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The
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THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS

TRANSLATED:

WITH

An Introduction and some Notes.

BY

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The text followed is mainly that of Bücheler (1893). Gildersleeve's edition (1875), and that of Conington and Nettleship (1893), have been constantly consulted, and not a few of their felicitous renderings are here reproduced. Pretor's edition (1868) has also been found helpful. The translation has been submitted to the judgment of two very eminent scholars, whose suggestions have been freely and gratefully adopted. Only such few notes are added as seemed to be required for the elucidation of special points not fully discussed in the Commentaries usually accessible.
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Hoc maxime requiritur, ut judicio utamur. Ubique integro, neque fictam et praesumptam opinionem secuti ad Persii satiras legendas accedamus.

SCHLÜTER.
INTRODUCTION.

PERSIUS was born A.D. 34, and died A.D. 62, in his twenty-eighth year; and his literary activity was therefore contemporary with that of Seneca, Lucan, and Petronius, in the earlier part of the reign of Nero;¹ an intensely interesting period in the world’s history. The Imperial house had recently been the scene of unblushing lust and pitiless cruelty;² yet the storm of wickedness was still gathering, and had not yet burst in all its fury.³ It is a curious fact that his three great literary contemporaries were destined to wither beneath the pestilential breath of the tyrant on whose hand they had fawned;⁴ while Persius, whose abstinence from one word of adulation of that monster is sufficiently eloquent, and deserves

¹ Mr. Cruttwell speaks of “the splendid literature of Nero’s reign.”
—Hist. of R. Lit.

² Nero’s mother Agrippina poisoned her husband Claudius in 54: Nero poisoned Britannicus, the son of Claudius, in 55, put his own mother Agrippina to death in 59, and killed Burrus and Pallas in 62, the year of Persius’ death.

³ The year that Persius died saw the accession of the infamous Tigellinus to power. This was a turning-point.

⁴ Seneca and Lucan perished in 65; Petronius in 66.
INTRODUCTION.

to stand beside the example of the noble Thrasea,\(^1\) was, in the very spring-time of his promise, singled out by Providence for the privilege of dying in his bed.

In his short book of Satires he has left for posterity a portfolio of studies in the literature and morals of that important period, boldly and freshly painted with a brush from which neither genius nor humour was absent. Professor Gildersleeve, whose delightful edition of the Satires scintillates with learning and wit, speaks of "the boldness with which his pictures stand out from the canvas," and of "the honesty of his painting:"\(^2\) Mr. J. W. Mackail says that "he shows keen observation and delicate power of portraiture:"\(^3\) Mr. G. A. Simcox credits him with "a good deal of humour:"\(^4\) and Professor Conington, whose edition and translation are in the hands of every student, remarks on his "frequent outbreaks of genial humour, and the condensed vigour and graphic freshness of his style."\(^5\) Though wisely silent about contemporary history, he manages with wonderful tact, and from behind a certain grotesque anonymity,\(^6\) to hold up the Emperor himself to the scorn of after ages; yet

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\(^1\) Who was charged with "never having sacrificed for Nero's health or for the preservation of his heavenly voice."—Tac., An. xvi. 22.


\(^3\) Latin Literature, p. 179.


\(^6\) Prologue, verse 6, where he calls himself a rustic clown; verse 11, where he pretends to write for money; and Sat. i. 9, where he pretends to be old and poor.
so delicate is the Satire that there are many critics whom this Neronian theory has failed to satisfy.

Persius is rightly estimated by Casaubon, who says that he "hardly ever digresses from his theme, and certainly never forgets it." In this respect he is at least not behind the other famous satirists. He knows what subject he wants to handle, and his treatment of it is steady and consistent. But internal evidence justifies what we are told by his biographer, that he composed slowly. Doubtless he gave many an after-touch to what he had at first thrown off; shifting and reshifting his emphasis; casting and recasting his phrases; pruning down redundancies here; mixing his metaphors there; and altogether exhibiting too much of "the thumped desk and the bitten nail," too much of artificial and laboured workmanship "got up at night," to suit present-day ideas. Still, notwithstanding the immaturity and artificiality of his style, Persius is well worth reading even on literary grounds; and might have attained to the position of a poet of the first

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1 For a good résumé of the arguments for the Neronian theory see Pretor’s edition, Introd. xiv-xvii.


3 “Et raro et tarde scripsit.”

4 Prof. W. Y. Sellar thinks that the “writing of the Neronian age, was, for the most part, a crude and ambitious effort to produce sensational effects by rhetorical emphasis.”—Art. on Persius in Encycl. Brit.

5 Sat. i. 106.  6 Ibid. 90.

7 Schlüter, De Sat. Pers. natura et indole (Andernach, 1886), recommends that he be studied at first without commentaries, and quotes Vincenzo Monti as having said that the editors had "drowned him in a lake of notes"!
rank had his life been spared. We are told that so enthusiastic was the admiration of his younger contemporary Lucan, that he could with difficulty restrain himself from an expression of his rapture, even during the recitation of the poems. And when the little book was posthumously published by Bassus, it was at once eagerly welcomed and speedily circulated by the reading public. Quintilian, the most celebrated critic of antiquity, who was a contemporary of Persius, though he published his work much later, says that our author "deservedly obtained much true fame, though by a single book;" while Martial, who wrote about the same time as Quintilian, brings in a similar verdict with characteristic but untranslatable neatness and felicity; where he says that "Persius is more often applauded for his one book, than the petty Marsus for the whole of his poem on the Amazons." A criticism which history

1 "Lucanus adeo mirabatur scripta Flacci, ut vix retineret se recitantem clamore, quin illa esse vera poemata diceret."—Vita Persii.
2 "Editum librum continuo mirari et diripere [to buy up rapidly] homines coepere."—Ibid.
3 "Multum et verae gloriae quamvis uno libro Persius meruit."
—Quint. x. 1. 94.
4 The Epigram (iv. 29) is worthy of being quoted almost entire:—

"Obstat, care Pudens, nostris sua turba libellis:
   Lectoremque frequens lassat et implet opus.
Rara juvant: primis sic major gratia pomis;
   Hibernae pretium sic meruere rosae . . .
Saepius in libro memoratur Persius uno [v. 1. numeratur],
   Quam levis in tota Marsus Amazonide.
Tu quoque de nostris releges quaecunque libellis,
   Esse puta solum: sic tibi pluris erit."
INTRODUCTION.

has strikingly confirmed! Thus it is evident that the reputation of Persius as a poet stood unusually high in the generation which saw the publication of his verses. Nor can we by any possibility think meanly of the critical acumen of Lucan, Quintilian, and Martial (even though they were Spaniards), when we consider the immortal works which they have themselves bequeathed to the world.

But passing on from them, and omitting all consideration of the laudatory notices of Persius by patristic writers, it is possible to cite so many modern appreciations of isolated passages of this little book of 664 lines, that one finds it hard to see how the critics can justify the sweeping condemnation which they are fond of pronouncing upon the work as a whole. Mr. Cruttwell admits that the picture of the fashionable rhetorician in the first Satire "is powerful and lifelike;" that the close of the second is "a noble apostrophe;" that the disgust of the centurion in the third "is vigorously delineated;" and that in the earlier part of the sixth the writer shows that he "had much of the poetic gift." Dr. Tyrrell, who is certainly not an admirer of Persius, speaks of the "fine description of true liberty" in the fifth Satire. Even Dean Merivale

1 Especially Jerome, whose style, even in the Vulgate, appears to me to exhibit traces of the influence of Persius. With Jerome we might perhaps class that great modern patristic scholar, Jeremy Taylor, who cites Persius about eighteen times.

2 Reminding us of Prateus, who contrasts the delights of Juvenal with "morosa illa, stricta, falsa dicacitate Persii"!—Ed. Delphin.

3 Hist. of R. Lit., p. 357.

4 Latin Poetry, p. 236.
admits "the smartness of observation and felicity of language with which the Satires occasionally glitter." And Mr. J. W. Mackail says that Persius has "a refined and uncommon literary gift," and "unquestionable dramatic power." Nor can it be doubted that his difficulties and obscurities have been very much exaggerated, owing to a variety of causes. In the first place, the Prologue is certainly a stiff and pedantic performance, and has probably prejudiced many students against the Satires themselves. Then, the first Satire, dealing as it does with the literary criticism of an obscure period, cannot fail to present fewer features of interest to the modern reader than those on moral subjects which follow. So that it appears quite conceivable that the order in which the compositions stand may have militated somewhat against their popularity. Certainly Casaubon is right in urging that, in point of obscurity, Persius is far surpassed by many classical authors who are universally admired; and he is also right in contending that Persius sticks to his subject better than Horace, and leaves us in no doubt as to the teaching which he wishes to convey in each of his Satires. Nor do I think that, as far as isolated obscurities go,

1 _Hist. of the Romans_, chap. liv, p. 295.
2 _Latin Literature_.
3 Bücheler and Nettleship print it as an Epilogue in their editions.
4 He names Thucydides, Plato, Pindar, Aristophanes, Theocritus, and the choruses of many of the Tragedies.
5 Notwithstanding Dean Merivale, who (vol. vii, p. 283) says: "We often pause in reading them [the Satires] to hesitate and reflect, and, after all, to little purpose, in order to grasp his object."
INTRODUCTION.

there are more of them in Persius than there are in a corresponding extent of the earlier poems of Milton.

