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Juvenal Book 2nd: Satire 6th: Englished Against Women

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Juvenal Book 2nd:
Satire 6th: Englished
Against Women

It has been fabled (and it may be so,)
 That *Chastity* resided once below;
 But t'was when *Saturn* o'er the World had sway,
 And *Men* in subterraneous Caverns lay;
 Where, with their House-hold Gods, they Cattle kept,
 And under one dark Roof together slept.
 When the good-wife – (what different cares engage
 The *Cynthias*, and the *Lesbias*, of our age,
 Who, if a *Sparrow* or a *Monkey* dies,
 With Tears efface the lustre of their eyes) 10

When the good-Wife, on barren Mountains bred,
 With skins of Beasts and leaves prepared the bed;
 And at her prominent, unwieldy Breast,
 Of bulk much fitter to be tapp'd, than prest,
 With ever-running streams of wholesome food,
 Nourish'd with pleasure her *Gigantic* brood;
 Whilst by her side (tho' hideous to the sight)
 Her windy Husband belch'd and snor'd all night.
 But then, indeed, the World was fresh and young,
 The Sky above Men's heads but lately hung; 20

For whether on the teeming *Oak* they grew,
 Or from the quick'ning *Mud* existence <drew,>
 No *Sires* they had, no *Laws* their steps to guide,
 Nature and common *Reason* both supplied.
 Some traces yet of *Chastity* remain'd,
 When *Jove*, but *Jove* as yet unbearded, reign'd;
 Long e're the *Grecian* policy began,
 With new-invented Oaths to fetter *Man*;
 When none were taught (a custom then unknown)
 To swear by others' heads, or by their own; 30

Blest age! when *Truth* spoke only from the heart,
 And *Men* were *honest* without help of *art*!
 When what their common parent *Earth* produc'd,
 Each, as his wants requir'd, as freely us'd;
 No thieves to pilfer from the *public Store* –

31–4. These four lines not in the original but rising out of the Subject [P's note].

No bolts or bars to shut the cabbin-door –
In open *Huts* they slept, on *Pulse* they fed,
The *Sky* their *Canopy*, the *Earth* their *Bed*.

But as the World grew more and more refin'd,
From *Justice Men* insensibly declin'd; 40
Her *Laws* disclaim'd, *Astræa* fled away,
And *Chastity* on *Earth* no more wou'd stay;
For 'tis no modern crime, my Friend, to stain
The *Genial Bed*, and break the *Nuptial chain*;
All other crimes the *Iron Age* produc'd,
The *Sex* was ever prone to be abus'd;
The *Silver-Age* which follow'd that of *Gold*,
Saw *Cuckoldom* in Capitals inscroll'd.

And yet, oh! *Posthumus*, thou seek'st a Wife,
A partner in an age like this, for Life! 50
The *Ring* perhaps is bought, the *Cloaths* bespoke,
The *Contract* sign'd, which nothing can revoke;
Already on thy *Chin* the *Barber* tries
His skill, and trims thee for the Sacrifice.
Has *Posthumus* his Wits, and will he wed?
What sudden fury has disturb'd his head?
Is there no *Rope*, no *Bridge*, no *Window* nigh,
Where thou mayst hang, or drown, or fairly die?
Or, if thou yet would'st live – No pathic B—
Whom thou mayst freely, as thou lik'st, enjoy? 60
One who with broils will not disturb thy rest,
Nor plague thee nightly for some fond request;
Who never counts thy sighs, as *Women* will,
But moves when bid, and when forbid lies still.

But *Posthumus* approves the *Julian Law*,
Children unborn his fond affections draw;
He wants an Heir, and willingly forgoes
The presents each *Hæredipete* bestows;
The mighty *Turtle* that all *Fish* excels –
The *bearded Mullett* which so dearly sells – 70
Whatever dainties the full *Market* vends,
And each *Will-hunter* to his *Patron* sends.

68. Hæredipete] Legacy-hunter (*heredium* + *petere*). Not in Juvenal but from Schrevelius at 38–9. The word is not recorded in *OED*, and its cognates 'heredipety', 'heredipitous' are unrecorded before the mid-nineteenth century.

Let *Miracles* henceforth full credit gain,
If ever *Posthumus* puts on the chain;
If he, whom *Comic Bards* so oft have play'd,
So oft a public Spectacle have made,
When in a Basket hid he fill'd the Stage,
And artfully escaped the *Husband's* rage;
If he, the noted *Stallion* of the Town,
To take the bit in, stoops thus tamely <down.> 80

But *Posthumus* would have a *virtuous Wife* –
Bleed him, ye *Doctors*, and preserve his Life!
What – in so lewd an age, expect to find
Morals beyond the pitch of Woman-kind!
Bend rather, *Posthumus*, and *Jove* adore,
If thou escape, the *Husband's* Lot, a *Whore*.
To *Juno's* shrine, a milk-white *Heifer* bring,
And crown the *Victim* with a golden *Ring*;
Then pay thy grateful thanks, and bless thy Lot
If chance bestows a *Wife* without a spot; 90
For search the Sex, and find out one so pure,
Whom *Ceres* in her Temple can endure;
Find one whose blood is so subdu'd and tame, {J. 50}
Whom ev'n a Father's kiss shall not inflame:
Then all thy doors with flow'ry Garlands grace,
And Ivy branches on the Threshold place.

“But *Iberine's* temper is not such –
“One Man would be enough, perhaps too much” –
One Man enough! One Eye as soon wou'd do
For Woman, when she has the choice of two. 100
“But *Country Ladies* have some sense of shame” –
Country or *City*-bred – 'tis just the same.
'Tis not the place where she was born or bred,
That can secure the future Husband's head;
Can she be said with *Chastity* to live,
Because a *Farm* temptations cannot give?
Let her to *Gabii* or *Fidenæ* come,
Or try the pleasures of imperial *Rome*;
There let her live unsullied, if she can,

94. Apparently a misreading of the Latin, which means ‘whose kisses a father would not fear’; cp. Dryden’s ‘Few whom their fathers dare salute’ (73). The sense given by Schrevelius (at 51) is of fathers withholding kisses from badly behaved daughters.

And be contented with a single *Man*. 110
 But tho' the danger may be greater here,
 A *Farm-bred Wife* may furnish cause for fear;
 Bleak *Hills* and *Caverns* are not yet so cold,
 Nor are great *Jupiter*, and *Mars*, quite old.
 To *Temples* go, to *Theaters* repair –
 Is there one single *Woman* worth thy care?
 One, for a *Wife* whom thou may'st safely take,
 Whom thou wou'd'st cull and chuse for her own sake?
 Take one from *Thuscia* or *Apulia* bought,
 How soon the rude, unpolish'd Thing is taught! 120
 The nimble *Dancer* now ascends the *Stage*,
 His wanton gestures ev'ry sense engage,
 Each various posture, which the *Dance* displays,
 Their artless Sensibility betrays.
 One leaks as on the bench she gaping sits,
 Another howls and grins, as if in fits;
 A third each motion follows with her eyes,
 And ecchoes to each motion with her sighs.
 Each learns at sight – from knowledge practice flows,
 The *Novice* a consummate *Adept* grows. 130
 Others there are, who when the *Shews* give o're,
 Handle the *Vestments* which the *Actors* wore;
 And, quite impatient at their long recess,
 Assume their parts, and in their *Habits* dress.
 The *Vine-crown'd* spear he trail'd with so much grace,
 The personating *Mask* upon his face,
 His very *Breeches* (tho' they leave them bare)
 Upon their naked *Thighs* they love to wear.
Ælia, who has no relish for the *Grave*,
 Will *Attellanic* verses only have; 140
 Too poor to purchase what her *Lust* might cool,
 She turns ev'n *Lust* itself to ridicule.
 Others, whom the lewd *Mimic's* postures fire,
 Able and willing too, to pay his hire,
 Brook no delay, but bid him strait untie
 His *Points*, and with them in that moment lie.
 Others again, who languish for a *Voice*,
 Deprive themselves of their own proper choice;
 And tho' upon his melting sounds they doat,
 Will cool their *Letch'ry*, tho' they crack his throat. 150
 The buskin'd *Hero* charms *Hispulla's* heart,

Oh! with what energy he plays his part!
How must he touch! How please! How move her Soul,
When in her Arms intranc'd he plays his *Roll*!

