Horace

(Quintus Horatius Flaccus)

The Satires, Epistles, and Ars Poetica
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BkISatI:1-22 Everyone is discontented with their lot

How come, Maecenas, no one alive’s ever content With the lot he chose or the one fate threw in his way, But praises those who pursue some alternative track? ‘O fortunate tradesman!’ the ageing soldier cries Body shattered by harsh service, bowed by the years. The merchant however, ship tossed by a southern gale, Says: ‘Soldiering’s better. And why? You charge and then: It’s a quick death in a moment, or a joyful victory won.’ When a client knocks hard on his door before cockcrow The adept in justice and law praises the farmer’s life, While he, going bail and having been dragged up to town From the country, proclaims only town-dwellers happy. Quoting all the other numerous examples would tire Even that windbag Fabius. So to avoid delaying you, Here’s what I’m getting at. If some god said: ‘Here I am! Now I’ll perform whatever you wish: you be a merchant Who but now was a soldier: you the lawyer become a farmer: You change roles with him, he with you, and depart. Well! What are you waiting for? They’d refuse, on the verge of bliss. What in reason would stop Jove rightly swelling his cheeks Then, in anger, and declaring that never again will he Be so obliging as to attend to their prayers.
Then again, not to pass over the matter with a smile
Like some wit - though what stops one telling the truth
While smiling, as teachers often give children biscuits
To try and tempt them to learn their alphabet? -
No: joking aside, let’s turn to more serious thoughts:
The farmer turning the heavy clay with sturdy plough,
The rascally shopkeeper, the soldier, the sailor
Who boldly sails the seas, all say they only do so
So as to retire in true idleness when they are old,
Having made a pile: just as their exemplar
The tiny labouring ant drags all she can together,
Adding what’s in her mouth to the heap she’s building,
Neither ignorant of nor careless of her tomorrow.
Though as soon as Aquarius freezes the turning year,
Wise creature that she is, she no longer forages,
Using instead what she gathered, while nothing stops you,
Nothing deflects you from riches, not scorching heat, fire
Winter, sword or sea, while there’s a man richer than you.
Yet what good is all that mass of silver and gold to you,
If, fearful, you bury it secretly in some hole in the ground?
‘If I broke into it,’ you say, ‘it would all be gone, to the last
Brass farthing.’ Yet if you don’t what’s the point of your pile?
Though you’ve threshed a hundred thousand measures of corn
That won’t make your stomach hold any more than mine:
Just like the chain-gang where carrying the heavy bread-bag
Over your shoulder won’t gain you more than the slave
Who lifts nothing. Tell me then, what difference to the man
Who lives within Nature’s bounds, whether he ploughs a hundred
Acres or a thousand? ‘But it’s sweet to take from a big heap.’
Even so why praise your granaries more than our bins,
So long as we’re able to draw as much from the smaller?
It’s as if though you needed no more than a jug of water,
Or a single cup, you said: ‘I’d rather have the same amount
From some vast river rather than this little spring.’ That’s why
Raging Aufidus sweeps away riverbanks, and all those
Who delight in owning more than their fair share of wealth.
But the man who desires only as much as he needs,
Won’t drink muddy water, or lose his life in the flood.

BkISatI:61-91 The miseries of the wealthy

Still, a good many people misled by foolish desire
Say: ‘There’s never enough, you’re only what you own.’
What can one say to that? Let such people be wretched,
Since that’s what they wish: like the rich Athenian miser
Who used to hold the voice of the crowd in contempt:
‘They hiss at me, that crew, but once I’m home I applaud
Myself, as I contemplate all the riches in my chests.’
Tantalus, thirsty, strains towards water that flees his lips –
Why do you mock him? Alter a name and the same tale
Is told of you: covetously sleeping on money-bags
Piled around, forced to protect them like sacred objects,  
And take pleasure in them as if they were only paintings.  
Don’t you know the value of money, what end it serves?  
Buy bread with it, cabbages, a pint of wine: all the rest,  
Things where denying them us harms our essential nature.  
Does it give you pleasure to lie awake half dead of fright,  
Terrified night and day of thieves or fire or slaves who rob  
You of what you have, and run away? I’d always wish  
To be poorest of the poor when it comes to such blessings.  
‘But,’ you say, ‘when your body’s attacked by a feverish chill  
Or some other accident’s confined you to your bed,  
I’d have someone to sit by me, prepare my medicine  
Call in the doctor to revive me, restore me to kith and kin.’  
Oh, but your wife doesn’t want you well, nor your son: all  
Hate you, your friends and neighbours, girls and boys.  
Yet you wonder, setting money before all else,  
That no-one offers you the love you’ve failed to earn!  
While if you tried to win and keep the love of those kin  
Nature gave you without any trouble on your part,  
Your effort would be as wasted as trying to train  
A donkey to trot to the rein round the Plain of Mars.

BkISatI:92-121 Set a limit to your desire for riches

So set a limit to greed, and as you gain more  
Fear poverty less, achieving what you desired,  
Make an end of your labour, lest you do as did  
One Ummidius. It’s not a long tale: he was rich,  
So much so he was forced to weigh his coins: so stingy  
He dressed no better than a slave: and right to the end
He was fearful lest starvation overcome him. Instead a freedwoman cut him in two with an axe, She an indomitable scion of Tyndareus’ race! ‘Do you want me to live, then,’ you say, ‘like Naevius Or Nomentanus?’ Now you’re setting up a war Of opposites. When I order you not to be avaricious I’m not telling you to become an idle spendthrift. Between Visellius’ father-in-law and Tanais There’s a mean. Measure in everything: in short, there are Certain boundaries, on neither side of which lies Right. I return to the point I first made, that no one’s content In himself, because of greed, but envies all others Who follow different paths, pines that his neighbour’s goat Has fuller udders, and instead of comparing himself With the poorer majority, tries to outdo this man and that. But however he hurries there’s always one richer in front, As when the galloping hooves whisk the chariots away From the gate, the charioteer chasing the vanishing teams, Indifferent to the stragglers he’s leaving behind. So we can rarely find a man who claims to have lived A happy life, who when his time is done is content To go, like a guest at the banquet who is well sated. That will do. Lest you think I’ve pillaged the shelves Of bleary-eyed Crispinus, I’ll add not a single word.
Satires: Book I Satire II – On Extremism

BkISatII:1-22 When it comes to money men practise extremes

The guild of girl flute-players, the quacks who sell drugs, The beggars, the jesters, the actresses, all of that tribe Are sad: they grieve that the singer Tigellius has died: He was so generous they say. But this fellow over here, Afraid of being a spendthrift, grudges his poor friend Whatever might stave off the pangs of hunger and cold. And if you ask that man there why, in his greedy ingratitude, He’s squandering his father’s and grandfather’s noble estate Buying up gourmet foodstuffs with money he’s borrowed, It’s so as not to be thought a mean-spirited miser. By some men that’s praised and by others condemned. While Fufidius, rich in land and the money he’s lent, Afraid of earning the name of a wastrel and spendthrift, Charges sixty per cent per annum, docked in advance, And presses you harder the nearer you are to ruin. He gathers in debts from young men with harsh fathers Kids who’ve just taken to wearing the toga: ‘Great Jove’ All cry on hearing it, ‘but surely he spends on himself In line with his earnings? Well, you’d scarcely believe How bad a friend he is to himself. That father who exiled His son, whom Terence’s play depicts as living so Wretchedly, never tortured himself more than he does.
BkISatII:23-46 And in sexual matters some prefer adultery

If you ask now: ‘What’s your point in all this? Well, In avoiding one vice a fool rushes into its opposite. Maltinus ambles around with his tunic hanging down: Another, a dandy, hoists his obscenely up to his crotch. Rufillus smells of lozenges, and Gargonius of goat. There’s no happy medium. Some will only touch women Whose ankles are hidden beneath a wife’s flounces: Another only those who frequent stinking brothels. Seeing someone he knew exit from one, Cato’s Noble words were: ‘A blessing on all your doings, since It’s fine when shameful lust swells youngsters’ veins For them to wander down here, and not mess around With other men’s wives.’ ‘I’d hate to be praised for that,’ Says Cupiennius though, an admirer of white-robed snatch. If you wish bad luck on adulterers, it’s worth your while To listen how they struggle in every direction, And how their pleasure is marred by plenty of pain, And how in the midst of cruel dangers it’s rarely won. One man leaps from a roof: another, flogged, is hurt To the point of death: another in flight falls in with A gang of fierce robbers: a fourth pays gold for his life, A fifth’s done over by lads, it’s even happened That a husband with a sword’s reaped the lover’s Lusty cock and balls. ‘Legal’ all cried: Galba dissenting.

BkISatII:47-63 While others avoid wives like the plague

How much safer it is to trade in second class wares,
I mean with freedwomen, whom Sallust runs after
As insanely as any adulterer. Yet if he wished
To be kind and generous in accord with his means,
With reason’s prompting, as modest liberality allows,
He’d give just enough, not what meant shame and ruin
For himself. But no he hugs himself and admires himself
And praises himself for it, because: ‘I never touch wives.’
As Marsaeus, Origo’s lover, who gave the house and farm
He inherited to an actress, once said: ‘May I never
Have anything to do with other men’s wives.’
But you have with prostitutes and actresses, and so
Your reputation suffers more than your wealth. Or
Is it enough for you to avoid the tag, but not what
Causes harm on every side? To throw away a good name,
And squander an inheritance, is always wicked.
What matter whether you sin with a wife or a whore?

BkISatII:64-85 The sin’s the same, but wives are more
trouble

Villius, Sulla’s ‘son-in-law’, suffered enough and more
Because of Fausta – he, poor wretch, deceived by her name
–
He was punched, and attacked with a sword, and shown
The door, while his rival Longarenus was there inside.
In the face of such problems if a man’s lust were to say:
‘What are you up to? In all my wildness did I ever insist
On a cunt in a robe descended from some mighty consul?’
Would he really reply: ‘But she’s a great man’s daughter.’
If you’d only manage things sensibly, and not confuse
What’s desirable with what hurts you, how much wiser
The opposite advice Nature, rich in her own wealth, gives. Do you think it’s irrelevant whether your problems Are your fault or fate’s? Stop angling for wives if you don’t Want to be sorry, Your more likely to gain from it pain And effort, rather than reaping the fruits of delight. Cerinthus, her leg is no straighter, her thigh no softer, Among emeralds or snowy pearls, whatever you think, And it’s often better still with a girl in a cloak. At least she offers her goods without disguise, shows What she has for sale openly, won’t boast and flaunt Whatever charms she has, while hiding her faults.

**BkISatII:86-110 Wives present endless obstacles**

It’s like rich men buying horses: they inspect them When they’re blanketed, so that if, as often happens, The hoof supporting a beautiful form is tender, the buyer Gazing isn’t misled by fine haunches, long neck, small head. In this they’re wise: don’t study her bodily graces With Lynceus’ eyes, yet blinder than Hypseae Ignore her imperfections. ‘Oh, what legs, what arms!’ True, But she’s narrow-hipped, long-nosed: short waist, big feet. With a wife you can only get to see her face: Unless she’s a Catia long robes hide the rest. If you want what’s forbidden (since that *is* what excites you), What walls protect, there’s a host of things in your way, Bodyguards, closed litters, hairdressers, hangers-on, A dress-hem down to her ankles, a robe on top, A thousand things that stop you gaining an open view.
With the other type, no problem: You can see her almost Naked in Coan silk, no sign there of bad legs or ugly feet: And check her out with your eyes. Or would you rather Be tricked, parted from your cash before the goods are Revealed? Callimachus says how ‘the hunter chases The hare through deep snow, but won’t touch it at rest’, Adding: ‘That’s what my love is like, since it flies past What’s near, and only chases after what runs away.’ Do you hope with such verses as those to keep Pain, passion, and a weight of care from your heart?

BkISatII:111-134 No married women for me!

Wouldn’t it be better to ask what boundaries Nature Sets to desire, what privations she can stand and what Will grieve her, and so distinguish solid from void? Do you ask for a golden cup when you’re dying Of thirst? Do you scorn all but peacock, or turbot When you’re starving? When your prick swells, then, And a young slave girl or boy’s nearby you could take At that instant, would you rather burst with desire? Not I: I love the sexual pleasure that’s easy to get. ‘Wait a bit’, ‘More cash’, ‘If my husband’s away’, that girl’s
For the priests, Philodemus says: requesting, himself, One who’s not too dear, or slow to come when she’s told. She should be fair and poised: dressed so as not to try To seem taller or whiter of skin than nature made her. When a girl like that slips her left thigh under my right, She’s Ilia or Egeria: I name her however I choose, No fear, while I fuck, of husbands back from the country,
Doors bursting, dogs howling, the whole house echoing
With the sound of his knocking, the girl deathly pale,
Leaping the bed, her knowing maid shouting afraid
For her limbs, the adulteress for her dowry, I for myself.
Nor, clothes awry, of having to flee bare-foot, scared
For my cash, my skin, or at the very least my reputation.
It’s bad news to be caught: even with Fabio judging.
Satires: Book I Satire III – On Tolerance

BkISatIII:1-24 Tigellius the Singer’s faults

All singers have the same fault, nothing will make them offer to sing for their friends when they’re asked, yet unasked they never stop. Sardinian Tigellius was like that. Even if Caesar, with all his power, had begged him to sing out of friendship to him and his father, he’d have got nowhere: yet if he chose he’d cry: ‘Hail Bacchus!’ at meals, from the egg to the fruit, now in a bass, now tenor, from tip to toe of the lyre. The man lacked balance: sometimes he’d run as if fleeing an enemy: sometimes walk slow as a man who’s carrying Juno’s sacred basket. Sometimes he’d two hundred slaves, sometimes just ten: One day it was tetrarchs and kings and everything royal, the next: ‘All I ask is salt in a shell, a three-legged table, a coat that however ill-made will keep out the cold.’ If you gave ten thousand or so to this thrifty man content with so little, in a week his pockets were empty. He’d stay awake all night till dawn, then snore all day. Never lived so inconsistent a creature. ‘Well,’ someone might say, ‘and what about you? Have you no faults?’ Yes, others, but different and lesser perhaps. When Maenius once savaged absent Novius someone said: ‘Look at yourself, or do you think to pretend we can’t see you too?’ He answered: ‘Oh, myself I pardon.’
Such stupid and shameless self-love deserves to be censured.

**BkISatIII:25-54 Where is our tolerance though?**

When we consider our own faults, we accidentally blind Our eyes with a smear of ointment, but viewing our friends’ We’re as keen-eyed as eagles or Epidaurian snakes. The result is that they gaze just as keenly at ours. That man’s a bit hot-tempered, not acceptable To today’s sensitive folks: another makes you smile With his rustic haircut, his sloppy toga, loose sandals That barely stay on his feet: and yet he’s a good man, None better, and your friend, and great gifts lie hidden Beneath that form. In short, give yourself a good shaking And consider whether it’s nature or perhaps a bad habit That long ago sowed the seeds of wickedness in you: For the bracken we burn springs up in neglected fields. Think of the case of a lover in all his blindness Who fails to see his darling’s ugly blemishes, Or is even charmed, like Balbinus with Hagne’s mole. I wished we erred in the same way with our friends, And morality gave such errors a decent name. We should behave to a friend as father to son And not be disgusted by some fault. If a boy squints His father names him Paetus: Pullus if he’s puny Like that dwarf who used to exist called Sisyphus: Varus if he has crooked legs: or if he can barely stand On twisted ankles gives him the cognomen Scaurus. Well then let’s call a friend who’s mean, ‘thrifty’. Another
Who’s tactless and boasts a bit: he just wants his friends
To think him ‘sociable’. or perhaps the man’s more fierce
And outspoken: let’s have it he’s ‘frank’ and fearless.
He’s a hothead? We’ll just count him one of the ‘eager’.
This it is that unites friends, and then keeps them united.

BkISatIII:55-75 We denigrate people unjustly

We turn virtues themselves upside down in our desire
To foul a spotless jar: the decent man who lives here
Among us, who’s an utterly humble soul, we call him
Slow-witted, thick-headed. Another who flees all deceit
And who never offers a single loophole to malice,
Though we live among the kind of people, where Envy
Is keen and accusations flourish: instead of noting his
Common sense and caution, we call him false and sly.
Of one who’s unsophisticated, as I’ve often shown
Myself to be with you, Maecenas, interrupting you
Perhaps, while reading or thinking, with tiresome chatter:
We say: ‘He quite lacks the social graces.’ Ah, how
Casually we enact these laws against ourselves!
No man alive is free of faults: the best of us is him
Who’s burdened with the least. If he desires my love,
My gentle friend must, in all fairness, weigh my virtues
With my faults, and incline to the more numerous,
Assuming that is my virtues are the more numerous.
And by that rule I’ll weigh him in the same scale.
If you really expect a friend not to be offended
By your boils, pardon him his warts: it’s only fair
That he forgives who asks forgiveness for his faults.
So, if the vice of anger, and all of the other faults
That cling to fools can’t be wholly excised, why then
Does Reason not employ her own weights and measures
And curb each offence with appropriate punishment?
If a man were to nail his slave to a cross for eating
Left-over fish and cold sauce from the dish he’d been told
To remove, sane men would call him madder than Labeo.
Well how much greater and more insane a fault is this:
When your friend has committed some slight offence,
That you’d be thought ungracious not to have pardoned,
You hate him savagely, and shun him as Ruso is shunned
By his debtor. When the unhappy Kalends come, if he can’t,
Poor wretch, rustle up principal or interest from somewhere,
He has to expose his throat, and listen to those sad Histories!
So what if a drunken friend drenches the couch, or even
Knocks a bowl that must have been touched by Evander’s
Own fingers from the table: should he be less of a friend
In my eyes, even though he may have reached for the bird
On my side of the dish? What would I do then if he should
Commit a theft, betray a trust, or even disown his word?
The Stoics who think all sins are much of a much-ness
Struggle in face of reality: all tradition and feeling rebel
And Expediency too, mother almost of fairness and justice.
When the first living creatures crawled on primeval Earth, 
Mute, formless beasts, they fought for their food and shelter
With claws and fists, and then with sticks, and so on up
Fighting with the weapons that experience had forged,
Until they found words, to give meaning to feelings
And cries, and then names. They began to shun war,
They started to lay out towns and to lay down laws,
By which no man might be thief, brigand, or adulterer.
Even before Helen’s day cunts were a dire cause for battle,
But those who snatched promiscuous love like beasts
And were killed like a bull in the herd by a stronger bull,
Died an unsung death. If you want to study the record
Of those past ages of the world, you’ll be forced to accept
That justice was created out of the fear of injustice.
Nature doesn’t, can’t, distinguish between right and wrong,
As she does between sweet and sour, attractive and hostile:
And Reason can never show it’s the same offence
To cull fresh cabbages out of a neighbour’s garden
As to steal the god’s sacred emblems by night: let’s have Rules, to lay down a fair punishment for every crime,
Lest we flay with the terrible whip what merits the strap.

BkISatIII:120-142 We should accept human imperfection

There’s little fear of your punishing with the cane
One who deserves worse, given you’d say that theft
Is as bad as highway robbery, and use the same hook
To prune all crime great or small, if only men gave you Royal powers. If as the Stoics say the wise man’s rich,
Uniquely handsome, a brilliant cobbler, a king for sure, Why do you need to be given what you already have? ‘That’s not what Chrysippus meant’, they cry, ‘without making Sandals or shoes the wise man is still a fine cobbler.’ What? ‘Just as a silent Hermogenes is still the best singer And player: and clever Alfenus when he’d thrown away All the tools of his trade and closed up his shop, was A barber still, so the wise man alone’s the master Of every role, and so a king.’ O mightiest king Of mighty kings, mischievous lads pluck at your beard: And unless you drive them away with your staff, the crowd All round you jostle, while you poor wretch fume and snarl! To be brief, while you, a king, go to your public bath Without a single attendant to keep you company But stupid Crispinus, my sweet friends will forgive me If I, a fool, commit some crime, and I’ll tolerate Gladly in turn all their shortcomings, and I’ll live, More happily than your majesty, a private man.
Satires: Book I Satire IV – A Defence of Satire

BkISatIV:1-25 Quality not Quantity in Satire please.

