

828

83

H

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

A

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE BRITISH
POETS



THE POEMS OF JOHN DRYDEN
IN FIVE VOLUMES
VOL. V

www.libtool.com.cn

THE POETICAL WORKS OF

www.libtool.com.cn

JOHN DRYDEN

EDITED BY THE REV. RICHARD HOOPER, M.A.

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. V.



NEW EDITION, REVISED

LONDON

GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET

COVENT GARDEN

1891

www.libtool.com.cn

“HISWICK PRESS :— C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.

VOL. V.

	Page
TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.	
Preface concerning Ovid's Epistles	1
Canace to Macareus	11
Helen to Paris.....	17
Dido to Æneas	26
TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S ART OF LOVE.	
The First Book of Ovid's Art of Love	34
Ovid's Amours, Book I. Eleg. I.	64
Book I. Eleg. IV.	65
Book II. Eleg. XIX.	68
TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.	
The First Satire of Juvenal.....	71
The Third Satire of Juvenal	81
The Sixth Satire of Juvenal	99
The Tenth Satire of Juvenal	133
The Sixteenth Satire of Juvenal	156
TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.	
The First Satire of Persius	161
The Second Satire of Persius	173
The Third Satire of Persius	179
The Fourth Satire of Persius	189
The Fifth Satire of Persius.....	195
The Sixth Satire of Persius.....	207

	Page
TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER.	
The First Book of Homer's Ilias	216
The Last Parting of Hector and Andromache	245
The Art of Poetry. Canto I.....	253
Canto II.	261
Canto III.....	268
Canto IV.	283
The Tears of Amynta for the Death of Damon ...	291
A Song—"Sylvia, the fair, in the bloom of fifteen"	292
Rondelay—"Chloe found Amyntas lying".....	293
The te Deum	294
Hymn for St. John's Eve.....	296
On the Marriage of Mrs. Anastasia Stafford	297
To Matilda, on the Anniversary of our Marriage	301

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

PREFACE CONCERNING OVID'S EPISTLES.

THE life of Ovid being already written in our language before the translation of his *Metamorphoses*, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a splendid fortune; that he was designed to the study of the law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that profession, for this of Poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cause of his banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by ascribing it to any other reason, than what was pretended by Augustus, which was, the lasciviousness of his *Elegies*, and his *Art of Love*. It is true, they are not to be excused in the severity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought, and of expression, or searched into the nature of it more philosophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reason as another man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the author of a certain *Epigram*, which is ascribed to him, relating to the cause of the first civil war betwixt himself and Mark Antony the triumvir, which is more fulsome than any passage I have met with in our Poet. To pass by the naked familiarity of his expressions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when she was not only married, but with child by her husband then living. But deeds, it seems, may be justified

by arbitrary power, when words are questioned in a Poet. There is another guess of the grammarians, as far from truth as the first from reason: they will have him banished for some favours which, they say, he received from Julia, the daughter of Augustus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies: but he, who will observe the verses, which are made to that mistress, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why should our Poet make his petition to Isis, for her safe delivery, and afterwards condole her miscarriage; which, for ought he knew, might be by her own husband? Or, indeed, how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a crime, which was no less than capital, especially committed against a person of Agrippa's rank. Or, if it were before her marriage, he would sure have been more discreet, than to have published an accident which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this opinion is, that Ovid himself complains, that the true person of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verses to her: which if it had been Julia, he durst not have owned; and, besides, an immediate punishment must have followed. He seems himself more truly to have touched at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses;

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? &c.

Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to somewhat, which had procured him his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied, that this was the incest of the emperor with his own daughter: for Augustus was of a nature too vindictive, to have contented himself with so small a revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple banishment; but would certainly have secured his crimes from public notice, by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have historians given us any sight into such an action of this emperor: nor would he (the greatest politician of his time) in all probability, have managed his crimes with so little secrecy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath; for the words

Sine veste Dianam

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chastity, than

with either of the Julias, who were both noted of incontinency. The first verses, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly, according to the custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna: his banishment happened not till the age of fifty: from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it; nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedness; and in the same paper of verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome, though it be left so obscure to after ages.

But to leave conjectures on a subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more authentic of this Poet: that he frequented the court of Augustus, and was well received in it, is most undoubted: all his poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *Cavalièrement*: add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his letters in his banishment, are addressed to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his age, than with the noblemen and ladies. He tells you himself, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that some of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the business of a Poet, I know no author, who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the description of the passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers; for all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges, when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the copiousness of his wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit; so that he is frequently witty out of season: leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet

he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age: for why else should he complain, that his *Metamorphoses* was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that poem, or of the rest: but many things ought to have been retrenched; which I suppose would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch friends, the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's censure will stand good against him;

Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the same sense a hundred ways, and taking up in another place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloy's his readers instead of satisfying them; and gives occasion to his translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though at the same time he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. Every thing which he does becomes him; and, if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried; for if his elegies be compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found, that those poets seldom designed before they writ; and though the language of Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set out to ostentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat, which is not of a piece with their beginning:

*Purpureus, hæc qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus,*

as Horace says: though the verses are golden, they are

but patched into the garment. But our poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race: some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means, which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is *Epistolæ Heroïdum*, the Letters of the Heroines. But Heinsius has judged more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, *Epistles*; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the masters of their learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word *Heroidum*, because it is used by Ovid in his *Art of Love*:

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroïdas ibat.

But, sure, he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of *Heroines*, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ some answers to Ovid's Letters,

(Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus)

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this subject, save only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation; and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epistles, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars: first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were heroines and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in CEnone and Hero, he has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life, though, perhaps, he has romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems

to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen ; most of the Epistles being written from ladies, who were forsaken by their lovers : which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon us in divers letters ; but of the general character of women, which is modesty, he has taken a most becoming care ; for his amorous expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a blush.

Thus much concerning the Poet : it remains that I should say somewhat of poetical translations in general, and give my opinion (with submission to better judgments) which way of version seems to be the most proper.

All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads :

First, that of Metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art of Poetry translated by Ben Jonson. The second way is that of Paraphrase, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense ; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's translation of Virgil's Fourth Æneid. The third way is that of imitation, where the translator (it now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion ; and taking only some general hints from the original, to run divisions on the groundwork, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution :

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres———

Nor word for word too faithfully translate,

as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically : it is a faith, like that which proceeds from superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanshaw, on his version of the Pastor Fido :

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.

A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
 To make translations and translators too:
 They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
 True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

It is almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time; for the Latin (a most severe and compendious language) often expresses that in one word, which either the barbarity, or the narrowness, of modern tongues cannot supply in more. It is frequent also that the conceit is couched in some expression, which will be lost in English.

Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.

What Poet of our nation is so happy as to express this thought literally in English, and to strike wit, or almost sense, out of it?

In short, the verbal copier is incumbered with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of his author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language; and, besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers, and the slavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can shun a fall by using caution; but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected: and when we have said the best of it, it is but a foolish task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines: nay Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek Poet:

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio:

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both these rocks in his translation of the three first lines of Homer's *Odyssey*, which he has contracted into two.

*Dic mihi, musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ
 Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*

Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of Troy,
 So many towns, such change of manners saw.

ROSCOMMON.

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted:

[Ὅς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη:]

The consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal, translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham, and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject to each other; and, therefore, their reasons for it are little different. Though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their sense, to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one, who has written before him, on the same subject: that is, not to translate his words, or to be confined to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write, as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my definition reaches. For in the Pindaric Odes, the customs and ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserved. But I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the example of such an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar; because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refused his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion, (I mean as to understanding) to soar out of sight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally; his genius is too strong to bear a chain, and, Samson-like, he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was but necessary to make Pindar speak English, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors be thus used, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original: but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the creation of another hand. By this way it is true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first design; though Virgil must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes place. Yet he who is inquisitive to

know an author's thoughts, will be disappointed if he expects to have a present made him, when he receives his payment of a debt. It were a better imitation of an author is the most advantageous one for a translator to draw himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to his memory and reputation is to follow Sir John Denham (who advised more liberty than to make himself), for the reason for his innovation, in his admirable preface to the translation of the second *Raid*. "I say, & it is so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring me of the language into another, it will all evaporate: and, if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *Caput Mortuum*." I suppose his argument holds good against a literal translation: but who forbids a translation and verbal version are, in my opinion, the two extremes, which ought to be avoided: and therefore, when I have proposed the mean between them, it will be seen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating *Poetry*, who besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his own's language, and of his own: nor must we understand the language only of the *Poet*, nor his particular way of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and so it were ridiculous to him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves, to enquire our genius be his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they should be changed: but since every language is so full of its own propriety, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay sometimes nonsense, in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author's words. It is enough if he choose out some expressions which does not vitiate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the spirit of an author may be transfused, and yet not lost: and thus it is plain, that the reason alleged by Sir John Denham has no further force than to expression: for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language; but the words that convey it to our

apprehension (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be so ill chosen as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of its native lustre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expression; neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confined to the measure of their original. The sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a translator has no such right. When a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter features, and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better: perhaps the face, which he has drawn, would be more exact, if the eyes or nose were altered; but it is his business to make it resemble the original. In two cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial, or dishonest: but the same answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be translated:

——— Et quæ
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquis.

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this subject against the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But, if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praise of a translation consists in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it seems to me, that the true reason, why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author's sense, but because there are so few, who have all the talents, which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise, and so small encouragement, for so considerable a part of learning.

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

www.libtool.com.cn

EPIST. XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, son and daughter to Æolus, god of the Winds, loved each other incestuously: Canace was delivered of a son, and committed him to her nurse, to be secretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was discovered to Æolus, who, enraged at the wickedness of his children, commanded the babe to be exposed to wild beasts on the mountains: and withal, sent a sword to Canace, with this message, That her crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this sword she slew herself: but before she died, she writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken sanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

IF streaming blood my fatal letter stain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain;
One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this posture thou behold'st me write: *s*
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he present, that his eyes and hands
Might see, and urge, the death which he commands!
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would see.
Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy throne,
His people's temper is so like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blast,

Are underneath his wide dominion cast :
 Those he can rule ; but his tempestuous mind 15
 Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
 Ah ! what avail my kindred gods above,
 That in their number I can reckon Jove !
 What help will all my heav'nly friends afford,
 When to my breast I lift the pointed sword ? 20
 That hour, which join'd us, came before its time :
 In death we had been one without a crime.
 Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move ?
 Why lov'd I thee with more than sister's love ?
 For I lov'd too ; and, knowing not my wound,
 A secret pleasure in thy kisses found :
 My cheeks no longer did their colour boast,
 My food grew loathsome, and my strength I lost :
 Still ere I spoke, a sigh would stop my tongue ;
 Short were my slumbers, and my nights were long.
 I knew not from my love these griefs did grow,
 Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
 My wily nurse, by long experience, found,
 And first discover'd to my soul its wound.
 'Tis love, said she ; and then my downcast eyes,
 And guilty dumbness, witness'd my surprise.
 Forc'd at the last, my shameful pain I tell :
 And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well !
 " When half denying, more than half content,
 Embraces warm'd me to a full consent, 40
 Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
 And guilt, that made them anxious, made them
 great."

But now my swelling womb heav'd up my breast,
 And rising weight my sinking limba opprest,
 What herbs, what plants, did not my nurse produce,
 To make abortion by their pow'ful juice ?
 What med'cines tried we not, to thee unknown ?
 Our first crime common ; this was mine alone.
 But the strong child, secure in his dark cell,
 With nature's vigour did our arts repel. 50
 And now the pale-fac'd empress of the night
 Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light :
 Not knowing 'twas my labour, I complain
 Of sudden shootings, and of grinding pain :
 My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,
 Which with her hand the conscious nurse sup-
 To that unhappy fortune was I come, [press'd.
 Pain urg'd my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.
 With inward struggling I restrain'd my cries,
 And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
 Death was in sight, Lucina gave no aid ;
 And e'en my dying had my guilt betray'd.
 Thou cam'st, and in thy count'nance sate despair ;
 Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair :
 Yet feigning comfort, which thou couldst not give,
 (Prest in thy arms, and whisp'ring me to live :)
 For both our sakes, (saidst thou) preserve thy life ;
 Live, my dear sister, and my dearer wife.
 Rais'd by that name, with my last pangs I strove :
 Such pow'r have words, when spoke by those we
 love. 70
 The babe, as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,

With hasty joy sprung forward to be born.
 What helps it to have weather'd out one storm ?
 Fear of our father does another form.
 High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of state, 75
 The king with his tempestuous council sate.
 Through this large room our only passage lay,
 By which we could the new-born babe convey.
 Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurse bore him out,
 With olive branches cover'd round about ; 80
 And, muttering pray'rs, as holy rites she meant,
 Through the divided crowd unquestion'd went.
 Just at the door, th' unhappy infant cried :
 The grandsire heard him, and the theft he spied.
 Swift as a whirlwind to the nurse he flies, 85
 And deafs his stormy subjects with his cries.
 With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away :
 Expos'd the self-discover'd infant lay.
 The noise reach'd me, and my presaging mind
 Too soon its own approaching woes divin'd. 90
 Not ships at sea with winds are shaken more,
 Nor seas themselves, when angry tempests roar,
 Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
 The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
 He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my stain ; 95
 Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
 I only answer'd him with silent tears ;
 They flow'd : my tongue was frozen up with fears.
 His little grand-child he commands away,
 To mountain wolves and ev'ry bird of prey. 100
 The babe cried out, as if he understood,

And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.
By what expressions can my grief be shown?
(Yet you may guess my anguish by your own)
To see my bowels, and, what yet was worse, 105
Your bowels too, condemn'd to such a curse!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
My breasts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the messenger of death;
Sad were his looks, and scarce he drew his breath,
To say, "Your father sends you"—(with that word
His trembling hands presented me a sword :)
"Your father sends you this; and lets you know,
That your own crimes the use of it will show."
Too well I know the sense those words impart:
His present shall be treasured in my heart.
Are these the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dow'r a father gives?
Thou god of Marriage, shun thy own disgrace,
And take thy torch from this detested place: 120
Instead of that, let furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my sisters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pre-
How could thy infant innocence offend? [tend?
A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou suffer'st for a sin that was not thine.
Thy mother's grief and crime! but just enjoy'd,
Shown to my sight, and born to be destroy'd!
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!

Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy unoffending life I could not save,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave :
Nor on thy tomb could offer my shorn hair ; 135
Nor show the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou shalt not from my arms be lost ;
For soon I will o'ertake thy infant ghost.
But thou, my love, and now my love's despair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care. 140
His scatter'd limbs with my dead body burn ;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breast thou dropp'st a tear,
Think for whose sake my breast that wound did
bear ;
And faithfully my last desires fulfill, 145
As I perform my cruel father's will.

www.libtool.com.cn
HELEN TO PARIS.

EPIST. XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having received an epistle from Paris, returns the following answer : wherein she seems at first to chide him for his presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue : then owns herself to be sensible of the passion, which he had expressed for her, though she much suspected his constancy ; and at last discovers her inclination to be favourable to him : the whole letter showing the extreme artifice of womankind.

WHEN loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
 She half consents, who silently denies.
 How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
 Marriage and hospitable rights profane ?
 Was it for this, your fleet did shelter find 5
 From swelling seas, and ev'ry faithless wind ?
 (For though a distant country brought you forth,
 Your usage here was equal to your worth.)
 Does this deserve to be rewarded so ?
 Did you come here a stranger or a foe ? 10
 Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
 And think me barbarous for my just disdain.
 Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
 Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.

Though in my face there's no affected frown, 15
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
I keep my honour still without a stain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldness I with admiration see ;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me ? 20
Because a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey ?
Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame.
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear, 25
I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go ;
Were he like you, we had not parted so. 30
Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,
And modest usage made me some amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed,
Did he repent, that Paris might succeed ?
Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above wrongs, 35
Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
I'll not complain ; for who's displeas'd with love,
If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove ?
But that I fear ; not that I think you base,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face ; 40
But all your sex is subject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield ; and love o'ercomes the best :
But why should I not shine above the rest ?

Fair Leda's story seems at first to be 40
 A fit example ready form'd for me.
 But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
 And under harmless feathers felt a rape.
 If I should yield, what reason could I use?
 By what mistake the loving crime excuse? 50
 Her fault was in her powerful lover lost;
 But of what Jupiter have I to boast?
 Though you to heroes and to kings succeed,
 Our famous race does no addition need;
 And great alliances but useless prove 55
 To one that comes herself from mighty Jove.
 Go then, and boast in some less haughty place
 Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race;
 Which I would show I valu'd, if I durst;
 You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first. 60
 The crown of Troy is powerful I confess;
 But I have reason to think ours no less.
 Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
 That men can good, and women pleasant call,
 Gives expectation such an ample field, 65
 As would move goddesses themselves to yield.
 But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
 Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause:
 Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
 Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain.
 Not that so fair a present I despise;
 We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
 But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
 Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.

I have perceiv'd (though I dissembled too) 75
 A thousand things that love has made you do.
 Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine,
 In which, wild man, your wanton thoughts would
 shine.

Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
 And with unusual ardour press my hand; 80
 Contrive just after me to take the glass,
 Nor would you let the least occasion pass :
 When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
 And blushing sate for things which you have done :
 Then murmur'd to myself, He'll for my sake 85
 Do any thing; I hope 'twas no mistake.
 Oft have I read within this pleasing grove,
 Under my name, those charming words, I love.
 I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame ;
 But now, alas, am come to write the same. 90
 If I were capable to do amiss,
 I could not but be sensible of this.

For oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
 That who can hold from flying to your arms!
 But what I ne'er can have without offence, 95
 May some blest maid possess with innocence.
 Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should move;
 O learn of me to want the thing you love.
 What you desire is sought by all mankind :
 As you have eyes, so others are not blind. 100
 Like you they see, like you my charms adore :
 They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
 Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,

My virgin love when thousand rivals sought,
 You had I seen, you should have had my voice ;
 Nor could my husband justly blame my choice.
 For both our hopes, alas ! you come too late ,
 Another now is master of my fate.
 More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
 And yet my present lot can undergo. 110
 Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
 And urge not her you love to so much ill.
 But let me live contented as I may,
 And make not my unspotted fame your prey.
 Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes
 Three goddesses disputed beauty's prize :
 One offer'd valour, t'other crowns ; but she
 Obtain'd her cause, who, smiling, promis'd me.
 But first I am not of belief so light,
 To think such nymphs would show you such a sight :
 Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd ;
 A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
 With partial eyes I should myself regard,
 To think that Venus made me her reward :
 I humbly am content with human praise ; 125
 A goddess's applause would envy raise.
 But be it as you say ; for, 'tis confest,
 The men, who flatter highest, please us best.
 That I suspect it, ought not to displease ;
 For miracles are not believ'd with ease. 130
 One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice ;
 A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice ;
 That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,

Juno and Pallas, you contemn'd for me.
 Am I your empire then, and your renown? 117
 What heart of rock, but must by this be won?
 And yet bear witness, O you Powers above,
 How rude I am in all the arts of love!
 My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
 This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen. 118
 Happy those nymphs, whom use has perfect made!
 I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
 E'en while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
 Look often back, misdoubting a surprise.
 For now the rumour spreads among the crowd,
 At court it whispers, but in town aloud.
 Dissemble you, whate'er you hear 'em say:
 To leave off loving were your better way;
 Yet if you will dissemble it, you may.
 Love secretly: the absence of my lord 150
 More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
 Long is his journey, long will be his stay;
 Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
 To go, or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
 I bid him make what swift return he could: 155
 Then kissing me, he said, I recommend
 All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend.
 I smil'd at what he innocently said,
 And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.
 Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
 But let not this secure your confidence.
 Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
 You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."

My fame's my burden : for the more I'm prais'd,
 A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd. 165
 Were I less fair, I might have been more blest :
 Great beauty through great danger is possess'd.
 To leave me here his venture was not hard,
 Because he thought my virtue was my guard.
 He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life, 170
 The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
 You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
 Put in our hands by the good easy man.
 I would, and yet I doubt, 'twixt love and fear ;
 One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
 Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone :
 The nights are long ; I fear to lie alone.
 One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
 And you're too pressing to be long denied.
 Let me not live, but every thing conspires 180
 To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
 You court with words, when you should force
 A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy. [employ :
 Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
 Our sex can suffer what we dare not give. 185
 What have I said ? for both of us 'twere best,
 Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.
 The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
 And, like themselves, their wandering passions
 range.
 Hypsipyle, and the fond Miuoian maid, 190
 Were both by trusting of their guests betray'd.
 How can I doubt that other men deceive,

When you yourself did fair CEnone leave ?
 But lest I should upbraid your treachery,
 You make a merit of that crime to me. 135
 Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
 Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
 Should you prevail ; while I assign the night,
 Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight :
 Some bawling mariner our love destroys, 200
 And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
 But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
 To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court :
 Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
 And fill a foreign country with my shame. 205
 In Asia what reception shall I find ?
 And what dishonour leave in Greece behind ?
 What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
 And what will all your modest matrons say ?
 E'en you, when on this action you reflect, 210
 My future conduct justly may suspect ;
 And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
 Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
 I from your rage a strumpet's name shall hear,
 While you forget what part in it you bear. 215
 You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid :
 Deep under ground, oh, let me first be laid !
 You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
 And promise all shall be at my command :
 Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise ; 220
 My own poor native land has dearer ties.
 Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,

What help of kindred could I there implore ?
 Medea was by Jason's flatt'ry won :
 I may, like her, believe, and be undone. 225
 Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
 And love contributes to its own deceit.
 The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
 With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
 Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
 Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan land.
 To second this, old prophecies conspire,
 That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire.
 Both give me fear ; nor is it much allay'd,
 That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid. 235
 For they, who lost their cause, revenge will take ;
 And for one friend two enemies you make.
 Nor can I doubt, but, should I follow you,
 The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue.
 A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouse,
 And my relations would his cause espouse.
 You boast your strength and courage ; but, alas !
 Your words receive small credit from your face.
 Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
 Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight. 245
 Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy ;
 A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
 Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
 Were I as wise as many of my sex.
 But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire ;
 And I perhaps may yield to your desire. 251
 You last demand a private conference ;

These are your words, but I can guess your sense.
 Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend :
 Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
 This is enough to let you understand ;
 For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand :
 My woman knows the secret of my heart,
 And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPIST. VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the destruction of Troy, saved his gods, his father, and son Ascanius, from the fire, put to sea with twenty sail of ships : and, having been long tost with tempests, was at last cast upon the shore of Lybia, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion, her brother, who had killed her husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell passionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the last favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a kingdom promised him by the gods) he readily prepared to follow him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows.

So, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
 'The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
 Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain !)
 By words your lost affection to regain :

But having lost whate'er was worth my care, 5
 Why should I fear to lose a dying pray'r ?
 'Tis then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,
 Of life, of honour, and of love bereft !
 While you, with loosen'd sails, and vows, prepare
 To seek a land that flies the searcher's care. 10
 Nor can my rising tow'rs your flight restrain,
 Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
 Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek ; that land
 Is yet to conquer ; but you this command.
 Suppose you landed where your wish design'd,
 Think what reception foreigners would find.
 What people is so void of common sense,
 To vote succession from a native prince ?
 Yet there new sceptres and new loves you seek ;
 New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
 When will your tow'rs the height of Carthage know ?
 Or when your eyes discern such crowds below ?
 If such a town and subjects you could see,
 Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.
 For, oh, I burn, like fires with incense bright :
 Not holy tapers flame with purer light :
 Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme ;
 Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
 Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still :
 Fool that I am to place my heart so ill ! 20
 Myself I cannot to myself restore ;
 Still I complain, and still I love him more.
 Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
 And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart

I rave : nor canst thou Venus' offspring be, 35
 Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.
 From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
 At least thou art from some fierce tigress come ;
 Or on rough seas, from their foundation torn,
 Got by the winds, and in a tempest born : 40
 Like that, which now thy trembling sailors fear ;
 Like that, whose rage should still detain thee here.
 Behold how high the foamy billows ride !
 The winds and waves are on the juster side.
 To winter weather and a stormy sea 45
 I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
 Death thou deserv'st from heav'n's avenging laws ;
 But I'm unwilling to become the cause.
 To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,
 'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly hate. 50
 Stay but a little, 'till the tempest cease,
 And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
 May all thy rage, like theirs, unconstant prove !
 And so it will, if there be pow'r in love.
 Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships sustain ?
 So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the main ?
 Which were it smooth, were ev'ry wave asleep,
 Ten thousand forms of death are in the deep.
 In that abyss the gods their vengeance store,
 For broken vows of those who falsely swore. 60
 There winged storms on sea-born Venus wait,
 To vindicate the justice of her state.
 Thus I to thee the means of safety show ;
 And, lost myself, would still preserve my foe.

False as thou art, I not thy death design : 65
 O rather live, to be the cause of mine !
 Should some avenging storm thy vessel tear,
 (But heav'n forbid my words should omen bear)
 Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly ;
 And my wrong'd ghost be present to thy eye. 70
 With threat'ning looks think thou behold'st me
 stare,
 Gasping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
 Then, should fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
 What couldst thou say, but, I deserv'd 'em all.
 Lest this should happen, make not haste away ;
 To shun the danger will be worth thy stay.
 Have pity on thy son, if not on me :
 My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
 What has his youth, what have thy gods deserv'd,
 To sink in seas, who were from fires preserv'd ? 80
 But neither gods nor parent didst thou bear ;
 Smooth stories all to please a woman's ear,
 False as the tale of thy romantic life.
 Nor yet am I thy first-deluded wife :
 Left to pursuing foes Creüsa staid, 85
 By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.
 This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender heart,
 That such requital follow'd such desert.
 Nor doubt I but the gods, for crimes like these,
 Seven winters kept thee wand'ring on the seas. 90
 Thy starv'd companions, cast ashore, I fed,
 Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.
 To harbour strangers, succour the distrest,

Was kind enough ; but, oh, too kind the rest !
 Curst be the cave which first my ruin brought,
 Where, from the storm, we common sheltersought !
 A dreadful howling echoed round the place :
 The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials
 grace.

I thought so then, but now too late I know
 The furies yell'd my funerals from below. 100
 O chastity and violated fame,
 Exact your dues to my dead husband's name !
 By death redeem my reputation lost,
 And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
 Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove, 105
 Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love ;
 There, wreath'd with boughs and wool his statue
 The pious monument of artful hands. [stands
 Last night, me thought, he call'd me from the dome
 And thrice, with hollow voice, cried, Dido, come.
 She comes ; thy wife thy lawful summons hears ;
 But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.
 Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed ;
 Strong were his charms, who my weak faith misled.
 His goddess mother, and his aged sire, 115
 Borne on his back, did to my fall conspire.
 Oh ! such he was, and is, that, were he true,
 Without a blush I might his love pursue.
 But cruel stars my birth-day did attend ;
 And as my fortune open'd, it must end. 120
 My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
 Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.

Friendless, and follow'd by the murd'rer's hate,
 To foreign countries I remov'd my fate ;
 And here, a suppliant, from the natives' hands 125
 I bought the ground on which my city stands,
 With all the coast that stretches to the sea ;
 E'en to the friendly port that shelter'd thee :
 Then rais'd these walls, which mount into the air,
 At once my neighbours' wonder, and their fear.
 For now they arm ; and round me leagues are made,
 My scarce establish'd empire to invade.
 To man my new-built walls I must prepare,
 A helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
 Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend ; 135
 And for my person would my crown defend :
 Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
 That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.
 To proud Iarbas give me up a prey ;
 (For that must follow, if thou goest away :) 140
 Or to my husband's murd'rer leave my life,
 That to the husband he may add the wife.
 Go then, since no complaints can move thy mind :
 Go, perjurd man, but leave thy gods behind.
 Touch not those gods, by whom thou art forsworn,
 Who will in impious hands no more be borne :
 Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
 And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
 Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
 And part of thee lies hid within my womb. 150
 The babe unborn must perish by thy hate,
 And perish guiltless in his mother's fate.

Some god, thou say'st, thy voyage does command ;
 Would the same god had barr'd thee from my land !
 The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers, 155
 Who kept thee out at sea so many years ;
 While thy long labours were a price so great,
 As thou to purchase Troy wouldst not repeat.
 But Tyber now thou seek'st, to be at best,
 When there arriv'd, a poor precarious guest. 160
 Yet it deludes thy search : perhaps it will
 To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.
 A ready crown and wealth in dower I bring,
 And, without conqu'ring, here thou art a king.
 Here thou to Carthage may'st transfer thy Troy :
 Here young Ascanius may his arms employ ;
 And, while we live secure in soft repose,
 Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.
 By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee stay ;
 By all the gods, companions of thy way. 170
 So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
 Live still, and with no future fortune strive ;
 So may thy youthful son old age attain,
 And thy dead father's bones in peace remain ;
 As thou hast pity on unhappy me, 175
 Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.
 I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
 Nor did my parents against Troy combine.
 To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
 By some inferior name admit my love. 180
 To be secur'd of still possessing thee,
 What would I do, and what would I not be !

Our Libyan coasts their certain seasons know,
 When free from tempests passengers may go :
 But now with northern blasts the billows roar, 185
 And drive the floating sea-weed to the shore.
 Leave to my care the time to sail away ;
 When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
 Thy weary men would be with ease content ;
 Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent.
 If by no merit I thy mind can move,
 What thou deniest my merit, give my love.
 Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo ;
 And give me time to struggle with my woe.
 If not, know this, I will not suffer long ; 196
 My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.
 Death holds my pen, and dictates what I say,
 While cross my lap the Trojan sword I lay.
 My tears flow down ; the sharp edge cuts their flood,
 And drinks my sorrows, that must drink my blood.
 How well thy gift does with my fate agree !
 My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
 To no new wounds my bosom I display :
 The sword but enters where love made the way.
 But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend, 205
 Shalt my cold ashes to their urn attend.
 Sichæus' wife let not the marble boast,
 I lost that title, when my fame I lost.
 This short inscription only let it bear :
 " Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here. 210
 The cause of death, and sword by which she died,
 Æneas gave : the rest her arm supplied."

TRANSLATIONS
FROM OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

IN Cupid's school who'er would take degree,
 Must learn his rudiments, by reading me.
 Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move ;
 Art guides the chariot ; art instructs to love.
 Of ships and chariots others know the rule ; 5
 But I am master in Love's mighty school.
 Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
 A stubborn god ; but yet the god's a child :
 Easy to govern in his tender age,
 Like fierce Achilles in his pupilage : 10
 That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
 Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
 As Chiron mollified his cruel mind
 With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
 The silver strings of his melodious lyre : 15
 So Love's fair goddess does my soul inspire,
 To teach her softer arts ; to soothe the mind,
 And smooth the rugged breasts of human kind.
 Yet Cupid and Achilles, each with scorn
 And rage were fill'd ; and both were goddess-born.
 The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws :

The horse receives the bit within his jaws ;
 And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
 Though struggling oft he strives to disobey.
 He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts ;
 But vain his force, and vainer are his arts. 26
 The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
 The more he teaches to revenge the spite.

I boast no aid the Delphian god affords,
 Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds ;
 Nor Clio, nor her sisters have I seen ;
 As Hesiod saw them on the shady green :
 Experience makes my work ; a truth so tried
 You may believe ; and Venus be my guide. 34

Far hence, ye vestals, be, who bind your hair ;
 And wives, who gowns below your ankles wear.
 I sing the brothels loose and unconfin'd,
 Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind ;
 Which all alike, for love, or money, find.

You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name,
 First seek an object worthy of your flame ; 41
 Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to gain :
 And, last, provide your love may long remain.
 On these three precepts all my work shall move :
 These are the rules and principles of love. 46

Before your youth with marriage is oppress'd,
 Make choice of one who suits your humour best :
 And such a damsel drops not from the sky ;
 She must be sought for with a curious eye.

The wary angler, in the winding brook, 54
 Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.

The fowler and the huntsman know by name
 The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
 So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds;
 Th' assembly where his quarry most abounds. 55
 Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
 These rules shall put him in the ready way.
 Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
 As far as Perseus, or as Paris went:
 For Rome alone affords thee such a store, 60
 As all the world can hardly show thee more.
 The face of heav'n with fewer stars is crown'd,
 Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.
 Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
 On dawning sweetness in unartful truth; 65
 Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
 Here mayst thou find thy full desires in both.
 Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight
 (An age that knows to give, and take delight;)
 Millions of matrons of the graver sort, 70
 In common prudence, will not balk the sport.

In summer heats thou need'st but only go
 To Pompey's cool and shady portico;
 Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
 Whose turrets near the bawdy suburb rise: 75
 Or to that other portico, where stands
 The cruel father urging his commands,
 And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,
 To plunge their poniards in the bridegroom's breast:
 Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
 They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites.

Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the fowl drove,
 On sabbaths, rest from ev'ry thing but love :
 Nor Isis' temple ; for that sacred whore
 Makes others, what to Jove she was before. 83
 And if the hall itself be not belied,
 E'en there the cause of love is often tried ;
 Near it at least, or in the palace-yard,
 From whence the noisy combatants are heard.
 The crafty counsellors, in formal gown, 90
 There gain another's cause, but lose their own.
 There eloquence is nonplust in the suit ;
 And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
 Venus, from her adjoining temple, smiles,
 To see them caught in their litigious wiles. 95
 Grave senators lead home the youthful dame,
 Returning clients, when they patrons came.
 But, above all, the play-house is the place ;
 There's choice of quarry in that narrow chase.
 There take thy stand, and sharply looking out,
 Soon mayst thou find a mistress in the rout, 101
 For length of time, or for a single bout.
 The theatres are berries for the fair :
 Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair ;
 Like bees to hives, so numerously they throng,
 It may be said, they to that place belong.
 Thither they swarm, who have the public voice :
 There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice.
 To see and to be seen, in heaps they run ;
 Some to undo, and some to be undone. 110
 From Romulus the rise of plays began,

To his new subjects a commodious man ;
 Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
 Took care the commonwealth should multiply :
 Providing Sabine women for his braves, 115
 Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.
 His play-house not of Parian marble made,
 Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade.
 The stage with rushes, or with leaves they strew'd :
 No scenes in prospect, no machining god. 120
 On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
 Crown'd with the wreaths of ev'ry common tree.
 There, while they sat in rustic majesty,
 Each lover had his mistress in his eye ;
 And whom he saw most suiting to his mind, 125
 For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.
 Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haste ;
 But, ere the dances and the song were past,
 The monarch gave the signal from his throne ;
 And, rising, bade his merry men fall on. 130
 The martial crew, like soldiers ready prest,
 Just at the word (the word too was, The Best)
 With joyful cries each other animate ;
 Some choose, and some at hazard seize their mate.
 As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
 So from their lawless lovers fly the dames. 135
 Their fear was one, but not one face of fear ;
 Some rend the lovely tresses of their hair ; [pair.
 Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb des-
 Her absent mother one invokes in vain ; 140
 One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain ;

The nimbler trust their feet, the slow remain.
 But nought availing, all are captives led,
 Trembling and blushing to the genial bed.
 She who too long resisted, or denied, 148
 The lusty lover made by force a bride; [side.
 And, with superior strength, compell'd her to his
 Then sooth'd her thus :—My soul's far better part,
 Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart :
 For what thy father to thy mother was, 150
 That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass.

Thus Romulus became so popular ;
 This was the way to thrive in peace and war ;
 To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring :
 Who would not fight for such a gracious king ?
 Thus love in theatres did first improve ;
 And theatres are still the scenes of love :
 Nor shun the chariot's, and the courser's race ;
 The Circus is no inconvenient place.
 No need is there of talking on the hand ; 160
 Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.
 But boldly next the fair your seat provide ;
 Close as you can to hers, and side by side.
 Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter ; crowding sit :
 For so the laws of public shows permit. 165
 Then find occasion to begin discourse ;
 Inquire, whose chariot this, and whose that horse ?
 To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
 Suit all your inclinations to her mind ;
 Like what she likes ; from thence your court begin ;
 And whom she favours, wish that he may win.

But when the statues of the deities,
 In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize ;
 When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
 If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand, 175
 Brush both away with your officious hand.
 If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence ;
 And still to touch her lap make some pretence.
 Touch any thing of hers ; and if her train
 Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain ;
 But gently take it up, and wipe it clean ; 181
 And while you wipe it, with observing eyes,
 Who knows but you may see her naked thighs !
 Observe, who sits behind her ; and beware,
 Lest his inroaching knee should press the fair.
 Light service takes light minds : for some can tell
 Of favours won, by laying cushions well :
 By fanning faces some their fortune meet ;
 And some by laying footstools for their feet.
 These overtures of love the Circus gives ; 190
 Nor at the sword-play less the lover thrives :
 For there the son of Venus fights his prize ;
 And deepest wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
 One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
 Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake, 195
 Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart ;
 And of the spectacle is made a part.

Cæsar would represent a naval fight,
 For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.
 From either sea the youths and maidens come ;
 And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.

