



PROJECT MUSE®

Juvenal Book 4th: Satire 10th: Englished

Juvenal, William Popple

Translation and Literature, Volume 15, Part 1, Spring 2006, pp. 82-96
(Article)

Published by Edinburgh University Press

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/tal.2006.0007>



➔ *For additional information about this article*

<https://muse.jhu.edu/article/198513>

Juvenal Book 4th:
Satire 10th: Englished

From farthest *West*, to where the *Ganges* flows,
Say, what is *Good*? Instruct me, He who knows!
Point out the *Man*, who sees his way so clear,
As still with *Reason*, to desire, or fear!
Still to possess, and still to be *content*!
To aim so true, as never to *repent*!
In vain, for, hid in *Clouds* from human sight,
Few, very few, distinguish *wrong* from *right*.

How many *houses* have their *ruin* ow'd
To what they pray'd for, and the *Gods* bestow'd! 10
In *Peace* and *War*, Things hurtfull we desire,
And *fatally* against ourselves conspire.
Ev'n *Eloquence*, that *Torrent* of the Soul,
Sharpens the *Dagger*, and presents the *Bowl*:
That mighty *Pow'r*, that can all others save,
Too often diggs it's great *Possessor's* grave.
So the tough *Oak*, which *Milo* strove to rend,
Became at once his *Glory* and his *End*.

But most on heaps of *Gold* their care employ,
Another *richer* would their *Peace* destroy – 20
As *Whales* in bulk all other fish surpass,
He's nothing, who has not the greatest Mass.
But are they *happy*, when they thus succeed?
Did not for this alone *Longinus* bleed?
Had *Seneca* made riches less his care,
Would *Nero* e'er have sought to be his heir?
Safe but for this, had *Lateranus* stood,
The *Tyrant* thirsted for his wealth, not blood!
Seldom *Informers* charge with crimes the poor,
Commission'd Cut-throats seldom watch their door. 30
Who travel with a charge by night, may fear,
And tremble at each distant noise they hear;
May in each shaking reed, or waving tree,
Imaginary Swords and weapons see.
But he, who sets out with an empty hand,
Laughs at the *Robber*, when he bids him *stand*.

In ev'ry *Temple*, on his knees behold

14. *Dagger* ... *Bowl*] Cicero; Demosthenes [P's notes].

The sordid wretch, whose only *pray'r* is *gold*.
“Grant me, ye Gods, of wealth the largest store!
Grant me but that (He cries), I ask <no more.>” 40
But say, oh! blind and impotent of Soul!
Who mixes *Poison* in the earthen *Bowl*?
Fear the chas’d *Cup*, where sparkling *Jewels* shine,
And flaming *Gold* adds *Lustre* to the *Wine*.
Whom shall we praise? The *Man* whose gayer mind
Laugh’d at the chequer’d *follies* of *Mankind*?
Or, by compassion touch’d at human woe,
Who taught his *Eyes*, with gen’rous *tears*, to flow?
To *laugh* at *folly*, is an easy *Thing*,
The wonder is, from whence the *Tear* shou’d spring? 50
The wonder is, What shou’d the *stream* supply,
To wet, for ev’ry fool, the *wise man’s eye*?
Democritus could *laugh*, tho’ he ne’er knew
The Pageantrys of *State* we daily view;
Our *purple robes*, whence we distinction draw –
Our *Fasces*, and our Chairs of *Pomp*, and *Law* –
But had *He* liv’d in these ambitious days,
When our great *Prætor* all his *Pride* displays;
And to the *Circus* in his *Chariot* goes,
To reap the great *reward* for *vanquish’d* foes; 60
Above his Shoulders a large robe is spread,
That waves, like rich-wrought-Hangings, o’er his head;
A pond’rous *Crown*, which no one *neck* could bear,
He wears upon his brow, or seems to wear;>
For much too feeble, for this load of *State*,
A sweating *Slave* behind supports it’s *weight* –
And, lest his *Pride* should carry him too far,
The *Slave* is plac’d in the triumphal *Car*.
An *Iv’ry Scepter* glitters in his eyes,
From which the *roman Eagle* seems to rise; 70
Before his *Car*, the loud-tongued *Trumpets* sound,
And Crouds of *Slaves* and *Clients* press the ground;
A Throng of friends, not such as *Virtue* gains,
But whom his large *Munificence* retains,
Rome’s noblest Sons, in robes of *white* array’d,

45. The Man] Democritus [P’s note].

47–8. Heraclitus [P’s note].