Say then, since such rich objects *Women* move,
What *Man* of sense, or worth, can they approve?
Who weds a *Wife* but weds her, to enjoy
The common *Mistress* of some *singing Boy* –
Some *Harper's*, *Wrestler's Trull*, to cross his breed,
And be his *Children's Father* in his stead. 160
Then, like our fellow-Players of the age,
Let us within our *Houses* raise a *Stage*,
With Laurel branches crown our folding Doors,
Our Beds with *Nets*, with *Carpets* spread our Floors,
Then, like fam'd *Lentulus*, in our *Babe's* face,
The features of some rough *Gladiator* trace.

See how her *Senator* rank *Hippia* leaves,
And to her brawny *Gladiator* cleaves;
Egypt receives the Strumpet on her shore,
And blushes at so exquisite a *Whore*. 170
Her *Cities* cannot parallel her mind,
And own, in *Vice* she leaves them all behind.
While she, regardless of her *Children's* Tears,
Their moving Innocence, and tender Years,
Forsakes her *Husband*, *Sister*, *House*, *Estate*,
Her *Country*, and the ties that on it wait,
And (dearer still than her own native home)
Leaves *Paris* and the *Spectacles of Rome*.

Yet she, tho' bred in affluence and ease,
Whose only study was her Taste to please, 180
Who from her *Cradle* was at wish supplied,
With ev'ry thing to feed her state and pride;
(For educated thus, each high-born Dame
Holds as the least of losses, loss of fame)
Fearless the dangers of each Sea will try,
Content with whom she loves to live and die.
But on some honest purpose bid them go,
What fear! what dread! what terror do they show!
No office of their limbs can they command,

152–4. These four [i.e. three] lines, not in the original but rising out of the Subject [P's note]. 'Roll': 'role'.

178. Paris] A famous Actor in Rome [P's note].

They shake, and cannot move a foot, or hand. 190
 Yet, howe'er base, let *Pleasure* be their view,
 How boldly what they wish for, will they do!

"Come, climb the Ship, My Dear" – The Husband cries,
 A sudden dizziness attacks her Eyes;
 How foul the *Water* smells, how thick the air!
 Can her weak *Stomach* such disorders bear!
 But let the lov'd *Adult're*r on her call,
 Her *Stomach's* strong enough to bear it all. {J. 100}
 One with the *Men* will mess – The Yards will brace –
 The other *Vomit* in her *Husband's* face. 200

But say, what Youth, what *Beauty* could engage?
 What warm lewd *Hippia* to such height of rage?
 What could she see, that she should thus disclaim
 Her *Husband's* for a base *Gladiator's* name?
 For *Sergius* was not young – His *Beard* was shav'd –
 His *Arms* the *Sword's* keen point for Years had brav'd –
 His *Face* was hideous – On his front he bore
 The *Helmet's* marks which on his head he wore;
 A monstrous *Tumor* from his *Nostrils* grew,
 And his Eyes rop'd with ever-running glew. 210
 But *Sergius* was a *Bruiser* – That alone
 Can make an *Hyacinth* of Skin and Bone;
 That great Prerogative that more endears
 Than *Children's*, *Sister's*, *Husband's*, *Country's* tears;
 For 'tis not *Beauty* singly that can move –
 The heart of *Iron* is the thing they love;
 The fierce, the Savage temper steep'd in grain,
 Untouch'd by pity, unsubdu'd by pain.
Sergius, no longer on the public Scene,
 Had just as hateful as *Vejento* been. 220

But what is this? A petty, trifling part!
 A wanton sally of an am'rous heart!
 Enlarge the *Circle*! Rise to *Royal Life*,
 And hear what *Claudius* suffer'd from his <Wife.>
 Scarcely *Imperial Caesar* shuts his Eyes,
 When to the *Brothel Messalina* flies;
 A Matt, or Bed of Straw, more welcome there,
 Than Beds of State, however rich or rare!

210. *rop'd*] 'formed into viscous threads' (*OED*, 'roped', *ppl. a.*, 1a).

211. Bruiser] prize-fighter. Cp. the more general sense of 645, below.

A Strumpet's Mantle o'er her Shoulders thrown,
A tour of yellow hair to hide her own, 230
One single Maid attends her to the place,
Disguising, as she walks the Street, her face.
Behold her now – the better to inflame –
Assume some noted prostitute's great name;
And to her Cell, which as her own she hires,
Yet reeking with impurity, retires;
And now, fierce transports eager to excite,
She bares her beauteous *Bosom* to the sight;
Nor blushes ev'n that sacred part to show,
Where thou, *Britannicus*, first Life did'st know! 240
Half-naked now, and wild with burning rage,
She yet a price will for her charms engage;
Her am'rous *Dalliance* no distinction makes,
The first who bids the Sum, possession takes.
At length, the hour for her departure come,
When night far-spent sends ev'ry Strumpet home;
The marks of *Lust* still glowing on her skin,
All foul without, and ting'ling yet within;
She sighs – and willing still some time to stay –
Cannot persuade herself to go away; 250
At last, compell'd from her rank *Cell* she starts,
And tir'd, but not yet satisfied, departs;
Where, foul with ev'ry stench that can disgust,
Raving, and mad'ning, still, with unquench'd Lust,
With glowing *Cheeks*, and with disorder'd face,
She mounts the Royal Bed, and scents the place;
And on *Great Caesar*, robb'd of his repose,
The filthy Leavings of a *Stew* bestows!
But these are crimes which *Lust*, mere Lust, will teach;
Far, far beyond, their other passions reach; 260
Bond-Slaves to *Temper*, to its dictates true,
What will they not, when *Temper* urges, do!
Mark, when their am'rous *Philters* they prepare,

230. *tour*] Perhaps 'a crescent front of false hair' (*OED*, 'tour', *sb.* 4). Schrevelius at 120 envisages hair piled up on the head. Compare 882, below.

248. For the 'without'/'within' contrast, not present in Juvenal's Latin, Popple may have recalled Dryden: 'All Filth without, and all a-Fire within' (184).

259–62. These four lines not in the Original, but introductive of what follows [P's note].

How close they watch the drippings of the Mare!
With what deep art the poison'd Cup they fill,
An *Husband*, or a *Son in law*, to kill!
What *Charms*, what *Incantations* they employ,
When *hate*, *revenge*, or *anger*, bids destroy!
White is her Soul whom tend'rer Passions move –
No Passion half so innocent as *Love*. 270

“This may hit some – But try the numbers round –
“Sure one good *Woman* may at last be found!
“*Cesennia's* Virtue fix'd her *Husband's* choice,
“Her conduct has the public's, and his, voice.” –
Cesennia brought a *Fortune* to his arms,
Who brings a *Fortune* wants no other charms;
He weigh'd her *Virtue* by her weight in *Gold*;
The Man was not in *Love*, but fairly sold –
The splendid *Dow'r* obfuscated his *Eye* –
Wealth lit the *Torch*, and bad the *Arrow* fly. 280
Who weds a *Miser*, only pays her Fees,
To be a down right *Widow* when she <please.>

But other causes may to *Love* excite,
Sertorius lov'd his *Bibula* at sight.
He did, 'tis true – for *Bibula* was fair,
The *Face* did all – The *Wife* had little share –
For let but three small Wrinkles mark her face,
Or *Age* the Muscles of her Skin unbrace;
Let some sharp humor her sound Teeth decay,
Or her once sparkling Eyes but dimly play; 290
“March, march” (the freed-Man cries) “My Lord commands –
“Already you grow stale upon our hands –
“Your *Nose* is never dry – You make us sick –
“Begone I say – Nay, no resistance – quick –
“We have another younger in our view,
“Whose *Nose* may yet be dry, a year or two.”
While she, unconscious of impairing Years,
Affecting *Youth*, at home still domineers;
Asks *Sheep* and *Cattle* to supply her *Board*, {J. 150}
And *Wine*, the best *Falernian Grapes* afford; 300
How small a Boon is this – a piece of ground,
Cost what it will, must for her use be found;