In this vast concourse, in this choice of game,
 What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
 Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
 And the remaining East to Rome will add. 205
 Rejoice, ye Roman soldiers, in your urn;
 Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return;
 And the slain Crassi shall no longer mourn.
 A youth is sent those trophies to demand;
 And bears his father's thunder in his hand: 210
 Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unseen;
 In childhood all of Cæsar's race are men.
 Celestial seeds shoot out before their day,
 Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
 Thus infant Hercules the snakes did press, 215
 And in his cradle did his sire confess.
 Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
 And early spoils from conquer'd India brought.
 Thus you your father's troops shall lead to fight,
 And thus shall vanquish in your father's right. 220
 These rudiments you to your lineage owe;
 Born to increase your titles, as you grow.
 Brethren you had, revenge your brethren slain;
 You have a father, and his rights maintain.
 Arm'd by your country's parent, and your own,
 Redeem your country, and restore his throne.
 Your enemies assert an impious cause;
 You fight both for divine and human laws.
 Already in their cause they are o'ercome:
 Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome. 225
 Great father Mars with greater Cæsar join,

To give a prosp'rous omen to your line :
 One of you is, and one shall be divine.
 I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome :
 My verse shall bring you back in triumph home.
 Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms :
 O were my numbers equal to your arms !
 Then would I sing the Parthians' overthrow ;
 Their shot averse sent from a flying bow :
 The Parthians, who already flying fight, 240
 Already give an omen of their flight.
 O when will come the day, by heav'n design'd,
 When thou, the best and fariest of mankind,
 Drawn by white horses shalt in triumph ride,
 With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side ; 245
 Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight ;
 O glorious object, O surprising sight,
 O day of public joy, too good to end in night !
 On such a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
 Some beauty sits, the spectacle to see : 250
 If she inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
 Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs,
 Answer to all thou know'st ; and, if need be,
 Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly ;
 This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds ; and there
 Flows the swift Tigris with his sea-green hair.
 Invent new names of things unknown before ;
 Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore ;
 Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth ;
 Talk probably ; no matter for the truth. 260
 In feasts, as at our shows, new means abound ;

More pleasure there, than that of wine, is found.
 The Paphian goddess there her ambush lays ;
 And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays :
 Desires increase at ev'ry swelling draught ; 265
 Brisk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
 There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford ;
 But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
 He shakes his pinions, but he cannot move ;
 Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love. 270
 Wine warms the blood, and makes the spirits flow ;
 Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go :
 Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak ;
 Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek.
 Bold truths it speaks ; and, spoken, dares maintain ;
 And brings our old simplicity again.
 Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it higher :
 Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
 But choose no mistress in thy drunken fit ;
 Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
 Nor trust thy judgment when the tapers dance ;
 But sober, and by day, thy suit advance.
 By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three ;
 And for the fairest did the prize decree.
 Night is a cheat, and all deformities 285
 Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark disguise.
 The sun's fair light each error will confess,
 In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.
 Why name I ev'ry place where youths abound ?
 'Tis loss of time, and a too fruitful ground. 290
 The Baian baths, where ships at anchor ride,

And wholesome streams from sulphur fountains
glide ;

Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are less healthful than they thought :
Or Dian's fane, which near the suburb lies, 295
Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That maiden goddess is Love's mortal foe
And much from her his subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful Muse, with myrtle bound,
Has sung where lovely lasses may be found. 300
Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend ;
And all you vulgar of my school attend.

First then believe, all women may be won ; 305
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In summer season, or the birds in spring,
Than women can resist your flatt'ring skill :
E'en she will yield, who swears she never will. 310
To secret pleasure both the sexes move ;
But women most, who most dissemble love.
'Twere best for us, if they would first declare,
Avow their passion, and submit to pray'r.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame : 315
The neighing mare invites her stallion to the game.
Man is more temp'rate in his lust than they,
And, more than women, can his passion sway.
Biblis, we know, did first her love declare,
And had recourse to death in her despair. 320

Her brother she, her father Myrrha sought,
 And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
 Now from a tree she stills her odorous tears,
 Which yet the name of her who shed 'em bears.

In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd, 305
 White as the snow, the fairest of the herd ;
 A beauty-spot of black there only rose,
 Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows :
 The love and wish of all the Cretan cows.
 The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd ; 310
 And envied ev'ry leap he gave the herd.
 A secret fire she nourish'd in her breast,
 And hated ev'ry heifer he caress'd.

A story known, and known for true, I tell ;
 Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
 She cut him grass ; (so much can Love command)
 She strok'd, she fed him with her royal hand :
 Was pleas'd in pastures with the herd to roam ;
 And Minos by the bull was overcome. [browz ;

Cease, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous
 The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
 Nor in thy glass compose thy looks and eyes :
 Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies :
 Yet trust thy mirror, when it tells thee true ;
 Thou art no heifer to allure his view. 365
 Soon wouldst thou quit thy royal diadem
 To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.
 If Minos please, no lover seek to find ;
 If not, at least seek one of human kind.

The wretched queen the Cretan court forsakes ;

In woods and wilds her habitation makes :
 She curses ev'ry beauteous cow she sees ;
 Ah, why dost thou my lord and master please !
 And think'st, ungrateful creature as thou art,
 With frisking awkwardly, to gain his heart ! 353
 She said, and straight commands, with frowning
 To put her, undeserving, to the yoke ; [look,
 Or feigns some holy rites of sacrifice,
 And sees her rival's death with joyful eyes :
 Then, when the bloody priest has done his part,
 Pleas'd, in her hand she holds the beating heart ;
 Nor from a scornful taunt can scarce refrain ;
 Go, fool, and strive to please my love again.

Now she would be Europa, Io now :
 (One bore a bull, and one was made a cow.) 365
 Yet she at last her brutal bliss obtain'd,
 And in a wooden cow the bull sustain'd ;
 Fill'd with his seed, accomplish'd her desire ;
 Till by his form the son betray'd the sire.

If Atreus' wife to incest had not run, 370
 (But, ah, how hard it is to love but one !)
 His coursers Phœbus had not driv'n away,
 To shun that sight, and interrupt the day.
 Thy daughter, Nisus, pull'd thy purple hair,
 And barking sea-dogs yet her bowels tear. 375
 At sea and land Atrides sav'd his life,
 Yet fell a prey to his adult'rous wife.
 Who knows not what revenge Medea sought,
 When the slain offspring bore the father's fault ?
 Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail ; 380

And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
 These crimes revengeful matrons did commit :
 Hotter their lust, and sharper is their wit.
 Doubt not from them an easy victory :
 Scarce of a thousand dames will one deny. 335
 All women are content that men should woo ;
 She who complains, and she who will not do.
 Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
 Not to be hated for declaring love.
 And yet how canst thou miss, since womankind
 Is frail and vain, and still to change inclin'd ?
 Old husbands and stale gallants they despise ;
 And more another's, than their own, they prize.
 A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field ;
 More milk his kine from swelling udders yield.

First gain the maid ; by her thou shalt be sure
 A free access and easy to procure :
 Who knows what to her office does belong,
 Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
 Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and pray'rs ;
 For her good word goes far in love-affairs.
 The time and fit occasion leave to her,
 When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
 The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
 Is, when they find her in a merry mood ; 405
 When all things at her wish and pleasure move :
 Her heart is open then, and free to love.
 Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
 And smooth the passage to the lover's way.
 Troy stood the siege, when fill'd with anxious care :

One merry fit concluded all the war.

If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy service to revenge in kind.

Instruct the damsel, while she combs her hair,
To raise the choler of that injur'd fair; 415

And, sighing, make her mistress understand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand :

Then, naming thee, thy humble suit prefer ;
And swear thou languishest and diest for her.

Then let her lose no time, but push at all ; 420
For women soon are rais'd, and soon they fall.

Give their first fury leisure to relent,
They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.

T' enjoy the maid, will that thy suit advance ?
'Tis a hard question, and a doubtful chance. 425

One maid, corrupted, bawds the better for't ;
Another for herself would keep the sport.

Thy business may be further'd or delay'd :
But by my counsel, let alone the maid :

E'en though she should consent to do the feat,
The profit's little, and the danger great.

I will not lead thee through a rugged road ;
But where the way lies open, safe, and broad.

Yet if thou find'st her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend : 435

Let the fair mistress have thy first embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.

But this I will advise, and mark my words ;
For 'tis the best advice my skill affords :

If needs thou with the damsel wilt begin, 440

Before th' attempt is made, make sure to win ;
 For then the secret better will be kept ;
 And she can tell no tales when once she's dipt.
 'Tis for the fowler's interest to beware,
 The bird intangled should not 'scape the snare.
 The fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
 And spoils the sport of all the neighb'ring brook.
 But if the wench be thine, she makes thy way,
 And, for thy sake, her mistress will betray ;
 Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say. 450
 Keep well the counsel of thy faithful spy ;
 So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.

All things the stations of their seasons keep ;
 And certain times there are to sow and reap.
 Ploughmen and sailors for the season stay, 455
 One to plough land, and one to plough the sea ;
 So should the lover wait the lucky day.
 Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design :
 But think, another hour she may be thine.
 And when she celebrates her birth at home, 460
 Or when she views the public shows of Rome,
 Know, all thy visits then are troublesome.
 Defer thy work, and put not then to sea,
 For that's a boding and a stormy day.
 Else take thy time, and, when thou canst, begin :
 To break a Jewish sabbath, think no sin :
 Nor e'en on superstitious days abstain ;
 Not when the Romans were at Allia slain.
 Ill omens in her frowns are understood ;
 When she's in humour, ev'ry day is good. 465

But than her birth-day seldom comes a worse ;
 When bribes and presents must be sent of course ;
 And that's a bloody day, that costs thy purse.
 Be staunch ; yet parsimony will be vain :
 The craving sex will still the lover drain. 475
 No skill can shift them off, nor art remove ;
 They will be begging, when they know we love.
 The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
 Who shall before thy face his wares display.
 To choose for her she craves thy kind advice ; 480
 Then begs again, to bargain for the price :
 But when she has her purchase in her eye,
 She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
 'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too ;
 In many years I will not trouble you. 485
 If you complain you have no ready coin ;
 No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
 A little bill, not to be paid at sight ;
 Now curse the time when thou wert taught to write.
 She keeps her birth-day ; you must send the cheer ;
 And she'll be born a hundred times a year.
 With daily lies she dribs thee into cost ;
 That ear-ring dropt a stone, that ring is lost.
 They often borrow what they never pay ;
 Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away. 495
 Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
 All would be wearied ere I told a part.
 By letters, not by words, thy love begin ;
 And ford the dangerous passage with thy pen.
 Into her heart thou aim'st to find the way, 500

Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
 Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain ;
 Nor is an angry god invoc'd in vain.
 With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch ;
 For e'en the poor in promise may be rich. 505
 Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay ;
 'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
 Who gives is mad, but make her still believe
 'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to give.
 E'en barren lands fair promises afford ; 510
 But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
 Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
 Of bad example to thy future love :
 But get it gratis ; and she'll give thee more,
 For fear of losing what she gave before. 515
 The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
 And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.
 Write then, and in thy letter, as I said,
 Let her with mighty promises be fed.
 Cydippe by a letter was betray'd, 520
 Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
 She read herself into a marriage vow ;
 (And every cheat in love the gods allow.)
 Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome ;
 It will not only at the bar o'ercome : 525
 Sweet words the people and the senate move ;
 But the chief end of eloquence is love.
 But in thy letter hide thy moving arts ;
 Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
 None but vain fools to simple women preach •

A learned letter oft has made a breach.
 In a familiar style your thoughts convey,
 And write such things as present you would say ;
 Such words as from the heart may seem to move :
 'Tis wit enough to make her think you love. 535
 If seal'd she sends it back, and will not read,
 Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.
 In time the steer will to the yoke submit ;
 In time the restiff horse will bear the bit.
 E'en the hard ploughshare use will wear away :
 And stubborn steel in length of time decay.
 Water is soft, and marble hard ; and yet
 We see soft water through hard marble eat.
 Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd ;
 And ten years more Penelope had tir'd. 445
 Perhaps thy lines unanswer'd she retain'd ;
 No matter ; there's a point already gain'd :
 For she, who reads, in time will answer too ;
 Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
 Perhaps she writes, but answers with disdain, 550
 And sharply bids you not to write again :
 What she requires, she fears you should accord ;
 The jilt would not be taken at her word.
 Mean-time, if she be carried in her chair,
 Approach, but do not seem to know she's there.
 Speak softly to delude the standers-by ;
 Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
 If sauntering in the portico she walk,
 Move slowly too ; for that's a time for talk :
 And sometimes follow, sometimes be her guide :

But, when the crowd permits, go side by side.
 Nor in the play-house let her sit alone:
 For she's the play-house and the play in one.
 There thou mayst ogle, or-by signs advance
 Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by chance.
 Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
 And pity in the play the lover's pains ;
 For her sweet sake the loss of time despise ;
 Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
 But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair, 570
 Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
 Leave those effeminate and useless toys
 To eunuchs, who can give no solid joys.
 Neglect becomes a man : this Theseus found :
 Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wishes crown'd.
 The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care ;
 And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
 Be not too finical ; but yet be clean ;
 And wear well-fashion'd clothes, like other men.
 Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul ; 580
 Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely roll.
 Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware ;
 And let a skilful barber cut your hair :
 Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd ;
 Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard. 590
 Cure your unsav'ry breath, gargle your throat,
 And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
 Dress not, in short, too little or too much ;
 And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
 Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites : 595

Who would not follow, when a god invites?
 He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
 Kind and indulgent to his former fires.

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
 Forsaken now; and Theseus loved no more: 595
 Loose was her gown, dishevel'd was her hair;
 Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare:
 Exclaiming, on the water's brink she stood;
 Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
 She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
 No posture could that heav'nly form disgrace.
 She beat her breast: The traitor's gone, said she;
 What shall become of poor forsaken me?
 What shall become——she had not time for more,
 The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore. 605
 She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground;
 No vital heat was in her body found.
 The Mimallonian dames about her stood;
 And scudding satyrs ran before their god.
 Silenus on his ass did next appear, 610
 And held upon the mane; (the god was clear)
 The drunken sire pursues, the dames retire;
 Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken
 At last he topples over on the plain; [sire.
 The satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again. 615
 And now the god of wine came driving on,
 High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn,
 Her colour, voice, and sense forsook the fair;
 Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
 And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear. 620

She shook, like leaves of corn when tempests blow,
 Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.
 To whom the god : Compose thy fearful mind ;
 In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
 With heaven I will endow thee, and thy star 625
 Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
 And guide on seas the doubtful mariner.
 He said, and from his chariot leaping light,
 Lest the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
 His brawny arms around her waist he threw ; 630
 (For gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do :)
 And swiftly bore her thence : th' attending throug
 Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
 Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep :
 The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep. 635
 But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
 And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side ;
 Invoke the god, and all the mighty pow'rs,
 That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
 Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer, 640
 Which she may know were all address to her,
 In liquid purple letters write her name,
 Which she may read, and reading find the flame.
 Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires ;
 (For eyes have tongues, and glances tell desires)
 Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the cup ;
 And, where she laid her lips, the blessing sup.
 When she to carving does her hand advance,
 Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
 Thy service e'en her husband must attend :

(A husband is a most convenient friend.)
 Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place :
 And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
 Whether below or equal in degree,
 Let him be lord of all the company, 655
 And what he says be seconded by thee.
 'Tis common to deceive through friendship's name :
 But, common though it be, 'tis still to blame :
 Thus factors frequently their trust betray,
 And to themselves their masters' gains convey.
 Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er ;
 Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drinking more.
 Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware ;
 Pot-valour only serves to fright the fair.
 Eurytion justly fell, by wine opprest, 665
 For his rude riot at a wedding-feast.
 Sing, if you have a voice ; and show your parts
 In dancing, if endu'd with dancing arts.
 Do any thing within your power to please ;
 Nay, e'en affect a seeming drunkenness ; 670
 Clip ev'ry word ; and if by chance you speak
 Too home, or if too broad a jest you break,
 In your excuse the company will join,
 And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
 True drunkenness is subject to offend ; 675
 But when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a lover's friend.
 Then safely you may praise her beauteous face,
 And call him happy, who is in her grace.
 Her husband thinks himself the man design'd ;
 But curse the cuckold in your secret mind. 680

When all are risen, and prepare to go,
 Mix with the crowd, and tread upon her toe.
 This is the proper time to make thy court,
 For now she's in the vein, and fit for sport.
 Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by ; 685
 To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
 On Fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold ;
 Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.
 No rules of rhetoric here I need afford :
 Only begin, and trust the following word ; 690
 It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover ; let thy speech abound
 In dying words, that represent thy wound :
 Distrust not her belief ; she will be mov'd ;
 All women think they merit to be lov'd. 695

Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
 And, after, feels the torment he profest.
 For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair ;
 For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
 By flatteries we prevail on womankind ; 700
 As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.
 Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet :
 Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.
 Such praises e'en the chaste are pleas'd to hear ;
 Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.

Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd ;
 And still they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
 Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his train ;
 Be silent, and he pulls it in again.
 Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race ; 710

Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
 But largely promise, and devoutly swear ;
 And, if need be, call ev'ry god to hear.
 Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile
 The perjuries that easy maids beguile. 715
 He swore to Juno by the Stygian lake :
 Forsworn, he dares not an example make,
 Or punish falsehood, for his own dear sake.
 'Tis for our interest that the gods should be ;
 Let us believe 'em : I believe, they see, 720
 And both reward, and punish equally.
 Not that they live above like lazy drones,
 Or kings below, supine upon their thrones.
 Lead then your lives as present in their sight ;
 Be just in dealings, and defend the right ; 725
 By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.
 But 'tis a venial sin, to cheat the fair ;
 All men have liberty of conscience there.
 On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd ;
 'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind. 730
 'Tis said, that Ægypt for nine years was dry,
 Nor Nile did floods, nor heav'n did rain supply.
 A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
 That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture
 bring.
 The king replied : On thee the lot shall fall ; 735
 Be thou my guest, the sacrifice for all.
 Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
 And made him season first the brazen cow.
 A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,

'Tis, the artificers of death should die. 760
 Thus justly women suffer by deceit ;
 Their practice authorizes us to cheat.
 Beg her, with tears, thy warm desires to grant ;
 For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
 If tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your eye,
 Or 'noint the lids, and seem at least to cry.
 Kiss, if you can : resistance if she make,
 And will not give you kisses, let her take.
 Fy, fy, you naughty man, are words of course ;
 She struggles but to be subdu'd by force. 770
 Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware,
 With your hard bristles not to brush the fair.
 He who has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,
 Deserves to lose the bliss he got before.
 If once she kiss, her meaning is exprest ; 780
 There wants but little pushing for the rest :
 Which if thou dost not gain, by strength or art,
 The name of clown then suits with thy desert ;
 'Tis downright dulness, and a shameful part.
 Perhaps, she calls it force ; but, if she 'scape,
 She will not thank you for the omitted rape.
 The sex is cunning to conceal their fires ;
 They would be forc'd e'en to their own desires.
 They seem t' accuse you, with a downcast sight,
 But in their souls confess you did them right.
 Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
 Thank with their tongues, but curse you with their
 Fair Phœbe and her sister did prefer [heart.
 To their dull mates the noble ravisher.

What Deidamia did, in days of yore, 770
 The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.
 When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
 And the just judge fair Helen had obtain'd :
 When she with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
 The Trojans joyful while the Grecians griev'd :
 They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
 And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cause :
 Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
 Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the fair,
 What means Æacides to spin and sew ? 780
 With spear and sword in field thy valour show ;
 And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
 Why dost thou in that hand the distaff wield,
 Which is more worthy to sustain the shield ?
 Or with that other draw the woolly twine, 785
 The same the fates for Hector's thread assign ?
 Brandish thy fauchion in thy pow'rful hand,
 Which can alone the pond'rous lance command.
 In the same room by chance the royal maid
 Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming sex betray'd, 790
 Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
 I know not how his courtship he began ;
 But, to her cost, she found it was a man.
 'Tis thought she struggled ; but withal 'tis thought,
 Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.
 For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the field,
 He laid his distaff down, and took the shield,
 With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
 And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.

She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part :
 And now 'tis nature, what before was art. 801
 She strives by force her lover to detain,
 And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
 This is the sex, they will not first begin,
 But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer sin. 808
 Is there, who thinks that women first should woo ?
 Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
 Begin, and save their modesty the shame ;
 'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
 'Tis decent for a man to speak his mind ; 810
 They but expect th' occasion to be kind.
 Ask, that thou mayst enjoy ; she waits for this ;
 And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.
 E'en Jove himself was forc'd to sue for love ;
 None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove. 815
 But if you find your prayers increase her pride,
 Strike sail awhile, and wait another tide.
 They fly when we pursue ; but make delay,
 And, when they see you slacken, they will stay.
 Sometimes it profits to conceal your end ; 820
 Name not yourself her lover, but her friend.
 How many skittish girls have thus been caught ?
 He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
 Sailors by sun and wind are swarthy made ;
 A tann'd complexion best becomes their trade.
 'Tis a disgrace to ploughmen to be fair ;
 Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
 Th' ambitious youth, who seeks an olive crown,
 Is sun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.

But if the lover hopes to be in grace, . 830
 Wan be his looks, and meager be his face.
 That colour from the fair compassion draws :
 She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.
 Orion wander'd in the woods for love :
 His paleness did the nymphs to pity move ; 835
 His ghastly visage argued hidden love.
 Nor fail a nightcap, in full health, to wear ;
 Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair.
 All things are decent, that in love avail :
 Read long by night, and study to be pale : 840
 Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest ;
 Be miserable, that you may be blest.

Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most ?
 Faith, truth, and friendship in the world are lost ;
 A little and an empty name they boast. 845
 Trust not thy friend, much less thy mistress praise :
 If he believe, thou mayst a rival raise.
 'Tis true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
 Sought not to stain his dear companion's bed.
 Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd ; 850
 E'en Phædra to Pirithous still was chaste.
 But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
 Those rare examples of a faithful mind.
 The sea shall sooner with sweet honey flow ;
 Or from the furzes pears and apples grow. 855
 We sin with gust, we love by fraud to gain ;
 And find a pleasure in our fellow's pain.
 From rival foes you may the fair defend ;
 But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend

Beware your brother, and your next of kin ; 860
 But from your bosom-friend your care begin.

Here I had ended, but experience finds,
 That sundry women are of sundry minds ;
 With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to please .
 They therefore must be caught by various ways.
 All things are not produc'd in any soil ;
 This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
 So 'tis in men, but more in womankind :
 Different in face, in manners, and in mind :
 But wise men shift their sails with every wind :
 As changeful Proteus varied oft his shape, 871
 And did in sundry forms and figures 'scape ;
 A running stream, a standing tree became,
 A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
 Some fish with harpoons, some with darts are strook,
 Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook :
 So turn thyself ; and imitating them,
 Try several tricks, and change thy stratagem.
 One rule will not for different ages hold ;
 The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
 Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid :
 Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
 Nor to an ignorant girl of learning speak ;
 She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek
 And hence 'tis often seen, the simple shun
 The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.

Part of my task is done, and part to do ;
 But here 'tis time to rest myself and you.

www.libtool.com.cn

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. I.

FOR mighty wars I thought to tune my lute,
 And make my measures to my subject suit.
 Six feet for ev'ry verse the Muse design'd :
 But Cupid, laughing, when he saw my mind,
 From ev'ry second verse a foot purloin'd. 5
 Who gave thee, boy, this arbitrary sway,
 On subjects, not thy own, commands to lay,
 Who Phœbus only and his laws obey ?
 'Tis more absurd than if the Queen of Love
 Should in Minerva's arms to battle move ; 10
 Or manly Pallas from that queen should take
 Her torch, and o'er the dying lover shake.
 In fields as well may Cynthia sow the corn,
 Or Ceres wind in woods the bugle-horn.
 As well may Phœbus quit the trembling string,
 For sword and shield ; and Mars may learn to sing.
 Already thy dominions are too large ;
 Be not ambitious of a foreign charge.
 If thou wilt reign o'er all, and every where,
 The god of Music for his harp may fear. 20
 Thus when with soaring wings I seek renown,
 Thou pluck'st my pinions, and I flutter down.
 Could I on such mean thoughts my Muse employ,
 I want a mistress or a blooming boy.

Thus I complain'd : his bow the stripling bent, 25
 And chose an arrow fit for his intent.
 The shaft his purpose fatally pursues ;
 Now, poet, there's a subject for thy Muse.
 He said : too well, alas, he knows his trade ;
 For in my breast a mortal wound he made. 30
 Far hence, ye proud hexameters, remove,
 My verse is pac'd and trammel'd into love.
 With myrtle wreaths my thoughtful brows inclose,
 While in unequal verse I sing my woes.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. IV.

To his mistress, whose husband is invited to a feast with
 them. The poet instructs her how to behave herself in
 his company.

YOUR husband will be with us at the treat ;
 May that be the last supper he shall eat.
 And am poor I a guest invited there,
 Only to see, while he may touch the fair ?
 To see you kiss and hug your nauseous lord, 5
 While his lewd hand descends below the board ?
 Now wonder not that Hippodamia's charms,
 At such a sight, the Centaurs urg'd to arms ;
 That in a rage they threw their cups aside,
 Assail'd the bridegroom, and would force the bride.

I am not half a horse, (I would I were)
 Yet hardly can from you my hands forbear.
 Take then my counsel; which observ'd, may be
 Of some importance both to you and me.
 Be sure to come before your man be there; 15
 There's nothing can be done; but come howe'er.
 Sit next him (that belongs to decency)
 But tread upon my foot in passing by.
 Read in my looks what silently they speak,
 And slyly, with your eyes, your answer make. 20
 My lifted eyebrow shall declare my pain;
 My right-hand to his fellow shall complain;
 And on the back a letter shall design;
 Besides a note that shall be writ in wine.
 Whene'er you think upon our last embrace, 25
 With your fore-finger gently touch your face.
 If any word of mine offend my dear,
 Pull, with your hand, the velvet of your ear.
 If you are pleas'd with what I do or say,
 Handle your rings, or with your fingers play. 30
 As suppliants use at altars, hold the board,
 Whene'er you wish the devil may take your lord.
 When he fills for you, never touch the cup,
 But bid th' officious cuckold drink it up.
 The waiter on those services employ: 35
 Drink you, and I will snatch it from the boy;
 Watching the part where your sweet mouth hath
 been,
 And thence with eager lips will suck it in.
 If he, with clownish manners, thinks it fit

To taste, and offer you the nasty bit, 40
 Reject his greasy kindness, and restore
 Th' unsav'ry morsel he had chew'd before.
 Nor let his arms embrace your neck, nor rest
 Your tender cheek upon his hairy breast.
 Let not his hand within your bosom stray, 46
 And rudely with your pretty bubbies play.
 But above all, let him no kiss receive ;
 That's an offence I never can forgive.
 Do not, O do not that sweet mouth resign,
 Lest I rise up in arms, and cry, 'Tis mine. 50
 I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of fear
 The manifest adulterer will appear.
 These things are plain to sight ; but more I doubt
 What you conceal beneath your petticoat.
 Take not his leg between your tender thighs, 45
 Nor with your hand, provoke my foe to rise.
 How many love-inventions I deplore,
 Which I myself have practis'd all before ?
 How oft have I been forc'd the robe to lift
 In company ; to make a homely shift 60
 For a bare bout, ill huddled o'er in haste,
 While o'er my side the fair her mantle cast.
 You to your husband shall not be so kind ;
 But, lest you should, your mantle leave behind.
 Encourage him to tope ; but kiss him not, 65
 Nor mix one drop of water in his pot.
 If he be fuddled well, and snores apace,
 Then we may take advice from time and place.
 When all depart, when compliments are loud,

Be sure to mix among the thickest crowd : 70
 There I will be, and there we cannot miss,
 Perhaps to grubble, or at least to kiss.
 Alas ! what length of labour I employ,
 Just to secure a short and transient joy !
 For night must part us : and when night is come,
 Tuck'd underneath his arm he leads you home.
 He locks you in ; I follow to the door,
 His fortune envy, and my own deplore.
 He kisses you, he more than kisses too ;
 Th' outrageous cuckold thinks it all his due. 80
 But add not to his joy by your consent,
 And let it not be given, but only lent.
 Return no kiss, nor move in any sort ;
 Make it a dull and a malignant sport.
 Had I my wish, he should no pleasure take, 85
 But slubber o'er your business for my sake.
 And whate'er fortune shall this night befall,
 Coax me to-morrow, by forswearing all.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK II. ELEG. XIX.

IF for thyself thou wilt not watch thy whore,
 Watch her for me, that I may love her more.
 What comes with ease, we nauseously receive,
 Who, but a sot, would scorn to love with leave ?

With hopes and fears my flames are blown up
 Make me despair, and then I can desire. [higher;
 Give me a jilt to tease my jealous mind;
 Deceits are virtues in the female kind.

Corinna my fantastic humour knew,
 Play'd trick for trick, and kept herself still new:
 She, that next night I might the sharper come,
 Fell out with me, and sent me fasting home;
 Or some pretence to lie alone would take;
 Whene'er she pleas'd, her head and teeth would ake:
 Till having won me to the highest strain, 15
 She took occasion to be sweet again.

With what a gust, ye gods, we then embrac'd!
 How ev'ry kiss was dearer than the last!

Thou whom I now adore, be edified,
 Take care that I may often be denied. 20
 Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some fright.
 Make me lie rough on bulks each other night.
 These are the arts that best secure thy reign,
 And this the food, that must my fires maintain.
 Gross easy love does, like gross diet, pall, 25
 In squeasy stomachs honey turns to gall.
 Had Danaë not been kept in brazen tow'rs,
 Jove had not thought her worth his golden show'rs.
 When Juno to a cow turn'd Io's shape,
 The watchman help'd her to a second leap. 30
 Let him who loves an easy Whetstone whore,
 Pluck leaves from trees, and drink the common-
 shore.

The jilting harlot strikes the surest blow,

A truth which I by sad experience know.
 The kind poor constant creature we despise, 33
 Man but pursues the quarry while it flies.

But thou, dull husband of a wife too fair,
 Stand on thy guard, and watch the precious ware;
 If creaking doors, or barking dogs thou hear,
 Or windows scratch'd, suspect a rival there. 40
 An orange wench would tempt thy wife abroad;
 Kick her, for she's a letter-bearing bawd;
 In short, be jealous as the devil in hell!
 And set my wit on work to cheat thee well.
 The sneaking city-cuckold is my foe, 45
 I scorn to strike, but when he wards the blow.
 Look to thy hits, and leave off thy conniving,
 I'll be no drudge to any wittol living;
 I have been patient, and forborne thee long,
 In hope thou wouldst not pocket up thy wrong:
 If no affront can rouse thee, understand
 I'll take no more indulgence at thy hand.
 What, ne'er to be forbid thy house, and wife!
 Damn him who loves to lead so ill a life.
 Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray, 55
 All those occasions thou hast ta'en away.
 Why art thou so incorrigibly civil?
 Do somewhat I may wish thee at the devil.
 For shame be no accomplice in my treason,
 A pimping husband is too much in reason. 60
 Once more wear horns, before I quite forsake her,
 In hopes whereof, I rest thy cuckold-maker.

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet gives us first a kind of humorous reason for his writing: That being provoked by hearing so many ill poets rehearse their works, he does himself justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no man will rank himself with ill writers, 'tis easy to conclude, that if such wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himself to Satire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this first satire is the natural ground-work of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one subject, but strikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following satire he has chosen some particular moral which he would inculcate; and lashes some particular vice or folly, (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our poet being desirous to reform his own age, and not daring to attempt it by an overt act of naming living persons, inveighs only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and historians, but also with a finer stroke of his pen, brands even the living, and personates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could possibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illustrations, and for that

reason have translated this satire somewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the proper names, because I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the commentators, it is because I thought they first deserted my author, or at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

STILL shall I hear, and never quit the score,
 Stunn'd with hoarse Codrus' Theseid, o'erand o'er?
 Shall this man's Elegies and t'other's Play
 Unpunish'd murder a long summer's day?
 Huge Telephus, a formidable page, 5
 Cries vengeance; and Orestes' bulky rage,
 Unsatisfied with margins closely writ,
 Foams o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet.
 No man can take a more familiar note
 Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot, 10
 Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
 From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghosts below.
 I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
 The Centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece;
 Through the thick shades th' eternal scribbler bawls,
 And shakes the statues on their pedestals.
 The best and worst on the same theme employs
 His muse, and plagues us with an equal noise.
 Provok'd by these incorrigible fools,
 I left declaiming in pedantic schools; 20
 Where, with men-boys, I strove to get renown.
 Advising Sylla to a private gown.
 But since the world with writing is possest,

I'll versify in spite; and do my best,
To make as much waste paper as the rest. 21

But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
Attend the causes which my Muse have led:
When sapless eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When mannish Mevia, that two-handed whore,
Astride on horseback hunts the Tuscan boar;
When all our lords are by his wealth outvied,
Whose razor on my callow beard was tried;
When I behold the spawn of conquer'd Nile,
Crispinus, both in birth and manners vile, 25
Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a day for needless luxury;
And finding oft occasion to be fann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light summer-rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight:
Such fulsome objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.

To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my spleen contain!
When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air, 31
With his fat paunch fills his new-fashion'd chair,
And after him the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whose evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wish'd occasion does attend 35
From the poor nobles the last spoils to rend,
Whom e'en spies dread as their superior friend,
And bribe with presents; or, when presents fail,

They send their prostituted wives for bail :
 When night-performance holds the place of merit,
 And brawn and back the next of kin disherit ;
 For such good parts are in preferment's way,
 The rich old madam never fails to pay
 Her legacies, by nature's standard giv'n,
 One gains an ounce, another gains eleven : 60
 A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
 For which their thrice concocted blood is paid.
 With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
 At unawares has trod upon a snake ;
 Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize, 65
 For which the vanquish'd rhetorician dies.

What indignation boils within my veins,
 When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious gains,
 Choke up the streets, too narrow for their trains !
 Whose wards by want betray'd, to crimes are led
 Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read !
 When he who pill'd his province scapes the laws,
 And keeps his money, though he lost his cause :
 His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
 Can rise at twelve, and get him drunk ere three :
 Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
 Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain !

Such villanies rous'd Horace into wrath :
 And 'tis more noble to pursue his path,
 Than an old tale of Diomedes to repeat, 80
 Or lab'ring after Hercules to sweat,
 Or wand'ring in the winding maze of Crete ;
 Or with the winged smith aloft to fly,

Or flutt'ring perish with his foolish boy.

With what impatience must the muse behold
 The wife, by her procuring husband sold ?
 For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
 Of lands to her, the cuckold may succeed ;
 Who his taugt eyes up to the ceiling throws,
 And sleeps all over but his wakeful nose. 90
 When he dares hope a colonel's command,
 Whose coursers kept, ran out his father's land ;
 Who, yet a stripling, Nero's chariot drove,
 Whirl'd o'er the streets, while his vain master strove
 With boasted art to please his eunuch-love. 95

Would it not make a modest author dare
 To draw his table-book within the square,
 And fill with notes, when lolling at his ease,
 Mecænas-like, the happy rogue he sees
 Borne by six wearied slaves in open view, 100
 Who cancell'd an old will, and forg'd a new ;
 Made wealthy at the small expense of signing
 With a wet seal, and a fresh interlining ?

The lady, next, requires a lashing line,
 Who squeez'd a toad into her husband's wine : 105
 So well the fashionable med'cine thrives,
 That now 'tis practis'd e'en by country wives :
 Pois'ning, without regard of fame or fear :
 And spotted corpse are frequent on the bier.
 Wouldst thou to honours and preferments climb ?
 Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
 Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves :
 For virtue is but drily prais'd, and sterves.

Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate emboss'd,
 Fair palaces, and furniture of cost ; 115
 And high commands : a sneaking sin is lost.
 Who can behold that rank old lecher keep
 His son's corrupted wife, and hope to sleep ?
 Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
 Eager to sin, before he can enjoy ? 120
 If nature could not, anger would indite
 Such woful stuff as I or Shadwell write.

Count from the time, since old Deucalion's boat,
 Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnassus float ;
 And scarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd 125
 An oracle how man might be restor'd ;
 When soften'd stones and vital breath ensu'd,
 And virgins naked were by lovers view'd ;
 What ever since that Golden Age was done,
 What human kind desires, and what they shun,
 Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
 Shall this satirical collection fill.

What age so large a crop of vices bore,
 Or when was avarice extended more ?
 When were the dice with more profusion thrown ?
 The well-fill'd fob not emptied now alone,
 But gamesters for whole patrimonies play ;
 The steward brings the deeds which must convey
 The lost estate : what more than madness reigns,
 When one short sitting many hundreds drains,
 And not enough is left him to supply
 Board-wages, or a footman's livery ?

What age so many summer-seats did see ?