58. Praetor for Consul [P’s note].

Disgrace themselves, and swell the *Cavalcade*.
 But tho' these follys were to him unknown,
 His age had follys too, not less it's own;
 His piercing *Eye* could in the act of *Man*,
Laugh at each diff'rent fool's mistaken Plan; 80
 Their *Cares*, their *Joys*, their *Tears* indulg'd his spleen,
 For still the *Fool* in each *pursuit* was seen;
 While He, unmov'd at *Fortune's* smile or frown,
 Could on the Goddess with contempt look down.
 Hence the discerning *Mind* this truth may trace,
 That *Parts* are not confin'd to *Clime* or *Place*;
 That in the grossest *Air*, we yet may find {J. 50}
 Men fit to *govern*, and *instruct Mankind*.
 Hence too – when more than we should ask, we seek,
 We seek for what is hurtfull, vain, or <weak.> 90
 Some fall by *Pow'r*, which *Envy* still pursues,
 For *Envy* never quits ambitious views.
 Torn and defac'd, the *Great Man's* Scroll behold,
 Where late his mighty *Honors* were enroll'd!
 Low in the *Dust*, the crumbling *Statue* lyes,
 And all his *transitory glory* dies.
 The *Car*, the *Wheels* receive the *Axe's* stroke,
 The very *Horses' Thighs*, thro' rage, are broke;
 The *Pile* takes *fire* – and, strange surprising Turn!
 Behold the head of great *Sejanus* burn! 100
 That honor'd head, which *Rome* so late did court,
 Cracks in the flames to make the *Vulgar* sport;
 And of the *Fragments* to the *Forge* convey'd,
 Each sordid household *Utencil* is made.
 Now deck your doors with *Lawrell*; now with care,
 The large white Bull for Sacrifice prepare.
 Behold, for whom late triumphs were decreed,
 Behold, the great *Sejanus* led to bleed!
 One face of pleasure in the *Croud* is seen,
 Each has his sarcasm on his looks and mien. 110
 “I never lov'd this Man, (Thus clamor all)
 “But what's the Crime for which he's doom'd to fall?
 “What Witnesses? What proofs? What guilt appear'd?”
 “None, none at all, He was not to be clear'd.

104. Utencil] The stress on the first syllable is according to *OED* supported by metrical examples down to 1800.

“A pompous Letter from *Caprea* came,
“Imperial *Cæsar* sign’d it with his name.”
“A Letter! ’Tis enough! I ask no more,
“*Tiberius* was convinc’d, no doubt, before.”
But say, How took the *People* what was done?
The *People* follow still the rising *Sun*. 120
The *Man* who falls is certain of their hate,
Success gives weight of merit to the *Great*.
If *Fortune* for *Sejanus* had declar’d,
Had *Cæsar*’s rev’rend *Age* not thus been spar’d;
Those Crouds, who now his mangl’d corps disgrace,
Had hail’d him *Cæsar* in his *Master’s Place*.
For since the *People* now have lost their *Voice*,
And Suffrages no more determine choice;
Since what was once their *Pride* they now disown,
But leave to each to struggle for the *Throne*; 130
Since neither *Fasces*, *Legions* once so dear,
Nor sov’reign pow’r, worth *Rome*’s concern appear;
Since well exchang’d for indolence and ease,
The present *hour* has only charms to please;
No Lett from them the proud *Aspirer* knows,
“Give them their daily bread and public shows”.
“Where will this stop (Another trembling cries,)
“Who else must bleed if *Cæsar*’s anger rise?
“I met *Brutidius*, as I came this way,
“His face was pale as ashes, cold as cl<ay;> 140
“If *Cæsar* once shou’d take it in his head,
“That more than him we lov’d *Sejanus* dead,
“Like furious *Ajax* he wou’d rush on all,
“And *Sheep* as well as nobler *Beasts* wou’d fall.
“Then haste, my Friends, and warm with *Patriot* zeal,
“Let *Cæsar*’s foe our indignation feel;
“On his vile *Corps*, let us our hatred prove,
“That ev’ry *Slave* may see how much we *love*;
“Lest, prompted by the price Informers gain,
“Each by his *Master’s* death shou’d loose his chain.” 150
Such were the cries that fill’d the Streets of *Rome*,
When *Cæsar*’s mighty *Colleague* met his doom.
But say – would’st thou like great *Sejanus* shine,
Like him, have each imperial title thine?
Would’st thou each Post, each Dignity bestow,
And neither equal, nor superior, know?