Whenever anyone deserved to be shown as a crook
A thief, a libertine, a murderer, or merely notorious
In some other way, the true poets, those who powered
The Old Comedy: Eupolis, Aristophanes,
Cratinus, used to mark such a man out quite freely.
Lucilius derives from them, as a follower
Who only changed rhythm and metre: witty
With a sharp nose, true, but the verse he wrote was rough.
That’s where the fault lay: often, epically, he’d dictate
Two hundred lines, do it standing on one foot even!
A lot should have been dredged from his murky stream.
He was garrulous, hated the labour involved in writing,
Writing well, I mean: I don’t care for mere quantity.
Watch Crispinus offer me long odds: ‘Now, if you please,
Take your tablets and I’ll take mine: pick a time, a place,
The judges: let’s see which of us can scribble the most.’
Thank the gods I’m a man of few ideas, with no spirit,
One who speaks only rarely, and then says little.
But if it’s what you prefer, then you imitate air shut
In a goat-skin bellows, labouring away till the fire
Makes the iron melt. Blessed be Fannius who offers
His books and a bust unasked, while no one reads
What I write, and I’m afraid to recite it aloud
Since some care little for that sort of thing, and most
Men deserve censure. Choose any man from the crowd:
He’ll be bothered by avarice or some wretched ambition.
This man is crazy for married women, another for boys:
That man’s captivated by gleaming silver: Albius
Marvels at bronze: this man trades his goods from the east
To the lands warmed by the evening rays, rushes headlong
Just like the dust caught up by the wind, full of fear
Lest he loses his capital or the chance of a profit.
All of them dread our verses and hate the poets.
‘He’s dangerous, flee, he’s marked by hay tied to his horns!
He won’t spare a single friend to get a laugh for himself:
And whatever he’s scribbled all over his parchments
He’s eager for all the slaves and old women to know,
On their way from the well or the bake-house.’ Well listen
To these few words of reply. First I’d cut my own name
From those I listed as poets: it’s not enough merely
To turn out a verse, and you can’t call someone a poet
Who writes like me in a style close to everyday speech.
Give the honour owed to that name to a man of talent,
One with a soul divine, and a powerful gift of song.
That’s why some people have doubted if Comedy
Is true poetry, since in words and content it lacks
Inspired force and fire, and except that it differs
From prose in its regular beat, is merely prose.
‘But it highlights a father there in a raging temper,
Because his son, a spendthrift whose madly in love
With his mistress, a slut, shuns a girl with an ample dowry,
Reels around drunk, and causes a scandal, with torches
At even-tide.’ Yes, but wouldn’t Pomponius get
A lecture no less severe from a real father? So,
It’s not nearly enough to write out a line in plain speech, That if you arranged it, would allow any father to fume Like the one in the play. Take the regular rhythm From this that I’m writing now, or Lucilius wrote, Putting the first words last, placing the last ones first, It’s not like transposing Ennius’, ‘When hideous Discord Shattered the iron posts and the gateways of War.’ Even dismembered you’ll find there the limbs of a poet.

BkISatIV:63-85 Maybe not, but why treat Satire with suspicion?

Enough! We’ll ask some other time if it’s poetry. The only question for now is whether you’re right To view such things with suspicion. Sulcius And Caprius prowl about zealously armed with writs: And, terribly hoarse, are a terror to thieves: but a man With clean hands who lives decently, scorns them both. Even if you’re a Caelius or Birrius, a thief, I’m not Caprius or Sulcius: so why fear me? No stall or pillar will offer up my little books To the sweaty hands of the mob, and Hermogenes: I only recite them to friends, and only when pressed, Not anywhere, not to anyone. There are plenty Who read out their works in the Forum, or baths: (How nicely the vaulted space resonates to the voice!) It delights the inane, who never consider, whether Time and taste are right. ‘But you take delight in wounding And you work your evil zealously.’ Where did you find That spear to throw? Is anyone I know the author Of that? The man who will slander an absent friend,
And fails to defend him from others’ attacks,
Who’s after others’ laughter, and the name of a wit,
And invents things he’s never seen, and can’t keep
A secret: beware of him, Rome, he’s a blackguard.

BkISatIV:86-106 After all, I’m not the malicious one

When there’s a party of four and only three couches,
Often there’s one guest who likes to besprinkle the rest
Excluding his host who supplies the water: his host too
Though later when, drunk, truthful Liber unlocks the heart.
Yet you, hating blackguards, consider him charming,
Direct, and urbane. Did I seem then spiteful or vicious,
If I laughed because stupid Rufillus smells of pastils,
Gargonius of goat? If someone while you were there
Gave a hint of Petillius Capitolinus’ thefts,
You’d be sure to defend him as is your habit:
‘Capitolinus has been a dear friend and companion
Since childhood: he’s done me many a favour when asked,
I’m delighted he’s living freely here in the City:
But I’m still amazed at how he escaped that trial.’
That’s the black ink a cuttlefish squirts, now, that’s
Pure venom. Let such nastiness be far from my work,
And well before that from my heart: if there’s anything
I can truly promise, I’ll promise you that. If I
Speak too freely, too lightly perhaps, you’ll allow me
That liberty, please. The best of fathers formed me:
So I’d flee from vice, he’d point it out by example.

BkISatIV:107-143 My father taught me to be critical
When he exhorted me to be thrifty and careful,
So as to live in content on what he’d leave me:
He’d say: ‘Don’t you see how badly young Albius
Is doing, how poor Baius is? A clear warning: don’t
Wilfully squander your birthright.’ Or steering me
From base love of a whore: ‘Don’t take after Scetanus.’
Or from chasing an adulteress where I might enjoy
Free sex: ‘Not nice, Trebonius’ name now he’s caught:
Some wise man can tell you why it’s better to seek
Or avoid something: it’s enough for me that I follow
The code our ancestors handed down, and while you
Need a guardian I’ll keep your reputation and health
From harm: then when age has strengthened your body
And mind, you can swim free of the float.’ With words
Such as these he formed the child, whether urging me on
If I acted, with ‘You’ve an authority for doing this,’
Pointing to one of the judges the praetor had chosen:
Or forbidding it, with ‘Can you really be doubtful
Whether it’s wrong or harmful, when scandal’s ablaze
About that man and this?’ As a neighbour’s funeral scares
The sick glutton, and makes him diet, fearful of dying,
So tender spirits are often deterred from doing wrong
By others’ shame. That’s why I’m free of whatever vices
Bring ruin, though I’m guilty of lesser failings, ones
You might pardon. Perhaps growing older will largely
Erase even these, or honest friends, or self-reflection:
Since when my armchair welcomes me, or a stroll
In the portico, alert to myself: ‘It’s more honest,’
I’ll say, ‘if I do that my life will be better: that way I’ll
Make good friends: what he did wasn’t nice: could I ever
Unthinkingly do something similar one day?’ So
I advise myself with my lips tight closed: and when I’m free
I toy with my writings. It’s one of the minor failings I mentioned: and if it’s something you can’t accept,
A vast crowd of poets will flock to my aid (for we Are by far the majority), and just as the Jews do
In Rome, we’ll force you to join our congregation!
Satires: Book I Satire V – Journey to Brundisium

BkISatV:1-33 Off to meet Maecenas, going to Brindisi

Leaving great Rome for Aricia, a modest inn
Received me: the rhetorician Heliodorus
Was with me, most learned of Greeks: to Forum Appi.
Then, cramped with bargemen and stingy innkeepers. We
Took this lazily in two days, though keener travellers
Than us take only one: the Appian’s easier taken slow!
Here because of the lousy water my stomach declares
War on me, and I wait impatiently while the others
Dine. Night’s already beginning to shroud the earth
In shadow, and sprinkle the heavens with stars.
Then its slaves shouting at bargemen, bargees at slaves:
‘Pull, over here!’ ‘You’re loading three hundred?’ ‘Oy,
That’s enough!’ A whole hour slips by, as they harness
The mule, and collect the fares. The marsh frogs and
damned
Mosquitoes keep away sleep, while the boatman, drowned
In sour wine, sings of the girl left behind and a traveller
Joins in. At last the traveller tires and falls asleep,
And the lazy boatman turns out his mule to feed,
Ties the rope to a stone, and snores away on his back.
When day dawns we discover our vessel’s not yet
Under way, till a hot-headed traveller leaps out
thumping mule and man head and sides with a branch
Of willow. At ten we are barely landed at last
And wash our faces and hands in Feronia’s stream..
Then after breakfast we crawl on three miles to Anxur.
Perched on its cliffs that gleam brightly far and wide.
Here Maecenas the best of men’s going to meet us,
An envoy, with Cocceius, on very important business,
Both of them used to settling feuds between friends.
Here I smear some black ointment on my sore eyes.
Meanwhile Maecenases arrives, and with him Cocceius
And Fonteius Capito, a man so perfectly finished
That Antony owns to no greater friend than he.

**BkISatV:34-70 Onward to supper at Cocceius’ villa**

We left Fundi with pleasure, and Aufidius
Luscus its ‘praetor’, mocking that clerk’s mad reward,
Bordered robe, a broad-striped tunic, burning charcoal.
Tired out we halted at the Mamurra’s town next,
Murena offered shelter, Capito the cooking.
The next day’s sunrise brings great joy: since Plotius
Varius, and Virgil, meet us at Sinuessa: no more
Shining spirits did earth ever bear, and no one
Could be more dearly attached to them than I.
O what embraces there were there, and what delight!
In health, nothing compares for me with friendship’s joy.
A small villa by the Campanian Bridge offered us
Shelter, and the officers, as required, salt and fuel.
Then to Capua, where the mules shed their loads early.
Maecenas is off for sport, Virgil and I for sleep:
Those ball-games are bad for sore eyes and stomachs.
Then Cocceius’ well-stocked villa welcomes us,
That overlooks the inns of Caudium. Now, Muse,
Tell briefly of the fight ‘twixt Sarmentus the jester,
And Messius Cicirrus, and who their fathers were
That joined the fray. Messius of famous Oscan stock: Sarmentus’ owner, she’s still alive: from such ancestry Did they join battle. Sarmentus first to strike: ‘A horse, I say, a wild one, is what you resemble.’ We roar, Messius tosses his head, cries: ‘Yea’. Sarmentus Says: ‘Oh, if your forehead wasn’t short of a horn Imagine what you could do, when you threaten us Mutilated so!’ An ugly scar marred his hairy brow On the left, you see. Mocking his ‘Campanian’ warts And joking about his face, he begged him to dance A dance of the Cyclopean shepherd, while saying He’d not need a mask or the thick soles of Tragedy. Cicirrus struck back fiercely: ‘What about that chain He owed to the Lares? Though a clerk, his lady’s power Was no less: and finally he asked why he’d run away Since a bag of meal a day’s enough for the slight and lean. So we prolonged that supper with all our laughter.

**BkISatV:71-104 And so by stages to journey’s end**

On, straight, to Beneventum: where our busy host Nearly burned the inn turning lean thrushes over the fire: As Vulcan’s fumes dispersed through the ancient kitchen, Darting flames licked right up to the roof overhead. You saw scared servants and famished guests snatch food And everyone tried to extinguish the roaring blaze. From that point on Apulia begins to reveal Her familiar hills to me, scorched by scirocco, And we’d never have crossed if a villa near Trivicum Hadn’t received us, tearful with smoke from the stove That was burning up green wood, foliage and all.
Here like an utter fool I lay wakeful till midnight
Awaiting a cheating girl: till sleep carried me off
Thinking of sex: then a dream full of sordid visions
Wet my nightshirt and belly, lying there on my back.
From here we’re rushed on in a cart twenty-four miles,
To spend the night in a little town I can’t fit in the verse,
Though here’s a clue: they sell what’s commonly free
There, water: but the bread’s the best by far, so wise
Travellers carry a load on their shoulders for later,
‘cos it’s gritty at Canusium (and your jug’s no more
Water in) a place brave Diomed founded long ago.
Here Varius peels off, to the grief of his weeping friends.
So to Rubi exhausted we come, after we’ve travelled
A long stretch of roadway damaged by heavy rain,
Next day the weather was better, the road was worse,
Right up to fishy Bari. Then Gnatia, on whose building
The water-nymphs frowned, brought us laughter and mirth,
As it tried to persuade us that incense melts without fire
On its temple steps. Let Apella the Jew credit that,
I don’t: I’ve heard the gods live a carefree life,
And if nature works miracles then it isn’t the gods
Gloomily sending them down from their home in the sky.
Brindisi’s the end of a long road and this story.
Satires: Book I Satire VI – On Ambition

BkISatVI:1-44 Ancestry matters in public affairs

Maecenas, though none of the Lydians settled
In Tuscany is of nobler birth than yours,
And though your maternal and paternal grandfathers
Commanded mighty legions in days of old,
You don’t turn your nose up as most men do
At men of unknown birth, sons of freedmen like me.
When you say it’s irrelevant who a man’s father is
If he’s free born, you’re persuaded correctly
By the fact that before low-born Tullius ruled,
Many men born of insignificant ancestors often
Lived virtuous lives and were blessed with high office:
While Laevinus, scion of that Valerius from whom
Tarquin the Proud fled, driven from his throne, was never
Rated a penny higher, even in the crowd’s judgement,
Who, you know well, often grant honours stupidly
To the unworthy, and are sadly enthralled by fame,
Dazzled by titles, and ancestral busts. What about us
Then, being far, far removed from the vulgar masses?
Let us accept the people would rather put Laevinus
In office, than unknown Decius, and a censor like Appius
Would strike out my name if I weren’t the son of a freeborn
Father: rightly, for not having stuck to my own ass’s skin,
Yet Ambition drags all along bound to her glittering
Chariot, noble and lowly. What use was it Tillius for you
To resume the broad stripe you lost, becoming a tribune?
Envy grew, that of a private person would have been less,
For as soon as anyone’s crazy enough to bind black
Senatorial thongs to his legs and wear the broad stripe
On his chest, it’s: ‘Who’s this fellow? Who was his dad?’
It’s just like suffering from Barrus’ sickness, longing
To be deemed handsome, so that wherever he went
He’d incite girls’ interest in personal details, what of
His face, his ankles, his feet, his teeth, and his hair:
Well he who promises to care for the city and people,
The Empire, and Italy, and all the gods’ temples,
Forces the whole mortal world to show interest
In who was his father, and whether his mother’s low-born.
‘Do you the son of a slave, a Syrus, a Dama, a Dionysius,
Dare to hand us over to Cadmus or hurl us from the Rock?’
‘But, Novius, my colleague’ he cries, ‘is only a row behind
In the theatre, he’s what my father was.’ ‘And does that
Make you Messalla or Paulus? If two hundred carts
In the Forum meet three big funerals, this Novius at least
Shouts loud enough to drown out the horns and trumpets.’

BkISatVI:45-64 Maecenas’ discernment

I turn again to myself, now, the son of a freedman,
Denounced by everyone as ‘the son of a freedman’
Because I’m your close friend now, Maecenas, earlier
Because as tribune I commanded a Roman legion.
Yet the situations differ, since one who’d begrudge
Me honours, shouldn’t begrudge me your friendship,
Given you’re careful only to patronise the worthy,
Men free of self-seeking. I can’t say I was lucky
Enough to win your friendship just by good fortune:
It wasn’t luck indeed that revealed you to me: Virgil,
The best of men, and Varius, told you what I was. Meeting you face to face, I stuttered a few words, Mute diffidence preventing me saying more. I didn’t claim to be born of a famous father, Or rode a horse round a Tarentine estate, I said what I was. You said little, as is your way, I left: nine months later you recalled me, asking Me to be one of your friends. And I think it’s fine To have pleased you, who separate true from false, Not by a man’s father but by his pure life and heart.

BkISatVI:65-88 Horace’s debt to his father

Still, if my character’s flawed by only a few little Faults, and otherwise sound, just as you’d censure Perhaps the blemishes scattered over a noble body: And if no one can accuse me in fairness of greed, Meanness, debauchery, if in truth, in my own praise, I live purely, innocently, loved by my friends: It’s due to my father, who though poor, on poor land, Wouldn’t send me to Flavius’ school, where fine lads The sons of fine centurions went with their tablets And satchel hanging from their left shoulders, carrying Their eight coins as fee on the Ides of each month, But instead he bravely whisked his son off to Rome, To be taught the skills senator or knight would expect To be taught his son. And if anyone noticed my clothes And attendants, a big city scene, he’d have thought The expenses were being met from ancestral wealth. He, the truest of guardians, toured all my teachers With me, too. What can I say? He guarded my innocence,
And that’s virtue’s prime ornament, he kept me free
Not only from shameful actions, but slander as well.
He wasn’t afraid someone might call him foolish
If I’d only followed the trade of an auctioneer
Or collector of dues like himself: I’d not have complained
As it turns out I owe him still greater praise and thanks.

**BkISatVI:89-109 His satisfaction with his fate**

I’d be insane to be ashamed of such a father,
So I won’t defend myself by saying, as many do,
It’s not their fault they don’t have well-known, noble Parents. What I say and think are quite otherwise:
If at a certain point in our lives Nature required us
To relive the past, and choose what parents we wished,
To suit our pride, then I’d still be content with mine,
I’d not want parents blessed with rods and thrones.
The crowd would think me mad, you sane perhaps,
For not wishing to carry an unaccustomed burden.
I’d be forced at once to acquire more possessions,
Welcome more visitors, take one or two companions
So as not to travel or visit the countryside alone,
Keep more horses and grooms, take a wagon-train,
While now I can ride on a gelded mule to Tarentum,
Its flanks galled by a heavy pack, withers by the rider:
No one will call me vulgar, Tillius the praetor,
As they do you, when five slaves, on the Tibur road,
Follow behind you with a chest, and a case of wine.

**BkISatVI:110-131 The life of freedom**
In this, in a thousand other ways, I live in more
Comfort than you, my illustrious Senator.
I wander wherever I choose, alone: ask the price
Of cabbage and flour, stroll round the dodgy Circus
And Forum at evening: loitering by the fortune-tellers:
Then home to a dish of oilcake, chickpeas, and leeks.
Three lads serve my supper, a white slab holds two cups
And a ladle: a cheap bowl too, oil-flask and saucer:
All Campanian ware. Then to bed, with no worries
About early rising, appearing before Marsyas’ statue
With its pained face, that can’t stick Novius Junior’s.
I lie in bed till ten: then take a stroll: or after reading
Or writing work I’ll enjoy in peace later, rub myself
With oil, but not what dirty Natta steals from the lamps!
When I’m tired and the hot sun tells me to go and bathe,
I avoid the Campus and those three-way ball games.
I take a light lunch, enough to prevent me fasting
All day long, then I idle about at home. This is the life
Of those relieved of the weight of wretched ambition:
I comfort myself, this way, that I’ll live more happily
Than if grandfather, father and uncle had all been quaestors.
It’s a story I think that’s well-known to every Chemist’s and barber’s shop, how Graeco-Roman Persius, repaid vile, venomous ‘King’ Rupilius. This wealthy Persius had big business interests In Clazomenae, and a tricky lawsuit with Rex. He was a tough, who outdid the ‘King’ in rudeness, Arrogant, loud, his abuse so scorching it outran a Barrus Or a Sisenna, and flashed by as swift as white lightning. Back to Rex. When they’d failed to reach an agreement (Since those who quarrel are all quite rightly like heroes Who meet in battle face to face: the hostility Between Priam’s son Hector, and angry Achilles Was so fierce, that only death could divide them, And for no other reason than that the courage Of each was supreme: while if two cowards quarrel Or ill-matched opponents fight in war, like Diomed And Lycian Glaucus, the lesser man gives way, even Sends gifts), while Brutus was praetor then for rich Asia, Persius and Rupilius fought as equals, no worse matched Than Bacchius and Bithus the gladiators, rushing Fiercely to court, both of them wonderful sights to see. Persius made his case: laughter from all the gathering: He praises Brutus, he praises his staff, calls Brutus The Sun of Asia, and all his suite health-giving stars, Except for Rex: he’s arrived as Sirius the Dog-star, A star that’s hated by countrymen. On he rushes
Like a wintry torrent, where an axe is never heard. Then the ‘King’ of Praeneste, faced with that outpour Of wit, hurled back abuse they squeeze from the vineyard, Like a tough and indomitable vine-cutter, routing A passer-by who shouts ‘Cuckoo, you’re pruning late!’ But Persius the Greek, drenched now with Italian vinegar, Shouts: Brutus, by all the gods, you and your clan Are used to finishing kings, can’t you slit this one’s throat? Believe me, this is a task that’s perfect for you!’
Satires: Book I Satire VIII – Priapus and the Witches

BkISatVIII:1-22 Priapus on the Esquiline

I was once a fig-tree’s trunk, a lump of useless wood, 
Till the carpenter, uncertain whether to carve Priapus 
Or a stool, decided on the god. So I’m a god, the terror 
Of thieves and birds: my right hand keeps the thieves away 
Along with the red shaft rising obscenely from my groin: 
While the reed stuck on my head frightens naughty birds, 
And stops them settling here in Maecenas’ new Gardens. 
Once slaves paid to have the corpses of their fellows, 
Cast from their narrow cells, brought here in a cheap box. 
This was the common cemetery for a mass of paupers, 
Like that joker Pantolabus, and the wastrel Nomentanus. 
Here a pillar marked a width of a thousand feet for graves, 
Three hundred deep, ground ‘not to be passed to the heirs’! 
Now you can live on a healthier Esquiline and stroll 
On the sunny Rampart, where sadly you used to gaze 
At a grim landscape covered with whitened bones. 
Personally it’s not the usual thieves and wild creatures 
Who haunt the place that cause me worry and distress, 
As those who trouble human souls with their drugs 
And incantations: I can’t escape them or prevent them 
From collecting bones and noxious herbs as soon as 
The wandering Moon has revealed her lovely face.

