Another quakes lest vengeance should ensue,
Thinks that the whole Mythology is true;
But still swears false, and with his gold content,
Buries his fears in flatt'ring argument.
"Let wrathful Isis wreak her utmost spite,
And seal these eyes in everlasting night,
Whilst blind, I still may finger o'er my gain,
And the lov'd fruits of perjury retain.
Can slow disease, shrunk shanks, or putrid sore,
Pain the blest master of the glitt'ring ore?
Should beggar Ladas for an instant doubt
To barter swiftness for the wealthy gout,
Call in Archigenes—alas! 'tis plain
He needs a purge to cool his fev'rish brain.
For what can fam'd velocity afford,
Can Pisa's olive spread the plenteous board?
Vain starv'ling branch—since hungry champions pine,
And the proud victor knows not where to dine.
If sure, yet slow, Jove's retributions fall;
And, since such guilt must be chastis'd in all,
When shall my back the weary lash receive?
Or what if Heav'n should pity and forgive?
In life's full calendar we oft may find
Far diff'rent dooms to equal guilt assign'd;

Since, as the destinies or smile, or frown,
One wears the halter, one th' imperial crown."
Thus impious Reason plays the bawd to sin,
Strengthens the coward soul, and drowns the voice within.
Speed to the shrine, and summon him to swear,
Outstripping you, the wretch stands foremost there;
Courts the dread ordeal, chides your loit'ring pace,
Prepar'd to goad and drag you to the place.
For desp'rate boldness is the rogue's defence,
And sways the court like honest confidence.
Born to deceive, and fashion'd for disguise,
The perfect actor mocks discerning eyes.
Such shrewd Catullus to the public gave
His raving lord, and renegado slave.
Your wretched cries, like Stentor's voice, resound;
You, loud as Mars, deep-bellowing from his wound,
Exclaim, "O Jove! and dost thou hear alone,
"When brass might speak, and murmurs burst from stone?
"Why then, wide scatter'd from the loosen'd scroll,
"Does pious incense feed thy blazing coal?
"Why bleed our fatlings, hack'd in pieces small,
"Why yields the pig his white, delicious caul?
"Since slight or none the difference I see
"Between Bathyllus' marble block and thee."

But come, my friend, more patiently receive
That consolation common sense may give;
Not drawn from Cynic nor from Stoic lore,
(Grave Sects that differ'd—in the robes they wore)
Nor taught by him, who till'd his plot of ground,
And life's chief pleasure in a garden found.
Let desp'rate Patients, heedless of the fee,
Consult with doctors of assur'd degree;
For you the quack's apprentice shall suffice,
And seal your cure with wholesome, cheap advice.
If, through the world, no equal crime you show,
Assault your cheeks, strike home the vengeful blow.
Sunk by this loss your gloomy portals close,
Let joyless solitude attest your woes;
And louder sobs, and hoarser tumults spread
For ravish'd pence, than friends or kinsmen dead.
No mourners here the splendid garment spare,
Content with cautious hand the hem to tear;
No feign'd affliction here, no hireling sighs,
No niggard moisture squeez'd from mimic eyes;
The loss of money, genuine loss alone,
Extorts the deep and unaffected groan.
But if ten thousand perjuries be found,
If all our courts with equal plaints resound,

If rogues deny their bond (though ten times o'er
Perus'd by careful witnesses before)
Whose well-known hand proclaims the glaring lie,
Whose master signet proves the perjury—
Minion of Fortune, thou forsooth must find
Some spot above the level of mankind;
Thou, the blest offspring of a snow-white hen,
We a vile brood of miserable men.

Nor these the times to rave at petty fraud,
When giant Guilt, unfetter'd, stalks abroad.
Mark the dread ruffian, who for cursed hire
Lays the dark train, and spreads the sudden fire;
Mark those who, bold in sacrilegious lust,
Profane the goblet's venerable rust;
Bear off the antique temple's massive plate,
Gift of some hoary king, or friendly state:
No precious relic there? the meaner thief
Scrapes from Alcides' thigh the golden leaf,
Peels Neptune's cheek, and Castor's burnish'd skin—
What should HE not? who, plung'd in deeper sin,
Insatiate, more than once, without demur,
Has melted down a whole length Thunderer.
Mark those who poison sell, mark those who buy;
And him, with whom a guiltless ape must die,

Condemn'd to sink beneath the foaming tide,
Alive imprison'd in a noisome hide.
Yet these how scant a portion of the crew,
Whom Justice and her myrmidons pursue!
What crimes from morn till eve, from year to year,
The sad recorder, Gallicus, must hear.
That single court, if doubts perplex your mind,
Enough depicts the morals of mankind:
Though brief your stay and observation there,
From that foul sink emerging into air,
Pronounce yourself unhappy, if you dare.

What mountaineer, mid Alpine horrors bred,
Surveys the neck's excrescences with dread?
Or who in Meroe shudders at a breast
Large as an infant to the nipple prest?
Say, do we gaze on Germans with surprize,
Their sandy ringlets, and their azure eyes,
Where Nature thus adorns the meanest boor,
And moulds alike each barbarous contour?
The skies grow dark with clouds of Thracian birds;
Swift on his thigh the pigmy warrior girds
His puny sword, and dares th' unequal fight:
Disarm'd, and vanquish'd by superior might,

The struggling captive, ravish'd from the plain,
Is borne a victim by the ruthless crane.
Should martial Rome present so strange a sight,
Our citizens would laugh—and well they might:
But here no dwarf derides the dang'rous fray,
Where twelve-inch heroes skirmish ev'ry day.
Shall then no punishment arrest deceit?
No vengeance light on this convicted cheat?
Suppose the wretch, in pond'rous fetters bound,
At our high will or crucified or drown'd;
What would resentment more? The loss remains,
And no severity your gold regains.
" Yet from his headless carcase could I wring
" One drop of hateful blood—how solacing!
" One little drop to glut my thirsty knife—
" Oh sweet revenge! more precious far than life."
Thus argue fools, unable to forbear,
And fir'd to rage by trifles light as air.
Not so Chrysippus; nor thy gentle mind,
Benignant Thales, friend of human kind!
Not so that heav'nly sage, forgiving still,
The good old man of sweet Hymettus' hill—
In a dark jail the chilly bowl he quaff'd,
Nor wish'd his Murd'rer to partake the draught.

Thus by degrees can Wisdom's blest controul
Banish all vice, all error from the soul.
Vindictive deeds no pleasure can impart
But to the narrow and unmanly heart.
Collect this truth from one immediate test—
What barbarous vengeance like a Woman's breast?
Yet can we deem those traitors free from pain
Who the quick sense of villainy retain?
Whom secret scorpions to confession urge,
While tort'ring Conscience shakes her bloody scourge?
To them belongs more dreadful punishment
Than laws can execute, or judge invent;
By day, by night, condemn'd to bear within
The sleepless witness of their burning sin.
The Pythian priestess to a Spartan sung,
While indignation rais'd her awful tongue,
" The time will come when e'en thy thoughts unjust,
" Thy hesitation to restore the trust,
" Thy purpos'd fraud shall make atonement due—
" Apollo speaks it, and his voice is true."
Scar'd at this warning, he who sought to try
If haply Heav'n might wink at perjury,
Alive to fear, though still to virtue dead,
Gave back the treasure to preserve his head.

Vain hope, by reparation now too late
To loose the bands of adamantine Fate!
By swift destruction seiz'd, the caitiff dies,
Swept from the earth—nor he sole sacrifice—
One gen'ral doom o'erwhelms his cursed line,
And verifies the judgment of the shrine.
Not acts alone to punishment are brought,
Avenging wrath arrests the guilty thought;
And he, who meditates a crime within,
Incurs the penalty of practis'd sin.
What then the profits of successful vice,
The glad result, the stimulating price?
Eternal pain, remorse, solicitude,
No healthful gust, no appetite for food;
The palate dry, as parch'd by fev'rish heat,
Denies a passage to disgusting meat,
Which, clinging to the teeth, is mumbled o'er,
And there increasing, but disgusts the more.
Wine has no joys for him, 'tis nauseous all,
The rich Falernian changes into gall;
The mellow Alban still is harsh and rough—
Bring older yet—" unpalatable stuff!"
Celestial nectar scarce would please him now,
While Spleen sits frowning on his wrinkled brow.

At night, should care permit the wretch to doze,
And his toss'd limbs enjoy a short repose,
Sudden the violated fane appears,
And you, chief phantom of his nightly fears—
Your frowns terrific, and reproachful eyes,
Your shadowy form of more than mortal size,
Make the big drops from all his body start,
And wring confession from his lab'ring heart.
These are the souls who shrink with pale affright
When harmless lightnings purge the sultry night;
Who faint, when hollow rumblings from afar
Foretel the wrath of elemental war;
Nor deem it chance nor wind that caus'd the din,
But Jove himself in arms to punish sin.
That bolt was innocent—that storm is pass'd—
More loud, more fatal, each succeeding blast—
Deceitful calms but nurse combustion dire,
And tranquil skies are fraught with embryo fire.
Should rank disease invade yon panting crew,
Should fev'rish pleurisy their lungs subdue—
'Tis plain, the hostile gods inflict the blow,
These are their jav'lins, these the stones they throw.
Nor dares the sinner in that trying hour
Devote due victims to his guardian pow'r;

In vain for him the bleating lamb would fall,
Nor crested cock his dreadful doom recall;
Say, to what hope his suff'ring soul shall flee,
Or where's the victim worthier death than he?
A villain's nature, like the shifting sand,
Admits no settled principles to stand;
Constant and firm, he joys in actual sin—
That o'er, his qualms and penitence begin.
The crime committed, first he feels a sense
Of right and wrong—of dang'rous consequence;
But still his damned thoughts are hurried back
To their old guilt, habitually black.
Vice, once indulg'd, what rogue could e'er restrain?
Or what bronz'd cheek has learnt to blush again?
What man, contented with a single cheat,
Shall fail the darling practice to repeat?
Our traitor too shall walk his guilty way,
Till the black jail ensnares its destin'd prey;
Or till the wretch, expell'd his parent state,
In their sad island joins the banish'd great.
Then shall your heart exult, that black'ning shame
Stamps its worst horrors on his odious name;
Then shall my grateful friend confess with me
That gods have ears and hear, have eyes and see.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XIV.

ARGUMENT.

The bad example which parents set their children is now too reasonably made the subject of our author's satire. Gaming, intemperance, and cruelty, and lust; prodigality, and avarice; with the dreadful means of gratifying avarice, poisoning and assassination; are here exposed to all the severity, and to all the justice of his reprehension. The lamentable influence of family precedent is remarked in each instance. This is one of the most moral of Juvenal's compositions. It would have afforded Pope a good model for imitation; as he might here have largely introduced his favourite couplets of maxims, upon a subject worthy of his strongest and most pointed language.—Dryden has given his son John some excellent lines in the translation of this poem; and we have to regret that he did not take the pains to translate it entirely and accurately himself.

SATIRE XIV.

The path, Fuscinus, of perpetual shame,
Clouding the brightness of the noblest name,
The child oft follows, by the parent shown,
And makes hereditary guilt his own.
When gambling play delights the vicious old,
The mimic young their little dice-box hold—
Nor shall that boy to virtuous deeds aspire,
Who cooks rich dinners for his glutton sire;
Taught by the hoary epicure to part
The truffle from its coat with nicest art;
And drown the beccafico in a tide
Of smoking sauce, while mushrooms float beside.
Now, ere he gains his eighth completed year,
Ere all his new, renascent teeth appear,
Though greybeard tribes around the stripling preach,
And "moderation" be the whole they teach,
Think ye his maw will heed the prosing strain,
Or yearn the less for turtle and champaine?

No! while he lives luxuriously he'll dine,
Nor let the kitchen of his youth decline.
A gentle mind, that leans to mercy still,
Forgives the action, and regards the will;
Thinks that our servants have a soul as good,
As great as ours, and the same flesh and blood—
Are these the doctrines Rutilus imparts
To his apt sons? or does he steel their hearts?
Yes, yes, he does—to him the savage noise
Of the loud lash excels a Siren's voice—
With Cyclops look behold the tyrant roam,
The Polyphemus of his trembling home.
Oh! he is blest, when burning iron now
Brands the detected thief's unhappy brow;
The venial thief who two poor napkins stole,
His howling cries enchant the monster's soul.
Pleas'd with the griding chain's infernal sound,
Pleas'd with the sight of Bridewell's mournful round,
A heart of stone, with no relenting ruth,
What will he teach the docile mind of youth?
Can Larga's child be other than a whore,
Who cannot count her dam's adult'rers o'er,
Count she as quick as thought, unless she groan
Full thirty times, before her task be done?

The virgin saw the matron's joys, and caught
The sure infection of each kindred fault.
Now, with a rival lust, she learns to write
What the old strumpet fears not to indite;
To the young swain her little soul unbends,
And by her mother's pimp the billet sends.
So Nature rules, and vices quicker come,
When foul corruption first begins at home.
Our parents' crimes with rev'rent eyes we see,
And shelter sin behind authority.
Some nobler youths the base example scorn,
Some few, beneath a glorious planet born,
Form'd of a purer clay, and largely blest
With all the Godhead glowing in their breast.
But the vile mob, by guilty sires misled,
In the same path with grov'ling meanness tread.
Fly then from deeds thy secret thoughts condemn,
Lest thy sons witness, and thou ruin them.
With greedy eyes they'll suck the poison in,
For Nature copies with success from Sin,
While Virtue's image fails, and, though the earth
Give to a thousand traitors daily birth,
Though many a Catiline alive remain,
Brutus and Cato ne'er shall rise again!

Let nothing lewd be said, no vice appear
Within this threshold, for a boy is here.
The greatest rev'rence to a boy is due—
Shrink, guilty father, from his conscious view,
Scorn not his tender years, but, shudd'ring, fly
The black pollution, for your child is nigh.
Oh! if hereafter that unlucky child
Offend the censor with his courses wild,
(And he'll be like thee not in face alone,
But in his morals too thy very son)
If from the thorns of Virtue's rugged way,
As thou didst once, the stripling runs astray,
Thou'lt chide, forsooth, his prodigal career,
And leave a shilling to thy graceless heir!
How canst thou dare a father's freedom use,
And with loud rage his wanton prime abuse,
While on thy years still fouler blots are seen,
And the dry wood's more rotten than the green;
While, yet unpurg'd of youth's phrenetic fires,
Thy brainless scull the cupping-glass requires?
Vain, idle, fool! when you invite a guest,
You bid your slaves make ready for the feast—
" Sweep the bright pavement, let the pillars shine,
" Brush the old spider down, with all his line;

" Clean thou the rough, and thou the polish'd bowls—"
Thus thy stern voice the lab'ring throng controuls,
And the rais'd whip affrights their slavish souls.
Wretch! dost thou tremble lest thy door offend
With some chance ordure an approaching friend,
Lest muddy spots thy portico distain,
Spots, that a little sand wipes out again,
Does this engross thy mind, and not to place
Before the sight of thy regardful race
A sacred home, from vile contagion free,
The seat of Heav'n's transmitted purity?
Thy grateful land shall say 'tis nobly done,
If thou bring'st up to public use thy son;
Fit for the various tasks allotted men,
A warlike chief, a prudent citizen.
'Twill all depend upon thy forming care;
Just as the shoots are prun'd, the tree will bear.
The stork hunts serpents for his callow young,
And lizards found the devious fields among:
The tutor'd birds, when now they trust the sky,
In search of serpents and of lizards fly.
The vulture, hov'ring o'er the well-fought plain,
Feasts on the bodies of the mangled slain;
Or from the cross the felon's carcase tears,
And with her brood the gory relic shares:

Her brood hence learn to banquet on the dead,
In their own nest upon the pine-tree's head.
But Jove's proud minister, the eagle, preys
On the swift fawn that through the valley strays;
And the bold eaglet from his native rock
Descends, impetuous, on the scatter'd flock;
Lur'd by the taste remember'd, and the smell,
When first he issued from his parent shell.
Centronius lov'd new villas to erect,
Stung with the fury of an architect;
Now on Caieta's winding coast, and now
On Tibur's upland, or Prænestes' brow:
From distant Greece, from many a distant shore,
Brought sumptuous marble to his country o'er,
And higher rais'd his house than the abodes
Of Fortune, Hercules, of all the gods;
Just as Posides once, that eunuch fool,
Uprear'd his roof above the Capitol.
While thus Centronius only deign'd to dwell
In princely domes, his waning fortune fell;
And yet he left his son enough behind,
Had he been blest with a contented mind;
But he too revell'd in destructive waste,
And built new villas in still richer taste.

There are, from those fanatic parents born,
Who hail with joy their Sabbath's holy morn,
To no divine resemblance breathe the pray'r,
And worship only clouds, and unsubstantial air.
These, like their sires, abhor the swinish meat,
Deem it accurst as human flesh to eat;
In their old rites of circumcision blind,
Regard Rome's edicts with contemptuous mind;
But all that Moses' hidden archives show,
Store in their hearts, and practically know.
This selfish, mean, uncharitable crew,
Can feel no love for any but a Jew;
Guide not an alien on his way, nor bring
A thirsty stranger to the wish'd-for spring—
Their fathers are in fault, who vainly pray,
And blot from life each precious seventh day.
Youth too is taught that avarice it hates—
All other sins it freely imitates;
But Vice the look of Virtue can assume,
Wear a stern brow, and lurk beneath the gloom;
In saintly guise her native foulness hide,
And mock detection with a grave outside.
The miser gains the frugal man's reward,
Prais'd for his growing fortune's prudent guard;

A guard more certain than the Pontic brute,
Or that which watch'd the fam'd Hesperian fruit.
The people view him with respectful eyes,
And bow more humbly, as his treasures rise;
In him an artist of estates they see,
Who hews out wealth, and fashions property;
Works at his forge, by day, by night the same,
Ne'er mute the anvil, never cool the flame.

This is the man who seems supremely blest,
And fills with envy ev'ry father's breast—
"O copy him, my sons!" the dotards cry,
"The poor in lonely sorrow live and die;
"Walk in his path, his sect to all prefer,
"He is the first, the sole philosopher."
But meanness has its rules—in these the sire
First dips his boys, to use them to the mire;
The lowest depth, swift-sinking, they attain,
And learn th' insatiable love of gain.
They see the servants miserably fed,
And e'en the hunks himself in want of bread;
See the stale fragments never wholly ate,
And yesterday's vile hash returning yet;
Returning on the hot September's day,
To stink all guests (if guests there were) away;

See the half chad, or some cheap summer fish,
Kept with its beans to form a future dish;
And leeks, of which he numbers ev'ry shred,
Cramm'd in a jar, his seal upon its head.
A scrap like this the beggar would not taste,
Nor leave his offals for a worse repast.
But what avail possessions thus obtain'd,
Unmeasur'd wealth by equal torments gain'd?
Stark, staring mad, and past all cure is he,
Who to die rich, lives sunk in misery.
The love of gold increases with the store,
And still the more we get, we wish the more.
While to the poor the gods contentment grant,
And still the less they have, the less they want.
Vain wretch! another villa must you buy,
Extended wider must your manor lie;
Fair are your neighbour's lands, his olives too,
And mountain shrubs allure your envious view—
But if their master, by no bargain won,
Still choose to keep his fruitful fields his own,
If at no price they can be your's, you then
Slip your lean cattle from their nightly pen,
And send the hungry herd by stealth to feed
On the rich herbage of his tempting mead;

Or to lay waste his growing corn, nor leave
The golden promise of a single sheave,
But make the sole remaining stubble look
As if just shorten'd by the reaper's hook.
'Twere hard to tell how many farmers fail
By wrongs like these, and set their lands to sale.
But how meanwhile will your insulted name
Brave the resounding blast of angry fame?
" No grief to me such idle censures cause,
" No pleasure springs from popular applause;
" Better with wealth to live the public hate,
" Than starve with honour on a mean estate."
Yes, thou shalt live, from hurtful time secure,
Strong be thy limbs, and still thy youth endure;
Nor pain nor care shall touch thy happy soul,
But each unclouded year shall lightly roll
O'er the rich lord of cultivated plains,
Large as his infant country's whole domains!
In that rude time, the soldier worn with age,
And Punic spears, and Pyrrhus' hostile rage,
Receiv'd at last, for all his bloody toil,
Scarce two poor acres of the parent soil:
Nor unrewarded did he think his scars,
Or Rome forgetful of her hero's wars;

But dwelt contented in the narrow spot,
With the dear tenants of his straw-roof'd cot;
His pregnant wife within, and playful round
Four smiling infants on the verdant ground,
Three little masters, and their slave beside,
All blest alike, and undisturb'd by pride.
While for their brothers, lab'ring in the farm,
Plac'd on the fire was seen the pottage warm,
A larger mess than their's, when ev'ning's shade
Call'd the stout rustics from the woodland glade;
Whose poor allotment would but ill afford
One kitchen garden to a modern lord.
No fury of the will, no black desire,
More freely works with poison, sword, and fire;
No fiercer crime, of all by Heav'n accurst,
Than fatal wealth's ungovernable thirst.
Who sighs for riches, soon to gain them sighs,
And scorns the weak restraint of legal ties;
Nor fear, nor shame, the miser's course delay,
Guilt has no check when av'rice leads the way.
"Oh! never wander from your native hill,
"And love, my sons, your father's cottage still;"
(Such was the Marsic hind's accustom'd speech,
So did the Latian swain his children teach)

" Here let us labour, and this fruitful field
" Enough to grace our humble board shall yield;
" The rural gods shall bless our little store,
" They gave to man the yellow corn of yore;
" They help his toils, and bid now contemn
" His acorn banquet, taught to reap by them.
" No guilty wish the simple ploughman knows,
" High-booted tramping through his country snows;
" Clad in his shaggy cloak against the wind,
" Rough his attire, and undebauch'd his mind;
" The foreign purple, better still unknown,
" Makes all the sins of all the world our own."
So spoke the Vet'ran to his hardy son—
But now, when autumn's warmer course is run,
In the mid rigours of the wintry night,
The father bids his boy arise and write.
" Write to gain riches, write with prudent view,
" And con the law's red letters through and through;
" Or, the centurion's envied post to fill,
" Show in a book your military skill.
" Assume, besides, a coarse unpolish'd air,
" And let the chief admire your load of hair,
" And see the promise of a soldier there.
" Haste, and destroy the straggling Moorish pow'rs,
" Victorious march to Britain's northern tow'rs;

" That, when your sixtieth summer now is past,
" The standard's lucre may be your's at last!
" But, if the labours of the field you fear,
" And the loud clarion chills your dastard ear,
" Then buy at half the price you sell again,
" Nor any dirty merchandize disdain.
" No! though compell'd beyond the Tiber's flood
" To move your tanyard, swear the smell is good,
" Myrrh, cassia, frankincense, and wisely think
" That what is lucrative can never stink.
" Be this old maxim always in your mind,
" A maxim surely by the gods design'd,
" None e'er will ask thee whence thy wealth began,
" But wealth is indispensable to man."

The boys this lesson by their nurse are set,
This the girls learn before their alphabet.
Oh! could I wake a sense of his disgrace
In one such teacher of his rising race—
Why hasten thus, fond fool, the growth of vice?
Why force the fruit of rip'ning avarice?
Wait—by this stripling thou shalt be outdone,
As Peleus yielded to his heav'n-born son,
As mighty Ajax conquer'd Telamon.
Yet spare his youth; nor in these early times
Hope for a full maturity of crimes.

Stay, till his sounding beard the razor tries,
And then you'll wonder at his perjuries!
Yes, for a trifling bribe he'll then be sold,
And, as he swears, the shrine of Ceres hold,
With arm unshaken, and with aspect bold.
A fatal dowry has his new-made wife?
Soon shall she leave the cheerful realms of life;
Soft as she sleeps, beneath his strangling hand,
Soon leave her treasures to his sole command.
Wealth, that you sought o'er many a land and sea,
He gains at once by desp'rate villainy.
" Wretch that he is!" astonish'd will you cry,
" Were these my doctrines? did I teach him, I?"
You were the source and origin of ill—
For, to inspire an avaricious will,
With base advice to poison youthful hearts,
And teach them sordid, money-getting, arts,
Is to release the horses from the rein,
And let them whirl the chariot o'er the plain;
Forward they gallop from the less'ning goal,
Deaf to the voice of impotent controul.
None rest content with a permitted sin;
Your sons enlarge the license you begin.
Tell them 'tis wild extravagance to give,
Poor friends, poor kinsmen, folly to relieve—

And they'll be taught by plunder, fraud, and stealth,
By ev'ry crime, to gain increase of wealth:
Wealth, dear to you, as was their native land
To the brave Decii, patriotic band!
Or to that chief, as Grecian stories go,
Who died to save his country from the foe;
His much-lov'd country, in whose ancient fields
Sprang up the troops with wondrous spears and shields,
Born from the Dragon's teeth, and rush'd to war,
As if the ready trumpet struck their ear.
Therefore the fire, whose spark yourself supply'd,
Shall hurl its conflagration far and wide;
Nor shall you 'scape, but, like the keeper, die
Beneath your tutor'd lion's savage cry.
"Aye—but my Scheme foretels a length of days—"
Rare is the son who for his fortune stays
Till ling'ring years have wasted out their thread,
And the old stag lies down among the dead.
Send for some dose to render poison vain,
If you would taste the mellow fig again,
Or pluck the roses of another spring,
Send for the med'cine of the Pontic king;
Such as a king, a father should prepare,
And drink before he banquets with his heir.

Ye, whom the Prætor's festive shows engage,
Ye, who are led to the delightful stage,
Behold the miser's bed of thorns with me,
And laugh at his more pleasant comedy.
Mark how he views, with sleepless fears opprest,
The growing treasures of his brazen chest;
Shudders at thieves, and now, since Mars is shown
Unsafe, nor equal to protect his own,
Since the avenger's helm was lost, relies
On guardian Castor's ever-wakeful eyes.
Oh! haunt not Flora's, haunt not Ceres' feasts,
Nor the wild orgies of those Phrygian priests;
To busy scenes of serious life resort,
And find in common folly nobler sport.
Why should the rope-dancer amuse us more,
Tost in his swing, and tumbling o'er and o'er,
Than you, who love on bounding waves to go,
Blown by contending tempests to and fro?
You, the vile merchant of a stinking sack,
For ever riding on old Neptune's back,
Bringing from ancient Crete delicious wine,
In bottles, countrymen of Jove divine.
Nay—the poor rope-dancer procures his bread,
Kicking his heels, and standing on his head;

He jumps and sweats for necessary gain,
You for superfluous treasure toil in vain.
See the ports swarming with the sailor band!
The main has now more tenants than the land.
Thick rise the masts, to ev'ry country bound,
Where gold allures, where silver can be found.
Not the Carpathian, or the Lybian sea,
The daring fleet's contracted boundary;
Through Calpe's streight far onward shall she run,
And in th' Atlantic hear the hissing sun.
Oh worth your toil! for proudly shall you come,
With swelling purse, and lies unnumber'd home;
A purse too scanty to contain your gold,
And mermaid lies, too monstrous to be told.
One kind of madness is not only our's—
This, in a sister sees the snake-hair'd Pow'rs,
Flashing their dreadful torches in his eyes!
That, thinks Ulysses, Agamemnon dies,
When 'neath his arm the roaring bull expires—
'Tis phrenzy all, but fed with diff'rent fires.
And though he rave not, nor his garments tear,
Yet is he mad, and claims the keeper's care,
Who to the brim heaps up his vessel's freight,
And only by a plank escapes from fate,

While the sole cause of all his danger springs
From bits of silver stamp'd with puny kings!
Clouds gather round, and lightnings pierce the skies;
" 'Tis but a summer storm," the merchant cries,
(He who for wheat, for pepper risks his life)
" Heed not the threat'ning elemental strife,
" 'Twill pass away, and all be clear again—
" Quick slip your cables, and defy the main."
Wretch! on this night, this very night, the wave
Shall whelm thy bark, and thou scarce cheat the grave;
Bite thy lov'd purse, or grasp it in thy hand,
And swim with all a miser's strength to land:
Where thou, whose avarice so lately soar'd
Above what Tagus' yellow sands afford,
Shalt wander with a rag about thy waist,
Shrink from the cold, and beg one biscuit's taste;
" Poor, shipwreck'd sailor," tell thy tale, and show
The sign-post daubing of thy wat'ry woe.
Wealth, hardly earn'd, is kept with double pain—
How curst the guardian of a great domain!
Rich Licinus, upstarting in affright,
Rouses his troop of slaves at dead of night;
And bids them round his Phrygian columns stand,
Each with a well-fill'd bucket in his hand.

He sees ideal smoke with black'ning dye
Curl o'er his table's lofty ivory;
The couch of tortoise-shell, the amber bowl,
The marble bust, all seem in flames to roll.
Safe in his tub the naked Cynic lay,
Nor dreamt of burning in a house of clay:
E'en should it crack, another earthen bed
Could soon be made, or this repair'd with lead.
When Alexander in that tub beheld
Its great inhabitant, he felt excell'd;
He felt how far the godlike beggar's bliss,
Who wanted nothing more, transcended his,
Who sigh'd to call the conquer'd world his own,
And suffer'd toils that equall'd his renown.
No seat in heav'n, O Fortune, would be thine,
Did not man's folly make thy name divine.
But if ye seek some limit to desire,
This would I give you—clothing, food, and fire.
Enough for Epicurus' wants of yore,
Enough for modest Socrates before.
Nature and Wisdom differ but in name,
Speak with one voice, and still advise the same.
Too strict a pattern in your view I place—
Well, copy something from our modern race;

To make, what Otho's honour'd benches ask,
To make a knightly fortune be your task.
Still curls your lip in arrogant disdain?
Instead of three, six thousand pounds obtain.
If yet your boundless wishes thirst for more,
If yet you languish for an ampler store,
Nor Crœsus' wealth, nor Persia's wide controul
Would glut the craving hunger of your soul.
No, nor his heaps whom doting Claudius gave
Pow'r over all, and made himself a slave;
From whom the dictates of command he drew,
And, urg'd to slay his wife, obedient slew.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XV.

ARGUMENT.

The superstitions of Egypt, and a particular instance of savage cruelty in an Egyptian nation, form the principal subject of the following satire. This story, which relates to a fray between the inhabitants of Ombi and Tentyra, two remote towns of Upper Egypt, Juvenal heard when he was in that country; or, indeed, it may have travelled from Alexandria to Rome. It does not appear from any expression of our author that the event took place during his sojourn in Egypt; all he declares himself to have been an eye-witness to, is the general luxury of the Egyptians—

Horrida sanè
Ægyptus, sed luxuriâ, quantùm ipse notavi,
Barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo.

Of course he observed many more traits in their character; but every thing is uncertain respecting the time of Juvenal's visit to the country, and therefore we cannot fix the date of any incident by referring it to his personal observation; which, besides, we have no authority to do. He says—"the circumstances which he records happened "lately, in the consulship of Junius—"

—— nuper consule Junio
Gesta——

For surely Juvenal may be allowed to end a verse with such a license in a proper name as that of making Junio a dissyllable, if Virgil may begin a line with Fluviorum, or Vehemens. And as to the various readings of Consule Vinco, and Consule Junco, the critics, who propose them, would perhaps do well to inform us, what feasible persons of such titles as Vincus or Juncus they can foist into this passage? Two consuls, within the pale of probability, are to be found of the name of Junius. Junius Sabinus, colleague with Domitian in the year of Rome 836, and Quintus Junius Rusticus, colleague with Adrian in the year 872. If the former be fixed upon, this satire is probably one of the earliest of Juvenal's compositions (although "nuper, lately," is an ambiguous word), and he visited Egypt in his youth, as Salmasius has it, for the sake of curiosity; or, according to others, was driven into exile there by Domitian; at the beginning of whose reign he commenced poet, then in his fortieth year. If the latter Junius be here intended, this is one of the last of our author's works: and *if* we also suppose him to have gathered his information upon the spot, it sanctions the story, related in his life (written by the Pseudo-Suetonius), of his having sailed to the Nile in his old age. But where all is hypothesis, further discussion of the subject may perhaps be justly stigmatized as the stultus labor ineptiarum. Grave authorities, how-

ever defend the practice. To proceed then—whether he was "sent upon his travels" by Adrian, for a figurative allusion to the times, or by Domitian, for a positive attack upon his favourite, yet remains to be proved, as I have more fully stated in the preface. Would he not have alluded with indignation to his banishment, if he had written this satire (as some assert) in Egypt, at Syene, far from the resentment of the emperor? yet indeed it might have been even there unsafe to speak more plainly than he has spoken by his strong expressions of hatred for the Egyptians. He evidently writes of their country with spleen and detestation.—Lucian, who ridiculed the gods of Greece and Rome as much as those of Egypt, had right enough to laugh at the last as follows—"Their temples indeed are very beautiful; but if you look for the god within, behold a monkey!" But a Roman had little reason to exult in the dignity of his own adoration—

Oppida tota canem venerantur, nemo Dianam—

says our author; perhaps indeed with no great respect for the Virgin Huntress, as Mr. Gibbon (from whose transcendent talents I mean not to detract when I censure his fondness for periphrasis) would have called her; but at least preferring her to her hounds. And yet if we recollect the single story of Endymion, may not the Egyptian deity, Canis, be a fair synonime for the chaste Diana? Apis, surely, was as good a god as Jupiter, who voluntarily degraded himself into a bull; while Apis from an ox became a deity. What was Mercury but a thief? Apollo but a fiddler—

"Who, in garments fine,
"Sat all day fiddling with the Muses nine?"

And as to Venus and Mars, onions and leeks were emblems of innocence and purity, compared to that harlot and homicide. Nor are we certain that the Egyptians worshipped onions. Juvenal has asserted it, observes Voltaire, but no historian. "We "do not," he continues, "worship every thing we consecrate."

With regard to the truth of the story, which accuses the people of Tentyra (now Dendera) of cannibalism, without referring to poetical authorities, such as the brutal act of Tydeus in the Thebaid, or the horrid wish of Achilles in the Iliad, the customs of many savage nations vindicate the probable veracity of this anecdote. It may also be mentioned cursorily, that Bruce, when in Egypt, heard upon the spot a character of extreme ferociousness attached to the people of Dendera. We must not, however, affix the general name of cannibals to those who, in a moment of religious phrenzy, are guilty of one act of this nature.

The conclusion of the poem, which describes the origin of society in a noble manner, is by far its most valuable portion. We shall look in vain through the poets of antiquity for language of a better tone, or for images of superior beauty.

SATIRE XV.

All know that Egypt's frantic vows are paid
To monstrous godheads whom herself has made;
That temples here to crocodiles are rais'd,
And there the snake-fed Ibis madly prais'd.
Where broken Memnon's magic strings resound,
And ancient Thebes lies ruin'd on the ground,
With all her hundred gates in dust around,
The golden image of a monkey there
Demands mock worship, and insensate pray'r:
Fish of the sea, or of the river, here
Are by whole cities view'd with pious fear:
While others to the dog in rev'rence bow,
Though poor Diana never shares a vow.
Hunger is sacrilege in these abodes,
Where onions are ador'd, and leeks are gods.
Oh holy nations! in whose gardens rise
The host of heav'n, the mob of deities;

Whose laws the slaughter of a lamb forbid,
Whose tables smoke not with the murder'd kid;
Where all abhor the fleecy victim's blood—
But man eats man, and licens'd is the food!
When wise Ulysses such a story told
At good Alcinous' wond'ring court of old,
Perchance some list'ner shook his head the while,
And heard the fable with a doubting smile;
While others, rising from the festive board,
Their angry disbelief indignant pour'd—
" What! shall this babbling wretch the tale pursue
" Of a sham whirlpool, worthy of a true?
" Shall we not drown the rascal, with his dream
" Of giants huge, and one-ey'd Polypheme?
" Nay, this is worse than Scylla, or the rock
" That meets its floating foe with dreadful shock;
" More credible his bags that chain'd the storms,
" Or all his grunting crew's transmuted forms,
" And the strange pow'rs of Circe's magic wand—
" These Anthropophagi we cannot stand,
" Thinks he so brainless our Phæacian land?"
So might some sober hearer well have said,
Ere Corcyræan stingo turn'd his head:
For unconfirm'd was ev'ry barefac'd lie,
And not one friend to vouch their credit by.

I too of wonder sing—but truth affords
Irrefragable aid to back my words,
And marks both time and place—'Twas done of late,
When Junius shar'd the consul's high estate,
Beyond those walls the dreadful deed was done,
Where Coptos burns with an eternal sun.
No private horrors of the tragic muse,
But a whole people's savage act I chuse;
Leave ancient tales, and individual crimes,
And show a nation's guilt in modern times.
Two bord'ring realms of Egypt's fruitful soil
Rag'd with old wrath in many a murd'rous broil;
The rankling wound of deep, immortal hate,
Lurk'd in the breast of each relentless state.
Ombi and Tentyra, the bigot foes,
(For such dire vengeance from religion rose)
Each thought their native gods were gods alone,
And spar'd no superstition but their own.
Now when the Ombites, at the festive hour
Of annual homage to their fav'rite pow'r,
In the cross-ways and temples plac'd the board
With sparkling wine, and luscious plenty stor'd;
The board, where oft their wakeful revels last,
Till sev'n returning days and nights are past—

When now dissolv'd in indolence they lay,
Mark'd out for death, an unsuspicious prey,
The savage Tentyrites, in council close,
Hatch'd the destruction of their soft repose.
This time of feasting—(for though Egypt be
Barb'rous and wild, she swims in luxury,
And e'en her simplest tribes myself have known
Boast as good cooks as foul Canopus' own—)
This time of feasting and of drunkenness
Made the prize easy, but the glory less.
For here, 'twas merry dancing all around,
While the dark minstrel blew a shrilly sound;
Grease-dropping limbs, and rudely braided hair—
'Twas all black rage, and famish'd hatred, there:
There burning malice breath'd her hellish spite,
And ranc'rous taunts gave signal for the fight;
Words were their trumpets, and the hostile bands
Shout, and together rush with brandish'd hands.
Swords had they none; but flesh'd their nails in blood,
From the torn eye, the shatter'd nose it flow'd;
Fists bath'd in gore, bones staring through the cheek,
Faces half lost, their vengeful fury speak.
But yet 'tis sport to them—for none are slain,
None trodden down upon the gory plain,
The strife is childish, and the battle vain!

What! shall no victim die, when thousands feel
The madd'ning impulse of religious zeal?
Now gather'd stones in hurling tempests fly,
Stones, the base rabble's home-artillery:
Not such as Ajax' mighty strength could bear,
And cast, in shadowy ruin, through the air;
Not such, Tydides, as thine arm could wield,
And lay Æneas low upon the field;
Weights that twelve men, in these degen'rate days,
With all their pow'rs would strive in vain to raise—
But e'en in Homer's time the race of earth
Fell from the bulk of their primæval birth;
Giants in sin, and pigmies now in size,
The sport and detestation of the skies.
Return we to our story—From the town
Of shady palms, fresh troops came pouring down,
With swords and arrows to renew the fight,
And spur the vigour of the Tentyrite.
Fast fly their enemies, they follow fast,
And one poor Ombite, tumbling in his haste,
They seize, and suddenly in pieces tear,
And give to each victorious chief a share.
The gory banquet to the bones they ate,
Too fierce, too eager for a fire to wait,

To boil in kettles, or on spits to roast—
Nay, the raw carcase pleas'd their palate most.
How I rejoice that this unnat'ral shame
Did not pollute the consecrated flame,
Which, stol'n from the third empyreal heav'n,
By sage Prometheus was to mortals giv'n!
Dost not thou too, my friend, congratulate
The element that 'scap'd so foul a fate?
But he, who tasted first the human food,
Swore never flesh was so divinely good;
Doubt not his relish of th' infernal treat,
Its very wickedness would make it sweet.
The last who came, when now the feast was done,
And all the marrow drain'd from ev'ry bone,
Lick'd up the blood, where'er the blood he found,
And drew his greedy fingers o'er the ground.
Fame says, the Vascons by a like disgrace
Prolong'd their life; but diff'rent was the case:
'Twas in the worst extremity of need
That cruel Fortune there impell'd the deed;
When frowning War against them stood array'd,
With the dire famine of a long blockade.
Not our disgust, our pity they demand;
Who can the mighty love of life withstand?

—Now all their meat, and all their herbs were gone,
And ghastly Hunger rang'd the streets alone;
Their foes themselves were with compassion mov'd
At the pale forms that o'er the ramparts rov'd.
Then, on the bodies of their kindred dead,
And not till then, they ravenously fed;
When nature could the fast no longer bear,
And each was ready his own flesh to tear.
Pardon to them the gods would not refuse;
Man, less forgiving, might their crime excuse:
Ye too might pity minds by mis'ry sour'd,
Ye injur'd shades of those their rage devour'd.
By Zeno better taught, we dare not crave
A guilty freedom from the common grave;
But not like us, in old Metellus' age,
Had the rude Vascon heard the Stoic sage.
Now the whole world enlighten'd is become,
All lands possess their Athens and their Rome;
By Gaul to Britain eloquence is taught,
By Thule soon shall orators be bought.
Bold were the Vascons, and a gen'rous race,
Talk not of their indelible disgrace;
Nor to Saguntum's sons be praise denied,
Who liv'd as nobly, and more nobly died.

Egypt! inventress of the bloody vow,
More savage than the Tauric shrine art thou,
And that dread fable we may credit now!
There the pale victim only fears the knife,
But thy fell zeal asks something more than life.
What urg'd thy Tentyrites to deeds like these?
Did hunger's piercing fangs the wretches seize?
Did hostile thousands round their bulwarks stand,
And wild despair the human feast command?
Say, if the drought opprest their fainting soil,
How could they worse offend the tardy Nile?
This crime the Cimbrian, the Sarmatian crew,
The giant Agathyrsi never knew;
But this, the race effeminate and vain,
Unwarlike Egypt's sanguinary train,
This they commit, who drive with little sail
Their earthen boat before the summer gale,
Or through the tranquil water's easy swell
Work the short paddles of their painted shell.
—No iron rack, no agonizing wheel,
No hell is hot enough for them to feel;
Monsters! they deem revenge as famine strong,
And justified alike in brutal wrong.
Nature, who fills with tears the pitying eye,
Confesses her own gift of sympathy;

That gentle gift, mankind's exclusive boast,
Makes him the noblest who enjoys it most.
He to the guilty wretch condolence lends,
Nor shuns the sight of melancholy friends;
He, when the injur'd ward in court appears,
And points the spoiler out with modest fears,
While his soft ringlets give the weeping boy
A woman's lovely look, he breathes the sigh—
He pines with fond regret, beholding laid
On the black hearse the marriageable maid;
Beholding the sweet innocent inhum'd,
The child too young to be fire consum'd.
For who that's holy, that deserves to bear
Great Ceres' torch, or join her mystic pray'r,
In human woes refuses to partake,
And feels no sorrow for a brother's sake?
This o'er created things upraises Man!
From this bright mark in Nature's various plan
We claim divine transcendence, and endow'd
With awful pow'rs, above the brutal crowd,
Whose downward look still grovels on the earth,
View our own Heav'n, and vindicate our birth.
The God inspir'd us with a living soul,
And gave th' unbounded world to our controul;

With Art, with Science, fill'd our wondrous minds,
All that thought forms, and all that labour finds.
To brutes our Maker, when the globe was new,
Lent only life, to men a spirit too;
That mutual kindness in our hearts might burn,
The good which others did us to return;
That scatter'd thousands might together come,
Leave their old woods, and seek a gen'ral home;
That social feeling might unite to ours
Some friendly kinsman's house, and household pow'rs;
Thus more securely through the night to rest,
And add new courage to our neighbour's breast;
To guard him, fighting, with our active shield,
To raise, when wounded, from the bloody field;
With one shrill trumpet's sound to spread afar
The common signals of concerted war;
In brother files the threat'ning foe to wait,
And stand the bulwarks of our parent state.
Gifts how abus'd! for now to man's disgrace
He yields in concord to the serpent race.
No beast of prey promiscuous slaughter dares,
But knows the spots that mark his kind, and spares:
When did a lion with a lion's blood
Imbrue the sand, or scandalize the wood?

Or in what thicket did th' expiring boar
E'er stain a vaster brother's tusks with gore?
Eternal peace midst Indian tigers reigns,
And bears in surly friendship range the plains.
But man, fell man, is not content to make
The deadly sword for murder's impious sake;
(Though ancient smiths knew only to produce
Spades, rakes, and mattocks, for the rustic's use,
And guiltless anvils, in those early times,
Were not subservient to the soldier's crimes)
Murder is nothing in our latter age,
And too humane to glut Ægyptian rage,
That scorns to let resentment die with death,
And tears the slaughter'd foe with feasted teeth.
Oh! could the Samian rise again to light,
How would he shudder at so dire a sight,
And back to deepest darkness speed his flight!
He, who refus'd all sanguinary food,
And deem'd it horrible as human blood;
Nay, from some pot-herbs kept a holy fast,
How would he curse the cannibal repast!

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XVI.

ARGUMENT.

It was Dryden's opinion that this satire belonged to Juvenal. The natural excellence of Dryden's genius, joined to his perfect command of the Latin language, surely qualified him to be a good judge in such a matter. He thought the design of our author to have been a satire on a standing army; but that he left his plan unfinished, and that we have only a sketch of the intended poem. This will account for the abruptness of the conclusion; and for some other imperfections of manner, which had not been corrected by the last care of the writer. Professing myself to be more influenced by Dryden's authority than that of a whole herd of commentators, (for whom, on the contrary, with the exception of Holyday and a few others, I do not conceive it possible to entertain too sovereign a contempt) I shall endeavour to confirm what he has advanced, by remarking a few instances of similarity in stile between the sixteenth satire and other acknowledged compositions of Juvenal. And I may first generally assert that no critic has even pretended to discover a difference in stile between this and other satires. No; it is an inferiority of arrangement, a baldness and poverty of illustration, that induce them to think this poem is by another hand. Surely, however, an author may be allowed to have fallen short of himself, and particularly where a composition is evidently unfinished. Are not the latter books of the Æneid, when compared with the former, a strong example of the inferiority which is occasioned by less labour of revision? Yet the stile is the same in character, although not in perfection. And this I contend is the case with the sixteenth satire of Juvenal. The first point of resemblance which I shall mention is the manner of introducing and dwelling upon mythological allusions—

> Plus etenim fati valet hora benigni,
> Quàm si nos Veneris commendet epistola Marti,
> Et Samiâ genitrix quæ delectatur arenâ.

The last line is redundant, and solely introduced for the sake of dwelling upon the family and residence of Juno. Holyday talks of the "sharpness of this allusion to "the mother and mistress of Mars." What he says concerning the belief of the "severer heathen," that Fate was superior to the gods, is more judicious. His opinion, and that of Joseph Scaliger, of Priscian, and other worthies, are surely some additional authority for my argument. But to return.—Observe in the eleventh satire (to wave other examples, which are plentiful) the following passage—

> Nam cum sis conviva mihi promissus, habebis
> Evandrum, venies Tyrinthius, aut minor illo
> Hospes, et ipse tamen contingens sanguine cœlum,
> Alter aquis, alter flammis ad sidera missus.

It was enough to mention Hercules and Æneas as the guests of Evander in this comparison; the fabulous circumstances of their deaths are quite superfluous, and are celebrated from the same fondness which Ovid perpetually displays of wearing an illustration to rags.

The hyperbolical beating which the townsman receives from the soldier in the sixteenth satire, reminds us of the aggravated insults offered to the poor by the rich in the third satire. The stile has as close a resemblance as the thoughts:—

> Commoda tractemus primùm communia, quorum
> Haud minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare togatus
> Audeat, imò et si pulsetur dissimulet, nec
> Audeat excussos prætori ostendere dentes,
> Et nigram in facie tumidis livoribus offam,
> Atque oculos medico níl promittente relictos.

The irregularity and interruption of the three first lines in this quotation, the even flow of versification in the three last, have an exact counterpart in several passages of our author, which are pointed out by Jortin, in his remarks, and which illustrate the occasional idleness and consequent imperfections of Juvenal. The poor man in the third satire does not indeed lose his eyes, but his teeth suffer like those of the wretch above—

> Libertas pauperis hæc est,
> Pulsatus rogat, et pugnis concisus adorat,
> Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.

I avoid repeating Holyday's examples; but does not the very spirit of our author's irony breathe in the following exclamation?

> —— Justissima centurionum
> Cognitio est igitur de milite!

Not to mention the previous quotation of the old law of Camillus—

> Legibus antiquis castrorum, et more Camilli
> Servato, miles ne vallum litiget extrà,
> Et procul à signis ——

introduced like the quotation of the crown lawyers' opinion in the fourth satire—

> Si quid Palphurio, si credimus Armillato,
> Quicquid conspicuum, pulchrumque ex æquore toto est,
> Res fisci est, ubicunque natat ——

It would be easy to remark other similarities of manner, if the above instances should not be thought satisfactory: and with regard to language, almost every line contains something which might be collated with a kindred expression, to the advantage of my argument. Satire II.

—— Illos
Defendit numerus, punctæque umbone phalanges—
Magna inter molles concordia ——

Satire XVI. Tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque manipli
Consensu magno officiunt ——

An author is often a plagiarist from himself: such trifling repetitions of phrases indeed as "Da testem Romæ, &c." Sat. III. and "Da testem, judex quem dixerit, &c." Sat. XVI. or as "Respice nunc alia et diversa pericula noctis, &c." Sat. III. and "Præmia nunc alia, atque alia emolumenta notemus Militiæ, &c." Sat. XVI. are hardly worth noticing; any more than the repetition of the line, used before, in the thirteenth satire, "Vana supervacui dicens chirographa ligni;" or than the allusion to the rights of Roman parents, repeated from the ninth satire; and it may be said, these are proofs of a professed imitation of our author's manner by another writer. Such is Mr. Gifford's opinion, which is always worth attending to; but in this instance I cannot help subscribing to Dryden's judgment, which is (so strongly to my own mind) confirmed by what I have detailed above, and still more by the following fact. After reading regularly through and translating (with the exception of the eighth and thirteenth) the fifteen first satires of Juvenal, I studied with the same attention the sixteenth and last. No difference of composition struck me in this satire; all seemed of a piece with the rest; and this apparent harmony and agreement in the whole volume are such convincing indications of one author, that, with due deference to maturer judgments, I must conclude,

Aut totus Juvenalis hic videtur,
Aut tales genuit duos Aquinum.

SATIRE XVI.

How countless the rewards, how great, my friend,
That on the happy soldier still attend!
Since I too now may reap the battle's prize,
Stars of good omen on my march arise,
Lead me within the camp's auspicious gate,
And watch a trembling tyro's future fate.
If I set forward in a lucky hour,
I shall not need fair Cytherea's pow'r,
To recommend me on my martial road
By a kind letter to her gallant god;
No, nor one written by her lily hand
Who loves old Samos' consecrated sand.

First let us view the rights that soldiers claim,
In common shar'd, through all the ranks the same.
'Tis not the least, that no poor townsman dares
Resent the insults of these sons of Mars;
Nay, if they strike him, must not strike again,
But stomach all, and tremble to complain;

Tremble before the Prætor's seat to show
His livid features, swoln with many a blow;
His eyes clos'd up, no sight remaining there,
Left by the honest doctor in despair!
Shall the law yield thee vengeance and relief?
Clad in the vestment of the Gallic chief,
A warlike officer thy judge shall be,
In arms around shall stand the soldiery,
Great buskins crowd the benches, and the cause
Obey the bent of military laws;
Of old Camillus' rules, who erst ordain'd
The brutal soldier should not be arraign'd
For foulest crimes without the trench, or far
From the high standard of embattled war.
" Oh righteous court, where generals preside,
" And regimental rogues are justly tried!
" If truth confirms the gross, undoubted wrong,
" The innocent can here o'ercome the strong."
Yet all the Bands will thy success oppose,
And a large army be thy deadly foes;
" What! shall the vengeance of this wretch," they cry,
" Doubly outweigh his trifling injury?"
Plead thy own suit—for thine, or money's sake,
No counsel thy defence would undertake;

None but Vagellius would the troops displease,
Who'd be the devil's advocate for fees.
Nay, be not mad, nor kick, my friend, in vain,
Against the spikes of such a booted train;
Thy legs are whole, and let them whole remain.
Canst thou be such a rustic in our day?
Plead thy own suit—no Pylades, I say,
No patriot lawyer o'er the rampart's mole
Would venture his sweet limbs, to save thy soul.
Dry up thy tears, nor fancy thou'lt prevail;
Heard by self-love, all supplications fail.
Nor idly think that any modern friend
His evidence in such a cause would lend—
When the judge cries—"Produce your witness!" where
Shall he be found, who'll generously swear
He saw thee struck, and saw the striker too,
Undaunted by oppression's frowning crew?
Lives such a man? in my admiring page
I hail him, worthy of a better age,
Worthy of all the hair of ancient times,
Like our rough fathers, rough, but free from crimes.
With much more ease false witnesses you'll find,
To swear away the life of some poor hind,
Than get the true ones all they know to own
Against a soldier's fortune and renown.

Now let us other liberties relate,
And other profits of the martial state.
When plund'ring neighbours seize upon a plain,
Or a rich valley of my old domain;
Or move my landmark, where I still adore
With yearly cakes the Border God of yore;
When shuffling knaves pretend that they forget,
Or utterly deny their bonded debt;
Bid me begone, when I allege their word,
And curse me with the freedom of a lord—
Poor wretch! till term-time I must feed my spleen,
And fret while slow vacation rolls between.
E'en then what numberless delays are made,
And litigation is a tedious trade;
Oft are the benches set, and fill'd the court,
When lo! the learned judge is taken short—
The pleader doffs his gown, fatigued and hot,
And the cause waits, till Fuscus leaves the pot!
Burning with rage, and baffled of my right,
I quit the forum's dilatory fight.
But the blest soldier from the camp derives,
Amid his various, high prerogatives,
The speedy trial's enviable choice,
Nor mourns the law's procrastinated voice.

And he too, in his father's life, alone
Can make his will—his riches are his own—
The spoil he gains in the successful field,
Is from the greedy parent all withheld.
Hence the old rogue does homage to the young,
And the boy claims the dotard's flatt'ring tongue.
Who in the wars vast fortunes shall acquire,
Shall find at home a fortune-hunting sire.
But well deserving are the soldier's pains
Of proud rewards, and honourable gains;
And the wise chief illustrious praise affords
To all who nobly flesh their conq'ring swords;
Decks their brave bosoms with the chain and star,
The brilliant spoils, and ornaments of war.

NOTES

TO

THE FIRST SATIRE.

V. 1. *Yet shall I hear yon croaking dolt rehearse?* We may suppose Juvenal to be just returning from one of those public recitals which were so frequent in his time at Rome; and as he hurries out of the gardens of Fronto (a nobleman who lent them for this purpose) looking back with disgust upon Codrus, one of the Blackmores of the day,[a] and exclaiming, δεικτικῶς, as above. In a passage of more spirit than he commonly chuses to adopt in his satires, Horace thus describes the fury of these reciters:

—— Recitator acerbus
Quem semel arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

How glows the bard with merciless delight,
When once he fastens on some wretched wight,
And murders him with verse from morn to night.
Oh! 'tis a leech that revels in his food,
Nor quits his savage hold, till gorg'd with blood.

The complaint of Julian in the character of a Poet (see Fielding's Journey from this World to the next) that he could get no one to listen to his verses but a brother poet, who "paid him in kind," is truly ludicrous, and, alas! ludicrously true. Holyday, with the utmost simplicity, mentions the imitation of this Roman custom of public and voluntary reading, "as being *heretofore* "amongst us;" and observes from Camden, that Giraldus Cambrensis (see Sir Richard Hoare's splendid work) when tutor to John, Henry the Second's son, in the year 1200, recited in Oxford his Topography of Ireland. How little did the good old man foresee the wonderful increase of spouting in the future

[a] When Pope talked of "Sir Richard rumbling, rough, and fierce," he by no means seized the most prominent absurdity of Blackmore.

"A painted vest prince Vortigern had on,
"Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."

Dilettanti and Academical Societies of London, the Literary Fund, the Royal Institute! &c. &c.[b]

With regard to the last mentioned place of recitation, it has occurred to me that much additional amusement might be afforded to the numerous ladies and gentlemen who assemble at "this focus of attraction," (as Astley calls his amphitheatre) if the lecturers were occasionally to exchange subjects one with the other. New talents would thus be called forth upon a new theme; and when I consider the peculiar qualifications of one reverend lecturer for delivering a practical discourse upon Pneumatics, as he always carries so large a quantity of gas about with him, I cannot but wonder that he has never been publicly requested to illustrate the theory of this branch of science, by some of those curious experiments which he has shewn himself so able and so ready to produce. Nay, he might accompany another reverend lecturer happily enough, in his profound dissertations on the antiquity and general use of punning, by the lively intermixture of a few apposite jokes. And that this would be allowable I learn from the authority of a third divine, who, in his Placita Philosophorum, incontrovertibly asserts, that "Crepitus et Ructus sunt æquè liberales." A saying worthy of Chilo, of Cleobulus, of Cloacina! Sed de his hactenus. Long, however, as this note, or rather digression, is, I cannot conclude it without a line of praise to the Westminster Epilogue upon the Royal Institute. Who does not join in those feelings of indignation—

—— ut grave per se
Prorsus abutendo futile fiat opus?

A friend suggests to me that I am rousing a nest of wasps by this observation; and that I should guard against the imputation of frivolity myself, when I annotate so lightly upon a grave author. I have only this answer at hand—Ridentem dicere verum Quid vetat?

[b] Literature has little to do with some other Schools of Rhetoric which have been instituted since the above was written. When we hear of the "Classic Page," as it is conceitedly called, "being de-"fended from the inroads of modern Goths and Vandals" by such orators, male and female, as those which adorn the assemblies here alluded to, we not only may exclaim,

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis—

but advise the taylor to adhere to his thimble, the cobler to his last, the weaver to his shuttle, and the publican to his tap.

Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decentèr.

V. 2. *Whole Theseids*—In the original, "Theseide," or as I once heard a classical friend quote it, with uncommon emphasis, "Thebăide Codri." This epic poem, upon the actions of Theseus, was probably the Prince Arthur of that age, "Blackmore's [a] endless line." Non ego nobilium scriptorum auditor—&c.[b]

V. 3. *Safely to me shall loud-tongued playwrights bawl?* Juvenal calls the plays of these authors "togatas." Togatæ sunt comediæ Latinæ; palliatæ Græcæ, quales Afranius fecit—says the Scholiast, as quoted by Henninius, who retails the quotation from Pithæus, only in his second note. Afranius, however, did not write Greek, but Latin plays: and it is a promising specimen of the accuracy of Henninius, thus, in limine, to falsify one of his authorities, upon the credit of another. Nor does he mend the matter by correcting himself, some thousands of pages afterwards, from Ferrarius. Why reprint the mistake? or, at least, why not point it out in the errata (but Henninius has a soul above errata), instead of leaving you to stumble upon its correction in a far distant part of the book? [c]

It did not require the learning of Holyday to discover the above error in Pithæus. But as some noted plagiarist said (and it is no bad translation of

[a] Warburton well observes that the judgments of men upon subjects out of their professions are rarely worth noticing. Locke and Molyneux found "a strange harmony" in Blackmore. Non omnia possumus omnes. Pere Hardouin wrote excellent notes to Pliny; and wretched stuff upon Horace. The ingenious authors of the Essay on Irish Bulls, talk of Juvenal "being weary with Orestes, *full of "marginal notes!"*

[b] After all the good things that have been said by Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and their imitators, upon the folly of recitation, surely Martial excels them in one line. He invites his friend to dinner, sends a most delicious bill of fare, and then adds—

Plus ego polliceor—nîl recitabo tibi!

A treat like this I'll give you when we dine,
And, still more gen'rous, not repeat a line!

[c] A learned friend of mine, whose avocations forbid him to communicate that critical improvement to my labours which his kindness would induce him to impart, refers me to Hurd's remarks upon the Art of Poetry for an illustration of this passage. Hurd gives a full account (from Diomedes the grammarian) of the different sorts of ancient plays; the palliatæ, the togatæ, and their several species.—The object of my friend's reference was to clear Henninius from the imputation of an error, in saying Afranius wrote "Greek plays"—"Græcæ fabulæ" being used to signify plays upon Greek subjects, with Grecian manners, although written in the Latin language. See the prologue to the satires.—I have only to say that Henninius thought himself in an error: but he was likely enough to be mistaken in any opinion.

Pereant qui nostra ante nos dixerunt), " D—n these ancients, they are always " before us."

I shall not with Holyday proceed at length to explain all the different meanings of the pallium and the toga, the Greek and Roman garment. The tiro will find them in his dictionary; and the more experienced scholar would only be offended at the unnecessary recapitulation. Nor do I think it incumbent upon a translator of Juvenal, in the present day, to give his readers such precious information, as that Telephus, the son of Hercules and Auge, was so called from θηλη and ἐλαφος, having been nourished by a hind; kindly to let them know that tragedies upon the story of Orestes were common; that elegies were so denominated from ἐ, ἐ, λέγειν; the term being first appropriated to subjects of lamentation, and afterwards, as Holyday expresses himself, to " the *little fooleries of unsuccessful love*;" but latterly, to any nonsense measured into cuttings of so many syllables, and misnamed poetry. Of such matters as these, I say, when alluded to in the text, it is right to forewarn " the curious " impertinent," that they will not meet with any full elucidation in the notes. Transcribing common-places is so strictly the κενοσπουδια, that I trust those of better judgment will hold me excused for declining it.

Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros.

V. 8. *Endless on the back.* The Romans wrote upon the inward rind of the bark of trees; upon lead and linen; upon the papyrus; upon parchment, called Charta Pergamena, because it was at Pergamus that the art of dressing it was invented; upon palm, or more probably mallow-leaves; which last, being smoother than those of the palm, were better adapted to the purpose. " Palmarum " too (Pliny, lib. xiii. c. 11.) might easily have been a mistake of the copyist, instead of " Malvarum;" for, according to the ductus litterarum, an M is very like a P; at least I have known great scholars vouch for as strange similitudes. An author was formerly scouted as a bookmaker (will this be believed in Paternoster-row?) who wrote upon more than one side of his leaves. His works were called ὀπισθογραφα; and it was a term, like Sterne's " whiskers," of dangerous import. But the blockhead who filled his volume (a number of these leaves, joined, and rolled up together in the form of a cylinder) margin, back, and all, was held, as we see, sacred to eternal ridicule. So Martial:

Scribit in aversâ Picens Epigrammata chartâ,
Et dolet averso quod facit illa Deo!

Write on both sides thy paper, witty Jack,
And wonder that Apollo turns his back!

The invention of paper, made of rags, pounded and boiled, belongs to the fourteenth century. Cortusius, an historian of Padua, speaks of one Pax, who established a manufacture of it at Padua, more than an age before the invention of printing. This last we know took birth at Mayence or Strasbourg about the middle of the fifteenth century.

Besides these substitutes for paper, and even after its invention, (see Holyday) waxen tablets, from their being portable and convenient, were anciently in very general use. They were called pugillares, à pungendo, and written upon with the stylus, an iron or brass instrument; but which, upon experience, was found a dangerous weapon, and forbidden to be carried about. The stylus of bone, however, was allowed. It was sharp at one end for committing, and blunt at the other for rubbing out faults. Hence Horace—

Sæpe stylum vertas ——

Although it is rather odd that in enjoining correction, he should himself have been guilty of something like an inaccuracy—unless indeed my readers agree with that sagacious critic, who asserted that the rules of Prosody were a mere trick of the boys of Eton. Quantitatem merum esse dolum Puerorum Etonensium. I do not know that this was a German; but we all remember the anxiety of the fox who had no tail himself, to persuade his brethren that it was an useless incumbrance.

V. 9. *Thy grotto, Mars*— There is much trifling among the commentators about this notable subject for poetry. Some say it was at Athens; others at Rome; nor do I despair of seeing some future critic (general Mack perhaps, for, according to a certain memorable argument, he must have abilities for something) who shall endeavour to prove that the very same individual spot was both at Athens and Rome. Holyday very rationally supposes that lucus Martis is to be taken by synecdoche, for any grove, and that Juvenal merely alludes to the themes chosen by vulgar scribblers—nec ponere lucum Artifices—according to Persius—and Horace—cùm lucus et ara Dianæ—&c. and Callimachus, but alas! not in ridicule, Ἀρτεμιδος βωμοι τε και ἀλσεα. Vulcan's cave has been dignified by the description of Virgil; but degraded also by that of innu-

merable poetasters. As to Æacus, (judicantem Æacum) the Centaurs, and the "marvellous pleasant story" of the Golden Fleece (which, by the way, as it was treated of by worse poets than Valerius Flaccus, Juvenal need not be supposed to twit him with in this passage) I have only to say to the uninformed reader—

"Quantum vis stipulare, et protinus accipe quod do,"

if he will search for them himself, in the fanciful Lempriere, and save me the trouble of transcription from that accomplished biographer. The stories are all delightfully told by Ovid; and if it is a proof of bad taste to admire Ovid, nay, to prefer him to higher names, I willingly incur the imputation. What a fund of new entertainment would he still afford to the lovers of the wonderful, if well sifted, and better translated than he has been, except by Dryden.

V. 18. *And the noise cracks the marble colonnades*—ruptæ lectore columnæ. See Satire vii. fregit subsellia versu. This strong expression is sanctioned by several authorities. Virgil has the same image, applied with grosser impossibility—cantu querulæ rumpunt arbusta cicadæ. So in Hesiod's description of the shield of Hercules—Θεῶν δ' ἰδὸς ἀγνυτ' Ὀλυμπος· Polybius, lib. xv. κατερρηγυτο πας ὁ τοπος τυ κροτυ και τῆς κραυγῆς· The dictionary and index hunter will doubtless find more instances.

V. 22. *The private Sylla*—Ille tuus saltem doceat descendere Sulla.—Sylla, Dioclesian, and Charles the Fifth, each in the voluntary abdication of his government, show of what great sacrifices man is capable; but from their restlessness in retirement they also show, that what has once been dearly valued, and long enjoyed, can never on this side of the grave totally be resigned.—The tallow-chandler who had made a fortune in Crutched Friars, and retired to spend it in literary indolence at Turnham-green, was, after a time, obliged to request his successor in the business to suffer him to be present on dipping-days!

V. 23. *The rod*—Ferula—not a bunch of birch, but a single twig, according to Britannicus, very slender, and like fennel. But this Roman instrument of correction was more probably something like our wooden slapper (from the words manum subduximus) still in use at country schools. Martial describes its ancient and modern character in a word:

Ingratæ nimiùm pueris, gratæque magistris.

Dear to the master, dreadful to the boy.

And with more emphasis,

Ferulæque tristes, sceptra Pædagogorum!

Ovid makes Achilles willingly submit to this chastisement (see the seventh satire)

Verberibus jussas præbuit ipse manus.

V. 28. *Aurunca's son*— Lucilius, born, or educated, at Aurunca, a city of the Rutulians, or at Suessa Aurunca, a city of Campania. To wave however this frivolous dispute, I shall copy from Holyday in his own words (which, as he writes with a peculiar näiveté, will always be my practice, when I exclusively borrow his information) a short life of this father of the legitimate Roman Satire; for Ennius, who only new-modelled the ancient entertainment of his countrymen, was, as I have remarked in my preface, too rude and irregular to deserve the honour, such as it is, of that title.

"Caius Lucilius, being about the age of sixteen, was a soldier under P. Scipio "Africanus Minor, in the Numantian war, as Fr. Dousa notes on Lucilius, "page 98." (Holyday, we see, owes that to Dousa, which I owe to him—sic vivitur.) "He was a Roman knight, and great uncle to Pompey the Great. "He was a soldier in Spain eighteen years. At Rome he dwelt in the house "that was built for king Antiochus his son, when he was a hostage at Rome." (How quaint is the particularity of our good old critic!) "Lucilius died at "Naples, and had there a public funeral. Eusebius says he died in the forty-"sixth year of his age. But Horace implies that he was an old man, when "he writes,

—— Quo fit ut omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita Senis.

"He did save diverse of the Roman nobilitie, and the most famous poets, though "dead; as Euripides, Ennius, Cæcilius, Pacuvius, and others; nay, he is said to "have written his own life, and not to have spared himself." (So Rousseau's Confessions were not a new thought.) "See his Reliquiæ, page 20. He was "of most familiar acquaintance with Scipio Africanus, and Lælius."

Quin ubi se a scenâ et vulgo—&c. &c.

The Reliquiæ of Lucilius are very scanty. We however collect from ample evidence, that he did not spare vice in any the most conspicuous character; but fearlessly named the objects of his reprehension. He was defended indeed by his own high connexions. These are a tower of strength to the satirist. He may, so protected, quietly take his stand as upon a safe eminence, and dart at whom he pleases. Horace, too gently, says of him—

Sale multo
Urbem defricuit ——

This is something like calling Churchill a "pretty poet." Juvenal, in whom the spirit of Lucilius, equally ardent, but more refined, seems to have become immortal, has, as we have already seen, described him in his genuine colours. Persius too understood him thoroughly.

—— Secuit Lucilius urbem,
Te Lupe, te Mutî, et genuinum fregit in illis.