Furthermore, we must keep certain circumstances in mind, which may be pleaded in extenuation of this charge of obscurity on the part of Persius. Allusion has already been made to his veiled sarcasms at Nero,¹ where he had to choose between saving his life and saving his style.² Again, Persius was a man of study more than a student of man, and felt more at home in his library³ than in the society of Rome. He also made it a point to preserve the conversational element,⁴ which was of the essence of the early Satire;⁵ and he naturally therefore adopted colloquial expressions, which sometimes went to the very verge of slang. Then it must be remembered that he worked over the almost entirely lost poet Lucilius,⁶ and reproduced many of his allusions; just

¹ See Sat. i. 99, also Vita, 31, ed. Jahn.
² Juvenal had no such difficulty, as he declaimed against the dead (Sat. i. 170).
³ Gildersleeve constantly applies the term "bookish" to him.
⁴ Mr. George Long thinks that this constitutes his peculiar difficulty. —Maclean's ed., p. xxxvii.
⁵ H. Netteship held that a satira differed from a play in having no plot, but that both had an element of dialogue. He thought that Horace forsook the satire for the epistle, which was directed to one person, because he found that the dialogue could not be successfully carried on in the former.—Lectures and Essays, pp. 26 & 37.
⁶ Dr. J. S. Reid says: "A study of the Lucilian fragments side by side with the text of Persius must, I think, lead to the conclusion that much which Persius has been supposed to owe to Horace, was taken direct from the older satirist. This is particularly the case with the ethical and philosophical passages."—The Classical Review, vol. vii, p. 365.
as he did also in the case of Horace, where we can trace the connection.\footnote{See Appendix to Casaubon's \textit{Persius}, p. 520, where all the parallels are brought together.} Finally, he drew his illustrations largely from the Stoic philosophy,\footnote{Such as the forge, the potter's wheel, the carpenter's square, the letter \textit{Upsilon}, the balance, pruning, plastic art, the goal, &c.} with its technical nomenclature; and thus "gave a poetic form to the most refractory elements."\footnote{\textit{Biographie Générale, Perse.}} But such things must of necessity make his Satires appear obscure to us, who are ignorant of what was perfectly familiar to his contemporaries. Indeed, if satire is to be true to the period which produces it, every later period must find difficulty in apprehending all its allusions. Its principal function is to catch and photograph fleeting phases in literature, politics, ethics, and fashions.\footnote{Professor A. Palmer defines satire as "the castigation in verse of the vices and follies of men."—\textit{The Satires of Horace}, p. vi. Persius' Satires are like a combination of the review and the sermon.} And thus it may stereotype fragments of lost poets, obsolete and vulgar expressions, philosophical terms and symbols, and catchwords of contemporary criticism. It may save these from the wreckage of time; and yet obtain for salvage, in after ages, only the reputation of crookedness and obscurity. Hence Persius, being a good satirist of Neronian Rome, must seem obscure to Victorian England. But why make him doubly difficult by irrationally publishing him in the form of an appendix to another satirist, who wrote more than half a century afterwards? Can this be called
fair to either the poet or his readers? Is it not often found that the student, after exhaustively studying eight or ten Satires of Juvenal, gives Persius a very cursory and perfunctory perusal? Is he then in a position to appreciate the poet fairly?

But talking of unfairness, not even the author of Endymion has been treated with less justice than Persius. It having been decided that he is an obscure writer, samples of his obscurity are eagerly hunted out, and triumphantly paraded. Horace, in his delight at getting rid of the bore, may exclaim, "Sic me servavit Apollo," and everyone understands the allusion; but Persius may not have his laugh at "salivam Mercurialem," without torrents of ridicule being poured on his devoted head. The Christian Fathers may draw spiritual teaching from the symbols of the ship, the fish, and the pelican; but Persius is derided for extracting a moral lesson on

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1 Thus Maclean (Preface to his ed., p. x) says:—"Persius, though older than Juvenal, yet as being less read and of less importance, is usually and rightly put after him." (!!) This is an instance of the same unscientific method by which the Book of Hosea, written c. 736 B.C., is placed after Daniel, which is possibly 400 years later; and by which St. Paul's earliest letters (1 & 2 Thess.) are preceded by seven later ones! You might as well print Keats as an appendix to Browning! Jahn puts Persius and Juvenal in the right order.

2 Casaubon quotes the maxim of Longinus:—ἡ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἐστὶ περπατεῖν τελευταίων ἐπιγένεσις.

3 Serm. i. 9, 78.

4 Sat. v. 112. Mercury is also mentioned in ii. 44, and vi. 62, as the god of Gain.
the two ways of life from the Stoic symbol *Upsilon*;¹ which may, for all we know, have been hanging up in the schools of that philosophy. Nor is that all. If Persius humorously puts grandiose nonsense into the mouth of one of his *dramatis personae*; if he makes an unsavoury officer twit the philosophers with "mumbling mad-dog silence,"² or quotes some insipid contemporary reviewer's voicing of public opinion, to the effect that "now the clever tessellation of the words pours the nails of criticism over a smooth surface;"³ these absurd expressions are treated as characteristic specimens of his own literary style! As well might the maudlin conversation of Trinculo and Stephano be said to be typical of the diction of Shakespeare.

We hold, then, that Persius has hardly received fair play at the hands of his critics; that his merits as a poet are real and considerable, and entirely outweigh his defects; and that these defects were characteristic of youth, and would have been cured by time.⁴ There

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¹ Sat. iii. 56; compare also v. 35. Christianity was also called ἡ ὁδός at this period (Acts xix. 9, &c.); and the "two ways" are discussed in *The Ep. of Barnabas, and The Teaching of The Twelve Apostles*. Cf. Tāo = "way" in the ancient Chinese religion.

² Sat. iii. 81. Here we have perhaps an echo from the stage, where the "braggart captain" was a familiar figure.

³ Sat. i. 64.

⁴ For instance, the importation of words and phrases unnecessarily startling and offensive into passages otherwise admirable: e.g., i. 57, 87, 103, 112, 114; iv. 48; v. 58; vi. 73; besides one longer passage. Casaubon, comparing Persius with Demosthenes, says: "Ita nos de Persio pronuntiare non vereamur, si qua sunt in ejus libro frigidiuscula dicta, si qua ex periculo petita, in ea ipsum incidisse, dum quaerit jocos et vult ridere, quod per naturae suae temperamentum illi nequaquam licebat."
INTRODUCTION.

is no doubt that he possesses in an eminent degree
the power of bold, vivid, and concise description;¹
that his pictures of contemporary Rome are fresh
and lifelike;² that he has a faculty rare amongst
satirists of rigidly adhering to his subject; and that
he displays skill and taste in his handling of the
hexameter.³

But whatever view critics may take of the literary
merits of Persius, none can deny him the distinguished
honour of having been one of the few sincere adhe-
rents of virtue in that superlatively bad age. From
this point of view he well deserves the admiration
which the Christian Fathers Lactantius, Augustine,

¹ The vignettes of misers, iv. 27-32; vi. 19-21; the apoplectic
seizure, iii. 88-106; Caligula's sham triumph, vi. 43-51; the humorous
lines about golden beards as a reward to the gods for answering
prayers, ii. 55-58; the manumission of Dama, v. 76-82; life at sea,
v. 146-148; the scenery of Spezia, vi. 6-9; and the shipwrecked
mariner, vi. 27-33; may be added to the lists of choice passages.

² Here he has the advantage over Juvenal, whose descriptions are
the belated recollections of an elderly man, touched up with a view to
rhetorical effect.

³ "Quid absque mollitie concinnius? Neque electione est opus:
omnes apti: omnes sonori: quidam vero ita magnifici ut ad majesta-
tem Maroniani carminis videantur aspirare."—Casaubon. Gildersleeve
(xxix, xxx), having compared Persius with an equal length of Horace,
gives reasons for his judgment that the verse of Persius is superior; nor
do I see how that can be seriously disputed. The lamented Prof. A.
Palmer said that the metre of the Satires of Horace is "of a somewhat
rugged and unpolished kind."—Horace, p. xxv. Yet H. Nettleship
says, on the other hand, "His [Horace's] versification is always, within
the limits which he has laid down for himself, finished and perfect."—
Lectures and Essays, p. 36; and W. Y. Sellar says that "Horace
alone has been able to bend that stateliest of metres [i.e., the hexameter]
to the treatment of familiar matters of the day."—Extracts from
Martial, Introd., p. xxxvii.
and Jerome, and their successors, like Bossuet and
Jeremy Taylor, accorded him, as well as the symp-
thathetic study of all in our own day who think
that the Classics should be read for their ethical
worth, and estimated according to their fitness for
making their students better citizens and better men. Mr. Cruttwell and Mr. Sellar, while they sharply
criticise the style of Persius, give him unstinted praise
for his sincerity as a moralist. The former says that
"he is the sole instance among Roman writers of a
philosopher whose life was in accordance with the
doctrines he professed;" and the latter admits that
"there is in the expression of his deepest convictions
an unmistakable ring of genuineness; and that "he
seems to love virtue without effort, because his nature
finds in the love and practice of virtue the secret of
happiness." Which is a true deduction from the
internal evidence of the Satires, and from the direct
statements of his biographer, from whom we learn

1 Lactantius in three places (Bk. ii. 2 & 4; Bk. vi. 2) quotes the
spiritual conceptions of Persius (Sat. ii) with admiration. Augustine
(Civ. Dei, ii. 6) quotes his résumé of Stoic principles. Jerome admires
his words about self-examination (in Sat. iv. 23, vol. i. 633). Jeremy
Taylor quotes Persius about eighteen times. Bossuet models some of
his sermons on him. See Martha, p. 129, who mentions "la brusquerie
sublime et la familiarité hardie" in which the two resemble one another.

2 Casaubon thus, in estimating Persius, put τὸ φιλοσοφικὸν μέρος
first (see Proleg.). Mark Pattison says that "Casaubon holds that the
proper use of the Classics in education is the cultivation of the moral
nature."—Life of Casaubon, p. 100.

5 Hist. of R. Lit.


5 "Fuit morum lenissimorum, verecundiae virginalis, formae pulchrae,
pietatis erga matrem et sororem et amitam exemplo sufficientis. Fuit
frugi et pudicus," &c.
INTRODUCTION.

that he was of the most mild manners; of maidenly modesty; affectionate to his mother, sister, and aunt; moderate in his expenditure; chaste in his life; and deeply attached to the society of the wise and the good. So that M. Martha, in those eloquent chapters in which he sings the praises of his “Stoic Poet,”¹ finds in Persius a consistent and sincere representative of that Society of Stoics at Rome, which became the last asylum of outraged and persecuted virtue in the reign of Nero. It is true that of this Roman phase of Stoicism, which was practical rather than speculative,² and religious rather than scientific, the most famous and voluminous exponent was Seneca, whose writings are a perfect mine for parallels to Persius. But Seneca was perhaps too much of a time-server, too facile of conscience, and too unreal in his professions of unworldliness, to attract the eager and transparent mind of the younger philosopher, who must have hated inconsistency with the intensity of youth, and seems from the first to have held aloof from the courtier with a revulsion born of distrust.³

With the sublime and incorruptible Thrasya, on the other hand, Persius had for ten years enjoyed an intimate and unbroken friendship; and the two had been fellow-travellers⁴ on some tour, the description

³ "Sero cognovit et Senecam, sed non ut caperetur ejus ingenio."
   —*Vita*.
⁴ "Idem etiam decem fere annos summe dilectus a Paeto Thrasea est, ita ut peregrinaretur quoque cum eo aliquando."—*Ibid.*
of which by our author was destroyed by the too fastidious Cornutus. ¹

It is easy for supercilious critics to conjecture that these travelling memorials were nothing but a weak imitation of The Journey to Brundusium; but Persius had a rare faculty for sketching, in a few bold strokes, a scene or a character; and is as immeasurably superior to Horace in his gift of terse and graphic narrative, as he is in the sincerity of his principles: and it may well be that these sketches would have told us much of the incomparable Thrasea, and of the sweet counsel which the two kindred spirits took in their foreign rambles, when at leisure to enjoy one another’s companionship to the full, which is one of the purest delights of travelling. That Persius was to some extent an echo of Thrasea, and that the teachings of Thrasea percolate through Persius to us, is probable when we remember how plentifully our satirist borrowed his literary names, illustrations, and ideas from Lucilius and Horace. Surely, if he thus borrowed literary ideas, he must have been under no less obligation to others for his ethical ideas. So that, in the more religious and philosophical portions of the Satires, we may perhaps see somewhat of the ripening of experience, and crystallizing of principles, in the mind of that grand but melancholy figure, who, five or six years later, stands before us in all the nobleness of martyrdom,

¹ This must have been the hodoeporicon librum unum, of which the Vita speaks as having been destroyed by the advice of Cornutus—“Omnia ea auctor fuit Cornutus matri ejus ut aboleret.”
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as we see him described by Tacitus in those thrilling pages. Certainly Tacitus reports the calumniator of Thrasea as having charged him with gathering followers, "or rather satellites," round him, who imitated his dress and mien, and were rigid and melancholy, thereby silently rebuking the lasciviousness of the Emperor.¹ And then this wicked Capito went on to notice how Thrasea and these "satellites" of his spoke of liberty,² and were the imitators of the Bruti.³ Shall I be called fanciful if I see in what Persius says in his fifth Satire, where he rings the changes on that word liberty,⁴ and names Brutus himself,⁵ a trace of those very ideas amongst the "satellites" of Thrasea, which an unscrupulous delator might in after years fashion into a handle for a capital charge,⁶ in the service of a despot who had meanwhile thrown off all shame, and blossomed forth in the full crimson of homicidal mania?

