

B

0
0
0
0
0
1
0
3
8
9



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

California
Regional
Library



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

GIFT OF

FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD

Wallace

2000





THE
WORKS OF HORACE.



THE *Works* OF
H O R A C E,
Translated by
PHILIP FRANCIS, D.D.



Engr'd by W. H. Thompson, 31 Wall St. N.Y.

In dewy sleep unharm'd I lay.
Book III. Ode 4.

NEW-YORK.

Published by S. King, 1825.



THE
WORKS OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED

BY PHILIP FRANCIS, D. D.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE LIFE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY S. KING, NO. 136 WILLIAM ST.

DODD AND MANter, PRINTERS.

.....
1825.



M.A.
PA
6393
A.2
1825
V.2

SATIRES,
BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, what's the cause, that no man lives
Contented with the lot which Reason gives,
Or Chance presents; yet all with envy view
The schemes that others variously pursue?

Broken with toils, with ponderous arms opprest,
The soldier thinks the merchant solely blest.
In opposite extreme; when tempests rise,
War is a better choice, the merchant cries;
The battle joins, and in a moment's flight,
Death, or a joyful conquest, ends the fight.

When early clients thunder at his gate,
The barrister applauds the rustic's fate:
While, by subpœnas dragg'd from home, the clown
Thinks they alone are blest who live in town.

But every various instance to repeat
Would tire ev'n Fabius, of eternal prate.
Not to be tedious, mark the general aim
Of these examples—Should some god proclaim,
"Your prayers are heard: You, soldier, to your seas:
You, lawyer, take that envied rustic's case:

Each to his several part—What ! ha ! not move
 Even to the bliss you wish'd ?" And shall not Jove
 Swell both his cheeks with anger, and forswear
 His weak indulgence to their future prayer ?

But not to treat my subject as in jest
 (Yet may not truth in laughing guise be drest ?
 As masters fondly sooth their boys to read
 With cakes and sweetmeats,) let us now proceed ;
 With graver air our serious theme pursue,
 And yet preserve our moral full in view.

Who turns the soil, and o'er the ploughshare
 bends ;

He who adulterates the laws, and vends ;
 The soldier, and th' adventurers of the main,
 Profess their various labours they sustain,
 A decent competence for age to raise,
 And then retire to indolence and ease.

Miser.

For thus the little ant (to human lore
 No mean example) forms her frugal store,
 Gather'd, with mighty toil, on every side,
 Nor ignorant, nor careless to provide
 For future want.

Horace.

Yet, when the stars appear,
 That darkly sadden the declining year,
 No more she comes abroad, but wisely lives
 On the fair store industrious summer gives.
 For thee, nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
 Fire, sea, nor sword, stop thy pursuit of gold ;
 Nothing can break th' adventurous, bold design,
 So none possess a larger sum than thine.

But, prithee, whence the pleasure, thus by stealth
Deep in the earth to hide thy weight of wealth?

Miser.

Oue farthing lessen'd, you the mass reduce.

Horace.

And if not lessen'd, whence can rise its use?
What though you thresh a thousand sacks of grain,
No more than mine thy stomach can contain.
The slave who bears the load of bread, shall eat
No more than he who never felt the weight.
Or say, what difference, if we live confin'd
Within the bounds by Nature's laws assign'd,
Whether a thousand acres of demesne,
Or one poor hundred, yield sufficient grain?

Miser.

Oh! but 'tis sweet to take from larger hoards.

Horace.

Yet, if my little heap as much affords,
Why shall your granaries be valued more
Than my small hampers, with their frugal store?

You want a cask of water, or would fill
An ample goblet: whence the froward will
To choose a mighty river's rapid course,
Before this little fountain's lenient source?
But mark his fate, insatiate who desires
Deeper to drink, than nature's thirst requires;
With its torn banks the torrent bears away
Th' intemperate wretch; while he, who would allay
With healthy draughts his thirst, shall drink secure,
Fearless of death, and quaff his water pure.

Some, self-deceiv'd, who think their lust of gold

Is but a love of fame, this maxim hold,
 No fortune's large enough, since others rate
 Your worth proportion'd to a large estate.
 Say, for their cure what arts would you employ ?
 " Let them be wretched and their choice enjoy."

At Athens liv'd a wight, in days of yore,
 Though miserably rich, yet fond of more,
 But of intrepid spirit to despise
 Th' abusive crowd. " Let them hiss on," he cries,
 " While, in my own opinion fully blest,
 I count my money, and enjoy my chest."

Burning with thirst, when Tantalus would quaff
 The flying waters—Wherefore do you laugh ?
 Change but the name, of thee the tale is told,
 With open mouth when dozing o'er your gold.
 On every side the numerous bags are pil'd,
 Whose hallow'd stores must never be defil'd
 To human use ; while you transported gaze,
 As if, like pictures, they were form'd to please.

Would you the real use of riches know ?
 Bread, herbs, and wine are all they can bestow .
 Or add, what nature's deepest wants supplies ;
 'This, and no more, thy mass of money buys.
 But, with continual watching almost dead,
 House-breaking thieves, and midnight fires to dread,
 Or the suspected slave's untimely flight
 With the dear pelf ; if this be thy delight,
 Be it my fate, so heaven in bounty please,
 Still to be poor of blessings such as these !

Miser.

If, by a cold some painful illness bred,
 Or other chance confine you to your bed,

Your wealth shall purchase some good-natur'd
friend

Your cordials to prepare, your couch attend,
And urge the doctor to preserve your life,
And give you to your children and your wife.

Horace.

Nor wife, nor son, that hated life would save,
While all, who know thee wish thee in the grave.
And canst thou wonder that they prove unkind,
When all thy passions are to gold confin'd?

Nature 'tis true in each relation gave
A friend sincere: yet what you thus receive,
If you imagine with unfeeling heart
And careless manners to preserve, your art
As well may teach an ass to scour the plain,
And bend obedient to the forming rein.

Yet somewhere should your views of lucre cease,
Nor let your fears of poverty increase,
As does your wealth; for, since you now possess
Your utmost wish, your labour should be less.

Ummidius once (the tale is quickly told,)
So wondrous rich, he measur'd out his gold,
Yet never dress'd him better than a slave,
Afrail of starving ere he reach'd his grave:
But a bold wench, of right virago strain,
Cleft with an axe the wretched wight in twain.

Miser

By your advice, what party shall I take?
Like Mænius live a prodigal, and rake
Like Nomentanus?

Horace.

Why will you pretend,
 With such extremes, your conduct to defend?
 The sordid miser when I justly blame,
 I would not have you prodigal of fame,
 Spendthrift or rake; for sure some difference lies
 Between the very fool and very wise;
 Some certain mean in all things may be found,
 To mark our virtues, and our vices bound.
 But to return from whence we have digress'd:
 And is the miser, then, alone unblest?
 Does he alone applaud his neighbour's fate,
 Or pine with envy of his happier state?
 To crowds beneath him never turn his eye,
 Where in distress the sons of virtue lie,
 But, to outspeed the wealthy, bend his force,
 As if they stopp'd his own impetuous course?

Thus, from the goal when swift the chariot flies;
 The charioteer the bending lash applies,
 'To overtake the foremost on the plain,
 But looks on all behind him with disdain.
 From hence, how few, like sated guests, depart
 From life's full banquet with a cheerful heart!

But let me stop, lest you suspect I stole
 From blind Crispinus this eternal scroll.

SATIRE II.

TO MÆCENAS.

THE tribes of minstrels, strolling priests and
players,

Perfuners, and buffoons, are all in tears ;
For ah ! Tigellius, sweetest songster, 's dead,
And sure the soul of bounty with him fled.

Behold a wretch, in opposite extreme,
So fearful of a spendthrift's odious name,
He dare not ev'n a sordid pittance give
To raise a worthy friend, and bid him live.
Or ask another, why in thankless feasts
The wealth of all his frugal sires he wastes ;
Then the luxurious treat profuse supplies
With borrow'd sums: Because I scorn, he cries,
To be a wretch of narrow spirit deem'd.—
By some condemn'd, by others he's esteem'd.

Fufidius, rich in lands, and large increase
Of growing usury, dreads the foul disgrace
To be call'd rake: and, ere the money's lent,
He prudently deducts his cent. per cent.
Then, as he finds the borrower distrest,
Cruel demands a higher interest,
But lends profusely to the lavish heir,
Whose guardians prove too frugally severe.
All-powerful Jove, th' indignant reader cries,
" But his expenses, with his income, rise."
No—'tis amazing, that this man of pelf

Hath yet so little friendship for himself,
 That ev'n the Self-tormentor in the play,
 Cruel who drove his much-lov'd son away,
 Amidst the willing tortures of despair
 Could not with wretchedness like his compare.

But say, at what this tedious preface aims—
 That fools are ever vicious in extremes.
 While soft Malthinus trails a length of train,
 See that short robe ridiculōusly obscene.
 Rufillus with perfumes distracts your head:
 With his own scents Gorgonius strikes you dead.
 There are, all other passions who disclaim,
 Except th' impurpled robe and wedded dame:
 Others their safer, cheaper pleasures choose,
 And take a willing mistress from the stews.

When awful Cato saw a noted spark
 From a night-cellar stealing in the dark,
 "Well done, my friend: if love thy breast inflame,
 Indulge it here, and spare the married dame."
 Be mine the silken veil. Cupiennius cries,
 Such vulgar praise and pleasure I despise.

All ye, who wish some dire mishap may wait
 This horning tribe, attend while I relate
 What dangers and disasters they sustain,
 How few their pleasures and how mix'd with pain.

A desperate leap one luckless caitiff tries;
 'Torn by the flagrant lash another dies:
 Some are by robbers plunder'd as they fly;
 Others with gold a wretched safety buy.
 Such various woes pursue these sons of lust,
 And all, but Galba, own the sentence just.

Far safer they, who venture their estate,

And trade with females of the second rate.
 " Yet Sallust rages here with wild desires,
 As mad as those which lawless love inspires."

But had he been with less profusion kind,
 Had common sense his lavish hand confin'd,
 He had not now been wholly lost to shame,
 In fortune ruin'd, as undone in fame.

But here's the joy and comfort of his life,
 To swear, he never touch'd his neighbour's wife.

Thus, to an actress when with lavish hand
 Marsæus gave his mansion-house and land,
 My soul, thank heaven, he cries, from guilt is free;
 The wedded dames are Vestal maids for me.

Actress or not, the crime is still the same,
 Equal the ruin of estate and fame;
 Equal the folly, whether in pursuit
 Of wife, or slave, or loose-rob'd prostitute;
 Unless you mean, content to be undone,
 To hate the person, not the vice to shun.

Of Sylla's wanton daughter when possess'd,
 Villius believ'd himself supremely blest:
 To a dictator thus to be allied,
 Dazzled his senses, and indulg'd his pride!
 But sure, if vanity were fairly rated,
 Methinks poor Villius was full hardly treated,
 When buffeted and stabb'd the coxcomb dies,
 While in the wanton's arms a scoundrel lies.

But Nature, rich in her own proper wealth
 Of youth and beauty, cheerfulness and health,
 In her pursuit of happiness disclaims
 The pride of titles, and the pomp of names.
 Be thine her wise economy to learn,
 And real from affected bliss discern.

Then, lest repentance punish such a life,
 Never, ah ! never kiss your neighbour's wife ;
 For see, what thousand mischiefs round you rise,
 And few the pleasures, though you gain the prize.

What though Cerinthus dotes upon the girl,
 Who flames with emerald green, or snowy pearl,
 Is she beyond a common mistress blest
 With leg more taper, or a softer breast ?

Besides, the public nymph no varnish knows,
 But all her venal beauties frankly shows,
 Nor boasts some happier charm with conscious
 pride,

Nor strives a vile deformity to hide.

When skilful jockeys would a courser buy,
 They strip him naked to the curious eye ;
 For oft an eager chapman is betray'd
 'To buy a founder'd or a spavin'd jade,
 While he admires a thin, light-shoulder'd chest,
 A little head, broad back, and rising crest.

Th' exámples good : then keep it in thy mind,
 Nor to the fair-one's faults be over-blind,
 Nor gaze with idle rapture on her charms ;

“ Oh ! what a taper leg ! what snowy arms !”

For she may hide, whate'er she vainly shows,
 Low hips, short waist, splay feet, and hideous length
 of nose.

But if you still pursue this dangerous game
 (Perhaps the dangers your desires inflame)

What formidable works around her rise !

Maids, chairmen, footmen, flatterers, guard the prize:

'The flowing robe, and closely muffled veil

With envious folds the precious thing conceal ;

But what from nature's commoners you buy,

Through the thin robe stands naked to your eye :
 Or, if you will be cheated, pay the fair,
 With foolish fondness, ere she shows her ware.

As when a sportsman through the snowy waste
 Pursues a hare, which he disdains to taste,
 "So (sings the rake) my passion can despise
 An easy prey, but follow when it flies."
 Yet can these idle versicles remove
 The griefs and tortures of this guilty love ?

Were it not better wisdom to inquire
 How nature bounds each impotent desire ;
 What she with ease resigns, or wants with pain,
 And thus divide the solid from the vain ?
 Say, should your jaws with thirst severely burn,
 Would you a cleanly earthen pitcher spurn ?
 Should hunger on your gnawing entrails seize,
 Will turbot only or a peacock please ?

Let her be straight and fair ; nor wish to have
 Or height or colour Nature never gave :
 Then, while with joy I woo the pleasing fair,
 What nymph, what goddess, can with mine compare ?
 No terrors rise to interrupt my joys,
 No jealous husband, nor the fearful noise
 Of bursting doors, nor the loud hideous yelling
 Of barking dogs, that shakes the matron's dwelling,
 When the pale wanton leaps from off her bed,
 The conscious chamber-maid screams out her dread
 Of horrid tortures ; loudly cries the wife,
 "My jointure's lost,"—I tremble for my life :
 Unbutton'd, without shoes, I speed away,
 Lest in my person, purse, or fame, I pay.
 To be surpris'd is, sure, a wretched tale,
 And for the truth to Fabius I appeal.

SATIRE III.

TO MÆCENAS.

WITH this one vice all songsters are possest ;
 Sing they can never at a friend's request,
 Yet chant it forth, unask'd, from morn to night—
 This vice Tigellius carried to its height.
 Cæsar, who might command in firmer tone,
 If, by his father's friendship and his own,
 He ask'd a song, was sure to ask in vain ;
 Yet, when the whim prevail'd, in endless strain
 Through the whole feast the jovial catch he plies,
 From bass to treble o'er the gamut flies.

Nothing was firm, or constant, in the man ;
 He, sometimes, like a frighted coward ran,
 Whose foes are at his heels ; then solemn stalk'd,
 As if at Juno's festival he walk'd.
 Now with two hundred slaves he crowds his train ;
 Now walks with ten. In high and haughty strain,
 At morn, of tetrarchs and of kings he prates ;
 At night—" A three-legg'd table, O ye Fates,
 A little shell the sacred salt to hold,
 And clothes, though coarse, to keep me from the
 cold."

Yet give the man, thus frugal, thus content,
 Ten thousand pounds, and every shilling's spent
 In five short days. He drank the night away
 Till rising dawn, then snored out all the day.
 Sure such a various creature ne'er was known.—

“Has Horace, then, no vices of his own?”

That I have vices, frankly I confess,

But of a different kind, and somewhat less.

Mænius, behind his back, at Novius rail'd,

“What! don't you know yourself, or think conceal'd

From us, who know you, what a life you live?”

Mænius replies, Indulgent, I forgive

The follies I commit. This foolish love

And criminal, our censure should reprove.

For wherefore, while you carelessly pass by

Your own worst vices with unheeding eye,

Why so sharp-sighted in another's fame,

Strong as an eagle's ken, or dragon's beam?

But know, that he with equal spleen shall view,

With equal rigour shall your faults pursue.

Your friend is passionate; perhaps unfit

For the brisk petulence of modern wit.

His hair ill-cut, his robe that awkward flows,

Or his large shoes, to raillery expose

The man you love; yet is he not possess'd

Of virtues, with which very few are blest?

While underneath this rude, uncouth disguise

A genius of extensive knowledge lies.

Search your own breast, and mark with honest

care

What seeds of folly nature planted there,

Or Custom rais'd; for an uncultur'd field

Shall for the fire its thorns and thistles yield.

And yet a shorter method we may find,

As lovers, to their fair-one fondly blind,

Even on her foulness can delighted gaze;

For Hagne's wen can good Balbinus please.

Oh! were our weakness to our friends the same;

And stamp'd by Virtue with some honour'd name ?

Nor should we to their faults be more severe,

Than an indulgent father to his heir :

If with distorted eyes the urchin glares,

“ Oh ! the dear boy, how prettily he stares !”

Is he of dwarfish and abortive size ?

“ Sweet little moppet !” the fond father cries :

Or is th' unshapen cub deform'd and lame ?

He kindly lisps him o'er some tender name.

Thus, if your friend's too frugally severe,

Let him a wise economist appear.

Is he, perhaps, impertinent and vain ?

“ The pleasant crea ure means to entertain.”

Is he too free to prate, or frankly rude ?

“ 'Tis manly plainness all, and fortitude.”

Is he too warm ? “ No : spirited and bold.”

Thus shall we gain new friends, and keep the old

But we distort their virtue to a crime, .

And joy th' untainted vessel to begrime.

Have we a modest friend, and void of art ?

“ He's a fat-headed wretch, and cold of heart.”

While we converse with an ill-natur'd age,

Where calumny and envy lawless rage,

Is there a man by long experience wise,

Still on his guard, nor open to surprise ?

His cautious wisdom and prudential fear

Shall artifice and false disguise appear.

If any one of simple, thoughtless kind

(Such as you oft your careless poet find)

Who life's politer manners never knew,

If, while we read, or some fond scheme pursue,

He tease us with his mere impertinence,

We cry, The creature wants even common sense

Alas ! what laws of how severe a strain,
 Against ourselves we thoughtlessly ordain !
 For we have all our vices, and the best
 Is he, who with the fewest is oppress'd.

A kinder friend, who balances my good
 And bad together, as in truth he should,
 If haply my good qualities prevail,
 Inclines indulgent to the sinking scale.
 For like indulgence let his errors plead,
 His merits be with equal measure weigh'd ;
 For he, who hopes his bile shall not offend,
 Should overlook the pimples of his friend,
 And even in justice to his own defects,
 At least should grant the pardon he expects.
 But since we never from the breast of fools
 Can root their passions : yet while Reason rules
 Let it hold forth its scales with equal hand,
 Justly to punish, as the crimes demand.

If a poor slave, who takes away your plate,
 Lick the warm sauce, or half-cold fragments eat,
 Yet should you crucify the wretch, we swear
 Not Labeo's madness can with yours compare.
 Is the crime less, or less the want of sense,
 Thus to resent a trivial slight offence ?
 Forgive the man you lov'd, or you'll appear
 Of joyless kind, ill-natur'd and severe ;
 Yet you detest him, and with horror shun,
 As debtors from the ruthless Ruso run
 Who damns the wretches on th' appointed day
 His interest or principal to pay,
 Or else, like captives, stretch the list'ning ear
 His tedious tales of history to hear.

A friend has foul'd my couch : ah! deep disgrace!
 Or off the table thrown some high-wrought vase,
 Or, hungry, snatch'd a chicken off my plate,
 Shall I for this a good companion hate?
 What if he robb'd me, or his trust betray'd,
 Or broke the sacred promise he had made?
 Who hold all crimes alike are deep distress,
 When we appeal to Truth's impartial test.
 Sense, custom, social good, from whence arise
 All forms of right and wrong, the fact denies.

When the first mortals crawling rose to birth,
 Speechless and wretched, from their mother-earth,
 For caves and acorns, then the food of life,
 With nails and fists they held a bloodless strife;
 But soon improv'd, with clubs they bolder fought,
 And various arms, which sad experience wrought,
 Till words, to fix the wandering voice, were found,
 And names impress'd a meaning upon sound.
 Thenceforth they cease from war; their towns en-
 close

With formidable walls, and laws compose
 To strike the thief and highwayman with dread,
 And vindicate the sacred marriage-bed.
 For woman, long ere Helen's fatal charms,
 Destructive woman! set the world in arms:
 But the first heroes died unknown to fame,
 Like beasts who ravish'd the uncertain dame;
 When, as the stoutest bull commands the rest,
 The weaker by the stronger was oppress.

Turn o'er the world's great annals, and you find,
 That laws were first invented by mankind
 To stop oppression's rage. For though we learn,
 By nature, good from evil to discern;

What we should wise pursue, or cautious fly ;
 Yet can she never, with a constant eye,
 Of legal justice mark each nice extreme ;
 Nor can right reason prove the crime the same,
 To rob a garden, or, by fear unaw'd,
 To steal, by night, the sacred things of God.

Then let the punishment be fairly weigh'd
 Against the crime : nor let the wretch be flay'd,
 Who scarce deserv'd the lash.—I cannot fear,
 That you shall prove too tenderly severe,
 While you assert all vices are the same ;
 And threaten, that were yours the power supreme,
 Robbers and thieves your equal rage should feel,
 Uprooted by the same avenging steel.

If your wise man's a shoemaker profess,
 Handsome and rich, of monarchy possess,
 Why wish for what you have ?

Stoic.

Yet hold, my friend,
 And better to the Stoic's sense attend.
 For though the wise nor shoes, nor slippers made,
 He's yet a skilful shoemaker by trade ;
 Thus, though Hermogenes may sing no more,
 He knows the whole extent of music's power ;
 Alfenus thus turn'd lawyer in his pride,
 His shop shut up, his razors thrown aside,
 Was still a barber : so the wise alone
 Is of all trades, though exercising none,
 And reigns a monarch, though without a throne:

Horace.

Great king of kings, unless you drive away
 This pressing crowd, the boys in wanton play

Will pluck you by the beard, while you shall growl,
 Wretch as thou art, and burst in spleen of soul.
 In short, while in a farthing bath you reign,
 With only one poor life-guard in your train ;
 While the few friends, with whom I joy to live,
 Fool as I am, my follies can forgive,
 I will to them the same indulgence show,
 And bliss like mine thy kingship ne'er shall know.

SATIRE IV.

THE comic poets, in its earliest age
 Who form'd the manners of the Grecian stage,
 Was there a villain, who might justly claim
 A better right of being damn'd to fame,
 Rake, cut-throat, thief, whatever was his crime,
 They freely stigmatis'd the wretch in rhyme.

From their example whole Lucilius rose,
 Though different measures, different verse he chose.
 He rallied with a gay and easy air.
 But rude his numbers, and his style severe.
 He weakly fancied it a glorious feat
 His hundred lines extempore to repeat,
 And as his verses like a torrent roll,
 The stream runs muddy and the water's foul.
 He prattled rhymes : but lazy and unfit
 For writing well ; for much, I own, he writ.

Crispinus thus my littleness defies ;
 " Here make the smallest bet," the boaster cries.

Crispinus.

“ Pen, ink, and paper—name your place and time :
Then, try, friend Flaccus, who can fastest rhyme.”

Horace.

Thank heaven, that form'd me of an humbler kind ;
No wit, nor yet to prattling much inclin'd,
While thou shalt imitate the winds, that blow
From lungs of leather, till the metal flow.

Thrice happy F'annius, of his own free grace
Who in Apollo's temple hangs his face,
And gilds his works to view ; while I with fear
Repeat my verses to the public ear ;
Because by few such works as mine are read,
Conscious of meriting the lash they dread.
Take me a man. at venture, from the crowd,
And he's ambitious, covetous, or proud.
One burns to madness for the wedded dame ;
Intemperate lusts another's breast inflame. •
The silver vase with pleasure one admires,
While Albius o'er a bronze antique expires ;
The venturous merchant from the rising day
To regions warm'd beneath the setting ray,
Like dust collected by a whirlwind flies
To save his pelf, or bid the mass arise.
All these the poet dread, his rhymes detest—
“ Yonder he drives—avoid that furious beast ;
If he may have his jest, he never cares
At whose expense, nor his best friend he spares ;
And if he once, in his malignant vein,
The cruel paper with invective stain,
The slaves, who carry water through the street,
To his charm'd ear his verses must repeat.”

Now hear this short defence. For my own part,
I claim no portion of the poet's art.

'Tis not enough to close the flowing line,
And in ten syllables your sense confine,
Or write in mere prosaic rhymes like me,
That can deserve the name of poetry.

Is there a man, whom real genius fires,
Whom the diviner soul of verse inspires;
Who talks true greatness; let him boldly claim
The sacred honours of a poet's name.

Some therefore ask, Can comedy be thought
A real poem, since it may be wrought
In style and subject without fire or force,
And; bate the numbers, is but mere discourse?

“ But yet in passion'd tone the sire can chide
His spendthrift son, who spurns the portion'd bride,
And keeps a common wench, or deep in drink
Reels in fair day-light (shameful) with his link.”
Yet could Pomponius from his father hear,
Were he alive, a lecture less severe?

'Tis not enough your language to refine,
When, if you break the measures of the line,
In common life an angry father's rage
Is but the same as Demea's on the stage.

Take from Lucilius' verses, or from mine,
The cadences, and measures of the line,
Then change their order, and the words transpose,
No more the scatter'd poet's limbs it shows;
Not so—When hideous Discord bursts the bars,
And iron gates, to pour forth all her wars.

Of this enough; some future work shall show,
Whether tis real poetry, or no.

Now tell me, whether satire should appear,
With reason, such an object of your fear.

Sulcius, and Caprius, fiercest of their trade,
Horse with the virulence, with which they plead,
When through the streets they stalk with libels
arm'd,

Mark how the thieves and robbers are alarm'd ;
But yet the man of honest hands and pure
May scorn them both, in innocence secure :
Or though like Cœlius you a villain be,
I'm no informer : whence your fears of me ?
With printers and their shops I never deal ;
No rubric pillar sets my works to sale,
O'er which the hands of vulgar readers sweat,
Or whose soft strains Tigellius can repeat.
Even by my friends compell'd I read my lays,
Nor every place nor every audience please.

Full many bards the public forum choose
Where to recite the labours of their Muse ;
Or vaulted baths, that best preserve the sound,
While sweetly floats the voice in echoes round.
The coxcombs never think at whose expense
They thus indulge the dear impertinence.
“ But you in libels, mischievous, delight,
And never, but in spleen of genius, write.”
Is there, with whom I live, who knows my heart,
Who taught you how to aim this venom'd dart ?

He, who malignant tears an absent friend,
Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend ;
Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
And courts of prating petulence the praise ;
Of things he never saw who tells his tale,
And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal,—

This man is vile : here, Roman, fix your mark ;
His soul is black, as his complexion's dark.

At tables, crowded with a dozen guests,
Some one shall scatter round his frigid jests,
And only spare his host, until the bowl,
Fair friend of truth, unlocks his inmost soul ;
Yet, though a cruel joker you detest,
He seems a courteous, well bred, easy guest.
But if in idle raillery I said,
Rufillus with perfumes distracts my head,
While foul Gorgonius breathes a ranker air,
You think me most envenom'd and severe.

If we, by chance, that thief Petillius name,
You, as your custom is, defend his fame.
“ Petillius is my friend ; from early youth
Cheerful we liv'd together, and in truth
I have been much indebted to his power,
And I rejoice to find his danger o'er.
But in the name of wonder be it said,
At that same trial how he sav'd his head.”—
Such rancour this, of such a poisonous vein,
As never, never, shall my paper stain ;
Much less infect my heart, if I may dare
For my own heart in any thing to swear.

Yet some indulgence I may justly claim,
If too familiar with another's fame.
The best of fathers, on my youthful breast,
The detestation of a vice impress'd
By strong examples. Would he have me live
Content with what his industry could give,
In frugal, sparing sort, “ Behold, my son,
Young Albius there, how wretchedly undone !
Yet no mean lesson is the spendthrift's fate

'To caution youth from squandering their estate."
 To fright me from the harlot's vagrant bed,
 " Behold Scetanius, and his ruin dread :"
 That I might ne'er pursue the wedded dame,
 " A lawful Venus will indulge your flame.
 My son, by poor Trebonius be advis'd ;
 Sure, 'tis no pleasant tale to be surpris'd."

" 'Twixt right and wrong the learned may decide,
 With wise distinctions may your conduct guide ;
 Be mine the common wisdom, that inspires
 The frugal manners of our ancient sires,
 And, while your youth may yet a tutor claim,
 To guard your virtue, and preserve your fame ;
 But soon as time confirms, with stronger tone,
 Your strength and mind, your conduct be your own."

Thus did he form my youth with lenient hand,
 When he for virtue urg'd the soft command,
 Pointing some awful senator to view,
 " His grave example constantly pursue."
 Would he dissuade me ? " Can you doubt," he cries,
 " That equal ruin and dishonour rise
 From such an action, when that scoundrel's name
 Is branded with the flagrant marks of shame ?"
 A neighbour's funeral, with dire affright,
 Checks the sick man's intemperate appetite ;
 So is the shame of others oft imprest
 With wholesome terrors on the youthful breast.

Thus, pure from more pernicious crimes I live
 Some venial frailties you may well forgive,
 For such I own I have ; and yet even these,
 A length of time, although by slow degrees,
 A friend, whose candour freely may reprove,
 Or my own reason, shall perhaps remove ;

For in my bed, or in the colonnade
 Sauntering, I call reflection to my aid.
 "This was well done. Here happiness attends.
 This conduct makes me pleasing to my friends.
 Were that man's actions of a beauteous kind?
 Oh! may I never be to such inclin'd!"

Thus, silently I talk my conduct o'er,
 Or trifle with the Muse an idle hour;
 For which, among my frailties, I demand
 Forgiveness, and shall call a powerful band,
 If you refuse, of poets to my aid
 (Well fraught with numbers is the rhiming trade)
 To force you, like the proselyting Jews,
 To be, like us, a brother of the Muse.