There are indeed passages in this author (Persius) approaching closely to the best parts of Juvenal; perhaps, in some few instances, quite equalling him: and it is here time for me to hazard an opinion, according to my promise, of Persius and of Horace. The latter, as Pope accurately paints him,

"—— still charms with graceful negligence,
"And, without method, talks us into sense;
"Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
"*The truest maxims in the easiest way.*"

But, except in his odes, he has not thought proper to be a poet. He not only wants the "words that burn," but "the thoughts that breathe;" he is judicious, and he pleases; but he is not animated, and therefore he does not enchant. The sermoni propiora, the satiræ musæque pedestres, want that vivid energy which is essential to genius, and which, above all writers ancient or modern, Dryden, I think, possessed.—Persius, breaking out from his cloud of obscurity, occasionally bursts upon us with warmth and force, but rarely with much splendour. Yet he is at times truly pathetic, and touches the heart more deeply than Horace ever attempts to do.

—— Sed cùm lapidosa chiragra
Fregerit articulos, veteris ramalia fagi,
Tum crassos transîsse dies, lucemque palustrem,
Et sibi jam seri vitam ingemuere relictam.

Happy will he be who, in his old age, does not feel the truth of this too painfully.

V. 30. *When the soft eunuch &c.* See the sixth satire. "The beardless eunuch—" &c.

V. 31. *When Mævia &c.* Dryden I cannot think was ignorant of the meaning of this passage (as some of my predecessors have imagined) but chose to translate it wrongly. In one of the earliest editions of his Juvenal, printed by Tonson, there is a picture of Mævia throwing her dart at the boar in the amphitheatre. But the idea of a woman, astride on horseback, hunting a boar, was irresistible. Dryden, it must be remembered, was one of Busby's best scholars; nor do I think a passage can be found in any of his translations that fairly betrays a want of Latin.

Mævia, happily for her reputation, is but a name.

V. 33. *When all our lords to him in riches yield*—This fortunate shaver experienced in his old age a sad reverse of condition. Martial throws his misery in his teeth nearly as follows—

> Poor Cinnamus! no skill is thine to teach
> Boys and grown gentlemen the art of speech;
> To act the Stoic, or the Cynic sage,
> Plead at the bar, or sing upon the stage;
> What canst thou do? what means of life remain?
> Back to thy lather, man, and shave again!

As to Crispinus, our author himself, as we proceed, will sufficiently give us the character of this loathsome reptile, who had the honour of being favoured both by Nero and Domitian! The expression in the next line is from Shakespeare—

> "His chin, new-reap'd,
> "Shew'd like a stubble-field at harvest-home."

V. 43. *When lawyer Matho's &c.* Matho, who in the seventh satire, written long before this, appears as a poor lawyer, is now we see a rich informer.[d] His

[d] Informers were called by the Romans "quadruplatores" as well as delatores. The name arose from their enjoying the fourth part of the confiscated property—quartæ partis hæredis.

want of talents did not obstruct the success of his villainy. Juvenal calls him causidicus ironically; and intimates the means by which he has risen, in the employment of the wretch who follows him. This person, who is next alluded to, and who seems to have been so capital and notorious a spy as to be dreaded by all his inferior brethren, cannot now be ascertained. Out of so large a multitude of these rascals as imperial Rome had already afforded, it is unlikely that we should be able to guess the individual here hinted at. The commentators, however, go to loggerheads on the subject. One says "Quovis pignore con-"tenderem," (Bentley's favourite expression) it was such a person. Another answers him by calling his arguments "ne cassâ nuce digna." And after a voluminous interchange of abuse, they all arrive at the same conclusion, that there is nothing like certainty to be attained in the matter; yet they would all lay wagers that themselves are in the right.

V. 49. *The spy of spies, whom Carus*— Carus and Massa (mentioned in the original) were rival scoundrels, of the same kidney as Matho. They are mentioned by Pliny and Tacitus with equal disgust. As to Latinus, nothing is known with accuracy. Some say that this is a story; others an allusion. If the former, it means that Latinus the mimic was taken, by the undetermined spy above, in adultery with the wife of Claudius, or the wife of Nero, or the wife of Domitian, (perhaps with all successively—for there are various opinions upon the matter) and to prevent accusation, bribed the spy into silence by the sacrifice of his own wife. If the line in question is merely allusive, it means, that as Latinus upon the stage, when supposed to be discovered in adultery, sends the lady to appease her husband, so did many wretches at Rome send their wives to appease informers. The last interpretation seems sanctioned by that of another line in the sixth satire; where the adulterer is compared to this actor, suddenly concealed in a chest on the approach of the husband. The passage, however, like many others of our author, yet wants a decisive explanation. For, as Holyday excellently observes, "it is difficult in Persius to *find* "a meaning;" but in Juvenal to *chuse* one."

V. 54. *Proculeius—Gillo*— I have nothing more to say of these gentlemen than what the text discovers.

" Skelton (who wrote in Henry the Eighth's time) calls the satires of Persius "problems diffuse," which gives no inadequate idea of their obscurity—notwithstanding the defence of Casaubon.

V. 56. *Lyons' pleader*—"A contention of orators was instituted by Caligula, "as Suetonius, in his life, chap. xx. relates, at Lyons in France, where was a "famous altar (mentioned by Strabo), and where he that was overcome was to "write the praises of his conqueror, and to bestow a reward upon him. If he "did extremely displease the auditory, he wiped out his own lines with a "sponge, or with his tongue; unless he chose rather to be punished with a "ferula, and ducked over head and ears in the next river, as Suetonius his "learned interpreter renders it in English." Holyday.

V. 65. *Drunk ere noon*—"This is incorrect, for the eighth hour, mentioned "by Juvenal, was, in English, two o'clock." Thanks, gentle Hiccius Doctius. "Some have held," says Holyday, "that the Romans did eat but once a day; "but this is refuted by Muretus!" They seem at all events to have drank oftener, by the instance of the toper in the text, whose motto perhaps was that of the jolly monk of St. Francis—

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But I *do* think that I *can* drink
With any that wears a hood.

The fact however is that the Romans,[a] like ourselves, had five meals a day. Jentaculum, breakfast; Prandium, dinner (a light repast, rather answering to our luncheon, or nooning), about the sixth hour, or twelve o'clock, at the equinox; Merenda, afternoon-bever, a sort of evening draught, or "watering," in vulgar language; Cæna, supper, at the ninth hour, or three o'clock; Comissatio, a drinking (no doubt with anchovy toasts), about two or three hours after supper: the interval being probably filled up with the Siesta. I speak with diffidence upon this subject. The same causes will always produce the same effects in the habits and customs of a people—but at what regular hour the ancient Romans enjoyed the Siesta, it is difficult to ascertain from the classics. Horace and Martial mention different times; the latter talks of reading his verses after supper: surely this must have operated as a narcotic upon the company. But when the Romans awoke, refreshed from slumber, they embraced

[a] This account of the Roman meals is extracted from Holyday, who brings a host of authorities to support his opinion. The subject is involved in much uncertainty; and it is evident that these repeated banquets are only to be applied to the luxurious.

the bottle in good earnest. With what delight do the poets at least talk of their conviviality! The Comissatio indeed was often a mere boozing party; but sometimes a meeting of learned friends, and of course a most joyous entertainment: not perhaps unlike those very rational *conversazioni* at the cyder-cellar in Maiden-lane. Statius describes one of these Noctes Cænæque Deûm beautifully in his Sylvæ; he pities the epicure, who cannot relish such a mental feast—

> Ah miseri, quos nôsse juvat quid Phasidis ales
> Distet ab hybernâ Rhodopes grue &c. &c.
>
> Nobis verus Amor, medioque Helicone petitus
> Sermo, hilaresque foci, brumalem absumere noctem
> Suaserunt, mollemque oculis expellere somnum.
>
> O bona nox &c. &c.
> Et memoranda diu, geniumque habitura perennem!

The Sylvæ of Statius, by the way, are not only in themselves excellent, considering the rapidity of their composition, but most curiously illustrative of the private life of the Romans.

V. 66. *The culprit Marius*[b]—Marius Priscus, proconsul of Africa, for spoiling the country of great sums of money, was forced, upon the complaint of the Africans, to pay a fine to the Roman treasury, and was banished Italy. Yet reserving the greater part of his former spoils, he lived in a "wanton exile," while the distressed Africans had the sentence of law passed on their sides, but no restitution.—Mr. Gifford here supposes a silent attack upon Trajan, in whose reign this disgraceful evasion of the law occurred. Yet Trajan was a tolerable prince too for those times: neither was he of the Flavian family, which, of itself, was almost a crime in the eyes of Juvenal; and where there is any possibility of imagining tacit condemnation of this race in his satires, we shall rarely be mistaken in applying it.

[b] Boileau, whose imitations of Juvenal are very successful, copies the "damnatus inani Judicio"—

> Mais en vain pour un tems une taxe l'exile &c.

and the "fruitur dîis Iratis"—

> Et jouir du ciel même irrité contre lui.

So Seneca, in the Hercules Furens,

> —— superat, et crescit malis,
> Irâque nostrâ fruitur.

V. 73. *The Minotaur &c.* The Minotaur is too stale a story for the year 1807; but my readers may be pleased at recognizing in their countryman Spenser a power of giving novelty to so hackneyed a description as that of a labyrinth.

His Redcross knight and Una are forced by a shower of rain to seek shelter in a wood by which they are passing; but with more chaste event than that recorded by Virgil.

" Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
" A shady grove not far away they spide,
" That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
" Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommer's pride,
" Did spread so broad that heaven's light did hide,
" Not perceable with power of any star; [c]
" And all within were paths and alleies wide,
" With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
" Faire harbour that then seems; so in they entred ar.

" And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
" Joying to heare the birds' sweete harmony,
" Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
" Seem'd in their song to scorne the cruell skie.
" Much can they praise the trees so strait and high,
" The sayling pine &c."

I omit the beautiful enumeration of the trees, as it has been so frequently quoted; and proceed with the next stanza but one—

" Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
" Untill the blust'ring storme is overblowne;
" When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
" They cannot finde that pathe, which first was showne,
" But wander to and fro in ways unknowne &c."

How sweetly natural is the stile of the above! Nothing inverted, nothing forced; no sesquipedalia verba—no

—— Labyrinthæis è flexibus egredientem
Tecti frustraretur inobservabilis error—

[c] Nulli penetrabilis astro.

no indeprensus et irremeabilis error. Surely therefore I need not apologize for so long a quotation.—What follows—"the Den of Errour"—is as superior to the old Labyrinth, (notwithstanding the descriptive powers of Ovid) as the striking image of the monster herself is to the confused pictures of the Minotaur (semivirumque bovem, semibovemque virum) given us by the ancients. Dædalus we shall hear of in the third satire; and Icarus—Icariis nomina fecit aquis.

V. 74. *Tydides and Alcides.* Names as common in Grecian fable as Gog and Magog in fairy tales. Concerning the former indeed, Holyday quaintly observes—"that the old stories of Hercules were so numerous amongst the trivial "poets, that their labours seem well nigh as troublesome (at least to their "readers) as his they commended." He continues, in a curious quotation from Pliny, lib. x. chap. 44, to tell us "of Diomedes his companions in travel, who "bore him company to heaven no farther than birds could fly," (prevented perhaps by some physical cause, such as that Fielding hints at in his compound epithet applied to lady Bellaston) "and being turned into birds, were called Aves Diomedeæ;" retaining such sagacity as to distinguish a person of any other nation from a Grecian, and to drive him from the tomb of Diomed in an island off the coast of Apulia. I have related the above as a pretty subject for the pen of some contemporary wonder-monger.

V. 75. *When all th' adult'rer's wealth*—Adulterers had got into a habit of bequeathing their whole estates to their adulteresses: which extravagant enormity Domitian endeavoured to prevent by a law (for he who broke through all laws human and divine, was fond of acting the legislator) by which he made all such infamous women incapable of legacies; who notwithstanding eluded the law, by making their own husbands pandars to their lust, and so causing the legacies to be given to them. Horace speaks forcibly upon the "conscious "husband"—

> Quæ jussa coram non sine conscio
> Surgit marito.

"The loud nose," or, as Juvenal poetically has it, the "vigilans nasus" of a husband, Farquahar makes Mrs. Sullen prettily allude to in the Beaux Stratagem—"The serenade of that ever-wakeful nightingale, thy nose!"

V. 81. *When to a soldier's honours*—Literally "a cohort's conduct." The command of about five hundred men, horse and foot; but always containing most of the latter. A cohort was the tenth part of a legion.[4] Who the presumptuous bankrupt here mentioned was is uncertain. Britannicus thinks Cornelius Fuscus, or perhaps Tigellinus; but the majorum censu of Juvenal ill agrees with the obscuris parentibus of Tacitus, in his account of this chief partaker in Nero's worst atrocities.—The above commentator (who, as we may remark, never loses any opportunity of hunting out the grossest possible meaning in his author) supposes Nero and Sporus to be alluded to; and that Fuscus, though of noble race, is here reproached with having played the charioteer, and with having driven the unnatural pair about the streets of Rome publicly as man and wife. If this be admitted (but Britannicus himself is not sanguine about his conjecture), I would offer another version of the passage—

> Who, in his ancient fortune's last decay,
> Cuts with swift axle the Flaminian way;
> Where erst, in youth, the servile coachman drove
> That monstrous husband, and his manly love!

Lacernata Amica, however, Holyday, upon the authority of Turnebus (in Advers. lib. 28. cap. 24.) conceives to signify a mistress in a soldier's garment; which it was fashionable for the women in Nero's time to wear at Rome. We have ourselves heard of the same affectation, so well satirized in the farce of the Camp; and indeed have seen it in the adoption of the helmet bonnet, military pelisse, &c. &c. of later years. The Roman ladies were also fond of a good *whip*, or coachman. It seems therefore, upon the whole, as there were so many instances of similar extravagance, consequent ruin, and solicitation for places, among the foolish and vicious nobility of Juvenal's age, that there is no occasion to fix upon Fuscus in this passage (any more than upon a particular person for the peculating guardian above, or the lucky forger below), nor, from the more natural explanation of Holyday, to suppose Nero and his minion here introduced. But if "ipse" is to be referred to Nero, Mr. Gifford's introduction of Pelides is very fortunate. Armiger Automedon, et equorum agitator Achillis.

V. 90. *Open chair*—Nudâ cathedrâ—with the curtains drawn back. The cathedra was properly a woman's carriage—the sella a man's; but they are used indiscriminately.

[4] See the second satire. The number of men who composed the legion varied greatly at different times, from three to six thousand.

V. 91. *Mæcenas' idle air*—Juvenal here calls this powerful minister and good patron supinus—and again, in another passage, tener. Horace too says—Demissis tunicis Malthinus obambulat—(if indeed we may trust the hostile interpretation of Scaliger) and Seneca has his jeer at him for appearing undressed, even in hours of business. He was indeed a *delicate* personage—but he had deliciæ worse than those here attributed to him.

V. 92. *Their perjur'd master wet the seal &c.* Ovid prettily alludes to this caution of forgery; preventing the wax from sticking to the seal—

> That I may sign yon billet-doux, and steal
> With safe finesse my very rival's seal,
> Oh would some pretty lip sweet moisture lend
> To wet the gem, and prove a lover's friend!

His gallantry is not so complicated, nor his request so impudent, in the original; but the translation is at least in his general character, and serves to illustrate the text.

"The short will,"—exiguæ tabulæ—we find again in the twelfth satire—

> Atque omnia soli
> Forsàn Pacuvio *brevitèr* dabit—

and before, in the second—solo tabulas impleverit Hister Liberto—where see some account of the subject.

V. 94. *Yon high-born matron, &c.* Who this was, the abundance of similar wretches in Rome leaves undecided; but Locusta was not only, as Grangæus says, "Venefica sub Nerone famosissima," but before under Claudius, and at last had her reward in the short reign of Galba.

V. 95. *Calenian vintage*—Cales, a town of Campania (with all that district), was famous for its wine.

V. 96. *Drugg'd the sweet cup*—Literally, "mixed in it a *red toad*," (according to Holyday) "whose subtle lungs (he says) contain a venomous juice." Grangæus, in this passage, refers you to the sixth satire, for his interpretation of Rubeta; and in the sixth, refers you back to the first! "Where did you learn

"these foolish manners, monsieur le Grange?" See another instance (among thousands) of this mode of referring backwards and forwards in Vincentius Colesso (his) notes upon Martial, lib. v. epig. 21, and lib. vi. 42.

V. 100. *Wouldst thou at Rome &c.* The expression by which Juvenal denotes a man of any consequence (aliquis) is common in the Latin and Greek authors—Persius, Sese aliquem credens—and Lucian, μηδε ὁλῶς εἰναι τινας· We have the counterpart to it in English—"nobody"—so excellently defined by Fielding—"all the world—excepting about 1200 persons"—"the world"—"our own acquaintance."

V. 101. *Deserve a jail*—Literally, "deserve to be sent to narrow Gyarus," a rocky island, like Seriphos, in the Ægean sea, and a place of banishment for the worst malefactors. Scopulique frequentes Exulibus magnis &c.

V. 104. *Houses, tables, plate, Bowls wrought in gold &c.* Prætoria, mensas, Argentum vetus, et stantem extra pocula caprum. The word Prætorium, from its original signification of the hall of judgment in which the Prætor presided, the general's tent, or the king's pavilion, came to stand indifferently for the palace of any nobleman.

The tables most valued by the Romans were made of citron-wood, brought from the vicinity of Mount Atlas in Mauritania. Martial calls them "Lybicos "orbes," in allusion to the country from whence they came, and to their round shape, which was fashionable; as it was to have their feet made of ivory. (Sat. xi.) These splendid pieces of furniture, so highly prized by the gentlemen of Rome, were obnoxious to the ladies; whose expensive pearls in return were censured by their husbands. It belongs to our nature, to spare no folly but our own. Martial says the citron-boards were worth their weight in gold.

> Accipe felices, Atlantica munera, sylvas,
> Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.

The rage for old plate, among the Romans of that day, was extraordinary—but many dainty dames of England have the same fondness for old China at this hour. Seneca bears witness to the former taste, and Pliny says that new plate was entirely out of fashion. "Bowls wrought in gold," literally—

> "The goat too, which from their proud bowls juts out." HOLYDAY.

" One manuscript," says the pleasant old poet, " (not to omit the mirth) would " teach us that Caper here mentioned was a philosopher; and so tell us that by " stantem extrà pocula, we must understand that he was a sober one!" The figure of a goat was carved upon drinking cups, by way of sacrificing an obnoxious animal to Bacchus. So in the Anthology—Κήν με φάγης &c. Ovid and Martial passim.

V. 108. *The raw noble, &c.* Holyday translates prætextatus adulter, " adulterous boy," happily enough, and calls it " an *elegant contradiction.*" The Prætexta, a white robe edged with purple, was worn by the Roman youth till the age of fourteen. In Martial, talking of the friendship of the young, we have Prætextatæ cultus amicitiæ. " Some," says Holyday (quoting one of his queer authorities [c]) " used prætextatum for pudicum; and yet," (quoting another) " it was sometimes used in a contrary sense, as non prætextatis, sed puris " honestisque verbis; and in that of our author, sat. ii.

" Sic prætextatos referunt Artaxata mores."

V. 110. *If genius &c.* So Boileau, with true spirit—

La colére suffit, et vaut un Apollon!

V. 111. *Fit for my muse, or, Cluvienus, thine—*

" Such woful stuff, as I, or Shadwell, write."

We here see the advantage that Dryden's plan of translation (to say nothing of his powers) gave him. How many well-known names might I not have substituted with equal propriety and increased effect for that of Cluvienus! But parvum parva decent. It is however most difficult to resist the temptation of introducing modern allusions. You feel the likeness of some characters and customs of your own time to those of Rome so strongly, and you fancy your readers will feel it so strongly too, that it requires a strict guard upon the pen to prevent the introduction.

[c] I may here cursorily observe, with all my reverence for Holyday's learning, that it is too frequently derived from commentators and critics, and not from the ancient authors themselves. So that it is often at best but second-hand information.

V. 113. *Deucalion safely on the mountain stood*—So Ovid. Metam. xi. fab. 7.

> See from the waves the two-fork'd mountain rise,
> (Divine Parnassus) and invade the skies;
> Deucalion hither (for the world beside
> Lay underneath th' immitigable tide)
> Safe in his little bark at length was led,
> With the chaste partner of his nuptial bed &c.

Horace—

> Sæculum Pyrrhæ nova monstra questæ &c.

and Virgil—

> Hinc lapides Pyrrhæ jactos—

but my readers will excuse these trite passages, which might be quoted ad infinitum, by referring to the index of any Greek or Latin book. The learning of the severe author of the Pursuits of Literature might, in many instances, be traced to this source—although I would by no means attempt to detract from the general merit of his "many-languaged prose," little as I admire his "*stream* of verse." See the Antijacobin.

V. 126. *First when did av'rice, &c.* I have followed the interpretation of Britannicus. Holyday interprets sinus, "haven;" and Grangæus, "purse;" because the Romans hung their purses round their neck, and let them fall under the folds of the garment upon their bosom. How then *patuit* sinus? or how can sinus signify a purse at all in this passage, when Juvenal particularly says that they did *not* take their purses to the gaming-table, but their money-chests? Fie, Grangæus!

V. 135. *Thousands are gone*—"The Romans, amongst their coins," (this is inaccurate) "had two which almost agreed in name, but in value greatly differed, Sestertium and Sestertius; the first 7*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* containing a thousand of the latter." But Arbuthnot makes the Sestertium 8*l.* 7*s.* 5 ½*d.* and the Sestertius one penny three farthings. The Sestertium was a sum, not a coin.—Holyday proceeds to calculate the exact sum here lost; which, for the benefit of my arithmetical readers (though I shall condemn my own gross inaccuracy in the text), is subjoined, viz. 781*l.* 5*s.* or sestertia centum; and which, multiplied by four, amounts to 3125, or quadringenta sestertia (mentioned below), the value of a Roman knight's yearly revenue.

The present seems a fair opportunity to account briefly for the unequal length of my notes to the three first satires, and to the remainder. The more general allusions to Roman manners and customs will, it is hoped, have been explained—and Juvenal is an author who copies so much from himself, that it appears reasonable, in annotating upon his compositions which are later in order, to refer frequently to those that precede.

V. 138. *One villa serv'd our fathers &c.* "Three things," (four with the villas) says Holyday, "are here reprehended as being against the ancient Ro-" man custom. The first, that now they supped alone; which, if we weigh the " etymologie of the word Cæna, implies a satirical contradiction, it being so " called because it was common." To abridge my best friend Barten's prolixity—the second thing was that they supped privately; whereas the ancient Romans were used to sup in ther open halls, and to set a good example of temperance to the people; which example, thirdly, their descendants disdained to follow, and had seven dishes at their tables instead of three, which was the most Augustus admitted to his own board, except on high days and holidays.

Hume tells us a pleasant story of the monks of the order of St. Swithin, in the reign of Henry II, which, as it is to the purpose, I shall insert.

"We are told by Giraldus Cambrensis," (mentioned above as one of the earliest *reciters* in England) "that the monks and prior of St. Swithin threw " themselves one day prostrate on the ground, and in the mire, before Henry, " complaining, with many tears, and much doleful lamentation, that the bishop " of Winchester, who was also their abbot, had cut off three dishes from their " table. 'How many has he left you?' said the king. 'Ten only,' replied the " disconsolate monks. 'I myself,' exclaimed the king, 'never have more than " three, and I enjoin your bishop to reduce you to the same number."

V. 141. *The paltry dole-basket*—Holyday has a very learned, but rather irrelevant, note upon this phrase. The substance is, that the Roman patrons (or great men) were at first accustomed, after their clients (or little men) had graced them with their attendance through the morning upon whatever business they were employed, to have them home to a good supper, cæna recta. But the patrons, naturally growing more sordid from their increase of wealth, changed their bounty into a lighter and cheaper meal, which was distributed to those of their clients who were poor or mean enough to come for it at the outward

threshold, in a little basket; which donation or dole the Greek authors call δεῖπνον ἐν σπυρίδι; the Latin, sportula; from the basket in which it was contained. Sometimes also a commutation in money was given to each individual for the dole, viz. centum quadrantes; loosely speaking, a hundred farthings, or two shillings and a penny; but, according to the correct difference of the Roman coin and ours, only eighteen pence, halfpenny, farthing.—A story is told of Swift, that he made a like, but rather more liberal, commutation with Pope and Gay, giving them instead of a supper (to which he had invited them, but forgot to order any thing) half a crown apiece. Martial is eternally dwelling upon the subject.

Promissa est nobis sportula, recta data est &c.

V. 142. *Give to the Prætor, &c.* For the offices of the Prætor, Tribune, &c. the gentle reader will forgive me for appealing to the Roman Antiquities. The freed-man was one manumitted, or hit upon the shaven head with a wand twice or thrice by the prætor, or his lictor, turned round, and exalted into liberty out of servitude. Holyday refers me to Aldus Manutius and Josephus Castalio for the exact "acceptions" of libertus and libertinus; but declining the honour of an introduction to these amplissimi and doctissimi viri, I shall only say that the latter term is usually understood to be synonymous with the former, inasmuch as they both signify a freed-man, but the former not synonymous with the latter, inasmuch as it does not also signify the son of a freed-man.

V. 153. *Are not five freeholds, &c.* Literally, "my five taverns produce me "the yearly rent of 3125 pounds, the income, as stated above, of a Roman "knight. Nay more—why should I yield to the wearers of the laticlave (pur-"pura major) when Corvinus, though a senator, is so poor that he is forced to "feed sheep for hire, while I am richer even than the favourites of the em-"peror, the freed-man Pallas, the Licinii, &c." The knave is in a boasting humour, and, in consequence, tells gross untruths; for Pallas, and the other governor of Claudius, Narcissus, whom we shall hear of in the fourteenth satire, were inordinately wealthy. But all these "scurvy companions" were, according to another passage of our author, sat. iii.

Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari.

Fav'rites of Fortune, whom her love alone
Lifts from the kennel, laughing, to the throne.

And they were cast down from their elevation,

" —— when doom'd to feel
" The giddy whirling of her rapid wheel,"

with as little compunction for their fall, as there was reason for their aggrandizement.

V. 163. *Holy pomp of state*—The person of the Tribunes alone, amongst all the Roman magistrates, was declared sacred at their first creation.

Sanctum est quod violari sine pœnâ non possit. FESTUS.

V. 165. *With shoeless feet, &c.* Tibullus, Ovid, &c. mention the gypsati pedes, the chalked feet of the foreign slaves, exposed to sale in the Roman markets.

V. 166. *Since then to gold, &c.* Juvenal seems to intimate (though obscurely) that it would be more rational to build temples to Money, which the degenerate Romans adored in their hearts, than to Peace, which they continually broke, or to Faith, which was unknown to them, or to Concord, whose own stork's nest was not more noisy than her wrangling worshippers. So Menander, in an Επαινος τυ Πλυτυ·

Ὁ μὲν Επιχαρμος τὺς Θεὺς ἔιναι λέγει
Ἥλιον, ἀνέμους, γῆν, πῦρ, ὑδωρτε, κ' ἀστέρας.
Ἐγὼ δ' ὑπελαβον χρησίμους ἐιναι Θεους
Τ' ἀργυριον ἡμῖν καὶ τὸ χρύσιον μόνον·

Most of the ancients however were contented with the trite godhead of *Plutus*. Horace indeed, (not to quote others) seems to make a goddess of money, under the name of Regina Pecunia. Johannes Secundus has also personified money as a queen (see his Reginæ Pecuniæ Regia); and one of our old English poets, Richard Barnefield, in his Lady Pecunia, or the praise of money, printed 1605, thus addresses her—

" Goddesse of Gold, great empresse of the earthe,
" Oh thou that canst doe all things under heaven, &c."

As to common-places concerning gold, Massinger, in his City Madam, has a most noble description of a miser surveying his treasures; and Spenser, in the Fairy Queene, where Mammon leads Guyon into the house of riches, has a very striking passage. See Warton's note upon it; and the curious story from the Gesta Romanorum. Holyday supposes Juvenal to be mistaken, when he says,

—— Pecunia templo
Nondum habita est—

for the learned Fulbeck, in his Pandects, and before him, Cælius Secundus Curio, and Augustin, and Arnobius, (four good men and true) all assert that there was a temple dedicated to money in Juvenal's time at Rome; yet, saving the presence of their worships, I think Juvenal as likely to have known the truth as any one. Indeed the cautious Barten afterwards excuses our author; for, says he, the temple was dedicated to the god Æs—

Æs in præsenti—

"Ready Money," at all events a scarce divinity.—Talking of the god Æs, Cloacina, the goddess of ease, naturally suggests herself. And I the rather allude to her, as I may be accused of simple alliteration in a passage above, unless I explain the connexion between Chilo, Cleobulus, and this goddess. Not to mention that Chilo told us "to look to our latter end;" and Cleobulus, that "moderate doings were best;" not to mention the numerous and learned authorities for an alliance between Cloacina and the philosophers, which are to be found in a certain exquisite treatise upon the Antiquity and General Use of Necessaries; waving all this, I say—has not our greatest living humourist, George Colman, in his inimitable description of Cloacina's temple, established an everlasting union between this goddess and the Wise?

"Here sit philosophers, and sitting read,
"And to some end apply the dullest pages;
"And pity the barbarians, north of Tweed,
"Who scout these fabrics of the southern sages!"

V. 179. *See hurrying to the dole, &c.* The despicable patricians rode in their carriages to receive the dole; their wives, though sick, or pregnant, in their carriages followed them: nay, sometimes the husband claimed for his wife when

absent, by the trick in the text.—Thus we see in ancient as well as in modern times charity was abused, and rich idleness took bread out of the mouth of needy labour. Lecticæ (litters) and sellæ (sedans) are here mentioned. The former, says Grangæus, were ad jacendum, the latter ad sedendum aptæ; and therefore there were in the sella cushions only for the head (none for the "*head's antipodes?*") but in the lectica for the back also. The words however (like other words) are by custom become synonymous. For there still is such a thing in rerum naturâ, notwithstanding Dr. Hill's "nice distinctions," as a synonyme. He has not quite annihilated *this* grammatical existence.

V. 189. *In all its parts how orderly the day*—I have not attended strictly to this order in the text. Martial however will illustrate our author aptly enough, lib. 4. epig. 8. The translation is modernized, to make it more intelligible. It is, I fear, wretched stuff.

> From six till eight upon his grace we call,[a]
> From eight till ten we bellow in the hall;
> Two hours are dragg'd in various toils away,
> Twelve brings us rest, One ends the BUSY day.
> 'Tis idle exercise and sport till three;
> Dinner succeeds, and wine, and poetry.

I omit the conclusion of the epigram, as it is irrelevant. "Oh si sic omnia!" I hear my friend Flatbottombergius exclaim. He is the prince of High Dutch commentators—and his quotation upon my censure of irrelevant reference (saving the false quantity) is most fortunate. Quàm temerè in nosmet legem sancĭmus iniquam! More of Flatbottombergius as we proceed.

That which I have rendered the hall, or the judicial court, was a place of rendezvous for the lawyers, either near the temple of Apollo on the Palatine hill, or near his statue in the forum of Augustus—where, to be correct, stood the triumphal statues also, not in

> "The crowded forum's general resort."

In the former (the forum of Augustus) were two famous porticos, one containing all the ancient kings of Latium from Æneas downwards, the other all the

[a] For the early hour at which the Romans visited their patrons see the fifth satire.

Roman kings and great men from the time of Romulus to Augustus. A noble monument of national glory! Ovid and Seneca touch upon these porticos: the latter uses almost the same words as Juvenal after him—Statuas triumphali effigie.

V. 194. *Some Arabian thief's*—Perhaps not a thief, but, according to Holyday, *only* a collector, one who gathered the custom which was yearly paid for the cattle, brought from Arabia into Egypt. How such a man should be entitled to a triumphal statue at Rome it is difficult to say; but this grand and politic institution for perpetuating the memory of illustrious characters, was in process of time, like all human means, perverted to disgraceful uses, and the apples and the horse dung swam down the stream of fame together. Such voices however as that of our author, which will be heard in the defence of virtue amidst the general depravation of national manners, are highly valuable.

The disputes of the commentators concerning the words Arabarches, Alabarches, and Alasarches, are as diverting as absurdity can make dulness.

V. 205. *Libyan tables*—The noble patron of elder times placed one of these splendid tables before each of his guests.[b] The lonely epicure in the text had them all covered with dainties for himself, and culled his death from the variety. The description of the death of the glutton in Persius, satire third, is most exquisitely finished. I do not know any passage in any author superior to these lines, in point of bringing a distinct and dreadful image before our eyes—

> Sed tremor inter vina subit, calidumque triental
> Excutit è manibus: dentes crepuere retecti &c.

V. 227. *When Mutius &c.* Mutius (as we have above seen from Persius) was one of the buts at which Lucilius shot his arrows, and with impunity. "But times are changed," says Juvenal's friend; "you cannot now venture to "attack a much more obnoxious character;" even such a wretch as is described, according to the truth of history, in the following passage, even Tigellinus.

[b] What we call courses, were tables to the Romans. For, after the meat was done with, they removed the table on which it stood, and brought in another covered with fruits and wine. So Virgil—"mensæ remotæ—" and Horace—"alteris mensis."

This monster was Nero's prime favourite, and in his house the fire that consumed Rome broke out [c]—

—— meritò jam
Suspectus, tanquàm ipse suas incenderit ædes.

The wanton tyrant, to divert this suspicion into another channel, accused the Christians; and wrapping them by thousands, each in a pitched shirt, (tunicâ molestâ, sat. viii.) lighted them at nightfal, to serve for lamps through the city. Tacitus, ann. 15, 44.

V. 232. *Stain with your issuing gore &c.* It is well known what a volley of nonsense each of the commentators has successively let fly at this unhappy passage—

Et latum mediâ sulcum deducis arenâ.

Some say it is out of its place; and Holyday, taking this for granted, and reading deducat, refers the latum sulcum to the long furrow which Tigellinus with his train, paulò infra, makes among the people, and translates it accordingly; construing the place, arena, to mean the persons in it. Others suppose it to be the melted fat of the Christians which makes the furrow in the sand of the amphitheatre. But they were burnt in various places all over the city: besides, the primitive Christians were not so fat:—had it been applied to the monks in after ages, I should have allowed the probability of a satirical allusion. To wave however any indecorous levity upon so shocking a subject, the manuscripts, all concurring in the place of this line, destroy Holyday's, or rather "Flavius Ptolemæus his apt conjecture." Those who can conceive Juvenal, in this animated though obscure passage, to mean—"besides being burnt, you "plough the sand, you lose your labour," (as he properly says to the poets who write to please their patrons, in the seventh satire) may enjoy their conceit for me without interruption. The Scholiast's idea that the victims were placed in a hole in the sand, that the fire might fall upon them as it sunk, and thereby save fresh fuel, is ingenious indeed. This he calls *satirizing the thrift* of the executioner. The pitched shirt too, when it was once lighted, would want so much assistance to consume its wearer.

[c] Waller is justly praised by lord Chesterfield for his happy allusion to this subject. In his elegant verses addressed to a fine woman playing upon the harp, he compares the audience to Rome in flames, and the beauty to Nero, who "sang while it burnt."

Lipsius and Scaliger both read the line alike—

Et latus mediam sulcus diducit arenam—

but each interprets it differently. Others prefer a false quantity, and read "diduces," to reconcile it to lucebis.[a] But if the terms must be made alike, we had better perhaps alter lucebis into lucescis. It is all in short conjecture, and he that guesses oftenest has the best chance of being right at last. Mr. Gifford conceives the furrow to be made in the sand by the bodies of the Christians writhing upon hooks, and dragged round the amphitheatre. Scaliger mentions the hooks—not indeed so applied: but as Juvenal does not in this passage mention them at all, and there was a choice of punishments, I have fixed upon the dogs, who might have been turned loose in the amphitheatre at their unhappy victims, covered (as we are told by Tacitus) with the skins of wild beasts, and worrying them up and down, might have made this much-contested furrow in the sand.

V. 238. *If you but breathe his title &c.* So Horace—Digito monstrari et dicier hic est—and Lucian, Ὁυτος εκεινος &c.

V. 241. *Achilles' wound &c.* Ovid has something of the same thought—

Nec nocet auctori, mollem qui fecit Achillem,
Infregisse suis martia facta modis.

Νεκρος γαρ οὐ δακνει·

As to Hylas—

Cui non dictus Hylas?

[a] How came Ruperti not to incline this way? My old acquaintance Flatbottombergius, in the 78th folio of his essay upon the Anapæstic measure (of which, by the way, he knows about as much as Sweighæuser does of the Iambic—see his Athenæus passim), marks "lūcĕbĭs" as a dactyl. Nay, he conceives Juvenal to have been an Anapæstic poet, and quotes (what is nothing to the purpose) a line in the second satire—according to his own reading—Turgidâ non prodest condita in pixide Lyde—as an instance of the ablative case feminine of adjectives of three terminations being short. Holyday indeed says, Fortunatus Schacchus proposed Turgidâ. And the quiet old scholar archly adds—"of "which reading we may observe that the sense is much upon a par with the metre." Had Herman been alive, this stray barbarism would have escheated to him, as the royal master of that treasury of errors, the Treatise de Metris. Quicquid conspicuum &c.

Τρὶς μὲν Ὕλαν ἄϋσεν &c. THEOC.

and every ancient author who deals in stale mythology.

V. 253, 4. —— *the noxious clay*
Beneath the Latin and Flaminian way.

Quinctilian (declam. x.) alleges, as a reason for the Roman custom of burning the dead, that it was thought the soul must first be purified by fire (omne per ignem Excoquitur vitium) before it could ascend to the stars.

Quà niger astriferis connectitur axibus aër,
Quodque patet terras inter, cælique meatus,
Semidei manes habitant, quos Ignea Virtus &c. LUCAN.

Yet this use was not general among the ancients, for the Persians did not burn their dead, as Herodotus testifies, lib. 2, giving the reason for it—Περσαι γαρ θεον νομιζον ειναι το πυρ· Juvenal sneers at the idea of the divinity of fire, in the fifteenth satire, as we shall observe. The Ægyptians thought fire to be a devouring beast; and they did not burn their dead because, says Herodotus, simply enough, it was not their custom to cast the bodies of men to beasts. Cyrus. in Xenophon, (from the custom of the Persians) giving orders at his death that they should not put his body in gold or silver, or the like, concludes—αλλα γῃ, ὡς ταχιστα, αποδοτε· The Romans themselves did not burn the bodies of traitors, or of such as killed their masters, or themselves, holding it profane. And this opinion, by the way, seems in some measure to militate against Holyday's other notion—(ill supported by the quotation from the third satire of "tunc odimus "ignem," for Juvenal's boldness with regard to the gods is no criterion for that of his countrymen in general) that the Romans did not consider fire as a god. That they at least attached very sacred attributes to it, is plain from their above-cited idea of its power of purifying the soul, and from the veneration for the holy flame in the temple of Vesta. The bodies of infants who died before they were forty days old (or, as some say, seven) were buried in the earth, and not burnt. (Juv. sat. xv.) Their tombs therefore were not called Busta, but Suggrundaria; perhaps from suggero, or suggredior. Plutarch in his consolatory letter to his wife, gives as a reason for this custom, that infants dying so young, were not thought to need purification, as never having been infected with the world. I am indebted for all the material part of this note to Holyday.

Concerning the several burying places of the ancients, he is still more learned, both as a classical and a theological scholar, in the note following. But I must confine myself to the subject in the text—Flaminiâ—atque Latinâ; by which expressions, as Petrus Burgius well observes, Juvenal implies that he shall attack the ashes of the great. For the bodies of the common sort were burnt at Puticulæ; a place so called from its abounding in little pits or graves, in which their bones were buried. The rich had stately monuments on the sides of the public ways, in their own suburban fields. To bury the dead within the city was very rationally prohibited by law.

As to this poetical promise of Juvenal, to confine his satire to the guilty dead, he did not keep it: for had he, whence the stories of his banishment, at least of his alarm? and what danger would such a grave-digging satirist have incurred, in an age, when the repeated and violent interruptions in the succession to the empire destroyed every thing like hereditary devotion to the preceding tyrant and his party, or rather removed all fear of offending them? He might as safely have recited a harmless philippic over the tomb of despotism, as any the most common Grecian fable. But he wrote at the living villain, and therefore, though bold, was half afraid to write to him. It was long, after his first rebuff, ere he again trusted his indignation out of the circle of his friends, and then, probably, in the less perilous way of anonymous publication, and not as a reciter. His was exactly the virtuous indignation of Lucilius, and he knew that from thence arose "Revenge and Tears."

Inde iræ et Lacrymæ.

Let us now see the terrors of that satire, so honourable, yet so dangerous to its author, turned against hypocrisy.

NOTES

TO

THE SECOND SATIRE.

V. 1. *Oh let me fly &c.* Literally, "beyond the Sauromatæ—" the people of Asiatic and Europæan Sarmatia, i. e. Tartary and Russia—" and beyond the "frozen or northern ocean—"

> Et quà bruma rigens, et nescia vere remitti,
> Astringit Scythicum glaciali frigore pontum. LUCAN.

V. 5. *Who seem all virtue &c.* In the original, Qui Curios simulant. So Horace, Simulet Catonem: and Martial—

> Curios, Camillos, Quinctios, Numas, Ancos,
> Et quiquid usquam legitur pilosorum,
> Loqueris—

that is, 'Thou hypocrite! dost thou dare to talk of, and pretend to imitate, all the hairy (or virtuous) men that stand on record in history?'

V. 6. *And swell the Bacchanalian &c.* Literally, "live like Bacchanals," those who celebrated the rites of Bacchus, imported from Greece into Rome. This festival was held at night, and became, according to Livy, by the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, the nursery of all pollution.

V. 11. *Chrysippus, Pittacus, Cleanthes—*
And Aristotle &c.

Of the first it was said, that if the gods chopped logic, they would borrow it from Chrysippus.—Who does not know that Pittacus was one of the *seven* wise men of Greece?

> Rari quippe Boni, numero vix sunt totidem, quot
> Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili. JUV. sat. xiii.

But consult Aulus Gellius on the mystic number Seven; and many instances of its use may now be added to those which he has collected. "Seven champions "of Christendom"—"*seven dials*"—"seven's the main," &c.

Of Cleanthes it is related that he was so poor and so industrious as to earn his bread by drawing water from the wells in Athens at night, thus enabling himself to pursue his studies by day.—As to Aristotle—

> Plato—Zeno—Aristotle—
> All were lovers of the bottle.

And Alexander the Great caught "this foolish trick," which was afterwards his death, from his tutor. It was only then in their ignorance, and not in their debauchery, that the gentlemen in the text were hypocrites; when they affected to venerate some at least of these jolly old Grecians. As to their ignorance, however, and fondness for having the heads of wise men in their studies, there are a few in modern times who perhaps are not behind them. Holyday, in a long and learned note upon this passage, shews the different sorts of images which the Roman nobles kept in and about their houses. Some were made of brass, and other durable materials, and placed in the court-yard; as we shall see in the seventh satire. These were generally statues of their ancestors. Some were of wax, ivory, &c. and preserved in their halls. (See Statius, sylv. 4, 6, and Martial, upon the Hercules Epitrapezios, or table-figure of Hercules.) Some in their chamber, (where also were the lares, taken care of by a servant appointed for that purpose) viz. the busts of their intimate friends, and of the deities, guardians of the marriage-bed. Some in their Pinacotheca, or picture gallery; and some, such as those mentioned in the text, the heads of learned men, in their study. To collect a library, and never to read it, has been an universal passion in all ages and countries. Mr. Gifford refers his readers to Lucian, and to an old poem called the "Ship of Fools," for instances of illiterate book hunters. I will refer mine to a satire published in the Literary Journal some short time since, and intitled the "Battle of the Books." It is much to be regretted that the author has left it unfinished.

V. 19. *And scans his neighbour &c.* Cicero says that the man who hopes with any effect to inveigh against the crimes of another, should himself be free from all vice.—This indeed presupposes an impossibility, which is rather un-

usual with Cicero; but we cannot be offended at *his* high estimate of human purity, who had no light, excepting the insufficient light of reason, to guide his judgment. His argument against the use of vicious monitors is, however, otherwise defective; for, though reproof proceed from corrupted lips, none but the hardened sinner will therefore disregard it. Counsel may be excellent, though contradicted by example. The sign-post, which is itself stationary, points the way to the traveller. We have indeed the most sacred authority for being cautious in censuring our neighbour; and, as to influencing disciples, one piece of good conduct is worth five hundred sermons.

V. 20. *Socratic sty*—No person who thinks well of Juvenal can here imagine him to join in the beastly inuendos and senseless clamours of Aristophanes, Lucian, and others, against the greatest of the heathens. He, on the contrary, chastises those wretches who *called themselves* "Socratici;" and, under the public cover of that name, which was in itself virtue, committed secretly the most unnatural vices. For our author's opinion of Socrates himself we have only to refer to the thirteenth satire.

As to the "Atrox Animus" of Horace and of Juvenal, which I have inadequately rendered "a manly soul," how much more completely can the French language destroy all the vigour of a Latin expression, yet give the thought! As a *parallel passage* to "promittunt atrocem animum," Grangæus (himself a Frenchman) quotes—Il promet quelque chose de soi! But there is a singular instance of this deterioration of spirit in the French prose version of Silius Italicus. Scipio says to Hannibal—

> Perfide, tandem
> Expectatus ades.
> Ah perfide! tu parois *fort à propos!*

Mr. Gifford justly rejects the reading of Sotadicos cinædos in this passage. Sotades, as he says, was no hypocrite. Martial, Quinctilian, Pliny, Ausonius, and others, mention him as a writer of obscene verses, which might be read either way—in the same manner as

> Roma tibi subitò motibus ibit amor.

He was thrown into the sea in a cage of lead, for writing a satire upon Ptolemy Philadelphus.

V. 27. *No wanton lock &c.* Holyday, with his usual accuracy, here shews that the commentators are mistaken, who imagine Juvenal, by his expression of "supercilio brevior coma," to mean that these Pseudo-Stoics cut the hair of their head as close as that of their eyebrows. For how, as the old critic acutely urges, can we reconcile this with Seneca's account of the severe philosopher, whom he stiles asperum, negligentem, intonsum? The Scholiast, upon Aristophanes, act i. scene 1st. of the Clouds, removes the difficulty. He says—οἱ δὲ φιλόσοφοι κατω κειρονται· Thereby signifying, that the Stoics were close-cut only in the lower part of the head, where locks were by others nourished; but that in the upper part of their head their hair was negligently rough.—These may be minutiæ; but, doubtless, there are some readers whose taste for precision we must endeavour to consult. Ludovicus Prateus indeed, in a note upon Persius, sat. iii 54, interprets "detonsa juventus" differently—that is, he does not admit the above distinction.

V. 29. *More honest Peribomius!* Of Peribomius I know no more than of Proculeius and Gillo. He was probably a man of straw, a name ad libitum, a Caius or a Titius, John Doe or Richard Roe (yet they would not have agreed perfectly well with him) if indeed the name of Peribomius was not given to this gentleman (and quid vetat et nosmet, to have an absurd guess too, when all the commentators keep me in countenance) from his plying his debaucheries περι βωμους, 'round the altars;' which fashion Clodius (see the sixth satire) set at Rome, and which (see the ninth satire) was very generally followed by profligates of either sex, and of all descriptions. This derivation is at all events as likely to be the true one as that of Domitius Calderinus, who says that Peribomius comes from βωμολογος! We all know how naturally pickled cucumber is derived from Jeremiah King.

V. 38. *Herculean morals*—According to the beautiful allegory in Xenophon's Memorabilia, where Hercules rejects with indignation the allurements of pleasure. For Holyday's far-fetched interpretation, drawn from the labours of Hercules, is surely inadmissible.

V. 41. *But should Varillus &c.* The names of Varillus and Sextus are here used as synonymes for avowed and concealed infamy; though with much more distinct appropriation of character than the words fortemque Gyan fortemque

Cloanthum in Virgil, which only imply a couple of brave men, brave exactl y in the same degree; and it is, I may observe, no small fault in an epic poet to introduce prominently such perfect cyphers. In satire they are often as necessary as an alias in an indictment.

V. 47. *Did Gracchus' tongue &c.* Lucan (in a passage I had almost said of unrivalled animation), where Erictho calls up a ghost from hell to answer the questions of Sextus Pompey, makes the mournful shade gloomily relate the scenes of infernal discord which have arisen among the Roman dead in consequence of the civil wars on earth. The Drusi and the Gracchi are painted in a word—

> Vidi ego lætantes, popularia numina, Drusos,
> Legibus immodicos, ausosque ingentia Gracchos—
> Effractis Catilina minax ruptisque catenis &c.
>
> Gods of the crowd, the Drusi there rejoice,
> The lawless Gracchi lift their daring voice,
> And Catiline has burst his chain &c.

V. 49. *Who would not call on heav'n and earth &c.* So Terence—O cœlum! O terra! O Maria! and Lucretius—non si terra mari miscebitur, et mare cœlo.

V. 52. *Or Milo murd'rers &c.* Milo, Verres, Clodius, Catiline, Cethegus, Sylla, and the two Triumvirates, Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, (for Juvenal might have said—

> In tabulam Syllæ si dicant discipuli Sex)

are names too well known in Roman story to require a comment. They are here brought as dignified instances of the pot calling the kettle black &c. "The proverb is somewhat musty." See Ainsworth, as Madan says.[b]—As he deals in such illustrations, I am surprized this did not strike Tate. He was satisfied with—

> " Let him cry ' Blackmoor Devil!' whose skin is white,
> " And ' Bandy-legs!' who treads himself upright."

[b] The fondness which the worthy Madan has for Lempriere, Ainsworth, and Chambers, is notorious. He quotes their authority with the most implicit veneration, with a sort of—" ipse dixit!"

V. 55. *So strict a judge was he &c.* This doubtless was Domitian: for, though some of the features in the too faithful picture agree with Caligula, and others with Claudius, yet they all correspond only to Domitian.—Caligula had the disgusting person alluded to in the original, (but which allusion in my translation I have turned into a mental similitude) for Suetonius says of him "that he artificially increased the natural horror of his countenance, by study-"ing dreadful looks in a mirror." Caligula was an adulterer also, and committed incest; but he revived no law against adultery; nor is the name of Julia among those who suffered by his enormities; nor has he the story of the abortives to answer for.—Claudius indeed married his niece, and her name was Julia (i. e. Julia Agrippina, who poisoned him), but her former husband was dead, and, by that chance, he was not guilty of adultery, but of incest *only*; neither did he revive laws against adultery, nor administer abortives, nor was he of a hideous person, but the contrary.—Now Domitian is here drawn to the life. See Holyday.

V. 59. —— *each biting statute's rage*
Against the gross uncleanness of the age.

The laws made, or, more properly speaking, revived, by Julius Cæsar and Augustus for the punishment of adultery, and with a view to check the horrible lewdness of the times, were numerous. (Dio. 43, 54; Suet. Vit. Cæs. ch. 20; Eusebius; Tac. ann. lib. 3.) But although Juvenal here calls them "amaras," their severity was not remarkable. The punishment of the Julian law against adultery, unnatural lust, and rape, was only a temporary and qualified banishment, unattended with confiscation or infamy; and those inflicted by the other laws, made with the same or similar views, were not heavier. (Tac. ann. 3; Acosta in Instit. Justin. lib. 4, ch. 8; and the note in this satire on the Julian law.) Many instances of severity are certainly to be found in the Roman historians (Tac. ann. 2, 3, 4, and elsewhere); but they are generally pointed at as instances in which the emperors outstept the laws, and in which they were moved to severity by other motives than a strict regard to justice and morality. With respect to adultery, it has been differently treated by almost every different system of legislation: with some as a crime, with others only as a civil injury. With us the restraint is rather of a spiritual than a temporal nature, and the comparative purity of our manners in this particular clearly evinces

our superiority over the ancients. If adultery is treated as a *crime*, so difficult is the task of making just laws to punish and prevent the commission of it, that we cannot wonder at the errors of the ancient lawgivers, unaided by any divine prohibition, on so delicate a subject. The genius of a people, and other considerations, such as customs, climate, and religion, must influence this species of legislation much more than any abstract moral considerations. (Montesquieu Esp. des Loix, liv. 23.) Thus, where polygamy is practised, adultery must be *severely punished*, both because there are more temptations to it, and because the confinement of women (the inseparable companion of Polygamy) renders this crime more subversive of the constitution of society. Where polygamy is not practised, the crime of adultery is both less prevalent and less dangerous; and its prevalency and danger will be diminished in proportion to the liberty allowed to the female sex. Accordingly we find the severest punishments allotted to adultery, or the crime which is correlative to it, in Turkey and other Mahommedan nations; and see it looked over, or scarce punished at all *by the laws*, in France and Italy. Amongst the Romans, who carried their notions of purity and decorum much farther than their modern successors, adultery appears to have been treated as an offence against the state, as a species of the crimen majestatis (Tac. ann. 2, 3, 4, and particularly the case of the two Julias); a point of view in which later experience has shewn that it ought not to be regarded. Indeed, generally speaking, it is better to leave as much as possible to remedies of a civil and private nature, than to multiply the code of criminal laws, in which, more or less, the state is always concerned; and with regard to adultery, so long as the customs and establishments of a nation combine the wife's chastity with the husband's honour, its violation will not go unrevenged, if the laws, although silent as to the *crime*, are sufficient to redress the *injury*. With respect to the other and more detestable debaucheries exposed in this satire, they are clearly objects for the interference of the legislature. At the same time, (without attempting in the smallest degree to diminish the horror which every man must feel in reflecting on such crimes) it must be confessed that there is no subject on which it requires more delicacy to legislate. It should be remembered that these are crimes *against* nature; the object, therefore, is not to check the natural impulses of the passions, but rather to give a loose to them. As this, however, is at all times dangerous, and the more so in proportion to the violence of the impulse to be indulged, a more easy mode

of checking such vices will be suggested on considering whence they take their rise. Amongst the ancient Greeks their prevalence may be referred, in a great measure, to the custom of performing public exercises naked; amongst more modern Europeans, to the monastic institutions; and amongst the Asiatics, to the practice of polygamy. To what cause to refer the practice of such vices in ancient Rome is a matter of difficulty. Whatever was the cause, the consequences were disastrous. The wars in which the republic was continually engaged, the civil contests, the triumvirate contentions and proscriptions, reduced the population of Rome in the most alarming degree; and at the same time so great and so general was the dislike to matrimony, that when Cæsar, after the civil war, caused a census to be made, he found in the whole state only 150,000 men who had families. (Epitome of Florus in Liv. 12 decade.) Can we then wonder at the laws which Cæsar and Augustus were obliged to make, both to force and encourage matrimony? However, that neither the intention nor the effect of these laws was to correct the manners of the age in general, but only to meet the particular evil complained of, is manifest. Augustus took no measures to that end, and, whenever the task was proposed to him, eluded it: as, when the senators requested him to make some regulations respecting the manners of the women, he told them they should correct their wives, as he did his (Dio. lib. 54); upon which they asked him *(indiscreetly* enough, as Montesquieu observes), how he used his wife? Augustus made no answer. Criminal legislation, he knew, was not the proper mode of attacking such irregularities, and he was too cautious not to feel all the difficulty of proceeding in any other manner. The consequence was that the evil increased, till it absolutely defied not only the laws, but the legislators themselves. It was in vain that Domitian revived and increased the ancient laws; in vain that he armed them with additional severities, so terrific that they might have scared even the hardy prostitution of Mars and Venus; whilst he himself, the centre of the empire with respect to power and influence, "the very mirror and the glass of fashion," from which the manners of the whole nation derived their features and complexion, was a monster of iniquity so hideous, that the vilest characters of the age might indeed imitate his enormities, though they could never exceed, and scarcely equal them. The legislators of Rome misconceived the mode of treating these disorders; instead of clearing the way by a reform in principle, they pursued the attack by means of criminal laws. Justinian treated the particular

crime here alluded to with additional and ill-timed severity. (Procopius Hist. Secret. Montesq. Esp. des Loix, liv. 12, ch. 6.) The laws, unable to remedy, did but augment the evil: and Rome fell, perhaps, as much from her own internal weakness and disorders, as from the attacks of her barbarian conquerors. I cannot forbear to detain my reader one minute longer, to adduce the authority of Montesquieu in support of my own opinion: "Que l'on ne prepare point," says he, "ce crime; qu'on le proscrive par une police exacte comme toutes les "violations des mœurs, et l'on verra soudain la nature ou défendre ses droits, "ou les réprendre. Douce, aimable, charmante! elle a répandu les plaisirs "d'une main liberale; et en nous comblant de délices, elle nous prepare, par "des enfants, qui nous font (pour ainsi dire) renaître, à des satisfactions plus "grandes que ces délices mêmes." Esp. des Loix, liv. 12, ch. 6. See also liv. 7, ch. 23, and liv. 23 throughout.

V. 64. *Such canting scoundrels*—In the original fictos Scauros. Æmilius Scaurus, according to Sallust, was of this character: callidè vitia occultans, "fair without and foul within."

V. 66. *Laronia*—Martial mentions an old rich widow of this name; but it matters not who she was; she justly recriminates upon the stickler for female chastity in the text. High pretensions of any kind carry suspicion upon the very face of them.

V. 67. *Julian law*—This was enacted by Augustus, and called Julian, because he at that time bore the name of his great uncle, Julius. The same law seems to have extended to the crime against nature, and the violation of women. (Instit. Just. lib. 4, ch. 18, s. 4. Burmanni annot. in Suet. Aug. 34, cap. Juris Gothofredi, lib. 48, tit. 5, 1, 8, and 34.) Although the second crime was the peculiar object of the Lex Scantinia mentioned below. The punishment of the Julian law has been matter of some disagreement. The better opinion seems to be, that it was only that species of temporary banishment called Relegatio, which confined the criminal to some certain place, without depriving him of his rights and fortunes. Lipsius (ad Tac. ann. 4) thinks the punishment was of a heavier description; but it is remarkable that there is no countenance to this opinion in Tacitus; for, when (in the third book of his

annals) he is speaking of the two Julias, the daughter and the niece of Augustus, although he says, "adulteros earum morte aut fugâ mulctavit," he adds, a line or two below, that in so doing, "clementiam majorum, suasque ipse leges "egrediebatur—" observing, in the same sentence, "culpam inter viros ac fæ- "minas vulgatam gravi nomine læsarum religionum et violatæ majestatis appel- "lavit." Tiberius first made the banishment perpetual; and added confiscation to the punishment of women. Constantine the Great made the punishment capital. See Justin. Instit. var. lib. 4, ch. 18. Esp. des Loix, liv. 7, c. 13. Tac. annal. lib. 2, 3, and 4. Adams's Rom. Antiq. 273. Corpus Juris Gottiofredi, lib. 48, passim.

For the legal information and opinions, detailed in the above notes upon the Julian laws, I am obliged to Mr. J. Hodgson, of Lincoln's Inn—quem inter patrueles meos numerare gaudeo. In the fifteenth satire I shall have to thank him for some poetical assistance, which, me judice, although small in quantity, is far from insignificant in value.

V. 70. *See a third Cato*—Cato major, his nephew, Cato of Utica, and the hypocrite above, are the three. Tertius Cato was proverbially applied to any one who affected the censor.

V. 77. *Scantinian edict*—Some have disputed whether laws were ever called from the persons who occasioned them by their crimes. They certainly, in general, took the name of those who enacted them. However, among the Greeks, the Laian law, of exactly the same nature as that in the text, was so intitled from Laius, who, like Scantinius, was guilty of an unnatural attempt. The offender either paid a sum of money (which is a gross instance of lenity) or his life.

V. 83. *Rome's expertest harlots*—In the original there are four women, Tædia, Cluvia, Flora, and Catulla, mentioned. Their histories, if I could give them, would better be omitted—as well as that of Hippo, a male debauchee, whom Laronia cites as worse than all these harlots put together. One of them was a chere amie of Martial's, and he thus addresses her, epig. 53, book 8,

> O thou, the most enchanting dame
> That ever lit a lover's flame!

But ah, the most abandon'd too
That ever join'd the Cyprian crew!
Catulla, darling, pr'ythee be
More chaste—or look less killingly.

V. 90. *Or eat the food*—This food Juvenal calls coliphia; probably from κωλα ιφια, strong limbs. It was a sort of diet-bread, good for giving breath and strength. Of the "wrestling and fencing ladies" we shall hear again in the sixth satire. Laronia's account of the men must be taken cum grano salis; probably there were as many instances of female as of male miscreants, who perverted nature, and changed sexes.

V. 93. *Soft as Arachne's self &c.* Ovid mentions the "light finger" of Arachne; and who knows not that she was a Lydian damsel, and, according to the fable, vied with Minerva at the distaff; but was turned by her jealous rival into a spider? How irrationally then are the fair alarmed at the sight of an amiable sister in disguise! Pope (Essay on Man, first epistle) talks like Darwin of a spider—

The spider's touch how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

V. 94. *Ulysses' patient wife*—Statius, in a most delicious poem, full of tenderness and warm affection, addressed to his wife Claudia, says that she was so far *superior* to Penelope (one will allow a husband to exaggerate) that, was he absent from her, she would much sooner drive a thousand suitors away:

—— Tu mille procos intacta fugares,
Nòn intertextas commenta retexere telas,
Sed sine fraude palam, thalamosque armata negâsses.

V. 96. *Like country harlots*—Or, as I would wish to correct the line, "like shiv'ring harlots." If a Roman wife detected her husband in an amour with a female servant, the fault was turned to use; for the weaker offender was forced to spin it out; shivering in the cold at the door of the house, that the disgrace might be more public, and the punishment more painful, tied to a wooden clog, upon which she sat, and was beat by her mistress. The husband, I suppose, was only obliged to submit to be told of his misdemeanour three times every day for the remainder of his life. Some suppose the word

"horrida" to mean coarse-clad, that the maid might not be mistaken for the mistress. But from the expression of horrenti servo, "shivering menial," in the first satire, I rather conceive my corrected translation of this passage to be faithful.

V. 97. *'Tis plain why Hister &c.* This wretch is mentioned again, as a fortune-hunter, in the twelfth satire. But we now hear of his own will.—Holyday has preserved a curious old document of this kind from Longus de annulis signatoriis; a will made by one Grunnius Corocotta, in which the testator begs that his body may be well pickled with garlic, pepper, and honey, for an odd reason, "that his name may endure for ever!" There are seven witnesses to this deed.—Hister's leaving his "unshared fortune" to his freedman, is expressed in the original by solo tabulas impleverit Hister liberto—which will be understood by referring to the Roman customs of writing wills upon waxen tablets; in the first department of which (prima cera) the chief legatee was named, in the last (ima) his coheirs. But in this case there were no coheirs.

V. 111. *Himself in muslin drest &c.* In the original—

—— cum tu multitia sumas
Cretice—

To dispatch the two words at once—Creticus most probably stands for the descendant of any noble family; as that of Metellus, who, from his conquest of Crete, was called Creticus. Others say it is an allusion to Minos and Rhadamanthus, those severe judges of Crete. Others to Julius Creticus, a great lawyer in the time of the Cæsars.—Multitia some derive from multa licia, many threads; or from multum icere, to strike the woof often with the pecten or stay of the weaver's loom. But this would make the garment more compact than will answer our author's meaning. Before the time of Juvenal these pellucid robes were confined to the women; in his days the men began to wear them; afterwards they grew as common to one sex as to the other. The first fashion, however, only came out among the ladies of the empire. Exactly what the materials of the dress were, is of little consequence. Fine muslin *may perhaps* be an anachronism. Mr. Gifford draws a distinction (but with hesitation) be-

tween Sericæ and Bombycinæ vestes, calling the former cotton, the latter silk. The idea of transparency is all that is wanted.

Martial talks of very thin silken simars—

> Fæmineum lucet sic per bombycina corpus,
> Calculus in nitidâ sic numeratur aquâ.

V. 115. *What though Pollinea &c.* Concerning Pollinea, Procula, and Carfinia, if they are real characters, nothing occurs to me; but Martial records a singular excellence of wicked ingenuity in Fabulla—

> Quâ mæchum ratione basiaret,
> Coram conjuge, repperit Fabulla &c. Epig. 95, lib. 13.

V. 118. *Wear the thin garment &c.* In the original

> —— talem
> Non sumet damnata togam.

Toga was properly a man's gown, as stola a woman's; but common and dishonest females, and those particularly who were convicted in adultery, were compelled publicly to wear the toga. Horace opposes matrona, and ancilla togata. Stolata signified a virtuous woman.

V. 149. *Thou too the virtuous goddess &c.* The Bona Dea should be rendered the bounteous goddess, according to the authority of Britannicus. He mentions her names of Maia and Terra also; of Fauna, Ops, and Fatua. Bona, because she brings forth all things good for our subsistence. This is reducing her at once to mother earth.—Her rites, however, were celebrated, by women only, according to Plutarch, every year in the house of the Pontifex Maximus pro salute populi Romani. This seems to imply something of a very generally beneficent nature in her character. But these female ceremonies were not only violated by Clodius, as Cicero tells us, and Juvenal, in his sixth satire, and perverted by the women themselves most shockingly; but, as it appears from the text, mocked by the pretended imitation of a set of profligate men, who in their turn excluded the other sex as rigidly from their observances, which, in short, were nothing but the vilest iniquities.—Macrobius gives some account of the Bona Dea; but the perversion of her rites (Sacra Bonæ maribus non

adeunda Deæ) by the male prostitutes described in this passage, is an anecdote in the scandalous chronicle of Juvenal's age, not elucidated by any other testimony. The supposition that the Alban games, instituted by Domitian, are here alluded to is quite unreasonable: they consisted of scenic exhibitions, prize-fighting, and contests of poets and orators. The poem of Statius (quoted by Mr. Gifford) in which he mentions his having gained three prizes at these games, is, by the way, a most exquisite composition. I have praised it above, but cannot refrain from recommending it again, to the perusal of those husbands particularly whose wives are too fond of the gaieties of a town life. It is a receipt for gentle expostulation upon the subject.

V. 154. *No piping girls &c.* It was the custom in the mysteries of the Bona Dea to introduce singing and music. The words "ite profanæ," ἔκας, ἔκας, &c. were the common form of commencing religious ceremonies.

V. 157. *E'en till Cotytto's &c.* We are here got into the midst of filth, and the sooner we get out of it the better. Cotytto, who may be called the goddess of obscenity, was worshipped at Athens by night. Her priests were the Baptæ; so named from their being bathed in hot water before they began her orgies—by way of washing off their former sins, and of making room, I suppose, for the fresh and inordinate impurities which they were about to contract.*

V. 158. *One at his toilet sits &c.* Here begins the picture of these degraded wretches, who, forbidding the appearance of women at their festival (for which

* Something of this kind is hinted by Britannicus and Le Grange. Ruperti derives the word ἀπο τῦ βαπτειν, inficere, fucare. This is the genuine affectation of critical acuteness—to adopt a less common instead of an obvious meaning. Eupolis had a comedy upon the Baptæ, in which, as we are informed by the old Scholiast, he satirized Alcibiades, and was put to death by him in consequence.—The worship of Cotytto passed from Thrace (concerning Cotys, a lascivious king of Thrace, see Athenæus Deipno. 12, 8) into Phrygia, and from thence to Athens. Horace (according to the obvious correction of Politian) mentions the rites of Cotytto—

Inultus ut tu riseris Cotyttia
Vulgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis.

The manuscripts, in general, read Cocytia. This would afford a good subject for six quarto pages of verbal criticism.

Strange that such difference should be
Betwixt a little c and t!

they are now dressing themselves), yet assumed the worst effeminacy. That which I have translated—

"The azure cobweb of his gauzy gown,"

is in the original—

Cærulea scutulata, et galbana rasa—

net-work garments, so thin that the meshes of them represented distinctly the form of the Roman scutum; something very like what is seen in the spider's web.—The galbana rasa, perhaps, were white smooth sarcenets, without hair, or shag. Martial calls effeminate manners galbanos mores. See Holyday.

The lines in the original, which have given cause to a long and learned note of Mr. Gifford's, upon the custom of "darkening and extending the arch of the "eye," imported from the east into Greece and Italy, seem to me to have been always wrongly printed. I would read them thus—

Ille supercilium madidâ fuligine tinctum
Obliquâ producit acu, pingitque; trementes
Attollens oculos—

that is, "extends, and paints his eyebrows;" which operation would naturally make the eye tremble, and raise itself towards the eyebrow. The common reading—

—— pingitque trementes
Attollens oculos—

seems to induce the necessity of adopting Holyday's strange interpretation of the passage. But, notwithstanding the additional authority of Naumachius, (quoted by Mr. Gifford) I cannot imagine how the balls of the eyes were to be blackened.

V. 167. *Pathic Otho held &c.* The story of Otho (whose mirror it matters little whether the wretch in the text possessed or not—he boasted of it, according to the allusion from Virgil) lies under a seeming difficulty, as related here by our author; for it appears to contradict the account of Tacitus. Holyday, however, justly observes, that there are traits enough in Otho's character to sanction our belief of this effeminacy. His death forms a strange contrast to his life. So Martial—

Sit Cato, dum vivit, sanè vel Cæsare major,
Dum moritur, nunquid major Othone fuit?