Be call'd thy *Master's Master*, *Cæsar's* Friend,
 And all thy leisure in *Caprea* spend,
 Whilst *He*, consulting nothing but his fears,
 Passes his time, with his *Chaldean Seers*; 160
 And mers'd in Vice, in Riots and in Shame,
 Sullies his own to raise thy greater name?
 Would'st thou accept the strong *Prætorian Band*,
 And have all *Italy* at thy command?
 No doubt thou wouldst – For, tho' we mean no ill,
 'Tis good to have the priveledge to kill.
 Now ask thy self – Is there on Earth a State
 Secure against each strong reverse of <Fate?>
 Whose estimate so truly may be had,
 That, in the Scale, the *good* may poize the *bad*? 170
 Behold *Sejanus*, late supremely blest!
 Wouldst thou like him in purple robes be drest? {J. 100}
 Or wouldst thou rather to some Town repair,
 And exercise a *Magistracy* there?
 Where, without fear from either *Steel* or *Bowl*,
 Thou may'st each saucy Burgher's pride controll;
 Thou wouldst – Own then *Sejanus* acted wrong,
 Nor knew what parts to *happiness* belong:
 Who seeks to rise beyond his proper height,
 But builds a *Tow'r*, to make his fall more great. 180
 What ruin'd *Crassus*, *Pompey*, *Cæsar* too,
 Who *Rome's* establish'd Common-wealth o'erthrew?
 Unbounded greatness, thirst of Sov'reign rule!
 The punishment of each ambitious fool!
 How few, who to such eminence attain,
 Dye in their beds, with only mortal pain!
 How seldom Tyrants, and ambitious Kings,
 Partake the common Fate of common Things!
 The youth whose turn to *Eloquence* inclines,
 Already in his own vain fancy shines; 190
 And tho' he scarcely knows his *A.B.C.*
 A *Tully*, or *Demosthenes*, would be.
 Alas! fond *Youth*! shouldst thou like them succeed,
 Like them, perhaps, thy fate would be <to bleed.>
 What Man in whom but middling Talents meet,
 E'er stain'd, with blood, the Tribunitial seat!
 That pow'r of tongue, which nothing cou'd withstand,
 Cost thee, great *Tully*, both thy head and hand.

Oh! had thy Prose but like thy *Numbers* flow'd,
To thee no spleen *Mark Anthony* had ow'd;
Had'st thou in verse still celebrated *Rome*, 200
Thou might'st have sunk in quiet to the Tomb.
Let me whole *Skins* with hobbling *Metre* spread,
Than pay for thy *Philippics* with my head.

Unhappy *Greek*, whom *Athens* long admir'd,
Whose *Eloquence* like *Enthusiasm* inspir'd!
Whom loudest *Mobs*, struck speechless with delight,
Heard with the silence of the stillest *Night*!
Thou too, *Demosthenes*, whose adverse *Star* 210
Doom'd thee a Victim to the wrangling *Bar*;
Whom from the *Blacksmith's* shop thy Father took,
To dip into the *Rhetorician's* Book;
Had'st thou, great *Orator*, the *Anvil* plied,
Thou had'st not for thy thankless Country died.