SATIRE V.

LEAVING imperial Rome, my course I steer
 To poor Aricia, and its moderate cheer.
 From all the Greeks, in rhetorician lore,
 The prize of learning my companion bore.
 To Forum-Appii thence we steer, a place
 Stuff'd with rank boatmen, and with vintners base,
 And laggard into two days' journey broke
 What were but one to less-incumber'd folk:
 The Appian road, however, yields most pleasure
 To those who choose to travel at their leisure.
 The water here was of so foul a stream
 Against my stomach I a war proclaim,

And wait, though not with much good humour wait,
While with keen appetites my comrades eat.

The Night o'er the earth now spread her dusky
shade,

And through the heavens her starry train display'd ;
What time, between the slaves and boatmen rise
Quarrels of clamorous rout. The boatman cries,
" Step in, my masters ;" when with open throat,
" Enough, you scoundrel ; will you sink the boat ?"
Thus, while the mule is harness'd, and we pay
Our freights, an hour in wrangling slips away.

The fenny frogs with croakings hoarse and deep,
And gnats, loud buzzing, drive away our sleep.
Drench'd in the lees of wine, the wat'ry swain
And passenger in loud alternate strain
Chant forth the absent fair, who warms his breast,
Till wearied passenger retires to rest.
Our clumsy bargeman sends his mule to graze,
And the tough cable to a rock belays,
'Then snores supine ; but when at rising light
Our boat stood still, up starts a hare-brain'd wight ;
With sallow cudgel breaks the bargeman's pate,
And bangs the mule at a well-favour'd rate.
Thence onward labouring with a world of pain,
At ten, Feronia, we thy fountain gain :
There land and bathe ; then after dinner creep
'Three tedious miles, and climb the rocky steep
Whence Anxur sbines. Mæcenas was to meet
Cocceius here, to settle things of weight ;
For they had oft in embassy been join'd,
And reconcil'd the masters of mankind.
Here while I bath'd my eyes with cooling ointment
They both arriv'd according to appointment ;

Fontcius too, a man of worth approv'd,
And no man more by Antony belov'd.

Laughing we leave an entertainment rare,
The paltry pomp of Fundi's foolish mayor,
The scrivener Luscus; now with pride elate,
With incense fum'd, and big with robes of state.
From thence our wearied troop at Formiæ rests,
Murena's lodgers, and Fonteius's guests.
Next rising morn with double joy we greet,
For Plotius, Varius, Virgil here we meet:
Pure spirits these; the world no purer knows;
For none my heart with more affection glows:
How oft did we embrace! our joys how great!
For sure no blessing in the power of fate
Can be compar'd, in sanity of mind,
To friends of such companionable kind.

Near the Campanian bridge that night we lay,
Where commissaries our expense defray.
Early next morn to Capua we came;
Mæcenas goes to tennis; hurtful game
To a weak stomach, and to tender eyes,
So down to sleep with Virgil, Horace lies.
Then by Cocceius we were nobly treated,
Whose house above the Cauchan tavern's seated.

And now, O Muse, in faithful numbers tell
The memorable squabble that befel,
When Messius and Sarmentus join'd in fight,
And whence descended each illustrious wight.
Messius, of high descent, from—Osci came;
His mistress might her slave Sarmentus claim.
From such fam'd ancestry our champions rise—
Hear me, thou horse-fac'd rogue, Sarmentus cries:
We laugh; when Messius throwing up his head,

Accepts the challenge. O! Sarnentus said,
 If you can threaten now, what would you do,
 Had not the horn been rooted out, that grew
 Full in thy front? A gash, of deep disgrace,
 Had stain'd the grisly honours of his face:
 Then on his country's infamous disease,
 And his own face, his ribaldry displays;
 Begs him the one-eyed Cyclops's part to dance,
 Since he nor mask nor tragic buskins wants.

Messius replied, in virulence of strain;
 "Did you to Saturn consecrate your chain?
 Though you were made a scrivener since your flight,
 Yet that can never hurt your lady's right.
 But, prithee, wherefore did you run away?
 Methinks a single pound of bread a day
 Might such a sleek, thin-gutted rogue content:"
 And thus the jovial length of night we spent.

At our next inn our host was almost burn'd,
 While some lean thrushes at the fire he turn'd.
 Through his old kitchen rolls the god of fire,
 And to the roof the vagrant flames aspire.
 But hunger all our terrors overcame,
 We fly to save our meat, and quench the flame.

Apulia now my native mountains shows,
 Where the north-wind burns froze, and parching
 blows;
 Nor could we well have climb'd the steepy height,
 Did we not at a neighbouring village bait,
 Where from green wood the smouldering flames
 arise,
 And with a smoky sorrow fill our eyes.

In chariots thence at a large rate we came
 Eight leagues, and baited at a town, whose name

Cannot in verse and measures be express'd,
But may by marks and tokens well be guess'd.
Its water, nature's cheapest element,
Is bought and sold; its bread most excellent;
Which wary travellers provide with care,
And on their shoulders to Canusium bear,
Whose bread is gritty, and its wealthiest stream
Poor as the town's of unpoetic name.
Here Varius leaves us, and with tears he goes:
With equal tenderness our sorrow flows.
Onward to Rubi wearily we toil'd,
The journey long, the road with rain was spoil'd.
To Barium, fam'd for fish we reach'd next day,
The wetaher fairer, but much worse the way.
Then water-curs'd Egnatia gave us joke,
And laughter great to hear the moon-struck folk
Assert, if incense on their alter slay,
Without the help of fire it melts away.
The sons of circumcision may receive
The wondrous tale, which I shall ne'er believe;
For I have better learn'd, in blissful ease
That the good gods enjoy immortal days,
Nor anxiously their native skies forsake,
When miracles the laws of nature break.
From thence our travels to Brundusium bend,
Where our long journey and my paper end.

SATIRE VI.

TO MÆCENAS.

THOUGH, since the Lydians fill'd the Tuscan
coasts,

No richer blood than yours Etruria boasts ;
Though your great ancestors have armies led,
You don't, as many do, with scorn upbraid
The man of birth unknown, or turn the nose
On me, who from a race of slaves arose :
While you regard not, from what low degree
A man's descended, if his mind be free ;
Convinc'd, that long before th' ignoble reign
And power of Tullius, from a servile strain
Full many rose for virtue high renown'd,
By worth ennobled, and with honours crown'd :
While he who boasts that ancient race his own,
Which drove the haughty Tarquin from the throne,
Is vile and worthless in the people's eyes:
The people, who, you know, bestow the prize
To men most worthless, and, like slaves to fame,
With foolish reverence hail a titled name,
And, rapt, with awe-struck admiration gaze
When the long race its images displays.

But how shall we, who differ far and wide
From the mere vulgar, this great point decide ?
For grant, the crowd some high birth'd scoundrel chuse
And to the low-born man of worth refuse

(Because low-born) the honours of the state,
 Shall we from thence their vice or virtue rate?
 Were I expell'd the senate-house with scorn
 Justly, perhaps, because thus meanly born
 I fondly wander'd from my native sphere;
 Yet shall I with less real worth appear?
 Chain'd to her beamy car, Fame drags along
 The mean, the great, an undistinguish'd throng.

Poor Tillius, when compell'd in luckless hour
 To quit your purple robe and tribune's power,
 A larger sharè of envy was thy fate,
 Which had been lessen'd in a private state.
 For in black sandals when a coxcomb's drest,
 When floats the robe impurpled down his breast,
 Instant, "What man is this?" he round him hears,
 And who his father?" As when one appears
 Sick of your fever, Barrus to desire
 That all the world his beauty should admire,
 Anxious our girls inquire, "What mien and air,
 What leg and foot he has, what teeth and hair!"
 So he, who promises to guard the state,
 The gods, the temples, and th' imperial seat,
 Makes every mortal ask his father's name,
 And not less curious of his mother's fame.

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

Tillius.

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

Horace.

Shall you for this a true Messala seem,

And rise a Paulus in your own esteem ?
But when two hundred waggons crowd the street,
And three long funerals in procession meet,
Beyond the fifes and horns his voice he raises,
And sure such strength of lungs a wondrous praise is

As for myself, a freed-man's son confest,
A freed-man's son, the public scorn and jest,
That now with you I joy the social hour,
That once a Roman legion own'd my power ;
But though they envied my command in war,
Justly perhaps, yet sure 'tis different far
To gain your friendship, where no servile art,
Where only men of merit claim a part.

Nor yet to chance this happiness I owe ;
Friendship like yours it had not to bestow.
First, my best Virgil, then my Varius told,
Among my friends what character I hold :
When introduc'd, in few and faltering words
(Such as an infant modesty affords)
I did not tell you my descent was great,
Or that I wander'd round my country-seat
On a proud steed in richer pastures bred :
But what I really was, I frankly said.

Short was your answer, in your usual strain
I take my leave, nor wait on you again,
Till, nine months past, engag'd and bid to hold
A place among your nearer friends enroll'd.
An honour this, methinks, of nobler kind,
That innocent of heart and pure of mind,
Though with no titled birth, I gain'd his love,
Whose judgment can discern, whose choice approve
If some few, venial faults deform my soul
(Like a fair face when spotted with a mole,)

If none with avarice justly brand my fame,
 With sordidness, or deeds too vile to name:
 If pure and innocent: if dear (forgive
 These little praises) to my friends I live,
 My father was the cause, who, though maintain'd
 By a lean farm but poorly, yet disdain'd
 The country schoolmaster, to whose low care
 The mighty captain sent his high-born heir,
 With satchel, copy-book, and pelf to pay
 The wretched teacher on th' appointed day.

To Rome by this bold father was I brought,
 To learn those arts which well-born youth are taught,
 So drest and so attended, you would swear
 I was some senator's expensive heir:
 Himself my guardian, of unblemish'd truth,
 Among my tutors would attend my youth,
 And thus preserv'd my chastity of mind
 (That prime of virtue in its highest kind)
 Not only pure from guilt, but ev'n the shame
 That might with vile suspicion hurt my fame;
 Nor fear'd to be reproach'd, although my fate
 Should fix my fortune in some meaner state,
 From which some trivial perquisites arise,
 Or make me, like himself, collector of excise.

For this my heart, far from complaining, pays
 A larger debt of gratitude and praise;
 Nor, while my senses hold, shall I repent
 Of such a father, nor with pride resent,
 As many do, th' involuntary disgrace,
 Not to be born of an illustrious race.
 But not with theirs my sentiments agree,
 Or language; for, if nature should decree,

That we from any stated point might live
Our former years, and to our choice should give
The sires, to whom we wish'd to be allied,
Let others choose to gratify their pride ;
While I, contented with my own, resign
The titled honours of an ancient line.
This may be madness in the people's eyes,
But, in your judgment, not, perhaps, unwise ;
That I refuse to bear the pomp of state,
Unus'd and much unequal to the weight.

Instant a larger fortune must be made ;
To purchase votes my low addresses paid ;
Whether a jaunt or journey I propose,
With me a crowd of new companions goes,
While, anxious to complete a length of train,
Domestics, horses, chariots I maintain.
But now, as chance or pleasure is my guide,
Upon my bob-tail'd mule alone I ride.
Gall'd is his crupper with my wallet's weight ;
His shoulder shows his rider's awkward seat.

Yet no penurious vileness e'er shall stain
My name, as when, great Prætor, with your train
Of five poor slaves, you carry where you dine
Your travelling kitchen, and your flask of wine.

Thus have I greater blessings in my power,
Than you, proud senator, and thousands more.
Alone I wander, as by fancy led,
I cheapen herbs, or ask the price of bread ;
I listen, while diviners tell their tale,
Then homeward hasten to my frugal meal,
Herbs, pulse, and pancakes ; each a separate plate ;
While three domestics at my supper wait.
A bowl on a white marble-table stands,

Two goblets, and a ewer to wash my hands ;
An hallow'd cup of true Campanian clay,
My pure libations to the gods to pay.
I then retire to rest, nor anxious fear
Before dread Marsyas early to appear,
Whose very statue swears it cannot brook
The meanness of that slave-born judge's look.
I sleep till ten ; then take a walk, or choose
A book, perhaps, or trifle with the Muse ;
For cheerful exercise and manly toil
Anoint my body with a pliant oil,
But not with such as Natta's, when he vamps
His filthy limbs, and robs the public lamps.

But when the sun pours down his fiercer fire,
And bids me from the toilsome sport retire,
I haste to-bathe, then decently regale
My craving stomach with a frugal meal,
Enough to nourish nature for a day,
Then trifle my domestic hours away.

Such is the life from bad ambition free ;
Such comfort has the man low-born like me ;
With which I feel myself more truly blest,
'Than if my sires the quæstor's power possess'd.

SATIRE VII.

HOW mongrel Persius, in his wrathful mood,
 That outlaw'd wretch, Rupilius King, pursu'd
 With poisonous filth, and venom all his own,
 To barbers and to blear-eyed folk is known.
 Persius had wealth by foreign traffic gain'd,
 And a vexatious suit with King maintain'd.
 Presumptuous, vain, and obstinate the wight,
 Conquering even King in virulence of spite;
 In bitterness of speech outstripp'd the wind,
 And left the swift-tongued Barrus far behind.

Now to the King returns our wandering tale,
 When all fair means of reconciliation fail
 (For men are obstinate when war's proclaim'd.
 As they with inward courage are inflam'd;
 When Hector and Achilles fierce engag'd,
 Dire was the conflict, and to death they rag'd:
 And why? because the gallant thirst of fame,
 The love of glory, was in both extreme.
 But if a quarrel between cowards rise,
 Or between chiefs of less heroic size,
 Glaucus to Diomed is forc'd to yield,
 The dastard buys his peace, and quits the field.)
 What time o'er Asia with prætorial sway
 Great Brutus rul'd, began this dire affray.
 Persius and King, intrepid pair, engage
 (More equal champions never mounted stage,)
 And now they rush impetuous into court,
 Fine was the sight, and delicate the sport.

Persius begins; loud bursts of laughter rise;
He praises Brutus, Brutus, to the skies,
“ Brutus, like Sol, o’er Asia pours the day;
His friends are stars, and healthful is their ray,
Except the King; he like the dog-star reigns,
That dog of heaven, detested by the swains.”
Thus rushed he onward like a winter-flood,
That tears its banks, and sweeps away the wood.

To this impetuous bitterness of tide
The King with equal virulence replied.
A vine-dresser he was, of rustic tone,
Whom oft the traveller was forc’d to own
Invincible; with clamorous voice opprest,
When Cuckow, cuckow, was the standing jest.

But, with Italian vinegar imbued,
The sour-tongued mongrel the dispute renew’d;
“ Let me conjure thee, by the powers divine,
Since ’tis the glory, Brutus, of thy line
To slaughter Kings, be this thy glorious deed,
That this same King beneath thy vengeance bleed.”

SATIRE VIII.

IN days of yore our godship stood
A very worthless log of wood.
The joiner doubting, or to shape us
Into a stool, or a Priapus,
At length resolv'd, for reasons wise,
Into a god to bid me rise ;
And now to birds and thieves I stand
A terror great. With ponderous hand,
And something else as red as scarlet,
I fright away each filching varlet.
The birds, that view with awful dread
The reeds, fast stuck into my head,
Far from the garden take their flight,
Nor on the trees presume to light.

In coffins vile the herd of slaves
Were hither brought to crowd their graves ;
And once in this detested ground
A common tomb the vulgar found ;
Buffoons and spendthrifts, vile and base,
Together rotted here in peace.

A thousand feet the front extends,
Three hundred deep in rear it bends,
And yonder column plainly shows
No more unto its heirs it goes.
But now we breathe a purer air,
And walk the sunny terrace fair,
Where once the ground with bones was white.
With human bones, a ghastly sight !

But, oh ! nor thief, nor savage beast,
That us'd these gardens to infest,
E'er gave me half such care and pains
As they, who turn poor people's brains
With venom'd drugs and magic lay—
These I can never fright away ;
For when the beauteous queen of night
Up-lifts her head adorn'd with light,
Hither they come, pernicious crones !
To gather poisonous herbs and bones.

Canidia with dishevel'd hair
(Black was her robe, her feet were bare)
With Sagana, infernal dame !
Her elder sister, hither came.
With yellings dire they fill'd the place,
And hideous pale was either's face.
Soon with their nails they scrap'd the ground,
And fill'd a magic trench profound
With a black lamb's thick-streaming gore,
Whose members with their teeth they tore,
That they may charm the sprites to tell
Some curious anecdotes from hell.
The beldams then two figures brought ;
Of wool and wax the forms were wrought :
The woollen was erect and tall,
And scourg'd the waxen image small,
Which in a suppliant, servile mood
With dying air just gasping stood.

On Hecate one beldam calls ;
The other to the Furies bawls,
While serpents crawl along the ground,
And hell-born bitches howl around.

The blushing Moon, to shun the sight,
Behind a tomb withdrew her light.

Oh! if I lie, may raven's shed
Their ordure on my sacred head!
May thieves and prostitutes and rakes
Beneath my nose erect a jakes!

Not to be tedious, or repeat
How flats and sharps in concert meet,
With which the ghosts and hags maintain
A dialogue of passing strain;
Or how, to hide the tooth of snake
And beard of wolf, the ground they break:
Or how the fire of magic seiz'd
The waxen form, and how it blaz'd;
Mark! how my vengeance I pursu'd
For all I heard, for all I view'd.

Loud as a bladder bursts its wind
Dreadful I thunder'd from behind.
'To town they scamper'd struck with fear,
This lost her teeth, and that her hair.
They dropp'd the bracelets from their arms,
Their incantations, herbs and charms;
Whoe'er had seen them in their flight
Had burst with laughing at the sight.

SATIRE IX.

MUSING, as wont, on this and that,
 Such trifles, as I know not what,
 When late the street I saunter'd through,
 A wight, whose name I hardly knew,
 Approaching pertly makes me stand,
 And thus accosts me, hand in hand :
 " How do you do, my sweetest man ?"
 Quoth I, As well as mortal can,
 And my best wishes yours—when he
 Would follow—What's your will with me ?
 " That one of your profound discerning
 Should know me : I'm a man of learning."—
 Why, then, be sure upon that score
 You merit my regard the more.
 Impatient to discard the fop,
 One while I run, another stop,
 And whisper, as he presses near,
 Some nothing in my servant's ear.

But while at every pore I sweated,
 And thus in muttering silence fretted—
 " Bolanus, happy in a skull
 Of proof, impenetrably dull,
 O for a portion of thy brains"—
 He on the town and streets and lanes
 His prating, praising talent tried,
 And, when I answer'd not, he cried,
 " Ay, 'tis too plain ; you can't deceive me.
 You miserably wish to leave me,

But I shall never quit you so ;
 Command me—whither would you go ?”—
 You do me honour—but, in short,
 There’s not the least occasion for’t.
 I visit one—to cut the strife,
 You never saw him in your life ;
 Nor would I lead you such a round—
 He lives above a mile of ground
 Beyond the Tiber—“ Never talk
 Of distance, for I love a walk.
 I never have the least enjoyment
 In idleness : I want employment.
 Come on ; I must and will attend
 Your person to your journey’s end.”

Like vicious ass, that fretting bears
 A wicked load, I hang my ears ;
 While he, renewing his civilities,
 “ If well I know my own abilities,
 Not Viscus, though your friend of yore,
 Not Varius could engage you more ;
 For who can write melodious lays
 With greater elegance or ease ?
 Who moves with smoother grace his limbs
 While through the mazy dance he swims ?
 Besides, I sing to that degree,
 Hermogenes might envy me.”

Have you no mother, sister, friends,
 Whose welfare on your health depends ?—
 “ Not one ; I saw them all by turns
 Securely settled in their urns.”
 Thrice happy they, secure from pain !
 And I thy victim now remain :
 Dispatch me ; for my goody-nurse

Early presag'd this heavy curse :
 She conn'd it by the sieve and shears,
 And now it falls upon my ears—
 Nor poison fell, with ruin stor'd,
 Nor horrid point of hostile sword,
 Nor pleurisy, nor asthma-cough,
 Nor cripple-gout shall cut him off :
 A noisy tongue, and babbling breath,
 Shall tease and talk my child to death.
 But if he would avert his fate,
 When he arrives at man's estate,
 Let him avoid, as he would hanging,
 Your folks long-winded in haranguing.

We came to Vesta's about ten,
 And he was bound in person then
 'To stand a suit, or by the laws
 He must have forfeited his cause.
 " Sir, if you love me. step aside
 A little into court," he cried.
 If I can stand it out, quoth I,
 Or know the practice, let me die :
 Besides, I am oblig'd to go
 Precisely to the place you know.—
 " I am divided what to do,
 Whether to leave my cause, or you."—
 Sir, I beseech you spare your pains.
 Your humble servant—" By no means."
 I follow, for he leads the way ;
 'Tis death ; but captives must obey.

Then he renews his plaguy strain, as,
 " How stands your friendship with Mæcenas ?"
 For friendships, he contracts but few,
 And shows in that his judgment true.—

" Commend me to your brother-bard,
 No man has play'd a surer card.
 But you should have a man of art ;
 One who might act an under-part.
 If you were pleas'd to recommend
 The man I mention, to your friend,
 Sir, may I never see the light
 But you shall rout your rivals quite !"—

We live not there, as you suppose,
 On such precarious terms as those :
 No family was ever purer ;
 From such infections none securer.
 It never hurts me in the least,
 That one excels in wealth, or taste ;
 Each person there of course inherits
 A place proportion'd to his merits—
 " 'Tis wonderful, and, and to be brief,
 A thing almost beyond belief."—
 But, whether you believe, or no,
 The matter is exactly so.

" This adds but fuel to the fire,
 The more you kindle my desire
 To kiss his hand, and pay my court."—
 Assail, and you shall take the fort.
 Such is the vigour of your wit,
 And he is one that can submit ;
 The first attack is therefore nice,
 The matter is to break the ice.
 " I shan't be wanting there," he cried,
 " I'll bribe his servants to my side ;
 To-day shut out, still onward press,
 And watch the seasons of access ;
 In private haunt, in public meet,

Salute, escort him through the street.

'There's nothing gotten in this life,
Without a world of toil and strife !'

While thus he racks my tortur'd ears,
A much lov'd friend of mine appears,
Aristius Fuscus, one who knew
My sweet companion through and through.
We stop, exchanging "so and so :"
"Whence come, and whither do you go ?"

I then began in woful wise
To nod my head, distort my eyes,
And pull his renegado sleeve,
That he would grant me a reprieve ;
But he was absent all the while,
Malicious with a leering smile.

Provok'd at his dissimulation,
I burst with spleen and indignation.
"I know not what you had to tell
In private."—I remember well :
But shall a day of business choose,
This is the Sabbath of the Jews ;
You would not thus offend the leathern-
Curtail'd assemblies of the brethren"—
'I have no scruples, by your leave,
On that account.'—"But, sir, I have :
I am a little superstitious,
Like many of the crowd capricious :
Forgive me, if it be a crime,
And I shall talk another time."—

Oh ! that so black a sun should rise !
Away the cruel creature flies,
And leaves me panting for my life
Aghast beneath the butcher's knife.

At last, by special act of grace,
 The plaintiff meets him face to face,
 And bawls as loud as he could bellow :
 " Ha ! whither now, thou vilest fellow ?
 Sir, will you witness to my capture ?"
 I signified, I would with rapture ;
 And then, to magnify the sport,
 He drags my prattler into court ;
 And thus, amidst the noise and rabble,
 Apollo sav'd me in the squabble.

SATIRE X.

YES, I did say, Lucilius' verses roll'd
 In ruder style precipitately bold ;
 Who reads Lucilius with so fond an eye,
 Partially fond, who can this charge deny ?
 But, that with wit he lash'd a vicious age,
 He's frankly prais'd in the same equal page.
 Should I grant more, I may as well admit
 Laberius' farces elegantly writ.

'Tis not enough a bursting laugh to raise,
 Yet ev'n this talent may deserve its praise :
 Concise your diction ; let your sense be clear,
 Nor with a weight of words fatigue the ear.
 Now change from grave to gay with ready art,
 Now play the orator's or poet's part ;
 In raillery assume a gayer air,
 Discreetly hide your strength, your vigour spare,

For ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail.

The ancient writers of the comic stage
Our imitation here may well engage,
Though read not by Tigellius, smooth of face,
Or yonder ape, of horrible grimace.
Calvus, Catullus better suit their vein,
Whose wanton songs they chant in tuneful strain.

But yet a mighty feat it must be thought—
“His motley page with Greek and Latin’s wrought!”
Blockheads! who think it wonderful or hard,
So oft perform’d by yonder Rhodian bard.

“But languages each other may refine
(As Chian softens the Falernian wine)
At least in verse.” But say, my rhiming friend,
Were you that thief Petillius to defend,
While other lawyers sweated in the cause,
And urg’d in pure Latinity the laws:
While wondering crowds upon their language hung,
Would you, forgetful of your native tongue,
In foreign words and broken phrases speak,
The half-form’d jargon of a mongrel Greek?

In Latium born, I once propos’d to write
Some Grecian versicles: in deep of night
(When dreams, they say, are true) Rome’s founder
rose,

And awful spake, “You may as well propose
To carry timber to a wood, as throng
The crowded writers of the Grecian song.”

Let swelling Furius on th’ affrighted stage
Murder poor Memnon, or in muddy rage
Describe the head of Rhine: in idle vein
I write, what never shall presume to gain

The prize, where Metius high in judgment sits
 To hear the labours of contending wits ;
 Or where the people with applauding hands
 The well-wrought scene repeatedly demands.

Of all mankind, in light and easy vein
 Fundanius best can paint the comic scene,
 The wily harlot, and the slave, who join
 To wipe the miser of his darling coin.
 Pollio in pure Iambic numbers sings
 The tragic deeds of heroes and of kings ;
 While Varius in sublime and ardent vein
 Supports the grandeur of the Epic strain.
 On Virgil all the rural Muses smile,
 Smooth flow his lines, and elegant his style.
 Satire alone remain'd, no easy strain,
 Which Varro, and some others, tried in vain,
 While I, perhaps, some slight success may claim,
 Though far inferior to th' inventor's fame :
 Nor from his head shall I presume to tear
 That sacred wreath, he well deserves to wear.

I said, his verse in muddy rapture flows,
 And more his errors than his beauties shows ;
 But, prithee, you that boast a critic's name,
 Don't you sometimes the mighty Homer blame ?
 Does not Lucilius, though of gentle strain,
 Correct ev'n Accius, and reform his scene ?
 And in his pleasantry old Ennius rate,
 When his dull lines want dignity and weight
 Yet, when he speaks of his own right to fame,
 Confesses frankly their superiour claim.

What then forbids our equal right to know
 Why his own verses inharmonious flow ?

Or whether in his subject lies the fault,
 Or in himself, that they're not higher wrought,
 Than if the art of verse were to confine
 In ten low feet a cold, dull length of line,
 Content his rhiming talents to display
 In twice an hundred verses twice a day.
 Such, Cassius, thy rapidity of song,
 Which like a foaming river pour'd along,
 Whose volum'd works (if Fame be not a liar)
 Kindled around thy corpse the funeral fire.

Lucilius rallies with politer ease
 Than all the rhiming tribe of ancient days,
 Nay more correct than him (I frankly own)
 Who form'd this kind of verse, o Greece unknown :
 Yet, were he fated to the present age,
 He sure had blotted the redundant page ;
 Prun'd all luxuriant excellence away,
 And, while he labour'd o'er th' instructive lay,
 Would often scratch his head in dull despair,
 And to the quick his nails bemusing tear.

Would you a reader's just esteem engage ?
 Correct with frequent care the blotted page ;
 Nor strive the wonder of the crowd to raise,
 But the few better judges learn to please.
 Be thine, fond madman, some vile school to choose,
 Where to repeat the labours of your Muse,
 While I, like hiss'd *Arbuscula* unaw'd,
 Despise the vulgar, since the knights applaud.

Say, shall that bug *Pantilius* move my spleen ?
 Shall I be tortur'd, when a wretch obscene,
 Or foolish *Fannius*, for a sordid treat
 With sweet *Tigellius*, shall my verses rate ?

Let Plotius, Varius, and Mæcenas deign
With Virgil, Valgius, to approve my strain ;
Let good Octavius even endure my lays ;
Let Fuscus read, and either Viscus praise ;
Let me, with no mean arts to purchase fame,
Pollio, Messala, and his brother name ;
Let Bibulus and Servius be my own,
And Furnius for a critic's candour known ;
Among my learned friends are many more,
Whose names I pass in modest silence o'er :
'These I can wish to smile ; enjoy their praise ;
Hope to delight, and grieve if I displease.
Begone, Demetrius, to thy lovesome train
Of minstrel scholars, and in sighing strain,
With soft Hermogenes these rhimes deplore—
Haste, boy, transcribe me this one satire more.



SATIRES.



SATIRES.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

HORACE. TREBATIUS.

Horace.

THERE are, to whom too poignant I appear;
Beyond the laws of satire too severe.
My lines are weak, unsinew'd, others say—
“A man might spin a thousand such a day.”
What shall I do, Trebatius?

Trebatius.

Write no more.

Horace.

What! give the dear delight of scribbling o'er?

Trebatius.

Yes.

Horace.

Let me die but your advice were best.
But, sir, I cannot sleep; I cannot rest.

Trebatius.

Swim o'er the Tiber, if you want to sleep,
Or the dull sense in t'other bottle steep;

If you must write, to Cæsar tune your lays,
Indulge your genius, and your fortune raise.

Horace.

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

T'rebatius.

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

Horace.

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

T'rebatius.

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

Horace.

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

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

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

Let this digression, as it may, succeed—
 No honest man shall by my satire bleed ;
 It guards me like a sword, and safe it lies
 Within the sheathe, till villians round me rise.

