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THE BREVIARY TREASURES

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By

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THE
SATIRES OF HORACE

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

TO MÆCENAS

"Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem."

Whence comes it, dear Mæcenas, that we find
Each to applaud his neighbour's lot inclined—
Each to repine at that which chance has thrown
Into his lap, or choice ordained his own?
“Blest is the merchant’s fate,” the soldier cries,
As bowed with years the toilsome march he plies:
Again, the merchant tossed by storms at sea
Exclaims,—“The soldier’s is the life for me;
For why—the trumpet summons to the fray,
And death or glory quickly crowns the day.”
The lawyer, when ere cock-crow at his gate
Loud clients knock, applauds the peasant’s fate:
Dragged from the country by a writ, the clown
Swears none are blest but those that dwell in town.
So many like examples wait our call,
Scarce prating Fabius could recount them all.
But (not to tire myself and you) 't were best
At once to bring the matter to the test.
Suppose some god should cry, "Lo, it shall be
Even as ye list: you, soldier, off to sea!
You, lawyer, go and plough! advance, retire,
Change sides, and be at last what ye desire!"
Why all draw back! — Was ever whim like this? —
Retract their wishes, and renounce their bliss!
What hinders but that Jove, with burly scowl
(As limners paint him) and inflated jowl,
In vengeance swear, that never will he deign
A patient hearing to such suits again?
But, not to treat my subject as in jest —
(Albeit why may not truth in smiles be drest,
As gentle teachers lure the child to come
And learn his horn-book, with a sugar plum?)—
Joking apart— he that with restless toil
Urges his ploughshare through the stubborn soil,
This tapster-like retailer of the laws,
This veteran champion of his country's cause,
And this stout seaman who in quest of gain
Unfurls his sail and braves the boisterous main,
All with one view profess to labour on—
That, when at last the spring of life is gone
And strength declines, of ample stores possesst
They may retire to competence and rest.
So the small ant (the precedent they plead),
Patient of toil and provident of need,
Drags in her mouth whatever spoil she meets,
And adds it to her stock of hoarded sweets.
Yet that same ant, when wintry clouds appear,
And grim December’s blasts deform the year,
Creeps not from home; but temperately wise
Unlocks her hoard and feeds on her supplies:
While you nor summer’s heat nor winter’s cold
Can tear asunder from the search of gold;
Fire, water, steel must yield to sordid pelf,
Till not a wretch is wealthier than yourself.
Say, what avails it thus to drudge and sweat
For all the gold and silver you can get,—
And, when the silver and the gold are found,
To delve a pit and hide them underground?
"The heap, once touched, soon dwindles to an end."
But wherefore was it heaped, unless to spend?
Ten thousand coombs are threshed upon your floor;—
What follows? not that you can eat the more.
Thus, were it yours to bear upon your head
Amid a train of slaves the sack of bread,
Not one loaf more would to your portion fall
Than to the rest who carried none at all.
Whoe'er to nature's wants conforms his will,
Say, what imports it whether that man till
Ten—or ten thousand—rood?—"A pleasure lies
In drawing what one wants from large supplies—"
This we can draw, too, from our humbler store;
And what can all your granaries do more?
As if you should of water clear and sweet
Need but a pitcher-full (while at your feet
Bubbled a spring) and say, "My cup I 'll fill
From yon deep river, not from this poor rill."
So shall the slippery bank your foot betray,
And you by Aufidus be swept away;
While he, who wisely studies to confine
His wishes there where nature draws the line,
Quaffs pure his beverage from the fountain's side,
Nor tempts the perils of the boisterous tide.
Yet thousands, duped by avarice in disguise,
Intrench themselves in maxims sage and wise.
"Go on," say they, "and hoard up all you can;
For wealth is worth, and money makes the man!"
What shall we say to such? Since 't is their will
Still to be wretched, let them be so still;
Self-curst as that same miser must have been,
Who lived at Athens, rich as he was mean,
Who, when the people hissed, would turn about
And drily thus accost the rabble-rout:
"Hiss on; I heed you not, ye saucy wags,
While self-applauses greet me o'er my bags."
Poor Tantalus attempts in vain to sip
The flattering stream that mocks his thirsty lip.
You smile, as if the story were not true!
Change but the name, and it applies to you.
O'er countless heaps in nicest order stored
You pore agape, and gaze upon the hoard,
As relics to be laid with reverence by,
Or pictures only meant to please the eye.
With all your cash, you seem not yet to know
Its proper use, or what it can bestow!
"'T will buy me herbs, a loaf, a pint of wine,—
All, which denied her, Nature would repine."
But what are your indulgencies? All day,
All night, to watch and shudder with dismay,
Lest ruffians fire your house, or slaves by stealth
Rifle your coffers, and abstract your wealth?
If this be affluence—this her boasted fruit,
Of all such joys may I live destitute!
"Yet if a cold" (you urge) "or aching head
Or other ill confine you to your bed,
With wealth you'll never want some faithful friend
Or civil neighbour, zealous to attend,
Sit by you, mix your cordials, and request
The doctor to beware, and do his best,—
Your precious health, if possible, restore,
And give you to your weeping friends
once more."
Vain thought! for you nor daughter,
son, nor wife,
Puts up the prayer, or cares about your
life.
Relations and acquaintance, great and
small,
Female and male, despise—detest you
—all.
Nor wonder if, while gold is all your
care,
That love you feel not, neither must
you share.
But if you think to win, by wealth
alone,
The love of them whom nature made
your own,
'T is labour lost,—as if one strove to
train
The ass to prance and curvet to the rein.
Push not your wishes then to this excess;
But, as you have the more, fear want the less.
You are what once you wished:— then wisely cease
All further trouble, and repose in peace:
Lest the same doom be yours, which, as we're told,
Befel a rich curmudgeon once of old,
Possest (my tale is short) of so much treasure
That he could count it only by the measure;
And yet withal so eager still to save,
He drest, he fared, scarce better than a slave,—
Nay, to his death was haunted with the dread
Of want and beggary hanging o'er his head.
At last a wench of true Tyndarid vein
Took up an axe and clave the churl in twain.

"But must I waste, like Nævius, my estate?
Like Nomentanus, live a profligate? —"
Why deal in such extremes? what need to place
These opposite excesses face to face?
I blame the niggard; but it follows not
That I commend the rake-hell and the sot.
Much as they differ, Tanais I admire
As little as I do Visellius' fire.
Some bound there ever is, some rule of right,
Which parts each error from its opposite:
Folly and vice on either side are seen,
While justice, truth, and virtue lie between.
Thus — (to revert to what was said at first) —
All view their own condition as the worst;
And, meanly envious of another’s lot,
Scorn what they have and praise what
they have not.
If but some luckier neighbour’s ewes or
kine
Yield more than theirs, they murmur
and repine:
And, while insatiate avarice bids them
pant
First one and then another to supplant,
However rich, some richer still they
find,
Toil after them, nor heed the poor
behind.
So in the race, when starting from the
bar
The furious coursers urge the rapid car,
To pass the next on speeds the charioteer,
Disdaining him that lingers in the rear.
Hence few are found, who dying can
declare
That theirs was comfort unalloyed with
care;
Or, rising from life's banquet, quit their seat,
Like cheerful guests, contented with the treat.
But hold!—You 'll think I 've pil-laged the scrutoir
Of blear Crispinus:—Not one word then more!

Canon Howes.
SATIRE II.

TO MÆCENAS

"Ambubaiarum collegia pharmacopœ.""

The tribes of minstrels, strolling priests and players,
Perfumers, and buffoons, are all in tears;
For ah! Tigellius, sweetest songster, 's dead,
And sure the soul of bounty with him fled.

Behold a wretch, in opposite extreme,
So fearful of a spendthrift's odious name,
He dare not even a sordid pittance give
To raise a worthy friend, and bid him live.

Or ask another, why in thankless feasts
The wealth of all his frugal sires he wastes;
Then the luxurious treat profuse supplies
With borrowed sums: "Because I scorn," he cries,
"To be a wretch of narrow spirit deemed." —
By some condemned, by others he's esteemed.
Fufidius, rich in lands, and large increase
Of growing usury, dreads the foul disgrace
To be called rake; and, ere the money's lent,
He prudently deducts his cent. per cent.
Then, as he finds the borrower distress,
Cruel demands a higher interest,
But lends profusely to the lavish heir,
Whose guardians prove too frugally severe.
All-powerful Jove, the indignant reader cries,
"But his expenses, with his income, rise."

No—'t is amazing, that this man of pelf
Hath yet so little friendship for himself,
That even the Self-tormentor in the play,
Cruel who drove his much-loved son away,
Amidst the willing tortures of despair
Could not with wretchedness like his compare.

But say, at what this tedious preface aims—
That fools are ever vicious in extremes.
While soft Malthinus trails a length of train,
See that short robe ridiculously obscene.
Rufillus with perfumes distracts your head:
With his own scents Gorgonius strikes you dead.
There are, all other passions who disclaim,
Except the impurpled robe, and wedded
dame:
Others their safer, cheaper pleasures
choose,
And take a willing mistress from the
stews.
When awful Cato saw a noted spark
From a night-cellar stealing in the dark,
"Well done, my friend; if love thy
breast inflame,
Indulge it here, and spare the married
dame."
Be mine the silken veil, Cupiennius cries,
Such vulgar praise and pleasure I despise.
All ye, who wish some dire mishap
may wait
This horning tribe, attend while I
relate
What dangers and disasters they sustain,
How few their pleasures, and how
mixed with pain.
A desperate leap one luckless caitiff
tries;
Torn by the fragrant lash another dies:
Some are by robbers plundered as they fly;
Others with gold a wretched safety buy.
Such various woes pursue these sons of lust,
And all, but Galba, own the sentence just.
Far safer they, who venture their estate,
And trade with females of the second rate.
"Yet Sallust rages here with wild desires,
As mad as those which lawless love inspires."
But had he been with less profusion kind,
Had common sense his lavish hand confined,
He had not now been wholly lost to shame,
In fortune ruined, as undone in fame.
But here 's the joy and comfort of his life,  
To swear, he never touched his neighbour's wife.  
Thus, to an actress when with lavish hand  
Marsæus gave his mansion-house and land,  
"My soul, thank heaven," he cries,  
"from guilt is free;  
The wedded dames are vestal maids for me."

Actress or not, the crime is still the same,  
Equal the ruin of estate and fame:  
Equal the folly, whether in pursuit  
Of wife, or slave, or loose-robed prostitute;  
Unless you mean, content to be undone,  
To hate the person, not the vice to shun.  
Of Sylla's wanton daughter when possest,  
Villius believed himself supremely blest:
To a dictator thus to be allied,
Dazzled his senses, and indulged his pride:
But sure, if vanity were fairly rated,
Methinks poor Villius was full hardly treated,
When buffeted and stabbed the coxcomb dies,
While in the wanton's arms a scoundrel lies.
But Nature, rich in her own proper wealth
Of youth and beauty, cheerfulness and health,
In her pursuit of happiness disclaims
The pride of titles, and the pomp of names.
Be thine her wise economy to learn,
And real from affected bliss discern.
Then, lest repentance punish such a life,
Never, ah! never kiss your neighbour's wife;
For see, what thousand mischiefs round you rise,  
And few the pleasures, though you gain the prize.  
What though Cerinthus dotes upon the girl,  
Who flames with emerald green, or snowy pearl,  
Is she beyond a common mistress blest  
With leg more taper, or a softer breast?  
Besides, the public nymph no varnish knows,  
But all her venal beauties frankly shows,  
Nor boasts some happier charm with conscious pride,  
Nor strives a vile deformity to hide.  
When skilful jockeys would a courser buy,  
They strip him naked to the curious eye;  
For oft an eager chapman is betrayed  
To buy a foundered or a spavined jade,  
While he admires a thin, light-shouldered chest,
A little head, broad back, and rising crest.
The example's good; then keep it in thy mind,
Nor to the fair one's faults be over-blind,
Nor gaze with idle rapture on her charms:
"Oh! what a taper leg! what snowy arms!"
For she may hide, whate'er she vainly shows,
Low hips, short waist, splay feet, and hideous length of nose.
But if you still pursue this dangerous game
(Perhaps the dangers your desires inflame)
What formidable works around her rise!
Maids, chairmen, footmen, flatterers, guard the prize.
The flowing robe, and closely muffled veil
With envious folds the precious thing conceal;
But what from nature's commoners you buy,
Through the thin robe stands naked to your eye:
Or, if you will be cheated, pay the fair,
With foolish fondness, ere she shows her ware.
As when a sportsman through the snowy waste
Pursues a hare, which he disdains to taste,
"So (sings the rake) my passion can despise
An easy prey, but follow when it flies."
Yet can these idle versicles remove
The grieves and tortures of this guilty love?
Were it not better wisdom to inquire
How Nature bounds each impotent desire;
What she with ease resigns, or wants with pain,
And thus divide the solid from the vain?
Say, should your jaws with thirst severely burn,
Would you a cleanly earthen pitcher spurn?
Should hunger on your gnawing entrails seize,
Will turbot only or a peacock please?
Let her be straight and fair; nor wish to have
Or height or colour Nature never gave:
Then, while with joy I woo the pleasing fair,
What nymph, what goddess, can with mine compare?
No terrors rise to interrupt my joys,
No jealous husband, nor the fearful noise
Of bursting doors, nor the loud hideous yelling
Of barking dogs, that shakes the matron's dwelling
When the pale wanton leaps from off her bed,
The conscious chamber-maid screams out her dread
Of horrid tortures; loudly cries the wife,
"My jointure 's lost," — I tremble for my life:
Unbuttoned, without shoes, I speed away,
Lest in my person, purse, or fame, I pay.
To be surprised is, sure, a wretched tale,
And for the truth to Fabius I appeal.

Francis.
SATIRE III.

TO MÄCENAS

"Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus inter amicos."