Dio, in his sixty-fourth book, gives the following speech to Otho, after his defeat by Vitellius.—I have translated it freely, and ought to offer, perhaps, an apology for my translation. For its introduction I do not offer any; as the thoughts of the original are excellent, and curiously illustrative of Otho's character. A mixture of vanity and courage, of effeminate debauchery and philosophical indifference.

"Enough, my soldiers, enough already has been achieved. A civil war is "odious even to the conqueror; and all the Romans are my children, even "those also who have been my enemies. Be the fortune with Vitellius, for "such is the will of Heaven; and be his soldiers uninjured, for such is the "request of Otho. Better and more just is it, that one should perish for the "many, than a number for an individual. I had rather be a Mutius, a Decius, "a Curtius, or a Regulus, than a Marius, a Cinna, or a Sylla; not to enumerate "the other oppressors of their country. Therefore counsel me not to become "one of those who are hateful to me; nor envy me the emulation of those "whom I admire. Haste ye to the conqueror! let him be the object of your "allegiance. I will so set myself at liberty, that all shall acknowledge ye chose "an emperor who did not make you his sacrifice, but gave himself up for your "preservation."—His soldiers, affected by this speech, endeavoured during the day to dissuade him from his purpose; but in vain: he retired into his tent towards evening, and fell upon his sword. Zonaras relates some additional circumstances of his composure before death; which are confirmed by the accounts of Tacitus, Plutarch, and Suetonius. When, after reading this, we consider him upon the field of battle gazing at his armour in a looking-glass, (as Ovid says of the mistress of Hercules,

Vidit et in speculo conjugis arma sui)

must we laugh or weep at the inconsistencies of our nature?

—— Nil fuit unquam,
Sic dispar sibi.

The Bebriac field (where Otho was defeated) lay between Verona and Cremona. Pliny calls the town Bebriacum; Tacitus, Bedriacum.—Again six pages! "Strange that such difference" &c.

V. 176. *Crippled Galba*—Dio says of him, γερων και ἀσθενης τα νευρα ων, παυυ πολυν γελωτα οφλισκανε—but although so infirm in body, he was vigorous in council.

V. 181. *Not thus adorn'd th' Ægyptian &c.*

" High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
" Of aspës sting herself did stoutly kill." SPENSER.

Ausa et jacentem visere regiam
Vultu sereno fortis, et asperas
Tractare serpentes &c. &c.

V. 182. *Not thus th' Assyrian &c.*

" The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
" With sonne's own blade her fowle reproches spoke." SPENSER.

The Antijacobin has immortalized the cock-tailed mice with which this lady surrounded Babylon. Martial mentions the walls as well as Ovid—but (as Rader would say) not the mice.

V. 211. *The madding feast &c.* Anciently, the table was held sacred.—" The reverence," says Holyday, " that sober Romans gave their tables was " much; because they thought them holy." He quotes Synesius, Arnobius, and I know not whom besides, to prove it. It is a striking fact, and originated from an idea of the gods being invisibly present at such entertainments. (See the Baucis and Philemon of Ovid.) However strange the superstition, the effects of it, as Mr. Gifford observes, were unquestionably excellent. And I may add, that it would be well amongst us Christians, if the thought were at least so far regarded, as to induce the strict observance of a custom, which fashion, aiding impiety, has too generally proscribed, namely, that of saying grace before and after meals.

V. 216. *Slavish Phrygians*—The Priests of Cybele.—Catullus has a noble poem upon the story of Atys, one of these wretched fanatics. I do not know whether uninspired antiquity has left us any thing quite equal to it in point of

wildness and enthusiasm. It is to be regretted that our English heroic measure will not express the rapidity of the original—

" Alios age incitatos, alios age rabidos," &c.

and that we have no other species of verse which will come up to its dignity. It is, in point of subject, stile, and rhythm, I believe, an unique composition.—Dryden, in the preface to the translation of Virgil's Eclogues, says—" no mo-" dern can put into his own language the energy of that single poem of Ca-" tullus." I have often convinced myself of the folly of attempting it, and have smiled when I detected my endeavour to express the quickness of the Latin metre, by repeating the English rapidly. Will those, who succeed me in the labour of versification, excuse my advising them, after the glow of first ideas has passed away, to take up their verses coolly (if it be possible) and read them without any uncommon energy of expression? For although a fault may sometimes be most happily corrected in the very fury of composition, yet the suggestions of this kind, arising from the immediate cooperation of judgment and of fancy, are extraordinary; and, as to the fervour of imagination, although it be generally enough felt by versifiers, yet it is by no means a vulgar privilege really to feel the noble raptures of the Last Minstrel—

" For when he caught the measure wild
" The old man rais'd his head, and smil'd;
" And lifted up his faded eye,
" With all a poet's ecstasy!"

To return for a moment to Catullus—(and I must remind my readers that they were forewarned in the preface what rambling digressions they were to expect—not that I can expect them to forgive me—Montaigne might do what he pleased) how tenderly, as well as vigorously, does he write—I defy the world to translate—

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias!

into an English couplet—let some more lucky hand try the following—

O quid solutis est beatiùs curis,
Cum mens onus reponit, et peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto!

Oh! what so heav'nly as repose from pain!
When, hurried long o'er many a distant way,
Joyous at last the well-known roof we gain,
And on the wish'd-for bed our weary bodies lay.

As to Cybele, that she was the mother of the gods, and that her priests, the Galli, were eunuchs, and almost incredibly vicious—these subjects have been more fully explained by the commentators than is either decent or necessary. Diodorus Siculus and Ovid are the chief authorities.

V. 195. *Gracchus was rich &c.* That Gracchus, one of the patricians, really committed this detestable crime, though other contemporary authors are silent upon the subject, we cannot doubt; unless we suppose Juvenal to be guilty of the most abandoned and cruel falsehood against many of the noble families in Rome, for whom the name of Gracchus here stands by synecdoche. Indeed it was but following Nero's example. See the first satire. But that Juvenal should afterwards represent the appearance of Gracchus as a gladiator in a more offensive light than the crime here noticed, does indeed seem extraordinary.—Mr. Gifford's friend, Dr. Ireland, has however accounted for it, I think, perfectly in the following observation; though not much to the credit of our author.—"It is an instance of that 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."—This very thought had struck me (though I had not so well expressed it) before I read the above, when writing the argument to my sixth satire—which see.

V. 200. *The monstrous husband &c.* Ruperti here makes a remark of a nature too blasphemous for any stupidity to excuse. It is a severe charge which I have made, but it is a just one; nor could I hold myself excused in silence upon such a passage as is to be met with in his note on line one hundred and twenty of the second satire of Juvenal. I am sorry to include so profound a scholar as Toup in a similar censure. But whoever possesses the first edition of Warton's Theocritus, will there find a note of Toup's, upon the word ὑποκολπιος, giving a most indecorous illustration of the ancient manner of lying at meals. See the notes to the fifth satire.—After copying a gross epigram

from Paul the Silentiary, and another infinitely worse from Automedon, in explanation of the word ὑποκολπιος, Toup observed in his first edition, Atque hinc intelligendus Divus Johannes, c. 13, v. 23. The concluding paragraph was cancelled in the subsequent edition of Warton's Theocritus. But Ruperti's manner of introducing this indecency is still more censurable: upon the words "gremio jacuit nova nupta mariti," he says—"Sic et Johannes, discipulus Jesu "dilectissimus ἦν ἀνακείμενος ἐν τῷ κολπῷ τϐ Ἰησϐ." We should be deficient indeed in charity to attribute this to any thing but a total want of common-sense—

Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ
Fortunâ—

and if the critics dispute my interpretation of sensus communis, and say it signifies a sense of propriety—

—— qui
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique—

Surely the want of this sense of propriety in the above instances, and in innumerable others, may be imputed to the commentators. Without intending therefore to apply the general censure to some bright exceptions, without denying the injustice which directed the lash of the Dunciad against Bentley, may we not with all fairness include in this remark the Gevartii and Henninii of a former day, the Scneiders and Hermans of the present? Would not the contempt with which the poets, historians, and philosophers of antiquity, are likely to receive their several annotators in the shades, form a good subject for the Νεκυια to a poem which defended the cause of Text versus Comment? At the same time the worthy commentator might walk side by side with his author. Homer might disdain the company of any one but Eustathius; and both he and Virgil shrink with affright from the overwhelming and awkward assiduities of Heyne. Fielding has described the gratitude with which the ancient heroes meet their several poets in Elysium: might not the former be made to assist the latter in cudgeling the commentators? But as to commentators in Elysium, and joining the company of heroes and of poets at all, it reminds us of the horse-dung floating down the stream with the apples—and, upon second thoughts, the waters of oblivion, or the deep Albunea,

—— nemorum quæ maxima sacro
Fonte sonat, sævamque exhalat opaca mephitim,

would be the proper residence for the tenues umbræ, simulachraque luce carentûm, the empty heads, ἀμενηνα καρηνα, of departed commentators.—My readers will, I hope, excuse this passing tribute to the genius of the Word-catchers; or rather to what Fielding (in the notes to his imitation of the sixth satire) excellently denominates criticulorum homunculorum hallucinantem geniunculum!

V. 205. *The veil of lace &c.* Lubin would shudder at such a bold anachronism. In the original we hear of segmenta (from seco, to cut), which, strictly speaking, were "small strips cut out of rich stuffs, or cloth of gold." See Holyday. I have sadly confounded the dress, making it English instead of Roman: however, the meaning is given, viz. that Gracchus was dressed like a bride, and the colour of saffron (perhaps not widely expressed in the word flammeum) was sacred to Hymen.

V. 207. *The holy Salian &c.* The Salii (one of whom Gracchus was) or priests of Mars, every year in March, solemnly danced about the Forum and Capitol; attired, as to their head, in a cap or helmet; as to their body, in a tunica picta, or embroidered coat, on which was a brazen breastplate, fastened with a thong on the inside (as some describe it), and small daggers in their hands, with which they struck their shields. So Holyday. But the Salii, from the word "nutantia," probably bore the ancilia on their heads. Indeed we have other authority for this. Lucan says they hung from the neck. The ancilia themselves (which, as the story, common in its idea to many nations, is related, dropt from heaven with a voice, declaring that the city should rule the world in which they were kept) were of two several shapes, as we learn from gems remaining of them. The one was hollowed out on each side like a half moon; the other, according to Ovid, quite round.—We remember the brothers with the odd name—one of whom made square platters, and the other all round. The two tales are about of equal importance.

V. 240. *Though cheating quacks &c.* Lyde, a cunning Lydian woman, (who, according to Statius, was naturally fat, or had grown so by imposing upon credulity) is mentioned in the original. I may just observe that Holyday here quotes the queer reading of Fortunatus Schacchus, in his Myrothecium, and gives

a copy of Lyde's miraculous box of pregnancy. The box is like a tea urn; the reading I have already mentioned. This error Holyday points out; but he omits to notice the erroneous reading of line the tenth, satire fifth—cum possis honestiùs illic &c. Might not we read possit? personifying jejuna fames. It has, I find, been proposed in this sense. Ruperti says he will readily give up his own emendation. Cum pol sit honestiùs. He is in the right.

V. 241. *Or still more cheating priests &c.* These were the Luperci, or priests of Pan, who in the month of February ran naked (yet, as the cautious Barten says, Plutarch mentions a little covering) about the city; and the women who desired to be fruitful, held out their hands to them, (see the sixth satire) and the priests struck them with a goat's skin, or a ferula. Hæ nugæ seria ducunt in mala.—Ovid alludes to this custom—

> Excipe fecundæ patienter verbera dextræ,
> Sic socer optati nomen habebit avi.

And Virgil describes the Salii and the Luperci together in the shield of Æneas—

> Hic exultantes Salios, nudosque Lupercos,
> Lanigerosque apices, et lapsa ancilia cælo
> Extuderat.

From their lanigeri apices, woollen caps or fillets, (see the Egyptian priests in the sixth satire) the priests of several deities were called Flamines—quasi filamines à filo. Ruæus in Virg. 8, 664.

V. 242. *Never a mother's honour'd state to gain*—The complaint of the eunuch Eutropius has been quoted often from Claudian—

> Femina cum senuit, retinet connubia partu,
> Uxorisque decus matris reverentia pensat.

The lines are beautiful, and recall us from the wretch who utters them, to their own immediate subject. How wonderfully is the wisdom of Providence displayed, in that oblivion which so soon follows the heaviest of all human afflictions—

> "The child-bed agony—the death of friends!"

What but this happy forgetfulness could have insured the comfort or even the continuation of our species? See St. John, xvi. 21.

V. 243. *Gracchus comes forth a gladiator &c.* He appeared in the character of the Retiarius, whose dress was as follows: a short coat (tunica) for the body; a hat, or cap, tied under his chin with a broad ribband (see the eighth satire); but his face was exposed to public view; wherein lies the particular infamy of this exhibition. He had a three-pointed spear in his left hand, and a net in his right, in which he endeavoured to involve his adversary, the Secutor, so called from his pursuing the Retiarius, (when the latter missed his throw) in order to kill him. For the Secutor had the advantage (if he could escape the net, though the chances were against him) of a shield, and a helmet, and a crooked falchion. On his helmet was the figure of a fish, called Myrmillo, from Mormyron or Mormilon, which was its name in the language of the Gauls. So Holyday; but some derive it from the Greek. This fish had the property of running so deep in the mud as to avoid the net, or to be caught with difficulty. Hence it gave another appellation to the Secutor, and was one of his insignia.

V. 245. *Circus' sand*—I am afraid I must here confess an error, as well as in the sixth satire, where I have used this expression again. The prælia Circi, mentioned in Statius, misled me—but I now believe these were not combats of gladiators (if indeed prælia signify combats at all in this passage, and not contests of horses rather) but representations of horse and foot battles, and also of an encampment or siege, and of sea fights,[a] which were common in the Circus, κατ' ἐξοχην, or Circus maximus. Kennett indeed gives some countenance to my translation; but the more correct Adam confines the exhibitions of gladiators to the funeral pile, the forum, and the amphitheatre—or, as Juvenal calls it, the arena, using a part for the whole. I would substitute the words "dangerous

[a] Augustus dug a lake near the Tiber, and Domitian built a theatre called Naumachia for this purpose; and then the exhibition more rarely took place in the Circus Maximus. It is hardly necessary to mention that there were several smaller Circo's (as Kennet calls them) about the city; as well as squares or market-places smaller than the Forum (see the first satire); and amphitheatres smaller than the amphitheatre or Colisæum, which would hold 87,000 spectators, and whose ruins still remain.

"sand" in both instances. For the podium, or the "pit's first row," see the third satire, as well as for some farther account of the gladiators.

V. 246. *Though to his rank the brave Æmilian race &c.* In a note upon the continuation of this story of Gracchus in the eighth satire, Mr. Gifford brings a very striking passage from Dio, where the descendants of the heroes mentioned in the text, and of many other of the ancient worthies of Rome, are represented as so lost to all shame, that they contended with singers on the stage, and with fencers in the amphitheatre, for the prize of such unworthy excellence. And it was the delight of the strangers dwelling at Rome to frequent these disgraceful shows, and each, according to his country, to point out to his fellows the degenerate sons of those warriors who had severally conquered their nations. This was among the enormities, and perhaps the most generally prejudicial to the Roman character of all the enormities, in Nero's reign. He compelled the nobles (male and female) to prostitute the dignity of their rank, by appearing in the orchestra and in the amphitheatre.—In Domitian's time, after such an education, they naturally and voluntarily adhered to the custom. Britannicus approves of the old reading, admoneas, instead of admoveas, in this passage, and refers it to what follows—Esse aliquos manes &c. that is, "notwithstanding the fearless encouragement which Domitian gives to "these shameful scenes, we can tell him that there is a place of future punish-"ment, where he will answer for his present guilt." But the more simple and obvious meaning is contained in admoveas—that is, "although you were to "add the emperor himself" (for to suppose the prætor only here alluded to, who commonly was at the expence of these exhibitions, is a miserable anti-climax) "to the family of him who saved the Capitol (Marcus Manlius [b]); of "him who first triumphed over Hannibal (Marcellus [c]); of him who destroyed "the Carthaginian fleet (Catulus); of him who bravely perished at Cannæ "(Paullus Æmilius [d]); of him who led three hundred and six of his relations to

[b] In summo custos Tarpeiæ Manlius arcis
Stabat pro templo, et Capitolia celsa tenebat. VIRGIL, Æn. 8.

[c] Aspice ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis
Ingreditur, victorque viros supereminet omnes. Ibid.

[d] —— animæque magnæ
Podigum Paullum, superante Pæno. HOR.

" the field against the Veientes (Fabius [e])—Gracchus would be nobler than " them all; yes, and of far higher birth than this Flavian, who gave the shows, " this execrable Domitian."

V. 256. *The lustral torches*—or, as I would alter the passage, " sulphurous " torches," and " lustral waters." These were the instruments of expiation among the ancients—a flaming branch of the pine-tree impregnated with sulphur, and a laurel dipped in " holy water." Juvenal has been strangely accused of ridiculing the idea of a future state in this passage. His language, when talking of the infernal regions, has been called ludicrous. To us it certainly is ludicrous—and he too, as superior in understanding to the multitude, might have derided the visible shapes of terror with which the heathens peopled their hell. But it does not follow that he was an infidel. Did not Socrates, in his dying hours, use the common language of his countrymen with regard to the gods? and yet we cannot suppose him to have intended more than an example of conformity to established rites, when he enjoined the sacrifice of a cock to Esculapius; although we know he believed in an all-wise and all-powerful Creator and Supporter of the universe. Virgil's description of the Styx is as full of meanness and absurdity as that of Juvenal. And yet the former would be oddly charged with infidelity on account of his sixth book.—As to the other instances (numerous as they are) of our author's ridiculing the mythology, what are they but proofs of his good sense in conceiving such ideas, though of his impolicy perhaps in publishing them? That he believed in a state of retribution no one who carefully peruses his satires can doubt; and that he described such a state after the manner of his contemporaries, seems a necessary consequence of his describing it at all. He had no other materials to work with; for, although enlightened by the precepts (whether consciously or not),[f] he was uninfluenced by the faith of Christianity. And how can we

[e] So Ovid—

Una dies Fabios ad bellum miserat omnes,
Ad bellum missos perdidit una dies.

And Virgil of the Dictator—

Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem.

[f] My readers will observe, I hope, that every thing is spoken with diffidence upon this subject. I have not forgotten the strange fancy of Vives, that Virgil, in his fifth eclogue, celebrates the death and resurrection of our Saviour. The fourth eclogue has certainly in many passages a most wonderful similarity to the prophecy of Isaiah concerning the birth of Christ. See Pope's Messiah.

know whether his opportunities of information were sufficient to expose him to censure for neglecting them?

With regard to the interpretation of the words "talis umbra," in this passage, it has been a subject of much dispute whether they should be construed "the spirit of an atheist," or of a person guilty of unnatural offences. My reasons for inclining to the former opinion are those that follow:—after dwelling with vehement indignation upon the degeneracy and corruption of his country, and adducing many dreadful examples to justify his bitterness of reproach, Juvenal attributes this change from the purity of ancient manners, to the universal infidelity of his contemporaries. This he considers as the root of the evil. "When then," he exclaims, "the ghost of one of those who have "thus degraded their country," (namely, the ghost of an unbeliever—for disbelief of a future state caused the degradation) "descends to the heroes of old "times, with what horror will they shrink from his approach!"

If we suppose the spirit of an unnatural offender to be alluded to, we must entirely pass over the lines which allude to the other world, (that is, we must omit to consider the very winding up and application of the satire) and refer to Gracchus, that is, to an antecedent whose relation to talis umbra is interrupted by the lines in question; which lines, as I stated before, describe the cause of the Roman corruption; and therefore describe that, which was most likely to be viewed with detestation by Curius and the Scipios, by Camillus and Fabricius—

Et Cremeræ legio, et Cannis consumpta juventus.

I am unwilling to smile at Holyday, but his poetical powers may surely be separated from his critical; Dryden says, the former were as lame and pitiful, as the latter were excellent. Upon "Cremeræ legio" the good old man observes—"This can hardly mean the Fabii, for they were only 306 men; and a "legion, according to Vegetius and Modestus, contained 6000 foot and 700 "horse!" The critic states the number of men in a legion to have varied; Adam says it was 4200 in the time of Polybius.

Ruperti's idea of interpreting "Sed tu vera puta—" but, for the sake of argument, "suppose these things to be true—" is perfectly worthy of a genuine commentator; to the completion of which character one negative quality is eminently necessary, namely, the total absence of every spark of poetical feeling.

Owen's translation of "Illuc heù miseri traducimur" (judicious as Owen in general is) seems entitled to much the same commendation. He does not apply this reflection to the certainty of death; to that sad doom which compels the conqueror to pass over into darkness like a common mortal: he interprets it—"Alas! we are come to such a pitch of wickedness—" But Juvenal does not tamely lament over the vices of his country: he probes her wounds with acrimony, and exposes her pollutions with undisguised abhorrence. The thought of the glories that were past, the tale of the times of old, recalled to his mind the consummation of all the Roman victories—for alas!

Ἁ χαρις εὐγενεων, χαρις ἁ βασιληιδος ἀρχᾶς, &c.

V. 259. *Yet from the bath's abhorr'd contagion free*—"None but infants, in "this impious age," says our author, "believe a hell; and that is because they "have not yet used the public baths;" (not paid the fee for bathing, nondum ære lavantur, see the sixth satire) which baths, according to Martial passim, to Suetonius, to Juvenal himself, and numerous other testimonies, were the very stew-ponds of corruption. Indeed it was natural that they should be so. The satire is highly aggravated in this passage, for children bathed in public, when only four years old. See Holyday.—Lubin loses himself in contradictions upon this passage.

V. 262. *Great Scipio's soul &c.* Juvenal, like Virgil, mentions the two Scipios—Publius Cornelius, and Publius Æmilianus, his grandson by adoption. These were the ambo Scipiadæ—geminos, duo fulmina belli, Scipiadas, cladem Lybiæ—each of whom—domitâ nomen ab Africâ Lucratus rediit.—Curius too, the conqueror of the Samnites and of Pyrrhus, is celebrated in the text: he was a great favourite of our author's, who, as well as Horace, records his primitive hairiness and simplicity with peculiar admiration. See the third and eleventh satires. His incompti capilli were admired by Martial also, as we have already seen. The hardy poverty (sæva paupertas) of this old warrior, of Camillus, of Fabricius, and other heroes, was the nurse of those virtues which made Rome the mistress of the world. The destructive luxury (sævior armisluxuria) which flowed into the city with the riches of the conquered nations, was the cause of her decline and fall. How strangely do all the means of human grandeur counteract themselves! and how apparent is it, that the

pride of empires, when it has once reached a certain point of elevation, begins in pejus ruere, et retrò sublapsa referri; and, like the stone of Sisyphus, is hurried back into the dust from which it ascended!

V. 272. *Juverna's shore*—Ireland—notwithstanding "the accurate Camden's "doubt of this place being conquered by the Romans." They thought, as Holyday observes, every place subdued which they but approached. Cæsar's motto was a general one with them. Veni, vidi, vici. Besides, says Johnson, "the "poet does not number the streaks of the tulip; he has to deal with general "appearances;" and Ireland was but as a drop in the ocean amidst the Roman acquisitions.

V. 273. *The short solstitial night*—Six hours long. Juvenal only mentions the Orcades (the "storm-swept Orcades,") but as he had got so far, I thought it warrantable to carry him on to the Pole.

V. 279. *Yes, from Armenian plains a hostage came &c.* This miserandus puer was by name Zalates; which I mention for the sake of some new editor of Ainsworth. The sweetest of all the letters, according to Dyonisius of Halicarnassus, is so unproductive to a lexicographer, that every new name must be an ornament as well as an addition to the scanty list of its subjects.—Is not such a satirist as Juvenal, who condemns the vicious to eternal infamy, of high value to a state?

V. 290. *Change the rough spoils &c.* This is freely rendered. Juvenal says the foreign youths will part with all their native and simple goods and chattels, their braccæ (slops), their knives, whips, and bridles, and will carry home to their capital city (Artaxata in Armenia) the noble vices (prætextatos mores) of their luxurious conquerors.

NOTES

TO

THE THIRD SATIRE.

Argument, line 1. *Juvenal accompanies his friend Umbritius &c.* After the glowing attack upon the living villains, at the conclusion of the first satire, and the harrowing appeal to the virtuous dead that closes the second, we are happily relieved by the pleasant, equable, and flowing introduction to the third, where we are led through the consecrated scenes of ancient Rome, and (beguiled by the admonitus locorum) seem to gaze upon the seven-hilled town in all her beauty, and in all her corruption.[8] While the discontented philosopher's family are travelling slowly onward in one poor cart, he and Juvenal descend into the valley of Egeria, and stopping awhile at her adulterated and disfigured grotto, the former begins his mournful reflections upon the degeneracy of his countrymen. I say he begins mournfully, for I do not think his anger gets the better of his tenderness, till the names of Catulus and Arturius rouse him into vehemence. It is impossible to quit any place (except a prison) in which

[8] Upon reperusing my argument to this satire, the manner in which I mention the Conduit Gate and the Grove of Egeria, reminds me of certain lyrical poems, in which "the gentle king Boabdil" is described as "Through the Elvira gate descending, To the Biberambla square." Not to imitate the pregnant silence of this author concerning his Elvira gate and Biberambla square, I shall just mention that by the Conduit gate I mean the Capena porta (the gate leading to Capua), over which was the passage of an aqueduct, and near it the triumphal memorials of the Horatii. So Martial—

Capena grandi porta quà pluit guttâ,
Phrygiæque Matris Almo quà lavat ferrum,
Horatiorum quà viret sacer campus.

The river Almo, by the way, ran into the Tyber, close to Rome, and it was here that the priests of Cybele (on the 25th of March) washed the knives with which they performed their sacrifices, and also washed the image of the goddess. For the grove of Egeria, and the nymph herself, see Plutarch in Numâ, Liv. i. 19, et 29; Propert. iv. 9; and Ovid passim—

Egeria est quæ præbet aquas, Dea grata Camenis,
Illa Numæ conjux, consiliumque fuit.

we have long resided, without some sensations of a melancholy regret; and certainly this satire commences with an accumulation of pathetic images. Do I fancy it, or is there not a sort of languor and wearisomeness expressed in the opening of the blameless exile's farewell to Rome, which my predecessors have misrepresented by anticipating the burst of indignation?

V. 3. *Speed him, ye gods, to Cumæ's lonely fane &c.* The country about Cumæ is singularly beautiful. Statius, in his description of the pleasures of a rural life, by which he endeavours to beguile his sensible wife Polla into his opinion, expatiates upon the charms of this celebrated coast—

> Nec desunt *variæ* circùm oblectamina vitæ;
> Sive vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Baias,
> Enthea fatidicæ seu visere tecta Sybillæ
> Dulce sit &c.

(See the fourth and eleventh satires for some account of Baiæ.) All very charming excursions we must allow; but as to the *variety* of them, after one season—it requires more than the poetry of Statius to aid his argument, in this part of the question. See also Virgil, books the sixth and ninth.

V. 8. *And Prochyta itself*—Prochyta is a barren, rugged island, off the coast of Naples. As for the Sybills—Plato counts three, Pliny three, Ælian four, and Varro ten. The critics gravely say—rectissimè; as if these ancient Joanna Southcotes were not as common as imposition and credulity.

V. 17. *Where Numa's love &c.* "This," says Grangæus, "is what we French-"men call donner assignation." But Numa made his assignation answer a double purpose. His policy covered his love with the veil of supernatural instruction; and his love rendered his policy agreeable. Such at least is the opinion of some commentators; and Martial sanctions the idea—

> Tales Egeriæ jocos fuisse
> Udo crediderim Numæ sub antro.

V. 21. *Who buy their wretched right &c.* This passage has been a stumbling-block to many worthy commentators. Some suppose the cophinus and fænum

of the Jews, (see the sixth satire) were badges of their servitude in Egypt. Some interpret mercedem, which I have translated "rent," tribute; and refer it to the διδραχμον, or tax paid by the Jews to the Capitol, after the destruction of their temple. But the plain tale appears to be this. Domitian banished the Jews from Rome. They took shelter in this holy grove, and, according to the extreme of contempt in which they were held by the Romans, profaned it, as Juvenal implies, by their occupation. But more—the avarice of the emperor followed them to this last refuge, and made them purchase the poor liberty of living in a cold grove. But it was near the city, and doubtless they found their account in the credulity of the Romans. For credulity is a species of luxury, and will pay dear for any silly gratification. So when the Jews were persecuted in our own more early history, when even much of their money, dearer than their lives, was violently taken from them, they still staid in London, for they knew that usury would fatten upon vice. Lucri bonus odor est &c.

V. 38. *His lagging wings &c.* Virgil has a very picturesque expression concerning the wings of Dædalus—

—— fugiens Minoia regna
Remigio alarum—[a]

which Thomson awkwardly enough applies to the oars of a boat, calling them her "oary wings." Is it fancy, or *do* the generality of readers like Thomson better before they have arrived at years of discretion than after?

V. 50. *Saleable as slaves &c.* That is, so adroit as to be purchased, and so mean as to expose themselves to sale. Others conceive that Juvenal means they were Mangones, slave-sellers. But the satire is stronger as I have rendered it. The Hasta mentioned in the text was a synonyme for an auction; pars pro toto; a spear hung out in the forum, under which goods were publicly sold.

V. 51. *Ye once were trumpeters &c.* Part of the travelling orchestra of a company of comedians. How much have the hurdy-gurdy and hand-organ (the instrument of *Grynæus* Apollo) added to the dignity and the liveliness of our modern mendici, mimi, balatrones.

[a] So Lucian, in the Timon—ἐιρεσσια των πτερων.

V. 54. *And at your nod the gladiator dies &c.* "Nay," says Holyday, expostulating with Ferrarius upon his interpretation of this passage, "what did "it avail to making the sign, vertere pollices, more manifest, to clinch their "thumbs either *vehemently* or *gently?*" It appears, from frequent allusions in the classics, that, at the exhibitions of gladiators, it was the custom to save or kill the unsuccessful prize-fighter, according to the pleasure of the sovereign people; who, in fact, were sordid enough to sell their barbarity for the entertainment of the show; and, consequently, to save or kill whomsoever Asturius or Catulus, the donors now, once the hawkers, of these sports, favoured or condemned. But as to the manner of bending back, or turning up, or turning down the thumb, all is uncertainty! And we must rest contented with the same ambiguous satisfaction of our curiosity that the lady was obliged to put up with who, upon asking the gentleman "whether he always twisted his "thumbs *so*—" (in and out) received for answer, "No, madam, I sometimes "twist them *so*—" (out and in.)

The wide waste of mankind which these sanguinary combats of gladiators occasioned is almost incredible; but we may judge of it by one instance. After Trajan's triumph over the Dacians, spectacles were exhibited for 123 days, in which 10,000 gladiators fought; and 11,000 animals of different kinds were killed in them. Dio. 48, 15.—These "cruenta spectacula" were prohibited by Constantine; but not entirely suppressed till the time of Honorius. So noble a triumph over the natural cruelty of man is due to Christianity.

V. 69. *Hence am I friendless &c.* In the original—

> Atque ideo nulli comes exeo, tanquam
> Mancus, et extinctæ corpus non utile dextræ.

"That is," says Farnaby, quoting one of the multitude, "comes, a companion, "who, covering the side of another, is as it were void of a right-hand, whose "use he wants!"—How, Farnaby, if he walked on the right side of another? Juvenal means, though his words are lax, that as a withered hand is useless to the body, so is an honest man to Rome. So Horace—

> Talibus officiis propè mancum.

In another passage of this satire our author alludes to Farnaby's custom; though not in this passage. It is where he says—

Divitis hìc servi claudit latus ingenuorum
Filius &c.

" Here, thou poor offspring of a noble race,
" Yield to a purse-proud slave thy rightful place."

By which he means that the poor noble must give the rich slave the wall, i. e. the place of honour. The best man of three walked in the middle; the best of two nearest the wall. So Ovid, Fast. lib. 5, Horace, and Martial, in many passages.

Juvenal proceeds to account for the distinction claimed by the slave—

" He on his lady-love can cast away,
" For one cold kiss, a tribune's yearly pay;
" Thou, when the strumpet's face has pleas'd thee well,
" Must doubt to call her from her common cell."

For, upon second thoughts, I prefer the reading of cella to sella, and would wish to substitute the above for the passage beginning at line 193 of this satire.

V. 79. *Dear is that man to Verres &c.* Verres was prætor of Sicily for three years, and harassed it with three enormous vices, lust, avarice, and cruelty. For a full account of him, and of his eloquent prosecutor, see Middleton's Life of Cicero—a work which should be read with Hooke's Roman History, that the sour invective of the latter may be some antidote to the oily panegyric of the former.

V. 94. *Orontes' waters &c.* Dryden has given a most fanciful turn to this passage—

" Obscene Orontes, diving under ground,
" Conveys its wealth to Tyber's hungry shores," &c.

We have been accustomed to see the Orontes united with the Tyber from our earliest years. When we became acquainted with the women, Anna and Philotis, we also gained a joint knowledge of the rivers Tyber and Orontes. See (as Madan would say) that great author—" Propria quæ Maribus."

V. 98. *To ply in public at the Circus' doors &c.* The English also have their Circus; and their Summænianæ as well as Suburranæ pellices. These are of all ages, and of all nations.

V. 102. *Triumphant chains—Grecian garments*—Niceteria and trechedipna, trophies of conquest among the fencers, and robes (literally) to run to supper in; both imitated from the Greeks: for—

> Græcia victa ferum victorem cepit, et artes
> Intulit agresti Latio.

In the following lines of Juvenal, Sicyon, a city of Peloponnesus, Andros, an island of the Ægean sea, one of the Cyclades, Amydon, one of the Sporades, Samos, in the Icarian sea, Tralles, a town of Phrygia, and Alabanda, of Ionia, are mentioned. Shall I be excused for leaving out all these proper names?—Metre-mongers and geographers will hardly pardon me. The former gain great licenses by their introduction, and the latter live on the commodity. The "quemvis hominem" below, Grangæus well illustrates by his adage of "Jesuita "est omnis homo."—"The surveyor," or Geometres, Britannicus dignifies with an allusion to Archytas.

V. 112. *Words that in a ready torrent rush*—The eloquence of Isæus is alluded to in the original; of whom it has been said that—

> —— cùm se historiæ dabat severæ,
> Primos vix poterant locos tueri
> Torrens Herodotus, tonans Homerus.

V. 122. *Flaunting their purple trappings &c.* Augustus forbad by law the promiscuous use of purple gowns; confining them to the higher orders of the state. Juvenal calls them Conchylia, because the Murex, from which the dye was extracted, was a shell-fish, caught on the coast of Tyre.

V. 125. *Sooner than me shall these vile Syrians sign &c.* Holyday here takes occasion to quote (though it perhaps is a *little* foreign from the purpose) a grant of certain manors made by William the Conqueror unto the abbess of Caen, in Normandy! There are sixteen witnesses to it (the regular number

according to the strict provision of the civil law being seven, although the canon only enjoined two), each signing according to their dignity; which was the Roman custom, and explains this passage of our author. Holyday does not take notice that they all signed with a mark +; thereby seeming to insinuate that they could not write themselves: among them, William the Conqueror, his mark +; Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, his mark +; Matilda the queen, her mark +; &c. &c. &c.—The Roman manner of lying on couches at dinner, alluded to in the next line, is too well known to need explanation. But see the fifth satire. It was also that of the Jews and Greeks, and, as far as I know, of all the Gentiles, and early Christians. The more ancient Romans, however, as we learn from Varro, sat at their meals; and Cato, we are told by Plutarch, during the civil wars, supped always sitting, as a sign of grief and austerity.

V. 129. *Aventine's pure hill &c.* Whether so called from Remus there taking the auspices, ab avibus; or from its being separated from the rest of the city formerly by marshes, and the people who were ferried over paying something for their advectus (according to Varro), it matters not; and I doubt whether this is not one of the places where I should have been silent. But the fable of the old man, his son, and their ass, consoles me. The "native Sabine "food" was chiefly the olive.

V. 131. *With what address &c.* Terence puts a fine description, of the sort that follows in our author, into the mouth of Gnatho. I have not, just at present, any access to Colman's translation; I must therefore venture upon the passage myself.

EUNUCH. Act ii. Scene 1.

"There are a set of would-be principals,
"Truly, the rear of all men, whom I feed on;
"Nor push my wits to tickle them to laughter,
"But laugh outright, and praise them for the joke!
"Whate'er they say, I praise it; or unsay,
"Praise it again."

This, in the original, is a complete "Parasite's Vade Mecum." See Horace too, De Art. Poet. v. 428, and Martial passim.—In a fragment of "the Flatterers," an old comedy of Eupolis, we have the same instructions—

——— ἐπειδὰν κατίδω τιν' ἄνδρα
Ἠλίθιον, πλατῦλα δ', εὐθὺς περὶ τοῦτου εἰμὶ·
Κἂν τι τύχῃ λέγων ὁ πλάταξ, πάνυ τοῦτ' ἐπαινῶ,
Καὶ καταπλήττομαι δοκῶν τοῖσι λόγοισι χαιρειν·

But if the parasite happens, unfortunately, to cut a saucy joke, one of the slaves, says Eupolis, will kick him out; as Juvenal tells Trebius he will be served, if he speaks with any freedom at the table of his patron. See satire fifth. See also the parasite in Plautus.

V. 132. *Sees the stout arms that held Antæus round*—The story of Hercules and Antæus has been told by every stringer of syllables since the creation. Lucan perhaps has given as good and childish an account of their engagement as any one.

V. 140. *The sea-nymph &c.* Doris was the daughter of Oceanus and Tethys. But Grangæus says she was one of the Doric women, the φαινομηριδες, &c. &c. Grangæus has an eye for a hare in a fallow field.

V. 145, 6. *Hæmus*—Hæmus acted the characters of young women, to which the sweetness of his voice (see the sixth satire) peculiarly adapted him.

Demetrius—Stratocles—Both these comic actors are praised by Quinctilian. Their excellence was different. Demetrius acted gods and heroes (no very comic characters, except in pantomime), good-natured fathers, respectable servants, matrons, and serious old women. Stratocles was the choleric old gentleman, the cunning parasite, the pandar, all the more active and busy personages. Each in their cast was unrivalled, for nature had fitted them peculiarly for it. The voice of Demetrius was more sweet, that of Stratocles stronger. And we may observe that the voice is what Quinctilian here chiefly insists upon. The face, covered with a mask, was of no consequence. Indeed without such an artificial enlargement of the natural features, the size of the Roman theatres would have rendered the face as unmeaning, as the figure without the sock or buskin would have been insignificant. When, to these miserable shifts, we add the pitch-pipe, the gesticulating and pronouncing actor of the ancient stage, and, above all, their "mob of confidants," the chorus, how must every lover of the natural drama of our country (peculiarly of our country,

for the mechanical stiffness of the French plays puts them out of the question) prefer the modern improvements, (I do not talk of the nonsense of our contemporaries) in spite of the dogmatism and pedantry of a thousand Franklins, Burtons, &c. &c.

V. 152. *The warmest rugs their shiv'ring limbs enfold*—This rough sort of rug (endromis) was made in Gaul, and worn by the Romans in cold weather—something perhaps like our "wrap-rascals." The wrestlers put them on after their exercise. See the sixth satire. Martial sends a friend a present of one of them, with an epigram accompanying it.

> Aspera, sed gelido non aspernanda Decembri,
> Dona, peregrinam mittimus endromida.
> - - - - - - - - -
> Ridebis ventos hoc munere tectus et imbres.[b]

V. 159. *Loads their vain ear &c.* I have paraphrased this passage for two reasons—the first was its grossness, and the second its ambiguity. Some of my readers may wish I had paraphrased more passages of the same kind. But diversis diversa placent.—Juvenal says the flattering Greek threw his hand from his face; with an air of astonishment, we may suppose, at the feats of his patron. The manner of a Frenchman, when he answers, "Excellent! excellent!" to any stupid remark you may have made, will perhaps give us some idea of this gesture.—Britannicus trifles sadly upon the passage. He says that flatterers used to take their friends gently by the face with both hands; as the supplicant in the temple touched the chin of the gods. He refers us to Pliny for this custom; but without any quotation. I just remember in the first Iliad, that Homer, speaking of Thetis in prayer to Jupiter, expresses the action as follows—

[b] It is chiefly from the poems of Horace and of Martial that we may learn the clothing and the food, the particularities and domestic occupations of the Romans. The letters of Cicero, and of the younger Pliny (with the works of Pliny the elder, Seneca, Persius, Juvenal, and Statius), well examined, would complete the picture of the private life of their countrymen, almost to the satisfaction of the minutest observer. These original sources of information would delight the literary leisure of a scholar, far more than the borrowed knowledge of critics and of antiquaries. The Geniales Dies, however, of Alexander ab Alexandro, and the Adversaria of Turnebus, are to be distinguished from the epistles of Lipsius, as much as these last are from the excursus and commentaries of Ruperti.

Δεξιτερῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπ' ἀνθερεῶνος ἕλυσα,
Λισσομενή προσέειπε·

And in the hymn to Diana, Callimachus—

Ὡς ἡ παῖς εἰποῦσα γενείαδος ἥθελε πατρὸς
Ἅψασθαι·

Is it sacrilege to say a word against Callimachus? He appears to me to abound in nothing but the most common-place mythological allusions. He is a poet among pedants, and a pedant among poets. How Prior could think of translating his hymns is to me inconceivable. I regret that he did not confine himself to cleaning and arranging the books in the Alexandrian Library.

V. 160. *And all their folly &c.* The delicacy of Johannes Sarisburiensis objected to the two lines that conclude this passage in the original. This is all very well—but why Johannes should have substituted a silly couplet of his own, it is difficult to say.

Si bene ructavit, aut si quid fecit amicus,
Quod proferre palam non possit finma modeste.

This is in the true propria quæ maribus stile—

Cum multis aliis, quæ nunc perscribere longum est.

The last line of this passage has occasioned much quarrelling among the commentators. Some interpret Trulla a goblet; some a humbler utensil. Holyday thinks it was the former; and that the latter sense "is as far from truth as "from cleanliness." But the good man has given a picture of the Trulla from his friend Schacchus; and most unfortunately for his argument, the picture is correctly that of a pot de chambre. Others say the Cottabus is here alluded to; a game differently explained, but which most probably was a trick of throwing the "snuff," (as it was called at Oxford in Holyday's time, the "heeltap" now) or the small remainder of wine after a draught out upon the pavement with a rattling noise; λαταξ, or crepitus Cottabi. Those who wish for more information on this useful subject may refer to Athenæus, Suidas, &c. &c.

V. 167. *The dang'rous secrets of the house he'll gain—*

Aulam resupinat amici—

The old Scholiast here reads "Aviam." Fie upon the old Scholiast! May one not say to him—

Veteres Avias tibi de pulmone revello?

V. 170. *Wisdom's wide cloak &c.* In the original "facinus majoris Abollæ." This was the garment of the philosophers—the minor Abolla was a military cloak. The Stoic in the text was Publius Egnatius, the tutor and dependant of Bareas Soranus, who being falsely accused to Nero, of inactivity in his proconsulship in Asia Minor (when the conspiracy of Piso was detected) and of encouraging the seditious, was, upon the testimony of Egnatius, condemned together with his daughter, and executed. Some suppose by the words "transi gymnasia," Juvenal means that he will "*pass over*" in silence the gymnastic exercises of the Greeks; but these he has alluded to before in the term "niceteria." It is more probable that by gymnasia he here understands their schools of philosophy, and by transi, "*pass to.*"

V. 174. *To earth the flying courser's pinion fell*—Pegasus was by Neptune out of Medusa; a strange pedigree—and his feats were equally extraordinary. He struck mount Helicon with his heel, and the fountain Hippocrene, or Fons Caballinus, instantly gushed forth. Bellerophon rode him after Chimæra. Need I say that Tarsus was in Cilicia? It is difficult to know where to speak, and where to be silent; but as to the derivation of Tarsus, let the γωνιοβομβυκες discover it themselves.

V. 176. *Painters and pathics &c.* Britannicus plays with the derivations of Erimanthus (from ερις and μανις, litium vates), Diphilus (δις φιλος), and Protogenes (primo-genitus), *prettily* enough. But the names (which I have not thought it necessary to preserve in the text) are to be considered, without any of these clues to character, merely as Grecian. Protogenes, says Britannicus, is mentioned by Pliny as a famous painter. Protogenes is also mentioned by Dio (book 59) as a most savage informer in the time of Caligula.

V. 198. *A Tribune's yearly pay*—The military pay of the Tribune was at one time a talent; which, as Holyday remarks, when generally named, is to be un-

derstood of the lesser Attic talent, 24 sestertia, or 187*l.* 10*s.* Now we are upon the subject of these high-priced debaucheries, I will quote a story to the purpose from Aulus Gellius. Diogenes had a mind to see if the beauty of Lais answered to her fame. He set out therefore for Corinth, and upon enquiring, like a prudent lover, into terms, found them (if I recollect right) to be several talents. "I wish you a very good morning, madam," said the philosopher; "I do not buy repentance quite so dear."

V. 202. *Must doubt to call her from her common cell*—Some read sella, chair; and interpret Chione to be of the higher order of infamy; but I conceive her to be opposed to Calvina and Catiena, the delicate objects of the rich slave's attachment; whilst the poor patrician is unable even to gratify his homelier passion. Vestitum scortum in the original is the same as togatum, which has been already explained. Martial, by the way, has a miserable pun upon the name of Chione—

> Digna tuo cur sis, indignaque nomine, dicam;
> Frigida es, et nigra es, non es, et es Chione.

Take it, with more than all its misery, in English—

> Thy name and nature, Snow-ball, suit not quite;
> Thou'rt cold indeed—but very far from white.

It is but justice, however, to add, that this is an unusual deviation from the genuine wit and humour which are the pervading qualities of Martial's writings. He can even ascend to the highest strains of poetry on some occasions: and perhaps, among his serious epigrams,[a] the two following are as spirited and dignified as any.

Upon the Death of Pætus and Arria.

> When from her breast fair Arria drew the sword,
> And held it, reeking, to her much-lov'd lord;
> "Pætus," she cried, "no pain oppresses me;
> "My wound is nothing—but I feel for thee."

[a] Such, for the most part, are the Greek epigrams; many of which have been lately translated with uncommon elegance and fidelity.

Upon the Death of Portia.

When Portia heard how godlike Brutus died,
And sought the steel by trembling slaves denied;
" Know ye not yet," she murmur'd, " that the brave
" Can burst all barriers to their glorious grave?
" This awful truth from Cato's fun'ral bed
" Ye might have learnt—" the dauntless heroine said;
Down her bold throat the burning ashes pour'd,
And cried, " Ye dastards! now refuse the sword."

The characters of these immortal matrons present a stronger contrast to those of the ladies in the text, than even the different stile of Martial in his epigrams upon them. As to the cells (alluded to again in the sixth satire) of the Roman prostitutes, they were in a large arched building, (hence called fornices) publicly opened and shut at certain hours, and each inscribed with the name of its occupant.

V. 204. *Pure as the Phrygian mother's ancient host*—Scipio Nasica; who, as the tale runs, received into his house at Rome, as the most uncorrupted citizen, the holy stone brought from Phrygia, which the inhabitants positively swore was the mother of the gods. But now Scipio Nasica is mentioned, I can tell a better story of him than this, which I once read somewhere, but cannot say exactly where. 'Tis descriptive of fashionable manners.

Scipio Nasica called upon Ennius one morning, and Ennius was denied by his maid. Scipio unfortunately saw him through the blinds of the window. Next day Ennius called upon Nasica. " I am not at home," says the old boy, putting his head out of the window. " What do you mean, you dog?" cries Ennius. " Why, I believed your maid yesterday," returns Scipio, " and 'tis " hard if you won't believe *me* to-day." It is pleasant to see these great characters who, from the distance of time, and the uncertainty of history, appear to us more like abstract ideas than real men, walking about the streets, and engaged in the little offices of life, just as naturally as any two absurd persons in the present day.

V. 205. *Sacred as Numa*—Numa, in his nightly conferences with Egeria, learned many good things. Among others, a respect for the goddess of vir-

ginity. He built a temple to Vesta, and chose her Vestals; as well as priests for Jupiter, Mars, and Romulus. He instituted also the office of Pontifex Maximus.

V. 205, 6. —— *The priest whose hand*
Sav'd the Palladium &c.

Lucius Metellus; who lost his eyesight in the flames of the temple of Vesta, from which he snatched the Palladium. He was allowed, as a mark of honour, never granted to any other Roman, to ride in a chariot to the senate-house. Quod magnum et sublime, says Britannicus, very feelingly, sed pro oculis datum. Holyday, by the way, says the Palladium was kept in the temple of Minerva; which it would be natural to suppose, were it not for the authority of Ovid, Tristium 3, eleg. 1.

Hic locus est Vestæ, quæ Pallada servat, et ignem.

V. 209. *What troops of slaves*—Augustus forbad any Roman to possess more than twenty slaves, or freed-men; or a yearly fortune of above 3906*l.* 5*s.* But both these laws were perfectly ineffectual. As to the former, some, according to Pliny, maintained troops of slaves; *Athenæus* (book 6, page 272) *boldly says, to the number of twenty thousand.* But these included clients, spies, and retainers of every description. This is quite a feudal establishment. Henry the Seventh, like Augustus, curtailed the number of servants allowed the nobles. The Roman nomenclator, who not only kept an account of the names of the menials, but of the guests and dependants of all kinds, is succeeded in office by our porter; both, equally, the keys of access to their masters, and only to be gained by a douceur. Aurum per medios ire satellites &c. &c.

V. 213. *Gods brought to Rome, and gods created there*—Juvenal, who deeply felt the necessity of some religious ties upon the conduct of mankind, and yet is continually holding a contradictory language with regard to the gods, may be brought as a strong instance of the miserable want in which the world stood *just at this period* of a divine revelation. It had now indeed been granted some years; but only a faint and uncertain emanation of the light seems to have aided our author in the discovery of those sublime truths which he at times so wonderfully enforces. *See the arguments to the tenth and twelfth satires.*

The Samothracian gods mentioned in the original were the Dii Penates, brought from Samothrace, an island in the Ægean sea, by Dardanus to Troy, and by Æneas from Troy to Rome. So at least Holyday quotes from Macrobius, and says they were Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, and Vesta. Some indeed hold them to be Apollo and Neptune. What *agreeable* trifling! The nostrorum aræ were not only the altars of Mars and Romulus, but of all that mob of deities, "Pax atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus &c." created during a succession of ages at Rome; who, in the progress of her conquests, adopted the gods, and other follies of the whole world.

V. 234. *So cries the overseer &c.* This was a sort of master of the ceremonies, appointed by Domitian, to range the people at the theatre (not in the Circus also) according to the previous law of Lucius Roscius Otho, which reserved fourteen rows of benches (those approaching nearest to the orchestra, after the places of the senators) for the knights. So Horace—

Sedilibusque magnus in primis Eques
Othone contempto sedet—

and in various other passages. Martial passim.—The senators sometimes sat in chairs upon the orchestra. It was a raised platform, higher than the pulpitum or stage, and set apart for the dancers and musicians. We remember the story of Johnson being honoured with a chair on the stage, near the orchestra, at Litchfield, and finding it, after a short absence, occupied by an intruder, with whom he in vain expostulated, taking up man, chair and all, and flinging them into the pit.

What I have translated "spawn of the ring," is in the original, Pinniraphi cultos juvenes, juvenesque Lanistæ. The Pinniraphus was the Retiarius who caught the fish, or, as some render it, the plume on his adversary's helmet. The Lanista was a dealer in gladiators, who let them out for hire. So called a laniandis hominibus, and most justly; for hardly famine, war, pestilence, nor persecution, ever thinned the world as did this barbarous but chief amusement of its capital.

V. 239. *None but the rich*—So Martial—

Dantur opes nullis nunc nisi divitibus.

"The lowest magistrates" were the ædiles. For these—et cætera de genere

hoc (as the Westminster epilogue writers elegantly express it) see Adam's Roman Antiquities.—It may just be observed, however, that à fortiori, the poor are excluded from the counsels of the higher magistrates; for the ædileship was the first step in the ladder of Roman honours. One other word upon the subject; the lines below—262, 3—do not clearly express my meaning, viz. that the ædiles only wore white tunics at the theatres in the country; whereas at Rome they were common to the whole audience.

V. 241. *The poor self-exil'd &c.* Juvenal here has an allusion to the ancient secession of the people to the Mons Sacer, and satirically reproaches them for being persuaded back into the city by Menenius Agrippa.

V. 247. *Lost to that hero's modest dignity*—Curius Dentatus; who, after conquering the Samnites &c. descended suddenly into the obscurity of a private man; and whose speech to the ambassadors of the vanquished, who found him dining off earthen ware, "that he had rather be master of those who were "served upon gold, than be so served himself," savours enough of ostentatious humility. What I have translated "woollen frock," is in the original Veneto cucullo; so called from its frequent use among the Venetians. It was a coarse garment, of a blue colour, which Britannicus calls "*Blavus*," a synonyme for Cæruleus; but which I by no means recommend to the composer in Latin.

V. 253. *None wear the toga &c.* Juvenal means that the toga, which was a cumbrous garment, reaching to the feet, and appropriated to the pomp of senates and of theatres, to salutations, and all public solemnities (elections particularly, where it was always of a white colour, whence the name candidates); was not worn in the country, excepting by the dead, who were wrapt in the toga to be carried to their funerals.—The tunica, a short dress, was in use all over Italy. Martial hence calls a rural retirement tunicata quies. Horace mentions the length of the toga, as extending sometimes to six ells. Epod. 4.

V. 256. *The ghost's terrific mask &c.* Holyday's cut is here truly enviable. It completely says—"I'll eat you up;" which the children of course feared it would, and which Lucian describes it to threaten—σῖομα κεχηνὸς πάμμεγα, ὡς καταπίομενος τὸς θεατάς·

V. 257. *The stale show &c.* Exodium—some interpret this a song or dance to dispel the melancholy excited by the previous tragedy. It was probably the old satire of the Romans (as I have already described it) introduced after the play, whether tragic or comic. The country people, who preserve their affection for ancient customs the longest, of course parted the last with this rustic dialogue. The "herbosum theatrum," or theatre of turf, was a strong proof of the remaining simplicity of a large part of Italy even in Juvenal's time.[b] But Naples as well as Rome could now boast of very splendid theatres, either open to the sky, or covered. See the eleventh satire. It is one of the inducements which Statius holds out to his wife to settle in the former place, which was his native city.

V. 270. *That Cossus may your mean address allow &c.* Cossus and Veiento are here only used as the names of noble Romans. The latter occurs again as the husband of Hippia in the sixth satire. His "silent bow" was like Nero's. See Suetonius. "Annuebat, nullo prolato verbo." Many proud puppies have it to this day.

V. 274. *When parasites their venal off'rings send &c.* The text explains itself. Holyday is facetious upon the words libæ and fermentum, cakes and leaven; and says the favourite had the gift, and the client the grief. As Aurelia sold her presents of fish again for gold (see the fifth satire), so did this minion his birth-day offerings.—The custom of dedicating the first beard to the gods, alluded to in the original, Dio and Suetonius (in the life of Nero) mention. Martial, epigram 31, book 1, talks of the whole hair being so sacrificed. See the twelfth satire.

V. 280. *Tibur's bank*—This beautiful upland is often mentioned by Horace. Tibur supinum &c. &c. Here was his favourite villa. But after all his praises of a rural life—

O rus quando ego te aspiciam &c.

[b] Horace, Propertius, and other authors, frequently describe or allude to the rudeness of the ancient stage. The passage from Ovid is very happily rendered by Mr. Gifford; but—"I would it had been "rhyme!" Virgil, Georgic 2, and Æneid 5, incidentally mentions the turf theatres. The first passage, united with what Horace says on the subject, well enough illustrates the origin of the first rude and illegitimate species of Roman satire. See the preface.

ennui, that firstborn offspring of the insipid sameness of the country, often stole upon him in his retirement, and the bustle and gaiety of Rome could alone give life to the poet.—As to Prænestе, the goddess Fortune had a temple there, in which were two images of her, resembling two sisters. See Statius Sylv. 1, 3, 80.—Volsinii was the birth-place of Sejanus.

V. 280. *Gabii's simple town*—So called, observes Britannicus, from its inhabitants being deluded by the mock tale of Sextus Tarquin's distresses; who, pretending to be ill used by his father, and being well received by the citizens, betrayed the town into that tyrant's hands. But Juvenal uses Gabii in the sixth, seventh, and tenth satires, for any rural place; and in the same manner, probably, here says, "simplicibus Gabiis."

V. 284. *The steward*—Villicus. We may conclude, from his carelessness concerning the fall of the house, that he was not the *house* steward. Dryden, in a most happy couplet, calls him the village mason; and Holyday, a country workman. He was probably a sort of agent for the proprietor of the houses, and did not trouble himself about their tumbling upon the heads of the tenants.

V. 290. *Your neighbours &c.* In the original, Proximus ardet Ucalegon. An allusion to Virgil, like that of Actoris Aurunci spolium, in the second, and "nunquam visis triginta clara mamillis," in the twelfth satire, not to mention other instances.

V. 292. *Your own third floor*—That is, "the third floor of the house in "which you live. But you are asleep in the garret above, &c." See the Rambler, No. 117. The garret, that residence of poets from time immemorial, is described, in a picturesque manner enough, by Juvenal, as the place where doves lay their eggs; and hence, as Holyday fancifully conjectures, it was called ὑπερῶον by the Greeks. Not, by the way, that even these eggs would have been very safe within the reach of a hungry rhymer.

V. 298. *Codrus' bed &c.* From his poverty, the natural consequence of writing Theseids, this most probably was the poet laughed at in the first satire.

V. 301. *Reclin'd a Chiron*—For Chiron see satire the seventh.

V. 303. *Rude mice*—In the original Opici mures. The Opici or Osci were a people of Campania, proverbially ignorant. Hence again in the sixth satire, Opicæ castigat amicæ Verba. There are various other interpretations given to this word, but I think the above is the most probable.

V. 310. *Arturius' mighty mansion*—Juvenal calls Arturius, a little below, Persicus. This Holyday conceives to mark his country; or perhaps to insinuate his adroitness, as hinted at in the text. For Varro derives Persicus from peritus. It is at least a sharp guess.

It appears from Martial that this strange speculation of setting one's own house on fire, was really suspected to have been carried into practice in some cases at Rome. See his third book, epigram 52. Empta domus fuerat tibi, Tongiliane, &c.

> Tom bought a dwelling for a hundred pound;
> A conflagration laid it with the ground;
> A thousand guineas for the wretched elf
> His friends subscribe—Tom burnt his house himself!

V. 312. *The law stands still &c.* Differt vadimonia prætor. Indicit justitium. Anticipates non term. Vadimonium has several significations. It is used for a recognizance, or pledge, to appear either in person, or by counsel, on a fixed day of trial; also for the trial itself; and for a summons to appear at it. Sometimes for a legal sentence, as in Seneca, where a judge is said to have deferred giving his decision, till he died without doing it.—Does the observation of my readers suggest no possibility of similar cases occurring in England?—In Horace we have an adversary laying hold of a gentleman who had forfeited his bail, to drag him before the Prætor. In the passage before us the word Vadimonium is put for the general proceedings of the law.

V. 319. *Works of Euphranor's, Polycletus' hand*—The former a celebrated painter, the latter a statuary of Athens. And hence the reading of some manuscripts, Phæcasianorum, appears to be preferable to Hæc Asianorum, which is that of others, and approved by Lipsius. For the Phæcasia were white shoes,

worn (as Britannicus quotes from Appian) by Athenian priests, and by those of Alexandria. Holyday says the gods were also pictured with these shoes; and as the workmen were Athenian, the gods too were probably of that country! He trifles still more pleasantly concerning the price of the Phæcasium, which, he tells us from Seneca, cost three denarii, or one shilling and ten pence halfpenny; and, from Hesychius, that it was a country shoe, as Caliga, mentioned afterwards, was a country boot; but a military one likewise.—Let not the inaccuracy of genius smile disdainfully upon these humble notices.

V. 322. *Minerva's head &c.* Holyday (in explanation of the words before us, and alluding to the half-length figures in fashion among the Romans) quotes a joke of Cicero's upon a bust of his brother Quinctus, who, it seems, was a little man, and the bust was a very large one. Frater meus dimidius major est quam totus. Macrob. Saturn. 2, 3.

V. 323. *Heaps of silver &c.* No such thing, I am sorry to confess, in the original, but only modium argenti, a measure of silver, which, as the correct Barten quotes from various authorities, was about—a pint less than a peck!

V. 328. *The Circus' sports*—The Circus Maximus (for there were several in Rome) was a space of three furlongs in length, and one in breadth, lying in a valley between the Palatine and Aventine hills. It was surrounded with lofty buildings, in which there were seats for the spectators, and under which there were cells for harlots. Parts of these buildings were called Phalæ, high wooden towers. There were pillars also, capped with figures of dolphins, in the Circus, erected in honour of Neptune; for one of the amusements was a Naumachia, (like our Ωκεανια at Sadler's Wells) exhibited in a wide moat or trench filled with water, and called Euripus; which took up a large extent of ground, and was probably separated from the rest by an agger, or mound of earth, mentioned, with other particulars of the Circus, in the sixth satire. This was the great resort of fortune-tellers, astrologers, and cheats of every description.—The sports of the Circus were chariot races, and other splendid shows; athletic exercises, sham fights, and combats of men with wild beasts. It would hold, according to Britannicus, who quotes Pliny &c. two hundred and sixty thousand sitting spectators!

V. 329. *Sora's fair retreat &c.* Sora, Frusino, and Fabrateria, (mentioned in the original) were towns of Campania upon the Latin way. "The little "garden," which Umbritius dwells with such delight upon, forcibly recalls to my memory a certain "little garden," in the neighbourhood of London, which was celebrated in a humorous English epigram. A late much-respected friend of mine, then in his old age, but with his learning and humour unimpaired, when he first heard that epigram, immediately rendered it into Latin as follows—

Exiguum hunc hortum finxit Turdettulus ille
Exiguus; vallo et muniit exiguo;
Exiguo hoc horto forsan Turdettulus ille
Exiguus mentem prodidit exiguam.

Turdettulus (if there was such a person in existence—but, like Flatbottombergius, my readers will perceive him to be a non-entity) could not be offended with this: for Juvenal more than once describes Epicurus as—Exigui lætus plantaribus horti.

V. 337. *Samian board*—For Pythagoras see satire the fifteenth ad finem.

V. 339. *Though but one lizard haunt the narrow spot*—Lizards are particularly numerous in Italy. That space of ground therefore must be small which contains only one. But some suppose Lacerta to mean a fathom, only six feet of land. It does so in law-latin; as a friend has quoted to me from Coke-Lyttelton; but poets seldom think of admeasurement: though a lizard indeed is no very picturesque object, notwithstanding Virgil's notice of it.

V. 351. *Dull Drusus*—Mr. Gifford has quoted some of the foolish fancies of the commentators upon this passage. He has left the gleaning of one absurdity for me. Among the persons here supposed to be alluded to, Drusus has been fixed upon, who was cured of the falling-sickness (according to Pliny) by a voyage to Anticyra. Drusus, *therefore*, say the commentators, "who was "*killed* by the falling-sickness," (I thought he was cured of it by hellebore just this moment!) "might have been awakened from the sleep of death by the "noise in the streets of Rome!"

"The force of Folly could no farther go,
"To crown her pow'rs, she sought Domitius too—"

But Domitius (Calderinus) here deserts his mistress, and is most disloyally guilty of good sense. "Non placet," says he, "that sleep should be called the "falling-sickness. Drusus was some somnolent person of Juvenal's time, like "Levinus, who, as Martial tells us, went to sleep in Pompey's theatre."

V. 353. *Liburnian slaves*—These were great tall strapping fellows, (like our London footmen) who were brought from Liburnia (the modern Croatia) to Rome, to carry the litters of the rich. Some suppose "ingenti Liburno" to mean "a Liburnian chair of large size;" but I know not upon what authority. The Roman litter was usually carried by six persons, (as in the first satire;) eight were only allowed partially.

V. 362. *Brewer's dray*—Licentiously rendered, as the advocates for close translation would say, from Metreta, which is but a kilderkin.—The "martial "buskin's piercing spike," clavus militis, Grangæus interprets a spur; but Holyday, one of the nails which were fixed in the sole of the caliga, or military sandal. Perhaps it might have been a sort of ornamental boss with a sharp point, placed in front at the top of the caliga, which reached half way up the leg.

V. 368. *The gratis supper*—This was the δειπνον ἐν σπυριδι. See the first satire, note upon the dole. Holyday makes a distinction between this and the δειπνον ἀπο σπυριδος, which he describes as a feast or meeting, where every guest brought his provision in kind—a pic-nic party, in short, such as Scarron used to give; (see Goldsmith's Retaliation) such as were talked of under this name in London, and are called Sizings in the University.—The δεῖπνον ἐκ συμβολῆς was different still. Those who formed a party of this kind, previously gave some pledge for their appearance, which they forfeited if absent. Holyday quotes Athenæus, Suidas, &c.

V. 371. *Bears a whole kitchen &c.* The portable kitchen of the Romans was probably invented by some ingenious tradesman who had a patent for it. But as Holyday's friend Scacchus has here deserted him; or the former taken no advantage of the information concerning the chaffing-dish, and the picture of it, that may, for aught I know, be found in the latter—I must be silent, though

with reluctance, upon so interesting a subject. (Yet see Mercurialis de Art. Gymn. lib. 1, cap. 36.) It might perhaps have been something like our meat-warmer, called a conjuror—but this is a hazardous guess.—Those who are acquainted with the seriousness of the commentators upon like trifles, will know that the above note is not very foreign from their manner.

V. 375, 6. *A load that Corbulo could scarcely raise &c.* Tacitus, with his nervous brevity, paints Corbulo as ingens corpore—suprà experientiam, sapientiamque etiam, validus. He distinguished himself as a soldier in Armenia, during the reign of Nero.

This couplet was certainly not intended as a specimen of the Bathos—but it, as certainly, does not appear to disadvantage beside the following—

> The great Dalhousy—mighty god of war!
> Lieutenant-colonel to the earl of Mar—
>
> A load that Corbulo could scarcely raise,
> The giant prodigy of—Nero's days.

My friends the critics will doubtless furnish me with more instances. Well—damus hanc veniam, petimusque vicissim.

V. 381. *Say, should the waggon &c.* These lines in the original, particularly the expressions of—eversum fudit super agmina montem—are *strikingly* spirited; and Horace too speaks well upon the dangers of the city.

> Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum,
> Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris.

V. 391. *Lays out the flesh-brush*—More properly "the scraper," which was an instrument made of various metals, called strigil, a stringendo, i. e. radendo sudorem de corpore, used in the baths, and anointed with oil, to take off something from its roughness. The more delicate bathers rubbed themselves with sponges.

Holyday tells stories from Suetonius and Plutarch about the strigil, and gives a picture of it from Scacchus. He makes it like a sling, and the cruise of oil like a powder-flask. But the good Britannicus is most disturbed with

the strigil—"Juvenal," says he, "uses the first syllable of this word long." Quere? Is not this a gratis dictum? Juvenal contracts Strigilibus into *Striglibus*, according to some critics; or uses two short syllables instead of one long, according to others. Persius (I, puer, et strigiles Crispini &c.) is unnecessarily quoted, to prove the stri in strigil short. The careful scholar might have added Horace—Furtivâ mutat strigili—and Martial passim. His instances however of rūdĕrĕ, in Persius, and rŭdĭt in Ovid, are more to the purpose of his remark upon the violation of quantity, or rather the exceptions to rule, occasionally to be found in the classics, than what he says upon the strigil.

V. 398. *The fated farthing &c.* The ancients believed that the souls of those who were denied the rites of sepulture, wandered for a hundred years upon the hither banks of the Styx. See Virgil, Æneid sixth. It was a custom also to put a farthing in the mouth of the dead, to pay Charon for their passage over that river. Apuleius says, quaintly enough, of the boatman—Hic inter mortuos avaritiâ vivit.

V. 407, 8. *Death stalks around thee &c.* I could wish to substitute another couplet in the text less awkward, perhaps, than the present—

> Unnumber'd forms of death around thee wait,
> And ev'ry wakeful window threats thy fate.

V. 412. *The drunkard suffers &c.* The insolence of the young nobles who sallied out from their drinking parties into the streets of Rome at night, and amused themselves by tossing the poor devils whom they chose to be offended with in a blanket (literally, in their military cloaks), or even collating them to the office of involuntary scavengers, i. e. thrusting them down necessaries—is particularly mentioned by Martial, Suetonius, and other authors. Nero and Otho were extremely addicted to these sports.

V. 427. *If that a fray the peevish sot can call,*
Where he heaps insults, and I suffer all.

"Si rixa est ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantùm."

Hume quotes this, when describing Elizabeth's contests (if *they* could be so called) with the Commons.