264. Schrevelius at 132 explains Juvenal's *Hippomanes* as a poison exuded by sexually excited mares.

A quantity of *Slaves* must now be brought –
An *Overseer* by whom they may be taught –
Nothing too rare in *Silk*, *Brocade* or *Stuff* –
Her neighbor has them – is not that enough?
No peace – if any *Bawble* strikes her eye;
Shall she want anything which Gold can buy?
Let other *Merchants* live at home at ease,
Nor tempt, while *Winter* rages, boist'rous Seas; 310
No *Season* stops, no arguments avail,
The *Ship* is fitted, and the fool must sail.
Each distant *Region* he must tread, to find
Crystal or *Porcelaine Vases* to her mind;
Cups of all sorts, with costly *Gems* inlaid,
And *Goblets* of the *Tears* of *Myrrh-Trees* made;
Nay, if she asks for *Berenice's* ring,
It must be purchas'd from *Judæa's King*;
Who, *Slave* to *custom* (as their *Scriptures* say),
Bare-footed celebrates their *Sabbath Day*; 320
Whilst *Hoggs* more honor'd than the *Sov'reign Prince*,
The folly of their holy *Rites* evince;
For these from daily pastime never cease,
But live each day alike, and die in peace.
“What, none, among such numbers to be found!
“What, none, in *Principles*, and *Morals*, sound!”
Not one, my *Friend* – allow her ev'ry grace,
Let her descend from an *illustrious race* –
Rich – decent – fruitfull – beyond fancy fair –
And chaste as uncomb'd *Sabine Matrons* were; 330
(Tho such a *Woman* seen on *Earth* wou'd be
A *coal-black Swan* – a very *Prodigy*.)
Yet say, however mild, what *Husband* cou'd
Endure a *Wife* superlatively good?
Rather from *Venusinum* let me take
A *Wife*, whom to my humor I might break,
Than one who from a race of *Heroes* springs,
And for her *Dow'r*, their mighty *Actions* brings.
Not thou, *Cornelia*, tho' thy virtues blaze
Above the reach of *Envy* or of *Praise*, 340

312. Dryden (224) makes the merchant the wife's supplier. Popple, led by Schrevelius at Juvenal's 153ff., seems to make him the husband. In modern interpretations of Juvenal's passage he is neither.

Not thou, with ev'ry *Virtue* in thy pow'r,
Could to thy *Husband* give one happy <Hour,>
If with their *Lustre* thou putt'st on the frown,
That humbled *Syphax*, and pull'd *Carthage* down.
Hence, then, great Mother of the *Gracchi*, hence;
At home such wrangling *Virtues* give offence;
Nor *Hannibal*, nor *Syphax* there we know –
Hence – hence – and with thee *all thy Carthage* go.

“Spare, *Phæbus*, spare (distrest *Amphion* cries),
“Hold back thy darts, great Goddess of the *Skies* – 350

“My *Boys* have nothing done – My Children spare –
“Let *Niobe* who sinn'd, your anger bear.”

In vain – The *Mother's* pride had doom'd their fall –
Apollo and *Diana* slew them all;

Their *Children* kill'd for grief, *Amphion* died,
And *Niobe* in *Marble* weeps her pride.

Her pride – in Heav'n no equal to allow –

On *Earth* – to be more pregnant than a *Sow*.

Say then, my Friend, since Pride so taints the mind,

What joy in *Wedlock* can a *Husband* find? 360

What joy to him, tho' bless'd with ev'ry grace,

If still she throws those blessings in his face;

For where *pride* once the *mind* and *body* stains,

The *sweet* flies off, the *bitterness* remains.

And not one *Husband* to himself can say,

“I do not **hate my Wife sev'n hours a day.**”

Some faults indeed are small – it may be so –

But faults are faults, and these **no Wife shou'd show.**

What sounds more jarring to a *Husband's* *Mind*,>

Than blust'ring *Greek* at ev'ry turn to <find?> 370

For now the fashion is to *gabble Greek*,

And in their *Mother tongue* forget to speak;

No *Woman* now esteems her fair or young,

Unless *Greek Accents* trickle from her *Tongue*;

And tho' 'tis height of impudence and shame,

The Language *Nature* gave them, they disclaim!

All must be *Greek* – Grief, Anger, Terror, Care –

Their very *Joys* the *Grecian garb* must wear;

The secret over flowings of the heart

In *Greek* they to their *Confidants* impart; 380

Nay! when they give and take the fond *Caress*,

Greek Aspirations must their *Joys* express.

But this, indeed, when *Youth* and *Beauty* fire,
May quicken *Transport*, and fresh warmth inspire;
But when *old age* has snow'd upon the head,
And ev'ry *charm* that shou'd excite is fled,
How sweetly sounds, when the fond minute comes,
ΖΩΗ`ΚΑΙ`ΨΥΧΗ`, from her toothless Gums!
Yet she, delighted with the pleasing sound,
ΖΩΗ`ΚΑΙ`ΨΥΧΗ`'s her acquaintance round. 390
Yet tho' soft words to am'rous rage excite,
And softest touches cannot more delight;
Tho' far beyond *Carpophorus* his throat,
Or *Hemus*, when he swells the trilling Note,
Her *Voice* should charm – her wrinkled face wou'd prove
A sov'reign *Antidote* against her love;
Her Lover's wings would droop – his pride decay,
And all her promis'd joys dissolve away.
But if thou lov'st not whom thou seek'st <to wed,> {J. 200}
Why bring such cost and trouble on thy <head?> 400
Why ev'ry customary *Gift* prepare,
To grace the *Feast* thy *Guests* alone will share?
If, still more void of sense, thou lov'st thy Wife,
Prepare to be a bond-Slave all thy Life;
For 'tis the constant *maxim* of the Sex,
To *trample* on the most submissive necks;
No *Woman* that once found her Husband lov'd,
To any sense of duty yet was mov'd.
Nay, 'tis their joy, tho' doating to excess,
To wring his heart, and make his Fortunes less; 410
“No *Man* should marry, then” – He least of all,
Whose very Qualities for *Marriage* call;
To one in whom such Qualities we see,
Nothing more useless than a *Wife* can be.
What Husband dare, unless his Wife consent,
The *smallest Gift* to any *Friend* present?
To buy or sell, and not consult her will –
No – No – at home she will be Mistress still.
His very *passions*, and *affections* too,
Must, from her will, receive the proper cue. 420

393–4. *Carpophorus* ... *Hemus*] Two famous actors in Rome [P's note].

401. Vide note in locum Schrev: Juv: [P's note]. Schrevelius (at 203) explains that it was customary to send new brides a charger filled with coin.

"What, see a Friend, if I dislike the Man!

"Bear it who will, for me – *I never can!*"

What *Man* so infamous, but may by *Law*,

His *Will*, or *Testament*, at pleasure draw?

What Husband dare – The *Will* the *Wife* must make,

And those, who wrong thee most, thy Fortune <take.>

"Hang up that *Slave*" – "What has he done, my dear?

"What proofs of guilt – what Witnesses appear?

"In cases where the Life the debt must pay,

"No respite can be constru'd long delay." 430

"No respite can – are *Slaves* like other *Men*? –

"Suppose the wretch has nothing done, what then?" –

"Hang him, and if you ask the reason – know –

"It is my pleasure, and it shall be so."

But not content with pow'r unless it spread,

They quit one Husband, and another wed;

Then to their former back again return,

And whom they chuse to day, to morrow spurn;

The boughs yet green that grac'd the Second's door,

The marriage-veil as spotless as before. 440

Thus changing still, from *Man* to *Man* they fly,

And eight (for more the *Law* refuses) try.