All singers have this fault—that if you try
To make them sing, they never will comply:
But leave them to themselves, and unrequired
They 'll sing till all the company are tired.
Tigellius had, we know, this whim so strong
That Cæsar's self who might enforce a song,
Tho' he conjured him in a friendly tone
By all his father's favours and his own,
Could not prevail. But, if the fit took place,
Now in shrill treble — now in thundering bass
'T was, "Bacchus, hail!" when first the banquet came,
And down to the last course 't was still the same.
Such was the man: Impelled by vain caprice
His life had nothing in it of a piece.
One day you saw him hurrying to and fro,
As if he fled from some pursuing foe:
Anon, as if great Juno's pomp to grace,
Marching along with slow and solemn pace.
Sometimes he kept two hundred slaves; — and then,
Wait but a day or two, he had but ten.
Now in big phrase he 'd talk of mighty things,
Of foreign courts, of Tetrarchs and of Kings:
And now 't was—"Grant me, Heaven!" ('t is all I wish)
"A three-legged table and an earthen dish;
A cleanly scollop-shell my salt shall hold;
A coat, however coarse, may fence the cold."
Yet, had you given amid his frugal plan
Five thousand pounds to this abstemious man,
Thus void of pride, thus easily content,
Within five days 't was every penny spent.
While others were awake, he snoring lay,
Then sat up all the night till break of day;
Ever at variance with himself.—But here
Methinks some reader whispers in my ear:
Have you no faults yourself? I answer, Yes; 
Faults of a different hue, and haply less. 
When Mænius dared a brother-knave attack 
And jeered at Novius once behind his back, 
"Art thou," cries one, "blind to thyself alone, 
Or would'st thou vapour as to us unknown; 
Look o'er thine own past follies."—"So I do," 
Retorts the wag, "and overlook them too." 
This partial self-indulgence, void of shame 
As well as sense, deserves the strongest blame. 
At your own failings while you leer askance 
With half-closed eye, why dart this eagle glance
At others' faults? since others, it is plain,
Will cast as sharp a gaze at yours again.
What tho' your friend be hasty now and then,
Too rough for the nice taste of modern men?
What tho' his beard oft ask the barber's skill,
His coat look shabby, or his boots fit ill?
Yet, you might add, he is a man of parts,
His bosom holds the very best of hearts;
And in this rude exterior lurk enshrined
A generous temper and gigantic mind.
Sift then your soul; explore each secret sin
By nature or worse habit sown within:
For oft thro' long neglect the noxious weed
Towers o'er the crop and chokes the rising seed.
Mark how affection blinds the lover's eyes!
He in his mistress not a fault espies:
In her each blemish seems to him a grace,
And none but beauty-spots adorn her face.
Balbinus, blind with love, enamoured grows
Even of the polypus in Agna's nose.
In friendship would our weakness were the same,
And dignified with Candour's nobler name!
As parents in their offspring, so should we Seek to extenuate even the fault we see.
Is the child squint-eyed? — "Oh, the pretty dear!"
The father lisps, "it has a roguish leer."
Is it a dwarfish cub, scarce two feet high,
Like Sisyphus?—"Sweet poppet!" is the cry.
Varus 't is called, if bandy-legged and lame:
For why—great Varus thence derived his name:
Or is the darling ricketty?—If kissed
And hailed a Scaurus, who observes the twist?
Thus, if your friend pursue the saving plan,
Commend him for a prudent thrifty man.
Is he a pert officious coxcomb?—Say,
The fellow has a lively pleasant way.
If blunt, 't is frankness all. If choleric,
His temper, to be sure, is warm and quick!
Such is the way, methinks, to banish strife,
To make men friends and keep them so for life.
But we invert the rule, and magic spite
Transforms even virtues to their opposite.
Have we a modest friend? We call
him shy:
Is he reserved? The wretch is dull
and dry.
Or is he prompt to turn off every blow,
Still on his guard against the latent
foe?
(Since life's a path where snares are
spread around
And ambushed envy deals the treacher-
ous wound)
For knowledge of the world and care
discreet,
We term it arrant knavery and deceit.
Does he at times unwittingly intrude,
With idle prattle innocently rude,
Or on our busy or our thinking hours—
(As I, sir, oft securely have on yours,)
Teased we exclaim, "What rank impec-
tinence!
The blundering booby sure wants com-
mon sense."
Alas! thus unconcerned we one and all
Pronounce the law by which ourselves must fall.
For who by birth is faultless? and the best—
What means it but less faulty than the rest?
Let then the man that would be called my friend,
Whene'er he weighs my worth, in mercy bend
To merit's side (if merit's side prevail),
And kindly favour virtue's sinking scale.
Slow to condemn and willing to esteem,
Let sweet good-nature poise the trembling beam.
Let him, I say, to these fair terms agree;
And the same favour shall be shown by me.
He (says the proverb) who would hide a wen,
At least should spare the warts of other men:
Apply the maxim; and in justice you,
Who claim indulgence, must bestow it too.
But, since this vice of anger, like the rest,
Can ne'er be rooted from the untutored breast,
At least adjust your wrath by Reason's laws
Nor let the consequence outrun the cause.
The slave, who, ordered to remove a dish,
Sips the warm sauce or licks the savoury fish,
His master well may chide—and so should I:
But if he hang the knave or crucify,
More mad than Labeo he must surely be
In all men's eyes that were not mad as he.
Now, how much worse and more devoid of sense
Is this?—Your friend commits some slight offence,
Such as the man who would not soon forgive
Were a barbarian churl unfit to live:
For this you scout him as a pest, and shun
Like Ruso's debtors when they meet their dun!
Ruso—who, when the dismal month's expired,
Unless the wretch can raise the sum required,
Bids his poor prisoner stretch the listening head,
And with some long citation reads him dead.
My friend perhaps on some convivial day
Has stained with wine the couch on which he lay;
Has thrown a chalice down of curious mould,
That graced Evander's royal hands of old;
Or, urged by hunger, reached across the dish
To seize the fattest fowl or finest fish:
For such small faults to hate him were absurd.
What shall I do then, if he break his word?
What, if he prove perfidious or unjust, —
Forswear a contract, or betray a trust?
Some hold, 'tis true, that crimes are equal all;
But press their sophistry with facts, 't will fall:
It contravenes all custom, feeling, sense,
And that great test of right — expedi-ence.
What time amid the brutes at Nature's birth

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Man crawled to being from his parent-earth,
Soon for the sheltering cave or sylvan food
Fierce discord rose among the savage brood.
At first with fists—with cudgels next they fought,
And arms at length ingenious malice wrought.
Then followed speech, and names to things assigned
Stamped by the voice the motions of the mind.
By slow degrees they ceased their brutal strife
To woo the gentler arts of social life,—
To build the town; with ramparts to enclose;—
Till for the common welfare laws arose;
Laws, to deter the bad, protect the just,
And curb the rage of rapine and of lust,
For oft, ere Helen, had weak woman's charms
Unsheathed the sword and set the world in arms.
But then, when just as random passion drove
They snatched the pleasures of promiscuous love,
(As to the stoutest bull the rest will yield,
Till one yet stouter drive him from the field)
Untutored strength would soon the fray decide,
And thus unknown they fought—unsung they died.
Trace in the records of the historic page
The world's vast annals back from age to age,
This inference from the search you needs must draw—
That fear of outrage first engendered law.
Pleasure from pain, an evil from a good
Instinct discerns,—but never understood
In what just actions differ from unjust,
Till use had shown the need of mutual trust.
Thus right or wrong is that which more or less
Promotes or mars the general happiness:
And ne'er can he be proved by logic sound
Who snaps a cabbage from his neighbour's ground,
Equal in guilt with him, who, leaping o'er
All shame, purloins the altar's sacred store.
Let then some rule be fixt, which may dispense
Proportioned penalties to each offence:
Nor him, whose crime a ferule might atone,
Cut with your bastinado to the bone.
For, that you e'er will err on mercy's side,
And when the furious knout should be applied,
Wave the light rod, quitting the too severe
For the too mild,—I see but little fear:
While sacrilege and petty theft you say
Are equal, and (had you the sovereign sway)
Be men's misdeeds however great or small,
The self-same vengeance should await them all.
Had you the sway!—Why if the Sage alone
Can boast all wit, worth, beauty, as his own,—
If he be first and best in every thing,
A shoemaker and "every inch a king,"—
Do you not reign already?—"Prithee, fool!"
The stoic cries, "mistake not thus the rule.
Consult Chrysippus—he shall end the strife:
Perhaps the wise-man never in his life
Made either shoe or sandal; yet we know
He's still a first-rate shoemaker." —
"How so?" —
Was not Tigellius, when he held his tongue,
A singer just as much as when he sung?
Was not Alfenus, when he closed his stall,
Packed off his lasts, and laid aside his awl,
Justly considered as a cobbler still?
So then the Sage, by virtue of his skill,
Tho' exercising none, may yet be said
To be a perfect master of each trade:
He centres all things in himself alone,
And reigns a monarch tho' without a throne.
But after all, methinks, great king
of kings!
You sometimes suffer most unroyal
things.
A troop of dirty boys, that form your
suite,
Twitch your long beard and hoot you
thro' the street.
In vain you lift your staff: the saucy
throng
Still mock your growlings as you mope
along.
In short—while you, dread sire!
among the many
Bathe your illustrious person for a
penny;—
And none, to swell the pageantry of
state,
Save dull Crispinus, on your levee
wait;—
Permit a fool like me, when he offends,
To claim indulgence from his candid
friends;
And in his turn o'erlooking their defects
To show to them that mercy he expects.
Thus on your power, tho' mean, I may
look down,
And, tho' a Subject, envy not your
Crown.

Howes.
SATIRE IV.

"Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque."

Cratinus, Eupolis, with some few more
Who trod the comic stage in days of yore,
Was there a knave or scoundrel of their time,
Rake, ruffian, thief — whatever were his crime,
On him their honest indignation hurled,
And lashed with freedom a licentious world.