Or which of our forefathers far'd so well,
 As on seven dishes, at a private meal?
 Clients of old were feasted; now a poor
 Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
 Which by the hungry rout is soon dispatch'd:
 The paltry largess, too, severely watch'd
 Ere given; and ev'ry face observ'd with care, 150
 That no intruding guest usurp a share.
 Known, you receive: the crier calls aloud
 Our old nobility of Trojan blood, [food.
 Who gape among the crowd for their precarious
 The prætors' and the tribunes' voice is heard; 155
 The freedman justles, and will be preferr'd;
 First come, first serv'd, he cries; and I, in spite
 Of your great lordships, will maintain my right.
 Though born a slave, though my torn ears are bor'd,
 'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the lord. 160
 The rents of five fair houses I receive;
 What greater honours can the purple give?
 The poor patrician is reduc'd to keep,
 In melancholy walks, a grazier's sheep:
 Not Pallas nor Licinius had my treasure; 165
 Then let the sacred tribunes wait my leisure.
 Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the street,
 And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
 Gold is the greatest god; though yet we see
 No temples rais'd to Money's majesty, 170
 No altars fuming to her power divine,
 Such as to Valour, Peace, and Virtue shine,
 And Faith, and Concord: where the stork on high

Seems to salute her infant progeny,
 Presaging pious love with her auspicious cry. 173

But since our knights and senators account
 To what their sordid begging vails amount,
 Judge what a wretched share the poor attends,
 Whose whole subsistence on those alms depends!
 Their household fire, their raiment, and their food,
 Prevented by those harpies; when a wood
 Of litters thick besiege the donor's gate,
 And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
 The promis'd dole: nay, some have learn'd the trick
 To beg for absent persons; feign them sick, 185
 Close mew'd in their sedans, for fear of air:
 And for their wives produce an empty chair.
 This is my spouse: dispatch her with her share.
 'Tis Galla: Let her ladyship but peep:
 No, Sir, 'tis pity to disturb her sleep. 190

Such fine employments our whole days divide:
 The salutations of the morning tide
 Call up the sun; those ended, to the hall
 We wait the patron, hear the lawyers bawl;
 Then to the statues; where amidst the race 195
 Of conqu'ring Rome, some Arab shows his face,
 Inscib'd with titles, and profanes the place;
 Fit to be piss'd against, and somewhat more.
 The great man, home conducted, shuts his door;
 Old clients, wearied out with fruitless care, 200
 Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair.
 Though much against the grain forc'd to retire,
 Buy roots for supper, and provide a fire.

Meantime his lordship lolls within at ease,
 Pamp'ring his paunch with foreign rarities ;
 Both sea and land are ransack'd for the feast ;
 And his own gut the sole invited guest.
 Such plate, such tables, dishes drest so well,
 That whole estates are swallow'd at a meal.
 E'en parasites are banish'd from his board : 210
 (At once a sordid and luxurious lord :)
 Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are drest ;
 (A creature form'd to furnish out a feast.)
 But present punishment pursues his maw,
 When surfeited and swell'd, the peacock raw 215
 He bears into the bath ; whence want of breath,
 Repletions, apoplex, intestate death.
 His fate makes table talk, divulg'd with scorn,
 And he, a jest, into his grave is borne.

No age can go beyond us ; future times 220
 Can add no farther to the present crimes.
 Our sons but the same things can wish and do ;
 Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow.
 Then Satire spread thy sails ; take all the winds
 can blow.

Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can yield
 Sufficient strength for such a spacious field ?
 From whence can be deriv'd so large a vein,
 Bold truths to speak, and spoken to maintain ;
 When god-like freedom is so far bereft
 The noble mind, that scarce the name is left ? 230
 Ere *scandalum magnatum* was begot,
 No matter if the great forgave or not :

But if that honest license now you take,
 If into rogues omnipotent you rake,
 Death is your doom, impal'd upon a stake. 234
 Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on fire, to light
 The streets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.

Shall they, who drench'd three uncles in a
 draught

Of pois'nous juice, be then in triumph brought,
 Makes lanes among the people where they go,
 And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
 Disdainful glances on the crowd below?
 Be silent, and beware, if such you see;
 'Tis defamation but to say, That's he!

Against bold Turnus the great Trojan arm, 245
 Amidst their strokes the poet gets no harm :
 Achilles may in epic verse be slain,
 And none of all his Myrmidons complain :
 Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry ;
 Not if he drown himself for company : 250
 But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
 And flashes in the face of guilty men,
 A cold sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part ;
 And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart.
 Muse, be advis'd ; 'tis past consid'ring time, 255
 When enter'd once the dang'rous lists of rhyme :
 Since none the living villains dare implead,
 Arraign them in the persons of the dead.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

www.libtaol.com.cn

THE ARGUMENT.

The story of this satire speaks itself. Umbritius, the supposed friend of Juvenal, and himself a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains that an honest man cannot get his bread at Rome. That none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raise themselves by those sordid arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several inconveniences which arise from a city life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetousness, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for starving them. The great art of this satire is particularly shown, in common places; and drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compass of it.

GRIEV'D though I am an ancient friend to lose,
 I like the solitary seat he chose:
 In quiet Cumæ fixing his repose:
 Where, far from noisy Rome secure he lives,
 And one more citizen to Sybil gives; 5
 The road to Bajæ, and that soft recess
 Which all the gods with all their bounty bless.
 Though I in Prochyta with greater ease
 Could live, than in a street of palaces.
 What scene so desert, or so full of fright, 10

As tow'ring houses tumbling in the night,
 And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
 But worse than all, the clattering tiles; and worse
 Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse. 14
 Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhyme forbear:
 But without mercy read, and make you hear.

Now while my friend, just ready to depart,
 Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
 He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
 Where Numa modell'd once the Roman state,
 In mighty councils with his Nymph retir'd:
 Though now the sacred shades and founts are hir'd
 By banish'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
 In a small basket, on a wisp of hay;
 Yet such our avarice is, that ev'ry tree 25
 Pays for his head; not sleep itself is free:
 Nor place, nor persons, now are sacred held,
 From their own grove the Muses are expell'd.
 Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,
 I and my sullen discontented friend: 30
 The marble caves, and aqueducts we view;
 But how adult'rate now, and different from the true!
 How much more beauteous had the fountain been
 Embellish'd with her first created green,
 Where crystal streams through living turf had run,
 Contented with an urn of native stone!

Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,

²¹ *Nymph*] *Ægeria*, a nymph, or goddess; with whom Numa feigned to converse by night; and to be instructed by her, in modelling his superstitions.

And looking back on this degen'rate town,)

 Since noble arts in Rome have no support,

 And ragged virtue not a friend at court, 40

 No profit rises from th' ungrateful stage,

 My poverty increasing with my age,

 'Tis time to give my just disdain a vent,

 And, cursing, leave so base a government.

 Where Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by, 45

 To that obscure retreat I choose to fly :

 While yet few furrows on my face are seen,

 While I walk upright, and old age is green,

 And Lachesis has somewhat left to spin.

 Now, now 'tis time to quit this cursed place, 50

 And hide from villains my too honest face :

 Here let Arturius live, and such as he ;

 Such manners will with such a town agree.

 Knave's who in full assemblies have the knack

 Of turning truth to lies, and white to black ; 55

 Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor

 By farm'd excise ; can cleanse the common-shore ;

 And rent the fishery ; can bear the dead ;

 And teach their eyes dissembled tears to shed,

 All this for gain ; for gain they sell their very head.

 These fellows (see what fortune's power can do)

 Were once the minstrels of a country show :

 Follow'd the prizes through each paltry town,

 By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.

 But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays, 65

 At their own costs exhibit public plays ;

 Where influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,

With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
 From thence return'd, their sordid avarice rakes
 In excrements again, and hires the jakes. 76
 Why hire they not the town, not ev'ry thing,
 Since such as they have fortune in a string?
 Who, for her pleasure, can her fools advance;
 And toss 'em topmost on the wheel of chance.
 What's Rome to me, what bus'ness have I there,
 I who can neither lie, nor falsely swear?
 Nor praise my patron's undeserving rhymes,
 Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
 Unskill'd in schemes by planets to foreshow,
 Like canting rascals, how the wars will go: 80
 I neither will, nor can prognosticate
 To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
 Nor in the entrails of a toad have pry'd,
 Nor carried bawdy presents to a bride:
 For want of these town-virtues, thus, alone, 85
 I go conducted on my way by none
 Like a dead member from the body rent;
 Maim'd, and unuseful to the government.

Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
 Conscious of close intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
 Lab'ring with secrets which his bosom burn,
 Yet never must to public light return?

80 *With thumbs bent back*] In a prize of sword-players, when one of the fencers had the other at his mercy, the vanquished party implored the clemency of the spectators. If they thought he deserved it not, they held up their thumbs and bent them backwards, in sign of death.

They get reward alone who can betray :
 For keeping honest counsels none will pay.
 He who can Verres, when he will, accuse, 95
 The purse of Verres may at pleasure use :
 But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
 And pays the sea in tributary tides,
 Be bribe sufficient to corrupt thy breast ;
 Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest. 100
 Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
 Whose secrecy they purchase with their gold.

I haste to tell thee, nor shall shame oppose,
 What confidents our wealthy Romans chose :
 And whom I most abhor : to speak my mind, 105
 I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find :
 To see the scum of Greece transplanted here,
 Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
 Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
 Obscene Orontes, diving under ground, 110
 Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry shores,
 And fattens Italy with foreign whores :
 Hither their crooked harps and customs come ;
 All find receipt in hospitable Rome.
 The barbarous harlots crowd the public place : 115
 Go, fools, and purchase an unclean embrace ;
 The painted mitre court, and the more painted face.
 Old Romulus, and father Mars look down,
 Your herdsman primitive, your homely clown
 Is turn'd a beau in a loose tawdry gown. 120
 His once unkemb'd, and horrid locks, behold
 Stilling sweet oil : his neck inchain'd with gold :

Aping the foreigners, in ev'ry dress ;
 Which, bought at greater cost, becomes him less.
 Meantime they wisely leave their native land, 125
 From Sicyon, Samos, and from Alaband,
 And Amydon, to Rome they swarm in shoals :
 So sweet and easy is the gain from fools.
 Poor refugees at first, they purchase here :
 And, soon as denizen'd, they domineer. 130
 Grow to the great, a flatt'ring servile rout :
 Work themselves inward, and their patrons out.
 Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
 Patient of labours, and dissembling wrongs.
 Riddle me this, and guess him if you can, 135
 Who bears a nation in a single man ?
 A cook, a conjuror, a rhetorician,
 A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
 A dancer on the ropes, and a physician.
 All things the hungry Greek exactly knows : 140
 And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he goes.
 In short, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
 But in that town which arms and arts adorn.
 Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
 In purple cloth'd, and lolling like a lord ? 145
 Shall he before me sign, whom t' other day
 A small-craft vessel hither did convey ;
 Where stow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he lay ?
 How little is the privilege become
 Of being born a citizen of Rome ! 150

145 *But in that town, &c.*] Athens ; of which Pallas the goddess of arms and arts was patroness,

The Greeks get all by fulsome flatteries ;
 A most peculiar stroke they have at lies.
 They make a wit of their insipid friend ;
 His blobber-lips, and beetle-brows commend ;
 His long crane neck, and narrow shoulders praise ;
 You'd think they were describing Hercules.
 A creaking voice for a clear treble goes ;
 Though harsher than a cock that treads and crows.
 We can as grossly praise ; but, to our grief,
 No flatt'ry but from Grecians gains belief. 160
 Besides these qualities, we must agree
 They mimic better on the stage than we :
 The wife, the whore, the shepherdess they play,
 In such a free, and such a graceful way,
 That we believe a very woman shown, 165
 And fancy something underneath the gown.
 But not Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
 Our ears and ravish'd eyes can only please :
 The nation is compos'd of such as these.
 All Greece is one comedian : laugh, and they 170
 Return it louder than an ass can bray :
 Grieve, and they grieve ; if you weep silently,
 There seems a silent echo in their eye :
 They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.
 Call for a fire, their winter clothes they take : 175
 Begin but you to shiver, and they shake :
 In frost and snow, if you complain of heat,
 They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they sweat.

¹⁶⁶ *Antiochus, nor Stratocles*] Two famous Grecian mimes, or actors in the poet's time.

We live not on the square with such as these,
 Such are our betters who can better please : 182
 Who day and night are like a looking-glass ;
 Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
 The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
 Prepar'd for some new piece of flattery.
 E'en nastiness, occasions will afford ; 185
 They praise a belching, or well-pissing lord.
 Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free
 From bold attempts of their rank lechery.
 Through the whole family their labours run ;
 The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won : 190
 Nor 'scapes the bridegroom, or the blooming son.
 If none they find for their lewd purpose fit,
 They with the walls and very floors commit.
 They search the secrets of the house, and so
 Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know
 And, now we talk of Grecians, cast a view
 On what, in schools, their men of morals do ;
 A rigid Stoick his own pupil slew :
 A friend, against a friend of his own cloth,
 Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath. 200
 What room is left for Romans in a town
 Where Grecians rule, and cloaks control the gown ?
 Some Diphilus, or some Protogenes,
 Look sharply out, our senators to seize :
 Engross 'em wholly, by their native art, 205
 And fear no rivals in their bubble's heart :
 One drop of poison in my patron's ear,
 One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,

Infus'd with cunning, serves to ruin me ;
 Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the family. 210
 In vain forgotten services I boast ;
 My long dependance in an hour is lost :
 Look round the world, what country will appear,
 Where friends are left with greater ease than here ?
 At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor) 215
 All offices of ours are out of door :
 In vain we rise, and to their levees run ;
 My lord himself is up, before, and gone :
 The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
 Lest his colleague outstrip him in the race : 220
 The childless matrons are, long since, awake ;
 And, for affronts, the tardy visits take.
 'Tis frequent, here, to see a freeborn son
 On the left hand of a rich hireling run :
 Because the wealthy rogue can throw away, 225
 For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay :
 But you, poor sinner, though you love the vice,
 And like the whore, demur upon the price :
 And, frighted with the wicked sum, forbear
 To lend a hand, and help her from the chair. 230
 Produce a witness of unblemish'd life,
 Holy as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
 Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
 And snatch'd the trembling goddess from the fire.
 The question is not put, how far extends 235
 His piety, but what he yearly spends :
 Quick, to the bus'ness ; how he lives and eats ;
 How largely gives ; how splendidly he treats :

How many thousand acres feed his sheep,
 What are his rents? what servants does he keep?
 Th' account is soon cast up; the judges rate
 Our credit in the court by our estate.
 Swear by our gods, or those the Greeks adore,
 Thou art as sure forsworn, as thou art poor :
 The poor must gain their bread by perjury ; 245
 And e'en the gods, that other means deny,
 In conscience must absolve 'em, when they lie.

 Add, that the rich have still a gibe in store ;
 And will be monstrous witty on the poor :
 For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest, 250
 The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest :
 The greasy gown, sullied with often turning,
 Gives a good hint, to say, The man's in mourning :
 Or if the shoe be ript, or patches put,
 He's wounded ! see the plaster on his foot. 255
 Want is the scorn of ev'ry wealthy fool ;
 And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.

 Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches rise,
 (The master of the ceremonies cries)
 This is no place for you, whose small estate 260
 Is not the value of the settled rate :
 The sons of happy punks, the pander's heir,
 Are privileg'd to sit in triumph there,
 To clap the first, and rule the theatre.
 Up to the gallerics, for shame, retreat ; 265
 For, by the Roscian law, the poor can claim no seat.
 Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed
 The man that poll'd but twelve pence for his head ?

Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
 Or call'd him to assist the judging chair? 270
 The poor were wise, who, by the rich oppress'd,
 Withdrew, and sought a sacred place of rest.
 Once they did well, to free themselves from scorn;
 But had done better never to return.
 Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie 275
 Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.

At Rome 'tis worse; where house rent by the year,
 And servants' bellies cost so devilish dear;
 And tavern bills run high for hungry cheer.
 To drink or eat in earthenware we scorn, 280
 Which cheaply country cupboards does adorn:
 And coarse blue hoods on holidays are worn.
 Some distant parts of Italy are known,
 Where none, but only dead men, wear a gown:
 On theatres of turf, in homely state, 285
 Old plays they act, old feasts they celebrate:
 The same rude song returns upon the crowd,
 And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
 The mimic yearly gives the same delights;
 And in the mother's arms the clownish infant
 Their habits (undistinguish'd by degree) [frights.
 Are plain, alike; the same simplicity,
 Both on the stage, and in the pit, you see.
 In his white cloak the magistrate appears;
 The country bumpkin the same liv'ry wears. 290
 But here, attir'd beyond our purse we go,
 For useless ornament and flaunting show:
 We take on trust, in purple robes to shine;

And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
 This is a common vice, though all things here
 Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.
 What will you give that Cossus may but view
 Your face, and in the crowd distinguish you ;
 May take your incense like a gracious god,
 And answer only with a civil nod ? 305

To please our patrons, in this vicious age,
 We make our entrance by the fav'rite page :
 Shave his first down, and when he polls his hair,
 The consecrated locks to temples bear :
 Pay tributary cracknels, which he sells, 310
 And, with our offerings, help to raise his vails.
 Who fears, in country towns, a house's fall,
 Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall ?
 But we inhabit a weak city here ;
 Which buttresses and props but scarcely bear :
 And 'tis the village mason's daily calling,
 To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
 To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to close.
 And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.
 At Cumæ we can sleep, quite round the year,
 Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear ;
 While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
 And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
 Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched store,
 (Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor) ; 325
 Thy own third story smokes, while thou, supine,
 Art drench'd in fumes of undigested wine.
 For if the lowest floors already burn,

Cock-lofts and garrets soon will take the turn.
 Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
 Which, in their nests unsafe, are timely fled.

Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
 That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out;
 His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
 Beneath 'em was his trusty tankard plac'd. 330
 And, to support this noble plate, there lay
 A bending Chiron cast from honest clay;
 His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
 Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd:
 Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread, 340
 And with heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
 'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
 And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost;
 Begg'd naked through the streets of wealthy Rome;
 And found not one to feed, or take him home.

But if the palace of Arturius burn,
 The nobles change their clothes, the matrons
 mourn;
 The city pretor will no pleadings hear;
 The very name of fire we hate and fear:
 And look aghast, as if the Gauls were here. 350
 While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
 Some to condole, and some to bring supplies:
 One sends him marble to rebuild, and one
 White naked statues of the Parian stone,
 The work of Polyclete, that seem to live; 355
 While others images for altars give;
 One books and screens, and Pallas to the breast;

Another bags of gold, and he gives best.
 Childless Arturius, vastly rich before,
 Thus by his losses multiplies his store : 360
 Suspected for accomplice to the fire,
 That burnt his palace but to build it higher.

But, could you be content to bid adieu
 To the dear play-house, and the players too :
 Sweet country-seats are purchas'd every where,
 With lands and gardens, at less price than here
 You hire a darksome doghole by the year.
 A small convenience, decently prepar'd,
 A shallow well, that rises in your yard,
 That spreads his easy crystal streams around,
 And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
 There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
 And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat.
 'Tis somewhat to be lord of some small ground,
 In which a lizard may, at least, turn round. 375
 'Tis frequent, here, for want of sleep to die ;
 Which fumes of undigested feasts deny ;
 And, with imperfect heat, in languid stomachs fry.
 What house secure from noise the poor can keep,
 When e'en the rich can scarce afford to sleep ;
 So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome ;
 And hence the sources of diseases come.
 The drover who his fellow-drover meets
 In narrow passages of winding streets :
 The waggoners, that curse their standing teams,
 Would wake e'en drowsy Drusus from his dreams.
 And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,

But sweep above our heads, and make their way ;
 In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
 Or sleep at ease : the shutters make it night. 390
 Yet still he reaches, first, the public place :
 The prease before him stops the client's pace.
 The crowd that follows crush his panting sides,
 And trip his heels ; he walks not, but he rides.
 One elbows him, one justles in the shole : 395
 A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole :
 Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes ;
 And some rogue-soldier, with his hob-nail'd shoes,
 Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.

See with what smoke our doles we celebrate:
 A hundred guests, invited, walk in state :
 A hundred hungry slaves, with their Dutch kitchens
 wait.

Huge pans the wretches on their head must bear,
 Which scarce gigantic Corbulo could rear :
 Yet they must walk upright beneath the load ;
 Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling flames
 abroad.

Their coats, from botching newly brought, are torn :
 Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons borne,
 Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie ;
 That nod, and threaten ruin from on high. 410
 For, should their axle break, its overthrow
 Would crush, and pound to dust, the crowd below ;
 Nor friends their friends, nor sires their sons could
 know :

Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcass would remain :

But a mash'd heap, a hotchpotch of the slain. 415
 One vast destruction ; not the soul alone,
 But bodies, like the soul, invisible are flown.
 Mean time, unknowing of their fellows' fate,
 The servants wash the platter, scour the plate,
 Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
 The rubbers, and the bathing-sheets display ;
 And oil them first ; and each is handy in his way.
 But he, for whom this busy care they take,
 Poor ghost, is wand'ring by the Stygian lake :
 Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face ; 425
 New to the horrors of that uncouth place ;
 His passage begs with unregarded pray'r :
 And wants two farthings to discharge his fare.

Return we to the dangers of the night ;
 And, first, behold our houses' dreadful height : 430
 From whence come broken potsherds tumbling
 down ;
 And leaky ware, from garret windows thrown :
 Well may they break our heads, that mark the
 flinty stone.

'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late ;
 Unless thou first hast settled thy estate. 435
 As many fates attend, thy steps to meet,
 As there are waking windows in the street.
 Bless the good gods, and think thy chance is rare
 To have a pisspot only for thy share.

The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight 440
 Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night.
 Passing the tedious hours in greater pain

Than stern Achilles, when his friend was slain :
 'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withal,
 A bully cannot sleep without a brawl : 445
 Yet though his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
 He wants not wit the danger to decline
 Is cautious to avoid the coach and six,
 And on the lackeys will no quarrel fix.
 His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
 May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
 But me, who must by moonlight homeward bend,
 Or lighted only with a candle's end,
 Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
 He only cudgels, and I only bear. 455
 He stands, and bids me stand : I must abide ;
 For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.

Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
 And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise ?
 Whose windy beans have stuff'd your guts, and where
 Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar ?
 With what companion cobbler have you fed,
 On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head ?
 What, are you dumb ? Quick, with your answer,
 Before my foot salutes you with a kick. [quick,
 Say, in what nasty cellar under ground,
 Or what church-porch, your roguishness may be
 Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same : [found ?
 He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
 Before the bar, for beating him, you come ; 475
 This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
 You beg his pardon ; happy to retreat

With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.

Nor is this all; for, when retir'd, you think
 To sleep securely; when the candles wink, 475
 When ev'ry door with iron chains is barr'd,
 And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
 The ruffian robbers by no justice aw'd,
 And unpaid cut-throat soldiers, are abroad;
 Those venal souls, who, harden'd in each ill, 480
 To save complaints and prosecution, kill.
 Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
 To this vast city, as their native home;
 To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.

The forge in fetters only is employ'd; 485
 Our iron mines exhausted and destroy'd
 In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
 Goads for the teams, and ploughshares for the
 Oh happy ages of our ancestors, [plough.
 Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers! 490
 One jail did all their criminals restrain,
 Which, now, the walls of Rome can scarce contain.

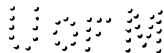
More I could say, more causes I could show
 For my departure; but the sun is low:
 The waggoner grows weary of my stay; 495
 And whips his horses forwards on their way.

Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with
 You to your own Aquinum shall repair, [care.
 To take a mouthful of sweet country air, 499
 Be mindful of your friend; and send me word,
 What joys your fountains and cool shades afford:
 Then, to assist your satires, I will come;
 And add new venom, when you write of Rome.

www.libtool.com.cn
THE SIXTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS satire, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the fair sex. 'Tis indeed, a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest railleries. In his other satires, the poet has only glanced on some particular women, and generally scourged the men. But this he reserved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him I know not; but upon the whole matter he is not to be excused for imputing to all, the vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole sex, if all had been true which he alleges against them: for that had been to put an end to human kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the satire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exercise his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies; and amongst the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will disprove his accusations. The whole world must allow this to be the wittiest of his satires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain, with so much violence, so unjust a charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that consideration chiefly I ventured to translate him. Though there wanted not another reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it: at least, Sir C. S. who could



have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refused so ungrateful an employment; and every one will grant, that the work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me satisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the English are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the most infamous of any on record. They will bless themselves when they behold those examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity those monsters it produced; and believe with reason, that the species of those women is extinguished, or at least that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the argument of a satire, which is no way relating to them; and first observe, that my author makes their lust the most heroic of their vices: the rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: 'tis one branch of it in Hippia, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuse them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the persons to whom they are most addicted, and on whom they commonly bestow the last favours: as stage-players, fiddlers, singing-boys, and fencers. Those who pass for chaste amongst them, are not really so; but only for their vast dowries, are rather suffered, than loved by their own husbands. That they are imperious, domineering, scolding wives; set up for learning and criticism in poetry, but are false

Those first unpolish'd matrons, big and bold,
 Gave suck to infants of gigantic mould;
 Rough as their savage lords who rang'd the wood,
 And fat with acorns belch'd their windy food. 15
 For when the world was buxom, fresh and young,
 Her sons were undebauch'd and therefore strong:
 And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
 Or struggling from the teeming oaks to birth,
 Or from what other atoms they begun. 20
 No sires they had, or, if a sire, the sun.
 Some thin remains of chastity appear'd
 E'en under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
 Before the servile Greeks had learnt to swear
 By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
 Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
 Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were inclos'd.
 At length uneasy Justice upwards flew,
 And both the sisters to the stars withdrew;
 From that old æra whoring did begin, 25
 So venerably ancient is the sin.
 Adult'ers next invade the nuptial state,
 And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
 All other ills did iron times adorn;
 But whores and silver in one age were born. 30
 Yet thou, they say, for marriage dost provide:
 Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
 They say thy hair the curling art is taught,
 The wedding-ring perhaps already bought:

²⁰ *E'en under Jove*] When Jove had driven his father into banishment, the silver Age began, according to the poets.

A sober man like thee to change his life ! 60
 What fury would possess thee with a wife ?
 Art thou of every other death bereft, www.digitallibrary.cn
 No knife, no ratsbane, no kind halter left ?
 (For every noose compar'd to hers is cheap)
 Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap ? 45
 Wouldst thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy
 A better sort of bedfellow, thy boy ?
 He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
 Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls ;
 Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more, 50
 When all thy spirits were drain'd out before.
 But still Ursidius courts the marriage-bait,
 Longs for a son to settle his estate,
 And takes no gifts, though every gaping heir
 Would gladly grease the rich old bachelor. 55
 What revolution can appear so strange,
 As such a lecher, such a life to change ?
 A rank, notorious whoremaster, to choose
 To thrust his neck into the marriage-noose !
 He who so often in a dreadful fright 60
 Had in a coffer 'scap'd the jealous cuckold's sight,
 That he, to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
 Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid !
 The man's grown mad : to ease his frantic pain,
 Run for the surgeon ; breathe the middle vein :
 But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
 To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,
 And let him every deity adore,
 If his new bride prove not an errant whore,

In head and tail, and every other pore. 70
 On Ceres' feast, restrain'd from their delight,
 Few matrons, there, but curse the tedious night :
 Few whom their fathers dare salute, such lust
 Their kisses have, and come with such a gust.
 With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed ; 75
 Such is thy bride, and such thy genial bed.
 Think'st thou one man is for one woman meant ?
 She, sooner, with one eye would be content.

And yet, 'tis nois'd, a maid did once appear
 In some small village, though fame says not where :
 'Tis possible ; but sure no man she found ;
 'Twas desert, all, about her father's ground :
 And yet some lustful god might there make bold :
 Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old ?
 Many a fair nymph has in a cave been spread, as
 And much good love without a feather-bed.
 Whither wouldst thou to choose a wife resort,
 The Park, the Mall, the Play-house, or the Court ?
 Which way soever thy adventures fall,
 Secure alike of chastity in all. 90

One sees a dancing-master capering high,
 And raves, and pisses, with pure ecstasy :
 Another does, with all his motions, move,
 And gapes, and grins as in the feat of love ;
 A third is charm'd with the new opera notes, 95
 Admires the song, but on the singer dotes :
 The country lady in the box appears,
 Softly she warbles over all she hears ;
 And sucks in passion, both at eyes and ears.

The rest (when now the long vacation's come,
 The noisy hall and theatres grown dumb)
 Their memories to refresh, and cheer their hearts,
 In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.
 The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat,
 Will pinch, to make the singing-boy a treat. 105
 The rich, to buy him, will refuse no price;
 And stretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
 Tragedians, acting love, for lust are sought:
 (Though but the parrots of a poet's thought.)
 The pleading lawyer, though for counsel us'd, 110
 In chamber-practice often is refus'd.
 Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs;
 (The product of concurring theatres.)
 Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
 And a young sword-man to thy lands is born. 115

Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
 And left him for a brother of the sword:
 To wond'ring Pharos with her love she fled,
 To show one monster more than Afric bred:
 Forgetting house and husband, left behind, 120
 E'en children too; she sails before the wind;
 False to 'em all, but constant to her kind.
 But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
 She could the play-house and the players leave.
 Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred, 125
 She lodg'd on down, and in a damask bed;
 Yet daring now the dangers of the deep,
 On a hard mattress is content to sleep.
 Ere this, 'tis true, she did her fame expose:

But that great ladies with great ease can lose,
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear :
So much her love was stronger than her fear.
But had some honest cause her passage prest,
The smallest harping had disturb'd her breast :
Each moment once raises their virtue cold ; 135
But woman-kind in this is ever bold.
Were she to follow her own lord to sea,
What doubts or scruples would she raise to stay ?
Her stomach sick, and her head giddy grows ;
The air and pitch are nauseous to her nose. 140
But in love's voyage nothing can offend ;
Women are never sea-sick with a friend.
Amidst the crew, she walks upon the board ;
She eats, she drinks, she handles every cord :
And if she spews, 'tis thinking of her lord. 145
Now ask, for whom her friends and fame she lost ?
What youth, what beauty could th' adulterer boast ?
What was the face, for which she could sustain
To be call'd mistress to so base a man ?
The gallant, of his days had known the best : 150
Deep scars were seen indented on his breast ;
And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful rest.
A promontory wen, with griesly grace,
Stood high, upon the handle of his face :
His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin : 155
His beard was stubble, and his cheeks were thin.
But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move :
'Tis arms and blood and cruelty they love.
But should he quit his trade, and sheath his sword,

Her lover would begin to be her lord. 160
 This was a private crime ; but you shall hear
 What fruits the sacred brows of monarchs bear :
 The good old sluggard but began to snore,
 When from his side up rose th' imperial whore :
 She who preferr'd the pleasures of the night 165
 To poms, that are but impotent delight ;
 Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
 To cope with a more masculine embrace ;
 Muffled she march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
 Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd, 170
 One whom in secret service she could trust ;
 The rival and companion of her lust.
 To the known brothel-house she takes her way ;
 And for a nasty room gives double pay ;
 That room in which the rankest harlot lay. 175
 Prepar'd for fight, expectingly she lies,
 With heaving breasts, and with desiring eyes.
 Still as one drops, another takes his place,
 And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.
 At length, when friendly darkness is expir'd, 180
 And every strumpet from her cell retir'd,
 She lags behind, and ling'ring at the gate,
 With a repining sigh submits to fate :
 All filth without, and all a fire within,
 Tir'd with the toil, unsated with the sin, 185
 Old Cæsar's bed the modest matron seeks ;
 The steam of lamps still hanging on her cheeks,

¹⁶³ He tells the famous story of Messalina, wife to the emperor Claudius.

In ropy smut : thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.

Now should I sing what poisons they provide ;
With all their trumpery of charms beside ;
And all their arts of death : it would be known
Lust is the smallest sin the sex can own.
Cæsinia still, they say, is guiltless found
Of ev'ry vice, by her own lord renown'd : 195
And well she may, she brought ten thousand pound.
She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaste ;
His tongue is tied in golden fetters fast :
He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour ;
Who would not do as much for such a dower ?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace ;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face ;
And might do more ; her portion makes it good ;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.

These truths with his example you disprove,
Who with his wife is monstrously in love :
But know him better ; for I heard him swear,
'Tis not that she's his wife, but that she's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes lessen, and her skin unbrace, 210
Soon you will hear the saucy steward say,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away ;
You grow offensive both at bed and board :
Your betters must be had to please my lord.

Mean time she's absolute upon the throne : 215
And, knowing time is precious, loses none :
She must have flocks of sheep, with wool more fine

Than silk, and vineyards of the noblest wine :
 Whole droves of pages for her train she craves :
 And sweeps the prisons for attending slaves. 220
 In short, whatever in her eyes can come,
 Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
 When winter shuts the seas, and fleecy snows
 Make houses white, she to the merchant goes ;
 Rich crystals of the rock she takes up there, 225
 Huge agate vases, and old China ware :
 Then Berenice's ring her finger proves,
 More precious made by her incestuous loves :
 And infamously dear : a brother's bribe,
 E'en God's anointed, and of Judah's tribe : 230
 Where barefoot they approach the sacred shrine,
 And think it only sin to feed on swine.

But is none worthy to be made a wife
 In all this town ? Suppose her free from strife,
 Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish'd life ; 235
 Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms
 Dismiss'd their husbands', and their brothers' arms :
 Grant her, besides, of noble blood, that run
 In ancient veins ere heraldry began :
 Suppose all these, and take a poet's word, 240
 A black swan is not half so rare a bird.
 A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
 What mortal shoulders could support the weight !
 Some country girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,

²²⁷ *Berenice's ring*] A ring of great price, which Herod Agrippa gave to his sister Berenice. He was king of the Jews, but tributary to the Romans.

Would I had rather than Cornelia wed: 255
 If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
 See www.libtext.org examples in her train.
 Away with all your Carthaginian state,
 Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait,
 Too bulky and too big to pass my narrow gate.

O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
 Against my wife, and let my children go:
 But sullen Pæan shoots at sons and mothers too.
 His Noble and all his boys he lost;
 E'en her who did her num'rous offspring boast,
 As fair and fruitful as the sow that carried
 The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.

What beauty or what chastity can bear
 So great a price, if stately and severe
 She still insults, and you must still adore? 260
 Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
 Upbraided with the virtues she displays, [praise:
 Seven hours in twelve, you loathe the wife you
 Some faults, though small, intolerable grow;
 For what so nauseous and affected too, 265
 As those that think they due perfection want,
 Who have not learnt to lisp the Grecian cant?
 In Greece, their whole accomplishments they seek:
 Their fashion, breeding, language, must be Greek:

²⁵⁵ *Cornelia*] Mother to the Gracchi, of the family of the Cornelli; from whence Scipio the African was descended, who triumphed over Hannibal.

²⁶⁷ *The thirty pigs, &c.*] He alludes to the white sow in Virgil, who farrowed thirty pigs.

But, raw in all that does to Rome belong, 270
 They scorn to cultivate their mother tongue.
 In Greek they flatter, all their fears they speak,
 Tell all their secrets; nay, they scold in Greek:
 E'en in the feat of love, they use that tongue.
 Such affectations may become the young; 275
 But thou, old hag, of threescore years and three,
 Is shewing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Zωή και ψυχή! All those tender words
 The momentary trembling bliss affords,
 The kind soft murmurs of the private sheets, 280
 Are bawdy, while thou speak'st in public streets.
 Those words have fingers; and their force is such,
 They raise the dead, and mount him with a touch.
 But all provocatives from thee are vain:
 No blandishment the slacken'd nerve can strain.

If then thy lawful spouse thou canst not love,
 What reason should thy mind to marriage move?
 Why all the charges of the nuptial feast,
 Wine and desserts, and sweetmeats to digest?
 Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight, 290
 Giv'n for their first and only happy night?
 If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
 To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
 Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
 But for no mercy from thy woman look. 295
 For though, perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
 To absolute dominion she aspires;
 Joys in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse;
 The better husband makes the wife the worse.

Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy, 308
 All offices of ancient friendship die ;
 Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.
 By thy imperious wife thou art bereft
 A privilege, to pimps and panders left ;
 Thy testament's her will ; where she prefers 315
 Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
 Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.

Go drag that slave to death : You reason, why
 Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die ?
 What proofs ? For, when man's life is in debate,
 The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
 Call'st thou that slave a man ? the wife replies :
 Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.
 I have the sovereign pow'r to save or kill ;
 And give no other reason but my will. 315

Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till pleas'd with
 change,
 Her wild affections to new empires range :
 Another subject-husband she desires ;
 Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,
 While the last wedding-feast is scarcely o'er, 320
 And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
 So still the reck'ning rises ; and appears
 In total sum, eight husbands in five years.
 The title for a tombstone might be fit ;
 But that it would too commonly be writ. 325

Her mother living, hope no quiet day ;
 She sharpens her, instructs her how to flay
 Her husband bare, and then divides the prey.

She takes love-letters, with a crafty smile,
 And, in her daughter's answer, mends the style.
 In vain the husband sets his watchful spies ;
 She cheats their cunning, or she bribes their eyes
 The doctor's call'd ; the daughter, taught the trick,
 Pretends to faint ; and in full health is sick.

The panting stallion, at the closet-door, 335
 Hears the consult, and wishes it were o'er.

Canst thou, in reason, hope, a bawd so known
 Should teach her other manners than her own ?