Oh! what a *Scroll* to grave upon her *Tomb*!

Here lies – **Who held eight Husbands in her Womb.**

If in thy House a step-Mother should live

(What greater curse can adverse Fortune give!)

Expect no peace – Thy well instructed Wife,

Aided by her, will be a plague for Life;

Practic'd herself in ev'ry wicked art,

Her cunning to thy Wife she will impart. 450

Profuse in all things, she will leave thee bare,

And with her *Pimps* and *Bawds* thy riches share;

Love-Letters she will learn in stile to write,

And introduce her Stallions day and night.

Watches are sett in vain – She blinds their Eyes,

Or into *Pandars* turns thy very Spies.

Taught in full health, sham sicknesses to feign,

The *Doctor* must be fetch'd to ease her pain;

The *Husband* runs – Too heavy to be born,

Then *Bed-Cloaths* now must from her side be torn – 460

Whilst from behind the bed the *Lover* steals,

And without *Galen's* art the *Patient* heals.

For morals with the *Stamina* descend,
Bad Mothers ever in bad *Daughters* end;
The *Mother* thrives who such a *Daughter* breeds,
And in her *Child* renew'd, herself succeeds.

What *Courts of Justice* from their *Broils* are free?
To day they join, to *morrow* disagree!
If as *Defendants* they have no dispute,
They will turn *Plaintiffs*, and commence a *Suit*; 470
Pleas, Libels, Arguments, and *Briefs*, will draw,
And tell the *Judge*, and *Lawyer*, what is *Law*.

Drest as *Gladiators*, and bedawb'd with *Oil*,
How well they bear each rough *Athletic* toil!
When in the field of *Mars* their skill they try,
And in their *Manly Sports* with Men will vie;
When on the *Post* deep buried in the ground,
They strike, and drive the fleeting shivers round.
'Tis *Courage* fires, not *Nakedness* that shames, {J. 250}
Or they would celebrate the *Floral Games*; 480
For whilst in *Armor* drest their *Sex* they b<ear,>
What sense of *Modesty* can *Women* <share?>
Yet *Mannish* as they are in outward show,
They would not for the *World* their *Sex* forgoe;
What! change the great *Prerogative* they boast!
Who *give*, may feel, who give and *take*, feel most.

What joy to see in some large *Auction Room*!
Her *Belt*, her *Gauntlets* and her nodding *Plume*!
Her *Leg-piece* when the *Nett* she tries to cast,
Her thick-ribb'd *Greaves*, which hold her *Ancles* fast! 490
Yet these at times in thinnest *Silks* will sweat,
And nothing slight enough to wear can get;
But in the Field returning from the fight,
With what keen sense their *actions* they recite!
How loud the voice, how *masculine* the look!
How they describe the blows, they gave and took!
"My knees were strong – I stoop'd, but that was all –
"I rose, and did not get one single fall –
"My *Casque* was heavy, but I never felt,
"My *Robes*, I gather'd close within my *Belt* – 500
"Hard driv'n indeed, but still I kept the *Field*,

463. *Stamina*] native elements (*OED*, 'stamina', 1).

478. *shivers*] splinters (*OED*, 'shiver', *sb.*¹, 1) – the 'striking' is done with a sword.

"And forc'd my *Enemy* at last to yield."

Then own, when Nature calls for certain ease,
How ill their posture, and new Sex, agrees!

Blush, ye chast *Matrons* of the *Fabian* line,
Whose *Virtues* with unblemish'd lustre shine;
From blind *Metellus* who your lineage bring,
Or from great *Lepidus*, *Rome's Censor*, <spring;>
Blush, when our noblest Wives such sports <do chuse>
Which ev'n *Gladiators* Wives wou'd scorn <to use>

510

No sleep in bed for him – She raves and scolds –
Reply, or not, her *Tongue* she never holds.
Guilty herself, her crimes as his she feigns –
No *Tygress* robb'd, so loud as she complains.
She hates her *Children*, her sad fate deplores,
Or twits him with imaginary Whores.
Her ready tears pursue one constant course,
And ebb or flow as she directs their force.
The cheated Husband thinks her grief sincere,
Absorbs, with trembling lips, each falling tear;
And, like the foolish *Bird*, the *Eggs* receives,
Which in his *Nest* each strag'ling *Cuckoo* leaves.
Blind wretch! her *Casket* open, read, and see,
How well her *Jealousy* and *Life* agree!

520

Detected, caught, and taken in the fact –
The case is clear – now for thy *Client* act.
A *Knight*, a *Slave*, was found within her bed –
What colors, *Quintilianus*, can'st thou spread?
What! mute? Hear her herself – "You know, My Life,
"When I resolv'd to be your *loving Wife*;
"Twas covenanted, promis'd, and agreed,
"That each, the Life we lik'd the best, shou'd lead;
"The contract binds us both – What can you say?
"Take you your own – For **I will have my way**.
"Rave, storm, vex, frett – you hurt your self alone,
"I am a **Woman**, and will keep my own."
Nothing so bold, unmask'd to public view,
Guilt gives them *Spirit*, and *Resentment* too.
But would'st thou know, whence these disorders <flow?>
From *Wealth* they rise, with *Luxury* they <grow>

530

540

In ancient times, e'er *Rome* knew what was waste,
Labor and poverty kept women chaste.
No time for *Vice* – No dainties to excite –

They work'd all day and hardly slept at night;
Their hands were hard, their Bodies coarsely clad,
Whatever *Industry* could get, they had;
Whilst, hov'ring near their *Walls*, the *Punic Chief*
Call'd ev'ry *Husband* hourly to *Relief*.

Long *Peace* ensued – when, fiercer far than *Arms*,
Prevailing *Luxury* diffus'd her Charms; 550
Her various *Streams* corrupting as they ran,
Reveng'd the *World* of her proud Victor, *Man*.
No *Crime*, no *Lust*, that Ease could teach, but took,
When *Roman* poverty our *Walls* forsook.
From *Greece*, and *Asia*, it o'erspread the Land,
And ev'ry *City* bow'd to its command.

Gold first with foreign Taste subdued the mind,
And introduced a manner more refin'd;
Our ancient *Morals* soon gave way to new,
And ev'ry *Virtue* out of fashion grew; 560
Ev'n *Love*, which to it self alone shou'd owe
Its pow'r, and from its proper fountain flow, {J. 300}
Now calls for *Bacchus* to provoke desire,
And warm their Breasts, with more transcendent fire.
When *Wine* gives heat to *Lust*, and both inflame,
Away with ev'ry foolish sense of shame;
Their quickned ardor no distinction makes,
They riot in *libidinous* mistakes.
They call for *Oysters* at the dead of night,
And swill large draughts, to stimulate delight.> 570
The Lights burn double, and the bed turns round,
And ev'ry Table dances on the ground.

Doubt now their riots, if thou can'st, my Friend,
When *Sex* with *Sex* unnaturally blend;
How soft the sound when, snuffling thro' the nose,
The filthy *Tribad Tullia* puffs and blows;
How sweet to *Maura* what *Collacia* says,
Near where her *Statue Chastity* displays;
For here they meet – Here practice ev'ry art
That can to *Lust* fresh poignancy impart; 580
Nor stop they here – *Frolic* and *Mirth* take place –
The humor hits – They *Stale* upon her *Face*;

576. Tribad] See note to 601, below.

Then "prime as Goats, and salt as Wolves in pride",
 The shameless Wretches on each other ride;
 Next morning, e'er her Beams *Aurora* spreads,
 The Husband in the filthy puddle treads.