BkISatVIII:23-50 Witchcraft!

I’ve seen Canidia myself, wandering barefoot
With her black robe tucked up, and dishevelled hair, Howling with the elder Sagana: pallor making them Hideous to view. They scraped at the soil with their nails, Then set to tearing a black lamb to bits with their teeth: The blood ran into the trench, so they might summon The souls of the dead, spirits to give them answers. There was a woollen doll there, and another of wax: The wool one was larger to torment and crush the other. The wax one stood like a suppliant, waiting slave-like For death. One of the witches cried out to Hecate, The other to cruel Tisiphone: you might have seen Snakes and hell-hounds wandering around, a blushing Moon, Hiding behind the tall tombs, so as not to be witness. If I’m lying, foul my head with white raven’s droppings, And let Julius, slim Pediatia, and that thief Voranus come here, and shit and piss all over me. Why tell every detail – how the spirits made shrill sad noises As they conversed with Sagana, how the two witches Stealthily buried the beard of a wolf, and the tooth Of a spotted snake, how the wax doll made the fire Blaze more brightly, and how I shuddered, a witness To the twin Furies’ words and deeds, but had my revenge? My buttocks of fig wood split with a crack as loud As the sound of a bursting bladder: and off they ran To the city. You’d have been laughing and cheering To see Canidia’s false teeth drop, and Sagana’s tall wig, Herbs and magical love-knots tumbling from their arms.
Satires: Book I Satire IX – A Nuisance

BkISatIX:1-34 No Escape!

By chance I was strolling the Sacred Way, and musing, As I do, on some piece of nonsense, wholly absorbed, When up runs a man I know only by name, who grabs Me by the hand, crying: ‘How do you do, dear old thing?’ ‘Fine, as it happens,’ I answer, ‘and best wishes to you.’ As he follows me, I add: ‘You’re after something? He: ‘You should get to know me better, I’m learned. I: ‘I congratulate you on that.’ Desperately trying To flee, now I walk fast, now halt, and whisper a word In the ear of my boy, as the sweat’s drenching me Head to foot. While the fellow rattles on, praising Street after street, the whole city, I silently whisper, ‘Oh Bolanus, to have your quick temper! Since I’m not Replying, he says: ‘You’re dreadfully eager to go: I’ve seen that a while: but it’s no use: I’ll hold you fast: I’ll follow you wherever you’re going.’ ‘No need For you to be dragged around: I’m off to see someone You don’t know: he’s ill on the far side of Tiber, Near Caesar’s Garden.’ ‘I’ve nothing to do, I’m a walker: I’ll follow.’ Down go my ears like a sulky donkey, When the load’s too much for his back. Then he starts: ‘’If I know anything, you’d not find a superior friend In Viscus or Varius: who can write more, who can write Faster than me? Who can dance more delicately? Even Hermogenes would envy me when I sing.’ Here was my chance to break in: ‘Haven’t you a mother,
Relations who need you at home?’ ‘No, no one: they’re all at rest.’ Fortunate people! Only I’m left. Despatch me: Now the sad fate approaches an old Sabine woman Uttered when I was a child, rattling her diviner’s urn: ‘No deadly poison shall slay him, no enemy blade shall destroy him, No pleurisy carry him off, no lingering gout or cough: Garrulous the man who’ll consume him at last: the talkers He’ll take good care to avoid if he’s wise, as he grows older.’

BkISatIX: 35-78 Saved by Apollo!

If was well after nine when we reached Vesta’s temple, The hour, as it happened, when he was due to answer A charge: on pain of losing his case if he didn’t appear. ‘Give me some help for a while, as you love me,’ he says. ‘Slay me if I’ve the strength for it, and I don’t know the law: And I’ve got to go, you know where.’ ‘I’m not sure,’ says he, Whether to abandon you or my case.’ ‘Me, please.’ ‘No, no,’ Says he, and forges ahead. I follow, it’s hard to fight When you’re beaten. ‘How do you get on with Maecenas?’ He starts in again; ‘a man of good judgement, few friends. No one’s used opportunity better. You’d gain A helper, a good number two, if you’d introduce Yours truly to him: blow me, if you couldn’t have blown Away all the rest!’ ‘The life up there’s not what you think: No house is freer from taint or intrigue than that one:
It never troubles me, I can tell you, if someone is richer than me or more learned: everyone has his own place.’ ‘What a tale, I can hardly believe that!’ ‘Well, it’s true.’ ‘You inflame my desire to get closer to him.’ ‘Only wish: with your virtues you’ll carry the day: he’s a person who can be won, and that’s why he makes the first entrance so hard.’ I’ll not fail: I’ll bribe his servants with gifts: if I’m excluded today, I’ll persist: I’ll search out a suitable time, encounter him in the street, escort him home. Life grants nothing to mortals without a great effort.’ While he rabbits on, we meet Aristius Fuscus, a dear friend who knows the man well. We stop. ‘Where’ve you been, where are you going?’ He asks, he answers. I start to tug at his cloak, and press on his irresponsive arms, nodding and winking at him to save me, the joker cruelly laughing in non-comprehension: I grew heated with anger. ‘Wasn’t there something you needed to say in private.’ Yes I remember, I’ll tell you at some more convenient time: it’s the thirtieth, Sabbath: do you want to offend the circumcised Jews?’ ‘Nothing’s sacred to me.’ ‘It is to me: I’m one of the many, somewhat weaker. Pardon: another day.’ That so black a sun had risen for me! The rascal flees leaving me under the knife. Suddenly we’re faced by the plaintiff. ‘Where are you off to, you scoundrel?’ A great voice shouts, then to me: ‘Will you be a witness?’ I offer my ear. He hurries him off: clamour ensures people come running. And that’s how Apollo saved me.
Satires: Book I Satire X – On Satire

BkISatX:1-30 The art of writing well

Yes, I did say Lucilius’ verses ran on stumbling Feet. Who’s so absurd a fan of Lucilius not to Admit it? Yet on the same page the same man’s praised For scouring the City with all the salt of his wit. Still, granting him that, I wouldn’t admit all the rest, Or Laberius’ mimes would have to be called fine poetry. It isn’t enough for your listener to crack his jaws Laughing: though there’s a virtue still in achieving that: Conciseness is needed, so that the thought can run on, Un-entangled by words that weigh heavy on weary ears: And you need a style sometimes serious, often witty, Suiting the role now of orator now of poet, At times the urbane man who husbands his strength And parcels it out wisely. Ridicule usually Cuts through things better, more swiftly, than force. It was the mainstay of those who wrote Old Comedy, In it, they should imitated: those whom pretty Hermogenes never reads, nor that ape whose art Is only his skill in singing Catullus and Calvus. ‘But it was a great achievement to blend Greek and Latin.’ O tardy students, if you think it’s wonderful Or hard to do what Pitholeon of Rhodes achieved! ‘But a style harmoniously mixing both languages Is more delightful, like Chian and Falernian wine.’ When you’re writing verse, I’ll ask you, or also When you’re pleading Petillius’ long hard case?
Would you really prefer to forget home and country,
And while Pedius Publicola and Corvinus sweat
Over their cases in Latin, mingle foreign words
With your own, like the twin-tongued Canusians?

BkISatX:31-49 I decided to write Satire

Though born this side of the sea, I too made versicles
In Greek, but after midnight, when dreams are true,
A vision of Quirinus forbade me to do so, saying:
Your desire to swell the mighty ranks of the Greeks
Is as stupid as carrying wood to the forest.’
So while Furius, turgid Alpine poet, kills Memnon,
And muddies the head of the Rhine, I toy with these,
That won’t resound in the Muses’ temple competing
For Tarpa’s prize, nor be staged, again and again.
Fundanius, you alone of the living, delight us
With chatty comedy where the crafty whore and Davus
Cheat old Chremes: and Pollio, with a triple beat,
Sings kingly deeds: Varius marshals brave epics
Like none: and to Virgil the country-loving Muses
Have granted rare tenderness and grace. What Varro
Of Atax, and others, a few, attempted in vain,
Satire, is what I could write more effectively,
Though less well than its inventor: I’d not presume
To snatch the crown that clings to his head in glory.

BkISatX:50-71 Lucilius would prune his work today

But I do say he flows muddily, often carrying
What you’d rather remove than let remain. Well,
As a scholar do you never criticise Homer? Wouldn’t dear Lucilius mend Accius’ tragedies? Doesn’t he mock Ennius’ less dignified verses, Though he considers himself no greater than them? What forbids us readers of Lucilius’ writings To ask whether it was a harshness in himself, Or in his times, denied more finish to his verse, A smoother flow, he who’s content merely to stuff His thoughts into six feet, cheerfully penning two hundred Lines before dinner, and the same after? So Etruscan Cassius did too, whose own nature was fiercer Than a raging river, his shelves of books, so it’s said, Forming his funeral pyre. Let’s agree, I admit Lucilius was pleasant and witty, more polished Than a maker of rough forms the Greeks never touched And than the crowd of older poets: but he, had he Happened to be destined to live in our age, he too Would have rubbed away, cutting out whatever was Less than perfect, scratching his head as he made His verses, and often biting his nails to the quick.

BkISatX:72-92 We should write for the few not the many

If you want to write what’s worth a second reading, You must often reverse your stylus, and smooth the wax: Don’t write to amaze the crowd, be content with the few. Are you mad enough to want your poems mouthed in school? Not I: as proud Arbuscula said when they hissed her act,
'It’s fine so long as the knights applaud’: she scorned the rest.
Should I bother about that louse Pantilius, should I
Be tortured by Demetrius’ sneers behind my back,
Or that fool Fannius’ attack, Hermogenes’ sponge?
Only let Plotius commend me, and Varius
Maecenas, Virgil, Valgius, and the best of men
Octavius, Fuscus: let the Viscus brothers praise!
And I can name you Pollio, without flattery,
And you, and your brother, Messalla, and you,
Bibulus, Servius, and you my honest Furnius,
And many another learned friend, I’m aware
I omit: and I’d like these verses, such as they are,
To please them, grieved if they delight them less than I
Hope. But you Demetrius, you Tigellius, go carp
Among the armchairs of those female disciples!
Go boy, quickly, add these lines to my little book.
There are those who think my satire’s too sharp, that I
Push the form beyond its proper limits: others
Think what I write is tame, that a thousand verses
A day could be churned out just like mine. Trebatius
Advise me what to do. ‘Rest.’ You mean I should write
Nothing? ‘I do.’ Perish me, if that wouldn’t be best:
But you know I can’t sleep. ‘Whoever needs sound sleep,
Should rub themselves with oil, swim the Tiber thrice,
Then, as evening falls, refresh themselves with wine.
Or if love of scribbling possesses you, bravely
Tell of invincible Caesar’s battles, you’ll win
Many a prize for your pains.’ I wish I could, dear man,
But I lack the power: not everyone can describe
Lines of bristling lances, Gauls dying, spears broken,
Or a wounded Parthian slipping off his horse.
‘You could write of the man himself, brave and just,
As wise Lucilius did of Scipio.’ I won’t fail
If that chance occurs: but unless the moment’s right
A Flaccus’ words won’t find Caesar’s ears attentive,
Stroke him wrongly, and he’ll lash out in self-defence.
‘It’s still wiser than wounding that joker Pantolabus
With bitter verses, or that wastrel Nomentanus,
Till all the unsung fear for themselves, and hate you.’

BkIIISatI:24-46 It’s my delight to write: it’s self-defence
What then? When the warmth mounts to his drunken brain,
And his eyes see double, Milonius likes to dance:
Castor loves horses, his brother born from the same egg
Loves boxing: a thousand men have a thousand different
Pastimes: my joy’s imprisoning words in poetic metre,
Like Lucilius, a better man than either of us.
He used to entrust his secrets to his books, like faithful
Friends, never seeking recourse elsewhere whether things
Went well or badly: so the old man’s whole life lies open
To view, as if it were depicted on a votive tablet.
I’m his follower, Lucanian or Apulian, or both:
Since colonists in Venusia plough the border,
Sent there, as the old tale goes, when the Samnites
Were expelled, so no enemy could attack Rome
Across the gap if Apulian or Lucanian folk
Threatened violent war. But my stylus will never
Harm a living soul, of my free will, only defend me,
My blade’s sheathed: why would I try to draw it, when I’m
Safe from wild attacks? O Jupiter, king and father,
Let my weapon rest there, and let it rust away,
Let no one injure me, a lover of peace! But he
Who provokes me (better not touch, I cry!) will suffer,
And his blemishes will be sung throughout the City.

BkII SatI: 47-86 I must use the weapons I have

When he’s angry, Cervius threatens law and jury,
Canidia the poison that finished off Albucius,
Turius a hefty fine if he’s the judge in court.
All use their strongest weapon to intimidate
Those they fear: forceful Nature herself requires it:
Isn't the wolf bare its fangs, the bull toss its horns: How, except by instinct? Trust an elderly mother To wastrel Scaeva: his pious hand won't touch her: No surprise, wolves don't use their paws, or oxen teeth: Honey mixed with fatal hemlock will carry her off! To be brief: whether a tranquil old age awaits me, Or dark-winged Death comes hovering round me, Rich, poor, in Rome, or banished perhaps, in exile, Whatever the nature of my life, I'll write. 'Lad, I fear for your life, lest one of your powerful Friends freeze you dead.' Why? When Lucilius dared To scribble the first poems penned in a style like this, Stripping the shining surface in which men strut, Though foul inside, was Laelius troubled by his wit, Or Scipio who won his name at beaten Carthage? Did they grieve for wounded Metellus, Lupus buried By slanderous verses? Yet Lucilius satirised The leading citizens, the people tribe by tribe, Only truly favouring Virtue and her friends. Why, when good Scipio and wise, gentle Laelius, Retired to privacy from life's crowded theatre, They'd talk nonsense with him, relaxing freely, While the cabbage boiled. Whatever I chance to be, However far, in rank or wit, below Lucilius, Envy, reluctantly, must admit I lived among Great men, and trying to bite on something soft She'll sink her teeth in what's solid. Or do you differ Wise Trebatius? 'No I don't disagree, but still Let me warn you to be careful lest by chance You find trouble through ignorance of the sacred law: If a man trots out false verses, then there are rights
And courts of justice.’ Yes if they are false: but suppose
They are sound and praised by Caesar? If he’s snapped
At one who deserves disgrace, he himself blameless?
‘The score will be wiped clean, you’ll be discharged.’
Satires: Book II Satire II – The Simple Life

BkIIISatII:1-22 Food tastes better when you’re hungry

Learn how great the virtue is, my friends, of plain living (This isn’t my advice, but Ofellus’ peasant teaching, An unorthodox philosopher, and an ‘idiot’ savant) But not amongst the gleaming dishes on the table, When you’re dazzled by the sight of senseless show, And the mind tuned to sham things shuns what’s better, Discuss it with me here before we eat. ‘But, why now?’ I’ll tell you if I can. Every judge who’s bribed weighs The evidence badly. But when you’ve hunted hares, Tired by a spirited horse, or when Roman army sports Fatigue one used to all things Greek, or fast ball-games Appeal, where hard toil’s sweetened by the competition, Or the discus (hurl that discus through the yielding air!) – When exercise has made you less fastidious, hungry, Thirsty, then spurn plain food, refuse to drink the mead Unless it’s honey from Hymettus and red Falernian! The butler’s off, a dark and wintry sea hides its fish, Well, bread and salt will soothe a rumbling belly. Why so? The greatest pleasure’s not in costly flavours, it resides In you yourself. Obtain your sauce by sweating: pallid Diners, living bloated from excess, can’t take delight In their ocean wrasse, or oysters, or imported grouse.

BkIIISatII:23-52 Gourmet eating is ridiculous

Yet I could hardly change your wish to kiss your palate
With the peacock when it’s served, and not the pullet,
You’re seduced by vain show, a rare bird costs gold,
With its ornate tail spectacularly spread: as if it
Mattered. Do you ever eat those feathers you admire?
Does it have the same beauty when it’s cooked? The meat
Doesn’t differ between the two, yet to think that you
Prefer this to that, deceived by the appearance! Well:
How can you tell then if the pike that’s gasping here
Was caught in the Tiber or the sea, in the current near
The bridges, or the Tuscan river’s mouth? Madman,
You praise a three pound mullet you’ve to eat in portions.
It’s the size that attracts you I see, well then why not
A large pike? Because no doubt the pike’s naturally
Larger, while the mullet’s normally much smaller.
It’s a belly seldom hungry that scorns common fare.
‘I’d love to see something huge served in a huge dish,’
Cries a throat that would be worthy of the Harpies.
Come you Southerlies and spoil their fare! And yet
However fresh the boar and turbot they already stink,
Since too much richness upsets a weakened stomach,
Gorged, it much prefers radishes and bitter leaves.
Yet poor man’s food’s not wholly absent from the feasts
Of kings: cheap eggs, black olives hold their place. It’s not
So long since the auctioneer Gallonius’ serving sturgeon,
Caused a scandal. And the sea hid as much turbot, then.
Yet turbot were still safe, and storks safe in their nests,
Till a creative ‘praetor’ led you astray! So that now,
If someone proclaimed roast seagulls were tasty,
The youth of Rome, so easily seduced, would agree.
Ofellus judges that a mean life is different
From a plain one: so it’s foolish for you to avoid
One fault and steer towards another. Avidienus
To whom the nickname of ‘the Dog’ rightly clings,
Eats olives five-years old and cornels from the woods,
And won’t decant his wine till it’s soured, you’d detest
The smell of his olive oil, yet even on birthdays
Or weddings, or other occasions, in a clean toga,
He drips it on the salad from a two-pint horn,
With his own hands, though he’s free with his old vinegar.
What mode should the wise man adopt, which of these two
Should he copy? One side the wolf, as they say, the other
The dog. Well he’ll be worldly enough not to offend us
By meanness, and cultured enough not to be wretched
In either way. He’ll neither be cruel to his slaves
Like old Albucius, when apportioning their duties,
Nor like Naevius thoughtless in offering his guests
Greasy water: that’s also a serious mistake.

Now learn the benefits that accompany plain living.
First good health. Think how simple fare once suited you
If you want to discover how ill-assorted courses
Harm a man. As soon as you mix boiled and roast,
Or oysters and thrushes, the sweet juice will turn acid,
The thick bile will cause stomach-ache. See how pale
The diners all seem as they leave the doubtful feast!
Bloated with yesterday’s excess the body weighs down
The soul, and nails a fragment of divine spirit to earth. But the plain-living man who eats then snatches a nap Quick as a flash, rises refreshed for his appointed tasks. He can still turn to a richer diet, when an annual holiday Comes round, or he wants to fill out his slender frame, Or when advancing age demands greater indulgence: But if severe illness strikes you, or feeble senility, How can you increase those indulgences you take So much for granted while you’re young and healthy?

**BkII:SatII:89-111 The penalties of rich-living**

Our ancestors praised boar eaten when high: not That they lacked a sense of smell, but thinking, perhaps, That though rank it was better kept for a guest arriving Late, than eaten greedily by the host when still fresh. If only time past had reared me among such heroes! You value reputation, that fills human ears more Sweetly than song: but huge dishes of giant turbot Bring huge disgrace and loss: add to that the angry Uncle, the neighbours, your self-disgust, your vain Longing for death, lacking even the means to buy A rope. ‘Oh, it’s fine to criticise Trausius like that,’ You say, ‘but my income’s vast and I’ve more wealth Than a clutch of kings.’ Well then, isn’t there something Better you can spend the surplus on? Why, when you’re Rich, are there any deserving men in need? Why are The ancient temples of the gods in ruins? Why, man Without shame, don’t you offer your dear country a tith From that vast heap? You alone, is it, trouble won’t touch! O how your enemies will laugh some day! In times
Of uncertainty who’s more confident? The man
Who’s accustomed a fastidious mind and body
To excess, or the man content with little, wary
Of what’s to come, who wisely in peace prepared for war?