Dread King and Father of the mortal race,
 Behold me, harmless bard, how fond of peace !
 And may all kinds of mischief-making steel
 In rust, eternal rust, thy vengeance feel !
 But who provokes me, or attacks my fame,
 " Better not touch me, friend," I loud exclaim,
 His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,
 By laughing crowds in rueful ballad sung.

Th' informer Cervius threatens with the law ;
 Turius your judge, you surely lose your cause :
 Are you the object of Claudia's hate ?
 Drugs, poisons, incantations, are your fate :
 For powerful Nature to her creatures shows
 With various arms to terrify their foes.
 The wolf with teeth, the bull with horns can fight ;
 Whence, but from instinct, and an inward light ?
 His long-liv'd mother trusts to Scæva's care—

Trebatius.

No deed of blood his pious hand could dare.

Horace.

Wondrous indeed! that bulls ne'er strive to bite,
Nor wolves with desperate horns engage in fight.
No mother's blood the gentle Scæva spills,
But with a draught of honey'd poison kills.

Then, whether age my peaceful hours attend,
Or Death his sable pinions round me bend:
Or rich, or poor: at Rome; to exile driven:
Whatever lot by powerful Fate is given:
Yet write I will.

Trebatius.

O boy, thy fate is sped,
And short thy days. Some lord shall strike thee dead
With freezing look—

Horace.

What! in his honest page
When good Lucilius lash'd a vicious age,
From conscious villians tore the mask away,
And stripp'd them naked to the glare of day,
Were Lælius or his friend (whose glorious name
From conquer'd Carthage deathless rose to fame)
Were they displeas'd, when villians and their crimes
Were cover'd o'er with infamy and rhimes?
The factious demagogue he made his prize,
And durst the people tribe by tribe chastise;
Yet true to virtue, and to virtue's friends,
'To them alone with reverence he bends.
When Scipio's virtue, and, of milder vein,
When Lælius' wisdom, from the busy scene,
And crowd of life, the vulgar and the great,

Could with their favourite satirist retreat,
Lightly they laugh'd at many an idle jest,
Until their frugal feast of herbs was drest.

What though with great Lucilius I disclaim
All saucy rivalship of birth or fame,
Spite of herself even Envy must confess,
That I the friendship of the great possess,
And, if she dare attempt my honest fame,
Shall break her teeth against my solid name.
This is my plea ; on this I rest my cause—
What says my counsel, learned in the laws ?

Trebatius.

Your case is clearer ; yet let me advise ;
For sad mishaps from ignorance arise.
Behold the pains and penalties decreed
To libellers—

Horace.

To libellers indeed.

But if with truth his characters he draws,
Even Cæsar shall support the poets cause ;
The formal process shall be turn'd to sport,
And you dismiss'd with honour by the court

SATIRE II.

WHAT, and how great the virtue, friends, to live
 On what the gods with frugal bounty give
 (Nor are they mine, but sage Ofellus' rules,
 Of mother-wit, and wise without the schools)
 Come learn with me, but learn before ye dine,
 Ere with luxurious pomp the table shine;
 Ere yet its madding splendours are display'd,
 That dull the sense, and the weak mind mislead.
 Yet why before we dine? I'll tell ye, friends,
 A judge, when brib'd, but ill to truth attends.

Pursue the chase: th' unmanag'd courser rein:
 Or, if the Roman war ill suit thy vein
 'To Grecian revels form'd, at tennis play,
 Or at the manly discus waste the day;
 With vigour hurl it through the yielding air
 (The sport shall make the labour less severe :)
 'Then, when the loathings, that from surfeits rise,
 Are quell'd by toil, a homely meal despise;
 'Then the Falernian grape with pride disclaim,
 Unless with honey we correct its flame.

Your butler strolls abroad; the winter'd sea
 Defends its fish; but you can well allay
 The stomach's angry roar with bread and salt—
 Whence can this rise? you ask; from whence the
 fault?

In you consists the pleasure of the treat,
 Not in the price or flavour of the meat.

Let exercise give relish to the dish,

Since nor the various luxuries of fish,
 Nor foreign wild-fowl can delight the pale,
 Surfeit-swoln guest ; yet I shall ne'er prevail
 To make our men of taste a pullet choose,
 And the gay peacock with its train refuse ;
 For the rare bird at mighty price is sold,
 And lo ! what wonders from its tail unfold !
 But can these whims a higher gusto raise,
 Unless you eat the plumage that you praise ?
 Or do its glories, when 'tis boil'd, remain ?
 No ; 'tis th' unequal'd beauty of its train
 Deludes your eye, and charms you to the feast.
 For hens and peacocks are alike in taste.

But say, by what discernment are you taught
 To know, that this voracious pike was caught
 Where the full river's lenient waters glide,
 Or where the bridges break the rapid tide :
 In the mid ocean, or where Tiber pays
 With broader course his tribute to the seas ?

Madly you praise the mullet's three pound weight,
 And yet you stew it piece-meal ere you eat ;
 Your eye deceives you ; wherefore else dislike
 The natural greatness of a full grown pike,
 Yet in a mullet so much joy express ?

"Pikes are by nature large, and mullets less."

Give me, the harpy-throated glutton cries,
 In a large dish a mullet's largest size :
 Descend, ye southern winds, propitious haste,
 And dress his dainties for this man of taste.
 And yet it needs not : for when such excess
 Shall his o'er-jaded appetite oppress,
 The new-caught turbot's tainted ere he eat,
 And bitter herbs are a delicious treat.

But still some ancient poverty remains ;
 The egg and olive yet a place maintains
 At great men's tables ; nor, till late, the fame
 Of a whole sturgeon damn'd a prætor's name.

Did ocean then a smaller turbot yield ?
 The towering stork did once in safety build
 Her airy nest, nor was the turbot caught,
 Till your great prætor better precepts taught.

Tell them, that roasted cormorants are a feast,
 Our docile youth obey the man of taste ;
 But sage Ofellus marks a decent mean
 A sordid and a frugal meal between ;
 For a profuse expense in vain you shun,
 If into sordid avarice you run.

Avidienus, who by public fame
 Was called *the dog*, and merited the name,
 Wild cornels, olives five years old, devour'd,
 Nor, till his wine was turn'd, his pure libations
 pour'd.

When rob'd in white he mark'd with festal mirth
 His day of marriage, or his hour of birth,
 From his one bottle, of some two pound weight,
 With oil, of execrable stench, replete,
 With his own hand he dropp'd his cabbage o'er,
 But spar'd his oldest vinegar no more.

How shall the wise decide, thus urg'd between
 The proverb's ravening wolf and dog obscene ?
 Let him avoid the equal wretchedness
 Of sordid filth, or prodigal excess ;
 Nor his poor slaves like old Albus rate,
 When he gives orders for some curious treat .
 Nor yet, like Nævius, carelessly unclean,
 His guests with greasy water entertain.

This too is vile. Now mark, what blessings flow
 From temperate meals: and first, they can bestow
 That prime of blessings, health; for you'll confess
 That various meats the stomach must oppress,
 If you reflect how light, how well you were,
 When plain and simple was your cheerful fare;
 But roast, and boil'd, when you promiscuous eat,
 When fowl and shell-fish in confusion meet,
 Sweets, turn'd to choler, with cold phlegm engage,
 And civil war in the rack'd stomach wage.

Behold how pale the sated guests arise
 From suppers, puzzled with varieties!
 The body too, with yesterday's excess
 Burthen'd and tir'd, shall the pure soul depress,
 Weigh down this portion of celestial birth,
 This breath of God, and fix it to the earth.

Who down to sleep from a short supper lies,
 Can to the next day's business vigorous rise,
 Or jovial wander (when the circling year
 Brings back some festal day) to better cheer,
 Or when his wasted strength he would restore,
 When years approach, and age's feeble hour
 A softer treatment claim. But if in prime
 Of youth and health you take before your time
 The luxuries of life, where is their aid
 When age or sickness shall your strength invade?

Our fathers lov'd (and yet they had a nose)
 A tainted boar; but I believe they chose
 The mouldy fragments with a friend to eat,
 Rather than eat it whole themselves, and sweet.
 Oh! that the earth, when vigorous and young,
 Had borne me this heroic race among!

Do you the voice of Fame with pleasure hear?

(Sweeter than verse it charms the human ear)
 Behold, what infamy and ruin rise
 From a large dish, where the large turbot lies !
 Your friends, your neighbours all your folly hate,
 You hate yourself, in vain, and curse your fate,
 When, though you wish for death, you want the pelf
 To purchase even a rope to hang yourself.

“ These precepts well may wretched Trausius rate :
 But why to me ? So large is my estate,
 And such an ample revenue it brings
 To satiate even the avarice of kings.”
 Then why not better use this proud excess
 Of worthless wealth ? Why lives in deep distress
 A man unworthy to be poor, or why
 The temples of the gods in ruins lie ?
 Why not of such a massy treasure spare
 To thy dear country, wretch, a moderate share :
 Shalt thou alone no change of fortune know ?
 Thou future laughter to thy deadliest foe !

But who, with conscious spirit self-secure,
 A change of fortune better shall endure ?
 He, who with such variety of food
 Pampers his passions, and inflames his blood,
 Or he, contented with his little store,
 And wisely cautious of the future hour,
 Who in the time of peace with prudent care
 Shall for th' extremities of war prepare ?

But, deeper to impress this useful truth,
 I knew the sage Ofellus in my youth
 Living, when wealthy, at no larger rate
 Than in his present more contracted state.
 I saw the hardy hireling till the ground
 ('Twas once his own estate ;) and while around

His cattle graz'd, and children listening stood,
'The cheerful swain his pleasing tale pursued.
On working days I had no idle treat,
But a smok'd leg of pork and greens I eat ;
Yet when arrived some long-expected guest,
Or rainy weather gave an hour of rest,
If a kind neighbour then a visit paid,
An entertainment more profuse I made ;
'Though with a kid, or pullet, well content,
Ne'er for luxurious fish to Rome I sent ;
With nuts and figs I crown'd the cheerful board,
'The largest that the season could afford.
'The social glass went round with cheerfulness,
And our sole rule was to avoid excess.
Our due libations were to Ceres paid,
To bless our corn, and fill the rising blade,
While the gay wine dispell'd each anxious care,
And smooth'd the wrinkled forehead too severe.

Let Fortune rage, and new disorders make,
From such a life how little can she take !
Or have we liv'd at a more frugal rate
Since this new stranger seized on our estate ?
Nature will no perpetual heir assign,
Or make the farm his property or mine.
He turn'd us out : but follies all his own,
Or law-suits, and their knaveries unknown,
Or, all his follies and his law-suits past,
Some long-liv'd heir shall turn him out at last.
The farm, once mine, now bears Umbrenus' name.
'The use alone, not property we claim :
'Then be not with your present lot deprest,
And meet the future with undaunted breast.

SATIRE III.

DAMASIPPUS. HORACE.

Damasippus.

IF hardly once a quarter of a year,
 So idle grown, a single sheet appear;
 If angry at yourself, that sleep and wine
 Enjoy your hours, while anxious to refine
 Your labours past, no more your voice you raise
 To aught, that may deserve the public praise,
 What shall be done? When Saturn's jovial feast
 Seem'd too luxuriant to your sober taste,
 Hither you fled. Then try the pleasing strain
 Come on: begin.

Horace.

Alas! 'tis all in vain:
 While I with impotence of rage abuse
 My harmless pens, the guiltless walls accuse;
 Walls, that seem'd rais'd in angry heaven's despite,
 The curse of peevish poets, when they write.

Damasippus.

And yet you threaten'd something wondrous great,
 When you should warm you in your country seat.
 Why crowd the volumes of the Grecian sage,
 Rang'd with the writers of the comic stage?
 Think you the wrath of envy to appease,
 Your virtue lost in idleness and ease?

Unbappy bard, to sure contempt you run ;
 'Then learn the Siren Indolence to shun,
 Or poorly be content to lose the fame,
 Which your past hours of better life might claim,

Horace.

Sage Damasippus, may the powers divine,
 For this same excellent advice of thine,
 Give thee a barber, in their special grace,
 To nurse your beard, that wisdom of the face :
 Yet, prithee, tell me whence I'm so well known :

Damasippus.

When I had lost all business of my own,
 And at th' Exchange my ship wreck'd fortunes broke,
 I minded the affairs of other folk.

In rare antiques full curious was my taste ;
 Here the rude chissels rougher strokes I trac'd ;
 In flowing brass a vicious hardness found,
 Or bought a statue for five hundred pound,
 A perfect connoisseur. At gainful rate,
 I purchas'd gardens, or a mansion-seat.
 Thus, through the city I was known to fame,
 And Mercury's favourite my public name.

Horace.

I knew your illness, and amaz'd beheld
 Your sudden cure.

Damasippus.

A new disease expell'd
 My old disorder: as when changing pains
 Fly to the stomach from the head and reins.
 Thus the lethargic, starting from his bed,
 In boxing phrensy broke his doctor's head.

Horace.

Spare but this phrensy, use me as you please--

Damasippus.

Good sir, don't triumph in your own disease.
 For all are fools or mad, as well as you,
 At least, if what Stertinius says, be true,
 Whose wondrous precepts I with transport heard,
 What time he bade me nurse this reverend beard,
 Cheerful from the Fabrician bridge depart,
 And with the words of comfort fill'd my heart.

For when, my fortune lost, resolv'd I stood,
 Covering my head, to plunge into the flood,
 Propitious he address'd me--

Stertinius.

Friend, take heed,
 Nor wrong yourself by this unworthy deed.
 'Tis but a vicious modesty to fear
 Among the mad a madman to appear.
 But listen heedful first, while I explain
 What madness is, what error of the brain;
 And if in you alone appear its power,
 Then bravely perish: I shall say no more.

Whom vicious follies, or whom falsehood, blind,
 Are by the Stoics held of madding kind.
 All but the wise are by this process bound,
 The subject nations, and the monarch crown'd,
 And they who call you fool, with equal claim
 May plead an ample title to the name.

When in a wood we leave the certain way
 One error fools us, though we various stray:
 Some to the left, some turn to t'other side;
 So he, who dares thy madness to deride,

Though you may frankly own yourself a fool,
 Behind him trails his mark of ridicule.
 For various follies fill the human breast,
 As, with unreal terrors when possess'd,
 A wretch in superstitious prensy cries,
 "Lo! in the plain, fires, rocks, and rivers, rise!"

A different madness, though not less, inspires
 The fool, who rushes wild through streams and
 fires;

His mother, sister, father, friends and wife,
 Cry out, in vain, Ah! yet preserve thy life;
 That head-long ditch! how dreadful it appears!
 That hanging precipice! No more he hears,
 Than drunken Fufius lately at the play,
 Who fairly slept Ilione away,
 While the full pit, with clamorous thousands, cries.
 'Awake, dear mother, to my aid, arise.

Now listen while full clearly I maintain
 Such is the vulgar error of the brain.
 Some rare antique, suppose, your madness buys,
 Is he, who lends the money, less unwise?
 Or if the usurer Perillius said,
 'Take what I ne'er expect shall be repaid,
 Are you a fool to take it, or not more
 T' affront the god, who sends the shining store?

Perillius.

Ay; but I make him on a banker draw—

Stertinius.

'Tis not enough: add all the forms of law;
 The knotty contracts of Cicutæ's brain;
 This wicked Proteus shall escape the chain:

Drag him to justice, he's a bird, tree, stone,
And laughs as if his cheeks were not his own.

If bad economists are held unwise,
In good economy some wisdom lies,
And then Perillius is of tainted brain,
Who takes your bond to sue for it in vain.

Come all, whose breasts with bad ambition rise,
Or the pale passion, that for money dies,
With luxury, or superstition's gloom,
Whate'er disease your health of mind consume,
Compose your robes ; in decent ranks draw near,
And, that ye all are mad, with reverence hear.

Misers make whole Anticyra their own :
Its hellebore reserv'd for them alone.
Staberius thus compell'd his heirs t' engrave
On his proud tomb what legacies he gave,
Or stand condemn'd to give the crowd a feast,
By Arrius form'd in elegance of taste,
And gladiators, even an hundred pair,
With all the corn of Afric's fruitful year.
Such is my will, and whether fool or wise,
I scorn your censures, the testator cries,
Wisely perceiving—

Damasippus.

What could he perceive,
Thus on his tomb his fortune to engrave ?

Stertinius.

Long as he liv'd he look'd on poverty,
And shunn'd it as a crime of blackest die ;
And had he died one farthing less in pelf,
Had seem'd a worthless villain to himself ;
For virtue, glory, beauty, all divine
And human powers, immortal gold ! are thine ;

And he, who piles the shining heap, shall rise
Noble, brave, just—

Damasippus.

You will not call him wise

Stertinius.

Yes; any thing; a monarch, if he please:
And thus Staberius, nobly fond of praise,
By latest times might hope to be admir'd,
As if his virtue had his wealth acquir'd.

When Aristippus, on the Libyan waste
Commands his slaves, because it stopp'd their haste,
To throw away his gold, does he not seem
To be as mad in opposite extreme?

Damasippus.

By such examples, truth can ne'er be tried:
They but perplex the question, not decide.

Stertinius.

If a man fill'd his cabinet with lyres,
Whom neither music charms, nor muse inspires:
Should he buy lasts and knives, who never made
A shoe; or if a wight, who hated trade,
The sails and tackle for a vessel bought,
Madman or fool he might be justly thought.
But, prithee, where's the difference, to behold
A wretch, who heaps and hides his darling gold;
Who knows not how to use the massy store,
Yet dreads to violate the sacred ore?

With a long club, and ever open eyes,
To guard his corn its wretched master lies,
Nor dares, though hungry, touch the hoarded grain,
While bitter herbs his frugal life sustain:

If in his cellar lie a thousand flasks
 (Nay, let them rise to thrice a thousand casks,
 Of old Falernian, or the Chian vine,
 Yet if he drink mere vinegar for wine ;
 If, at fourscore, of straw he made his bed,
 While moths upon his rotting carpets fed ;
 By few, forsooth, a madman he is thought,
 For half mankind the same disease have caught.

Thou dotard, cursed in the love of pelf,
 For fear of starving, will you starve yourself ?
 Or do you this ill-gotten treasure save
 For a luxurious son, or favourite slave ?
 How little would thy mass of money waste.
 Did you on better oil and cabbage feast,
 Or on thy clotted hair and dandruff-head,
 A sweeter, more expensive essence shed !

If nature wish for no immoderate store,
 When you forswear, and rob, and steal for more,
 Still are you sound ? But, when your folly raves,
 If you should stone the people, or your slaves ;
 Those slaves, whom you with pelf, how precious
 buy,

Our boys and girls, A madman, madman ! cry.
 Is your head safe, although you hang your wife,
 Or take by poison your old mother's life ?
 What ! nor in Argos you commit the deed,
 Nor did your mother by a dagger bleed ;
 Nor by a mad Orestes was she slain—
 But was Orestes of untainted brain,
 Or was he not by furies dire possess'd,
 Before he plung'd his dagger in her breast ?

Yet from the time you hold him hurt in mind,
 His actions are of harmless, blameless kind.

He neither stabs his sister, nor his friend ;
 In a few curses his worst passions end ;
 He calls her fury, or whatever names
 Flow from a breast which choler high enflames
 Poor was Opimius, though full rich his chest,
 In earthen cups, on some more solemn feast,
 Quaff'd the crude juices of a meagre vine,
 On week-days dead and vapid was his wine,
 When with an heavy lethargy opprest,
 His heir in triumph ran from chest to chest :
 Swift to his aid his faithful doctor flies,
 And this expedient to awake him tries :
 From out his bags he pours the shining store,
 And bids a crowd of people count it o'er ;
 Then plac'd the table near his patient's bed,
 And loud, as if he rous'd him from the dead,
 " Awake, and guard your wealth ; this moment
 wake :
 Your ravening heir will every shilling take."
 What ! while I live ? " Then, wake, that you may
 live ;
 Here take the best prescription I can give :
 Your bloodless veins, your appetite will fail,
 Unless you raise them by a powerful meal.
 Take this ptisan—" What will it cost ? Nay, hold.
 " A very trifle." Sir, I will be told.—
 " Three pence."—Alas ! what does it signify,
 Whether by doctors or by thieves I die ?

Damasippus.

Who then is sound ?

Stertinius.

Whoever's not a fool

Damasippus.

What think you of the miser?

Sertinius.

By my rule,

Both fool and madman.

Damasippus.

Is he sound and well,

If not a miser?

Sertinius.

No.

Damasippus.

I prithee tell,

Good Stoic, why?

Sertinius.

Let us suppose you heard

An able doctor, who perchance declar'd
His patient's stomach good; yet shall he rise,
Or is he well? Ah! no, the doctor cries,
Because a keen variety of pains
Attack the wretch's side, or vex his reins.

You are not purjur'd, nor to gold a slave;
Let heaven your grateful sacrifice receive.
But if your breast with bold ambition glows,
Set sail where hellebore abundant grows.
For, prithee, say, what difference can you find,
Whether to scoundrels of the vilest kind
You throw away your wealth in lewd excess,
Or know not to enjoy what you possess?

When rich Oppidius, as old tales relate,
'To his two sons divided his estate,
'Two ancient farms, he call'd them to his bed,

And dying, thus, with faltering accent, said :
 In your loose robe, when I have seen you bear
 Your play-things, Aulus, with an heedless air,
 Or careless give them to your friends away,
 Or with a gamester's desperate spirit play ;
 While you, Tiberius, anxious counted o'er
 Your childish wealth, and hid the little store,
 A different madness seem'd to be your fate,
 Misers or spendthrifts born to imitate.
 Then, by our household gods, my sons, I charge,
 That you ne'er lessen, that you ne'er enlarge
 What seems sufficient to your tender sire,
 And nature's most unbounded wants require.

Then lest ambition tempt ye, hear this oath,
 By whose eternal power I bind ye both :
 Curs'd be the wretch, an object of my hate,
 Whoe'er accepts an office in the state !
 Will you in largesses exhaust your store,
 That you may proudly stalk the Circus o'er ;
 Or in the Capitol embronz'd may stand,
 Spoil'd of your fortune and paternal land ;
 And thus, forsooth, Agrippa's praise engage,
 Or show, with reynard's tricks, the lion's rage ?

Wherefore does Ajax thus unburied lie ?

Agamemnon.

We are a king.

Sertinius.

A base plebeian I,

And ask no more.

Agamemnon.

'Twas just what we decreed :

But, if you think it an unrighteous deed,

Speak what you think. We here our rights resign.

Stertinius.

Greatest of monarchs, may the powers divine
A safe return permit you to enjoy,
With your victorious fleet, from ruin'd Troy—
But may I ask, and answer without fear ?

Agamemnon.

You may.

Stertinius.

Then wherefore rots great Ajax here,
For many a Grecian sav'd who well might claim
To brave Achilles the next place in fame ?
Is it that Priam, and the sires of Troy,
May view his carcass with malignant joy,
By whom their sons so oft destroy'd in fight
In their own country want the funeral rite ?

Agamemnon.

A thousand sheep the frantic kill'd, and cried.
" Here both Atrides ; there Ulysses died."

Stertinius.

When your own child you to the altar led,
And pour'd the salted meal upon her head :
When you beheld the lovely victim slain,
Unnatural father ! were you sound of brain ?

Agamemnon.

Why not ?

Stertinius.

Then what did frantic Ajax do,
When in his rage a thousand sheep he slew ?
Nor on his wife or son he drew his sword,
On Atreus' sons alone his curses pour'd ;
Nor on his brother turn'd the vengeful steel,
Nor did Ulysses his resentment feel.

Agamemnon.

But I, while adverse winds tempestuous roar,
To loose our fated navy from the shore
Wisely with blood the powers divine atone—

Stertinius.

What ! your own blood, you madman ?

Agamemnon.

Yes, my own;

But yet not mad.

Stertinius.

'Tis a disorder'd head,
Which, by the passions in confusion led,
The images of right and wrong mistakes,
And rage or folly no great difference makes.

Was Ajax mad, when those poor lambs he slew ?
And are your senses right, while you pursue,
With such a crime, an empty title's fame ?
Is the heart pure high-swelling for a name ?

Should a man take a lambkin in his chair,
With fondling names caress the spotless fair ;
Clothes, maids, and gold, as for his child, provide,
And a stout husband for the lovely bride,
His civil rights the judge would take away,
And to trustees in guardianship convey.

Then sure you will not call him sound of brain,
By whom his daughter for a lamb was slain.
Folly and guilt are madness in th' extreme ;
The impious and the mad eternally the same.
Blood-stained Bellona thunders round his head.
Who is by glassy fame a captive led.

Now try the sons of luxury, you'll find,
Right reason proves them fools of madding kind

A youth, upon his father's death, receives
 A thousand talents, and his orders gives,
 That all the trades of elegance and taste,
 All who with wit and humour joy a feast,
 The impious crowd, that fills the Tuscan street,
 Early next morning at his house should meet.
 What then? they frequent his command obey'd,
 And thus his speech the wily Pander made:
 Whate'er these people have: whate'er is mine;
 To-day, to-morrow send, be sure is thine.

Hear the just youth this generous answer make:
 "In clumsy boots, dear hunter, for my sake,
 You sleep in wild Lucania's snowy waste,
 That I at night on a whole boar may feast.
 For fish you boldly sweep the wintry seas,
 That I, unworthy, may enjoy my ease.
 Let each five hundred pounds, with pleasure, take
 To thee, dear Pandar, I a present make
 Of twice a thousand, that with all her charms
 Your wife at night may run into my arms."

An actor's son dissolv'd a wealthy pearl
 (The precious ear-ring of his favourite girl)
 In vinegar, and thus luxurious quaff'd
 A thousand solid talents at a draught.
 Had he not equally his wisdom shown,
 Into the sink or river were it thrown?

A noble pair of brothers, twins, in truth,
 In all th' excesses, trifles, crimes of youth,
 On nightingale's of monstrous purchase din'd;
 What is their process? Are they sound of mind?

Suppose, in childish architecture skill'd,
 A bearded sage his castle-cottage build,
 Play odd and even, ride his reedy cane,

And yoke his harness'd mice, 'tis madness plain.
 But what if reason, powerful reason, prove
 'Tis more than equal childishness to love?
 If there's no difference, whether in the dust
 You sport your infant works, or, high in lust,
 An harlot's cruelty with tears deplore,
 Will you, like much-chang'd Polemon of yore,
 Throw off the ensigns of the dear disease,
 The arts of dress, and earnestness to please?
 For the gay youth, though high with liquor warm'd,
 Was by the sober sage's doctrine charm'd;
 Chastis'd he listen'd to th' instructive lore,
 And from his head the breathing garland tore.

A peevish boy shall proffer'd fruit despise:
 "Take it, dear puppy." No, and yet he cries,
 If you refuse it. Does not this discover
 The froward soul of a discarded lover,
 Thus reasoning with himself? What! when thus
 slighted

Shall I return, return though uninvited?
 Yes, he shall sure return, and lingering wait
 At the proud doors he now presumes to hate.
 "Shall I not go if she submissive send,
 Or here resolve, my injuries shall end?
 Expell'd, recall'd, shall I go back again?
 No; let her kneel; for she shall kneel in vain."
 When, lo! his wily servant well replied,
 Think not by rule and reason, sir, to guide
 What ne'er by reason or by measure move,
 For peace and war succeed by turns in love:
 And while tempestuous these emotions roll,
 And float with blind disorder in the soul,
 Who strives to fix them by one certain rule,

May by right rule and reason play the fool.
 When from the roof the darted pippins bound,
 Does the glad omen prove your senses sound?
 Or when with aged tongue you lisp your phrases—
 Is he more mad, who that child-cottage raises?
 Then add the murders of this fond desire,
 And with the sword provoke the madding fire.

When jealous Marius late his mistress slew,
 And from a precipice himself he threw,
 Was he not mad? or can you by your rule
 Condemn the murderer, and acquit the fool?
 But though in civil phrase you change the name,
 Madman and fool for ever are the same.

With hands clean wash'd, a sober, ancient wight
 Ran praying through the streets at early light,
 "Snatch me from death; grant me alone to live:
 No mighty boon; with ease the gods can give."
 Sound were his senses; yet, if he were sold,
 His master sure this weakness must have told,
 And, if not fond a law-suit to maintain,
 Must have confess'd the slave unsound of brain.
 'This crowd is by the doctrine of our schools
 Enroll'd in the large family of fools.

Her child beneath a quartan fever lies
 For full five months; when the fond mother cries,
 "Sickness and health are thine, all-powerful Jove.
 Then from my son this dire disease remove;
 And when your priests thy solemn fact proclaim,
 Naked the boy shall stand in Tiber's stream."
 Should chance, or the physician's art, up-raise
 Her infant from this desperate disease,
 The frantic dame shall plunge her hapless boy,
 Bring back the fever, and the child destroy.

Tell me, what horrors thus have turn'd her head?
Of the good gods a superstitious dread.

Damasippus.

These arms Stertinius gave me, our eighth sage,
'That none unpunish'd may provoke my rage:
Who calls me mad, shall hear himself a fool,
And know he trails his mark of ridicule.

Horace.

Great Stoic, so may better bargains raise
Your ruin'd fortune, tell me, if you please,
Since follies are thus various in their kind,
To what dear madness am I most inclin'd?
For I, methinks, my reason well maintain—

Damasippus.

What! did Agave then suspect her brain,
When, by a Bacchanalian phrensy led,
In her own hand she carried her son's head?

Horace.

Since we must yield to truth, 'tis here confest,
I am a fool; with madness too possest.
But since my mind's distemper'd, if you please,
What seems the proper kind of my disease?

Damasippus.

First that you build, and, scarce of two foot height,
Mimic the mighty stature of the great.
While you, forsooth, a dwarf in arms, deride
His haughty spirit and gigantic stride,
Yet are you less ridiculous, who dare,
Here mimic, with Mæcenas to compare?