V. 435. *Where was thy board &c.* Those of the commentators (and it is not a few of them) who are gifted with the poetical second-sight of Tilburina, and always look far beyond the meaning of their author, imagine Juvenal by sectile porrum to mean "great leeks, big enough to be cut." And this happy hypothesis they illustrate by implying a satirical fling at the avarice of the master of the feast (avarice!—he was miserably poor), who only gave his visitor one of the pieces of this precious leek for his dinner. What drivelling absurdity! and yet the authors of it do not know how to defend their own nonsense, or they would refer to the fourteenth satire, where there really is a man mentioned who numbers the pieces of his leeks. "But without such niceness," says Holyday, "better is Britannicus *his* observation—" And what is that? Forsooth, it is, "that leeks are of two kinds, sectile et capitatum, some with heads, and "some without!" And so are commentators.

V. 437. *What temple-porch &c.* Properly, says Holyday, an oratory, or place for begging alms—Proseucha, from προσευχεσθαι. And though the Scholiast asserts these oratories to be Jewish only, it is plain that they were Roman also; for the latter nation would hardly beg of the former: "charity too is "commonly extended no farther than to persons of a like devotion!" No—nor have there been numerous instances wanting in this world of prejudice, where the most unjust indulgence has been allowed to this uncharitable spirit—instances where money, left in the hands of executors to be distributed among the poor, indiscriminately, (saving the regard due to moral character, that sole test of religious sincerity) has been exclusively given by them to persons of their own favourite persuasion. And they are to be defended, forsooth, because they think themselves more deserving than others!

V. 442. *Then threat you with the law*—Vadimonia faciunt. Literally, bind you over, by a surety, to answer for your offence, in a court of justice. See above.

V. 455. *From Pontine fens*—This was an extensive tract of marshy ground in Campania, called Pontina Palus, from the city of Pontia, which stood near it, according to Strabo.—The Gallinarian wood of pine trees, mentioned in the original, was in the same country, and an equally noted resort for robbers.

V. 456. *To thrive and fatten in the stews of Rome*—As Britannicus interprets the passage—"tanquam ad vivaria currunt"—ad paratam escam—nam vivaria dicuntur, ubi animalia (and fish among the rest) habentur ad saginam. So these lean marauders flocked to Rome and fattened. Grangæus says, they came to kill the citizens, like wild beasts in a park!

V. 475. *Your own Aquinum*—This town, which, by the words "refici" and "gelidos agros," appears to have stood in a chilly atmosphere, (as Statius indeed says of Tibur—comparatively) by reason, observes Holyday, of the waters about it, has been already mentioned as the birth-place of Juvenal. It stood in the country of the Volsci. In the neighbourhood there were temples, sacred to Diana, and to Ceres, who is called in the original Elvina, though some copies read Eleusina, leaving out the preposition "ad." They allude to the worship of Ceres at Eleusis: but, as Holyday hints, this is not to the purpose. Others suppose Elvina to mean yellow: others derive it ab eluendo, from the rites of purification enjoined in the worship of Ceres; which is probable, for there was a fountain near Aquinum, called Elvinus fons, now Elvino.

V. 480. *And should the Muse her champion not disdain*—Adjutor caligatus I have rendered "champion," the caliga being, as was said before, a military buskin. Hence the name of Caligula. Dr. Ireland however supposes caliga to mean in this place, as it does in others, (though not of our author, who uses caligatus for a soldier again in the sixteenth satire, if indeed the sixteenth be his) a country shoe, and that Umbritius, keeping up his hatred for the town, and all its fashions, says he will come to Juvenal dressed like a countryman. It is an acute and original fancy; but the common interpretation is at least as likely to give the right meaning of the word.

NOTES

TO

THE FOURTH SATIRE.

V. 1. *Behold again Crispinus!*—Will it be believed that Ruperti begins his notes (I do not meddle with his drivelling argument, or his book-making quotations from his author, which are foisted in as prolegomena) upon this satire with the following sentence—" Ecce, de re tum mirâ, tum subitâ ac improvisâ. " Cf. Ernesti clav. Cic. Ecce C. ut ap. Horat. sat. 1, 4, 13, 14!" Why these are the very dregs of Gottingen! and the impudence of the pedant, to condemn the system of reference in his preface, and to adopt almost invariably this system in his notes—to set out by saying " you should always quote, never " refer;" and then hardly ever to quote, continually refer, himself. Oh te, Ruperti, cerebri Felicem!—He deserves credit however for the illustration of Delicias viduæ tantùm aspernatur adulter—

Quod licet ingratum est, quod non licet acriùs urit. OVID.

V. 10. *Long cover'd porticos*—See the seventh satire.

V. 18. *The flow'r-crown'd Vestal*—For a long and accurate account of the Vestal Virgins, see Adam. Surely it is impossible to bestow too much praise upon the correct learning and full information displayed in the Roman Antiquities; yet, with all this, they are written in such a dictionary stile, that the good, easy, inaccurate Kennett, has twice the charms for almost every reader. As books of reference, all the works of Adam are unrivalled. With regard to the Vestals, they were six free-born girls, from six to sixteen years of age, consecrated to the worship of Vesta. They kept the sacred fire always burning in the temple of this goddess. If they suffered it to go out, they were scourged; and if they violated their vow of chastity, they were buried alive in the Campus Sceleratus, near the Colline gate: the paramour was scourged to death in the

Forum. The Vestals were the nuns of the ancients, and, like those of the moderns, occasionally verified the adage—

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.

V. 22. *And yet no Roman*—Juvenal alludes to the severe punishment inflicted upon Cornelia, (the lady abbess of the Vestals—see Suetonius vit. Domit. c. 8) and her paramour, by Domitian, and contrasts it with the lenity shewn to the Egyptian, Crispinus, when guilty of the same offence.

V. 29. *For one small fish*—Mullum—"a mullet," or barbel, says Ainsworth, (Madan's great authority)—but surely this is like saying a guinea, or a shilling. Cicero indeed talks of the mullus barbatulus, or bearded mullet; but the barbel is a river fish. Asinius Celer, (see Seneca, epistle 95) in the reign of Claudius, gave eight thousand sestertii, or eight sestertia, (64*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*) for one mullet; the capricious taste of the Romans prizing an extraordinary bulk in fish naturally small, and the contrary. (See Horace, sat. 2, lib. 2, v. 34, 5, 6.) This sum exceeded that mentioned in the text (which was not quite fifty pounds, to be correct, but only 48*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.*) by 16*l.* 2*s.* 11*d.* But what shall we say to the instance of gluttony censured by Tiberius (see Suetonius in vitâ, c. 34), namely, the sale of three mullets for 242*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*!—Well might Juvenal exclaim—

——Unâ comedunt patrimonia mensâ.

Henninius thinks that Juvenal, en passant, lashes the meanness of the Romans, who flattered the vanity of the Egyptian, by exaggerating the price of the fish—"de magnis majora loquuntur." It may be so; but will my readers excuse me, if I do not notice many more of Henninius' observations?

V. 34. *Had the fish gain'd some childless miser's will*—See the note to sat. ii. upon the Roman wills.

V. 35. *Or mid the pomp &c.* Literally, a lady in a sedan, with windows made of the lapis specularis, (see Pliny and Martial) a transparent stone which the Romans used instead of glass; unless indeed we allow the word vitrum to mean glass exactly, and believe the Romans to have known this manufacture. See Chambers for a curious account of the origin and history of glass.

Of the transparency of the lapis specularis Martial says—

" Hybernis objecta notis specularia puros
" Admittunt soles, et sine fæce diem."

V. 38. *Yield, yield, Apicius*—And yet Apicius is recorded (see Seneca) to have expended millies sestertium, or 807,291*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in our money, upon his kitchen!

V. 39. *The rush-clad bondman*—Pliny gives a full account of the various uses to which the Papyrus was adapted. Besides being a substitute for writing paper, it could be made into cloths, ropes, mats, sails, &c. Anacreon has a passage which in point of expression bears some similarity to the words of our author—" succinctus papyro—"

Ὁ δ' ἵρως χιτῶνα δήσας
Ὑπὲρ ἀυχένος παπύρῳ
Μέθυ μοι διακονέιτω·

This is Ruperti's quotation; but why should he imagine Juvenal to have had Anacreon in his thoughts? If the same word is used by two authors, it is enough for a commentator: he immediately discovers a plagiarism, and down goes the illustration. Shakespeare would be accused by such syllable-hunters of borrowing " Go on, I'll follow thee!" from I præ—sequar. Martyn's Theocritus will furnish sundry other examples of this absurdity. What, in the name of quips and quiddities, has Crispinus to do with Love?—" Just like love is " yonder rose," would have been full as apposite a quotation for Ruperti; and, as he has quoted Humphrey Clinker, (see his argument to satire third) he might have honoured our ballad writers as well as our novelists with his judicious notice.

V. 49. *Can belch away &c.* " Behold again Ruperti!" Glutisse et mox ructârit, says the critic, egregiè de hominibus gulosis, qui ita se cibis ingurgitent, ut ructent! Where will this incredible stupidity end? In the universal deterioration of criticism—for alas! Ruperti is bought, read, and admired—so are a thousand other pedants, to the destruction of any genuine taste for the spirit and beauty of the poets, historians, orators, and philosophers of antiquity.

There never was a time that called so loudly for another Dunciad. Pope attacked a giant, and he had a giant's strength himself: surely some pygmy warrior might yet be found equal to the discomfiture of the drones of Gottingen. Hoc fonte derivata clades In Danaos Latiumque fluxit. Why has not my nervous predecessor—per quem cecidere justâ Morte Trojanæ (or Troiades, the Della Cruscan ovilia)—fulfilled his threat in reluctantes dracones? See the motto to the Baviad and Mæviad. The Antijacobin asked the question long ago. But to return to Juvenal.

V. 55. *Ye muses ever young &c.* My predecessors have rendered "puellæ" virgins, in this passage—but surely the *compliment* is to the youth, and not to the virginity of the muses. Juvenal burlesques the common form of poetical invocation; the staleness and hacknied absurdity of such addresses is well ridiculed by calling these old ladies young. Callimachus, with his accustomed energy, declares no man to be a poet who does not sing of Pimplea!

— Μουσαι τον ἀοιδον, ὁ μη Πιμπλειαν ἀεισει,
Ἐχθουσιν·

The reverse is nearer the truth. "Rigaltius is of this opinion at least," as those would add, who never advance a thought without an authority. As for me—

Nullius addictus iurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes—

And as this is the last apology I shall make for my rambling digressions, or other defects, I would wish it to be as ample as possible; and to express a willingness to receive the reproof which I am conscious my observations must often challenge, as well as a determination to judge for myself in the first instance. A mock address to the muses is to be found in many writers. Fielding's battle in the Homeric stile, gives the best example I know of this common piece of humour. Homer himself was probably the inventor of it, as of almost every other ornament of serious or playful fancy. I allude to his battle of the Frogs. Did the Margites exist, we should perhaps discover the origin of satire, as we have of tragedy and comedy in the Iliad and Odyssey. See Mr. Gifford's essay on the Roman satirists. Truly did Ovid's father say to him—

—— Studium quid inutile tentas?
Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.

And yet if nature is exhausted, art is not; new combinations of old materials may be formed; recondite yet appropriate illustrations of known truths, and habitual passions, may be discovered by study, and drawn into use by genius.

V. 57. *The last Flavian*—Domitian added the personal grace of baldness to the mental accomplishments of Nero, and was thence called Calvus Nero. Juvenal, with whom hair was a synonyme for virtue, has a peculiar pleasure in mentioning the baldness of his favourite emperor. The wretch himself was frantic at any undesigned allusion to the want of hair. The following epigram (which is absurdly printed in Martial's works) concerning the Flavian family, speaks with just acrimony of their last inheritor—

Flavia gens, quantùm tibi tertius abstulit hæres!
Pæne fuit tanti non habuisse duos.

V. 63, 4. *Venus' Grecian shrine—monstrous turbot*—The Syracusans (according to Strabo) flying from the tyranny of Dyonisius, built the town of Ancon (still Ancona) on the coast of the Picenian territory; and here was a temple of Venus. What I have translated "monstrous turbot," is a Græcism in the original—spatium admirabile rhombi. Such usages are frequent in the Latin poets. Ruperti enumerates the Greek expressions from which they are derived. It strikes me that it would be as well to confine the remarks of Ruperti nearly to the fourth satire (excepting extracts from his various readings), for his oddities, and those of the army marshalled by Henninius, are far too numerous to be regularly noticed throughout the satires. Suppose the notes to each satire were to contain the acts of some particular commentator? Variety will at least be consulted with some regard to brevity by this method, and a lucidus ordo of dullness exhibited for the amusement of the reader. For matters of common information the Delphin edition is always at hand: of this edition of the classics, notwithstanding the contempt which great scholars express for its critical taste (a contempt certainly well founded), I cannot help thinking that it serves all the useful purposes of explanation, which can be answered by a reference to more splendid and semnologous editions.—To return to Ruperti for a few more pages. As the fifth book of the immortal Iliad contains the acts

of Diomed, so shall this truly mortal commentary on the fourth satire of Juvenal contain the acts of Ruperti.

Act 1. V. 66. *Vast as Mæotis' icy chains enfold &c.* Henninius laudat Hipparchum in scripto inedito &c. Henninius does not praise Hipparchus—he quotes his derivation of Mæotis—ἐν ἧ πας ἰχθυς ἀπομαῖσται—which is fully extracted by Ruperti; besides two pages of stale geography on the same subject—Quanto præstantior Britannicus—"Mæotis palus est quam efficit Tanais—"ea in Pontum effunditur—auctores Plinius, et Pomponius Mela, et alii geo-"graphi, &c."

Act 2. V. 71. *For the high-priest's insatiable throat*—This alludes to Domitian either as pontifex maximus, or president of the college at Alba, or, as Grangæus conjectures, happily enough, from his priest-like luxury. Ruperti (quoting a quotation) refers us to Erasmus. Horace was at hand—

—— mero
Tinget pavimentum, superbis
Pontificum potiore cænis.

Act 3. V. 75. *And the sea-weed is guarded on the strand*—An attack upon Le Grange—Pessima ratio est Grangæi, says Ruperti, qui jungit "dispersi algæ," pro per algam, scilicet littus. I have already observed the mutual abuse of commentators. Hæc sunt Donati somnia, qualia multa somniavit, says Ruæus, in the argument to the sixth eclogue of Virgil. Yet what is this to the Heynites and the Wolfites? Both parties equally ignorant of metre, and each abusing the other for that ignorance. Ruperti indeed is usually a very civil critic. He is assuredly right in his censure of Le Grange. I only quote the words to illustrate the triumph with which one worm crawls over another. Le Grange himself says, in this very passage, Cave a mente Autumni!

Act 4. V. 80. *Hear how the lawyers of the crown declare*—Rather informers than lawyers. Mr. Gifford quotes Marston, very appositely, for the royal right to delicate fish. Ruperti gives an ample account (borrowed word for word from the old Scholiast) of Palphurius. He was the son of a consul; he wrestled publicly with a Spartan woman, in the reign of Nero; he was expelled the

senate by Vespasian, and became a stoic; he turned furious informer under Domitian, and after his death was himself condemned by the senate. Concerning the word Armillatus (which follows in the original), there is no inconsiderable degree of slurring, or generalizing, ignorance displayed by the commentators. Ruperti quotes it as a proper name, and refers to Suetonius. But Suetonius applies the word to Caligula, and means by it that this silly tyrant wore a gold or silver chain upon his arm. So Britannicus, without explaining in the least the application of the word in this passage. Grangæus is wisely silent. So is Mr. Gifford. Calderinus says Palphurius and Armillatus were orators, or advocates if he pleases. He retails the story of Palphurius. Grævius says Palphurius and Armillatus were inspectors of scattered and shipwrecked vessels—dispersarum et naufragarum navium inquisitores, and wishes to read—dispersi protinus *alni* Inquisitores, from alnus missa Pado, &c. I suppose. But not a word does Grævius observe of Armillatus. Nor do the hundred others, whose *names* (certainly not whose knowledge) Hennin accumulates, throw any more light upon this character than that of impudent and shallow annotation. There is not one of them who has the decency to say—Nescio prorsùs qui sit iste Armillatus—"I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman." My respected friend Prateus indeed (the commentator in usum Delphini) says Suetonius does mention Armillatus; but I cannot find the place in his own index.

Act 5. V. 93. *He came where Alba's ruined city lies*—Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu—and surely my readers will have had enough of Ruperti, with one more extract from his notes to this satire. After a short Interlude of Lubin, &c. he may be introduced again as a part of the Farce.

Κατεσκαφη πολην τα ιερα, says Strabo, of Alba; and in this temple of Vesta the sacred fire, brought from Troy by Æneas, was still preserved; though with less ceremony and pomp than at Rome. This is the substance of near two pages in Ruperti, copied, in all that is important, from the old Scholiast, Le Grange, &c. but interlarded with his own flat remarks and tedious references. And now we are upon the subject of reference, I gladly seize the occasion to praise Ruperti for his ample illustrations of Juvenal from the whole host of Greek and Latin writers; but at the same time must condemn his mode of illustration by merely quoting chapter and verse. His notes are thus rendered, in many

places, little more than an accumulation of figures, and wear the appearance of an index rather than of a commentary. Why should not the perusal of an ancient author be like a tour through a pleasant country, where we only digress from the main path of our journey, when we are allured by new and agreeable objects? How delightful are Addison's travels in Italy, by their quotations from the classics. To refer to many writers may, or may not, shew much learning; but to extract apposite and interesting passages from a few good writers must afford certain entertainment.

Ruperti says in his preface that it will appear, from a catalogue of the editions of Juvenal, which he gives in nearly eighty close-printed octavo pages, that no author has *less* attracted the notice of the learned; yet none been *more* obscured, and as it were overwhelmed by their subtle absurdities! How comes Ruperti to have retailed all this darkness and folly in his own tasteless edition? How comes he, after such a censure passed upon previous editors, to confess, page 10 of his preface, that his own edition is a compilation of their labours? To say, that he disapproves of the system of reference (in a great degree his own system), which renders a large library necessary to a reader, and that he therefore copies, and does not refer to passages from other commentators:—thus endeavouring to make his book supersede the purchase of theirs, by consisting for the most part of that which he abuses! The irrationality of German reasoning was never more gloriously displayed. Nay, he prints two volumes, one entirely of commentary, the other more than half made up of prolegomena, notes, excursus, and indices, (which overlay the unhappy author, with the cruel kindness of an awkward nurse who stifles the child she embraces) and then he clumsily attempts to ridicule, what he has compiled himself, an edition, where the text swims among the notes "like a boat in the ocean." With this pretty and ingenious simile, which is quoted from Ruperti, I shall take my leave of him for the present. Nor can the most candid or gentle reader find a want of lenity in the manner in which Ruperti is here mentioned. For if, in the notes and observations already extracted from him, he is guilty of so much absurdity, it cannot be urged that a fuller examination of his criticisms would have raised their character. Nevertheless, it shall be my endeavour to find room for panegyric in any future quotations from the friend of the king of the Borussi. "Materiam ac sibi Massori indulgentia quærit." See Ruperti's dedication.

V. 120. *Ran Pegasus the bailiff of the town*—Pegasus, if we believe the old Scholiast, was made præfect of the city by Vespasian. As to Mr. Gifford's doubt of this appointment, it is founded, I think, upon a wrong construction of the words. I would not read them "modò positus," but "modò villicus." He was a skilful lawyer, and had virtue enough, even in those abandoned times, to give some support to the law. Juvenal, however, whose morality admitted of no modification, calls him the bailiff or steward of the town; for the præfects had become rapacious plunderers of their fellow-citizens, instead of acting the part of upright magistrates. They were, besides, completely under the controul of men more vicious than themselves.

V. 127. *Look where in sight old Crispus next appears*—Lipsius and Torrentius are at issue concerning the character so beautifully described in the original of this passage. The former says it was Vibius, the latter Passienus Crispus. The former is right; but it is strange that both these men should answer to the same description. They are mentioned by Quinctilian, Suetonius, Tacitus, and several of the poets of that age. The bon mot of Passienus, related by the old Scholiast, is as good as that of Vibius, so often quoted, concerning Domitian and his flies. Nero having asked Passienus—"Haberetne, sicut ipse, cum "sorore germanâ consuetudinem?" he replied—"Nondum."

V. 149. *Acilius next &c.* This old man had better fortune than his son, who (according to some critics) is in the following lines alluded to, as a youthful victim of Domitian's cruelty. But the fact is, we cannot correctly designate the person here introduced. The trick which he is said to have imitated is well known in the story of Lucius Junius Brutus.

V. 159. *The Alban sand &c.* The stage at Alba; where, during the yearly celebration of the Quinquatria, or festival in honour of Minerva, Domitian exhibited pairs of noblemen in combat with wild beasts.

V. 164. *Our bearded sires*—For 404 years the ancient Romans wore beards, and knew not the name of a barber. Publius Ticinius Mena brought them to Rome from Sicily. So says Britannicus, with a cloud of witnesses. Citations upon the subject of beards and hair would be endless. I must again refer my readers to the letters of Crinitus in the Literary Journal.

I will just quote the beginning of a translation from the Anthology upon the subject of beards—

> If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,
> Then Plato must bow to a hairy he-goat.

And in another epigram we have it urged, that the locks of foolish old men become "no longer sense, but merely hair."

V. 165. *Next Rubrius comes*—The commentators say this wretch was a Gaul—according to one interpretation at least of their comments. It is a gratis dictum; for they have no authority for his birth, parentage, or education. "The deed without a name," of which he was guilty, is probably implied in the comparison between him and Nero, made in the ensuing couplet. The story of Nero and Sporus has been hinted at in the first satire. It is here only necessary to mention that Nero, with those hypocritical pretensions to purity which always accompany extreme wickedness, wrote a satire upon Quintianus as a profligate and unmanly sensualist! See Tacitus, annal. 15.

V. 171, 2. *Montanus' paunch—soft Crispinus*—The character and history of Montanus are sufficiently developed below. See also Tacitus, annal. 16. hist. 4. Of Crispinus we have already often heard. The "matutinum amomum," or "morning sweets," with which this Egyptian scoundrel perfumed himself, have by some been rendered "oriental unguents." But surely the allusion is not only a general one, as in the second satire—"Hirsuto sudant opobalsama collo—" but particularly notes the effeminacy of Crispinus, who, even in the morning, in a part of the dies solidus, or time devoted to business, before the hour of bathing (see the eleventh satire) and relaxation, came forth as fragrant as two funerals, on which it was usual to expend a profusion of perfumes.

V. 175. *Savage Pompey*—The dexterity of this informer is celebrated by Pliny, lib. 3, epist. 9. He is well described in the words of the original—"tenui jugulos aperire susurro Sævior." The construction of "sævior aperire," like many others of our author, is borrowed from the Greek.

V. 177. *Fuscus, vain fool*—Cornelius Fuscus was appointed by Domitian to a command against the Dacians. The success of this expedition is here recorded. See Suetonius &c.

V. 182. *Veiento—Catullus*—The name of Veiento occurs in the third, and again in the sixth satire. He is there mentioned as the noble husband whom Hippia deserted for a gladiator.—Catullus Messalinus is strongly painted by Pliny, lib. 4, epist. 22. He was one of the severest instruments of Domitian's anger; and, like the weapon of destruction, which is unable to guide itself, but obeys the deadliest impulse, this blind worker of iniquity was pointed by the tyrant against all that excelled in virtue.

V. 188. *Th' Arician hill*—The town of Aricia stood upon a hill in the Appian way. The bridge, mentioned above, was the usual rendezvous of beggars. See the fifth satire.

V. 196. *Stout Cilicians*—"Cilix," says Britannicus, "fuit nomen gladiatoris." If so, my translation is erroneous. But as by the words "ingenti Liburno," sat. 3, Juvenal only means a tall Liburnian, so I believe in this passage "pugnas et ictus Cilicis" to signify nothing more than the contests of gladiators from Cilicia, now Turcomania. Here was the scene of Cicero's warlike exploits. Surely we forget his letters to the senate when we exclusively laugh at the modern bulletins. By the way, was there ever a more complete mendax aretalogus than Eutropius? The Romans, according to his statements, frequently killed thousands of their enemies with the loss of about three soldiers on their own side.

V. 198, 9. *The self-rais'd scaffold*—This piece of ancient stage machinery cannot now be well explained, for the simplest yet most neglected of all reasons, because it is not well understood. Sufficient learning is displayed upon the subject by Scaliger, poet. 1, 21, and in sundry other notes upon the Spectacula of Martial, epig. 2.

V. 198. *The boys &c.* This passage is interpreted by some commentators as allusive to the rape of Ganymede. But it may merely mean some spectacle, like many of our modern pantomimes (Cinderella for instance), where we have Cupids, or the Seasons, or Ariel, suspended in the air, dancing upon wire, or buoyed up by painted clouds. The Velarium was the covering or awning of the theatre.

V. 201, 2. *But loud Bellona &c.* "Numine afflatus," says one of the critics, "like the priests of Minerva." Like the priests of the whole mythology. "Begins with rage fanatic to divine." How wide a field of speculation do these words open. Butler will save us reams of discussion.

> For wind, in hypogastrick pent,
> Becomes a blast if downward sent;
> But upward if it chance to fly,
> 'Tis then new-birth and prophecy.

This rage is expressed in Juvenal, as in Virgil, by the word æstrum, which means a gad-fly. Surely nothing can better denominate the disciples with "itching ears," who are so variable, and yet so invariably devout, that they run from the church to the conventicle, and still do not forget to bait at the half-way house, kept by the "true churchmen," as they insolently stile themselves.

V. 206. *Behold Arviragus*—Passing Holyday's fables concerning Arviragus, I may just observe that it is unlikely Juvenal should hint at Decebalus, as Mr. Gifford supposes, under this name; for why should he falsify history in this character, when he adheres so closely to it in all the others? Had Decebalus been in his thoughts, he might have designated him by a periphrasis. I believe Arviragus to be put for any British king.

V. 209. *Points its strong spears*—A catachresis for fins. This mode of speech is perhaps too frequent in our author; but the tropes of Persius are so incessant and violent as to disgust with their difficulty.

V. 215. *By some renown'd Prometheus of the trade*—The stories of Prometheus—my readers need not be alarmed—of Hercules, Theseus, Œdipus, the Atridæ, Ajax, &c. &c. revolting as they now are, once formed the delight of the civilized world. The civilized world indeed was hardly more than Greece; but the attraction of these fables must have been wonderful, when we consider that the three Greek tragedians have almost confined themselves to their developement. Graiis ingenium—Graiis dedit ore rotundo Musa loqui; but surely the variety of invention is among the last of their qualities. The chivalrous age is the age of originality. Whether it is from the satiety induced by classical

education, or from any inherent tediousness in the tales above mentioned, most persons turn with delight from Achilles to Orlando, and find the courteous gallantry of the Paladins far more productive of entertaining incident than the rude courage of the Grecian heroes. Not to mention the vast superiority of the enchantress, giant, and magician of romance, over the eternal Jupiter and Juno of the Pantheon. What new stores of fairy verse have been opened to the English reader by some late selections, most beautifully translated, from the Morgante Maggiore of Luigi Pulci. The great triumvirate of Italian poets, Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, must admit Pulci as the next in degree. See the Monthly Magazine.

V. 222. *Nero's midnight feasts*—These are sufficiently described in the text. After the enjoyment of such luxurious banquets the wanton tyrant was primed and prepared for the enormities which he committed in the streets of Rome. How strange a sight is the degradation of the conquerors of the world, who, but a few years after that conquest, suffered themselves to be tossed in a blanket by an unnatural voluptuary!

V. 224. *Strong Falernian*—If the Falernian wine of former days was like that which is said to be Falernian wine now, the ancient Bacchanalians must have been very fond of a rich cordial, and needed not the honey of Hymettus to sweeten their cups.

V. 225, 6. *The Lucrine rock—the Tuscan or the British main*—In the Lucrine lake, between Baiæ and Puteoli, and off the coast of Campania, near the Mons Circeus, there were excellent oysters. Whether they excelled those caught off the coast of Kent, Dartneuf and Apicius must decide.

V. 229. *The strangest shell-fish*—In the original, "echinus." A sea-urchin say the dictionaries. But shall I be excused for asking whether it is possible to know what Juvenal intended, or whether he knew himself what he intended, by the echinus?

V. 235. *As if all Germany &c.* The triumphs of Domitian are offensively flattered by Martial. Our author is bitterly sarcastic upon them in the sixth satire—

Dacicus et scripto radiat Germanicus auro.

The expedition against the Sarmatians was compulsory; for a Roman legion and its commander had been cut to pieces. The torvi Sicambri are called by some commentators torti Sicambri. "Tortè," says one of them, with great facetiousness. "For we have nothing to do with hair in this passage.

V. 237. *War and Revolt on rapid wing*—Various interpretations are here given to the words of the original. Some say a sorrowful letter had a feather fastened to it, as a joyful one was adorned with laurel. Others say not. It probably is only a metaphorical expression, signifying "ill news flies apace."

V. 243. *The Lamian tomb*—The Lamian family stands by synecdoche for all the nobility. Horace addresses one of them with the same distinction. The conclusion of this satire conveys an important lesson. It is repeated more copiously, and with more effect, in the eighth satire. Surely there cannot be a stronger stimulus to virtuous exertion among men of rank than the shame which they must feel at seeing themselves surpassed in spirit and every manly excellence by the vulgar.

NOTES

TO

THE FIFTH SATIRE.

V. 5, 6. *Galba—Sarmentus*—I have transposed these gentlemen; for the former was a noted buffoon in the reign of Tiberius, often mentioned by Martial; the latter held the same character in the court of Augustus, and is introduced by Horace as a principal in a scolding-match, sat. 5, book 1.

Holyday has a remark of equal simplicity and good sense upon these "famous drolls," as he calls them. "There is," says he, "an innocent kind of "drollery to be allowed of: which Aristotle shows," (what a sincere reverence the good old man has for Aristotle!) "by making Ευτραπελια a virtue. And the "ancient Romans also show it, by their worshipping the goddess Vacuna, that "is, Dea quæ præficit vacantibus et otiosis, ut in ipsis recreationibus religionem "colere viderentur." See a note in the second satire, upon the sanctity of the ancient table. "But when men," continues Barten, "shall have no regard to "honesty or religion, and spend the little wit they have in abusing themselves "and others, to gratify their patrons, and get a dinner, this is that which our "poet quarrels at." See Holyday farther, for his curious derivations of Belzebub and Βωμολοχια.

V. 8. *I would not trust thy solemn oath in court*—Some commentators suppose (and it is a most insipid supposition) Juvenal to mean—"I would not be-"lieve that you can patiently endure this degradation if you were to swear it." But Trebius was a free-born Roman; and our author, as has been hinted above, regards him as a perfect slave. The meaning of "Quamvis jurato metuam tibi "credere testi" therefore is, although you have a right to give evidence in a court of justice (which a slave had not), yet I would not believe your oath, so slavish, and so void of honour as you are.

V. 9. *How few are nature's wants*—So Goldsmith, as I once heard it quoted in a sermon against intemperance—

" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

This is a poetical reason for moderation, but Holyday gives a physical one; " for," says he, " the ἰλεον, one of the guts through which our meat must pass, " is six times longer than our whole body, and so folded in and out, (hence its " etymology from εἱλεω, involvo) and withal so small, that the meat cannot pre- " sently pass through it."

V. 24. *Should Virro &c.* This name occurs again in the ninth satire. It is used for any man of rank. Martial indeed would make us suppose some individual was designed, by the similarity of his accusations with those of our author.

V. 28. *Just to fill up the table's vacancy*—" Tertia ne vacuo cessaret culcitra " lecto." The Romans placed three couches at their dinner-table, (hence called triclinium) leaving one side open for the attendants to change the dishes &c. See Holyday for an accurate account of their Accubitus, or lying at meals; from which I shall only extract this observation, that the place of the wife on the couch was in the bosom of her husband.[a] How unfashionable!

V. 36. *Trembles lest the levee should be o'er*—Borrowed from Mr. Gifford; a liberty he occasionally, but rarely, takes himself.[b] The manè Salutantes are mentioned by many Latin authors; but Martial dwells with peculiar pathos on the wretchedness of rising so early, absolutely before daybreak, on a cold winter's morning, to visit his patron; and then to accompany him in his visits to still greater men. This reminds us of the gradation of servility in Roderick Random; where Roderick calls upon Mr. Cringer by eight o'clock, because Mr. Cringer must attend the prime minister by ten, who has himself to go to court at twelve.—The Prætor, in the third satire, gets up in the middle of the night to hunt legacies. Trebius leaves his bed for a less adequate object; the precarious chance of a dinner, and the certainty of being insulted if he gains his end. A parasite is the strangest of speculators.

[a] Three persons usually lay upon each couch. The number of guests, it was said, should not be less than that of the Graces, nor exceed that of the Muses.

[b] Dryden's plagiarisms from Stapylton are numerous. See the tenth satire.

V. 38. *And cold Boötes crept around the pole*—Lubin and the old Scholiast say that Juvenal means to describe midnight in this passage—

Μεσονυκτιαις ποθ' ὡραις
Στρεφεται ὁ 'Αρκτος ηδη
Ποτι χειρα την βοωτην.

"But no," say Grangæus and Britannicus, "Juvenal means no such thing; the "time mentioned in the text is extremâ nocte, paulo ante diluculum."

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Shakespeare (as a staunch commentator would say) had the passage in his thoughts—

"What is the night?
"Almost at odds with morning, which is which?" MACBETH.

V. 43. *Thine eyes like some fierce Corybant's shall glare*—"The eyes of the "Corybantes were always open, yes, even in their sleep," observes the Delphin note, "while they were watching Jupiter." But what is this precious nonsense to the purpose? The frantic appearance of these priests of Cybele is alluded to in the text, and their eyes staring with intoxication; which was but the prelude to worse vices in their celebration of the rites of this mother of the gods, and abominable misleader of mankind. Their name, Corybantes, is most probably derived from their dancing in armour—ἀπο τῆ κορυττουλας βαινειν, "quòd "in armis cum saltatione incederent." At least this appears to me more likely than the far-fetched derivation from κρυπτω, depending upon a single story, instead of a constant custom, as that of their clashing their arms in the dance.

V. 51. *Pour'd when Rome's chiefs were rough with manly hairs*—I have already more than once noticed Juvenal's high respect for the hairiness of the old Romans. Lubin's reason for their not shaving their beards, nor cutting their hair, is excellent. "They had," says he, "no barbers in those days at "Rome; they had not yet sent for them from Sicily!" This may be historically true (see the fourth satire), but as a reason it is curious enough. In the extraordinary allegory, before cited, concerning hair in general, all the treasures of Greek and Latin literature seem to have been ransacked to support the hypothesis of the fanciful and ingenious author, who so appositely stiles himself

"Crinitus." I cannot however dismiss him without a remark, that in some of his too frequent and violent attacks upon several most respectable scholars, he has clothed himself in the griesly hair of the Furies, rather than in the flowing locks of Berenice. Let me recommend to him la belle chevelure, instead of the colubri.

V. 52. *Or trampled from the grape mid social wars*—Mr. Gifford reasonably doubts the accuracy of our poet, in talking of wine nearly two hundred years old; which would be the period from the Social Wars to the time when Mr. G. conceives this satire to have been written, namely, somewhat posterior to the reign of Domitian. Yet Pliny the elder (according to Holyday) talks of wine two centuries old, and says it was like honey. On their casks of wine the Romans marked the name of the consul, in whose year they laid it in, and the country of the grape. Horace often alludes to this custom.

V. 55. *With Alban juice &c.* The hills about Alba were famous for their vineyards, as the Setine hills also were. They lay near Setia, a town of Campania. Augustus was particularly fond of their produce. I should have mentioned above, that Saguntum, a city of Spain, (for which see the fifteenth satire) was noted for the manufacture of coarse earthen ware.

V. 59. *Such wines great Thrasea and Helvidius pour'd &c.* This picture of two of the last Roman patriots, commemorating with generous warmth the birthday of the Bruti and of Cassius, is most delightful in the original. There is a majestic brevity in

> Quale coronati Thrasea Helvidiusque bibebant
> Brutorum et Cassî natalibus—

which I cannot forbear holding up to the admiration of my readers, though I shall more strikingly condemn my own laxity of translation. I have crowned the heroes with myrtle, because Juvenal left the garland to my choice; and this was the wreath that Harmodius and Aristogeiton bound around their swords. I am sure I shall be forgiven for inserting a stanza or two from a translation of that divine poem of Callistratus upon these brother patriots, whose names and characters so well agree with those of Thrasea and Helvidius; of whom it is enough to say, that they dared to defend the cause of liberty

even under the reign of Nero.—The following animated lines are taken from a book which I have already mentioned with due praise, intitled, "Translations "from the Greek Anthology." See page 25.

In myrtle my sword will I wreathe,
Like our patriots, the noble and brave;
Who devoted the tyrant to death,
And to Athens equality gave.
Lov'd Harmodius! thou never shalt die,
For the poets exultingly tell,
That thine is the fulness of joy
Where Achilles and Diomed dwell &c.

V. 63. *See rough with amber &c.* The Heliades, named in the original, were the daughters of the sun, who, weeping the death of Phaëton their brother, were turned into alder or poplar trees, and still weep; while their tears, hardening into amber, "drop medicinal gum." See Ovid, metamorph. 11.—The dullness of the Varii upon this passage deserves an extract. "An autem "inæquales beryllo phialas," say they, "ob asperitatem et exuberantiam gem-"marum? an ab inæquali numero? an spatio? an (ut dicit Plinius) quod sex-"angulâ formâ poliantur? an quia alii aliis majores? in incerto est." But the prosing stupidity of the comment is by no means uncertain.

V. 74. *Shone from the hilt of lov'd Æneas' sword*—Another allusion to Virgil. See the notes to the third satire. Æneas is expressed by a periphrasis—

—— zelotypo juvenis prælatus Hiarbæ.

"The youth whom Dido preferred to the jealous Iarbas." So in the twelfth satire. Philip of Macedon is stiled "the cunning purchaser of Olynthus." Gibbon, as I have remarked in the argument to the twelfth satire, adopts this circuitous mode of appellation to a faulty excess. It is a piece of classical pedantry; disgusting in those who should know better.

V. 76. *The base cobbler, Beneventum's shame*—This was Vatinius, *meribibus*, according to the commentators, et potor. But he was worse—a most sagacious informer—nasutissimus delatorum. Martial alludes to this, in a passage quoted by Mr. Gifford. Can the solemn scholars, who have honoured Juvenal with their criticisms, be suspected of a fondness for alliteration, that last resource of

poetical imbecility? Yet they say of Vatinius, and his vessels, Vasa vilia et vitrea, Vatiniana dicuntur. I once heard a story of a bishop (not a prince) of Benevento, which I believe is in point; but, from not "keeping count" of these bishops, it is erased from my memory; as Sancho's story of the goats was from his; abiit, evasit, erupit, "over the hills and far away," as Lord Kenyon translated it.

V. 77. *Leaky and crack'd, whose worth would not produce*
A match in barter—

This is contrary to the interpretation of the old Scholiast, who says Juvenal alludes to the custom of soldering a broken cup with sulphur. But Martial, who is our author's best expositor, mentions the practice even in those days of "changing away broken glass for brimstone matches."

V. 81. *Salubrious water &c.* "After boiling," say the commentators, "water "becomes colder than ever;" and Nero, still to increase its refreshing qualities, immersed his water-bottles in snow, which was kept for this purpose in subterraneous recesses during the summer. It doubtless served to cool his wine also. See Barry on wines. Galen (lib. 4, comm. 6, epid.) has some curious stories about the mode in which water was anciently refrigerated. We read too in other authors of cooling-places, or ice-houses, hollowed out in rocks, where earthen vessels were deposited full of hot water (previous boiling was thought medicinal), which soon became as cold as snow.—Plutarch shows from Aristotle (in Sympos:) that another mode of cooling water was by dropping stones, and flints, and plummets, into the vessel. Wine was often cooled by immersing the bottles in wells. Horace orders his slave to dip the Falernian flask in the passing river—

—— Quis puer ocyùs
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula prætereunte lymphâ?

But Nero's invention, recorded in the word "decocta," which seems to imply something more than the simple boiling of the water (perhaps a chemical infusion of some kind), was more famous than any of the preceding modes of refrigeration. After the water was prepared secundùm artem, the vessel which held it was immersed in snow. This receipt is celebrated (though not explained) by Martial, and various other writers.

V. 85. *Some coarse Gætulian &c.* "The Gætulian was black, and the Æthi-"opian was black," says Lubin: and to the fellow in the text, who would have frightened the very ghosts, when he crossed the churchyards by night, Lubin, who is evidently fond of a "gentle jest," might exclaim—

"Devils were painted black to look like thee."

V. 90. *But the fair flow'r of Asia's blooming boys*—Holyday's picture of this youth, whom he quaintly calls a "curious waiter," is rather equivocal. I mistook it at first for a representation of the horrible Gætulian.

V. 93. *Good Ancus &c.* Ancus, the fourth king of Rome, from his name being a convenient spondee for the conclusion of a line, is the most frequently of any among the seven coupled with some brother king, whether their simplicity, their deaths, or their hairiness, are mentioned. So in the text—

Tullî census pugnacis, et Anci.

In Horace—

Numa quò devenit, et Ancus.

In some of Martial's scazon iambics, quoted above—

—— Numas, Ancos,
Et quidquid usquam legitur pilosorum.

V. 97. *Gætulia's swarthy Ganymede*—"Our author calls this Moorish slave "Ganymede, satirically," says Lubin.—Gentle Lubin! he has a peculiar talent for discovering irony: indeed his own talents are somewhat ironical: nay, he might address Grangæus as Swift did Arbuthnot—

"Grangæus is no more my friend,
"Who dares to irony pretend,
"Which I was born to introduce,
"Refin'd it first, and show'd its use."

V. 103. *Hears, unregarding, his repeated call &c.* Literally, neither brings him cold nor hot water; the use of which last, either mixed or unmixed with wine, was frequent at the feasts of the ancients, particularly in winter. Lubin (for he is still more learned than ingenious) quotes Athenæus and Lipsius for

this custom; but Holyday inundates his note with authorities of all ages.—Galen says that he sometimes had cured disorders in the stomach by cold water. The decocta, it appears, was known at Alexandria as well as Rome. Whether the warm water (calida or calda, Græcè το θερμον) was heated by fire or the sun, is disputed. If by the former, it was probably applied that the guests might vomit, and feel the "alia fames," the second hunger. Vomiting indeed (see the sixth satire) before meals, as well as in the middle of them, was practised by these nasty epicures. The Rhodians were much addicted to this beastly custom. Indeed they were full of luxury and lasciviousness to a proverb. Hence called Albi Cyrenaici, white blackamoors; being unlike the people of Cyrene in colour, but resembling them strongly in their vices.

There is a question in Athenæus, whether hot or cold water should be drank after figs?—a fig for such a question.

V. 118. *Did I for this before the dawn arise &c.* This dialogue between the servant and Trebius is very abruptly introduced, and carried on with some ambiguity, in the original. I do not doubt, however, that all the commentators and translators, whose interpretation I have adopted, are right in attributing the complaint above to Trebius. A friend urges the inconsistency of his daring to complain so boldly of the ill treatment he receives, when Juvenal positively says afterwards, if he was even to mutter any thing like expostulation, he would be kicked out of the room. This objection certainly has force; but I cannot consent to give the words to the servant, and to make him say—"Was "I sent so early in a cold morning over the Esquilian, to the white-bread shop, "that such a scurvy companion as you might feast upon fine soft rolls?"—But, after all, this may be a *thought*, and not a *speech*, of Trebius. Besides, why should Juvenal alone be denied the privilege of occasional inconsistency?—If my conjecture, that Trebius only *thinks* of the insults he suffers, and does not *express* them, be true, it will be inconsistent with my translation. But notes and text are two things—like votes and speeches. So I can not only plead privilege upon this subject, but precedent also in my favour.

V. 121, 2. *The cold Esquilian*—This hill was the Hyde Park, or fashionable region, of ancient Rome. See the third satire, v. 171, of the original. "Wintry "April" is an expression sanctioned occasionally by truth. Holyday says, "the

" epithet vernus " (applied to Jupiter, used here, by a common license, for the air) " has a great deal of philosophy in it. See Aristotle in his Meteors, upon " hail falling in the spring!"

V. 124. *Deck'd with rare herbs &c. A lordly lobster*—Dryden's friend Bowles is much disturbed about the squilla of Juvenal, which I have rendered " lobster," according to the common interpretation. He calls it however a " sturgeon," which he says may " serve as well:" but acipenser being a sturgeon, and squilla neither more nor less than a lobster, with due submission I conceive it will " not serve as well;" unless indeed any thing facetious be designed in the word " serve." The puny Entick says squilla is a squill!

V. 129. *Poor as the scanty supper of the dead*—Of these funeral suppers there were several kinds. One (the cæna feralis, mentioned above) was but a sorry meal, says Holyday, usually sent by the friends of the dead, and cast into the funeral fire to the Dii Manes, and burnt with the body.—Another was the περιδειπνον, a drinking feast, prepared for those that returned from the funeral to the house of *mourning*. The drunkenness of the lower sort of Irish, at their funerals, is well known; and the usual question they ask the dead, " Why did you die?" surely must be irresistibly comic, when accompanied with their peculiar ululatus.—A third funeral supper of the ancients was the Silicernium, Ἑκάπης δειπνον (Hecate's supper), νεκρῶ δειπνον; and this was set down at the grave of the dead. It consisted, usually, of a little milk, honey, water, wine, and olives, and strewed flowers. The starving beggar would sometimes steal this wretched pittance from the tombs. Mr. Southey might have introduced an incident of so wild a nature [c] into his Thalaba—

" Go not among the tombs, old man! &c."

Catullus mentions a female thief of this strange description. See Hoffman, who quotes the passage, and several others, upon the subject of the Feralia,

[c] Obiter—of Mr. Southey. Notwithstanding the false sensibility which exposed him to the burlesque dactylics of the Antijacobin, notwithstanding the vicious peculiarity of his manner, occasioned, as is hinted in the argument to the third satire, by his living among friends all of the same stamp, the author of Madoc must be remembered with honour.

in vocem.[a] Scaliger, who understood the rules of quantity rather better than Sweighæuser, proposes an alteration of that line in Ovid's Fasti which makes the first syllable of Feralia short: instead of dixere, he reads dicunt Feralia. But Holyday, upon the authority of Britannicus, derives the word *boldly* from Fera, an ancient name for Mors. Others, with equal *boldness*, suppose it to come from ferio, to strike. But the most *acute* guess is, perhaps, that which draws it from φηρ, doricè pro θηρ, Fera, quia Mors sæva et fera est. Concerning the Ferales Cænæ of Domitian, see Dio, book 67, where there is a most extraordinary notice of these gloomy entertainments. See also the Private Life of the Romans.

I should not omit to specify the fourth and most important kind of the funeral suppers. This was the Epulum Novendiale; a more sumptuous banquet, held on the ninth day after the death, when it was customary to bury the bones of the deceased; his body having been burnt on the eighth day. "The fire was extinguished with wine; the bones were gathered together, "sprinkled with wine, washed with milk till they were separated from the "ashes, and then perfumed, put into an urn, and so buried. The sepulchre "was sprinkled with wine." See Holyday upon Juvenal, satire fifth, and Persius, satire sixth. I have thought these extracts from the old scholar's account of the funeral solemnities of the Romans interesting. He is much fuller upon the subject; it is a subject that rather attracts the fancy. Something, perhaps, is taken from the horrors of death, by removing the idea of putrefaction. We must still exclaim with the fear and trembling of Claudio—

"Aye, but to die, and go we know not where—"

did we even expect a Roman burial; but we should not shudder at the following—

"To lie in cold obstruction—and to rot!"

V. 130. *Venafrian olives*—Venafrum in Campania was famous for its oil. See Pliny, Martial, &c. The African oil (mentioned below) which was equally

[a] The words of Catullus—

—— sæpe quam in sepulchretis
Vidistis ipso rapere de rogo cænam—

remind us of the lady in the Arabian Nights, whose stomach was so delicate by day, but who arose to feed upon the dead at midnight.

infamous, was brought over to Rome in cane flasks ("canna Micipsarum," from Micipsa, king of Numidia), by sharp-beaked African vessels. So Holyday, or rather Lubin, who acutely enough divides the words "canna and prora," making them signify distinct things; and not, with the generality of the commentators, supposing these African oil-men to cross the Mediterranean to Italy in cane vessels. The word "Bocchor," like Micipsa, is used in the original as a synonyme for an African.

V. 135. For "*sick'ning snakes,*" read "And their own snakes." This verse is wanting in some manuscripts.

V. 136. *Dispatch'd from Corsica &c.* The Romans, in Juvenal's time, however fanciful in their extravagance, were less so than the French in our own days. The former indeed brought dabs and flounders from Corsica, but the latter have sent thither for an emperor!

Vespaque Cecropias Corsica turbat apes.

V. 142. *Lenas—Aurelia*—"Progging Lenas," as Holyday calls him, was a legacy hunter, who distributed "gudgeons to catch whales" (see the sixth satire) among his rich, childless, weather-beaten acquaintance.—Aurelia had so many presents of this sort, that she raised a large revenue by selling them again in the market. What can the old Scholiast mean by saying Aurelia was "mulier quæ *distrahebat* pisces?" Did this *distract* Madan, and make him, as Mr. Gifford has remarked, so oddly assert Aurelia to have been "some dealer "in fine fish!"

V. 145. *In Rhegium's streight*—The lampreys (was the muræna a lamprey? or the mullus a mullet? Mr. G. says, a sur-mullet) caught off the coast of Sicily, are celebrated with a noble simplicity of gluttonous admiration by Martial—not to mention many others—

Quæ natat in Siculo grandis muræna profundo.

V. 149. *Charybdis' self*—Scylla and Charybdis are correctly the commonplaces of school boys; to which, as was well said, "criticism disdains to chase "them." How apt we are to fancy the proverb of "Incidit in Scyllam cupiens

" vitare Charybdim " to be taken from some familiar classical author. The line is in the piscatory eclogues of Sannazarius; for a good account of whom, see the Rambler.

V. 151. *A doubtful animal*—The lupus, or wolf-fish, or pike, praised by Varro. But there were two sorts of this fish (see Horace, lib. 2, sat. 2), and the spotted one was the inferior. It is curious to remark the progress of fastidiousness. Columella, in the Augustan age, observed that the wolf-fish began to be held cheap; and in Juvenal's time we find it perfectly reprobated. See Holyday.

V. 155. *Suburra's drain*—The drain of the filthiest street in Rome must have been sufficiently foul. Johnson has dignified the Suburra, in his paraphrase of the third satire, by opposing it to the Strand. One word of that noble poem: the idea of it was surely suggested by Oldham's imitation of the same original. Of this more in the addenda to the third satire.—I must give Mr. Gifford a memento as I pass—

> A garden there, and well, that needs no rope,
> Engine, or pains to crane its waters up.
>
> OLDHAM's Imit. of third satire.

> There wells by nature form'd, that need no rope,
> No labouring arm, to crane their waters up, &c.
>
> GIFFORD's Translat.

It is vastly improved; and what follows is so good that I shall quote it—

> Around your lawn their facile streams shall shower,
> And cheer the springing plant, and opening flower.

Should not " facile " be " easy?" Mr. G. admits some elisions, but not all. Why so? [b]

[b] Let me take the earliest opportunity of retracting the praise which I bestowed upon Dryden for his translation of I, demens &c. See the argument to the tenth satire. The couplet is only slightly altered from Stapylton.

> Go climb the horrid Alps, vain-glorious fool,
> To please the boys, and be their theme at school. STAPYLTON's Juvenal.

Other occasions will be found of remarking plagiarisms from Stapylton.

V. 158. *Piso*—The character given by Tacitus of this nobleman (the conspirator against Nero) is most amiable. "He exercised his eloquence in the "defence of his fellow-citizens; his liberality in behalf of his friends, and even "of those who were unknown to him; accosting them with courteous lan-"guage and address." Juvenal justly calls him "Piso bonus." The family of the Pisos was very numerous and ancient. Horace declares them to be descended from Numa—Vos O Pompilius sanguis &c.

Seneca—Seneca was one of the few philosophers who have carried their precepts into practice at the hour of dissolution. "How is it to be wondered "at," said he to his weeping friends, "that Nero, who has murdered his mother "and his brother, should put his tutor to death after them?" See the eighth satire, for some account of his life and writings.

Cotta is mentioned again in the seventh satire, as a patron of the poor and the ingenious.

V. 163. *All we request is cheap civility*—In the argument to this satire I have noted the "iniquæ mensæ," the illiberal distinctions made at the tables of the great, between the rich and the poor. Martial, as is usual with him, says more in a line than others in a page—

Cur sine te cæno, quum tecum, Pontice, cænem?

V. 167. *Like Calydon's enormous plague of yore*—Meleager is eternally confounded with Robert Bruce, from its not being known in Grub-street (where rhythm is better understood than metre) that the Calydonian and Caledonian heroes are not the same. The epithet of flavus, applied to Meleager in the original, has given occasion for much learned folly. I admire the caution with which Thomson (who calls Meleager "the yellow hunter,") is said to be "now and then a little pedantic," by Mr. Gifford. Thomson is all pedantry; and a man's ears as well as head must be very differently constituted from mine, who can discover the harmony or great merit of any kind which belongs to Jemmy Thomson. It did not require intimacy with him to discover that his descriptions of the country were written in a town. In my poor opinion he is excommunicated by men, gods, and columns, from the fellowship of poets. And yet he is the sublimity of mediocrity. Primus inter postremos. His Castle of Indolence appears to me one of his best performances. This may be sacri-

lege; but I hope there are a few who will have the honesty to own that it may also be truth.

"As from her leg th' inverted silk she drew," THOMSON's Musidora,

and—

"Must I be dazzled with a diamond ring?"
COWPER's Petit Maitre Clergyman,

appear to me engendered by the same sickly affectation. As to the *harmony* of the latter author, beloved as he is by religious young women, I defy his most devoted admirer to instance it. If broken lines, sudden pauses, and the union of stiff, prosaic, latinized language, with puritanical sentiment, constitute poetry, Cowper is indeed a poet—

Nempe incomposito dixi pede currere versus
Lucilî—quis tam Lucilî fautor ineptè est
Ut non hoc fateatur?

I wish it were reasonable to add—

—— at idem quod sale multo
Urbem defricuit, chartâ laudatur eâdem.

But Cowper's verses upon great cities are the melancholy dreams of a devout enthusiast—an enthusiast whose virtues make us heartily regret the gloomy unhappiness of his latter days. The excellence of the man has nothing to do with the defects of the writer—defects, however, which are so far from being allowed in the present *religious* age, that, excepting the Bible, and Shakespeare, Cowper is more frequently reprinted than any other author. I do not of course include Moore's Almanack, or the Newgate Calendar.

V. 172. *Ye swains of Lybia*—I have passed over "the dainty liver of a "fatten'd goose &c." thinking that the Roman delicacies cannot be very interesting to an English epicure.[c] But "mushrooms," like pathos, "are of all "ages and all countries." And I believe that Alledius (the glutton in the text) may yet be matched, in the city of London, by men (I do not say aldermen)

[c] See the "Addenda" for some account of the peculiar fondness with which Horace dwells upon cookery. He vainly attempts to hide his own love for delicacies by burlesquing it in others.

who would prefer a rich mushroom stew to all the grain in Lincolnshire, as the Roman did to all the grain in Lybia, though it was the granary of his country.

V. 177. *The carver*—For this new-fangled profession, see the eleventh satire.

V. 183. *The nat'ral freedom of thy triple name*—The nomen, prænomen, and cognomen; distinctions common to every free-born Roman, like Trebius; but which he rendered of no value by making himself a slave. "Tanquam habeas "tria nomina," is said ironically; and the passage, stripped of the nonsense of annotation, is plain and easy. The difference between Mr. Gifford's and Dr. Ireland's interpretation, assuredly the right one, is merely verbal.

V. 184. *Wounded Cacus*—Cacus stole the oxen from Hercules, which he stole from Geryones. It was an ingenious trick of Cacus, to drag them backwards by their tails into his cave; and is the only picturesque circumstance in the story. One regrets his being dragged out himself by a brother freebooter; for Hercules (notwithstanding the panegyric of Lempriere) was himself little better than Obi, or Three-fingered Jack.

V. 192, 4. *By the hand of Heaven—Or by some friend*—In the original "similis Diîs, Et melior fatis." Here Holyday takes occasion, from Lubin, to explain the words "similis Diîs," some demi-god or hero; and proceeds, as follows, with the Pythagorean doctrine upon the subject. "The heroes were "good angels, being of a middle nature between the gods and the dæmones "terreni, or learned and wise men. Unto these three sorts of excellent na-"tures the Pythagoreans held a reverence to be due. And thus Hierocles, an "Alexandrian philosopher, in his comment on the Golden Verses, distinguishes "them. Και ἐστιν ἑκαστος ἡρως Ψυχη λογικη μετα φωτεινου σωματος· Every hero is a "rational soul joined with a lucid or enlightened body." And he interprets καταχθονιους Δαιμονας by σοφους ἀνθρωπους· The extract from the Golden Verses is so full of good advice, that I shall subjoin it; hoping that these grave remarks will be an antidote to the levity with which I have treated the "wandering "Hercules."

Ἀθανατους μεν πρωτα θεους, νομῳ ὡς διακειται,
Τιμα· και σεβυ ὁρκον· επειθ' ἡρωας ἀγαυους,
Τυς τε καταχθονιυς σεβε δαιμονας, ἐννομα ῥεζων·

V. 204. *No smiling striplings*—This, in the original, is a very happy introduction of a line in Virgil, our author's favourite poet (see the seventh and eleventh satires). Mr. Gifford, in his note upon the passage, quotes, with due praise, a tetrastic from the collection, which, in reference I suppose to Lord Chesterfield and other sciolists, he calls the "reprobated Greek epigrams." Ignorance itself, since the translations from the Greek Anthology, will I hope begin to confess that there are in that collection, poems distinguished for every grace of simple and pathetic composition.

V. 212. *Plaything shields*—Properly "green breastplate;" unless the "thorax" may be construed a garment, as Holyday asserts from Suetonius. As to the colour, it was proper for youth—

(—— chiefly thee, *gay green!*
Thou smiling nature's universal robe! THOMSON.)

And it appears that green garments were anciently used by the young, from Statius, Martial, and other testimonies. Rutgersius thinks that Virro's parasites wore a green livery (like the court jockies in the eleventh satire), and he interprets the "trechedipna" in the third satire as garments of some particular colour, by which the patrons knew their clients, and invited them to supper. Now we are again upon the subject of supper-hunting, I will insert a translation from Martial, which should have been introduced in a note upon line 26 of this satire.

"My worthy friend, you'll dine with me to-day."

Effugere in thermis &c. &c. Epig. 82, lib. 12.

When from the baths, or hot, or cold, you come,
The kind Menogenes attends you home:
When at the courts you ply the healthy ball,
He picks it up adroitly, should it fall;

Though wash'd, though drest, he follows where it flies,
Recovers and returns the dusty prize,
And overwhelms you with civilities.
Call for your towel, and, though more defil'd
Than the foul linen of a sickly child,
He'll swear 'tis whiter than the driven snow—
Comb your lank hair across your wrinkled brow,
And, with a tone of ecstasy, he'll swear
"Achilles had not such a head of hair!"
Himself will bring the vomit to your hand,
And wipe the drops that on your forehead stand;
Praise and admire you, till, fatigu'd, you say—
"Do, my good friend, do dine with me to-day!"

V. 216, 17. *Claudius—Agrippina*—Claudius was unhappy in his wives, both as to bed and board. Messalina "did not use him well," with regard to the former, as we shall see in the sixth satire; but Agrippina gave him poison at his meals. He died by his favourite food, mushrooms, as Clarence did by his favourite liquor, malmsey: so it is—

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid!

V. 220. *Alcinous—the three sisters*—The garden of Alcinous, king of the Phæacians, or people of Corcyra, is celebrated by Homer as blooming with eternal fruit. See the fifteenth satire. The three sisters were the Hesperides, or daughters of Hesperus, (ohe! jam satis est) who, with a sleepless dragon, watched the golden apples that grew in an island off the coast of Mauritania. Pliny enumerates this story among the "portentous lies of Greece," and says there are nothing but wild olive-trees in this fabled grove. What a terrific Giant is Matter-of-Fact! surely he ought to be personified, as the enemy of poets, the destroyer of fiction, and the bulwark of ordinary men—

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

V. 225. *The rough serjeant*—Hirsuto Capellâ. The "campidoctor," or centurion, who taught the raw recruits the use of arms. So Scaliger and Britannicus. The two reasons of the latter I admire; "first," says he, "Juvenal calls

" the centurion Capella, because he was rough and shaggy like a goat; as in the fourteenth satire—

" —— caput intactum buxo, naresque pilosas
" Adnotet, et grandes miretur Lælius alas—"

and secondly, because he stunk like a goat! as Persius—

" —— aliquis de gente hircosâ centurionum."

As to the incredible, the impenetrable dulness of the commentators, " about " an ape on a goat's back," it is surprizing to me how Mr. Gifford can have formed so entertaining and humorous a note as he has, from the recapitulation and exposure of their intense folly. Acosta, in his notes upon Justinian's Institutes, lib. 4, cap. 3, defends the opinion of some other critics, that " capella" signifies a sling made of goat's skin. " Juxta illud Virgilii—Intendunt acres " arcus, amentaque torquent." This is very good sense; but I prefer the former interpretation.

V. 240. *The Etruscan gold*—This was an ornament in the form of a heart, which the young Romans of rank wore upon their bosoms till the age of sixteen, when they assumed the toga virilis. In process of time the bulla (originally borrowed from the Tuscans) was worn by every free-born Roman. Persius gives a beautiful description of the ceremonies in the change from boy to man, sat. 5, v. 30,

Cum primùm pavido custos mihi purpura cessit,
Bullaque succinctis laribus donata pependit &c.

This is one of the most enchanting passages in all Latin poetry; and Dryden, though his version of it is far from mediocrity, has not done it ample justice. I have not just at present access to Drummond or Brewster; but will observe in general, that Mr. D. seems to entertain too lofty a contempt for Brewster's correct, and often animated translation. " The leathern thong," mentioned in the next line, was worn by the sons of those who had been once slaves, but emancipated. Libertinorum filii. See Macrobius, and Alexander ab Alexandro. Holyday has some instances of the use of an ornament, corresponding to the bulla, among the Jews.

V. 252, 3. *Shaven head—lordly lash*—The ceremony of manumission has been briefly described, sat. 1. We have nothing to do with it here, notwithstanding the interpretation of Britannicus, or rather the addition of Curio. The shaven head is only alluded to; and for the rest, Juvenal implies, "you "will suffer even a pot de chambre to be broken on your head," more parasitorum. See Plautus.—There is in the Anthology a very pretty epigram upon the subject of this satire; and, as a pleasing contrast to the vigorous indignation of Juvenal, I will quote the concluding couplet, in which the poet congratulates himself that, although a slave, he is not a parasite.

Slave as I am, my fetters love beguiles;
I smile and weep, as Julia weeps or smiles.

Και κλαιω Μιλιφ, και γελαω Μιλιφ·

NOTES

TO

THE SIXTH SATIRE.

V. 1. *Before the thund'rer's birth*—The reign of Saturn, or the golden age, has been celebrated by the whole family of poets from Hesiod and Homer, down to Chaucer and Churchill. Ovid's description of it, as a state of innocence and plenty, is perhaps the fullest and the best. But Juvenal, whose stern mind was little swayed by poetical fiction, describes the rudeness of this early period with more truth than fancy. If we combine the opening of the sixth satire with the conclusion of the fifteenth, we shall have a connected and probable account of the formation of society, and the first essays towards civilization in the world, drawn up in a clear and manly stile, and far from destitute of the genuine charms of poetry—vigour, simplicity, and sonorous cadences. Enough has been said in the argument upon the subject of this satire—the vices of the Roman women.

V. 10, 11. *Unlike the Cynthias—unlike the Lesbias*—Cynthia was the favourite mistress of Propertius; Lesbia of Catullus; and Delia of Tibullus. The last was the most fortunate in her lover. No love-verses are so thoroughly the overflowings of tenderness as those of Tibullus. But of him more hereafter. Propertius (me judice) is too full of pedantry to be pleasing; but Juvenal alludes to a sweet little poem of Catullus (celebrated by Martial also) on the death of Lesbia's sparrow: the delicacy of

Tuâ nunc operâ meæ puellæ
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli—

does not exceed the

Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos

of our author; and the effect of contrast is excellently displayed in the next line by

Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis &c.

But I am falling into the manner of the Germans, and presuming to point out beauties which are obvious to persons of any taste, and which cannot be perceived by the ἀμυσοι (for whom "no minstrel raptures swell,") even after the plainest indication. By the way, Lubin, that gentle German, whose "acts" I shall chiefly record in this satire, says a word concerning "ἀμυσια" which may excite a smile. "A nobis, Germani mei, omnis Amusia et Barbaries funditùs "jam dudum profligata est!" But Lubin was not a prophet, and therefore could not foresee the birth of Heyné, Sneider, Sweighæuser, Herman, Ruperti. Ohe!—

"Ye unborn Germans, crowd not on my soul."

Yet to Herman, sweet Herman! the Goddess of Metre must pay—

"The passing tribute of an odious sigh,
"While papers, like his own, are scatter'd nigh!"

For alas! notwithstanding the soiled reams of cacata charta—

"The Germans in Greek
"Are still much to seek;
"Not five in five score
"But ninety-five more;
"Excepting friend Herman—
"And HE is—a German." "Και ὁ," &c.

Viri clariss. epig. in (Germania quos parturit horrida) fœtus.

V. 26. *Impell'd th' adult'rer &c.* I have purposely omitted hacknied quotations on the race of man "springing from oaks," or "being formed of mud." Virgil, Ovid, Statius, all the Latin poets, would furnish parallel passages ad infinitum. Nor shall I quote lines upon Jupiter's usurpation of heaven. His feats of love really deserve a couplet.

Ζευς κυκνος, ταυρος, σατυρος, χρυσος δι' ἐρωτα
Ληδης, Ἐυρωπης, Ἀυτιοπης, Δαναης·

So Prior, in his riddle—

"For this, the father of the gods,
"Content to leave his high abodes,
"In borrow'd figures loosely ran,
"Europa's bull, and Leda's swan."

Nor are these one half of his amours.

V. 39. *And wilt thou now a woman's virtue trust?*—Juvenal had no idea of a fond and mutual love (see the argument)—of that feeling which, if it ever could be justly represented in language, would be expressed by Heliodorus in these words—οὕτως ἀρα ποθος ἀκριβης, και ἐρως ἀκραιφνης, τῶν μεν ἐξωθεν προσπιπτοντων, ἀλγεινων τε και ἡδεων, παντων ὑπερφρονεῖ· προς ἑν δε το φιλημενον, και ὁρᾶν, και συννευειν, το φρονημα καταναγκαζει· which may be thus freely paraphrased—"True and perfect "love cares nothing for external accidents; but is insensible to all pleasure "and all pain, except that which arises from seeing and conversing with its "object, or from being debarred that sight and conversation." This passage is in the Æthiopics of Heliodorus, lib. 1, p. 7. Our old romance writers (for *they* were scholars) borrowed much Platonic refinement from this book.

How universal is the secret expectation which Fielding so fondly dwells upon, in his essay on the remedy of affliction for the loss of friends—the dear, delightful expectation, which he imagines realized, when he embraces his Amelia in the "other world." Who can refute the truth, the feeling, the nature, of his assertion, that "the warmest wish of every reasonable being's "heart is conjugal happiness?"

> But if denied that soothing hope on earth,
> And such the hard condition of our birth,
> In other realms our faithful shades shall prove
> The holy warmth of disembodied love—
> By wondrous signs the mutual thought be known,
> And unimagin'd joys be all our own!

With what unspeakable rapture will each poor wounded spirit repose in the recesses of the myrtle wood! the

> —— nemus umbriferum, conjux ubi pristinus illi
> Respondet curis, æquatque Sichæus amorem—
>
> "And answers all her cares, and equals all her love."

I really hate Juvenal so cordially for the indiscriminate hatred of women, (though this perhaps is stigmatizing him rather too severely) which he shows in this satire, that were it not for his capability of a firm and affectionate friendship, displayed particularly in the eleventh satire (which see), I should part in very ill humour with him.

V. 41. *The marriage deeds*—Perhaps Posthumus did not like to pay the æs uxorium, or fine for being a batchelor. He might have been "penny wise, "and pound foolish." Yet, if he hoped to have children, many were the privileges and advantages of fruitful wedlock. Julius Cæsar and Augustus did all they could to encourage marriage; and, as we shall see in the ninth satire, even the jus *trium* liberorum was by no means an inconsiderable immunity. It required the interest of a Martial with Domitian, or a Pliny with Trajan, to obtain this privilege without having children. How excellent was the law among the Romans to prevent unequal marriages in point of age! The form of the ceremony was this: the portion (brought by the wife to the husband) being agreed upon, a deed was drawn and executed in presence of witnesses, who set their seal upon it. They broke a straw, as in other contracts, which was called stipulation, from stipula. The bridegroom made presents to the bride, and gave her a ring, which she wore on the fourth finger of the left hand, because they believed there was a vein there which went to the heart. Some of them have been found with these inscriptions—Bonam vitam—Amo te —Ama me, &c. &c. The auspices were always taken before a marriage, a lucky day was chosen, and sacrifices offered, particularly to Juno. Some words were pronounced by the priest, and the bride and bridegroom ate of the offering. For a farther account of the marriage ceremonies among the Romans, see the Private Life, page 310, &c. A very clear statement of the laws respecting matrimony will be found in the "Esprit des Loix," liv. 23, ch. 21.