Her int'rest is in all th' advice she gives :

'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives. 340

No cause is tried at the litigious bar,
 But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
 They form the process, all the briefs they write ;
 The topics furnish, and the pleas indite ;
 And teach the toothless lawyer how to bite. 345

They turn viragos too ; the wrestler's toil
 They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil :
 Against the post their wicker shields they crush,
 Flourish the sword, and at the plastron push.
 Of ev'ry exercise the mannish crew 350

Fulfil the parts, and oft excels us too ;
 Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
 But rout the gladiators on the stage.

What sense of shame in such a breast can lie,
 Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly ? 355

Yet to be wholly man she would disclaim :
 To quit her tenfold pleasure at the game,
 For frothy praises and an empty name.

Oh what a decent sight 'tis to behold
 All thy wife's magazine by auction sold !
 The belt, the crested plume, the several suits
 Of armour, and the Spanish leather boots !
 Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat
 Of figur'd silks, and under sarcenet sweat.
 Behold the strutting Amazonian whore, 365
 She stands in guard with her right foot before :
 Her coats tuck'd up ; and all her motions just,
 She stamps, and then cries, hah ! at ev'ry thrust :
 But laugh to see her, tir'd with many a bout,
 Call for the pot, and like a man piss out. 370
 The ghosts of ancient Romans, should they rise,
 Would grin to see their daughters play a prize.

Besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred :
 The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
 Then, when she has thee sure within the sheets,
 Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
 Conscious of crimes herself, she teizes first ;
 Thy servants are accus'd ; thy whore is curst ;
 She acts the jealous, and at will she cries ;
 For women's tears are but the sweat of eyes. 380
 Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'st that love sincere,
 And suck'st between her lips the falling tear :
 But search her cabinet, and thou shalt find
 Each tiller there with love epistles lin'd.
 Suppose her taken in a close embrace, 385
 This you would think so manifest a case,
 No rhetoric could defend, no impudence outface :
 And yet e'en then she cries the marriage vow

A mental reservation must allow ;
 And there's a silent bargain still implied, 390
 The parties should be pleas'd on either side :
 And both may for their private needs provide.
 Though men yourselves, and women us you call,
 Yet *homo* is a common name for all.

There's nothing bolder than a woman caught ;
 Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.

You ask from whence proceed these monstrous
 crimes ?

Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
 Our matrons were : no luxury found room
 In low-rooft houses, and bare walls of lome ; 400
 Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
 And frugal sleep supplied the quiet night,
 While pinch'd with want, their hunger held 'em
 straight ;

When Hannibal was hov'ring at the gate :
 But wanton now, and lolling at our ease, 405
 We suffer all th' invet'rate ills of peace,
 And wasteful riot ; whose destructive charms
 Revenge the vanquish'd world, of our victorious
 arms.

No crime, no lustful postures are unknown ;
 Since Poverty, our guardian god, is gone : 410
 Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts,
 Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts :
 Since gold obscene, and silver found the way,
 Strange fashions with strange bullion to convey,
 And our plain simple manners to betray. 415

What care our drunken dames to whom they
spread?

Wine no distinction makes of tail or head.
Who lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot eringoes and fat oysters call :
Full brimmers to their fuddled noses thrust ;
Brimmers, the last provocatives of lust.
When vapours to their swimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.

Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
What Tullia talks to her confiding slave, 423
At Modesty's old statue ; when by night
They make a stand, and from their litters light :
The good man early to the levee goes,
And treads the nasty paddle of his spouse.

The secrets of the goddess nam'd the Good,
Are e'en by boys and barbers understood :
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe ;
With music rais'd, they spread abroad their hair ;
And toss their heads like an enamour'd mare : 435
Laufella lays her garland by, and proves
The mimic lechery of manly loves.

Rank'd with the lady the cheap sinner lies ;
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal strife ; 440
'Tis downright lust, and acted to the life.
So full, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,
That, looking on, would make old Nestor young.
Impatient of delay, a general sound,

A universal groan of lust goes round; 445
 For then, and only then, the sex sincere is found.
 Now is the time of action; Now begin,
 They cry, and let the lusty lovers in.
 The whoresons are asleep; then bring the slaves,
 And watermen, a race of strong-back'd knaves.

I wish, at least, our sacred rites were free 451
 From those pollutions of obscenity :
 But 'tis well known what singer, how disguis'd,
 A lewd audacious action enterpriz'd :
 Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went, 455
 Arm'd with a huge two-handed instrument ;
 A grateful present to those holy quires,
 Where the mouse, guilty of his sex, retires :
 And e'en male-pictures modestly are vail'd ;
 Yet no profaneness on that age prevail'd ; 460
 No scoffers at religious rites are found ;
 Though now, at ev'ry altar they abound.

I hear your cautious counsel, you would say,
 Keep close your women under lock and key :
 But, who shall keep those keepers? Women, nurst
 In craft : begin with those, and bribe 'em first.
 The sex is turn'd all whore ; they love the game :
 And mistresses and maids are both the same.

The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day, 469
 Will borrow clothes, and chair, to see the play :

⁴⁵³ *what singer, &c.*] He alludes to the story of P. Clodius, who, disguised in the habit of a singing woman, went into the house of Cæsar, where the feast of the good goddess was celebrated, to find an opportunity with Cæsar's wife Pompeia.

She, who before had mortgag'd her estate,
 And pawn'd the last remaining piece of plate.
 Some are reduc'd their utmost shifts to try :
 But women have no shame of poverty.
 They live beyond their stint ; as if their store 475
 The more exhausted, would increase the more :
 Some men, instructed by the lab'ring ant,
 Provide against th' extremities of want ;
 But womankind, that never knows a mean,
 Down to the dregs their sinking fortune drain :
 Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear :
 And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.

There are, who in soft eunuchs place their bliss ;
 To shun the scrubbing of a bearded kiss ;
 And 'scape abortion ; but their solid joy 485
 Is when the page, already past a boy,
 Is capon'd late ; and to the gelder shown
 With his two pounders to perfection grown.
 When all the navel-string could give, appears ;
 All but the beard, and that's the barber's loss, not
 theirs. 490

Seen from afar, and famous for his ware,
 He struts into the bath, among the fair :
 Th' admiring crew to their devotions fall ;
 And, kneeling, on their new Priapus call.
 Kerv'd for his lady's use, and with her lies ; 495

⁴⁸⁸ He taxes women with their loving eunuchs, who can
 get no children ; but adds, that they only love such eunuchs
 as are gelded when they are already at the age of manhood.

⁴⁹⁴ Priapus] The god of lust.

And let him drudge for her, if thou art wise,
 Rather than trust him with thy fav'rite boy ;
 He proffers death, in proffering to enjoy.
 If songs they love, ~~let singer's voice~~ they force
 Beyond his compass till his quail-pipe's hoarse ;
 His lute and lyre with their embrace is worn ;
 With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn :
 Run over all the strings, and kiss the case ;
 And make love to it, in the master's place.

A certain lady once of high degree, 505
 To Janus vow'd, and Vesta's deity,
 That Pollio might, in singing, win the prize ;
 Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes :
 She pray'd, and brib'd ; what could she more have
 done

For a sick husband, or an only son ? 510
 With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
 The shameless suppliant at the altar stands ;
 The forms of pray'r she solemnly pursues ;
 And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails views.
 Answer, ye Pow'rs : for, if you heard her vow,
 Your godships, sure, had little else to do.

This is not all ; for actors they implore :
 An impudence not known to heav'n before.
 Th' Aruspex, tir'd with this religious rout,
 Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the gout. 520

⁵¹⁷ That such an actor whom they love might obtain the prize.

⁵¹⁹ Th' Aruspex] He who inspects the entrails of the sacrifice, and from thence, foretells the successor.

But suffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
 If she loves singing, let her sing at home ;
 Not strut in streets, with Amazonian pace ;
 For that's to cuckold thee before thy face. 524

Their endless itch of news comes next in play ;
 They vent their own, and hear what others say.
 Know what in Thrace, or what in France is done ;
 Th' intrigues betwixt the stepdame and the son.
 Tell who loves who, what favours some partake :
 And who is jilted for another's sake. 530
 What pregnant widow in what month was made ;
 How oft she did, and doing, what she said.

She, first, beholds the raging comet rise :
 Knows whom it threatens, and what lands destroys.
 Still for the newest news she lies in wait ; 535
 And takes reports just ent'ring at the gate.
 Wrecks, floods, and fires ; whatever she can meet,
 She spreads ; and is the fame of ev'ry street.

This is a grievance ; but the next is worse ;
 A very judgment, and her neighbours' curse : 540
 For if their barking dog disturb her ease,
 No pray'r can bind her, no excuse appease.
 Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd ;
 But first the master, who the cur maintain'd,
 Must feel the scourge ; by night she leaves her bed,
 By night her bathing equipage is led.
 That marching armies a less noise create ;
 She moves in tumult, and she sweats in state.
 Mean while, her guests their appetites must keep ;
 Some gape for hunger, and some gasp for sleep.

At length she comes, all flush'd ; but ere she sup,
 Swallows a swinging preparation-cup ;
 And then, to clear her stomach, spews it up.
 The deluge vomit all the floor o'erflows,
 And the sour savour nauseates ev'ry nose. 555
 She drinks again ; again she spews a lake ;
 Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak :
 But mutters many a curse against his wife ;
 And damns himself for choosing such a life.

But of all plagues, the greatest is untold ; 560
 The book learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
 The critic-dame, who at her table sits :
 Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits ;
 And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
 She has so far th' ascendant of the board, 565
 The prating pedant puts not in one word :
 The man of law is non-plust, in his suit ;
 Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
 Hammers, and beating anvils, you would swear,
 And Vulcan with his whole militia there. 570
 Tabors and trumpets cease ; for she alone
 Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.
 E'en wit's a burthen, when it talks too long ;
 But she, who has no continence of tongue,
 Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard ;
 And mix among the philosophic herd. 576
 O what a midnight curse has he, whose side
 Is partner'd with a moody and figure bride !

no a mood and figure bride]. A woman who has learned logic.

Let mine, ye gods! (if such must be my fate)
 No logic learn, nor history translate; 598
 But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
 I hate a wife to whom I go to school.

Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
 Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
 Corrects her country neighbour; and, a-bed, 599
 For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's head.

The gawdy gossip, when she's set agog,
 In jewels drest, and at each ear a bob,
 Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
 Thinks all she says or does, is justified. 600
 When poor, she's scarce a tolerable evil;
 But rich, and fine, a wife's a very devil.

She duly, once a month, renews her face;
 Mean time, it lies in daub, and hid in grease;
 Those are the husband's nights; she craves her due,
 He takes fat kisses, and is stuck in glue.
 But, to the lov'd adult'rer when she steers,
 Fresh from the bath, in brightness she appears:
 For him the rich Arabia sweats her gum;
 And precious oils from distant Indies come: 601
 How haggardly soe'er she looks at home.
 Th' eclipse then vanishes; and all her face
 Is open'd, and restor'd to ev'ry grace,
 The crust remov'd, her cheeks as smooth as silk,
 Are polish'd with a wash of asses' milk; 602
 And should she to the farthest North be sent,

⁶⁰⁰ A woman-grammarian, who corrects her husband for speaking false Latin, which is called breaking Priscian's head

A train of these attend her banishment.
 But hadst thou seen her plaster'd up before,
 'Twas so unlike a face, it seem'd a sore. 609

'Tis worth our while to know what all the day
 They do, and how they pass their time away,
 For, if o'er-night the husband has been slack,
 Or counterfeited sleep, and turn'd his back,
 Next day, be sure, the servants go to wrack.
 The chamber-maid and dresser are call'd whores;
 The page is stript, and beaten out of doors.
 The whole house suffers for the master's crime:
 And he himself is warn'd to wake another time.

She hires tormentors by the year; she treats
 Her visitors, and talks; but still she beats. 620
 Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown,
 Casts up the day's account, and still beats on:
 Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
 She bids 'em in the devil's name be gone.
 Compar'd with such a proud, insulting dame, 625
 Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.

For, if she hastes abroad to take the air,
 Or goes to Isis' church (the bawdy-house of pray'r)
 She hurries all her handmaids to the task;
 Her head, alone, will twenty dressers ask. 630
 Psecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,
 Trembling, considers ev'ry sacred hair;
 If any straggler from his rank be found,
 A pinch must, for the mortal sin, compound.
 Psecas is not in fault: but, in the glass, 635
 The dame's offended at her own ill face.

The maid is banish'd ; and another girl
 More dext'rous, manages the comb and curl ;
 The rest are summon'd on a point so nice ;
 And first, the grave old woman gives advice.
 The next is call'd, and so the turn goes round,
 As each for age, or wisdom, is renown'd :
 Such counsel, such deliberate care they take,
 As if her life and honour lay at stake :
 With curls on curls, they build her head before
 And mount it with a formidable tow'r.
 A giantess she seems ; but look behind,
 And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.
 Duck-legg'd, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is,
 That she must rise on tip-toes for a kiss. 630
 Mean while, her husband's whole estate is spent ;
 He may go bare, while she receives his rent.
 She minds him not ; she lives not as a wife,
 But like a bawling neighbour, full of strife :
 Near him, in this alone, that she extends 635
 Her hate to all his servants and his friends.
 Bellona's priests, a eunuch at their head,
 About the streets a mad procession lead ;
 The venerable gelding, large, and high,
 O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry. 640
 His awkward clergymen about him prance ;
 And beat the timbrels to their mystic dance.
 Guiltless of testicles, they tear their throats,
 And squeak, in treble, their unmanly notes.
 Mean while, his cheeks the mitred prophet swells,
 And dire presages of the year foretells

Unless with eggs (his priestly hire) they haste
 To expiate, and avert th' autumnal blast.
 And add beside a murrey-colour'd vest,
 Which, in their places, may receive the pest : 670
 And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
 To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
 Th' astonish'd matrons pay, before the rest ;
 That sex is still obnoxious to the priest.

Through ice they beat, and plunge into the stream,
 If so the god has warn'd 'em in a dream.
 Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong,
 On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
 A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
 Should Io (Io's priest I mean) command 680
 A pilgrimage to Meroe's burning sand,
 Through deserts they would seek the secret spring ;
 And holy water, for lustration, bring.
 How can they pay their priests too much respect,
 Who trade with heav'n, and earthly gains neglect ?
 With him, domestic gods discourse by night :
 By day, attended by his quire in white,
 The bald-pate tribe runs madding thro' the street,
 And smile to see with how much ease they cheat.
 The ghostly sire forgives the wife's delights, 690
 Who sins, through frailty, on forbidden nights ;
 And tempts her husband in the holy time,
 When carnal pleasure is a mortal crime.

⁶⁸⁰ *And add beside, &c.*] A garment was given to the priest, which he threw into the river ; and that, they thought, bore all the sins of the people, which were drowned with it.

The sweating image shakes his head, but he
With mumbled pray'rs atones the deity. 696

The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead must forgive.

No sooner these remove, but full of fear,
A gypsy Jewess whispers in your ear,
And begs an alms : a high-priest's daughter she,
Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
And prophesies beneath a shady tree.

Her goods a basket, and old hay her bed,
She strolls, and, telling fortunes, gains her bread :
Farthings, and some small monies, are her fees ;
Yet she interprets all your dreams for these.
Foretells th' estate, when the rich uncle dies,
And sees a sweetheart in the sacrifice.

Such toys, a pigeon's entrails can disclose :
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes : 710
In dogs, a victim more obscene, he rakes ;
And murder'd infants for inspection takes :
For gain, his impious practice he pursues ;
For gain, will his accomplices accuse.

More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans giv'n ; 715
What they foretell, is deem'd the voice of heav'n.
Their answers, as from Hammon's altar, come ;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb.
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond astrologers relate.

Of these the most in vogue is he, who sent

⁷¹⁵ Chaldeans are thought to have been the first astrologers.

Beyond seas, is return'd from banishment,
 His art who to aspiring Otho sold ;
 And sure succession to the crown foretold.
 For his esteem is in his exile plac'd ; 725
 The more believ'd, the more he was disgrac'd.
 No astrologic wizard honour gains,
 Who has not oft been banish'd, or in chains.

He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
 But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear. 730

From him your wife enquires the planets' will,
 When the black jaundice shall her mother kill :
 Her sister's and her uncle's end, would know :
 But, first, consults his art, when you shall go.
 And, what's the greatest gift that heav'n can give,
 If, after her, th' adulterer shall live.

She neither knows nor cares to know the rest ;
 If Mars and Saturn shall the world infest ;
 Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
 Will interpose, and bring us better days. 740

Beware the woman too, and shun her sight,
 Who in these studies does herself delight.
 By whom a greasy almanack is borne,
 With often handling, like chaft amber, worn :
 Not now consulting, but consulted, she 745
 Of the twelve houses, and their lords, is free.
 She, if the scheme a fatal journey show,
 Stays safe at home, but lets her husband go.
 If but a mile she travel out of town,

725 Otho succeeded Galba in the empire ; which was fore-
 told him by an astrologer.

The planetary hour must first be known,
 And lucky moment ; if her eye but akes
 Or itches, its decumbiture she takes.
 No nourishment receives in her disease,
 But what the stars and Ptolemy shall please.

The middle sort, who have not much to spare,
 To chiromancers' cheaper art repair,
 Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more
 fair.

But the rich matron, who has more to give,
 Her answers from the Brachman will receive :
 Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
 And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.

The poorest of the sex have still an itch
 To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
 The dairy-maid inquires, if she shall take
 The trusty tailor, and the cook forsake. 765

Yet these, though poor, the pain of childbed
 bear ;

And, without nurses, their own infants rear :
 You seldom hear of the rich mantle, spread
 For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
 Such is the pow'r of herbs ; such arts they use 770
 To make them barren, or their fruit to lose.
 But thou, whatever slops she will have bought,
 Be thankful, and supply the deadly draught :

⁷⁵⁴ *Ptolemy*] A famous astrologer, an Egyptian.

⁷⁵⁹ The Brachmans are Indian philosophers, who remain
 to this day ; and hold, after Pythagoras, the translation of
 souls from one body to another.

Help her to make manslaughter ; let her bleed,
 And never want for savin at her need. 775
 For, if she holds till her nine months be run,
 Thou mayst be father to an Æthiop's son.
 A boy, who ready gotten to thy hands,
 By law is to inherit all thy lands :
 One of that hue, that should he cross the way,
 His omen would discolour all the day.

I pass the foundling by, a race unknown,
 At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own :
 And into noble families advance
 A nameless issue, the blind work of chance. 785
 Indulgent Fortune does her care employ,
 And, smiling, broods upon the naked boy :
 Her garment spreads, and laps him in the fold,
 And covers, with her wings, from nightly cold :
 Gives him her blessing ; puts him in a way ; 790
 Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
 Him she promotes ; she favours him alone,
 And makes provision for him as her own.

The craving wife the force of magic tries,
 And philters for th' unable husband buys : 795
 The potion works not on the part design'd ;
 But turns his brains, and stupifies his mind.

⁷⁷⁷ *to an Æthiop's son*] His meaning is, help her to any kind of slops, which may cause her to miscarry ; for fear she may be brought to bed of a blackmoor, which thou, being her husband, art bound to father ; and that bastard may by law, inherit thy estate.

⁷⁸¹ *His omen, &c.*] The Romans thought it oninous to see a blackmoor in the morning, if he were the first man they met.

The sotted moon-calf gapes, and staring on,
 Sees his own bus'ness by another done :
 A long oblivion, a benumbing frost, 800
 Constrains his head ; and yesterday is lost :
 Some nimbler juice would make him foam and rave,
 Like that Cæsonia to her Caius gave :
 Who, plucking from the forehead of the fole
 His mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl : 805
 The boiling blood ran hissing in his veins,
 Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
 The Thund'rer was not half so much on fire,
 When Juno's girdle kindled his desire.
 What woman will not use the pois'ning trade, 810
 When Cæsar's wife the precedent has made ?
 Let Agrippina's mushroom be forgot,
 Giv'n to a slav'ring, old, unuseful sot ;
 That only clos'd the driveling dotard's eyes,
 And sent his godhead downward to the skies. 815
 But this fierce potion calls for fire and sword ;
 Nor spares the commons, when it strikes the lord :
 So many mischiefs were in one combin'd ;
 So much one single pois'ner cost mankind.
 If stepdames seek their sons-in-law to kill, 820

⁸⁰⁰ Cæsonia, wife to Caius Caligula, the great tyrant : 'tis said she gave him a love-potion, which flying up into his head, distracted him ; and was the occasion of his committing so many acts of cruelty.

⁸¹⁵ Agrippina was the mother of the tyrant Nero, who poisoned her husband Claudius, that Nero might succeed, who was her son, and not Britannicus, who was the son of Claudius, by a former wife.

'Tis venial trespass ; let them have their will :
 But let the child, entrusted to the care
 Of his own mother, of her bread beware :
 Beware the food she reaches with her hand ;
 The morsel is intended for thy land. 825
 Thy tutor be thy taster, ere thou eat ;
 There's poison in thy drink, and in thy meat.

You think this feign'd ; the satire in a rage
 Struts in the buskins of the tragic stage,
 Forgets his bus'ness is to laugh and bite ; 830
 And will of deaths and dire revenges write.
 Would it were all a fable that you read ;
 But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
 I (she confesses) in the fact was caught,
 Two sons dispatching at one deadly draught. 835
 What two ! two sons, thou viper, in one day !
 Yes, seven, she cries, if seven were in my way.
 Medea's legend is no more a lie ;
 One age adds credit to antiquity.
 Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
 And murders then were done : but not for gain.
 Less admiration to great crimes is due,
 Which they thro' wrath, or thro' revenge, pursue.
 For, weak of reason, impotent of will,
 The sex is hurried headlong into ill : 845
 And, like a cliff from its foundations torn,

⁸³⁵ The widow of Drymon poisoned her sons, that she might succeed to their estate : This was done either in the poet's time, or just before it.

⁸³⁶ Medea, out of revenge to Jason, who had forsaken her, killed the children which she had by him.



By raging earthquakes, into seas is borne.
 But those are fiends, who crimes from thought
 And, cool in mischief, meditate the sin. [begin
 They read th' example of a pious wife, 854
 Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;
 Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
 Would save their lap-dog sooner than their lord.

Where'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
 And Clytemnestras grow in ev'ry street: 855
 But here's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
 Was a gross butcher with a bloody knife;
 But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
 And subtle poisons are employ'd alone:
 Unless some antidote prevents their arts, 860
 And lines with balsam all the nobler parts:
 In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,
 Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

⁸⁵⁴ *the Belides*] Who were fifty sisters, married to fifty young men, their cousin-germans; and killed them all on their wedding-night, excepting Hypermnestra, who saved her husband Linus.

⁸⁵⁵ *Clytemnestra*] The wife of Agamemnon, who, in favour to her adulterer Ægysthus, was consenting to his murder.

⁸⁶³ *Rather than fail*] It will easily be understood, why it was impossible to make a single observation on this Sixth Satire, which, as he finely says in another place, is

Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read.

Yet Iud. Prateüs wrote long notes for the use of the Dauphin under the inspection of Bossuet. *Dr. J. W.*

The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast,
 In that presuming confidence was lost : 15
 But more have been by avarice opprest,
 And heaps of money crowded in the chest :
 Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
 Than files of marshall'd figures can account.
 To which the stores of Cræsus, in the scale, 20
 Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
 In the vast shadow of the British whale.

For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
 When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
 A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize
 The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces :
 The mob, commission'd by the government,
 Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
 The fearful passenger, who travels late,
 Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate, 30
 Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush ;
 And sees a red-coat rise from every bush :
 The beggar sings, e'en when he sees the place
 Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the first and chief request 35
 Of each is, to be richer than the rest :
 And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
 He dreads no poison in his homely bowl,
 Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine

¹⁴ Milo, of Crotona, who, for a trial of his strength, going to rend an oak, perished in the attempt ; for his arms were caught in the trunk of it, and he was devoured by wild beasts.

Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine. 40
 Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
 Who the same end pursu'd, by several ways ?
 One pitied, one contemn'd the woful times :
 One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes :
 Laughter is easy ; but the wonder lies, 45
 What store of brine supplied the weeper's eyes.
 Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
 His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ake ;
 Though in his country-town no lictors were,
 Nor rods, nor axe, nor tribune did appear ; 50
 Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
 Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow :
 What had he done, had he beheld, on high
 Our pretor scated, in mock majesty ;
 His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place, 55
 While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
 He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
 With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back :
 A suit of hangings had not more opprest
 His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest : 60
 A heavy gewgaw, (call'd a crown) that spread
 About his temples, drown'd his narrow head :
 And would have crush'd it with the massy freight,
 But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight :
 A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
 To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
 Add now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
 With golden beak (the mark of majesty),
 Trumpets before, and on the left and right,

A cavalcade of nobles, all in white : 70
 In their own natures false and flatt'ring tribes,
 But made his friends, by places and by bribes.

In his own age, Democritus could find
 Sufficient cause to laugh at human kind :
 Learn from so great a wit ; a land of bogs 75
 With ditches fenc'd, a heaven fat with fogs,
 May form a spirit fit to sway the state ;
 And make the neighb'ring monarchs fear their fate.

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears ;
 At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears : 80
 An equal temper in his mind he found,
 When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
 'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request,
 Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.

Some ask for envied pow'r ; which public hate
 Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate :
 Down go the titles ; and the statue crown'd,
 Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
 The guiltless horses, and the chariot wheel,
 The same effects of vulgar fury feel : 90
 The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
 While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke ;
 Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,

⁹³ Sejanus was Tiberius's first favourite, and while he continued so had the highest marks of honour bestowed on him : statues and triumphal chariots were every where erected to him ; but as soon as he fell into disgrace with the Emperor, these were all immediately dismounted, and the senate and common people insulted over him as meanly as they had fawned on him before.

The great Sejanus crackles in the flames :
 Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid 95
 On anvils ; and of head and limbs are made
 Pans, cans, and pisspots, a whole kitchen trade.

Adorn your doors with laurels ; and a bull,
 Milk white, and large, lead to the Capitol ;
 Sejanus with a rope is dragg'd along, 100
 The sport and laughter of the giddy throng !
 Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
 How foul a snout, and what a hanging face !
 By heaven, I never could endure his sight ;
 But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light ?
 What is the charge, and who the evidence,
 (The saviour of the nation and the prince ?)
 Nothing of this ; but our old Cæsar sent
 A noisy letter to his parliament :
 Nay, Sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more, 110
 He's guilty ; and the question's out of door.
 How goes the mob ? (for that's a mighty thing,)
 When the king's trump, the mob are for the king :
 They follow fortune, and the common cry
 Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die. 115

But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
 Had cried Sejanus, with a shout as loud ;
 Had his designs (by fortune's favour blest)
 Succeeded, and the prince's age opprest, [face,
 But long, long since, the times have chang'd their
 The people grown degenerate and base ;
 Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
 To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.

Our wise forefathers, great by sea and land,
 Had once the power and absolute command : 125
 All offices of trust, themselves dispos'd ;
 Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd
 depos'd.

But we, who give our native rights away,
 And our enslav'd posterity betray,
 Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go 130
 On holidays to see a puppet-show.

There was a damn'd design, cries one, no doubt ;
 For warrants are already issued out :
 I met Brutidius in a mortal fright ;
 He's dipt for certain, and plays least in sight : 135
 I fear the rage of our offended prince,
 Who thinks the senate slack in his defence !
 Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
 And spurn the wretched corps of Cæsar's foe :
 But let our slaves be present there, lest they 140
 Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
 Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
 About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.

Now tell me truly, wouldst thou change thy fate
 To be, like him, first minister of state ? 145
 To have thy levees crowded with resort,
 Of a depending, gaping, servile court :
 Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
 Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown :
 To hold thy prince in pupil-age, and sway
 That monarch, whom the master'd world obey ?
 While he, intent on secret lusts alone,

Lives to himself, abandoning the throne ;
 Coop'd in a narrow isle, observing dreams 154
 With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes !

I well believe, thou wouldst be great as he ;
 For every man's a fool to that degree ;
 All wish the dire prerogative to kill ;
 E'en they would have the power, who want the will :
 But wouldst thou have thy wishes understood, 160
 To take the bad together with the good,
 Wouldst thou not rather choose a small renown,
 To be the mayor of some poor paltry town,
 Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak ;
 To pound false weights, and scanty measures break ?
 Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
 In ev'ry wish, and knew not how to pray :
 For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store,
 Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
 Rais'd a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height,
 Which mould'ring, crush'd him underneath the
 weight. 171

What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget ?
 And ruin'd him, who, greater than the Great,
 The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke ;

¹⁶⁴ The island of Capræ, which lies about a league out at sea from the Campanian shore, was the scene of Tiberius's pleasures in the latter part of his reign. There he lived for some years with diviners, soothsayers, and worse company ; and from thence dispatched all his orders to the senate.

¹⁷³ Julius Cæsar, who got the better of Pompey, that was styled the Great.

And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke ;
 What else but his immoderate lust of power,
 Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour ?
 For few usurpers to the shades descend
 By a dry death, or with a quiet end.

The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
 To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
 (So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
 He and his sachel must be borne to school,)
 Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
 To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes : 185
 But both those orators, so much renown'd,
 In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd :
 The hand and head were never lost, of those
 Who dealt in doggerel, or who punn'd in prose.
 " Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome :
 Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom."
 His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
 Had all his malice been to murder words.
 I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhymes
 Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times, 195
 Than that Philippic, fatally divine,
 Which is inscrib'd the second, should be mine.
 Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,

¹⁸⁵ Demosthenes and Tully both died for their oratory. Demosthenes gave himself poison to avoid being carried to Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, who had then made himself master of Athens. Tully was murdered by Mark Antony's order, in return for those invectives he had made against him.

Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
 Who shook the theatres, and sway'd the state 300
 Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.

Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
 His sire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a shop,
 From Mars his forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
 To learn the unlucky art of wheedling fools. 305

With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
 All things beyond their native worth we strain :
 The spoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
 An empty coat of armour hung above
 The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne,
 A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
 A chap-fall'n beaver loosely hanging by
 The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
 On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
 And sighing casts a mournful look below ; 315
 Of every nation, each illustrious name,
 Such toys as these have cheated into fame :
 Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
 The windy satisfaction of the brain.

So much the thirst of honour fires the blood ;
 So many would be great, so few be good.
 For who would Virtue for herself regard,
 Or wed, without the portion of reward ?
 Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursu'd,
 Has drawn destruction on the multitude : 325
 This avarice of praise in times to come,
 Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
 Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,

And heave below the gaudy monument,
 Would crack the marble titles, and disperse ' 210
 The characters of all the lying verse.
 For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
 In time's abyss, the common grave of all.

Great Hannibal within the balance lay ;
 And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh ; 235
 Whom Afric was not able to contain,
 Whose length runs level with the Atlantic main,
 And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
 His sun-beat waters by so long a way ;
 Which Ethiopia's double clime divides, 240
 And elephants in other mountains hides.
 Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans past,
 And steepy Alps, the mounds that Nature cast :
 And with corroding juices, as he went,
 A passage through the living rocks he rent. 245
 Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
 He pours his headlong rage on Italy ;
 In three victorious battles over-run ;
 Yet still uneasy, cries, There's nothing done,
 Till level with the ground their gates are laid ; 250
 And Punic flags on Roman towers display'd.

Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame :
 His picture scarcely would deserve a frame :
 A signpost dauber would disdain to paint
 The one-ey'd hero on his elephant. 255
 Now what's his end, O charming Glory ! say,
 What rare fifth act to crown this huffing play ?
 In one deciding battle overcome,

He flies, is banish'd from his native home :
 Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there 260
 Attends, his mean petition to prefer ;
 Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
 The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.

What wondrous sort of death has heaven design'd,
 Distinguish'd from the herd of human kind, 265
 For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind !
 Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
 Are doom'd to avenge the tedious bloody war ;
 But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
 Must finish him ; a sucking infant's fate. 270
 Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
 To please the boys, and be a theme at school.

One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind ;
 Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd :
 And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
 The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
 Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he tried
 The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide :
 " Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
 The mighty soul, how small a body holds." 280

Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
 Cut from the continent, and sail'd about ;

²⁷⁶ Babylon, where Alexander died.

²⁸² Xerxes is represented in history after a very romantic manner, affecting fame beyond measure, and doing the most extravagant things to compass it. Mount Athos made a prodigious promontory in the Ægæan sea : he is said to have cut a channel through it, and to have sailed round it.

Scas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
 The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore.
 Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees, ²²⁵
 Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees ;
 With a long legend of romantic things,
 Which in his cups the bowsy poet sings.
 But how did he return, this haughty brave,
 Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave ?
 (Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound ;
 And Eurus never such hard usage found
 In his Æolian prisons under ground ;)
 What god so mean, e'en he who points the way,
 So merciless a tyrant to obey ! ²³⁵
 But how return'd he ? let us ask again .
 In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
 Chok'd with the slaughter'd bodies of his train.
 For fame he pray'd, but let the event declare
 He had no mighty penn'worth of his pray'r. ³⁰⁰
 Jove, grant me length of life and years good store

He made a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, where it was three miles broad ; and ordered a whipping for the winds and seas, because they had once crossed his designs, as we have a very solemn account of it in Herodotus. But after all these vain boasts, he was shamefully beaten by Themistocles at Salamis, and returned home, leaving most of his fleet behind him.

²²⁵ Mercury, who was a god of the lowest size, and employed always in errands between heaven and hell ; and mortals used him accordingly, for his statues were anciently placed where roads met, with directions on the fingers of them, pointing out the several ways to travellers.

Heap on my bending back, I ask no more.
 Both sick and healthful, old and young, conspire
 In this one silly mischievous desire.
 Mistaken blessing, which old age they call, 305
 'Tis a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
 A ropy chain of rheums ; a visage rough,
 Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff.
 A stitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw ;
 Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw 310
 For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace,
 She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.

In youth, distinctions infinite abound ;
 No shape, or feature, just alike are found ;
 The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong ;
 But the same foulness does to age belong,
 The selfsame palsy, both in limbs and tongue.
 The skull and forehead one bald barren plain ;
 And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain :
 Besides the eternal drivel, that supplies 320
 The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth, and eyes.
 His wife and children loathe him, and, what's worse,
 Himself does his offensive carrion curse !
 Flatt'ers forsake him too ; for who would kill
 Himself, to be remember'd in a will ? 325
 His taste, not only pall'd to wine and meat,
 But to the relish of a nobler treat.
 The limber nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,
 Inglorious from the field of battle flies :
 Poor feeble dotard, how could he advance 330
 With his blue head-piece, and his broken lance ?

Add, that endeavouring still without effect,
A lust more sordid justly we suspect.

Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
The soul dislodging from another seat. 313
What music, or enchanting voice, can cheer
A stupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre, he sits to see ;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear : 340
Under an actor's nose he's never near.

His boy must bawl, to make him understand
The hour o' th' day, or such a lord's at hand :
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains. 345
In fine, he wears no limb about him sound :
With sores and sicknesses beleaguer'd round :
Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
How many drudges on salt Hippia wait ;
What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd :
How many bouts a day that bitch has tried ;
How many boys that pedagogue can ride ! 355
What lands and lordships for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worship now.

This dotard of his broken back complains,
One, his legs fail, and one, his shoulder pains :
Another is of both his eyes bereft ; 360
And envies who has one for aiming left.

A fifth, with trembling lips expecting stands,
 As in his childhood, cramm'd by others' hands ;
 One, who at sight of supper open'd wide
 His jaws before, and whetted grinders tried ; 365
 Now only yawns, and waits to be supplied :
 Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
 Expected food her fasting mother brings.

His loss of members is a heavy curse,
 But all his faculties decay'd, a worse ! 370
 His servants' names he has forgotten quite ;
 Knows not his friend who supp'd with him last night.
 Not e'en the children he begot and bred ;
 Or his will knows 'em not : for, in their stead,
 In form of law, a common hackney jade, 375
 Sole heir, for secret services, is made :
 So lewd, and such a batter'd brothel whore,
 That she defies all comers at her door.
 Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
 He lives to be chief mourner for his son : 380
 Before his face his wife and brother burns ;
 He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
 These are the fines he pays for living long ;
 And dragging tedious age in his own wrong :
 Griefs always green, a household still in tears, 385
 Sad pomps, a threshold throng'd with daily biers,
 And liveries of black for length of years.

Next to the raven's age, the Pylion king

³⁸⁸ Nestor, king of Pylos, who was 300 years old, according to Homer's account ; at least, as he is understood by his expositors.

Was longest liv'd of any two legg'd thing ;
 Blest, to defraud the grave so long, to mount ³⁹⁰
 His number'd years, and on his right hand count ;
 Three hundred seasons, guzzling must of wine :
 But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
 At fate's unequal laws ; and at the clue
 Which, merciless in length, the midmost sister
 drew. 39

When his brave son upon the fun'ral pyre
 He saw extended, and his beard on fire ;
 He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his friends, what
 crime

Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time ?

Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain, ⁴⁰⁰
 And thus Ulysses' father did complain.

How fortunate an end had Priam made,
 Among his ancestors a mighty shade,
 While Troy yet stood ; when Hector, with the race
 Of royal bastards, might his fun'ral grace : ⁴⁰⁵
 Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
 And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd !
 Had heav'n so blest him, he had died before
 The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.
 But mark what age produc'd ; he liv'd to see ⁴¹⁰
 His town in flames, his falling monarchy :
 In fine, the feeble sire, reduc'd by fate,
 To change his sceptre for a sword, too late,

⁴⁰¹ The ancients counted by their fingers ; their left hands served them till they came up to a hundred, after that they used their right, to express all greater numbers.