It chanc'd a mother-frog had stroll'd abroad,
When a fell-ox upon her young ones trod;

And only one escap'd, who thus express'd
 The doleful news—" Ah me ! a monstrous beast
 My brothers hath destroy'd." How large? she cries,
 And swelling forth—was this the monster's size?
 Then larger grows—What! is he larger still?
 When more and more she strives her bulk to fill;
 " Nay, though you burst, you ne'er shall be so great."
 No idle image, Horace, of thy state.
 Your verses too; that oil, which feeds the flame;
 If ever bard was wise, be thine the name.
 That horrid rage of temper—

Horace.

Yet have done!

Damasippus.

That vast expense—

Horace.

Good Stoic, mind your own

Damasippus.

Those thousand furious passions for the fair—

Horace.

'Thou mightier fool, inferior idiots spare.

SATIRE IV.

HORACE, CATIUS.

Horace.

WHENCE comes my Catus? whither in such
haste?

Catus.

I have no time in idle prate to waste.
I must away to treasure in my mind
A set of precepts, novel and refined;
Such as Pythagoras could never reach,
Nor Socrates nor scienc'd Plato teach.

Horace.

I ask your pardon, and confess my crime,
To interrupt you at so cross a time.
But yet, if aught escap'd through strange neglect,
You shall with ease the wisdom recollect,
Whether you boast, from nature or from art,
This wondrous gift of holding things by heart.

Catus.

I meant to store them total in my head,
The matter nice, and wrought of subtle thread.

Horace.

But prithee, Catus, what's your sage's name?
Is he a Roman, or of foreign fame?

Catius.

His precepts I shall willingly reveal,
 And sing his doctrines, but his name conceal.
 Long be your eggs, far sweeter than the round,
 Cock-eggs they are, more nourishing and sound.
 In thirsty fields a richer colewort grows,
 Than where the watery garden overflows.
 If by an evening guest perchance surpris'd,
 Lest the tough hen (I pray you be advis'd)
 Should quarrel with his teeth, let her be drown'd
 In lees of wine, and she'll be tender found.
 Best flavour'd mushrooms meadow land supplies,
 In other kinds a dangerous poison lies.

He shall with vigour bear the summer's heat,
 Who after dinner shall be sure to eat
 His mulberries, of blackest, ripest dyes,
 And gather'd ere the morning-sun arise.
 Aufidius first, most injudicious, quaff'd
 Strong wine and honey for his morning draught.
 With lenient beverage fill your empty veins,
 And smoother mead shall better scour the reins.
 Sorrel and white-wine, if you costive prove,
 And muscles, all obstructions shall remove.
 In the new moon all shell-fish fill with juice,
 But not all seas the richer sort produce;
 The largest in the Lucrine lake we find,
 But the Circæan are of sweeter kind.

Crayfish are best on the Misenian coasts,
 And soft Tarentum broadest scollops boasts.

If not exact and elegant of taste,
 Let none presume to understand a feast.
 'Tis not enough to buy the precious fish,
 But know what sauce gives flavour to the dish.

If stew'd or roasted it shall relish best,
And to the table rouse the languid guest.

If the half-tainted flesh of boars you hate,
Let the round dishes bend beneath the weight
Of those with acorns fed ; though fat, indeed,
The rest are vapid from the marshy reed.
The vine-fed goat's not always luscious fare ;
Wise palates choose the wings of pregnant hare.

None before me so sapient to engage
To tell the various nature, or the age
Of fish and fowl ; that secret was my own,
Till my judicious palate quite unknown.

In some new pastry that man's genius lies,
Yet in one art 'tis meanness to be wise.
For should we not be careful, lest our oil,
Though excellent our wine, the fish should spoil :

The sky serene, set out your Massic wine ;
In the night air its foulness shall refine,
And lose the scent, unfriendly to the nerves :
Through linen strain'd, no flavour it preserves
He, who with art would pour a stronger wine
On smooth Falernian lees, should well refine
Th' incorporated mass with pigeons' eggs ;
The falling yolk will carry down the dregs.

Stew'd shrimps and Afric cockles shall excite
A jaded drinker's languid appetite ;
But lettuce after wine is cold and crude,
Yet ham or sausage is provoking food ;
Perhaps he may prefer, with higher zest,
Whatever in a filthy tavern's drest.

Two sorts of sauce are worthy to be known :
Simple the first, and of sweet oil alone :
The other mix'd with rich and generous wine,

And the true pickle of Byzantian brine ;
 Let it with shredded herbs and saffron boil,
 And when it cools pour in Venafran oil.

Picenian fruits with juicy flavour grow,
 But Tibur's with superiour beauty glow.
 Some grapes have with success in pots been tried ;
 The Alban better in the smoke are dried ;
 With them and apples and the lees of wine,
 White pepper, common salt, and herring-brine,
 I first invented a delicious feast,
 And gave a separate plate to every guest.
 Monstrous, to spend a fortune on a dish,
 Or crowd the table with a load of fish !

It strongly turns the stomach, when a slave
 Shall on your cup the greasy tokens leave
 Of what rich sauce the luscious caitiff stole ;
 Or when vile mould incrusts your antique bowl.
 Brooms, mats, and saw-dust are so cheaply bought,
 That not to have them is a shameless fault.
 What ! sweep with dirty broom a floor inlaid,
 Or on foul couches Tyrian carpets spread ?

Horace.

Catius, by friendship, by the powers divine,
 Take me to hear this learned sage of thine ;
 For though his rules you faithfully express,
 This mere repeating makes the pleasure less.
 Besides, what joy to view his air and mien !
 'Trifles to you, because full often seen.
 Nor mean that ardour which my breast enflames,
 'To visit wisdom's even remoter streams,
 And by your learned, friendly guidance led,
 Quaff the pure precept at the fountain-head,

SATIRE V.

ULYSSES. TIRESIAS.

Ulysses.

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

Tiresias.

Already vers'd in double-dealing wiles,
 Are you not satisfied to reach again
 Your native land, and view your dear demesne ?

Ulysses.

How poor and naked I return, behold,
 Unerring prophet, as you first foretold.
 The wooing tribe, in revellings employed,
 My stores have lavish'd, and my herds destroy'd ;
 But high descent and meitorious deeds,
 Unblest with wealth, are viler than sea-weeds.

Tiresias.

Since, to be brief, you shudder at the thought
 Of want, attend, how riches may be caught.
 Suppose a thrush, or any dainty thing,
 Be sent to you, dispatch it on the wing
 To some rich dotard. What your garden yields;
 The choicest honours of your cultur'd fields,

To him be sacrific'd, and let him taste,
 Before your gods, the vegetable feast.
 Though he be perjur'd, though a low-born knave,
 Stain'd with fraternal blood, a fugitive slave,
 Yet wait upon him at his least command,
 And always bid him take the upper hand.

Ulysses.

What! shall Ulysses then obey the call
 Of such a wretch, and give a slave the wall?
 Not thus at Troy I prov'd my lofty mind,
 Contending ever with the nobler kind.

Tiresias.

Then poverty's your fate.

Ulysses.

And be it so.

Let me with soul undaunted undergo
 This loathsome evil, since my valiant heart
 In greater perils bore a manly part.
 But instant tell me, prophet, how to scrape
 Returning wealth, and pile the splendid heap.

Tiresias.

I told, and tell you: you may safely catch
 The wills of dotards, if you wisely watch;
 And though one hunks or two perceive the cheat,
 Avoid the hook, or nibble off the bait,
 Lay not aside your golden hope of prey,
 Or drop your art, though baffled in your play.

Should either great or less important suit
 In court become the matter of dispute,
 Espouse the man of prosperous affairs,
 Pregnant with wealth, if indigent in heirs;

Though he should hamper with a wicked cause
The juster party, and insult the laws.

Despise the citizen of better life,
If clogg'd with children, or a fruitful wife.

Accost him thus (for he with rapture hears
A title tingling in his tender ears :)

Quintus, or Publius, on my faith depend,
Your own deserts have render'd me your friend

I know the mazy doubles of the laws,
Untie their knots, and plead with vast applause.

Had you a nut, the villain might as well
Pluck out my eyes, as rob you of the shell.

This is the business of my life profest,
That you lose nothing, or become a jest.

Bid him go home, of his sweet self take care ;
Conduct his cause, proceed. and persevere,

Should the red dog-star infant statues split,
Or fat-paunch'd Furius in poetic fit

Bombastic howl, and, while the tempest blows,
Bespawl the wintry Alps with hoary snows.

Some person then, who happens to be nigh,
Shall pull your client by the sleeve, and cry,

“ See with what patience he pursues your ends !
Was ever man so active for his friends ? ”

Thus gudgeons daily shall swim in apace,
And stock your fish-ponds with a fresh increase

This lesson also well deserves your care :

If any man should have a sickly heir,
And large estate, lest you yourself betray

By making none but bachelors your prey,
With weening ease the pleasing bane instil,

In hopes to stand the second in his will ;
Then if the boy, by some disaster hurl'd,

Should take his journey to the nether world,
 Your name in full reversion may supply
 The void ; for seldom fails this lucky die.

If any one desires you to peruse
 His will, be sure you modestly refuse,
 And push it from you ; but obliquely read
 The second clause, and quick run o'er the deed,
 Observing, whether, to reward your toil,
 You claim the whole, or must divide the spoil.

A season'd scrivener, bred in office low,
 Full often dupes and mocks the gaping crow.
 Thus foil'd Nasica shall become the sport
 Of old Coranus, while he pays his court.

Ulysses.

What ! are you mad, or purpos'd to propose
 Obscure predictions, to deride my woes ?

Tiresias.

O son of great Laertes, every thing
 Shall come to pass, or never, as I sing ;
 For Phœbus, monarch of the tuneful Nine,
 Informs my soul, and gives me to divine.

Ulysses.

But, good Tiresias, if you please, reveal
 What means the sequel of that mystic tale.

Tiresias.

What time a youth, who shall sublimely trace
 From fam'd Æneas his heroic race,
 The Parthian's dread, triumphant shall maintain
 His boundless empire over land and main :
 Nasica, loth to reimburse his coin,
 His blooming daughter shall discreetly join

To stout Coranus, who shall sily smoke
 The harpy's aim, and turn it to a joke.
 The son-in-law shall gravely give the sire
 His witness'd will, and presently desire
 That he would read it: coyly he complies,
 And silent cons it with attentive eyes,
 But finds, alas! to him and his forlorn
 No legacy bequeath'd—except to mourn.

Add to these precepts, if a crafty lass,
 Or freed-man, manage a delirious ass,
 Be their ally; their faith applaud, that you,
 When absent, may receive as much in lieu;
 'Tis good to take these out-works to his self,
 But best to storm the citadel itself.

Writes he vile verses in a frantic vein?
 Augment his madness, and approve the strain:
 Prevent his asking, if he loves a wench,
 And let your wife his nobler passions quench.

Ulysses.

Can you suppose, a dame so chaste, so pure,
 Could e'er be tempted to the guilty lure,
 Whom all the suitors amorously strove,
 In vain, to stagger in her plighted love?

Tiresias.

The youth too sparing of their presents came;
 They lov'd the banquet, rather than the dame;
 And thus your prudent, honourable spouse,
 It seems, was faithful to her nuptial vows.
 But had she once indulg'd the dotard's glee,
 Smack'd her old cull, and shar'd the spoil with thee:
 She never after could be terrified,
 Sagacious beagle, from the reeking hide.

I'll tell a tale, well worthy to be told,
 A fact that happen'd, and I then was old :
 An hag at Thebes, a wicked one no doubt,
 Was thus, according to her will, lugg'd out,
 Stiff to the pile. Upon his naked back
 Her heir sustain'd the well-anointed pack.
 She, likely, took this crotchet in her head,
 That she might slip, if possible, when dead,
 From him, who, trudging through a filthy road,
 Had stuck too closely to the living load.
 Be cautious therefore, and advance with art,
 Nor sink beneath, nor over-act your part.
 A noisy fellow must of course offend
 'The surly temper of a sullen friend .
 Yet be not mute—like Davus in the play
 With head inclin'd, his awful nod obey,
 Creep into favour : if a ruder gale
 Assault his face, admonish him to veil
 His precious pate. Oppose your shoulders, proud
 To disengage him from the bustling crowd.
 If he loves prating, hang an ear: should lust
 Of empty glory be the blockhead's gust,
 Indulge his eager appetite, and puff
 The growing bladder with inspiring stuff,
 Till he, with hands uplifted to the skies,
 Enough ! enough ! in glutt'd rapture cries.

When he shall free you from your servile fear,
 And tedious toil; when broad awake, you hear
 " To good Ulysses, my right trusty slave,
 A fourth division of my lands I leave :"
 Is then (as void of consolation, roar)
 My dearest friend, my Dama now no more

Where shall I find another man so just,
 Firm in his love, and faithful to his trust?
 Squeeze out some tears: 'tis fit in such a case
 'To cloak your joys beneath a mournful face.
 Though left to your discretionary care,
 Erect a tomb magnificently fair,
 And let your neighbours, to proclaim abroad
 Your fame, the pompous funeral applaud.

If any vassal of the will-compeers,
 With asthma gasping, and advanc'd in years,
 Should be dispos'd to purchase house or land,
 Tell him that he may readily command
 Whatever may to your proportion come,
 And for the value, let him name the sum—
 But I am summon'd by the queen of hell
 Back to the shades. Live artful, and farewell!



SATIRE VI.

I OFTEN wish'd I had a farm,
 A decent dwelling snug and warm,
 A garden, and a spring as pure
 As crystal running by my door,
 Besides a little ancient grove,
 Where at my leisure I might rove.

The gracious gods, to crown my bliss,
 Have granted this, and more than this;
 I have enough in my possessing;
 'Tis well: I ask no greater blessing,
 O Hermes! than remote from strife

To have and hold them for my life.

If I was never known to raise
My fortune by dishonest ways,
Nor, like the spendthrifts of the times,
Shall ever sink it by my crimes :

If thus I neither pray nor ponder—
Oh ! might I have that angle yonder,
Which disproportions now my field,
What satisfaction it would yield !

O that some lucky chance but threw
A pot of silver in my view,
As lately to the man, who bought
The very land in which he wrought !
If I am pleas'd with my condition,
O hear, and grant this last petition :
Indulgent, let my cattle batten,
Let all things, but my fancy, fatten,
And thou continue still to guard,
As thou art wont, thy suppliant bard.

Whenever therefore I retreat
From Rome into my Sabine seat,
By mountains fenc'd on either side,
And in my castle fortified,
What can I write with greater pleasure,
Than satires in familiar measure ?
Nor mad ambition there destroys,
Nor sickly wind my health annoys ;
Nor noxious autumn gives me pain,
The ruthless undertaker's gain.

Whatever title please thine ear,
Father of morning, Janus, hear,
Since mortal men, by heaven's decree,

Commence their toils, imploring thee,
 Director of the busy throng,
 Be thou the prelude of my song.

At Rome, you press me: "Without fail
 A friend expects you for his bail;
 Be nimble to perform your part,
 Lest any rival get the start.
 Though rapid Boreas sweep the ground,
 Or winter in a narrower round
 Contract the day, through storm and snow,
 At all adventures you must go."

When bound beyond equivocation,
 Or any mental reservation,
 By all the ties of legal traps,
 And to my ruin, too, perhaps,
 I still must bustle through the crowd,
 And press the tardy; when aloud
 A foul-mouth'd fellow reimburses
 This usage with a peal of curses.
 "What madness hath possess'd thy pate
 To juggle folk at such a rate,
 When puffing through the streets you scour
 To meet Mæcenas at an hour?"

This pleases me, to tell the truth,
 And is as honey to my tooth.
 Yet when I reach th' Esquilian Hill
 (That deathful scene, and gloomy still,)
 A thousand busy cares surround me,
 Distract my senses, and confound me.
 "Roscius entreated you to meet
 At court to-morrow before eight—
 The secretaries have implor'd
 Your presence at their council-board--

Pray, take this patent, and prevail
 Upon your friend to fix the seal—”
 Sir, I shall try —replies the man,
 More urgent : “ If you please you can—”
 ’Tis more than seven years complete,
 It hardly wants a month of eight,
 Since great Mæcenas’ favour grac’d me,
 Since first among his friends he plac’d me.
 Sometimes to carry in his chair,
 A mile or two, to take the air,
 And might entrust with idle chat,
 Discoursing upon this or that,
 As in a free familiar way,
 “ How, tell me, Horace, goes the day ?
 Think you the Thracian can engage
 The Syrian Hector of the stage ?
 This morning air is very bad
 For folks who are but thinly clad.”

Our conversation chiefly dwells
 On these, and such like bagatelles,
 As might the veriest prattler hear,
 Or be repos’d in leaky ear.
 Yet every day, and every hour,
 I’m more enslav’d to envy’s power.
 “ Our son of fortune (with a pox)
 Sate with Mæcenas in the box,
 Just by the stage : you might remark,
 They play’d together in the park.”

Should any rumour, without head
 Or tail, about the streets be spread,
 Whoever meets me gravely nods,
 And says, “ As you approach the gods,
 It is no mystery to you,

What do the Dacians mean to do?"
 Indeed I know not—"How you joke,
 And love to sneer at simple folk!"
 Then vengeance seize this head of mine,
 If I have heard or can divine—
 "Yet, prithee, where are Cæsar's bands
 Allotted their debenture-lands?"
 Although I swear I know no more
 Of that than what they ask'd before,
 They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
 The closest mortal ever known.

Thus, in this giddy, busy maze
 I lose the sun-shine of my days,
 And oft, with fervent wish repeat—
 "When shall I see my sweet retreat?
 Oh! when with books of sages deep,
 Sequester'd ease, and gentle sleep,
 In sweet oblivion, blissful balm!
 The busy cares of life becalm?
 Oh! when shall I enrich my veins,
 Spite of Pythagoras, with beans?
 Or live luxurious in my cottage,
 On bacon ham and savoury pottage?
 O joyous nights! delicious feasts!
 At which the gods might be my guests."
 My friends and I regal'd, my slaves
 Enjoy what their rich master leaves.
 There every guest may drink and fill,
 As much, or little, as he will,
 Exempted from the bedlam-rules
 Of roaring prodigals and fools:
 Whether, in merry mood or whin,
 He fills his bumper to the brim,

Or, better pleas'd to let it pass,
Grows mellow with a moderate glass.

Nor this man's house, nor that's estate,
Becomes the subject of debate ;
Nor whether Lepos, the buffoon,
Can dance, or not, a rigadoon ;
But what concerns us more, I trow,
And were a scandal not to know ;
Whether our bliss consist in store
Of riches, or in virtue's lore :
Whether esteem, or private ends,
Should guide us in the choice of friends :
Or what, if rightly understood,
Man's real bliss, and sovereign good.

While thus we spend the social night,
Still mixing profit with delight,
My neighbour Cervius never fails
To club his part in pithy tales :
Suppose, Arellius, one should praise
Your anxious opulence : he says—
A country mouse, as authors tell,
Of old invited to his cell
A city mouse, and with his best
Would entertain the courtly guest.
Thrifty he was, and full of cares
To make the most of his affairs,
Yet in the midst of his frugality
Would give a loose to hospitality.
In short, he goes, and freely fetches
Whole ears of hoarded oats, and vetches ;
Dry grapes and raisins cross his chaps,
And dainty bacon, but in scraps,
If delicacies could invite

My squeamish courtier's appetite,
 Who turn'd his nose at every dish,
 And saucy piddled, with a—Pish!

The master of the house, reclin'd
 On downy chaff, more temperate din'd
 On wheat, and darnell from a manger,
 And left the dainties for the stranger.

The cit, displeas'd at his repast,
 Address'd our simple host at last:
 "My friend, what pleasure can you find,
 'To live this mountain's back behind?
 Would you prefer the town and men,
 To this wild wood, and dreary den,
 No longer, moping, loiter here,
 But go with me to better cheer.

"Since animals but draw their breath,
 And have no being after death;
 Since nor the little, nor the great,
 Can shun the rigour of their fate;
 At least be merry while you may,
 The life of mice is but a day:
 Come then, my friend, to pleasure give
 The little life you have to live."
 Encourag'd thus, the country mouse,
 'Transported, sallies from his house:
 They both set out, in hopes to crawl
 At night beneath the city wall;
 And now the night, elaps'd eleven,
 Possess'd the middle space of heaven,
 When in a rich and splendid dome
 'They stopp'd, and found themselves at home.
 Where ivory couches, overspread
 With Tyrian carpets, glowing, fed

The dazzled eye. To lure the taste,
The fragments of a costly feast,
Remaining, drest but yesterday,
In baskets, pil'd on baskets, lay.

The courtier on a purple seat
Had plac'd his rustic friend in state,
Then bustled, like a busy host,
Supplying dishes boil'd and roast,
Nor yet omits the courtier's duty
Of tasting, ere he brings the booty.

The country-mouse, with rapture strange,
Rejoices in his fair exchange,
And lolling, like an easy guest,
Enjoys the cheer, and cracks his jest—
When, on a sudden, opening gates,
Loud-jarring, shook them from their seats.

They ran, affrighted, through the room,
And, apprehensive of their doom,
Now trembled more and more ; when, hark !
The mastiff-dogs begin to bark ;
The dome, to raise the tumult more,
Resounded to the surly roar.

The bumkin then concludes, Adieu !
This life, perhaps, agrees with you :
My grove, and cave, secure from snares,
Shall comfort me with chaff and tares.

SATIRE VII.

DAVUS. HORACE.

Davus.

I'll hear no more, and with impatience burn,
 Slave as I am, to answer in my turn ;
 And yet I fear—

Horace.

What ! Davus, is it you ?

Davus.

Yes. Davus, sir, the faithful and the true.
 With wit enough no sudden death to fear—

Horace.

Well. Since this jovial season of the year
 Permits it, and our ancestors ordain,
 No more thy dear impertinence restrain.

Davus.

Among mankind, while some with steady view
 One constant course of darling vice pursue,
 Most others float along the changing tide,
 And now to virtue, now to vice they glide.
 Lo ! from three rings how Priscus plays the light ;
 Now shows his naked hand—the various wight
 With every hour a different habit wears ;
 Now in a palace haughtily appears,
 Then hides him in some vile and filthy place,
 Where a clean slave would blush to show his face

Now rakes at Rome, and now to Athens flies ;
 Intensely studies with the learn'd and wise.
 Sure all the gods, who rule this varying earth,
 In deep despite presided at his birth.

Old Volanerius, once that man of joke,
 When the just gout his crippled fingers broke,
 Maintain'd a slave to gather up the dice,
 So constant was he to his darling vice.
 Yet less a wretch than he who now maintains
 A steady course, now drives with looser reins.

Horace.

Tell me, thou tedious varlet, whither tends
 This putid stuff?

Davus.

At you direct it bends.

Horace.

At me, you scoundrel?

Davus.

When with lavish praise
 You vaunt the happiness of ancient days,
 Suppose some god should take you at your word,
 Would you not scorn the blessing you implor'd ?
 Whether not yet convinc'd, as you pretend,
 Or weak the cause of virtue to defend ;
 While sinking in the mire you strive, in vain,
 Too deeply plung'd, to free your foot again.

When you're at Rome, the country has your sighs ;
 A rustic gown, you vaunt into the skies
 The absent town. Perchance, if uninvited
 To sup abroad, oh ! then you're so delighted
 With your own homely meal, that one would think
 That he, who next engages you to drink,

Must tie you neck and heels ; you seem so blest,
When with no bumper-invitation prest.

But should Mæcenas bid his poet wait
(Great folks, like him, can never sup till late,)
Sputtering with idle rage the house you rend,
“ Where is my essence ? Rogues, what, none at
tend ? ”

While the buffoons, you promis'd to have treated,
Sneak off with curses—not to be repeated.

Fond of my guts, too fond, perhaps, I seem :
I throw my nose up to a savoury steam :
Or folks may call me careless, idle sot,
Or say I pledge too oft the other pot :
But shall the man of deeper vice, like you,
With malice unprovok'd my faults pursue,
Because with specious phrase and terms of art,
You clothe, forsooth, the vices of your heart ?

What if a greater fool your worship's found,
Than the poor slave you bought for twenty pound ?
Think not to fright me with that threatening air ;
Nay, keep your temper, sir, your fingers spare,
While I the maxims, sage and wise, repeat,
Taught me by Crispin's porter at his gate.

You tempt your neighbour's wife ; an humble
harlot

Contents poor Davus—who's the greater varlet ?
When nature fires my veins, I quench the flame,
And leave the fair-one with uninjur'd fame,
Nor shall one jealous care disturb my breast,
By whom the wanton shall be next possess'd.
When you throw off those ensigns of your pride,
Your ring, your judge's robe, and basely hide,
Beneath a slave's vile cap, your essenc'd hair,

Say, are you not the wretch whose clothes you wear ?
 Then where's the difference, whether you engage
 Through scourges, wounds and death, to mount the
 stage,

Or by the conscious chamber-maid are prest
 Quite double, neck and heels, into a chest ?

The husband's vengeance o'er the wife extends,
 But yet his juster wrath on you descends ;
 For she ne'er strolls abroad in vile disguise,
 And, when her lewder wishes highest rise,
 She dares but half indulge the sin ; afraid,
 Even by the man she loves, to be betray'd.

You take the yoke, and to the husband's rage
 Your fortune, person, life, and fame engage.
 Have you escap'd ? Methinks, your future care
 Might wisely teach you to avoid the snare.

No ; you with ardour to the danger run,
 And dare a second time to be undone.

Repeated slave ! What beast, that breaks his chain,
 In love with bondage would return again ?

But you, it seems, ne'er touch the wedded dame—
 'Then, by the son of Jove, I here disclaim
 The name of thief, when, though with backward eye,
 I wisely pass the silver goblet by.

But take the danger and the shame away,
 And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey,
 Spurning the reins. But say, shall you pretend
 O'er me to lord it, who can vilely bend

To each proud master ; to each changing hour
 A very slave ? Not even the prætor's power,
 With thrice-repeated rites, thy fears control,
 Or vindicate the freedom of thy soul.

But as the slave, who lords it o'er the rest,

Is still a slave, a master-slave at best,
 So art thou, insolent, by me obey'd ;
 Thou thing of wood and wires, by others play'd.

Horace.

Who then is free ?

Davus.

The wise, who well maintains
 An empire o'er himself; whom neither chains,
 Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire ;
 Who boldly answers to his warm desire ;
 Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise ;
 Firm in himself, who on himself relies ;
 Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,
 And breaks misfortune with superiour force.

What is there here, that you can justly claim,
 Or call your own? When an imperious dame
 Demands her price, with insults vile pursues thee ;
 Driven out of doors with water well bedews thee,
 Then calls you back ; for shame, shake off her chain,
 And boldly tell her you are free—In vain ;
 A tyrant-lord thy better will restrains,
 And spurs thee hard, and breaks thee to his reins.

If some fam'd piece the painter's art displays,
 Transfix'd you stand, with admiration gaze ;
 But is your worship's folly less than mine,
 When I with wonder view some rude design
 In crayons or in charcoal, to invite
 The crowd, to see the gladiators fight ?
 Methinks, in very deed they mount the stage,
 And seem in real combat to engage :
 Now in strong attitude they dreadful bend ;
 Wounded they wound ; they parry and defend :

Yet Davus is with rogue and rascal grac'd,
But you're a critic, and a man of taste.

I am, forsooth, a good-for-nothing knave,
When by a smoking pasty made a slave :
In you it shows a soul erect and great,
If you refuse even one luxurious treat.
Why may not I, like you, my guts obey ?—
“ My shoulders for the dear indulgence pay.”
But should not you with heavier stripes be taught,
Who search for luxuries ; how dearly bought !
For soon this endless, this repeated feast,
Its relish lost, shall pall upon the taste ;
'Then shall your trembling limbs refuse the weight
Of a vile carcass with disease replete.

How seldom from the lash a slave escapes,
Who trucks some trifle, that he stole, for grapes !
And shall we not the servile glutton rate,
To please his throat who sells a good estate ?
You cannot spend one vacant hour alone ;
You cannot make that vacant hour your own.
A self-deserter from yourself you stray,
And now with wine, and now with sleep, allay
Your cares : in vain ; companions black as night,
'Thy pressing cares, arrest thee in thy flight.

Horace.

Is there no stone ?

Davus.

At whom, good sir, to throw it ?

Horace.

Have I no dart ?

Davus.

What mischief ails our poet?

He's mad, or making verses.

Horace.

Hence, you knave,

Or to my farm I'll send you, the ninth slave.

SATIRE VIII.

HORACE. FUNDANIUS.

Horace.

THEY told me, that you spent the jovial night
With Nasidienus, that same happy wight,
From early day, or you had been my guest;
But, prithee, tell me how you lik'd your feast.

Fundanius.

Sure never better.

Horace.

Tell me, if you please,
How did you first your appetite appease.

Fundanius.

First a Lucanian boar, of tender kind,
Caught, says our host, in a soft, southern wind.
Around him lay whatever could excite,
With pungent force, the jaded appetite;
Rapes, lettuce, radishes, anchovy-brine,
With skerrets, and the lees of Coan wine:

This dish remov'd, a slave expert and able
 With purple napkin wip'd a maple table.
 Another sweeps the fragments of the feast,
 That nothing useless might offend the guest.

At Ceres' feast as Attic virgin walks
 Solemn and slow, so black Hydaspes stalks
 With right Cæcubian, and the wines of Greece—
 Of foreign growth, that never cross'd the seas.
 If Alban and Falernian please you more,
 So says our host, you may have both good store ;
 Poor wealth indeed—

Horace.

But tell me, who were there,
 Thus happy to enjoy such luscious fare ?

Fundanius.