V. 47. *Snake-hair'd fury*—Who knows not (many doubtless—and, "Where "ignorance is bliss, 'Tis folly to be wise,") the three daughters of Acheron—Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megæra? the—Νακτεριαι κυραι, ὀφιοπλοκαμοι, φοβερῶπες· Cicero (pro Roscio) has a noble passage upon the furies of an evil conscience. But the thirteenth satire will be the place to quote it.

V. 52. *The Æmilian bridge*—It was so called from its founder, Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, and crossed the Tiber a mile from Rome, on the Flaminian way.

V. 55. *The Julian law*—See the second satire.

V. 59. *The fortune-hunting parasite*—See the fifth satire. But fish were not the only presents sent to rich old batchelors, and avaricious widows. See Horace.

—— sunt qui
Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras.
—— Turdus,
Sive aliud privum dabitur tibi, devolet illuc
Res ubi magna nitet, domino sene.

V. 64. *Into the trunk's concealment &c.* Lubin says this is an allusion to a part which Latinus played upon the stage, namely, that of an adulterer hid in a chest at the approach of the bon homme. The interpretation is borrowed from Probus, who farther explains the word "Periturus," applied to Latinus in the original, by his subsequent execution for adultery with Messalina. It is all probable enough; but see the first satire.

V. 78. *Great Ceres' fillets*—The greatest purity was required in all persons employed in the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries. Virgil talks with horror of any pollution of the holy garlands of Ceres—

—— manibusque cruentis
Virgineas ausæ Divæ contingere vittas.

Warburton's fancy, that the sixth book of Virgil is a representation of these mysteries, is well refuted by Gibbon. See his miscellaneous works. Horace must have viewed his friend with apprehension if this was the case, and if we can attach any seriousness to—

Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces. Vetabo qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgârit arcane, sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaselum.

See Juvenal, sat. 9 and 15, for allusions to the peculiar sanctity of the worshippers of Ceres.

V. 81. *Haste and with flowers &c.* This custom must have given a publicity to the day of marriage among the Romans, which we better avoid in England. The next passage in the original is one of those, which Jortin has justly censured for the slovenliness of their construction—

—— ocyùs *illud*
Extorquebis ut *hæc* oculo contenta sit uno.

" Illud," and " hæc," as he observes, are props to keep the verse upon its feet. He quotes many other instances of this blameable negligence in Juvenal. It would be well if there were only one half as few in his translators.

V. 89. *Gabii—Fidenæ*—Towns of no note, and very thinly inhabited, in Etruria.

V. 95. *Beneath the foul piazzas*—The porticos, or covered walks, in Rome, both public and private, were very numerous. Horace, Martial, Statius, all the writers upon the daily life of their countrymen, mention them repeatedly, as the fashionable resort of loungers of every description. Here too the philosophers held their schools; rhetoricians declaimed; poets recited; and pedlars sold their goods. The porticus καὶ' ἐξοχήν was that of the Stoics at Athens; braccatis illita Medis Porticus—painted with the Grecian triumphs over Xerxes. Those at Rome particularly frequented by the women, and of course alluded to here, were those of Pompey, Livia, and Isis. See Ovid de Arte Am.

V. 99. *When soft Bathyllus*—For a full account of the origin, progress, and decline, of pantomimic acting, see Mr. Gifford's note on this passage. It is drawn up with great industry and clearness. I shall only observe that this species of dumb show began with Bathyllus (a slave of Mæcenas) in the reign of Augustus; was carried, by him in comic subjects, and by Pylades in tragic subjects, to the highest degree of perfection; and became, under the subsequent emperors, so favourite an amusement of the people, as to form them into parties, and occasion sanguinary conflicts in the theatres. Paris was the Bathyllus of Domitian's age, and probably is here designated by the name of his predecessor, the inventor of the art. The dance, which had so pernicious an effect upon the country cousins who came to see a ballet at Rome, was doubtless some representation of the story of the " wanton Leda:" and, as to the word χειρονομος, it may imply a graceful motion of the hands, accordant with the dance; a sort of elegant gesticulation, which seems to be enumerated by Statius among his daughter's accomplishments, in the line—

" Candida seu molli diducit brachia motu."

V. 107. *The drama's joys are o'er*—Literally, when the awnings, (which in bad weather covered the top of the theatre, at other times open to the air,

" aulæa," are laid by till the next season. Horace uses the word for a canopy, suspended over the triclinium, or banqueting table.

> Intereà suspensa graves aulæa ruinas
> In patinas fecere.

Virgil, for the curtain of the theatre, which seems to have ascended from under the stage—

> Purpurea intecti tollant aulæa Britanni.

V. 109. *The great games*—The Megalesian games, in honour of the μεγαλη θεα, Cybele—" Dindymene, Dea, Dea Domina." See the Atys. The Plebeian games (instituted in remembrance of the expulsion of the kings, or of the reconciliation of the plebeians with the patricians, after the secession of the former) were celebrated on the fifteenth of November, and the Megalesian on the fifth of April. See the eleventh satire.

V. 112. *Usurp the belt and buskin*—Loosely rendered for the ornaments of the actors, the mask (invented by Æschylus), the thyrsus, or rod entwined with vine-leaves (see Virgil—foliis lentas intexere mollibus hastas), sacred to Bacchus (at whose simple and original feast, the vintage, dramatic entertainments first began), and the subligaculum, or girdle, " assumed," as Cicero says, " by " the decency of a more civilized age."—The buskin was a sort of high-heeled shoe, worn by the tragedian; as the sock was a slipper, worn by the comedian. Our private theatricals show the same passion still to exist.

V. 115. *When the buffoon &c.* See the prologue to the satires. There can be little doubt that the interlude here mentioned was, as several commentators suppose, a burlesque of the tragic story of Autonoë, daughter of Cadmus. Atella, a town of the Osci in Campania, was the inventress of this species of buffoonery.—In Livy is to be found the best illustration of the Roman games and sports of all the kinds which he touches upon, however cursorily.

V. 120. *The singer's kiss &c.* Lubin shall explain—Fibulâ (vel circulo æneo) utebantur comædi, ne, à coitu, raucescerent. Hanc matronæ divites auro submovere solitæ. " Aurum per medios," &c. In a line below (378 of the original) we have an allusion to the custom of singers selling their voices to the prætors,

for the public shows. He imposed the fibula; but often was cheated by these adroit matrons.

V. 123, 4. *Hispulla—Quinctilian*—Hispulla was a fat bona roba (pinguior tibicina), mentioned again in the twelfth satire. Of Quinctilian it is hardly possible to speak any thing, but the echo of admiration. Amiable, eloquent, fortunate; and still more an object of esteem when unfortunate; when lamenting over the loss of his accomplished son with such enchanting tenderness. We shall hear of him again in the seventh satire.

V. 128. *Uxorious Lentulus*—The bitterness of this sarcasm will be understood by reverting to the explanation of Le Grange (which he boasts of in a very offensive and foolish manner—an hunc locum intellexerint alii, non est meum dicere!) from whom we learn that Lentulus and Metellus (consuls in the year of Rome 696) being at the play, were observed by the spectators to be very like two actors, Spinther and Pamphilus. Pliny and Valerius Maximus relate the circumstance. Martial's epigram, on the subject of children begotten by actors and gladiators upon the wives of noblemen, is referred to by Mr. Gifford, as well as the above story. The following is a translation of the epigram, lib. 6, 39.

Yes, thy Marulla has produc'd thee seven—
Not children, Cinna, of a kinsman even!
Nor friend, nor neighbour, made thee father here—
In the strange boys their mother's crimes appear;
How by unnumber'd gallants she was spread
Successively on couch, or truckle bed.
This fellow's gait, and curling Moorish hair,
Santra the cook his rightful sire declare.
That with thick lips, and nostrils like an ape,
Is Pannicus' the wrestler's living shape.
Who knows not Dama with his gravy eye?
The third is that old baker's progeny.
The fourth, with face effeminate and fine,
Is Lygdus' son—thine own foul concubine:
Go, geld the child of such a pathic line!
Him, with long ears which, like a donkey's, rise,
And a sharp scull, who does not recognize?

'Tis the dwarf Cyrtha's offspring. For the fair,
For the two girls, with red and charcoal hair,
One from your fidler Crotus stole her charms,
From Carpus one, the steward of your farms.
And now your pack of mongrels would be full,
Was Crœsus not an ox, was Dindymus a bull.

V. 133. *Your awning's ample shade*—In the original "testudineo conopeo." The epithet signifies a concave awning, in the shape of the testudo, or back of the tortoise: the substantive is derived from κωνωψ, a gnat; against which animals the awning was intended as a defence. Is it worth noticing (what the Delphin editor omits) that Horace uses the word with a different quantity?

Interque signa turpe militaria
Sol aspicit conopeum.

V. 138. *Hippia, the rich &c.* She was the wife of Fabricius Veiento; for whom, see the fourth satire. By *the lewd town*, I intend Canopus; but Juvenal alludes to Alexandria in the words "famosaque mænia Lagi." Capus was the father of Ptolemy, king of Egypt, after the death of Alexander. For Canopus I need only refer to the first and fifteenth satires of our author.

V. 192. *Supplied Lycisca's place, her title bore*—Martial illustrates this custom of an inscription, with the name of the occupant, being fixed upon the cells of harlots—

Intrâsti quoties inscriptæ limina cellæ.

The next verse, more shockingly than any other passage which I know, illustrates the publicity with which unnatural crimes were committed at Rome.

V. 196. *Britannicus*—This is a most bitter passage, and, indeed, hardly fair upon the son, who should be pitied rather than upbraided for having such a mother as Messalina.

V. 210. *Damn'd Hippomanes*—Virgil speaks feelingly upon this instrument of evil, used by the "injusta noverca."

Hinc demùm Hippomanes, vero quod nomine dicunt
Pastores, lentum distillat ab inguine virus.
Hippomanes—quod sæpè malæ legere novercæ,
Miscueruntque herbas, et non innoxia verba.

V. 213. *Cesennia brought him twenty thousand pounds*—A million of sestertii, or a thousand sestertia, bis quingenta, which were equivalent to decies centena millia sestertiûm (the genitive of sestertius), or mille sestertia, 7812*l.* 10*s.* according to Holyday's computation. It was the common portion brought by women of "senatorial blood," in later times, to their husbands.

—— ritu decies centena dabantur
Antiquo. Sat. 10.

Horace, lib. 1, sat. 3,

—— Decies centena dedisset
Huic puero.

There was another reason too for the husband's flattery of Cesennia. Wives in those days held some part of the dowry in their own hands.

V. 233. *Canusian fleeces*—Pliny and Martial bear witness to the prime excellence of this wool. Canusium was a town of Apulia.

V. 237. *Snow-clad cabins*—The nonsense of the old Scholiast about the portico of Trajan's bath, and tents, and pictures &c. is perfectly irrelevant. The passage plainly describes winter, and nothing more.

V. 240. *The lucid crystal vase, the balmy myrrh*—Pliny describes crystal as not only an eastern import, but as a produce of the Alps. The myrrh vessels, mentioned also by Pliny, came from the east, but the commentators are ignorant of their nature. Propertius and Martial allude to them; and it is plain that, besides the beauty of their various colours, they exhaled a fragrant odour. See Martial, epig. 111, lib. 14.

Si calidum potas, ardenti myrrha Falerno
Convenit, et melior fit sapor inde mero.

V. 242, 43. *Berenice—Agrippa*—"The Berenice, mentioned here, was the "daughter of Agrippa; whose youngest son (the tetrarch of Galilee, who heard

" St. Paul at Cæsarea), called after his father, was suspected of an incestuous " commerce with his sister," the aforesaid Berenice. Such is Mr. Gifford's explanation, and assuredly the most reasonable one, of this long-contested passage.

V. 245. *Observe the sabbath*—In Holyday's enumeration of the good qualities of Juvenal (see his preface) why he should mention his acknowledgment of set days of divine worship with any degree of praise I know not. The fact was evident; but, in the only passages to the purpose which I recollect at present, Juvenal ridicules it, as in the passage before us—

Observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata Reges.

(By the way, he need not have laughed at the Jews only, for their bare-foot processions. The Greeks had their γυμνοποδια, or rites performed with naked feet, and the Romans their nudipedalia. See Holyday.) Again in this satire he burlesques the solemnity of the Egyptian priests' interdict, on his

—— sacris observandisque diebus—

and, returning to the Jews in the fourteenth satire, he censures still more expressly the custom of devoting one day in every week to a cessation from labour—

— pater in causâ, cui septima quæque fuit lux
Ignava, et vitæ partem non attigit ullam.

V. 246. *Hogs, grown aged*—The Scholiast's reason (quoted by Mr. Gifford) why hogs grew old in Judæa, is hardly more simple than Lubin's; the first says, " the Jews only ate the young hogs!" the last, " hogs were not killed " by the Jews, and *in consequence* they grew old!" How careful a lemma and corollary!

V. 249, 52, 59. *Ursidius—Sabine wives—Scipio—Gracchus*—Ursidius Posthumus is the friend to whom Juvenal addresses this satire. The story of the Sabine wives is most exquisitely told by Livy. What writer equals Livy in simple, clear narration? Enough is said by the text to make itself intelligible; but I will just add a word concerning the most beautiful of these Sabine women. Her ravishers, fearing that she would be taken from them, cried out,

"We carry her to Thalassius." This was a Roman of distinguished beauty and courage. The marriage was fortunate, and the Romans ever after used the word "Thalassius," in their epithalamia, as if to wish the new-married couple an equally happy destiny. See the Private Life. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, was the daughter of Scipio Africanus. Her two eloquent sons caught, as Quinctilian testifies, much of that eloquence from her instructions.

V. 263. *Conquer'd Syphax*—King of Numidia, whose camp, and that of Asdrubal, Scipio burnt in one night.—Of Hannibal we shall hear enough in the tenth satire.

V. 269, 73, 4. *Amphion—Pæan—Latona—Niobe*—Amphion, among other circumstances of his *true* history, built the walls of Thebes with the sound of his lyre, and first invented the union of vocal and instrumental music. Apollo was called "Pæan," from παιειν, ferire: Latona was his mamma (see the hymn to Delas, of that original poet, Callimachus); and Niobe was the daughter of Tantalus. I have in this instance (the last I hope that will be found in my book), as in some other instances, departed from my resolution of not transcribing common-places. I was induced to it by a story, just told me, of a French abbé. Some ladies, who were reading a fable "in Dryden's Ovid's "Metamorphoses," came to the words "Dryad and Hamadryad." After fruitless conjectures who these persons were, their oracle, the French abbé, entered, and being requested to explain the words, he replied with a shrug—"Ah! "Dryad and Hamadryad—it is, as we say in French, l'evêque, et l'archevêque!" Let not my readers then imagine, when I am silent upon the mythology, that I never studied the great Lempriere, whose seriousness upon these points of history is inimitable. But still more satisfactory is his information upon some less known characters. Observe, for instance, his biography of Turpio Ambivius. When you find Turpio, he refers you to Ambivius. In one of his editions there is no such name as Ambivius, so that he gives you an alibi, where he is non inventus; and in another he tells you, "Ambivius is a man, mentioned by "Cicero de Senectute!"

V. 297. Ζωη και Ψυχη!—I give the endearments of this old beldam in Greek, as, by translating them, Juvenal's intention of exposing the folly of using

Greek expressions of fondness, seems to be frustrated. So again in the tenth satire I have ventured to print Cicero's line, "O fortunatam natam &c." in Latin. The object of the ridicule (viz. to show Cicero's ignorance of the harmony of Latin verse) being counteracted by a version.

"The grey strumpet," who is guilty of these silly indecencies, does not raise more spleen in Juvenal, than Lyce and her contemporaries in Horace; or Phyllis, Lesbia, and a hundred others, in Martial. The following epigram is in his most extravagant stile of ironical hyperbole—

> No, Lesbia, no, you were not born
> In Brutus' consulship, or Numa's sway;
> Prometheus hail'd your natal morn,
> When first he bak'd his human clay.

V. 308. *Crown'd in the Dacian &c.* This is a severe satire upon the degraded senate, which decreed medals to Domitian, for his ill success against the barbarians. The custom alluded to in the next line, was a nuptial present, according to the Scholiast, of some gold coins in a splendid plate or charger.

V. 346. *Wife of eight*—Here we see the consequence of a facility in getting divorced. Martial celebrates a lady who had married ten husbands—one, indeed, who had an inscription placed upon her tomb, signifying that she had buried seven. The Irish epitaph upon a widow, who had left thirteen children behind her, begins oddly enough—"Adieu! sweet maid—"

V. 360. *What can the child &c.* This passage might perhaps be given with more effect as follows—

> Hop'st thou clean ewes from a corrupted flock?
> Chips, undecaying, from the rotten block?
> How shalt thou soon the nat'ral league deplore!
> A bawd the mother, and the child a whore.

V. 369. *Celsus*—He is praised by Quinctilian as an able writer upon various subjects—law, medicine, agriculture, and war. Juvenal uses his name (for he died in the reign of Tiberius) merely as that of a great lawyer. It is a name which now stands better for a skilful physician.

V. 372. *Wrapt in his rug*—The wrestlers, after their exercise, wore a sort of rough garment, mentioned in the third satire. The fencer's stake, which occurs below, describes itself—it was a pole fixed in the ground, against which this ancient "Chevalier de Dillon" practised her carte and tierce.

V. 378. *Flora's ribald games*—In the simple ages of the world, a sense of gratitude to the unknown Deity prompted mankind to offer the first-fruits of the earth to heaven. A rude invention soon imagined some particular power to preside over the seasons of the year, and the Spring was allotted to Flora. Regular games, in honour of this graceful goddess, were first celebrated at Rome in the year 530. They were a scene of gross indecency; so much so as to sanction the appearance of naked women dancing in the streets, at the sound of the Floral trumpet. But Juvenal, with his usual aggravation of language, considers the gladiatrix as still more abandoned than these strumpets, although it appears below that she wore a very sufficient covering. I have already noticed my error concerning the Circus.

V. 382. *Oh when she puts &c.* I would recast the passage into something of this kind—

> Oh! when she puts her threat'ning helmet on,
> Then all the woman is for ever gone—
> All but one passion of her glowing soul,
> Too sweet for change, too mighty for controul.

V. 388. *How fair a sight*—This would indeed be an extraordinary sight in London. "The tasters," (would they not be a good subject for a farce?) who dine at auctions, would forego their cheese and wine for one morning, to behold the military accoutrements of a lady, exposed to public sale! But Juvenal does not exceed historical testimony. Part of the dress—crurisque sinistri Dimidium tegmen—has occasioned much bickering among the commentators; for Virgil talks of the left leg being naked! Dii boni—may not Juvenal half cover it? But see Macrobius, l. 5, c. 18.

V. 404, 5. *And what a bag &c.* Her clothes girt up, and rolled about her middle. The nastiness in the next line is demanded by the interpretation which Julius Pollux and others give to scaphium.

V. 408. *Metellus*—The rescuer of the Palladium. (See the third satire.) Marcus Æmilius Lepidus, the consul, the censor, and pontifex maximus, is also mentioned in the original. His dying directions to his sons were like those of Cyrus—that they should bury him without a pall of purple, or any ostentatious ceremony. Fabius (the son of Fabius Maximus) was called Gurges, from having ingurgitated his patrimony, like the gluttons of the eleventh satire. But Fabius compensated for the follies of youth by a prudent and manly reform. Oh that every man of rank would exclaim with Harry the Fifth to his low companions—(see again the eighth satire)

> I know you all; and will awhile uphold
> The unyok'd humour of your idleness.
> But herein will I imitate the sun,
> Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
> To smother up his beauty from the world,
> That, when he please again to be himself,
> Being wanted, he may more be wonder'd at,
> By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
> Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.

So on, in the noblest stile of unaffected dignity.—The best, because the most practicable rule of conduct in vicious times, is perhaps—

> Non lusisse pudet—sed non incidere ludum—

and yet it is, I fear, not only a dangerous rule, but contrary to high authority.

V. 445. *I shall be frail, and but a woman still*—Homo sum. Surely Juvenal does not mean the pun which his translators have introduced in this passage. He uses, I think, "homo" merely as a synonyme for mulier, and not with any reference to the ambiguity of the term. But Dryden, and Mr. Gifford, &c. &c. think otherwise—

> "And they are all, all honourable men!"

V. 459. *Lux'ry, worse than unsuccessful wars*—See the second satire for some remarks upon this common theme of philosophical declamation. See also the third satire—Jam pridèm Syrus &c. and Livy, lib. 9. I will just add a passage from Dio, who, in one of the fragments of his history, thus talks of

the effect which the spoils of Asia had upon the Roman manners. Ὅτι οἱ Ρωμαῖοι τῆς τρυφῆς Ἀσιανῆς γευσαμενοι, και μετα τῆς τῶν λαφυρων περιυσιας, τῆς τε παρα τῶν ὁπλων ἐξυσιας, ἐν τοις τῶν ἡΠησθεν̃των κλημασιν ἐγχρονισαν̃τες, και την τε ἀσωτιαν ἀυλων δια βραχεος ἐξηλωσαν, και τα παλριια ἠθῆ ὑ δια μακρυ κατεπατησαν. Ὅυτω το δεινον τοῦ̃', ἐκεῖθεν ἀρξαμενον, και ἐς το ἀσῖυ ἐπεσε.

Ne referat lapsam nativa Britannia Romam!

V. 465, 6. *Rhodes—Tarentum*—Pindar, Horace, and a long list of panegyrists, celebrate the wealth and beauty of Rhodes. Is it the delicious climate that renders the islands off the coast of Asia, and that coast itself, the seats of voluptuous indulgence? Wine, fragrance, lovely women, the dance, the song, myrtle bowers, all conspire to soften and unman the soul in the smiling mischief of this favoured shore. The southern parts of Italy (or Magna Græcia) are equally the haunts of pleasure. Naples indeed is the head quarters of vicious ease, and still preserves the character given to it by Statius and Virgil, whom it detained—

—— studiis florentem ignobilis otî.

But Tarentum seems peculiarly the object of the stern satirist's abhorrence—

—— coronatum, et petulans, madidumque Tarentum.

So Horace—imbelle Tarentum: and after them Sidonius Apollinaris—uncta Tarentus.

V. 476. *Drop costly perfumes &c.* This custom of infusing odours into wine is alluded to repeatedly by all the writers of that age. Inquiring what the perfumes were, is like asking what songs the sirens sung &c. for which absurdity see the notes to the next satire ad finem.

V. 478. *Double lamps*—So Horace—

—— accepit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

V. 480. *Go now*—Thus again in the twelfth satire, after having shown the dangers of the sea, our author exclaims—I nunc, et ventis animam committe: and Virgil—Insere nunc, melibæe, piros, &c.

V. 492. *The virtuous goddess*—See the second satire.

V. 520. *And oh! that safe*—Juvenal now comes to the story of Clodius, who, at the celebration of the real rites of the Bona Dea (which rites were so shockingly profaned by the female miscreants above), got admission into the house of the pontifex maximus in a woman's dress, to carry on an intrigue with Pompeia the wife of Cæsar. But he was discovered, and driven out.

V. 569. *The man! the smock-face &c.* I would erase this awkward couplet, and after the words—"gives the fancied joy," in the line before, conclude the paragraph as follows—

> In barren rapture to her bosom prest,
> "Gives all he can, and lets her dream the rest."

Mr. Gifford's verse—

> "Nought of manhood wanting but the beard—"

is most innocently opposite to the meaning of Juvenal; which Martial intimates in his answer to the question—

> Cur tamen eunuchos habeat tua Gellia quæris,
> Pannyche?

I do not apologize for leaving out a good deal of the original in this place, nor for omitting "Cæsar's two Anticatos" above. The curious reader may look in Madan for an interpretation; but, as Holyday quaintly says, "since the wit "and the indecency cannot be parted, it is best to part with them." We must at the same time remember Horace Walpole's remark upon this subject. Some good person having declared that no obscene writer was humorous, he replied, "Nay, nay, indecency does not destroy wit, though it does not confer it." The first part of this reply is exemplified in Candide; the last, in a thousand modern novels; though, to do them justice, they are in general only foolish. —I should have observed above, in the speech of the profligate women—"The rites are over &c." that Juvenal seems to have had a passage in the Θεσμοφοριαζουσαι of Aristophanes in his thoughts—

> Ταυτ' ἀδεπωπόϊ' ἐφορατ' Ἐυριπιδης·
> Οὐδ' ὡς, ὑπο των δηλων τε, κ' ωρεοκομων,
> Σποδαμιεῖ', ἢν μη 'χωμεν ἑτερον, ἃ λεγει·

V. 571. *The Prætor's care &c.* See note on line 120.

V. 582. *The honours of the oaken bough*—A chaplet of oak-leaves was the reward of the victor in a musical contest, instituted by Domitian, and held in the Capitol. So Martial—

O cui Tarpeias licuit contingere quercus

Statius was defeated here in a trial of poetry—

—— Capitolia nostræ
Inficiata lyræ——

The whole of this passage, and indeed poem (lib. 3, sylv. 5) is, as I have observed before, most exquisitely beautiful.

V. 585. *Cover'd head*—Mr. Gifford here quotes a passage from Tertullian, who contrasts the mode of Christian worship with that of the heathens. I shall only refer to the note, and take this occasion of observing that Mr. G.'s acquaintance with the early Christian writers (an acquaintance to which I have no pretensions) has enabled him to introduce many novel and apposite illustrations of Juvenal, into his learned and entertaining remarks. The translations of select passages from St. Chrysostom had, however, not been published when his work appeared; so that I shall have an opportunity of quoting, in the tenth satire, some grand passages from this most eloquent of all orators, who has been highly fortunate in his translator—I say most eloquent, for I frankly confess the thunder of Demosthenes sounds faintly in my ears. "Animated logic" is the noblest title which his immortal Philippics (ignoscite fasso) appear to me to deserve. My taste may be vicious; but I do require ornament, and a profusion of ornament, to recommend eloquence or poetry to my admiration. Johnson, in short, before Swift, and Dryden above Milton.

V. 589. *Father Janus &c.* See Macrobius, lib. 1, c. 9.

V. 622. *The midnight bath*—Concerning the Roman baths a volume might be written in a very short time, by merely translating common references. Suffice it to say that we have no idea of their magnificence. They were built of marble, oriental granite, porphyry, &c. Those of Dioclesian surpassed all

others in their size, and sumptuousness of decoration. They enclosed within their bounds numerous apartments, long galleries, and porticoes of enormous extent, adorned with marble seats, columns, statues, pictures—streams of water, alleys, terrasses, gardens, woods. See Pliny, Ammianus Marcellinus, and a host of other writers. Statius has a minute description of the baths of Etruscus. It will give an accurate idea of the several compartments of the baths. But what shall we think of the splendour of ancient Rome, when we find that there were above 800 of these baths, occupying miles in extent, in and about the city! To these when we join the aqueducts, the vast porticoes, &c. &c. how does all our modern smartness dwindle into insignificance!—Till one city is mistress of the world, as Rome was, no city will equal Rome in grandeur.

V. 633. *That her clear stomach &c.* Mercurialis, in his chapter of "what "is the meaning of the word Recentatum," in Alexander Traillianus; and "what were the propomata of the ancients;" quotes these lines of Juvenal. He says that the ancient physicians, wishing to gratify their noble patients, even in their gluttonous pursuits, medicated and brewed certain wines, which not only excited jaded appetites, but even caused previous vomits "ùt copiosiùs "edere et potare possent."

V. 642. *Yet is she worse*—It is amusing to see the Scholiast endeavouring to find a real person for this general character of a pedantic woman—the greatest curse upon earth. Dido too engages the gallantry of the commentators on her side. Following the idea of Ausonius, they vindicate her chastity, deny her acquaintance with the founder of the Methodists, the pious Æneas, and swear she killed herself to avoid the foul embraces of Iarbas! Fudge—fudge—not Mr. Burchell's simple fudge, but Baron Munchausen's whole fields covered with fudge.

V. 656. *She who is wise &c.* This is Jortin's interpretation of the passage. As to the lectures on the καλον &c. which the lady is supposed to give, I see no traces of them in Juvenal.

V. 667. *The grammar school*—Palæmon, mentioned in this passage, was Quinctilian's tutor. See again the seventh satire.

V. 680. *A Nero's greasy bride*—Poppæa, who invented a famous cosmetic, called from her own name. When banished, she actually took a quantity of she-asses with her in exile, for the use of their milk, as a soft abstergent. See Dio and Pliny.

V. 719. *The gardens*—Public walks about Rome, and noted places of assignation. The shrine, alluded to in the next verse, is the temple of Isis. See the ninth satire.

V. 733. *But seems in doubt*—See Petronius, who describes the business of the toilet. Dic, Chrysis, nunquid indecens? See also the Rape of the Lock, and the essay on the characters of Women.

V. 738. *So high she builds her head*—Statius notices this fashion of high head-dresses—" Celsæ procul aspice frontis honores Suggestumque comæ."

V. 752. *Behold Bellona's*—The superstitions of the Roman women are next considered. This is one of the most spirited pieces of satire which I know. The various rites of the holy impostors, who by turns occupy the scene, are described with unusual distinctness and force; and the passage concerning the cessation of prophecy approaches at least to the sublime.

V. 831. *The noble Roman &c.* See the second satire for Galba and Otho, as well as for Cybele and her priests.

V. 854. *Whene'er her wizard calculations &c.* Literally, the astrological scheme of Thrasyllus, a celebrated mathematician in the time of Tiberius. See Suetonius in vitâ. Tacitus, annal. 6. Dio, lib. 55.—It is Juvenal's custom always to introduce the name of the chief master of any art to which he alludes; and to apply that name to its subsequent professors. So the wife above, who holds a consultation concerning the death of her husband, is called Tanaquil, from the wife of Tarquinius Priscus, who so affectionately drove over her husband's body in the street.

V. 900. *There, through the night, sly Fortune*—This is a favourite theme with Juvenal. Horace has not been more fortunate than our author, in his

picturesque description of Fortune and her frolics. Indeed there is a playfulness in the original of this passage, not equalled by any thing in the ode to Fortune, nor even by the following—

> Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
> Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax.

For the Circus, mentioned above, see the second and third satires.—The "heav'n-struck ruins" were the fragments of any building struck by lightning. The spot was purified by the expiatory slaughter of a sheep two years old. Hence called Bidental. So Persius, in a line of impressive melancholy—

> Triste jaces lucis, evitandumque Bidental.

V. 909. *The philtre*—For a long account of the love-potions of the ancients see the Scotch Encyclopedia, article Love. Quotations on the subject would be endless. Virgil talks of the "magic song" with his accustomed dignity—

> Carminibus sanos magicis avertere sensus
> Conjugis experiar.

See farther the same eclogue—

> Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam—

which should have been quoted above, upon the passage concerning the "labouring moon." See Martial passim, and indeed all the Latin poets; for they have all treated of "love and magic." I do not multiply references, for fear that my notes may have already exceeded propriety in this respect. It will be remembered that I attach no merit to quotation. But the Canidia of Horace is too noble a poem to be passed over in silence. The conclusion of her speech is very animated—

> Non usitatis, Vare, potionibus,
> O multa fleturum caput!
> Ad me recurres; nec vocata mens tua
> Marsis redibit vocibus.

In the midst of Juvenal's solemn charge of incantations and draughts of awful potency, administered by the Roman wives to their husbands, he destroys the

effect of the whole by introducing one of those minute and disgusting strokes of satire which so frequently throw a sudden blot of insignificance upon his most exalted declamation. I allude to the expression borrowed from that of Horace—

—— soleâ, puer, objurgabere rubrâ.

See also Persius, sat. 5; and Lucretius, in a passage which, above all others, describes the indolence, listlesness, and irresolution, of a lover—

Labitur intereà res, et vadimonia fiunt,
Languent officia, atque ægrotat fama vacillans—
Adde, qùod alterius sub metu degitur ætas &c.

V. 923. *Agrippina*—See the fifth satire. This estimate of actions from their effects does not reflect much credit upon the justice of our author's moral system. There was nothing surely worse in Cæsonia, who gave Caligula a maddening potion, than in Agrippina, who gave Claudius a poisonous mushroom. For an accurate account of the distinctions between innocent and noxious fungusses, and a medical explanation of their qualities, I refer the curious in such subjects to Nisbet on Diet, page 288.

V. 941. *Let the pale tutor &c.* The Private Tutor, of course; if Pappas is not rather to be rendered foster-father. But see the seventh satire for the pleasant occupations of Roman Tutors of every description.

V. 946. *But Pontia cries*—This was the daughter of Publius Petronius, and wife of Vectius Bolanus, who killed her two children, and married her adulterer. Martial mentions her—

O mater, quâ nec Pontia deterior.

V. 964. *Fair Alcestis' love*—The tragedy of Alcestis is, me judice, the most pathetic of all the Greek plays. Perhaps in too many instances my opinion of established and acknowledged merit may have been expressed with a culpable freedom. But so it is, the Greek plays appear to me deficient in all the higher powers of entertainment. Their stories are hacknied; their adherence to the unities unnatural and disgusting; their incidents either too few, or void of

interest, or too full of horror; and their chorus enough to condemn them, as entire compositions, even if they displayed the brightest excellence in every other part. And yet, with all this bad taste of mine, I can perceive them to contain passages of exquisite beauty—speeches where the utmost tenderness of feeling is expressed, in the most enchanting perfection of language. I hardly know any thing superior to the description of the last hours of Alcestis. Not to quote the passage where we see her adorning herself carefully on the point of death (a scene delightfully represented by Rousseau, in his Heloise), crowning all the altars in her palace with garlands of flowers, and praying before them for the future welfare of her children, without sighs or tears, till she came to her marriage bed—then bursting out into lamentations, and that pathetic address—

——— Σε δ' ἄλλη τις γυνη κεκτησεῖαι—
Σωφρων μεν οὐκ ἀν μαλλον, εὐτυχης δ', ἰσως·

Not to quote more of this, or of her returning, again and again, to kiss the very furniture of her chamber—what a picture is brought before our eyes in the following verses!

Παιδες δε, πεπλων μητρος ἐξηρτημενοι,
Ἐκλαιον· ἡδε, λαμβανουσ' ἐν ἀγκαλαις,
Ἡσπαζεῖ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλον, ὡς θανουμενη·
Παντες δ' ἐκλαιον οἰκεται κατα στεγας
Δεσποιναν οἰκτειραντες· ἡδε δεξιαν
Πρῶτειν' ἑκαστῳ, κοὐτις ἡν ἐυτωκακος
Ὃν εὐ προσειπε, και προσερρηθη παλιν·

See also another passage from this tragedy, most happily rendered in the "Translations from the Greek Anthology." In the seventh satire I shall say more on the subject.

For Medea, Procne, Eryphile, and Clytemnestra, see Lempriere: but at the same time do not refer to him for any account of Polybius (for it is necessary to guard against a general recommendation, or any but a mythological reference, to this celebrated biographer), unless you wish to know that Polybius was the only writer upon military subjects who joined practical knowledge to his theory. Quinctilian indeed thought of Cæsar, that "Eodem

"animo dixit, quo bellavit;" and Xenophon has by some other insignificant judges been admired for his account of the retreat of the ten thousand. But to return to the ladies of antiquity. The Pelides, or daughters of Danaus, are celebrated in an exquisite ode by Horace, not to mention mille alios.

> Una de multis face nuptiali
> Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem
> Splendidè mendax, et in omne virgo
> Nobilis ævum.

V. 975. *The Pontic king*—I have lost the epithet (as we have lost the antidote) applied to Mithridates. Ter victus—alluding to his wars with Sylla, Lucullus, and Pompey.

At the end of this most perfect of Juvenal's compositions it seems proper to make some general observations upon the nature of that excellence which distinguishes it from the rest. It has not the sustained majesty of language which characterizes the tenth, for the subject did not demand so elevated a stile. It has not the calmness and philosophical morality of the fourteenth, for the crimes of which it treats are too atrocious to suffer any feeling less strong than that of indignant abhorrence to arise from their consideration. But it has a variety of bitter sarcasm, and living pictures of guilt, unrivalled by the author himself in any other poem, and assuredly superior to the collected works of his rival satirists. When we consider too that the shocking minuteness with which this scene of abomination is described, is sanctioned in every part by the unquestioned evidence of accumulated history, we shall not fail to give its just value to the work, as a most important warning of that iniquity to which unbridled passion invariably impels our hearts. How poor, how trifling are the rules of intercourse with the great, or a smiling expostulation with folly, compared to this deeply interesting reflection! Every line of Juvenal "Hominem sapit." His manly and energetic mind could not descend to sport with the objects of contempt. If he ever mentions them, indignation flashes through his ridicule. "Ridet, et odit." And I confess that vice appears to me to want such a correction. "On ne se guerit pas d'un "defaut qui plait." But shame is a powerful restraint.—As for folly, that I believe incurable—

> "No creature feels so little as a fool."

A sensible man has more chance of being reclaimed from vice, than a fool from prejudice.

Since I have quoted Pope, I will conclude by venturing to observe, that his essay on the characters of Women is as superficial as it is ill natured. A littleness of mind, a disposition to be seriously affected with trifles, is not the general character of women. I am inclined to think that a more enlarged education is only wanting to render them as completely our equals in the exercise of fancy and of judgment, as they are our superiors in a noble fortitude under the severest afflictions, and in all the gentle charities of life.—Doubtless we must attribute much of Juvenal's indiscriminating violence upon this subject to the peculiar corruption of Roman manners both among the men and the women. He attacks the former with equal severity; nor can we say of his satire

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.

NOTES

TO

THE SEVENTH SATIRE.

V. 2. *Cæsar's princely breast*—See the argument. For the deserted town of Gabii, see the third satire.

V. 18. *Dull Paccius' plays*—Juvenal returns to his ridicule of the paltry playwrights, and their hacknied subjects for tragedy—the story of Alcyone, (see Ovid's Metamor.) of Laius, of Tereus, &c. &c.

V. 23. *Sordid Asiatic tribe*—The inhabitants of Asia Minor were, generally speaking, disgraced by a proneness to perjury, a "fides plusquam Punica." The "barefoot Gallo-Greeks," (or Galatians) mentioned below, were slaves brought to Rome—

> "With naked feet, and for the market chalk'd—" Sat. 1.

Yet soon, by their adroitness, not only emancipated, but—

> "Deep in their patron's heart, and fix'd as fate,
> "The future lords of all his vast estate." Sat. 3.

V. 35. *Burn every verse*—In the orignal we have an allusion to the parchment (croceæ membrana tabellæ—or, as Persius has it, bicolor positis membrana capillis) on which the Romans wrote, and which, according to Varro, was discovered to be fit for this purpose in the time of Alexander. But see sat. 1. Some suppose an allusion in the words "crocea tabella" to the Roman manner of covering their books with coloured silk or leather. They shut up the book or roll with clasps, and wrote the title of it on the cover. Slaves, who had some learning, were charged with this care; others served for library-keepers.

V. 59. *We need no poet*—Martial has frequent allusions to this custom of the patrons paying their clients "in kind." Epig. 46, lib. 7.

> Praising thy gifts in many a tedious line,
> And fancying Homer's voice was hoarse to thine,
> From day to day thou plaguest thyself and me,
> Vain Priscus, with corrival poetry.
> To the rich door thy songs and ditties send!
> Give a good wardrobe to thy needy friend.

V. 93. *Oh when the bard to Bacchus sang*—The praises of Horace and of Virgil, sung by Juvenal, are worthy of consideration. The ode to Bacchus has much of that spirit which distinguishes all the lyric poems of Horace (where the subject demands animation) as strikingly as it is deficient in his satires. But of these more hereafter. I shall now only say a few words of the odes, which I confess, in point of the poetry of expression, in point of feeling, elegance, and tenderness, appear to me to be far the most valuable relics of ancient genius. There is no stile of writing, the perfection of which is not exhibited in these compositions. The grave, the gay, the melancholy, or the playful temper, may here find their most soothing or enlivening recreation. A happiness of seizing natural and generally beloved subjects; a something more than happiness in representing them to our clear conception, in bringing them home to our hearts; are the peculiar and enchanting qualities of Horace. Simonides and Meleager are not more pathetic—Anacreon is not more lively—Theognis not more moral—nor any, or all of these poets, half so fascinating, as the gentle Roman, who sings his native plains and happy vales—

> —— Arva, quæ Liris quietâ
> Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis.

V. 97. *'Twas from a mind, a glorious mind*—To come now to Virgil, of whom our author is so enthusiastically fond, as to declare distinctly, in the eleventh satire, that he considers him equal to Homer. Till originality ceases to demand an admiration denied to plagiarism, a simple reference to Macrobius will be enough to decide this question. No other author, I will roundly assert, ever stole so much from another, as Virgil has stolen from Homer. Many pearls he has new set, and given them a more brilliant appearance; but few

indeed are the treasures of his own which adorn the Æneid. Add to this the want of interest in the story after the first six books—the mean-spirited character of the hero; that canting vagabond, the pious Æneas, who went about doing mischief—the total want of variety in the general mass of characters—and, spite of classical prejudices, we shall perhaps allow the chief merit of Virgil to consist in points which yet remain to be stated.

With regard to the selection of sublime passages from Virgil, alluded to in this place by Juvenal, Mr. Gifford observes, and I thoroughly agree in the observation, that he might have found much nobler instances of that elevation of tone and sentiment among the other Latin poets. The sublimity of Virgil is but a faint reflection from that of Homer; and we may eternally remark with Macrobius—Hunc locum inter eos numerandum censeo, in quibus Virgilius Homerici carminis majestatem non æquet. The picture of Superstition, for instance, in Lucretius (and this nervous old poet abounds in grand personifications of the same nature), the liberation of Pompey's soul, and many other glorious passages in Lucan, make me often dare to whisper to myself, as I compare them with the loftiest parts of Virgil,

> "That strain I heard was of a higher mood."

But in one great excellence who shall rival Virgil? Pathos is his natural charm. The true bent of his genius is there indulged, when a powerful appeal to the heart is to be made in a burst of impassioned language—

> Cùm complexa sui corpus miserabile nati,
> Atque Deos, atque astra vocat crudelia mater.

Or, when the sudden turns and unexpected graces of tenderness are to call forth our tears before we are aware of the emotion—

> —— feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
> Invalidasque tibi tendens (heu! non tua—) palmas.
> —— conjux—quondam tua dicta—relinquor.
> —— ensemque recludit
> Dardanium—non hos quæsitum munus, in usus.

But the instances of this beauty are numerous; and it is here that we discover the genuine character of Virgil—O! si sic omnia. Had he written more pa-

thetic verses, he would not only have received more instantaneous tributes of wonder and applause, than that which he gained by the conclusion of his sixth book; but so great a master was he of that feeling and of that language which reaches the heart, that he would have exhausted the resources of tenderness; he would have left us nothing to admire in the death of Alcestis, or of Chlorinda, of Juliet, or of Eloisa.[a] Surely we must regret that he who could write

[a] Among the most admired passages in the poets are their descriptions of the death of women, and of beauty still surviving in the lifeless body. I have already noticed the Alcestis of Euripides, and the Dido of Virgil. Ovid has several beautiful instances; and his Procris, in the Metamorphoses, may be compared with any of the preceding. The same story, in his elegiac verse, is disgraced by a miserable joke, put into the mouth of Procris at the moment of her death: alluding to her being wounded in the breast, she exclaims—

Hic locus à Cephalo vulnera semper habet.

At least the thought does not appear to me to contain that mixture of playfulness and feeling which it aims at, and which perhaps hardly ever existed but in nature and Shakespeare. It would be impertinent to quote the catastrophe of Romeo and Juliet. I shall therefore only remark that Otway's alteration, by which Juliet is made to awake before Romeo expires, but after he has taken the poison, would be a vast improvement were nothing said upon the occasion—but a short and affecting interchange of looks—then death: the cause being discovered by the poisonous cup. The death of Jane Shore (as that of Jocasta in the Œdipus Tyrannus) is occasioned by circumstances too horrid to excite that mournful, yet pleasing, sensation of pity which the more judicious descriptions of this nature fail not to produce. Yet that famous apostrophe of—"Forgive me—*but* forgive me!" can never be outdone.

Chlorinda, in the Jerusalem delivered, unwittingly wounded by her lover Tancred, when, dying, she addresses herself to her afflicted and innocent murderer, has called forth some most beautiful lines from Tasso—

In queste voci languide risuona
Un non so che di flebile e soave.
Ch' al cuor gli scende.

To prolong this strange digression only a moment: omitting many other instances in the Greek and Latin poets, some in the Greek and Latin plays, and innumerable in the English, I shall extract one short passage from the death of Rousseau's Heloise. After telling us that her chamber was perfumed with flowers, and the windows as usual open, that her children might not be frightened with the show of death (quæ pompa mortis magìs terret quàm mors ipsa; see Bacon's beautiful essay); after describing her own simple elegance of dress; he says, "Elle avoit plûtot l'air d'une femme du monde qui attendoit "sa compagnie—que d'une campagnarde, qui attendoit sa derniere heure." Indeed the whole of this work wants nothing but the technical aid of metre to make it abound in perfect poetry. And now to return to Juvenal, or to whatever may grow up from my subject—

—— circà nemus, rividique
Tiburis ripas.

" the death of Dido;" and, to wave mentioning other pathetic episodes, that exquisite one of Orpheus and Eurydice—did not almost exclusively devote himself to the cultivation of his peculiar talent. Horace seems to intimate this talent in the passage—

—— molle atque facetum
Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camænæ.

But if we apply the words only to the Eclogues—of them we may perhaps say, that where they imitate Theocritus they excel him—and as to the Georgics, they are assuredly the most finished didactic composition ever known. With all this I must return to my text, and still maintain that the scenes of bustle and spirit in the Æneid entirely want the force, the variety, the animation, the nature of their original.

V. 109. *Lappa's plays*—This was a poor wretch who, as Fielding says in the Author's Farce, wrote tragedies, and sometimes got very good milk-porridge twice a day. Why is not the Author's Farce revived? The scene of the " Motto" is exquisite. Item, for " omnia vincit amor," two pence.

Juvenal's argument, that no good poetry is to be produced without a good dinner, is contradicted by lamentable experience in our own country. The celebrated receipt which Dryden gave Tonson for ten pounds, in return for about 10,000 verses, has many a parallel. But not to dwell on this exasperating subject; to forget Otway, Chatterton—

" Who, darkly musing o'er this world of pride,
" View'd man, but only on the blackest side;
" Then loathing turn'd, and from life's busy day
" To world's unknown, unsummon'd, rush'd away[b]—"

let us comfort the poor poet with the reflection, that many of our best works have been written on an empty stomach. Juvenal indeed thinks this is but a paltry consolation. See below.

V. 111. *How poor is Numitor*—Martial has a witty epigram upon one Lupus, which will not serve to translate; but it is an apposite illustration of this passage. Lib. 9, 2.

[b] These verses are from an inedited poem which I have seen, and which appears to me to possess no common merit.

V. 115. *The rogues consume &c.* The extraordinary appetite of poets has always been a subject for ridicule. In Fielding's Journey from this World to the Next (a composition which cannot be too highly praised for its grave irony and pointed humour), Shakespeare says to Milton concerning the Poet's Corner in Westminster-abbey—"On my word, brother Milton, they have brought a "noble set of poets together: they would have been hanged erst have such a "company at their tables when alive."—"True, brother," answered Milton, "unless we had been as incapable of eating then as we are now."

V. 117. *Let Lucan*—Some passages from the Pharsalia have been already mentioned with great praise: I would add the comparison between Cæsar and Pompey; Cato's speech to Labienus in the ninth book—to Brutus in the second; with many other speeches and descriptions. The merit of Lucan indeed lies chiefly in detached passages. As a whole, the Pharasalia is insufferably tedious.—Statius, who married Lucan's widow, has a noble poem on his birthday. The premature force of his genius is well displayed in the lines where he is said to have written his noblest work—

Ante annos Culicis Maroniani.

And the passage which prefers him to Ennius, Lucretius, &c. is excellently concluded by the solemnity of—

Quìn majus loquor—ipsa te Latinis
Æneis venerabitur canentem.

V. 119. *Though poor Serranus &c.* Saleius Bassus is also mentioned in the original; they were both—

"The hapless sons of poverty and song."

Some of those easy preys to pleasure, whom our noblest living poet thus describes—

"A simple race! they waste their toil
"For the vain tribute of a smile.
"E'en when in age their flame expires,
"A kindly breath can fan its fires;
"Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
"And strives to trim the short-liv'd blaze."

V. 121. *When tuneful Statius*—How Warton could imagine that this was a jeer at Statius, I leave his own insufficient arguments to explain. The Sylvæ of this author have been cursorily noticed in the first satire, which see. The Thebaid and Achilleid have much good poetry; an inflation of language not sustained by the sentiment is their prevailing defect. Yet is Statius far removed from the bombast of Claudian; and as much superior to the uninteresting journal of the voyage to Colchis, as to the insipid details of the Punic wars.

V. 129. *The lib'ral Paris*—For the story that Juvenal was banished on account of this passage, see the preface. For Paris himself, the estimation in which he was held at Rome will be seen by Martial's epitaph upon him—

> Trav'lers! who wander the Flaminian Way,
> Pensive before this honour'd marble stay.
> The boast of Egypt, and the city's pride,
> Art, humour, elegance, with Paris died.
> The light and glory of the Roman stage,
> And all the Loves and Graces of the age,
> Sport, pleasure, genius, find a common doom,
> Together buried in this mournful tomb.

V. 132. *The trinket of the knight*—The ring of the Equestrian order. Britannicus explains "semestris," round; as the moon is at the middle of the month; and says, "semestre aurum" is a periphrasis for a ring, formæ rotundæ. He adds, "this is the manifest sense of the poet." Not quite so manifest.—Others interpret the words as implying a six months' military command. Mr. Gifford's note defends this opinion very plausibly.

V. 139. *Cotta is gone*—Our author is very earnest in this pathetic tribute of praise to the patrons of a former age. Cotta and Fabius were the friends of Ovid in his exile; Lentulus and Proculeius (whose names should not be omitted) were equally distinguished for an honourable liberality; and Mæcenas is still a synonyme for a good patron.

V. 145. *December's wine*—The Saturnalia are more fully described by Statius than any poet I am acquainted with; but see Macrobius and Aulus Gellius.—Horace designates them by a similar expression to our author's—

—— age, libertate Decembris
—— utere——

V. 155. *But business, business is your dread*—The aversion of "the simple "race" to any regular employment, is one great cause of their poverty.

Ovid describes the indolent humour, and at the same time the pleasant convivial disposition of poets, very happily in the original of the following lines—

Nec corpus studio &c. &c.

Nor were my limbs for hardy toil design'd,
Nor for grave cares my unambitious mind.
The love of song o'er all my bosom stole,
And bow'rs and shady woodlands charm'd my soul.
I lov'd the rival poets of the time,
And saw a god in ev'ry son of rhyme;
To me Propertius sang his am'rous strain,
And found relief in friendship from the pain;
The old, the young, their various vigour pour'd,
Bright constellations of our social board—
While tuneful Horace, with superior fire,
Struck notes celestial from the Roman lyre;
While tender Maro—ah! ye envious skies,
How soon was Maro ravish'd from my eyes!
Nor did black death, Tibullus, grant to thee
Congenial joys in our society.

What a goodly company of minstrels! "Trooping they came," &c. Envy indeed and ignorance conspire to depress living genius—

"But still the great have kindness in reserve—
"They help to bury whom they help to starve!"

It is only among the little wasps, however, who buz in the low grounds of Bæotia, that envy exists. Genius loves its rival, and emulation gives scope and vigour to genius.

V. 170. *One coachman's fortune*—Britannicus thinks that "Lacerta" is a feigned name for a soldier, and that "russatus" signifies his wearing a red garment. The old Scholiast imagines it to be a charioteer, of the red, or court faction. See the eleventh satire.

V. 178. *Wine from Sabine vats*—Horace mentions the meanness of this beverage—

> Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
> Cantharis—

and I suppose that, as his liquor was bad, like the hostess in the Honeymoon, he gave short measure to quiet his own conscience, and spare the intestines of his friends.

V. 180. *Or the dry roots*—Pliny, says Britannicus, praises the African bulbusses. The word "epimenia" is explained by some critics to mean a monthly tribute of these roots.

V. 185. *Æmilius, on his conquering car*—This odd expedient of the lawyers to gain notoriety and business (like a quack doctor's carriage) is also to be found in Martial. I shall have occasion to translate the epigram below.

V. 190. *Matho*—After this bankruptcy Matho probably turned informer. See the first satire. Of the other speculators I can learn nothing from the commentators.

V. 215. *Plain, unornamented cloak*—Britannicus most absurdly quotes a passage from the Tusculan disputations of Cicero, where one of the characters is made to say—"Sæpe est etiàm sub palliolo sordido sapientia—" as a passage against this of Juvenal—opposing an insulated remark to the general fact: for alas!

> "This mournful truth is every where confest,
> "Slow rises worth, by poverty deprest."

V. 217. *Poor Basilus—Cossus*—These unrewarded sons of eloquence have not many counterparts in modern times. Great abilities, and equal application, are now tolerably certain of success. The allusion to a mother, introduced upon her son's trial, will be illustrated by a reference to Cicero pro Fonteio. Paulus is mentioned as a most troublesome patron by Martial.

V. 222. *More gen'rous Gauls*—I would rather read "litigious Gauls." The contest of orators at Lyons has been mentioned, sat. 1. In the fifteenth satire

we have a line which attributes the instruction of British lawyers to the Gauls; and Quinctilian mentions the progress of this people, as well as of the Africans, in oratory. The zealous and impassioned Tertullian was in after-times a noble example of the improvement of the latter.

V. 225. *Teach to declaim*—Juvenal now approaches a subject of the deepest interest to some of my readers—

—— quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars mæsta fui!

V. 231. *Such daily themes*—I do not seriously mean to insinuate that the teachers of rhetoric at Rome fed their pupils as well as instructed them. On the contrary, I believe they were all day scholars (see the tenth satire), and went home to dinner. Board and lodging, anciently, formed no part of education. But those of my contemporaries who are connected with public or private schools, will perfectly understand my allusion to that favourite dish of grammarians, bubble and squeak.

V. 242. *Pupils born blockheads, will be blockheads still*—This is a melancholy truth; but, at the same time, a strong corroboration of the remark, "that truth "must not be spoken at all times."

"For never yet was known a mother
"Would change her booby for another."

The Arcadians are mentioned in the original as proverbially stupid. They were so, notwithstanding the rhapsodies of Sir Philip Sydney. Nor does their character of gentleness interfere with their dulness. Pope has very happily united these qualities; "gentle dulness" is a most expressive combination; and the verses by a person of quality designate the Arcadians with much propriety, as "mild," and "ever-blooming," and "nightly nodding o'er their "flocks."

V. 262. *The discharging wand*—This is a metaphor from the schools of gladiators, who, as is well known, were presented with a wooden sword as a token of discharge. So Horace, Martial, &c. &c.

V. 264. *Their last poor tally*—The indigent citizens had a ticket given them by the magistrates who presided over the distribution of corn, on producing which they each received a certain quantity of wheat &c. These tickets were transferable; and our author means that the poor rhetorician, if he continued to practise his art, would become unable to purchase even this poor support.

V. 267. *Teaching rhetoric*—Literally, "the art of Theodorus," a native of Gadara, in Syria; tutor to Tiberius Cæsar. The persons mentioned in the line above, Chrysogonus and Pollio, were doubtless rhetoricians; for what has music to do with the subject?

V. 269, 70. *Lavish bath—covered portico*—These have been already mentioned. But see a description of a magnificent villa, with all these luxurious appendages, in Pliny, book 2, epist. 17. As I before observed, modern fashion, taste, and extravagance, dwindle into nothing, when compared with the grandeur of Rome. We are like the frog attempting to swell itself into the size of the ox. And we ought to be ashamed of our barbarism, blockheads as we are, to imitate the unmeaning hieroglyphics of Egypt in our houses and furniture; to fill our drawing-rooms with hideously confused carpets; to turn our candelabra into mummies; to support our sideboards upon yawning griffins and amorphous sphinxes! Have we not the models of Grecian elegance? Have we not paintings of exquisitely ornamented stair-cases, galleries, and ceilings? Have we not representations of the sacrifice, where the light, graceful altar, flaming with odorous herbs, and surrounded by the choir of virgins, each with her consecrated vase, and arrayed in the simplest and most natural enchantment of dress—the braided hair, the flowing robe, the girdle, and the sandal—combine every charm of beauty?—Those fashions, however, which war against sense and nature, are but of short continuance; and I will venture to predict the downfal of sphinx and mummy in a very few seasons.

V. 286. *How then arose Quinctilian's vast estate?*—Martial has paid his mite of praise to the character of Quinctilian; and we remember the tribute of Juvenal in the sixth satire. What our author says now is merely this—"Quinctilian was fortunate;" by no means implying that he did not deserve

his good fortune; but asserting that "Fortune can give her favourites what "she will;" and, vice versâ, that without the aid of Fortune success is impossible—"Si tibi sidera cessant," &c. &c. I give a translation of Martial's epigram, because it illustrates his own character, as well as that of Quinctilian.

Quinctiliane vagæ &c. Epig. 90, lib. 2.

Quinctilian, teacher of the youthful town,
Quinctilian, glory of the Roman gown,
Forgive your friend, who hurries to be free,
And casts his chains in strength and poverty!
Procrastination is the curse of man—
We will not live the little life we can.
Delay, ye misers, who aspire for more
Than swell'd your fathers' bursting chests of yore;
Delay, ye haughty peers, whose spacious halls
Show ancient pictures on their crowded walls—
The rural hearth and smoke-stain'd roof for me,
The living stream, the grass-grown shrubbery;
Nights blest with sleep, days free from legal strife,
No meagre slaves, and no blue-stocking wife.

In this last sentiment Martial fully agrees with our author. See the sixth satire. And yet we should take care to distinguish between the characters of wives. The gooseberry-wine and home-made puddings of our ancestors no longer add an attraction to our help-mates. Still less acceptable is a knowledge of Epictetus, or Duncan's Logic. Locke on the Understanding may also be dispensed with. But there is no occasion for a bride to recline all day upon an Ottoman, painting roses. She should assuredly be a *good English scholar*; and it matters not if this phrase excludes Greek and Latin. Of this enough. "Quinctilian's vast estate" is not sanctioned by the testimony of Pliny. But, as Mr. Gifford has justly remarked, the different estimate of Quinctilian's wealth made by Pliny and by Juvenal is to be accounted for by the difference of their own circumstances.

V. 291. *Fix on their shoes &c.* The crescent was placed upon the shoes of the senators, to signify their original number of a hundred.

V. 298. *'Tis Luck that prospers &c.* See the Anthology, πολλα το δαιμονιον &c. and Horace, in the ode before cited. I should have noticed his "columnas "ultimâ recisas Africâ," upon the Libyan columns above. Boileau has paraphrased the lines "Si Fortuna volet," &c. very successfully.

—— et que le sort burlesque, en ce siécle de fer,
D'un Pedant, quand il veut, sait faire un Duc et Pair.

He alludes to the abbè de la Riviere, Louis Barbier, who was made bishop of Langres, duke and peer of France. He had been president of the college of Plessis &c. &c. but was afterwards first almoner of Gaston duke of Orleans; gained his master's confidence, and betrayed his secrets to cardinal Mazarine.

V. 299. *How rose Ventidius? &c.* Ventidius was a muleteer in his youth; tribune, prætor, consul, pontifex maximus, in the progress of his life "Tully" should have been "Tullius," to avoid any possible mistake. Servius Tullius, whose mother was a slave, became king of Rome. But surely the freaks of Fortune were never illustrated as they are by the exaltation of our neighbour the Corsican. Quales humili! &c. &c.

V. 307. *Thrasymachus—Secundus—Socrates*—Thrasymachus was the pupil of Isocrates and Plato, but died of want. Secundus migrated from Athens to Rome, but was banished by Caligula for the love of liberty which animated his eloquence. Of Socrates it is unnecessary to speak. Amply, however, and pathetically as his death has been described by an eye-witness, nothing nobler was ever said upon the subject than the short praise of our author—

—— dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ sæva inter vincla cicutæ
Accusatori nollet dare. Juv. sat. 13.

V. 311. *Oh let the spring's eternal verdure bloom &c.* This address to the virtuous dead has as much beauty in the original as any similar apostrophe among the poets. The words "tenuem et sine pondere terram," have their counterpart in many languages. It was an invariable mode of expression at the Roman funerals—Sit tibi terra levis; and the initials of S. T. T. L. were engraved on monuments. So Tibullus—

" Et benè," discedens dicet, " placidèque quiescas,
" Terraque securæ sit super ossa levis."

Ovid with great tenderness—

Et tibi, qui transis, ne sit grave, quisquis amâsti,
Dicere, Nasonis mollitèr ossa cubent.

Virgil, in a burst of pathos—

—— Oh mihi tum quàm molliter ossa quiescant,
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!

Persius—

—— nunc non cinis ille poetæ
Felix? nunc levior cippus non imprimit ossa?
———— nunc non è manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo, fortunatâque favillâ
Nascentur violæ?

This is exquisitely beautiful. Horace has a short allusion to the subject, of much gentleness and simplicity—

Debitâ sparges lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.

Instances might be multiplied; but Martial has a very different application of the wish that the earth may lie light upon the bones of the departed. The epigram will illustrate the passage in the sixth satire, upon the charms and incantations of cunning women, as well as that before us, and indeed several other passages of our author.

Philænis, older than the Pylian sage,
Must you so soon the Stygian waters view?
You had not yet attain'd the sybil's age,
For she was older by three months than you.
Oh what a tongue is mute! nor Egypt's crowd,
No, nor a thousand slave-shops bawl'd as loud.
Less at the dawn of day the school-boy's roar,*
Or cranes wild-shrieking from the Thracian shore.

* This is a most ill-omened howl—
Dissonus et vel adhuc clamor in aure meâ.

Who now remains the magic wheel to try,
And draw the moon, unwilling, from the sky?
Who now remains intriguing arts to spread,
And lay th' adult'rer in the marriage-bed?
Light be thy turf, and monumental stones,
Lest rav'nous dogs should—*not* tear up thy bones.

We have ludicrous epigrams in English also, which might be quoted here. That on Sir Christopher Wren—

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

But I cannot close this digression, long as it is, without an extract from the unhappy Dermody. In one of his pauses from debauchery, in a moment of bitter reflection, he thus prepared his own epitaph—

To pleasure's wiles an easy prey
Beneath this sod a bosom lies;
Yet spare the meek offender's clay,
Nor part with dry, averted eyes.

Several affecting stanzas follow; but the last only is to my purpose.

When taught by life its pangs to know,
Ah, as you roam the checker'd gloom,
Bid the sweet night-bird's numbers flow,
And the last sun-beam light his tomb.

V. 322. *Ruffus who finds gross faults in Cicero*—There is nothing more disgusting than the affected nicety of those blockheads, who pretend to discover a faulty peculiarity of stile in good authors. Every one is at liberty to think and to express his thoughts as he pleases concerning the most celebrated writer; and the world is also at liberty to say that such opinions sign a man's own condemnation. But with the verbal critics to whom I allude the case is different. They are not offended with the mind or general manner of an author: no; "words, words," are their only concern. With such pretenders Theophrastus would not pass for an Athenian from his laboured atticisms; Demosthenes smells of the lamp; and Juvenal of the schools of declamation;

Livy has a smack of Patavinity about him; and Cicero is not only solutus, enervis, elumbis, et fractus, but an Allobrogian, nay, a Limousin. These readers cannot endure a whole page of Gibbon at a sitting: he is "so over-"loaded with ornament," or "so diluted with verbiage." Johnson's language is "unnecessarily recondite," (forgetting that his thoughts also are unusually profound) and Swift is low and vulgar.

> Whip me such pedants! who with pert grimace
> Toss the thick head, and screw the vacant face;
> Spots in the sun with feign'd acuteness see,
> And dare to talk of Dryden as of Lee.

V. 333. *Lose not, my friend, &c.* The early hour at which these unhappy schoolmasters were compelled to rise is made a subject of reproach, instead of pity, by Martial.

> Thou wicked master of a noisy school,
> Hated by ev'ry male and female fool,
> At thy loud voice and lash the streets awake,
> Ere yet the crested cocks their silence break.
> With such a sound the thund'ring echoes pass,
> When the stout artist beats the pliant brass:
> And bids the lawyer's form,[a] in gallant pride,
> On his stiff horse ridiculously ride.
> A fainter clamour shakes th' applauding stage,
> When fav'rite fencers on the sand engage.
> A little sleep your neighbours would delight;
> But who can brook disturbance through the night?
> Pack off your pupils, and we'll give you all
> To hold your tongue, for which you now can bawl.

I can only say that, if the promise was more than poetical, the grammarian must have had a most extraordinary taste to refuse such an offer.

V. 349. *Anchises' nurse*—The vain curiosity and diligence in searching after trifles, the πολυπραγμοσυνη, in short, of many pedants, are well ridiculed by Juvenal. It would be better indeed if he always attended himself to his own

[a] See above.

rules; but his fondness for hacknied mythological allusion [b] exposes him too often to the imputation of a similar pedantry.

Seneca talks of the four thousand books of Dydymus the grammarian, in some of which he enquires into the country of Homer, Who was the true mother of Æneas? whether Anacreon loved wenching or drinking most? (see the arguments, pro and con, of Lovegirlo and Gallono, in Fielding's "Covent Garden "Tragedy") whether Sappho was a common prostitute? &c. &c. The questions of Tiberius, mentioned by Suetonius, are equally absurd, viz. Who was the mother of Hecuba? What songs the sirens sung? By what name Achilles passed among the daughters of Lycomedes? &c. &c. Some modern questions are perhaps as useful, and as possible to be answered, as the above. For instance, Who was the man in the iron mask? Whether Bipont (the town of Deux Pont—but the following question *has* been asked) was a banished man? (Had the classical en-

[b] Many of the most exquisite morceaux of antiquity are debased by the admixture of this contemptible taste. That little poem of Statius upon Sleep, when stripped of such false ornaments, is surely very beautiful. But introduce Argus and Fithonia, and the enchantment is instantly dissolved. Aurora too *should* be banished.

How have I wrong'd thee, Sleep,* thou gentlest pow'r
Of Heav'n? that I alone, at night's dread hour,
Still from thy soft embraces am represt,
Nor drink oblivion on thy balmy breast?
Now ev'ry field, and ev'ry flock is thine,
And seeming slumbers bend the mountain pine;
Hush'd is the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar,
And the smooth wave lies pillow'd on the shore.
But sev'n sad moons have seen this faded cheek,
And eyes too plainly that their vigils speak:
Aurora hears my plaint at her return,
And sheds her pitying dew-drops as I mourn.
And now some happy, some enraptur'd boy,
In the full pride of his permitted joy,
Clasping the fair, all blushes, to his breast,
Calls thee not, Sleep, nor courts thy worthless rest.
Come thence to me! yet shed not here thy whole
Ambrosial influence o'er the wretched soul;
To that let happier, easier hearts presume—
Touch me, more lightly, with thy passing plume.

* Crimine quo merui &c. almost exactly the expression of Shakespeare in Henry the Fourth.

quirer been reading Ovid's epistles de Ponto in the Bipont edition?) This was mere ignorance; but the most accurate knowledge, when displayed in trifles, the closest and most successful attention to what had better be unobserved, is a certain indication of a little mind. Cardinal Chigi, afterwards Alexander the Seventh, told De Retz, in a discourse on the studies of youth, that he had written two years with the same pen: and it might be added probably of that one, that it had written more nonsense in the time than any two hundred others. The unnecessary minuteness, concerning domestic affairs, to be found in the Latin prefaces to some German editions of the classics, is most ridiculous. The commentator gives you a catalogue of his own bodily infirmities, instead of the merits and defects of his author. See the Heynites, and the Wolfites, and many of the other Gothamites of Gottingen, Leipsic, &c.

NOTES

TO

THE EIGHTH SATIRE.

V. 1. *What boots it &c.* The good things which have been said upon this subject, the vanity of imputed honour, the rottenness of hereditary praise, are trite and numerous. Whether it was in the

> Dulce Barclæi decus, acer Hessi
> Spiritus, sævi comes Augurelli
> Strada, Dounæus, Bonefoniusve, aut
> Angerianus.
>
> (Heinsium post hos priùs, an pudicam
> Baudii musam memorem, an subactos
> Arsenî nervos, dubito, an Sabini
> Nobile carmen.)

In short, in whichever of the "poetæ minores," or "minimi," it was, I once found some lines upon the same folly of borrowing virtue from our ancestors, which, though borrowed from Ovid and Seneca and Juvenal themselves, are less known (as well as much worse) than their originals—I know not; but I quote them from memory.

> Nec quisquam melior virtutibus exstat avorum;
> Non penetrat tenebras lux aliena tuas.
> "Et genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
> "Vix ea," laute puer, "vix ea nostra voco."
> "Nobilitas animi sola est atque unica," magnos
> Furcifer aut titulos, aut homicida, capit.