We have seen that the Stoicism of Persius was not of the formal and speculative Greek kind, but rather a species of Puritanism, which accorded well with the practical temperament of the Romans. While therefore it is an overstatement to assert, with Casaubon,

¹ "Et habet sectatores, vel potius satellites, qui nondum contumaciam sententiarum, sed habitum vultumque ejus sectantur, rigidi et tristes, quo tibi lasciviam exprobrent."—An. xvi. 22.
² "Libertatem praeferrat."—Ibid.
³ "Si gliscere et vigere Brutorum aemulos passurus es."—Ibid.
⁴V. 73, 82, 83, 85, 114, 124. ⁵V. 85.
⁶ Thrasea and his Stoic friends, "the satellites," may have thus been accused on account of the word libertas, which they used in an ethical sense; just as Christ was accused on account of the Kingdom of which he spoke in a religious sense.
that "even Zeno and Chrysippus themselves were not greater pillars of the Porch," it is an error on the other side to ignore the influence which the *Satires* have had in the evolution of thought.¹ For, apart from all questions of diction, their general contents, and the spirit in which they are written, compare very favourably with the works of the other great satirists. They are more earnest and consistent than the *Sermons* of the insincere and often trivial Horace;² and more cheerful and playful, and altogether less pessimistic, than the lurid and prurient *Satires* of the elderly rhetorician Juvenal.³ And when we compare their author with his famous contemporaries, here also the advantage is on the side of Persius. Set against the accommodating servility of Seneca,⁴ the supernatural cowardice of Lucan,⁵ and the revolting moral leprosy of Petronius,⁶ how attractive is the


² Casaubon says of Horace: "Passim in aliena transit castra, non tanquam explorator sed tanquam transfuga." He also says that Persius' own words show their difference in aim—that of Horace (i. 116), his own (v. 15).

³ Prof. II. Nettleship says of Juvenal that "he cannot laugh." (*Lect. & Es.*, p. 142.) He sometimes also astonishes us by an anti-climax, fulminating against some triviality as if it were a terrible moral crime.

⁴ Who was accessory to Nero's murder of his own mother.

⁵ Who informed against his own mother.

⁶ Mr. Sellar says:—"From an ethical and human point of view, it [*the Satyricon*] is valuable only as a gauge of the degradation in which much of Roman society was sunk in the age when Persius wrote."—Art. on *Petronius* in *Enc. Brit.*
INTRODUCTION.

modest and chaste\(^1\) young philosopher, who loves his mother with exemplary affection, and never has grovelled at the feet of the tyrant! And his writings accord with the nobility of his life. His pure conception of worship;\(^2\) his realization of the slavery of sin;\(^3\) and the goads of conscience;\(^4\) his perception of the value of introspection;\(^5\) his appreciation of the solemn importance of life;\(^6\) and time;\(^7\) his insight into what constitutes true liberty;\(^8\) his affectionate remembrance of his tutor;\(^9\) and the kindly way he speaks about lending a helping hand to a friend in need,\(^10\) argue on his part an extraordinary clearness of moral insight, and seem to us, as they did to the early Fathers, at least a close approximation to the standard of life which Christianity was then introducing and has now made normal.

How far the circulation of such principles, in an attractive poetic dress, in the Roman society of the day, constituted a kind of \textit{praeparatio Evangelica} we do not know; but it may well be that the early

\(^1\) It seems a little unfair of M. Martha (p. 123) to say: "retnu loin des vices \textit{par sa faible santé et sa modestie}." Does the distinguished Frenchman think that no healthy youth is virtuous? Or has he never heard of a delicate young poet being unchaste? We have no evidence whatever that Persius was physically weak, beyond the fact that he died of a complaint in his stomach in the twenty-eighth year of his age, and had, some time or other previously, wintered in the Riviera.

\(^2\) II. 61-75.
\(^3\) III. 35-43.
\(^4\) III. 66-72.
\(^5\) IV. 73-188.
\(^6\) V. 129-131; 157-175.
\(^7\) IV. 23, 24.
\(^8\) III. 1-24; 60-65; V. 66-72.
\(^9\) V. 21-51.
\(^10\) VI. 27-33.
Roman Christians of high rank\(^1\) came from amongst the adherents of Stoicism. For although Stoicism as a creed became later not the friend, but the rival, of the Gospel, at this early date, when the Church at Rome was in its infancy, and utterly unknown outside a limited circle, there could have been no antagonism aroused. Moreover, Christianity, like Stoicism, seems to have first leavened the home-life of certain families, and from that to have extended its influence in ever-widening circles. And the influence of each of these two religions, which thus simultaneously followed the same method, could hardly have been kept quite distinct. At all events, their co-existence at this terrible time, and the large common element which they had in the domain of ethics, is a very interesting phenomenon; and when we shudder at the frightful picture which Juvenal afterwards drew of the women of this epoch, it is no little consolation to have, in the life of Persius, as well as in the letter of St. Paul to the Romans,\(^2\) evidence of more than one oasis in that moral desert; and to remember that the households of Fulvia and Arria, side by side with those of Aristobulus and Narcissus,\(^3\) became, in their own way, ganglia from which a new energy was trans-

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\(^1\) There is good reason for supposing that some of the early Christians at Rome were of good social standing. (See St. Paul, Phil. iv. 22; and Art. on Pomponia Graecina in Smith's *D. of Christian Biog.* Martha (p. 103) seems to confine them too exclusively to the lower classes.


\(^3\) Rom. xvi. 10, 11.
mitted for the regeneration of society. Nor will it be without interest to let the imagination play round the undoubted coincidence, that Persius and Paul, unknown to each other, were fellow-soldiers in the great warfare of good against evil. Persius, according to that philosophy which professed to furnish a provision for hoary hairs, else wretched; and Paul according to that Gospel of Christ which he was not ashamed to propound, even in the world’s capital, and under the shadow of Nero’s palace, as the power of God leading to salvation for the benefit of every believer.

1 St. Paul came to Rome as a prisoner several years before the death of Persius.

2 That Persius would have made a good preacher is evident from the fact, which I have not seen noticed anywhere, that he concentrates into a single phrase at the end of each Satire the whole lesson he wishes to teach. No writer was ever more emphatic in his last words. This is certainly true of ii (farre litabo); iii (Orestes; the whole Satire being on diseases of the mind); iv (noris quam sit tibi [i.e., Neroni] curta supellex); and may be true of i, which I think to be a review of Calliope, a miserable production which contained some of the bad lines and all the bad jokes (127-133) mentioned in the Satire, and which is named last with artful emphasis.

3 V. 65.

4 Rom. i. 16.

Nearly all editors notice the use of scelerata pulpa (Sat. ii. 63) as akin to the use of ὀδρὲ by St. Paul (Gal. v. 17; Rom. viii. 3; &c.); but I have not seen anyone notice the parallel between (Sat. v. 61) vita (their true life, see Nettleship’s note) and ἡ ὄρατε ἀνν (1 Tim. vi. 19).
THE BOOK OF SATIRES

OF

A. PERSIUS FLACCUS.
NEITHER have I moistened my lips in the nag's spring, nor had a dream, that I can remember, on double-peaked Parnassus, to justify my suddenly coming forward as a poet in this wise. I make a present of the maidens of Helicon and pale Pirene to those whose busts the trailing ivy-shoots entwine. For myself, half-educated clown that I am, I'm bringing my home-spun verses as an offering to the festival of bards. Who simplified for the parrot his "How d'ye do?" and taught the magpie to attempt our language? That professor of art, and bestower of intellect, the stomach, well skilled in imitating vocal effects denied by nature. Nay but if the bare hope of an alluring coin were to flash upon their sight, you would think that our raven poets and poetess magpies were singing the very nectar of Pegasus.
SATIRE I.

DEPRAVED LITERARY TASTE.

Persius complains of the prevailing taste for mock-heroic and chic literature, and condemns the purveyors of such. Several contemporary poetasters, as well as a few of a former age, are named as being now in vogue, while Virgil and Aristophanes are neglected and despised. There are some sly cuts at Nero himself, samples of whose verses are held up to ridicule. It is possible that this whole Review may be directed against Calliopae, which may have been the Emperor's last production. The Reviewer for obvious reasons carefully conceals his identity. Here and in all his other pieces he plentifully employs dialogue, which was of the essence of Roman Satire, and which has been here printed in a manner which ought to cause no difficulty to the student who remembers that the dramatis personae are impalpable, and constantly changing according to the exigencies of the argument; no single interlocutor being before us for very long.

"O THE anxieties of mortals! O what a great void is in the world!"
Who'll read this?
Is it to me you're saying that? Nobody, by Hercules!

What? Nobody?
Perhaps a couple, perhaps nobody.
A disgraceful and pitiable state of affairs!
Why so? Is it for fear Polydamas and the Trojan dames should be found to have given Labeo the preference over me? Rubbish! It doesn't follow that, whatever muddle-headed Rome may disparage, you
should put yourself forward to rectify the faulty tongue in those scales, nor seek recognition outside yourself. For at Rome ——

Hush!

Who is not—? Ah if I might only say it—but I may when I have taken a glance at my premature old age, and that dismal existence of ours, and the sort of life we have been leading ever since we left off our childish games, since we have become veritable uncles in wisdom; then, then, give me leave ——

I won’t.