BkII SatII: 112-136 Make the best of what fate brings

You’ll credit it more if I say that when I was a lad
Ofellus, as I know well, spent no more widely, then,
When his wealth was intact, as now it’s reduced.
You can see him there with his sons and herd, a solid
Tenant on his lost farm. ‘I was never one,’ he says,
‘To eat rashly on working days, no more than greens,
A shank of smoked ham, and if friends came to visit
I’d not seen for ages, or if I welcomed a neighbour
On a wet day when I couldn’t work, we dined well,
Not on fish from town, but a kid or a pullet: then
Raisins and nuts and split figs graced our dessert.
After it drinking matches with a forfeit for losing,
And with a prayer to Ceres: ‘May she raise the stalks high’,
She smoothed care from our furrowed brows with wine.
Let Fortune’s winds blow, let her stir a fresh tumult:
How can she lessen this? How much worse off have I
Or you been, my lads, since this new landlord arrived?
Nature makes no-one, not he nor I, the true owner
Of the land: he replaced us, and he’ll be replaced
Through incompetence, not grasping legal subtlety,
Or, failing all that, by the heir that outlives him.
Today it’s Umbrenus’ farm, it was Ofellus’ lately,
No one will truly own it, but it will be worked
Now by me, now another. So live bravely, as men
With brave hearts do, and confront the vagaries of fate.
Satires: Book II Satire III – On Human Folly

BkIIISatIII:1-30 Criticism from Damasippus

‘You write so little, Horace, you barely trouble
The copyist four times a year, always unravelling
The web you’ve woven, angered with yourself because,
Despite lots of wine and sleep, nothing’s done to speak of.
Where will it end? Yet you left the Saturnalia
To come here, well then utter something worthy of your Promise, start now! Nothing? No use blaming your pen,
Or thumping the innocent wall as insulting to gods
And poets. Yet you’d the look of one who promised
Great and splendid things, once free, in your warm villa.
Why pack Plato and Menander, and bring old friends
Like Eupolis and Archilochus along? Do you think
You can stifle envy by neglecting your powers?
You’ll be despised, wretch! You must shun the evil Siren
Indolence, or be ready to relinquish calmly
Whatever you’ve won in better days.’ Damasippus,
May the gods shave your beard for your good advice! How
Do you know me so well? ‘Ever since all my holdings
Crashed on Janus’ exchange, and ruined my business,
I’ve dealt for others. I used to love to search for bronze
In which wily Sisyphus once washed his feet, and spot
The works that were crudely carved or roughly cast:
I’d price some statue expertly at a hundred thousand:
I was the one who knew how to buy up gardens, fine
Houses, and turn a profit: so that at crowded auctions
They nicknamed me Mercury’s friend.’ I know, and so
I’m amazed you’ve been purged of that disorder. ‘Yes, Amazing, a new obsession drove out the old, just as A pain in the head or side’s replaced by a heart-ache, or as Here, comatose patient turns boxer, and strikes the doctor.’

**BkII Sat III: 31-63 Stertinius on the follies of the world**

Have it your own way, so long as you don’t do the same! ‘Oh, dear boy, don’t deceive yourself, you’re crazed too, Almost all are fools, if Stertinius rings true, from whom I swiftly learnt these marvellous precepts, at that time When he comforted me, told me to grow a sage’s beard Be troubled no more, and forget the Fabrician Bridge: It was when my business failed, and I wanted to shroud My head and leap in the river: he appeared at my side, Saying: “Beware of doing something unworthy: You’re wrong to be tortured by shame: among madmen, Fear to seem mad. Let me ask first what madness is: If you alone have it, I’ll not stop you dying bravely. Chrysippus’ Stoa, and his school, call insane all those Whom dumb folly and ignorance of the truth drives Blindly on. That includes nations, and mighty kings, All but the wise. Now learn why all those who call You insane, are every bit as foolish themselves. It’s like a wood, where error leads men to wander Here and there, from the true path, one off to the left, Another off to the right, the same error both times, But leading them in different directions: so know You’re only as mad as the man no wiser than you Who laughs at you, but still has a tail pinned behind. One class of fools is afraid when there’s nothing to fear,
Lamenting that flames, rocks, rivers, obstruct their way:
Another differing, but no more wisely, rushes on
Through fire and flood. Though a dear mother, a noble
Sister, father, and wife, and kin all shout: ‘Look out,
There’s a deep ditch, there’s a high rock!’ They listen
No more than drunken Fufius did, acting out sleeping
Iliona, while twelve hundred watching, who joined with
Catienus, as ghost, cried: ‘Mother, I’m calling you!’
I’ll show you the whole world’s madness is like this.”

BkIISatIII:64-81 The madness of creditors

“If Damasippus is mad for buying old statues:
Does that make his creditors of sound mind? So,
If I say: ‘Take this money, you needn’t return it,’
Are you mad if you take it? Or wouldn’t you be
Madder to scorn the gift kind Mercury offers?
Write ten IOU’s on Nerius: if not satisfied, add
A hundred, a thousand of crafty Cicuta’s chains:
Still slippery Proteus will escape his bonds.
Drag him to court and he’ll laugh behind his mask,
Turned boar, bird, or stone, or if he likes, a tree.
If to manage things badly is mad, while well is sane,
Then believe me, Perellius’ brain is softest
Who writes out the loan you can never repay.
Settle down then, please, and pay attention, all you
Who are pale with fierce ambition or love of gold,
Fevered by excess, sad superstition, or another
Disorder of mind: sit nearer to me while I show
That every one of you from first to last is mad.”
“Avarice should get the largest dose of medicine, I’d say: all of Anticyra’s hellebore for the mad. Staberius’ heirs had to carve his wealth on his tomb, If not they’d to entertain the masses with a hundred Paired gladiators, at a funeral feast, to be planned By Arrius, plus all of Africa’s corn. His will said: ‘Whether I’m right or wrong in this, don’t criticise me.’ That’s what Staberius’ proud mind foresaw, I think. ‘So what did he mean when he willed that his heirs Should carve his wealth in stone?’ Well, he thought poverty Was a mighty evil, all his life, and guarded against it Strongly, so if he’d chanced to die a penny poorer, He’d have thought that much less of himself: he thought all things, Virtue, reputation, honour, things human or divine Bowed to the glory of riches: that he who’s garnered them Is famous, just and brave. ‘And wise?’ Of course, a king, Whatever he wishes. He hoped that wealth, won as if by Virtue, would bring him great fame. Where’s the difference Between him and Aristippus the Greek, who in deepest Libya, ordered his slaves who travelled more slowly Under its weight, to unload his gold? Which was crazier? Useless examples explain one mystery by another. If a man bought lutes, and piled them up together, While caring not a fig for the lute or any art: Or, though no cobbler, bought lasts and awls: or hating trade Ships’ sails, all would think him insane and obsessed And they’d be right. Why is the man who hoards gold
And silver any different from them? He’s no idea
How to use his pile, fearing to touch it as sacred.”

**BkIIISatIII:111-141 Men ignore everyday craziness**

“If a man lay down next to a great heap of corn
Keeping watch, with a big stick, never daring
As owner, though starving, to touch a grain, but fed
Like a miser on bitter roots: if with a thousand jars,
No say three hundred thousand, of Chian and vintage
Falernian cellared away, he drank the most acid
Vinegar: if at nearly eighty years old he lay
On straw, while fine bedclothes were mouldering away
In his trunk, being eaten by roaches and moths:
Few it would seem would consider him mad, since most men
Toss and turn gripped by a similar fever. Are you
Guarding it for your son or some freedman, your heir,
You poisonous old fool, so they can drink it? Or lest
You run short? How tiny the sum you’d spend each day
If you poured better oil on your salad, or on your hair
That’s matted and thick with dandruff. If anything will do,
Why bother to lie and cheat and pilfer on every Hand? You, sane! If you took to throwing stones at the crowd,
Or your own slaves you paid good money for, all the boys
And girls would cry ‘madman’ behind you: so is it sanity
To strangle your wife or poison your mother? Well?
No, true, you’re not doing it in Argos nor with a sword,
Murdering a mother as crazed Orestes killed his,
And maybe you think he went mad after killing her,
And wasn’t demented before that by evil Furies,
Before he warmed sharp steel in his mother’s jugular?
No, from the moment Orestes was considered
Deranged, true, he did nothing you would condemn:
He didn’t dare to attack Pylades or his sister Electra
With a steel blade, just abused them both, calling her
A Fury, him what his glittering bile suggested.”

BkIIISatIII:142-167 There’s more than one kind of madness

“The ‘pauper’ Opimius, who with his hoard of silver,
And gold, still drank coarse wine from Veii on holidays
Out of a cheap Campanian scoop, sour wine otherwise,
Once fell into a coma so deep that his joyful heir
Was already prancing around his coffers, rattling
The keys. But his faithful and quick-witted doctor
Revived him like this: he ordered a table be brought
And bags of coins poured out, and a crowd of people
To count them. That woke the patient, to whom he says:
‘If you don’t guard it, your greedy heir will possess it.’
‘While I’m alive?’ ‘If you’d live, then stir. Come on.’
‘What must I do?’ ‘You’re weak, your system will fail,
Unless you take food, strong nourishment for your belly.
Do you waver? Come, take a sip of this tisane with rice.’
‘What’s it cost?’ ‘A trifle.’ ‘What trifle’ ‘Eight-pence or so.’
‘Aaah! What difference if I die from sickness or theft!’
‘So who is sane?’ Whoever’s no fool. ‘And the miser?’
A fool and insane. ‘So whoever’s no miser is
Necessarily sane?’ Not so. ‘Why, my good Stoic?’
I’ll tell you. Suppose Craterus had said the patient wasn’t dyspeptic: so then is he well enough to get up? He’d say no, his lungs and kidneys are badly infected. Here’s a man who’s no liar or miser: fine, let him offer a pig to his kindly Lares: he’s still bold, ambitious: let him sail for Anticyra, then! What difference if sink your wealth in the deep, or never use it?”

**BkII**SatIII:168-186 Servius Oppidius against ambition

“They say that Servius Oppidius, by ancient standards rich, gave Canusian farms to his two sons, and when he was dying called the boys to him, saying: ‘Aulus, since ever I saw you carrying your conkers, and marbles, in a fold of your toga, gambling or giving them away, and you, Tiberius, counting them, hiding them, anxious, in corners, I’ve feared you’d develop separate obsessions, you, just like Nomentanus, and you, Cicuta. So by our household gods I beg you, don’t lessen, and you, don’t increase, what your father thinks is sufficient, and Nature ordains as a limit. Furthermore, lest ambition stir you, I’ll bind you both, by firm oath: if either becomes an aedile or praetor, may he be infamous and accursed.’ Would you too waste money on gifts of beans, vetch, Lupins, to strut in the Circus, or stand there in bronze, naked of land and inherited wealth, you madman? Of course, so you can win applause that Agrippa wins, a cunning fox imitating the noble lion.”
“Agamemnon, son of Atreus, though we wish To bury Ajax, you say no: why? ‘I am the king.’ As commoner, I’ll say no more. ‘My prohibition Is also just: and if anyone thinks otherwise I permit him to say freely what he thinks.’ Greatest Of kings, may the gods let you take Troy and sail home. Am I allowed then to trade in question and answer? ‘Ask away.’ Why does great Ajax lie rotting, a hero Who often rescued the Greeks, glorious, second To Achilles alone? Is it right Priam and his people Exult, since burial’s denied one who denied it their sons? ‘Insane, he slaughtered a thousand sheep, shouting that he Was killing myself, Ulysses, and Menelaus.’ And when at Aulis you, shamelessly, set your daughter Before the altar, instead of a calf, sprinkling her head With salted meal, were you sane? What harm did he do Slaughtering the flock with his sword? He spared his wife And child: he’d plenty of abuse for the Atridae, Yet he showed no violence to Teucer or Ulysses. ‘But to free my ships stuck fast on a lee shore, I placated the gods, in my wisdom, with blood.’ Yes, your own, you madman. ‘Mine, but not in madness.’ A man who holds wrong views, confused by the turmoil Of evil’s considered disturbed, and whether he Errs from anger or foolishness makes no difference. When Ajax killed innocent lambs he was judged insane: When you in your wisdom do wrong for empty glory, Is your mind sound, or your swollen heart free of fault? If a man liked to carry a sweet lamb round in a litter,
Providing it clothes, maids, gold, like a daughter, 
Calling it Baby or Goldilocks, planning to marry it 
To a fine husband, the praetor would issue an order 
Taking control, passing his care to his saner relations. 
What, then? If a man offers his daughter mute as a lamb, 
Is his mind sound? You’d say not. So where there’s 
perverse 
Stupidity, there’s the height of madness: criminals 
Are madmen too: he whom glittering fame entrances 
Hears the thunder of blood-loving Bellona round his head.”

BkIIISatIII:224-246 Profligacy is also a madness

“Denounce extravagance and Nomentanus with me: 
Reason will prove spendthrifts are fools and madmen. 
This man, inheriting a thousand talents from his dad, 
Issued an edict: fishmongers, fruiterers, fowlers, 
Perfumers, all Tuscan Street’s impious crew, poulterers 
And parasites, the Velabrum, all of the market, 
To come to him next morn. So? They arrived in crowds. 
A pimp was spokesman: ‘All I have, all that these others 
Have in the house, believe me is yours, send for it now 
Or tomorrow.’ Hear what the reasonable young man said: 
‘You, sleep in your boots in the snows of Lucania, 
So I can eat boar: you, trawl the wintry sea for fish. 
I’m idle, unworthy to own so much: so take it! 
You take ten: you as much: you three times more, it’s you 
From whom your wife comes running at the midnight call.’ 
Aesopus’ son took a splendid pearl from Metella’s 
Ear-lobe, and dissolved it in vinegar, clearly 
Intending to swallow a million straight: was that
Saner than hurling it into the flood, or the sewer? Quintus Arrius’ sons, equally famous brothers, Twins in waste and wickedness, loving depravity, Used to eat highly-priced nightingales for lunch: How should we list them? With chalk, sane, or with charcoal?”

BkIIISatIII:247-280 And love is another craziness

“Building doll’s houses, harnessing mice to a cart, Playing odds and evens, riding a hobby-horse: If they delighted an adult, he’d be thought mad. Now, if Reason can show that love is even more Puerile than these, that it matters not whether you play With sand like a three year old, or weep with frustration For love of a mistress: will you, I question, do as Polemon did when enlightened, and shed your ill tokens As they say he did: his garters, elbow-puffs, and cravat, Quietly removing the flowers from his neck, arrested By the voice of his temperate master Xenocrates? When you offer apples to a sulky child he refuses: ‘Take them, love!’ He won’t: not offered he wants them. Is the lover who’s been shut out different, who debates Whether to shun that house he’d visit without being Asked: as he clings to its hated door? ‘Should I accede, Now she asks me herself, or consider ending the pain? She shut me out: asks me back: shall I return? No, Not if she begs me.’ Hear the servant, wiser by far: ‘O master, things without wisdom or measure can’t be Ruled by rhyme or reason. These are love’s evils, war Then peace again: as changeable almost as the weather,
By blind chance fluctuating, and if anyone laboured
To make them predictable he’d no more explain them
Than if he tried going crazy by reason and rhyme.’
What? When you flick at the pips of Picenian apples,
And think love returned if you strike the arched ceiling,
You’re sane? What? When you babble from aged lips,
You’re wiser than children building doll’s houses? Add Blood to folly, stir the flame with a sword. A day since,
When Marius stabbed his Hellas then leapt to his death,
He was crazy: or would you acquit him of being
Of unsound mind, and so accuse him of crime,
Reducing things as ever to customary terms?”

**BkIIISatIII:281-299 Stertinius’ concluding words**

“There once was an old freedman who fasted, and rinsed
His hands, then ran sober from shrine to shrine, and prayed:
‘Save me, me alone (it’s not much to ask, he’d add) from death,
It’s easy for all you gods!’ His hearing and sight were sound:
But as to his mind, his master when selling him,
 Couldn’t vouch for that, unless he’s litigious. This crew Chrysippus would class with mad Menenius’ clan.
A mother whose child’s been bedridden for five months, prays:
‘Jupiter, who brings and takes away our great sorrows,
If the quartan fever would leave my child, on the day
You appoint for fasts he’ll stand naked in the Tiber
At dawn.’ If chance or the doctor will see the patient
Free from all danger, his crazy mother will kill him
By having him stand on that freezing river-bank
Making quite sure that his fever returns. What illness
Has struck her mind? Superstition, fear of the gods.”
‘These were the weapons Stertinius the eighth wise man,
Gave me as his friend, so none could abuse me unscathed.
Who calls me mad will receive the same from me, in reply,
And learn to see his hidden pack of faults, that hangs
behind.’

BkIIISatIII:300-326 Damasippus’ concludes the argument

Dear Stoic, who I pray given all your losses might
Always trade profitably, in what foolish way, since
There’s more than one, am I mad? I seem sane to myself.
‘So what? When Agave, plucks at her luckless son’s head,
And carries it off, does she even then think herself mad?’
I own to my folly (let me acknowledge the truth)
And my madness too: but tell me this, from what defect
Of mind do you think I suffer? ‘Well, listen, firstly
You’re building things, that is, imitating great men,
Though tip to toe you’re but two foot tall: and you laugh
At Turbo the gladiator’s spirit and swagger
In armour too big for his body: who’s more foolish?
Or is whatever Maecenas does right for you,
Unlike him as you are, and unfit to compete?
When the frog was away from home, then the calf trod
On her young, only one surviving to tell mum the tale
Of the huge beast that killed his kin: ‘how big’, she asked
Puffing herself up: ‘big as this?’ ‘Oh, half as big again!’
‘How about this?’ And she puffed herself up more and more.
‘Not if you were to burst,’ said he, ‘could you be as a big!’ That description is not too unlike yourself, then add Your poetry too, that is, pour some more oil on the fire, Verse that if ever a sane man wrote, you were sane when You wrote yours too. And your vile temper,’ Now wait! ‘Your living beyond your means,’ Damasippus, mind your Own business! ‘Your passion for girls, and boys, in thousands.’ O greater madman, have mercy, now, on this lesser!
Catius, where from, where going? ‘No time to stop, I’ve got to set down new precepts, ones that outdo Pythagoras, Anytus’ accused, and learned Plato.’ It’s wrong I confess to trouble you at so awkward A moment, but kindly grant me your pardon, please. If anything now is lost, you’ll soon recall it, Whether it’s art or nature your memory’s a marvel. ‘Well, it’s a worry how to hold it all in mind, Since it’s a subtle theme, framed in subtle language.’ Declare the teacher’s name and if he’s Roman or not. ‘I’ll tell you the precepts themselves, but hide their author. Remember to serve eggs of elliptical shape, Since they’re whiter and better flavoured than the round: They’re harder-shelled and the yoke inside is male. Cabbages grown in dry soil taste sweeter than those From farms near town: tasteless from moist gardens. If a guest suddenly descends on you in the evening, To whose palate a tough fowl might not be the answer, You’d be wise to plunge it alive in diluted Falernian: That will tenderise it. Mushrooms from the meadows Are best quality: others are dubious. Healthy Each summer he’ll be, who ends his lunch with black Mulberries, picked from the tree before the sun’s strong.’
‘Aufidius mixed honey and strong Falernian,
Unwisely: since one shouldn’t admit to empty veins
Anything that’s not mild: you’d do better to flood
The stomach with mild mead. If the bowels are sluggish
Mussels and common shellfish and tiny leaves of sorrel
Will clear the problem, but not without white Coan wine.
New moons swell slippery oysters but not every sea
Is richly stocked with shellfish: the Lucrine mussels
The big ones, are much better than those from Baiae,
Circeii for oysters, sea-urchins come from Misenum,
Tarentum, the home of luxury, boasts wide scallops.
No one can idly claim skill in the culinary arts,
Not without mastering first the subtle science of flavours.
It’s not enough to carry off fish from the priciest stall,
Not knowing which are better with sauce, which grilled
Will stir the flagging guest to raise his elbow once more.’

BkIIISatIV:40-69 Tricks of the trade

‘If you hate tasteless meat, let an Umbrian boar
Fed on acorns from holm-oaks flex your round dish:
Since Laurentian’s no good, fattened on reeds and sedge.
Roe-deer reared in a vineyard aren’t always edible.
The gourmet will hunt for forelegs of pregnant hare.
What the age and qualities of fish and fowl should be
Is a question previously hid from all but my palate.
There are some whose only talent is finding new pastries.
But it’s not enough to have only one specialisation:
As if one were worried solely that the wine’s not bad,
And then careless what oil was poured over the fish.
If you decant Massic wine under a flawless sky,
Any cloudiness will be cleared by the night-time air,
The bouquet that sets the nerves on edge will fade:
But its full flavour’s lost if it’s strained through linen.
Cleverly add the lees of *Falernian* to *Surrentine,*
And collect the sediment using a pigeon’s egg,
The yolk sinks to the depths with any impurity.
Fried prawns and *African* snails will revive the flagging Drinker: for, after wine, lettuce floats in an acid Stomach that prefers instead to be stimulated
And freshened by sausage and ham, in fact prefers
Something piping hot brought in from a greasy stall.
The recipe for a rich dressing is worth careful Study. The base consists of sweet olive oil: mix in Undiluted wine, and salt, the sort a *Byzantine* jar Smells of: when it’s been boiled with chopped herbs, And sprinkled with *Corycian* saffron, let it stand, Then add the oil squeezed from *Venafran* olives.’