V. 5, 6, 7, 8. *Æmilius—Curius—Manlius—Galba*—The first of these names includes Lucius Æmilius Paulus Macedonicus, the son of the consul who fell at Cannæ; and his grandson Publius Scipio Æmilianus Africanus. The second we heard of in several passages of Juvenal before, as the model of ancient shagginess and simplicity. In the third, my friend has substituted the guardian of

the Capitol (as Gibbon would call Manlius) for Corvinus, which, as Lempriere most historically expresses it, was a name given "to Marcus Valerius, from a "*crow* who assisted him when fighting against a *Gaul*." Manlius Torquatus too gained a name from a similar combat. For the name of Galba, we read of its honour and antiquity in Suetonius; and of the emperor, to whose life I refer, we have already heard in the second satire.

V. 14, 16. *The Lepidi—the Scipios*—In the original the latter are called "Numantini," the glory of an individual, namely, the conqueror of Numantia, being reflected on the whole race. The general consent of mankind in respecting the sons of illustrious families, is, it may be observed, no small temptation to those sons, to think their character established without any exertions of their own. For the Lepidi, see Valerius Maximus, lib. 3, c. 1. The colleague of Augustus and Anthony, in their villainous triumvirate, shed but little light upon his family.

V. 21. *Fabius*—The Fabian family boasted a traditional descent from Hercules. The "Gallic honours" were the victories of one of them over the Allobroges, or people of Dauphinè. For the story of his degenerate son, here alluded to, see the above-cited author, lib. 3, c. 5, and Seneca, 2, 21.

V. 24. *Softer than the lambs on Padua's plain*—Martial celebrates the fleeces of this neighbourhood. Holyday (whose doubts about the Euganei, for whom see Livy in init. are most frivolously accurate) has a couplet of irresistible absurdity in this passage—

> Herculean Fabius, greedy, vain, *of ham*
> *Weak,* and more soft than an Euganean lamb!

V. 32. *In actions, Paulus, &c.* To Paulus I have referred above, as the conqueror of Macedonia; but "multò majus decus majoremque victoriam sibi "peperit," in his moderation and integrity. The Cossus here introduced is not the hero of Livy, 4, 19, but the Cossus mentioned by Florus, 4, 12, as the general who subdued the Gætulians, a maritime nation of Africa, (whose name is used synonymously for African) under Augustus Cæsar. Silanus (see Livy 8) conquered the Carthaginians under Mago and Hanno, killed the former, and took the latter prisoner. But if we apply the name to the son-in-law of Clau-

dius, we must refer to Tacitus, lib. 12, and Suetonius in Claud. cap. 27. In the name of Drusus we have many heroes celebrated; not to mention others, the first Drusus, who recovered the disgraceful Roman bribes from the Senones; and those of the family who are immortalized by Horace, the conqueror of Asdrubal, or of the German barbarians.

V. 47. *Osiris*—The soul of this Egyptian prince was supposed to migrate into a succession of oxen; which, when he deserted them, were drowned with much solemn mockery by the priests. In due time they found the new Apis (or Osiris), the consecrated ox, into which their vagabond divinity had been transferred; and then the lamentation of the people was converted into an equal extravagance of joy. See the sixth satire. Much of Voltaire's humorous romance, called "Le Taureau Blanc," is founded on this strange Egyptian absurdity.

V. 60. *The name of Creticus*—For this name, see the second satire. Camerinus (also mentioned in the original, and before, satire seventh) was sent to Athens by the Roman senate for the purpose of transcribing the laws of Solon.

V. 62. *Rubellius Plautus*—See Tacitus, ann. 14, 22. If indeed the son of this man be not the person here introduced.

V. 83. *Like an old Hermes*—Juvenal compares the unworthy descendant of a noble family to the rough unhewn trunk or post, upon which the marble head of Mercury was placed at Athens in the front of their houses.

V. 97. *Sells undistinguish'd &c.* These high-born, but not high-mettled racers, are in the original designated as the breed of Hirpinus or Coritha; that is to say, in the language of our own racing calendar, Hambletonian, or Hippona. But to desist from these unseemly comparisons, surely the general argument is good. What does it signify who were the proprietors of the losing horse? Victory is the only sure claim to honour—success is the only safe test of merit.

V. 116. *For plain good sense*—One of the most usual meanings of the words "communis sensus," when they occur in authors, is perhaps a common per-

ception of what is right; common discretion. So Horace applies the words, sat. lib. 1, 3. But Juvenal, I conceive, means neither more nor less than common sense, in our English acceptation of the term.

V. 123. *Though Phalaris*—Bentley has written so much and so well about Phalaris, that really any one, who is endowed with the blessing mentioned in the foregoing note, is afraid to follow. Let Boyle *answer* him.

V. 147. *'Tis madness &c.* The freight is a good word for the fare; but does not Juvenal mean the farthing paid to Charon? If so, perhaps we may propose—

"Nor, though your earthly goods be sunk and lost,
"Lose the poor waftage of the wand'ring ghost."

The robber of Cilicia was Capito; for whom see Tacitus, annal. 16. Tutor (if we follow this reading) is to be found in the fourth book of the histories.

V. 156. *With fairest forms &c.* For Myron, and the rest of the statuaries and painters here mentioned, see, besides other testimonies of praise, the poem of Statius before alluded to, Vindicis Hercules Epitrapesios.

V. 160. *Verres*—Of all the oppressors of the provinces none were so execrably avaricious as Verres. Dolabella, the thieving governor of Asia, Anthony, the spoiler of Achaia, were honest to Verres. How lamentable it is to consider the success of villany! Verres, despairing of the event of the defence of Hortensius against Cicero, retired into one of the provinces, and lived in the most happy luxury for twenty-six years; when he was put to death by the soldiers of Anthony.

V. 172. *The Gallic axle*—Either the Gauls fighting from their chariots; or, more probably, the country of Gaul, lying to the north of Rome.

V. 186. *Smooth minion*—Loosely translated for "acersecomes." Literally, it is a person whose hair is uncut. For more upon the subject of hair, see the sixteenth satire.

V. 206. *Gallic cowl*—The cowl or hood of the Gauls, here mentioned, is also noticed by Martial—

Gallia santonico vestit te Bardocucullo.

This is one of the quotations which has been repeatedly transcribed from Britannicus by succeeding commentators. Little has been added to his notes except by Holyday and Mr. Gifford.

V. 226. *Hippona*—Holyday prefers the reading "Solam Eponam" to "Hipponam" in this passage. Why? Is an ass preferable to a horse? A question not to be asked. As to the other faces of the gods—"apparent diræ facies." Priapus in the garden, "Numina magna Deûm," Pales in the sheepfold: and see Apuleius for some account of the curious divinities above; whose images were of course to be found even in the dirtiest places, which they were supposed especially to protect.

V. 230. *The Idumæan gate*—This was so called, because Vespasian and Titus entered it at their return from the Jewish conquest. The Syro-Phenician landlord dwelt near it.

V. 245. *Hot-bath wine*—Holyday supposes the original of this expression (Thermarum calices) to signify figuratively "tavern-tiplings;" the baths not being usual places of riot. This I doubt, and Martial, nay, Juvenal himself, justifies my doubt; but, at all events, Damasippus was so unusually debauched, that he might have drunk hot and perfumed wine too at the baths, as well as at the taverns. It is one of the few passages in which Holyday has too scrupulous a nicety of interpretation, too petty a kind of mistaken accuracy, to please any one but a pedant. His adopting the idea that the words "inscripta lintea," in the same passage, signify the curtains of a harlot's cell, inscribed with her name, is more like his usual good sense.

V. 255. *Cybebe's silent drums*—For this goddess, and her priests, see the second and sixth satires. There is enough in the text to supersede the wish

for a note upon the subject; but the Atys of Catullus will be the best illustration. Some account of that noble poem has been already given.

V. 260. *Tuscan mill*—Places of compulsory labour were numerous in Tuscany.

V. 269. *The nonsense of a clam'rous ghost*—A word of the manner in which the only good ghost I am acquainted with is brought upon our stage. The fattest and heaviest actor is usually chosen to represent the shade of the royal Dane; and really, by a spectator who arrived at the moment of his appearance, he might be taken for Gaffer Thumb. Neither does there seem to be any idea of that impressive melancholy of tone which, however ridiculous in a living hero, would perhaps suit a dead one; I mean the sort of sound which Churchill satirizes in some candidate for the chair of Roscius—

> His voice a hollow, deep, sepulchral sound,
> Seems as from caverns breaking under ground.

Enough of this. What would Juvenal have said of our pic-nic theatres? of the dramatic mania, in short, of our patricians? he, who so severely lashes the individuals of his own country who were guilty of acting plays. They bore no proportion, I fear, in number to our voluntary actors. Nor are Damasippus and his brethren of the whip without their modern counterparts. The rage, indeed, for playing the charioteer seems to increase. We have the ἱπποτροφη too, or disease of horse-feeding, among us; and, as Holyday says, "this is a sure "and chargeable confusion."

V. 270. *Lentulus*—We have heard something of this family, and their theatrical propensities, in the sixth satire. A fondness for representing low characters has been observed in the dramatic nobility of other countries. Well, there is something like spirit in complete degradation. But I confess the complaint of Laberius, when forced to this disgrace, appears to me the language of honest feeling; of something, in short, more truly noble, manly, sensible, than the willing appearance, nay, the eager intrusion, of a patrician upon any theatre. The character of a country must depend upon the actions of its leading men.

Rome was more degraded in the eyes of the world by the one base folly which I am censuring, than by all her other vices: and, however slight an evil in our momentous times this may appear, I cannot refrain from repeating my fervent wish, even on the least instance of degeneracy—

Ne referat lapsam nativa Britannia Romam!

V. 275. *Mamercus*—Descended, says Stapylton, from Mamercus, son of Pythagoras. I cannot find it so set down. Numa had a son of this name (who was called after a son of Pythagoras), and this perhaps is what Stapylton means. I should not have mentioned this trifling circumstance but for the opportunity it gives me of offering some general opinion concerning Stapylton's notes. They are neither profound in point of learning, nor particularly lively in manner; but they are very useful to the mere English reader. Not only are the allusions to Roman characters explained very fully (indeed more so than the allusions to Roman customs), but the author has taken the pains to ransack the tedious prolixities of Grecian mythology, and has not "found it in his "heart to bestow all that tediousness" upon his readers. To speak less ambiguously, he tells you tales of harpies only half an hour long. But his notes to the present satire are almost an epitome of the early Roman history. Now, though a very disgusting task to draw up such an epitome, it is of extensive service when done; and had not Juvenal described actions, as well as quoted names, I would have done it too. It is hardly more than putting his verse into prose; for, though he does not give a complete account of the personages introduced, he mentions the most distinguished action of each individual.

V. 283. *Latinus*—Every thing relating to this person and his wife is involved in uncertainty. N'importe.

No further seek their merits to disclose.

But see the first satire.

V. 285. *Corinthus*—The note of Prateus upon this name is exquisite. "Corinthus was an actor, *perhaps*, struck, and killed on the stage by Latinus,

" in a fit of jealousy. For which reason (that is, because he was dead) he is " astonished; ignorant of the cause—" cæsus à Latino, stupet (hence called " stupidus," quasi) causæ ignarus.

V. 291. *The fierce Mirmillo*—See the first satire; and for Gracchus see the second.

V. 306. *Seneca*—The character given by Quinctilian of Seneca, as an author, is nothing short of absolute condemnation. And why he should have been so scrupulous in omitting Seneca's name, while he examined every different stile of eloquence, if he intended to attack him at the close of his discussion, I am at a loss to conceive. He was delicate, forsooth, of mentioning a writer whom he was supposed to hate! He then immediately damns him with all the discrimination of abuse; allows him to have possessed a genius, which he could *not* apply to composition; and prophesies that he would have been admired by men as well as boys, if he had *not* abounded in vicious sweetness; if he had *not* loved every letter which he wrote; if he had *not* destroyed the dignity of his subjects by the meanest insignificance of manner. Then, to say that a man has a copious and ready wit, much study, and much knowledge, is really something like praising the general appearance of a horse, after you have pointed out sprains, wind-galls, broken knees, &c. &c. with all the eye of a veterinarian purchaser. To differ from Quinctilian, in the judgment of some book-worms, will be little less than the most arrogant impertinence; but in the judgment of men who study their fellow-creatures as well as books, the partiality and prejudice which never fail to influence the mutual estimation of contemporary authors, will be allowed to detract that value from their weighty opinions, which the impossibility of such influence must add to the weaker opinion of any subsequent writer. I think then that Seneca was a deep enquirer into the human heart; that his philosophical observations generally arise from true principles; and that he eminently possesses that first characteristic of genius, the power of lively illustration. His language is often, to my taste, delightful; full of figure and metaphor; by turns playful or severe, as his subject varies. It doubtless is sometimes falsely ornamented; but I cannot think he deserves any thing less than predominating praise from a reader whom

he has so much amused. It is possible too that Quinctilian has been unjust; it is certain that thousands have sworn to his opinion, who could not have construed it into their native language, had they ever taken the trouble to extentl their acquaintance with it beyond hearsay. With regard to the character of Seneca, as a man, justice requires a very different language. He was a flatterer, a time-server, and a pimp; avaricious and vain-glorious; but at the same time, I confess, in my opinion, brave, and consistent in his death. I do not believe in the extensive operation of vanity at the moment of dissolution. But see Mr. Gifford's account. From Tacitus, Dio, and other authorities, we have ample memoirs of so public a character as the wealthy tutor of Nero. To come now to the pupil, a concise, but sufficient, description of him is given in the negative character of Orestes in the text. He committed all the crimes there mentioned, of which Orestes was innocent. But the spirit of aggravation carries Juvenal, as usual, into a perverted morality; and crimes, at which nature shudders, are summed up with all the anticlimax of ridicule. "Writing dull "troics" is stigmatized with more indignation than parricide. Unless indeed we suppose the story of Nero's singing these troics to his harp, while Rome was in flames, to be here alluded to; but I do not think it is. With regard to the serpents, the apes, and the sacks, they sufficiently explain themselves. Holyday, with most ingenious absurdity, calculates the size of the sack!

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas &c.

But Dio has a paragraph concerning Nero much to my present purpose, and worth extracting. It is in the 29th chapter of his 62d book. Ὁ δὲ Νερων αλλα τε γελοῖα ἐπραττε, και ποτε και ἐπι την τ θεατρ ὀρχησ῎ριαν ἐν παν῾ημῳ τινι θεᾳ κα῎ιεβη, και ἀνεγνω Τρῳικα τινα ἑαυτ ποιηματα· Και ἐπ' ἀυτοις (What an almost incredible degradation of the conquerors of the world!) ΘΥΣΙΑΙ ΠΟΛΛΑΙ, ὥσπερ και ἐπι τοις ἀλλοις ἅπασιν, ὁις ἐπραττεν, ἐγενο῎ο·

V. 319. *Virginius &c.* Virginius was the commander of the German legions. Vindex was the proprætor of Gaul; and Galba, who had been præfect of Spain, assisted by them, seized the empire on the death of Nero. Now for the great scholars, the pontifices syllabarun, to exclaim—"Why this is nothing "but a mutilated translation from the notes in usum Delphini!" Even so; and

if their own remarks would sometimes descend from the lofty heights of verbal criticism, to the humble explanation of historical reference, though less honoured by the approbation of their presiding divinities, the Parts of Speech, they would be more generally instructive and entertaining, or, to speak plainly, less frivolous and disgusting than they are. "Peace, chewet, peace."

V. 325. *Parsley crown*—All general rules for omitting or inserting observations upon ancient customs must be defective. Some critics will bawl loudly for silence upon certain points; others will say, you should have spoken on the very same subjects. Parsley, or (as the feverish caution of Holyday suggests) smallage, or marsh-parsley, (Diî boni!) was the crown of the victor at the Nemæan games.

V. 327. *Domitius*—The father, or the grandfather, of Nero. As to Thyestes, Antigone, Menalippe—(who, as that great mythologist Stapylton says, was got with child by Neptune &c. &c. &c.)

Δις χρεμβη θανατος·

The syrma, or long tragical robe, and the face, or mask, well became a Roman emperor acting the character of a woman. Certainly the world never saw so uninterrupted a succession of hereditary infamy as in the wearers of the imperial purple. The manly patriotism of Juvenal would enter into no composition with their occasional virtues; they all contributed to perpetuate the slavery, first imposed indeed upon their country by the leaders of the civil wars before them, but not till their time imposed beyond the hope of abolition. The policy, the patronage of literature, which distinguished the reign of Augustus, could not, in the eyes of Juvenal, redeem the blood through which he waded to the throne; could not atone for Philippi, "the grave of the good!" and still less for his inhuman proscriptions.

V. 332, 3. *Cethegus—Catiline*—Had Eratostratus (whose ironical panegyric is so nobly sung by Oldham) attained the immortal dishonour which Cicero and Sallust have conferred upon Catiline, he would indeed have been a successful and a glorious villain. The description, by the latter author, (for whom

see the eleventh satire) of Catiline's disturbed and hurried walk, indicative of his meditated atrocities, is one of the numerous passages in which he speaks volumes in a few words.

V. 336. *Gallic rage*—The invasion of Italy by the Gauls, under Brennus; but for this see Florus. They are called "braccati" in the original, from their wearing breeches or trowsers;[a] which, we learn from Persius, was also an eastern custom. The pitched "shirt," or tunic, in the next line, is explained sat. 1, in the note upon the persecution of the Christians.

V. 340. *New Arpinian*—Cicero, in scornful allusion to his meanness of birth, was called by his enemies, as is notorious, "a new man." It cannot be necessary to dilate upon such well-known names as his, and that of Marius, who was also a native of Arpinum, a town in the Volscian territory. Of their history then I say nothing; but of the character of Cicero, as a writer, I shall venture to express a short opinion in the tenth satire. Marius, in his early employment as a common soldier, is so oddly described by Stapylton, that I must quote the passage—

> The vine then paid him, when the lazy cramp
> Took his hand, pallisadoing the camp.

The second verse is a dactylic of extraordinary curiosity. Pallisadoing a *castle* is better understood in modern times.

V. 361. *His noble colleague*—Quintus Catulus, who shared the fifth consulship of Marius. For the regular decursus and occasional anticipation of Roman honours see Adam. Juvenal's notions of the equality, nay the superiority, of low-born merit to the highest rank, are sturdily democratic. He seems to recur, like the old poet upon the poll-tax (in 1381), to the primitive purity of mankind, and to imply, if not ask the question—

> When Adam delv'd, and Eve span,
> Where was then the gentleman?

I shall conclude my remarks upon this satire without giving any account of Servius Tullius, Clælia, &c. but will generally observe, that Juvenal has treated

[a] This, in some measure, proves that "Sans-Culottism" is not *natural* to their Countrymen.

this noble subject, the natural dignity of virtue, more amply and more loftily than any other poet. This satire too is valuable for its clear elucidation of one principal preparatory cause of the fall of Rome. I mean the universal extortion and oppression of the governors in their respective provinces.

"—— all are thieves,
"And Pansa pillages what Natta leaves."

How widely this villany must have spread the hatred for the Roman name may readily be conjectured.

I have seen an application of this satire to modern times; it certainly might be applied with force, and perhaps with effect, in some instances. Stapylton has several good couplets in his version.

Each crime is more conspicuously base,
As he that sins is great in birth or place.
- - - - - - - -
But who will honour him that's honour's shame?
Noble in nothing but a noble name.

And now I have praised Stapylton, let me step aside to give an unusual word of panegyric to Holyday also, from whom the character of the truly noble Sir Philip Sydney drew the following burst of admiration—

Thy soul shall fly on fame's high-soaring wings
Above the glory of triumphant kings!
Thy name shall live till time shall be no more,
Till skies shall want a sun, and seas a shore.

NOTES

TO

THE NINTH SATIRE.

Argument. *The plain remark of Horace.* I could wish to avoid a possible imputation of conceit in this passage, where I call a remark *plain,* which has occasioned so much disputation among the commentators. Whatever indeed be the meaning of that remark in the place where it stands, I give a very literal interpretation to it, taken, as it is here, from the context; but by the epithet *plain* I only intended *unadorned,* in opposition to the fuller and more elegant quotation from Pope. As in the argument, so in the notes to this satire, I shall endeavour to be very concise, for the reasons already given; neither dallying with mythology like Stapylton, nor often endeavouring to detect the errors of preceding critics by the accurate assistance of Holyday.

V. 18. *As when the bandage &c.* Not to notice the various readings of the original in this place, the use of the bandage alluded to was common among the detestable wretches here satirized. It was a depilatory application; of what nature it little matters.

V. 56. *Ledger*—A very close-printed newspaper would not contain all Holyday has said upon the Roman manner of keeping accounts. I can neither understand his Arithmetical Table from Pignorius, nor his distinctions between that and the Geometrical Schemes of other authors. But readers of a congenial taste would, I doubt not, be delighted with his explanations. Notwithstanding the anathema of Persius, I shrink from such delight, and had rather be considered as a sciolist—

> Qui numeros abaci, sectoque in pulvere metas
> Scit risisse vafer.

V. 72. *Venus' feast*—" Lubin places the birth-day of Venus on the calends " of March," (the fæmineæ calendæ, the day on which the female Saturnalia,

as Martial calls them, were celebrated) "but without alledging any authority," says Holyday. Venus' feast was on the first of April. An ill-omened day for making love with us. "Such logical precision," as the good old critic, in another place, inconsistently enough, observes, "destroys not only the license, but "the liberty of verse!" It does indeed; and when we recollect the discussions concerning the geography of the Iliad, and the pedants who have considered Homer as a land-surveyor rather than as a poet, are our smiles, or our indignation, to be most excited?

V. 83. *Hollow Gaurus*—Various other interpretations are given to the epithet "inanis." That which I have adopted alludes to the caverns in the hill.

V. 93. *Rattling cymbals*—"Drums," says Holyday, correcting the Scholiast. But the Galli (from which word is very incongruously derived the word "gallant") used cymbals as well as drums in the celebration of the rites of Cybele. For her, and the other goddesses of prostitution, casually mentioned above, see the notes, or text, of former satires.

V. 98. *Loud as the Cyclops*—Mr. Gifford is surely right in adopting the idea of Le Grange, that "Polyphemi lata acies" only signifies "the broad-eyed "Polypheme." So "virtus Catonis," "sapientia Læli," Σθενος Ωριωνος, ἱερον μενος Ατρειδαο, and other obvious instances, collected by Ruperti, in his note upon "spatium admirabile rhombi."

V. 122. *Who wrote him "father"*—The necessary, as well as just, policy of the Romans in holding forth incitements to marriage has been noticed before. Actual benefits were conferred upon fruitful marriages, as well as exemptions from the pressure of civil duties. To take the customs alluded to in this and the subsequent lines regularly; first, we hear of the father entering the birth of his child (which he was obliged to do within thirty days) in the public register; then, of his adorning his door with flowers (the custom also upon a marriage, as we have seen, sat. 6, and indeed upon most joyful occasions, sat. 12); of his right to inherit an entire legacy, no part escheating to the revenue, as was the case with money left to those who had no children; of his

claim to "wind-falls," or unexpected legacies, which are put in contradistinction to those which he might expect; and, finally, if he should have three children, a privilege of exemption from the office of guardian, a precedency in election to civil offices, and a treble share in the distribution of corn. But the jus *trium* liberorum only belonged to citizens residing in Rome. In the other parts of Italy, five children were necessary to the privilege; and in the provinces, seven. Like all other good and wise customs, this encouragement to matrimony was perverted and abused. Persons without children, and even bachelors, procured the same rights by their interest with the emperors. The system of favouritism is the greatest curse of kingdoms.

V. 150. *Athenian hall*—The Areopagus, where the judges gave sentence by characters, in night and silence.

V. 174. *More than Laufella &c.* For a description of this lady (by some called Saufeia—"tunc pro tum exquisite—") and Fauna's orgies (or the profanation of the mysteries of the Bona Dea), exhibited by herself and company, see the sixth satire. The ladies of Rome were good wine-bibbers. They might say—

—— Nostra quidèm ultrâ
Pocula Juvernæ promovimus.

But, according to the opinion of some moralists, who have seen the manners of more than one generation, England is now becoming distinguished in this excellence, to a degree unknown to our ancestors. I cannot say what might have been the case with them; but our fair contemporaries are surely equally free from every imputation of the kind.

V. 196. *While these old hills shall stand*—This dreadful prophecy is, as yet, fully accomplished. Juvenal indeed had sufficient data; and the vice was so rooted in his time as to promise no chance of eradication in future ages. The phrase, descriptive of effeminacy, in the original—"qui digito scalpunt uno "caput," Holyday conceives to be an allusion to a particular story of Pompey. Juvenal indeed abounds in such allusions; but I conceive this to be a general designation of an affected outward delicacy; one infallible token of worse vices within.

V. 204. *Household god*—See the description of decorating the lares with garlands of flowers in the twelfth satire. Concerning the lares themselves, it is a beautiful idea, mentioned by Plato, that they are the souls of our good ancestors; the spirits of the bad being the unholy shapes which frighten us by night, and "wander after death in wretched banishment." See Holyday. Concerning the garlands which crowned them, flowers, as I should have noted above, were an essential part of Roman rites, ceremonies, and pleasures. As to the latter, neither flowers nor precious ointments, which are both mentioned by Juvenal, but which I have omitted (in the passage here referred to, v. 192), convey much idea of the blessings of life to an Englishman. But "the luxury "of the ancients was marvellous," (as Holyday quaintly expresses it) "in their "manner and excess of drinking; as is often implied both in this and other "authors," chiefly Anacreon and Horace; "the use being then to adorn their "heads with chaplets of flowers, to anoint themselves with fragrant ointments, "and so sit and frolic it at the wine." To omit his prolix account of the various perfumes for the various parts of the body, and his famous "oil of red "lilies," (a good invention for a patent) I will only add that these costly ointments were brought to Rome from the farthest East (see the sixth satire), and that the flowers which formed their chaplets were sometimes of the most rare and curious description. But the good taste of Horace disliked these exotic ornaments.

I hate the pomp that Persia shows,
And garlands of the linden made;
Seek not for me the curious rose
With bloom in winter's lap display'd.

Boy, let the myrtle be thy care,
And simply deck thy brows and mine;
The myrtle only will I wear,
Drinking beneath the shady vine.

V. 210. *Honest use*—"The ancients," Holyday observes, "rented out" (placed at interest) "their money by the month, not by the year; according to "that of Horace—Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam Quærit Calendis ponere." This solitary instance of what the critic says was a general custom would not have been sufficient. But he refers us to Gothofredus, 4, 32, for further examples. I may just observe that Holyday does not mention (he considered it

foreign to his purpose perhaps) the extraordinary rapacity noted by Horace; for the usurer exceeded the common custom of receiving monthly interest; he was so eager for a quick return, that he was paid on the Ides what he lent on the Calends; that is, sooner by one half than his brethren. Concerning the division of the Roman month I will say a very few words. The subject is trite, but some of my readers may think it necessary to be briefly explained. The nones of March, May, July, and October, were the seventh day of the month; the ides the fifteenth. In the other eight months the nones were the fifth, and the ides the thirteenth. But the Romans counted backwards, that is, they designated the fourth of January, or the day before the nones, by the words Pridie Nonarum Januarii. The third of January by Tertio Die Nonarum. The second by Quarto. On the first, as has been said, were the calends. The last day of any month was called, the day before the calends of the next month, and so on, according to the above rules. For the names Calends, Nones, and Ides, the first was derived à calando, vel vocando, from a priest calling out to the people that it was new moon. (See Adam's Roman Antiquities, and the Private Life of the Romans.) The second was derived from there being nine days, counting inclusively (which we must always observe to do in considering the Roman month) from the nones to the ides: and these last took their name from an old word, Iduare, to divide, because they divided the month.

V. 211. *Silver vessels*—Holyday thinks it a "more refined exposition" of the words "argentum purum," to interpret them "plain plate," in opposition to "embossed or engraved plate;" but although plain, too valuable to escape the notice of the censor Fabricius, who judged Cornelius Ruffinus unworthy of his place in the senate, and guilty of enormous luxury in possessing silver vessels which weighed ten pounds. This was in the fifth century of the republic. It is more wonderful that Rome preserved her simplicity and purity of manners so long, than that she eventually exchanged them for debauchery and dishonour.

V. 213. *Mœsians*—Stout fellows from Mœsia, (the modern Bulgaria and Servia) who, like the Liburnians, (or Croatians) were brought to Rome for porters, chairmen, &c.

V. 216. *Perchance a painter too &c.* There is certainly something foolish as well as disgustingly wicked about Nævolus, though some commentators have admired his wit. He is a man of no birth, but he wishes for a hall of ancestry; and the painter must set to work and fill it with imaginary progenitors as soon as possible. Juvenal, as it has been conjectured, intended perhaps to show the debasement of intellect to be the necessary concomitant of moral corruption. As to the scraps of learning, which fall from Nævolus, learning in perfection is compatible with folly in perfection; so they do not make against the hypothesis.

Much of this satire is freely paraphrased, partly by intention, and partly from the difficulty of mixing translation of what was decent, with paraphrase of what was otherwise. The Roman division of the night is alluded to in the original; all I need say upon it is, that the "second crowing of the cock" means probably three in the morning. See Holyday for a full explanation. In the general term "servants," I have included the amanuensis or librarian, the head cook, and the carver; for whom see the fifth and eleventh satires. But let me now conclude my remarks upon the ninth with a fervent prayer, that, amidst all the similarity of modern times to ancient, of London to Rome, by not attaining this summit of depravity, we may still in one point continue a different and a nobler race.

Dii talem avertite pestem,
Dii meliora piis.

NOTES

TO

THE TENTH SATIRE.

Argument.—I have already retracted the hasty praise bestowed, in the argument to this satire, upon Dryden's translation of the lines "I, demens," &c. Elsewhere I have promised to point out some farther plagiarisms of the father of English rhyme—(for

> Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestic march, and energy divine!)

some thefts, I say, of Dryden, from so humble a poet as Stapylton. It is an ungracious task—for no person can exceed me in reverence for Dryden's genius. His fables are the best models for poetical imitation in our language. But this is not the place to praise him. My promise must be fulfilled.

Again in the tenth satire—the stoical boast at the conclusion—

> Monstro quod ipse tibi &c.
>
> —— I show
> What thou thyself must on thyself bestow.
> Virtue's the path to peace. STAPYLTON.
>
> The path to peace is virtue. What I show,
> Thyself may freely on thyself bestow. DRYDEN.

Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit; but here *is* a touch certainly.

The opening of the first satire—

> Shall I but hear still? never pay that score,
> Vex'd with hoarse Codrus' Theseid o'er and o'er? STAPYLTON.
>
> Still shall I hear? nor ever quit the score,
> Stunn'd with hoarse Codrus' Theseid o'er and o'er? DRYDEN.

Quantò præstantius esset &c. Satire 3.

I quote this passage to display Dryden "invading his elders like a conqueror." His two first rhymes he has got from Stapylton; as has Mr. Gifford; and as I have. That is, the word "esset" suggested the rhyme.

> How much diviner had the waters been,
> If, with a border of eternal green,
> The grasse about the spring had still remain'd,
> And marble ne'er the native stone profan'd. STAPYLTON.
>
> Euge, Sir Robert!
>
> ("And marble ne'er profan'd the native stone."—Mem.—Mr. GIFFORD.)

Nor is this passage a solitary instance (as indeed has been shown in the notes to satire the eighth) of spirit and harmony in Stapylton. I could quote many others. Johnson should have given him some more distinct commendation, than generally saying he was smoother than Holyday. Compared to Holyday, he is a bowling-green compared to an ill-paved town. But hark!

> How much more beauteous had the Fountain been,
> Embellish'd with her first created green;
> Where crystal streams through living turf had run,
> Contented with an urn of native stone! DRYDEN.

I am falling again into panegyric where I intended censure; and will therefore content myself with adding, that to an accurate collater of Dryden's satires with those of Stapylton, much will appear to be borrowed, but every thing, that is borrowed, improved.

V. 1. *Search the wide world*—Perhaps the passage might be recast with more effect as follows—

> Through the wide world, from Gades' rock afar
> To the bright kingdom of the morning star,
> By mortal eyes how dimly understood
> Is the true path of evil or of good!
> How few, from clouds of doubt, from error clear,
> Or wish with reason, or with reason fear.
> What deep repentance for his happiest plan
> Still haunts the soul of undiscerning man.

Or, instead of the last couplet,

> Mourn not the schemes they ardently began,
> Or 'scape repentance for their luckiest plan.

From Gades' rock afar To the bright kingdom &c. These were the boundaries of the ancient world: Juvenal therefore could only talk of viewing mankind from the pillars of Hercules in the west, to the river Ganges, and the rising of the day-star in the east. The progress of maritime discovery enabled his great imitator, Johnson, to fancy a much wider observation of human nature. But, if we may again venture to apply the microscope of criticism to the pages of an immortal author, perhaps we may detect *one other* fault (see the argument to this satire) in the Vanity of Human Wishes.

> Let observation with extensive view
> Survey mankind from China to Peru.

Does not the second of these lines, taken singly, express the thought contained in both with equal force and beauty? If so, this is exactly the fault which Johnson himself found with the stile of Robertson; verbiage namely, or the use of unnecessary words.

V. 8. *O'erwhelms whole families*—This satire is so melancholy, that instead of a parallel gloom, I shall occasionally endeavour to find a lighter contrast for it. "Accidents will happen in the best regulated families," as Callimachus observes, in the hymn to Diana—

> —— ἤτε καὶ ἐν πέρ
> Οἰκῳ ἐσθλητας ἐσιναλο·

Theocritus has a vulgarism of the same sort—

> —— ἐς βαθυν ἀλλεῖ' ἐρωτα·
>
> "Fell into the pit of love."

This, it will be allowed, is a very dangerous thing, though often the object of our wishes; and, so far, an apposite illustration of the general argument of this satire.

V. 13. *The wrestler*—Milo. More than one lesson may be learned from the history of this vain-glorious wrestler. (Obitèr, of the witty George Colman—he tells us Milo carried an ox at the games "of the old *Romans*."—"Urbium, "ut Elis, opus; regiorum, ut Græcia," &c. &c.) By long accustoming himself to walk under smaller burthens, gradually increased in weight, Milo at last arrived at the peculiar excellence of carrying an ox upon his shoulders over the course at Elis! I hope, for his sake, it was *across the flat*. My readers will here observe the useful effects of patience and perseverance. Perhaps the hint may not be a bad one for some of our fashionable pedestrians; unless indeed their strength may be thought better adapted to carry a calf. The fate of Milo is a salutary, though rather puerile, warning against self-conceit. He was, as Mr. Gifford quotes from Roscommon,

"Wedg'd in the timber which he strove to rend—"

and there torn to pieces by wild beasts—wolves as likely as any others. Let not the learned sneer at this transcript of "a lesson for children from seven to "nine years of age," since, as that original humourist, Anstey, says—

"A sweet little moral is pinn'd to its tail."

V. 22, 3, 4. *Longinus*—Cassius Longinus, a celebrated lawyer, was put to death by Nero, under the pretence of disloyalty; testified by his having a bust of Cassius, one of the conspirators against Cæsar, in his possession. His real crime appears in the text. Plautius Lateranus, consul elect, was executed so hastily as not to be allowed to embrace his children. For Seneca and Nero see the eighth satire. The best account of these murders is in Tacitus, annal. 14, 15. See also Suetonius in vit. Ner.

V. 35. *For money, money*—Owen supposes "opes" in this passage to signify "power." But this is anticipating another division of the satire. The distinction between "divitiæ and opes," made by Cicero, is indeed very happily introduced by Owen; who certainly is a most accurate and excellent scholar.

The allusion below to the danger of poison, lurking in golden cups, has a parallel passage in the Thyestes of Seneca the tragedian; to whom that play, with the Hercules Furens, and the Thebais, (the last with some hesitation) seems judiciously attributed by Farnaby. He is indeed supported by higher authori-

ties. The Hercules Æteus and the Octavia he gives to a still inferior hand; the Medea, the Hippolitus, the Troades (pace Heinsii), and the Ædipus, to the philosopher.

——O quantum bonum est
Obstare nulli! capere securas dapes
Humi jacentem! scelera non intrant casas,
Tutusque mensâ capitur angustâ cibus.
Venenum in auro bibitur.

Lucan has a thought upon the general safety of poverty, introduced with great effect, when Cæsar is knocking at the fisherman's hut on the sea-shore at night.

——O vitæ tuta facultas
Pauperis, angustique lares! O munera nondum
Intellecta Deûm! quibus hoc contingere templis,
Aut potuit muris, nullo trepidare tumultu,
Cæsareâ pulsante manu?

V. 41, 2. *Democritus—Heraclitus*—The folly of these misnamed sages is exquisitely ridiculed by Lucian, in the Sale of Lives. Neither Cervantes, nor Rabelais, nor Swift, nor Fielding, excel Lucian in genuine humour. Swift indeed has pilfered by wholesale from him. The "Veræ Historiæ," much more than the "Voyage to the Holy Bottle," suggested the notion of "Gulliver's "Travels." There is an epigram in the Anthology, which, according to the usual excellence of these minor Greek poems, compresses the tale of the crying and laughing philosophers into a few simple lines.

Τον βιον, Ἡρακλειτε, πολυ πλεον ἢπερ ὁτ' ἐζης,
Δακρυε, νυν ὁ βιος ἐσ]' ἐλεεινοτερος·
Τον βιον ἀρτι γελα, Δημοκριτε, το πλεον ἢ πριν·
Νυν ὁ βιος παντως ἐσ]ι γελοιοτερος·
Ἐις ὑμεας δε και αὐτος ὁρῶν, το μεταξυ μεριμνῶ,
Πως ἅμα σοι κλαυσω, πως ἅμα σοι γελασω·

Concerning the birth-place of Democritus (Abdera in Thrace), so proverbial was the stupidity of its inhabitants, that it suggested to Hippocrates the idea of writing a book to prove the influence of climate upon genius. (See Gray's fragment.) But the Bœotian air seems to have laboured under an unjust accu-

sation: to mention only Pindar (for whom see the addenda to sat. 7) and Epaminondas, is enough to rescue it from the character of producing nothing but blockheads.

V. 53. *Oh had he seen the prætor &c.* This is a confused account of the ceremonies observed in a Roman triumph, and of the prætor's procession to open the Circensian games: like our old proclamation of a fair. See the eleventh satire. The word Consul is applied ironically to an inferior magistrate. Those who wish to understand distinctly what parts of the dress and attendants were peculiar to one occasion, and what to the other, will find a clear and satisfactory statement in Holyday. The slave belonged to the triumph.

V. 80. *That all we ask is hurtful*—In the original there is an allusion to the custom of fixing petitions upon the knees of the statues in the temples. Mercy was thought to dwell in the knees.

V. 88. *Sejanus*—

> In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
> Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand, &c. &c.

The picture which Johnson first gives of the favourite in power, and then in degradation, is much more striking by its immediate contrast, than the arrangement adopted by Juvenal. Tacitus, annal. 3, 4, and Suetonius in Tiber. give the history of Sejanus. He is a warning beacon against "putting our trust in "princes," or indeed in popular favour. See addenda.

V. 99. *Capreæ's royal shore*—The horrible detail, given by Suetonius, of the life of Tiberius in this island (off the Neapolitan coast), perhaps more than any other passage in history, displays the enormity of human wickedness. He appears to have been given up to the abominations of his own heart; and, as he approached the grave, his wild and gloomy terror of death, his eager consultations with astrologers, and vain wish to look into futurity, convey a most awful and impressive admonition, "that conscience will be heard at last."—The epithet "narrow," as applied to Capreæ below (v. 129), should also, I think, have been "royal;" for Owen is probably right in his preference of the reading

"augustâ," to that "of angustâ rupe." It is however of little consequence; and few variations (see the addenda) have as yet been pointed out in the text of Juvenal, which are of much real importance.

V. 112. *Many I hear are doom'd to die*—Tacitus, talking of the better ages of Rome, says, "in those times of liberty they punished actions only, not "words:" but under the emperors, "Inevitabile crimen—nam quia vera erant, "etiam dicta credebantur." Tiberius began this system of setting spies upon conversation. Indeed he proposed several new examples of cruelty; such as compelling persons to kill themselves; making it criminal to change their dress before a statue or picture of Augustus, &c. &c. The spirit, with which Juvenal (in the lines above) attacks the meanness of the people, as well as the savageness of their rulers, is highly honourable to him. Even in their days of liberty they sold the places of distinction in the state: elections, even then, depended upon the purse of the candidate: but now their effeminate indolence has so broken their spirit, that avarice itself cannot excite them beyond the exertion of begging for their bread, and the amusements of the Circus and Amphitheatre.—The mode of canvassing for civil offices is excellently described by Horace, epistle 6, book 1.

Si fortunatum species et gratia præstant
Mercemur servum &c.

It is a complete "electioneering candidate's vade-mecum."

V. 132. *So glorious is the privilege to kill*—So Ovid—Medea Jasoni—

Perdere posse sat est, si quem juvat ipsa potestas.

V. 139. *Empty Ulubræ*—There seem to have been several towns in Italy proverbially poor, miserable, and deserted.

—— Gabiis desertior, atque
Fidenis vicus—

says Horace, in much the same language as our author after him, in the passage above, and in others. "Happiness may be found even at Ulubræ," is also an assertion of Horace; and Juvenal seems to place the anticlimax of greatness in breaking false weights and short measures, as a ragged magistrate at this

wretched town. They all stood in the Latian territory: at the last (its only claim to distinction) Augustus was brought up.

V. 146. *How sunk the Crassi*—The triumvir and his son, killed by the Parthians. Lucan, in language of great dignity, exhorts the Romans to revenge their deaths, instead of shedding the blood of their fellow-citizens—

> Cumque superba foret Babylon spolianda tropæis
> Ausoniis, umbrâque erraret Crassus inultâ,
> Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos?

Pompey—There will be a better opportunity in this satire of giving a character of him from the same author, as well as of Cæsar, alluded to in the next line.

V. 156. *Kind Minerva*—The festival of Minerva (called Quinquatria, from its lasting five days) is alluded to in the original. At this time boys brought presents to their masters, called Minervalia. The ambitious little gentleman in the text had probably only attended one of these festivals.

V. 157. *The Athenian's strength*—See Lucian, in Somnio, for a new trade of Demosthenes. He is there intimated to have been a statuary; many other authorities call him a cutler; and Juvenal, a blacksmith. It little matters what he was. He is the father of eloquence in the opinion of posterity; and doubtless the effect of his orations must have been wonderful, to have, in any degree, roused the dormant courage of Greece. But where the extraordinary fire of genius blazes out, my eyes are too dim to discover. As the speeches of a political reasoner, of a practical statesman, too high praise cannot be bestowed upon the Philippics. They attained then, I will allow, in a great measure, what they aimed at. But view them as specimens of animated oratory, and, I confess, the single oration of Chrysostom, upon the fall of the eunuch Eutropius, appears to me to contain more splendid illustration, more command of the passions, more variety and perfection of eloquence, more enthusiasm of thought, feeling, and expression, than the whole of Demosthenes put together. I regret being obliged to refer to the addenda for some support of my opinion.

Let me not, however, be imagined so much a bigot to my own opinions as not to believe they may be very erroneous: one thing greatly against them is

their singularity. Instances of admiration (as high as that which Juvenal expresses) for Demosthenes, might be brought from many quarters. I shall content myself with a fragment of Eupolis—

Κρατιστος ουτος εγενετ' ανθρωπων λεγειν·
Οποτε παρελθοι δ', ωσπερ οι 'γαθοι δρομεις,
Εκ δεκα ποδων ηρει, λεγων τους ρητορας·
Ταχυς λεγειν μεν, προς δε γ' αυτα τω ταχει
Πειθω τις επικαθιζεν επι τοις χειλεσιν·
Ουτως εκηλει· και μονος των ρητορων
Το κεντρον εγκατελιπε τοις ακροωμενοις·

The learned Roman's flow—As precision and energy are the qualities usually ascribed to the stile of Demosthenes, a flowing copiousness characterizes that of Cicero. Indeed I do not hesitate to prefer the latter, in his best orations, to the former. To borrow a phrase of his own—Vis enim dicendi major est in illis. But as the compressed argument of the Athenian orator occasionally degenerated into bald and uninteresting detail, so does the abundant illustration of the Roman sometimes overflow into feebleness and tenuity. Beautiful as the more sedate and philosophical writings of his elder days certainly are, they offend the reader frequently by their useless amplification of language. Of this a few words more in the eleventh satire.—Concerning the line of Cicero, so often ridiculed, but one opinion can be entertained by those who ever wrote a Latin verse, notwithstanding the defence of Turnebus, and whatever may have been the orator's general *poetical* character; as to which I refer to Mr. Gifford's note on the passage. The vanity, as well as the want of harmony, which it exhibits, is doubtless here censured; but the last chiefly, as that only is to my author's present purpose. There is no doubt that, to a poetical ear, the combination of similar sounds must always be disgusting, except in cases where disgust is meant to be excited. How exquisitely Terence, when talking of the pretty little jigging milliners of the forum bombycinum, expresses this feeling—

Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.

V. 181. *War's glitt'ring spoils*—Mr. Gifford censures Dryden's careless translation of this passage, and the remark in his notes, that "it is a mock account "of a Roman triumph." They are both perhaps exposed to censure; yet in the translation—

—— the arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And, sighing, casts a mournful look below—

is surely a most beautiful passage. The remark is assuredly injudicious; and Dryden was led into it by his prevailing notion of irony in Juvenal, which, I think, he carried too far. This will account for the want of seriousness and dignity in many parts of his translation. The original here alludes, as Holyday observes, not to a triumph, (it does partly, and is a mixed account, like that above, of two different ceremonies) but to the manner of raising a trophy after a victory. See the beginning of the eleventh book of Virgil. Mr. G. in another place, expresses contempt for Dryden's notes. They assume nothing; the simplest extract of common-places for the benefit of the ladies, and of independent gentlemen, is all they pretend to.

The variety of translations made from the Latin by Dryden (and above all those from Lucretius), generally expressive of the sense of the original as they are, convince me that he was a perfect master of the language. Where he deviates from his author, he does it from a hope, though sometimes vain, yet often successful, of concealing a defect, or heightening a beauty; and also from a conviction, which could only be founded in study, (if, as I think it is, that conviction should be just) of the impossibility of giving any thing like a close, and at the same time pleasing, version of a Latin poet in the English language. What I mean by this digression is, to endeavour to counteract any idea of Dryden's deficiency in scholarship. He had a noble contempt for the servility of minor critics and commmentators; at the same time that he had a just value for the learning of a Scaliger, a Casaubon, or a Dacier; distinguishing, I think, with no common acuteness, between their just and erroneous opinions, when his subject called him to consider them.—The fact is, in the present day, there is a very universal preference, in reading ancient authors, shown to the comment. The text is laid aside; and the ingenuity, more often the absurdity, of a critic, claims that time and attention which should be given to the poet or historian. "If it were so, it were a grievous fault," say the more cautious defenders of Homer and Virgil. But I say it is so; or whence the toleration, nay, the sale of German editions, in this country? I would not be supposed to accuse Mr. Gifford of this toleration: no; I congratulate him upon his increased freedom of speech with regard to Ruperti. He points out many

instances of that drone's incorrigible dulness. Without reference therefore to a coadjutor, I trust in the common cause of common sense, the support of author against editor. All I wish to keep sacred from censure is, a general and just feeling (like Dryden's) for the vigour and beauty of the ancient writers, as opposed to the minute and insignificant examinations of verbal criticism. This, when exerted upon real difficulties, has its use; but let not that use supersede better and nobler studies.

As we are now entering on the grandest division of this satire (idly said to have been suggested by Plato, or Persius, or any original but human life), the most pleasant way of illustrating our author's exposure of the vanity of "war-" like enterprize" will perhaps be to select a parallel passage or two from other poets. Statius, of Alexander—

> Sic natum Nasamonii tonantis,
> Post ortus obitusque fulminatos,
> Angusto Babylon premit sepulchro.

> So when the race of Hammon's warlike son,
> Swift as his sire's dread thunderbolt, was run,
> The blushing world her mighty victor found
> Scarce fill two paces of Chaldean ground.

I omit Shakespeare, as he is quoted by Mr. Gifford upon this passage; but Webster (see Dodsley's old plays) has a speech upon the last hour of him who departs in peace, as contrasted with the death of princes, of most exquisite beauty—

> Oh thou soft natural death! thou art joint twin
> To sweetest slumber—no rough-bearded comet
> Stares on thy mild departure—the dull owl
> Beats not against thy casement—the hoarse wolf
> Scents not thy carrion—pity winds thy corse,
> Whilst horror waits on princes! White Devil.

This applies better to line 151 above. But I will throw together here what I immediately recollect (that has not been quoted before in notes to this satire) upon the emptiness of ambition, and the decay even of its monuments (v. 198 below). With how much more dignity and effect does Johnson treat this subject than Pope?

Look next on greatness: say where greatness lies.
"Where but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make an enemy of all mankind! POPE.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
What are his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide—
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers daunt him, and no labours tire, &c. JOHNSON.

Here is the difference between the satire of Horace, and that of Juvenal; between philosophical essay-writing, and the inspiration of poetry. It is hardly just however to compare one of the most finished passages in all English verse, with what is evidently not laboured.

How well has the wild Irish genius, to whom I have adverted in the seventh satire, described the ruin of mighty cities, the decay of the monuments of human grandeur.

Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.

Lo! once in learned pomp where Athens rose
The green pool stagnates, and the hemlock grows.
One dreary sepulchre, one mingled gloom,
Lo! deep in ruin, droops imperial Rome.
"Say, where that wide unconquerable sway,"
"Where once the Macedonian madman lay?"
Burst, like a gaudy bubble on the stream,
'Tis past; and all its glory but a dream.

The couplet in inverted commas is hardly intelligible, but the rest are surely excellent. We trace (and where do we not trace in modern poetry?) a little plagiarism; but there is a melody of verse incontestably belonging to Dermody, which few rhymers have equalled. He does not indeed understand the variety of cadence, and the harmony of well-concerted pauses; but in simple melody, or the regular repetition of the music of similar sounds, in a word, in the uniform rythm of Pope, he is almost unrivalled as an imitator. This is due to his serious verses; his attempts at humour are not so successful. To conclude this

long note: over the bodies of the brave, that cover the plain of glory, who has ever lamented with a nobler elevation of grief than Homer? Nay, the mourner is the father of the gods himself—

Ἐνθα μεν Αιας κειται ἀρηιος, ἐνθα δ' Ἀχιλλευς,
Ενθα δ' ἐμος Φιλος υἱος—

of whom elsewhere it is divinely sung—

—— ὁδ' ἐν σποδιῇ κονιης
Κειτο μεγας, μεγαλως τε, λελασμενος ἱπποσυνάων.

V. 261. *And made his own request his punishment*—In that most enchanting poem, Palamon and Arcite, how beautifully has Dryden amplified this sentiment—the foundation and pervading support of the whole satire.

But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of fortune, fate, or providence, complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire.
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain.
- - - - - - - -
Thus all seek happiness; but few can find;
For far the greater part of men are blind.

V. 290. *The golden vest*—This was a theatrical garment of various descriptions. See Holyday. That alluded to by our author had a gold border or fringe. Horace talks of it trailing over the stage—

Sic priscæ motumque et luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.

V. 297. *How on their course &c.* The office of a slave to report the time was common in great families. Before the invention of clocks and watches this was convenient enough; and hence, probably, the origin of our custom of keeping persons to cry the hours in the night. Seneca ridicules the laziness of waiting to be informed by another of the moment for certain actions—to so

great a pitch was the use of these slaves carried—"ut per se scire non possint "an esuriant." Modern refinement has gone still farther. What play is it where the master asks his servant—"John, have I breakfasted?" To forget what you have just done, exceeds being reminded of what you have to do. If apathy is the height of fashion, this is indeed a fashionable generation.

V. 304. *One doctor hurries &c.* Boileau has imitated Juvenal in this passage, and in some degree preserved his oblique satire (lashing so many culprits en passant)—

Il compteroit plûtot, combien, dans un printems,
Guenaud et l'antimoine font mourir de gens.

The dispute of the French physicians upon the use of antimony was at its height, when those lines were written, in the year 1664. Guenaud, physician to the queen, was at the head of those who approved it; and the famous Gui Patin was one of the chief opponents of this mineral. Guenaud died in May 1667. During his life the name was disguised under that of Desnaud, an apothecary.

Delirant reges—plectuntur Achivi.

"The Doctors are mad, and the Apothecaries bear the blame." There seems to be a general antipathy of wits to doctors. Moliere and Fielding (to omit many other instances) are everlastingly harping upon the charlatanerie of physicians. The hit in the Medecin malgré lui, concerning the old and new place of the heart—"Nous avons changé tout cela!" and Fielding's idea of the stage coach for the other World setting out from Warwick-lane, are inimitable.

Themison (mentioned in the original, as he ought to have been in the translation) was probably alive when Juvenal wrote this satire. Our Author had neither the fear nor the delicacy of Boileau. "J'appelle un chat un chat," might be more properly applied to him. If he thought a man a rogue or a fool, he said so. Owen has quoted a very judicious sentiment of Addison, in favour of this incidental castigation bestowed by Horace and Juvenal upon the objects of satire. The author of the Pursuits of Literature carries it to a faulty excess. Lipsius (in his epistles, lib. 2) has a most ingenious remark upon Themison. Because Apuleius has a passage—"quem mihi *Thenus*, conservus noster, medicinæ non "ignarus," &c. Lipsius says, "that the bile rises in his nose," and "that the "goddess of purification cannot expiate the crime of the scribes, for their not

" writing—*Themison* servus noster." And a very good observation too for a verbal critic. Where shall we readily find a better, except it be a " locus à " Bentleio emendatus?"

V. 315. *Sit feebly yawning, like the swallow's young,*
When they behold their wish'd-for mother come,
Fasting herself, to them full-laden home.

As I would alter the passage. Lucian humorously applies this image to the eagerness with which men gape for money—περιμενσι κεχηνοτες, ὡσπὲρ την χελιδονα προσπετομενην τετριγοτες οἱ νεοττοι. It was a favourite subject for an allusion: so in the Anthology, the epigrammatist addressing the swallow—ἀπλανοις δαιτα φερεις τεκεσι.

V. 323. *Are from our will cut off—Codice* sævo. This passage has found its way into a commentary on the Institutes of Justinian: " Codices ligneæ " tabulæ sunt, in quibus veteres scribebant, et ut plurimùm supremas suas " voluntates exarabant. Nudæ ergo et nullius juris solennibus subnixæ testa- " torum et intestatorum voluntates, à brevioribus tabulis in quibus scribe- " bantur *codicilli* dictæ sunt: ut solennes voluntates testatorum, et majoribus " tabulis, *codices.* Hinc codicem pro testamento usurpavit Juvenalis." Acosta in Institut. Justin. lib. 2, 24.—This note belongs to the same friend as that upon the Julian law &c. sat. 2, and one or two more in the other satires. The reference is useful as it explains words, still in common use.

V. 339. *Through a sad century*—jam *dextrâ* computat annos. The ancients counted a hundred by a certain disposition of the fingers of the left hand, and then began again upon the right. Holyday has pages, and a plate, of explanation.

V. 345. *Antilochus*—Ruperti *notices* (yes, he absolutely *notices*) the various reading of " Antiochus." But is this strange in a critic, who proposes " ac " for " et!" Diî Boni! Henninius says he will only *notice* the various readings of consequence; so he proposes " Arabarges," instead of " Arabarches." Ω ποπει. They are like children when they " *begin* to take notice." I beg pardon for mentioning them, but I promised they should be part of the farce.

V. 351. *Laertes*—How beautiful is the description in the Odyssey of Laertes, remaining in the country, and bewailing the tedious absence of his son.

——— πατηρ δε σος αὐτοθι μιμνει
Ἀγρῳ, ὐδε πολινδε κατερχεται· ὐδε οἱ ἑυναι,
Δεμνια, και χλαιναι, και ρηγεα σιγαλοεντα·
Ἀλλ' ὁγε χειμα μεν ἑυδει, ὁθι δμωες, ἐνι οἰκῳ,
Ἐν κονἰ, ἀγχι πυρος, κακα δε χροι ἑιματα ἑιται, &c.

It is all to the purpose, and most exquisitely pathetic;

Sed nunc tempus equûm spumantia solvere colla.

I cannot however avoid quoting two lines, addressed, in the shades, by his mother to Ulysses, in which she attributes her death to no accident, no evil destiny—

Ἀλλα με σος τε ποθος, σα τε μηδεα, φαιδιμ' Ὀδυσσευ,
Ση τ' ἀγανοφροσυνη μελιηδεα θυμον ἀπηυρα.

I will not say, with the judicious Heyne, that "if a person does not jump for "joy at reading this line," (as he says of "Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere "disco") "he should be immediately removed from the study of the poets;" but I will say that his ears must be as well defended against the harmony of Homer, as those of Ulysses were against the sirens, to render him insensible of this enchanting tenderness.

V. 352. *Glad to the shades would Priam's ghost &c.* For the funeral solemnities of the ancients refer to Homer, Iliad 23, and to Virgil, Æn. 11. How affecting is the description in the second book of the death of Priam—as well as the passage describing Andromache—"falsi Simoentis ad undam;" it should be added to the list of Virgil's pathetic passages in the seventh satire. But above all, the conclusion of the murder of the old king—

Hæc finis Priami fatorum: hic exitus illum
Sorte tulit, Trojam incensam, et prolapsa videntem
Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum
Regnatorem Asiæ—jacet ingens littore truncus
Avulsumque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus.

Imitated by Lucan, but with increased sublimity, in the exclamations of the prophetic matron—

> Hunc ego, flumineâ deformis truncus arenâ
> Qui jacet, agnosco—

and this naturally brings me to Pompey, (for

> " Haste we to Rome, and pass the ruin'd state
> " Of Pontus' King," &c. v. 374.)

whose death is here indistinctly, according to the spirit of prophecy, shadowed out; but whose character is drawn with so much discrimination by the poet, speaking in the person of Cato. He describes Pompey as—

> —— multo majoribus impar
> Nôsse modum juris, sed in hoc tamen utilis ævo.

I must curtail my quotations; but what volumes are spoken in—

> Olim vera fides, Sullâ Marioque receptis,
> Libertatis obît—Pompeio rebus adempto
> Nunc et ficta perit—non jam regnare pudebit,
> Nec color imperii, nec frons erit ulla senatûs.

Juvenal has not a better or a bolder line than the last. It was written under Nero. Can it be believed that its author would seriously write an apotheosis of Nero? No—this celebrated imitation of Virgil is ironical, I am persuaded; and the tyrant became convinced of it when Lucan, by his superior excellence as a poet, offended him. Neither can I believe the story of Lucan's betraying his friends. Every thing would naturally be circulated to vilify him, who was of most unblemished and exalted character, and only odious from his virtue and ability. Statius, a rival poet, married his widow, and dwells upon nothing with so much rapture as his praise. Martial too—

> Heu Nero crudelis, nullâque invisior umbrâ,
> Debuit hoc saltem non licuisse tibi!

I had hoped (but perhaps too much of this sort has been already introduced) to interweave with my notes an attempt, in verse, to draw the characters of the chief Latin poets. But I once completed such a poem, and a bookseller

lost the manuscript; nor is it possible to write twice on the same subject. I can only refer to the comparison between Cæsar and Pompey, Luc. lib. 1.

V. 398. *Fair sons, and daughters fairer still*—"Majore puellis murmure." Horace, epist. lib. 1, 6, and Persius, sat. 2, excellently satirize the hypocrisy of human petitions. Men, say they, solicit the gods with a loud voice for honourable gifts, but in a whisper ask for infamous advantages. But Seneca exceeds all these poets, in force of language, and authority of advice, when he concludes his epistle upon this subject as follows—Sic vive cum hominibus, tanquam Deus ipse videat—sic loquere cum Deo, tanquam homines audiant.

V. 402, 3. *Diana—Lucretia—*

> Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
> Exercet Diana choros; quam mille secutæ,
> Hinc atque hinc glomerantur, Oreades; illa pharetram
> Fert humero, gradiensque Deas supereminet omnes.
> Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.
>
> —— γεγηθε δε τε φρενα Λητω.

Thus we see, notwithstanding the *arguments* of Callimachus to the contrary, that it is possible to write good verses about Diana. For Lucretia, Stapylton supplies me with an extract from the Fabrician antiquities—

> Quum foderet ferro castum Lucretia pectus,
> Sanguinis et torrens egrederetur, ait,
> Procedant testes, me non placuisse Tyranno,
> Ante virum sanguis, spiritus ante Deos.
>
> The wound in her chaste breast when Lucrece made,
> The crimson torrent bursting out, she said,
> "Come forth, you witnesses, that Tarquin stole
> "No love; blood to my lord, to heav'n my soul." STAPYLTON.

I subjoin my own version, but with some hesitation.

> When in her breast Lucretia plung'd the sword,
> And down the snow a purple river pour'd;
> "Thou soul," she cried, "proclaim to heav'n above,
> "Thou life-blood, to my lord—it was not love!"

V. 436. *The mullet*—This punishment was not sanctioned by law, as our author intimates, but inflicted by private vengeance. See Catullus, Carm. 15, and Valerius Maximus, lib. 6.

V. 449. *Hippolytus*—

> Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
> That wont in charett chace the foaming boar;
> He all his peeres in beauty did surpass,
> But ladies love, as loss of time, forbore—
> His wanton stepdame[a] loved him the more. SPENSER.

Well—Hippolytus, as we also learn from Juvenal, scorned her love; and

> "Nothing so furious as a woman scorn'd."

She, as usual, accused him to her husband, who brought Neptune to destroy him. "Two monsters straight—" but the critics say only one—

> —— from surging gulf were brought,
> With dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast
> Both charett swift and huntsman overcast.
> His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
> Was quite dismembred, and his members chaste
> Scatter'd on ev'ry mountain as he went,
> That of Hippolytus was left no moniment. Ibid.

So much for him.—Stenobæa (an Argive woman) is also mentioned by Spenser—

> Faire Sthenobæa that herself did choke
> With wilful chord for wanting of her will.

Which, saving Spenser's presence, is an execrable pun. But Aristophanes (Ran. 1082) says she poisoned herself. Bless me! what inaccuracies are these—as master Shallow, or cousin Slender, or his man Simple, (Heyne, Ruperti, and Sneider) would observe. The tediousness, the frivolity, the misery, of discordant mythological nonsense is inconceivable to those happy persons who have never raked in the ashes of the Pantheon, or fathomed the muddy depths of Apollodorus.

[a] Phædra, a Cretan woman.

V. 456. *Let Silius make his choice*—For this extraordinary fact, the marriage of the emperor's wife with the consul elect, when her husband was only a few miles off, see Tacitus, (annal. 11) who almost doubts his own authority, and Suetonius, in the life of Claudius.

V. 476. *Shall man then nothing ask?*—Having now come to the conclusion of this noble but melancholy satire, I will attempt to relieve the sombre hue of the picture, by a ray or two of cheerfulness from Martial. The following is a free translation of his poem upon happiness.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem &c. &c.

The sources of a happy life,
Dear friend, are these alone—
A purse, not fill'd by busy strife,
But made by will our own.
A pleasant farm, a cheerful fire,
A soul unruffled by desire;
No law-suits of the noisy town,
No painful duties of the gown;
Pure, vig'rous health, associates free,
Endear'd by sweet equality;
No rules of ceremonious art,
But manners flowing from the heart;
A plain, yet hospitable board,
And bumpers, temperately pour'd;
A careless night, a joyous bed,
By modest love with roses spread;
Slumbers, that make the darkness fly,
Content, that never breathes a sigh,
And not a fear, nor wish to die.

NOTES

TO

THE ELEVENTH SATIRE.

V. 12. *And copies rules &c.* These were the different positions in fencing; and the words appropriate to each movement, Percute, urge, cæde, &c. The next lines reproach the Roman government for enacting no law to forbid such ignoble pursuits; or as Holyday, not very accurately as an illustration of the author's satire, phrases it, "the rudiments of such false soldiery:" they also allude to Nero's compelling the nobles to appear in public as gladiators.

V. 33. *The garbled trash*—A sort of food, composed of various ingredients, good for the breath, and therefore used by wrestlers, sword-players, &c. See the second satire. The picture of a glutton, reduced to risk his life in order to support it, is sketched with no vulgar hand by Juvenal.

V. 45. *Man, know thyself*—I cannot in this place forbear extracting a passage from that most extraordinary poem of Johnson, in which he draws his own character. I allude to the Latin verses, composed upon his revision and enlargement of the English Dictionary. He seems to have carried this precept of Γνῶθι σεαυτον to a dangerous excess, and his unhappy melancholy betrays itself in a very striking manner. Who, after reading the following lines, will again deny Johnson's powers of composition in Latin? It is poor to rest upon Warton's opinion of the translation of the Messiah; that was the work of a boy; these lines contain the thought and language of a man—superior, by the most exalted height, to his fellow-creatures. Having given that praise to Scaliger which he better deserved himself, he proceeds—

Me, pensi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis
Desidiæ sors dura manet, graviorque labore
Tristis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
Nascuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum

Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala somnia mentis.
Nunc clamosa juvant nocturnæ gaudia mensæ,
Nunc loca sola placent; frustrà te, Somne, recumbens
Alme, voco, impatiens noctis, metuensque diei.
Omnia percurro trepidus, circùm omnia lustro,
Si quà usquam pateat melioris semita vitæ:
Nec quid agam invenio: meditatus grandia, cogor
Notior ipse mihi fieri, incultumque fateri
Pectus, et ingenium vano se robore jactans.
Ingenium, nisi materiem doctrina ministrat,
Cessat inops rerum; ut torpet, si marmoris absit
Copia, Phidiaci fæcunda potentia cæli.
Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obstat
Res angusta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.

We cannot doubt that this was Johnson's real consciousness; and if so, must we not tremble? But to consider the poem (excellently translated by Murphy), I am not wholly unexercised in composition of this nature; and I should not be unwilling to undertake the defence of the above against any specimen of modern Latin verse which can be brought against it. There is an ease, a simplicity, and a correctness in it, I think, unequalled. Let me only add, that although Johnson's scrutiny into the use which he had made of his mighty talents (which I do think are as far above all rivalry, as his unassisted industry in severe distress is beyond all example) may be too strict and unforgiving, "Man, know thyself!" is still the best command that can be written on the human heart.

V. 63, 4. *Or shall I drawl like Curtius at the bar &c.* It is to be hoped, for Juvenal's sake, that Curtius (see Tacitus, annal. 16) was not so pugnacious an advocate as Swift's friend, whose name most unhappily

Slips into verse, and hitches in a rhyme—
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of a merry song.

For Matho see satires 1 and 7.

V. 77. *Thy knightly ring*—This ornament, which belonged to the Roman knights, is alluded to sat. 7. What a horrible idea of the slaughter at Cannæ

does it give us to read of 5630 rings sent to Carthage after the battle. But 40,000 Romans perished on that day. Tot bellorum animæ!

V. 87. *Makes off to Baiæ, or to Ostia runs*—For the first of these places, we have heard of it, sat. 3, but Martial dwells with peculiar delight upon its beauties—

> Oh golden shore of happy love!
> Mild nature's most enchanting shore,
> Though countless rhymes your beauty prove,
> Still would your beauty ask for more.
> And yet my Martial's health I prize
> Above these soft voluptuous skies—
> It were a madman's wish to find
> Baiæ and Martial both combin'd:
> For Heav'n itself could grant no more
> Than vig'rous health on Baiæ's shore.

Ostium (a town and harbour at the mouth of the Tiber) is mentioned as the station of the Roman fleet, sat. 8. The fancy of some commentators to read "Ostrea" in this passage, as if the poor bankrupt went to the coast to rake for oysters, is particularly ingenious. It equals any alteration of Martinus Scriblerus.

V. 111. *A new Evander*—Hercules, after killing Cacus, (an exploit which I have before regretted, for Cacus was a truly Great Man, see Jonathan Wild) was received by Evander with divine honours, and the consecration of a celebrated altar. See Virgil, Æn. lib. 8. The altar was preserved in the Forum Boarium at Rome, under the care of the Fabian family. See sat. 8. Juvenal alludes to the simplicity of the Arcadian king's household. So far he might be like Evander; but why Persicus, from merely being his guest, should be like Hercules, or Æneas, and why the deaths of these two personages should be introduced, it is difficult to say. This, in short, is an instance of bad taste in our author, who is, upon too many occasions, fond of mythological trifling. See the argument to sat. 16.

V. 131, 2. —— *pears*
The Signian orchard, and Tarentum bears.

The fruit which grew at the last-mentioned place (see sat. 6) came originally

from Syria. To this Juvenal alludes. Signia was a town of Latium. Horace also celebrates the excellence of the Picenian apples, and, with his usual discrimination in matters of taste, prefers them to the produce of Tibur.

V. 139. *So Curius*—See the third and other satires.

V. 158. *Should'ring his spade &c.*

Erectum domito referens a monte ligonem.

So Ovid—clavâ domitrice ferarum. It is common among the poets to attribute the properties of animate beings to inanimate substances. Sometimes they give sensation to matter; as "lædant silicem," sat. 3; and Ovid again—

Ut Tegeæus aper cupressifero Erymantho
Incubet, et vasto pondere lædat humum.