There are whom *Martial Glory* only charms,
Who place their chief felicity in Arms.
The blood-stain'd *Casque*, the *Chariot* arm'd with Steel,
The waving *Pendant*, and the broken *Keel*,
The shatter'd *Breastplate* and the blunted *Spear*,
The mournful *Captive* foll'wing in the rear, 220
Inspire with Joy – By these urg'd on to <*Fame*,>
Greek, *Roman*, and *Barbarian* gain'd a <*Name*.>
But let unbiass'd reason trace the cause,
Why *Thirst of Glory* more than *Virtue* draws;
The wonder ceases when the cause is shown,
“*Glory* gives recompense, but *Virtue* none.”
For from the virtuous act, the *Palm* but take,
And who will follow *Virtue* for its sake?
Yet let this *Passion* in the *Hero* reign,
And ev'ry *Hero* proves his Country's Bane. 230
But what's the recompense which *Virtue* gives?
The *mighty Warrior* on a Tomb-stone lives;
The pompous *Epitaph* his Toil rewards,
The *Sculptur'd Stone* his sacred ashes guards;
The stately *Monument* attracts all Eyes,
And the vain *Hero* thinks he never dyes.
But let some barren Fig-tree's ample root
Beneath the Base its spreading branches shoot,
(For Tombs, like Heroes, have their certain date,
Their periods both are circumscribed by Fate,) 240

Down drops the brittle *Marble* on the floor,
And the vain *Hero* dies to live no more.

Consider *Hannibal*, whom *Carthage* bred!
Where are the *Glories* that adorn'd his head?
His scatter'd *Remnants* in the ballance lay,
How little does the migh'iest *Hero* weigh!
Yet cou'd not *Affrica* this *Man* contain,
Tho' stretch'd from *Egypt* to the Western main.
Ethiopia first, and *Lybia* he subdues, {J. 150}
Thro' *Spain* untir'd, his conquest he pursues; 250
Now o'er the *Pyrenean* Hills he flies
Whilst other Mountains in his pass<age rise;>
In vain her *Snowey* tops the *Alps* oppose,
He blows her *Mountains* up, and melts her *Snows*.
Already *Italy* is almost won –
“*Rome* stands (cries *Hannibal*), “there’s nothing done;
“On, On, my Friends, till on the *Roman* wall,
The *Punic* Ensign plac'd proclaims her fall.”
Oh! what a subject for the *Painter's* art!
What Graces will the *Carica* impart! 260
When the big *Elephant* and one-ey'd *Chief*
From the plain surface rise into *Relief*!
But where will all these mighty conquests end?
Whither, Oh! Glory, do thy *Vot'ries* tend?
Vanquish'd and banish'd both, behold him now
To proud *Antiochus* and *Prusias* bow!
Whilst at their Gates the begging *Hero* stands,
A cringing *Client*, waiting for commands!
Now mark the justice of impartial Fate,
What strange events on human actions wait! 270
“Nor *Swords*, nor *Rocks*, nor *Darts*, shall thee betray,
“A poison'd Ring shall *Cannæ's* loss repay.
“A Ring, proud Boaster, shall thy life destroy,
“And *Cannæ* in her turn exult with joy.
“Now, *Mad-man*, climb the *Alps* and hunt for *Fame*,
“That *Boys* may smile, and *Pedagogues* declame.”
One *World* too small for *Alexander's* mind,
He sweats, unhappy *Man*, to one confin'd!
Not more the lab'ring *Bark* in *Streights* is pe<nt>
Whose passage dang'rous *Rocks* and *Shoals* <prevent.> 280
He enters *Babylon* – A Shroud contains
(And room enough) the *Hero's* small remains.

Death shews how much the living *Hero* lies –
Death gives the true dimension and the size.

Mount *Athos*, once (if Fame may be believ'd,) 290
A *Sea*, large Vessels on its *Top* receiv'd;
And if what lying *Greece* reports is true,
On solid Seas their Carriages they drew.
Whole *Rivers* have been dry'd, as Poets sing,
To quench the mighty *Host* of *Persia's King*;
Read *Sostratus*, and *Xerxes* cou'd not dine,
Because he wanted *Water* for his *Wine*.