**BkIISatIV:70-95 Towards the happy life!**

‘Apples from *Tibur* are not so well flavoured as those From *Picenum*: but they look nicer. *Venuculan* grapes Are best when preserved: *Alban* are better smoked. You’ll find I was first to lay them out with apples, The first to serve caviar and wine-lees, black salt And white pepper too, sifted, on plain little dishes. It’s a great sin to spend a fortune on market fish And then force the sprawling things onto narrow salvers. It turns a delicate stomach when the boy hands you A cup with fingers greasy from eating the pickings, Or offensive rime clings to an antique mixing bowl.
How trivial the cost of a broom, sawdust, napkins,  
But how enormous the error if they’re forgotten!  
Fancy sweeping mosaic floors with a dirty brush  
Of palm leaves, or putting filthy covers on Tyrian 
Damask, forgetting the less trouble and cost involved  
The more the blame’s justified than in neglecting things  
That only the tables of the rich can aspire to.’  
Wise Catius, I pray by our friendship and the gods,  
Whenever you go to a lecture remember to take  
Me along. However trustworthy your memory,  
Repeating it all, as interpreter, can’t deliver  
As much delight. And there’s his face and presence, you  
Having seen him think little of: but I’ve no small longing  
To approach that distant fountain, and there be allowed  
To imbibe the precepts for living a happy life.
Answer this, too, **Tiresias**, add to what you’ve told me: By what methods and arts can I hope to recover My lost fortune? Why do you laugh? ‘So it’s not enough For the **man of cunning** to sail home to **Ithaca**, And gaze on his household gods?’ O you, who never lie To any man, see how I return, naked and needy, As you foretold, to stores and herds stripped by the Suitors: Birth and ability are less than sea-wrack, without wealth. ‘Since, not to beat about the bush, then, you dread poverty, Hear a way by which you can grow rich. If a thrush Or something is given you for your own, let it fly To where a great fortune gleams, to an old master: Let some rich man taste your sweetest apples Or whatever tributes your tidy farm bears you, Before your **Lar** does, he’s worthier of your respect. However great a liar he is, of no family, stained By a brother’s blood, or a runaway, don’t refuse If he asks you to go for a walk, take the outside.’ What, walk with some filthy slave? Not thus did I show Myself at **Troy**, matched always with my betters. ‘Then, It’s poor you’ll be.’ I can command my noble spirit To bear it, I’ve suffered worse. Tell me, now, Prophet, Though, how I can root out wealth and piles of money.

**BkIISatV:23-44 The path to riches**
‘I’ve told you already, I’ll tell you again: fish About slyly for old men’s wills, and if one or two After swallowing the bait, escape your wiles, Don’t give up hope, or abandon the art in scorn. If a case, great or small’s debated in the Forum, Whoever’s the rich, childless crook who summons The better man boldly to court, you be his lawyer: Spurn the citizen with the better reputation Or cause, if he’s a fertile wife or an heir at home. Say to Quintus, maybe, or Publius (sensitive ears Enjoy their first name): “Worth makes me your friend: I know the law’s pitfalls, I can defend a case: I’d sooner have someone pluck out my eyes than let him Insult you or cheat you of a nutshell: my concern’s That you lose nothing, invite no ridicule.” Tell him To go home and take care of his health: you be his Lawyer: persist and adhere, even if “the glowing Dog-star shatters dumb statues,” or Furius stuffed With thick tripe “Spews hoar-frost on the wintry Alps.” “Can’t you see,” someone says nudging his neighbour, “How patient he is, how willing, a help to his friends?” And more tunny-fish will swim up, to stock your ponds.’

**BkIIISatV:45-69 Will-hunting!**

‘In case too close attention to a childless man Betrays you, try one whose rearing a sickly boy He’s adopted, in noble style: creep softly towards Your goal of being named second heir, and if fate Sends the lad to Orcus you can usurp his place: It’s very unusual for such a gamble to fail.
If someone hands you his will to read, decline,
And remember to push the thing far from you,
But snatch a sidelong glance at the second line
Of page one: run your eye over it quickly to see
If you’re one of many. Often a clerk cooked up
From a minor official fools your gaping raven,
Nasica the fortune-hunter’s duped by a Coranus.’
Are you mad? Or teasing, versed in obscure utterance?
‘O Laertes’ son, what I speak will prove true or not,
Great Apollo gave me that gift of prophecy indeed.’
Fine, but say what your nonsense means, if you would.
‘When a young hero, terror of Parthia, born of
Aeneas’ noble line, is mighty on land and sea,
Manly Coranus shall wed the stately daughter
Of Nasica, he who dreads paying debts in full.
The son-in-law will hand his will to his father-in-law
To read: After many a refusal Nasica
Will take it at last and scan it silently, finding
That nothing’s left to him and his, except lament.’

BkII SatV: 70-88 Try every trick, but be careful!

‘I’ll suggest this too: if perhaps a scheming woman
Or freedman controls some old idiot, be their ally.
Commend them, so you’ll be commended in absentia:
That helps too. But it’s best to storm the prime objective
Yourself. Does the fool scribble atrocious verses:
Praise them. Is he a lecher: don’t wait to be asked:
Hand Penelope over swiftly to your better.’
Do you think she could be induced to, she so chaste,
So honest, no Suitor tempted her from the right course?
‘Why, yes: the young men who came were sparing of gifts, They were more eager for the cooking than the loving. That’s why your Penelope’s chaste: but once she scents Profit from some old man, in company with you, she’ll Be like a bitch that won’t be scared from a juicy bone. I’ll tell you something that happened in my old age. A foul Theban crone willed to be carried to the grave Like this: her body well-oiled on her heir’s bare shoulders. Surely to see if dead she could give him the slip: I guess He’d pressed her too hard while she was alive. Take care:’

BkIISatV:89-110 Be discrete even after inheriting

‘Don’t be casual, but don’t show excessive zeal. The garrulous offend those who are dour and moody: Yet don’t be overly quiet. Act Davus in Comedy, Stand there head bowed, like one with a lot to fear. Proceed attentively: if the breeze stiffens, warn him To cover his blessed head carefully, use your shoulder To make a way for him through the crowd: give ear When he chatters. Is his desire for praise a nuisance? Praise, till he lifts his arms skywards crying: “Enough!” Inflate the swollen bladder with overblown language. And when he frees you from long and careful service And, awake for sure, you hear the words: “One fourth Shall Ulysses inherit,” let fall now and then: “Is my Friend Dama no more?”, “Where’s one so firm and loyal?” And weep for him a little if you can. You can hide Any joy your face betrays. If the tomb should be left To your discretion, don’t be mean with its construction: Let the neighbours praise the handsome funeral. And if
An older co-heir happens to give a grave-yard cough
Say if he’d like to buy any inherited house or land
You’d be happy to knock it down to him for cash.
But Queen Proserpina calls me: live long, and farewell!’
This was my prayer: a piece of land, not of great size,
With a garden, and a permanent spring near the house,
And above them a stretch of woodland. The gods gave
More and better. It’s fine. I ask for nothing else, O Son
Of Maia, except that you make these blessings last.
If I haven’t increased my possessions by malpractice,
If I don’t intend to reduce them by waste or neglect,
If I never stupidly make entreaties, like these:
‘O, if that odd corner were mine that spoils the farm’s shape!’
‘O, if chance would show me a pot of silver, like him
Who found treasure and bought and ploughed the same fields
That he once worked for hire, rich by Hercules’ favour!’
If what I have pleases me dearly, my prayer to you
Is: fatten the herds I own, and everything but my head,
And be my great protector just as you’ve always been!
Now that I’ve left town, then, for my castle in the hills,
What better matter for satire, and my prosaic Muse?
I’m not cursed here with ambition, leaden sirocco,
Or oppressive autumn, deathly Libitina’s gain.
Father of the Dawn, Janus if you’d prefer that name,
Under whose auspices men undertake the beginnings
Of labour and life’s toil (so please the gods), introduce
My song. In Rome you drag me off to be guarantor:
‘Up, lest someone else responds first to duty’s call!’
I have to go, even if northerlies sweep the earth,
Or winter’s narrowing circle brings a snowy day,
Then, after declaring, loudly, clearly, whatever may
Work against me, barge through the crowd, hurting the
tardy.
‘What’s with you, idiot, what are you up to?’ Some wretch
Curses angrily: ‘There you go, jostling all in your way
When you’re hurrying back to Maecenas, full of him.’
That pleases me, honey-sweet I’ll not deny. But when
I reach the mournful Esquiline, hundreds of other
People’s matters buzz round me and through my brain.
‘Roscius asks you to meet before eight, tomorrow,
At Libo’s Wall.’ ‘Quintus, the clerks say be sure to return
As there’s urgent new business of common concern.’
‘Take care Maecenas stamps all these papers’ ‘I’ll try,’
Say I: ‘If you want to, you can,’ he insistently adds.

**BkIISatVI:40-58 His relationship with Maecenas**

Seven, nearer eight years have passed now since Maecenas
Began to count me among his friends, yet up to now
He’s merely been willing to let me share his carriage
When travelling, and confide nuggets like these to me:
‘What’s the time, now?’ ‘Can the Thracian Chicken beat
Syrus?’
‘These frosty mornings will chill you if you’re not careful.’
And whatever else it’s safe to drop in a careless ear.
All that time, every hour of the day, yours truly has
Grown more envied. If he’s watched the Games with me
Or played ball on the Campus, all cry: ‘Fortune’s child!’
Should a chilling rumour fill the streets, from the Rostra,
Whoever meets me asks my views: ‘My good friend, since you, so much nearer the gods, must know, have you heard any news of the Dacians?’ Not a thing. ‘Oh, you’re always teasing us!’ May the gods strike me if I have! ‘Well then, where does Caesar intend to grant his men the land he promised, Italy, Sicily?’ When I swear I know nothing, they wonderingly take me for a remarkably deep and reticent mortal indeed.

BkIISatVI:59-76 The delights of the country

Alas, the day’s wasted like this, and not without prayer: ‘O when shall I see you, my farm? When will I be free to breathe the delightful forgetfulness of life’s cares, among ancient classics, with sleep and idle hours? When will they set before me beans, Pythagoras’ kin, and those little cabbages oiled with thick bacon-grease? O heavenly night-time dinners, when I and my friends eat beside my own Lar, and feed jostling servants on left-over offerings. Each guest drinks as he wishes large glasses or small, free from foolish rules, whether he downs the strong stuff, nobly, or wets his whistle in more carefree style. And so the conversation starts. Not about other men’s houses in town, their country villas, or whether Lepos dances well or not: no, we talk about things one should know, that matter more: whether it’s wealth or character makes men happier: whether self-interest or virtue make men friends: and the nature of the good, and its highest form.
Now and then Cervius my neighbour spins us a yarn, Some apt old woman’s tale. So, if anyone praised Arellius’ wealth but ignored his cares, he’d begin: ‘It’s said a country mouse welcomed a town mouse once To his humble hole, the guest and the host were old friends: He lived frugally, and was careful, but his spirit Was still open to the art of being hospitable. In short, he never grudged vetch or oats from his store, And he’d bring raisins or pieces of nibbled bacon In his mouth, eager by varying the fare to please His guest, whose fastidious tooth barely sampled it. At last the town mouse asks: ‘Where’s the pleasure, my friend, In barely surviving, in this glade on a steep ridge? Wouldn’t you prefer the crowded city to these wild woods? Come with me, I mean it. Since all terrestrial creatures Are mortal, and there’s no escape from death for great Or small, then live happily, good friend, while you may Surrounded by joyful things: mindful while you live How brief existence is.’ His words stirred the country mouse, Who scrambled lightly from his house: then the two Took their way together as proposed, eager to scurry Beneath the city walls in darkness. And now night Occupied the zenith, as the pair of them made tracks Through a wealthy house, where covers dyed scarlet Glowed on ivory couches, and baskets piled nearby Held the remains of all the courses of a magnificent
Feast, that had been celebrated the previous evening. Once the town mouse had seated the country mouse amongst the purple, he rushed about like a waiter, the host serving course after course, performing the role Himself, and not unlike a slave first tasting what he served. The country-mouse at ease enjoyed the change of style, playing the contented guest amongst all the good things, when suddenly a great crashing of doors, shakes them From their places. They run through the hall in fear, stricken by greater panic when the high hall rings to the barking of Molossian hounds. Then says the country-mouse: ‘This Life’s no use to me: and so, farewell: my woodland hole, and simple vetch, safe from such scares, they’ll do for me.’
Satires: Book II Satire VII – Of Spiritual Freedom

BkIISatVII:1-20 Unstable characters suffer more

‘I’ve listened a while and wanted to say a few words
But being a slave daren’t.’ Are you Davus? Yes, Davus,
A servant fond of his master, quite virtuous, but not
Enough so to die young.’ Come on, then, use the freedom
December allows, since our ancestors wished it: speak!
‘Some men love vice, yet follow a constant purpose:
The majority waver, sometimes grasping what’s right,
At another time slaves to evil. Priscus, often
Noted for wearing three rings on his left hand, then none,
Lived so capriciously, he’d change his tunic each hour,
Leaving a great house he’d suddenly enter some dive
From which a plain freedman couldn’t emerge without
shame:
Now he’d choose to live as a lecher in Rome, now a scholar
In Athens, born when fluid Vertumnus was changing form.
When the gout he deserved crippled Volanerius’
Finger-joints, that joker hired a man by the day
To pick up the dice, and rattle them in the cup:
Because he stuck to one vice, he was less unhappy
And preferable to one who at one moment handles
A rope that is taut, the next moment one that’s slack.’

BkIISatVII:21-45 And Horace is one

Does it take you all day you gallows-bird, to tell me
Where such rot leads? ‘To you, say I.’ How so, you wretch?
‘You praise the good luck and manners of men of old,
But if some god suddenly urged you to visit that era,
You’d refuse every time, ‘cos you don’t really believe
What you praise was better, or else ‘cos you’re not firm
In defence of what’s true, sticking fast in the mud while
Vainly struggling to get free. In Rome you yearn for the fields:
Once there, waverer, you laud the far town to the skies.
If by chance you’re not asked out to dinner you praise
Cabbage in peace, call yourself happy and hug yourself
For not partying, as if you’d have to be forced to go.
But Maecenas sends you a late invitation at twilight,
And you scream: “Where’s the lamp-oil? Quick, are you
Deaf?” at the top of your voice, then off you scurry.
Mulvius and your other hangers-on disperse,
With unmentionable curses aimed your way. He says,
“I’m easily goaded on by my belly, it’s true, nostrils
Twitching at savoury smells, weak, spineless, a glutton
Too, if you wish, but since he’s just the same or worse,
What cause has he to criticise me, and cloak his vices
In decorous words” What if you’re more foolish than me,
Who cost you five hundred! Don’t try and scare me pulling
Faces: control your hands and your spleen, while I preach
The lessons I learned from Crispinus’ door-keeper.’

BkIISatVII:46-67 Horace’s sexual follies

‘Another man’s wife tempted you: a whore caught Davus.
Which of our sins more deserves the gallows? When Nature
Goads me fiercely, she who naked in the lamplight
Feels the flicking of a distended tail, or wildly,
With her buttocks, urges on the stallion she rides,
Won’t send me off disgraced, or anxious lest some richer
Or more handsome rival’s also watering there.
While when you’ve shed your badges of rank, your
knight’s ring,
Your Roman clothes, and no longer a worthy, step out
As Dama the servant, hiding your perfumed hair
Under a cowl, aren’t you the slave you pretend to be?
Anxious, you gain admittance, body trembling with fear
That vies with your lust. What matter whether you sell
yourself
To be seared by the lash, killed by the sword, or are shut
Shamefully in her mistress’ chest by a knowing maid,
Cowering, with head between your knees? Hasn’t the
husband
Of a sinful wife with lawful powers over both, more
Power over her seducer? Not for her to forgo
Her clothes or rank, and take the lead in sinning, since
she’s
A woman, frightened, not able to trust a lover.
It’s ‘wise’ you who goes under the yoke, committing
Self, wealth, reputation and life, to her furious lord.’

BkIIISatVII:68-94 Which is the slave?

‘You’ve escaped! Then I hope you’ll know fear, and be
Cautious after learning your lesson: oh no, you’ll look
To the next chance of terror and ruin, you inveterate slave!
What creature that breaks its chains and flees, returns to them
So perversely? “I’m no adulterer,” you say: nor am I a thief
By Hercules, when I wisely avoid your silver plate.
Remove the risks though: and errant Nature will burst
Free of its reins. Are you my master, ruled by so many
Men and things? Touched by the rod three times, four times,
It will never release you from your miserable fears.
Add these words that carry no less weight than those:
Whether one who obeys a slave’s called a proxy, as
Your lot say, or a co-slave, what else am I to you?
Wretch, you who order me around serve another,
Like a wooden puppet jerked by alien strings.
So who is free? The wise man: in command of himself,
Unafraid of poverty, chains, or death, bravely
Defying his passions, despising honours, complete
In himself, smoothed and rounded, so that nothing
External can cling to his polished surface, whom
Fortune by attacking ever wounds herself. Can you
Claim any of this for your own? The woman demands
A fortune, bullies you, slams the door in your face,
Drowns you in cold water, then calls you back! Take your
Neck from the vile yoke. “I’m free, free,” say it! You can’t:
A despot, and no slight one, oppresses your spirit,
Pricking sharp spurs in your tired flanks, yanking when you shy.’

BkIIISatVII:95-118 Horace almost routed!
'When *you* gaze like an idiot at Pausias’ paintings, Why’s that less harmful than *my* admiring a fight, With Fulvius, Rutuba, or Pacideianus, tense-kneed, Sketched in red-chalk or charcoal, as if they were really Battling away, thrusting and parrying and waving Their blades? Davus is a ‘worthless idler’: while you Pass for a ‘subtle and knowing’ judge of old masters! If I’m tempted by hot pastry, I’m good-for-nothing: But does your great virtuous mind turn down fine dinners? Why is it worse for me to be slave to my belly? Because my back pays? But do you escape scot-free Attracted by delicacies that no small sum will buy? Dinners endlessly pursued only turn to bitter aching, And overtaxed legs refuse to carry your swollen Body. Is the slave who trades a stolen bath-brush For grapes, at nightfall, guilty? Then is he not slave-like Who sells his estates to serve his gullet? Add that you Can’t bear an hour in your own company, or employ Your leisure usefully, that you evade yourself Like a fugitive, a vagabond, trying to cheat Care With sleep or wine: vainly: that dark companion dogs Your flight.’ Bring me a stone! ‘What for?’ Or arrows! ‘The man’s mad, or making verses.’ Scarper, pronto! Or You’ll end up labourer number nine on my Sabine Farm!
Satires: Book II Satire VIII – A Dinner Party

BkIISatVIII:1-19 Nasidienus’ dinner-party

How was dinner with Nasidienus, the blessed?
Trying to get you as my guest yesterday I was told
You’d been drinking there since lunch-time. ‘Yes, and had
The time of my life.’ Tell me, if it’s no bother,
What dish was first to assuage your raging appetites?
‘The first was Lucanian wild-boar: caught, as the head
Of the feast kept saying, when a soft southerly blew.
Round it spiced turnips, lettuce, radishes, things that tease
A jaded palate, with water-parsnips, pickled-fish,
The lees of Coan wine. When they were cleared away
A girded lad wiped the maple board with a bright cloth,
While a second swept away whatever scraps remained
Or whatever might offend the diners: then in came
Dusky Hydaspes with the Caecuban wine, just like
An Attic maiden carrying Ceres’ sacred emblems,
And Alcon with a Chian needing no added brine.
Then said our host: “Maecenas, if Alban is more
Pleasing to you, or Falernian, well, we have both.””
The miseries of riches! But Fundanius
I’m eager to know who enjoyed the meal with you.

BkIISatVIII:20-41 The guests

‘I was there at the head, and next to me Viscus
From Thurii, and below him Varius if I
Remember correctly: then Servilius Balatro
And Vibidius, Maecenas’ shadows, whom he brought With him. Above our host was Nomentanus, below Porcius, that jester, gulping whole cakes at a time: Nomentanus was by to point out with his finger Anything that escaped our attention: since the rest Of the crew, that’s us I mean, were eating oysters, Fish and fowl, hiding far different flavours than usual: Soon obvious for instance when he offered me Fillets of plaice and turbot cooked in ways new to me. Then he taught me that sweet apples were red when picked By the light of a waning moon. What difference that makes You’d be better asking him. Then Vibidius said To Balatro: “We’ll die unavenged if we don’t drink him Bankrupt”, and called for larger glasses. Then the host’s face Went white, fearing nothing so much as hard drinkers, Who abuse each other too freely, while fiery wines Dull the palate’s sensitivity. Vibidius And Balatro were tipping whole jugs full of wine Into goblets from Allifae, the rest followed suit, Only the guests on the lowest couch sparing the drink.’

**BkIIISatVIII:42-78 The trials of being a host**

‘A lamprey arrived, stretched out on a dish with prawns Swimming round it. The host said: “This was caught before Spawning, after they spawn the flesh is inferior.” The dressing’s mixed like this: Venafran oil, from the first Pressing: fish sauce made with juice of the Spanish mackerel: Five-year old wine, from Italian slopes not Greek ones,
Added while boiling (Chian is best for this after Boiling, nothing better): white pepper, and without fail Vinegar made from fermented Methymnian grapes. I was first to proclaim that green rocket, and bitter Elecampne be simmered there too: Curtillus Adds unwashed sea-urchins, their juice is better than brine.”