On the first bed Thurinus lay between
 Varius and me, if haply right I ween ;
 Servilius and Vibidius both were there,
 Brought by Mæcenas, and with him they share
 The middle bed. Our master of the feast
 On the third couch, in seat of honour plac'd,
 Porcius betwixt and Nomentanus lies ;
 Porcius, who archly swallows custard-pies.

Whate'er of curious relish lay unknown
 Is by Nomentane with his finger shown ;
 For we, poor folk, unknowing of our feast,
 Eat fish and wild-fowl—of no common taste.
 But he, to prove how luscious was the treat,
 With a broil'd flounder's entrails crowds my plate.
 Then tells me, apples are more ruddy bright,
 If gathered by fair Luna's waning light.

He best can tell you where the difference lies —
 But here Servilius to Vibidius cries,
 “ Sure to be poison’d, unreveng’d we die,
 Unless we drink the wretched miser dry.
 Slave, give us larger glasses.”—Struck wrth dread,
 A fearful pale our landlord’s face o’erspread ;
 Great were his terrors of such drinking folk,
 Whether with too much bitterness they joke,
 Or that hot wines, dishonouring his feast,
 Deafen the subtle judgment of the taste.

When our two champions had their facers crown’d,
 We did them justice, and the glass went round ;
 His parasites alone his anger fear’d,
 And the full flask unwillingly they spar’d.

In a large dish an outstretch’d lamprey lies,
 With shrimps all floating round : the master cries,
 This fish, Mæcenas, big with spawn was caught,
 For after spawning-time its flesh is naught.
 The sauce is mix’d with olive-oil ; the best,
 And purest from the vats Venafran prest,
 And, as it boil’d, we pour’d in Spanish brine,
 Nor less than five-year-old Italian wine.
 A little Chian’s better when ’tis boil’d,
 By any other it is often spoil’d.
 Then was white pepper o’er it-gently pour’d,
 And vinegar of Lesbian vintage sour’d

I first among the men of sapience knew
 Roquets and herbs in cockle-brine to stew,
 Though in the same rich pickle, ’tis confess’d,
 His unwash’d cray-fish sage Curtillus dress’d.

But lo ! the canopy, that o’er us spreads,
 Tumbled, in hideous ruin, on our heads,

With dust, how black ! not such the clouds arise
 When o'er the plain a northern tempest flies.
 Some horrors, yet more horrible, we dread,
 But raise us, when we found the danger fled.

Poor Rufus droop'd his head, and sadly cried,
 As if his only son untimely died.

Sure he had wept, till weeping ne'er had end,
 But wise Nomentane thus up-rais'd his friend :

“ Fortune, thou cruelest of powers divine,
 To joke poor mortals is a joke of thine.”

While Varius with a napkin scarce suppress'd
 His laughter, Balatro, who loves à jest,
 Cries, Such the lot of life ; nor must you claim,
 For all your toils, a fair return of fame.

While you are tortur'd thus, and torn with pain,
 A guest like me, polite, to entertain

With bread well bak'd, with sauces season'd right,
 And all your slaves most elegantly dight,

Down falls the canopy, a trick of fate,
 Or a groom-footman stumbling breaks a plate.

Good fortune hides, adversity calls forth,
 A landlord's genius, and a general's worth.

To this mine host : “ Thou ever-gentle guest,
 May all thy wishes by the gods be blest,
 'Thou best good man'”—But when we saw him rise,
 From bed to bed the spreading whisper flies.

Horace.

Sure, never play so fine. But, prithee, say,
 How afterwards you laugh'd the time away.

Fundanius.

Slaves, cries Vibidius, have you broke the cask ?
 How often must I call for t'other flask ?

With some pretended joke our laugh was drest,
Servilius ever seconding the jest,
When you, great host, return with alter'd face,
As if to mend with art your late disgrace.

The slaves behind in mighty charger bore
A crane in pieces torn, and powder'd o'er
With salt and flour; and a white gander's liver,
Stuff'd fat with figs, bespoke the curious giver;
Besides the wings of hares, for, so it seems,
No man of luxury the back esteems.

Then saw we black-birds with o'er-roasted breast,
Laid on the board, and ringdoves rumpless drest!
Delicious fare! did not our host explain
Their various qualities in endless strain,
Their various natures: but we fled the feast,
Resolv'd in vengeance nothing more to taste,
As if Canidia, with empoison'd breath,
Worse than a serpent's, blasted it with death



EPISTLES.



EPISTLES.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

O THOU, to whom the Muse first tun'd her lyre,
Whose friendship shall her latest song inspire,
Wherefore, Mæcenas, would you thus engage
Your bard, dismiss'd with honour from the stage,
Again to venture in the lists of fame,
His youth, his genius, now no more the same ?

Secure in his retreat Vejanus lies,
Hangs up his arms, nor courts the doubtful prize :
Wisely resolv'd to tempt his fate no more,
Or the light crowd for his discharge implore.

The voice of reason cries with piercing force,
Loose from the rapid car your aged horse,
Lest in the race derided, left behind,
Jaded he drags his limbs, and bursts his wind.

Then here farewell th' amusements of my youth ;
Farewell to verses ; for the search of truth
And moral decency hath fill'd my breast,
Hath every thought and faculty possess'd ;
And I now form my philosophic lore,
For all my future life a treasur'd store.

You ask, perhaps, what sect, what chief I own ;
 I'm of all sects, but blindly sworn to none ;
 For as the tempest drives I shape my way,
 Nor active plunge into the world's wide sea :
 Now virtue's precepts rigidly defend,
 Nor to the world—the world to me shall bend :
 Then make some looser moralist my guide,
 And to a school less rigid smoothly glide.

As night seems tedious to the expecting youth,
 Whose fair-one breaks her assignation truth ;
 As to a slave appears the lengthen'd day,
 Who owes his task—for he receiv'd his pay ;
 As, when the gaurdian-mother's too severe,
 Impatient minors waste their last, long year ;
 So sadly slow the time ungrateful flows,
 Which breaks th' important systems I propose ;
 Systems, whose useful precepts might engage
 Both rich and poor ; both infancy and age :
 But meaner precepts now my life must rule,
 These, the first rudiments of wisdom's school.
 You cannot hope for Lynceus' piercing eyes :
 But will you then a strengthening salve despise ?
 You wish for matchless Glycon's limbs, in vain,
 Yet why not cure the gout's decrepit pain ?
 Though of exact perfection you despair,
 Yet every step to virtue's worth your care.

Even while you fear to use your present store,
 Yet glows your bosom with a lust of more ?
 The power of words and soothing sounds can ease
 The raging pain and lessen the disease.
 Is fame your passion ? Wisdom's powerful charm,
 If thrice read over, shall its force disarm.
 The slave to envy, anger, wine, or love,

The wretch of sloth, its excellence shall prove;
 Fierceness itself shall hear its rage away,
 When listning calmly to th' instructive lay.
 Even in our flight from vice some virtue lies;
 And free from folly, we to wisdom rise.

A little fortune, and the foul disgrace
 To urge in vain your interest for a place;
 'These are the ills you shun with deepest dread;
 With how much labour both of heart and head?
 That worst of evils, poverty, to shun,
 Dauntless through seas and rocks, and fires you run
 To furthest Ind, yet heedless to attend
 To the calm lectures of some wiser friend,
 Who bids you scorn what now you most desire,
 And with an idiot's ignorance admire.

What strolling gladiator would engage
 For vile applause to mount a country-stage,
 Who at the Olympic games could gain renown,
 And without danger bear away the crown?

Silver to gold, we own, should yield the prize,
 And gold to virtue; louder Folly cries,
 Ye sons of Rome, let money first be sought;
 Virtue is only worth a second thought.
 This maxim echoes through the bankers' street,
 While young and old the pleasing strain repeat:
 For though you boast a larger fund of sense,
 Untainted morals, honour, eloquence,
 Yet want a little of the sum that buys
 The titled honour, and you ne'er shall rise;
 Yet if you want the qualifying right
 Of such a fortune to be made a knight,
 You're a plebeian still. Yet children sing,
 Amid their sports, "Do right, and be a king."

Be this thy brazen bulwark of defence,
 Still to preserve thy conscious innocence,
 Nor e'er turn pale with guilt. But, prithee, tell,
 Shall Otho's law the children's song excel?
 The sons of ancient Rome first sung the strain,
 That bids the wise, the brave, the virtuous reign

My friend, get money; get a large estate,
 By honest means; but get, at any rate,
 That you with knights and senators may sit,
 And view the weeping scenes that Pupius writ.
 But is he not a friend of nobler kind,
 Who wisely fashions and informs thy mind,
 To answer, with a soul erect and brave,
 To Fortune's pride, and scorn to be her slave?

But should the people ask me, while I choose
 The public converse, wherefore I refuse
 To join the public judgment, and approve,
 Or fly whatever they dislike, or love;
 Mine be the answer prudent Reynard made
 To the sick lion—Truly I'm afraid,
 When I behold the steps, that to thy den
 Look forward all, but none return again.

But what a many-headed beast is Rome!
 For what opinion shall I choose, or whom?
 Some joy the public revenues to farm;
 By presents some our greedy widows charm;
 Others their nets for dying dotards lay,
 And make the childless bachelor their prey;
 By dark extortion some their fortunes raise:
 Thus every man some different passions sways;
 For where is he, who can with steady view
 Even for an hour his favourite scheme pursue?

If a rich lord, in wanton rapture, cries,
 What place on earth with charming Baiæ vies !
 Soon the broad lake and spreading sea shall prove
 Th' impatient whims of his impetuous love ;
 But if his fancy point some other way
 (Which like a sign from heaven he must obey,)
 Instant, ye builders, to Teanum haste,
 An inland country is his lordships taste.
 Knows he the genial bed, and fruitful wife?
 " Oh ! then the bliss of an unmarried life !"
 Is he a bachelor ? the only blest,
 He swears, are of the bridal joy possest.
 Say, while he changes thus, what chains can bind
 These various forms ; this Proteus of the mind ?

But now to lower objects turn your eyes,
 And lo ! what scenes of ridicule arise !
 'The poor, in mimicry of heart, presumes
 To change his barbers, baths, and beds and rooms,
 And, since the rich in their own barges ride,
 He hires a boat and pukes in mimic pride.

If some unlucky barber notch my hair,
 Or if my robes of different length I wear ;
 If my new vest a tatter'd shirt confess,
 You laugh to see such quarrels in my dress :
 But if my judgment, with itself at strife,
 Should contradict my general course of life ;
 Should now despise what it with warmth pursu'd,
 And earnest wish for what with scorn it view'd ;
 Float like the tide ; now high the building raise ;
 Now pull it down ; nor round nor square can please
 You call it madness of the usual kind,
 Nor laugh, nor think trustees should be assign'd
 To manage my estate ; nor seem afraid,

That I shall want the kind physician's aid.
 While yet, my great protector and my friend,
 On whom my fortune and my hopes depend,
 An ill-par'd nail you with resentment see
 In one, who loves and honours you like me.

In short, the wise is only less than Jove,
 Rich, free, and handsome; nay a king above
 All earthly kings; with health supremely blest--
 Except when drivelling phlegm disturbs his rest.

EPISTLE II.

TO LOLLIUS.

WHILE you, my Lollius, on some chosen theme
 With youthful eloquence at Rome declaim,
 I read the Grecian poet o'er again,
 Whose works the beautiful and base contain;
 Of vice and virtue more instructive rules,
 Than all the sober sages of the schools.
 Why thus I think, if not engag'd, attend,
 And, Lollius, hear the reasons of your friend.

The well-wrought fable, that sublimely shows
 The loves of Paris, and the lengthen'd woes
 Of Greece in arms, presents, as on a stage,
 The giddy tumults and the foolish rage
 Of kings and people. Hear Antenor's scheme;
 Cut off the cause of war; restore the dame:
 But Paris treats this counsel with disdain,
 Nor will be forc'd in happiness to reign:

While hoary Nestor, by experience wise,
 To reconcile the angry monarchs tries.
 His injur'd love the son of Ieleus fires,
 And equal passion, equal rage inspires
 The breasts of both. When doting monarchs urge
 Unsound resolves, their subjects feel the scourge.
 Trojans and Greeks, seditious, base, unjust,
 Offend alike in violence and lust.

To show what wisdom and what sense can do,
 The poet sets Ulysses in our view,
 Who conquer'd Troy, and with sagacious ken
 Saw various towns and polities of men :
 While for himself, and for his native train,
 He seeks a passage through the boundless main,
 In perils plung'd, the patient hero braves
 His adverse fate, and buoys above the waves.

You know the Siren's songs, and Circe's draught,
 Which had he, senseless and intemperate, quaff'd,
 With his companions, he like them, had been
 The brutal vassal of an harlot queen ;
 Had liv'd a dog, bebas'd to vile desire,
 Or loathsome swine, and grovel'd in the mire.
 But we, mere numbers in the book of life,
 Like those who boldly woo'd our hero's wife,
 Born to consume the fruits of earth ; in truth,
 As vain and idle as Phæacia's youth ;
 Mere outside all, to fill the mighty void
 Of life, in dress and equipage employ'd,
 Who sleep till mid-day, and with melting airs
 Of empty music sooth away our cares.

Rogues nightly rise to murder men for pelf,
 Will you not rouse you to preserve yourself?

But though in health you doze away your days,
 You run, when puff'd with dropsical disease.
 Unless you light your early lamp, to find
 A moral book; unless you form your mind
 To nobler studies, you shall forfeit rest,
 And love or envy shall distract your breast.
 For the hurt eye an instant cure you find;
 Then why neglect, for years, the sickening mind?

Dare to be wise; begin; for, once begun,
 Your task is easy; half the work is done:
 And sure the man, who has it in his power
 To practise virtue, and protracts the hour,
 Waits, like the rustic, till the river dried:
 Still glides the river, and will ever glide.

For wealth, and wives of fruitfulness we toil;
 We stub the forest, and reclaim the soil.
 Bless'd with a competence, why wish for more?
 Nor house, nor lands, nor heaps of labour'd ore
 Can give their feverish lord one moment's rest,
 Or drive one sorrow from his anxious breast;
 The fond possessor must be bless'd with health,
 Who rightly means to use his hoarded wealth.

Houses and riches gratify the breast
 For lucre lusting, or with fear deprest,
 As pictures, glowing with a vivid light,
 With painful pleasure charm a blemish'd sight;
 As chafing soothes the gout, or music cheers
 The tingling organs of imposthum'd ears.
 Your wine grows acid when the cask is foul:
 Learn the strong sense of pleasure to control;
 With virtuous pride its blandishments disdain;
 Hurtful is pleasure, when it's bought with pain.

He wants for ever, who would more acquire ;
Set certain limits to your wild desire.

The man, who envies, must behold with pain
Another's joys, and sicken at his gain :
Nor could Sicilia's tyrants ever find
A greater torment than an envious mind.

The man, unable to control his ire,
Shall wish undone what hate and wrath inspire :
To sate his rage precipitate he flies,
Yet in his breast his rage unsated lies.
Anger's a shorter madness of the mind ;
Subdue the tyrant, and in fetters bind.

The docile colt is form'd with gentle skill
To move obedient to his rider's will.
In the loud hall the hound is taught to bay
'The buck-skin trail'd, then challenges his prey
'Through the wild woods. Thus, in your hour of
youth,
From pure instruction quaff the words of truth,
'The odours of the wine, that first shall stain
'The virgin vessel, it shall long retain.
Whether you prove a lagger in the race,
Or with a vigorous ardour urge your pace,
I shall maintain my usual rate ; no more ;
Nor wait for those behind, nor press on those before

EPISTLE III.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

FLORUS, I long to know where Claudius leads
The distant rage of war ; whether he spreads
His conquering banners o'er the Thracian plains,
Or near the Heber, bound in snowy chains.
Or does the Hellespont's high-tower'd sea,
Or Asia's fertile soil, his course delay ?
What works of genius do the youth prepare,
Who guard his sacred person ? Who shall dare
To sing great Cæsar's wars, immortal theme !
And give his peaceful honours down to fame ?
How fares my Titius ? Say, when he intends
To publish ? Does he not forget his friends ?
He, who disdains the springs of common fame,
And dauntless quaffs the deep Pindaric stream.
But will the Muse her favourite bard inspire,
To tune to Theban sounds the Roman lyre ?
Or with the transports of theatric rage,
And its sonorous language, shake the stage ?
Let Celsus be admonish'd, o'er and o'er,
To search the treasures of his native store,
Nor touch what Phœbus consecrates to Fame ;
Lest, when the birds their various plumage claim,
Stripp'd of his stolen pride, the crow forlorn
Should stand the laughter of the public scorn.

What do you dare, who float with active wing
Around the thymy fragrance of the spring?
Not yours the genius of a lowly strain,
Nor of uncultur'd or unpolish'd vein,
Whether you plead with eloquence his cause;
Or to your client clear the doubtful laws;
And sure to gain, for amatorious lays,
The wreaths of ivy, with unenvied praise.

Could you the passions in their rage, control,
That damp the nobler purpose of the soul:
Could you these soothing discontents allay,
Soon should you rise where wisdom points the way
Wisdom heaven-born, at which we all should aim,
The little vulgar, and the known to fame,
Who mean to live, within our proper sphere,
Dear to ourselves, and to our country dear.
Now tell me, whether Plancus holds a part
(For sure he well deserves it) in your heart?
Or was the reconciliation made in vain,
And like an ill-cur'd wound breaks forth again,
While inexperienc'd youth, and blood inflam'd,
Drive ye like coursers to the yoke untam'd?
Where'er ye are, too excellent to prove
The broken union of fraternal love,
A votive heifer gratefully I feed,
For your return, in sacrifice to bleed.

EPISTLE IV.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

ALBIUS, in whom my satires find
 A candid critic, and a kind,
 Do you, while at your country-seat,
 Some rhiming labours meditate,
 'That shall in volum'd bulk arise,
 And even from Cassius bear the prize ;
 Or saunter through the silent wood,
 Musing on what befits the wise and good :

Thou art not form'd of lifeless mould,
 With breast inanimate and cold ;
 To thee the gods a form complete,
 To thee the gods a fair estate
 In bounty gave, with art to know
 How to enjoy what they bestow.

Can a fond nurse one blessing more
 Even for her favourite boy implore,
 With sense and clear expression blest,
 Of friendship, honour, health possest,
 A table elegantly plain,
 And a poetic, easy vein ?

By hope inspir'd, deprest with fear,
 By passion warm'd, perplex'd with care :
 Believe that every morning's ray
 Hath lighted up thy latest day ;
 Then, if to-morrow's sun be thine,

With double lustre shall it shine.

Such are the maxims I embrace, &
 And here, in sleek and joyous case,
 You'll find, for laughter fitly bred,
 A hog by Epicurus fed.

EPISTLE V.

TO TORQUATUS.

IF, my Torquatus, you can kindly deign
 To lie on beds of simple form and plain,
 And sup on herbs alone, but richly drest,
 At evening I expect you for my guest.
 Nor old, I own, nor excellent my wine,
 Of five years vintage, and a marshy vine;
 If you have better, bring th' enlivening cheer,
 Or, from an humble friend, this summons bear.
 In hopes my honour'd guest to entertain,
 My fires are lighted, my apartments clean;
 Then leave the hope, that, wing'd with folly, flies;
 Leave the mean quarrels, that from wealth arise;
 Leave the litigious bar, for Cæsar's birth
 Proclaims the festal hour of ease and mirth,
 While social converse, till the rising light,
 Shall stretch, beyond its length, the summer's night.
 Say, what are fortune's gifts, if I'm denied
 Their cheerful use? for nearly are allied

The madman, and the fool, whose sordid care
 Makes himself poor to enrich a worthless heir.
 Give me to drink, and, crown'd with flowers, despise
 The grave disgrace of being thought unwise.

What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
 The secret soul; it bids the coward fight;
 Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts
 Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
 Is there a wretch, whom bumpers have not taught
 A flow of words, and loftiness of thought?
 Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty
 It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free.

Cheerful my usual task I undertake
 (And no mean figure in my office make,)
 That no foul linen wrinkle up the nose;
 That every plate with bright reflexion shows
 My guest his face; that none, when life grows gay,
 The sacred hour of confidence betray.

That all in equal friendship may unite,
 Your Butra and Septicius I'll invite,
 And, if he's not engag'd to better cheer,
 Or a kind girl, Sabinus shall be here.
 Still there is room, and yet the summer's heat
 May prove offensive, if the crowd be great:
 But write me word, how many you desire,
 Then instant from the busy world retire;
 And while your tedious clients fill the hall,
 Slip out at the back-door, and bilk them all.

EPISTLE VI.

TO NUMICIUS.

NOT to admire, is of all means the best,
The only means, to make, and keep us blest.

There are, untainted with the thoughts of fear,
Who see the various changes of the year
Unerring roll; who see the glorious sun,
And the fix'd stars, their annual progress run:
But with what different eye do they behold
The gifts of earth; or diamonds or gold;
Old ocean's treasures, and the pearly stores,
Wasted to furthest India's wealthy shores?
Or with what sense, what language, should we gaze
On shows, employments, or the people's praise?

Whoever dreads the opposite extreme
Of disappointment, poverty, or shame,
Is raptur'd with almost the same desires,
As he who dotes on what the world admires;
Equal their terrors, equal their surprise,
When accidental dangers round them rise.
Nor matters it, what passions fills his breast,
With joy or grief, desire or fear opprest,
Who views, with down-fix'd eyes, life's varying scenes;
Whose soul grows stiff, and stupified his brain.
Even virtue, when pursu'd with warmth extreme;
Turns into vice, and fools the sage's fame.
Go now, with taste improv'd, and higher gust

Admire the rich buffet, the marble bust,
 'The bronze antique, the purple's glowing dye,
 'The gem, whose radiance trembles on the eye;
 Let gazing crowds your eloquence admire,
 At early morn to court, at night retire,
 Lest Mutus wed a wife of large estate,
 While, deeper your dishonour to complete,
 The low-born wretch to you no honour pays,
 'Though you on him with admiration gaze.

But time shall bring the latent birth to light,
 And hide the present glorious race in night;
 For though Agrippa's awful collonade,
 Or Appian way, thy passing pomp survey'd,
 It yet remains to tread the drear descent,
 Where good Pompilius and great Ancus went.

Would you not wish to cure th' acuter pains,
 That rack your tortur'd side, or vex your reins?
 Would you, and who would not, with pleasure live!
 If virtue can alone the blessing give,
 With ardent spirit her alone pursue,
 And with contempt all other pleasures view.
 Yet, if you think that virtue's but a name;
 'That groves are groves, nor from religion claim
 A sacred awe; sail to the distant coast,
 Nor let the rich Bithynian trade be lost.
 A thousand talents be the rounded sum
 You first design'd; then raise a second plum;
 A third successive be your earnest care,
 And add a fourth to make the mass a square;
 For gold, the sovereign queen of all below,
 Friends, honour, birth, and beauty can bestow;
 'The goddess of persuasion forms his train,
 And Venus decks the well-bemoney'd swain.

The Cappadocian king, though rich in slaves,
Yet wanting money, was but rich by halves.
Be not like him. Lucullus, as they say,
Once being ask'd to furnish for a play
An hundred martial vests, astonish'd cried,
Whence can so vast a number be supplied?
But yet, whate'er my wardrobe can afford,
You shall command. Soon after writes them word,
Five thousand vests were ready at a call,
They might have part, or, if they pleas'd, take all.
Poor house! where no superfluous wealth's unknown
To its rich lord, that thieves may make their own.

Well then, if wealth alone our bliss insure,
Our first, our latest toil should wealth secure:
If popularity the blessing claims,
Let's buy a slave to tell our voters' names,
And give the hint, when through the crowded street
To stretch the civil hand to all we meet.
"The Fabian tribe his interest largely sways;
This the Velinian; there a third, with ease,
Can give or take the honours of the state,
The consul's fasces, and the prætor's seat.
According to their age adopt them all,
And brother, father, most facetious call."

If he lives well, who revels out the night,
Be gluttony our guide; away; 'tis light.
Let's fish, or hunt, and then, at early day
Across the crowded Forum take our way,
Or to the Campus Martius change the scene,
And let our slaves display our hunting train,
'That gazing crowds by one poor mule be taught,
At what a price the mighty boar was bought.
Then let us bathe, while th' indigested food

Lies in the swelling stomach raw and crude ;
 Forgetting all of decency and shame,
 From the fair book of freedom strike our name ;
 And, like th' abandon'd Ulyssean crew,
 Our Ithaca forgot, forbidden joys pursue.

If life's insipid without mirth and love,
 Let love and mirth insipid life improve.
 Farewell! and if a better system's thine,
 Impart it frankly, or make use of mine.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MÆCENAS.

I PROMIS'D at my country farm to stay
 But a few days; yet August roll'd away,
 And left your loiterer here. But kind forgive
 (In cheerful health if you would have me live,)
 And to my fears the same indulgence show,
 As to my real illness you bestow:
 While the first fig now paints the sickly year,
 And bids the black funereal pomp appear;
 The father, and, with softer passions warm'd,
 The tender mother for her son's alarm'd;
 The crowded levee with a fever kills,
 And the long lawyer's plea unseals our wills;
 But when the snows on Alba plains shall lie,
 To some warm sea-port town your bard shall fly.

'There o'er a book, not too severely, bend,
 Resolv'd to visit his illustrious friend,
 When western winds and the first swallows bring
 The welcome tidings of returning spring.

In other taste to me your bounty flow'd,
 Than to his guest the rough Calabrian show'd—
 "These pears are excellent, then, prithee, feed."—
 I've eaten quite enough.—"Well. You indeed
 Shall take some home—as many as you please,
 For children love such little gifts as these."
 I thank you, sir, as if they all were mine.—
 "Well, if you leave, you leave them for the swine."
 When fools and spendthrifts give what they despise,
 Thin crops of gratitude will always rise.
 The wise and good with better choice bestow,
 And real gold from play-house counters know,
 But thus much merit let me boldly claim,
 No base ingratitude shall stain my name;
 And yet, if I must never leave you more,
 Give me my former vigour, and restore
 The hair, that on the youthful forehead plays;
 Give me to prate with joy, to laugh with ease,
 And o'er the flowing bowl, in sighing strain,
 To talk of wanton Cynara's disdain.

Into a wicker cask where corn was kept,
 Perchance of meagre corps a field-mouse crept;
 But when she fill'd her paunch, and sleek'd her hide,
 How to get out again, in vain she tried.
 A weasel, who beheld her thus distress,
 In friendly sort the luckless mouse address'd:
 "Would you escape, you must be lean and thin;
 Then try the cranny where you first got in."

If in this tale th' unlucky picture's mine,
 Cheerful the gifts of fortune I resign;
 Nor, with a load of luxury opprest,
 Applaud the sleep that purer meals digest:
 Nor would exchange, for blest Arabia's gold,
 My native ease, and freedom uncontrol'd.

You oft have prais'd me, that no bold request,
 A modest poet! on your friendship press'd;
 My grateful language ever was the same,
 I call'd you every tender, awful name;
 However, try me, whether I can part
 From all your bounty with a cheerful heart.

The youth, whose sire such various woes had tried,
 To Menelaus, not unwise, replied,
 "Our island hath no rich and fertile plain,
 No wide-extended course, in which to train
 The generous horse; then grant me to refuse
 A present, that you better know to use."
 For little folks become their little fate,
 And, at my age, not Rome's imperial seat,
 But soft Tarentum's more delicious ease,
 Or Tibur's solitude, my taste can please.

Philip, whose youth was spent in feats of war,
 Now grown a famous lawyer at the bar,
 Returning from the courts one sultry day,
 Complain'd, how tedious was the lengthen'd way
 To folks in years; then wistfully survey'd
 A new-trimm'd spark, who, joying in the shade,
 Loll'd in a barber's shop, with ease reclin'd,
 And par'd his nails, right indolent of mind.
 "Demetrius (so was call'd his favourite slave,
 For such commissions a right-trusty knave.)

Run and inquire of yonder fellow straight,
His name, friends, country, patron, and estate."

He goes, returns, and—"Menas is his name ;
Of moderate fortune, but of honest fame ;
A public crier, who a thousand ways,
Bustles to get, and then enjoys his ease.
A boon companion 'mongst his equals known,
And the small house he lives in is his own.
His business over, to the public shows,
Or to the field of Mars, he sauntering goes."

Methinks, I long to see this wondrous wight.
Bid him be sure to sup with me to-night.
Menas, with awkward wonder, scarce believes
The courteous invitation he receives ;
At last politely begs to be excus'd—

"And am I then with insolence refus'd ?"
"Whether from too much fear, or too much pride,
I know not, but he flatly has denied."

Philip next morn our honest pedlar found
Dealing his iron merchandise around
To his small chaps ;—the first good-morrow gave,
Menas confus'd—"Behold a very slave,
To business chain'd, or I should surely wait
An early client at your worship's gate ;
Or had I first perceiv'd you—as I live"—
Well, sup with me to-night, and I forgive
All past neglect. Be punctual to your hour ;
Remember, I expect you just at four.

Till then farewell ; your growing fortunes mend,
And know me for your servant and your friend

Behold him now at supper, where he said,
Or right or wrong, what came into his head.
When Philip saw his eager gudgeon bite,

At morn an early client, and at night
 A certain guest, his project to complete,
 He takes him with him to his country-seat;
 On horseback now he ambles at his ease,
 The soil, the climate, his incessant praise.

Philip, who well observ'd our simple guest,
 Laughs in his sleeve, resolv'd to have his jest
 At any rate; then lends him fifty pound,
 And promis'd fifty more, to buy a spot of ground.

But, that our tale no longer be delay'd,
 Bought is the ground, and our spruce merchant made
 A very rustic; now, at endless rate,
 Vineyards and furrows are his constant prate.

He plants his elms for future vines to rise,
 Grows old with care, and on the prospect dies.
 But when his goats by sickness, and by thieves
 His sheep are lost, his crop his hope deceives,
 When his one ox is kill'd beneath the yoke,
 Such various losses his best spirits broke.