Now view him at that ever-famous Day,
When from *Themistocles* he ran away;
When from the Streights of *Salamis* he fled,
And fill'd her narrow Seas with heaps of dead.
He, who in pride of heart could chain the Sea,
And thought to spare the brand was clemency;
He who, when Eolus would not bestow
The Gale, could whip the Winds to make them blow – 300
(What *God*, when mortal *Men* so boldly dare,
Would serve *Mankind*, or think us worth their care?)
In a small Skiff expos'd, his Life he sav'd,
On that same Sea which he so late had brav'd.

Such is the punishment wise heav'n ordains!

Such the reward for all the *Hero's* pains!

"Give space of Life – Give length, great Jove, of <days!>
Trembling and pale the prostrate Suppliant <prays.>
But dost thou know what ills on Age attend,
How slow the progress, till with Life they end! 310
First, mark the *Face* – How diff'rent it appears,
Flush'd with the bloom of *Youth*, and seam'd with *Years*!

The swelling roundness of the polish'd *Skin*,
How shrunk without, and how unbrac'd within!
Behold the *Cheek*! now shrivell'd to the view,
How chang'd its gloss, its color and its hue!
The turgid front which gives the visage grace,
What wrinkles now its prominence deface!
Less hideous to the sight in *Lybian* Woods,
The wrinkled *Ape*, that o're her Young ones broods! 320
Youth differs much – But yet in *Youth* we find
A gracefull Something still, tho' not in kind;
In comeliness of *Person* this excells,
More *vigor* in robuster bodies dwells;

One Face of age – old Men are all alike,
 The same deformities in old Men strike!
 A moist dim Eye, an ever-dropping Nose,
 A *Scalp* which nothing but its baldness shows;
 A trembling voice, thin Lip, and toothless *Gum*, {J. 200}
 Grinding with Agony the softest crum; 330
 A Burthen to his *Wife*, his *Children*, *Friends*,
 And to himself, a plague that never ends;
 So hatefull grown ev'n *Parasites* forbear
 To court the Nauseous *Wretch* to be his *Heir*;
 What joy for him in *Feasts* the hour to waste?
 His *Palate*'s numb'd – he can no longer taste
 The *Grape*'s rich juice, the *Sauce* cook'd up with <arts,>
 No pleasure to his torpid sense impar<ts.>
 Enjoyment! faint remembrance – if he tries,
 Unmov'd all night, the fribling Dotard lies: 340
 No vital warmth the soothing hand affords,
 The sapless *Nerf* defies the pow'r of words.
 Worse means he tries – What may we not suspect,
 When without pow'r, *Men* *Venery* affect!
 Nor is this all – *Age* suffers ev'ry way –
 Behold him at an *Opera* or *Play*;
 The shrill-ton'd Actor charms the list'ning Ear,
 Whilst his can neither *Horn* nor *Trumpet* hear;
 The rich-wrought *Robe* that trails along the Stage,
 May other Eyes, but cannot his engage; 350
 No matter where he sits, nor sound nor Voice
 Can any feeble Sense he has, rejoice!
 At home still worse – The watchfull *Boy* must bawl,
 To tell the hour, or who to see him call.
 If any spark of heat still warms his veins,
 'Tis only when the burning Feaver reigns;
 Or when in troops, distempers round him rise,
 And seize *Throat*, *Breast*, *Hip*, *Belly*, *Legs* and *Thighs*.
 Not less the *Patients* *Themison* destroys,
 Or craving *Hippia* with her Beauties cloys; 360
 Not less the numbers *Basilus* deceives,
 Whom into Rome's protection he receives;
 Not less the *Wards* whom *Hirrus* robs of right,

340. *fribling*] 'acting aimlessly or feebly'; busying oneself to no purpose (*OED*, 'fribble', v. 2).