Close to their steps and studious of their fame,
His numbers different — but his scope the same,
Lucilius followed, skilled in taunts severe
To point at trembling vice the caustic jeer.
Yet, with address and pleasantry enough,
His style was awkward and his verses rough.
For all his pride unhappily was placed
In this—that what he wrote, he wrote with haste;
And had, while standing on one foot, the power
To spin his lines two hundred in the hour.
No wonder sure, if such a rapid flood
Bore in its current no small share of mud:
No wonder if the hand which only cared
For writing fast, wrote much that might be spared.
The toil of writing well is death to such:
Yet, if not well, what matters it how much?
See, bold Crispinus boasts such fluent ease,
He'll write a race with me for what I please!
“Come on! Take you your tablets,”
he will say,
“And I ’ll take mine; appoint your
place and day:
Let umpires watch us both; and let us
try
Which can compose the faster, you or I.”
Thanks to my stars that made me of
a mind
To brawls and babbling never much
inclined,—
Patient and poor in spirit, slow to boast
And oft, when most contemned, con-
tented most!
Go on then, ye that list, to give free vent
To every thought within your bosoms
pent!
Go, ape the blacksmith’s leathern lungs
that blow
Till the fused mass in ruddy current
flow.
Blest Fannius, whose kind friends, un-
asked, combine
To bear his bust and books to Phœbus' shrine,  
The world applauding!—while, what-e'er I write,  
Before that world I tremble to recite,—  
Aware that satire suits not gentle ears,  
And each man hates it—because each man fears.  
Pick me a man at random from the throng;—  
My life upon 't, there's something in him wrong:  
Base envy sours him, or ambition fires:  
He burns with lawless love or worse desires;  
Or pines the sculptured silver to amass,  
Or dotes with Albius on Corinthian brass;  
Or traffics from the climes of orient day  
To realms that glow beneath the setting ray:  
See how from port to port, from shore to shore,
Urged headlong by the restless thirst of more,—
And, tho' still saving, eager still to save,—
Like dust before the wind, he skims the wave!
No wonder sure if these and such as these
The poet and his verse alike displease.
   Like a mad bull, they shun him thro' the streets;
   "Beware," they cry; "he butts at all he meets!
And if he can but let his spleen o'erflow,
The spiteful creature spares nor friend nor foe:
Besides, whate'er he once has written down,
He 's wretched till 't is known to half the town,
And at the baker's shop or public well
Men — women — boys the witty slander tell."
A few plain words in my defence I claim:
First from the list of Poets strike my name,
For not the merely smooth and flowing line—
Much less such loose pedestrian verse as mine—
Confers that title. No—the Bard is he
Who boasts a genius bold, creative, free;
Whose fancy, when diviner thoughts inspire,
Springs up aloft to soar on wings of fire;
Whose words in more than mortal accents roll,
And echo back the greatness of his soul.
Hence some have doubted if 't were right to call
The Comic Drama poetry at all;
Since nor its style nor matter is imprest
With that fine rage which fills the poet's breast,—
And, save that all in measured cadence flows,
Its diction differs not from simple prose.
"Yet," you object, "the father stamps the stage
And rates his son with more than prose-like rage,
When the gay stripling, deaf to wisdom's lore,
Slights the rich heiress for the thriftless whore;
Or staggering forth, ere night obscures the sky,
Waves in the open street his torch on high."
But, were Pomponius' sire his son to see,
Would he not rave and scold as loud as he?
'Tis not enough then merely to inclose
Plain sense in numbers — which if you transpose,
The words were such as any man might say,
Just like the ranting father in the play.
Take but from mine or old Lucilius' rhyme
This regular return of measured time,—
Let every line's arrangement be reversed,
And place the first word last—the last word first;
What's the result?—'T is poetry no more,
And therefore was not poetry before.
Not so—"When discord brake the ponderous bar
And oped the adamantine gates of War:"
Here dislocate—distort him, as you will;—
Tho' piecemeal torn, you see the Poet still.
How far this kind of writing forms or no
A proper poem, we may elsewhere show:
Proceed we now to that more serious head—
How far it forms an object of just dread.
Caprius and Sulcius with their bags and books,
Writs in their hands and gibbets in their looks,
Walk forth and strike, wherever they appear,
The felon and the thief with conscious fear.
Yet he whose hands are pure, who keeps his oath,
Nor wrongs his neighbour, may despise them both.
Now tho’ a rogue, like Cœlius, you may be,
It follows not that Caprius is like me.
My books on no vile stall or column stand,
Soiled by Tigellius’ and each vulgar hand.
When I recite them (which I seldom do),
"'T is but in private to a friend or two,—
At their request, not of my own free grace,—
Not before all, nor yet in every place.
I grant that some less delicate there are,
Who spout their poems in the public square,—
Or in the bath, where sweetly floats the sound
Re-echoed by the vaulted roof around.
Coxcombs, thus eager to obtrude their rhyme,
Feel little scruple about place and time.
I write (you tell me) with a base design,
And spiteful rancour dictates every line.
Whence and from whom do these foul charges flow?
Can any, that have known me, tell you so?
The wretch who can revile an absent friend,
Or, when reviled, is backward to defend; —
Who thinks ill-nature wit; and, poorly proud
To catch the laughter of a grinning crowd,
Bids from his lips the hallowed secret fly,
Or, when truth fails him, coins the blackening lie:
If such there be, him, Romans! it were well
To mark: his touch is death, his heart is hell!
Go, scan a party but of twelve, reclined
Around the genial board, and you shall find
That some more pert and overbearing guest
With saucy jokes bespatters all the rest; —
All but his host, — and him too, when the bowl
Gives licence to the tongue and bares the soul.
Yet he's a boon companion, frank and free;
While every jest is blasphemy in me:
And if perchance I smiling say — The fop
Rufillus breathes of perfumes from the shop,
Gorgonius glories in a goat-like smell,—
Oh! 't is such scandal as no tongue can tell!
Mention perhaps is in your presence made
Of him who filched the crown from Jove's own head.
Now hear the censor of the envenomed page!
Now see him glow with friendship's generous rage!
Not so; he damns, while seeming to defend: —
"Petillius was my very worthy friend;
From early youth I've been his frequent guest,
And many has he served at my request:
So after all he lives, and lives at large; —
Well, 'troth, I 'm glad; but 't was an ugly charge."
Here is the honeyed lip and heart of coal,
The canker-juice and night-shade of the soul.
Now, spite like this, I 'll venture to engage,
Ne'er stained my heart, nor e'er shall stain my page.
But if I jest more freely now and then,
And give a larger licence to my pen,
Some early habits wrought into my frame
Plead my excuse — if not support my claim.
A tender father taught my youthful breast
To mark the vice he wished me to detest,
And warned me what to shun and what pursue
By holding apt examples to my view.
If he would have me frugally inclined,  
Content with what himself could leave behind,  
"Look," he would say, "at Albius' ruined son;  
See Barrus by his own excess undone!  
A useful lesson this to all young heirs  
To guard against extravagance like theirs."  
If he would arm me 'gainst the wanton's eye,  
"Take warning from Sectanus," he would cry;  
And that I might not woo the wedded dame,  
While safety recommends a sanctioned flame,  
"Trebonius," he would hint, "kicked out of doors,  
Gained little credit by his loose amours.  
The lectures of the wise, my son, ere long"
Will point you out the grounds of right and wrong.
Enough for me if my poor art inspires
Plain rules of life transmitted from our sires,
Which, while you need a guardian, may secure
Your morals chaste, your reputation pure:
When manhood gives your mind a firmer tone,
You 'll drop these corks and stem the tide alone.”
With such monitions providently kind
He moulded to his will my youthful mind:
And if he urged me to a virtue, “See, For this you 've good authority,” said he:
“Copy that man's example,”—holding forth
Some judge or statesman of acknowledged worth.
If he would frighten me from something base,
'T was then — "That such things lead but to disgrace
Henceforth you can not doubt; for mark, my son,
The bad repute of such, or such a one."
Just as a neighbour's funeral passing near
Strikes the sick glutton with a wholesome fear,
So, when it meets the tender stripling's eyes,
Another's shame oft warns him to be wise.
Well, thanks then to a parent's timely care,
Such crimes as tend to ruin and despair
Taint not my soul. To some small faults indeed,
Some venial frailties, guilty still I plead.
And haply these too may in time be brought
To yield to friendly counsel and sage thought:
For, whether on my couch supinely laid
Or sauntering in the public colonnade,
Still to myself some lesson I impart,
And thus in secret commune with my heart:
Here duty points; — this path to comfort tends; —
Thus I may win the affections of my friends; —
This or that folly be it mine to shun
Taught by the fate of such or such a one.
Such are my dumb soliloquies: when time
Permits, I pen them down in sportive rhyme;
A practice to be numbered, I allow,
Among those lighter faults I named just now.
But if, extreme to mark what is amiss,
You stoop to censure such a fault as this,
A host of verse-men to my aid I'll call,
(And trust my word, our forces are not small)
Who, like the Jews, if still our sect you slight,
Shall drag you off a trembling proselyte. 

Howes.
SATIRE V.

JOURNEY TO BRUNDUSIUM

"Egressum magna me except Aricia Roma."

’T was a long journey lay before us,
When I and honest Heliodorus,
(Who far in point of rhetoric
Surpasses every living Greek,)
Each leaving our respective home
Together sallied forth from Rome.
    First at Aricia we alight,
And there refresh and pass the night,
Our entertainment rather coarse
Than sumptuous, but I ’ve met with
worse.
Thence o’er the causeway soft and fair
To Appii-forum we repair.
But as this road is well supplied
(Temptation strong!) on either side
With inns commodious, snug, and warm,
We split the journey, and perform
In two days' time what's often done
By brisker travellers in one.
Here rather choosing not to sup
Than with bad water mix my cup,
After a warm debate in spite
Of a provoking appetite,
I sturdily resolved at last
To balk it, and pronounce a fast,
And in a moody humour wait,
While my less dainty comrades bait.
Now o'er the spangled hemisphere
Diffused the starry train appear,
When there arose a desperate brawl;
The slaves and bargemen, one and all,
Rending their throats (have mercy on us!)
As if they were resolved to stun us.
"Steer the barge this way to the shore!
I tell you we'll admit no more!
Plague! will you never be content?"
Thus a whole hour at least is spent,
While they receive the several fares,
And kick the mule into his gears.
Happy, these difficulties past,
Could we have fallen asleep at last!
But, what with humming, croaking, biting,
Gnats, frogs, and all their plagues uniting,
These tuneful natives of the lake
Conspired to keep us broad awake.
Besides, to make the concert full,
Two maudlin wights, exceeding dull,
The bargeman and a passenger,
Each in his turn, essayed an air
In honour of his absent fair.
At length the passenger, opprest
With wine, left off, and snored the rest.
The weary bargeman too gave o'er,
And hearing his companion snore,
Seized the occasion, fixed the barge,
Turned out his mule to graze at large,
And slept forgetful of his charge.
And now the sun o'er eastern hill,
Discovered that our barge stood still;
When one, whose anger vexed him sore,
With malice fraught, leaps quick on shore,
Plucks up a stake, with many a thwack
Assails the mule and driver’s back.
Then slowly moving on with pain,
At ten Feronia’s stream we gain,
And in her pure and glassy wave
Our hands and faces gladly lave.
Climbing three miles, fair Anxur’s height
We reach, with stony quarries white.
While here, as was agreed, we wait.
Till, charged with business of the state,
Mæcenas and Cocceius come,
The messengers of peace from Rome.
My eyes, by watery humours blear
And sore, I with black balsam smear.
At length they join us, and with them
Our worthy friend Fonteius came;
A man of such complete desert,
Antony loved him at his heart.
At Fundi we refused to bait,
And laughed at vain Aufidius' state,
A praetor now, a scribe before,
The purple-bordered robe he wore,
His slave the smoking censor bore.
Tired, at Muræna's we repose,
At Formia sup at Capito's.
With smiles the rising morn we greet,
At Sinaessa pleased to meet
With Plotius, Varius, and the bard
Whom Mantua first with wonder heard.
The world no purer spirits knows;
For none my heart more warmly glows.
Oh! what embraces we bestowed,
And with what joy our breasts o'er-
flowed!
Sure while my sense is sound and clear,
Long as I live, I shall prefer
A gay, good-natured, easy friend,
To every blessing Heaven can send.
At a small village, the next night,
Near the Volturnus we alight;
Where, as employed on state affairs,
We were supplied by the purveyors
Frankly at once, and without hire,
With food for man and horse, and fire.
Capua next day betimes we reach,
Where Vergil and myself, who each
Laboured with different maladies,
His such a stomach,— mine such eyes,—
As would not bear strong exercise,
In drowsy mood to sleep resort;
Mæcenas to the tennis-court.
Next at Cocceius's farm we're treated,
Above the Caudian tavern seated;
His kind and hospitable board
With choice of wholesome food was stored.

Now, O ye Nine, inspire my lays!
To nobler themes my fancy raise!
Two combatants, who scorn to yield
The noisy, tongue-disputed field,
Sarmentus and Cicirrus, claim
A poet's tribute to their fame;
Cicirrus of true Oscian breed,
Sarmentus, who was never freed,
But ran away. We won't defame him;
His lady lives, and still may claim him.  
Thus dignified, in harder fray  
These champions their keen wit display,  
And first Sarmentus led the way.  
"Thy locks," quoth he, "so rough and coarse,  
Look like the mane of some wild horse."  
We laugh: Cicirrus undismayed —  
"Have at you!" — cries, and shakes his head.  
"'T is well," Sarmentus says, "you've lost  
That horn your forehead once could boast;  
Since maimed and mangled as you are,  
You seem to butt." A hideous scar  
Improved ('t is true) with double grace  
The native horrors of his face.  
Well. After much jocosely said  
Of his grim front, so fiery red,  
(For carbuncles had blotched it o'er,  
As usual on Campania's shore,)
"Give us," he cried, "since you're so big,
A sample of the Cyclops jig!
Your shanks, methinks, no buskins ask,
Nor does your phiz require a mask."
To this Cicirrus: "In return
Of you, sir, now I fain would learn,
When 't was, no longer deemed a slave,
Your chains you to the Lares gave.
For though a scrivener's right you claim,
Your lady's title is the same.
But what could make you run away,
Since, pigmy as you are, each day
A single pound of bread would quite
O'erpower your puny appetite?"
Thus joked the champions, while we laughed,
And many a cheerful bumper quaffed.
To Beneventum next we steer;
Where our good host, by over care
In roasting thrushes lean as mice,
Had almost fallen a sacrifice.
The kitchen soon was all on fire,
And to the roof the flames aspire.
There might you see each man and master
Striving, amidst this sad disaster,
To save the supper. Then they came
With speed enough to quench the flame.
From hence we first at distance see
The Apulian hills, well known to me,
Parched by the sultry western blast;
And which we never should have passed,
Had not Trivicus by the way
Received us at the close of day.
But each was forced at entering here
To pay the tribute of a tear,
For more of smoke than fire was seen;
The hearth was piled with logs so green.
From hence in chaises we were carried
Miles twenty-four, and gladly tarried
At a small town, whose name my verse
(So barbarous is it) can’t rehearse.
Know it you may by many a sign,
Water is dearer far than wine.
There bread is deemed such dainty fare,
That every prudent traveller
His wallet loads with many a crust;
For at Canusium, you might just
As well attempt to gnaw a stone
As think to get a morsel down.
That too with scanty streams is fed;
Its founder was brave Diomed.
Good Varius (ah, that friends must part!)
Here left us all with aching heart.
At Rubi we arrived that day,
Well jaded by the length of way,
And sure poor mortals ne'er were wetter.
Next day no weather could be better;
No roads so bad; we scarce could crawl
Along to fishy Barium's wall.
The Egnatians next, who by the rules
Of common sense are knaves or fools,
Made all our sides with laughter heave,
Since we with them must needs believe,
That incense in their temples burns,
And without fire to ashes turns.
To circumcision's bigots tell
Such tales! for me, I know full well,
That in high heaven, unmoved by care,
The gods eternal quiet share:
Nor can I deem their spleen the cause
Why fickle Nature breaks her laws.
Brundusium last we reach; and there
Stop short the muse and traveller.

Cowper.
SATIRE VI.

TO MAECENAS

"Non, quia Maecenas, Lydorum quidquid Etrusco."

Though, since the Lydians filled the Tuscan coasts,
No richer blood than yours Etruria boasts;
Though your great ancestors have armies led,
You don't, as many do, with scorn upbraid
The man of birth unknown, or turn the nose
On me, who from a race of slaves arose:
While you regard not from what low degree
A man's descended, if his mind be free;
Convinced, that long before the ignoble reign

80
And power of Tullius, from a servile train
Full many rose for virtue high renowned,
By worth ennobled, and with honours crowned;
While he, who boasts that ancient race his own
Which drove the haughty Tarquin from the throne,
Is vile and worthless in the poet's eyes:
The people, who, you know, bestow the prize
To men most worthless, and, like slaves to fame,
With foolish reverence hail a titled name;
And, rapt with awe-struck admiration, gaze
When the long race its images displays.
But how shall we, who differ far and wide
From the mere vulgar, this great point decide?
For grant, the crowd some high-birthed scoundrel choose,
And to the low-born man of worth refuse
(Because low-born) the honours of the state,
Shall we from thence their vice or virtue rate?
Were I expelled the senate-house with scorn,
Justly, perhaps, because thus meanly born,
I fondly wandered from my native sphere;
Yet shall I with less real worth appear?
Chained to her beamy car Fame drags along
The mean, the great; an undistinguished throng.
Poor Tillius, when compelled in luckless hour
To quit your purple robe and tribune's power,
A larger share of envy was thy fate,
Which had been lessened in a private state;
For in black sandals, when a coxcomb's drest,
When floats the robe impurpled down his breast,
Instant, "What man is this?" he round him hears;
"And who his father?" As when one appears
Sick of your fever, Barrus, to desire
That all the world his beauty should admire,
Anxious our girls inquire, "What mien and air,
What leg and foot he has, what teeth and hair?"
So he, who promises to guard the state,
The gods, the temples, and the imperial seat,
Makes every mortal ask his father's name,
And not less curious of his mother's fame.