At midnight dragging out his only horse,
 He drives to Philip's house his desperate course;
 Who, when he saw him rough, deform'd with hair,
 "Your ardent love of pelf, your too much care
 Hath surely brought you to this dismal plight."—

Oh! call me wretch, if you would call me right,
 But let this wretch your clemency implore.
 By your good genius; by each heavenly power;
 By that right hand, sure never pledg'd in vain,
 Restore to me my former life again.

To his first state let him return with speed,
 Who sees how far the joys he left exceed
 His present choice: for all should be confin'd
 Within the bound which nature hath assign'd,

EPISTLE VIII.

TO CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

TO Celsus, Muse, my warmest wishes bear,
 And if he kindly ask you how I fare,
 Say, though I threaten many a fair design,
 Nor happiness, nor wisdom yet are mine.
 Not that the driving hail my vineyards beat ;
 Not that my olives are destroyed with heat ;
 Not that my cattle pine in distant plains—
 More in my mind than body lie my pains.
 Reading I hate, and with unwilling ear
 The voice of comfort or of health I hear :
 Friends or physicians I with pain endure,
 Who strive this languor of my soul to cure.
 Whete'er may hurt me, I with joy pursue ;
 Whate'er may do me good, with horror view
 Inconstant as the wind, I various rove ;
 At Tibur, Rome ; at Rome, I Tibur love.

Ask how he does ; what happy arts support
 His prince's favour, nor offend the court ;
 If all be well, say first, that we rejoice,
 And then, remember, with a gentle voice
 Instil this precept on his list'ning ear,
 * As you your fortune, we shall Celsus bear. †

EPISTLE IX.

TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

SEPTIMIUS only knows, at least would seem
To know, the rank I hold in your esteem ;
Then asks, nay more, compels me to present him
(Nor will a moderate share of praise content him,)
Worthy of Nero's family, and heart,
Where only men of merit claim a part.
When fondly he persuades himself I hold
A place among your nearer friends enroll'd,
Much better than myself he sees and knows
How far my interest with Tiberius goes.

A thousand things I urg'd to be excus'd,
Though fearful, if too warmly I refus'd,
I might, perhaps, a mean dissembler seem,
To make a property of your esteem.
Thus have I with a friend's request complied,
And on the confidence of courts relied :
If you forgive me, to your heart receive
The man I love, and know him good and brave.

EPISTLE X.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

TO Fuscus, who in city-sports delights,
A country-bard with gentle greeting writes ;
In this we differ, but in all beside,
Like twin-born brothers, are our souls allied ;
And, as a pair of fondly-constant doves,
What one dislikes the other disapproves.
You keep the nest, I love the rural mead,
The brook, the mossy rock, and woody glade ;
In short, I live and reign, whene'er I fly
The joys you vaunt with rapture to the sky,
And like a slave, from the priest's service fled,
I nauseate honey'd cakes, and long for bread.
Would you to Nature's laws obedient yield ;
Would you a house for health or pleasure build,
Where is there such a situation found,
As where the country spreads its blessings round ?
Where is the intemperate winter less severe ?
Or, when the sun ascending fires the year,
Where breathes a milder zephyr to assuage
The Dog-star's fury, or the Lion's rage ?
Where do less envious cares disturb our rest ?
Or are the fields, in nature's colours drest,
Less grateful to the smell, or to the sight,
Than the rich floor, with inlaid marble bright ?
Is water purer from the bursting lead,

Than gently murmuring down its native bed
 Among your columns, rich with various dyes,
 Unnatural woods with awkward art arise:
 You praise the house, whose situation yields
 An open prospect to the distant fields;
 For Nature, driven out with proud disdain,
 All-powerful goddess, will return again;
 Return in silent triumph, to deride
 The weak attempts of luxury and pride.

The man, who cannot with judicious eye
 Discern the fleece, that drinks the Tyrian dye,
 From the pale Latian; yet shall ne'er sustain
 A loss so touching, of such heart-felt pain,
 As he, who can't, with sense of happier kind,
 Distinguish truth from falsehood in the mind.

They who in Fortune's smiles too much delight,
 Shall tremble when the goddess takes her flight;
 For, if her gifts our fonder passions gain,
 The frail possession we resign with pain.

Then fly from grandeur, and the haughty great;
 The cottage offers a secure retreat,
 Where you may make that heart-felt bliss your own,
 To kings, and favourites of kings, unknown.

A lordly stag, arm'd with superiour force,
 Drove from their common field a vanquish'd horse,
 Who for revenge to man his strength enslav'd,
 Took up his rider, and the bitt receiv'd:
 But, though he conquer'd in the martial strife,
 He felt his rider's weight, and champ'd the bitt for
 life.

So he, who poverty with horror views,
 Nor frugal nature's bounty knows to use;
 Who sells his freedom in exchange for gold

(Freedom for mines of wealth too cheaply sold,)
 Shall make eternal servitude his fate,
 And feel a haughty master's galling weight.

Our fortunes and our shoes are near allied;
 Pinch'd in the strait, we stumble in the wide.
 Cheerful and wise, your present lot enjoy,
 And on my head, your just rebukes employ,
 If e'er, forgetful of my former self,
 I toil to raise unnecessary pelf.

Gold is the slave, or tyrant of the soul;
 Unworthy to command, it better brooks control.

These lines behind Vacuna's fane I penn'd,
 Sincerely blest, but that I want my friend.



EPISTLE XI.

TO BULLATIUS.

Do the fam'd islands of th' Ionian seas,
 Chios, or Lesbos, my Ballatius please?
 Or Sardis, where great Cræsus held his court?
 Say, are they less, or greater, than report?
 Does Samos, Colophon, or Smyrna, yield
 To our own Tibur, or to Mars's field?
 Would you, fatigu'd with toils of lands and seas,
 In Lebedus, or Asia, spend your days?

You tell me, Lebedus is now become
 A desert, like our villages at home,

Yet there you gladly fix your future lot,
 Your friends forgetting, by your friends forgot ;
 Enjoy the calm of life, and, safe on shore,
 At distance hear the raging, tempest roar.

A traveller, though wet with dirt and rain,
 Would not for ever at an inn remain,
 Or chill'd with cold, and joying in the heat
 Of a warm bath, believe his bliss complete.
 Though by strong winds your bark were tempest
 tost,

Say, would you sell it on a distant coast ?

Believe me, at delicious Rhodes to live
 To a sound mind no greater bliss can give,
 Than a thick coat in summer's burning ray,
 Or a light mantle on a snowy day,
 Or to a swimmer Tiber's freezing stream,
 Or sunny rooms in August's mid-day flame.
 While yet 'tis in your power ; while Fortune smiles,
 At Rome with rapture vaunt those happy isles,
 Then with a grateful hand the bliss receive,
 If heaven an hour more fortunate shall give.
 Seize on the present joy, and thus possess,
 Where'er you live, an inward happiness.

If reason only can our cares allay,
 Not the bold site, that wide commands the sea ;
 If they, who through the venturous ocean range,
 Not their own passions, but the climate change ;
 Anxious through seas and land to search for rest
 Is but laborious idleness at best.

In desert Ulubræ the bliss you'll find,
 If you preserve a firm and equal mind.

EPISTLE XII.

TO ICCIUS.

WHILE Iccius farms Agrippa's large estate,
 If he with wisdom can enjoy his fate,
 No greater riches Jove himself can give ;
 Then cease complaining, friend, and learn to live.
 He is not poor to whom kind Fortune grants,
 Even with a frugal hand, what Nature wants.

Are you with food, and warmth, and raiment blest
 Not royal treasures are of more possest ;
 And if, for herbs and shell-fish at a feast,
 You leave the various luxuries of taste,
 Should Fate enrich you with a golden stream,
 Your life and manners would be still the same ;
 Whether convinc'd, that gold can't change the soul,
 Or that fair virtue should its power control.

That all his neighbour's flocks and herds should eat
 The sage's harvest, while without its weight
 His spirit rov'd abroad, shall ne'er be told
 As wonderful ; since, not debas'd by gold,
 And its infection, Iccius, bravely wise,
 Spurns this vile earth, and soars into the skies ;
 Curious to search, what bounds old ocean's tides ;
 What through the various year the seasons guides ;
 Whether the stars by their own proper force,
 Or foreign power, pursue their wandering course

Why shadows darken the pale queen of night ;
Whence she renews her orb, and spreads her light ;
What nature's jarring sympathy can mean,
And who, among the wise, their systems best maintain.

But whether slaughter'd onions crown your board,
Or murder'd fish an impious feast afford,
Receive Pompeius Grosphus to your heart,
And, ere he asks, your willing aid impart ;
He ne'er shall make a bold, unjust request,
And friends are cheap, when good men are distress'd.

Now condescend to hear the public news :
Agrippa's war the sons of Spain subdues.
The fierce Armenian Nero's virtue feels :
Short by the knees the haughty Parthian kneels ;
Again the monarch is by Cæsar crown'd,
And Plenty pours her golden harvest round.

EPISTLE XIII.

TO VINIUS ASELLA.

VINIUS, I oft desir'd you, ere you went,
Well seal'd my rhiming volumes to present
When Cæsar's high in health, in spirits gay,
Or if he ask to read th' unoffer'd lay,
Lest you offend with too officious zeal,
And my poor works his just resentment feel.
Throw down the burden, if it gall your back,
Nor at the palace fiercely break the pack,
Lest my dear ass become the laughing sport,
The quibbling fable of the wits at court.

Through rivers, steeps, and fens, exert your force,
Nor, when you're victor of the destin'd course,
Under your arm the letter'd bundle bear,
As rustic's do their lambs, with awkward air ;
Or Pyrrhia, reeling from the drunken bowl,
Conveys away the ball of wool she stole ;
Or, in his pride, a tribe-invited guest
Carries his cap and slippers to a feast ;
Nor loud proclaim, with how much toil you bear
Such verse, as may detain even Cæsar's ear.
Farewell, make haste ; and special caution take,
Lest you should stumble, and my orders break

EPISTLE XIV.

TO HIS STEWARD IN THE COUNTRY.

THOU steward of the woods and country-seat,
 That give me to myself; whose small estate,
 Which you despise, five worthy fathers sent,
 One from each house, to Varia's parliament:
 Let us inquire, if you with happier toil
 Root out the thorns and thistles of the soil,
 Than Horace tears his follies from his breast;
 Whether my farm or I be cultivated best.

Though Lania's pious tears, that ceaseless mourn
 His brother's death, have hinder'd my return,
 Thither my warmest wishes bend their force,
 Start from the goal, and beat the distant course.
 Rome is your rapture, mine the rural seat;
 Pleas'd with each other's lot, our own we hate:
 But both are fools, and fools in like extreme;
 Guiltless the place, that we unjustly blame,
 For in the mind alone our follies lie,
 The mind, that never from itself can fly.

A slave at Rome, and discontented there,
 A country-life was once your silent prayer:
 A rustic gown, your first desires return;
 For Rome, her public games and baths, you burn.
 More constant to myself, I leave with pain,
 By hateful business forc'd, the rural scene.
 From different objects our desires arise,

And thence the distance that between us lies ;
 For what you call inhospitably drear,
 To me with beauty and delight appear.
 Full well I know a tavern's greasy steam,
 And a vile stew, with joy your heart inflame,
 While my small farm yields rather herbs than vines,
 Nor there a neighbouring tavern pours its wines,
 Nor harlot-minstrel sings, when the rude sound
 Tempts you with heavy heels to thump the ground.

But you complain, that with unceasing toil
 You break, alas ! the long unbroken soil,
 Or loose the wearied oxen from the plough,
 And feed with leaves new-gather'd from the bough.
 Then feels your laziness an added pain,
 If e'er the rivulet be swoln with rain ;
 What mighty mounds against its force you rear,
 'To teach its rage the sunny mead to spare !

Now hear, from whence our sentiments divide !
 In youth, perhaps with not ungraceful pride,
 I wore a silken robe, perfum'd my hair,
 And without presents charm'd the venal fair.
 From early morning quaff'd the flowing glass ;
 Now a short supper charms, or on the grass
 'To lay me down at some fair river's side,
 And sweetly slumber as the waters glide ;
 Nor do I blush to own my follies past,
 But own, those follies should no longer last.
 None there with eye askance my pleasures views,
 With hatred dark, or poison'd spite pursues ;
 My neighbours laugh to see with how much toil
 I carry stones, or break the stubborn soil.
 You with my city-slaves would gladly join,
 And on their daily pittance hardly dine ;

While more refin'd they view with envious eye
The gardens, horses, fires, that you enjoy.

Thus the slow ox would gaudy trappings claim ;
The sprightly horse would plough amidst the team :
By my advice, let each with cheerful heart,^s
As best he understands, employ his art.



EPISTLE XV.

TO VALA.

BY my physician's learn'd advice I fly
From Baia's waters, yet with angry eye
The village views me, when I mean to bathe
The middle winter's freezing wave beneath ;
Loudly complaining, that their myrtle groves
Are now neglected ; their sulphurous stoves,
Of ancient fame our feeble nerves to raise,
And dissipate the lingering cold disease,
While the sick folks in Clusium's fountains dare
Plunge the bold head, or seek a colder air.

The road we now must alter, and engage
'Th' unwilling horse to pass his usual stage
Ho ! whither now ? his angry rider cries,
And to the left the restive bridle plies.
We go no more to Baiaë ; prithee hear—
But in his bridle lies an horse's ear.

Dear Vala, say, how temperate, how severe,

Are Velia's winters, and Salernum's air :
 The genius of the folks, the roads how good :
 Which eats the better bread, and when a flood
 Of rain descends, which quaffs the gather'd shower,
 Or do their fountains purer water pour ?
 Their country-vintage is not worth my care,
 For though at home, whatever wine, I bear,
 At sea-port towns I shall expect to find
 My wines of generous and of smoother kind,
 To drive away my cares, and to the soul,
 Through the full veins, with golden hopes to roll,
 With flowing language to inspire my tongue,
 And make the listening fair-one think me young.

With hares or boars which country's best supplied :
 Which seas their better fish luxurious hide ?
 That I may home return in luscious plight—
 'Tis ours to credit, as 'tis yours to write.

When Mænius had consum'd, with gallant heart,
 A large estate, he took the jester's art :
 A vagrant zany, of no certain manger,
 Who knew not, ere he din'd, or friend or stranger :
 Cruel, and scurrilous to all, his jest ;
 The ruin'd butcher's gulf, a storm, a pest.
 Whate'er he got his ravening guts receive,
 And when or friend or foe no longer gave,
 A lamb's fat paunch was a delicious treat,
 As much as three voracious bears could eat ;
 Then, like reformer Bestius, would he tell ye,
 That gluttons should be branded on the belly.

But if, perchance, he found some richer fare,
 Instant it vanish'd into smoke and air—
 " By Jove I wonder not, that folks should eat,
 At one delicious meal, a whole estate,

For a fat thrush is most delightful food,
 And a swine's paunch superlatively good."

Thus I, when better entertainments fail,
 Bravely commend a plain and frugal meal ;
 On cheaper suppers show myself full wise,
 But if some dainties more luxurious rise—
 "Right sage and happy they alone, whose fate
 Gives them a splendid house, and large estate."



EPISTLE XVI.

TO QUINCTIUS.

ASK not, good Quinctius, if my farm maintain
 Its wealthy master with abundant grain,
 With fruits or pastures ; ask not, if the vine
 Around its bridegroom-elm luxuriant twine,
 For I'll describe, and in loquacious strain,
 The site and figure of the pleasing scene.

A chain of mountains with a vale divide,
 That opens to the sun on either side ;
 The right wide spreading to the rising day,
 The left is warm'd beneath his setting ray.
 How mild the clime, where sloes luxurious grow
 And blushing cornels on the hawthorn glow !
 My cattle are with plenteous acorns fed,
 Whose various oaks around their master spread ;
 Well might you swear, that here Tarentum waves
 Its dusky shade, and pours forth all its leaves.

A fountain to a rivulet gives its name,
Cooler and purer than a Thracian stream ;
Useful to ease an aching head it flows,
Or when with burning pains the stomach glows.

This pleasing, this delicious soft retreat
In safety guards me from September's heat.

Would you be happy, be the thing you seem,
And sure you now possess the world's esteem ;
Nor yet to others too much credit give,
But in your own opinion learn to live ;
For know, the bliss in our own judgment lies,
And none are happy but the good and wise.
Nor, though the crowd pronounce your health is good,
Disguise the fever lurking in your blood,
Till trembling seize you at th' unfinish'd meal—
Idiots alone their ulcer'd ills conceal.

Should some bold flatterer sooth your listening ears,
“ The conquer'd world, dread sir, thy name reveres ;
And Jove our guardian god, with power divine,
Who watches o'er Rome's happiness and thine,
Yet holds it doubtful, whether Rome or you,
With greater warmth, each others good pursue.”
This praise, you own, is sacred Cæsar's fame ;
But can you answer to your proper name,
When you are call'd th' accomplish'd or the wise,
Names, which we all with equal ardour prize ?
Yet he, who gives to-day this heedless praise,
Shall take it back to-morrow, if he please.
As when the people from some worthless knave
Can tear away the consulship they gave ;
“ Lay down the name of wisdom, sir, 'tis mine ;”
Confus'd I leave him, and his gifts resign.
What if he said, I hang'd my aged sire,

Call'd me a thief, a slave to lewd desire,
 Shall I be tortur'd with unjust disgrace,
 Or change the guilty colours of my face?
 False praise can charm, unreal shame control—
 Whom, but a vicious or a sickly soul?
 Who then is good?

Quinctius.

Who carefully observes
 The senate's wise decrees, nor ever swerves
 From the known rules of justice and the laws:
 Whose bail secures, whose oath decides a cause.

Horace.

Yet his own house, his neighbours, through his art
 Behold an inward baseness in his heart.
 Suppose a slave should say, I never steal,
 I never ran away—"nor do you feel
 The flagrant lash"—No human blood I shed—
 "Nor on the cross the ravening crows have fed."—
 But, sir, I am an honest slave, and wise—
 "My Sabine neighbour there the fact denies.
 For wily wolves the fatal pit-fall fear;
 Kites fly the bait, and hawks the latent snare;
 But virtuous minds a love of virtue charms:
 The fear of chastisement thy guilt alarms.
 When from my stores you steal one grain of wheat,
 My loss indeed is less, your crime as great."

Your honest man, on whom with awful praise
 The forum and the courts of justice gaze,
 If e'er he make a public sacrifice,
 Dread Janus, Phœbus, clear and loud he cries;
 But when his prayer in earnest is preferr'd
 Scarce moves his lips, afraid of being heard,

“ Beauteous Laverna, my petition hear ;
 Let me with truth and sanctity appear :
 Oh ! give me to deceive, and with a veil
 Of darkness and of night my crimes conceal.”

Behold the miser bending down to earth
 For a poor farthing, which the boys in mirth
 Fix'd to the ground ; and shall the caitiff dare
 In honest freedom with a slave compare ?

Whoever wishes is with fear possest,
 And he, who holds that passion in his breast,
 Is in my sense a slave ; hath left the post
 Where virtue plac'd him, and his arms hath lost
 To purchase hasty wealth his force applies,
 And overwhelm'd beneath his burthen lies.

Say, is not this a very worthless knave ?
 But if you have the most untoward slave,
 Yet kill him not, he may some profit yield,
 Of strength to guard your flocks, and plough your
 field,

Or let him winter in the stormy main,
 By imports to reduce the price of grain.

The good, and wise, like Bacchus in the play,
 Dare, to the king of Thebes, undaunted say,
 What can thy power ? Thy threatenings I disdain.

Pentheus.

I'll take away thy goods.

Bacchus.

Perhaps, you mean
 My cattle, money, moveables, or land.
 Well ; take them all.

Pentheus.

But, slave, if I command,
A cruel jailor shall thy freedom seize.

Bacchus,

A god shall set me free whene'er I please,

Horace.

Death is that god, the poet here intends,
That utmost bound, where human sorrow ends.



EPISTLE XVII.

TO SCÆVA.

ALTHOUGH my Scæva knows with art complete,

How to converse familiar with the great,
Yet to th' instruction of an humble friend,
Who would himself be better taught, attend;
'Tho' blind your guide, some precepts yet unknown
He may disclose, which you may make your own.

Are you with tranquil, easy pleasure blest,
Or after sun-rise love an hour of rest,
If dusty streets, the rattling chariot's noise,
Or if the neighbouring tavern's midnight joys,
Delight you not, by my advice retreat
To the calm raptures of a rural seat:
For pleasure's not confin'd to wealth alone,

Nor ill he lives, who lives and dies unknown ;
But would you serve your friends, and joyous waste
The bounteous hour, perfume you for the feast.

“ His patient herbs could Aristippus eat,
He had disdain'd the tables of the great,”
And he, who censures me, the sage replies,
If he could live with kings, would herbs despise.

Tell me, which likes you best, or, younger, hear,
Why Aristippus' maxims best appear ;
For with the snarling Cynic well he play'd,
“ I am my own buffoon, you take the trade
To please the crowd ; yet sure 'tis better pride.
Maintain'd by monarchs, on my horse to ride.
But while at court observant I attend,
For things of vileness you submissive bend :
Own a superior, and yet proudly vaunt,
Imperious Cynic, that you nothing want.”

Yet Aristippus every dress became :
In every various change of life the same ;
And though he aim'd at things of higher kind,
Yet to the present held an equal mind.
But that a man, whom patience taught to wear
A thick, coarse coat, should ever learn to bear
A change of life with decency and ease,
May justly, I confess, our wonder raise.

Yet Aristippus, though but meanly drest,
Nor wants, nor wishes for, a purple vest ;
He walks, regardless of the public gaze,
And knows in every character to please ;
But neither dog's nor snake's envenom'd bite
Can, like a silken robe, the Cynic fright.
“ Give him his mantle, or he dies with cold—”
“ Nay, give it, let the fool his blessing hold.”

In glorious war a triumph to obtain,
 Celestial honours, and a seat shall gain
 Fast by the throne of Jove; nor mean the praise
 These deities of human kind to please.

“ But, midst the storms and tempests of a court,
 Not every one shall reach the wish'd-for port;
 And sure the man, who doubts of his success,
 Wisely declines th' attempt”—Then you confess,
 That who succeeds, thus difficult his part,
 Gives the best proof of courage, as of art.
 Then, here, or no where, we the truth shall find;
 Conscious how weak in body, or in mind,
 When we behold the burthen with despair,
 Which others boldly try, with spirit bear,
 If virtue's aught beyond an empty name,
 Rewards and honours they with justice claim.

In silence who their poverty conceal,
 More than th' importunate, with kings prevail.
 And whether we with modest action take,
 Or snatch the favour, may some difference make.

From this fair fountain our best profits rise:
 For, when with plaintive tone a suppliant cries,
 My sister lies unportion'd on my hands;
 My mother's poor, nor can I sell my lands,
 Or they maintain me; might he not have said,
 Give me, ah! give me, sir, my daily bread?
 While he, who hears him, chants on t' other side,
 With me your bounty, ah! with me divide:
 But had the crow his food in silence eat,
 Less had his quarrels been, and more his meat.

A jaunt of pleasure should my lord intend,
 And with him deign to take an humble friend,
 To talk of broken roads, of cold and rain,

Or of his plunder'd baggage to complain,
 Is but the trick, which wily harlots try,
 Who for a bracelet, or a necklace, cry ;
 So oft they weep, that we believe no more
 When they with tears a real loss deplore.
 He, whom a lying lameness once deceives,
 No more the falling vagabond believes ;
 And though with streaming tears the caitiff cries,
 Help me, ah ! cruel, help a wretch to rise ;
 Though loud he swear, " Indeed my leg is broke,
 By great Osiris I no longer joke ;"
 Yet the hoarse village answers to his cries,
 Go find a stranger to believe your lies.

EPISTLE XVIII

TO LOLLIUS.

LOLLIUS, if well I know your heart,
 Your liberal spirit scorns an art
 That can to sordid flattery bend,
 And basely counterfeit the friend ;
 For such the difference, I ween,
 The flatterer and friend between,
 As is betwixt a virtuous dame
 And prostitute of common fame.
 Behold, in opposite excess,
 A different vice, though nothing less ;

Rustic, inelegant, uncouth,
 With shaggy beard and nasty tooth,
 'That fondly would be thought to be
 Fair virtue, and pure liberty ;
 But virtue in a medium lies,
 From whence these different follies rise.

Another, with devotion fervent,
 Is more than your obsequious servant ;
 Admitted as an humble guest,
 Where men of money break their jest,
 He waits the nod, with awe profound,
 And catches, ere it reach the ground,
 The falling joke, and echoes back the sound.
 A school-boy thus, with humble air,
 Repeats to pedagogue severe ;
 'Thus players act an under-part,
 And fear to put forth all their art.

Another in dispute engages,
 With nonsense arm'd for nothing rages,
 " My word of honour not believ'd ?
 Or my opinion not receiv'd ?
 And shall I, whether right or wrong,
 Be forc'd, forsooth, to hold my tongue ?
 No—at a price so base and mean,
 I would a thousand lives disdain."

But what's the cause of all this rage ?
 Who's the best actor on the stage.
 Or to which road you best may turn ye,
 If to Brundusium lies your journey.

Now, Lollius, mark the wretch's fate,
 Who lives dependant on the great.
 If the precipitating dice,
 If Venus be his darling vice ;

If vanity his wealth consumes
 In dressing, feasting, and perfumes;
 If thirst of gold his bosom sways,
 A thirst which nothing can appease;
 If poverty with shame he views,
 And wealth with every vice pursues;
 My lord, more vicious as more great,
 Views him with horror, and with hate
 At least, shall o'er him tyrannize,
 And like a fond mamma advise,
 Who bids her darling daughter shun
 The paths of folly she had run.
 Think not, he cries, to live like me;
 My wealth supports my vanity;
 Your folly should be moderate,
 Proportion'd to a small estate.

Eutrapelus, in merry mood,
 The objects of his wrath pursued,
 And where he deepest vengeance meant,
 Fine clothes, with cruel bounty, sent;
 For, when the happy coxcomb's drest,
 Strange hopes and projects fill his breast;
 He sleeps till noon, nor will the varlet,
 For fame or fortune, leave his harlot.
 Lavish he feeds the usurer's store,
 And when the miser lends no more,
 He learns the gladiator's art,
 Or humbly drives a gardener's cart.

Strive not with mean, unhandsome lord
 Your patron's bosom to explore,
 And let not wine, or anger, wrest
 Th' entrusted secret from your breast.

Nor blame the pleasures of your friend,

Nor to your own too earnest bend ;
Nor idly court the froward Muse,
While he the vigorous chase pursues.
Humours like these could fatal prove
'To Zethus' and Amphion's love,
Until Amphion kind complied,
And laid th' offensive lyre aside.
So to your patron's will give way,
His gentle insolence obey ;
And when he pours into the plain
His horses, hounds, and hunting-train,
Break from the peevish Muse away,
Divide the toils, and share the prey.

The chase was by our sires esteem'd.
Healthful, and honourable deem'd.
Thy swiftness far the hound's exceeds ;
'The boar beneath thy javelin bleeds ;
And who, like thee, with grace can wield
The weapons of the martial field,
Or with such loud applause as thine
Amidst the youthful battle shine ?

In the destructive war of Spain
Early you made your first campaign,
Beneath a leader, who regains
Our eagles from the Parthian fanes,
Who boundless now extends his sway,
And bids a willing world obey.

Lollius, though all your actions rise
From judgment temperate and wise,
Yet oft at home you can unbend,
And even to trifling sports descend.
Your little boats, with mimic rage,
Like Actium's mighty fleets engage ;

Your lake like Adria's ocean spreads,
The adverse war your brother leads,
Fill Victory her wings display,
And crown the conqueror of the day.
Caesar, who finds that you approve
His taste, shall your diversions love.

If my advice regard may claim,
Be tender of another's fame,
And be the man with caution tried,
In whose discretion you confide.
'Th' impertinent be sure to hate ;
Who loves to ask, will love to prate.
Ears, that unfold to every tale,
Entrusted secrets ill conceal,
And you shall wish, but wish in vain,
To call the fleeting words again.

With cautious judgment, o'er and o'er,
The man you recommend explore,
Lest, when the scoundrel's better known,
You blush for errors not your own.
Then frankly give him up to shame,
But boldly guard the injur'd fame
Of a well-known and valued friend,
With vigour and with zeal defend ;
For, be assur'd, when he's defam'd,
At you th' envenom'd shaft is aim'd.
When flames your neighbour's dwelling seize,
Your own with instant rage shall blaze ;
'Then haste to stop the spreading fire,
Which, if neglected, rises higher.

Untried, how sweet a court attendance !
When tried, how dreadful the dependance !
Yet, while your vessel's under sail,

ef

Be sure to catch the flying gale,
Lest adverse winds, with rapid force,
Should bear you from your destin'd course.

The grave a gay companion shun ;
Far from the sad the jovial run ;
'The gay, the witty, and sedate,
Are objects of each other's hate ;
And they, who quaff their midnight glass,
Scorn them who dare their bumper pass,
Although they loudly swear, they dread
A sick debauch, and aching head.

Be every look serenely gay,
And drive all cloudy cares away,
The modest oft too dark appear,
The silent, thoughtful and severe.

Consult with care the learned page ;
Inquire of every scienc'd sage,
How you may glide with gentle ease
Adown the current of your days,
Nor vex'd by mean and low desires,
Nor warm'd by wild ambition's fires,
By hope alarm'd, depress'd by fear,
For things but little worth your care :
Whether fair virtue's hallow'd rules
Proceed from Nature, or the schools ;
What may the force of care suspend,
And make you to yourself a friend ;
Whether the tranquil mind and pure,
Honours, or wealth, our bliss insure,
Or down through life unknown to stray,
Where lonely leads the silent way.