Or Lovers *Maura* swallows in one night;
The Boys, his Scholars, whom *Hamillus* shames,
Or Seats, the Senatorian *Barber* claims.

One feels a strange disorder in his Breast,
And one his aching Loins deprive of rest;
Blind with old Age, his Eyes intirely gone,
This envies yet the *Wretch* who has but one; 370
This cannot feed himself, yet he must eat –
Another's fingers now cram in the meat;
At sight of *Victuals*, like the *Swallow's* brood,
The helpless *Dotard* gapes and cries for food.
But what's the loss of *Limbs* to loss of Sense?
With want of *Mem'ry* Age must now dispense.
His *Servants* by their names he cannot call –
His *Friends* – His *Children* – He forgets them all.
Some cunning *Strumpet* with prepos'trous arts,
Each night, some faint degree of heat imparts; 380
Her balmy breath, by suction Vigor draws,
He thinks he feels, and doats upon the cause!
For this he drives his *Children* from his *Gate*,
And gives the filthy *Linguist* his Estate.

But grant him *health* and *sense*, with length of days,
Too long, blest ev'n with these, the *old Man* stays;
For mark the end that crowns his lengthened *Life*,
He buries *Brothers*, *Sisters*, *Children*, *Wife*!
Some new misfortune, still each hour attends,
Suns rise and set, his suff'ring never ends! 390
Hence then, with evidence this truth appears,
That *happiness* is not mere length of Years;
For let *old age* what e'er it wishes have,
It brings grey hairs in sorrow to the Grave!

Nestor (if we believe great *Homer's* song!)
Beyond the *Raven's* age cou'd his prolong;
Happy, no doubt, who thus could stretch his line,
And drink so many bowls of gen'rous *Wine*.
But hear him speak, and of his Fate complain – {J. 250}
"My Son *Antilochus*! and art thou slain! 400
"Tell me, my *Friends*, what crime has *Nestor* done,
"To live when ev'ry Joy in life is gone?"

394. See Genesis 42:38 (Jacob on Benjamin): 'if mischief befall him ... then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave'.

Thus Peleus his Son *Achilles* wept,
Laertes thus *Ulysses* from him kept.
 Had *Paris* never ravish'd *Sparta's* Queen,
 How happy had the *Phrygian* Monarch been!
 Old *Priam* then, his *Troy* yet undestroy'd,
 Had ev'ry honor of his Race enjoy'd!
Hector and all his Sons in black array'd
 Upon the Pile his *Royal Corps* had laid – 410
Cassandra then his solemn *Dirge* had sung,
 And weeping *Troy* upon her accents hung,
 While sad *Polyxena*, with flowing hair,
 And tatter'd *Robe*, had shewn unfeign'd despair.
 But what was now the end of *Priam's* life?
Troy burnt, and *Asia* overwhelm'd with strife!
 Whilst He (what aid, alas! can Arms afford,
 When age like his can scarcely lift the Sword?)
 Weak *Soldier*, ev'ry glimpse of safety gone,
 Throws off his *Crown* and puts his Armor on, 420
 And willing yet his Son's dear life to save,
 At *Jove's* high *Altar* finds at last a grave;
 Like the poor worn-out Ox his head he bends,
 Whilst *Pyrrhus* his keen Sword, his old thread ends.
 Thus *Priam* fell – whilst his unhappy Queen
 By her still stranger Fate, clos'd up the Scene!
 In later times, great *Mithridates* view,
 Whom *Rome's* three Consuls did at last subdue;
 He who for forty years kept *Rome* at bay,
 Whom neither Sword nor Enemy could slay, 430
 Compell'd at last to shun inglorious chains,
 At sixty-nine pours *Poison* in his veins.
 Rich *Croesus* next, by *Solon* forc'd to own,
 “That none is happy till his end is known.”
 What Man did more than *Caius Marcius* did?
 How wretched in *Minturnian* rushes hid?
 He who could conquer the *Teutonic* Host,
 Than whom the *World* nor *Rome* could greater boast,
 Imprisoned, banish'd, forc'd at last to fly,
 And, where he conquer'd once, for Alms <apply.> 440
 Oh! had he died descending from his *Car*,
 Surrounded with each glorious pomp of *War*,

427–32. P expands on Juvenal's mere mention of Mithridates.