"And shall a Syrian's son, like you, presume
To hurl the freeborn citizens of Rome
From the Tarpeian rock's tremendous height,
Or to the hangman Cadmus give their fate?"

Tillius. My colleague sits below me one degree,
For Novius, like my father, was made free.

Horace. Shall you for this a true Messala seem,
And rise a Paulus in your own esteem?
But when two hundred waggons crowd the street,
And three long funerals in procession meet,
Beyond the fifes and horns his voice he raises,
And sure such strength of lungs a wondrous praise is.
As for myself, a freedman’s son confest;
A freedman’s son, the public scorn and jest,
That now with you I joy the social hour,
— That once a Roman legion owned my power;
But tho’ they envied my command in war,
Justly perhaps, yet sure ’t is different far
To gain your friendship, where no servile art,
Where only men of merit claim a part.
Nor yet to chance this happiness I owe;
Friendship like yours it had not to bestow.
First, my best Vergil, then my Varius told,
Among my friends what character I hold;
When introduced, in few and faltering words
(Such as an infant modesty affords)
I did not tell you my descent was great,
Or that I wandered round my country seat
On a proud steed in richer pastures bred:
But what I really was, I frankly said.
Short was your answer, in your usual strain;
I take my leave, nor wait on you again
Till, nine months past, engaged and bid to hold
A place among your nearer friends enrolled.
An honour this, methinks, of nobler kind,
That innocent of heart and pure of mind,
Tho' with no titled birth, I gained his love,
Whose judgment can discern, whose choice approve.
If some few venial faults deform my soul,
(Like a fair face when spotted with a mole,)
If none with avarice justly brand my fame,
With sordidness, or deeds too vile to name:
If pure and innocent: if dear (forgive These little praises) to my friends I live,
My father was the cause, who, though maintained
By a lean farm but poorly, yet disdained
The country schoolmaster, to whose low care
The mighty captain sent his high-born heir,
With satchel, copy-book, and pelf to pay
The wretched teacher on the appointed day.
To Rome by this bold father was I brought,
To learn those arts which well-born youth are taught;
So dressed and so attended, you would swear
I was some senator's expensive heir;
Himself my guardian, of unblemished truth,
Among my tutors would attend my youth,
And thus preserved my chastity of mind
(That prime of virtue in its highest kind)
Not only pure from guilt, but even the shame
That might with vile suspicion hurt my fame;
Nor feared to be reproached, altho' my fate
Should fix my fortune in some meaner state,
From which some trivial perquisites arise,
Or make me, like himself, collector of excise.
    For this my heart, far from complaining, pays
A larger debt of gratitude and praise;
Nor, while my senses hold, shall I repent
Of such a father, nor with pride resent,
As many do, the involuntary disgrace
Not to be born of an illustrious race.
But not with theirs my sentiments agree,
Or language; for if Nature should decree
That we from any stated point might live
Our former years, and to our choice should give
The sires, to whom we wished to be allied,
Let others choose to gratify their pride:
While I, contented with my own, resign
The titled honours of an ancient line.
This may be madness in the people's eyes,
But in your judgment not, perhaps, unwise;
That I refuse to bear a pomp of state,
Unused and much unequal to the weight.
Instant a larger fortune must be made;
To purchase votes, my low addresses paid;
Whether a jaunt or journey I propose,
With me a crowd of new companions goes;
While, anxious to complete a length of train,
Domestics, horses, chariots, I maintain.
But now, as chance or pleasure is my guide,
Upon my bob-tailed mule alone I ride.
Galled is his crupper with my wallet's weight;
His shoulder shows his rider's awkward seat.
Yet no penurious vileness e'er shall stain
My name; as when, great Prætor, with
your train
Of five poor slaves, you carry where you
dine
Your travelling kitchen, and your flask
of wine.
Thus have I greater blessings in my
power
Than you, proud Senator, and thousands
more.
Alone I wander, as by fancy led,
I cheapen herbs, or ask the price of
bread;
I listen, while diviners tell their tale,
Then homeward hasten to my frugal
meal,
Herbs, pulse, and pancakes; each a sepa-
rate plate;
While three domestics at my supper
wait.
A bowl on a white marble table stands,
Two goblets, and an ewer to wash my
hands;
A hallowed cup of true Campanian clay
My pure libations to the gods to pay.
I then retire to rest, nor anxious fear
Before dread Marsyas early to appear,
Whose very statue swears it can not brook
The meanness of that slave-born judge's look.
I sleep till ten; then take a walk, or choose
A book perhaps, or trifle with the muse:
For cheerful exercise and manly toil
Anoint my body with the pliant oil,
But not with such as Natta's, when he vamps
His filthy limbs, and robs the public lamps.
But when the sun pours down his fiercer fire,
And bids me from the toilsome sport retire,
I haste to bathe, then decently regale
My craving stomach with a frugal meal,
Enough to nourish nature for a day,
Then trifle my domestic hours away.
Such is the life from bad ambition
free;
Such comfort has the man low-born like
me;
With which I feel myself more truly
blest
Than if my sires the questor's power
possest.

FRANCIS.
SATIRE VII.

"Proscripti Regis Rupili pus atque venenum."

How half-bred Persius clipped the venom's sting
Of that pert outlaw hight Rupilius King,
Gagged his foul mouth and put his rancour down—
Is known through all the barbers' shops in town.
Much wealth by usury had this Persius made
And still in Asia drove a thriving trade;
With King too now he urged a teasing suit,
Sturdy as he and keenly resolute,
With slang so glib as left on wings o' th' wind
Sisenna, Barrus, many a length behind.
But to my tale: — When neither would concede
And each resolved to conquer or to bleed —
For warriors still are least disposed to yield
Who most have proved their prowess in the field,
As Hector and Achilles wont to swell
With mutual rage that death alone could quell —
Why but because for feats of valour known
Each claimed the prize of glory for his own? —
While cowards, when they quarrel, soon retreat;
And, when unequal champions chance to meet,
The weak with proffered gifts redeems his head,
As whilome Glaucus did to Diomed—
Bent then on law, what time great Brutus bore
Praetorian sway on Asia’s fertile shore,
Forth step the combatants, a doughty pair;
And here Rupilius stands, and Persius there.
Never did nobler spectacle engage
The eye, or stouter champions mount the stage.
Persius first states the case, till all around
Loud peals of laughter through the court resound.
Brutus and all his suite he loads with praise,—
Calls him a Sun which sheds its kindly rays
On Asia’s coast; and all the rest, save King,
Planets that rise with healing in their wing:
Him a vile Dog-star, hateful to the swain,
That carries death and famine in its train.
Thus rolled his tide of eloquence along;
The wintry torrent not more bold and strong,
Which sweeps its way through forests of high oak
That never echoed to the woodman's stroke!
Praeneste's son now rises and replies
With biting taunts and foul scurrilities,
Rank as vine-dressers fling, when perched
on high
They hear the cuckoo in each passerby.
Nettled with these home gibes, uprose the Greek
With brief rejoinder: "Brutus! hear me speak;
Thy sires were patriots in Rome's earlier day,
Nor thou a patriot less renowned than they:
Since then from regicide thy glory springs,
Speak — strike — redress, and trounce
this worst of kings!"

Canon Howes.
SATIRE VIII.

COMPLAINT OF PRIAPUS

"Olim trunca eram ficulnus, inutile lignum."

In days of yore our godship stood,
A very worthless log of wood,
The joiner doubting, or to shape us
Into a stool, or a Priapus,
At length resolved, for reasons wise,
Into a god to bid me rise;
And now to birds and thieves I stand
A terror great. With ponderous hand,
And something else as red as scarlet,
I fright away each filching varlet.
The birds, that view with awful dread
The reeds, fast stuck into my head,
Far from the garden take their flight,
Nor on the trees presume to light.
In coffins vile the herd of slaves
Were hither brought to crowd their graves;
And once in this detested ground
A common tomb the vulgar found;
Buffoons and spendthrifts, vile and base,
Together rotted here in peace.
A thousand feet the front extends,
Three hundred deep in rear it bends,
And yonder column plainly shows
No more unto its heirs it goes.
But now we breathe a purer air,
And walk the sunny terrace fair,
Where once the ground with bones was white,
—With human bones, a ghastly sight!
But, oh! nor thief, nor savage beast,
That used these gardens to infest,
E'er gave me half such cares and pains
As they, who turn poor people's brains
With venomed drugs and magic lay—
These I can never fright away;
For when the beauteous queen of night
Uplifts her head adorned with light,
Hither they come, pernicious crones!
To gather poisonous herbs and bones.
Canidia with dishevelled hair
(Black was her robe, her feet were bare),
With Sagana, infernal dame!
Her elder sister, hither came.
With yellings dire they filled the place,
And hideous pale was either's face.
Soon with their nails they scraped the ground,
And filled a magic trench profound
With a black lamb's thick-streaming gore,
Whose members with their teeth they tore,
That they may charm the sprites to tell
Some curious anecdotes from hell.
The beldams then two figures brought;
Of wool and wax the forms were wrought:
The woollen was erect and tall,
And scourged the waxen image small,
Which in a suppliant, servile mood
With dying air just gasping stood.
On Hecate one beldam calls;
The other to the Furies bawls,
While serpents crawl along the ground,
And Stygian she-dogs howl around.
The blushing moon, to shun the sight,
Behind a tomb withdrew her light.
Oh! if I lie, may ravens shed
Their ordure on my sacred head!
Not to be tedious, or repeat
How flats and sharps in concert meet,
With which the ghosts and hags main-
tain
A dialogue of passing strain;
Or how, to hide the tooth of snake
And beard of wolf, the ground they
break:
Or how the fire of magic seized
The waxen form, and how it blazed;
Mark how my vengeance I pursued
For all I heard, for all I viewed.
Loud as a bladder bursts its wind,
Dreadful it thundered from behind.
To town they scampered, struck with fear,
This lost her teeth, and that her hair.
They dropped the bracelets from their arms,
Their incantations, herbs and charm;
Whoe'er had seen them in their flight
Had burst with laughing at the sight.

FRANCIS.
SATIRE IX.

THE BORE

"Ibam forte Via Sacra, sicut mens est mos."

Along the Sacred Street I chanced to stray
Musing I know not what, as is my way,
And wholly wrapt in thought—when up there came
A fellow scarcely known to me by name:
Grasping my hand, "My dear friend, how d'ye do?
And pray," he cried, "how wags the world with you?"
"I thank you, passing well, as times go now;
Your servant:"—And with that I made my bow.
But finding him still dangle at my sleeve
Without the slightest sign of taking leave,
I turn with cold civility and say —
“Anything further, Sir, with me to-day?”
— "Nay, truce with this reserve! it is but fit
We two were friends, since I 'm a brother-wit."
Here some dull compliment I stammered out,
As, "That, Sir, recommends you much no doubt."
Vext to the soul and dying to be gone,
I slacken now my pace, now hurry on;
And sometimes halt at once in full career,
Whispering some trifle in my lackey's ear.
But when he still stuck by me as before,—
Sweating with inward spleen at every pore,
Oh! how I longed to let my passion pass,
And sighed, Bolanus, for thy front of brass!
Meanwhile he keeps up one incessant chat
About the streets, the houses, and all that:
Marking at last my silence—"Well," said he,
"'T is pretty plain you're anxious to get free:
But patience, darling Sir! so lately met—
Odslife! I can not think of parting yet.
Inform me, whither are your footsteps bound?"
"To see (but pray don't let me drag you round)
A friend of mine, who lies extremely ill
A mile beyond the bridge, or further still."—
"Nay then, come on! I've nothing else to do;
And as to distance, what is that—with you!"

On hearing this, quite driven to despair,
Guess what my looks and what my feelings were!
Never did ass upon the public road,
When on his back he felt a double load,
Hang both his ears so dismal and so blank.

"In me, Sir," he continues, "to be frank,
You know not what a friend you have in store:
Vicus and Varius will not charm you more.
For as to dancing, who with me can vie?
Or who can scribble verse so fast as I?
Again, in powers of voice so much I shine
Hermogenes himself might envy mine."
Here for a moment, puffed with self-applause,
He stopt; I took advantage of the pause:
"These toils will shorten, sure, your precious life;
Have you no loving mother, friend, or wife;
Who takes an interest in your fate?"—
"Oh, no;
Thank heaven! they 're all disposed of long ago."
"Good luck (thought I), by thee no longer vex!
So I, it seems, must be disposed of next:
Well, let me but at once resign my breath;
To die by inches thus were worse than death.
Now, now I see the doom approaching near,
Which once was told me by a gossip seer:
While yet a boy, the wrinkled beldam shook
Her urn, and, eyeing me with piteous look,
"Poor lad!" she cried, "no mischief shalt thou feel
Or from the poisoned bowl or hostile steel;
Nor prickling pleurisy, nor hectic cough,
Nor slow-consuming gout shall take thee off:
'Tis thy sad lot, when grown to man's estate,
To fall the victim of a puppy's prate:
Go, treasure in thy mind the truths I've sung,
And shun, if thou art wise, a chattering tongue."

At Vesta's temple we arrived at last;
And now one quarter of the day was past—
When by the greatest luck he had, I found,
To stand a suit, and by the law was bound
Either to answer to the charges brought,
Or else to suffer judgment by default.
"I'm sorry to detain you here," he cried;
"But might I ask you just to step aside?"
"You must excuse me; legs so cramped
With gout
As mine, I fear, could never stand it out:
Then, may I perish if I've skill or taste
For law; besides, you know I am in haste."—
"Faith, now you make me doubtful
What to do;
Whether to sacrifice my cause or you."
"Me, by all means, Sir!—me, I beg
And pray."
"Not for the world," cried he, and led
The way.
Convinced all further struggle was but vain,
I follow like a captive in his train.