While he was speaking the wall-hanging over it collapsed Heavily onto the dish, dragging down more black dust Than the North-wind blows from Campania’s fields.

We feared worse, but finding there was no subsequent Danger, uncurled. Rufus wept, head bowed, as if his son Had met an untimely fate. What would the outcome Have been if Nomentanus the wise hadn’t rallied His friend: “O Fortune, what deity treats us more Cruelly than you? How you always delight in mocking Human affairs!” Varius with a napkin barely Smothered his laughter. Balatro who always sneers, Said: “It’s the mortal condition, and the returns Of fame will never prove equal to your efforts. To think, that to entertain me in splendour, you Should be strained and tormented by every anxiety, Lest the bread’s burned, the dressing’s not properly seasoned, Each slave’s correctly dressed, and groomed for serving! And all the other risks, the wall-hanging falling, As it did: or your servant slipping and breaking a dish. But as with a general, so a host: adversity

Often reveals his genius, success conceals it.”

Nasidienus replied: “The gods grant you every blessing You pray for! You’re a fine fellow, and a courteous guest!”
He called for his slippers. Then from each couch you heard
The murmur of whispers filling those attentive ears.’

**BkIISatVIII:79-95 The guests disperse!**

There’s no attraction I’d rather have watched: but say
What did you find to laugh at next? ‘While Vibidius,
Was questioning the servants as to whether the jug
Was broken too since the glasses hadn’t arrive as asked,
While we were laughing at tall stories, Balatro
Prompting, back you come, Nasiedenus, with smoother
Brow, ready to remedy mishap with art. Then boys
Follow bearing a vast dish containing crane’s legs,
Seasoned with plenty of salt, sprinkled with meal,
Plus the liver of a white goose fattened on rich figs,
And shoulder of hare on its own, reckoned more tasty
Than if eaten attached to the loin. We saw blackbird,
Then, the breast charred, and pigeon without the rump,
Delightful things if the host wasn’t full of their source
And nature: in revenge we fled from him, so as not
To taste them, as if Canidia had breathed on them
With a breath more deadly than African serpents.

**End of The Satires**
You, **Maecenas**, of whom my first **Muse** told, of whom my Last shall tell, seek to trap me in the old game again, Though I’m proven enough, and I’ve won my discharge. My age, spirit are not what they were. **Veianius** Hangs his weapons on **Hercules’** door, stops pleading to The crowd for his life, from the sand, by hiding himself In the country. A voice always rings clear in my ear: ‘While you’ve time, be wise, turn loose the ageing horse, Lest he stumbles, broken winded, jeered, at the end.’ So now I’m setting aside my verse, and other tricks: My quest and care is what’s right and true, I’m absorbed In it wholly: I gather, then store for later use. In case you ask who’s my master, what roof protects me, I’m not bound to swear by anyone’s precepts, I’m carried, a guest, wherever the storm-wind blows me. Now I seek action, and plunge in the civic tide, The guardian, and stern attendant of true virtue: Now I slip back privately to **Aristippus’** precepts, Trying to bend world to self, and not self to world.

**BkIEpI:20-40 Everyone can profit from philosophy**

As the night is long to a man whose mistress plays false, And the day is long to those bound to work, as the year Drags for orphans oppressed by matron’s strict custody: So those hours flow slowly and thanklessly for me
That hinder my hopes and plans of pursuing closely
That which benefits rich and poor alike, that which
Neglected causes harm equally to young and old.
It’s for me to guide and console myself by rule.
You mightn’t be able to match Lynceus’ eyesight,
But you wouldn’t not bathe your eyes if they were sore:
And just because you can’t hope to have Glycon’s peerless
Physique, you’d still want your body free of knotty gout.
We should go as far as we can if we can’t go further.
Is your mind fevered with greed and wretched desire:
There are words and cries with which to ease the pain,
And you can rid yourself of the worst of your sickness.
Are you swollen with love of glory: then certain rites
Renew you, purely if you read the page three times.
Envious, irascible, idle, drunken, lustful,
No man’s so savage he can’t be civilised,
If he’ll attend patiently to self-cultivation.

BkIEpI:41-69 Money or virtue?

Virtue is to flee vice, and wisdoms’ beginning is
Freedom from foolishness. See all your anxious thoughts
And risks to avoid what you deem the worst of evils,
Too meagre a fortune, some shameful lost election:
Eager for trade you dash off to farthest India,
Avoiding poverty with seas, shoals and flames:
Why not listen to, learn to trust, one wiser than yourself,
Cease to care for what you foolishly gaze at and crave?
What wrestler at village crossroads and country fairs
Would refuse the crown at mighty Olympia,
Given the hope, the prize of a dust-free victor’s palm?
Silver’s worth less than gold, gold’s worth less than virtue. ‘Citizens, O Citizens, first you must search for wealth, Cash before virtue!’ So Janus’ arcade proclaims From end to end, this saying old and young recite Slate and satchel slung over their left shoulders. You’ve a mind, character, eloquence, honour, but wait: You’re a few thousand short of the needed four hundred: You’ll be a pleb. Yet boys, playing, sing: ‘You’ll be king If you act rightly.’ Let that be your wall of bronze, To be free of guilt, with no wrongs to cause you pallor. Tell me, please, what’s better, a Roscian privilege, Or the children’s rhyme of a kingdom for doing right, Sung once by real men like Curius and Camillus? Is he better for you who tells you: ‘Make cash, Honest cash if you can, if not, cash by any means,’ Just for a closer view of Pupius’ sad plays, Or he who in person exhorts and equips you To stand free and erect, defying fierce Fortune?

BkI EpI: 70-109 Be steadfast not changeable

And if the people of Rome chanced to ask me why I delight in the same colonnades as them, yet not The same opinions, nor follow or flee what they love Or hate, I’d reply as the wary fox once responded to The sick lion: ‘Because those tracks I can see scare me, They all lead towards your den, and none lead away.’ You’re a many-headed monster. What should I follow Or whom? Some are eager for civil contracts: some Hunt wealthy widows with fruits and titbits, or catch Old men in nets to stock their reserves. With many
Interest quietly adds to their wealth. Accepting that Different men have differing aims and inclinations, Yet can the same man bear the same liking for an hour? ‘No bay in the world outshines delightful Baiæ,’ If that’s what the rich man cries, lake and sea suffer The master’s swift attention: but if some decadent Whim gives him the signal, it’s: ‘Tomorrow, you workmen Haul your gear to Teanum!’ Does the Genius guard His marriage bed in the hall: he says nothing’s finer, Nothing outdoes the single life: if not he swears only Marriage can suit. What knot holds this shifting Proteus? And the pauper? You laugh! He changes his garret, His bed, his barber, his bath, hires a boat and is just As sick as the millionaire sailing his private yacht. If some ham-fisted barber has cropped my hair and I Meet you, you laugh: if I happen to wear a tired shirt Under my tunic, or my toga sits poorly, all Awry, you laugh: yet if my judgement contends With itself, spurns what it craved, seeks what it just put down, Wavers, inconsistently, in all of life’s affairs, Razing, re-building, and altering round to square: You consider my madness normal, don’t laugh at all, Don’t think I need the doctor, or a legal guardian The praetor appoints, given you, in charge of all My affairs, are annoyed by a badly-trimmed nail Of this friend who looks to you, hangs on your every word. In sum: the wise man is second only to Jove, Rich, free, handsome, honoured, truly a king of kings, Sane, above all, sound, unless he’s a cold in the head!
Epistles: Book I Epistle II – Of Right Living – To Lollius Maximus

BkIEpII:1-31 The value of reading Homer

Lollius Maximus, while you are orating, at Rome, I’m at Praeneste re-reading Homer’s Trojan War: Where he tells us what’s foul or fair, beneficial Or not, more clearly than do Chrysippus or Crantor. Listen to why I think so, if nothing prevents you. The tale, which tells how Greece clashed in lengthy war, With a foreign race, because of Paris’s amour, Records the passions of foolish kings and clans. Antenor suggests they return the woman who caused The war: and Paris? Nothing he says can compel him – To manage his affairs in safety, and live content! Nestor is keen to end the quarrel of Achilles And Agamemnon: one fired by love, both by anger. However the princes rave, the Acheans suffer. In-fighting, cunning, and crime, lust, and anger, There’s error inside and outside the walls of Troy. Conversely, in Ulysses, Homer shows us a fine Example of what virtue and wisdom can do, A tamer of Troy, who studied with insight, the ways And the cities of men, and endured many hardships As he struggled to bring his men and himself back home Over wide seas, un-drowned by waves of adversity. You know of the Sirens’ songs and Circe’s potions: If Ulysses had been foolish and greedy enough To drink these last like his comrades, he’d have become
Brutish, mindless, in thrall to a whore of a mistress,
Existing like a vile dog, or hog that loves the mire.
We are the masses, born to consume earth’s produce,
Penelope’s idle suitors, or Alcinous’ young
Men, preoccupied with tending their appearance,
Who thought it a fine thing to slumber till midday,
And soothe their cares to rest, to the sound of their lutes.

BkIEpII:32-54 Sapere aude: dare to be wise

Brigands rise in the depths of night to cut men’s throats:
Won’t you wake, to save yourself? Just as, you’ll have to
Run with dropsy, if you won’t start now when you’re sound,
So, if you don’t summon a book and a light before dawn,
If you don’t set your mind on honest aims and pursuits,
On waking, you’ll be tortured by envy or lust.
Why so quick to remove a speck from your eye, when
If it’s your mind, you put off the cure till next year?
Who’s started has half finished: dare to be wise: begin!
He who postpones the time for right-living resembles
The rustic who’s waiting until the river’s passed by:
Yet it glides on, and will roll on, gliding forever.
Wealth you want, and a fertile wife to bear children,
And uncultivated woods to be tamed by the plough:
But he who’s handed enough, shouldn’t long for more.
Houses and land, piles of bronze and gold, have never
Freed their owner’s sick body from fever, or his spirit
From care: if he wants to enjoy the goods he’s gathered
Their possessor must be well. House and fortune grant
As much pleasure to one who’s full of fear and craving
As painting to sore eyes, poultice to gouty joint,
Or lute to ears that ache from accumulated wax.
Unless the jar is clean whatever you pour in sours.

**BkIEpII:55-71 Limit your desires**

Scorn pleasures: the pleasure that’s bought with pain does harm.
The greedy always want: set fixed limits to longing.
The envious grow thin while their neighbours fatten.
Sicilian tyrants invented no worse torture
Than envy. The man who fails to control his anger,
Rushing to scourge the hated and un-avenged by force.
Will wish undone what resentful feelings prompted.
Anger’s a brief madness: rule your heart, that unless
It obeys, controls: and check it with bridle and chain.
Its master trains a tender-necked colt that will learn
To take the path its rider directs: a hunting dog
Works the woods from the first moment it barks
At a deer’s hide in the yard. While you’re still a boy,
And pure-hearted, drink in my words, trust your betters.
A jar will long retain the odour of what it was
Dipped in when new. But if you delay or rush onwards
I don’t wait for the slow, or play follow my leader!
Epistles: Book I Epistle III –Pursue Philosophy – To
Julius Florius

BkIEpIII:1-36 To a friend campaigning with Tiberius

Julius Florus I’m anxious to know whereabouts Augustus’ stepson Tiberius is campaigning.
Does Thrace entertain you, the Hebrus, constrained
By bonds of snow, the straits between the two towers,
Or Asia Minor with its fertile plains and hills?
What works are his learned staff penning? This too,
Who’s chosen to record Augustus’ initiatives?
Who’s proclaiming war and peace to distant ages?
What about Titius, soon to arrive on Roman lips?
He’s dared to disdain the common ponds and streams,
Unafraided of drinking from the Pindaric source.
How is he? Does he speak of me? Blessed by the Muse,
Does he work to fit Theban measures to Latin lyres,
Or is he raging and thundering in tragic mode?
What’s Celsus doing? He was warned, and he often
Needs warning, to depend more on inner resources,
And keep from fingering the books Apollo’s received
For the Palatine library, lest when the birds some day
Flock to reclaim their plumage, the little crow stripped
Of his stolen colours is jeered. And what do you dare?
What thyme do you buzz among? You’ve no small gift,
It’s not coarse, or uncultivated, or unsightly.
You’ll bear first prize, the victor’s ivy, whether you whet
Your tongue for the courts, or advise on civil law,
Or compose delightful verse. Yet if you could shed
Your care, that cold compress, you could travel
To the place where heavenly wisdom leads you.
Let us, great or small, further this task, these studies,
If we wish to be dear to our country and ourselves.
Reply concerning this too, do you care as much as
You should for Munatius: or does your friendship
Badly stitched, knit together in vain then tear apart?
Yet, whether it’s your hot blood or your inexperience
Spurs on you wild and untamed horses, and wherever
You may be, both too noble to break brotherhood’s bond,
A sacrificial heifer’s fattening, for your return.
Epistles: Book I Epistle IV – Carpe Diem – To Albius Tibullus

BkIEpIV:1-16 Imagine every hour is your last

Tibullus, sincere judge of my Satires, what shall I Say you’re doing in your native country at Pedum? Writing something to outdo Cassius of Parma’s pieces, Or creeping about silently in healthy woodland, Thinking of all that belongs to the wise and good? You were never just a body, lacking in feelings: The gods gave you beauty, wealth, the art of enjoyment. What more would a nurse desire for her sweet darling Than wisdom, the power to express what he feels, With a generous share of kindness, health and fame, An elegant mode of life, and no lack of money? Beset by hopes and anxieties, indignation and fear, Treat every day that dawns for you as the last. The unhoped-for hour’s ever welcome when it comes. When you want to smile then visit me: sleek, and fat I’m a hog, well cared-for, one of Epicurus’ herd.
If you can bear to recline at dinner on a couch
By Archias, and dine off a modest dish of greens,
Torquatus, I’ll expect to see you here at sunset.
You’ll drink wine bottled in Taurus’ second term,
Between marshy Minturnae, and Mount Petrinum
Near Sinuessa. If you’ve better, have it brought,
Or obey orders! The hearth’s bright, the furniture’s
Already been straightened. Forget airy hopes, the fight
For wealth, and Moschus’ case: tomorrow, Caesar’s
birthday
Gives us a reason for sleeping late: we’re free to spend
A summer’s night in pleasant talk with impunity.
What’s the use of my fortune if I can’t enjoy it?
The man who scrimps and saves on behalf of his heirs,
Too much, is next to mad. I’ll start the drinking, scatter
Flowers, and even allow you to think me indiscreet.
What can’t drunkenness do? It unlocks secrets, and makes
Secure our hopes, urges the coward on to battle,
Lifts the weight from anxious hearts, teaches new skills.
Whom has the flowing wine-bowl not made eloquent?
Whom constrained by poverty has it not set free?
Here’s what, willing and able, I commit myself
To provide: no dirty seat-covers, no soiled napkins
To offend your nose, no plate or tankard where you can’t
See yourself, no one to carry abroad what’s spoken
Between good friends, so like may meet and be joined
To like. I’ll have Butra and Septicius for you,
And Sabinus unless he’s detained by a prior
Engagement, and a prettier girl. There’s room too
For your ‘shadows’: but goatish smells spoil overcrowded
Feasts. You reply with how many you want, then drop
Your affairs: out the back, evade the client in the hall!
Epistles: Book I Epistle VI – Of Virtue – To Numicius

BkIEpVI:1-27 Nil admirari: marvel at nothing

To marvel at nothing, Numicius, that’s almost
The only thing can make and maintain happiness.
The sun up there, the stars, the seasons, going past
In unerring flow, some can watch unmoved by awe:
Then how do you think earth’s gifts might be viewed,
Or those of the sea, that make far-off Arabia
And India wealthy, or our dear Romans’ gifts,
Theatricals, applause: with what eyes and feelings?
Conversely he who fears them marvels as much
As the man who longs for them: excitement’s troubling
Either way where some unexpected vision startles both.
What matter whether he joys or grieves, desires or fears,
If, seeing something better or worse than expected,
A man’s gaze is fixed, his mind and body both numbed?
Let the wise man be called mad, the just unjust, if he
Pursues Virtue herself beyond what suffices.
Go on now, admire antique bronzes, silver, marble,
Works of art, marvel at gems and Tyrian dyes:
Delight in a thousand eyes watching you as you speak:
Rush to the Forum with vigour early, get home late,
Lest that Mutus reaps the richer crop from his fields,
His wife’s dower, and (the shame, he’s of meaner birth too!)
Seems more of a marvel to you, than you to him.
Whatever’s under the earth Time will bring to light,
Burying and hiding what glitters. Though Agrippa’s
Colonnade and the Appian Way note your face well,
You still must go down where Numa and Ancus have gone.

BkIEpVI:28-48 It it’s wealth makes you happy, work!

If your lungs or kidneys were attacked by cruel disease,
You’d seek relief from the disease. You wish to live well:
Who does not? If it’s virtue alone achieves it, then
Be resolute, forgo pleasure. But if you consider
Virtue’s only words, a forest wood: then beware
Lest your rival’s first to dock, lest you lose Cibyra’s
Or Bithynia’s trade. Cleared a thousand, and another?
Then add a third pile, round it off with a fourth.
Surely wife and dowry, loyalty and friends, birth
And beauty too are the gifts of Her Highness Cash,
While Venus and Charm grace the moneyed classes.
Don’t be like Cappadocia’s king, rich in slaves
Short of lucre. They say Lucullus was asked
If he could lend the theatre a hundred Greek cloaks.
‘Who could find all those? he answered, ‘but I’ll see,
And send what I’ve got’. Later, a note: ‘It seems at home
I’ve five thousand: take any of them, take the lot’
It’s a poor house where there isn’t much to spare,
Much that evades the master, benefits his slaves.
If wealth alone will make you happy, and keep you so,
Be first to strive for it again, and last to leave off.

BkIEpVI:49-68 Pursue what you think brings happiness!

If grace and favour promote the fortunate man,
Let’s buy a slave to remind us of peoples’ names, 
Poke us in the ribs, prompt us to offer a handshake 
Across the way: ‘He’s Fabian power, he’s Veline: 
He can confer the rods and axe, or ill-naturedly 
Snatch away the ivory chair just as he wishes.’ 
Add ‘Brother!’ ‘Father!’ Adopt them cheerfully, by age. 
If he lives well who dines well: it’s daybreak, let’s go 
Wherever the palate leads us: let’s hunt and fish 
As Gargilius once did, sending his slaves with nets 
And spears through the crowd in the packed Forum, 
So that one mule of his train could carry away 
A boar he’d bought, watched by everyone. Swollen 
With undigested food, forgetful of what’s decent 
Or not, let’s bathe, worthy of Caere, or Ulysses’ 
Vile Ithacan crew preferring forbidden pleasures 
To their home. If there’s no joy sans love and laughter, 
As Mimnernus holds, then live for love and laughter. 
Long life! Farewell! And frankly, if you know better 
Pass it on: if not, like me make use of the above.
Epistles: Book I Epistle VII – A Reply – To Maecenas

BkIEpVII:1-28 There’s my health to be considered

I promised I’d only stay a week in the country,
I’m a liar, I’ve been missing all August. And yet
If you want me sound and in good health, Maecenas,
As you indulge me when I’m ill, you’ll indulge me
When I fear illness, when heat and the early figs
Honour the undertaker with dark attendants,
When pale fathers, fond mothers, fear for their children,
When dutiful zeal, the petty affairs of the Forum,
Bring on feverish bouts, break open sealed wills.
And if winter blankets the Alban fields in snow
Your poet will head for the sea, take care of himself,
Curl up and read: and, dear friend, if you’ll allow him,
He’ll see you again, with the breeze and the first swallow.
You’ve made me wealthy, not like a Calabrian host
Inviting one to try those pears: ‘Please, eat some.’ ‘I’m full.’
‘Well take them with you, as many as you like.’ ‘Too kind.’
‘They’ll be welcome if you take them for your little boys.’
‘I’m as grateful as if I’d been sent away weighed down.’
‘As you wish: you’re leaving them for the pigs’ to guzzle.’
Lavish fools make gifts of what they despise and dislike:
They yield, and will forever yield, a crop of ingratitude.
The wise, and good, will stand ready to help the worthy,
While always knowing how real and false coins differ.
I’ll show myself worthy too, of your praiseworthy deed.
But if you wish me never to leave your side, you’ll need
To grant me strong lungs again, those black curls that hide
The brow: restore sweet conversation, graceful laughter,
Laments over the wine about pert Cinara’s flight.