What am I to do? But I’m in an impudent humour; I burst out laughing.

We compose pent up in our chambers, one man verses, another free of metre, some grandiloquent effusion for the lung puffed out with breath to pant forth. Oh yes, you intend to recite this in public from your lofty seat, spick-and-span, and glistening with a fresh toga, and with your birth-day ring at length on, when you have rinsed your throat into flexibility with a gargle, languishing with that wanton eye of yours. Here you may perceive the unwieldy aristocrats agitated with neither decent gestures nor calm exclamations as the poems enter their loins, and as their interiors are tickled with the quavering line. To think that you, you old reprobate, are catering tit-bits for other people’s ears; yes, for ears to which even you, one mass of skin-disease as you are, must yet exclaim, “Have done!”

What’s the advantage of having learned, unless this leaven, and what has once been born inside a
DEPRAVED LITERARY TASTE.

man, is to burst his liver, and shoot out like a sprout of wild fig?

So that's the idea of this paleness and old age! O what degradation of morals! Does your knowing a thing go so far for nothing unless another person knows that you know it?

But it's a fine thing to be pointed out with the finger, and to have it said, "Here he is!" Can you really count it a matter of nothing to have been made the school exercise of a hundred curly-heads?

Behold over their after-dinner cups the well-filled sons of Romulus inquire what's the latest from the divine world of song. Here one of the company with a blue cloak thrown round his shoulders, reciting some namby-pamby trash with a lisp through his nose, your Phyllises and Hypsipyles, or some other tearful theme of poesy, filters the words out, and trips them up in his dainty palate. The great men burst into applause: already are not the very ashes of the bard auspicious? Does not the monument already press more lightly on his bones? The humbler guests compliment him: now from his relics, now from his mound and embers so blessed by fortune will not violets spring?

You laugh, says somebody, and give too free rein to a spiteful propensity for sneering. What! Can you find a single person who will disown his wish to merit the plaudits of the populace, or to leave the verses he has composed worthy of the cedar oil in danger of neither mackerel nor incense?

Whoever you are, you sir, whom I have just
made to argue against me, I am not such a man as, when I write, if perchance anything rather neat comes out (although this is a rare bird), still if something rather neat comes out, will be afraid of being complimented; for indeed my heart is not exactly made of horn; but what I do deny is that this "bravo" and "exquisite" of yours is the beginning and end of all perfection. For give this "exquisite" a thoroughly good sifting: what has it not inside it? Is there not here Attius' Iliad dead-drunk with hellebore? Are there not all the little erotic effusions the upper ten thousand dictate after dinner [to their amanuenses]? Is there not, in a word, whatever is composed on sofas of citrus wood? You know the secret of serving up sow's udder hot; you know how to endow some shivering beggar of a dependant with a cast-off overcoat, and "truth" say you, "is what I love, tell me the real truth about myself!" How can you? Do you want me to tell it? You're a twaddler, you bald pate, with that fat paunch of yours protruding a full foot and a-half in front of you. O happy Janus, whom no stork's bill pecks from behind, nor hands deft at aping the white ears, nor tongues thrust out to the length of the thirsty Apulian hound's! You, O people of blue blood, whom nature has ordained to live without any eyes in the back of your head, just turn round and face the grin behind you, do!

What's the popular verdict?

What indeed, but that now at the end of time
verses are flowing in right melodious metre, to such a degree that the tessellation pours the nails of criticism smoothly over an even surface? He knows the knack of laying off a verse just the same as if he were to arrange the direction of the ruddle-cord with one eye. Whether the matter in hand be to castigate the present state of morals, luxurious living, or the banquets of the aristocracy, the Muse endows our poet with magniloquent themes. Behold at one time we see people making a great parade of heroic sentiments, who have been accustomed to dabble in Greek verses, and have not art enough to depict a grove, or to write an appreciation of the teeming country, where are:—

"Baskets, and a hearth, and porkers, and the festival of Pales smoky with hay; whence sprang Remus; and you, O Quintius, burnishing your ploughshare in the furrow; whom your wife, in a flutter of excitement, in front of your oxen, invested with the dictator's mantle, while the lictor carried home your plough." Bravo, poet!

Then again we have a man who has a predilection for the shrivelled volume of Bacchic Accius; there are those who are fascinated by Pacuvius, and the warty Antiope,

"With her dolorific heart propped up on sorrows."

When you see short-sighted parents administering these lessons to their boys, need you ask from what source the prevailing literary hotch-potch has come into our language; from what source has arisen that scandalous fashion [of writing] at which your
effeminate Trossulus jumps up in ecstasies of excitement upon the benches?

Aren't you ashamed that you can't even repel life and death charges from your hoary head without itching to hear this mawkish applause, "Nicely put"?

"You're a thief," one says to Pedius. What rejoins Pedius? He balances the indictments in well-polished antitheses; he gets complimented for having introduced erudite tropes: "Mighty fine this." Is this fine? or, Romulus, are you a fawning minion?

Do you think a person of that sort could produce any effect on me? O yes, of course, and if a shipwrecked mariner were to sing me a ballad, I suppose I'd fork out a coin! So you sing, do you, when you lug about on your shoulder a picture of yourself on a shattered raft? He'll have to pipe a true tale of woe, and not merely one vamped up at night, who wants to move me to commiseration at his plaint.

But grace as well as neat technique have been imported into rude unmusical verses. He has been taught the device of rounding off a line thus:—

"Berecyntian Attis,"

and,

"The dark-blue sea-god Nereus, a dolphin did divide."

thus,

"From the long side of Apennine we stole away a rib."
“Arms and the man” — Wouldn’t you call this frothy stuff and of coarse thick bark, like a gnarled branchlet sun-dried on a stunted cork-tree?

What then do you instance as something delicate and capable of being recited with a languishing curve of the neck?

“They filled the grim horns with Mimallonian boomings; both the Bassarid, anon to carry off the head torn from the proud calf, and the Maenad, anon to rein in the lynx with ivy-clusters, redouble their Bacchic cries again and again; the re-awakening echo rings answer.”

Could these things be if a single spark of our ancestral manhood lived on in us? This invertebrate stuff, Maenad and Attis, swims in the lips on the surface of the spittle, and comes drivelling out involuntarily; it neither thumps the desk, nor tastes of nails bitten down to the quick.

But what’s the object of rasping sensitive ears with brutal frankness? I’d advise you look out lest perchance the thresholds of society people give you a cool reception. Hark, the dog’s letter sounds yonder with snarling whirr.

O well, for all I care, let everything from this on be whitewashed. I ’ll not stand in your way. Bravo, all of you, you ’ll all turn out to be the very wonders of creation. Is this to your liking? “Here,” say you, “I forbid anyone to commit nuisance.” Paint up a pair of snakes. “Boys, this place is consecrated; outside with you.” I take my departure.

Lucilius cut the city to the very bone; you Lupus,
you Mucius;—and crunched his jaw-tooth on those men. Flaccus rougishly lays his finger on every blemish in his friend, who laughs during the process; and, having once gained his entrance, makes sport around his heart; with that adroit faculty of his for hanging the people on his tossed-up nose. For me even to mutter is treason, is it? Mayn't I do it to myself? Nor with a hole for my confidant?

Nowhere.

Here however I'll delve it in. Little book, I saw, I saw with mine own eyes — Who has not the ears of an ass? This secret of mine, this my laugh, which is such an affair of nothing, I'm not going to sell you for any Iliad in the world.

Whoever you are that are under the inspiration of bold Cratinus, and grow pale in poring over indignant Eupolis, with that splendid old veteran, give a glance in the direction of these verses also, if at all you have an ear for something well matured. It is with well-steamed ear from the study of such models that I want my reader to glow. I don't want the fellow who, the mean cur, takes his pleasure in turning the sandals of the Greeks into ridicule; and who would have wit enough to shout "One-eye" to a one-eyed wretch; thinking himself to be somebody, because, in the dignified grandeur of a provincial magistracy, he has broken short half-pints as aedile at Arretium! Nor the facetious fellow who has the cleverness to make game of the sums on the black board, and the diagrams in the fingered sand; ready to go off into a paroxysm of glee if a saucy Nones-
UNHOLY PRAYER.

girl were to pull a cynic's beard for him. To these fellows I make a present of the play-bill in the morning, and, after dinner, Calliroe!

SATIRE II.

UNHOLY PRAYER.

A spiritual view of prayer is here set forth, in contradistinction to the selfish and even criminal petitions with which so many defile the sanctity of the temples, proving that they are little better than atheists at heart. Men are also taught that they must live more as they pray, and that nothing but sincerity of heart and purity of conduct can call down an answer from heaven. This piece was much quoted by Lactantius and other Christian teachers, as containing some of the purest and most beautiful religious teaching that could anywhere be found outside Scripture.

RECKON with a more lucky pebble, Macrinus, this anniversary, which, by its auspicious dawn, places to your credit the years as they glide past. Pour out a wine offering to your genius. You are not the kind of man to supplicate in haggling prayer, for blessings which you dare not confide to the gods, unless at a private audience. But a goodly number of our grandees will offer their libations, accompanied by a censer that divulges nothing. It is not everyone who is prepared to banish mutterings and soft whisperings from the temples, and to live with his prayer made public. "Sound intellect, character, credit," these one asks distinctly, and so that his next neighbour may hear; those others he mutters to himself within
and under his breath. "O if uncle would but bubble forth into a fine funeral cortege!" and, "O if under my harrow a crock of silver would give a clink for me, by Hercules' favour!" or, "Would that I might wipe out that ward of mine, upon whose heels I am treading as next heir! For he's a scrofulous creature, and bloated with dyspepsia." "There's Nerius already marrying his third wife!" That you may be in a position to pray for these things with a clean conscience, you plunge your head in the Tiber flood twice or three times at dawn, and purify the night in running water.

Come now, answer me; it's the veriest trifle that I'm anxious to know: What opinion do you hold about Jupiter? Would you be inclined to give him the preference over ——

Whom?

Do you ask whom? Say Staius, if you like. What! surely you don't hesitate? Which of the two would make the juster judge? Or which would prove a fitter guardian for orphaned children? This thing then, with which you have the audacity to besiege the ear of Jupiter; come, just mention it to Staius. "By Jupiter! O good Jupiter!" he'll exclaim.

But won't Jupiter himself call out his own name? Do you suppose he has winked at the matter, because when the thunder rolls, the holm-oak is split in pieces by the heaven-sped bolt sooner than you and your homestead? Or because you've escaped the fate of lying in the groves, dedicated by
sheep's entrails, and the incantation of Ergenna, as a sad and fearsome monument, that therefore Jupiter presents you his silly beard to pluck? Or what is that great thing at the cost of which you purchase the ears of the gods? Can it be by a lung and greasy intestines?