When happy in my rural scene,
Whose fountain chills the shuddering swain.

Such is my prayer—Let me possess
 My present wealth, or even less,
 And if the bounteous gods design
 A longer life, that life be mine.
 Give me of books the mental cheer,
 Of wealth sufficient for a year,
 Nor let me float in Fortune's power,
 Dependant on the future hour.
 To Jove for life and wealth I pray,
 These Jove may give, or take away,
 But, for a firm and tranquil mind,
 'That blessing in myself I find.



EPISTLE XIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

TO old Cratinus if you credit give,
 No water-drinker's verses long shall live,
 Or long shall please. Among his motly fold,
 Satyrs and Fauns, when Bacchus had enroll'd
 The brain-sick rhimer, soon the tuneful Nine
 At morning breath'd, and not too sweet, of wine
 When Homer sings the joys of wine, 'tis plain
 Great Homer was not of a sober strain ;
 And father Ennius, till with drinking fir'd,
 Was never to the martial song inspir'd.
 Let thirsty spirits make the bar their choice,
 Nor dare in cheerful song to raise their voice.

Soon as I spoke, our bards, before they write,
 Smell of their wine all day, and tipple all the night
 What ! if with naked feet and savage air,
 Cato's short coat some mimic coxcomb wear,
 Say, shall his habit and affected gloom
 Great Cato's manners, or his worth, assume ?

Cordus, the Moor, while studious how to please
 With well-bred raillery, and learned ease,
 To rival gay Timagenes he tried,
 Yet burst with disappointed spleen and pride :
 By such examples many a coxcomb's caught,
 Whose art can only imitate a fault.

Should I by chance grow pale, our bardlings think,
 That bloodless cumin's the true rhiming drink.
 Ye wretched mimics, whose fond hearts have been,
 How oft ! the objects of my mirth and spleen.
 'Through open worlds of rhyme I dar'd to tread
 In paths unknown, by no bold footsteps led :
 Who on himself relies with conscious pride,
 Most certainly the buzzing hive shall guide.
 'To keen iambics I first tun'd the lyre,
 And warm'd with great Archilochus's fire
 His rapid numbers chose, but shunn'd with care
 'The style that drove Lycambes to despair.

I fear'd to change the structure of his line,
 But shall a short-liv'd wreath be therefore mine ?
 Sappho, whose verse with manly spirit glows,
 Even great Alcæus his iambics chose,
 In different stanzas though he forms his lines,
 And to a theme more merciful inclines ;
 No perjur'd sire with blood-stain'd verse pursues,
 Nor ties, in damning rhyme, his fair-one's noose.
 I first attempted in the Lyric tone

His numbers, to the Roman lyre unknown,
And joy, that works of such unheard-of taste
By men of worth and genius were embrac'd.

But would you know, why some condemn abroad,
Thankless, unjust, what they at home applaud ?
I purchase not the venal critic's vote
With costly suppers, or a thread-bare coat ;
The works of titled wits I never hear,
Nor vengeful in my turn assault their ear.
The tribe of grammar-pedants I despise,
And hence these tears of spleen and anger rise.
I blush in grand assemblies to repeat
My worthless works, and give such trifles weight :
Yet these professions they with wonder hear—
“ No. You reserv'd them for dread Cæsar's ear ;
With your own beauties charm'd, you surely know
Your verses with a honey'd sweetness flow.”
Nor dare I rally with such dangerous folk,
Lest I be torn to pieces for a joke,
Yet beg they would appoint another day,
A place more proper to decide the fray ;
For jests a fearful strife and anger breed,
Whence quarrels fierce and funeral wars proceed.

EPISTLE XX.

TO HIS BOOK.

THE shops of Rome impatient to behold,
And, elegantly polish'd, to be sold,
You hate the tender seal, and guardian keys,
Which modest volumes love, and fondly praise
The public world, even sighing to be read,—
Unhappy book! to other manners bred.
Indulge the fond desire, with which you burn,
Pursue your flight, yet think not to return.

But, when insulted by the critic's scorn,
How often shall you cry, Ah! me forlorn!
When he shall throw the tedious volume by,
Nor longer view thee with a lover's eye.

If rage mislead not my prophetic truth,
Rome shall admire, while you can charm with youth:
But soon as vulgar hands thy beauty soil,
The moth shall batten on the silent spoil,
To Afric sent, or packeted to Spain,
Our colonies of wits to entertain.

This shall thy fond adviser laughing see,
As, when his ass was obstinate like thee,
The clown in vengeance push'd him down the hill:
For who would save an ass against his will?

At last thy stammering age in suburb schools
Shall toil in teaching boys their grammar-rules;

But when in evening mild the listening tribe
Around thee throng, thy master thus describe ;
A freed-man's son, with moderate fortune blest,
Who boldly spread his wings beyond his nest ;
'Take from my birth, but to my virtue give
'This honest praise, that I with freedom live,
With all that Rome in peace and war calls great ;
Of lowly stature ; fond of summer's heat,
And gray before my time. At sense of wrong
Quick in resentment, but it lasts not long.
Let them who ask my age be frankly told,
That I was forty-four Decembers old,
When Lollius chose with Lepidus to share
The power and honours of the consuls' chair.



EPISTLES.



EPISTLES.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you alone sustain th' important weight
Of Rome's affairs, so various and so great ;
While you the public weal with arms defend,
Adorn with morals, and with laws amend ;
Shall not the tedious letter prove a crime,
That steals one moment of our Cæsar's time ?

Rome's founder, Leda's twins, the god of wine,
By human virtues rais'd to power divine,
While they with pious cares improv'd mankind,
'To various states their proper bounds assign'd ;
Commanded war's destroying rage to cease,
And bless'd their cities with the arts of peace ;
Complain'd their virtues, and their toils, could raise
But slight returns of gratitude and praise.

Who crush'd the Hydra, when to life renew'd,
And monsters dire with fated toil subdu'd,
Found that the monster Envy never dies,

Till low in equal death her conqueror lies ;
For he, who soars to an unwonted height,
Oppressive dazzles, with excess of light,
The arts beneath him ; yet, when dead, shall prove
An object worthy of esteem and love.

Yet Rome to thee her living honours pays :
By thee we swear, to thee our altars raise,
While we confess no prince so great, so wise,
Hath ever risen, or shall ever rise.

But when your people raise their Cæsar's name
Above the Greek and Roman chiefs in fame,
In this one instance they are just and wise,
Yet other things they view with other eyes ;
With cold contempt they treat the living bard ;
The dead alone can merit their regard.

To elder bards so lavish of applause,
They love the language of our ancient laws ;
On Numa's hymns with holy rapture pore,
And turn our mouldy records o'er and o'er ;
Then swear, transported, that the Sacred Nine
Pronounc'd on Alba's top each hallow'd line.

But if, because the world with justice pays
To the first bards of Greece its grateful praise,
In the same scale our poets must be weigh'd,
To such disputes what answer can be made ?
Since we have gain'd the height of martial fame,
Let us in peaceful arts assert our claim ;
The anointed Greeks no longer shall excel,
And neither wrestle, sing, or paint so well.

But let me ask, Since poetry, like wine,
Is taught by time to mellow and refine,
When shall th' immortal bard begin to live ?
Say, shall a hundred years completely give

Among your ancients a full right of claim,
 Or with the worthless moderns fix his name ?
 Some certain point should finish the debate.
 " Then let him live a hundred years complete."

What if we take a year, a month, a day,
 From this judicious sum of fame away,
 Shall he among the ancients rise to fame,
 Or sink with moderns to contempt and shame ?

" Among the ancients let the bard appear,
 ' Though younger by a month, or even a year."

I take the grant, and by degrees prevail
 (For hair by hair I pull the horse's tail,)
 And while I take them year by year away,
 ' Their subtle heaps of arguments decay,
 Who judge by annals, nor approve a line
 ' Till death has made the poetry divine.

" Ennius, the brave, the lofty, and the wise,
 Another Homer in the critic's eyes,
 Forgets his promise, now secure of fame,
 And heeds no more his Pythagoric dream.
 No longer Nævius or his plays remain ;
 Yet we remember every pleasing scene :
 So much can time its awful sanction give
 In sacred fame to bid a poem live.

" Whate'er disputes of ancient poets rise,
 In some one excellence their merit lies :
 What depth of learning old Pacuvius shows !
 With strong sublime the page of Accius glows ;
 Menander's comic robe Afranius wears ;
 Plautus as rapid in his plots appears
 As Epicharmus ; Terence charms with art,
 And grave Cæcilius sinks into the heart.
 These are the plays to which our people crowd.

Till the throng'd play-house crack with the dull
load.

These are esteem'd the glories of the stage,
From the first drama to the present age."

Sometimes the crowd a proper judgment makes,
But oft they labour under gross mistakes,
As when their ancients lavishly they raise
Above all modern rivalship of praise.

But that sometimes their style uncouth appears,
Or their harsh numbers rudely hurt our ears,
Or that full flatly flows the languid line—

He, who owns this, hath Jove's assent and mine

Think not I mean, in vengeance, to destroy
The works, for which I smarted when a boy.

But when as perfect models they are prais'd,
Correct and chaste, I own I stand amaz'd.

Then if some better phrase, or happier line,
With sudden lustre unexpected shine,

However harsh the rugged numbers roll,

It stamps a price and merit on the whole.

I feel my honest indignation rise,

When, with affected air, a coxcomb cries,

The work, I own, has elegance and ease,

But sure no modern should presume to please

Then for his favourite ancients dares to claim

Not pardon only, but rewards and fame.

When flowers o'erspread the stage, and sweets
perfume

The crowded theatre, should I presume

The just success of Atta's plays to blame,.

The senate would pronounce me lost to shame.

What! criticise the scenes that charm'd the age

When Æsop and when Roscius trod the stage!

Whether too fond of their peculiar taste,
 Or that they think their age may be disgrac'd,
 Should they, with awkward modesty, submit
 To younger judges in the cause of wit,
 Or own, that it were best, provoking truth!
 In age t' unlearn the learning of their youth?

He, to whom Numa's hymns appear divine,
 Although his ignorance be great as mine,
 Not to th' illustrious dead his homage pays,
 But envious robs the living of their praise.
 Did Greece, like Rome, her moderns disregard,
 How had she now possess one ancient bard?
 When she beheld her wars in triumph cease,
 She soon grew wanton in the arms of peace;
 Now she with rapture views th' Olympic games,
 And now the sculptor's power her breast inflames.
 Sometimes, with ravish'd soul and ardent gaze,
 The painter's art intensely she surveys;
 Now hears, transported, music's pleasing charms,
 And now the tragic Muse her passions warms.

Thus a fond girl, her nurse's darling joy,
 Now seeks impatient, and now spurns her toy.
 For what can long our pain or pleasure raise?
 Such are the effects of happiness and ease.

For many an age our fathers entertain'd
 Their early clients, and the laws explain'd;
 Instructed them their cautious wealth to lend,
 While youth was taught with reverence to attend.
 And hear the old point out the prudent ways
 To calm their passions, and their fortunes raise

Now the light people bend to other aims;
 A lust of scribbling every breast inflames:

Our youth, our senators, with bays are crown'd,
 And rhimes eternal at our feasts go round.
 Even I, who verse and all its works deny,
 Can faithless Parthia's lying sons out-lie,
 And, ere the rising sun displays his light,
 I call for tablets, papers, pens, and—write.

A pilot only dares a vessel steer;
 A doubtful drug unlicens'd doctors fear;
 Musicians are to sounds alone confin'd,
 And each mechanic hath his trade assign'd:
 But every desperate blockhead dares to write:
 Verse is the trade of every living wight.

And yet this wandering phrensy of the brain
 Hath many a gentle virtue in its train.

No cares of wealth a poet's heart controul;
 Verse is the only passion of his soul.

He laughs at losses, flight of slaves, or fires;
 No wicked scheme his honest breast inspires

To hurt his pupil, or his friend betray;
 Brown bread and roots his appetite allay;

And though unfit for war's tumultuous trade,
 In peace his gentle talents are display'd,

If you allow, that things of trivial weight
 May yet support the grandeur of a state.

He forms the infant's tongue to firmer sound,
 Nor suffers vile obscenity to wound

His tender ears; then with the words of truth
 Corrects the passions and the pride of youth.

Th' illustrious dead, who fill his sacred page,
 Shine forth examples to each rising age;

The languid hour of poverty he cheers,

And the sick wretch his voice of comfort hears.

Did not the Muse inspire the poet's lays,
How could our youthful choir their voices raise
In prayer harmonious, while the gods attend,
And gracious bid the fruitful shower descend;
Avert their plagues, dispel each hostile fear,
And with glad harvests crown the wealthy year?
Thus can the sound of all-melodious lays
'Th' offended powers of heaven and hell appease.

Our ancient swains, of vigorous, frugal kind,
At harvest-home us'd to unbend the mind
With festal sports; those sports, that bade them bear,
With cheerful hopes, the labours of the year.
Their wives and children shar'd their hours of mirth,
Who shar'd their toils; when to the goddess Earth
Grateful they sacrific'd a teeming swine,
And pour'd the milky bowl at Sylvan's shrine.
Then to the Genius of their fleeting hours,
Mindful of life's short date, they offer'd wine and
flowers.

Here, in alternate verse, with rustic jest
The clowns their awkward raillery express'd,
And as the year brought round the jovial day,
Freely they sported, innocently gay,
'Till cruel wit was turn'd to open rage,
And dar'd the noblest families engage.
When some, who by its tooth envenom'd bled,
Complain'd aloud, and others, struck with dread,
'Though yet untouch'd, as in a public cause,
Implor'd the just protection of the laws,
Which from injurious libels wisely guard
Our neighbour's fame; and now the prudent hard,
Whom the just terrors of the lash restrain,
'To pleasure and instruction turns his vein.

When conquer'd Greece brought^d in her captive
 arts,
 She triumph'd o'er her savage conqueror's hearts ;
 Taught our rough verse its numbers to refine,
 And our rude style with elegance to shine.
 And yet some traces of this rustic vein
 For a long age remain'd, and still remain.
 For it was late before our bards inquir'd
 How the dramatic Muse her Greeks inspir'd ;
 How Æschylus and Thespis form'd the stage,
 And what improv'd the Sophoclean page.
 Then to their favourite pieces we applied,
 Proud to translate, nor unsuccessful tried ;
 For, ardent and sublime our native vein,
 It breathes the spirit of the tragic scene,
 And dares successful ; but the Roman Muse
 Disdains, or fears, the painful file to use.

Because the comic poet forms his plays
 On common life, they seem a work of ease :
 But, if he less indulgence must expect,
 Sure he should labour to be more correct.
 Even Plautus ill sustains a lover's part,
 A frugal sire's, or wily pander's art.
 Dossennus slip-shod shambles o'er the scene,
 Buffoons, with hungry jests, his constant train :
 For gold was all their aim, and then the play
 Might stand or fall—indifferent were they.

He, who on Glory's airy chariot tries
 To mount the stage, full often lives and dies.
 A cold spectator chills the bard to death,
 But one warm look recalls his fleeting breath.
 Such light, such trivial things depress or raise
 A soul that feels this avarice of praise.

Farewell the stage ; for humbly I disclaim
Such fond pursuits of pleasure, or of fame,
If I must sink in shame, or swell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted, or denied :
And sure the bard, though resolutely bold,
Must quit the stage, or tremble to behold
The little vulgar of the clamorous pit,
Though void of honour, virtue, sense, or wit,
When his most interesting scenes appear,
Call for a prize-fight, or a baited bear ;
And should the knights forbid their dear delight,
They rise tumultuous, and prepare for fight.

But even our knights from wit and genius fly
To pageant shows, that charm the wandering eye.
Drawn are the scenes, and lo ! for many an hour
Wide o'er the stage the flying squadrons pour.
Then kings in chains confess the fate of war,
And weeping queens attend the victor's car.
Chairs, coaches, carts, in rattling rout are roll'd,
And ships of mighty bulk their sails unfold.
At last the model of some captive towns,
In ivory built, the splendid triumph crowns.
Sure, if Democritus were yet on earth,
Whether a beast of mix'd and monstrous birth
Bid them with gaping admiration gaze,
Or a white elephant their wonder raise,
The crowd would more delight the laughing sage,
Than all the farce and follies of the stage ;
To think, that asses should in judgment sit,
In solid deafness, on the works of wit.
For where's the voice so strong as to confound
The shouts with which our theatres resound ?
Loud as when surges lash the Tuscan shore,

Or mountain-forests with a tempest roar,
So loud the people's cries, when they behold
The foreign arts of luxury and gold ;
And if an actor is but richly drest,
Their joy is in repeated claps express.
But has he spoken ? No. Then whence arose
That loud applause ? His robe with purple glows.

Though I attempt not the dramatic muse,
Let me not seem, malignant, to refuse
The praises due to those, who with success
Have tried this way to fame ; for I confess,
He gives a desperate trial of his art,
Who with imagin'd woes can wring my heart ;
To pity sooth me, or to anger warm,
Or with false fears my panting breast alarm ;
Then, like a sorcerer, my rapt spirit bear
To Athens, or to Thebes, and fix it there.

But let the bards some little care engage,
Who dare not trust the rough, contemptuous stage,
Yet to the reader's judgment would submit,
If you would offer to the god of wit
Such volumes as his best protection claim ;
Or would you warm them in pursuit of fame,
Bid them the hills of Helicon ascend,
Where ever-green the flowery lawns extend.

Yet into sad mishaps we poets fall
(I own the folly's common to us all)
When, to present the labours of our Muse,
Your hours of business or repose we choose ;
When even the manly freedom of our friends,
Who blame one verse, our tenderness offends ;
When we, unask'd, some favourite lines repeat,

Complaining that our toils, how wondrous great!
 Are unobserv'd—that subtilty of thought,
 That fine-spun thread, with which our poem's
 wrought:

Or when we hope, that, soon as Cæsar knows
 That we can rhimes abundantly compose,
 Our fortune's made; he shall to court invite
 Our bashful Muse, compelling us to write.

Yet it is thine, O Cæsar, to inquire
 How far thy virtue can her priests inspire,
 In peace or war, to sing her hero's fame,
 Nor trust to worthless bards the sacred theme.

Dan Chærilus was poet-laureat made
 By Philip's conquering son, who bounteous paid
 The gold, on which his father's image shines,
 For misbegotten and unshapen lines;
 And yet as ink the spotless hand defiles,
 So our fame fair a wretched scribbler soils.

Yet the same monarch, who thus dearly paid
 For worthless rhimes, a solemn edict made,
 That none but fam'd Apelles dare to trace,
 In desperate colours, his imperial face;
 And that Lysippus should presume alone
 To mould great Ammon's son in brass or stone.
 Then take this critic in the arts that lie
 Beneath the power and judgment of the eye,
 Take him to books, and poetry, you'll swear,
 This king was born in thick Bœotian air.

But, never, sir, shall your judicious taste
 By Virgil or by Varius be disgrac'd,
 For to your bounty they shall grateful raise
 A deathless monument of fame and praise;
 Nor form'd in brass, with more expression shines

The hero's face, than in the poet's lines
His life and manners; nor would Horace choose
These low and grovelling numbers, could his Muse
The rapid progress of your arms pursue;
Paint distant lands and rivers to the view,
Up the steep mountain with thy war ascend,
Storm the proud fort, and bid the nations bend;
Or bid fell war's destructive horrors cease,
And shut up Janus in eternal peace,
While Parthia bows beneath the Roman name,
And yields her glories to our prince's fame.

But Cæsar's majesty would sure refuse
The feeble praises of my lowly muse,
Nor I, with conscious modesty, should dare
Attempt a subject I want strength to bear;
For sure a foolish fondness of the heart,
At least in rhiming and the Muse's art,
Hurts whom it loves; for quickly we discern,
With ease remember, and with pleasure learn,
Whate'er may ridicule and laughter move,
Not what deserves our best esteem and love.

All such provoking fondness I disclaim,
Nor wish to stand expos'd to public shame
In wax-work form'd, with horrible grimace,
Nor in splay-footed rhimes to show my face:
Blushing the fulsome present to receive,
And with my author be condemn'd to live;
Perhaps, in the same open'd basket laid,
Down to the street together be convey'd,
Where pepper, odours, frankincense are sold,
And all small wares in wretched rhimes enroll'd

EPISTLE II.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

FLORUS, the friend of Nero, good and brave,
 suppose a merchant, who would sell a slave,
 Should thus address you, " Sir, the boy's complete
 From head to foot, and elegantly neat :
 He shall be yours for fifty pounds. He plays
 The vassal's part, and at a nod obeys
 His master's will—then for the Grecian tongue,
 He has a taste—so pliable and young,
 Like clay, well temper'd with informing skill,
 He may be moulded to what shape you will.
 His notes are artless, but his voice is fine,
 To entertain you o'er a glass of wine.
 He sinks in credit, who attempts to raise
 His venal wares with over-rating praise,
 To put them off his hands. My wants are none,
 My stock is little, but that stock my own.
 No common dealer, sir, would sell a slave
 On equal terms, nor should another have
 So good a bargain. Guilty of one slip,
 It seems, and fearful of the pendent whip,
 I own he loiter'd once. The money pay ;
 The lad is only apt to run away."

I think he safely may the sum enjoy :

• You knew his failing, and would buy the boy :

The form was legal, yet you still dispute
The sale, and plague him with an endless suit.

I told you, frankly told you, ere you went,
That I was grown most strangely indolent,
No longer fit for offices like these,
Lest my not writing might my friends displease
But what avails whatever I can say,
If you demur against so just a plea?
Besides, you murmur, that my Muse betrays
Your expectations in her promis'd lays.

A common soldier, who by various toils
And perils gain'd a competence in spoils,
At night fatigu'd while he supinely snor'd,
Lost to a farthing his collected hoard.
This rous'd his rage, in vengeance for his pelli,
Against the foe, nor less against himself.
A very ravenous wolf, with craving maw,
With hungry teeth and wide-devouring jaw,
He charg'd with fury, as the folks report,
Scal'd the high wall, and sack'd a royal fort
Replete with various wealth: for this renown'd,
His name is honour'd, and his courage crown'd;
Besides, in money he receives a meed,
A sum proportion'd to the glorious deed.

His chief soon after purposing to form
Another siege, and take a town by storm,
Began to rouse this desperado's fire
With words that might a coward's heart inspire.
"Go, my brave friend, where fame and honour call;
Go; with successful courage mount the wall,
And reap fresh honours with an ample prize:—
What stops your course!" The rustic shrewd replies:

.. An't please you, captain, let another trudge it ;
The man may venture, who has lost his budget."

It chanc'd, at Rome, that I was early taught
What woes to Greece enrag'd Achilles wrought,
Indulgent Athens then improv'd my parts,
With some small tincture of ingenuous arts,
Fair truth from falsehood to discern, and rove
In search of wisdom through the museful grove.
But lo! the time, destructive to my peace,
Me rudely ravish'd from that charming place ;
'The rapid tide of civil war a-main
Swept into arms, unequal to sustain
The might of Cæsar Dread Philippi's field
First clipt my wings, and taught my pride to yield
My fortune ruin'd, blasted all my views,
Bold hunger edg'd, and want inspir'd my Muse.
But say, what dose could purify me, blest
With store sufficient, should I break my rest
To scribble verse? The waning years apace
Steal off our thoughts, and rife every grace.
Alas! already have they snatch'd away
My jokes, my loves, my revellings, and play;
'They strive to wrest my poems from me too,
Instruct me then what method to pursue.
In short, the race of various men admire
As various numbers: thee the softer lyre
Delights: this man approves the tragic strain ;
That joys in Bion's keen, satiric vein.

I have three guests invited to a feast,
And all appear to have a different taste.
What shall I give them? What shall I refuse :
What one dislikes, the other two shall choose,

And even the very dish you like the best,
Is acid or insipid to the rest.

Besides, at Rome, amidst its toils and cares,
Think you that I can write harmonious airs?
One bids me be his bail; another prays
That I would only listen to his lays,
And leave all business; more to raise your wonder,
Although they live the length of Rome asunder,
Yet both must be obey'd: and here you see
A special distance—"But the streets are free,
And, while you walk with flowing fancy fraught,
Nothing occurs to disconcert a thought."

Here furious drives a builder with his team;
An engine there up-heaves the lengthen'd beam,
Or ponderous stone; here justling waggons jar
With mournful hearses in tumultuous war:
Hence runs a madding dog with baneful ire:
Thence a vile pig, polluted with the mire.
Go then, and bustle through the noisy throng,
Invoke the Muse, and meditate the song.

The tribe of writes, to a man, admire
The peaceful grove, and from the town retire:
Clients of Bacchus, indolent they doze
Beneath the shade, and court its calm repose.
How then in noise unceasing tune the lay,
Or tread where others hardly find their way?

A genius, who, in Athens' calm retreat,
Had studied hard his seven long years complete.
Now, waxen old in discipline and books,
Abroad he comes, with pale and meagre looks;
Dumb as a statue, slow he stalks along,
And shakes with laughter loud the gazing throng.
What then—at Rome; in this tumultuous town.

Toss'd by the noisy tempest up and down,
Can I, though even the willing Muse inspire,
Adapt her numbers to the sounding lyre?

A wight there was, for rhetoric renown'd,
Whose brother was a lawyer most profound ;
In mutual praise all honours were their own,
And this a Gracchus, that a Mucius shone.
What milder phrensy goads the rhiming train ?
Mine is the lyre ; in elegiac strain
He soothes the soul. A wondrous work is mine !
And his—was surely polish'd by the Nine !

With what an air of true poetic pride
And high disdain, we view from side to side
Apollo's temple, as if we ourselves,
And none but we, should fill the vacant shelves !
Then follow further, if your time permits,
And at a distance hear these mighty wits ;
How far entitled to this mutual praise,
Which freely gives, and arrogates the bays.
Like gladiators, who, by candle-light,
Prolong the combat, for with foils they fight,
With mimic rage we rush upon the foe,
Wounded we wound, and measure blow for blow.
Alcæus I in his opinion shine,
He soars a new Callimachus in mine ;
Or if Mimnermus be his nobler fame,
He struts and glories in the darling name.

Much I endur'd, when writing I would bribe
The public voice, and sooth the fretful tribe
Of rival poets. Now my rhiming heat
Is cool'd, and reason re-assumes her seat,
I boldly bar mine ears against the breed
Of babbling bards, who without mercy read

Bad poets ever are a standing jest :
But they rejoice, and, in their folly blest,
Admire themselves ; nay, though you silent sit,
They bless themselves in wonder at their wit.
But he who studies masterly to frame
A finish'd piece, and build an honest fame,
Acts to himself the friendly critic's part,
And proves his genius by the rules of art ;
Boldly blots out whatever seems obscure,
Or lightly mean, unworthy to procure
Immortal honour, though the words give way
With warm reluctance, and by force obey ;
'Though yet enshrin'd within his desk they stand,
And claim a sanction from his parent hand.

As from the treasure of a latent mine,
Long darken'd words he shall with art refine ;
Bring into light, to dignify his page,
'The nervous language of a former age,
Us'd by the Catoes, and Cethegus old,
'Tho' now deform'd with dust, and cover'd o'er with
mould.

New words he shall endenizen, which use
Shall authorise, and currently produce ;
'Then, brightly smooth, and yet sublimely strong,
Like a pure river, through his flowing song
Shall pour the riches of his fancy wide,
And bless his Latium with a vocal tide ;
Prune the luxuriant phrase ; the rude refine,
Or blot the languid and unsinew'd line.
Yet hard he labours for this seeming ease ;
As art, not nature, makes our dancers please.
A stupid scribbler let me rather seem,
While of my faults with dear delight I deem,

Or not perceive, than sing no mortal strain,
And bear this toil, this torture of the brain.

At Argos liv'd a citizen, well known,
Who long imagin'd that he heard the tone
Of deep tragedians on an empty stage,
And sat applauding in ecstatic rage :
In other points, a person who maintain'd
A due decorum, and a life unstain'd,
A worthy neighbour, and a friend sincere,
Kind to his wife, nor to his slaves severe,
Nor prone to madness, though the felon's fork
Defac'd the signet of a bottle-cork ;
And wise to shun (well knowing which was which)
The rock high pendent, and the yawning ditch.
He, when his friends, at much expense and pains,
Had amply purg'd with hellebore his brains,
Come to himself—" Ah ! cruel friends !" he cried,
" Is this to save me ? Better far have died,
Than thus be robb'd of pleasure so refin'd,
The dear delusion of a raptur'd mind."

'Tis wisdom's part to bid adieu to toys,
And yield amusements to the taste of boys,
Not the soft sound of empty words admire,
Or model measures to the Roman lyre,
But learn such strains and rhapsodies, as roll
Tuneful through life, and harmonise the soul.

Thus, when alone, I commune with my heart,
And silent meditate this nobler art ;
If no repletion from the limpid stream
Allay'd the burnings of your thirsty flame,
You straight would tell the doctor your distress,
And is there none to whom you dare confess,

That, in proportion to your growing store,
 Your lust of lucre is inflam'd the more ?
 If you were wounded, and your wound imbib'd
 No soothing ease from roots or herbs prescrib'd,
 You would avoid such medicines, be sure,
 As roots and herbs, that could effect no cure.

But you have heard, that folly flies apace
 From him, whom heaven has gifted with the grace
 Of happy wealth ; and though you have aspir'd
 Not more to wisdom, since you first acquir'd
 A fund, yet will you listen to no rule
 But that from Fortune's insufficient school ?
 Could riches add but prudence to your years,
 Restrain your wishes, and abate your fears,
 You then might blush with reason, if you knew
 One man on earth more covetous than you.

If that be yours, for which you fairly told
 The price concluded (and as lawyers hold,
 In some things use a property secures,)
 The land, which feeds you, must of course be
 yours.