BkIEpVII:29-45 Ready to renounce it all

A slim little fox once crept through a narrow gap
Into a corn bin, and after eating the vermin,
Tried, in vain, to get free, his belly swollen. ‘If you,’
Said a weasel nearby, ‘desire to escape from there,
Return, lean, to the tiny gap, the lean ‘you’ slipped through.’
If I’m reproached with this tale, I’ll renounce all I have:
I don’t praise the poor man’s rest when I’m glutted on fowl,
Yet wouldn’t lose freedom and peace for Arabia’s wealth.
You’ve often praised reticence, well the ‘king’ and ‘father’
You’ve heard to your face, is no less true when far off.
Try me, and see if I could cheerfully return your gifts.
Telemachus, long-suffering Ulysses’ son, gave
No bad answer: ‘Ithaca’s no fit place for horses,
It hasn’t the wide, flat plains, it isn’t rich in grasses:
Son of Atreus, I refuse gifts fitter for you.’
Less for the lesser: not royal Rome, but Tibur
The free, or peaceful Tarentum, please me now.

BkIEpVII:46-98 Volteius the auctioneer

Philippus the famous lawyer, one both resolute
And energetic, was heading home from work, at two,
And complaining, at his age, about the Carinae
Being so far from the Forum, when he noticed,
A close-shaven man, it’s said, in an empty barber’s Booth, penknife in hand, quietly cleaning his nails. ‘Demetrius,’ (a boy not slow to obey his master’s Orders) ‘go and discover where that man hails from, Who he is, his standing, his father or his patron.’ Off he goes, and returns to say the man’s Volteius Mena, a respectable auctioneer, not wealthy, Knowing his time to work or rest, earn or spend, Taking pleasure in humble friends and his own home, And sport, and the Campus when business was over. ‘I’d like to hear all that from his own lips: invite him To dinner.’ Mena can scarcely believe it, pondering In silence. To be brief, he replies: ‘No thank you.’ ‘Does he refuse?’ ‘The rascal has refused, he’s either Insulting you or afraid.’ Next morning, Philippus Finds Volteius selling cheap goods to working folk, And gives him a greeting. He offers business Commitments and work as his excuse to Philippus For not having come to his house that morning, in short For not paying his respects. ‘Consider yourself Forgiven, so long as you dine with me today.’ ‘As you wish.’ ‘Come after nine then: now work, increase Your wealth.’ At dinner he chattered unguardedly And then was packed off home to bed. After that he was Often seen to race like a fish to the baited hook, A dawn attendant, a constant guest, so was summoned To visit the country estate when the Latin games Were called. Pulled by the ponies he never stops praising The Sabine soil and skies. Philippus watches and smiles, And seeking light relief and laughter from any source, Gives him seven thousand sesterces, offers a loan
Of seven more, and persuades him to buy a small farm. He buys it. Not to bore you with an over-long, rambling Tale, the city-dweller turns rustic, rattling on about Furrows, and vineyards, stringing his elm-trees, killing Himself with zeal, aged by his passion for yields. But after his sheep are lost to theft, goats to disease The crops have failed, the ox is broken by ploughing, Pricked by his losses, in the depths of night, he grabs His horse, and rides to Philippus’ house in a rage. When Philippus sees him, wild and unshaven, he cries: ‘Volteius, you look rough, and seem to be sorely tried.’ ‘Truly, patron, call me a miserable wretch,’ he said, ‘If you want to call me by my true name. I beg you, Implore you, by your guardian spirit, your own right hand, Your household gods, give me back the life I once had!’ When a man sees by how much what he’s left surpasses What he sought, he should swiftly return to what he lost. Every man should measure himself by his own rule.
Muse, at my request, carry greetings and good wishes
To Celsus Albinovanus, Tiberius’ scribe
And friend. If he asks how I am, say despite all good Intentions, I live a life that’s neither good nor sweet:
Not that hail’s crushed my vines, heat blighted the olives,
Nor that my herds fall ill with disease in far pastures:
But much less healthy in mind than I am in body
I choose not to listen or learn how to ease my ills:
Quarrelling with true doctors, irritable with friends,
Who come running to ward off some fatal lethargy:
I chase what harms me, flee what I know will help:
Restless, wanting Tibur in Rome, Rome at Tibur.
Next, ask how he is, Muse, how he and his affairs Are doing, how he’s liked by the prince and his staff.
If he says, ‘Fine,’ show pleasure first, but later
Remember to drop these words of advice in his ear:
‘As you bear success, dear Celsus, so we’ll bear you.'
Septimius alone knows, of course, Tiberius,
How much you think of me, for when he begs, no, forces
Me with prayers, to try to praise and present him to you
As one worthy of choice for your noble household
And intentions, thinking I fill a close friend’s place,
He sees and knows better than I what power I may have.
I gave him many reasons why I should be excused:
But feared to be thought to have minimised my role,
Hiding my true influence, just to oblige myself.
So to avoid the accusation of a worse crime,
I’ve stooped to trying to win by urbane effrontery.
Yet if you endorse lack of modesty at a friend’s request,
Admit him to your circle, know he is fine and brave.
To Fuscus the city-lover I the country-lover
Send greetings. To be sure in this one matter we
Differ much, but in everything else we’re like twins
With brothers’ hearts (if one says no, so does the other)
And we nod in agreement like old familiar doves.
You guard the nest: I praise the streams and woods
And the mossy rocks of a beautiful countryside.
In short I live and I reign, as soon as I’ve left
What you acclaim to the skies with shouts of joy,
Seeing I flee sweet wafers like a priest’s runaway
Slave: for it’s bread I want now not honeyed cakes.
If we all should live in conformity with Nature,
And begin by choosing a site to build a house,
Do you know anywhere better than the country?
Where are the winters milder? Where does a more welcome
Breeze temper the Dog-Star’s rage and the Lion’s charge.
When maddened he’s felt the Sun’s piercing darts?
Where does Care’s envy trouble our slumber less?
Is grass poorer in scent or beauty than Libyan stone?
Is water that strains to burst lead pipes in city streets
Purer than that which sparkles murmuring down the stream?
Why, you yourself nurture trees among marbled pillars,
And admire a house with a prospect of distant fields!
Drive Nature off with a pitchfork, she’ll still press back,
And secretly burst in triumph through your sad disdain.

**BkIEpX:26-50 Make much of little**

The man unable to separate false from true.  
Will suffer no less certain or heart-felt a loss,  
Than he who lacks the skill to distinguish fleeces  
Soaked in *Aquínun*’s dye, from *Sidonian* purple.  
Those who’ve been quick to enjoy a following wind,  
Are wrecked when it veers. You’ll be unwilling to lose  
What you admire. Avoid what’s grand: and you’ll outrun  
Kings, and companions of kings, in the race of life.  
The stag could always better the horse in conflict,  
And drive him from open ground, until the loser  
In that long contest, begging man’s help, took the bit:  
Yet, disengaged from his enemy, as clear victor,  
He couldn’t shed man from his back, the bit from his mouth.  
So the perverse man who forgoes his freedom, worth more  
Than gold, through fear of poverty, suffers a master  
And is a slave forever, by failing to make much  
Of little. When a man’s means don’t suit him it’s often  
Like a shoe: too big and he stumbles, too small it chafes.  
You’ll live wisely, *Aristius*, if you’re contented  
With your fate, and won’t let me go unpunished if I  
Seem to be restlessly gathering more than I need.  
The money we hoard is our master or our servant:  
The twisted rope should trail behind, not draw us on.  
I’m writing to you from the back of *Vacuna*’s  
Crumbling shrine, happy, except that you’re not here too.
Epistles: Book I Epistle XI – Of Peace of Mind – To Bullatius

BkIEpXI:1-30 Be happy wherever you are

What did you think of Chios, dear Bullatius,
Or the famous Lesbos? What of beautiful Samos?
What of Croesus’ royal Sardis, Smyrna and Colophon?
Better or worse than claimed, are they all worthless, beside
The Campus and Tiber’s stream? Or are you set on one
Of Attalus’ cities, or weary of roads and seas praise Lebedus? You know Lebedus: even more empty
Than Gabii or Fidenae! Still I’d choose to live there,
Forgetting all my friends, and forgotten by them,
Gazing from the shore at distant Neptune’s fury!
Yet a man heading for Rome from Capua, soaked
With mud and rain, wouldn’t choose to live in an inn:
Nor does one who catches a chill praise stove and bath
As the total answer to living a happy life:
Nor will you, tossed by a southerly gale on the deep,
Across the Aegean, sell your ship because of it!
To a healthy man, Rhodes and beautiful Mytilene
Are a heavy cloak in summer, a loincloth worn in
A snowstorm, the wintry Tiber, or an August fire.
While Fate proves benign, and while you can, from Rome,
Praise the far-distant, Samos, and Chios, and Rhodes.
And whatever the hour heaven has blessed you with
Accept it gratefully, don’t put off what’s sweet to some
Other year: then wherever you’ve lived, you can say
You were happy. It’s wisdom, it’s reason, not some place
Overlooking a breadth of water, that drives out care: Those who rush to sea gain a change of sky not themselves. Restless idleness occupies us: in yachts and chariots We seek the good life. But what you’re seeking is here: If your mind’s not lacking in calm, it’s at Ulubrae!
Epistles: Book I Epistle XII – Of Discontent – To Iccius

BkIEp XII:1-29 An introduction and an exhortation

Iccius, if you’re using the income you collect From Agrippa’s Sicilian estates, as you ought, Jove couldn’t bless you more. Stop complaining: He’s not poor whose enjoyment of things suffices. If your lungs, stomach and feet are healthy, royal Wealth can add nothing. And if you happen to be Abstemious amongst good things, living on nettles And vegetables, you’d still live that way, even if Fate’s stream were suddenly to drench you with gold, Either because money can’t alter your nature, Or because you prize one thing, virtue, above all. We wonder at Democritus’ herds spoiling his meadows And crops, while his swift mind strayed far from his body: As you with the contagious itch for wealth around you, Still betray nothing mean, and aim for the sublime: What forces constrain the sea, what regulates the year: Whether planets wander and stray at will, or by law, What hides the moon’s disc in darkness, what reveals it: The meaning, the effects, of nature’s harmonious Discord: is Empedocles crazy or subtle Stertinius? Whether you’re ‘murdering’ fish or only Leeks and onions, greet Pompeius Grosphus, give freely If he asks: he’ll only request what’s right and proper. When good men are in need, friendship’s cheap at the price. So you’re in touch with how things are going in Rome,
Cantabria’s fallen to Agrippa’s valour, Armenia to Tiberius: Phraates submits
On his knees to Caesar’s imperial rule: golden Plenty pours her horn, full of fruits, on Italy.
Epistles: Book I Epistle XIII – Poems for Augustus – To Vinius Asina

BkIEpXIII:1-19 Instructions to Vinius regarding his poems

As I told you often, at length, on leaving, Vinius, Deliver these volumes, sealed, to Augustus, if He’s well, if he’s cheerful, if in short he asks for them: Lest you offend in your zeal for me, and a busy Servant, over-eager, causes dislike for my books. If you find my pages’ heavy burden chafes you, Leave it, rather than dashing your packsaddle down Wildly where you were told to deliver it, turning Your father’s name, of Asina, into a joke, And a topic of gossip. Flex your strength over, hills Streams, and bogs. Achieving your purpose, arriving there, By no chance hold your parcel so as to carry That bundle of books under your arm, as a rustic A lamb, drunken Pyrria her stolen ball of wool, Or a poor tribal-dinner guest his slippers and cap. And don’t tell everyone you’ve sweated, carrying Verses, that could engage Caesar’s eyes and ears. Beseeched by many a prayer, press forward. On now: Farewell: take care, don’t stumble and damage your load.
Epistles: Book I Epistle XIV – To The Farm Bailiff

BkIEpXIV:1-30 Town versus country again

Steward, of woods, and the little farm that gives me back
Myself again, farm you loathe though it serves five households,
And sends five honest fathers to Varia’s market,
Let’s see if I’m better at rooting thorns from the mind,
Than you from the soil: whether Horace or farm does best.
Though I’m kept here, by Lamia’s filial affection
And grief: he mourns his brother, sighs inconsolably
For his lost brother, yet thought and feeling draw me back,
Longing to burst the barriers that obstruct the course.
I call the country-dweller, you the townsman, blessed.
One who admires another’s lot, naturally hates his own.
Each man’s foolish to blame a blameless place unfairly:
The mind’s at fault, which can never escape itself.
Drudging away you sighed secretly for the country,
A steward now you long for city games and baths:
You know I’m true to myself, and I’m sad to leave
Whenever some hateful business drags me to Rome.
We like different things: that’s the true disagreement
Between us. What you call empty, inhospitable
Wasteland, is lovely to one who shares my views
And hates what you think fine. I see that it’s brothels
And greasy stalls that stir your desire for town, the fact
Your patch would yield pepper and spice sooner than grapes,
And there’s never an inn nearby to offer you wine,
No pipe-playing whore, to whose wails you can dance, 
Pounding the earth: yet you labour in fields, long untouched
By the hoe, tend to the unyoked ox, and feed him cut grass:
Wearied, the stream makes more work, when rain has fallen,
Diverted by earthworks, to spare the sunlit meadow.

BkI EpXIV:31-44  Each envies the other

Come now, and hear what creates our disharmony. 
A man who’s graced with fine clothes and sleek hair, 
A man who gift-less still charmed greedy Cinara, 
A man who from mid-day on drank clear Falernian, 
Now likes a light meal, a sleep in the riverside grass: 
The shame’s not in play, but in never letting play end. 
There, no one looks askance, detracts from my pleasures, 
Or, back-biting, poisons them with a secret hatred: 
The neighbours just smile as I shift my turf and stones. 
You’d rather gnaw your portion with slaves, in town: 
You’d throw in your lot with that crowd: yet my sharp boy
Envies your rights to my firewood, flocks and garden. 
The lazy ox longs for the bridle, the horse longs to plough. 
I’d advise each to employ, freely, the skill he knows.
Epistles: Book I Epistle XV – Of the Cold Water Cure – To Vala

BkIEpXV:1-25 Delights of the cold-water cure!

What’s the winter climate like, Vala, at Velia and Salernum? What sort of people live there, how are the roads? Since I’m prescribed cold baths in winter, Antonius Musa makes visiting Baiae pointless, yet ensures I’m frowned on there. – Of course the town sighs, its myrtles are being abandoned, its sulphur baths scorned that rid the sinews of lingering disorders, indignant at patients who dare to subject head and stomach to Clusium’s springs, or make for Gabii’s cold fields. I’ve to change my resort, and spur my horse past familiar inns. ‘Whoa, I’m not heading for Cumae or Baiae,’ cries the rider, testily giving the left rein a tug: but the horse only ‘hears’ the bit. – Which populace feeds on the better supply of grain? Do they drink from rainwater butts, or perennial sweet water wells? – I don’t care for the regional wines: I can endure anything in my rural retreat, but by the sea I need something noble and mellow, that drives away care, and lingers rich with hope in my veins and heart, to conjure up words and commend my youthfulness to Lucanian girls – Which district rears more hares, which more boars, which one’s waves hide more sea-urchins and fish,
So I can travel back home, fat as a Phaeacian? Write to me and say, and I’ll give you full credit.

**BkIEpXV:26-46 I’m like Maenius**

Maenius, having manfully spent all his mother and father left him, began as a vagrant urban scrounger, a creature with no permanent stable, when dinnerless not distinguishing friend from foe, who’d savagely fabricate lies about anyone, a tempest, a vortex, the food-markets’ ruin: whatever he found he gave to his greedy gut. When he got little or nothing from those who feared or applauded his spite, he’d eat cheap lamb or plates of tripe, enough for a trio of bears, proclaiming of course that wastrels deserved to be branded with red hot knives, he being Bestius reformed. Yet when the same man secured a better prize, he’d soon reduce it to smoke and ashes, saying: ‘By the gods, I don’t wonder some folks squander their all, since nothing beats a fat thrush, or a nice big sow’s womb.’ That’s me of course. Since I praise the safe and humble when funds are lacking, resolute enough with what’s mean: but when something better and finer appears, the same ‘I’ declares that only you live wisely and well whose established wealth’s revealed in smart villas.
To save you asking about my farm, dear Quinctius,
And whether its owner’s supported by the plough,
Or rich from olives, apples, meadows or vine-decked elms,
I’ll describe its nature at length, and the lie of the land.
Unbroken hills, except where they’re cut by a shady
Valley, but with morning sun lighting it on the right,
Its departing chariot, in flight, warming the left side.
You’d praise its mildness. And what if the bushes bore
Rich crops of reddish cornels and plums? If ilex
And oak pleased the herds with piles of acorns, their master
With ample shade? You’d say leafy Tarentum had been
Brought nearer home. A spring fit to name a river too,
And Hebrus no purer or cooler winding through Thrace,
Flows, bringing its aid to infirm heads and stomachs.
This sweet retreat, yes, believe me, it’s lovely,
Keeps me healthy for you in September’s heat.
You live rightly, if you take care to be what I hear.
All we in Rome have long considered you happy:
But I fear lest you believe others more than yourself,
Or lest you think other than wise and good men happy,
Or lest people keep saying you’re quite sound and healthy
While you disguise a hidden fever till dinner time,
When a shivering takes your hands at the groaning table.
Fools through a false sense of shame hide their open sores.
If someone spoke of wars you’d fought on land and sea,
And flattered your listening ear with words like these:
‘May Jupiter, who cares for you and cares for the City,
Leave us in doubt if the people most wish you well,
Or you the people.’ you’d know they praised Augustus.
So when you let yourself be called ‘wise and faultless’,
Tell me, please, do you recognise your name there?
‘Well, I, like you, am charmed to be called good and wise.’
Who gives today can take away tomorrow if he
Pleases, as they take the rods and axe from a failure.
‘Put that down, it’s mine’ he says: I do so, offended,
And retreat. If the same man shouted thief, called me
Shameless, alleged I’d strangled my father with a rope,
Should I be stung by false charges, my face reddened?
Whom do false tributes delight, and scandalous lies
Dismay, but one who’s flawed, infirm? Who’s the good
man?
‘Whoever observes the Senate’s decrees, laws, statutes,
Whose judgment resolves many important cases,
Who stands surety, and gives binding testimony.’
Yet all his neighbours and household see this man
As ugly within, though dressed in a handsome skin.

BkIEpXVI:46-79 The meaning of true goodness

If a slave says to me: ‘I’ve never stolen, or run,’
I reply: ‘Then you’ve your reward, you’ve never been flogged.’
‘I’ve never killed anyone’: ‘You’ll not hang on a cross
And feed crows.’ ‘I’m good and honest’: A Sabine would shake
His head in dissent. A wary wolf fears the trap,
A hawk the hidden net, a pike the baited hook,
And the good hate vice, through love of virtue.
But you commit no crimes for fear of punishment:
If there’s hope of concealment, you’ll blur sacred
And profane.
If you steal one of my thousand bushels
Of beans, my loss is less, for that reason, not your sin.
This ‘good’ man, admired in forum or tribunal,
When he offers a pig or ox to placate the gods,
Cries loud and clear: ‘Father Janus!’ and ‘Apollo!’
Then just moving his lips, afraid to be heard: ‘Lovely
Laverna, let me escape, let me seem just and pious,
Veil my sins in darkness, my falsehoods in clouds.’
How a miser who stoops at the crossroads to pick up
A planted coin can be better or freer than a slave,
I don’t see: those who are covetous, fear as well:
And, to me, he who lives in fear will never be free.
The man who always rushes around lost in making
Money has deserted Virtue’s ranks, and grounded arms.
Once captured don’t kill him, if you can sell him:
He’ll do as a slave: with flocks or plough if he’s tough,
Or let him sail as a trader, wintering in the deep,
Or help in the market, carrying food and stores.
The good and wise man will dare to say: ‘Pentheus,
Lord of Thebes, what shame can you force me to suffer
And endure?’ ‘I’ll take your goods.’ My cattle you mean,
Possessions, couches, silver: do so.’ ‘I’ll chain you, hand
And foot, and imprison you under a cruel jailor.’
‘Yet, whenever I wish, the gods will set me free.’
I take it he means, ‘I’ll die’. Death is the final goal.
Though you attend well enough to your own interests, Scaeva, and know too how to behave with the great,
Hear the views of a dear friend, who’s still learning:
As if a blind man wished to show you the way: but see
If I’ve anything to say that you might care to own to.
If you love dearest peace, and to sleep till daybreak,
If dust, the sound of wheels, and tavern-life offend you,
I’ll order you off to silent Ferentinum:
Enjoyment’s not for the rich alone: he’s not lived
Badly, who’s escaped attention from birth to death.
But if you want to help your friends and help yourself
A little more, the hungry man head’s for the feast.
‘If Aristippus was happy to eat vegetables,
He wouldn’t woo princes.’ ‘If he knew how to woo Princes, my critic would scorn vegetables.’ Which
Words and example do you approve? Tell me, or since
You’re younger, here’s why Aristippus is wiser.
This is the way, they say, he parried the fierce Cynic:
‘You play the fool for the people, I for myself:
It’s nobler and truer. I serve so a horse bears me,
A prince feeds me: you beg for scraps, but are still less
Than the giver, though you boast of needing no man.’
All styles, states, circumstances suited Aristippus
Aiming higher, but mostly content with what he had.
But I’d be amazed if a change in his way of life,
Would suit one austerity clothes in a Cynic’s rags. The first won’t wait for a purple robe, he’ll walk Through the crowded streets wearing anything he has, And play either role without any awkwardness: The second will shun a fine cloak made in Miletus, As he would a dog or snake, and die of cold if you Don’t return his rags. Do so, and let him be a fool.