Behold the grandmother or the devotee of a maternal aunt has snatched up the baby-boy out of his cradle, and first charms his forehead and slobberly lips with her middle finger and propitiatory spittle, skilled as she is in fending from him the evil eyes; then she dandles him in her hands, and, so far as her prayer goes, sends the lean hopeful now into the broad acres of Licinus, now into the palatial mansion of Crassus. May the Emperor and Empress wish him for son-in-law! May the young ladies have a tussle for him! Whatever he treads with his foot, may it spring up into a rose.

But I don't depute my prayers to a nurse. Refuse her these things, O Jupiter, even though she may have asked you them clad in ceremonial white.

You pray for vigour for your muscles, and a constitution that will stand to you in old age. Very good; be it so; but those big dishes and rich gravies of yours have forbidden the gods to grant your prayers, and stay the hand of Jupiter.

To make your fortune you ardently supplicate with the sacrifice of an ox, and you invoke the aid of Mercury with a liver: "Grant that my household gods may bring luck; grant cattle; also progeny to my flocks." On what principle, you miserable creature,
seeing that the bowels of so many of your heifers are melting into the flames? And yet he is importunate to win the gods over with entrails and rich meat puddings. "Now my farm is going to increase; now my sheep-fold is going to increase; now it will be granted; now; now!" Until, deceived and disappointed, the halfpenny at the bottom of the money-box will heave an unavailing sigh!

If I should bring you bowls of silver, and presents chased with thick gold, you would glow with perspiration, and your heart, in a transport of nervous joy, would shake out drops beneath your left breast. Hence you have taken up that fashion of veneering the sacred faces of the gods with triumphal gold; for by all means let those of the bronze brotherhood who send dreams most free from phlegm be held in the highest honour; and let their beards be golden.

Gold has expelled the crockery of Numa's day, and the Saturnian bronzes, and is taking the place of the Vestal urns, and the Etruscan pottery.

O souls bent down to earth, void of the gifts of heaven! What boots it to import these morals of ours into the temples, and to deduce what is good in the gods' sight from the analogies of this sinful flesh?

This, for its selfish whim, has melted cassia in olive oil to the spoiling of the latter; it has dyed the Calabrian fleece with misapplied purple; it has bidden us scrape the pearl from its shell, and tear out the veins of glowing metal from the rough slag. And in these respects it sins; it sins. Still it turns
its iniquity to some practical use. But tell us, ye priests, in religious service what real influence has gold? Just as little, I take it, as the dolls dedicated to Venus by a girl! Nay, let us offer the gods something which mighty Messala's bleary-eyed descendant could not offer from his lordly dish: justice and religion well blended in the soul; and the inner shrine of the mind consecrated; and a heart imbued with honour, the true gentility. Let me but bring these to the temples, and I'll gain my quest with a pinch of meal.

SATIRE III.

DISEASES OF THE MIND.

A Stoic sermon on the diligent use of time and opportunities; on the searing of conscience which follows naturally from a long course of dissipation; on the terrors of that inward voice; the necessity of a definite object in life; and the peril of allowing the diseases of the mind, such as avarice, lust, terror, and anger, to run their course unchecked, so as to become incurable at last.

Of course, this is the old story! Already the glorious morning is streaming in through the window-shutters, and is broadening the narrow chinks with light. We are snoring away enough to work off the fumes of the raging Falerian, while the dial is touched by the shadow at the fifth hour!

"Ho! What are you about? The mad dog's star is now this long while baking the crops hard, and all the flock is beneath a spreading elm," says one of his companions.
"Really? Is it possible? Let somebody come here at once! Will no one ——?" His sea-green bile begins to swell. "I'm splitting." So that you might suppose that all the flocks and herds of Arcady were setting up a bray!

By-and-by the book, and double-shaded parchment smoothed of hairs, and the papyrus-sheets, and jointed reed, come into his hands. Then we grumble because a thick clot hangs from the pen. We grumble because the quill doubles its thin drops, by reason of the black ink's growing weak from infusion of water.

O wretched creature, and every day more and more wretched! Have we come to such a pass? Ah, why not rather, like a precious pigeon, and like babies of rank, cry to get a wee chew at the rusk, and in a pet refuse to let mamma sing you to by-bye!

Do you expect me to do my exercise with a pen like that?

Whom are you deceiving? Why are you whining out these far-fetched excuses? It's your own game that's being played. You're wasting away brainlessly; you'll earn contempt. The crock badly baked of untempered clay sounds flawed to the tap, it gives an unsatisfactory ring. You are clay in a moist and soft state, now, now, you must hasten and be put into proper shape on the swiftly-revolving wheel without any stop.

But from your ancestral estate you have a tolerably good supply of corn, a stainless and irre-
DISEASES OF THE MIND.

proachable salt-cellar (what need you fear?) and an inexhaustible paten for the worship of the hearth!

Is this enough? Can it be the thing for you to burst your lung with airs because you trace your family tree from a Tuscan stock in the thousandth generation; or because in cavalry uniform you give the salute to your relative the censor? To the rabble with your trappings! I know you inside and out. Aren’t you ashamed of spending your life like that roué Natta? But he is benumbed with dissipation, and a thick fatty coating has grown over his heart; he is beyond the pale of censure; he doesn’t realize what he is losing; he is plunged in the depths, and he no more makes a bubble on the surface of the wave.

Mighty Father of the Gods, may it be thy good pleasure in no other wise to punish cruel tyrants, when deadly lust infused with glowing poison stirs their nature: may they get a sight of virtue and pine away at the thought of having turned from her! Do you imagine that the brazen recesses of the Sicilian bull resounded with a more awful groan, or the scimitar hanging from gilded ceilings caused a greater thrill of horror to princely necks underneath than if one should say to himself:—“We’re sinking—sinking—headforemost to ruin!” and should blench, poor wretch, with mental terror, such as must needs remain concealed from the very wife at his side?

I remember that when a small boy I used often to touch my eyes with olive oil, if I wanted to shirk
the making of a grandiloquent speech to dying Cato, to be received with a burst of admiration by that lunatic master of mine, and to which my father, in a glow of perspiration, would listen amongst a party of friends brought together for the occasion. And I was right. For the summit of my ambition was to know what the lucky sice would bring me, how much the ill-starred ace would sweep off; that I should not be baulked by the neck of the narrow jar; and that no other boy should be a greater dab at whipping the top with the lash.

You are not inexperienced in diagnosing distorted rules of conduct, and the true teaching of the Wise Porch decorated with the trousered Medes; over which our wakeful and tonsured youth spend their nights on rations of pulse and coarse pearl-barley; and to you that character of the alphabet which has drawn asunder its two Samian branches has significantly pointed out the steep path rising on its right hand: [yet] you are snoring to this late hour, and your head dropping loose as if its fastening had got unhinged yawns off yesterday’s debauch with jaws at full stretch in all directions! Is that at which you are aiming, and towards which you are pointing your bow something definite? Or are you chasing the crows at hap-hazard with tile and mud, not heeding whither your feet will carry you, and living merely from hour to hour?

You may see people crying out for hellebore too late when their skin is already on the point of swelling with sickness: face the disease at its
DISEASES OF THE MIND

approach, and what need to be promising huge mountains [of gold] to Craterus?

Learn, ye pitiable mortals, and get to understand the raison d'être of existence; what we are, and what life we are born to live; what position at starting has been assigned us, or where is the easy turning of the goal, and from how far out; what limit should be to our plate; what one may conscientiously pray for; what useful work hard cash effects; how much it is fitting should be freely contributed to one's country and dear kindred; what rôle God has ordered you to perform, and at what point you have been posted in the world's economy. Learn, I say, and grudge not to do so on the plea that you have many a jar going bad in your plentiful larder for taking a brief for the fat Umbrians; together with pepper and hams a memento of some Marsian client; nor because the last sprat in your first barrel has not yet been used up.

Here someone of the unsavoury crew of centurions may say, "The philosophy I have is quite enough for me, I don't want to be like Arcesilas and your care-worn Solons, with head bowed down and pinning their eyes on the ground, while they masticate mutterings and mad-dog silence to themselves, and poise their words upon a thrust-out lip, conning over the dreams of some old dotard, that nothing is born of nothing, that nothing can to nothing return! Is this what you grow pale over? Is this a reason for a man to have no dinner?" At these sallies the rabble grin, and the big brawny youth again and again with nostrils curled give vent to their rippling roars of laughter.
Examine me, I have a queer jumpy feeling in my heart, and a foul exhalation comes forth from my distempered jaws, examine me if you please!

He who talks like that to his doctor, after he has been ordered to lie up, as soon as ever the third night has seen his blood running at normal pace, will send as he is going to have a bath, to borrow with a moderately thirsty jar from a rich mansion some mellow Surrentine wine.

Ho! my good friend, how pale you are!

'Tis nothing.

Yet you ought to look to this whatever it is: your skin is imperceptibly swelling and becoming yellow.

But you're far paler yourself! Please don't come the guardian over me. I've buried him long ago. Are you in his place?

—Go your own way, I'll say no more.

This individual swollen with banqueting and with his stomach white has his bath, his throat the while slowly giving out a sulphureous stench. But a shivering fit seizes him in the very act of drinking, and dashes the hot tumbler from his hands. His grinning teeth chatter. Next the oily morsels drop from his paralyzed lips. Hereupon the trumpet, the wax-lights, and in the end the dear departed, laid out on a raised bier and smeared with coarse ointments, stretches out his stiff heels towards the door; and under him full Roman citizens of yesterday's making, with their caps of liberty on, have placed their shoulders!

Feel my pulse, you wretch, and put your hand on
my breast—no fever here—and touch the extremities of my feet and hands—they’re not numb.

If it happens that you catch a glimpse of money, or if your neighbour’s fair daughter has given you a suggestive smile, does your heart beat regularly? Suppose tough vegetables have been served to you on a cold dish, and flour shaken through a coarse common sieve,—let’s examine your jaws;—oh there lurks a raw ulcer in your delicate mouth which it would never do to rasp with plebeian beet! You’re cold when pale terror has shaken out the bristling goose-skin over your limbs; now, the fire is applied, your blood gets hot, and your eyes sparkle with rage, and you say and do what Orestes, himself a madman, would swear was the conduct of a man!

SATIRE IV.

ALKIBIADES!

The idea that personal beauty, distinction of birth, or popularity with the fawning rabble, can make young men fit to govern states is here ridiculed; and Nero, under the disguise of Alkibiades, is taken to task for his follies and vices, and bidden to see himself as others see him, and to recognise how scantily he is furnished with kingly qualities.