"Well"— he begins afresh— "how stand you, Sir,
In the good graces of our Minister?"

"His favourites are but few, and those select:
Never was one more nice and circumspect."

"Enough— In all such cases I'm the man
To work my way! In short, to crown your plan,
You need some second, master of his art,
To act, 'ye see, a sort of under-part.
Now what is easier?— Do but recommend
Your humble servant to this noble friend;—
And, take my word, the coast we soon should clear,
And you ere long monopolize his ear."—
"Tush! matters go not there as you
suppose;
No roof is purer from intrigues like
those:
Think not, if such and such surpass
myself
In wealth or wit, I 'm laid upon the
shelf:
Each has his place assigned."—"Why,
this is new
And passing strange!"—"Yet not
more strange than true."—
"Gods! how you whet my wishes!
well, I vow,
I long to know him more than ever
now."—
—"Assail him then; the will is all you
need;
With prowess such as yours, you must
succeed;
He's not impregnable; but (what is
worst)
He knows it, and is therefore shy at first."
"If that 's his humour, trust me, I shall spare
No kind of pains to win admittance there:
I 'll bribe his porter; if denied to-day,
I 'll not desist, but try some other way:
I 'll watch occasions — linger in his suite,
Waylay, salute, huzzah him through the street.
Nothing of consequence beneath the sun
Without great labour ever yet was done."
Thus he proceeded prattling without end,
When — who should meet us but my worthy friend,
Aristius Fuscus, one who knew the fop
And all his humours: up he comes —
we stop.
"Whence now, good Sir, and whither bound?" he cries,
And to like questions, put in turn, replies.
In hopes he 'd take the hint and draw me off,
I twitch his listless sleeve — nod — wink — and cough.
He, feigning ignorance what my signals mean,
With cruel waggery smiles: — I burn with spleen.
“Fuscus (said I), you mentioned t' other day
Something particular you wished to say
Betwixt ourselves.” — “Perhaps I might: 't is true:
But never mind; some other time will do:
This is the Jews' grand feast; and I suspect
You 'd hardly like to spurn that holy sect.” —
“Nay, for such scruples, 'troth I feel not any.” —
"Well, but I do, and, like the vulgar many,
Am rather tender in such points as these:
So by and bye of that, Sir, if you please."—
Ah me! that e'er so dark a sun should rise!
Away the pitiless barbarian flies,
And leaves me baffled, half bereft of life,
All at the mercy of the ruthless knife.
With hue and cry the plaintiff comes at last;
"Soho there, sirrah! whither now so fast?
Sir"—he addressed me—"You'll bear witness here?"
"Ay, that I will," quoth I, and turned my ear.
Anon he's dragged to court; on either side
Loud shouts ensue, and uproar lords it wide:
While I, amid the hurly-burly riot,
Thanks to Apollo's care! walk off in quiet.

Canon Howes.
SATIRE X.

"Lucili, quam sis mendosus, teste Catone."

Yes, I did say that old Lucilius' song
In rough unmeasured numbers halts along:
And who so blindly partial to his verse,
That dares to call Lucilius smooth and terse?
Yet that with ridicule's keen gibe he knew
To lash the town, I gave him honour due.
Let then his humourous talent stand confest;
Still granting this, I must withhold the rest:
For, if mere wit all excellence combine,
The farces of Laberius were divine.
'T is not sufficient with broad mirth to win
The laugh convulsive and distended grin;
And, tho' to set an audience in a roar
Be something, still we look for something more.
Mid other needfuls, brevity we place,
That all your thoughts may flow with ease and grace;
Not wildly rambling, but compact and clear,
Not clogged with words that load the labouring ear.
The style must vary too from grave to gay,
Just as the varying subject points the way;
Now rouse the poet's fire, the speaker's art—
Now stoop to act the humourist's lighter part,
Like one who, to give play, retreating cowers,
And purposely puts forth but half his powers:
For oft a smile beyond a frown prevails,
And raillery triumphs where invective fails.
In this the earlier comic bards excel,
In this deserve our imitation well;—
Those wits whom nor Hermogenes the fair
Nor that pert jackanapes e'er made his care,
Who only knows Catullus' strains to sing
And troll soft Calvus to the warbling string.
But 'tis alleged, "that old Lucilius shines
In mingling Greek with Latin in his lines."
Ye puny pedants! seems it strange to you
What ev'n Pitholeon of Rhodes could do?—
"Yet there's a sweetness in this blended speech
Which neither tongue" (say they)
"apart can reach,
Like that rich zest which nicer tastes discern
In mellow Chian mixed with rough Falern."
Talk you of verse alone? Or (let me ask)
Were you engaged in the more arduous task
Of pleading for Petillius, would you speak
A motley brogue, half Latin and half Greek?
And, while our Pedius and Messala toil
In the pure idiom of their native soil,
Spurning your birthright, would you at the Bar
Mix terms outlandish with vernacular,—
And, like Canusium's amphibious sons,
Jabber a brace of languages at once?
In early youth, when strong was my desire
With Latian hand to smite the Attic lyre,
Rome's founder, at the hour when dreams are true,
Rose in a vision to my wondering view:
"Horace!"—said he in accents deep and slow,
"Horace! the fruitless enterprise forego:
To swell the host of Grecians were as vain
As adding water to the boundless main."
Hence, while Alpinus in bombastic line
Lays Memnon low and mars the head of Rhine,
These sportive lays, I sing, ne'er meant to vie
For ivy crowns 'neath Tarpa's critic eye,
Nor fraught with ribald mirth or tragic rage
Night after night to figure on the stage.
To paint the lavish stripling's crafty girl
Plotting with Davus to outwit the churl—
This is a branch of art, Fundanius, known
Of modern wits to you and you alone,
Whose pencil to the prattling scene can give
That air of truth which bids the picture live:
In stately trimeters proud Pollio sings
The tragic fate of heroes and of kings:
Varius in matchless numbers full and grand
Pours his bold epic with a master's hand;
While every muse that haunts the sylvan plain
Breathes grace and elegance in Vergil's strain.
In Satire only, which with some few more
Varro had tried (but vainly tried) before, 
Could I succeed; though sure that no success 
Of mine could make its first inventor less: 
For never from his brows would Horace tear 
The wreath he wears and well deserves to wear. 
'T is true I said that like a rapid flood 
He carries in his course a train of mud, 
And that his happier lines are few compared 
With those loose stragglers that might well be spared. 
And do not you, ye critics! now and then 
Peck at the foibles ev'n of Homer's pen? 
Dares not your loved Lucilius to correct 
In older Accius many a gross defect? 
Of Ennius does he not with laughter speak,
Where'er his verse is lame—his language weak?
Talks he not of himself, when self he names,
As one inferior far to those he blames?
What then forbids us, when we con him o'er,
To use that freedom which he used before?
Ask if his ruggedness of numbers seem
Due to the slov'ny pen or stubborn theme?
And doubt if patience may not give the strain
A smoother flow than that man can attain,
Who (deeming that his lines, however rough,
While each contain six feet, run smooth enough)
Scribbles before his supper twice five score,
And after supper scribbles twice five
more;—
Like Tuscan Cassius whose exuberant
song
Swift as a mountain torrent sweeps
along;
Of whom fame tells, so rapid was his
style,
That his own volumes formed his fu-
neral pile?
But grant Lucilius is polite and
chaste;—
Grant that he took more pains and shows
more taste
Than that rude bard who by a lucky hit
First dared a path unknown to Grecian
wit,
Or than our older minstrels:—Yet,
could fate
To times more modern have prolonged
his date,
How would he toil each roughness to
refine,
To nerve the weak and point the lagging line!
Each crude excrescence, each redundant spray,
As false luxuriance, he would prune away,
Nor amid fancy's wildest raptures fail
To scratch the brow and gnaw the bleeding nail.
Spare not erasion, ye that wish your strain,
When once perused, to be perused again;
Nor court the mob,—contented if those few
Can praise, whose judgment speaks their praises true.
Let others more ambitious joy to see
Their works the school-boy's task!
Enough for me
If Knights applaud, as once with saucy pride,
To hissing crowds Arbuscula replied.
What — shall the bug Pantilius move my spleen?
Or shall I fret because unheard, unseen,
Demetrius aims his pitiful attack
And spurs his venomed slime behind my back?
Shall sneers from Fannius, or his dangling guest,
The pert Hermogenes, disturb my rest?
No — let Mæcenas smile upon my lays,—
Let Plotius, Varius, Valgius, Vergil praise,—
Let Fuscus and the good Octavius deign
With either Viscus to approve the strain;—
And, far from idle dreams of vulgar fame,
You, Pollio! you, Messala! let me name,
Nor, less your brother; candid Furnius too,
And you, my Bibulus! and Servius! you:
Such, with some others whom I here omit,
Such are the friends whose taste I fain would hit;
Mine be the boast to win the smiles of these,
Nor e'er to please them less than now I please!
But you, Demetrius, and your stupid gang—
I bid you, with Tigellius all go hang
And scribble tasks for school-girls!—Boy, pen down
These lines, and let them know I scorn their frown!

Canon Howes.
BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

"Sunt, quibus in satira videor nimis acer et ultra."

Horace. There are, to whom too poignant I appear;
Beyond the laws of satire too severe.
My lines are weak, unsinewed, others say,
"A man might spin a thousand such a day."
What shall I do, Trebatius? Trebatius.
Write no more.
H. What! Give the dear delight of scribbling o'er?
T. Yes. H. Let me die but your advice were best.
But sir, I cannot sleep; I cannot rest.
T. Swim o'er the Tiber, if you want to sleep,
Or the dull sense in t' other bottle steep:
If you must write, to Cæsar tune your lays,
Indulge your genius, and your fortune raise.

H. Oh! were I equal to the glorious theme,
Bristled with spears his iron war should gleam:
A thousand darts should pierce the hardy Gaul,
And from his horse the wounded Parthian fall.

T. Then give his peaceful virtues forth to fame;
His fortitude and justice be your theme.

H. Yes. I will hold the daring theme in view,
Perhaps hereafter your advice pursue.
But Cæsar never will your Flaccum hear;
A languid panegyric hurts his ear.
Too strongly guarded from the poet's lays,
He spurns the flatterer, and his saucy praise.

*T.* Better even this, than cruelly defame,
And point buffoons and villains out by name.
Sure to be hated even by those you spare,
Who hate in just proportion as they fear.

*H.* Tell me, Trebatius, are not all mankind
To different pleasures, different whims inclined?
Millonius dances when his head grows light,
And the dim lamp shines double to his sight.
The twin-born brothers in their sports divide;
Pollux loves boxing; Castor joys to ride.
Indulge me then in this my sole delight,
Like great and good Lucilius let me write.

Behold him frankly to his book impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of his heart:
To write was all his aim; too heedless bard,
And well or ill, unworthy his regard.
Hence the old man stands open to your view,
Though with a careless hand the piece he drew.

His steps I follow in pursuit of fame,
Whether Lucania or Apulia claim
The honour of my birth; for on the lands,
By Samnites once possessed, Venusium stands,
A forward barrier, as old tales relate,
To stop the course of war, and guard the state.

Let this digression, as it may, succeed —

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No honest man shall by my satire bleed;
It guards me like a sword, and safe it lies
Within the sheath, till villains round me rise.
Dread king, and father of the mortal race,
Behold me, harmless bard, how fond of peace!
And may all kinds of mischief-making steel
In rust, eternal rust, thy vengeance feel!
But who provokes me, or attacks my fame,
"Better not touch me, friend," I loud exclaim;
His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad sung.
The informer Cervius threatens with the laws;
Turius your judge, you surely lose your cause:
Are you the object of Canidia's hate?
Drugs, poisons, incantations, are your fate:
For powerful Nature to her creatures shows
With various arms to terrify their foes.
The wolf with teeth, the bull with horns can fight;
Whence, but from instinct, and an inward light?
His long-lived mother trust to Scæva's care—

T. No deed of blood his pious hand could dare.

H. Wondrous indeed! that bulls ne'er strive to bite,
Nor wolves, with desperate horns engage in fight;
No mother's blood the gentle Scæva spills,
But with a draught of honeyed poison kills.
Then, whether age my peaceful hours attend,
Or death his sable pinions round me bend;
Or rich, or poor; at Rome; to exile driven;
Whatever lot by powerful fate is given,
Yet write I will. *T.* O boy, thy fate is sped,
And short thy days. Some lord shall strike thee dead
With freezing look— *H.* What! in his honest page,
When good Lucilius lashed a vicious age,
From conscious villains tore the mask away,
And stript them naked to the glare of day,
Were Lælius or his friend (whose glorious name
From conquered Carthage deathless rose to fame),
Were they displeased, when villains and their crimes
Were covered o'er with infamy and rhymes?
The factious demagogue he made his prize,
And durst the people, tribe by tribe, chastise;
Yet true to virtue, and to virtue's friends, To them alone with reverence he bends.
When Scipio's virtue, and, of milder vein,
When Lælius' wisdom, from the busy scene,
And crowd of life, the vulgar and the great,
Could with their favourite satirist retreat,
Lightly they laughed at many an idle jest,
Until their frugal feast of herbs was drest.
What though with great Lucilius I disclaim
All saucy rivalship of birth or fame,
Spite of herself even Envy must confess
That I the friendship of the great possess,
And, if she dare attempt my honest fame,
Shall break her teeth against my solid name.

This is my plea; on this I rest my cause—
What says my counsel, learned in the laws?

T. Your case is clearer; yet let me advise;
For sad mishaps from ignorance arise.
Behold the pains and penalties decreed
To libellers—H. To libellers indeed!
But, if with truth his characters he draws,
Even Cæsar shall support the poet’s cause;
The formal process shall be turned to sport,
And you dismissed with honour by the court.