What Tongue their Rites unblister'd can relate,
 When they their *Bona Dea* celebrate!
 When, rous'd with the shrill flute, and Horn, they meet,
 And Earth's deep *Basis* shakes beneath their feet; 590
 When, flush'd with *Wine*, their furious Eyeballs glare,
 And on their foreheads hang their scatter'd hair.
 And now *Priapus* rushes on their Souls,
 Each like mad *Bacchæ* for his *Advent* howls;
 What rage for *Action* now! What wild desires!
 How ev'ry word, and look, with madness fires!
 Whilst moist with Sweat, and stain'd with trick'l'ing wine>
 Their glist'ning Thighs with height'ned Colors <shine.>
Saufeia now throws by the *Crown* she wore,
 And challenges the most abandon'd *Whore*; 600
Lesbiad and *Tribad* both – Her's was the Art,
 To act alike the *Male*, or *Female*, part;
 Prepar'd for *action* she distends her *Thighs*,
 Receives each bold assault, and wins the *prize*.
 Whilst *Medullina*'s nimble movements show,
 How one excells **above**, and one **below**;
 For 'tis a point of honor both contest,
 Who quickest moves, or who bears **motion** best;
 No feints allow'd in this licentious strife,
 No *raptures*, which they feel not to the life! 610
 Old *Priam* at the sight could scarce contain,
 And even *Nestor* would grow young again.
 Prurient for *Man* – impatient of delay,
 Mere *Woman* now cannot their rage allay;
 A gen'ral **madness** seizes on them all,
 "Let in the Men – the clam'rous Matrons call!
 "Tis lawfull now our sacred Rites to keep,

583. P's note reads 'Shakespeare'. The reference is to *Othello*, III.3.400–1: 'Were they prime as goats, as hot as monkeys, as salt as wolves in a pride'.

598–9. The wine is from Juvenal; for 'trickling wine' compare Dryden's suppressed line 'While teares of wine run trickling down their thighs'.

601. *Lesbiad and Tribad*] Passive and active lesbian. 'Lesbiad' does not appear in *OED*, and 'lesbian' itself not until the nineteenth century, but 'tribade' is documented from 1601.

“What, shall we wake, and our *Adult’ers* sleep!
“Bring him, but bring him in disguise – How! none!
“Then for the *brawny Slaves*, or *Freed-Men* run; 620
“If none are to be found, let others come,
“The Water-carrier in the Streets of *Rome*.”
If these should fail – The patient *Ass* must try
His bestial Lust, and with the Priestess lie.
Oh! that our *ancient Rites* (as once) <might be>
From such *libidinous Impurity* <free.>
But *Moors* and *Indians*, mighty *Cæsar*, know
(Blacker than all thy *Anticatos* show)
The secret *Anecdote*, when screen’d by night
Ev’n there, where ev’ry *Male* thing shuns the sight, 630
The *Pseudo-Singer* hid in close disguise,
With sham devotion did thy *Wife* surprize.
Yet even then, our Gods were still rever’d,
And none at *holy Ceremonies* sneer’d;
The *Vases*, tho’ of *Earth*, were held divine, –
The sacred Office sanctified the *Shrine*;
But now what *Altar* can its *God* protect?
Our *Clodiuses* all equally infect.
“Clap bolts upon the Doors – put Guards within” –
Clap bolts – put Guards – with these they first begin. 640
Alike in this, who trudges thro’ the Street, {J. 350}
Or whom, in *Litters* born by *Slaves*, we meet.
Too proud, tho’ mean, tho’ indigent yet vain,
Ogulnia never stirs without a train;
Changes of dress, soft pillows for her head –
A neat *Sedan*, a *Carpet*, in it spread
Friends on each side like *Clients* to appear –
A Nurse, and waiting Woman, in the rear –
Yet she, who from her small Estate should save,
Like other *Women*, must her *bruizer* have; 650
To him, whatever she can get, she sends,
Till, with the gift of all, her bounty ends.
Many are poor – but Who e’re blush’d with sh<ame>
Lest others shou’d their lavish *Living* <blame?>
They blush that Fate such scanty means should give,
Their sense of shame is – within bounds to live.

650. bruizer] Perhaps in this general sense a recent, fashionable term: *OED* (‘bruiser’,
2) dates the meaning ‘brawny, muscular man’ to 1744 (with example).

Men are not so – in *Men* we sometimes find
 With poverty a well-adapted Mind;
 Taught by the frugal Ant the saving art,
 In this we act, at least, the prudent part. 660
 Whil'st *Women*, prodigal as well as bold,
 Conceive no mould'ring property in Gold;
 But, as the ebbing Streams of wealth they drain,
 Expect the spring will bubble up again;
 They never ask how high their pleasures rise,
 To live expensively is all they prize.

There are by whom soft Eunuchs are preferr'd,
 Who love that *Incapacity* of beard –
 How sweet the harmless kiss – How sweet indeed!
 They hate preventive draughts, and wou'd not breed. 670
 Critics in this, they have their rules for choice,
 Nor are their hearts quite sett upon a voice;
 Cutting when young may give the Silver tone,
 But 'tis not that, which captivates alone;
 When the big *Nerve* to its full growth extends,
 And in two well-proportion'd Testes ends,
 Then take, learn'd *Artist*, take the trenchant blade,
 The *Barber* only suffers in his Trade.

Who gelds a Slave, and fits him for her use,
 (For *Women* always by the stature chuse) 680
 From public *Bagnios* single out *The Slave*,
 With whom *Priapus* no contest cou'd have,
 For there they go – the *Size* points out the <*Man* →
 Determine better on such points, who can.
 Let such, oh! *Posthumus*, thy Wife enjoy,
 But keep from their lewd touch thy pathic Boy;
 Thy Wife unhurt, the *Volume* may contain,
 But *Bromius* in their arms wou'd shrink with pain.

If public Singers chance to be the Taste,
 What *Clasp* can hold the bandage of their waist? 690
 Mad for his *voice*, and *madder* for his touch,
 They never think they have of each too much.
 Hydemelè the vogue – his *Lute* they take,
 And o'er the trembling *Chords* with transport shake;

662. *mould'ring*] dwindling, diminishing (*OED*, 'moulder', v. 2).

693. *the vogue*] 'the fashionable'.

With sparkling Gems adorn the polish'd case,
And kiss it in it's absent *Master's* place.

Sprung from the *Lamian Race*, and great in name,
Behold upon her Knees the suppliant Dame;

"Grant *Janus, Vesta*," (piously she cries)

"Grant that my *Pollio* may obtain the prize; 700

"Grant that with oaken-leaves his head be bound,

"And his dear *Lute* emit the sweetest sound."

What more than this could any Wife have done,
For a sick Husband or an only Son!

Yet she unblushing at the *Altar* stood,

Spoke the set words, and wore the sacred hood;

And, whilst the *Priest* the bleeding Entrails took,

With ev'ry agony of *Terror* shook.

Say, *Janus*, who before all Gods did'st live,

What answers to such suppliants dost thou give? 710

Sure, to live indolent is all you love,

Or is there nothing worth your care above?

One for a *Comic Actor* asks a grace,

This claps the buskin'd *Hero* in his place;

Each plagues your *Priests* – incessantly employ'd,

Their legs grow *Gouty*, and their stomachs cloy'd;

But let Her love, and with her Singer lie,

Rather than round the *City* madly fly,

Or to each *public spectacle* repair,

Fond of the *Coat of Mail* and *Martial air*; 720

And in the *Husband's* presence, void of shame,

With wanton looks our Warriors' hearts inflame,

Whilst in return, their passion to excite,

She shews her naked *Breasts* to tempt the sight!

Inquisitive to know what e'er is done,

Quite thro' the Globe their busy fancies run;

As fond to hear what passes far from home,

As in each private Family in *Rome*;

Foreign, Domestic, Citizen, or King, {J. 400}

The knowledge of the Scandal is the thing. 730

So curious their address and skill to show,

Each circumstance of Time and Place they know;

Each secret slip the step-Mother has made,

722–4. P's translation does not reflect Juvenal's point, in which the shameless (721) behaviour is a matter of unwomanly boldness.