His last effort before Jove's altar tries
 A soldier half, and half a sacrifice : 417
 Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow ;
 Old and unprofitable to the plough.

At least, he died a man ; his queen surviv'd,
 To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.

I hasten to our own ; nor will relate 420
 Great Mithridates, and rich Cræsus' fate ;
 Whom Solon wisely counsell'd to attend
 The name of happy, till he knew his end.

That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
 Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his bread,
 All these were owing to a life too long :

⁴¹⁴ Whilst Troy was sacking by the Greeks, old King Priam is said to have buckled on his armour to oppose them ; which he had no sooner done, but he was met by Pyrrhus, and slain before the altar of Jupiter, in his own palace, as we have the story finely told in Virgil's second *Æneid*.

⁴¹⁸ Hecuba, his queen, escaped the swords of the Grecians, and outlived him. It seems she behaved herself so fiercely and uneasily to her husband's murderers while she lived, that the poets thought fit to turn her into a bitch, when she died.

⁴²¹ Mithridates, after he had disputed the empire of the world, for forty years together, with the Romans, was at last deprived of life and empire by Pompey the Great.

⁴²¹ Cræsus, in the midst of his prosperity, making his boast to Solon how happy he was, received this answer from the wise man : " That no one could pronounce himself happy till he saw what his end should be." The truth of this Cræsus found, when he was put in chains by Cyrus, and condemned to die.

For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young :
 High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
 When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
 The Roman streets ; descending from his state,
 In that blest hour he should have begg'd his fate ;
 Then, then, he might have died of all admir'd,
 And his triumphant soul with shouts expir'd.

Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
 To Pompey an indulgent fever sent ; 433
 But public prayers impos'd on heav'n, to give
 Their much lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
 The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
 The head, reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.

Cethegus, though a traitor to the state, 430
 And tortur'd, scap'd this ignominious fate :
 And Sergius, who a bad cause bravely tried,
 All of a piece, and undiminish'd, died.

To Venus, the fond mother makes a prayer,
 That all her sons and daughters may be fair : 435
 True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends ;
 But, for the girls, the vaulted temple rends :
 They must be finish'd pieces : 'tis allow'd

⁴³⁵ Pompey, in the midst of his glory, fell into a dangerous fit of sickness at Naples ; a great many cities then made public supplications for him ; he recovered, was beaten at Pharsalia, fled to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, and, instead of receiving protection at his court, had his head struck off by his order, to please Cæsar.

⁴⁴⁰ Cethegus was one that conspired with Catiline, and was put to death by the Senate.

⁴⁴² Catiline died fighting.

Diana's beauty made Latona proud,
 And pleas'd, to see the wond'ring people pray
 To the new-rising sister of the day.

And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow :
 And fair Virginia would her fate bestow
 On Rutila ; and change her faultless make
 For the foul rumple of her camel back. 455

But, for his mother's boy, the beau, what frights
 His parents have by day, what anxious nights !
 Form join'd with virtue is a sight too rare :
 Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.
 Suppose the same traditionary strain 460
 Of rigid manners in the house remain ;
 Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart ;
 Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part ;
 Infus'd into his soul a sober grace,
 And blush'd a modest blood into his face, 465
 (For Nature is a better guardian far,
 Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are :)
 Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man ;
 (So much almighty bribes and presents can ;)
 E'en with a parent, where persuasions fail, 470
 Money is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of such a tyrant king,

⁴⁵⁵ Virginia was killed by her own father, to prevent her being exposed to the lust of Appius Claudius, who had ill designs upon her. The story at large is in Livy's third book ; and it is a remarkable one, as it gave occasion to the putting down the power of the Decemviri, of whom Appius was one.

Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him sing.
 Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
 E'er made a mistress of an ugly page: 475
 Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,
 With mountain back, and belly, from the game
 Cross-barr'd: but both his sexes well became.
 Go, boast your springal, by his beauty curst
 To ills, nor think I have declar'd the worst: 480
 His form procures him journey-work; a strife
 Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
 Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
 What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.

Adult'ers are with dangers round beset; 485
 Born under Mars, they cannot scape the net;
 And from revengeful husbands oft have tried
 Worse handling, than severest laws provide:
 One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,
 Makes colon suffer for the peccant part. 490

But your Endymion, your smooth, smockfac'd
 Unrivall'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy: [boy,
 Not so: one more salacious, rich, and old,
 Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold:
 Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he loaths,
 She keeps him high in equipage and clothes:
 She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
 And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
 In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
 But, in her lusts, a conscionable queen. 500

She may be handsome, yet be chaste, you say;
 Good observator, not so fast away:

Did it not cost the modest youth his life,
 Who shunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
 And was not t'other stripling forc'd to fly, ⁵⁰⁵
 Who coldly did his patron's queen deny,
 And pleaded laws of hospitality?
 The ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd the tale;
 With shame they redd'n'd, and with spite grew
 pale.

'Tis dang'rous to deny the longing dame; ⁵¹⁰
 She loses pity, who has lost her shame.

Now Silius wants thy counsel, give advice;
 Wed Cæsar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
 Her comet-eyes she darts on ev'ry grace;
 And takes a fatal liking to his face. ⁵¹⁵
 Adorn'd with bridal pomp she sits in state;
 The public notaries and Aruspex wait:
 The genial bed is in the garden drest:
 The portion paid, and ev'ry rite express'd,

⁵⁰³ Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, was loved by his mother-in-law Phædra; but he not complying with her, she procured his death.

⁵⁰⁵ Bellerophon, the son of king Glaucus, residing some time at the court of Pætus, king of the Argives, the queen, Sthenobæa, fell in love with him; but he refusing her, she turned the accusation upon him, and he narrowly escaped Pætus's vengeance.

⁵¹² Messalina, wife to the emperor Claudius, infamous for her lewdness. She set her eyes upon C. Silius, a fine youth, forced him to quit his own wife, and marry her with all the formalities of a wedding, whilst Claudius Cæsar was sacrificing at Hostia. Upon his return, he put both Silius and her to death.

Which in a Roman marriage is profest. 500
 'Tis no stol'n wedding this, rejecting awe,
 She scorns to marry, but in form of law :
 In this moot case, your judgment : to refuse
 Is present death, besides the night you lose :
 If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain ; 505
 A day or two of anxious life you gain :
 Till loud reports through all the town have past,
 And reach the prince : for cuckolds hear the last.
 Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing ;
 For not to take is but the selfsame thing ; 510
 Inevitable death before thee lies ;
 But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.

What then remains ? Are we depriv'd of will,
 Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill ?
 Receive my counsel, and securely move ; 515
 Intrust thy fortune to the Powers above.
 Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
 What their unerring wisdom sees thee want :
 In goodness as in greatness they excel ;
 Ah that we lov'd ourselves but half so well ! 520
 We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
 Are hot for action, and desire to wed ;
 Then wish for heirs : but to the gods alone
 Our future offspring, and our wives are known ;
 Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son. 525

Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
 That altars be not wholly built in vain ;
 Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confin'd
 To health of body, and content of mind :

A soul, that can securely death defy, 550
And count it nature's privilege, to die ;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain :
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire ;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire .
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.
The path to peace is virtue : what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow :
Fortune was never worshipp'd by the wise ; 560
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet in this satire proves, that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a countryman: first, because a countryman, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier; who is only to be judged by a court martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: whereas, the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court. The soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage or relations, which is denied to all other Romans. This satire was written by Juvenal when he was a commander in Egypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finished. And if it be well observed, you will find he intended an invective against a standing army.

WHAT vast prerogatives, my Gallus, are
 Accruing to the mighty man of war!
 For, if into a lucky camp I light,
 Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,

¹ *What vast prerogatives*] This satire is much inferior to the rest. The old scholiast denies that it is by Juvenal. I suppose Dryden was forced to add it to fill up his volume. —Barten Holyday's notes, added to his translation of Juvenal, are worth reading. Dr. J. W.

Befriend me, my good stars, and all goes right : s
 One happy hour is to a soldier better,
 Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
 Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
 My suit, and own the kindness done to her.

See what our common privileges are : 10
 As, first, no saucy citizen shall dare
 To strike a soldier, nor, when struck, resent
 The wrong, for fear of farther punishment :
 Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
 Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise, 15
 Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
 Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
 A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
 Not by the statute, but by martial laws ;
 Which old Camillus order'd, to confine 20
 The brawls of soldiers to the trench and line :
 A wise provision ; and from thence 'tis clear,
 That officers a soldier's cause should hear :
 And taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
 An honest man may hope to be reliev'd. 25
 So far 'tis well : but with a gen'ral cry,
 The regiment will rise in mutiny,

⁷ Juno was mother to Mars the god of war : Venus was his mistress.

²⁰ Camillus (who being first banished by his ungrateful countrymen the Romans, afterwards returned, and freed them from the Gauls,) made a law, which prohibited the soldiers from quarrelling without the camp, lest upon that pretence they might happen to be absent when they ought to be on duty.

The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
 And, if refus'd, will threaten to disband.
 Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace; 30
 The remedy is worse than the disease :
 This cause is worthy him, who in the hall
 Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl :
 But wouldst thou, friend, who hast two legs alone,
 (Which, heav'n be prais'd, thou yet mayst call thy
 own) 35
 Wouldst thou to run the gauntlet these expose
 To a whole company of hob-nail'd shoes ?
 Sure the good-breeding of wise citizens
 Should teach 'em more good-nature to their shins.
 Besides, whom canst thou think so much thy
 friend, 40
 Who dares appear thy business to defend ?
 Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuse,
 Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse :
 The judge cries out, Your evidence produce.
 Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton-fist, 45
 And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list,
 To witness truth ? When I see one so brave,
 The dead, think I, are risen from the grave ;
 'And with their long spade beards and matted hair,

³² *This cause is worthy him, &c.*] The poet names a Modenese lawyer, whom he calls Vagellius ; who was so impudent that he would plead any cause, right or wrong, without shame or fear.

³⁷ *hob-nail'd shoes*] The Roman soldiers wore plates of iron under their shoes, or stuck them with nails, as countrymen do now.

Our honest ancestors are come to take the air. 50
 Against a clown, with more security,
 A witness may be brought to swear a lie,
 Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
 To vouch a truth against a man of war.

More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights, 55
 Which are a standing army's perquisites.
 If any rogue vexatious suits advance
 Against me for my known inheritance,
 Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
 Or take the sacred landmark from my bounds,
 Those bounds which, with procession and with
 pray'r,

And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care :
 Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
 Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay ;
 I must with patience all the terms attend, 65
 Among the common causes that depend,
 Till mine is call'd ; and that long look'd-for day
 Is still encumber'd with some new delay :
 Perhaps the cloth of state is only spread,
 Some of the quorum may be sick a-bed ; 70
 That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
 O'er night was bousy, and goes out to piss :

⁶⁵ Landmarks were used by the Romans, almost in the same manner as now ; and as we go once a year in procession, about the bounds of parishes, and renew them, so they offered cakes upon the stone or landmark.

⁶⁶ The Courts of Judicature were hung and spread, as with us ; but spread only before the hundred judges were to sit and judge public causes, which were called by lot.

So many rubs appear, the time is gone
 For hearing, and the tedious suit goes on :
 But buff and beltmen never know these cares,
 No time, no trick of law, their action bars :
 Their cause they to an easier issue put :
 They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.

Another branch of their revenue still
 Remains, beyond their boundless right to kill, ⁸⁰
 Their father yet alive, impower'd to make a will.
 For, what their prowess gain'd, the law declares,
 Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs :
 No share of that goes back to the begetter,
 But if the son fights well, and plunders better,
 Like stout Coranus, his old shaking sire
 Does a remembrance in his will desire :
 Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
 To find him in the number of the slain :
 But still he lives, and, rising by the war, ⁹⁰
 Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare :
 For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
 To cherish valour, and reward desert :
 Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and whore ;
 Sometimes be lousy, but be never poor. ⁹⁵

⁸¹ The Roman soldiers had the privilege of making a will, in their father's life-time, of what they had purchased in the wars, as being no part of their patrimony. By this will they had power of excluding their own parents, and giving the estate so gotten to whom they pleased. Therefore, says the poet, Coranus (a soldier contemporary with Juvenal, who had raised his fortune by the wars) was courted by his own father, to make him his heir.

www.libtool.com.cn
TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT OF THE PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

THE design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first satire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

I NEVER did on cleft Parnassus dream,
 Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
 Nor can remember when my brain inspir'd,
 Was, by the Muses, into madness fir'd.
 My share in pale Pyrene I resign; 5
 And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
 Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
 To nobler poets, for a nobler song:
 Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
 Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown, 10
 Before the shrine I lay my rugged numbers down.

Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
 Or with a voice endu'd the chatt'ring pye?
 'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appease :
 Want taught their masters, and their masters these.
 Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
 The hungry witlings have it in their eye ;
 Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic presents bring :
 You say they squeak ; but they will swear they sing.

THE FIRST SATIRE.

IN DIALOGUE

BETWIXT THE POET AND HIS FRIEND OR MONITOR.

THE ARGUMENT.

I NEED not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this satire. But I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed, and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero ; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortune, set up for wits and judges. The satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor ; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly

arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives.—The reader may observe that our poet was a Stoick philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

PERSIUS. How anxious are our cares, and yet
The bent of our desires! [how vain

FRIEND. Thy spleen contain:
For none will read thy satires.

PER. This to me? 5

FRIEND. None; or what's next to none, but
'Tis hard, I grant. [two or three.

PER. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear:
That this vast universal fool, the Town, 10
Should cry up Labeo's stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves commend:
Their smiles and censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common scale.
The conscience is the test of ev'ry mind;
"Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find."
But where's that Roman?—Somewhat I would say,
But Fear;—let Fear, for once, to Truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoick courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book
From the first pastimes of our infant age,
To elder cares, and man's severer page; 25

When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
 We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward :
 Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
 But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.

FRIEND. Once more forbear. 30

PER. I cannot rule my spleen ;
 My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.

First, to begin at home : our authors write
 In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight ;
 Whether in prose, or verse, 'tis all the same : 35
 The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame.
 All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
 Lab'ring with sound, that little sense affords.
 They comb, and then they order ev'ry hair :
 A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear :
 A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.
 Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
 They mount, a God's name, to be seen and heard,
 From their high scaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
 And ogling all their audience ere they speak. 45
 The nauseous nobles, e'en the chief of Rome,
 With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
 And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
 The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
 At open fulsome bawdry they rejoice, 50
 And slimy jests applaud with broken voice.
 Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy bread ?
 Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed ?
 At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays :
 And gives the sign where he expects their praise.

Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if thus confin'd,
 I choke the noble vigour of my mind ?
 Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
 Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.
 Fine fruits of learning ! old ambitious fool, 60
 Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school ;
 As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
 And " science is not science till reveal'd ?"
 Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see
 The crowd with pointing fingers, cry, That's he :
 That's he, whose wondrous poem is become
 A lecture for the noble youth of Rome !
 Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd ;
 And often quoted when the bowls go round.
 Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse ;
 And add to wine the luxury of verse.
 One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
 Eats, and recites some lamentable rhyme :
 Some senseless Phyllis, in a broken note,
 Snuffing at nose, and croaking in his throat : 75
 Then graciously the mellow audience nod :
 Is not th' immortal author made a god ?
 Are not his manes blest, such praise to have ?
 Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave ?
 And roses (while his loud applause they sing) 80
 Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring ?
 All these, you cry, but light objections are ;
 Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.
 For does there breathe a man, who can reject
 A general fame, and his own lines neglect ? 85

The poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring news :
 But shall I speak ? Thy verse is wretched rhyme ;
 And all thy labours are but loss of time.
 Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high ;
 Thou writ'st not, but thou pissest poetry.

All authors to their own defects are blind ;
 Hadst thou but, Janus like, a face behind, 115
 To see the people, what splay-mouths they make ;
 To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back :
 Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
 When most a-thirst, of an Apulian bitch :
 But noble scribblers are with flatt'ry fed ; 120
 For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.

To pass the poets of patrician blood,
 What is't the common reader takes for good ?
 The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
 Soft without sense, and without spirit slow : 125
 So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
 The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
 So even all, with such a steady view,
 As if he shut one eye to level true.

Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings, 130
 The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
 The gentle poet is alike in all ;
 His reader hopes no rise, and fears no fall. [thing

FRIEND. Hourly we see some raw pin-feather'd
 Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing ;
 Who for false quantities was whipt at school
 But t'other day, and breaking grammar rule,
 Whose trivial art was never tried above

The bare description of a native grove :
 Who knows not how to praise the country store,
 The feasts, the baskets, nor the fatted boar ;
 Nor paint the flow'ry fields, that paint themselves
 before.

Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
 Whose shining ploughshare was in furrows worn,
 Met by his trembling wife, returning home, 145
 And rustically joy'd, as chief of Rome :
 She wip'd the sweat from the dictator's brow ;
 And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw ;
 The lictors bore in state their lord's triumphant
 plough.

Some love to hear the fustian poet roar ; 150
 And some on antiquated authors pore :
 Rummage for sense ; and think those only good
 Who labour most, and least are understood.
 When thou shalt see the blear-ey'd fathers teach
 Their sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of speech ;
 Or others new affected ways to try,
 Of wanton smoothness, female poetry ;
 One would inquire from whence this motley style
 Did first our Roman purity defile :
 For our old dotards cannot keep their seat ; 160
 But leap and catch at all that's obsolete.

Others, by foolish ostentation led,
 When call'd before the bar, to save their head,
 Bring trifling tropes, instead of solid sense :
 And mind their figures more than their defence.
 Are pleas'd to hear their thick-skull'd judges cry,

Well mov'd, oh finely said, and decently !
 Theft (says the accuser) to thy charge I lay,
 O Pedius ! what does gentle Pedius say ?
 Studious to please the genius of the times, 170
 With periods, points, and tropes, he slurs his crimes :
 " He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor ;
 And took but with intention to restore."
 He lards with flourishes his long harangue ;
 'Tis fine, say'st thou : What, to be prais'd and hang ?
 Effeminate Roman, shall such stuff prevail
 To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail ?
 Say, should a shipwreck'd sailor sing his woe,
 Wouldst thou be mov'd to pity, or bestow
 An alms ? What's more preposterous than to see
 A merry beggar ? Mirth in misery ?

PER. He seems a trap, for charity, to lay :
 And cons, by night, his lesson for the day.

FRIEND. But to raw numbers, and unfinish'd
 verse,
 Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse : 185
 " 'Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
 The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is.
 The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
 Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd
 Apennine."

PER. All this is doggerel stuff. 190

FRIEND. What if I bring
 A nobler verse ? " Arms and the man I sing."

PER. Why name you Virgil with such fops as
 these ?

He's truly great, and must for ever please ;
 Not fierce, but awful is his manly page ; 195
 Bold is his strength, but sober is his rage.

FRIEND. What poems think you soft ? and to
 be read

With languishing regards, and bending head ?

PER. " Their crooked horns the Mimallonian
 crew

With blasts inspir'd ; and Bassaris who slew
 The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
 Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
 And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,
 She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around ;
 Evion from woods and floods repairing echos
 sound." 205

Could such rude lines a Roman mouth become,
 Were any manly greatness left in Rome ?
 Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred ;
 And never hatch'd within the lab'ring head :
 No blood from bitten nails those poems drew :
 But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.

FRIEND. 'Tis fustian all ; 'tis execrably bad :
 But if they will be fools, must you be mad ?
 Your satires, let me tell you, are too fierce ;
 The great will never bear so blunt a verse. 215
 Their doors are barr'd against a bitter flout :
 Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.
 Expect such pay as railing rhymes deserve,
 You're in a very hopeful way to sterve.

PER. Rather than so, uncensur'd let 'em be ;

All, all is admirably well, for me.
 My harmless rhyme shall scape the dire disgrace
 Of common-shores, and every pissing-place.
 Two painted serpents shall, on high, appear ;
 'Tis holy ground ; you must not urine here. 225
 This shall be writ to fright the fry away,
 Who draw their little baubles, when they play.

Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
 But lash'd the city, and dissected crimes.
 Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought ;
 He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his grinders caught.
 Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
 Did crafty Horace his low numbers join :
 And, with a sly insinuating grace,
 Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face :
 Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found ;
 And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
 With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd ;
 But made the desperate passes, when he smil'd.

Could he do this, and is my Muse control'd
 By servile awe ? Born free, and not be bold ?
 At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground ;
 And to the trusty earth commit the sound :
 The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears,
 " King Midas has a snout, and asses' ears." 235
 This mean conceit, this darling mystery,
 Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt not
 Nor will I change, for all the flashy wit, [buy,
 That flatt'ring Labeo in his Iliads writ.

Thou, if there be a thou in this base town, 230

Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown ;
 He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd
 With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd ;
 Who, at enormous villany, turns pale,
 And steers against it with a full blown sail, 250
 Like Aristophanes, let him but smile [style :
 On this my honest work, though writ in homely
 And if two lines or three in all the vein
 Appear less drossy, read those lines again.
 May they perform their author's just intent, 260
 Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
 But from the reading of my book and me,
 Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty :
 Who fortune's fault upon the poor can throw ;
 Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe : 265
 Lay nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
 The dim week eye-sight, when the mind is clear.
 When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
 Art but, perhaps, some country magistrate ;
 Whose power extends no farther than to speak
 Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.
 Him, also, for my censor I disdain,
 Who thinks all science, as all virtue, vain ;
 Who counts geometry and numbers toys ;
 And with his foot the sacred dust destroys : 275
 Whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
 A Cynick's beard, and lug him by the hair.
 Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run ;
 But when the business of the day is done,
 On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend their
 afternoon 280

THE SECOND SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

www.libtool.com.cn

DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND PLOTIUS MACRINUS, ON HIS
BIRTH-DAY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the Second Alcibiades. Our author has induced it with great mastery of art, by taking his rise from the birthday of his friend; on which occasions, prayers were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius commending the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The satire is divided into three parts. The first is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses. The second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests. The third part consists in showing the repugnancies of those prayers and wishes, to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shows the original of these vows, and sharply inveighs against them: and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to Heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

LET this auspicious morning be exprest
With a white stone, distinguish'd from the rest:

* *white stone*] The Romans were used to mark their

White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear ;
 And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
 Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
 Till thy wit sparkle, like the cheerful bowl.
 Pray ; for thy prayers the test of heaven will bear ;
 Nor need'st thou take the gods aside, to hear :
 While others, e'en the mighty men of Rome,
 Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come ;
 And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
 Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
 So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
 What from each other they, for shame, conceal.

Give me good fame, ye Powers, and make me just :
 Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust :
 In private then :—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
 My wealthy uncle from this world remove ?
 Or—O thou Thunderer's son, great Hercules,
 That once thy bounteous deity would please
 To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
 Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground !

O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' the head ;
 I should possess the estate, if he were dead !
 He's so far gone with rickets, and with the evil,
 That one small dose would send him to the devil.

This is my neighbour Nerius his third spouse,
 Of whom in happy time he rids his house.
 But my eternal wife !—Grant heaven I may

fortunate days, or any thing that luckily befell them, with
 a white stone which they had from the island Creta ; and
 their unfortunate with a coal.

Survive to see the fellow of this day! 30
 Thus, that thou mayst the better bring about
 Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
 In Tiber ducking thrice, by break of day,
 To wash the obscenities of night away.
 But pr'ythee tell me, ('tis a small request) 35
 With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possest?
 Wouldst thou prefer him to some man? Suppose
 I dipp'd among the worst, and Staius chose?
 Which of the two would thy wise head declare
 The trustier tutor to an orphan heir? 40
 Or, put it thus:—Unfold to Staius, straight,
 What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late:
 He'll stare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
 Canst thou indulge him in this villany?
 And think'st thou, Jove himself, with patience,
 then, 45
 Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
 That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
 And leaves his bus'ness to be done by fate?
 Because his thunder splits some burly tree,
 And is not darted at thy house and thee? 50
 Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
 Just at the perpetration of thy crime:
 And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,

³⁵ The ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by night itself, as well as bad dreams in the night, and therefore purified themselves by washing their heads and hands every morning; which custom the Turks observe to this day.

Fit for Ergenna's pray'r and sacrifice?
 What well-fed offering to appease the god, 53
 What powerful present to procure a nod,
 Hast thou in store? What bribe hast thou prepar'd,
 To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?

Our superstitions with our life begin:
 The obscene old grandam, or the next of kin, 60
 The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
 And first of spittle a lustration makes:
 Then in the spawl her middle finger dips,
 Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
 Pretending force of magic to prevent, 65
 By virtue of her nasty excrement.
 Then dandles him with many a mutter'd prayer,
 That heaven would make him some rich miser's heir,
 Lucky to ladies, and, in time, a king;
 Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.
 But no fond nurse is fit to make a prayer:
 And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear;
 Not though she prays in white, with lifted hands:
 A body made of brass the crone demands
 For her lov'd nursling, strung with nerves of wire,
 Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire:
 Unconscionable vows, which when we use,
 We teach the gods, in reason, to refuse.
 Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish:
 Yet the fat entrails, in the spacious dish, 80

⁶⁴ When any one was thunderstruck, the soothsayer (who is here called Ergenna) immediately repaired to the place to expiate the displeasure of the gods, by sacrificing two sheep.

Would stop the grant : the very over-care,
 And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
 Thou hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
 To compass wealth, and bribe the god of gain,
 To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase;
 Fool ! to expect them from a bullock's grease !
 And think'st that when the fatten'd flames aspire,
 Thou seest the accomplishment of thy desire !
 Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the plain,
 The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain,
 And showers of gold come pouring in amain !
 Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
 Till his lank purse declares his money gone.

Should I present thee with rare figur'd plate,
 Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight ; 95
 O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
 And thy left side, with trembling pleasure, sweat !
 Thou measur'st by thyself the Powers Divine ;
 Thy gods are burnish'd gold, and silver is their
 Thy puny godlings of inferior race, [shrine.
 Whose humble statues are content with brass,
 Should some of these, in visions purged from
 Foretell events, or in a morning dream ; [phlegm,
 E'en those thou wouldst in veneration hold ;
 And, if not faces, give 'em beards of gold. 104
 The priests in temples, now no longer care
 For Saturn's brass, or Numa's earthen ware ;

¹⁰⁷ For Saturn's brass, &c.] Brazen vessels, in which the public treasure of the Romans was kept.

¹⁰⁷ Numa's earthen ware] Under Numa, the second king

Or vestal urns, in each religious rite :
 This wicked gold has put 'em all to flight.
 O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found, 110
 Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground !
 We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
 And think what pleases us must please the gods.
 Of oil and cassia one the ingredients takes,
 And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes : 115
 Another finds the way to dye in grain : [stain ;
 And make Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian
 Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
 Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes ;
 Then melts the mass : all these are vanities ! 120
 Yet still some profit from their pains may rise :
 But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
 What are the gods the better for this gold ?
 The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
 These presents, bribes the Powers to give him
 As maids to Venus offer baby-toys, [more :
 To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
 But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
 Which the great man's great chargers cannot bear :
 A soul, where laws both human and divine, 130
 In practice more than speculation shine :

of Rome, and for a long time after him, the holy vessels for sacrifice were of earthen ware.

¹²⁵ *As maids to Venus, &c.*] Those baby-toys were little babies, or poppets, as we call them ; in Latin *Pupæ* ; which the girls, when they came to the age of puberty, or child-bearing, offered to Venus ; as the boys at fourteen or fifteen years of age offered their *hullæ*, or bosses.

A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
 Pure in the last recesses of the mind :
 When with such offerings to the gods I come,
 A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb. 135

THE THIRD SATIRE OF PERSIUS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

OUR author has made two satires concerning study ; the first and the third : the first related to men ; this to young students, whom he desired to be educated in the Stoick philosophy : he himself sustains the person of the master, or preceptor, in this admirable satire, where he upbraids the youth of sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow students with late rising to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part, of the teacher.—And addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that, by reason of their high birth, and the great possessions of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy : and withal, inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was The Reproach of Idleness ; though in others of the scholiasts it is inscribed, Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich. In both of which the intention of the poet is pursued ; but principally in the former.

* I remember I translated this satire, when I was a King's scholar at Westminster-school, for a Thursday-night's Exercise ; and believe that it, and many other of my Exercises of this nature, in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the Reverend Doctor Busby.

Is this thy daily course? The glaring sun
 Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
 To shades, and noontide rays of summer shun,
 Yet plung'd in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
 As fill'd with fumes of undigested wine. 8

This grave advice some sober student bears;
 And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
 The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
 His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise:
 Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate;
 And cries, I thought it had not been so late:
 My clothes; make haste: why when! if none be
 He mutters first, and then begins to swear: [near,
 And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
 Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat. 15

With much ado, his book before him laid,
 And parchment with the smoother side display'd;
 He takes the papers; lays 'em down again;
 And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
 Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to pick,
 His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
 Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin,
 It sinks, nor can the character be seen.

O wretch, and still more wretched every day!
 Are mortals born to sleep their lives away? 25
 Go back to what thy infancy began,
 Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
 Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry:
 Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
 No more accuse thy pen: but charge the crime

On native sloth, and negligence of time.
 Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat ?
 Fool, 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.
 Beware the public laughter of the town ;
 Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown. 35
 A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd vessel found ;
 'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command ;
 Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand :
 Now take the mould ; now bend thy mind to feel
 The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.

But thou hast land ; a country seat secure
 By a just title ; costly furniture ;
 A fuming-pan thy Lares to appease :
 What need of learning when a man's at ease ? 45
 If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
 Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
 Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree
 Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree ;
 And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree ;
 Who, clad in purple, canst thy censor greet ;
 And, loudly, call him cousin in the street.

Such pageantry be to the people shown ;
 There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own :
 I know thee to thy bottom ; from within 55
 Thy shallow centre, to thy outmost skin :

⁴⁴ *A fuming-pan, &c.*] Before eating, it was customary, to cut off some part of the meat, which was first put into a pan, or little dish ; then into the fire ; as an offering to the household gods ; this they called a libation.

Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest ?

But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep; 66
Fatten'd in vice; so callous, and so gross,
He sins, and sees not; senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.

Great father of the gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus punish him: Set virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces
bright: 70

But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!

Sicilian tortures and the brazen bull,
Are emblems, rather than express the full
Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more:
The wretch, who sitting at his plenteous board,

⁷³ *Sicilian tortures, &c.*] Some of the Sicilian kings were so great tyrants, that the name is become proverbial.

⁷⁶ *The wretch, who sitting, &c.*] He alludes to the story of Damocles, a flatterer of one of those Sicilian tyrants, namely Dionysius. Damocles had infinitely extolled the happiness of kings. Dionysius, to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a feast, and clothed him in purple; but caused a sword with the point downward, to be hung over his head, by a silken twine; which, when he perceived, he could eat nothing of the delicacies that were set before him.

Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword
 Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
 Did with less dread, and more securely dine.
 E'en in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,
 And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice
 wife :

81

Down, down he goes ; and from his darling friend
 Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend,

When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
 Would blear my eyes with oil to stay from school :
 Averse from pains, and loth to learn the part
 Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart :

Though much my master that stern virtue prais'd,
 Which o'er the vanquisher the vanquish'd rais'd ;
 And my pleas'd father came with pride to see 90
 His boy defend the Roman liberty.

But then my study was to cog the dice,
 And dexterously to throw the lucky sice :
 To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away ;
 And watch the box, for fear they should convey
 False bones, and put upon me in the play.
 Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
 And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.

Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
 What's good or ill, and both their ends discern :
 Thou in the Stoick Porch, severely bred, 101
 Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read :
 There on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand,
 The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand.

¹⁰¹ Polygnotus] A famous painter.

Why you were made, for what you were design'd ;
 And the great moral end of human kind.
 Study thyself, what rank or what degree 130
 The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee :
 And all the offices of that estate
 Perform ; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.

Pray justly, to be heard : nor more desire
 Than what the decencies of life require. 135
 Learn what thou owest thy country, and thy friend ;
 What's requisite to spare, and what to spend :
 Learn this ; and after, envy not the store
 Of the greas'd advocate, that grinds the poor :
 Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws ; 140
 And only gains the wealthy client's cause.
 To whom the Marsians more provision send,
 Than he and all his family can spend.
 Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
 And potted fowl, and fish come in so fast, 145
 That, ere the first is out, the second stinks :
 And mouldy mother gathers on the brinks.

But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
 Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit ;
 Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store ;
 And he's a rascal who pretends to more.
 Dammee, whate'er those book-learn'd blockheads
 Solon's the veriest fool in all the play. [say,

¹⁴⁰ *Fat fees, &c.*] Casaubon here notes, that among all the Itomans who were brought up to learning, few besides the orators, or lawyers, grew rich.

¹⁴² The Marsians and Umbrians were the most plentiful of all the provinces in Italy.

Top-heavy drones, and always looking down
 (As over-ballasted within the crown!) 155
 Muttering betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
 Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring, [taught,
 Mere madmen's dreams: for what the schools have
 Is only this, that nothing can be brought
 From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd
 to nought. 160

Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
 And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
 For this, in rags accoutred, are they seen,
 And made the may-game of the public spleen?
 Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
 A story, which is just thy parallel.

A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
 Fell sick, and thus to his physician said:
 Methinks I am not right in every part;
 I feel a kind of trembling at my heart: 170
 My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong:
 Besides a filthy fur upon my tongue.
 The doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill:
 And, after, bid him for four days be still.
 Three days he took good counsel, and began 175
 To mend, and look like a recovering man:
 The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but sends
 His boy to one of his old trusty friends:
 Adjuring him, by all the Powers Divine,
 To pity his distress, who could not dine 180
 Without a flagon of his healing wine.
 He drinks a swilling draught; and, lin'd within,
 Will supple in the bath his outward skin:

Whom should he find but his physician there,
 Who, wisely, bade him once again beware. 183
 Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
 Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.
 'Tis nothing, says the fool: But, says the friend,
 This nothing, sir, will bring you to your end.
 Do I not see your dropsy-belly swell? 190
 Your yellow skin?—No more of that; I'm well.
 I have already buried two or three
 That stood betwixt a fair estate and me,
 And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
 Thou tell'st me, I look ill, and thou look'st worse.
 I've done, says the physician; take your course.
 The laughing sot, like all unthinking men, [again:
 Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks
 His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
 And breathing through his jaws a belching steam:
 Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seiz'd,
 His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
 His hand refuses to sustain the bowl:
 And his teeth chatter, and his eyeballs roll:
 Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul: 205
 Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
 Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
 Our dear departed brother lies in state,
 His heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the gate:
 And slaves, now manumis'd, on their dead master
 wait. 210
 They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole;
 And there's an end of a luxurious fool.
 But what's thy fulsome parable to me?

My body is from all diseases free :
 My temperate pulse does regularly beat ; 215
 Feel, and be satisfied, my hands and feet :
 These are not cold, nor those opprest with heat.
 Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
 And thou shalt find me hale in every part.

I grant this true: but, still, the deadly wound
 Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not sound.
 Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,
 Or a more tempting harlot dost behold ;
 Then, when she casts on thee a side-long glance,
 Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance. 225

Some coarse cold salad is before thee set ;
 Bread, with the bran perhaps, and broken meat ;
 Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
 These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth :
 What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth ? 230
 Why stand'st thou picking ? Is thy palate sore ?
 That bete and radishes will make thee roar ?
 Such is the unequal temper of thy mind ;
 Thy passions in extremes, and unconfin'd :
 Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears, 235
 As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.
 And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
 The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow ;
 When fed with fuel and with flames below.
 With foam upon thy lips, and sparkling eyes, 240
 Thou say'st and dost in such outrageous wise :
 That mad Orestes, if he saw the show,
 Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

THE FOURTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

OUR author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages, during the latter part of his first five years; though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his Pharsalia: for his very compliment looked asquint, as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirize his prodigality and voluptuousness: to which he makes a transition. I find no instance in history of that emperor's being a pathique, though Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the second and third satires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third satire is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators before Casaubon were ignorant of our

author's secret meaning ; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy : but this excellent scholiast has unravelled the whole mystery ; and made it apparent, that the sting of this satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHOE'ER thou art, whose forward years are bent
On state affairs, to guide the government ;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the lov'd youth, whom he, at Athens, bred.

Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles, 5
Our second hope, my Alcibiades, [prepare
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost
To undertake so young, so vast a care ?
Perhaps thy wit : (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the beard :)
'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young
Know when to speak, and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate ;
When the mad people rise against the state,
To look them into duty ; and command 15
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
Then to bespeak 'em thus : Athenians, know
Against right reason all your counsels go ;
This is not fair ; nor profitable that ;
Nor t'other question proper for debate. 20
But thou, no doubt, canst set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight :
Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the scale :
Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,

And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail.
 And, taught by inspiration, in a trice,
 Canst punish crimes, and brand offending vice.

Leave, leave to fathom such high points as these,
 Nor be ambitious, e'er thy time, to please :
 Unseasonably wise, till age, and cares, 30
 Have form'd thy soul, to manage great affairs.
 Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but vain ;
 Thou hast not strength such labours to sustain :
 Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep, and purge
 thy brain.