Francis.
SATIRE II.

ON FRUGALITY

"Quae virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo."

What, and how great the virtue, friends, to live
On what the gods with frugal bounty give,
(Nor are they mine, but sage Osellus' rules
Of mother-wit, and wise without the schools,)
Come learn with me, but learn before ye dine,
Ere with luxurious pomp the table shine;
Ere yet its madding splendours are displayed,
That dull the sense, and the weak mind mislead.
Yet why before we dine? I'll tell ye, friends,
A judge, when bribed, but ill to truth attends.
Pursue the chase: the unmanaged courser rein:
Or, if the Roman war ill suit thy vein,
To Grecian revels formed, at tennis play,
Or at the manly discus waste the day:
With vigour hurl it through the yielding air
(The sport shall make the labour less severe);
Then, when the loathings that from surfeits rise
Are quelled by toil, a homely meal despise;
Then the Falernian grape with pride disclaim,
Unless with honey we correct its flame.
Your butler stroll abroad; the wintered sea
Defends its fish; but you can well allay
The stomach's angry roar with bread and salt.
Whence can this rise, you ask, from whence the fault?
In you consists the pleasure of the treat, Not in the price, or flavour of the meat.
Let exercise give relish to the dish, Since not the various luxuries of fish,
Nor foreign wild fowl can delight the pale,
Surfeit-swoln guest; yet I shall ne'er prevail
To make our men of taste a pullet choose,
And the gay peacock with its train refuse;
For the rare bird at mighty price is sold; And, lo! what wonders from its tail unfold!
But can these whims a higher gusto raise, Unless you eat the plumage that you praise?
Or do its glories, when 't is boiled, remain?
No; 't is the unequalled beauty of its train
Deludes your eye, and charms you to the feast,
For hens and peacocks are alike in taste.
But say, by what discernment are you taught
To know that this voracious pike was caught
Where the full river's lenient waters glide,
Or where the bridges break the rapid tide;
In the mild ocean, or where Tiber pays
With broader course his tribute to the seas?
Madly you praise the mullet's three-pound weight,
And yet you stew it piecemeal ere you eat;
Your eye deceives you; wherefore else dislike
The natural greatness of a full-grown pike,
Yet in a mullet so much joy express?
"Pikes are by nature large, and mullets
less."
"Give me," the harpy-throated glutton
cries,
"In a large dish, a mullet's largest size:"
Descend, ye southern winds, propitious
haste,
And dress his dainties for this man of
taste.
And yet it needs not; for when such
excess
Shall his o'er-jaded appetite oppress,
The new-caught turbot 's tainted ere
he 's eat,
And bitter herbs are a delicious treat.
But still some ancient poverty remains;
The egg,—the olive yet a place main-
tains
At great men's tables; nor, till late, the
fame
Of a whole sturgeon damned a praetor's name.
Did ocean then a smaller turbot yield?
The towering stork did once in safety build
Her airy nest, nor was the turbot caught
Till your great praetor better precepts taught.
Tell them, that roasted cormorants are a feast,
Our docile youth obey the man of taste;
But sage Ofellus marks a decent mean
A sordid, and a frugal meal between;
For a profuse expense in vain you shun
If into sordid avarice you run.
Avidienus, who by public fame
Was called "the dog," and merited the name,
Wild cornels, olives five years old, devoured;
Nor, till his wine was turned, his pure libations poured.
When robed in white he marked with festal mirth
His day of marriage or his hour of birth,
From his one bottle, of some two pounds weight,
With oil, of execrable stench, replete,
With his own hand he dropped his cabbage o'er,
But spared his oldest vinegar no more.
How shall the wise decide, thus urged between
The proverb's ravening wolf, and dog obscene?
Let him avoid the equal wretchedness
Of sordid filth, or prodigal excess;
Nor his poor slaves like old Albucius rate,
When he gives orders for some curious treat;
Nor yet like Nævius, carelessly unclean,
His guests with greasy water entertain.
This too is vile. Now mark, what blessings flow
From temperate meals; and first they can bestow
That prime of blessings, health: for you 'll confess
That various meats the stomach must oppress,
If you reflect how light, how well you were
When plain and simple was your cheerful fare;
But roast, and boiled, when you promiscuous eat,
When fowl and shell-fish in confusion meet,
Sweets, turned to choler, with cold phlegm engage,
And civil war in the racked stomach wage.

Behold how pale the sated guests arise
From suppers, puzzled with varieties!
The body too, with yesterday's excess
Burthened and tired, shall the pure soul depress;
Weigh down this portion of celestial birth,
This breath of god, and fix it to the earth.
Who down to sleep from a short supper lies,
Can to the next day's business vigorous rise,
Or jovial wander (when the circling year
Brings back some festal day) to better cheer;
Or when his wasted strength he would restore,
When years approach, and age's feeble hour
A softer treatment claim. But if in prime
Of youth and health you take before your time
The luxuries of life, where is their aid
When age or sickness shall your strength invade?
Our fathers loved (and yet they had a nose)
A tainted boar; but I believe they chose
The mouldy fragments with a friend to eat,
Rather than eat it whole themselves, and sweet.
Oh! that the earth, when vigorous and young,
Had borne me this heroic race among!
Do you the voice of fame with pleasure hear?
(Sweeter than verse it charms the human ear;
Behold, what infamy and ruin rise
From a large dish, where the large turbot lies;
Your friends, your neighbours, all your folly hate,
You hate yourself, in vain, and curse your fate,
When, though you wish for death, you want the pelf
To purchase even a rope to hang yourself.
"These precepts well may wretched Trausius rate;
But why to me? So large is my estate,
And such an ample revenue it brings
To satiate even the avarice of kings."
Then why not better use this proud excess
Of worthless wealth? Why lives in deep distress
A man unworthy to be poor, or why
The temples of the gods in ruins lie?
Why not of such a massy treasure spare
To thy dear country, wretch, a moderate share?
Shalt thou alone no change of fortune know?
Thou future laughter to thy deadliest foe!
But who, with conscious spirit self-secure,
A change of fortune better shall endure?
He, who with such variety of food
Pampers his passions, and inflames his blood;
Or he, contented with his little store,
And wisely cautious of the future hour,
Who in the time of peace with prudent care
Shall for the extremities of war prepare?
But, deeper to impress this useful truth,
I knew the sage Ofellus in my youth,
Living, when wealthy, at no larger rate
Than in his present more contracted state.
I saw the hardy hireling till the ground ('T was once his own estate), and while around
His cattle grazed, and children listening stood,
The cheerful swain his pleasing tale pursued.
"On working days I had no idle treat,
But a smoked leg of pork and greens I eat;
Yet when arrived some long-expected guest,
Or rainy weather gave an hour of rest,
If a kind neighbour then a visit paid,
An entertainment more profuse I made;
Though with a kid or pullet well content,
Ne'er for luxurious fish to Rome I sent;
With nuts and figs I crowned the cheerful board,
The largest that the season could afford.
The social glass went round with cheerfulness,
And our sole rule was to avoid excess.
Our due libations were to Ceres paid,
To bless our corn, and fill the rising blade,
While the gay wine dispelled each anxious care,
And smoothed the wrinkled forehead too severe.
"Let Fortune rage, and new disorders make.
From such a life how little can she take?
Or have we lived at a more frugal rate
Since this new stranger seized on our estate?
Nature will no perpetual heir assign,
Or make the farm his property or mine.
He turned us out: but follies all his own,
Or lawsuits, and their knaveries unknown;
Or, all his follies and his lawsuits past,
Some long-lived heir shall turn him out at last.
The farm, once mine, now bears Umbrenus' name;
The use alone, not property we claim;
Then be not with your present lot deprest,
And meet the future with undaunted breast."

Francis.
SATIRE III.

IN THE FORM OF A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND DAMASIPPUS

"Sic raro scribis, ut toto non quater anno."

"So seldom now you court the muse, I hear,
You call for parchment scarcely thrice a year;
On dull revisal while you waste your powers,
And, sleep or wine engrossing all your hours,
Vexed with yourself you peevishly complain
That you can hammer out no living strain.
How now! from Saturn's revels you withdrew,
As one resolved to carol something new. Here then, all sober, keep your promise; come, Begin, compose—Alas! you still are dumb. In vain you curse the pen, and in a rage Pour your resentment on the luckless page. Poor innocents! regardless of their worth Sure Gods and Poets frowned upon their birth. Methought your looks bespoke some wondrous feat If e’er you reached your villa’s snug retreat. Why else, as if to indulge a studious fit, Heap Plato’s wisdom on Menander’s wit? Why take Archilochus, a goodly load, With Eupolis, companions on the road? Think you the wrath of envy to appease,
By quitting virtue for inglorious ease?
Poor wretch! contempt awaits you.
Scorn the smiles
Of Siren Sloth and her insidious wiles,—
Or tamely forfeit all your claim to praise,
The meed of toil and fruits of better days.”
—Your counsel, Damasippus, I must own,
Is just: And for the wisdom you have shown
Heaven send you a good barber! — But pray tell,
How wist you me and my concerns so well?
—“Learn, since the Forum saw by sad neglect
My fortunes all on Usury’s quicksands wrecked,
From that time forward I devote my cares
(Reft of my own) to other men’s affairs.
For late my sole ambition was to amass
Not current gold, but rare Corinthian brass;
Proud if I chanced with some old vase to meet
In which sly Sisyphus had bathed his feet.
Oft I pronounced in all the pride of taste
This rudely sculptured, and that coarsely cast;
Would name the price with connoisseur-like air
To here a busto, a relieve there;
Or cheapened mansions, parks, and pleasure-grounds,
And many bargains bought for many pounds.
The auction-hunters, when they met me, smiled
And pointing cried — See Mercury's favoured child!"
— I know the mania you so long endured,
And wonder by what process you were cured.

— "The old distemper to a new gave place;
And this, you know, is no uncommon case:
One patient finds his pleurisy depart
Or head-ache, but to settle at the heart;
That, cured of lethargy, turns pugilist
And at the frightened doctor darts his fist."

— "Go to, pray Heaven your frenzy be not such!"

"Softly, good sir! presume not quite so much:
For if there 's truth in wise Stertinius' rules,
You and the world are madmen all and fools.
From his pure lips with wondrous wisdom fraught
My eager ear some golden precepts caught,
What time my guardian genius he appeared,
Bade me to nurse this sapient length of beard,
From the Fabrician bridge my steps withdrew,
And opened scenes of comfort to my view.
Wild in despair, with muffled head I stood,
Prepared to plunge into the roaring flood,
When up he came in time of greatest need,
And "Hold!" he cried, "forbear the dreadful deed:
Emancipate thy mind from this false shame,
Nor shrink midst madmen from a madman's name;
For be it first inquired, to make all plain,
What madness is, and who are the insane.
If this be found in you and none beside,
I 'm dumb—go, perish nobly in the tide!"
The man whom ignorance warps and passions blind,
Him have Chrysippus and the Porch defined
A madman. Mark, the rule embraces you,
Kings, Commons, all—except the favoured few.
Hear now why those who proudly call you mad,
In reason's view are every whit as bad.
As, when bewildered in a wood by night,
This traveller takes the left and that the right,
Each strays, though in a different path he strays,
Mocked by the self-same error various ways,—
So it is here; and he that laughs at you...
May wear the cap; for he is crack-brained too.

See Mania in a thousand forms appear!
One fears where there exists no cause for fear,
And in an open field complains he sees
His path opposed by rivers, rocks, and trees.

Another maniac of a different turn
Will rush where torrents roll and Ætnas burn.

Warned by a mother’s, sister’s, consort’s care—

"Here yawns a gulf, here frowns a rock; beware!"