Or who betrays in *Love*, or is betray'd;
 What Widow took! when she began to breed!
 And who it was that did the filthy deed!
 Nay, they can tell, so cunning is their art,
 If *Greek* or *Latin* sighs stole from her heart;
 How many ways, how many times, he strove
 To please her with repeated acts of *Love*. 740

 If in the *Sky* some dreadful *Comet* shines,
 She sees it first, and what it bodes, divines.
Armenia's King is threat'ned in the Tail,
 And *Parthian Arms* no longer shall prevail.
 If any rumor spreads, away she flies,
 And at each *Gate* receives the diff'rent lies;
 "Niphates has o'erflowed – *Armenia* drown'd –
 "Not a dry foot of Land is to be found" –
 An *Earthquake* follows next – "proud *Cities* fall –
 "Earth to her *Center* gapes, and swallows all;" 750
 Stories like these she feigns, and in the Streets
 Stops, and relates to ev'ry one she meets.

 But, what is more intolerable yet,
 Her wretched *Neighbors* no redress can get;
 If in the smallest thing they fail to please,
 The *Bilboes* or the *Stocks* must give her ease;
 "Whose *Dog* is that which howls so loud to night?
 "Go fetch his *Master* – whip him in my sight" –
 "Then kill the *Dog*" – Disturb'd, she scowls and raves,
 And in a fury summons in her *Slaves*; 760
 "Prepare the *Bath* – The proper *Vases* bring –
 "Give me the leaden-weights that I may swing" –
 And now, enchanted with the noise they make,
 Whilst the big *Leavers* in their Arms they shake,
 She plunges in – "Come Sir, be quick of hand
 "And rub me in each part as I command" –
 The cunning *Slave* observes her glowing Eyes,
 And ev'ry various *Titillation* tries;
 No part escapes – till from her bursting heart,
 Her sighs declare, how well he tops his part. 770

 Mean time her Guests, half famish'd, half <asleep,>

756. Bilboes] a shackling device for prisoners' legs (see *OED*, 'bilbo', 2).

764. Leavers] a spelling of 'levers', here apparently bars or rods manipulated for purposes of exercise; no specific word in Juvenal is being translated.

Impatient at her stay their places keep;
At last, all ruddy, glist'ning with perfume,
She flounces unexpected in the Room;
Seizes, and at one draught exhausts the *Cup*,
And in a second throws the *Liquor* up;
For 'tis a custom, e'er they take their seat,
To try a puke or two before they eat;
Then, strad'ling o'er the filth that stains the ground,
She takes her place, and puts the *Goblet* round. 780
The Stomach cleans'd, and free from loading pains,
Gains double strength, and twice as much contains;
No *Serpent* in a *Vase of Liquor* cast,
Swallows so much, or throws it up so fast;
The suff'ring Husband, fretted to the Soul,
Sees all, and scarcely can his rage controul.
And now, as stretch'd upon her *Couch* she lies,
She grows *important, critical* and *wise*;
She praises *Virgil's* majesty and grace,
And pities poor *Eliza's* wretched case; 790
Descants on *Bards* – their diff'rent Works compares –
Each, as her Genius roves, her censure shares;
One while, immortal *Maro* turns the Scales,
Now *Homer's* Genius over his prevails;
Grammarians, Rhetoricians, quit the field,
Each Guest to her superior noise must yield;
Lawyers and Cryers fam'd for brazen *Lungs*,
Sit mute, and even *Women* hold their Tongues!
Not plates and dishes falling on the ground,
Nor *Chimes of Bells* e'er utter'd such a sound! 800
The lab'ring *Moon* wants neither *Steel* nor *Br<ass>* –
Her noise alone wou'd make her labor pass;
Women like these, who ev'ry *Science* know,
Call *Right* and *Wrong*, what they determine so;
Then let them take the learned Robe, and tie
The sleeveless Tunic halfway down the Thigh;
Throw off the Sex at once – new *Gods* adore –
And to *Silvanus* sacrifice a *Boar*;

783. Vide Not. in locum [P's note]. Schrevelius refers (at 431) to Pliny for the belief that serpents are greedy for wine.

808. Alluding to the custom of the philosophers [P's note]. Schrevelius explains (446) 'non ut mulier Cereri: sed ut vir Philosophus, Silvano porcum debet sacrificare'.

Then, proud of superficial knowledge glean'd,
 Go to the *Baths*, and for a *Sous*, get clean'd. 810
 Of all the plagues that wait on human life,
 None so tormenting as a learned Wife;
 Let thine, oh! *Posthumus*, hard words forbear,
 And all long-winded *Enthymemas* spare;
 No studied *Phrase*, no labor'd pomp of speech,
 No stile, but what plain common-sense may teach.
 A little *History* does very well, {J. 450}
 But let her not on *Books* too closely dwell;
 I hate a Wife whose ever open throat,
 Will *Palæmon* at ev'ry sentence quote; 820
 Who knows each *Grammar-Rule* he taught, by heart,
 And beats the *Pedant* in his proper art;
 Who, fond of *Authors* none but she e'er read,
 With antiquated verses splits my head;
 And, of her own superior learning vain,
 Rails at her humble *Friend*, for speaking plain.
 No Solæcism shall ever wound my peace,
 So thou, Dear Wife, from *disputations* cease.
 What bounds, when sparkling Jewels round them shine,
 Can their pedantic *Arrogance* confine? 830
 What can be wrong so fine a *Woman* says?
 What licence from her *Tongue*, but merits praise?
Rich Women are a greater Torment still;
 They have the means, and never want <the will.>
 At home, and only in the *Husband's* sight,
 What little pains she takes to give delight!
 Plaister'd with grease in the *Poppæn* taste,
 Her *Visage* one continu'd *Mask of Paste*,
 What *Joy* to kiss her *Lips*, and from her *Mouth*,
 Draw ranker breath, than from the foggy South. 840
 But if the *Lover* comes, how nice her care!
 What art, *Cosmetic Washes* to prepare!
India must drain each *Aromatic* store,
 And all *Arabia* breath thro' ev'ry pore.
 At last, when from her Face the Plaister falls,

810. Alluding to the poor Philosophers in Rome [P's note; so Schrevelius at 447].

814. *Enthymemas*] a type of 'rhetorical' syllogism.

837. Alluding to an ointment invented by Poppæa Nero's wife [P's note, from Schrevelius on 461].

And we see nothing but the naked *Walls*,
Each Ass to furnish *Milk* must starve its Foal,
And travel with her to the Northern Pole.
Then say, thus physic'd, wash'd, and plaister'd o'er,
Is it a Face we see, or running Sore? 850

But let us now with curious eye survey,
How they employ their time at home all day?
If cold and dull at night the Husband lies,
Next day her Woman falls a sacrifice;
"A careless Slutt! Come, Hussey, will you strip?
"Your back I find still Itches for the Whip –
"Where is the Chamberlain? Why stays he so?
"That Rascal never will his Duty know" –
For when the Husband fails to give content,
Their anger on their guiltless Slaves they vent; 860
Mean time she lays on all – Whip, Cudgel, Thong –
All flay – no matter whether right or wrong!
The Joy is to behold the back so red,
Or Cudgel snapping on the broken head;
This, more refin'd, applys for help to art,
And hires her hangmen to perform the part;
And whilst her eyes the bloody gashes trace,
Turns carefully about, and paints her Face!
Or bids her *Friend* the diff'rent rays behold
That dart from mingled Threads of Silk and Gold; 870
Or o'er her *Day-Book* pores – then, turning round,
(Her words like ratt'ling peals of *Thunder* sound)
"Begone, cries she, our diff'rent tasks are done,
"But come to morrow with the rising Sun."
Not the *Sicilian Tyrant's* savage *Court*
E'er saw such deeds, as she performs in sport.

But now her humor is to take the air,
Or to some secret *Rendezvous* repair;
Her *Lover* waits at the appointed place –
Her business now is *splendor, taste* and *grace* – 880
Bare to the Waiste her trembling *Woman* stands,
Scar'd by the Horse-whip in her *Lady's* hands.