What aim'st thou at, and whither tends thy care,
 In what thy utmost good ? Delicious fare ;
 And, then, to sun thyself in open air.

Hold, hold ; are all thy empty wishes such ?
 A good old woman would have said as much.
 But thou art nobly born : 'tis true ; go boast 40
 Thy pedigree, the thing thou valuest most :
 Besides thou art a beau : what's that, my child ?
 A fop, well dress'd, extravagant, and wild :
 She that cries herbs, has less impertinence ;
 And in her calling, more of common sense. 45

None, none descends into himself, to find
 The secret imperfections of his mind :

³⁷ *Canst punish crimes, &c.]* That is, by death. When the judges would condemn a malefactor, they cast their votes into an urn, as, according to the modern custom, a balloting-box. If the suffrages were marked with Θ they signified the sentence of death to the offender, as being the first letter of Θάνατος, which in English is death.

But every one is eagle-eyed, to see
 Another's faults, and his deformity.
 Say, dost thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch
 Whose lands beyond the Sabines largely stretch;
 Cover the country, that a sailing kite
 Can scarce o'erfly 'em in a day and night;
 Him dost thou mean, who, spite of all his store,
 Is ever craving, and will still be poor? 55
 Who cheats for half-pence, and who doffs his coat,
 To save a farthing in a ferry-boat?
 Ever a glutton, at another's cost,
 But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost?
 Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves; &
 A verier hind than any of his knaves?
 Born with the curse and anger of the gods,
 And that indulgent genius he defrauds?
 At harvest-home, and on the shearing-day,
 When he should thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
 And better Ceres; trembling to approach
 The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
 He 'says the wimble, often draws it back,
 And deals to thirsty servants but a smack.
 To a short meal he makes a tedious grace, 70
 Before the barley-pudding comes in place:
 Then, bids fall on; himself, for saving charges,
 A peel'd slic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
 Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whose life's
 a dream
 Of lazy pleasures, tak'st a worse extreme. 77
 'Tis all thy business, business how to shun;

To bask thy naked body in the sun ;
 Suppling thy stiffen'd joints with fragrant oil :
 Then, in thy spacious garden, walk a while,
 To suck the moisture up, and soak it in : 80
 And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st, unseen.
 But, know, thou art observ'd : and there are those
 Who, if they durst, would all thy secret sins expose.
 The depilation of thy modest part :
 Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart, 85
 His engine-hand, and every lewder art.
 When prone to bear, and patient to receive,
 Thou tak'st the pleasure which thou canst not give.
 With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek ;
 And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek :
 Of these, thy barbers take a costly care,
 While thy salt tail is overgrown with hair.
 Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
 Can smooth the roughness of thy shameful parts.
 Not five, the strongest that the Circus breeds, 95
 From the rank soil can root those wicked weeds :
 Though suppled first with soap, to ease thy pain,
 The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts again.
 Thus others we with defamations wound,
 While they stab us ; and so the jest goes round.
 Vain are thy hopes, to 'scape censorious eyes ;
 Truth will appear through all the thin disguise :
 Thou hast an ulcer which no leech can heal,
 Though thy broad shoulder-belt the wound conceal.
 Say thou art sound and hale in every part, 105
 We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart.

We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud :
 Nor canst thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'st the
 crowd.

But when they praise me, in the neighbourhood,
 When the pleas'd people take me for a god, 110
 Shall I refuse their incense ? Not receive
 The loud applauses which the vulgar give ?

If thou dost wealth, with longing eyes, behold ;
 And greedily, art gaping after gold ;
 If some alluring girl, in gliding by, 115
 Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious eye,
 And thou, with a consenting glance, reply ;
 If thou, thy own solicitor become,
 And bidd'st arise the lumpish pendulum :
 If thy lewd lust provokes an empty storm, 120
 And prompts to more than nature can perform ;
 If, with thy guards, thou scour'st the streets by
 night,

And dost in murders, rapes, and spoils delight ;
 Please not thyself, the flattering crowd to hear ;
 'Tis fulsome stuff to feed thy itching ear. 125
 Reject the nauseous praises of the times :
 Give thy base poets back their cobbled rhymes :
 Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,
 But what thou art ; and find the beggar there.

¹²² *If, with thy guards, &c.]* Persius durst not have been so bold with Nero, as I dare now ; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him, which I publicly speak ; I mean of Nero's walking the streets by night in disguise ; and committing all sorts of outrages ; for which he was sometimes well beaten.

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

INSCRIBED TO THE REVEREND DR. BUSBY.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE judicious Casaubon, in his proem to this satire, tells us, that Aristophanes, the grammarian, being asked, what poem of Archilochus his Iambics he preferred before the rest; answered, the longest. His answer may justly be applied to this fifth satire; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: for this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my learned master, Dr. Busby; to whom I am not only obliged myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons, but have also received from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleased to find in this translation, the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgment of his unworthy scholar, at the distance of forty-two years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the Stoick philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor of our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius, to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man. As also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From hence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty: here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms, that the wise or virtuous man is only free, and that all vicious men are naturally slaves. And, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable satire.

THE SPEAKERS PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS.

PER. OF ancient use to poets it belongs,
 To wish themselves a hundred mouths and tongues:
 Whether to the well-lung'd tragedian's rage
 They recommend the labours of the stage,
 Or sing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies, 5
 Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

COR. And why wouldst thou these mighty
 morsels choose,
 Df words unchew'd, and fit to choke the muse ?
 Let fustian poets with their stuff be gone,
 And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon ; 10
 When Progne or Thyestes' feast they write ;
 And, for the mouthing actor, verse indite.
 Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy face,
 As if thou wert to blow the burning mass
 Of melting ore ; nor canst thou strain thy throat,
 Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note,
 Like rolling thunder, till it breaks the cloud,
 And rattling nonsense is discharg'd aloud.
 Soft elocution does thy style renown,
 And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown : 20

¹¹ Progne was wife to Tereus, king of Thracia: Tereus fell in love with Philomela, sister to Progne, ravished her, and cut out her tongue: in revenge of which, Progne killed Itys, her own son by Tereus, and served him up at a feast, to be eaten by his father.

¹¹ Thyestes and Atreus were brothers, both kings: Atreus, to revenge himself of his unnatural brother, killed the sons of Thyestes, and invited him to eat them.

Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
 To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.
 Hence draw thy theme, and to the stage permit
 Raw-head and Bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
 Ragousts for Tereus or Thyestes drest; 25
 'Tis task enough for thee to expose a Roman feast.

PER. 'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
 In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
 With wind and noise; but freely to impart,
 As to a friend, the secrets of my heart; 30
 And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
 How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
 Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to find
 If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;
 And, through the veil of words, thou view'st the
 naked mind. 35

For this a hundred voices I desire,
 To tell thee what a hundred tongues might say;
 Yet never could be worthily express'd,
 How deeply thou art seated in my breast.

When first my childish rage snatch'd the strings;
 And left me, unconfid'd, to live as I might;
 When now my golden bustle brings me forth
 To household gods, declar'd the priestess true;
 And my white shield proclaim'd my liberty;
 When with my wild companions, I sought still to
 From street to street, and with wild words
 Just at that age, when mankind set me free,
 I then depos'd myself, and left the reins to thee.
 On thy wise bosom I repos'd my head,

And by my better Socrates was bred. 50
 Then thy straight rule set virtue in my sight,
 The crooked line reforming by the right.
 My reason took the bent of thy command,
 Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand :
 Long summer-days thy precepts I rehearse ; 55
 And winter-nights were short in our converse :
 One was our labour, one was our repose,
 One frugal supper did our studies close.

Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone ;
 And, as our souls, our horoscope was one : 60
 Whether the mounting Twins did heaven adorn,
 Or, with the rising Balance we were born ;
 Both have the same impressions from above ;
 And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
 What star I know not, but some star I find, 65
 Has given thee an ascendant o'er my mind.

COR. Nature is ever various in her frame :
 Each has a different will, and few the same :
 The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
 To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun ; 70
 From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
 Bartering for spices their Italian ware :
 The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
 Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep :
 One bribes for high preferments in the state ; 75
 A second shakes the box, and sits up late :
 Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
 Till knots upon his gouty joints appear,
 And chalk is in his crippled fingers found ;

Rots like a dodder'd oak, and piecemeal falls to
 ground ; 80
 Then his lewd follies he would late repent ;
 And his past years, that in a mist were spent.

PER. But thou art pale, in nightly studies,
 To make the Stoick institutes thy own ; [grown,
 Thou long, with studious care, hast till'd our youth,
 And sown our well-purg'd ears with wholesome
 truth;

From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
 The bounds of good and evil to discern.

COR. Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
 And to to-morrow would the search delay : 90
 His lazy morrow will be like to-day. [row ?

PER. But is one day of ease too much to bor-

COR. Yes, sure : for yesterday was once to-
 morrow.

That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd :
 And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd ; 95
 For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
 And wilt be ever to begin thy task ;
 Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,
 Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.

O freedom ! first delight of human kind ! 100
 Not that which bondmen from their masters find,
 The privilege of doles : not yet to inscribe

¹⁰² When a slave was made free, he had the privilege of a Roman born, which was to have a share in the donatives or doles of bread, &c. which were distributed by the magistrates amongst the people.

Their names in this or t'other Roman tribe :
 That false enfranchisement with ease is found :
 Slaves are made citizens by turning round. 105
 How, replies one, can any be more free ?
 Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree
 Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside ;
 So true a rogue, for lying's sake he lied :
 But, with a turn, a freeman he became ; 110
 Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
 Good gods ! who would refuse to lend a sum,
 If wealthy Marcus surety will become !
 Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
 Of certain truth, He said it, is enough. 115
 A will is to be prov'd ; put in your claim ;
 'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.
 This is true liberty, as I believe ;
 What can we farther from our caps receive,

¹⁰⁸ The Roman people was distributed into several tribes : he who was made free was enrolled into some one of them, and thereupon enjoyed the common privileges of a Roman citizen.

¹⁰⁵ The master, who intended to enfranchise a slave, carried him before the city pretor, and turned him round, using these words, " I will that this man be free."

¹¹¹ Slaves had only one name before their freedom ; after it they were admitted to a Prænomen, like our christened names ; so Dama is now called Marcus Dama.

¹¹⁷ At the proof of a testament, the magistrates were to subscribe their names, as allowing the legality of the will.

¹¹⁸ Slaves, when they were set free, had a cap given them, in sign of their liberty.

Than as we please without control to live ? 120
 Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
 Hold, says the Stoick, your assumption's wrong :
 I grant true freedom you have well defin'd :
 But, living as you list, and to your mind,
 Are loosely tack'd, and must be left behind. 125
 What ! since the pretor did my fetters loose,
 And left me freely at my own dispose,
 May I not live without control and awe,
 Excepting still the letter of the law ?

Hear me with patience, while thy mind I free
 From those fond notions of false liberty :
 'Tis not the pretor's province to bestow
 True freedom ; nor to teach mankind to know
 What to ourselves, or to our friends we owe.
 He could not set thee free from cares and strife,
 Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life :
 As well he for an ass a harp might string,
 Which is against the reason of the thing ;
 For reason still is whispering in your ear,
 Where you are sure to fail, the attempt forbear.
 No need of public sanctions this to bind,
 Which Nature has implanted in the mind :
 Not to pursue the work, to which we're not design'd.

Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou shouldst try
 To mix it, and mistake the quantity, 135
 The rules of physic would against thee cry.
 The high-shoed ploughman, should he quit the
 To take the pilot's rudder in his hand, [land,
 Artless of stars, and of the moving sand,

The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all shame was lost in human kind.

Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou the
So nicely to distinguish good from ill? [skill,
Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will pass? 155
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
But never craving, or oppress'd with care?
The baits of gifts, and money to despise, 165
And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
When thou canst truly call these virtues thine,
Be wise and free, by heaven's consent, and mine.

But thou, who lately of the common strain,
Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain 165
The same ill habits, the same follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a saint-like show,
Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
Thou canst not wag thy finger, or begin 170
"The least light motion, but it tends to sin."

How's this? Not wag my finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wise.
"Virtue and Vice are never in one soul: 175
A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumpkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three steps with a becoming air.

PER. In spite of this, my freedom still remains.

COR. Free! what, and fetter'd with so many
 Canst thou no other master understand [chains?
 Than him that freed thee by the pretor's wand?
 Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
 With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,
 To servile duties, thou wouldst fear no more; 185
 The gallows and the whip are out of door.
 But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
 Art thou not still a slave, and still opprest?

Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
 When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap;
 Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
 Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain;
 The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
 At his command the unwilling sluggard wakes.
 What must I do? he cries: What? says his lord:
 Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:
 With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
 Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
 Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
 With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
 And with post-haste thy running markets make.
 Be sure to turn the penny: lie and swear;
 'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear:
 Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even:
 A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heaven?

Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,

¹⁸² The pretor held a wand in his hand, with which he softly struck the slave on the head when he declared him free.

Each saddled with his burden on his back ;
 Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unless
 Thy other lord fordid, Voluptuousness :
 And he may ask this civil question : Friend, 210
 What dost thou make a shipboard ? to what end ?
 Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free ?
 Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the sea ?
 Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattrass laid,
 On a brown george, with lousy swabbers fed, 215
 Dead wine, that stinks of the borrachio, sup
 From a foul jack, or greasy maple-cup ?
 Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store
 From six i' the hundred, to six hundred more ?
 Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give ; 220
 For, not to live at ease, is not to live ;
 Death stalks behind thee : and each flying hour
 Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
 Live, while thou liv'st ; for death will make us all
 A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale. 225
 Speak ; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, choose
 To be thy lord ? Take one, and one refuse.
 But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have ;
 And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a slave.
 Nor think when once thou hast resisted one,
 That all thy marks of servitude are gone : 231
 The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain ;
 If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.
 Says Phædría to his man, Believe me, friend,

231 This alludes to the play of Terence, called the Eunuch, which was excellently imitated of late in English by Sir

To this uneasy love I'll put an end : 235
 Shall I run out of all? My friends disgrace,
 And be the first lewd unthrift of my race?
 Shall I the neighbours' nightly rest invade
 At her deaf doors, with some vile serenade?
 Well hast thou freed thyself, his man replies, 240
 Go, thank the gods, and offer sacrifice.
 Ah, says the youth, if we unkindly part,
 Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
 Weak soul! and blindly to destruction led!
 She break her heart! she'll sooner break your head.
 She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
 Can draw you to her with a single hair.
 But shall I not return? Now, when she sues?
 Shall I my own, and her desires refuse?
 Sir, take your course: but my advice is plain:
 Once freed, 'tis madness to resume your chain.

Ay; there's the man, who loos'd from lust and
 Less to the pretor owes, than to himself. [pelf,
 But write him down a slave, who, humbly proud,
 With presents begs preferments from the crowd;
 That early suppliant, who salutes the tribes,
 And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes:
 That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,
 On holidays may tell, that such a feat was done:
 In future times this will be counted rare. 260

Charles Sedley. In the first scene of that comedy, Phædris was introduced with this man Pamphilus, discoursing, whether he should leave his mistress Thais, or return to her, now that she had invited him.

Thy superstition too may claim a share :
 When flowers are strew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
 And windows with illuminations grac'd,
 On Herod's day; when sparkling bowls go round,
 And tunny's tails in savoury sauce are drown'd,
 Thou mutter'st prayers obscene; nor durst refuse
 The fasts and sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews. 267
 Then a crack'd egg-shell thy sick fancy frights,
 Besides the childish fear of walking sprites.
 Of o'ergrown gelding priests thou art afraid :
 The timbrel, and the squintifego maid
 Of Isis, awe thee : lest the gods for sin,
 Should, with a swelling dropsy, stuff thy skin :
 Unless three garlick heads the curse avert,
 Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart. 275

Preach this among the brawny guards, say'st
 And see if they thy doctrine will allow : [thou,
 The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
 Would bellow out a laugh, in a base note ;
 And prize a hundred Zeno's just as much 280
 As a clipt sixpence, or a schilling Dutch.

268 The ancients had a superstition, concerning egg-shells ;
 they thought that if an egg-shell were cracked, or a hole
 bored in the bottom of it, they were subject to the power of
 sorcery.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

www.libtool.com.cn

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET.

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS sixth satire treats an admirable common-place of Moral Philosophy; Of the true Use of Riches. They are certainly intended, by the Power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves, and of administering to the wants of others who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, That they are no helps to a virtuous life; The other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse extreme. The mean betwixt these is the opinion of the Stoicks; which is, That riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well, is called Liberality; and it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this satire; wherein he not only shows the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those, which consist in the defects of giving or spending, or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus, his friend, and a poet also. Enquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition and the desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice; and being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main design of the whole satire.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy seat,
 And seek, in Sabine air, a warm retreat ?
 Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command ?
 Do the strings answer to thy noble hand ?
 Great master of the muse, inspir'd to sing 5
 The beauties of the first created spring ;
 'The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
 And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse.
 Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
 Now virtuous age, and venerable truth ; 10
 Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
 Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.

For me, my warmer constitution wants
 More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants ;
 And therefore to my native shores retir'd, 15
 I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd ;
 Where cliffs on either side their points display ;
 And, after opening in an ampler way,
 Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.
 'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard 20
 The port of Luna, says our learned bard ;
 Who, in a drunken dream, beheld his soul
 The fifth within the transmigrating roll ;
 Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
 Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras ; 25
 And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.

Secure and free from business of the state ;
 And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
 Here I enjoy my private thoughts ; nor care

What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare :
 Survey the neighb'ring fields, and not repine, 31
 When I behold a larger crop than mine :

To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
 Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow ;
 Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear 35

My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer ;
 Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
 Of cask ; nor in a nasty flagon drink ;

Let others stuff their guts with homely fare :
 For men of different inclinations are ; 40
 Though born, perhaps, beneath one common star.

In minds and manners twins oppos'd we see
 In the same sign, almost the same degree :
 One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine,

Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine, 45
 And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
 Prepar'd as priest of his own rites to stand,

He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.
 His jolly brother, opposite in sense,
 Laughs at his thrift ; and, lavish of expense, 50

Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.
 For me, I'll use my own ; and take my share ;
 Yet will not turbots for my slaves prepare ;

Nor be so nice in taste myself to know
 If what I swallow be a thrush, or no. 55
 Live on thy annual income ; spend thy store ;

And freely grind, from thy full threshing floor ;
 Next harvest promises as much, or more.
 Thus I would live ; but friendship's holy band,

And offices of kindness hold my hand : 61
 My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
 His riches in the Ionian main are lost ;
 And he himself stands shivering on the coast ;
 Where, destitute of help, forlorn, and bare,
 He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless prayer. 65
 Their images, the relics of the wrack,
 Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
 By the wild waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
 Lie impotent ; nor can themselves restore.
 The vessel sticks, and shows her open side, 70
 And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
 From thy new hope, and from thy growing store,
 Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
 Come ; do a noble act of charity ;
 A pittance of thy land will set him free. 75
 Let him not bear the badges of a wrack,
 Nor beg with a blue table on his back :
 Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
 'Tis mine that wealth thou squander'st thus away :
 What is't to thee, if he neglect thy urn, 80
 Or without spices lets thy body burn ?
 If odours to thy ashes he refuse,
 Or buys corrupted cassia from the Jews ?

⁷⁷ *Nor beg with a blue table, &c.*] The table was painted of the sea colour, which the shipwrecked person carried on his back, expressing his losses thereby, to excite the charity of the spectators.

⁸¹ *Or without spices, &c.*] The bodies of the rich, before they were burnt, were embalmed with spices, or rather spices were put into the urn, with the relics of the ashes.

All these, the wiser Bestius will reply,
 Are empty pomp, and dead men's luxury : 85
 We never knew this vain expense, before
 The effeminated Grecians brought it o'er :
 Now toys and trifles from their Athens come ;
 And dates and pepper have unsinew'd Rome.
 Our sweating hinds their salads, now, defile, 90
 Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
 But, to thy fortune be not thou a slave :
 For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave ?
 And thou who gap'st for my estate, draw near ;
 For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear. 95
 Hear'st thou the news, my friend ? the express is
 come
 With laurell'd letters from the camp to Rome ;
 Cæsar salutes the queen and senate thus :
 My arms are, on the Rhine, victorious.
 From mourning altars sweep the dust away : 100

⁹⁵ *Cæsar salutes, &c.*] The Cæsar here mentioned is Caius Caligula, who affected to triumph over the Germans, whom he never conquered, as he did over the Britons ; and accordingly sent letters, wrapt about with laurels, to the Senate, and the Empress Cæsonia, whom I here call Queen, though I know that name was not used amongst the Romans ; but the word Empress would not stand in that verse, for which reason I adjourned it to another. The dust which was to be swept away from the altars was either the ashes which were left there, after the last sacrifice for victory, or might perhaps mean the dust or ashes which were left on the altars since some former defeat of the Romans by the Germans : after which overthrow, the altars had been neglected.

Cease fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving day.
 The goodly empress, jollily inclin'd,
 Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind :
 And, setting her good housewifery aside,
 Prepares for all the pageantry of pride. 105
 The captive Germans, of gigantic size,
 Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize :
 The spoils of kings, and conquer'd camps we boast,
 Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal post.

Now, for so many glorious actions done 110
 In foreign parts, and mighty battles won ;
 For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
 I mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar's health :
 Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
 Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators. 115
 Say, wouldst thou hinder me from this expense ?
 I disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take offence.
 Yet more, a public largess I design
 Of oil and pies, to make the people dine :
 Control me not, for fear I change my will. 120

¹⁰⁵ Cæsonia, wife to Caius Caligula, who afterwards, in the reign of Claudius, was proposed, but ineffectually, to be married to him, after he had executed Messalina for adultery.

¹⁰⁶ *The captive Germans, &c.*] He means only such as were to pass for Germans in the triumph ; large-bodied men, as they are still, whom the Empress clothed new, with coarse garments, for the greater ostentation of the victory.

¹¹⁶ *Know, I have vow'd two hundred gladiators*] A hundred pair of gladiators were beyond the purse of a private man to give ; therefore this is only a threatening to his heir, that he could do what he pleased with his estate.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
 You give as if you were the Persian king :
 Your land does no such large revenues bring.
 Well ; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir :
 If thou car'st little, less shall be my care : 125
 Were none of all my father's sisters left ;
 Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft ;
 None by an uncle's or a grandame's side,
 Yet I could some adopted heir provide.
 I need but take my journey half a day 130
 From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
 Where fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
 Him will I choose : What him, of humble birth,
 Obscure, a foundling, and a son of earth ?
 Obscure ? Why pr'ythee what am I ? I know 135
 My father, grandsire, and great grandsire too :
 If farther I derive my pedigree,
 I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
 The rest of my forgotten ancestors
 Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores.

Yet why wouldst thou, old covetous wretch,
 aspire

To be my heir, who might'st have been my sire ?
 In nature's race, shouldst thou demand of me
 My torch, when I in course run after thee ?

133 shouldst thou demand of me my torch, &c.] Why shouldst thou, who art an old fellow, hope to outlive me, and be my heir, who am much younger. He who was first in the course or race, delivered the torch, which he carried, to him who was second.

Think I approach thee like the god of gain, 142
 With wings on head and heels, as poets feign :
 Thy modern fortune from my gift receive ;
 Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
 But take it as it is, and ask no more.
 What, when thou hast embezzled all thy store ?
 Where's all thy father left ? 'Tis true, I grant,
 Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my want :
 The legacies of Tadius too are flown ;
 All spent, and on the selfsame errand gone.
 How little then to my poor share will fall ? 153
 Little indeed ; but yet that little's all.

Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
 Be careful still of the main chance, my son ;
 Put out the principal in trusty hands :
 Live of the use ; and never dip thy lands : 160
 But yet what's left for me ? What's left, my friend !
 Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
 Is not my fortune at my own command ?
 Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
 Upon my salads, boy : Shall I be fed 165
 With sodden nettles, and a sing'd sow's head ?
 'Tis holiday ; provide me better cheer ;
 'Tis holiday, and shall be round the year.
 Shall I my household gods and Genius cheat,
 To make him rich, who grudges me my meat,
 That he may loll at ease ; and pamper'd high,
 When I am laid, may feed on gible pie ?
 And when his throbbing lust extends the vein,
 Have wherewithal his whores to entertain ?

Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he 175
His paunch in triumph may before him see?

Go, miser, go; for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole:
That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast estate he left his son! 180
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves!
Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store;
'Tis done: now double that, and swell the score;
To every thousand add ten thousand more. 185
Then say, Chrysippus, thou who wouldst confine
Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

¹⁸² *Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves*] Who were famous for their lustiness, and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were set on a stall when they were exposed to sale, to show the good habit of their body, and made to play tricks before the buyers, to show their activity and strength.

¹⁸⁶ *Then say, Chrysippus, &c.*] Chrysippus, the Stoick, invented a kind of argument, consisting of more than three propositions, which is called Sorites, or a heap. But as Chrysippus could never bring his propositions to a certain stint, so neither can a covetous man bring his craving desires to any certain measure of riches, beyond which he could not wish for any more.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER.

www.libtool.com.cn

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

CHRYSES, priest of Apollo, brings presents to the Grecian princes, to ransom his daughter Chryseis, who was prisoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whose captive and mistress the young lady was, refuses to deliver her, threatens the venerable old man, and dismisses him with contumely.—The priest craves vengeance of his god ; who sends a plague among the Greeks : which occasions Achilles, their great champion, to summon a council of the chief officers : he encourages Calchas, the high priest and prophet, to tell the reason, why the gods were so much incensed against them.—Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him ; then, emboldened by the hero, he accuses the general as the cause of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refusing the presents offered for her ransom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, against his will, to restore Chryseis, with gifts, that he might appease the wrath of Phœbus ; but at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis ; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sensible of his injustice. At the same time, he retires from the camp into his ships, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her son's petition to Jupiter, who grants her suit. Juno suspects her errand, and quarrels with her husband, for his grant ; till Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and sends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' son, O Muse, resound ;
 Whose dire effects the Grecian army found,
 And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
 Were sent, in early youth, to shades of night :
 Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made : 5
 So was the sovereign will of Jove obey'd :
 From that ill-omen'd hour when strife begun,
 Betwixt Atrides great, and Thetis' godlike son.

What power provok'd, and for what cause, relate,
 Sow'd, in their breasts, the seeds of stern debate :
 Jove's and Latona's son his wrath express'd,
 In vengeance of his violated priest,
 Against the king of men ; who, swoln with pride,
 Refus'd his presents, and his prayers denied.
 For this the god a swift contagion spread 15
 Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.

For venerable Chryses came to buy,
 With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
 Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood ;
 Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his god : 20
 Bare was his hoary head ; one holy hand
 Held forth his laurel crown, and one his sceptre
 of command.

His suit was common ; but above the rest,
 To both the brother-princes thus address'd :

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian powers, 25
 So may the gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
 Succeed your siege, accord the vows you make,
 And give you Troy's imperial town to take ;

So, by their happy conduct, may you come
 With conquest back to your sweet native home;
 As you receive the ransom which I bring,
 (Respecting Jove, and the far-shooting king,)
 And break my daughter's bonds, at my desire;
 And glad with her return her grieving sire.

With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
 To take the gifts, to set the damsel free.
 The king of men alone with fury burn'd;
 And, haughty, these opprobrious words return'd:
 Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my sight,
 Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight: 40
 Nor dare to tread this interdicted strand,
 Lest, not that idle sceptre in thy hand,
 Nor thy god's crown, my vow'd revenge withstand.
 Hence on thy life: the captive maid is mine; 41
 Whom not for price or prayers I will resign: 42
 Mine she shall be, till creeping age and time
 Her bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her prime.
 Till then my royal bed she shall attend;
 And, having first adorn'd it, late ascend:
 This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
 And homely household-task, shall be her doom,
 Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her sweet native
 home. 52

He said: the helpless priest replied no more,
 But sped his steps along the hoarse-resounding
 shore:

Silent he fled; secure at length he stood, 55
 Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his god.

O source of sacred light, attend my prayer,
 God with the silver bow, and golden hair ;
 Whom Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys, cn
 And whose broad eye their happy soil surveys ;
 If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy shrine
 The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
 And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
 Hear, and my just revenge propitious aid ! 64
 Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy shafts attest
 How much thy power is injured in thy priest.

He pray'd, and Phœbus, hearing, urged his flight,
 With fury kindled, from Olympus' height ;
 His quiver o'er his ample shoulders threw ;
 His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew.
 Black as a stormy night, he rang'd around
 The tents, and compass'd the devoted ground.
 Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
 And feather'd fates among the mules and sumpters
 sent,

The essay of rage ; on faithful dogs the next ; 75
 And last, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
 The god nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
 Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd ;
 The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
 Who bears heaven's awful sceptre in her hand,
 A council summon'd ; for the goddess griev'd
 Her favour'd host should perish unreliev'd.

The kings assembled, soon their chief inclose ;
 Then from his seat the goddess-born arose,
 And thus undaunted spoke : What now remains,

Causes
 cal. by
 a in
 showe
 re. in
 add. G.
 being
 her

But that once more we tempt the wat'ry plains,
 And, wandering homeward, seek our safety hence,
 In flight at least, if we can find defence?
 Such woes at once encompass us about,
 The plague within the camp, the sword without.
 Consult, O king, the prophets of the event :
 And whence these ills, and what the god's intent,
 Let them by dreams explore ; for dreams from Jove
 are sent.

What want of offer'd victims, what offence
 In fact committed could the Sun incense, 95
 To deal his deadly shafts? What may remove
 His settled hate, and reconcile his love?
 That he may look propitious on our toils ;
 And hungry graves no more be glutted with our
spoils.

Thus to the king of men the hero spoke, 100
 Then Calchas the desir'd occasion took :
 Calchas the sacred seer, who had in view
 Things present and the past ; and things to come
 foreknew.

Supreme of augurs, who, by Phœbus taught,
 The Grecian powers to Troy's destruction brought.
 Skill'd in the secret causes of their woes,
 The reverend priest in graceful act arose :
 And thus bespoke Pelides : Care of Jove,
 Favour'd of all the immortal Powers above ;
 Wouldst thou the seeds deep sown of mischief
 know, 110
 And why provok'd Apollo bends his bow ?

Plight first thy faith, inviolably true,
To save me from those ills, that may ensue.

For I shall tell ungrateful truths to those,
Whose boundless powers of life and death dispose.
And sovereigns, ever jealous of their state,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for hate ;
Even though the offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breast,
Bursts forth in flames ; whose unresisted power
Will seize the unwary wretch, and soon devour.
Such and no less is he, on whom depends
The sum of things ; and whom my tongue of force
offends.

Secure me then from his foreseen intent, [vent.
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may pre-

To this the stern Achilles made reply :
Be bold ; and on my plighted faith rely,
To speak what Phœbus has inspir'd thy soul
For common good ; and speak without control.
His godhead I invoke, by him I swear, 130
That while my nostrils draw this vital air,
None shall presume to violate those bands ;
Or touch thy person with unhallow'd hands :
E'en not the king of men that all commands.

At this, resuming heart, the prophet said : 140
Nor hecatomb unslain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks accurs'd this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King ;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares resist,
Affronts the godhead in his injur'd priest : 150

He keeps the damsel captive in his chain,
 And presents are refus'd, and prayers preferr'd in
 vain.

For this the avenging power employs his darts ;
 And empties all his quiver in our hearts ;
 Thus, will persist, relentless in his ire, 145
 Till the fair slave be render'd to her sire :
 And ransom-free restor'd to his abode,
 With sacrifice to reconcile the god :
 Then he, perhaps, aton'd by prayer, may cease
 His vengeance justly vow'd, and give the peace.

Thus having said, he sate : thus answer'd then, 151
Upstarting from his throne, the king of men,
His breast with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire ;
Which rolling round, he shot in sparkles on the 154
sire :

Augur of ill, whose tongue was never found 155
 Without a priestly curse, or boding sound ;
 For not one bless'd event foretold to me
 Pass'd through that mouth, or pass'd unwillingly.
 And now thou dost with lies the throne invade,
 By practice harden'd in thy slandering trade. 161
 Obtending heaven, for whate'er ills befall ;
 And sputtering under specious names thy gall.
 Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
 Are in his priest profan'd, and I the cause :
 Since I detain a slave, my sovereign prize ; 165
 And sacred gold, your idol-god, despise.
 I love her well : and well her merits claim,
 To stand preferr'd before my Grecian dame :

Not Clytemnestra's self in beauty's bloom
 More charm'd, or better plied the various loom :
 Mine is the maid ; and brought in happy hour,
 With every household-grace adorn'd, to bless my
 nuptial bower.

Yet shall she be restor'd ; since public good
 For private interest ought not to be withstood,
 To save the effusion of my people's blood. 175
 But right requires, if I resign my own,
 I should not suffer for your sakes alone ;
 Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
 And by your common suffrage have obtain'd.
 The slave without a ransom shall be sent : 180
 It rests for you to make the equivalent.

To this the fierce Thessalian prince replied :
 O first in power, but passing all in pride,
 Gripping, and still tenacious of thy hold,
 Wouldst thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely
 soul'd, 185

Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
 And with their loss thy sacrilege restore ?
 Whate'er by force of arms the soldier got,
 Is each his own, by dividend of lot :
 Which to resume, were both unjust and base ;
 Not to be borne but by a servile race.
 But this we can : if Saturn's son bestows
 The sack of Troy, which he by promise owes ;
 Then shall the conquering Greeks thy loss restore,
 And with large interest make the advantage more.

To this Atrides answer'd : Though thy boast

Assumes the foremost name of all our host,
 Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
 Controll'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
 Shall I release the prize I gain'd by right, 200
 In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
 While thou detain'st Briseis in thy bands,
 By priestly glossing on the god's commands?
 Resolve on this, (a short alternative)
 Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give; 205
 Else I, assure thy soul, by sovereign right
 Will seize thy captive in thy own despite.
 Or from stout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear
 What other prize my fancy shall prefer:
 Then softly murmur, or aloud complain, 210
 Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.
 But more of this, in proper time and place;
 To things of greater moment let us pass.
 A ship to sail the sacred seas prepare;
 Proud in her trim; and put on board the fair,
 With sacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of prayer.
 The crew well chosen, the command shall be
 In Ajax; or if other I decree,
 In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or, if I please, in thee:
 Most fit thyself to see perform'd the intent 220
 For which my prisoner from my sight is sent;
 (Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may
 relent.

At this, Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
 Fix'd on the king askant; and thus replies.
 O, impudent, regardful of thy own, 225

Whose thoughts are centred on thyself alone,
 Advanc'd to sovereign sway for better ends
 Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy friends.
 What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
 Against the Trojan troops will lift his hand? 230
 Not I: nor such inforc'd respect I owe;
 Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
 What wrong from Troy remote, could I sustain,
 To leave my fruitful soil, and happy reign,
 And plough the surges of the stormy main? 235
 Thee, frontless man, we follow'd from afar;
 Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
 Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
 We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on
 the throne.

For thee we fall in fight; for thee redress 240
 Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
 And now thou threaten'st with unjust decree,
 To punish thy affronting heaven, on me.
 To seize the prize which I so dearly bought;
 By common suffrage given, confirm'd by lot. 245
 Mean match to thine: for still above the rest,
 Thy hook'd rapacious hands usurp the best.
 Though mine are first in fight, to force the prey;
 And last sustain the labours of the day.
 Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians give;
 Nor murmuring take the little I receive.
 Yet even this little, thou, who wouldst ingross
 The whole, insatiate, envy'st as thy loss.
 Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:

Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn, 255
 Than from an equal here sustain the public scorn

The king, whose brows with shining gold were
 bound,

Who saw his throne with sceptred slaves encom-
 pass'd round,

Thus answer'd stern : Go, at thy pleasure, go :
 We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a foe.

There will not want to follow me in fight :

Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.

But thou of all the kings (his care below)

Art least at my command, and most my foe.

Debates, dissensions, uproars are thy joy ; 265

Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to destroy.

Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast alone ;

At least 'tis lent from heaven ; and not thy own.

Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,

And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.

But mark this menace ; since I must resign

My black-eyed maid, to please the Powers divine :

(A well-rigg'd vessel in the port attends,

Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)

The ship shall waft her to her wish'd abode, 275

Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-shooting
 god.

This thus dispatch'd, I owe myself the care,

My fame and injur'd honour to repair :

From thy own tent, proud man, in thy despite,

This hand shall ravish thy pretended right. 280

Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see,

What odds of awful power I have on thee :
 That others at thy cost may learn the difference
 of degree. www.libtool.com.cn

At this the impatient hero sourly smil'd . 284

His heart impetuous in his bosom boil'd, 285

And jostled by two tides of equal sway,
Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.

Betwixt his reason and his rage untam'd ; 288

One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd :

That only counsell'd to the safer side ; 290

This to the sword his ready hand applied.

Unpunish'd to support the affront was hard :

Nor easy was the attempt to force the guard.

But soon the thirst of vengeance fir'd his blood :

Half shone his fauchion, and half sheath'd it stood.

In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,

Commission'd by the imperial wife of Jove,

Descended swift : (the white-arm'd Queen was loth

The fight should follow ; for she favour'd both :)

Just as in act he stood, in clouds inshrin'd, 300

Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind ;

Then backward by his yellow curls she drew ;

To him and him alone confess'd in view.