YOU manage affairs of state!—Suppose these words to have fallen from the bearded master whom that deadly dose of hemlock carried off—On the strength of what? Tell me this, O ward of illustrious Pericles. So it appears that intellect and experience
of affairs have come quickly before hairs on your chin, and you have a shrewd idea what things should be spoken or left unsaid! So then when the lower orders wax warm with their angry passions stirred, your force of character impels you to produce a hush in the heated crowd with a majestic wave of the hand. What will you then say? "Fellow-citizens, this, suppose, is unjust, that is ill-conceived, that third course is more suitable." For it appears you know how to weigh justice in the twin scales of the trembling balance; you can diagnose the straight where it makes its appearance amongst crooked lines, or when the square is awry by reason of a bent leg; and you are able to mark a black \textit{theta} before what is vicious. Well then can't you, vainly handsome as you are on the surface of your skin, leave off this precocious setting up your tail before the fawning rabble, when you might with more propriety be swallowing whole Anticyras undiluted? What is your ideal of the highest good? To have always lived with a rich platter, and a skin in good condition from perpetual basking? Listen here, this old crone near us would give no different answer. Well, proceed; "I'm descended from Dinomache:" puff away; "I'm a beauty." So you may, provided we remember that you haven't more wisdom than shrivelled Baucis when she cries, "watercresses" to some slovenly labourer.

To think how nobody tries to descend into himself—not one; but everybody eyes the wallet on the back of the man before him. Suppose you were to
ask, "Do you know Vettidius' estates?" "Whose?"
"A wealthy squire who breaks more land at Cures
than a kite could fly over." "Do you mean him?"
"Yes, him, who by the frown of the gods and an
unlucky genius, whenever he hangs up his yoke at
the well-worn cross-roads, grudging to scrape away
the old crust of dirt from the little jar, groans "May
this be for the best," while he munches the coated
onion with a pinch of salt, and, his servants mean-
while congratulating themselves on their pot of spelt,
sucks down the mothery dregs of the flat vinegar.
But if you anoint yourself, and idle your time, and
continually sun your skin, there is some stranger
hard by who may give you a touch of his elbow
and vehemently despise your conduct. We inflict
wounds, and in turn expose our own limbs to the
arrows. These are the conditions of life, such is
our experience. You've a secret wound deep in
your groin, but your belt with its broad golden
clasp covers it up. Since you prefer it, speak words
of deceit, and cheat your muscles, if you can.

When the whole neighbourhood calls me illustrious
am I not to believe it?

If, reprobate, you grow pale at the sight of money;
if you catch at every amour which presents itself; if
you, wary capitalist, corner the greedy money-market
by frequent squeezes, it's all to no purpose that you
have lent your thirsty ears to the riff-raff. Repudiate
what you are not; let Tom, Dick, and Harry take
back their offerings; dwell with yourself; make the
discovery how scanty is your furniture.
PERFECT FREEDOM.

The poet dissociates himself from the literary taste of his time, and sketches an exquisitely beautiful and universally admired picture of his student days, under the philosopher Cornutus, for whom he cherishes the warmest affection. After a brief warning against procrastination, he gives a very able disquisition on perfect freedom, which manumission does not confer, unable as that process is to change the heart, or expel those besetting sins, such as avarice, luxury, lust, ambition, and superstition, which reign as tyrants there. The poet is conscious that the Philistines of his day will laugh such teaching to scorn.

With bards it is a common habit to put in for themselves a requisition for a hundred voices, to long for a hundred mouths and tongues for their poems, whether a drama is to be put upon the boards, to be bawled out by some sombre tragedian, or a description to be given of the wounds of the Parthian as he draws the iron arrow-head from his groin.

What's the drift of this? Or what big junks of solid poetry are you cramming in, that it would require a hundred-throat power to cope with them? Let those who are wishful to spout in the grand style go and collect vapours on Helicon, if for any of them either Progne's or Thyestes' pot will come to a boil, to be often served up as a standing dish for stupid Glyco. You, however, are neither in the habit of squeezing the winds in the panting bellows, while the metal is being fused in the furnace; nor with
pent-up murmur hoarsely croaking to yourself some solemn nonsense; nor straining your blown-out cheeks till they burst with a plop. You follow the diction of everyday life, well skilled in brilliant combination, smooth in your chaste style, well versed in rasping the diseased spirit of the age, and in pillorying sin with gentlemanly scorn. From this source select your subjects, and leave at Mycenae those banquets of heads and feet, and make yourself acquainted with our homely Roman meals.

Well indeed this is not my aim, that my page should be bloated with air-blown trifles, and thus qualified to give weight to smoke. We are talking quite privately: I am now at the instance of the Muse giving you my heart to be thoroughly sifted, and it is delightful, Cornutus, to show you once for all, dear friend, how large a share of my soul is yours. Knock, since you are skilled in distinguishing between what has a solid ring and the lath-and-plaster of an insincere tongue. It is for these reasons I would venture to put in a plea for a hundred voices; that I may describe you in clear language, in proportion as I have you enfolded in the recesses of my breast; and that my words may unseal all this which lies too deep for expression in the secret chambers of my heart.

As soon as ever the purple relinquished its awe-inspiring guardianship over me, and my amulet-knob was hung up as an offering to the neatly-draped household gods; when my attendants sought to please, and at last the white toga-fold allowed me to
dart my glances unchecked over the whole Subura; at that age when the right course is in doubt, and bewilderment, from ignorance of the world's ways, conducts nervous souls to the branching cross-roads of life, of my own accord I placed myself under your tuition; you Cornutus gently take up my tender years and cherish them in your Socratic bosom; then your rule applied with beguiling adroitness straightens out the warps in my character; my spirit is moderated with philosophy, and consciously helps in its own subjugation, and assumes an artistic appearance under your plastic touch. For with you I remember using up the long summer days, and with you plucking the early hours of the night for feasting: united is our labour, and in equal measure we two arrange our recreation, and unbend our serious moods over the modest board. Indeed you really must not doubt that the days of us both accord together on a fixed principle, and are derived from a single constellation; whether truthful Fate is weighing our times in the even Scales, or the hour born for faithful friends apportions equally between the Twins the harmonious destinies of us both; and in unison we break the influence of malignant Saturn by our kindly Jupiter. Some star there surely must be which blends my being with thine.

Thousandfold are the kinds of men, and life's employment of varied hue: each cherishes his own wish and people live with widely different ambitions. One takes in exchange for Italian wares under some eastern clime the wrinkled pepper and grains of pale
cumin; another prefers, with stomach gorged, to swell with the dew of sleep; another diverts himself with field sports; another gambling sends to smash; yonder one languishes for sensual excitement; but when chalky gout has broken the finger-joints, like the branchlets of a gnarled beech, then they heave a groan within themselves that their days have passed away in grossness, and that their light has been a marsh fog; and when too, too late, that they have neglected their real life.

But you find your delight in growing pale over your midnight studies, for as a guide of youth you plant their well-cleansed ears with the corn of Cleanthes. "From this source seek, ye youths and elders, a definite object for your mind, and a provision for the sorrows of hoary age."

To-morrow this shall be done.
To-morrow it'll be the same story.

What? Surely you don't look on it as something unreasonable to allow one day's grace!

Yes, but when this "other" day has dawned we have already used up yesterday's to-morrow; behold an ever-new to-morrow slowly exhausts these years of ours and will always be a little ahead of us. For in vain will you try to gain on the front tire, however near it is to you, however it revolves under the same pole, seeing that you are running along as a hinder wheel, and attached to a second axle.

What we want is liberty. It is not this liberty that, when any Publius in the Veline tribe has earned a mangy meal of corn for a ticket, he possesses!
Alas for you, barren of the truth, in whose eyes one twirl makes a Roman citizen! Dama here is an ostler not worth three halfpence, blood-shot with boozing, and ready to tell a lie for a beggarly feed of corn. Suppose his master has given him a turn, by the mere movement of the twirl out comes Marcus Dama! Bless my stars! With Marcus as security do you refuse to lend money? With Marcus on the bench do you feel nervous? Marcus has said it, so it is. Give me your signature, Marcus, to this document. Here's pure unadulterated freedom! Here's what the caps confer on us!

But do you mean to say that the freeman is any other than he who may spend his time just as he likes? I may live as I like; am I not more of a freeman than Brutus himself?

Your inference is fallacious, here remarks the Stoic, whose ear is cleansed with the pungent vinegar; I admit all the rest; eliminate that "may" and "as I like."

Since by a touch of the wand I have come back my own master from the praetor, why will you not grant that I may do whatever my inclination has ordered, always excepting anything which the code of Masurius has forbidden?

Listen, but let your anger and that wrinkled snarl fall from your nose, while I pull those old grandmotherly notions out of your breast. It was not within the praetor's province to give fools a delicate discrimination of duties, nor to impart to them the way of making the most of fleeting life. You would
sooner succeed in making some gawky camp-porter handle a harp. Reason confronts you and whispers aside into your ear, that anyone may not do what he will mar in the doing. The universal law of humanity, and nature herself, contains this principle, that incompetent ignorance should regard all action as absolutely forbidden it. Do you compound hellebore when you do not know how to check the index of the balance at a given point? The law of medicine forbids this. If a bumpkin in brogues should demand for himself the captaincy of a vessel when he doesn't know the day-star, Melicerta would cry out that modesty has perished out of the world. Has philosophy given you to live uprightly, and are you skilled in distinguishing the mere outward semblance of truth, that no such seeming truth give a faulty ring, the copper being merely washed over with gold? And as regards what things should be followed and what on the other hand should be avoided, have you first marked the former with chalk and then the latter with charcoal? Are you modest in your ambition, with your establishment well kept down, pleasant to your friends? Can you now shut tight your barns and now open them wide; and could you step over a penny stuck in the mire without greedily feeling your mouth water with Mercurial spittle?

When you can truly say, "these are my principles, I hold them," be both free and wise also by the grace of the praetors and of Jupiter; but if you, whereas you were a little while before one of our
batch, still retain your old skin, and smooth of countenance preserve the knowing fox in your musty bosom, I revoke all that I had conceded above, and pull in the rope. Philosophy has contributed nothing to you, stretch out your very finger and you sin, and what action so insignificant? But you will not by any offering of incense gain your prayer that there should cleave to fools even one short half-ounce of rectitude. To mingle these is against the will of heaven, nor, if in every other respect you are a mere clodhopper, will you be able to dance the Satyr of Bathyllus even as far as its third bar.

"I'm a freeman." Who allowed you to think this, enslaved as you are in so many ways? Do you mean that you know nothing of any master except that one whom the wand disposes of? "Go slave, and fetch down my flesh-scrapers to the baths of Crispinus!" If one has growled out "You're dawdling, you idler," it is true cruel bondage does not drive you to budge a step, and nothing enters you from without to set your nerves going, yet if internally and in your diseased heart taskmasters spring into being, how do you turn out to be a whit less liable to punishment than he whom the scourge and the dread of a master have hunted to the flesh-scrapers?