V. 161, 2. *Fabricius*—He should rather have been introduced in the second of these lines, for he was the stern censor who rebuked his lax colleague below. Cato the elder is also here alluded to; a character far from amiable, though the subject of universal praise. That stoical impassibility, which disdains to be moved with the charities of life; that teaches us to distrust a wife, and treat a son with extreme severity; makes one exclaim with Caractacus—

"I know you Romans triumph *o'er* your tears,
"And call it virtue——
"I triumph *in* my tears."

Hæc nostri pars optima sensûs.

The second Cato was the professed imitator of the first. He carried indeed his stoical insolence (for Lucan speaks his sentiments in the reply to Brutus) still farther. Yet there is something noble about them both, and, when contrasted with the invaders of their country's liberty, they become too glorious for us to descry their faults.

V. 171. *A brazen head &c.* It was usual, as we learn from Columella, and other writers, for the country people to hang up the skeleton of an ass's head

in their fields, from a superstitious idea that it made them fertile, and protected them from damage. But, according to Mr. Gifford, who quotes Hyginus apud Ferrarium, the allusion here is to the figure of an ass's head crowned with vine-leaves (from his connexion with Silenus), and placed upon the front of the old Roman couches, as a symbol of festivity. I have adopted this interpretation; but it would have been as well, perhaps, to have united both meanings; for, although there is little certainty to be extracted from the mass of learning, and nonsense, poured out upon the passage by the commentators, yet, as we know that there were both such scarecrows and such ornaments, we may conjecture that the bad execution of the latter put Juvenal in mind of the unsightliness of the former. If so, let us read—

> Propp'd by no cushion'd back, their simple bed
> Display'd in front a vine-crown'd ass's head;
> Rude as the scarecrow in the country shown,
> Where passing schoolboys pelt the wanton stone.

V. 173, 4. This couplet has two gross faults, a grammatical error, (for "brought" should be "fix'd,") and a worse rhyme. I would alter it thus—

> Such did our household, such our board appear,
> Till conquer'd Greece fix'd arts and vices here.

V. 185. *Mars on high*—According to Addison's interpretation of this passage, (see his travels) it should run—

> "The twins beneath the rock; and Mars above,
> "Descending naked on his vestal love,
> "With spear and shield, the god of war to prove."

But Mars should have been mentioned, as descending upon Ilia, before the twins, as lying under the rock at the dugs of the wolf. Otherwise it is an υστερον προτερον with a vengeance. Indeed Ilia is not mentioned at all in the text; and, besides the authority of Tibullus, Ovid, in the Fasti, expressly says, (and Addison, rather oddly for the support of his opinion, quotes the passage) that when Mars begot Romulus and Remus, he was (naturally enough) inermis. To get rid of this difficulty, Addison supposes the spear and shield were given Mars by the sculptor, as his proper attributes, to distinguish him from the rest

of the gods. The coin of Antoninus Pius which that author saw, on the reverse of which was the figure of Mars with his spear and shield in the air, and Ilia lying on the ground, cannot with much propriety be called (as Mr. Gifford calls it) the mere copy of this passage, because, as has been already remarked, there is no mention of Ilia in the passage. Perhaps Juvenal may only mean that a figure of Mars, hanging over his children as their protector, naked, as all the gods were occasionally drawn, and as himself generally was, with a spear and shield, was engraven upon the helmet of the Roman soldier, out of the gold molten from Grecian cups. This interpretation I have ventured to insert in the text. But Congreve supposes the figure of Mars hung off the helmet in alto relievo; and it is the most poetical turn that has been given to the passage. Mr. Spence approves of Addison's explanation. See the Polymetis, page 79.

V. 195. *A solemn warning*—"Vocem, noctis silentio, clariorem humanâ," says Livy, "a voice louder than human, in the dead of night," Cæditius, a plebeian, related, with every circumstantial mark of truth, that he heard cry out—"The Gauls are approaching!" What a most abominable liar this Cæditius was—he should have been a patrician. But to wave these stories, which do well enough for poetry, but sadly disfigure the pages of an historian, how apt an illustration of what I have said in my preface concerning the impossibility of giving the English language the perfection and dignity of the Latin, are the words which I have quoted from Livy. (See Blair's simile of dove-tails, mortices, &c. in his lectures. See also Barron on the same subject.) The monosyllables "a, than, in, the, of," are necessary in the translation. When a celebrated orator was requested to translate the well-known passage from the dialogue of Tacitus, or Quinctilian, concerning illustrious orators—"Eloquentia "sicut flamma est—materiâ alitur; motibus excitatur; furendo clarescit;" he complied as follows—"Eloquence is as a flame; it requires matter to support it; "agitation to excite it; and it brightens as it burns." Here is no fault, but the fault of the English language.

V. 211. *Save when their iv'ry claws &c.* See the first satire. I may add a word from Lucan, who, as clearly as Martial, distinguishes between the round upper slab, or, rather, citron-board of the table, and the ivory feet under it—

Dentibus hic niveis sectos Atlantide sylvâ
Imposuere orbes. Delph. edit.

V. 231. *Though no great carver*—"Certis ductibus circumferens eruditam "manum." This skilful culinary anatomist dissected the various viands. Little can be added to our author's description of this office (alluded to sat. 5) in the passage before us, except that I must confess a fault, too often observable, I fear, in this translation, namely, that of omitting the name of the person alluded to. It was Typherus. "Twas Twizzle," as Colman has it.

V. 237. *The Phœnicopter &c.*——————————Surely it is allowable in this place to copy one of Sterne's pregnant dashes. Nothing is known of these birds but their derivations. The Phœnicopter is mentioned by Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib. 10, c. 48. The Pygargus is the "White-Backside." But I must take the opportunity of saying a word or two on the luxury and extravagance of the Romans. We are told by Pliny (lib. 9, c. 17) that Asinius Celer, a man of high place in the time of Caligula, gave 8000 sestertii (or 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* of our money) for a *surmullet*; and (lib. 10, c. 29) that Seius bought a white nightingale as a present for the Empress Agrippina, the wife of Claudius, which cost 6000 sestertii, or about 50*l.* sterling. And, great as these sums, thus stated, appear, we do not, at first view, rate them so high as we ought; for, on a comparison of the relative value of Money and of Labour in those times, and in our own, we shall find that the *actual* prices were considerably higher than what the *nominal* prices express to our apprehensions; and that, to have an accurate idea of these two instances of extravagance, according to the modern value of money, we must add about one third to each of the sums above mentioned. See Dr. Adam Smith's valuable Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations, book 1, ch. 11. In a subsequent part of the same chapter, he tells us (from Varro and Columella) that the feeding of the little birds called "Turdi," (to which we may perhaps affix the idea of the modern Ortolan) was, at Rome, become a very *common* and *profitable* branch of farming; although, from their delicacy and rarity, the price of them must have been enormous. We can scarcely form any idea of the state of things, when Luxury has made such a *frightful* progress: when (to borrow another phrase from Pliny, in one of the chapters above quoted) Coci triumphorum pretiis parantur, et coquorum Pisces." See sat. 5.

V. 243. *My little tyro*—(as it should be printed.) Here begins a very pleasing account of Juvenal's establishment. There is no reason to suppose a female—in the kitchen at least. The first boy cooks his dinner—a bachelor's steak—a cheerless steak! But his friend dined with him on this occasion. It is a very charming picture of simple hospitality and good fellowship.

V. 254. *Cropt are their heads to greet my welcome guest*—Our author seems to have conceived a much more adequate idea of the firmness of friendship than of the purity of love. But, after the volumes that have been written upon the subject of friendship, the nervous sentence of Sallust remains unrivalled for justness of sentiment, and concise energy of expression. "Idem "velle, atque idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia est." Does the whole treatise of Cicero, with all its tedious elegance of amplification, contain any thing so truly beautiful? I have often reflected upon the force of this observation, and once endeavoured to illustrate it as follows:—Above all it is requisite to the perfection of friendship that there should be a similarity of feeling upon the little incidents of life. For many think, or even act, alike upon material points, whose manners, however, are so totally discordant, their habits of freedom or of reserve in conversation so thoroughly irreconcileable, as to preclude any unrestrained or pleasant intercourse. In the familiarity of such men there will be a fretful impatience; a shame of breaking off an old friendship for causes which their reason *assures* them are trifling, but which their passions make them *feel* to be important.—With respect to the passage of Juvenal now before us, I do not hesitate to prefer it to any other in his works; and I confess his character would have pleased me better, if he had indulged in more tenderness of this nature. Above all, as I have expressed myself before, I hate him for his hatred of women. He seems a kind friend, and an affectionate master of a family. He is to be pitied for not feeling and exclaiming with Tibullus (eleg. 1) "Non ego divitias patrum," &c.

V. 268. *Think not to see the Spanish girl appear*—This, in the original, is an accurate description of the Fandango. "The Spartan pavement" below has given occasion to incredible folly, vice, and unintelligibility, among the commentators. The passage probably only means, what Horace does in a more delicate sense,

(—— mero
Tinget pavimentum superbo—)

that these drunken peers stained their Lacedæmonian marble floors with their quick and large libations.

V. 289. *Homer and Virgil*—Our author, as has been observed before, (see the seventh satire) gives equal praise to these twin monarchs of poetry. Not so justly (pace Scaligeri dixerim) as might be wished. For—

Ἀστρα μεν ἠμαυρωσε &c. See the Anthology.

Dim grow the planets, when the God of Day
Rolls his swift chariot through the heav'nly way.
The moon's immortal round, no longer bright,
Shrinks in pale terror from the glorious light.
Thus, all eclips'd by Homer's wondrous blaze,
The crowd of poets hide their lessen'd rays.

V. 294. Read—*And seize a transient interval of rest.*

V. 309. *The linen flag.* See the argument to this satire.

V. 320. *The green jockey*—This was the court colour. It is wonderful to what tumults the very symbols of faction have given rise. See Pliny, lib. 9, epist. 5. Our own elections show the force of party more strongly than any other instance. No Capulet ever hated a Montague worse than a Light Blue voter hates his Dark Blue opponent. Martial seems to consider the subject as a pleasant one for conversation at table; but, notwithstanding Mr. Gifford's preference of the epigrammatist's entertainment, I think reading Homer and Virgil preferable to a discussion of the merits of the blue and green jockies, with all the various party considerations which they involved. Mr. G. was fascinated by the first couplet of his quotation—

Accedent sine felle joci, nec mane timenda
Libertas, et nîl quod tacuisse velis.
De Prasino &c. &c.

The following free paraphrase (extracted from that delightful work, the "Translations from the Anthology,") of a Greek epigram contains Martial's idea of—Nec mane timenda Libertas.

Not the planet that, sinking in ocean,
Foretels future storms to our tars;
Not the sea, when in fearful commotion,
Its billows swell high as the stars;
Not the thunder that rolls in October
Is so hateful to each honest fellow
As he, who remembers when sober
The tales that were told him when mellow.

But I question whether the account which Horace gives (sat. 6, lib. 2) of his own entertainment is not more engaging than either Juvenal's or Martial's invitation. Nay, it perhaps exceeds that delightful description of "the feast "of humour and the flow of soul" in Statius. (See notes to satire 1.)

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam; quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

The charm of language, when he chooses to exert it, belongs, transcendently, to Horace.

O noctes cænæque Deûm, quibus ipse, meique,
Ante Larem proprium vescor—
- - - - - - - ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis, domibusve alienis;
Nec malè necne Lepos saltet—sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus: utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati.
Quidve ad amicitias &c. &c.

I had rather have supped with Horace than any other; especially to have had the chance of hearing the story of the town and country mouse.

V. 335. *Though a full hour &c.* That is, eleven o'clock. It was held infamous to be seen going to the baths before twelve. Till then the day was devoted to business. See the first satire, and the addenda.

"Pleasure's a toil when constantly pursu'd—"

as Congreve very beautifully paraphrases the conclusion of this satire. But Martial (the Aristippus of the Romans—nay, the Epicurus too—for he had as

much delight in mental as in corporeal enjoyment) has invented a plan of life, where all is to be pleasure, and yet free from satiety. Alas! it is but a *plan*. He thus writes to his friend and kinsman—

If, my dear Martial, fate allow'd
A safe retreat from folly's crowd;
If, far from care and busy strife,
Together we could lead our life—
True happiness we would not rate
By frequent visits to the great;
Nor hear the wrangling lawyer bawl,
Nor range proud statues round our hall:
Our chairs should take us to the play,
The walks, the baths, should wile the day,
The field, the porch, the tennis-court,
And study interchang'd with sport.
But how unlike our real fate
Is this imaginary state.
We live not for ourselves—alas!
Youth's joyous suns neglected pass,
Change into night, and never more
Return to bless us as before.
Oh! who that had enjoyment's pow'r,
Would waste in pain one precious hour?

NOTES

TO

THE TWELFTH SATIRE.

V. 2. *The glad day of my nativity*—The ancients celebrated the anniversary of their birth with great cheerfulness; and returned thanks to the gods for having permitted them to live to that period. Their friends and clients sent them presents and congratulations upon the occasion; and this opened a fair opportunity for the indulgence of miserly avarice. See the third satire for the extent to which this tax upon dependance was carried. Not only on the birth-day of the patron, but on the first offering of his favourite's beard to the gods, were the miserable clients obliged to pay tribute.

—— præstare tributa clientes
Cogimur, et cultis augere peculia servis.

Martial, with his usual wit, alludes to the practice of extorting gifts on birth-days. He tells one Clytus—

Uno nasceris octies in anno!

Other allusions to this custom might be quoted. With regard to the turf altar, prepared with so much alacrity by Juvenal, to receive his sacrifice for the rescue of his friend, we have it in Horace, where he commemorates his own escape from death, ode 8, lib. 3. We have the victim also there, the flowers, and the frankincense, and the living lamps; but these last were to live through the night with Mæcenas, drinking "a hundred cups" for the safety of Horace. Juvenal's lamps were a more sober illumination (usual upon seasons of festivity), and displayed by him so early, in order to testify his peculiar joy.

V. 12. *He flies his mother's teat*—So Horace—

Me tener solvet vitulus reluctâ
Matre, qui largis juvenescit herbis,
In mea vota.

Holyday gives what he calls a "delightful representation" of a votive steer, with the forehead and horns gilt, and gilt beads hanging down from the horns on each side. (So in the sixth satire—

—— auratam Junoni cæde juvencam.)

The "sturdy priest" stands at the side of the animal with lifted axe. The garlands of flowers crown the beast, as was customary. Concerning the "sprinkled wine," I need only refer with Stapylton to the fourth Æneid, where, as he says, "Queen Dido did no more when she offered a white cow to Juno."

Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido
Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit.

V. 19. *Clitumnus' fruitful pasture &c.* *All* the cows "grazing on the banks "of the Clitumnus," (a river that divides Umbria and Tuscany; for the geography of which last country see Fielding's Village Politicians) "have white "calves!" according to Stapylton and Holyday, who, by the way, on this and other occasions, both refer to the same recondite authorities. I think their manuscripts were mutually communicated by intervening friends. It would have been well if the knight had borrowed a little learning (yet he must not be depreciated except by comparison) from the notes of the archdeacon; and if the latter had caught a little of the "divine rapture of poesy," as my lord of Verulam has it, from the text of the former. Virgil of Clitumnus—

Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro
Romanos ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos.

Where we may observe that none but white victims were offered in triumphs to Jupiter Capitolinus. So Juvenal—

—— Duc ad Capitolia magnum
Cretatumque bovem——

V. 21. *Fat as Hispulla's self &c.* "A dame, it seems, in those times, of "full dimensions, and one whose humour it was, as the poet intimated before, "to delight in your tragic actors," (Lust being a serious passion) "according to "that—Hispulla tragædo Gaudet." Holyday. This is one of the innumerable

strokes of oblique satire so happily introduced by Juvenal. He assuredly excels his rivals in this peculiarity. Giving a character a lash en passant is one of his most delicate beauties. Pope carried this art to great perfection: indeed his followers (as I have observed before in one instance) have rather injured than improved it by the excess of their imitation. We shall sometimes see whole pages of characters, dragged in neck and shoulders, without rhyme or reason. These writers seem to imagine that if one evening gun is good in a tragedy, two must be excellent.

V. 45. *The sad memorials &c.* Persons, saved from shipwreck, were accustomed to suspend in the temples of the gods pictures of their distress, and the dripping weeds in which they swam to shore; which last ornament must have occasioned some trouble to the pew-cleaners and aisle-sweepers. So Horace, metaphorically,

—— Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

This was an innocent superstition; but the most obscene pictures were exhibited in the Roman temples, and particularly apud Isiacæ sacraria lenæ.

V. 46. For Isis see the text of the sixth and ninth satires.

V. 50. *Tost from side to side*—Holyday is very desirous of displaying his nautical knowledge on this passage, and informs us, "he continued long at sea "some years ago." But he condemns his own accurate interpretations of poetical description in a very judicious note to this same satire as follows—"If the bravest strains in the rest of the poets were all in like manner exa-"mined with this severity, the rigour of Logic would call that untruth, which "the humanity of Rhetoric terms an elegancy. Let us then remember the "moderation of the learned Jo. Isacius Sontanus," (in his Collectan. on Macrob. in Somnium Scipionis, lib. 2, c. 7—note upon note!) "saying on a like "occasion—Certè juvanda in pluribus potius vatum sensa, quam exigenda "omnia ad rigidam normam."

V. 58. *So the sage beaver*—Pliny, in one passage, (lib. 8, c. 30) asserts this strange circumstance to be true. In another (lib. 32, c. 2) he denies it. Other authors have asserted it; but it is a vulgar error.

V. 69. *The Bætic field*—The pastures on the banks of the Bætis, or Guadialquivir, were said to give the fleeces of the sheep that fed there a yellow tinge. Like the white bulls of Clitumnus above, the story must be ranked among the Veræ Historiæ; and considered as authentic as Voltaire's account of Eldorado, and of the red rams in that country. See Virgil, eclogue fourth, Nec varios discet &c. &c.

V. 73. *The wife of Fuscus*—Holyday supposes this Fuscus to be the leaky judge (" for where much wine is drunk, much water flows ") mentioned in the sixteenth satire. The wife, it seems, was worthy of the husband. The Centaurs were a most convivial race. See Ovid's battle of these half houyhnhnms and half yahoos with the Lapithæ.

V. 76. *British baskets*—Bascaudæ. The rushwork of our progenitors mightily pleased the Romans. The words, as Mr. Gifford remarks, are the *same* in both languages. See Whiter's Etymologicon for *proofs* of the similarity, nay, of the identity, of all languages. Vowels are nothing in etymology; (and who, as Farquhar argues, can compare demonstration to etymology? when that originates in Δαιμων, Diabolus, the father of lies, and this in Ετυμον, true?) and as to consonants, inter se cognatæ sunt, π, β, φ, &c. &c. From all which reasons I think it is manifest that the language of the Gypsies is the foundation of all languages. But see Davies's Celtic Researches.

V. 78. *Cups that adorn'd &c.* No, says the Delphin editor; " cups which " Philip prized so much, that he put them under his pillow," (as St. Chrysostom did Aristophanes) " every night." If so—

" —— a store
" Of those high-valued goblets, rough and deep,
" On which the crafty Philip us'd to sleep."

But however this may be—diffidit urbium Portas vir Macedo, et subruit æmulos Reges muneribus. He bribed Lasthenes, governor of Olynthus, to sur-

render the town into his hands. See Demosthenes. These cups might have descended from the conquerors of Macedonia into the possession of Catullus—or indeed they might not; which hesitation will be allowed to be more modest than the usual stile of a comment.

V. 97. *Jolly wine*—Holyday, in his notes, has a humorous version enough of Juvenal's "ventre Lagenæ." He calls it "a gorbellied flaggon:" but the epithet is from Shakespeare.

V. 105. *A whiter thread*—Not a word of the fates; but the thread, which they spun, was white or black, according to the good or evil destiny of the life before them. These colours had the same import in every thing, cretâ aut carbone notandum.

V. 111. *Saw the green coast of Italy appear*—Procul obscuros colles, humilemque videmus Italiam—as Virgil beautifully describes the first view of Italy, caught by the weary companions of Æneas.

> Not with more joy Columbus' weary crew
> Beheld the land, bright op'ning on their view;
> When boundless now before them seem'd to lie
> One mournful waste of ocean and of sky &c.

Italiam primus conclamat Achates, Italiam læto socii clamore salutant. As to the "sus Triginta capitum fœtus enixa," it will be sufficient to say that the "everlasting name" which she gave to the city built by the son of Æneas was Alba, where she herself was seen—Alba solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati. See Virgil, third and eighth books.

V. 116. *The port &c.* This famous harbour of Ostia was originally planned, and adorned with some of the works here mentioned, by Julius Cæsar. They were enlarged and finally completed by Claudius; and, having fallen into decay, were repaired by Trajan. In allusion to the watch-tower of Alexandria, Juvenal calls the Roman lighthouse (accurately distinguished by Mr. Gifford from Addison's account of it) Tyrrhena Pharos; an expression like Athenæ Oxonienses, &c. &c.

V. 125. *The grateful off'ring of their votive hair*—The mysterious attributes of hair are strongly marked by the various passions, duties, and ceremonies, of which it was symbolical, or to which it was related, or in which it was sacrificed, among the ancients. In the first place, the act of cutting off the hair was a sign of sorrow—κειρονται δε γεροντες ἐφ ὑιασιν. Callimachus. In the passage before us it indicates joy and gratitude: it was also due to the vow of the sailors, who had promised to sacrifice it to the gods presiding over the sea, if they returned safe to shore. Dido's soul could not take its flight till Iris had cut off her fatal hair. Death performs the office in person for Alcestis. The belief was general. We have seen (in the third satire) that it was customary to offer the first beard in the temples, and indeed the whole hair, to some guardian divinity. Achilles, devoting his yellow locks over the dead body of Patroclus in the Iliad, forms a very solemn picture; and Anacreon, surrounded by women, jeering at his κομας μεν ὐκ ἐτ' ὐσας, is equally ludicrous. In short, the literal or figurative allusions to the numberless properties of hair which abound in the classics, would fill many a volume, if duly accompanied by "running "commentaries;" but I shall content myself at present with promising a few more words on that passage—Dignum barbâ, dignumque capillis majorum—in the sixteenth satire, which places the character of hair in a very high light indeed. But, after all, I shall only have skimmed over the surface of the subject.

V. 131. *Sprinkle the meal &c.* So Virgil and Horace, "farre pio," and Persius, "farre litabo." The holy cake was an invariable part of the sacrifice. Juvenal's account of the several ceremonies is so particular that it needs no illustration. For the lares "and their waxen forms," see the third satire.

V. 149. *A quail*—This bird was despised by the Romans.

V. 154. *The ritual tablet &c.* These were votive tablets, different from the pictures explained above, v. 45. They were forms of prayer, either fastened by wax to the knees of the statues in the temples (see the tenth satire), or hung up against the walls and pillars, as the hatchments are in our churches. They were supplications for the recovery of friends from illness, in the case before us; and engagements to sacrifice sumptuously to the gods, in gratitude

for that recovery. Suetonius records that, upon an illness of one of the emperors, some zealous and loyal citizens, influenced by the common belief that one man's life might be redeemed by the death of another, promised to devote themselves if Cæsar recovered.

V. 179. *The altar's horns &c.* This is an improper confusion perhaps of the customs of different nations; but those who wish to hear more upon the subject may refer to Callimachus, (who introduces so many scriptural allusions into his hymns) where he talks of Apollo's entire altar of horns—

Δειμαατο μεν κεραεσσιν ἐδεθλια, πηξε δε βωμον
Ἐκ κεραων, κεραες δε περιξ ὑπεβαλλετο τοιχες.

For the stale story of Iphigenia I must refer to the dictionaries; but Nero's rapine (see the tenth satire) deserves a remark; nor can I find a stronger illustration of it than the sentence which all the commentators and translators have quoted from Suetonius, who asserts it to have been the principal direction given by this universal depredator to his ministers. Scis quod mihi opus sit; et hoc agam ne quis quidquam habeat.

You know my orders—Go! discharge your duty—
And make the world a beggar for its lord.

NOTES

TO

THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE.

V. 6. *Though faithless Prætors &c.* The judges (or, as we should call them, jurymen) in a Roman trial, were chosen by lot. Their verdicts were also thrown into an urn, marked with the letter *A* or *C*, or *N. L.* (non liquet) as they absolved or condemned, or doubted concerning the person accused. The Prætor had the care of this urn, and the management of the process; it is plain therefore that his interest was worth purchasing. We have frequent allusions to these legal forms in Cicero's orations; Virgil gives the office of holding the urn of justice to Minos in hell; and Horace has many similar metaphors applied to the universality of death, as—Omne capax movet urna nomen, ode 1, lib. 3, and—Omnium Versatur urnâ serius ocyùs Sors exitura, lib. 2, ode 3; of which beautiful ode a very fortunate version is to be found among the miscellaneous poems printed with the translations from the Greek Anthology—

" To the same port our barks are bound;
" One final doom is fix'd for all:
" The universal wheel goes round,
" And, soon or late, each lot must fall;
" When all together shall be sent
" To one eternal banishment."

V. 18. For *delicious rage*, read *delirious rage*.

V. 23. *Starts he at this &c.* Lipsius, in his inquiry into the chronology of Juvenal's life and writings, is *convinced* by this passage of the original (in which a consul of the name of Fonteius is mentioned) that Juvenal composed his noblest poems in old age. Dryden indeed was " charming e'en in years;" but the vigorous sarcasm of Juvenal in this satire bespeaks a spirit unsubdued by time. Mr. Gifford has given the most probable solution of the difficulty by

supposing the Fonteius here intended (for there were four of the name) to have been consul in the year of our Lord 18. If we add between sixty and seventy years (the age of Juvenal's friend) to this period, we shall arrive at the beginning of Domitian's reign (81), when Juvenal commenced satirist; being then himself, perhaps, about forty years old. See the preface. Owen is more moderate than Lipsius, but also takes a Fonteius of later date than the above; that is, by supposing Juvenal to be born some twenty years after Dodwell's æra (38), he avoids the dilemma of making Juvenal ninety years old when he wrote this animated poem. Hence however Owen is obliged to state our author as only sixty-four when he died; for no critics have allowed him to live beyond the year 127. And to this Mr. O. is sensible there is some objection from the eleventh satire. It is, in short, as I have remarked before, all guess-work; only we should, in matters of judgment, at least guard against natural improbabilities.

V. 38. *Secret poison*—The Cornelian law embraced witchcraft, and the sale of poison, philtres, &c. as well as assassination. Justinian (Institut. lib. 4, cap. 18, s. 5) observes—"Eâdem lege (Corneliâ) et venefici" (he had mentioned the sicarii before) "capite damnantur; qui, artibus odiosis, tàm venenis, quàm "susurris magicis, homines occiderint, vel mala medicamenta" (see the sixth satire) "publicæ vendiderint." On which passage Acosta observes that these crimes are rightly combined by the lawgiver, because they have an affinity, as Juvenal testifies, sat. 13.

—— Atque omni ex crimine lucrum
Quæsitum, et partos gladio vel pyxide nummos.

But what affinity is here testified? on the contrary, a variety of guilt is noticed, similar only in its effect. But the Dutch commentator is surely right in preferring the interpretation of pyxis (a box of poison) which is here given, to that of some critics who interpret it a dice-box, and make the allusion to gambling; a crime which, when mentioned after murder, concludes the sentence with a most lively anticlimax.—I may also note here another remark of Acosta (quoted to me, as they all have been, by the same friend) upon the words—viginti millia fænus Pignoribus positis, argenti vascula puri, sat. 9, where he appears to interpret the silver vessels as pledges; but there should be a semicolon at the word positis; and the pledges may have been bonds, or

other securities for the repayment of the loan with usurious interest. The vessels relate to what follows. Acosta says—"Argentum pignori datum dicitur, "propositum propter contractûs fidem, et restituendæ rei vinculum." As applied to the passage in Juvenal this may be wrong; but the commentator, even in these casual notices of extraneous subjects, seems ingenious, and deserving of honourable mention.

V. 39. *Theban portals &c.* The seven gates of Thebes in Bæotia. In the fifteenth satire we hear of the hundred gates of Thebes in Egypt. "It is "strange that Juvenal should have combined the Nile with the former of these "places," says Flatbottombergius. (See the first satire.)

"I never thought to hear his voice again—
"My wish, perchance, was father to that thought—"

but yet—

"Most reverend, grave, and potent commentator,
"'Tis true 'tis strange, and strange it is 'tis true."

V. 44. *A metal's name*—For the four ages, see that most enchanting of all descriptive poets, Ovid. Our author's proneness to satire (see the argument to the twelfth satire) peoples his scenery with divinities whom he now ridicules, although he respects them on other occasions; but on no occasion does he respect the newly apotheothized emperors, or the foreign godheads, who added so much to the burthen of the unhappy sphere-holder, Atlas. He left it to Horace and Virgil, and Martial, and Statius, to set the heavens in confusion, making room for their patrons. Lucan may perhaps be defended from this imputation. See the notes to the eleventh satire.

V. 47. *Fæsidius*—This lawyer, who hired some few poor followers of his own to throw up their hats in the corner of the court, and cry "God save "Fæsidius!" is introduced by Juvenal with his accustomed archness, and illustrates still further (like the ignorant physician below, Philippus) my remark upon his unexpected side-blows of satire. For the dole, see sat. 1.

V. 50. *The boyish gold*—This ornament of the young Roman nobility was mentioned before (sat. 5), and I will now insert what I omitted then, a trans-

lation from Persius, in which it is mentioned, but more for the purpose of illustrating my remark (sat. 1) upon the tenderness of this writer.

Cùm primum pavido &c. &c.

When first I enter'd on the joyous town,
And chang'd with beating heart the purple gown;
When at my guardian Pow'r's domestic shrine
I hung the childish gold, no longer mine;
When youth's white garment gave my eyes to stray,
All unreprov'd, o'er pleasure's flow'ry way;
When flatt'ring friends, in whose gay band was shown
The same wild fondness for a world unknown,
The doubtful path of life together tried,
And oft to branching folly turn'd aside—
Then did your guardian hand my course arrest,
And shield my tender years on Wisdom's breast;
Then with soft force, with innocent deceit,
Your virtuous rule restrain'd my wand'ring feet;
My mind with gentle reason was imbued,
And, won by love, I strove to be subdued;*
Copied the form your faultless pencil drew,
And caught a faint similitude from you.
With you conversing through the summer's day,
How did the hours glide undiscern'd away!
And still, at peaceful night's approaching shade,
Our frugal banquet was together laid.
There modest mirth reliev'd our studies done,
And all our joys, and all our cares were one.

V. 95. *The Tuscan wax*—Soothsaying was of Tuscan origin: for the waxen tablet, see sat. 1 and 6.

V. 104. *Or stones*—Livy (see the eleventh satire) is very liberal in his showers of stones, as Voltaire says, alluding to Rollin's account of a great Egyptian work. "Monsieur Rollin is very dear in his canals!"

* Since writing this I have discovered the same version of the original expression (vincique laborat) in Brewster's exquisite translation. I am above denying a charge of plagiarism; and only mention Brewster again for the purpose of confirming my opinion of his great merit, already expressed.

V. 105. *Or swarming bees*—See Virgil, Georgic fourth. The finest specimens of translation in the English language are Dryden's versions of the episodes in the Georgics, if we perhaps except his passages from Lucretius. The ode (not upon Mrs. Anne Killigrew, but) upon Alexander's Feast, is our ode; his fables are our fables; and, in short,

"——Take him for all in all,
"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

V. 119. *By Sol's bright rays &c.* In this satire our author's overstrained attachment to the mythology is most pitiably displayed.

How could he to the dullest theme
That ever fill'd a poet's dream
So foul, so true a vassal prove?
How could he name SOL's very name,
Nor feel his harp's extinguish'd flame,
Nor lose at once so low a love?

But we must not judge an ancient poet by our disgust. Horace is equally fond of the gods and goddesses as ornaments of verse, and, though less religious, derides them certainly a good deal less than Juvenal.

V. 129. *Pharian brine*—For the excellence of the Egyptian vinegar, see Athenæus, lib. 2, 26, says Farnaby. It is but right to remark that Farnaby's editions of the classics contain every thing requisite in the way of explanation of custom, and reference to history; and that, if a reader understands the learned languages sufficiently to know the meaning of the text, and is besides endowed with a little fellow-feeling for the spirit of the ancients, he need possess nothing more than Farnaby, as far as Farnaby has proceeded.—The writer of so plain and unadorned a note as the above well knows that the great guns of literature will be ready to blow him to Ulubræ for such an assertion. Let them blow on—"Blow high, blow low—"

—— me sylva, cavusque
Tutus ab insidiis, tenui solabitur ervo.

V. 131. *There lives a godless, unbelieving tribe &c.* In the poem upon Rufinus Claudian excellently describes (as Fielding has in part observed) the vacillations

of unbelief. But who ever spoke like Swift, in the opening of his Unbeliever's Creed? "I believe in all unbelief." Claudian's argument is this—"When I "consider the regularity of the physical world, I believe in a Creator and "Protector of the universe. When I reflect upon our moral disorder, I "ascribe all to chance. But the punishment of the wicked, late as it often is, "decides my doubts, and vindicates the ways of God to man." Sæpe mihi dubiam &c.

Oft have I doubted in my wond'ring mind
Whether the gods take heed of human kind;
Or whether all floats on, without a plan,
And no presiding Spirit governs man.
For when I view'd the laws that rule the sphere,
The bounded ocean, and revolving year,
The change from night to day—this mighty whole
Seem'd God's creation, under God's controul.
He bade the lights of heav'n by turns be born,
And varying Time the fruitful earth adorn;
He fill'd the fickle moon with borrow'd rays,
And gave the sun his own diviner blaze;
Around the rocks the rolling waters hurl'd,
And in the centre hung the balanc'd world.
But when I turn'd to human life again,
And saw the clouds that wrapp'd th' affairs of men;
Beheld the bad with joyous fortune blest,
Beheld the good with heavy wrong oppress—
Again the fabric totter'd in my mind,
And giddy Faith no resting-place could find.
Again of atoms, that their forms retrace
In kindred concourse through unbounded space:
Again of chance unwillingly I rave,
Nor fear an airy world beyond the grave.
"The gods are visions! or, if gods at all,
"Heed not the course of this terrestrial ball."
Rufinus' punishment dissolv'd at length
This tumult wild of intellectual strength;
Excus'd the reign of Providence, and show'd
Success but transient in the guilty road.
The bad to honour are exalted high—
Only to fall from a sublimer sky.

See the tenth satire of Juvenal, and Horace, epistle 6, lib. 1.—But nobly has Lucan sung—

> Hæremus cuncti superis, temploque tacente
> Nil facimus non sponte Dei: nec vocibus ullis
> Numen eget——
> - - - - - - - - -
> Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris!

This impressive speech of Cato is translated in Lyttelton's poems; but whether well or ill, the curious reader will discover.

V. 143. *Wrathful Isis*—In the original the brazen timbrel of Isis is alluded to; Persius also mentions it: indeed references to Persius might be multiplied in every page; but it would only have been explaining ignotum per ignotius. Beautiful as the poetical passages of this author are, they are but few.

V. 149. *Beggar Ladas*—Various ancient writers celebrate the low purse and light heels of Ladas. Surely the latter property must have occasionally befriended the former. I know no day (except Sunday) when a poor man ought not to be ποδας ωκυς—Ocyor ventis, et agente nimbos Ocyor Euro.

V. 151. *Archigenes*—As Garrick used to introduce popular characters of the time, in the way of allusion, on the stage, whether snuff-sellers or physicians; and as Foote, more ill-naturedly, was wont to do; so Juvenal, as he gallops along, and gets through his subject, cracks his whip upon every goose or jackass in the way, or makes his bow to the respectable gentlemen who are riding on the same road.

Anticyra, famous for its hellebore, which was supposed to cure madness, (see Persius, and Horace passim) stood on the gulph of Corinth. Strabo only mentions two Anticyræ, says the correct Lempriere, (by the way, in his subsequent editions he has corrected many of his first errors, and indeed some which have been noticed above) but Horace inaccurately talks of three. When will "this man of common ways" cease to consider poets as geographers?

V. 154. *Pisa's olive*—Pisa was a town of Elis in Peloponnesus, upon whose ruins Olympia is said to have been founded. Here the Olympic games were

regularly celebrated, after the interval of four years. It was a grand institution, the nurse of warriors, historians, orators, and poets, who here exerted their first strength, and received their earliest honours. Let us hear what Horace says of these games, or, rather, how he commemorates the praise bestowed upon them by Pindar. See the addenda.

V. 175. *Shrewd Catullus*—We have heard of this pantomime writer, at least of his ghost, before, in the eighth satire. Lubin quotes a story, which he says is to the purpose, of the slave and the master, in this passage. It relates to a man who deposited a large sum of money with his host. The host contested the deposit: so that literally the deponent might be said to "reckon without "his host." The affair was to be referred to judgment, that is, the host was to swear he had not the money. He hid it in a stick, and gave it to his guest at the altar, swearing he had repaid him. The guest not only swore he had not, but, in his passion, broke the stick upon the pavement, and discovered the gold. The host *did not* live very happy afterwards. Let Lubin apply his story. Holyday says it is apt. See Don Quixote.

V. 181. *Loosen'd scroll*—Rutgersius (see Holyday) interprets this scroll as the parchment containing the vows of the supplicant; not as the envelope of the frankincense. Rutgersius is a very learned critic.—The divine white puddings, or black puddings of a white hog, mentioned in the tenth satire, are here again alluded to. The more delicate Bona Dea, the Virtuous Goddess of the second and sixth satires, preferred the abdomen of a sow. Juvenal is accused of laughing at the sacrifices in these passages. His accusers highly compliment him: but the fact seems to be, as has been already observed, that he only used the language of his countrymen with regard to the gods: he could use no other; and he is religious in the midst of his ridicule.

V. 186. *Bathyllus' marble block*—Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, erected a statue to Bathyllus, "a rare lutenist," as Stapylton calls him, in the temple of Juno.

V. 190. *Grave sects &c.* Juvenal laughs at the philosophers in this passage as indiscriminately as Lucian. According to some critics, and contrary to

others, the Stoics wore an under garment as well as an upper one; the Cynics only one cloak, wrapped twice round them! and this, says our author, is the single difference between them. But see the Sale of Lives for a most witty exposure of the tricks and cant terms of philosophy. Epicurus has been always misrepresented; he placed the chief good in pleasure indeed; but his pleasure was that of the mind—deep meditation, and the government of the passions. He was the very reverse of the voluptuaries who have borrowed their name from him. Lucretius has retailed his impieties; their unintelligibility is their best confutation.

V. 217. *A snow-white hen*—It is pleasant to see the struggles of the commentators, which shall be most absurd upon this proverb. Curio, or rather Erasmus, says, "white was a lucky colour." Prodigious! But perhaps (he proceeds) it is an allusion to the white hen which an eagle dropped into Livia's lap. See Sueton. in Galb. This hen was very fruitful. But white hens are not fruitful, quoth Columella. Nay, says Lubin, the white hen was a swan; and the proverb refers to Leda's eggs! But what is this to another anonymous critic, who a little below interprets "Custos Gallicus," (manifestly Rutilius Gallicus, præfect of the city under Domitian) "the silver goose that was hung up "in the Capitol as a memorial of its deliverance from the Gauls!"

V. 229. *Castor*—See the fourteenth satire. In the temple of this divinity the rich kept their chests, when Mars lost his credit as well as his helmet, by the sacrilegious ἱεροσυλιστὴς who plundered him.

V. 234. *A guiltless ape*—This punishment of parricides (of which it is vain to enquire any farther reason than its disgusting horror) is mentioned with sufficient plainness in satire the eighth; or, if not, let me just add, that the animals there named were sewed up in a sack with the parricide, and thrown into the first river.

V. 246. *What mountaineer &c.* "The Anthropophagi, or men, whose heads "Do grow beneath their shoulders," would become familiar by use. And doubtless Vaillant passed them without regard. The breasts of the Hottentot women are large; but in Theroe (an island on the Nile) we see they are bigger

than the children who sucked them. By the way, did not Bruce get his idea of the beef-steaks, cut from the live ox in Abyssinia, from the Odyssey?

Εἰρπον μεν ῥινοι, κρεα δ' ἀμφ' ὀβελοις ἐμεμυκει,
Ὀπλαλεα τε και ὠμα· βοῶν δ' ὡς γινετο φωνη.

Bruce is an extraordinary instance of a writer recovering his lost credit for veracity. Travellers assuredly lie; but ignorance often doubts the truth. As to the goitres in the Alps, every one knows that such things are. But Stapylton says of the Pygmies, "I could hardly have believed there were such a people, "were it not for"—what?—"the authority of Pliny and Aristotle, and Olaus "Magnus!" Dii boni! "The Pygmies are a people" (bordering I suppose upon the Pugnabusses) "in the farthest parts of India, eighteen inches high. Their "wives child every fifth year," (they should be called Quinquennales, and their husbands Quinqueviri) "and at eight are old women. Some say they ride upon "goats with darts in their hands." Stapylton. See Statius, for an account of a curious (very curious indeed) entertainment exhibited by Domitian. Here are cranes and pygmies, and wonders of every kind. We know that the tyrant made gladiators of dwarfs, and compelled women to fight with them.

V. 276. *Chrysippus*—For Chrysippus see the second satire. Thales (or as Juvenal beautifully expresses his character, mite Thaletis ingenium; as Horace, mitis sapientia Læli; and our author before, corresponding with Quinctilian's account of Vibius Crispus, Crispi jucunda senectus) one of the seven wise men of Greece, (see again the second satire) was the author of the first system of astronomy known to his countrymen. Plutarch, Diogenes Laertius, Pliny, and Cicero, joined to some notices of Herodotus, furnish an ample account of his history, and improvements in science. For the precepts and character of the wisest of the heathens we need look no farther than the writings of his pupils, Xenophon and Plato.

V. 296. *The Pythian priestess*—This story is from Herodotus. The moral conveyed by it is most salutary; and I may observe that it contains something more than a faint resemblance to the pure doctrine of Christianity, here enforced by our author—

That he, who meditates a crime within,
Incurs the penalty of practis'd sin.

See some incidental remarks in the previous arguments and notes, upon the partial illumination of our author's mind by the light of revelation. As to the passage (equally sublime with that of Lucretius upon the same subject) where the horrors of a guilty conscience are described below, I may illustrate it by a quotation from Cicero, as forcible as any thing in the furiis agitatus Orestes of Euripides.[b]

Nolite putare ut in fabulis sæpe videmus eos, qui aliquid impiè sceleratèque commiserint, agitari et perterreri tædis ardentibus. Sua quemque fraus et suus error maximè vexat—suum quemque scelus agitat; amentia adficit; suæ malæ cogitationes conscientiæque animi terrent. Hæ sunt impiis assiduæque domesticæque furiæ; quæ dies noctesque parentum pœnas à sceleratissimis filiis repetant. Cicero pro Roscio.

I will conclude my remarks upon this fearful subject with a translation from the noble passage in Lucretius, hinted at above. See lib. 5, 1217.

> And oh! how deep our shudd'ring spirits feel
> A dread of Heav'n through ev'ry member steal,
> When the strong lightning strikes the blasted ground,
> And thunder rolls the murm'ring clouds around.
> Shake not the nations? and the monarch's nod,
> Bows it not low before the present God,
> Lest for foul deeds, or haughty words, be sent
> His hurried hour of awful punishment?

[b] Warton has well and boldly remarked, that to compare the madness of Orestes to that of Clementina is rank pedantry. In this one effort Richardson has exalted himself above all competition.

NOTES

TO

THE FOURTEENTH SATIRE.

V. 67, 8. *Let nothing lewd &c.* After this couplet should have been inserted the following—

> Far be from hence the pandar's luring train,
> Far be from hence the flatt'rer's nightly strain.

V. 91. *Clean thou the rough &c.* According to the reading—læve argentum; better surely than "lavet argentum."

V. 117. *Nest upon the pine-tree's head*—Pliny fixes the vulture's nest on the summit of rocks, and not, as Juvenal does, in trees.

V. 132. *Posides*—This was one of the band of favourites who enriched themselves upon the folly of Claudius. Besides his famous baths at Baiæ, he probably built some lofty edifice in the neighbourhood of the Capitol at Rome.

V. 140. *There are &c.* Juvenal knew little of the precepts which he ridicules in this passage. The law of Moses (whom Longinus could discover to be no ordinary person—ὁ τυχων ἀνηρ) so far from encouraging the inhumanity to strangers here censured, abounds in injunctions of the most opposite nature. I shall say no more upon the subject, but refer to Mr. Gifford's learned and excellent note. The Roman idea, that the Jews worshipped nothing but the clouds, arose from there being no visible representation of the Deity in the temple, when Pompey entered it upon his conquest of Jerusalem. How strange it is that a heathen, who could deride the imitation of thunder attempted by Salmoneus—

> Demens! qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
> Ære, et cornipedum pulsu simulârat equorum—

should yet be unconscious of the absurdity of statues and images, aiming at a personal resemblance of the God who causes that thunder.

V. 164. *The Pontic brute*—The dragon that watched the golden fleece. See Ovid for a very authentic, but still more entertaining, account of this monster, in the story of Jason; and of another similar prodigy (alluded to below) in the story of Cadmus. Ovid can give a fascination to the stalest nonsense.

V. 220. *No grief to me &c.* So Horace—populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ. Praise is the food of ambition; avarice cares not for disgrace, and prefers the skin of a lupin, (says our author) any thing, however contemptible in value, to universal admiration and poverty.

V. 256. *Oh! never wander &c.* Lucan abounds in exhortations of this nature. He dwells with as much delight as Juvenal upon the simplicity, the fæcunda virorum paupertas, of their ancestors; and with as much disgust on the luxury and avarice of their contemporaries.—O lucri pallida tabes! &c.—O prodiga rerum Luxuries! parvo nunquam contenta paratu &c.—Dicite quam parvo liceat producere vitam, Et quantùm Natura petat &c. There is a great similarity in the philosophical reflections, and often in the stile, of these poets. The same vehemence of spirit, the same love of liberty, and other congenial qualities, distinguish them both. Lucan often is a satirist, and Juvenal loves historical allusion, and sketches of character, (in which few writers equal Lucan) as well as that oratorical writer. There is a bitterness of sarcasm too in some lines in the Pharsalia which sanctions what I have said. But Virgil has been idly imagined to discover the power of satire in that one passage—

—— non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen?

See the addenda for an instance of uncommon severity of this personal kind in Martial.

V. 277. *The law's red letters*—So Persius, "Masurî rubrica." Masurius Sabinus was a famous lawyer under Tiberius. The expression alludes to the

titles of the laws, written in red. "Vitem posce libello;" ask for the rod of the centurion (broken upon the head of Marius, in the eighth satire) in a petition. But perhaps the interpretation in the text may be admissible. The standard-bearer's place, mentioned below, was that of the first centurion, answering to our colonel, as the ordinary centurion does to our captain. This, it appears, was a station as lucrative as honourable. So Martial—

Et referes pili præmia magnus eques.

V. 284. *Britain's northern towers*—The holds and fastnesses of our fore-fathers in Yorkshire, and several other northern counties, which were contained in the territory of the Brigantes.

V. 294. *That what is lucrative &c.* This alludes to the well-known story of Vespasian's question to Titus, who had reflected upon his taxing wine—"Does "the money produced by the tax offend your nose?" The verse below—Unde habeas &c. is from Ennius, who borrowed it from an ironical expression of Euripides. Martial frequently alludes to the filthy trades carried on beyond the Tiber.

V. 338. *The brave Decii*—Father, son, and grandson, devoted themselves to death for their country. And yet—Plebeiæ Deciorum animæ! &c. Though only three heroes, they may be called "a patriotic band" with the strictest propriety; for, according to the poet, Nos duo turba sumus.—The chief in the next line was Menæceus, of whom Statius so nobly sings—

At pius electâ murorum in parte Menæceus,
Jam sacer aspectu, solitoque augustior ore,
Ceu subitò in terras supero demissus ab axe,
Constitit——

This is a grand passage. The address of the hero to heaven, as he stands upon the walls of his native city; the towers sprinkled with his blood; the beautiful personification of Valour and Patriotic Love bearing up his body from the ground; the whole scene, in short, is full of the sublimest poetry. So far from regretting the time Pope bestowed upon the Thebaid, I wish he had translated the whole of this animated, though unequal, poem. To recur again to the

Sylvæ, did poetical tenderness ever express itself so sweetly as in those lines where Statius tells his beloved wife—

——tu procurrentia primis
Carmina nostra sonis, totasque in murmure noctes
Aure sapis vigili—longi tu sola laboris
Conscia, cùmque tuis crevit mea Thebais annis.

V. 348. *Tutor'd lion*—Martial has a most fulsome epigram upon this story of a lion, that turned upon his keeper in the amphitheatre, in which he extols the virtuous indignation of Domitian (who ordered the animal to be put to death) as follows—

Quos decet esse hominum tali sub principe mores,
Qui jubet ingenium mitius esse feris?

Let me take this opportunity of obviating a misrepresentation to which my remark upon Martial's character (as expressed by himself in the epigram to Quinctilian) may be liable. He there talks of "casting his chains." But these he never cast. Dependance was his bitter portion; not indeed so bitter to him as it should have been. I intended the expression, metaphorically, to imply his refusing the labours of life, the necessary business of gain, and the regular application of such excellent men as Quinctilian. Martial was a bon vivant, and servitude, instead of liberty, is the unhappy consequence of living gaily upon a small fortune.

V. 352. *The old stag*—See Pliny for the proverbial longevity of the stag. Concerning the antidote of Mithridates (mentioned before, sat. 6) we know nothing. Report is enough for poetry. But in all that relates to the passions, it is of the highest importance that the poet should copy from truth and nature. Here Shakespeare is without a rival.

V. 368. *Guardian Castor*—We have several allusions in Juvenal to the ancient custom of depositing money in the temples; we now think it safer at our bankers. Indeed the protection of the gods does not appear to have been a good security; for Mars we see (Mars the avenger, as he is intitled here, and

described in the second satire [a]) had lost his helmet, and Castor, our author has told us, (sat. 13) was sometimes stripped of the gold which adorned his statue. Le pauvre bon Genie!—There is, perhaps, no picture of avarice so complete and striking as that exhibited by Juvenal. Horace has given but a sketch, in comparison to this laboured piece. The lines beginning Danda est Ellebori multò pars maxima avaris, are, however, full of pleasing irony; and the story of Staberius, who compelled his heirs to engrave the sum of their inheritance upon his monument, like all the stories of Horace, is exquisitely told. This whim of the dying miser puts me in mind of a celebrated tallow-chandler's will, by which, as I have heard, the son is compelled to keep a picture of the father dipping candles always hung up in his dining-room. Titulo res digna sepulchri.

V. 369. *Ceres*—For the unhappy change in the purity of this chaste lady's worshippers, see the ninth satire; for Cybele's Phrygian priests, the second; and for Flora, the sixth. Persius has a beautiful allusion to the games of the last goddess—

—— Nostra ut Floralia possint
Aprici meminisse senes——

like Juvenal and his friend in the eleventh satire. The Prætor Urbanus (or lord mayor) was the usual superintendant of the scenic exhibitions upon festivals and other solemnities.

[a] The apostrophe to Mars, O pater urbis! &c. is very spirited, but I hardly know any passage in the whole range of poetry more sublime than the following of Spenser. The words—nec terram cuspide pulsas—suggested it to my recollection.

As when Almighty Jove, in wrathful mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles his thund'ring dart with deadly food
Enroll'd in flames, and smould'ring dreriment,
Through riven clouds, and molten firmament;
The fiers three-forked engin, making way,
Both lofty tow'rs, and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And, shooting in the earth, casts up a mound of clay.

Longinus, as the learned Upton has well observed, would have written a whole chapter on the boldness and sublimity of the thoughts, and terrible images, in this similitude. There is another parallel passage, of almost equal force, book 4, canto 6, stanza 14. But that of Homer, ἐδδεισεν δ' ὑπενερθε &c. (nob y imitated by Virgil, Æneid 8) certainly far excels the above of Spenser, and perhaps any thing that ever proceeded from an uninspired writer, in wild grandeur of description.

V. 377. *Stinking sack*—No, say the commentators, sweet, aromatic, containing odours; saffron, for instance, (croceos odores) brought from Sicily; for they read à Siculis, instead of ac vilis. But I scarcely think that the word olens, used in its literal sense, without an adverb to qualify it, or a substantive to show its meaning, will signify any thing but stinking; according to that of Horace—Olentis uxores mariti; and Martial—Non redolet, sed olet, qui bene semper olet. What the contents of the sack here mentioned were we need not enquire. Rabelais would write a whole chapter upon the most probable sort of nastiness (distinctly marking each species) for it to contain. His pen (and Swift's too) must surely have been dipped in something fouler than ink. But he abounds in genuine humour; and his excellent translator has enriched our language with as many compound adjectives as Homer gave the Greek.

V. 380. *In bottles &c.* Lagenas, municipes Jovis—an expression parallel to municipes siluros—the sprats in the fourth satire—countrymen of Crispinus.

V. 389. *Carpathian sea*—So called from Carpathus, an island east of Crete, now Scarpanto. Allusions from Horace to the avarice of merchants, and their dangerous voyages, might easily be multiplied.

V. 398. *This in a sister &c.* The madness of Orestes and that of Ajax are here mentioned. Stapylton toys with the stories for some pages.

V. 417. *Bite thy lov'd purse*—Some have supposed an allusion in this passage to Cæsar's swimming to shore, with his commentaries in one hand, and his sword in his mouth. The resemblance is like a picture which requires its subject to be written on the frame. But Lempriere's account of Cæsar's escape is excellent; it leaves him no hand to swim with. A true commentator would ask Juvenal how the shipwrecked sailor, who swam with his purse to land, could be so poor as to be compelled to carry about a daubing of the storm for his subsistence?

V. 425. *Wealth hardly earn'd*—So Spenser—

"First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread."

The columns of Phrygian marble, the couch ornamented with tortoise-shell &c. which occasion so much anxiety to their possessor, have been touched upon before. Well has Horace sung—

> Non domus, et fundus, non æris acervus et auri,
> Ægroto Domini deduxit corpore febres—
> Non animo curas—

nay more—

> —— Non Siculæ dapes
> Dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
> Non avium citharæve cantus
> Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
> Lenis virorum, non humiles domos
> Fastidit, &c.

While as another and still nobler poet sings—

> "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!"

V. 435. *The naked Cynic*—That perfect beast Diogenes, who is so well exposed by Lucian. Cicero, after quoting his childish answer to Alexander, describes his doctrines in too lofty terms as follows—"Et hic quidem dis-"putare solebat quantò Regem Persarum vitâ fortunâque superaret. Sibi "nihil deesse—illi nihil satis unquam fore. Se ejus voluptates non desi-"derare, quibus nunquam satiari ille posset; suas eum consequi nullo modo "posse." These observations have more of the sententious brevity and antithesis of Seneca about them, in point of stile, than the usual manner of Cicero.

V. 455. *Otho's honour'd benches*—See the third satire. The "knightly "fortune," in the next line, computed in our money, must be rated at 3125*l.* per annum, according to Holyday's valuation of the larger sesterce, 7*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* but at 3229*l.* according to the valuation of Arbuthnot, 8*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.* ½ See the first satire.

V. 463. *No, nor his heaps &c.* The inordinate wealth of Narcissus; at whose command, as we learn from Tacitus, the weakest of emperors (Claudius) put the most wicked of empresses (Messalina) to death.

NOTES

TO

THE FIFTEENTH SATIRE.

V. 1. *All know that Egypt &c.* Ægyptiorum morem (says Cicero, in his Tusculan disputations) quis ignorat? quorum imbutæ mentes pravitatis erroribus, quamvis carnificinam priùs subierint, quam Ibin (a bird that destroyed serpents) aut aspidem, aut felem, aut canem, aut crocodilum violent: quorum etiam imprudentes si quidquam fecerint, pænam nullam recusent. See the argument to this satire. But Holyday's note upon the superstitions of Egypt is most learned and satisfactory; not only containing reference to all that had ever been written in his time upon the subject, (Bryant will supply much additional authority) but telling you more than you can wish to know of the follies of this rude, and unintelligible, because unintelligent, nation; one other of whose deities I must mention, viz. Formidolosus et horribilis Crepitus Ventris. Of all the hums upon earth, since the days of humming began, the Egyptians are the greatest. Writers of all ages have conspired to praise their improvements in science, their ingenuity, their profound wisdom. But where are the documents of their deserving this high character? What have they ever achieved as a nation? Who are their historians, poets, and orators? In far distant ages those barbarous masses the Pyramids were piled up by ancestors unknown to the contemporaries of Herodotus. Their learning, it seems, is contained in the hieroglyphics of the priests—of what priests?—the worshippers of the divinities enumerated above. See Mr. Gifford's excellent note for a further discussion of this subject. But it has been gravely said that, " till " the connexion of Egypt with Greece, the history of the former country must " be considered as *partly fabulous!*" It is nothing but fable—saving the light thrown upon one period by the scriptures. That there was wisdom indeed, and power too, in some of the very ancient rulers of Egypt, appears from the usefulness as well as the grandeur of some of their works, particularly the lake Mæris. But, after the Greeks became acquainted with Egypt, what authen-

ticity did they impart to its history? Herodotus embellished it with lies. These have been retailed and augmented; but, notwithstanding the splendid details of Egyptian magnificence, et quicquid Græcia mendax Audet in Historia, we must conclude with Juvenal—horrida sanè Egyptus, and rationally believe that there was no learning hidden where none was displayed; and that no strength existed, where it never was called into action. With the exception of that remote period (partially illuminated by holy writ) to which I have alluded, and of which we know nothing from profane history; and with one other exception, the period from Alexander to Cæsar, when the reign of the Ptolemies doubtless contributed much to the decoration, improvement, and civilization of the country; with these two exceptions, I say, the Egyptians, during the long course of their boasted antiquity, certainly during their more modern history, down to the present day, must be considered as a race of fortunate barbarians, who have strangely found means to impose upon their betters.

V. 5. *Where broken Memnon's magic strings resound*—Egypt, the nurse of wonders, has not produced any thing more celebrated than the imposture here mentioned. To trace thoroughly the accounts of historians and geographers, from the origin of those accounts to the present day, would not on this occasion be an unamusing task; but would take up more time and room than I can now bestow upon it. The following is a very imperfect recapitulation. The story of this statue saluting the rising sun with a miraculous sound was not invented in the time of Herodotus. He only saw a mutilated colossus; one of the traces of the victorious march of Cambyses. But, many ages after, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, Tacitus, Pliny, and Pausanias, record the tale; and, though with some variation, all speak of a statue of Memnon, (alias Osymandyas, alias Phamenophes, for he had these and other titles) which was placed in the temple of Serapis at Hecatompylos, or Egyptian Thebes. Memnon, the mythologists inform us, was the son of Tithonus and Aurora. His statue (according to one authority, but it is not clear whether an entire or broken figure be intended) was seven cubits high, and made (according to another authority) of the basaltes; a stone of the colour and hardness of iron; with the following inscription upon it—Sum Osymandyas—Rex Regum. Even thus far there is some confusion in the story, but it increases as we proceed. Diodorus

mentions three statues; one of them (that of Memnon's mother) twenty cubits high. Strabo mentions only two. Tacitus, Pliny, and Pausanias, only one. For the account of Diodorus, see his first book, chapter 47, and Wesseling's note on the passage. Strabo, an eye-witness, says the upper part of one of the statues was broken off as far as the waist; or rather as far as the chair, for he talks of a sitting posture.[a] This the inhabitants attributed to an earthquake. He asserts that he heard the sound proceed from or near the statue, early in the morning, in the presence of many other persons.[b] Doubtless the Egyptian priests found their account in constructing some passage for the sound; which a very superficial knowledge of the principles of acoustics would have enabled them to effect. Such a knowledge might surely have existed among a people who, however barbarous, were confessedly prone to the exhibition of juggling prodigies. This miracle drew multitudes of strangers to Thebes; who, of course, were made to pay well for their credulous curiosity. Among the names of numerous other visitors, inscribed on the leg of the shattered figure, in succeeding years, was enrolled that of the emperor Adrian's wife, Sabina. She also was a believer in the præternatural noises. But Strabo, as he well might, doubts the prodigy. Even a ventriloquist, a priest of the formidolosus et horribilis Deus, mentioned above, would have answered all the purpose. Has not the late curious experiment which we have witnessed in our own country convinced us (if we wanted conviction) of the facility with which the Sybils, Pythian priestesses, and other ancient Invisible Girls, might answer their worshippers as it were from heaven? But Strabo had never paid his half-crown in Leicester-square, and therefore could not guess, although he suspected, the deception practised in this instance.

To come now to Germanicus, who, as Tacitus, in the second book of his Annals, chapters 60 and 61, records, also visited this famous statue. But he had previously gone through a most charming initiation into the mummeries of Egypt. The priests had been before explaining to him letters upon ruined buildings. These, they said, were allusive to the opulence, power, and con-

[a] The famous statue of Serapis at Alexandria (he was represented in almost every Egyptian city) was in a similar posture. See Gibbon's Dec. and Fall, vol. 5, chap. 28, p. 113, in which there are some useful references and some pertinent observations on the frauds of the Egyptian priests.

[b] Had Strabo ever read the story of Bel and the Dragon, he would not have been unapt to imagine some possible trick in Memnon's statue.

quests, of their former kings. No doubt. But how came Germanicus not to notice the splendour of Tentyra? upon the grand ruins of which place some modern travellers have so amply dilated. Of these more anon. Pliny, in his tenth book, generally mentions the wonders of the statue. But the account of Pausanias gave currency to the addition of the harp. He compares the sound to that of a harp or lyre, where the string has snapped by being overstrained. A good story should be circumstantial. Next follows the father of falsehood himself, Philostratus, who puts a harp at once into the hands of Memnon, (hands, according to the best authorities, long buried in the sand, that covers the temple, the city, and its hundred gates) and swears that his hero, Apollonius Tyaneus, heard the magic strings!

Of modern travellers, Pocock, in his description of the East, (vol. 1, page 102, plates 26, 27) gives a copy of the statue, with many names of persons who testified to their having heard the sound, which no physical cause could have produced. Indeed? that most physical of all causes, roguery, would effectually prevent any stranger from leaving Thebes without hearing this wondrous sound. Not to extend this prolix discussion further, I must leave many more testimonies unexamined, and proceed to the last traveller, Denon, who draws the statue in a sitting posture; but with this difference from the ancient authorities, that his copy is that of a defaced statue, not of one broken in half. Is it not probable that many statues have existed in the course of time? That the Egyptian priests (as they take care that Osiris shall never die, though the oxen he inhabits perish) still renew the shattered statue, and that

—— uno avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili vocalis marmore Memnon.

V. 22. *When wise Ulysses*—Juvenal has dropped the epithet usually applied to Ulysses in this place; he perhaps thought the character of an aretalogus (a person who told pleasant tales, or, according to Casaubon, a discourser upon virtue, who frequented feasts, parasitus et circulator philosophus) did not deserve the distinction of wisdom. But his brother poets are little scrupulous about the immediate propriety of application in their use of epithets. Thus Priam, in Homer, is godlike, when abusing his sons like a fishwoman; Hector is the tamer of horses when dead; nay, valiant, when running away from Achilles; and Æneas, when he is driving his spear through the short ribs of

a Rutulian, is as pious as ever; like Sir Thomas, in Colman's exquisite tale, " pitying and killing."

As for the stories of Ulysses, not only the Odyssey, but almost every Greek and Latin poem contains some reference or allusion to them; but the original account is, as Homer never fails to make it, the most lively, full, and interesting. *e. g.* For the Symplegades see Theoc. Idyll. 13, 22. Apollon. Rhod. 11, 365. Pindar. Pyth. 4, 370. Eurip. Med. Ovid, &c. &c. &c.

V. 46. *Junius*—See the argument. Coptos stands on a canal which communicates with the Nile about 300 miles from Alexandria. Tentyra is not far from it. But Ombi (or Ombos) is near 100 miles higher up the river. Consequently this fray has been supposed, with every appearance of reason, to have taken place between the inhabitants of the borders of the two districts. For to imagine Juvenal to have falsified the circumstance is a most pitiful idea. For modern accounts of Tentyra (now Dendera), Bruce describes it as a considerable town, still covered with thick groves of palm-trees. With Bruce's allusions to Juvenal I do not meddle; as Mr. Gifford has observed, it is better to consider him in the character of a traveller, than in that of a scholar. But he asserts the people of Dendera to have been the most savage in Egypt. This is confirmed by Brown, who says, that " one of the women of the country " described her countrymen as thieves and murderers." The lady, to be sure, might have been momentarily incensed. But Brown adds, they are indeed a " ferocious clan, differing in person from the other Egyptians." My pity for the Ombites is increased. Poor Ombites!—But to return to Tentyra. Denon confirms Bruce's account of the remains of a magnificent temple at Tentyra. He also mentions the numerous coins of Constantine and Theodosius, found in the ruins by persons digging for nitre. This circumstance, says Denon, leads to the opinion that Tentyra still flourished in their reigns. Very naturally; but I must again ask, how came Germanicus, in whose time, à fortiori, Tentyra must have been in full splendour, not to notice such excessively beautiful buildings as Denon, though in ruins, draws for the dwellings of these savages, who in Juvenal's time, (intermediate to the above periods) even if we should not argue upon a solitary instance of cannibalism, had at least few marks of civilization; had, in short, nothing but luxury, in which

Barbara famoso non cedit turba Canopo?

But Denon calls Tentyra the sanctuary of arts and sciences. In short, I do believe that imagination can draw very pretty architraves. Brown confesses the ruins to be mostly buried in the sand. They were blown up by a Cashef, who imagined the temple to conceal treasures.

V. 59. *Their native gods*—The hawk and the crocodile. The Tentyrites worshipped the former, and the Ombites the latter. How emphatical is the confession of Varro, that "all the learned were not acquainted with all the "gods!"

V. 92. *What shall no victim die &c.* The sanguinary spirit of religious persecution is a subject too ample, and too full of horror, for discussion here; for what comparison does this one instance of savage bigotry bear, to the fires which have been lighted by those holy hypocrites who have, in all countries, profaned and disgraced the purest faith?

V. 95. *Stones, the base rabble's home-artillery*—Jamque faces et saxa volant—the arms which Virgil gives the ignoble vulgar. But Juvenal has omitted the faces; indeed he expressly congratulates the sanctity of fire, (for the Romans, see the first satire, certainly considered fire to be a holy thing) on its entirely escaping violation upon this occasion.—Apropos of Virgil; how judicious is the alteration of Martinus Scriblerus in the above passage!—Jam fæces et saxa volant—Quid enim nisi fæces jactaret vulgus sordidum? The cause of genuine literature never lost so much as it did in the frustration of the plan meditated by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, to write a large work on the Abuses of Human Learning. The great Bentley did not indeed deserve all the severity of satire which was levelled at him; but surely his "desperate "hook" has too often presumed to slash away the expressions of an ancient writer, in order to make room for his own emendations. The licentiousness of "various readers" cannot be too generally reprobated, when, as is in most instances the case, they have only the presumption, and none of the ingenuity, of Bentley to support them.

V. 132. *Fame says the Vascons*—Holyday, trusting to the authority of Florus (the epitomizer of Livy), describes Calaguris, the city of the Vascons, in

the north of Spain, as relieved by Sertorius from the blockade of Pompey and Metellus. But (as Mr. Gifford has quoted from Valerius Maximus) Sertorius was dead at the period of the siege in which the Vascons, driven by extreme famine to cannibalism, slaughtered their wives and children for support. If this story is true, my translation is not strong enough; and indeed, at all events, it is erroneous; for Juvenal, by comparing the case of this people to that before him, of course implies their murdering as well as devouring their kindred. To proceed with Holyday; he has a very fine-spun argument to explain Juvenal's reason for stiling the Vascons equal in fidelity to the Saguntines; whereas the former sided with Sertorius, a rebel, and the latter defended themselves against Hannibal. He accounts for this seeming inconsistency, by supposing Juvenal, as a republican, to favour the cause of Marius, and, of the two parties, to consider his as the truer Romans. But our ingenious critic is too apt (as I have already remarked) to violate his own rule against an exact interpretation of poetical language. The word "fides" in this passage, as coupled with "virtus," signifies military faith and courage. The Vascons were true to themselves, to their character as brave men, to their city, and to the very ashes of Sertorius—of whom I may say a word; that, if Roman stories had not lost their interest, his actions and character would form a good subject for a poem; deviating perhaps a little from historical truth, and ending happily with the hero's wished-for retirement in the Fortunate Islands.

V. 165. *The Tauric shrine*—The satire which Juvenal has unjustly pointed at the Jews, (sat. 14) recoils upon the worshippers of a goddess at whose shrine (in the Chersonesus Taurica) strangers were sacrificed. Nay, it is a compliment to the Egyptians (see the argument) to say, that they preferred her hounds to Diana.

V. 173. *Say if the drought &c.* To Mr. Gifford's quotations from Ovid and Petronius,[c] brought by way of sanction for his interpretation of the phrase (Invidiam facere) in this passage, may be added that of Seneca, (in Herc. Æte.)