848. Vide not: in locum [P's note; Schrevelius at 469 explains 'Hyperboreum' thus].

866. *hangmen*] Torturers, rather than executioners: see *OED*, 'hangman', 1. Juvenal's point (480) is that these are salaried employees; cp. Dryden's 'he hires tormentors by the year' (619).

"Why is this Tour so high?" – The lash descends,
 And round her naked *Breasts* and *Shoulders* bends.
 What has she done? alas! the *Mirror* shows
 (Can *Psecas* help it) a distorted nose.
 Another now to mend her fault essays,
 And turns each *Curl* a thousand diff'rent ways.
 A Council next must sit upon her dress,
 And Each in order must her sense express; 890
 An ancient *Maid* from household duty freed,
 Skill'd in the *Bodkin's* use, first takes the lead;
 The next in age, in station and degree, {J. 500}
 Pronounce their judgment, and no fault can <see.>
 Such is the pride that in their bosoms reigns,
Life, Fame, and Honor, ask inferior pains.
 And now, with *Curls* one o'er another spread,
 A mighty pile of building on her head;
 View her before, *Andromache* seems small,
 Behind, a mod'rate *Pigmy* wou'd look tall. 900
 But let her help her figure if she will,
 She is, for all her art, a *Pigmy* still;
 The *Ridicule* is not in *Nature's* gift,
 But in the self-giv'n supplemental Lift;
 For, rais'd by art, the humor cannot miss,
 To see her spring from *Earth* to snatch a kiss.
 No care affects her for her Husband's good,
 She lives with him, but as a neighbor wou'd;
 By this alone distinguish'd, that she hates
 His Friends, and all that live within his Gates. 910
 But at her follies should he take offence,
 Her *Reasons* are still worse than her expense.
 Now superstitious grown, and fill'd with dread,
 Madness and Melancholy seize her head;
 Past human cure, to Heav'n for aid she flies,
 And ev'ry order of the Priesthood tries.
 Priests of each God assemble in the Hall,
 Priests ever ready at *Devotion's* call.

883. *Tour*] 'A very high head-dress worn by women in the reigns of William III and Anne' (*OED*, 'tower', *sb.*¹, 6b). Juvenal's mistress asks rather 'Why is this curl standing up?'

913–16. These four lines not in the original, but introductive of what follows [P's note].

A monstrous *Semivir* leads up the van,
A *Creature* once, but now no more, a *Man*; 920
A large *Tiara* o'er his Cheeks descends,
Of *Phrygian* form, and on his Shoulders ends.
His noisy *Choir* with screaming split their throats,
Whilst *Drums* and *Trumpets* aid their swelling notes;
With sacred awe upon their Chief they gaze,
Whilst to his fright'ned *Patient*, thus he says.
"Beware, lost Wretch, September's banefull blast,
"No safety for you till that Month be past;
"One hundred Eggs for lustral *Rites* prepare,
"That *Isis* may be mov'd to hear our pray'r; 930
"On us, her *Priests*, your purple *Robes* bestow,
"That into them, not you, these plagues may go.
"For sure, some dire event attends your State,
"Be warn'd, and send them e're it be too late;
"So by these means your *Conscience* you shall clear,
"And shun each threat'ning danger thro' the year."
Such is their weakness – Should he give advice
To dip into the *Tiber* stiff with Ice,
No pause for them – The solid Mass they break,
And, pale and shiv'ring, plunge into the *Lake*. 940
Thence thro' the Field of *Mars* all dropping run,
And dry their naked Bodies in the Sun.
Should *Isis* bid, or warn her in her dreams,
To fetch from *Meroe* her tepid streams,
All *Egypt* they would cross, well paid to gain
One single drop to sprinkle on her Fane;
For, pre-possess'd that *Gods* with *Men* converse,
Their sickly *Dreams* as *Visions* they rehearse;
Fine Subjects these! That *Gods* their *Heav'n* should quit,
And all night chatt'ring with such Wretches sit. 950
Yet *This* is he, who, honor'd and esteem'd,
Equal to *Isis* by the Sex is deem'd;
When by his *Priests* in mad *Procession* led,
He mourns for *Apis* or *Osiris* dead;
Close shav'n, and dress'd in white, each Priest appears,
Whilst he the face of *Dog-Anubis* wears:
And as all *Rome* in tears about him throng,
Laughs at the cred'lous *Fools* he draws along.
If any Wife whom tender *Love* betrays,
Has not the Virtue to abstain such days, 960

(For what can equal the flagitious crime,
To stew in filthy lust at such a time)
The Husband must be sent to make her peace,
That Heav'ns dread vengeance thro' their pray'rs may cease.
And now, his holy *cant* he mutters o're,
Whilst from his Eyes two fruitfull *Rivers* pour;
When lo! the *silver Serpent* seems to nod,
The *Priest* declares the meaning of the God;
"By me *Osiris* does forgive your Sin –
"Begone – but leave the Geese and Tripe within." 970
The *Priest* withdrawn, behold the *Hebrew Race*
With haggard Eye and sanctimonious Face,
Quit their thatch'd Hutts, and, wrung with holy qualms,
Mutter *Jehovah's Name*, and begg for Alms.
Hear them, the Law of God to them reveal'd,
From all Men else was partially conceal'd;
Blindly we err'd, till God declar'd his plan,
And made them his interpreters to Man;
Dodona's Oak ne'er utter'd greater lies,
Than the stupendous Tales their *Priests* devise. 980
The pious *cant*, however, makes its way,
For Bigots, tho' but sparingly, will pay.
No Vision that may sooth a sickly mind,
But *Jews* for *Money* to their wish will find.
This wants a *Lover* – That a large *Bequest* –
The good old Soothsayer performs his best; {J. 550}
Dogs, Pigeons, Infants, to the knife he puts,
And reads her happy *Fortune* as he cuts;
Does things, which if he saw another do,
Would turn him Party and Informer too. 990
But the *Chaldaen Seer* most credit gains,
Oracular indeed whate'er he feigns!
From *Ammon's Font*, whence Truth once us'd to flow,
Astrologers derive the Truths they know;
For *Delphos* now no *Oracles* will give,
And *Men* in *darkness* are condemn'd to live!
Yet of this *Tribe* the most esteem'd is he,
Who into *Princes' destinies* can see;
Who, banish'd oft'nest from imperial *Rome*,
Foretold to jealous *Otho, Galba's* doom; 1000
But if in Chains, or Dungeons he has laid,

He is the *Coryphæus* of his Trade;
Unvalu'd if no Sentence has been past,
But high in Fame, if he escapes at last;
To these, consulting first when thou shalt die,
Thy faithfull *Tanaquil* shall soon apply;
Her *Jaundic'd Mother* seems to her yet strong,
Her Sister and her Uncles live too long;
Oh! if her *Lover's* fate she could but read,
(Can Heav'n grant more) she wou'd be bless'd <indeed.> 1010
Yet in this Science, tho' they all excell,
What *Saturn's* aspect threatens, none can tell;
What *Star* with *Venus* must conjunctive rise,
What *Planet* gives good fortune, what denies.
Forbear then, *Posthumus*, if thou should'st wed,
To take to Wife a *Woman*, *Planet*-led;
Who thumbs her *Ephemerides* all day,
And minds the *Stars* beyond what *Husbands* say;
Who, deep in *Science*, on her skill depends,
And is consulted by her Female Friends; 1020
Who, bid to follow when they go abroad,
Consults *Thrasyllus*, and is over-aw'd.
Such never stir, tho' but to take the *Air*,
Till their own *Books*, the happy hour declare;
Nor to a running Eye the Salve apply,
Till into their nativity they pry;
Sick as they are, they taste no kind of meat,
Till *Petosyris* tells them they may eat.
If poor, they to the common Circus go,
(For poor as well as rich desire to know) 1030
Some ragged Fortune teller ready stands,
And views with gloating Eyes her Face and Hands;
Then holds the *Lots*, which they, with fear and awe
Caressing still, the holy Man would draw;
And now, her former terrors thrown aside,
His burning lips are to her lips apply'd;
Till short-breath'd sighs, which she no longer feigns,

1002. *Coryphæus*] chorus-leader; not from Juvenal or Schrevelius.