Your neighbour's bailiff, who manures the fields,
 And sows the corn which your provision yields,
 Finds in effect, that he is but your slave :
 You give your coin, and in return receive
 Fowls, eggs, and wine : and thus it will be found,
 That you have bought insensibly the ground,
 'The fee of which to purchasers before,
 Perhaps, had been two thousand pounds, or more ;
 For what avails it in a life well past,
 At first to pay the purchase, or at last ?
 'The frugal man, who purchas'd two estates,
 Yet buys the pot-herbs, which his worship eats,

Though he thinks not : this tyrant of the soil
 Buys the mere wood, which makes his kettle boil :
 And yet he calls that length of land his own,
 From which the poplar, fix'd to limits known,
 Cuts off disputes, as if he had the power
 Of that, which in the moment of an hour
 By favour, purchase, force, or fate's commands,
 May change its lord, and fall to other hands.

Since thus no mortal property can have
 A lasting tenure ; and, as wave o'er wave,
 Heir comes o'er heir, what pleasure can afford
 Thy peopled manors, and increasing hoard ?
 Or what avails it, that your fancy roves
 To join Lucanian to Calabrian groves,
 Inflexible to gold if rigid Fate
 Mows down, at once, the little and the great ?

Gems, marble, ivory, vases sculptur'd high,
 Plate, pictures, robes that drink the Tyrian dye,
 These are the general wish : yet sure there are,
 Who neither have, nor think them worth their care.

Sauntering, perfumes, and baths ; one brother loves
 Beyond the wealth of Herod's palmy groves ;
 Though rich the other, yet with ceaseless toil,
 Anxious he burns, ploughs, tames the stubborn soil
 But whence these various inclinations rose,
 The God of human nature only knows :
 That mystic genius, which our actions guides,
 Attends our stars, and o'er our lives presides ;
 Whose power appears, propitious, or malign,
 Stamp'd on each face, and varied through each line.

Be mine, my little fortune to enjoy ;
 A moderate pittance on myself employ,

Nor fear the censure of my thankless heir,
That I have left too little to his share ;
And yet the wide distinction would I scan
Between an open, hospitable man,
And prodigal ; the frugalist secure,
And miser pinch'd with penury ; for sure
It differs, whether you profusely spend
Your wealth, or never entertain a friend ;
Or, wanting prudence, like a play-day boy
Blindly rush on, to catch the flying joy.
Avert, ye gods, avert the loathsome load
Of want inglorious, and a vile abode.
To me are equal, so they bear their charge ;
The little pinnace, and the lofty barge.
Nor am I wafted by the swelling gales
Of winds propitious, with expanded sails,
Nor yet expos'd to tempest-bearing strife,
Adrift to struggle through the waves of life,
Last of the first, first of the last in weight,
Parts, vigour, person, virtue, birth, estate.

You are not covetous : be satisfied.
But are you tainted with no vice beside ?
From vain ambition, dread of death's decree,
And fell resentment, is thy bosom free ?
Say, can you laugh indignant at the schemes
Of magic terrors, visionary dreams,
Portentous wonders, witching imps of hell,
The nightly goblin, and enchanting spell ?
Can you recount with gratitude and mirth
The day revolv'd, that gave thy being birth ?
Indulge the failings of thy friends, and grow
More mild and virtuous, as thy seasons flow ?

Pluck out one thorn to mitigate thy pain,
What boots it, while so many more remain?
Or act with just propriety your part,
Or yield to those of elegance and art.
Already glutted with a farce of age,
'Tis time for thee to quit the wanton stage,
Lest youth, more decent in their follies, scoff
The nauseous scene, and hiss thee reeling off.



THE
ART OF POETRY.

SUPPOSE a painter to a human head
Should join a horse's neck, and wildly spread
The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join'd ;
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid
Above the waist with every charm array'd,
Should a foul fish her lower parts enfold,
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold ?
Such is the book, that, like a sick man's dreams,
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.

“Painters and poets our indulgence claim,
Their daring equal, and their art the same.”
I own th' indulgence—Such I give and take ;
But not through nature's sacred rules to break,
Monstrous to mix the cruel and the kind,
Serpents with birds, and lambs with tigers join'd.

Your opening promises some great design,
And shreds of purple with broad lustre shine
Sew'd on your poem. Here in labour'd strain
A sacred grove, or fair Diana's fane,
Rises to view ; there through delicious meads
A murmuring stream its winding water leads :
Here pours the rapid Rhine ; the wat'ry bow

There bends its colours, and with pride they glow.
 Beauties they are, but beauties out of place ;
 For though your talent be to paint with grace
 A mournful cypress, would you pour its shade
 O'er the tempestuous deep, if you were paid
 To paint a sailor, 'midst the winds and waves,
 When on a broken plank his life he saves ?

Why will you thus a mighty vase intend,
 If in a worthless bowl your labours end ?
 Then learn this wandering humour to control,
 And keep one equal tenour through the whole.

But oft, our greatest errors take their rise
 From our best views. I strive to be concise ;
 I prove obscure. My strength, my fire decays,
 When in pursuit of elegance and ease.
 Aiming at greatness, some to fustian soar ;
 Some in cold safety creep along the shore,
 Too much afraid of storms ; while he, who tries
 With ever-varying wonders to surprise,
 In the broad fore-st bids his dolphins play,
 And paints his boars di porting in the sea.
 Thus, injudicious, while one fault we shun,
 Into its opposite extreme we run.

One happier artist of th' Æmilian square,
 Who graves the nails, and forms the flowing hair,
 Though he excels in every separate part,
 Yet fails of just perfection in his art,
 In one grand whole unknowing to unite
 Those different parts ; and I no more would write
 Like him, than with a nose of hideous size
 Be gaz'd at for the finest hair and eyes.

Examine well, ye writers, weigh with care,
 What suits your genius; what your strength can
 bear.

To him, who shall his theme with judgment choose,
 Nor words nor method shall their aid refuse.

For this, or I mistake, consists the grace,
 And force of method, to assign a place
 For what with present judgment we should say,
 And for some happier time the rest delay.

Would you to Fame a promis'd work produce,
 Be delicate and cautious in the use
 And choice of words: nor shall you fail of praise,
 When nicely joining two known words you raise
 A third unknown. A new-discover'd theme
 For those, unheard in ancient times, may claim
 A just and ample license, which, if us'd
 With fair discretion, never is refus'd.

New words, and lately made, shall credit claim:
 If from a Grecian source they gently stream;
 For Virgil, sure, and Varius may receive
 That kind indulgence which the Romans gave
 To Plautus and Cæcilius: or shall I
 Be envied, if my little fund supply
 Its frugal wealth of words, since bards, who sung
 In ancient days, enrich'd their native tongue
 With large increase? An undisputed power
 Of coining money from the rugged ore,
 Nor less of coining words, is still confest,
 If with a legal public stamp imprest.

As when the forest, with the bending year,
 First sheds the leaves which earliest appear,
 So an old age of words maturely dies,
 Others new-born in youth and vigour rise.

We and our noblest works to Fate must yield :
 Even Cæsar's mole, which royal pride might build.
 Where Neptune far into the land extends,
 And from the raging North our fleets defends ;
 That barren marsh, whose cultivated plain
 Now gives the neighbouring towns its various grain :
 Tiber, who, taught a better current, yields
 To Cæsar's power, nor deluges our fields ;
 All these must perish, and shall words presume
 To hold their honours, and immortal bloom ?
 Many shall rise, that now forgotten lie ;
 Others, in present credit, soon shall die,
 If custom will, whose arbitrary sway,
 Words, and the forms of language, must obey

By Homer taught the modern poet sings,
 In epic strains, of heroes, wars, and kings.
 Unequal measures first were tun'd to flow
 Sadly expressive of the lover's woe ;
 But now, to gayer subjects form'd, they move
 In sounds of pleasure, to the joys of love :
 By whom invented, critics yet contend,
 And of their vain disputings find no end.

Archilochus, with fierce resentment warm'd,
 Was with his own severe iambics arm'd,
 Whose rapid numbers, suited to the stage,
 In comic humour, or in tragic rage,
 With sweet variety were found to please,
 And taught the dialogue to flow with ease ;
 Their numerous cadence was for action fit,
 And form'd to quell the clamours of the Pit.

The Muse to nobler subjects tunes her lyre ;
 Gods, and the sons of gods, her song inspire,
 Wrestler and steed, who gain'd th' Olympic prize,

THE ART OF POETRY.

Love's pleasing cares, and wine's unbounded joys
But if, through weakness, or my want of art,
I can't to every different style impart

The proper strokes and colours it may claim.

Why am I honour'd with a Poet's name?

Absurdly modest, why my fault discern,
Yet rather burst in ignorance than learn :

Nor will the genius of the comic Muse
Sublimar tones, or tragic numbers, use ;

Nor will the direful Thyestean feast
In comic phrase and language be debas'd.

Then let your style be suited to the scene,
And its peculiar character maintain.

Yet Comedy sometimes her voice may raise,
And angry Chremes rail in swelling phrase :

As oft the tragic language humbly flows,
For Telephus or Peleus, 'midst the woes
Of poverty or exile, must complain

In prose-like style; must quit the swelling strain.
And words gigantic, if with nature's art

They hope to touch the melting hearer's heart.

'Tis not enough, ye writers, that ye charm
With ease and elegance ; a play should warm
With soft concernment ; should possess the soul.
And, as it wills, the listening crowd control.

With them, who laugh, our social joy appears
With them, who mourn, we sympathise in tears ;
If you would have me weep, begin the strain,
Then I shall feel your sorrows, feel your pain :
But if your heroes act not what they say,
I sleep or laugh the lifeless scene away.

The varying face should every passion show.
And words of sorrow wear the look of woe ;

Let it in joy assume a vivid air ;
 Fierce when in rage ; in seriousness severe :
 For Nature to each change of fortune forms
 'The secret soul, and all its passions warms ;
 'Transports to rage, dilates the heart with mirth,
 'Wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.
 'The tongue these various movements must express
 But, if ill-suited to the deep distress
 His language prove, the sons of Rome engage
 'To laugh th' unhappy actor off the stage.

Your style should an important difference make
 When heroes, gods, or awful sages speak :
 When florid youth, whom gay desires inflame ;
 A busy servant, or a wealthy dame ;
 A merchant wandering with incessant toil,
 Or he who cultivates the verdant soil :
 But if in foreign realms you fix your scene,
 'Their genius, customs, dialects maintain.

Or follow fame, or in th' invented tale
 Let seeming, well-united truth prevail :
 If Homer's great Achilles tread the stage,
 Intrepid, fierce, of unforgiving rage,
 Like Homer's hero, let him spurn all laws,
 And by the sword alone assert his cause.
 With untam'd fury let Medea glow,
 And Ino's tears in ceaseless anguish flow.
 From realm to realm her griefs let Io bear,
 And sad Orestes rave in deep despair.
 But if you venture on an untried theme,
 And form a person yet unknown to fame,
 From his first entrance to the closing scene
 Let him one equal character maintain.

'Tis hard a new-form'd fable to express,

And make it seem your own. With more success
 You may from Homer take the tale of Troy,
 Than on an untried plot your strength employ.
 Yet would you make a common theme your own,
 Dwell not on incidents already known;
 Nor word for word translate with painful care,
 Nor be confin'd in such a narrow sphere,
 From whence (while you should only imitate)
 Shame and the rules forbid you to retreat.

Begin your work with modest grace and plain,
 Nor like the bard of everlasting strain,
 "I sing the glorious war; and Priam's fate—"
 How will the boaster hold this yawning rate?
 The mountains labour'd with prodigious throes,
 And lo? a mouse ridiculous arose.
 Far better he, who ne'er attempts in vain:
 Opening his poem in this humble strain,
 " Muse, sing the man, who, after Troy subdu'd,
 Manners and towns of various nations view'd."
 He does not lavish at a blaze his fire,
 Sudden to glare, and in a smoke expire;
 But rises from a cloud of smoke to light,
 And pours his specious miracles to sight;
 Antiphates his hideous feast devours,
 Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars.

He would not, like our modern poet, date
 His hero's wanderings from his uncle's fate;
 Nor sing ill-fated Ilium's various woes,
 From Helen's birth, from whom the war arose
 But to the grand event he speeds his course,
 And bears his readers with resistless force
 Into the midst of things, while every line
 Opens, by just degrees, his whole design,

Artful he knows each circumstance to leave,
 Which will not grace and ornament receive; — 278
 Then truth and fiction with such skill he blends,
 That equal he begins, proceeds, and ends.

Mine and the public judgment are the same;
 Then hear what I and what your audience claim:
 If you would keep us till the curtain fall,
 And the last chorus for a plaudit call,
 The manner must your strictest care engage, *how well*
 The levities of youth and strength of age.

The child, who now with firmer footing walks,
 And with unfaltering, well-form'd accents talks, — 230
 Loves childish sports; with causeless anger burns,
 And idly pleased with every moment turns.

The youth, whose will no froward tutor bounds,
 Joys in the sunny field, his horse and hounds;
 Yielding like wax, th' impressive folly bears;
 Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares;
 Profuse and vain; with every passion warm'd,
 And swift to leave what late his fancy charm'd.

With strength improv'd, the manly spirit bends
 To different aims, in search of wealth and friends: —
 Bold and ambitious in pursuit of fame,
 And wisely cautious in the doubtful scheme.

A thousand ills the aged world surround,
 Anxious in search of wealth, and, when 'tis found,
 Fearful to use what they with fear possess,
 While doubt and dread their faculties depress.
 Fond of delay, they trust in hope no more,
 Listless, and fearful of th' approaching hour;
 Morose, complaining, and with tedious praise
 Talking the manners of their youthful days; — 251

Severe to censure ; earnest to advise,
And with old saws the present age chastise.

The blessings flowing in with life's full tide,
Down with our ebb of life decreasing glide ;
Then let not youth, or infancy, engage
To play the parts of manhood, or of age ;
For, where the proper characters prevail,
We dwell with pleasure on the well-wrought tale.

The business of the drama must appear
In action or description. What we hear,
With weaker passion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part.
But yet let nothing on the stage be brought,
Which better should behind the scenes be wrought ;
Nor force th' unwilling audience to behold
What may with grace and eloquence be told.
Let not Medea, with unnatural rage,
Slaughter her mangled infants on the stage ;
Nor Atreus his nefarious feast prepare,
Nor Cadmus roll a snake, nor Progne wing the air—
For, while upon such monstrous scenes we gaze,
They shock our faith, our indignation raise.

If you would have your play deserve success,
Give it five acts complete, nor more, nor less ;
Nor let a god in person stand display'd,
Unless the labouring plot deserve his aid ;
Nor a fourth actor on the crowded scene,
A broken, tedious dialogue maintain.

The chorus must support an actor's part ;
Defend the virtuous, and advise with art ;
Govern the choleric, the proud appease,
And the short feasts of frugal tables praise ;
Applaud the justice of well-govern'd states,

And Peace triumphant with her open gates.
 Entrusted secrets let them ne'er betray,
 But to the righteous gods with ardour pray,
 That fortune with returning smiles may bless
 Afflicted mirth, and impious pride depress;
 Yet let their songs with apt coherence join,
 Promote the plot, and aid the main design.

Nor was the flute at first with silver bound,
 Nor rival'd emulous the trumpet's sound:
 Few were its notes, its form was simply plain,
 Yet not unuseful was its feeble strain
 To aid the chorus, and their songs to raise,
 Filling the little theatre with ease,
 To which a thin and pious audience came,
 Of frugal manners and unsuiled fame.

But when victorious Rome enlarg'd her state,
 And broader walls inclos'd th' imperial seat,
 Soon as with wine grown dissolutely gay
 Without restraint she cheer'd the festal day,
 Then Poesy in looser numbers mov'd,
 And Music in licentious tones improv'd:
 Such ever is the taste, when clown and wit,
 Rustic and critic, fill the crowded pit.

He, who before with modest art had play'd,
 Now call'd in wanton movements to his aid,
 Fill'd with luxurious tones the pleasing strain,
 And drew along the stage a length of train;
 And thus the lyre, once awfully severe,
 Increas'd its strings, and sweeter charm'd the ear.
 Thus Poetry precipitately flow'd,
 And with unwonted elocution glow'd;
 Pour'd forth phophetic truths in awful strain,
 Dark as the language of the Delphic fane.

The tragic bard, who, for a worthless prize,
Bid naked satyrs in his chrous rise,
Though rude his mirth, yet labour'd to maintain
The solemn grandeur of the tragic scene ;
For novelty alone, he knew, could charm
A lawless crowd, with wine and feasting warm.

And yet this laughing, prating tribe may raise
Our mirth, nor shall their pleasantry displeas :
But let the hero, or the power divine,
Whom late we saw with gold and purple shine
Stoop not in vulgar phrase, nor yet despise
The words of earth, and soar into the skies.
For as a matron, on our festal days
Oblig'd to dance, with modest grace obeys,
So should the Muse her dignity maintain
Amidst the satyrs and their wanton train.

If e'er I write, no words too grossly vile
Shall shame my satyrs, and pollute my style.
Nor would I yet the tragic style forsake
So far, as not some difference to make
Between a slave, or wench, too pertly bold,
Who wipes the miser of his darling gold,
And grave Silenus, with instructive nod
Giving wise lectures to his pupil god.
From well-known tales such fictions would I raise
As all might hope to imitate with ease ;
Yet while they strive the same success to gain,
Should find their labour and their hopes are vain
Such grace can order and connexion give ;
Such beauties common subjects may receive.

Let not the wood-born satyr fondly sport
With amorous verses, as if bred at court ;
Nor yet with wanton jests, in mirthful vein,

Debase the language, and pollute the scene ;
 For what the crowd with lavish rapture praise,
 In better judges cold contempt shall raise.

Rome to her poets too much licence gives,
 Nor the rough cadence of their verse perceives ;
 But shall I then with careless spirit write ?

No—let me think my faults shall rise to light,
 And then a kind indulgence will excuse
 The less important errors of the Muse.

Thus, though perhaps I may not merit fame,
 I stand secure from censure and from shame.

Make the Greek authors your supreme delight ;
 Read them by day, and study them by night.—

“ And yet our sires with joy could Plautus hear ;
 “ Gay were his jests, his numbers charm’d their ear ”

Let me not say too lavishly they prais’d ;
 But sure their judgment was full cheaply pleas’d,

If you or I, with taste are haply blest,
 To know a clownish from a courtly jest ;
 If skilful to discern, when form’d with ease
 The modulated sounds are taught to please.

Thespis, inventor of the tragic art,
 Carried his vagrant players in a cart :
 High o’er the crowd the mimic tribe appear’d,
 And play’d and sung, with lees of wine besmear’d
 Then Æschylus a decent vizard us’d ;
 Built a low stage ; the flowing robe diffus’d.

In language more sublime his actors rage,
 And in the graceful buskin tread the stage.

And now the ancient Comedy appear’d,
 Nor without pleasure and applause was heard.
 But soon, its freedom rising to excess,
 The laws were forc’d its boldness to suppress.

And, when no longer licens'd to defame,
It sunk to silence with contempt and shame.

No path to fame our poets left untried ;
Nor small their merit, when with conscious pride
They scorn'd to take from Greece the storied theme,
And dar'd to sing their own domestic fame,
With Roman heroes fill the tragic scene,
Or sport with humour in the comic vein.
Nor had the mistress of the world appear'd
More fam'd for conquest, than for wit rever'd,
Did we not hate the necessary toil
Of slow correction, and the painful file.

Illustrious youths, with just contempt receive,
Nor let the hardy poem hope to live
Where time and full correction don't refine
The finish'd work, and polish every line.
Because Democritus in rapture cries,
" Poems of genius always bear the prize
From wretched works of art," and thinks that none
But brain-sick bards can taste of Helicon ;
So far his doctrine o'er the tribe prevails,
They neither shave their heads, nor pare their nails ;
To dark retreats and solitude they run,
The baths avoid, and public converse shun ;
The poet's fame and fortune sure to gain,
If long their beards, incurable their brain.

Ah ! luckless I ! who purge in spring my spleen--
Else sure the first of bards had Horace been.
But shall I then, in mad pursuit of fame,
Resign my reason for a poets name ?
No ; let me sharpen others, as the hone
Gives edge to razors, though itself has none.

Let me the poet's worth and office show,
And whence his true poetic riches flow ;
What forms his genius, and improves his vein ;
What well or ill becomes each different scene ;
How high the knowledge of his art ascends,
And to what faults his ignorance extends.

Good sense, that fountain of the Muse's art,
Let the strong page of Socrates impart,
And if the mind with clear conceptions glow,
The willing words in just expressions flow.

The poet, who with nice discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes ;
How various nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest ;
What the great offices of judges are,
Of senators, of generals sent to war ;
He surely knows, with nice, well-judging art,
The strokes peculiar to each different part.

Keep nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue ;
For when the sentiments and diction please,
And all the characters are wrought with ease,
Your play, though void of beauty, force, and art,
More strongly shall delight, and warm the heart,
Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.

To her lov'd Greeks the Muse indulgent gave,
To her lov'd Greeks, with greatness to conceive,
And in sublimer tone their language raise—
Her Greeks were only covetous of praise.
Our youth, proficients in a nobler art,
Divide a farthing to the hundredth part ;

Well done ! my boy, the joyful father cries,
Addition and subtraction make us wise.

But when the rust of wealth pollutes the soul,
And money'd cares the genius thus controul,
How shall we dare to hope, that distant times
With honour should preserve our lifeless rhimes ?

Poets would profit or delight mankind,
And with the pleasing have th' instructive join'd
Short be the precept, which with ease is gain'd
By docile minds, and faithfully retain'd.
If in dull length your moral is exprest,
The tedious wisdom overflows the breast.

Would you divert ? the probable maintain,
Nor force us to believe the monstrous scene,
That shows a child, by a fell witch devour'd,
Dragg'd from her entrails, and to life restor'd.

Grave age approves the solid and the wise,
Gay youth from too austere a drama flies :
Profit and pleasure, then, to mix with art,
To inform the judgment, nor offend the heart,
Shall gain all votes ; to booksellers shall raise
No trivial fortune, and across the seas
To distant nations spread the writer's fame,
And with immortal honours crown his name.

Yet there are faults that we may well excuse,
For oft the strings th' intended sound refuse :
In vain his tuneful hand the master tries,
He asks a flat, and hears a sharp arise ;
Nor always will the bow, though fam'd for art,
With speed unerring wing the threatening dart.

But where the beauties more in number shine,
I am not angry when a casual line
(That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
A careless hand, or human frailty, shows.

But as we ne'er those scribes with mercy treat,
 Who, though advis'd, the same mistakes repeat :
 Or, as we laugh at him who constant brings
 The same rude discord from the jarring strings :
 So, if strange chance a Chærilus inspire
 With some good lines, I laugh while I admire ;
 Yet hold it for a fault I can't excuse,
 If honest Homer slumber o'er his Muse ;
 Although, perhaps, a kind indulgent sleep
 O'er works of length allowably may creep.

Poems like pictures are : some charm when nigh,
 Others at distance more delight your eye ;
 That loves the shade, this tempts a stronger light,
 And challenges the critic's piercing sight :
 That gives us pleasure for a single view ;
 And this, ten times repeated, still is new.

Although your father's precepts form your youth,
 And add experience to your taste of truth,
 Of this one maxim, *Viso*, be assur'd,
 In certain things a medium is endur'd.
 Who tries Messala's eloquence in vain,
 Nor can a knotty point of law explain
 Like learn'd Cascellius, yet may justly claim,
 For pleading or advice, some right to fame ;
 But God, and man, and letter'd post denies
 That poets ever are of middling size.
 As jarring music at a jovial feast,
 Or muddy essence, or th' ungrateful taste
 Of bitter honey, shall the guests displease,
 Because they want not luxuries like these ;
 So poems, form'd alone to yield delight,
 Give deep disgust, or pleasure, to the height.

The man, who knows not how with art to wield
 The sportive weapons of the martial field,

The bounding ball, round quoit, or whirling troque,
 Will not the laughter of the crowd provoke :
 But every desperate blockhead dares to write—
 Why not ? His fortune's large to make a knight ;
 The man's free-born ; perhaps, of gentle strain :
 His character and manners pure from stain.

But thou, dear Piso, never tempt the Muse,
 If wisdom's goddess shall her aid refuse ;
 And when you write, let candid Metius hear,
 Or try your labours on your father's ear,
 Or even on mine ; but let them not come forth
 Till the ninth ripening year mature their worth.
 You may correct what in your closet lies :
 If publish'd, it irrevocably flies.

The wood-born race of men when Orpheus tam'd
 From acorns and from nuttal blood reclaim'd,
 This priest divine was fabled to assuage
 The tiger's fierceness, and the lion's rage.
 Thus rose the Theban wall ; Amphion's lyre
 And soothing voice the listening stones inspire.
 Poetic wisdom mark'd, with happy mean,
 Public and private ; sacred and profane ;
 The wandering joys of lawless love suppress'd ;
 With equal rites the wedded couple bless'd :
 Plann'd future towns, and instituted laws :
 So verse became divine, and poets gain'd applause

Homer, Tyrtæus, by the Muse inspir'd,
 To deeds of arms the martial spirit fir'd.
 In verse the oracles divine were heard,
 And nature's secret laws in verse declar'd ;
 Monarch's were courted in Hierian strain,
 And comic sports reliev'd the wearied swain :
 Apollo sings, the Muses tune the lyre ;
 Then blush not for an art which they inspire.

'Tis long disputed, whether poets claim
 From art or nature their best right to fame ;
 But art, if not enrich'd by nature's vein,
 And a rude genius of uncultur'd strain,
 Are useless both ; but, when in friendship join'd,
 A mutual succour in each other find.

A youth, who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
 All arts must try, and every toil sustain ;
 Th' extremes of heat and cold must often prove,
 And shun the weakening joys of wine and love.
 Who sings the Pythic song, first learn'd to raise
 Each note distinct, and a stern master please ;
 But now—" Since I can write the true sublime,
 Curse catch the hindmost !" cries the man of rhyme
 " What ! in a science own myself a fool,
 Because, forsooth, I learn'd it not by rule ?"

As artful criers, at a public fair,
 Gather the passing crowd to buy their ware ;
 So wealthy poets, when they deign to write,
 To all clear gains their flatterers invite.
 But if the feast of luxury they give,
 Bail a poor wretch, or from distress relieve,
 When the black fangs of law around him bend,
 How shall they know a flatterer from a friend

If e'er you make a present, or propose
 To grant a favour ; while his bosom glows
 With grateful sentiments of joy and praise,
 Never, ah ! never let him hear your lays ;
 Loud shall he cry, How elegant ! how fine !
 Turn pale with wonder at some happier line !
 Distil the civil dew from either eye,
 And leap, and beat the ground in ecstasy.

As hirelings, paid for their funereal tear,
 Outweep the sorrows of a friend sincere,

So the false raptures of a flatterer's art
Exceed the praises of an honest heart.

Monarchs, 'tis said with many a flowing bowl
Search through the deep recesses of his soul,
Whom for their future friendship they design,
And put him to the torture in his wine ;
So try, whene'er you write, the deep disguise,
Beneath whose flattering smiles false Renard lies.

Read to Quintilius, and at every line—
“ Correct this passage, friend, and that refine.”
Tell him, you tried it twice or thrice in vain—
“ Haste to an anvil with your ill-form'd strain,
Or blot it out.” But if you still defend
The favourite folly, rather than amend,
He'll say no more, no idle toil employ—
“ Yourself unrival'd, and your works enjoy.”

An honest critic, when dull lines move slow,
Or harshly rude, will his resentment show ;
Mark every fault, and with his pen efface
What is not polish'd to its highest grace ;
Prune all ambitious ornaments away,
And teach you on th' obscure to pour the day ;
Will mark the doubtful phrase with hand severe,
Like Aristarchus candid and sincere ;
Nor say, For trifles why should I displease
The man I love ? for trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead the man I love,
If once the flatterer's ridicule he prove.
From a mad poet, whosoe'er is wise,
As from a leprosy, or jaundice, flies :
Religious madness in its zealous strain,
Nor the wild phrensy of a moon-struck brain,
Are half so dreadful : yet the boys pursue him,
And fools unknowing of their danger, view him

But, heedless wandering, if our man of rhyme,
 Bursting with verses of the true sublime,
 Like fowler, earnest at his game, should fall
 Into a well or ditch, and loudly call,
 " Good fellow-citizens and neighbours dear,
 Help a poor bard"—not one of them will hear :
 Or if, perchance, a saving rope they throw,
 I will be there, and—" Sirs, you do not know
 But he fell in on purpose, and, I doubt,
 Will hardly thank you, if you pull him out."

Then will I tell Empedocles's story,
 Who nobly fond of more than mortal glory,
 Fond to be deem'd a god, in madding fit
 Plung'd in cold blood in *Ætna's* fiery pit.
 Let bards be licens'd, then, themselves to kill :
 'Tis murder to preserve them 'gainst their will.
 But more than once this frolic he hath play'd,
 Nor, taken out, will he be wiser made,
 Content to be a man ; nor will his pride
 Lay such a glorious love of death aside.

Nor is it plain for what more horrid crime
 The gods have plagu'd him with this curse of rhyme.
 Whether his father's ashes he disdain'd,
 Or hallow'd ground with sacrilege profan'd :
 Certain he's mad, and like a baited bear,
 If he hath strength enough his den to tear,
 With all the horrors of a desperate Muse
 The learned and unlearned he pursues.
 But if he seize you, then the torture dread ;
 He fastens on you, till he read you dead,
 And like a leech, voracious of his food,
 Quits not his cruel hold till gorg'd with blood.







This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below.

FEB 5 1962

FEB 18 1964

ED-URL RETDUND 28 1966

....
JUN 9 RECD

QL APR 09 2002



B 000 001 038 9

Min.

PA

6393

A2

1825

v.2

Uni
S