[c] A word of Petronius: whence could he gain the name of "Arbiter Elegantiarum?" Not surely from his writings which have survived. No; his elegancies were refinements in debauchery, highly prized by Nero. He was the Rochester of that day. But surely far inferior to the favourite of Charles, in the high brilliancy of wit; and still less resembling him in the penitence of his death. We have

"Invidiam ut Deis lugendo facias," and many parallel instances among the classics. We must construe Seneca—"that you may make the gods appear "cruel, raise a grudge against them, by your complaints." And Martial, (epig. 88, lib. 9)

Numina cum magnis videas obnoxia fatis,
Invidiâ possis exonerare Deos.

"You may exculpate the gods from cruelty to mankind." But how the people of Egypt could make the Nile appear cruel by killing and eating one another, perhaps yet remains to be explained. The translation follows the more usual sense.

V. 180. *Their earthen boat*—So Virgil; although not specifying the materials of the Egyptian boats—

—— Pellæi Gens Fortunata Canopi
Accolit effuso stagnantem flumine Nilum,
Et circum pictis vehitur sua rura phaselis.

Which, by the way, is a most picturesque description, and to quote such passages forms one of the comforts of annotation. Its miseries are, to record Pella as the birth-place of Alexander, and Canopus as the pilot of Menelaus!

V. 187. *Nature, who fill'd with tears &c.* We now come to one of the most beautiful passages in Juvenal; displaying, in the strongest manner, that mixture of declamation and tenderness, of satire and philosophy, for which his stile is remarkable. He seems to quit the track of his ideas on the subject before him in disgust at the instance of unnatural cruelty he is relating. "How "uncongenial," says he, "are such actions with the soft sympathies which "nature has implanted in our breasts, as the distinguishing marks of human "superiority." To this principle of sympathy he refers all the advantages of

minute accounts from two excellent historians of the last hours of these libertines, who passed so similar a life. But while the one is descending to the most wanton levities at the very moment of his dissolution, the other is fervently imploring pardon for the misuse of his abilities, and the perversion of his means of doing good. The contrast is striking, and the cause worthy of the deepest meditation.

civilized life—all that leads us insensibly from the selfish indolence of the savage, from the rude forests of fabulous antiquity, to the sweet cares of society; uniting mankind for the purposes of mutual comfort, and mutual protection.

In the glowing picture he draws of human happiness, our author probably had in his eye the *imagined* state of *pastoral society*—so much a favourite with the poets and romance writers of all ages; such a state as Homer supposed to exist in Thrace and Scythia, when he painted Jupiter as turning his eyes, in disgust, from the warriors on the plains of Troy, to fix them on a race—

Γλακτοφάγων, αβίων τε, δικαιοτάτων ανθρώπων—

—— that innocent of blood,
From milk innoxious seek their simple food. POPE, Il. 13.

The same sort of language might be extracted from Lucretius, Virgil, (Georg. 2) Horace, Ovid, and their simple and elegant original, Hesiod, in their several descriptions of pastoral life, and of the golden age; but I make only one extract from the latter—

—— αἰεὶ δὲ ποδὰς καὶ χεῖρας ἑμοῖοι
Τέρπονθ' ἐν θαλίῃσι, κακῶν ἐκτοσθεν ἁπάντων,
Ἀφνειοὶ μηλοισι, φίλοι μακάρεσσι θεοῖσι·
Θνῆσκον δ' ὥς ὑπνῳ δεδμημένοι. Εργ. και Ημερ. α. 114.

Remote from ills, a blameless life they led,
Join'd the rude dance, the simple banquet spread;
Their only rustic wealth, a flock of sheep;
Their only care, that fleecy charge to keep—
Their life belov'd by Heav'n, their death soft-stealing sleep.

"But the sober historian," says Gibbon, (vol. 4, p. 342) "is awakened from "this pleasing vision, and is compelled, with some reluctance, to confess that "the pastoral manners, which have been adorned with the fairest attributes of "peace and innocence, are much better adapted to the fierce and cruel habits "of a military life." The dream, however, still continues to enchant us; and,

in the enjoyment of so innocent a delusion, it is little less allowable, than easy, to *imagine* a state to which the touchstone of historical justice has never been applied.

In the Scriptures (see particularly Isaiah, chapters 2 and 11) we find similar descriptions, but referred by those who had the most authentic account of the early world, to a *future*, instead of a *past*, state.

I have still a word or two to say on the poetry of expression observable in this passage of Juvenal. The lines—

> Naturæ imperio gemimus cum funus adultæ
> Virginis occurrit, vel terrâ clauditur infans—

are, in my opinion, scarcely less pathetic than those of Virgil himself on the same subject, in that most beautiful episode at the end of the fourth Georgic—

> —— defunctaque corpora vitâ
> Magnanimûm heroum, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
> Impositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum.

The words a few lines below, "Cujus egent prona," &c. may be borrowed from the passages in Ovid and Sallust, so often quoted (and on this occasion by Madan), but, if they are, the thought they contain is, surely, amplified without being weakened, and rendered more interesting by the manner in which it is interwoven with a strain of beautiful philosophy. But one of the finest features in the whole, perhaps, is that abrupt contrast with which the poet turns from the unfinished picture of "man as he should be," and presents us with the savage portrait of "man as he is."

"Sed jam serpentum," &c.

The same thought is selected by Mr. Godwin as the foundation of his novel of "Caleb Williams." The lines in his motto—

> "The tyger preys not on the tyger-kind;
> "Man only is the common foe of man!"

are a translation, either by himself or some other poet whom he does not quote, from this passage of Juvenal. A very similar, or *perhaps* the same, thought is introduced by Dr. Young, in his "Night Thoughts," with all that harsh bom

bast in which those unjustly popular poems convey the most paltry and common-place sentiments—

> Man hard of heart to man! Of horrid things
> Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous highly strange!
> —— Hear it not, ye stars;
> And thou, pale moon, turn paler at the sound;
> Man is to man the sorest, surest ill! [a]

To conclude, I may venture to say that (with the trifling exceptions of the mythological allusion in the lines—

> —— quis enim bonus aut face dignus
> Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos;

and the trite and half intelligible story of Pythagoras, alluded to at the close) this passage is equal to any in Juvenal, and, perhaps, to any which antiquity has left us; and that this satire, which from its scene and subject is likely to interest us less than the others, is brought to a conclusion with a dignity and spirit worthy of the highest commendation.

[a] See Horace, epod. 7, 11, for an illustration of this passage in Juvenal, "Sævis inter se convenit "ursis," rather more pleasing than the above; and for "Ast homini ferrum," see Tibullus, lib. 1, el. 11. "Quis fuit horrendos," &c.

NOTES

TO

THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE.

V. 1. *How countless the rewards &c.* Gay and gallant should be the stile in which we comment on the army; but I, who am bound to consider so many heroes as my patrons, despair of doing them justice, and must therefore borrow the beginning of an old song, and the continuation of a new one, to express my thoughts—

" What pleasures the hero is destin'd to know,
" Who boldly enlists for a soldier to go!"
If such were the cry in those earlier years,
When soldiers were soldiers—and not volunteers;
How greatly must we have amended the trade,
When soldiers of lawyers and doctors are made!
When Baldus, and Bacon, and Galen, alas!
Are alike laid aside for Vauban and Dundas:
When drummers and fifers, like generals, prate,
And privates on tactics presume to debate;
And colonels, so fond of displaying their skill,
Mix all the delights of a school with the drill.

V. 22. *Lest by the honest doctor &c.* This line in the original is another strong instance of unpremeditated accidental similarity of stile; making for my opinion, that this satire was written by Juvenal.

Cæduntur tumidæ, medico ridente, mariscæ. Sat. 2.

(Excellently translated by Tate.)

Oculos, medico nîl promittente, relictos. Sat. 16.

I may add, that Holyday's verse argument is unusually tolerable in point of stile, and at the same time in a degree defends the conclusion of this satire, if indeed an unfinished poem require such a defence.

Souldiers and their camp-freedome here
Our poet's wit does praise and jeer.
Yet of his gifts the gen'ral shou'd
Be free, as they are of their blood.

I cannot think with Mr. Gifford, that the lines at the end of this satire, which recommend the liberal donation of wealth and honour to the brave, are by any means a falling off from the previous irony of the poem. On the contrary, I rather think that the serious tone of truth which they assume promises a fuller and more animated eulogium upon valour, which the poet left unsung. But, after all that has been said for the authenticity or the spuriousness of the satire, how ludicrous it would be, were some unknown impostor, or Juvenal himself, to rise from the grave, and either to confound his opponent with—

Me—me—adsum qui feci!

V. 24. *The Gallic chief*—Perhaps rather the Gallic bard; for the name is derived from the Bardi, the poets of the Gauls; and the Bardocucullus (alluded to satire the eighth) was the coarse short frock with a hood, which they wore. It was well adapted to military purposes; and indeed every bard was a Tyrtæus, who inflamed his countrymen for the battle. Some too, doubtless, were warriors as well as poets: see the Lay of the last Minstrel. The customs of all nations in a rude state of society are alike. Nobly does Lucan sing—

Vos quoque qui fortes animas belloque peremptas
Laudibus in longum vates dimittitis ævum,
Plurima securi fudistis carmina Bardi.
Et vos barbaricos ritus &c. &c.

What follows of the Druids is in a most dignified strain. See Mallet's Northern Antiquities. Concerning the hair of these nations (the crinigeri Cayci &c.) I shall shortly have occasion to speak.

V. 29. *Old Camillus' rules*—These were military laws, enacted at the siege of Veii in Etruria, (a siege as tedious as that of Troy) in order to prevent the frequent pleas of absence from the camp.

V. 43. *Vagellius*—This rough-rider of the courts, this receiver-general of stolen or strayed briefs, is but a name.

—— Natus moriensque fefellit.

V. 46. *Against the spikes*—See the third satire.

V. 62. *Worthy of all the hair of ancient times*—This passage again leads me to mention the subject of hair, to which so much importance has at all times been attached. I meddle not with beards, except in the way of allusion. They open a boundless field. For them, see Pogonologia, or the essay on beards, translated from the French; particularly too, observe the story in Livy concerning the awe with which the bearded senate struck the Gauls; and, to wave other ancient and modern notices of the beard, remember the Misopogon of Julian. My main business is with hair, generally considered.

Homer frequently dwells with delight on the hairiness of his heroes; his Grecians are proverbially καρηκομοωντες; and the epithet Ὑκομος is always a mark of praise. Menelaus hardly ever loses his distinction of Ξανθος, or yellow-haired; though the Spartans in after times combed their dark locks in the sun, to the terror of the Persians. Nay, the same majesty of hair is an attribute of the Father of the gods.

Ἠ, και κυανεησιν ἐπ' ὀφρυσι νευσε Κρονιων·
Ἀμβροσιαι δ'ἀρα χαιται ἐπερρωσαντο ἀνακτος
Κρατος ἀπ' ἀθανατοιο.

So Virgil, in the death of Lausus, and the lamentation of Mezentius for his son. Other ancient instances will easily be discovered. Some few I shall shortly mention. The philosophers and heroes of Greece, almost without exception, wore a profusion of hair, which they esteemed highly sacred, in all its various properties. There seems indeed to have been some caprice at different times in the emblematical signification of this ornament. We have already seen that to cut off the hair was a token of sorrow; but Cato nourished his hair for the same purpose. This is according to our modern ideas. When the civil wars destroyed the liberty of Rome—

Ille nec horrificam sancto dimovit ab ore
Cæsariem - - - - - -
Intonsos rigidam in frontem descendere canos
Passus erat, mæstamque genis increscere barbam.

The ancients swore by their hair, (as the eastern nations do at this time) and devoted it, as we have seen, to the immortal gods; sometimes to the rivers of

their country. The veneration of the older Romans for hair was not less than that of the Greeks. Some of the emperors introduced the practice of shaving, and cutting the hair. In later times Constantine was a vile encourager of barbers. But the frequent occasions which the classical writers (and none more heartily than Juvenal) take of extolling the hairiness of their forefathers, show that this new-fangled effeminacy, in the earlier empire at least, was far from being generally sanctioned. The emperor Adrian, and many of his successors, paid due honours to hair—honours which survived the fall of Rome.

Claudian (as Crinitus—see the previous notes—reminds me) talks in emphatic language of the long-haired assembly of the Goths.

> Crinigeri sedere patres; pellita Getarum
> Curia——

and Lucan, before him, reproaches the Ligurian with the ignominy of his tonsure—

> Et nunc tonse Ligur, quondam per colla decora
> Crinibus effusis toti prælate Comatæ—

and Horace (for the fascination of this playful subject forces me to digress from the order of history), really with the most feeling regret, but seemingly with a philosophical indifference, mentions his youthful ornament of hair; nay, he joins it with the sweetest triumphs of youth—

> Quem tenues decuere togæ, nitidique capilli,
> Quem scis immunem Cynaræ placuisse rapaci,
> Quem bibulum liquidi mediâ de nocte Falerni
> Cæna brevis juvat——

Not a bit of it—he lamented, evidently lamented, his hair and his pleasures; for hair is the warrant of enjoyment, as well as the symbol of virtue. As for me, I wish I may be able to say with some modern Latinist, I forget whom, Petrus Crinitus peradventure—

> Dum cadit omnis honor, veterum quicunque comarum
> Ornavit sociis tempora verna meis;
> Me mea cæsaries solito jam velat amictu,
> Crinitumque seni est, ut juvenile, caput.

How green an old age! But to return to my detail.

Among some of those barbarians, whose united efforts laid low the mistress of the world, this passion for the "compti de more capilli" seems to have been carried farther than even among their more polished predecessors. A well-known and remarkable instance of hairiness occurs in the French princes of the Merovingian dynasty, who derived their whole authority and consequence from the length of their hair; it being the only feature in the characters drawn of them by the early historians and chroniclers of their nation to which any dignity or virtue can be ascribed, and almost the only ensign of superior rank left them by the encroachment of their nobles. See the Edinburgh Review, vol. 6, p. 213, for an account of these princes, and the testimonies of the chronicles concerning them. This lively essay establishes a quaint and humorous connexion between the ancient and modern ideas of hairiness.

But the most important revolution in the history of hair arose from the progress and abuse of Christianity. The monks, who first made their appearance in the third century, as an instance of great mortification shaved themselves, and cut off their hair, and in progress of time the abomination of flowing locks became a common theme in the declamations of zealous churchmen. Thus St. Wulstan, bishop of Worcester, (as William of Malmesbury tells us) reproved the wicked of all ranks with great boldness; but rebuked those with the greatest severity who were proud of their long hair. And Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of William Rufus, actually excommunicated those who wore long hair. But of all the instances of bigotted opposition to this commendable fashion, the most remarkable is that of Serlo, a Norman bishop, who preached so eloquently on the subject before Henry the First (a more attentive king than Charles the Second,[b]) that the prince and his courtiers consented to resign their locks. Serlo gave them no time to repent, but, producing a pair of sheers, immediately performed the operation himself. In 1650 a professor of Utrecht published a treatise, examining the question whether it were lawful to wear long hair, and concluded for the negative: he was answered by a divine named Reves, and a bitter controversy ensued. So early as the year 1096 a canon is said to have been made, excluding those who wore long hair from the church while living, and from the prayers of the devout when dead. The clergy to this day cut their hair short; the form of which tonsure has at dif-

[b] See Rochester's epigram.

ferent times been the cause of furious disputes. Amongst the laity, in most countries of modern Europe, the fashion of the hair has been matter of high moment. The historians of France and Spain have recorded what mode each successive prince adopted: thus we learn that Charlemagne and his son were crops; Hugh Capet, and the families of Valois, Orleans, and Bourbonne, indulged their locks. Since the fall of the latter ill-fated house the hair has been much neglected; but more and more ornament is daily stealing on the manners of the modern French, and no doubt ere long, when (to borrow Voltaire's lively allusion) the tail of the monkey shall be full grown, the epithet of "Comata" will become applicable once again. As for the present race of Spanish princes, I am ignorant of their notions on this subject. I must however observe that, in most respects, they closely resemble the princes of the house of Merovæus—the faineans, and insensati. In our own country no less importance has been attached to hair. Our earliest ancestors wore it very long; the locks of Boadicea are almost as famous as those of Berenice; the Anglo-Saxons and Danes adopted the same fashion; the ecclesiastical disputes already mentioned shew what was the prevailing custom with the successors of the Norman conqueror; in the reign of Henry the Eighth we find the great Sir Thomas More a coxcomb of the highest degree in the value he set on his hair; in the reign of the unfortunate Charles the First the distinction between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, two of the most violent factions which then distracted the nation, was founded on the modes of wearing their hair; and the appellation of Whigs and Tories seems to have in fact arisen at the same time, and to have been nearly synonymous with the Cavaliers and Roundheads, though the names were little known till the following reign, and the origin of them is attributed to a different source. In our own times the distinction has been again revived; the Whigs (whether from a real or accidental recurrence to the origin of their name, or an ignorant and vulgar misapprehension of it) have become crops; while the names of Tory and hair-powder tax are inseparable. Upon the result of this long (but surely not unimportant) detail I shall make very few remarks. When we observe the uniform estimation of hair in all nations; that in those the most favoured in this particular it has been cultivated; in those less favoured (as in China), desired and courted; it is not unpleasing to reflect that so high a value has been set on this natural and graceful ornament. But when we see the spirit of

dispute mingling with the subject, and making so simple a decoration the ensign of party; when we see the tendencies of royalty, splendour, and corruption, uniformly verging to the one extreme; while discontent, opposition, and reform, (whether in matters of civil or religious speculation) adopt the other; we cannot help feeling how little we are formed for happiness, and must confess that the system of polity which aims at the highest service to mankind is often obliged to war against their most innocent enjoyments! For the danger indeed and disobedience of hair, see Monsieur Oome, a learned and affable inhabitant of Husum, who has discussed this subject with admirable gravity in the Literary Journal. But let Peter the Great (unus instar omnium) testify the rashness of insulting the majesty of hair. Let every future monarch reverence this becoming pride of our nature—

Agnoscat crines, incanaque menta—

and hear a voice from the Pole exclaim—

Discite Cæsariem moniti, et non temnere Barbas.

V. 92. *And he too in his father's life*—The rights of Roman parents, as we have seen, sat. 9, were numerous. But their power over their children, in the more early ages of the republic, was unbounded. It extended to life as well as fortune. In the time of Cæsar the law, here alluded to, was enacted; for it became necessary even then to conciliate the soldiery by extraordinary indulgences. But not to wind up this concluding satire with dry references, let me just take occasion to quote Tibullus (Nam veneror seu stipes habet &c.) concerning the landmark—

Quod mea cum vetulo coluit puls annua libo—

as Juvenal beautifully expresses it above; and, after observing the sacredness attached to this guardian of property, as one of the earliest and most salutary restraints of the social compact, let me now, in this last stage of my labours, when anxiety for their result is increased in a tenfold degree, address myself, as is natural, to the dear friend[a] who suggested them, and endeavour to divert from my mind some depressing fears with my best consolation, rhyme.

[a] Mr. Henry Drury, of Harrow.

Say, dearest Hal, for well you know
The friendly heart's congenial glow,
  When those you love rejoice,
If but one arbiter of fame
Breathe honour on my humble name,
  Will you not bless the voice?

Or if Neglect's oblivious den
Must wrap my buried soul again,
  Will you not cheer the shade?
Nay, smiling through it's deepest gloom,
Point to the same eternal tomb
  Where R——s and M——h are laid?

Solamen miseris Socios habuisse doloris.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

PREFACE.

Page iv. Perhaps the dactyl occurs less frequently in Juvenal than in Virgil.

P. xvii. For Αγσχεο read Ανσχεο.

P. xx. *Hold a candle to the devil.* I meant "show his deformity;" but it is a wrong application of the adage. After the reference to Spenser's Duessa, I might add Swift's Yahoo story; but his general picture of human depravity is filthily overcharged.

P. xxxi. *Two years.* I do not know whether it is worth mentioning, but this is considerably too high a statement: let me, however, take this opportunity of again expressing my conviction of the numerous errors which still must disfigure my work; although I have bestowed all the pains upon its last correction which a very little and interrupted leisure would allow.

PROLOGUE.

P. xxxiv. *Livius.* When this dramatist (who also acted his own plays) grew hoarse with repeated recitation, he gained permission to call in the assistance of another actor to pronounce his verses at the proper pitch of the pipe, whilst he adapted a silent action to the words. See Valerius Maximus, 2, 4, and in other passages; Quinctilian, 10, 1, &c. Livy, lib. 7; and ibid. for the temporary secession of the old satire &c. from the stage, its reception in private, and its restoration in the course of time, and in the shape of farce, to the public theatres. Refer to page 367, where the ancient stage is mentioned: and see for the delightful custom of perfuming the theatres, Lucret. lib. 2. Propert. l. 4, el. 1. Ovid, Horace. The Epistle to Augustus,[b] and the Art of Poetry (with Hurd's excellent comment), give an account of the Roman drama, which, illustrated by the above references, is full and satisfactory. See Pope's Imitation, for a similar account of the English play-writers.

SATIRES.

P. 7. For *Calenum's vintage,* read *Calenian vintage.*

P. 63. For *Lybian,* read *Libyan,* and so throughout.

P. 76. For *Venafrian,* read *Venafran.*

P. 144. Read *Chrysogonus'.*

P. 145. For *Tully,* read *Tullius.*

P. 175. For *brought,* read *bought.*

P. 193. Read *Pyrenees.*

P. 251. For *barbarous vengeance,* read *harbours vengeance.*

P. 265. For *Chad,* read *Shad.*

P. 268, l. 5. After *bid,* insert *him.*

P. 279. See Gibbon, vol. 4, p. 297, for an instance of cannibalism in the early history of the Picts and Scots.

P. 288. *Nature who fills &c.* Mollissima corda. Juv. 15, 131. Perhaps better translated thus,

Nature on man a tender heart bestows,
And owns her gift with ev'ry tear that flows.

[b] It may be proper to state, that the name of Octavius (instead of Octavianus), applied to Augustus Cæsar in the prologue, is not thought to be sanctioned by contemporary use.

P. 289. Juv. 15, 135. Or when some boy whose ringlets wet with tears
Betray the girlish weakness of his fears &c.

So Horace—solutis Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu. And Ovid Met. 8, 4, and 9, 12. Auson. epig. 105-7. Let me, in condemnation of my own occasional dependance upon Holyday, (which the want of books has compelled) observe, that the references in the Delphin Edition of the classics are, generally speaking, upon examination, found to be correct, and their indices are invaluable. Heyne here is praise-worthy.

Juv. 15, 138. Or when, snatch'd off in rip'ning beauty bright,
Some lovely virgin "bids the world good night,"
Or some sweet infant, whose too recent birth
Forbids the pyral flames, is laid in earth.

l. 12. After *be*, insert *by*.

P. 291. Read verses 237, 257.

P. 296. For *punctæque*, read *junctæque*.

NOTES.

P. 304. For *decentèr*, read *decenter*. Some of the Latin accents having been inadvertently misplaced, my readers, for the sake of brevity, will have the goodness to excuse a particular correction of errors; but, generally, to consider the accent as omitted, where the adverb cannot be mistaken for another word. The Greek accents too (which have been improperly printed in some quotations) I could wish cancelled: only endeavouring to correct, as far as time would allow, errors of the press, and the misplacing of those marks which are most necessary for the right distinction of words. It is but justice to observe, that many of the mistakes have been occasioned by a want of leisure, and consequent inaccuracy on my own part.

P. 307. *Callimachus.* The following verses on the death of a friend will show Callimachus in a very different light from that in which I have represented him, but with justice, above:

"I heard thy fate, Athenio, not unmov'd;
"A bitter tear my recollection prov'd,
"How oft, conversing with my parted friend,
"I scarce have seen the summer sun descend.[c]
"And thou, dear guest, cold ashes art become,
"In an unknown, a last, eternal home.
"But, like sad Philomel's, thy tuneful breath
"Survives, triumphant o'er the robber Death."

P. 308. *Valerius Flaccus.* I believe I must adopt a second thought here, and confess that the character of this poet enhances Juvenal's satire, and rather makes its application probable, than, as I supposed before, improbable. Multum, says Quinctilian, in Valerio Flacco nuper amisimus; and Juvenal might reasonably censure the devotion of his talents to so stale a subject as the Argonautic expedition.

P. 310. For *maxims*, read *notions*.

P. 314. For *irritè*, read *irrité*.

P. 320. For Κῆν, read Κῆν, according to the canon of a scholar, whose arguments are always plain, short, and convincing.

[c] Ἥλιον ἐν λεσχῃ κατιδυσομεν. So Virgil,

—— Sæpe ego longos
Cantando puerum memini me condere Soles—
Nunc oblita mihi tot carmina!

How sweetly melancholy—In one of our English ballads, "We talk down summer suns."

P. 322. *Three first satires.* This note was written under a conviction of the reasonableness and truth of its principle. But it occurred to me that the notes to subsequent satires being shorter than those to the preceding, might be attributed to an abatement of industry; and, perhaps, I may have now run into the contrary extreme of tedious exertion.

P. 327. Insert, *And the vast Epicure demands a boar,*
That Nature form'd to feed a hundred more.

Now we are upon the subject of cookery, it may be remarked that Galen (lib. 4, de San. tuen.) speaks of the luxuries of these wild boars, and makes the lips of his patients water by the luscious description. The lumbus of the boar was considered among the ancient epicures as the "alderman's walk" is with us; it had therefore its particular name, and is called Aprugnus (or Aprugnum—Quere?) by Plautus and by Cato. (See Var. Lec. Hier. Merc. in Med. Script.)

Ibid. *Bold in our ancient freedom &c.* Even the courtly Horace dwells with admiration upon the freedom of the old Greek comedians, Eupolis atque Cratinus &c. and of their imitator, Lucilius.

Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus, multâ cum libertate notabant.

Yet see Cicero (and Horace) for the law which forbade this liberty in Rome. Si qui populo &c. &c. Refer to the prologue. As to Eupolis and Cratinus, we have probably more reason to regret the loss of the new Greek comedy in Menander than all their old severity. Aristophanes indeed, (to whom Mr. Owen judiciously refers for examples of every species of satire—the Silli, or parodies, &c. &c.) Aristophanes himself might have been better spared than the original of Terence, the jucundus Menander.

Ibid. *But Tigellinus &c.* Dusaulx (from whose preliminary discourse to his prose translation of Juvenal Mr. Gifford has rendered so animated a passage upon the different characters of the Roman satirists) interprets these disputed lines as follows. "Soit, mais peigns nous Tigellinus, et bientôt ton "cadavre fumant, empalé sur un pieu, servira de fanal." Not a letter of note follows this intelligible and tasteful paragraph, which, while it claims the privilege of poetry (freedom of version), is expressed in the tamest prose. However, perfect silence is better than the insolent manner in which some commentators avoid a note, and more satisfactory too than the stupid manner in which others do annotate.

To conclude this satire with some general remarks upon various readings. The book-making system of the Germans (how could such a nation produce Wieland, Klopstock, Schiller, and Goëthe? by the way, I may be asked how could Bæotia produce Hesiod, Pindar, &c?) is beautifully illustrated by the collection of unmeaning varieties which Ruperti has subjoined to the text. Henninius has only published the more remarkable various readings: Nævia, for instance, instead of Mævia. Other absurdities of this nature I have noticed in Henninius. To select what is important from this heap of laborious trifles requires a judgment far greater than I pretend to. A few various readings in the course of the work I have ventured to mention; but there are but a very small number of variations in the best received copies worth discussion. It is only for a Bentley to say what changes are really deserving of adoption. In the greater number of the satires I hardly perceive any difference which demands serious regard. Ruperti however (who is natus in usum lætitiæ) would afford a hundred opportunities for ridicule by his serious examination of the nothing before him. He wishes to read "numis," instead of "nummis." "Though indeed," says he, "the first syllable of Numisma *is* always short." Ciconia too, which has been proposed instead of Concordia, he does not so much disapprove of because it is false metre; no, he thinks Concordia better sense. Upon the line "It nova per cunctas," &c. he proposes a variety of alterations, instead of this unhappy monosyllable "it." "Et" (says the critic) pro "it" quidam. Præstiterit "es" vel "est," "vel fis vel fit!"

Γωνιοβομβυκες, μονοσυλλαβοι, ὅισι μεμηλε
Το σφιν, και σφωιν, και το μιν, ἠδε το νιν.

Surely Herodius must have been a prophet (for we cannot in any other age suppose absurdity like that of Ruperti) when he wrote these lines on the Γραμματισται. But I have promised to praise Ruperti. See his Essay de Satyrâ Romanorum for a judicious compilation from Rigaltius and others.

P. 332. For *Europæan*, read *European*, and in similar words correct the æ throughout.

P. 341. For *Gottiofredi*, read *Gothofredi*; indeed "Godefroy" would be his more popular, as well as proper title.

P. 342. Insert comma after *the spider's touch*. But the general difference of stile between Pope and Darwin, is the difference of the sun's light and that of a dishonest farthing candle. The former casts an universal radiance upon every object within its reach; the latter dimly discovers what it is held very close to. A noble plainness distinguishes the descriptions of Pope; a laborious and unsuccessful minuteness those of Darwin. He has the coldness of a Dutch painter, without his correctness. Let me however except some good episodes.

P. 343. *Sericæ et bombycinæ vestes*. See Ruæus in Virg. Georg. 2, l. 121. For an illustration of the form of Roman wills, see Horace, sat. 5, lib. 2, 53, 4.

P. 345. For ἐκας, read ἐκας. A word of the lewd dress of the judge below: surely Mr. Gifford's first interpretation of the passage (En habitum! &c.) was right. Juvenal is not fond of complimenting the *heroes* of his own time. He does not talk of them as the "Vulneribus crudis populus modò victor, et "illud Montanum vulgus." No, these were the Curii and the Camilli, incomptis capillis; hirti, horridi, atque sanctissimi; as Paterculus (keeping up the union of hairiness and virtue) designates Marius. Concerning the oath of the effeminate slaves below, see Petronius. "Junonem meam iratam," &c.

P. 349. For a comma, substitute a period after *rabidos*, and dele &c. Ibid. for *lifted up*, read *lighted up*.

P. 350. For *Gracchus, one of the patricians*, read *Gracchus, and other patricians*; and dele *other*, before *contemporary*. I may add to my notice of Ruperti's indecorous remark on this passage, that such improprieties are so far from hurting the sale of a book, that the copies of Warton's Theocritus which contain the similar grossness referred to in the following note, are much more valuable than any other; and that the expurgate edition of Bayle's Dictionary (crimine ab uno Disce omnes) sells for a song, because it lacks the blasphemous obscenities concerning David. These are fit subjects for satire.

Ibid. Upon Ruperti's remark, read *for almost any stupidity*.

Ibid. (insert) *They ask the soothsayer's, not the censor's, eyes*. A Latinized stile in writing English is the consequence of translation. Fielding ridicules this manner most happily in the περιπετεια of his irresistibly ludicrous Covent-garden Tragedy.

"I through the coat was, not the body, run!"

P. 355. For *podigum*, read *prodigum*.

P. 356. *Realms of eternal night*. See Clarence's dream in Shakespeare.

"I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
"And that grim ferryman, which poets write of,
"Unto the kingdom of perpetual night."

This is not unlike the language of Juvenal; but this, and still more what follows, is superior in gloomy and terrible effect to any similar description in any writer. Who, ever, understood the charm of a wild and indistinct solemnity of words like Shakespeare?

Qui, longum excussit cum jam doctrina soporem,
Surrexitque suis tandem rediviva theatris,
Multicolore vices expressit imagine vitæ,
Invenitque novos, ubi nostrum exhauserat, orbes.
Longè ultra modici exsiluit confinia mundi,
Præcipitique tulit remorantia sæcula curru.

P. 362. Read, *Lucri bonus est odor.* Insert, *Since honest toil.* Boileau has excellently imitated several passages in the speech of Umbritius. I omit his imitations very reluctantly.

" Qui nigra in candida vertunt."

(So Ovid, Candida de nigris, et de candentibus atra.)

Boileau, Ce qui fut blanc au fond rendre noir par les formes.

Johnson, " —— whom pensions can incite
" To vote a patriot black, a courtier white."

Oldham, with his usual spirit,

Let the Plotmongers stay behind, whose art
Can truth to sham, and sham to truth convert;
Whoever has a house to build, or set,
His wife, his conscience, or his oath to let.

The sale of conscience is well touched by Martial,

Vis fieri dives, Bithynice? conscius esto!

P. 363. After 1100 *gladiators fought*, insert, " and, at the lowest computation, half of them " perished on the spot, or in consequence of their wounds: 1100 animals also," &c.

P. 364. *Divitis hic servi.* Examine page 371, *Must doubt to call her &c.* and apply the reference to this passage. The words *claudit latus* signify more than a companion; they imply inferiority. So Horace, Utne tegam spurco Damæ latus? The corrected translation probably conveys the sense of Juvenal. There is an awkwardness in his change of person. Surely Umbritius does not tell Juvenal himself, " *You* are unable to purchase the meanest pleasures; *you* are one of those (while the rich slave enjoys countesses)

" Whom poverty condemns to vulgar love;
" Who dodge the colour'd gown, but vainly sigh
" When the rich harlot's chariot passes by—"

No, if applied to Juvenal by himself, it must mean, " You are restrained by a principle of honest shame " from such profligacy; but wealth sets the slave at liberty to indulge in the most public as well as " expensive debaucheries." Perhaps indeed here may be an allusion to some well-known anecdote of the time; like the story of lord Rochester's falling, when attempting to salute the duchess of Cleveland in her carriage at St. James's gate; upon which with a ready wit, possessed in an equal degree by no libertine of any other age, he exclaimed extempore,

" By heav'ns, 'twas bravely done,
" First to attempt the chariot of the sun,
" And then to fall like Phäeton!"

" Aut cadere, aut altâ Chionen deducere sellâ!"

P. 367. Read τυχῃ.

P. 368. The word ἐνδρομις more properly implies the garment of a "runner," than a "wrestler."

P. 369. For *finma*, read *lingua*. Ibid. read Ἀψασθαι.

P. 370, 1. *A Tribune's yearly pay.* This is imitated in that very ingenious book the "Fable of "the Bees."

"Spending as much in two hours stay
"As keeps a troop of horse a day."

The story of Diogenes should have been related of Demosthenes; but Diogenes was also an admirer of Lais, (Ad cujus jacuit Græcia tota fores—Propert.) and, not having access to Aulus Gellius at the time of writing this note, I misquoted him from memory. But Oldham has a passage of uncommon animation, imitated from this of Juvenal, (see page 364)

—— the breed
Of peers, reduc'd to poverty and need,
Are fain to trudge to the Bankside, and there
Take up with porter's leavings, suburb-ware.
There spend that blood, which their great ancestor
So nobly shed at Cressy heretofore,
At brothel-fights in some foul common-shore.

P. 373. *Sav'd the Palladium.* See the story in Virgil, lib. 2, 163, Æn. and the note of Ruæus in locum.

P. 374. *None but the rich succeed &c.* The Roman law of successions was altogether different from ours, and the word *hæres* (used in this passage) is by no means the same as our *heir*. In truth there was a distinction between the hæres factus (which of course is here meant), and the hæres natus, which comes nearer to our word heir. The hæres factus was rather *an universal legatee.*

Ibid. For *Pinniraphus*, read *Pinnirapus.*

Ibid. For *nor persecution*, read *or persecution.*

P. 375. *White tunics.* See a story, in Martial, of a man who went to the prætor's games in a black tunic. As if in punishment of this violation of a scene of mirth, snow fell and whitened him! Do we not immediately recur to the story attached to the London Cuckold? See also epig. 137, lib. 14. And for "niveos ad fræna Quirites," sat. 10, "white-robed Romans," see Martial 1, 45.

As to the phrase "Cætera de genere hoc," (374) although it is of *good authority*, (to use the cant of grammarians) it is a *bad* phrase, a vile, an execrable phrase. "Mob-led queen is good;" but Cætera de genere hoc! Apage. Am I bigotted as an Etonian, or do not our kindred muses of Westminster (for although

—— facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen—qualis decet esse sororum)

incline too much to the epigrammatic stile? The "breve vividumque carmen" has its faults; and Virgil and Ovid are perhaps better models than Martial.

P. 377. *Codrus.* See Martial, book 11, epig. 33.

Nor cloak, nor hearth, nor bed with worms decay'd,
Nor rotten mat, of wat'ry rushes made,

Boy, nor old man, nor girl, nor child, are there,
Bolt, key, or dog, or cup of earthen ware.
Yet in this hole would coxcomb Nestor claim
The rights and honours of a pauper's name!
Too high a title would his pride secure—
He who has "*nothing*," Nestor, is not "*poor*."

Boileau has exquisitely imitated, and added to, the story of Codrus.

P. 382. *A load that Corbulo &c.* In a passage quoted from Diphilus, corrected by Bentley, we have a parallel load to this of the unhappy slave.

Και προσετι τοινυν εσχαραν, κλινην, καδον,
Στρωματα, σιγυνον, ασκοπηραν, θυλακον·
Ως πη σιρατιωτην αν τις, αλλα και κυκλον
Εκ της αγορας ορθον βαδιζειν υπολαβον·
Τοσουτος εσι' ο ρωπος ον συ περιφερεις.

Now that I am come to the end of one of the most popular of Juvenal's satires, (a popularity to be accounted for more from Johnson's imitation than any real superiority in the original) as the most apt illustration of it, I will refer to Gibbon's description (chap. 30) of the Roman manners, translated from Ammianus Marcellinus, who flourished in the fourth century, and resided at Rome. By this account it appears that, allowing for an increase of vice and luxury, Rome was much the same as in Juvenal's time; and what is extraordinary, one of the few books which the historian asserts to have been popular was Juvenal. Did these luxurious nobles like to contemplate the enormities which they had aggravated? Now we may believe that lord Chesterfield *did* display Johnson's letter. This is indeed "glorying in "our shame."

P. 388. Insert, *Less in Apulia &c.* The note of the Delphin editor is the only useful note I have met with on this allusion. The price of land was low, in a rough and desart part of Apulia, mentioned by Seneca, epist. 87, and the whole country is also infested by a hot wind, called Atabulus, (quasi ατην βαλλων) noticed by Horace, lib. 1, sat. 5. *Provincia* I have rendered *Gaul*, κατ'εξοχην.

P. 389. Alter, *motto to the Baviad &c.* to *promise in the Baviad &c.*

Ibid. For *surare*, read *jurare*.

P. 390. *When the last Flavian &c.* The Delphin editor of Martial justly remarks the improbability of his abusing his patron in so ungrateful a manner; and yet, although this violence of abuse is improbable, when we consider the numerous privileges both in Rome and the country conferred upon Martial by Domitian; the jus trium liberorum, the census equestris, &c. &c. (to which, by the way, Juvenal may allude, sat. 7, Semestri vatum digitos circumligat auro) still the flatterer, who could praise such a monster when living, might forget him when dead; and we see indeed, in his twelfth book, the same praise of Nerva and Trajan that Domitian had shared before. We are not sorry to find it ill received. Martial's motto was "Vive hodie!" and he was too little scrupulous as to the means of life. Yet he had some good qualities, as Pliny's affectionate letter upon his death testifies.

P. 393. For *overlay*, read *overlie*.

Ibid. For *Massori*, read *Massovi*, and insert after friend, *of the friend*.

P. 396. For *Turcomania*, read *Caramania*.

P. 401. For ιλεον, read ιλεος; and for ειλεω, read ειλεω.

P. 406. After *Athenæus,* insert, *and refers to more quotations in* Lipsius.

P. 408. For Ἑκαπης, read Ἑκατης.

P. 409. *Feralia.* See Ovid Fast. 2, 565. Horace Ep. ad Canid. Tertull. de Res. Car. c. 1. But how nobly does Catullus display his love for his brother by the long pilgrimage he made to his grave, to celebrate the "Inferiæ," or rites in honour of the dead.

Multas per gentes &c. &c.

O'er many a realm, o'er many an ocean tost,
I come, my brother, to salute thy ghost;
Thus on thy tomb sad honour to bestow,
And vainly call the silent dust below.
Thou too art gone! e'en thee I must resign,
My more than brother—ah! no longer mine.
The fun'ral rites to ancient Romans paid
Duly I pay to thy lamented shade.
Take them—these tears their heart-felt homage tell—
And now—all hail for ever, and farewell!

P. 413. Dele the words, *the Bible and.* Non modo crimine, sed etiam suspicione, carere debemus, when we are talking of sacred things. When I stated the simple typographical fact in this note, I did not perceive any thing unseemly in the manner of expression. But if it should offend the well-meaning, I beg they will accept the apology which, in such a case, is necessary even for an unintentional offence.

Ibid. *Ye swains of Libya.* I have promised some remarks on the culinary discussions of Horace. He mentions the delicacy in the text,

"The dainty liver of a fatten'd goose:"

and indeed the mode of preparing it; Pinguibus et ficis pastum jecur anseris albi. There is surely something petty and insignificant in the minute knowledge of cookery which he displays in some of his satires; however facetious the ironical application of it to the characters in the poem may appear. His irony (though certainly grave), I confess, to my mind, is feeble. A little age is perhaps requisite in a reader, for him to be pleased with the castum et temperatum genus dicendi; but Horace himself would have said, Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juventâ Consule Planco. Were there not two great scholars, Balzac, (et quis fuit alter?) whose story illustrates this remark? One is reported to have been passionately fond of Lucan in his youth, but to have changed that partiality into a love for the softer stile of Horace in his old age. This is probable enough. But that the change in the taste of the other scholar should have been exactly the reverse, is equally paradoxical. Whatever runs along with the current of our feelings is delightful to us: but how the slow pulse of age could have kept pace with the rapid fire of Lucan, I am at a loss to imagine. Years indeed could not extinguish the lively warmth of Saleius Bassus; but we know not that he had any old admirers. In youth we are impatient of a lingering, gentle eloquence: it must be vigorous, quick, and animated; it must have many a sublime burst of imagination to fasten on our hearts. But the eloquence that delights old age is described in the quiet flow of the following beautiful lines:

—— venit et Crispi jucunda senectus,
Cujus erant mores qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium—— Juv. sat. 4.

Perhaps of all writers Montaigne (in his pleasant essays) has most happily united the sprightliness and good-humour of the young, with the mellowed and subdued spirit of the old. The easy and natural introduction of his learning adds an inexpressible charm to these engaging compositions.

P. 418. For *addition*, read *suggestion*.

P. 419. The opening of this satire is well rendered by one of the Italian translators, Count Cammillo Sylvestri da Rovigo. The edition of his book published in 1758 has very laboriously collected notes. The following lines are not deficient in spirit; and, like most Italian translations, close enough to the original.

Credo, che anticamente
Sin ch' il regno duro del buon Saturno
Si sia la Pudicizia trattenuta
Sopra la terra &c. &c.

The passage of our author, Paulatim deinde ad Superos &c. is almost a translation from Hesiod, Και ποτε δη προς Ολυμπον &c.

Ibid. *Catullus—Tibullus.* A very tender address of Catullus to the ashes of his brother has been translated above. The following lines to his favourite Lesbia are as full of love as the others are of friendship.

Jucundum, mea vita, &c.

Say you, my life, that we shall ever love?
Oh may no time the pleasing words disprove.
Heav'n, to these words eternal truth impart!
Let her have breath'd them from her inmost heart,
And through our lives to Lesbia's spirit grant
Firmness to keep this holy covenant.

But of all human beings Tibullus seems to have been most gifted with accomplishments and worldly advantages. His life indeed was short, as Ovid feelingly regrets; but this last writer, as well as Horace, commemorates the genius, the personal beauty, the rank, fortune, and universal fascination, of Tibullus. It will be seen, by an extract from himself, that he had anticipated the same Elysium in which Ovid afterwards placed him. The two passages thrown together, and assisted by the "forma, divitiæ, "ars fruendi," &c. of Horace, will give some idea of this enchanting poet from his own mouth, and from the opinion of his noblest contemporaries.

Sed me, quod tenero &c. &c. TIBULLUS, eleg. 3.

But I, who living yield to gentle love,
Dying shall seek the blest Elysian grove.
There tuneful choirs o'er verdant meadows stray,
And dance and song delight th' immortal day;
Uncultur'd cassia scents the teeming ground,
And od'rous roses flourish all around.
There many a tender girl and favour'd boy
Renew the wonted interchange of joy;
There roam the pairs of guiltless lovers dead,
With wreaths of myrtle on each youthful head.

I omit the region of "unholy shapes," and proceed to the more soothing conclusion of the poem.

At tu casta precor maneas &c.

But rest for ever pure, my lovely bride,
Thy aged nurse still watching at thy side,
Telling sweet tales of seasons long gone by—
While, at their lamps, the circling damsels ply
The curious labours of the length'ning thread,
Or o'er the distaff bend their drowsy head.
Then, on a sudden, will thy lover come,
As if from heav'n descending to his home:
No courier's speed my Delia shall prepare,
But in her chance undress I'll find the fair.
Then will she run these smiling eyes to meet,
Loose her dark locks, and bare her snowy feet.
Oh with what joy I'll strain her to my breast,
While tears, and tender murmurs, speak the rest.

We cannot wonder that he who could draw so living a picture of the secret paradise of home as the original of these lines represent, should in another elegy betray such a sentiment as the following:

No praise be mine! how gladly would I prove
The world's derision with the girl I love.
Did her fair smiles my lowly dwelling bless,
I'd court the shame of languid idleness.

The whole indeed of this poem (elegy the first) is inimitable in tenderness and delicacy of expression, and in feeling quite heavenly. Sed nunc non erit his locus.

Now let us hear Ovid's praise of Tibullus. Si tamen è fatis aliquid &c.

If aught of mortals but a name remains,
Tibullus wanders in Elysian plains.
With Calvus there is great Catullus found,
His youthful brows with brightest ivy crown'd.
And thou too, Gallus, if belied by fame—
Oh lavish of thy blood, to wash away thy shame!
To these, Tibullus, is thy form convey'd,
If aught of thee survives but empty shade.
There thy soft numbers, in the realms of rest,
Swell the symphonious chorus of the blest.
A peaceful urn thy sacred ashes save,
And the green hillock lightly press thy grave.

P. 420. Read *Heyne*. Ibid. for *odious*, read *od'rous*. Ibid. for *Are still*, read *Have still*. Yet ancient use justifies the former.

P. 421. Read ἡδέων. One word more; all that has been said in the above note perhaps falls short of the little chanson in the Partie de Chace.

Si le Roi m'avoit donné sa grand ville de Paris,
Et qu'il fallut quitter l'amour de ma Mie,
Je dirois au Roi Henri, reprenez votre Paris,
J' aime mieux ma Mie—O gai! J' aime mieux ma Mie.

P. 422. For *ναχτεριαι*, read *νυκτεριαι*.

P. 423. For *arcane*, read *arcanæ*.

P. 425. For *intecti*, read *interti*.

P. 427. For *Capus*, read *Lagus*.

P. 434. For *accepit*, read *accessit*.

P. 435. Read *κωρεωκομων*. When I met with this passage I did not know Le Grange had quoted it. See Bergleri Aristophanes, page 1034, for a *proposed correction* in this line, *metri gratiâ*; but admitting a spondee in the fourth foot.

P. 437. For *Traillianus*, read *Trallianus*.

P. 439. Insert, *the Circus*. Refer to the account p. 379, and add, upon the authority of Adam, that the "Agger" seems to have been the same as the "Spina," or brick wall, in the middle of the Circus, rather than a mound of earth at the side, which separated the piece of water from the rest of the building.

P. 440. For *Horace*, read *Persius*; and for *Persius* below, read *farther*.

P. 441. Read *λαμβανεσα*, and *ουτω κακος*.

P. 442. For *Pelides*, read *Belides*.

P. 446. Dele comma after *munus*.

P. 447. Read *some in the Greek plays*; dele *and Latin*.

Ibid. For *revidique*, read *uvidique*. To the remarks upon Horace let me add his praise of Wine and Song, epist. 19, 1; and a stanza or two from his ode upon Pindar, and partly from those passages which relate to the Olympic games. See the notes to sat. 13.

Sive quos Elea &c.

Whether his glowing fancy sing
The hero of the race or ring
  Mid Elis' echoing crowds;
His high-ton'd strains the victor please
More than a thousand images,
  And raise him to the clouds.
Or, if he mourn the bridegroom gay,
Snatch'd from his weeping bride away
  In love's delightful glow;
How sweetly does his song declare,
"The youth was brave, was kind, was fair,
  "Yet sleeps in night below!"
Uplifted by a pow'rful gale,
The Theban Swan's wide pinions sail &c.

There are certainly many noble rhapsodies, and much poetical enthusiasm, in Pindar. Yet he has whole passages of profound drowsiness; and the great irregularity of his metre (when compared with that of the Greek chorus) gives him rather more than a fair chance of excelling in freedom and comprehensiveness of language.

P. 448. For *motto*, read *mottoes*. Well does Dermody say of ink,

"The gall was made for man's undoing,
"And signs the bond 'twixt him and ruin."

Ibid. For *world's unknown*, read *realms unknown*.

P. 450. *Paris.* "Julian," says Fielding, in his burlesque of the metempsychosis, "was as dear to "Charles the Simple in the character of a fool, as Paris to Domitian."

P. 452. Add inverted commas from "These unrewarded sons of eloquence," down to "tolerably "certain of success." I should have marked this sentiment as belonging to a friend; for my own opinion is directly contrary to it.

Ibid. For the *Bulbi*, refer to Toup's Longinus. He has a note not unlike the famous potatoe note upon Shakespeare.

P. 455. *Forgive your friend &c.* See page 532.

P. 456. Read *Quales ex humili.*

P. 458. To the note upon Epitaphs I will venture to add a translation of the speech of Arviragus over the body of Imogen. The original is even more beautiful than Collins's imitation. Yet let me remark, en passant, that the dirge in Cymbeline, and the epitaph upon Thomson, (yes, upon Thomson) are perhaps the most enchanting poems of the kind in our language. Collins was indeed a poet. Let us exclaim with Beattie,

"—— many an evening sun shine sweetly on his grave!"

But who is like Shakespeare?

"———— with fairest flow'rs,
"While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele," &c.

Tuum, Fidele, floribus pulcherrimis,
Dum durat æstas, incolamque me vident
Hæc rura, funus contegam. Pallentium,
Tui instar oris, primularum copia
Haud deerit, aut colore venas æmulans
Hyacinthus, aut odora frons cynosbati—
Quæ (nec calumniamur) haud erat tuo,
Odora quamvis, spiritu fragrantior.
Tibi hæc vetustæ more mansuetudinis,
(O mos pudori prodigis hæredibus
Inhumata patrum qui relinquunt corpora)
Rubecularum vilis hospitalitas
Afferret, imo plura—namque mortuis
His omnibus, cubile musco sterneret,
Brumâque te curaret, ut viresceres.

P. 459. *Lose not my friend, &c.* Among the miseries of schoolmasters, Juvenal happily enumerates the necessity of a perfect and accurate knowledge of all authors. The grammarian must cleanse (according to a classical friend of mine), the *Ægean* stable of errors, which abound even in the great Heyne. What is to become of that writer, whose sole praise is a grubbing diligence, when that virtue fails? What, I say, is to become of Heyne, when any sciolist might pledge himself to produce *titubationes* innumerable in his tasteless editions of the classics, gross as that in his note upon the 22d Iliad, where he mistakes μ for 40 stadia, the said μ meaning the 12th book of the Iliad. But the acies oculi *may* here have been deceived. What shall we say to the acies mentis, which has not yet discovered what our Greek Elements teach us, that in the verb ἵκανω, et in similibus, the ι in the augmented tenses is properly long; or that by the laws of prosody, the penultima of ζευγνῦς is short. I have heard of a great scholar who cannot count his own list of Heyne's σφαλματα without taking breath thirty times. Ut non ter decies respiret. Dii boni! "Have we not Hiren here?" Recommend me to ancient Pistol

for a commentator—But banish Heyne, banish Herman, banish Sweighæuser, banish Wolff (cum suis plagiariis—with all his kidnappers" [a]), banish Buhle, banish Scneider for the term of his natural life, banish Philip Brunck (and yet the *comparative* shortness, and happy boldness, occasionally, of his notes to Sophocles—Well—let it only be a short relegatio for Philip), banish Schütz; and banish all the booths in Leipsic fair—but sweet Jack Wyttenbach, kind Jack Wyttenbach, laudatus à laudato Jack Wyttenbach, banish not him the learned library; banish Jack Wyttenbach (at least for fourteen years [b]), and banish every other half of the square yards of Dutch [c] and German calfskin from every shelf. I speak thus generally (and many, if they dared, would countenance me), in condemnation of modern commentators; for it is my firm belief, that the advancement of learning has been checked, rather than promoted, by the enormous and expensive editions of the classics, which, of late years particularly, have buried the text in the comment—thereby furnishing the pedant indeed with an opportunity of displaying his vain erudition, but throwing no new light upon the ancient authors, who have been for the most part already amply illustrated by the glorious revivers of literature, and their more immediate and worthy successors. But in a very different manner (from that in which Heyne has been mentioned), should we notice the errors of books which are generally useful. Then we may say, opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum. Thus, when Gesner, in his dictionary (as well as Stephens), under the head of "liber, a book," quotes "Condita cum verax aperit prærcordia liber," and "musteus liber, new wine;" *perhaps, indeed, musty records*; ridiculous as the mistakes are, we feel, ubi plura nitent, &c. &c. that is, almost the same indulgence as for the errors of Johnson in his Dictionary. In the new Greek Thesaurus, it is to be hoped that the quantities will not only be marked, and the authorities selected from better writers, but some of the faults of Morell corrected. To specify one or two out of numbers. The first syllables of ἵαομαι and ἰλασκομαι, are instanced only as long; and in the quotation, ἀνδρος μεγα δυναμενοιο, the young scholar is led to imagine the first syllable of δυναμαι common, because the licentious usage, ob syllabarum brevium concursum, is not noticed. As we are upon the subject of lexicons,[d] we may descend easily to grammars; and justly exclaim—

Quantum grammaticus meruit labor!

But to close the irksome consideration—in the Eton Greek Grammar (to show how easily inaccuracies creep in upon all philological writings), the word θεαω (there being no such word), stood for years as an example, instead of θεαομαι; ἀμφω has appeared as a diptote; the rule for the præterperf. pass. of 6th con. is very imperfect; τερην stands instead of τερσινα, and ἡ ἰλυς limus, is of the third declension of contracts, instead of the fifth simples—but I shall dread an operation for the cure of that disorder if I proceed; so—

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem.

P. 459. Insert, *Grind his gerunds.* See Pope.

"If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill
"That turn'd ten thousand verses now stands still."

[a] Absit dictis injuria; but it is reported that this gentleman has not exactly distinguished between the meum and tuum of Heyne's men and notes, and his own.

[b] This is not half the time he has bestowed upon Plutarch—and well bestowed it assuredly as a commentator—but is it not an ample portion of life?

[c] I beg pardon of my Dutch friends for omitting them in the preface, page 21.

[d] In Constantine there is a most curious error. As an illustration of κυμινοπρισλης (a cumin-cutter literally), used for an avaricious man, like the miser in Juvenal, sat. 14 (Filaque sectivi numerata includere porri), he quotes Horace, "Salis "avarus;" evidently understanding salis as the genitive case of sal, and not as the second person of salio.

P. 460. After *Homer* insert ? and read Didymus. See Swift's Laputa.

Ibid. For *Fithonia*, read *Tithonia*.

P. 463. Read *Seneca de Benef. Lib.* 2. *c.* 21.

P. 468. *Corinthus.* I must here make the amplest apology to the manes of the Delphin editor, for imagining in my hurry, that he intended "cæsus" to bear the same signification as "occisus." I should have remembered, "pro verbero, cædo cecidi."

P. 480. For *must*, read *mayst*.

P. 483. Read *Opus* and *Regionum*.

Ibid. After "*to whom that play*," insert "*and the Agamemnon*."

P. 484. Read "*Œteus*," and "*the Œdipus, pace Heinsii.*"

P. 485. Before "Pindar" insert "Hesiod." And at the end of the sentence, "Helicon, it must "be remembered, was also in Bœotia."

Ibid. *Sejanus.* The fate of this favourite was like that of the eunuch Eutropius. Stripped of all his grandeur, deserted by his flatterers, and exposed to the indignation of the Roman populace—Sejanus ducitur unco Spectandus: gaudent omnes! So, in the hour of retribution, betrayed by the weak emperor who had raised him from obscurity, Eutropius, cast down from his height of greatness, is pursued by the exasperated crowds of Constantinople, and flies for refuge to the altar which he has insulted. Chrysostom ascends the pulpit, and, as his translator describes him, "in a full stream of extemporaneous "eloquence, which no other man in any age possessed," thus for a while appeases the fury of the mob, who are maddening to drag their once dreaded tyrant forth to punishment. See Gibbon, vol. 5, c. 32. "In every season of our lives, but most especially in the present, we may exclaim, '*Vanity of vanities*, "*all is vanity.*' Where now are the costly insignia of the consulship, and where the blaze of torches? "Where now is the enthusiasm of applause, and the crowded hall, and the sumptuous banquet, and "the midnight revelry? Where is the tumult that echoed through the city? the acclamations that re-"sounded in the hippodromes, and the flattery of the spectators? all these are fled. The first tempes-"tuous gale hath scattered the rich foliage on the ground, presenting to our eyes the naked tree, reft of "its blooming honours, and bowed inglorious to the earth." My limits will not allow me to transcribe more; but the famous saying of the wise man is again most nobly introduced;[c] the picture of the fall of Eutropius is wrought up to the highest degree of horror; the change from animation to tenderness in the preacher, when he perceives his hearers are melted into compassion, is most impressive and affecting; and, above all, the description of our Saviour's merciful and forgiving spirit, demands the deepest admiration. I do say, that Chrysostom is better represented than Demosthenes, as the master of the passions: it is more just to describe the former in the words of Juvenal—

Torrentem, et pleni moderantem fræna theatri.

Perhaps Mr. Boyd has in some passages injudiciously amplified the figurative language of Chrysostom. Several instances of this fault have been pointed out in the Critical Review for May 1807. Others may be added. As a pleasing contrast to the splendour and life of the preceding extract, I will refer to an example in the speech of Chrysostom's mother, where she dissuades her son from following his friend into the deserts near Antioch. "Involve me not in a second widowhood; nor *rake up the* "*decayed embers of an extinguished sorrow.*" In the original, μηδε το κοιμηθεν ηδη πενθος αναψαι παλιν· Again, "spread out your willing sails, and measure the seas' wide surface." σιελλου μακρας αποδημιας, και πλεε θαλατταν ην αν εθελης. It would seem that amplification is a catching quality; for Chrysostom

[c] Yet on another occasion, perhaps, that saying was used with still more effect. I mean when Gelimer, king of the African Vandals, cried out in the midst of the triumph of Belisarius, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

is frequently redundant in expression, but Mr. Boyd has improved upon that redundance. This is the case with Rowe's Lucan, otherwise an excellent performance. And the same general praise surely belongs to the short specimens of Mr. Boyd. The public has reason to wish that he may be encouraged to perform his promise, of giving us some translations of entire homilies. He seems to have a most thorough knowledge of his authors, as far as I have followed him, and to pronounce a very discriminating judgment upon their respective peculiarities of manner. I speak indeed from a slight acquaintance with the books; but from sufficient, perhaps, to judge of these short specimens; which have also been highly commended by much better judges.

Let me introduce a passage or two, which I have selected and translated myself. The following are detached sentences from the opening of the homily on the earthquake of Antioch. These might have been quoted in the 6th satire—Nutare urbes, subsidere terras—But I had not then access to the book. I may remark upon my reference to Chrysostom in that satire, that a ludicrous meaning may be given to my words; and that I may appear to suppose Mr. Gifford waiting for a translation of Chrysostom before he quotes him. Now as this will equally apply to myself, and as Mr. G. never quotes any thing but what is to his immediate purpose (a practice different from my own), the wits will smile without reason. Mr. G. besides, as I have remarked, seems hand and glove with the fathers. Has he not a friend who would do himself and St. Chrysostom immortal honour, by a partial translation of that illustrious orator?[a] See the opening of the homily above quoted.

"Do you behold the power of God? Do you behold his love for man? His power, in that he has "shaken the earth; his love, in that he has established it, when tottering to its fall.

"Do you behold the instability of the race of man? When the earthquake was felt, I pondered, and "said within myself—'Where are rapine, and fraud, and tyranny? Where are our proud thoughts, and "wrongful oppressions? Where is the depredation of the poor, the contumely of the rich, the dominion "of the ruler? Where are our threats? Where is the terror of our name?' One awful moment has burst "all this asunder, like the spider's web! It is dissolved. Lamentation is in the city, and it runs trembling "to the church. Imagine! if the Almighty had chosen to overturn the universe, what should we then "have suffered? Imagine! if it were now that tremendous day, when the shock is not for a moment, but "when endless ages, and rivers of fire, and indignation denouncing punishment; and angels dragging us "to our sentence, and a dread tribunal, and an incorruptible judgment; and the actions of each man set "before his eyes; and no one to help us; no neighbour, advocate, relation, brother; no father, mother, "stranger, human being—what shall we do? Answer me! I bring fear upon you to work out your sal-"vation; I labour to make my words enter into your souls like iron, that he who has a corrupt place, "may put away his corruption."

I once heard a preacher who had much of the rapid variety and rich exuberance of Chrysostom. But alas! Ingens illa suo lux est consumpta nitore.

P. 488. Insert after the words, "fragment of Eupolis," "quoted, as applied to Pericles (but often transmitted to Demosthenes by his warm admirers), by the Scholiast upon the Acharnenses of Aristophanes, 529, and corrected by Toup in his Longinus." But the Πειθω of Pericles assuredly did not descend to Demosthenes, in whatever degree he may have inherited the Κεντρον.

Ibid. *O fortunatam, &c.* This does well in Italian.

[a] I call the saint an orator: for although Dion Chrysostom more peculiarly claims the title, he does not deserve the character in an equal degree. Let our young clergymen light their eloquence at the flame of Chrysostom, of Basil, or of Nazianzen.

O fortunata nata (in certi carmi
Quei disse) Roma, nel mio consolato.
Se avesse in guisa tal sempre parlato
Poteva non temer d'Antonio l'armi.

Perhaps no language except the Italian, affords a sufficient variety of terminations, similar in sound, to preclude occasional incorrectness of rhyme. It is the most copious, and the best adapted for poetry, of all the modern languages; but I am inclined to fancy that, in this northern soil, we have raised fairer flowers, with all the disadvantages of our instruments of culture, than the favoured sons of Italy. Only let us imitate Shakespeare and Dryden, instead of Thomson and Shenstone, and we may still continue to excel. Roscommon and Buckingham are better models than the last; for, with all their irregularity, they have vigour; and no quality can compensate for feebleness. Pope copied a strong original.

P. 490. Place a comma after " I trust," and a semicolon after " editor."

P. 495. Read κονι.

P. 497. The character of Cæsar is admirably drawn by Lucan—

Acer et indomitus, quo spes quoque ira vocâsset,
Ferre manum, et nunquam temerando parcere ferro, &c. &c.

This last trait perhaps applies better to some other conquerors; but the clemency of Cæsar was only a thin veil, and often entirely removed.

P. 499. Now we are arrived at the end of this inimitable poem, let us subjoin a few general illustrations.

O faciles dare summa Deos, eademque tueri
Difficiles— LUCAN.

" Vanity," again, " all is vanity." And yet this said vanity is the great source of all human excellence; without it our natural laziness would reduce us once more to savages.

The Prayer for Health, reminds me of that beautiful poem in the Anthology—Ὑγιεια πρεσβιστα μακαρων, &c. which Johnson has so deservedly praised. It has often been translated: to my taste never so well as by a friend of mine (the Rev. R. Bland), whose name I ought to have stated before, as the author of many of the translations from the Greek Anthology; a book which has met with too much praise for my judgment of it to suffer the imputation of a friendly bias. See pages 11, 13, 85, for some excellent illustrations of the general argument of this satire; the emptiness and instability of human affairs. General and melancholy subjects are the best food for poetry.

Health, brightest visitant from heav'n,
Grant me with thee to rest;
For the short term by nature giv'n,
Be thou my constant guest.
For all the pride that wealth bestows,
The pleasure that from children flows,
Whate'er we court in royal state
That makes men covet to be great;

Whatever sweets we hope to find
In love's delightful snares,
Whatever good by heav'n assign'd,
Whatever pause from cares—

All flourish at thy smile divine;
The spring of loveliness is thine:
And every joy that warms our hearts
With thee approaches, and departs.

Ibid. Insert, *Candiduli divina tomacula porci.* This I have left out in my translation, being unable to make serious English of it; and being convinced that Juvenal, in this exalted passage, did not intend an oblique stroke of satire on the priesthood, as Dryden has imagined. (See the notes to sat. 2.) Quod volumus facile credimus, may, I am afraid, be applied to Dryden in this case. See the notes to Wakefield's edition of Pope's Homer, Iliad xxiii. line 911. Of this edition I have spoken cursorily in the preface, inasmuch as relates to its attempt at improvement in Pope's versification. Surely nothing half so presumptuous was ever attempted, or ever met with so just and disgraceful a failure before.

P. 505. Spence approving an opinion of Addison's, is something like Boswell rounding a period of Johnson's. The more I think of Congreve's explanation, the more I like it: the helmet of the soldier, with a projecting figure of Mars in front, wanted nothing but the nodding plumes of Hector, to render it truly gallant and military. But Spenser's is the helmet of helmets. Fairy Queen, book i. canto 7.

Ibid. For *furendo*, read *urendo*.

Ibid. After *Blair's simile*, insert, *or rather Campbell's*.

P. 506. After *Delph. edit.* insert *of Juvenal*; where the passage from Lucan is quoted.

Ibid. For *Typherus*, read *Trypherus*.

P. 509. As to the hour of bathing, it was usually two o'clock. But allowances were made in cases of age and infirmity; and in the present instance there was no witness to censure irregularity.

Ibid. I have, perhaps, rather confounded the ancient chariot-race with our modern horse-racing in this satire.

P. 511. For *relucta*, read *relictâ*.

P. 513. Insert, *Still doubting his escape.* So Spenser,

" The mariner, yet half amazed, stares
" At peril past, and yet in doubt ne dares
" To joy—"

Ibid. For *Sontanus*, read *Pontanus*.

P. 516. For *see the third satire*, read *see the second satire*.

P. 517. For *Agam*, read *Agamus*.

As this satire concludes with a spirited stroke of irony, I may observe of this quality, that its great master, Swift, often " shoots his arrows against brick walls." The vulgar do not understand irony; and one reason of this ignorance reflects honour upon them. *They* attach discredit to saying what you do not mean: now the great do not attach any discredit to this practice; and therefore can perceive that he only jests—

Ὅς γ' ἑτερον μεν κευθει ἐνι φρεσιν, ἀλλο τε βαζει·

P. 518. Insert, *Each guilty deed.* Stapylton, from an old copy of Juvenal which he does not name, extracts a various reading of this line in the original;

Extemplò, quodcunque malum committitur &c.

His selections of var. lec. from the Louvre copy are few and unimportant.

P. 519. For *publicæ*, read *publicè*.

P. 520. When Ovid is called the most enchanting of "all descriptive poets," Spenser must be ranked next to him; and perhaps may dispute the pre-eminence.

Ibid. For *see the notes to the eleventh*, read *see the notes to the tenth satire.*

P. 523. *Swift*; but upon second thoughts, was not this *Bonnell Thornton?*

P. 526. For *Theroe* read *Meroe.*

P. 530. *Martial.* The epigram I alluded to is, that " De Ligurrâ, homine inepto." 12, 62.

You fear, Ligurra, in my lines to see
A short display of your stupidity.
You wish to claim a worthiness of wrong,
That may befit you for abusive song.
You fear in vain, my friend, you wish in vain
The living libel of my caustic strain.
On the fierce bull the Libyan lion turns;
Beholds the harmless butterfly, and spurns.
Seek, if your name in angry verse must flow,
Some drunken poet of the bagnio,
Who with foul chalk, or gritty charcoal, scrawls
Obscene lampoons on Cloacina's walls.
'Tis not for me the blockhead's face to brand!
Go, court the stigma of some meaner hand.

What a strange mixture was the disposition of Martial—follow him now to his retirement, and he is all gentleness—

" 'Mid the rich mines, and fruitful vales of Spain."
- - - - - - - - - - -
" Here, lost in cares, whose gentle pressure charms,
" I till at ease my Celtiberian farms;
" Here, through night's darkness, undisturb'd and deep,
" Till the full morning shines, securely sleep;
" Glad to repay enjoyment's long arrears,
" And wakeful eyes for thirty wretched years."

P. 531. For taxing *wine*, read taxing *urine.*

P. 532. For *sapis*, read *rapis.*

Ibid. After *report is enough for poetry*, insert *in matters of this kind.*

P. 533. After *hurles*, in quotation from Spenser, insert *forth.*

Having here completed my present labours (of whatever value they may be), let me breathe one word of gratitude to the sources from whence they have been derived, to Eton, and to Cambridge: and then (waving all praise of contemporaries, however well deserved), let me turn to the worthy race of old; to those, whose memory should excite present emulation, and produce future excellence; with a fervent hope that they may continue to live in their posterity.

Vos et adhuc parili florere propagine tempus
Venturum aspiciat, veteresque reducat honores.

THE END.

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