1003. Vide not: in locum [P's note]. Schrevelius points out (at 561) that astrologers made their reputations by being brought to trial, since prediction was dangerous.

1035–8. P's lines embrioder on Juvenal.

Amply reward the sturdy *Letcher's* pains.
 If rich, some foreign *Augur* they require,
 From *Phrygia* or from *India* brought fo<r hire;> 1040
 One whom the Stars obey, whene'er he calls,
 And purifies the place where *Thunder* <falls.>
 The common sort, who wear no chains of Gold,
 Have at a cheaper rate their *Fortunes* told;
 And where the *Dolphin's* columns rise in air,
 With eager steps promiscuously repair;
 There trembling ask (a weighty point indeed!)
 Who to her widow'd bed shall next succeed?
 Whether some old-cloaths-*Man* shall fill her Arms?
 Or Tavern-keeper, revell in her charms? 1050
 Yet these, however low, and coarsely bred,
 At nine Months-end are fairly brought to bed!
 And chearfully, if *Fortune* wills it so,
 The tedious pains of nursery undergo;
 Whilst on the gold-wrought Bed one seldom sees
 An *Infant* dandled on its *Mother's* knees;
 Such arts they use, *Abortions* to procure!
 Such mixtures take, to make their murder sure!
 Rejoice then, wretched *Husband!* fill the *Cup*
 Thy self, and let her drink the *Potion* up; 1060
 Lest, fond to bring her filthy *Spawn* to light,
 She with an *Ethiop-Bastard* blast thy sight!
 Whom thou wilt never see each rising *Morn*, {J. 600}
 But thou wilt curse the hour that he was born;
 For spite of all thy hopes, and all thy care,
 The *swarthy Cub* shall soon become thy *Heir!*
 But not to mention (as a trick well known)
 The many *Children* they suppose their own;
 Their secret Journeys to *Velabrum's Lake*,
 Where they some poor deserted *Foundling* take; 1070
 Whence *Salian Priests* derive their future F<ame,>
 And have of *Scaurus* nothing but the name.
 For *Fortune*, fond of hum'rous Scenes of mirth,
 Nightly presides, and watches o'er their birth;
 She takes them in her Arms, and pleas'd to show
 How much her wanton fancy rules below,
 She bids them rise to eminence and place,

1042. *Thunder*] i.e. thunderbolt (Juvenal's *fulgura*).

And laughing, dignifies her spurious race.

With magic songs that stimulate desire,
This would her Husband's lust to madness fire; 1080
This gives hot draughts, and as her Passions rise
With his, prints with her feet, his hips and thighs.
Hence Madness, Impotence of mind ensue,
And deep Oblivion of whate'er we do.
Yet this might be endur'd, the fit once o'er,
But reason thus destroy'd returns no more;
Hence, heated thus by his imperial Wife,
Caligula was *frantic* all his Life.

And who, when *Cæsar's Wife* such arts employs, 1090
Will stint herself, or baulk her promis'd joys!
Nor was this all the ill – The head diseas'd,
A sudden madness all the members seiz'd;
The Limbs no longer guided by the Head,
Confusion in all ranks of People spread;
Not less the frame of *Nature* would decay,
If *Juno* thus her Husband should betray.
Less criminal, who with a simple dose,
Sent her old *Claudius* to his last repose;
Her *crime* was but the *Murther* of a *Man*,
Cæsonia's thro' all ranks of *Romans* ran; 1100
Her's edg'd the *Sword* – Her's lit the *Pile* of *Wood* –
Her's shed *Patrician* and *Equestrian* blood.
No *Sorceress* could half the mischief do,
Than what from one *Foal's* head *Cæsonia* drew.

Women their Husband's former *Children* hate –
The crime in killing them is not so great;
Imperial *Agrippina* thus has done,
Who slew *Britannicus* to raise her Son;
Beware, ye *Wards*, nor thoughtless trust too much, 1110
Be cautious what ye taste, or smell, or touch;
Poison oft lurks when *Mothers* serve the meat;
Let others taste the *Lard* before ye eat;
Your Tutors to the Cup their Lips apply,
Their fears will see the *Drug* with half an eye.

“Mere fiction this – Mere spleen – *Satiric* rage –
“That mounts on *Buskins* and out-rants the *Stage*;
“That, leaping o're the *Rules* of ancient times,
“Bellows like *Sophocles* at fancied crimes;
“Which *Latium* never knew, but *Poets* weave,

To make the *Scene* more artfully deceive." 1120

Oh! that it were! but can such *Fictions* be,

Whilst *Pontia* cries, "My Children fell by me.

"The Fact was known, but yet the Fact was true,

"I did it, and I glory in it too."

What, cruel Viper, Two! "Sev'n, she replies,

"Had sev'n been mine, had fall'n a sacrifice."

Now disbelieve what *Tragic Poets* write,

When *Procne* and *Medea* rise to sight;

When Limb from Limb, the last her Children tore,

The other stew'd the Body in its gore. 1130

But these less cruel and less Savage were,

These never kill'd to be their *Children's Heir*.

Less wonder, *Monsters* as they were, These move,

For each was rack'd with *Anger* or with *Love*.

When *Anger* once a *Female Bosom* burns,

The heated *Brain* with sudden madness turns;

Like *Rocks*, that from the *Mountain's* summit rent,

They burst, and nothing can their rage prevent.

But worse, still worse, who with cool judgement act, {J. 650}

And without *Passion* perpetrate the *Fact*; 1140

Who weigh the good productive from the ill,

And, fix'd by that, deliberately kill.

These, by the *Scene* unmov'd, behold the Wife

Resign her own to save her Husband's life.

Oh! if, like Oracles, our Laws decreed

That in the Husband's place the Dogs shou'd bleed,

The Husband's Life would soon the forfeit pay –

What! part with little *Veni*, *Spot*, or *Tray*?

How many *Belides* we daily meet?

Eriphiles – that swarm in ev'ry Street? 1150

What village where (however small the bound)

Some modern *Clitemnestra* is not found?

The diff'rence is, that those the Axe will use;

These in the *Cup* the banefull *Druggs* <infuse.>

But if, like *Mithridates*, Husbands cou'd

With counter-Poisons fortifie their Blood,

These would, like her, the cutting Axe employ,

And at one stroke, their Husband's Lives destroy.

Readings Emended from MS

43 crime,] crime[^] 82 him, ye *Doctors*,] ~[^] ~[^] 85 rather, *Posthumus*,] ~[^] ~[^] 89 Lot[^]] Lot; 106 give?] give; 149 tho'^h] tho', 177 And[^]] ~, 183 thus,] thus[^] 184 Holds[^]] Holds, 201 say, what Youth,] ~[^] ~[^] 217 fierce,] ~[^] 240 thou, *Britannicus*,] ~[^] ~[^] 259 crimes[^]] ~, 274 voice". –] voice – 285 did,] did[^] 326 sound!" sound! 397 Lover's] Lovers 432 then?" then? 528 colors, *Quintilianus*,] ~[^] ~[^] 618 What,] ~[^] 627 *Indians*, mighty *Cæsar*,] ~[^] ~[^] 662 property] properly 862 flay] play 875 *Tyrant's*] *Tyrants* 912 worse[^]] ~, 1059 then,] ~[^] 1060 self,] ~[^] 1061 Lest,] ~[^] 1081 draughts,] ~[^] 1118 crimes;] crimes;" 1119 "which][^]~ 1120 deceive."] deceive. 1125 Sev'n,] ~[^] 1126 sacrifice." sacrifice. 1138 burst,] ~[^] 1143 These, by the Scene unmov'd,] ~[^] ~[^]