Tam'd by superior force, he turn'd his eyes

Aghast at first, and stupid with surprise : 305

But by her sparkling eyes, and ardent look,

The virgin-warrior known, he thus bespoke.

Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my wrongs ?

To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs ?

Thus he. The blue-eyed goddess thus rejoin'd :

I come to calm thy turbulence of mind, 311

If reason will resume her sovereign sway,

And, sent by Juno, her commands obey.

Equal she loves you both, and I protect:

Then give thy guardian gods their due respect;

And cease contention; be thy words severe,

Sharp as he merits, but the sword forbear.

An hour unhop'd already wings her way,

When he his dire affront shall dearly pay:

When the proud king shall sue, with treble gain,

To quit thy loss, and conquer thy disdain.

But thou, secure of my unfailing word,

Compose thy swelling soul, and sheath the sword.

The youth thus answer'd mild; Auspicious Maid,

Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.

The gods are just, and when, subduing sense,

We serve their Powers, provide the recompense.

He said; with surly faith believ'd her word,

And in the sheath, reluctant, plung'd the sword.

Her message done, she mounts the bless'd abodes,

And mix'd among the senate of the gods.

At her departure his disdain return'd:

The fire she fann'd, with greater fury burn'd;

Rumblings within, till thus it found a vent:

Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent: 313

Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,

In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight;

When didst thou thrust amid the mingled praise, *pres*

Content to bide the war aloof in peace?

Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul; 310

'Tis death to fight ; but kingly to control.

Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary power,

To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.

These, traitor, are thy talents ; safer far

Than to contend in fields, and toils of war. 345

Nor couldst thou thus have dar'd the common hate,

Were not their souls as abject as their state.

But, by this sceptre, solemnly I swear,

(Which never more green leaf or growing branch
shall bear :

Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to those

Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose)

That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,

No gift shall bribe it, and no prayer persuade.

When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield

His conquering arms, with corps to strow the field,

Then shalt thou mourn thy pride ; and late confess

My wrong repented, when 'tis past redress.

He said : and with disdain, in open view,

Against the ground his golden sceptre threw ;

Then sate : with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,

And foam betwixt his gnashing grinders churn'd.

But from his seat the Pylian prince arose,

With reasoning mild, their madness to compose :

Words, sweet as honey, from his mouth distill'd ;

Two centuries already he fulfill'd, 365

And now began the third ; unbroken yet :

Once fam'd for courage ; still in council great.

What worse, he said, can Argos undergo,

What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,

Than these distemper'd heats, If both the lights
 Of Greece their private interest disunites ?
 Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
 And let these youthful passions be repress'd :
 I flourish'd long before your birth ; and then
 Liv'd equal with a race of braver men, 375
 Than these dim eyes shall e'er behold again.

Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
 Great Theseus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
 With these I went, a brother of the war,
 Their dangers to divide ; their fame to share. 380
 Nor idle stood with unassisting hands,
 When salvage beasts, and men's more salvage
 bands,

Their virtuous toil subdued : yet those I sway'd,
 With powerful speech : I spoke, and they obey'd.
 If such as those my counsels could reclaim, 385
 Think not, young warriors, your diminish'd name
 Shall lose of lustre, by subjecting rage
 To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.

Thou, king of men, stretch not thy sovereign sway
Beyond the bounds free subjects can obey : 390
But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Achiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
Before whose throne e'en kings their lower'd sceptres
bend.

The head of action he, and thou the hand, 395
Matchless thy force ; but mightier his command :
Thou first, O king, release the rights of sway ;

Power, self-restrain'd, the people best obey.
Sanctions of law from thee derive their source;
Command thyself, whom no commands can force.
The son of Thetis, rampire of our host, [be lost.
Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my prayers

402

Thus Nestor said, and ceas'd : Atrides broke
 His silence next; but ponder'd ere he spoke.
 Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey, 403
 But this proud man affects imperial sway.
 Controlling kings, and trampling on our state,
 His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
 The gods have given him strength: but whence
 the style

Of lawless power assum'd, or license to revile? 410

Achilles cut him short; and thus replied:

My worth allow'd in words, is in effect denied.

For who but a poltron, possess'd with fear,

spirited
courage

Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?

Command thy slaves: my freeborn soul disdains

A tyrant's curb; and restiff breaks the reins.

resisting

Take this along; that no dispute shall rise

(Though mine the woman) for my ravish'd prize:

But, she excepted, as unworthy strife,

Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life, 420

Touch aught of mine beside, by lot my due,

But stand aloof, and think profane to view:

This fauchion, else, not hitherto withstood,

sword

'These hostile fields shall fatten with thy blood.

He said; and rose the first: the council broke;

And all their grave consults dissolv'd in smoke.

The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
 Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.

Mean time, the king with gifts a vessel stores ;
 Supplies the banks with twenty chosen oars : 430
 And next, to reconcile the shooter-god,
 Within her hollow sides the sacrifice he stow'd :
 Chryseis last was set on board ; whose hand
 Ulysses took, intrusted with command : [land.
 They plough the liquid seas, and leave the lessening

Atrides then, his outward zeal to boast,
 Bade purify the sin-polluted host.
 With perfect hecatombs the god they grac'd ;
 Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
 Black bulls, and bearded goats on altars lie ; 440
 And clouds of savory stench involve the sky.
 These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd 442
 For show ; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind :
 Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
 At length discover'd his conceal'd intent. 445

Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
 Heralds of arms, and ministers of trust, [way :
 He call'd, and thus bespoke : Haste hence your
 And from the goddess-born demand his prey.
 If yielded, bring the captive : if denied, 450
 The king (so tell him) shall chastise his pride :
 And with arm'd multitudes in person come
 To vindicate his power, and justify his doom.

This hard command unwilling they obey,
 And o'er the barren shore pursue their way, [l v
 Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Thestias

Their sovereign seated on his chair they find ;
 His pensive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
 And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
 With gloomy looks he saw them entering in 465
 Without salute : nor durst they first begin,
 Fearful of rash offence and death foreseen.
 He soon, the cause divining, clear'd his brow ;
 And thus did liberty of speech allow.

Interpreters of gods and men, be bold : 465
 Awful your character, and uncontroll'd :
 Howe'er displeasing be the news you bring,
 I blame not you, but your imperious king.
 You come, I know, my captive to demand ;
 Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand. 470
 But you authentic witnesses I bring,
 Before the gods, and your ungrateful king,
 Of this my manifest : that never more
 This hand shall combat on the crooked shore :
 No, let the Grecian powers, oppress'd in fight,
 Unpitied perish in their tyrant's sight.
Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
 Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
 And his insulted camp from foes defend. 480
 He said, and soon, obeying his intent,
 Patroclus brought Briseis from her tent ;
 Then to the intrusted messengers resign'd :
 She wept, and often cast her eyes behind ;
 Forc'd from the man she lov'd ; they led her thence,
 Along the shore, a prisoner to their prince.

Sole on the barren sands the suffering chief
 Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his grief ;
 Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
 And his upbraided mother thus bespoke. 40

Unhappy parent of a short-liv'd son,
 Since Jove in pity by thy prayers was won
 To grace my small remains of breath with fame,
 Why loads he this embitter'd life with shame?
 Suffering his king of men to force my slave, 45
 Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Grecians gave
 Set by old Ocean's side the goddess heard ;
 Then from the sacred deep her head she rear'd :
 Rose like a morning-mist ; and thus begun
 To soothe the sorrows of her plaintive son. 50
 Why cries my care, and why conceals his smart
 Let thy afflicted parent share her part.

Then sighing from the bottom of his breast,
 To the sea goddess thus the goddess-born address'd
 Thou know'st my pain, which telling but recalls
 By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls ;
 The ransack'd city, taken by our toils,
 We left, and hither brought the golden spoils ;
 Equal we shar'd them ; but before the rest,
 The proud prerogative had seiz'd the best. 55
 Chryseis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
 Chryseis, rosy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
 Her sire, Apollo's priest, arriv'd to buy,
 With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty
 Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood,
 Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his god :

Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
Held forth his laurel-crown, and one, his sceptre
of command.

His suit was common, but above the rest
To both the brother-princes was address'd. 520
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
To take the gifts, to set the prisoner free.
Not so the tyrant, who with scorn the priest
Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words dismiss'd.
The good old man, forlorn of human aid, 525
For vengeance to his heavenly patron pray'd :
The godhead gave a favourable ear,
And granted all to him he held so dear ;
In an ill hour his piercing shafts he sped ;
And heaps on heaps of slaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he rang'd : at length arose
A seer, who well divin'd ; and durst disclose
The source of all our ills : I took the word ;
And urg'd the sacred slave to be restor'd,
The god appeas'd : the swelling monarch storm'd :
And then the vengeance vow'd, he since perform'd :
The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal priest his daughter sent ;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And seiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
By common suffrage given ; but, thou, be won,
If in thy power, to avenge thy injur'd son :
Ascend the skies ; and supplicating move
Thy just complaint to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed hast wrought

But now thy planet sheds his poisonous rays,
 And short and full of sorrow are thy days.
 For what remains, to heaven I will ascend,
 And at the Thunderer's throne thy suit commend.
 Till then, secure in ships, abstain from fight; 500
 Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy spight.
 For yesterday the court of heaven with Jove
 Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
 Twelve days the gods their solemn revels keep,
 And quaff with blameless Ethiops in the deep.
 Return'd from thence, to heaven my flight I take,
 Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake.
 Embrace his knees, and suppliant to the sire,
 Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy desire.

She said: and, parting, left him on the place,
 Swoln with disdain, resenting his disgrace:
 Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
 He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.

Meantime with prosperous gales Ulysses brought
 The slave, and ship with sacrifices fraught, 595
 To Chrysa's port: where, entering with the tide,
 He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he plied.
 Furl'd every sail, and, drawing down the mast,
 His vessel moor'd; and made with halsers fast.
 Descending on the plain, ashore they bring 600
 The hecatomb to please the shooter king.
 The dame before an altar's holy fire
 Ulysses led; and thus bespoke her sire:

Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy god ador'd:
 The king of men thy daughter has restor'd; 605

And sent by me with presents and with prayer ;
 He recommends him to thy pious care ;
 That Phœbus at thy suit his wrath may cease,
 And give the penitent offenders peace.

He said, and gave her to her father's hands,
 Who glad receiv'd her, free from servile bands.
 This done, in order they, with sober grace,
 Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
 Then wash'd, and took the cakes ; while Chryseis
 stood 61

With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his god :
 God of the silver bow, whose eyes survey
 The sacred Cilla, thou, whose awful sway,
 Chrysa the bless'd, and Tenedos obey :
 Now hear, as thou before my prayer hast heard,
 Against the Grecians, and their prince, preferr'd
 Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again
 Thy priest ; nor let his second vows be vain ;
 But from the afflicted host and humbled prince
 Avert thy wrath, and cease thy pestilence.
 Apollo heard, and, conquering his disdain, 62
 Unbent his bow, and Greece respir'd again.

Now when the solemn rites of prayer were past
 Their salted cakes on crackling flames they cast.
 Then, turning back, the sacrifice they sped :
 The fatted oxen slew, and flay'd the dead. 63
 Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
 To involve the lean in caul, and mend with lard
 Sweet-breads and collops were with skewers prick'd
 About the sides ; imbibing what they deck'd.

The priest with holy hands was seen to tine 635
 The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
 The youth approach'd the fire, and, as it burn'd,
 On five sharp broachers rank'd, the roast they
 turn'd ;

These morsels stay'd their stomachs; then the rest
 They cut in legs and fillets for the feast; 640
 Which drawn and serv'd, their hunger they appease
 With savoury meat, and set their minds at ease.

Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
 The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.
 The first libations to the gods they pour: 645
 And then with songs indulge the genial hour.
Holy debauch! Till day to night they bring,
 With hymns and pæans to the bowyer-king.
 At sun-set to their ship they make return,
 And snore secure on decks, till rosy morn. 650

The skies with dawning day were purpl'd o'er;
 Awak'd, with labouring oars they leave the shore.
 The Power appeas'd, with winds suffic'd the sail,
 The bellying canvass strutted with the gale;
 The waves indignant roar with surly pride, 655
 And press against the sides, and beaten off divide.
 They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
 Superior, till the Trojan port they held:
 Then, hauling on the strand, their galley moor,
 And pitch their tents along the crooked shore.

Meantime the goddess-born in secret pin'd;
 Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
 But, keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed

With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head :
 And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds
 And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear th
 dying sounds.

Now, when twelve days complete had run the
 race,

The gods bethought them of the cares belonging
 to their place.

Jove at their head ascending from the sea,
 A shoal of puny Powers attend his way.
 Then Thetis, not unmindful of her son,
 Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
 Pursu'd their track ; and waken'd from his rest
 Before the sovereign stood, a morning guest.
 Him in the circle, but apart, she found :
 The rest at awful distance stood around.
 She bow'd, and ere she durst her suit begin,
 One hand embrac'd his knees, one propp'd his chi
 Then thus : If I, celestial sire, in aught
 Have serv'd thy will, or gratified thy thought,
 One glimpse of glory to my issue give ;
 Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
 Dishonour'd by the king of men he stands :
 His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.
 But thou, O father, in my son's defence,
 Assume thy power, assert thy providence.
 Let Troy prevail, till Greece the affront has pai
 With doubled honours ; and redeem'd his aid.
 She ceas'd, but the considering god was mut
 Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her suit :

Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
 Or grant me my petition, or deny :
 Jove cannot ~~fear: then tell me to~~ my face
 That I, of all the gods, am least in grace.
 This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
 And sighing first, this answer he return'd :

Know'st thou what clamours will disturb my
 reign,

What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sustain ?

In council she gives license to her tongue,
 Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong. 70

And now she will my partial power upbraid,
 If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.

But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight,
 The care be mine, to do Pelides right.

Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely, 705
 When nodding to thy suit, he bows the sky.

This ratifies the irrevocable doom :

The sign ordain'd, that what I will shall come :

The stamp of heaven, and seal of fate. He said,
 And shook the sacred honours of his head. 710

With terror trembled heaven's subsiding hill :

And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distill,
 The goddess goes exulting from his sight,

And seeks the seas profound ; and leaves the realms
 of light.

He moves into his hall : the Powers resort, 715
 Each from his house, to fill the sovereign's court.

Nor waiting summons, nor expecting stood ;

But met with reverence, and receiv'd the god.

He mounts the throne ; and Juno took her place
 But sullen discontent sate lowering on her face.
 With jealous eyes, at distance she had seen,
 Whispering with Jove, the silver-footed Queen :
 Then, impotent of tongue, (her silence broke)
 Thus turbulent in rattling tone she spoke :

Author of ills, and close contriver Jove, 75
 Which of thy dames, what prostitute of love,
 Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
 For some old service done, some new reward ?
 Apart you talk'd, for that's your special care,
 The consort never must the council share. 75
 One gracious word is for a wife too much :
 Such is a marriage vow, and Jove's own faith is
 such.

Then thus the Sire of gods, and men below :
 What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
 E'en goddesses are women : and no wife 75
 Has power to regulate her husband's life :
 Counsel she may ; and I will give thy ear
 The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.
 What I transact with others, or alone,
 Beware to learn ; nor press too near the throne.

To whom the goddess with the charming eyes
 What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies !
 When did I search the secrets of thy reign,
 Though privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain
 But well thou dost, to hide from common sight
 Thy close intrigues, too bad to bear the light
 Nor doubt I, but the silver-footed dame,

Tripping from sea, on such an errand came,
 To grace her issue, at the Grecians' cost,
 And for one peevish man destroy an host. 750

To whom the Thunderer made this stern reply:
 My household curse, my lawful plague, the spy
 Of Jove's designs, his other squinting eye;
 Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
 Jove will be master still, and Juno fail. 755
 Should thy suspicious thoughts divine aright,
 Thou but becom'st more odious to my sight
 For this attempt: uneasy life to me,
 Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worse for thee.
 Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late 760
 The gods behold, and tremble at thy fate:
 Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
 To lift a hand against Omnipotence.

This heard, the imperious Queen sate mute with
 fear: 761

Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer.
 Silence was in the court at this rebuke: [look.
 Nor could the gods abash'd sustain their sovereign's

The limping smith observ'd the sadden'd feast,
 And hopping here and there (himself a jest)
 Put in his word, that neither might offend; 765
 To Jove obsequious, yet his mother's friend.
 What end in heaven will be of civil war,
 If gods of pleasure will for mortals jar?
 Such discord but disturbs our jovial feast;
 One grain of bad embitters all the best. 770
 Mother, though wise yourself, my counsel weigh;

'Tis much unsafe my sire to disobey.
 Not only you provoke him to your cost,
 But mirth is marr'd, and the good cheer is lost.
 Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has power
 To throw you headlong from his heavenly towre
 But one submissive word, which you let fall,
 Will make him in good humour with us all.

He said no more; but crown'd a bowl unbid
 The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
 Then put it to her hand; and thus pursued:
 This cursed quarrel be no more renew'd.
 Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still;
 Though griev'd, yet subject to her husband's will
 I would not see you beaten; yet afraid
 Of Jove's superior force, I dare not aid.
 Too well I know him, since that hapless hour
 When I and all the gods employ'd our power
 To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew
 And o'er heaven's battlements with fury threw:
 All day I fell; my flight at morn begun,
 And ended not but with the setting sun.
 Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian group
 Receiv'd my batter'd skull, the Sinthians heal'd
 my wound.

At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother smil'd,
 And smiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
 The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
 Which, emptied, the rude skinker still restor'd.
 Loud fits of laughter seiz'd the guests to see
 The limping god so deft at his new ministry.

0.1 2.10
 1.1 2.10
 1.1 2.10

The feast continued till declining light :
 They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then / !
 'twas night. libtool.com.cn
 Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire ;
 The Muses sung ; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart, 810
 Each to his house ; adorn'd with labour'd art
 Of the lame architect : the thundering god
 E'en he withdrew to rest, and had his load.
 His swimming head to needful sleep applied ;
 And Juno lay unheeded by his side. 815

THE LAST PARTING OF HECTOR AND
 ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

HECTOR returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

THUS having said, brave Hector went to see
 His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
 He found her not at home ; for she was gone,
 Attended by her maid and infant son,

To climb the steepy tower of Ilion : 5
 From whence, with heavy heart, she might survey
 The bloody business of the dreadful day.
 Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
 And sought the lord of her desires in vain.

But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
 When she, his only comfort, was not there,
 Stood in the gate, and ask'd of every one,
 Which way she took, and whither she was gone :
 If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
 In long procession to Minerva's fane ? 15

The servants answer'd, Neither to the court,
 Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort,
 Nor to the temple was she gone, to move
 With prayers the blue-eyed progeny of Jove ;
 But more solicitous for him alone, 20
 Than all their safety, to the tower was gone,
 There to survey the labours of the field,
 Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield ;
 Swiftly she pass'd, with fear and fury wild ;
 The nurse went lagging after with the child. 25

This heard, the noble Hector made no stay,
 The admiring throng divide to give him way ;
 He pass'd through every street, by which he came,
 And at the gate he met the mournful dame.

His wife beheld him, and with eager pace 30
 Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace :
 His wife, who brought in dower Cilicia's crown,
 And in herself a greater dower alone :
 Action's heir, who on the woody plain

Of Hypoplacus did in Thebe reign. 35

Breathless she flew, with joy and passion wild ;

The nurse came lagging after with the child.

The royal babe upon her breast was laid ;

Who, like the morning star, his beams display'd.

Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,

From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave :

But him Astyanax the Trojans call,

From his great father, who defends the wall.

Hector beheld him with a silent smile :

His tender wife stood weeping by the while : 45

Press'd in her own, his warlike hand she took,

Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke :

Thy dauntless heart (which I foresee too late)

Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate :

Nor dost thou pity, with a parent's mind, 50

This helpless orphan, whom thou leav'st behind ;

Nor me, the unhappy partner of thy bed ;

Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led :

They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight

With many, will oppress thy single might : 55

Better it were for miserable me

To die, before the fate which I foresee.

For ah ! what comfort can the world bequeath

To Hector's widow, after Hector's death ?

Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears 60

Began my youth, and will conclude my years :

I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left ;

By stern Achilles all of life bereft.

Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,

His fatal hand my royal father slew ; 66
 He slew Action, but despoil'd him not ;
 Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot ;
 Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,
 And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe :
 A tomb he rais'd ; the mountain nymphs around
 Inclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.

My seven brave brothers in one fatal day
 To death's dark mansions took the mournful way ;
 Slain by the same Achilles, while they keep
 The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep. 73
 My mother, who the royal sceptre sway'd,
 Was captive to the cruel victor made,
 And hither led ; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
 Her native country did again behold,
 And but beheld : for soon Diana's dart, 80
 In an unhappy chase, transfix'd her heart.

But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone
 My parents, brothers, and my lord in one.
 O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
 Nor tempt the dangers of the dusty plain ; 85
 But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
 Thy wife and son are in thy ruin lost :
 This is a husband's and a father's post.
 The Scæan gate commands the plains below ;
 Here marshal all thy soldiers as they go ; 90
 And hence with other hands repel the foe.
 By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
 And thither all their powers are daily bent ;
 The two Ajaces have I often seen,

And the wrong'd husband of the Spartan queen :
 With him his greater brother ; and with these
 Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones :

Uncertain if by augury, or chance,
 But by this easy rise they all advance ;
 Guard well that pass, secure of all beside. 100

To whom the noble Hector thus replied :
 That and the rest are in my daily care ;
 But, should I shun the dangers of the war,
 With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
 And their proud ladies with their sweeping trains.
 The Grecian swords and lances I can bear :
 But loss of honour is my only fear.

Shall Hector, born to war, his birthright yield,
 Belie his courage, and forsake the field ?
 Early in rugged arms I took delight, 110

And still have been the foremost in the fight :
 With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
 And am the champion of my father's crown,
 And yet my mind forebodes, with sure presage,
 That Troy shall perish by the Grecian rage. 115
 The fatal day draws on, when I must fall,
 And universal ruin cover all.

Not Troy itself, though built by hands divine,
 Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
 My mother, nor my brothers of renown, 120
 Whose valour yet defends the unhappy town ;
 Not these, nor all their fates which I foresee,
 Are half of that concern I have for thee.

I see, I see thee, in that fatal hour,

Subjected to the victor's cruel power ; 125
 Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
 Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord ;
 A spectacle in Argos, at the loom,
 Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room ;
 Or from deep wells the living stream to take, 130
 And on thy weary shoulders bring it back.
 While, groaning under this laborious life,
 They insolently call thee Hector's wife ;
 Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's name ;
 And from my glory propagate thy shame. 135
 This when they say, thy sorrows will increase
 With anxious thoughts of former happiness ;
 That he is dead who could thy wrongs redress.
 But I, oppress'd with iron sleep before,
 Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more. 140

He said—

Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
 The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
 The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
 And on his nurse's neck reclining lay,
 His unknown father shunning with affright, 145
 And looking back on so uncouth a sight ;
 Daunted to see a face with steel o'er-spread,
 And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
 His sire and mother smil'd with silent joy ;
 And Hector hasten'd to relieve his boy ; 150
 Dismiss'd his burnish'd helm, that shone afar,
 The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war :
 The illustrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took :

Hugg'd in his arms, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke.

Parent of gods and men, propitious Jove, 155
 And you bright synod of the Powers above;
 On this my son your gracious gifts bestow;
 Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
 To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
 To shield the people, and assert the crown: 160
 That when hereafter he from wars shall come,
 And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
 Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
 And who in former times remember'd me,
 May say, The son in fortitude and fame 165
 Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
 That at these words his mother may rejoice,
 And add her suffrage to the public voice.

Thus having said,

He first with suppliant hands the gods ador'd: 170
 Then to the mother's arms the child restor'd:
 With tears and smiles she took her son, and press'd
 The illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.
 He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
 And eas'd her sorrows with this last relief. 175

My wife and mistress, drive thy fears away,
 Nor give so bad an omen to the day;
 Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
 To take my life before the fatal hour.
 When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly 180
 The irrevocable doom of destiny.
 Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
 There task thy maids, and exercise the loom,

Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war, and feats of chivalry 185
Belong to men, and most of all to me.

At this, for new replies he did not stay,
But lac'd his crested helm, and strode away.
His lovely consort to her house return'd,
And looking often back in silence mourn'd: 190
Home when she came, her secret woe she vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
These loud laments her echoing maids restore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

www.libtool.com.cn
THE ART OF POETRY.

CANTO I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS translation of Monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was made in the year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Baronet; who being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, desired his revisal of it. I saw the manuscript lie in Mr. Dryden's hands for above six months, who made very considerable alterations in it, particularly the beginning of the fourth Canto: and it being his opinion that it would be better to apply the poem to English writers, than keep to the French names, as it was first translated, Sir William desired he would take the pains to make that alteration; and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.

The poem was first published in the year 1683; Sir William was after sent ambassador to Constantinople, in the reign of king James, but died in the voyage. J. T.

RASH author, 'tis a vain presumptuous crime,
To undertake the sacred art of rhyme;
If at thy birth the stars that rul'd thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence;
In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound, 5
Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.

You then that burn with the desire to try
The dangerous course of charming poetry;
Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
Or take for genius the desire of rhyme; 10

Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
 And well consider your own force and weight.

Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
 And for each author can a talent find :
 One may in verse describe an amorous flame, 15
 Another sharpen a short epigram :
 Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
 Spenser sing Rosalind in pastoral :
 But authors that themselves too much esteem,
 Lose their own genius, and mistake their theme ,
 Thus in times past Dubartas vainly writ,
 Allaying sacred truth with trifling wit,
 Impertinently, and without delight,
 Describ'd the Israelites' triumphant flight,
 And following Moses o'er the sandy plain, 25
 Perish'd with Pharaoh in the Arabian main.

Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
 Always let sense accompany your rhyme :
 Falsely they seem each other to oppose ;
 Rhyme must be made with reason's laws to close :
 And when to conquer her you bend your force,
 The mind will triumph in the noble course ;
 To reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
 Which, far from hurting, renders her divine :
 But if neglected will as easily stray, 35
 And master reason which she should obey.
 Love reason then ; and let whate'er you write
 Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
 Most writers mounted on a resty muse,
 Extravagant and senseless objects choose ; 40

They think they err, if in their verse they fall
On any thought that's plain or natural :
Fly this excess; and let Italians be
Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at sense ; but most in vain 45
Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain :
You drown, if to the right or left you stray ;
Reason to go as often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Pursues its object till it's over-wrought : 50
If he describes a house, he shows the face,
And after walks you round from place to place ;
Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are ballustred with gold ;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls, 55
"The festoons, friezes, and the astragals :"
Tir'd with his tedious pomp away I run,
And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
And shun their barren superfluity. 60
All that is needless carefully avoid ;
The mind once satisfied is quickly cloy'd :
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er ;
To mend one fault he makes a hundred more :
A verse was weak, you turn it, much too strong,
And grow obscure, for fear you should be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry ;
Not to be low, another soars too high.
Would you of every one deserve the praise,
In writing vary your discourse and phrase ; 70

A frozen style that neither ebbs nor flows,
 Instead of pleasing makes us gape and doze.
 Those tedious authors are esteem'd by none,
 Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.
 Happy who in his verse can gently steer, 74
 From grave to light; from pleasant to severe :
 His works will be admir'd wherever found,
 And oft with buyers will be compass'd round.
 In all you write be neither low nor vile :
 The meanest theme may have a proper style. 80
 The dull burlesque appear'd with impudence,
 And pleas'd by novelty in spite of sense.
 All, except trivial points, grew out of date ;
 Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate :
 Boundless and mad, disorder'd rhyme was seen :
 Disguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
 This plague which first in country towns began,
 Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran ;
 The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
 And the Mock Tempest was a while renown'd : 90
 But this low stuff the town at last despis'd,
 And scorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd ;
 Distinguish'd dull from natural and plain,
 And left the villages to Fleckno's reign.
 Let not so mean a style your muse debase ; 95
 But learn from Butler the buffooning grace :
 And let burlesque in ballads be employ'd ;
 Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,
 Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,
 " Millions of mourning mountains of the slain : "

Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods,
 And periwig with wool the baldpate woods.
 Choose a just style ; be grave without constraint,
 Great without pride, and lovely without paint :
 Write what your reader may be pleas'd to hear :
 And for the measure have a careful ear.
 On easy numbers fix your happy choice ;
 Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise :
 The fullest verse and the most labour'd sense
 Displease us, if the ear once take offence. 110
 Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
 Was rude, unmeasur'd, overclogg'd with rhymes ;
 Number and cadence, that have since been shown,
 To those unpolish'd writers were unknown.
 Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age, 115
 By his just rules restrain'd poetic rage ;
 Spenser did next in Pastorals excel,
 And taught the noble art of writing well :
 To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,
 And found for poetry a richer vein. 120
 Then D'Avenant came ; who, with a new-found art,
 Chang'd all, spoil'd all, and had his way apart .
 His haughty muse all others did despise,
 And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
 Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times, 125
 In their Mock-Gondibert, expos'd his rhymes ;
 The laurels he pretended did refuse,
 And dash'd the hopes of his aspiring muse.
 This headstrong writer falling from on high,
 Made following authors take less liberty. 130

Waller came last, but was the first whose art
 Just weight and measure did to verse impart ;
 That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,
 And show'd for poetry a nobler course :
 His happy genius did our tongue refine, 135
 And easy words with pleasing numbers join :
 His verses to good method did apply,
 And chang'd hard discord to soft harmony.
 All own'd his laws ; which long approv'd and tried,
 To present authors now may be a guide. 140
 Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,
 And be, like him, in your expressions clear.
 If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,
 My patience tires, my fancy goes astray ;
 And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,
 Nor search an author troublesome to find.
 There is a kind of writer pleas'd with sound,
 Whose fustian head with clouds is compass'd
 round,
 No reason can disperse them with its light :
 Learn then to think ere you pretend to write. 150
 As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
 The expression follows perfect or impure :
 What we conceive with ease we can express :
 Words to the notions flow with readiness.
 Observe the language well in all you write, 155
 And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
 The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
 Displease us, if ill English give offence :
 A barbarous phrase no reader can approve ;

Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love. 160
 In short, without pure language, what you write
 Can never yield us profit or delight.
 Take time for thinking ; never work in haste ;
 And value not yourself for writing fast.
 A rapid poem with such fury writ, 165
 Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
 More pleas'd we are to see a river lead
 His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
 Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
 With foamy waters on a muddy shore. 170
 Gently make haste, of labour not afraid ;
 A hundred times consider what you've said :
 Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
 And sometimes add, but oftener take away.
 'Tis not enough when swarming faults are writ,
 That here and there are scatter'd sparks of wit :
 Each object must be fix'd in the due place,
 And differing parts have corresponding grace :
 Till by a curious art dispos'd, we find
 One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd. 180
 Keep to your subject close in all you say ;
 Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.
 The public censure for your writings fear,
 And to yourself be critic most severe.
 Fantastic wits their darling follies love : 185
 But find you faithful friends that will reprove,
 That on your works may look with careful eyes,
 And of your faults be zealous enemies :
 Lay by an author's pride and vanity,

And from a friend a flatterer descry, 190
 Who seems to like, but means not what he says :
 Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.
 A sycophant will every thing admire :
 Each verse, each sentence sets his soul on fire :
 All is divine ! there's not a word amiss ! 195
 He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness,
 He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
 Truth never moves in those impetuous ways :
 A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
 And freely will your heedless errors blame ; 200
 He cannot pardon a neglected line,
 But verse to rule and order will confine.
 Reprove of words the too affected sound ;
 Here the sense flags, and your expression's round,
 Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
 Your terms improper, make them just and plain.
 Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use ;
 But authors, partial to their darling muse,
 Think to protect it they have just pretence,
 And at your friendly counsel take offence. 210
 Said you of this, that the expression's flat ?
 Your servant, Sir, you must excuse me that,
 He answers you. This word has here no grace,
 Pray leave it out : That, Sir, 's the properest place.
 This turn I like not : 'Tis approv'd by all. 215
 Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
 If there's a syllable of which you doubt,
 'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out.
 Yet still he says you may his faults confute,

And over him your power is absolute : 220
 But of his feign'd humility take heed ;
 'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.
 And when he leaves you happy in his muse,
 Restless he runs some other to abuse,
 And often finds ; for in our scribbling times 225
 No fool can want a sot to praise his rhymes ;
 The flattest work has ever in the court
 Met with some zealous ass for its support :
 And in all times a forward scribbling fop
 Has found some greater fool to cry him up. 230

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
 With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
 But without gold, or pearl, or costly scents,
 Gathers from neighb'ring fields her ornaments ;
 Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal, 235
 Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral :
 Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
 But hates the rattling of a lofty verse :
 There native beauty pleases, and excites,
 And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights. 240
 But in this style a poet often spent,
 In rage throws by his rural instrument,
 And vainly, when disorder'd thoughts abound,

Amidst the Eclogue makes the trumpet sound :
 Pan flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,
 And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.
 Oppos'd to this another, low in style,
 Makes shepherds speak a language base and vile.
 His writings, flat and heavy, without sound,
 Kissing the earth, and creeping on the ground ;
 You'd swear that Randal in his rustic strains,
 Again was quavering to the country swains,
 And changing without care of sound or dress,
 Strephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Bess.
 'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right ;
 For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite :
 Be their just writings, by the gods inspir'd,
 Your constant pattern practis'd and admir'd.
 By them alone you'll easily comprehend
 How poets, without shame, may condescend 260
 To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
 To stir up shepherds, and to tune the flute ;
 Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
 Daphne a tree, Narcissus made a flower,
 And by what means the Eclogue yet has power
 To make the woods worthy a conqueror :
 This of their writings is the grace and flight ;
 Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

ELEGY.

The Elegy that loves a mournful style,
 With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile,
 It paints the lovers' torments and delights,

A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites :
 But well these raptures if you'll make us see,
 You must know love as well as poetry.
 I hate those lukewarm authors, whose forc'd fire
 In a cold style describe a hot desire,
 That sigh by rule, and raging in cold blood
 Their sluggish muse whip to an amorous mood :
 Their feign'd transports appear but flat and vain,
 They always sigh, and always hug their chain,
 Adore their prison, and their sufferings bless,
 Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
 'Twas not of old in this affected tone,
 That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan ;
 Nor Ovid, when instructed from above, 285
 By nature's rules he taught the art of love.
 The heart in Elegies forms the discourse.

ODE.

The Ode is bolder, and has greater force.
 Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
 Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight ; 290
 Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
 And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course :
 To Simois' streams does fierce Achilles bring,
 And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
 Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee, 295
 And robs the flowers by nature's chemistry,
 Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and bliss,
 And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,
 When gently she resists with feign'd remorse,

That what she grants may seem to be by force :
 Her generous style at random oft will part,
 And by a brave disorder shows her art.
 Unlike those fearful poets, whose cold rhyme
 In all their raptures keep exactest time,
 That sing the illustrious hero's mighty praise 308
 (Lean writers !) by the terms of weeks and days ;
 And dare not from least circumstances part,
 But take all towns by strictest rules of art :
 Apollo drives those fops from his abode ;
 And some have said that, once the humorous god
 Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
 For the short Sonnet order'd this strict bound :
 Set rules for the just measure, and the time,
 The easy running and alternate rhyme ;
 But above all, those licenses denied 315
 Which in these writings the lame sense supplied ;
 Forbad a useless line should find a place,
 Or a repeated word appear with grace.
 A faultless Sonnet, finish'd thus, would be
 Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry. 320
 A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,
 Believe they have this only phoenix found :
 When yet the exactest scarce have two or three,
 Among whole tomes, from faults and censure free.
 The rest but little read, regarded less, 325
 Are shovell'd to the pastry from the press.
 Closing the sense within the measur'd time,
 'Tis hard to fit the reason to the rhyme.

EPIGRAM.

The Epigram, with little art compos'd,
 Is one good sentence in a distich clos'd. 330
 These points, that by Italians first were priz'd,
 Our ancient authors knew not, or despis'd :
 The vulgar dazzled with their glaring light,
 To their false pleasures quickly they invite ;
 But public favour so increas'd their pride, 335
 They overwhelm'd Parnassus with their tide.
 The Madrigal at first was overcome,
 And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom ;
 With these grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
 And mournful Elegy her funeral rites : 340
 A hero never fail'd them on the stage,
 Without his point a lover durst not rage ;
 The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
 True to his point, than faithful to their love.
 Each word like Janus had a double face : 345
 And prose, as well as verse, allow'd it place :
 The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his speech,
 The parson without quibbling could not preach.
 At last affronted reason look'd about,
 And from all serious matters shut them out : 350
 Declar'd that none should use them without shame,
 Except a scattering in the Epigram ;
 Provided that by art, and in due time
 They turn'd upon the thought, and not the rhyme.
 Thus in all parts disorders did abate : 355
 Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate :

Insipid jestures, and unpleasant fools,
 A corporation of dull punning drolls.
 'Tis not, but that sometimes a dexterous muse
 May with advantage a turn'd sense abuse, 364
 And on a word may trifle with address ;
 But above all avoid the fond excess ;
 And think not, when your verse and sense are lame,
 With a dull point to tag your Epigram.
 Each poem his perfection has apart ; 365
 The British round in plainness shows his art.
 The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,
 Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme ;
 The Madrigal may softer passions move,
 And breathe the tender ecstasies of love. 370
 Desire to show itself, and not to wrong,
 Arm'd Virtue first with Satire in its tongue.