In the morning you are lazily snoring. "Get up," says Avarice; "Ho! Get up." You refuse. She insists; "Get up," says she. "I can't." "Get up." "And what am I to do?" "Do you ask? See here; import sardines from Pontus, beaver-oil, tow, ebony,
incense, glossy Coan muslins; be the first to unlade the freshly brought pepper from the thirsty camel; trade in something; swear."

But Jupiter will hear.

Bah, you duffer, you'll go through life quite satisfied to drill with your finger the cleanly-licked saltcellar, if it's trying to live on good terms with Jupiter you are.

And now, in journeying trim, you're strapping to your slaves' backs the valise and the wine case. "Off to the ship this instant." Nothing stands in your way to prevent you scouring the Aegean in a bulky merchantman, unless artful Luxury first lead you aside and warn you, "Whither are you rushing next, you lunatic, whither? What are you aiming at? Has the raging bile swollen up in your heated breast to such a degree that several gallons of hemlock would not allay it? You bound across the sea! You eat your dinner off a thwart, sitting propped up on a coil of rope, while the broad-bottomed jug gives out the smell of the red Veientane wine damaged with dusty pitch! What are you after? Is it that the money which you had nursed at home at a safe five per cent. should go on to sweat out a greedy eleven? Indulge your bent for amusement; let's pluck the sweets of existence; the present is all of life that we can call our own; you'll yet become a cinder, a shade, a tale of the past; enjoy life mindful of death; time is fleeting; the time I take to say this is so much subtracted from it."

Lo, what are you to do? You're torn asunder by
a pair of hooks. Do you follow this one or that? You must needs by turns serve, by turns desert, your masters with vacillating allegiance: nor can you say, when for once you have put your foot down, and refused to obey peremptory orders, “Now I’ve burst my bonds;” for even the dog snaps its fastening by a tug, and yet, as it makes its escape, a long piece of the chain is trailed from its neck.

Davus, I desire you to believe this, I’ve made up my mind to put an end on the spot to those long-standing pangs of mine, says Chaerestratus as he bites his nail to the quick; “What, must I for ever be a stumbling-block and a disgrace to those sober relatives of mine? Am I to be frittering my estate away, with evil reputation, at the threshold of ill-fame, singing with torch quenched a drunken serenade before the dripping doors of Chrysis?

Bravo, boy, I do hope you’ll be sensible; sacrifice a lamb to the averting deities.

But, think you, Davus, she’ll fret at being deserted? You’re trifling; you’ll be chastised, my boy, with a slap of her scarlet slipper. Don’t make such a point of struggling and gnawing at the tight meshes, for the time being all ferocity and fury; but, if she calls, “In a moment” you’ll reply.

What then would you have me do? Mayn’t I go to her now when she cries for me, and turns round and beseeches me?

Not even now should you return, if you had got whole and sound away from her.

Here, here is what we are seeking, it is here; not in the wisp which the fool of a lictor throws.
Has yonder electioneering candidate the power of ruling himself, considering that white-robed ambition leads him about with his mouth agape? Look alive, and plentifully pelt beans for the scrambling mob, that the old men lying in the sun may be able to call to mind our Floralia, "What could be finer?"

But when Herod’s birthday has come round, and the candles decorated with violets and arranged in the greasy window have belched out their fatty fog; and the tunny’s tail floats as it encircles the red earthenware dish; and the white jar bulges with wine; then you move your lips in silence and grow pallid at the circumcised sabbaths. Next the black hobgoblins and the dangers arising from the bursting of an egg; next tall priests of Cybele and the one-eyed priestess with her timbrel, have hammered into you the fear of those deities who are accustomed to make men’s bodies swell with disease, unless you have tasted the prescribed head of garlic thrice of a morning.

Suppose you have given this discourse in the company of the thick-legged captains, big Pulfennius will immediately give a loud guffaw, and bid aclipt shilling for a hundred Greeks!
SATIRE VI.

USE OF MONEY.

Persius inculcates a right use of money which should steer an even keel between prodigality and stinginess. If the call come, capital may be realized to aid a friend in need. If such realization give umbrage to his expectant heir, Persius humorously threatens to go on and give a gladiatorial show and a largess; and if the expectant one still have the courage to grumble, he shall be disappointed altogether in favour of some chance beggarman! This Satire on money-spending ends with a fragment on money-making, which has all the appearance of want of homogeneity.

Has midwinter already caused you to migrate to your Sabine hearth, O Bassus? Do the lyre and strings already wake into life at thy stern stroke? With that extraordinary faculty of yours for wedding to metre the early forms of archaic words, and the manly strain of the Latin lute; skilful at bandying young men’s jests, and with virtuous touch singing the song of love, e’en though you are old. I am now enjoying the balmy temperature of Liguria’s shore, and the winter coolness of my favourite sea, where the rocks present a huge massive shoulder, and the beach retreats into a deep valley. “Get to know the harbour of Luna, citizens, it’s worth while.” This the heart of Ennius enjoins, after he had snored off the delusion that he was Homer, and found himself plain Quintus from being a Pythagorean peacock. Here I, not wasting a thought on the rabble, or what Auster
baleful to the flock may have in store, nor caring either because yonder nook of my neighbour's land is primer than mine, even if it went so far that all men of lower extraction than myself were to grow rich would still refuse to be bent in two for that reason, or wasted with decay, or to sup without relishes, or poke my nose into the seal on a stale jar. Some one else may differ from these sentiments. Thou, O horoscope, bringest forth twins of widely diverging tastes. One there is who, on birthdays only, moistens his parched vegetables, and that with brine; which he has bought, sly fellow that he is, at a cupful at a time; with his own hand sprinkling the precious pepper on his plate; this other in eating runs through vast possessions in a spirited manner, while a mere boy. As for me, I'll use what I have, use it, mind you; neither so extravagant as to serve up turbots to my freedmen, nor such a connoisseur as to recognise the peculiar flavour of hen-thrushes. Live up to the full extent of your regular crop, and grind your garners to the last grain, as heaven intends. What are you afraid of? Harrow, and another crop is in the blade.

But duty to my neighbour has a claim; his ship being wrecked my ruined friend clutches hold of the Bruttian rocks, and has consigned everything he has in the world, together with his unavailing prayers, to the Ionian Sea; he himself lies on the beach, and with him the huge gods from the ship's stern, and the rib of the shattered craft, now a perch for seagulls. Now even from the green turf break off something,
bestow it on the poor fellow, that he may not have to take to the road painted on a blue picture.

But your heir will be remiss about the funeral breakfast, in a rage because you have eaten into his inheritance; he will consign your bones unperfumed to the urn, quite prepared to ask no questions whether the cinnamon smells dead, or the cassia is adulterated with cherry. "Do you suppose that you can diminish your assets and not suffer for it?" And, with the air of a Bestius, he rails on our Greek philosophers:—"That's how it is ever since this insipid learning of ours came to the city, with pepper and dates, the very mowers have spoiled their porridge with coarse grease."

Would you be afraid of such reproaches when beyond the tomb? But you, mine heir, whoever you'll be, come a little aside from the throng and listen. My good sir, surely you can't have heard the news? A letter bound with bay has been despatched by the Emperor, to celebrate the glorious slaughter of the flower of the Germans, and from the altars the cold cinders are being shaken out, and by this time Caesonia is engaged in hiring weapons for the gates, cloaks of kings, yellow-wools for the prisoners, chariots, and tall Rhinelanders. To the gods therefore and the Emperor's genius I'm going to bring in a hundred pairs of gladiators, to commemorate this magnificent victory. Who forbids? Try it. Woe betide you unless you agree. I'm on for standing a largess of oil and sandwiches to the rabble. Do you forbid? Speak out.
"Not so fast," say you, "your property round about here is completely worn out."

Oh, very well! If none of my paternal aunts is still to the fore, none of my female cousins on the father's side, none of my paternal uncle's great-grand-daughters, if my mother's sister has left no family, and neither chick nor child survives of my grandmother, I merely go to Bovillae and Virbius' hill, ready-made is Manius as my heir!

A son of earth?

Ask me who was my great-great-grandfather: it's not on the tip of my tongue, but still I can tell you. Add still one generation;—still one more;—now we come to a son of earth; and, so far as I can judge, according to the established rule of descent, this Manius turns out to be something like a brother of my great-grandmother! You who are stationed in advance of me why do you demand the torch from me before I have run my course? I am your Mercury. I am coming hither as a god, just as he is depicted. Do you refuse me? Don't you feel delighted with what I have left you?

It is something short of the original amount.

For myself I've diminished it; but, whatever it is, for you it's a complete whole. Don't be asking me where's the legacy which Tadius once bequeathed to me; and don't keep saying, "Invest what your father left you; let the percentage of the interest accrue; from that take your expenses."

What's left?

What's left? Now then, oil the vegetables, boy,
oil them regardless of expense. The dinner to be cooked for me on a holiday forsooth is to consist of nettles and smoky pig's cheek with the ear slit, in order that that precious descendant of yours in time to come, having dined sumptuously off goose-giblets, when the froward vein throbs in his wayward body, may indulge himself in the most expensive fashion! A mere thread of a body is all that is to be left to me, but his sacristan-stomach is to quiver with fat!

Sell your soul for gain; push commerce; and diligently ransack every corner of the globe; that no other dealer may have a higher reputation for slapping fat Cappadocian slaves on the wooden auction-stand. Double your capital.

I've done it; already three-fold, already four-fold, already ten times over it is coming back for me into my purse: mark where I'm to draw the line.

The man has been found who can put the finish to your heap, O Chrysippus!
NOTES.
NOTES.

i. 8.—nam Romae—"st!" quis non.—See the MSS. The late Professor A. Palmer pointed out that "st" ("hush") is the interjection of the supposed interlocutor, advising Persius to be careful what he says against Roman society; or else a mental interjection of Persius's own, enjoining silence on himself or his hearer (Hermathena, xviii. 195). This accords very well with verses 119, 120.

i. 11. patruos.—An echo of the comic stage. Cf. the pot of money (ii. 11); and the braggart captain (iii. 77; v. 189).

i. 18. patranti ocello.—Cf. 2 Pet. ii. 14: ὁμολογεῖς ἐχοντες μετοικον ἀναλαμβάνοντες.

i. 78. sulta.—Professor Philip G. Sandford, in a learned note in The Classical Review (iv. 272), holds that the word means pressed, overwhelmed, or (as the Americans would say) crowded.

i. 89. pictum. Koenig notices in this word an undertone of fraudulent imposition on the charitable. If this be so, cf. v. 25, pictae tectoria linguae.

i. 101. corymbis.—Mr. Morris H. Morgan, in a note in the Class. Rev. (iii. 10), says:—"The thyrsus is meant, which was frequently tipped with an ivy-cluster. The striking Pompeian fresco of a Bacchante urging on a centaur with such a thyrsus (Pitt., Ant. d'Ercolano, i. p. 135) explains, to me at least, the thought of Persius."
i. 112. faxit.—Persius uses this obsolete form jocularly, as if he were quoting an ancient inscription.

i. 118. callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.—Koenig thinks that suspendere here means to confound, to make nervous or giddy, as, for instance, by holding a person up to the ridicule of others, making one a laughing-stock; and he makes excusso naso = risu. Perhaps, as a friend suggests, we might translate suspendere = "to gibbet," and excusso naso, "by tossing up his nose," i.e., by the most slight and delicate satire.

i. 130. fregerit heminas Arreti aedilis iniquas.—Perhaps Juvenal has this in mind in x. 101—

"vasa minora
frangere ponnosus vacuis Aedilis Ulubris."