How bless'd! – But nature bad the old man live;
And what could nature more pernicious give?
In vain did *Naples* burning Feaver's send,
By sickness *Pompey* was not doom'd to end;
Their pious vows for him each *City* pour'd,
And *Pompey* was again to Life restor'd,
Restor'd – for what? (but who can Fate withstand!)
To fall in *Egypt* by an *Eunuch's* hand! 450
Whilst *Lentulus*, who strove to master Rome,
Receiv'd a milder and more glorious doom;
And *Sergius Catiline*, too proud to yield,
Died bravely with *Cethegus* in the Field.
“Grant, *Venus*”, (whilst the anxious Mother kneels,
And all the fondness of a Parent feels,)
“Grant to my Sons” – she whispers – “manly grace,
“But beautifie – she cries – each Daughter's face.”
And will you blame her? Blame *Latona* too,
When fair *Diana's* beauty struck her view. 460
But yet *Lucretia's* ravish'd Charms declare,
How dang'rous 'tis to be, like her, too fair!
Virginia, too, wou'd part with all her charms,
To save her from the lewd *Decemvir's* arms;
For *Rutila's* hunch-back content to give
Her matchless form, and unattempted live.
Who trembles not that has a beauteous Boy?
How soon may vice unguarded youth <destr>oy!
How hard, how rare, in human Race to find
A beauteous Body, and a virtuous Mind! 470
Let *Sabine* Mothers educate his Youth,
And principle his mind with rigid Truth;
Let *Nature* teach his blushing Cheeks to glow, {J. 300}
And Chastity with equal hand bestow!
(For what *She* gives, all human care exceeds,
Nature first forms, then *Education* breeds;)
Yet beauteous *Boys*, so wretched is their fate,
Doom'd to a *Singer's* or a *Pathic's* state,
Ne'er reach to *Manhood* – By their *Parents* sold,
They fall sad *Victims* to their thirst of Gold; 480
In early youth depriv'd of viril pow'r,
They live to curse in vain their natal hour!
Who castrates Boys whose ancles Rickets bend,
Or whose high shoulders in a mountain end?

Bow'd knees, crook'd shanks, splay'd feet, all rage escape,
Nero himself had blush'd at such a *Rape*!
 Go then, fond Parent, and exult with Joy,
 When thou beholdest the beauties of thy Boy.
 But greater ills attend his rip'ning Years,
 His growing beauties but augment their fears; 490
 His manly form attracts each married Dame,
 Her charms with equal force his breast inflame;
 A common Stallion to each lustful Wife,
 He lives in constant terror all his Life;
 But he may yet escape – Oh! weakly thought!
 Why should he? Was not *Mars* by *Vulcan* caught?
 An angry Husband seldom mercy shows;
 His Vengeance rises as his torture grows.
 Too weak the rigor of severest *Laws*,
 From his own feeling he his Sentence draws. 500
 Hence some with *Stripes* have yielded up their breath,
 And some by *Steel* receiv'd untimely death;
 Others, their *Buttocks* flead with burning coal,
 Have had voracious *Mullets* thrust in whole.
 But thy *Endymion* may more happy prove,
Matrons may vie in price to buy his Love;
Servilia will bid up, at any rate,
 And purchase, tho' she spend her whole Estate;
Catulla, tho' for Gold she seems to live,
 Will just as much as lavish *Hippia* give; 510
 Let ev'ry other *Vice* their bosoms swell,
 In this one *Virtue* good and bad excell.
 And what of this – A purchas'd Slave for Gold,
 He drudges without choice for Young and Old –
 No pay till ev'ry dirty job be done –
 A fine provision for thy beauteous Son!
 But to chaste Youths what hurt can beauty do?
 Those who have *Virtue*, must have conduct too;
Hippolytus had both, but both in vain,
 For *Phedra* could not bear her Son's disdain; 520
 Nor *Sthenobæa* her wild rage command,
 When chaste *Bellerophon* refus'd her hand;
 With equal rage and disappointment mov'd,

513–16. These four lines not in the original, but introductive of what follows [P's note].