He’s deaf as drunken Fusius in the play

Who snored the part of slumbering Hecuba,

While, backed by thousands, Polydorus bawls—

"Awake, dear mother! 't is thy son that calls."
Alike to wisdom's eye through all mankind
Prevails some strange obliquity of mind.
With his last sous poor Damasippus buys Statues and busts—and here his madness lies.
But is his creditor of mind quite sound
Whose loans return him sixpence in the pound?
Suppose one says, "Take this nor e'er repay;"
Are you forsooth a madman who obey?
Call him the madman rather, who pretends
To spurn the prize propitious Mercury sends.
Ten drawn on Nerius; sign the loan with speed:
'T is not enough—down with the bond and deed:
A thousand parchments let Cicuta draw,
Skilled to tie fast each knotty noose of law.
Though chains of adamant the wretch enthrall,
This cursed Proteus-debtor bursts them all;
Laughs in his sleeve when dragged to court, and see—
He turns at will to bear, bird, rock, or tree!
No more—if to o'erstep self-interest's bound
Be mad, while caution proves the reason sound,
Strong in his breast the flames of frenzy burn
Who lends his money never to return.
Haste and adjust the mantle's decent fold,
All ye that madden with the thirst of gold,—
Whose bosoms kindle with ambition's fires,—
Whose blood ferments with lechery's wild desires,—
Whom superstition's slavish fear molests,—
In short, whatever frenzy racks your breasts,
Approach in ranks, be patient if you can,
And hear me prove you maniacs to a man!
The miser first: none wants a keeper more
Or asks a stronger dose of hellebore.
By wisdom's rules I know not if to such
A whole Anticyra's produce were too much.
Staberius willed, to make his riches known,
Their sum should be engraved upon his stone:
His heirs, in case of failure, to engage
Two hundred champions for the public stage,
Besides a one-year's Libyan crop of grain,
With such a feast as Arrius should ordain.
"Whether I formed my judgment well or ill,
Such was my pleasure; who dare thwart my will?"
Such haply was the plea which weighed with him.
But would you learn the motive for this whim?
'T was this: he thought no sin like being poor;
Through all his life he dreaded nothing more;
And would no doubt have blushed for his excess,
If he had died worth but one farthing less.
All things in his esteem—fame, virtue, health,
Human and heavenly—bow to blessed wealth:
He that is rich, in every trade has skill,—
Is brave, just, wise, ay monarch,—
what you will.
Such was his creed; with him the road
to praise
Was wealth, and therefore wealth he
strove to raise.
How different, Aristippus! your com-
mands
When with your slaves you traversed
Afric's sands!
Finding their freight of gold begat delay,
You bade them fling the cumbrous ore
away.
Which was the greater madman? some
will ask:
The problem is a nice, but needless
task:
Extremes but puzzle the dispute; for
who
Can hope to solve old doubts by starting
new?
If one devoid of ear or taste should buy
A hundred harps and pile them up on high;
Or treasure many a last and paring-knife,
Who never botched a shoe in all his life;
Or sails, who took in sailing no delight;
The world would stamp him mad, and well they might.
Now point me out the difference, if you can,
Between these downright maniacs and the man
Who heaps, but dare not use, his darling ore,
And deems it sacrilege to touch the store.
If near a heap of corn one takes his stand,
Couched like a watchful dragon, club in hand,
Yet feeding upon bitter herbs is fain
Sooner to starve than touch a single grain;—
If old Falern and Chian fifty tier—
Nay fifty thousand—in his vaults appear,
Yet loath to violate a single jar
He sips the dregs of ropy vinegar;—
If in his eightieth year, when nature's law
Indulgence claims, he seeks his bed of straw,
Though rich in sumptuous quilts, which left a prey
To moths and worms within his chests decay:—
Perhaps he's thought a madman but by few:
Why? but because the rest are madmen too?
Go, graceless dotard! watch thy hoarded wine,
That some sly freedman or wild son of thine,
When thy old bones are mouldering in the grave,
May drink it out and laugh at him that gave!
'Tis penury, I fear, methinks you say:
Go, count how trifling were the charge per day
Upon your herbs some sweeter oil to shed
And give some unguents to that squalid head.
If such a pittance can your wants supply,
Why, madman! break your oath and cheat and lie?
Should you begin the passing crowd to stone
And kill the slaves by purchase made your own,
The very rabble whom you chanced to meet
Would hoot you for a madman through the street.
And are you sane forsooth, who hang
your wife
And drug the bowl against a mother's
life?
What though the deed was not at Argos
done?
What though you ne'er, like Clytemnes-
tra's son,
Applied the poniard? — Idle pleas and
vain!
Think you 't was matricide first turned
his brain?
Or that his soul was not with fiends
possest
Long ere his sword had pierced a moth-
er's breast?
We hear not that Orestes from the time
They deemed him mad, dared any hein-
ous crime.
Against Electra did he e'er offend,
Or lift the sword against his faithful
friend?
No — her he only as a fiend addrest,
And him what wild delirium might suggest.
Opimius, poor amid his hoarded coin,
Who quaffed on common days the lees of wine,
And thought it much on festivals to share
Small Veian tiff from cheap Campanian ware,
So deep a lethargy once chanced to seize
That his glad heir assailed the chests and keys.
The doctor, an expert and skilful man,
To rouse his patient tried the following plan:
Large bags of gold were emptied on the floor,
And friends employed to come and count it o'er.
All things prepared, he raised the sick man's head,
And pointing where the glittering heaps were spread,
"Arise," he cried; "your greedy heir will take
All your effects, unless you watch and wake.
Look, they commence their plunder even now!"
"What, ere I die!" — "Then wake and live." — "But how?"
"Your fainting stomach needs some strengthening food;
Take this Elixir — come, 't will do you good." —
"First tell me what it cost?" — "The price is small."
"How much, I ask?" — "One shilling; that is all."
"A shilling! 's death, if ruin must ensue,
What matter if by theft, disease, or you?"
Who then is sane? The man from folly free.
And what 's the miser? none so mad as he.
If not a miser, am I straightway sane?
Far from it. — Why, great stoic? — I'll explain.
Craterus declares his patient free from gout:
Is he then hearty? can he walk about?
No, he will answer; for there yet remains
A sharp distemper in the side and reins.
You neither cheat nor hoard; so far you shine:
Slay to your favouring household-gods a swine!
But do you thirst for place and power?
— Away,
Steer for Anticyra without delay:
For whether to the mob you fling your pelf
Or hoard it, where's the difference to yourself?
Oppidius of Canusium, his estate
(A large one, reckoning by the antique rate)
Between two sons resolving to divide,
Summoned and thus addrest them ere he died.
"Long since, my children, when ye both were boys,
I marked the different treatment of your toys.
Yours, Aulus! scattered and neglected lay,
Were often given and sometimes thrown away:
While you, Tiberius! of severer mood Counted and hid them up where'er you could.
Observing this I feared — nay, still I fear —
Lest various frenzies should in both appear:
Lest you the vile example should pursue
Of Nomentanus — of Cicuta you. Conjured, then, by our household-gods, beware,
As ye regard a dying father's prayer,
You of enlarging, you of making less —
By sordid avarice or by wild excess—
What seems sufficient in your father's eyes,
What sense approves and nature justifies.
But, lest ambition lure you to the great,
Hear on what terms I leave you my estate:
Whichever of the twain is Āedile first
Or Prætor, be he outlawed and accurst!"
Vainglorious fool, thus to consume thy means
In scattering largesses of peas and beans,
All for a brazen bust and gaudy train,
Stript of thy house, thy chattels, and domain,—
Thinking forsooth Agrippa's praise to win,
A would-be lion, though an ass within!
Whence, Agamemnon, does this order spring
That Ajax lie untombed? — "Obey your king!" —
Enough; I'm but your subject; and submit.

"Nay, more—we think our edict just and fit:
Yet, if there be to whom it seems severe,
Let him allege his reasons; we will hear."

"Great Chief, may heaven vouchsafe thee to destroy
And quit in safety the proud walls of Troy!
Fain would I put some questions, if I may,
With leave to answer."—"Say what thou would'st say."

:"Why does brave Ajax, who for Greece has won
Such laurels, second but to Peleus' son,
Rot uninterred? what triumph will it be
To Priam and his people, when they see
That hero robbed of funeral rites, by whom
So many youth of theirs have lost a
tomb!"

"Upon our flocks with frantic rage he flew,
And dealing slaughter thought 't was us he slew.
Here fell myself—here lay Ulysses gored—
There Menelaus reeked beneath his sword."

"When you at Aulis to the altar led
Iphigenia in a heifer's stead,
Sprinkled upon her brow the salted meal,
And to her throat applied the ruthless steel,
What shall we say? Was he with frenzy wild,
And are you sane who sacrifice your child?
But after all what harm did Ajax do?
He killed the sheep and oxen, it is true:
He cursed the two Atridae; but his wife
And son—he would not hurt them for his life.
He spared his Teucer; and his deadliest foe
Felt but in effigy the vengeful blow."
—"I, when Diana's wrath, as Calchas swore,
Detained our barks upon the Grecian shore,
To gain a passage through the stormy flood,
Strove wisely to propitiate Heaven with blood."
—Ay, whose, rash madman! but thine own? reply.
—"My own, I grant;—as madman, I deny."—
He to whose view bewildering passion flings
False colours and distorts the form of things,
(Whether from rage or folly, 't is the same)
Is frantic, and deserves a madman's name.
Was Ajax mad, who what he did scarce knew,
And in his mood the harmless cattle slew?
And, when for empty title's sake you sin,
Basely deliberate, is all sound within?
Does no insaneness in that breast reside
Which pants for sovereignty and swells with pride?
What if some wight should take it in his head
To pet a lambkin in a daughter's stead,—
Trinkets, fine clothes, and tiring-maids provide,
And destine her some noble lordling's bride;—
Straight his incompetence the law declares
And names trustees to manage his affairs.
Reverse the picture now, and say that one
Slays for a lamb his child, as you have done:
What shall we call it? — Madness, to be sure,
And such a madness as admits no cure.
For trust this maxim: In whatever mind
Reigns folly, there, too, madness sits enshrined.
Frenzy and vice are in effect the same;
And whoso fondly hunts the bubble Fame,
Him have ten thousand furies captive led
And grim Bellona thundered round his head.
Now turn your eye to the voluptuous race;
Give Luxury and Nomentanus chase;
And mark if scanned by reason’s sober rule
The spendthrift be not mad; the rake a fool.
Yon stripling, having dropt the filial tear,
Steps into some ten thousand pounds a year.
What does he first? — He puts his edict out,
That fishmongers and fruiterers, coûte que coûte,—
That all who vend perfumes, choice birds, choice meat,
With all the riff-raff of the Tuscan street,
Buffoons, pimps, poulterers, to his hall repair,
And what ensued, when they assembled there?
Silence proclaimed, amid the full divan,
The pimp arose, and rising thus began:
"Whate'er belongs to me — whate'er to these —
Is yours to-day, to-morrow, when you please."
Then did the youth thus graciously reply:
"Friends, you provide me all that gold can buy;
You booted hunt the midnight forest o’er,
That I may sup on a delicious boar:
You swoop the fishes from the wintry sea,
And of your perils bring the fruits to me:
I neither need nor merit this vast store;
Here, take this hundred — you this hundred more.
A triple share to you, dear sir, must fall
Whose spouse at midnight listens to my call."
Æsopus’ son drew from Metella’s ear
That pearl for which he erst had paid so dear,
And in a vinegar solution quaffed
A cool ten-thousand pieces at one draught.
Could he have shown a mind more past all cure,
Had he consigned it to the public sewer?
The sons of Arrius too, a jovial pair,
Resolved on dainties no expense to spare,
Twins in debauch, frivolity, and vice,
Luncheoned on nightingales of monstrous price.
How shall we mark all such? with blackening coal,
As fools and mad— or chalk them sound and whole?
   To yoke a team of mice, build huts of sod,
Ride on a switch, and play at ev’n-and-odd,—
All this if one should do with bearded chin,
Few would deny that madness lurked within.
Say now— if sober argument shall prove
These freaks not half so childish as to love,
(No matter whether on the play-ground rolled
You gambol as you did when four years old,
Or for a jilt with foolish tremors quake
And whine and whimper for a harlot's sake)
Would you, like Polemo reclaimed, lay by
Each tell-tale badge of the mind's malady?
And, as he reeking from debauch, 't is said,
Drew one by one the garlands from his head,
Stung by the sober sage's keen rebuff;
Would you too doff the tippet, swathe, and muff?
Offer the wayward child a plum; 't is still
"I won't:" withhold it, and he cries,
"I will."
And is the doting lover less a child,
Who ponders, from his mistress' gate exiled,
Whether to go or not, where he were sure
To go uncalled, nor quits the hated door?
— "What," sighs the youth; — "and can I still refuse
When of herself she sends for me and sues?
Or shall I boldly close at once my pain?
She shut me out — she summons me again;
And can I after this return? oh no,
Not though she beg me on her knees to go!"
Now hear the slave, how well the truth he hits;
"Master, that thing which in itself admits
Nor mean nor method, we attempt in vain
By method and by counsel to restrain.
In Love are all these ills — alternate wars
And peace, suspicions, jealousies, and jars:
These random fits, these ever-flitting forms,
Vague and inconstant as the winds and storms,
Who thinks to moderate, were no less a fool
Than he that should attempt to rave by rule."  
What — are his intellects correct and clear,
Who, picking out the kernels of a pear,
Hails it an omen of success in love,
If chance one hit the ceiling's height above?
When, bent with years, you clip each tender word,
Art sane? or whether were it more absurd
With that bald pate to ape an amorous itch
And lisp out love,— or ride upon a switch?
Nor is this all: Hence darker evils flow,
And what began in folly, ends in woe:
Oft has suspicion the fond bosom gored
And tempered at love's flame the venge-
ful sword.
When Marius plunged the knife in Hel-
as' breast,
Then leaped down headlong, was he not
possest?
Or else acquitted of disordered sense,
Shall he be guilty found of sin prepense?
Say 't was in malice or in madness
done,
The terms are tantamount — the thing
is one.
I knew a freedman once, advanced in
age,
Who went, by way of morning pilgrim-
age,
With clean-washed hands to run from
street to street,
Bowed to each statue that he chanced to
meet,
And paying in due form his vows, would
cry —
"Grant me, ye gods all-powerful, ne'er to die!"
This fellow one might warrant wind and limb,
Not thick of hearing nor of eye-sight dim:
His brain no master but an arrant knave
Would scruple to except, if sold a slave.
Such too must class, by wise Chrysippus' rules,
With thee, Menenius! and thy fellow-fools.
"O Jove!" the mother cries, whose sole employ
For five long months has been to nurse her boy,
"O Jove! who, as thy sovereign will may please,
Inflictst anguish or relievest disease,
If to these weeping eyes thou giv'st to see
My lingering little-one from ague free,
On the first solemn fasts thy priests command
Chin-deep in Tiber's current he shall stand."
Should chance or medicine's aid prolong his breath
And snatch her fosterling from the jaws of death,
Bare on the river's brink she makes him sit,
Then pulls him in, renews his ague-fit,
And stamps his doom. — What mania have we here?
What but the frenzy of religious fear?
So spake the sage Stertinius good and great,
The eighth wise man and wisest of the eight:
Such arms in self-defence he bade me wield,
And drive each rude assailant from the field.
Who calls me mad, now hears as much in turn;
And he, that taxes me, perchance may learn,
To his own grosser faults no longer blind,
To mark the wallet pendent from behind.
“O stoic! so may future luck befriend Your bargains, and your shattered fortunes mend!
Since you have clearly proved that all men’s minds
Are touched, and folly is of various kinds,
Say which of all its species racks my brain?
For ‘faith I seem not to myself insane.”
—“Nor did the mad Agave, when she bore
Her own son’s head and eyed the dripping gore.”
—“Come then, I grant the justice of your rule,
And will most humbly own myself a fool,—
Nay, madman too. Say only of what turn
You think my madness is?" "Attend and learn.
First then you build; in other words, you vie
With giants, tho' you stand scarce three feet high.
You smile, when Turbo on the stage is seen,
At his small stature and commanding mien:
But is he more ridiculous than you,
When, whatsoe'er you see Mæcenas do,
Forthwith, regardless of your pigmy frame,
You think that Horace too must do the same!
A mother frog, 't is said, in quest of food
Had roamed abroad and left her infant brood:
An ox came by and crushed them all but one,
Who told his weeping mother what was done,—
How a stupendous monster huge and tall
Had trodden on the rest and killed them all.
Then puffing both her sides, 'D'ye think,' said she,
'T was big as this?' 'Ay, bigger far,' quoth he.
'What, big as this?' — 'Nay, mother, cease,' he cries;
'Strain till you burst, you 'll never reach his size.'
This fable pictures to the life the state
Of little folk, like you, that ape the great.
Add to these symptoms that most strange desire
For scribbling verse — add oil, that is, to fire:'
For when was poet known that had his wits?
— "Hold, hold" — I mention not your raving fits,
That horrid aptitude to fume and fret —
— "Good Damasippus, have you not done yet?"
— "Your style of living far above your sphere —"
— "Pray, saucy stoic, cease to interfere
In my concerns." — "And then your lewd excess"
— O spare, thou greater madman, spare a less!