SATIRE.

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,
 To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
 Protected humble goodness from reproach, 375
 Show'd worth on foot, and rascals in the coach,
 Horace his pleasing wit to this did add,
 And none uncensur'd could be fool or mad :
 Unhappy was that wretch, whose name might be
 Squar'd to the rules of their sharp poetry. 380
 Persius obscure, but full of sense and wit,
 Affected brevity in all he writ :
 And Juvenal, learned as those times could be,
 Too far did stretch his sharp hyperbole ;

Though horrid truths through all his labours shine,
 In what he writes there's something of divine,
 Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,
 Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
 Or that he makes the trembling senate come
 To the stern tyrant to receive their doom ; 390
 Or Roman vice in coarsest habits shows,
 And paints an empress reeking from the stews :
 In all he writes appears a noble fire ;
 To follow such a master then desire.
 Chaucer alone, fix'd on this solid base, 395
 In his old style conserves a modern grace :
 Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
 Offended not the method of our times.
 The Latin writers decency neglect ;
 But modern authors challenge our respect, 40
 And at immodest writings take offence,
 If clean expression cover not the sense.
 I love sharp Satire, from obscenity free ;
 Not impudence that preaches modesty :
 Our English, who in malice never fail, 405
 Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail ;
 Pleasant detraction, that by singing goes
 From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows :
 Our freedom in our poetry we see,
 That child of joy begot by liberty. 410
 But, vain blasphemers, tremble when you choose
 God for the subject of your impious muse :
 At last, those jests which libertines invent,
 Bring the lewd author to just punishment.

Even in a song there must be art and sense : 415
 Yet sometimes we have seen that wine, or chance,
 Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers
 mettle,

And furnish'd out a scene for Mr. Settle.
 But for one lucky hit that made thee please,
 Let not thy folly grow to a disease, 420
 Nor think thyself a wit : for in our age
 If a warm fancy does some fop engage,
 He neither eats nor sleeps till he has writ,
 But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
 Nay 'tis a wonder, if in his dire rage, 425
 He prints not his dull follies for the stage ;
 And in the front of all his senseless plays,
 Makes David Logan crown his head with bays.

CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

THERE'S not a monster bred beneath the sky,
 But, well-dispos'd by art, may please the eye :
 A curious workman by his skill divine,
 From an ill object makes a good design.
 Thus to delight us, Tragedy, in tears
 For Ædipus, provokes our hopes and fears :
 For parricide Orestes asks relief ; 435
 And to increase our pleasure causes grief.

You then that in this noble art would rise,
Come; and in lofty verse dispute the prize.
Would you upon the stage acquire renown,
And for your judges summon all the town? 440
Would you your works for ever should remain,
And after ages past be sought again?
In all you write, observe with care and art
To move the passions and incline the heart.
If in a labour'd act, the pleasing rage 445
Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,
Nor in our mind a feeling pity raise;
In vain with learned scenes you fill your plays:
Your cold discourse can never move the mind
Of a stern critic, naturally unkind; 450
Who justly tir'd with your pedantic flight,
Or falls asleep, or censures all you write.
The secret is, attention first to gain;
To move our minds, and then to entertain:
That from the very opening of the scenes, 455
The first may show us what the author means.
I'm tir'd to see an actor on the stage,
That knows not whether he's to laugh or rage;
Who, an intrigue unravelling in vain,
Instead of pleasing keeps my mind in pain. 460
I'd rather much the nauseous dunce should say
Downright, My name is Hector in the play;
Than with a mass of miracles, ill-join'd,
Confound my ears, and not instruct my mind.
The subject's never soon enough exprest; 465
Your place of action must be fix'd, and rest.

A Spanish poet may with good event,
 In one day's space whole ages represent ;
 There oft the hero of a wandering stage
 Begins a child, and ends the play of age : 470
 But we that are by reason's rules confin'd,
 Will, that with art the poem be design'd,
 That unity of action, time, and place,
 Keep the stage full, and all our labours grace.
 Write not what cannot be with ease conceiv'd ;
 Some truths may be too strong to be believ'd.
 A foolish wonder cannot entertain :
 My mind's not mov'd if your discourse be vain.
 You may relate what would offend the eye :
 Seeing, indeed, would better satisfy ; 480
 But there are objects that a curious art
 Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
 The mind is most agreeably surpris'd,
 When a well-woven subject long disguis'd,
 You on a sudden artfully unfold, 485
 And give the whole another face and mould.
 At first the Tragedy was void of art ;
 A song ; where each man danc'd and sung his part ;
 And of god Bacchus roaring out the praise
 Sought a good vintage for their jolly days : 490
 Then wine and joy were seen in each man's eyes,
 And a fat goat was the best singer's prize.
 Thespis was first, who, all besmear'd with lee,
 Began this pleasure for posterity :
 And with his carted actors, and a song, 495
 Amus'd the people as he pass'd along.

Next Æschylus the different persons plac'd,
 And with a better mask his players grac'd :
 Upon a theatre his verse express'd,
 And show'd his hero with a buskin dress'd. 500
 Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
 Increas'd the pomp and beauty of the stage,
 Engag'd the chorus song in every part,
 And polish'd rugged verse by rules of art :
 He in the Greek did those perfections gain, 505
 Which the weak Latin never could attain.
 Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,
 As impious and profane, abhorr'd the stage ;
 A troop of silly pilgrims, as 'tis said,
 Foolishly zealous, scandalously play'd, 510
 Instead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
 The angels, God, the virgin, and the saints.
 At last, right reason did his laws reveal,
 And show'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,
 Silenc'd those nonconformists of the age, 515
 And rais'd the lawful heroes of the stage :
 Only the Athenian mask was laid aside,
 And chorus by the music was supplied.
 Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
 Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts :
 This passion never could resistance find,
 But knows the shortest passage to the mind.
 Paint then, I'm pleas'd my hero be in love ;
 But let him not like a tame shepherd move ;
 Let not Achilles be like Thyrsis seen, 520
 Or for a Cyrus show an Artamen ;

That struggling oft his passions we may find,
 The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
 Of romance heroes shun the low design;
 Yet to great hearts some human frailties join : 530
 Achilles must with Homer's heat engage;
 For an affront I'm pleas'd to see him rage.
 Those little failings in your hero's heart
 Show that of man and nature he has part :
 To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd ; 535
 Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
 Æneas in religious rites austere,
 Keep to each man his proper character.
 Of countries and of times the humours know ;
 From different climates different customs grow :
 And strive to shun their fault who vainly dress
 An antique hero like some modern ass ;
 Who make old Romans like our English move,
 Show Cato sparkish, or make Brutus love.
 In a romance those errors are excus'd : 545
 There 'tis enough that, reading, we're amus'd :
 Rules too severe would there be useless found ;
 But the strict scene must have a juster bound :
 Exact decorum we must always find.
 If then you form some hero in your mind, 550
 Be sure your image with itself agree ;
 For what he first appears, he still must be.
 Affected wits will naturally incline
 To paint their figures by their own design :
 Your bully poets, bully heroes write : 555
 Chapman in Bussy D'Ambois took delight,

And thought perfection was to huff and fight.
 Wise nature by variety does please ;
 Clothe differing passions in a differing dress :
 Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears ; 560
 Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.
 Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
 And show a ranting grief upon the stage ;
 Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
 His sevenfold waters to the Euxine shore : 565
 These swoln expressions, this affected noise,
 Shows like some pedant that declaims to boys.
 In sorrow you must softer methods keep ;
 And to excite our tears yourself must weep.
 Those noisy words with which ill plays abound,
 Come not from arts that are in sadness drown'd.

The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
 Is a bold venture in our knowing times :
 An author cannot easily purchase fame ;
 Critics are always apt to hiss, and blame : 570
 You may be judg'd by every ass in town,
 The privilege is bought for half a crown.
 To please, you must a hundred changes try ;
 Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high :
 In noble thoughts must every where abound, 580
 Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound :
 To these you must surprising touches join,
 And show us a new wonder in each line ;
 That all, in a just method well-design'd,
 May leave a strong impression in the mind. 585
 These are the arts that tragedy maintain :

THE EPIC.

www.libtool.com.cn

But the Heroic claims a loftier strain.
 In the narration of some great design,
 Invention, art, and fable, all must join :
 Here fiction must employ its utmost grace ; 590
 All must assume a body, mind, and face :
 Each virtue a divinity is seen ;
 Prudence is Pallas, Beauty Paphos' queen.
 'Tis not a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly ;
 But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky : 595
 Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain ;
 But angry Neptune ploughing up the main :
 Echo's no more an empty airy sound ;
 But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
 Thus in the endless treasure of his mind 600
 The poet does a thousand figures find ;
 Around the work his ornaments he pours,
 And strows with lavish hand his opening flowers.
 'Tis not a wonder if a tempest bore
 The Trojan fleet against the Libyan shore ; 605
 From faithless fortune this is no surprise,
 For every day 'tis common to our eyes ;
 But angry Juno, that she might destroy,
 And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy :
 That Æolus with the fierce goddess join'd, 610
 Open'd the hollow prisons of the wind ;
 Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,
 Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves again,
 Their vessels from the dangerous quicksands steers ;

These are the springs that move our hopes and
 Without these ornaments before our eyes, [fears;
 The unsinew'd poem languishes and dies :
 Your poet in his art will always fail,
 And tell you but a dull insipid tale.
 In vain have our mistaken authors tried 620
 To lay these ancient ornaments aside,
 Thinking our God, and prophets that he sent,
 Might act like those the poets did invent,
 To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
 And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth, and Bel ; 625
 The mysteries which Christians must believe,
 Disdain such shifting pageants to receive :
 The gospel offers nothing to our thoughts
 But penitence, or punishment for faults ;
 And mingling falsehoods with those mysteries, 630
 Would make our sacred truths appear like lies.
 Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
 The howlings of repining Lucifer,
 Whose rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
 And oft with God himself disputes the prize ? 635
 Tasso you'll say has done it with applause ?
 It is not here I mean to judge his cause :
 Yet though our age has so extoll'd his name,
 His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
 If holy Godfrey in his ecstasies 640
 Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees ;
 If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form
 Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
 'Tis not, that Christian poems ought to be

Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry ; 51
But in a common subject to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect ;
To banish Tritons who the seas invade,
To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat, 650
To pass the shepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,
And search perfection you can never find :
As well they may forbid us to present
Prudence or Justice for an ornament, 655
To paint old Janus with his front of brass,
And take from Time his scythe, his wings and glass.
And every where as 'twere idolatry,
Banish descriptions from our poetry.
Leave them their pious follies to pursue ; 660
But let our reason such vain fears subdue :
And let us not, amongst our vanities,
Of the true God create a God of lies.
In fable we a thousand pleasures see,
And the smooth names seem made for poetry ;
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles :
In such a crowd, the poet were to blame
To choose king Chilperic for his hero's name.
Sometimes the name being well or ill applied, 670
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
Would you your reader never should be tir'd ?
Choose some great hero, fit to be admir'd,
In courage signal, and in virtue bright,

Let e'en his very failings give delight ; 675
 Let his great actions our attention bind,
 Like Cæsar, or like Scipio frame his mind,
 And not like Œdipus his perjur'd race ;
 A common conqueror is a theme too base.
 Choose not your tale of accidents too full ; 680
 Too much variety may make it dull :
 Achilles' rage alone when wrought with skill,
 Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
 Be your narrations lively, short, and smart ;
 In your descriptions show your noblest art : 685
 There 'tis your poetry may be employ'd ;
 Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.
 Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
 The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,
 Plac'd on the sides to see their armies pass, 690
 The fishes staring through the liquid glass ;
 Describ'd a child, who with his little hand,
 Pick'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.
 Such objects are too mean to stay our sight ;
 Allow your work a just and nobler flight. 695
 Be your beginning plain : and take good heed
 Too soon you mount not on the airy steed ;
 Nor tell your reader in a thund'ring verse,
 " I sing the conqueror of the universe."
 What can an author after this produce ? 700
 The labouring mountain must bring forth a mouse.
 Much better are we pleas'd with his address,
 Who, without making such vast promises,
 Says, in an easier style and plainer sense,

" I sing the combats of that pious prince, 705
 Who from the Phrygian coast his armies bore,
 And landed first on the Lavinian shore."
 His opening muse sets not the world on fire,
 And yet performs more than we can require :
 Quickly you'll hear him celebrate the fame 710
 And future glory of the Roman name ;
 Of Styx and Acheron describe the floods,
 And Cæsar's wandering in the Elysian woods :
 With figures numberless his story grace,
 And every thing in beauteous colours trace. 715
 At once you may be pleasing and sublime :
 I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme :
 I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,
 Than a dull author always stiff and stale,
 Who thinks himself dishonour'd in his style, 720
 If on his works the Graces do but smile.
 'Tis said, that Homer, matchless in his art,
 Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart :
 His works indeed vast treasures do unfold,
 And whatsoe'er he touches turns to gold : 725
 All in his hands new beauty does acquire ;
 He always pleases, and can never tire.
 A happy warmth he every where may boast ;
 Nor is he in too long digressions lost :
 His verses without rule a method find, 730
 And of themselves appear in order join'd :
 All without trouble answers his intent ;
 Each syllable is tending to the event.
 Let his example your endeavours raise :

To love his writings is a kind of praise. 735

A poem, where we all perfections find,
Is not the work of a fantastic mind;
There must be care, and time, and skill, and pains;
Not the first heat of unexperienc'd brains.

Yet sometimes artless poets, when the rage 740
Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
Puff'd with vain pride, presume they understand,
And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;
Their fustian muse each accident confounds;
Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds,
Till, their small stock of learning quickly spent,
Their poem dies for want of nourishment.

In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fool decries,
No branding censures can unveil his eyes;
With impudence the laurel they invade, 750
Resolv'd to like the monsters they have made.

Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry;
And Homer understood not poetry:
Against their merit if this age rebel,
To future times for justice they appeal. 755

But waiting till mankind shall do them right,
And bring their works triumphantly to light;
Neglected heaps we in bye-corners lay,
Where they become to worms and moths a prey;
Forget, in dust and cobwebs let them rest, 760
Whilst we return from whence we first digress'd.

The great success which tragic writers found,
In Athens first the comedy renown'd,
The abusive Grecian there, by pleasing ways

Dispers'd his natural malice in his plays : 765
 Wisdom and virtue, honour, wit, and sense,
 Were subject to buffooning insolence :
 Poets were publicly approv'd, and sought,
 That vice extoll'd, and virtue set at nought ;
 A Socrates himself in that loose age, 770
 Was made the pastime of a scoffing stage.
 At last the public took in hand the cause,
 And cur'd this madness by the power of laws ;
 Forbad at any time, or any place,
 To name the person, or describe the face. 775
 The stage its ancient fury thus let fall,
 And comedy diverted without gall :
 By mild reproofs recover'd minds diseas'd,
 And sparing persons innocently pleas'd.
 Each one was nicely shown in this new glass, 780
 And smil'd to think he was not meant the ass :
 A miser oft would laugh at first, to find
 A faithful draught of his own sordid mind ;
 And fops were with such care and cunning writ,
 They lik'd the piece for which themselves did sit.
 You then that would the comic laurels wear,
 To study nature be your only care :
 Whoe'er knows man, and by a curious art
 Discerns the hidden secrets of the heart ;
 He who observes and naturally can paint 790
 The jealous fool, the fawning sycophant,
 A sober wit, an enterprising ass,
 A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras ;
 May safely in those noble lists engage,

And make them act and speak upon the stage.
 Strive to be natural in all you write,
 And paint with colours that may please the sight.
 Nature in various figures does abound ;
 And in each mind are different humours found :
 A glance, a touch, discovers to the wise ; 800
 But every man has not discerning eyes.
 All-changing time does also change the mind ;
 And different ages different pleasures find :
 Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
 By flattering vice is easily led away ; 805
 Vain in discourse, inconstant in desire,
 In censure, rash ; in pleasures, all on fire.
 The manly age does steadier thoughts enjoy ;
 Power and ambition do his soul employ :
 Against the turns of fate he sets his mind ; 810
 And by the past the future hopes to find.
 Decrepit age still adding to his stores,
 For others heaps the treasure he adores ;
 In all his actions keeps a frozen pace ;
 Past times extols, the present to debase : 815
 Incapable of pleasures youth abuse,
 In others blames what age does him refuse.
 Your actors must by reason be controll'd ;
 Let young men speak like young, old men like old :
 Observe the town, and study well the court ; 820
 For thither various characters resort :
 Thus 'twas great Jonson purchas'd his renown,
 And in his art had borne away the crown ;
 If, less desirous of the people's praise,

He had not with low farce debas'd his plays ; 825
 Mixing dull buffoonery with wit refin'd,
 And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.
 When in the Fox I see the tortoise hist,
 I lose the author of the Alchymist.
 The comic wit, born with a smiling air, 830
 Must tragic grief and pompous verse forbear ;
 Yet may he not, as on a market-place,
 With bawdy jests amuse the populace :
 With well-bred conversation you must please,
 And your intrigue unravell'd be with ease : 835
 Your action still should reason's rules obey,
 Nor in an empty scene may lose its way.
 Your humble style must sometimes gently rise ;
 And your discourse sententious be, and wise :
 The passions must to nature be confin'd ; 840
 And scenes to scenes with artful weaving join'd.
 Your wit must not unseasonably play ;
 But follow business, never lead the way.
 Observe how Terence does this error shun ;
 A careful father chides his amorous son : 845
 Then see that son, whom no advice can move,
 Forget those orders, and pursue his love :
 'Tis not a well-drawn picture we discover :
 'Tis a true son, a father, and a lover.
 I like an author that reforms the age, 850
 And keeps the right decorum of the stage ;
 That always pleases by just reason's rule :
 But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
 Who with low nauseous bawdry fills his plays ;

Let him be gone, and on two trestles raise 855
 Some Smithfield stage, where he may act his
 pranks, www.libtool.com.cn
 And make Jack-Puddings speak to mountebanks.

CANTO IV.

IN Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
 The scourge of God, and terror of the town,
 Who all the cant of physic had by heart, 860
 And never murder'd but by rules of art.
 The public mischief was his private gain ;
 Children their slaughter'd parents sought in vain :
 A brother here his poison'd brother wept ;
 Some bloodless died, and some by opium slept.
 Colds, at his presence, would to frenzies turn ;
 And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
 Hated, at last, his practice gives him o'er ;
 One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his store,
 In his new country-house affords him place ; 870
 'Twas a rich abbot, and a building ass :
 Here first the doctor's talent came in play,
 He seems inspir'd, and talks like Wren or May :
 Of this new portico condemns the face,
 And turns the entrance to a better place ; 875
 Designs the staircase at the other end,
 His friend approves, does for his mason send :
 He comes ; the doctor's arguments prevail.

In short, to finish this our humorous tale,
 He Galen's dangerous science does reject, 880
 And from ill doctor turns good architect.

In this example we may have our part :
 Rather be mason, 'tis a useful art !
 Than a dull poet ; for that trade accurst,
 Admits no mean betwixt the best and worst. 885

In other sciences, without disgrace,
 A candidate may fill a second place ;
 But poetry no medium can admit,
 No reader suffers an indifferent wit :

The ruin'd stationers against him bawl, 890
 And Herringman degrades him from his stall.

Burlesque, at least our laughter may excite :
 But a cold writer never can delight.

The Counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
 Than the stiff formal style of Gondibert. 895

Be not affected with that empty praise
 Which your vain flatterers will sometimes raise,
 And when you read, with ecstasy will say,
 " The finish'd piece ! the admirable play !"
 Which, when expos'd to censure and to light, 900
 Cannot endure a critic's piercing sight.

A hundred authors' fates have been foretold,
 And Shadwell's works are printed, but not sold.
 Hear all the world ; consider every thought ;
 A fool by chance may stumble on a fault : 905

Yet, when Apollo does your muse inspire,
 Be not impatient to expose your fire ;
 Nor imitate the Settles of our times,

Those tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes.
Who seize on all the acquaintance they can meet,
And stop the passengers that walk the street :
There is no sanctuary you can choose
For a defence from their pursuing muse.
I've said before, be patient when they blame ;
To alter for the better is no shame. 915
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence :
Sometimes conceited sceptics, void of sense,
By their false taste, condemn some finish'd part,
And blame the noblest flights of wit and art.
In vain their fond opinions you deride, 920
With their lov'd follies they are satisfied ;
And their weak judgment, void of sense and light,
Thinks nothing can escape their feeble sight :
Their dangerous counsels do not cure, but wound ;
To shun the storm they run your verse aground,
And thinking to escape a rock, are drown'd. 926
Choose a sure judge to censure what you write,
Whose reason leads, and knowledge gives you light,
Whose steady hand will prove your faithful guide,
And touch the darling follies you would hide :
He, in your doubts, will carefully advise,
And clear the mist before your feeble eyes.
'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
A generous muse may sometimes take her flight ;
When too much fetter'd with the rules of art, 931
May from her stricter bounds and limits part :
But such a perfect judge is hard to see,
And every rhymer knows not poetry ;

Nay some there are for writing verse extoll'd,
 Who know not Lucan's dross from Virgil's gold.
 Would you in this great art acquire renown ?
 Authors, observe the rules I here lay down.
 In prudent lessons every where abound ;
 With pleasant join the useful and the sound :
 A sober reader a vain tale will slight ; 945
 He seeks as well instruction as delight.
 Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
 Still offering nobler figures to our mind :
 I like not those loose writers, who employ
 Their guilty muse, good manners to destroy ; 950
 Who with false colours still deceive our eyes,
 And show us vice dress'd in a fair disguise.
 Yet do I not their sullen muse approve,
 Who from all modest writings banish love ;
 That strip the play-house of its chief intrigue, 955
 And make a murderer of Roderigue :
 The lightest love, if decently exprest,
 Will raise no vitious motions in our breast.
 Dido in vain may weep, and ask relief ;
 I blame her folly, whilst I share her grief. 960
 A virtuous author, in his charming art,
 To please the sense needs not corrupt the heart :
 His heat will never cause a guilty fire :
 To follow virtue then be your desire.
 In vain your art and vigour are exprest ; 965
 The obscene expression shows the infected breast.
 But above all base jealousies avoid,
 In which detracting poets are employ'd.

A noble wit dares liberally commend ;
 And scorns to grudge at his deserving friend. 970
 Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
 Caballing still against it with the great,
 Maliciously aspire to gain renown,
 By standing up, and pulling others down.
 Never debase yourself by treacherous ways, 975
 Nor by such abject methods seek for praise :
 Let not your only business be to write ;
 Be virtuous, just, and in your friends delight.
 'Tis not enough your poems be admir'd ;
 But strive your conversation be desir'd : 980
 Write for immortal fame ; nor ever choose
 Gold for the object of a generous muse.
 I know a noble wit may, without crime,
 Receive a lawful tribute for his time :
 Yet I abhor those writers, who despise 985
 Their honour ; and alone their profits prize ;
 Who their Apollo basely will degrade,
 And of a noble science make a trade.
 Before kind reason did her light display,
 And government taught morals to obey, 990
 Men, like wild beasts, did nature's laws pursue,
 They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew :
 Their brutal force, on lust and rapine bent,
 Committed murder without punishment :
 Reason at last by her all-conquering arts, 995
 Reduc'd these savages, and tun'd their hearts ;
 Mankind from bogs, and woods, and caverns calls,
 And towns and cities fortifies with walls :

Thus fear of justice made proud rapine cease,
 And shelter'd innocence by laws and peace. 100

These benefits from poets we receiv'd,
 From whence are rais'd those fictions since believ'd,
 That Orpheus, by his soft harmonious strains,
 Tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains;
 Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers, 1005
 Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Theban
 towers :

These miracles from numbers did arise :
 Since which, in verse heaven taught his mysteries,
 And by a priest, possess'd with rage divine,
 Apollo spoke from his prophetic shrine. 1010
 Soon after Homer the old heroes prais'd,
 And noble minds by great examples rais'd ;
 Then Hesiod did his Grecian swains incline
 To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
 Thus useful rules were by the poets' aid, 1015
 In easy numbers to rude men convey'd,
 And pleasingly their precepts did impart ;
 First charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart :
 The muses thus their reputation rais'd,
 And with just gratitude in Greece were prais'd.
 With pleasure mortals did their wonders see,
 And sacrific'd to their divinity ;
 But want, at last, base flattery entertain'd,
 And old Parnassus with this vice was stain'd :
 Desire of gain dazzling the poets' eyes, 1025
 Their works were fill'd with fulsome flatteries.
 Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,

And verse became a mercenary trade.
 Debase not with so mean a vice thy art :
 If gold must be the idol of thy heart, 1030
 Fly, fly the unfruitful Heliconian strand,
 Those streams are not enrich'd with golden sand :
 Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
 Laurels and honours for their toil and pain :
 But what ? an author cannot live on fame, 1035
 Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name :
 A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
 Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd ;
 Takes little pleasure in Parnassus' dreams,
 Or relishes the Heliconian streams. 1040
 Horace had ease and plenty when he writ,
 And free from cares for money or for meat,
 Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
 'Tis true ; but verse is cherish'd by the great,
 And now none famish who deserve to eat : 1045
 What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and sense,
 Receive the stars' propitious influence ?
 When a sharp-sighted prince, by early grants
 Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants ?
 Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame ; 1050
 Your noblest theme is his immortal name.
 Let mighty Spenser raise his reverend head,
 Cowley and Denham start up from the dead ;
 Waller his age renew, and offerings bring ;
 Our monarch's praise let bright-ey'd virgins sing ;
 Let Dryden with new rules our stage refine, 1055
 And his great models form by this design :

But where's a second Virgil, to rehearse
 Our hero's glories in his epic verse?
 What Orpheus sing his triumphs o'er the main,
 And make the hills and forests move again; 1060
 Show his bold fleet on the Batavian shore,
 And Holland trembling as his cannons roar;
 Paint Europe's balance in his steady hand,
 Whilst the two worlds in expectation stand 1065
 Of peace or war, that wait on his command?
 But as I speak, new glories strike my eyes,
 Glories, which heaven itself does give, and prize
 Blessings of peace; that with their milder rays
 Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days: 1070
 Now let rebellion, discord, vice, and rage,
 That have in patriots' forms debauch'd our age,
 Vanish with all the ministers of hell:
 His rays their poisonous vapours shall dispel:
 'Tis he alone our safety did create, 1075
 His own firm soul secur'd the nation's fate,
 Oppos'd to all the *boute-feus* of the state.
 Authors for him your great endeavours raise;
 The loftiest numbers will but reach his praise.
 For me, whose verse in satire has been bred, 1080
 And never durst heroic measures tread;
 Yet you shall see me, in that famous field,
 With eyes and voice, my best assistance yield;
 Offer you lessons, that my infant muse
 Learnt, when she Horace for her guide did choose:
 Second your zeal with wishes, heart, and eyes,
 And afar off hold up the glorious prize.

But pardon too, if zealous for the right,
 A strict observer of each noble flight,
 From the fine gold I separate the alloy, 1090
 And show how hasty writers sometimes stray :
 Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend ;
 A sharp, but yet a necessary friend.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA, FOR THE DEATH
 OF DAMON.

A SONG.

ON a bank, beside a willow,
 Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
 Sad Amynta sigh'd alone ;
 From the cheerless dawn of morning
 Till the dews of night returning, 5
 Singing thus, she made her moan :
 Hope is banished,
 Joys are vanished,
 Damon, my beloved, is gone !

Time, I dare thee to discover 10
 Such a youth, and such a lover ;
 Oh, so true, so kind was he !
 Damon was the pride of nature,
 Charming in his every feature ;
 Damon lived alone for me : 15
 Melting kisses,
 Murmuring blisses ;
 Who so lived and loved as we !

Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never bless the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to restore :
 Never shall we both lie dying,
 Nature failing, love supplying
 All the joys he drained before.
 Death, come end me, 23
 To befriend me ;
 Love and Damon are no more.

A SONG.

SYLVIA, the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
 Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the green ;
 She had heard of a pleasure, and something she
 guest [breast.
 By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her
 She saw the men eager, but was at a loss, [close;
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so
 By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing, 10
 And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah! she cried, ah, for a languishing maid,
 In a country of Christians, to die without aid !
 Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
 Or a Protestant parson, or Catholic priest, 15

To instruct a young virgin, that is at a loss,
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so
 By their praying and whining, [close!
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing, 20
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close.

Cupid, in shape of a swain, did appear,
 He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near;
 Then showed her his arrow, and bid her not fear,
 For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear.
 When the balm was infused, she was not at a loss,
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so
 By their praying and whining, [close;
 And clasping and twining, 30
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close.

RONDELAÏ.

CHLOË found Amyntas lying,
 All in tears upon the plain,
 Sighing to himself, and crying,
 Wretched I, to love in vain!
 Kiss me, dear, before my dying; 5
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Sighing to himself, and crying,
 Wretched I, to love in vain!
 Ever scorning, and denying
 To reward your faithful swain. 10
 Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Ever scorning, and denying
 To reward your faithful swain.—
 Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 Told him, that he loved in vain.
 Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 Told him, that he loved in vain; 20
 But, repenting, and complying,
 When he kissed, she kissed again:
 Kissed him up before his dying;
 Kissed him up, and eased his pain.

THE TE DEUM.

THEE, Sovereign God, our grateful accents praise;
 We own thee Lord, and bless thy wondrous ways;
 To thee, Eternal Father, earth's whole frame,
 With loudest trumpets, sounds immortal fame.
 Lord God of Hosts! for thee the heavenly powers
 With sounding anthems, fill the vaulted towers.

Thy Cherubims thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, cry ;
 Thrice Holy, all the Seraphims reply,
 And thrice returning echoes endless songs supply.
 Both heaven and earth thy majesty display ; 10
 They owe their beauty to thy glorious ray.
 Thy praises fill the loud apostles' choir ;
 The train of prophets in the song conspire.
 Legions of martyrs in the chorus shine,
 And vocal blood with vocal music join. 15
 By these thy church, inspired by heavenly art,
 Around the world maintains a second part ;
 And tunes her sweetest notes, O God, to thee,
 The Father of unbounded majesty ;
 The Son, adored co-partner of thy seat, 20
 And equal everlasting Paraclete.
 Thou king of Glory, Christ, of the most high
 Thou co-eternal filial Deity ;
 Thou who, to save the world's impending doom,
 Vouchsaf'st to dwell within a virgin's womb ; 25
 Old tyrant Death disarm'd, before thee flew
 The bolts of heaven, and back the foldings drew,
 To give access, and make thy faithful way ;
 From God's right hand thy filial beams display.
 Thou art to judge the living and the dead ; 30
 Then spare those souls for whom thy veins have
 O take us up amongst thy bless'd above, [bled.
 To share with them thy everlasting love.
 Preserve, O Lord ! thy people, and enhance
 Thy blessing on thine own inheritance. 35
 For ever raise their hearts, and rule their ways,

Each day we bless thee, and proclaim thy praise ;
 No age shall fail to celebrate thy name,
 No hour neglect thy everlasting fame.
 Preserve our souls, O Lord, this day from ill ; 40
 Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy still :
 As we have hoped, do thou reward our pain ;
 We've hoped in thee—let not our hope be vain.

HYMN FOR ST. JOHN'S EVE.

O SYLVAN prophet ! whose eternal fame
 Echoes from Judah's hills and Jordan's stream ;
 The music of our numbers raise,
 And tune our voices to thy praise.

A messenger from high Olympus came 5
 To bear the tidings of thy life and name ;
 And told thy sire each prodigy
 That heaven designed to work in thee.

Hearing the news, and doubting in surprise,
 His falt'ring speech in fettered accent dies ; 10
 But Providence, with happy choice,
 In thee restored thy father's voice.

In the recess of nature's dark abode,
 Though still inclosed, yet knewest thou thy God !
 Whilst each glad parent told and blest 15
 The secrets of each other's breast.

www.libtool.com.cn

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE FAIR AND VIRTUOUS LADY

MRS. ANASTASIA STAFFORD,

WITH THAT TRULY WORTHY AND PIOUS GENT.

GEORGE HOLMAN, ESQ.

I.

WHEN nature, in our northern hemisphere,
 Had shorten'd day-light, and deform'd the year;
 When the departing sun
 Was to our adverse tropic run;
 And fair St. Lucy, with the borrow'd light,
 Of moon and stars, had lengthen'd night:
 What more then summer's dayslipt in by chance,
 To beautify the calendar?
 What made a spring, in midst of winter to
 advance, 10
 And the cold seasons leap into a youthful dance,
 To rouse the drooping year?
 Was this by miracle, or did they rise
 By the bright beams of Anastasia's eyes?
 To light our frozen clime, 15
 And, happily for us, mistook their time?
 'Twas so, and 'twas imported in her name;
 From her, their glorious resurrection came,
 And she renew'd their perish'd flame.
 The God of nature did the same: 20

His birth the depth of winter did adorn,
 And she, to marriage then, her second birth was
 Her pious family, in every state, [born.
 Their great Redeemer well can imitate.
 They have a right in heaven, an early place ;
 The beauteous bride is of a martyr's race :
 And he above, with joy looks down.
 I see, I see him blaze with his immortal crown. /
 He, on her nuptials, does his beams dispense,
 Blessing the day with better influence ; . 30
 He looks from heaven with joy, and gives her joy
 from thence.

11.

Now, let the reasonable beast, call'd man ;
 Let those, who never truly scan
 The effects of sacred Providence,
 But measure all by the gross rules of sense ;
 Let those look up and steer their sight,
 By the great Stafford's light.
 The God that suffer'd him to suffer here,
 Rewards his race, and blesses them below,
 Their father's innocence and truth to show ;
 To show he holds the blood of martyrs dear :
 He crown'd the father with a deathless diadem ;
 And all the days from him he took,
 He number'd out in his eternal book :
 And said, let these be safely kept for them, 45
 The long descendants of that hallow'd stem.
 To dry the mournful widow's tears,

Let all those days be turn'd to years,
 And all those years be whiten'd too :
 Still some new blessing let 'em bring, 50
 To those who from my martyr spring ;
 Still let them bloom, and still bestow
 Some new content upon his race below.
 Let their first revolution
 Bestow a bride upon his darling son, 55
 And crown those nuptials with a swift increase,
 Such as the emptied ark did bless :
 Then, as the storms are more allay'd,
 And waves decay'd,
 Send out the beauteous blooming maid : 60
 And let that virgin dove bring to her house again,
 An olive branch of peace, in triumph o'er the
 main. [joy ?
 For whom, ye heavens ! have ye reserv'd this
 Let us behold the man you chose :
 How well you can your cares employ, 65
 And to what arms your maid dispose :
 Your maid, whom you have chang'd but cannot
 Chang'd as the morn into the day, [lose :
 As virgin snow that melts away,
 And, by its kindly moisture, makes new flowers
 to grow. 70
 See then, a bridegroom worthy such a bride !
 Never was happy pair so fitly tied
 Never were virtues more allied ;
 United in a most auspicious hour—
 A martyr's daughter weds a confessor ! 75

When innocence and truth became a crime
 By voluntary banishment,
 He left our sacrilegious clime,
 And to a foreign country went ;
 Or rather, there, by Providence was sent :
 For Providence design'd him to reside,
 Where he, from his abundant stock,
 Might nourish God's afflicted flock,
 And, as his steward, for their wants provide.
 A troop of exiles on his bounty fed, 85
 They sought, and found with him their daily
 bread ;
 As the larger troop increas'd, the larger table spread.
 The cruise ne'er emptied, nor the store
 Decreas'd the more ; [own stead.
 For God supplied him still to give, who gave in God's
 Thus, when the raging dearth
 Afflicted all the Egyptian earth ;
 When scanty Nile no more his bounty dealt,
 And Jacob, even in Canaan, famine felt ;
 God sent a Joseph out before ; 95
 His father and his brethren to restore :
 Their sacks were fill'd with corn, with generous
 wine
 Their souls refresh'd their ebbing store,
 Still when they came, supplied with more,
 And doubled was their corn : 100
 Joseph himself by giving, greater grew,
 And from his loins a double tribe increas'd the
 chosen crew.

www.libtool.com.cn
TO MATILDA.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR MARRIAGE.

WHEN first, in all thy youthful charms,
 And dazzling beauty's pride,
 Heighten'd by infant Love's alarms
 The nuptial knot was tied,
 Which gave thee to my longing arms, 5
 A blooming, blushing bride :

Entranced in Hymen's blissful bowers,
 We hail'd each rising sun,
 While winged with joy the rosy hours
 In ecstasy flew on ; 10
 And still we blest the heavenly powers,
 Who join'd our hearts in one.

Now, as with fairy-footed tread,
 Time steals our years away,
 Thy mildly-beaming virtues spread 15
 Soft influence o'er life's way ;
 Insuring to our peaceful shed,
 Love's bliss without decay.

THE END.

www.libtool.com.cn

5-