Each sacrific'd the Youth she fondly lov'd;
For what can *Women's* rage and fury tame,
When they have forfeited all sense of shame?
Not satisfied with staining *Cæsar's* bed,
Hot *Messalina* will her Stallion wed –
Unhappy *Silius*! What avails thy face,
And each proud honor that adorns thy Race! 530
To *Cæsar's* rage thou shalt a *Victim* be,
And *Messalina* shall thy tortures see.
Mean time impatient, in the nuptial bow'r,
She sits in state, and waits the coming hour;
The bridal robe prepar'd that flames like Gold;
The customary Portion ready told;
The genial bed adorn'd with nicest care;
The Priest, *Aruspice*, and the Witness there;
Nothing omitted to compleat the Feast;
For she will have it done, in form at least. 540
"All this may be in private acted" – True,
But *Cæsar's* Wife will nothing private do:
Custom and Law must sanctifie the Deed,
Tho' thou, too hapless *Youth*, must for it bleed;
What wilt thou do, for something must be done?
Refuse! then perish with the setting Sun!
Agree! thou gain'st a little short delay,
A temporary respite of a day;
For *Rome* must know it first, and *Cæsar* last;
Husbands but seldom know, till all is past. 550
Determine, then, and if the love of Life
Prevail, enjoy the lewd, lascivious Wife.
A price is set upon thy beauteous head,
Cæsar, or *Cæsar's* Wife have doom'd thee dead.>
Must *Men* then nothing wish? take my advice,
Let Heav'n determine in a case so nice;
For, tho' the Gods refuse the fond request,
They give to ev'ry *Man* what suits him best.
Dearer to them than to himself is *Man*, {J. 350}
They know his wants, and they adapt the plan: 560
Whilst we, by wild desires still hurried on,
Now ask a *Wife*, and now desire a Son.
Vain, praying Fools! The Gods already know
Our lott, and what we must have, will bestow.
Yet if thou wilt, thou may'st in Entrails rake,

But if thou dost, be sure this pray'r to make;
"Grant, mighty Jove, thou Parent of *Mankind*,
"An healthy *Body* and a quiet *Mind*;
"Grant courage, fortitude and strength of Soul
"Which terror cannot shake, nor Death controul; 570
"Prudence to hold the hour we cease to live,
"As the last blessing which the Gods can give;
"Spirit, whatever toils the Fates decree,
"That may to ev'ry tryal equal be;
"Sense, not to wish beyond what wants require,
"And neither writhe with anger nor desire;
"Virtue, to think *Herculean* labors light,
"And in no taste of luxury delight."
These are, what each may in himself command,
These are, what each may give with bounteous hand; 580
For live in Joy, or pass thy Days in Strife,
Virtue alone must give the Tranquil Life.
Who steps aside will ever miss his way,
Who follows *Virtue* cannot go astray.
No God is wanting to a *Man* that's wise –
Fools only place blind *Fortune* in the Skies.

Readings Emended from MS

11 and] & 13 Soul,] Soul^ 19 *Gold*^] *Gold*, 35 out^] out, 54 *State*^] ~, 72 *Slaves*
and] *Slaves* & 91 ~Some] "~ 98 Horses'] ~^ 110 and] & 113 appear'd?]
appear'd? 116 name.]" name. 145 haste, my Friends] ~^^ 149 Lest] Least
198 Prose^] ~, 199 spleen^] ~, 200 verse^] verse, 214 not^] ~, 240 both^] both,
256 *Hannibal*),] ~^ 258 fall.]" fall. 264 Whither, Oh! Glory,] ~^^ 275 Now,
Mad-man,] ~^^ 302 care?] care. 308 and] & 335 waste?] ~, 355 heat^] ~,
358 and] & 368 Loins] Reins 402 gone?]" gone? 500 Sentence] Vengeance
578 delight.] delight;