Howes.
SATIRE IV.

IN THE FORM OF A DIALOGUE BETWEEN
HORACE AND CATIUS

"Unde et quo Catius?"

Horace. Hah, Catius! whence and
whither now so fast? —
Catius. Prithee excuse me; I'm in ur-
gent haste
To note down precepts which the
Samian sage,
The tongue of Socrates, and Plato's page
Ne'er equalled. H. Marry, I confess
my crime
To interrupt you at this awkward time.
Yet stay, indulge my thirst of curious
lore:
What now escapes, reflection will re-
store;
For, be the system relative to art
Or nature, you have always both by heart.
     C. But then I’d fain substantiate, ere
     ’tis fled,
This skein of doctrine spun of slenderest thread.
     H. And who is he from whom the doctrine came?
Roman or sojourner? and what’s his name?
     C. Go to—I’ll try and tell you, if I can,
The rules themselves: no matter for the man.
The long-shaped eggs should be preferred to round:
Their juice is richer, and they more abound
In nutriment. This rule will never fail,
For they inclose the embryo of the male.
The cabbage grown in dry and upland
fields
Is sweeter far than what the suburb
yields.
Here none but plants of washy taste are
had:
Irriguous ground for all this tribe is bad.
Should you receive an unexpected
guest,
And fresh-killed fowl be all you have,
't were best
Souse it alive in mixed Falernian wine:
This makes the flesh eat tender, rich,
and fine.
Prefer those mushrooms that in pas-
tures spring:
To swallow others is a dangerous thing.
I warrant he shall seldom sickness
feel
Who with ripe mulberries ends his morn-
ing meal:
But then they must be gathered, to be
sweet,
Ere the sun sheds his full meridian heat.
Aufidius for his morning beverage used
Honey in strong Falernian wine infused;
But here methinks he showed his want of brains:
Drink less austere best suits the empty veins.
And he with greater prudence will proceed
Who wets his wizzard first with lenient mead.
If nature lingers, in one mess combine
Dwarf-sorrel, muscles, and white Coan wine;
To the clogged stomach 't will restore its play
And wash the crude obstructions clean away.
Shell-fish afford a lubricating slime!
But then you must observe both place and time.
They're caught the finest when the moon is new;
The Lucrine far excel the Baian too.
Misenum shines in cray-fish; Circe most
In oysters; scollops let Tarentum boast.
The culinary critic first should learn
Each nicer shade of flavour to discern:
To sweep the fish-stalls is mere show at best,
Unless you know how each thing should be drest;
And what if roasted—what if stewed aright
Rallies the stomach and renews the fight.
Let boars of Umbrian game replete with mast,
If game delight you, crown the rich repast:
Those of Laurentian breed, whose only food
Are sedge and rushes, are not half so good.
The vine-fed gazel small enjoyment brings:
The wise in pregnant hares prefer the wings.
To con the worth and age of fish and bird,
Ere I explained it, was an art ne’er heard.
Some waste their genius upon paste alone,
As if one virtue would all faults atone:
Others in choice of wines place all their pride,
Indifferent in what oil their fish is fried.
Expose to a clear sky your Massic wine;
Whate’er was thick the night-air will refine.
Unpleasant odours too will thus be chased:
But straining it through linen mars the taste.
Whoe’er, its strength and spirit to increase,
Pours his Surrentine o'er Falernian lees,
Should clarify the mass with pigeons' eggs,
Which in their fall precipitate the dregs.
Baked shrimps and cockles o'er the furnace drest
Serve to recruit the satiated guest.
But lettuce after many a bumper glass
Floats on the stomach and corrodes the mass.
Choose rather ham or chitterlings or aught
That reeking from the Tavern-fire is brought.
The compound sauce demands your nicest care,
Mixt up with oil, rich wine, and caviare:
But be it of no other sort than that
Long since distilled from a Byzantine vat.
With shredded herbs and saffron let it boil,
And when it cools, pour in Venafrian oil.
Tiburtine pears to Picene yield in juice, In look superior, but less fit for use. For grapes Venaculan big jars provide, But dry the Alban at your chimney's side.
This grape with apples, brine, and Coan lees, (Add salt and sifted pepper, if you please) Round the main dish in separate plates to stew Is an invention to my genius due. Fools, having spent a fortune for a fish, Cramp its circumference in a scanty dish. 'T is apt foul nausea in the guest to raise, If by a greasy glass the slave betrays His lickorish thefts: nor is the eye less hurt
To see an antique vase begrimed with dirt.
How small of sand, brooms, dusters is the price!
Yet to o'erlook them what a flagrant vice!
Gods! who would sweep with filthy besom o'er
The beauties of a tesselated floor?
Or who with sense of decency would spread
An unwashed cover o'er a purple bed?
The less expense and pains such trifles claim,
To disregard them is the greater shame:
Some comforts nought but wealth commands; but these
Are such as all can compass if they please.

H. Good Catius! let me by the gods, I pray,
Hear this professor, be he who he may.
For though you have his lectures at command,
Yet through your mouth it comes but second-hand.
Besides there's something in his look, his air,
Far more than you that know him are aware.
I, by the love of sacred science led,
Would quaff her waters at the fountain-head.

Howes.
SATIRE V.

A HUMOUROUS DIALOGUE BETWEEN ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS

"Hoc quoque Tiresia, præter narrata petenti."

Ulysses. Besides the precepts which you gave before,
Resolve this question, and I ask no more:
Say by what arts and methods I may straight
Repair the ruins of a lost estate.
How now, Tiresias? whence those leer¬ing smiles?

Tiresias. Already versed in double-dealing wiles,
Are you not satisfied to reach again
Your native land, and view your dear domain?
U. How poor and naked I return, behold,
Unerring prophet, as you first foretold,
The wooing tribe, in revellings employed,
My stores have lavished and my herds destroyed;
But high descent and meritorious deeds,
Unblest with wealth, are viler than sea-weeds.

T. Since, to be brief, you shudder at the thought
Of want, attend how riches may be caught.
Suppose a thrush, or any dainty thing
Be sent to you, despatch it on the wing
To some rich dotard. What your garden yields,
The choicest honours of your cultured fields,
To him be sacrificed, and let him taste,
Before your gods, the vegetable feast.
Though he be perjured; though a low-born knave,
Stained with fraternal blood, a fugitive slave,
Yet wait upon him, at his least command,
And always bid him take the upper hand.

_U._ What; shall Ulysses then obey the call
Of such a wretch, and give a slave the wall?
Not thus at Troy I proved my lofty mind,
Contending ever with the nobler kind.

_T._ Then poverty's your fate. _U._ And be it so.
Let me with soul undaunted undergo
This loathsome evil, since my valiant heart
In greater perils bore a manly part.
But instant tell me, prophet, how to scrape
Returning wealth, and pile the splendid heap.
T. I told, and tell you: you may safely catch
The wills of dotards, if you wisely watch;
And though one hunks or two perceive the cheat,
Avoid the hook, or nibble off the bait,
Lay not aside your golden hope of prey,
Or drop your art, though baffled in your play.
Should either great or less important suit
In court become the matter in dispute,
Espouse the man of prosperous affairs,
Pregnant with wealth, if indigent in heirs;
Though he should hamper with a wicked cause
The juster party, and insult the laws.
Despite the citizen of better life,
If clogged with children, or a fruitful wife.
Accost him thus, (for he with rapture hears
A title tingling in his tender ears,)
“Quintus, or Publius, on my faith depend,
Your own deserts have rendered me your friend:
I know the mazy doubles of the laws,
Untie their knots, and plead with vast applause.
Had you a nut, the villain might as well
Pluck out my eyes, as rob you of the shell.
This is the business of my life profest,
That you lose nothing, or become a jest.”
Bid him go home, of his sweet self take care;
Conduct his cause, proceed, and persevere,
Should the red dog-star infant statues split,
Or fat-paunched Furius in poetic fit
Bombastic howl; and, while the tempest blows,
Bespawl the wintry Alps with hoary snows.
Some person then, who happens to be nigh,
Shall pull your client by the sleeve, and cry,
"See with what patience he pursues your ends!
Was ever man so active for his friends?"
Thus gudgeons daily shall swim in apace,
And stock your fish-ponds with a fresh increase.
This lesson also well deserves your care,
If any man should have a sickly heir,
And large estate, lest you yourself betray
By making none but bachelors your prey,
With winning ease the pleasing bane instil,
In hopes to stand the second in his will;
Then if the boy by some disaster hurled,
Should take his journey to the nether world,
Your name in full reversion may supply
The void; for seldom fails this lucky die.
If any one desires you to peruse
His will, be sure you modestly refuse,
And push it from you; but obliquely read
The second clause, and quick run o'er
the deed;
Observing, whether, to reward your toil,
You claim the whole, or must divide the
spoil.
A seasoned scrivener, bred in office
low,
Full often dupes, and mocks the gaping
crow.
Thus foiled, Nasica shall become the
sport
Of old Coranus, while he pays his court.
U. What! are you mad, or purposed
to propose
Obscure predictions, to deride my woes?
T. O son of great Laertes, everything
Shall come to pass, or never, as I sing;
For Phœbus, monarch of the tuneful
Nine,
Informs my soul, and gives me to divine.
U. But, good Tiresias, if you please, reveal
What means the sequel of that mystic tale.

T. What time a youth, who shall sublimely trace
From famed Æneas his heroic race,
The Parthian's dread, triumphant shall maintain
His boundless empire over land and main;
Nasica, loath to reimburse his coin,
His blooming daughter shall discreetly join
To stout Coranus, who shall slily smoke
The harpy's aim, and turn it to a joke,
The son-in law shall gravely give the sire
His witnessed will, and presently desire
That he would read it: coyly he complies,
And silent cons it with attentive eyes;
But finds, alas! to him and his forlorn
No legacy bequeathed—except to mourn.
Add to these precepts, if a crafty lass,
Or freedman manage a delirious ass,
Be their ally; their faith applaud, that
you,
When absent, may receive as much in
lieu;
'T is good to take these outworks to his
pelf,
But best to storm the citadel itself.
Writes he vile verses in a frantic vein?
Augment his madness, and approve the
strain;
Loves he a lass? then, with a cheerful
glee
Give to his arms your own Penelope.
U. Can you suppose, a dame so
chaste, so pure,
Could e'er be tempted to the guilty lure,
Whom all the suitors amorously strove,
In vain, to stagger in her plighted love?
T. The youth too sparing of their
presents came;
They loved the banquet rather than the
dame;
And thus your prudent, honourable spouse,
It seems, was faithful to her nuptial vows.
But had she once indulged the dotard's glee,
Smacked her old cull, and shared the spoil with thee,
She never after could be terrified,
Sagacious beagle, from the reeking hide.
I'll tell a tale, well worthy to be told,
A fact that happened, and I then was old:
A hag at Thebes, a wicked one, no doubt,
Was thus, according to her will, lugged out,
Stiff to the pile. Upon his naked back
Her heir sustained the well-anointed pack.
She, likely, took this crotchet in her head,
That she might slip, if possible, when dead,
From him, who trudging through a filthy road,
Had stuck too closely to the living load.
   Be cautious, therefore, and advance with art,
Nor sink beneath, nor overact your part.
A noisy fellow must of course offend
The surly temper of a sullen friend:
Yet be not mute—like Davus in the play,
With head inclined, his awful nod obey,
Creep into favour: if a ruder gale
Assault his face, admonish him to veil
His precious pate. Oppose your shoulders, proud
To disengage him from the bustling crowd.
If he loves prating, hang an ear: should lust
Of empty glory be the blockhead’s gust,
Indulge his eager appetite, and puff
The growing bladder with inspiring stuff,
Till he, with hands uplifted to the skies,
"Enough! enough!" in glutted rapture
cries.
When he shall free you from your
servile fear,
And tedious toil; when broad awake,
you hear,
"To good Ulysses, my right trusty slave,
A fourth division of my lands I leave:"
"Is then (as void of consolation, roar)
My dearest friend, my Dama now no
more?
Where shall I find another man so just,
Firm in his love, and faithful to his
trust?"
Squeeze out some tears: 't is fit in such a
case
To cloak your joys beneath a mournful
face.
Though left to your discretionary care,
Erect a tomb magnificently fair,
And let your neighbours, to proclaim
abroad
Your fame, the pompous funeral applaud.
If any vassal of the will-compeers,
With asthma gasping, and advanced in years,
Should be disposed to purchase house or land,
Tell him, that he may readily command
Whatever may to your proportion come,
And for the value, let him name the sum.—
But I am summoned by the queen of hell
Back to the shades. Live artful, and farewell.

Francis.

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