Cf. Pers. i. 26, and Juv. x. 201; Pers. i. 29, and Juv. x. 167. For other supposed instances, see Küster, de A. Persii Flacci elocutione questiones, Pars iii. 16.

i. 133. onaria.—The explanation of the commentators is a mere guess. Mr. F. D. Morice (Class. Rev., iv. 230) gives what seems a far better idea of the word. "In Plutarch's Camillus (xxxiii) an account is given of the holiday held in Rome on the Nones of July, called 'Caprotinae,' in which these words occur:—ἐπετει σεκομημέναι λαμπρῶς αἱ θεραπανίδες περίασι παίζουσι διὰ σκομμάτων ἐν τοῖς ἀπαντῶν. Surely Persius's nonaria is one of these θεραπανίδες, a 'Nones-girl' who meets a Cynic, and flouts him simply as a part of the day's business. On the other theory there seems no particular reason for her incivility, but on this it is naturally and sufficiently accounted for." This "day out" of the servant-girls, when they were privileged to bandy words and blows with those whom they might meet, is mentioned also in Plut., Romulus (xxxvii): "The servant-maids in companies run about and play; afterwards they come to blows, and throw stones at one another, in remembrance of their assisting and standing by the Romans in the battle." Referring to the occasion when Philotes the servant-maid saved Rome from the Gauls on the Nones of July.
NOTES.

ii. 10. *ebulliat.*—So Dr. Tyrrell (*Latin Poetry, 225*):
"Oh, that the grandeur of my rich uncle would boil over
into a sumptuous funeral." See also Vulgate of Ex. viii. 3:
"Et ebulliet fluvius ranas." But, perhaps, the apod. begins
with *praecarium:* "What a glorious funeral (for me) would
his be!" Pretor brings an apt illustration of the slangy
*ebulliat* from Shakespeare, *King Henry V*, ii. 1—

"The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore *exhale."

ii. 10. *patruus*; 12. *pupillum*; 14. *Nerio.*—Dr. Franz
Semisch, *De vi ac natura poesis Persii Satiricae*, p. 10,
certainly pushes the Neronian theory to unwarrantable
lengths. In his view not only the first and fourth Satires,
but the other four also, are political, and, under fictitious
names, often borrowed from Horace, abound in covert
allusions to Nero. He sees in *patruus* an allusion to the
poisoning of Claudius; in *pupillum*, a reference to Britan-
nicus, to whom, after the death of his parents, Nero stood
in the position of guardian; and in the fact that Nerius
(note the similarity in the names) was already burying (or
marrying) his third wife, an allusion to Nero's consorts,
Octavia, Poppaea, and Statilia. Similar instances of this
over-Neronizing occur all through this work of Semisch; as
where he sees in Sat. v. 165, a reference to the fact men-
tioned by Suetonius (*Life of Otho*, chap. iii), that Nero on
one occasion, on being shut out by Poppaea, "frustra minas
et preces miscuisses"! In proportion as Semisch lays
emphasis on the political value of the Satires, he depre-
ciates their poetical and philosophical worth (pp. 2-5).

ii. 14. *ducitur.*—Bücheler reads *conditur.* I depart from
him also in:—

iii. 45. *morituri.* . . . Catonis discere,
v. 19. *pullatis,*
  26. *fauces,*
  59. *fecerit,*
  73. *hac,*
112. *gluttu,*
150. *sudore.*
ii. 57. *pituita.*—Dreams caused by phlegm or any other condition of the body were supposed by the ancients to be false; while those which could not be accounted for on any physical hypothesis were held to be true, and were ascribed to the efficacy of some higher power. See Koenig.

iii. 38. *virtutem videant,* &c.—Martha (*Les Moralistes,* p. 119) thinks that this is one of the passages written by Persius under the inspiration of Thrasea, and with a mental reference to Nero. See also Tyrrell, *Latin Poetry,* p. 230.

iii. 45. *morituro.*—The Dative is certainly the more forcible and picturesque reading, according to which the schoolboy assumes the *rôle* of an imaginary adviser to Cato, and points out to him the reasons why he should commit suicide. Cf. Juv. i. 15—

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    "et nos
    consilium dedimus Sullae, privatus ut altum
dormiret."
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See Koenig.

iii. 60. *est aliquid quo tendis.*—The usual rendering, "Is there any mark at which you are aiming?" which is substantially that of Gild., Con., Macl., &c., would seem to require *tendas,* unless we hold that Persius was less careful of his moods than he ought to have been. Cf. v. 27, and see below on 67.

iii. 67. *quid sumus,* &c.—"Magna socordia Persius in interrogatioibus, quas vocant obliquas, modos ita variat, ut saepius indicativum pro conjunctivo, quem purior sermo efflagitat, ponere non dubitet, id quod prisci scriptores latini fecerunt."—H. Küster, *De A. Persii Flacci elocutione quaestiones* (i. 14). There is a very curious and instructive instance of diversity of moods in dependent interrogatives in Propertius, iii. v. 25-46—

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    "tum mihi naturae libeat perdiscere mores:
    quis deus hanc mundi temperet arte domum;
    qua venit exoriens, qua deficit — " &c.
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NOTES.

iii. 93. *loturo.*—"He asks before bathing; he drinks after bathing" (Gildersleeve). The point in *modice sitiente* is that Surrentine was an expensive kind of wine, and would be sent in sparing quantity. Notice in verse 96 the characteristic testiness of a sick man when attention is called to his appearance.

iv. 4-13.—Koenig remarks how well Persius here sustains the part of Socrates, adopting his noted irony.

iv. 28. *pertusa.*—"None of the explanations given of *pertusa* are satisfactory, nor, in my opinion, did *pertusa* come from the pen of Persius. Read *PERTUSUM.* The farmer hangs up his worn-out yoke at the Cross Roads to the Lares Compitales. The scholiast might have guided critics to *pertusum.* 'In his *fracta juga* ab agriculis ponun, tur velut emeriti et elaborati operis indicium.'"


iv. 48. *amarum.*—This is the reading of the MSS. *amarum* is a conjecture of John of Salisbury. *avarum,* which I have adopted, is the emendation of a learned friend, and seems to me certainly right.

v. 2. *centum ora,* &c.—This is one of five lines in Persius with three elisions each. The others are, i. 9; ii. 61; v. 131; vi. 75. Küster computes 327 elisions in the 664 lines. *De A. Persii Flacci elocutione* (iii. 22).

v. 23. *dulcis amice.*—Knickenberg, *De ratione Stoica in Persii Satiris apparente,* p. 87, aptly cites Seneca, *de tranq. an.,* vii. 3:—"Nihil tamen aequae oblectaverit animum, quam amicitia fidelis et dulcis. Quantum bonum est, ubi sunt praeparata pectora, in quae tuto secretum omne descendat, quorum conscientiam minus quam tuam timeas, quorum sermo sollicitudinem leniat, sententia consilium expediat, hilaritas tristitiam dissipet, conspectus ipse delectet."
v. 73. hanc.—Professor A. Palmer, δ μακάπλυος, in his note in Herm. xviii. 196, says:—
“A very slight and common corruption has induced intolerable confusion into this passage. Hac should be written hanc (hac), and all is simple. Hanc (libertatem) is governed by possidet, and fuit is governed by emeruit, the reverse of the ordinary view. ‘What we want is freedom. It is not this freedom that each Publius owns the moment he has taken his place in a tribe, and earned right to a quota of mouldy meal for his ticket.’”
If this be not accepted, I see no better way of emending the passage than by substituting quam for ut in 73, and reading ut in 74 between scabios Ū and Tesserula.

v. 103. perisse frontem de rebus.—Cf. Tennyson, Gareth and Lynette: “Suddenly bawls this frontless kitchen-knave.” And Chapman’s Iliad is an earlier authority for “frontless” as = “impudent.”
Cf. also Lucan, Pharsalia, ix. 204—

“olim vera fides Sylla Marioque receptis
libertatis obit : Pompeo rebus ademto,
nunc et ficta perit. Non jam regnare pudebit :
nec color imperii, nec FRONS erit ulla senatus.”

(There will be no veil on the part of the Throne, nor shame on that of the Senate!)

And:—

v. 115. fumcmque reduco.—Cf. the well-known lines in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 1, 177-181.
v. 180. Herodis.—See the able disquisition on “the Jews in Rome,” by Messrs. Sanday and Headlam, in their Critical and Exegetical Com. on the Ep. to the Romans, xviii-xxv.

vi. 24. turdarum.—The point is that a connoisseur was supposed to be able to distinguish the sex of the bird from its flavour (“si masculus sit an femina”—Schol.).

vi. 51. non adeo, inquis:
   exossatus ager juxta est.

exossatus = “boned” in a culinary sense, as in Plautus: hence it comes to mean “made helpless.” Cf. the Vulgate of Jer. 1. 17—“Grex dispersus Israel, leones ejecerunt eum: primus comedit eum rex Assur: iste novissimus exossavit eum Nabuchodonosor rex Babylonis.” The interpretation “without stones, cleared,” seems to have brought in unnecessary confusion. *Juxta* = “unmittelbar daneben,” as Küster points out (iii. 5). It cannot = paene. The heir deprecates the extravagance of the proposed largess, on the ground that the property, in that vicinity at all events, has already been much depreciated, by the process described in verse 31. Perhaps by “juxta” he tries to save the pride of the testator by implying that he may have property elsewhere which can stand the strain!

vi. 66. dicta.—In favour of this, which is the reading of the best MSS., we may adduce Persius’s fondness for frequentatives; as cantare (Prol. 14, i. 88, 89; iv. 22); temptare (ii. 21, iii. 113, iv. 23); jactare (iv. 15, v. 175); agitare (v. 129, vi. 5); naturae (i. 105, v. 183); exsultare (i. 82); tractare (iv. 1); labefactare (iv. 40); rogitare (v. 134, some MSS.); receptare (vi. 8); and this very word dictare (i. 29, 52).