BkIEpXVII:33-62 Win favour if you can

To achieve things, to display captive enemies To the crowd, is to touch Jove’s throne, and mount the sky: Yet it’s no slight glory to have pleased the leading men. It doesn’t happen that every man gets to Corinth. He who feared he mightn’t reach it, stayed at home. ‘Fine, But the one who arrived, did he play the man?’ Yes, Here if anywhere is what we’re seeking. He dreads The load as too great for his frail mind and body: He lifts it, carries it on. If virtue’s no empty Word, the enterprising man seeks worth and honour. Those who keep quiet about their own needs in front of Their patron, win more than those who beg: that’s the aim. It does matter whether you receive, humbly, or snatch. ‘My sister’s no dower, my mother’s a pauper, My farm can’t feed us, and can’t find a buyer,’ He who speaks, is shouting: ‘Give us food!’ ‘Me too!’ cries His neighbour: the gift is split, the morsel’s divided. But if the crow fed quietly, he’d gain more food, With a great deal less quarrelling and resentment. When a companion travelling to Brundisium Or sweet Surrentum moans about the ruts, the bitter
Cold, the rain, his trunk broken open, his money gone,
It’s like a girl’s cute tricks, always weeping to herself
About a stolen chain, or an anklet, so later
Her genuine losses and grief won’t be believed.
He who’s been fooled before won’t bother to help
That joker, with a broken leg, at the crossroads,
Who in floods of tears swears by sacred Osiris:
‘It’s no jest, believe me: don’t be cruel, help the lame!’
‘Go ask a stranger,’ the raucous neighbours shout.
Lollius, frankest of men, if I know you truly, 
Professing yourself a friend, you’d hate to appear 
A hanger-on. As a wife and whore are unequal, 
Unlike, so a friend differs from a fickle sponger. 
There’s an opposite, maybe a greater vice than this, 
Boorish aggression, offensive and awkward, replete 
With shaven head, and blackened teeth, that seeks 
To pass itself off as plain speech and honest virtue. 
Virtue’s the mean between vices, far from extremes. 
The first type, a joker, prone to be over-servile, 
Next to the host on the lowest couch, anxious 
For the rich man’s nod, echoing his words, hanging 
On every one, you’d think him a schoolboy repeating 
Lines for his stern teacher, a mime playing second part. 
The other disputes about whether goat’s hair’s wool, 
Arms himself over trifles: ‘Conceive of not being 
Thought right at once, barking out fiercely what I truly 
Think! A second life, even, wouldn’t be worth that price!’ 
The issue? Is Castor or Dolichos more skilful? 
For Brundisium, take the Appian or Minucian? 
The man stripped bare by ruinous passion or reckless 
Gambling, whom Vanity clothes and scents beyond his means, 
Gripped by endless hunger and thirst for money, by shame 
And fear of poverty, will be dreaded and loathed by his
Rich friend, whose often ten times more deeply versed in sin.
Or if not hating him, guides him, like a dutiful mother,
Who’d have him more virtuous, wiser than himself,
And almost speaks truth: ‘My wealth (don’t try to compete!)
Allows for foolishness: while your means are only slight.
A narrow toga suits a sensible follower:
Don’t vie with me.’ If he wished to harm someone,
Eutrapelus gave him rich clothes: ‘Now, the happy man
Will assume new plans and hopes with his fine tunics,
Sleep till sun-up, and postpone his honest affairs
For the sake of a whore, swell his debts, and end as
A gladiator, or driving a grocer’s nag for hire.’

BkIEpXVIII:37-66 How to behave with your patron

You should never pry into your patron’s secrets,
But, trusted, defend them though racked by wine or anger.
Don’t praise your own tastes or criticise those of others,
And don’t pen poetry if he wants to go hunting.
That’s how Amphion and Zethus’ brotherly feelings
Dissolved, till the lyre the sterner one so distrusted
Fell silent. Amphion, it’s said, gave way to his brother’s
Humour: yield yourself to the gentle commands of
A powerful friend. When he heads for the country,
With his hounds, his mules weighed down with Aetolian
Hunting nets, away with your peevish unsociable
Muse: up, earn with effort the relish for your dinner:
It’s the Roman hero’s common sport, good for glory,
Life and limb: especially since you’re fit, and can run
Faster than hounds, or the powerful boar: what’s more
There’s no one who handles the weapons men use
More gracefully: you know how the onlookers cheer
When you compete on the Campus: lastly, you fought
As a boy in a tough campaign, and the Spanish wars,
Under a leader who’s now reclaiming our standards
From Parthian temples, and adding to Italy’s might.
And lest you hang back, absent yourself for no reason,
Well, you do have fun sometimes at your father’s place,
However carefully you shun excess or tastelessness:
The boats are split into fleets, the battle of Actium,
You as admiral, is fought with your lads as the foes:
Your brother opposes, the Adriatic’s the lake,
Till winged Victory crowns one or the other with bay.
If your patron believes you endorse his pursuits,
He’ll give you the thumbs up and praise your display.

BkIEpXVIII:67- 85 Plenty more advice

On with the advice (if you need any advice):
Always think what you say to whom, and of whom.
Avoid the inquisitive: they’re also garrulous,
Flapping ears can’t be trusted to keep a secret,
And once the word’s let slip, it flies beyond recall.
Don’t let a girl or boy arouse your passion, once you
Have crossed your revered friend’s marble doorstep,
Lest the lovely boy’s or pretty girl’s master blesses
You with so slight a gift, or annoyed by it refuses.
Reflect again and again on whom you sponsor,
Lest later the other’s failings fill you with shame.
Sometimes we fail and propose the unworthy: so
If deceived, avoid defending the one who’s at fault,  
Then when a man you know deeply is charged with crime  
You can help and protect him who relies on your aid:  
When someone’s bitten by Theon’s slanderous teeth,  
How long will it be before you share the danger?  
If your neighbour’s roof’s in flames, it’s your business too,  
And neglected fires have a habit of gaining strength.

**BkIEpXVIII:86-112 A warning and a prayer**

To the inexperienced, courting a powerful friend  
Seems pleasant: the experienced dread it. While your ship’s  
On the deep, take care, lest a shift of wind sets you back.  
The sad hate the merry, the cheerful hate the sad,  
The lively the sedate, the slack the keen and busy:  
Drinkers hate the man who refuses a glass, despite  
Your swearing you’re afraid of night-time fevers.  
Dispel the cloud from your brow: diffidence often  
Seems like secretiveness, taciturnity moroseness.  
Amongst all this, read and question the learned,  
As to how to find the way to spend the tranquil day:  
Whether greed, bound to craving, shall vex and plague you,  
Or fear, and the hope of things of dubious benefit:  
Whether wisdom breeds virtue, or Nature grants it:  
What lessens care, what reconciles you to yourself,  
What simply calms you, honours and cherished profit,  
Or the sequestered journey, the path of noiseless life.  
Whenever Digentia’s icy stream restores me,  
Where that village wrinkled with cold, Mandela, drinks,  
What do you think I feel? What are my prayers, my friend?  
That I might have what I have, or less: live for myself
What’s left of life, if the gods choose to leave it me:
With a good supply of books, and each year’s provisions,
Not wavering in doubt with the hopes of fickle hours.
Well, it’s enough to ask Jove, who gives and takes away,
To grant life and wealth: I’ll provide a calm mind myself.
Epistles: Book I Epistle XIX – Of his Works – To Maecenas

BkIEpXIX:1-20 On slavish imitation

If you believe old Cratinus, learned Maecenas,
No poetry could ever live long or delight us
That water-drinkers pen. Since Bacchus enlisted
Poets, the barely sane, among his Fauns and Satyrs,
The sweet Muses usually have a dawn scent of wine.
Homer’s praise of it shows he was fond of the grape:
Ennius never leapt to his tales of arms, unless
He was drunk. ‘I’ll trust the Forum and Libo’s Well
To the sober, I’ll prevent the austere from singing’:
Since I made that edict, poets have never left off
Wine-drinking contests at night, reeking by day.
What? If a man imitated Cato’s fierce, grim look,
His bare feet, and the cut of his curtailed toga,
Would he then show us Cato’s virtues and character?
Emulating Timagenes’ speeches ruined Iarbitas,
Through straining so hard to be witty and eloquent.
Examples with reproducible faults mislead us:
If I were sallow, they’d swallow cumin to turn pale.
O Imitators, slavish herd, how often your noise
Has stirred my anger, how often stirred my laughter!

BkIEpXIX:21-49 Horace has forged his own style

I first planted my footsteps freely on virgin soil,
Touched by my feet, no others. He who trusts himself
Rules, as leader of the crowd. I was the first to show
Latium the Parian iambic, following
Archilochus in spirit and metre, though not
The theme or words that accused Lycambes. And lest you
Crown me with a lesser wreath, for fearing to change
Metre or style, it’s the beat of Sappho’s mannish Muse,
And of Alcaeus’, though his theme and order differ,
Not trying to smear his father-in-law with dark verse
Nor weaving a noose for his bride with slanderous rhyme.
Never sung before by other lips, I the lyrist
Of Latium made him known. I’m pleased to convey
New things, be read by gentle eyes, held by gentle hands.
Want to know why ungrateful readers love and praise
My works at home, then savage them unfairly abroad?
Because I don’t chase the votes of a fickle public
With costly dinners and gifts of second-hand clothes:
Because, student of noble writers, and avenger,
I don’t deign to court the tribe of stagy lecturers.
Hence the tears. If I say: ‘I’m ashamed to recite
Worthless writings in a crowded hall, and add weight
To trifles’ they say: ‘You’re teasing, you’re keeping them
For Jove’s ear: you alone distil poetic honey,
Sure enough, full of yourself.’ Fearing to show contempt
For that, and of being torn by a sharp nail in a fight,
I cry: ‘I don’t like the location,’ and call a truce.
That game indeed gives rise to restless strife and anger:
Anger to savage enmities, wars unto the death.
Epistles: Book I Epistle XX – Epilogue – To His Book

BkIEpXX:1-28 On your way!

No doubt, *liber*, you’re eyeing *Vertumnus* and *Janus*,
Eager for sale, polished with the *Sosii*’s pumice.
You dislike those locks and seals dear to the modest:
You grieve at private viewings, praise public life,
Though I didn’t rear you so. Off, where you itch to go!
Once out, there’s no recall. ‘Ah, what have I done?
What did I hope?’ you’ll say, when someone hurts you,
When you’re rolled up small, your sated lover weary.
But unless the augur, hating your errors, is fooling,
You’ll be dear to Rome till your youth deserts you:
Then when you’ve been well-thumbed by vulgar hands,
And start to grow soiled, silent you’ll be food for worms,
Or flee to *Utica*, or be sent, bound, to *Ilerda*.
He who warns you, unheeded, will laugh, like the man
Who pushed his stubborn donkey, in anger, over the cliff:
For who would bother to help a creature against its will?
And this fate awaits you: mumbling old age will overtake
You, teaching little boys to read on the street-corner.
When a warmer sun attracts a few more listeners,
You’ll tell them I was a freedman’s son, that, of slender
Means, I spread wings that were too large for my nest,
And though my birth lessens them, you’ll add to my merits:
Say, in war and peace, I found favour with our leaders,
Was slight of frame, grey too early, fond of the sun,
Quick-tempered, yet one who was easy to placate.
If anyone happens to ask about my age,
Tell him I completed my forty-fourth December, When Lollius, as consul, was joined by Lepidus.
Epistles: Book II Epistle I – On Literature – To Augustus

BkIIEpI: 1-33 Introductory words to Augustus

Caesar, I would sin against the public good if I Wasted your time with tedious chatter, since you Bear the weight of such great affairs, guarding Italy With armies, raising its morals, reforming its laws. Romulus, Father Liber, and Pollux and Castor, Were welcomed to the gods’ temples after great deeds, But while they still cared for earth, and human kind Resolved fierce wars, allocated land, founded cities, They bemoaned the fact that the support they received Failed to reflect their hopes or merit. Hercules crushed The deadly Hydra, was fated to toil at killing fabled Monsters, but found Envy only tamed by death at last. He will dazzle with his brilliance, who eclipses talents Lesser than his own: yet be loved when it’s extinguished. We though will load you while here with timely honours, Set up altars, to swear our oaths at, in your name, Acknowledging none such has risen or will arise. Yet this nation of yours, so wise and right in this, In preferring you above Greek, or our own, leaders, Judges everything else by wholly different rules And means, despising and hating whatever it has Not itself seen vanish from earth, and fulfil its time: It so venerates ancient things that the Twelve Tables Forbidding sin the Decemvirs ratified, mutual Treaties our kings made with Gabii, or tough Sabines,
The Pontiffs’ books, the musty scrolls of the seers,  
It insists the Muses proclaimed on the Alban Mount!  
If, because each of the oldest works of the Greeks  
Is still the best, we must weigh our Roman writers  
On the same scales, that doesn’t require many words:  
Then there’d be no stone in an olive, shell on a nut:  
We’ve achieved fortune’s crown, we paint, make music,  
We wrestle, more skilfully than the oily Achaean.

BkIIEpI:34-62 Rome only loves the ancient poets

If poems like wine improve with age, I’d like to know  
How many years it takes to give a work its value.  
Is a writer who died a century ago  
To be considered among the perfect classics,  
Or as one of the base moderns? Let’s set some limit  
To avoid dispute: ‘Over a hundred’s good and old.’  
Well what about him, he died a year, a month short,  
How do we reckon him? As an ancient, or a poet  
Whom contemporaries and posterity will reject?  
‘Of course, if he falls short by a brief month, or even  
A whole year, he should be honoured among the ancients.’  
I’ll accept that, and then like hairs in a horse’s tail  
I’ll subtract years, one by one, little by little, till  
By the logic of the dwindling pile, I demolish  
The man who turns to the calendar, and measures  
Value by age, only rates what Libitina’s blessed.  
Ennius, the ‘wise’ and ‘brave’, a second Homer,  
The critics declare, is free of anxiety it seems  
Concerning his Pythagorean dreams and claims.  
Naevius, isn’t he clinging to our hands and minds,
Almost a modern? Every old poem is sacred, thus. Whenever the question’s raised who is superior, Old Pacuvius is ‘learned, Accius ‘noble’, Afranius’ toga’s the style of Menander’s, Plautus runs on like Sicilian Epicharmus, His model, Caecilius for dignity, Terence art. These mighty Rome memorises, watches them packed In her cramped theatre: these she owns to, counts them As poets, from the scribbler Livius’ day to our own.

BkIIEpI:63-89 The ancients have their faults

Sometimes the crowd see aright, sometimes they err. When they admire the ancient poets and praise them So none are greater, none can compare, they’re wrong. When they consider their diction too quaint, and often Harsh, when they confess that much of it’s lifeless, They’ve taste, they’re on my side, and judge like Jove. Of course I’m not attacking Livius’ verses, Nor dream they should be destroyed, ones I remember Orbilius, the tartar, teaching me when I was a lad: But I’m amazed they’re thought finished, fine, almost perfect. Though maybe a lovely phrases glitters now and then, Or a couple of lines are a little more polished, That unjustly carry, and sell, the whole poem. I’m indignant that work is censured, not because It’s thought crudely or badly made, but because it’s new, While what’s old claims honours and prizes not indulgence. If I doubted whether a play of Atta’s could even make it Through the flowers and saffron, most old men would cry
That Shame was dead, because I’d dared to criticise
What grave Aesopus, and learned Roscius, acted:
Either they think nothing’s good but what pleases them,
Or consider it’s shameful to bow to their juniors,
Confess: what beardless youth has learned, age should destroy.
Indeed, whoever praises Numa’s Salian Hymn,
And seems, uniquely, to follow what he and I can’t,
Isn’t honouring and applauding some dead genius,
But impugning ours, with envy, hating us and ours.

BkIIEpI:90-117 The craze for writing

If novelty had been as hateful to the Greeks
As to us, what would we have, now, to call ancient?
What would the crowd have to sample, read and thumb?
As soon as Greece ceased fighting, she started fooling,
And when better times had come, lapsed into error,
One moment hot with enthusiasm for athletes,
Then horses, mad for workers in ivory, marble, bronze:
Mind and vision enraptured by painted panels,
Crazy now for flute-players, now for tragic actors:
Like a girl-child playing at her nurse’s feet,
Quickly leaving when sated what she’s loudly craved.
Such things blessed peace and fair breezes brought.
For a long time, in Rome, it was a pleasant custom
To be up at dawn, doors wide, to teach clients the law,
To pay out good money to reliable debtors,
To hear the elders out, tell the youngsters the way
To grow an estate, and reduce their ruinous waste.
But what likes and dislikes would you call immutable?
The fickle public has changed its mind, fired as one
With a taste for scribbling: sons and their stern fathers,
Hair bound up with leaves, dine, and declaim their verse.
Even I, who swear that I’m writing no more poetry,
Lie more than a Parthian, wake before sun-up,
And call for paper and pen and my writing-case.
One without nautical skills fears to sail: no one
Unskilled dares give Lad’s Love to the sick: doctors
Practise medicine: carpenters handle carpentry tools:
But, skilled or unskilled, we all go scribbling verses.

BkIIEpI:118-155 Poetry’s benefits and its history

Yet this error, this mild insanity, has certain
Merits, consider this: the mind of a poet
Is seldom avaricious: he loves verse, that’s his bent:
At fires, disasters, runaway slaves: he smiles:
He never plots to defraud his business partner,
Or some young ward: he lives on pulse vegetables,
And coarse bread: a poor and reluctant soldier he still
Serves the State, if you grant small things may serve great ends.
The poet moulds the lisping, tender lips of childhood,
Turning the ear even then from coarse expression,
Quickly shaping thought with his kindly precepts,
Tempering envy, and cruelty, and anger.
He tells of good deeds, instructs the rising age
Through famous precedents, comforts the poor and ill.
How would innocent boys, unmarried girls, have learnt
Their hymns, if the Muse hadn’t granted them a bard?
Their choir asks for help, and feels the divine presence,
Calls for rain from heaven, taught by his winning prayer,
Averts disease, dispels the threatened danger,
Gains the gift of peace, and a year of rich harvests.
By poetry gods above are soothed, spirits below.
The farmers of old, those tough men blessed with little,
After harvesting their crops, with their faithful wives
And slaves, their fellow-workers, comforted body
And mind, that bears all hardship for a hoped-for end,
By propitiating Earth with a pig, Silvanus
With milk, the Genius who knows life brevity
With flowers and wine. So Fescennine licence appeared,
Whereby rustic abuse poured out in verse-exchanges,
Freedom of speech had its place in the yearly cycle,
In fond play, till its jests becoming fiercer, turned
To open rage, and, fearless in their threats, ran through
Decent houses. Those bitten by its teeth were pained:
Even those who never felt its touch were drawn to
Make common cause: and at last a law was passed,
Declaring the punishment for portraying any man
In malicious verse: all changed their tune, and were led,
By fear of the cudgel, back to sweet and gracious speech.

BkIIEpI:156-181 The Latin drama

Captive Greece captured, in turn, her uncivilised
Conquerors, and brought the arts to rustic Latium.
So coarse Saturnian metres faded, and good taste
Banished venom: though traces of our rural
Past remained for many a year, and still remain.
Not till later did Roman thought turn to Greek models,
And in the calm after the Punic Wars began to ask
What Sophocles, Thespis, Aeschylus might offer. Romans experimented, seeing if they could rework such things effectively, noble and quick by nature, They pleased: happily bold, with tragic spirit enough, Yet novices, thinking it shameful, fearing, to revise. Some think that Comedy, making use of daily life, Needs little sweat, but in fact it’s more onerous, Less forgiving. Look at how badly Plautus handles a youthful lover’s part, or a tight-fisted father, Or treacherous pimp, what a Dossenus he makes, Sly villain, amongst his gluttonous parasites, How slipshod he is in sliding about the stage. Oh, he’s keen to fill his pockets, and after that Cares little if it fails, or stands on its own two feet. A cold audience deflates, a warm one inspires those whom Fame’s airy chariot bears to the light: So slight, so small a thing it is, shatters and restores minds that crave praise. Farewell to the comic theatre, If winning the palm makes me rich, its denial poor.

BkIIEpI:182-213 Ridiculous modern theatre

Often even the brave poet is frightened and routed, When those less in worth and rank, but greater in number, Stupid illiterates always ready for a fight If the knights challenge them, shout for bears or boxing Right in the midst of the play: it’s that the rabble love. Nowadays even the knight’s interest has wholly passed From the ear to the empty delights of the roaming eye. The curtain’s drawn back (lowered) for four hours or more, While squads of infantry, troops of horse, sweep by:
Beaten kings are dragged past, hands bound behind them, Chariots, carriages, wagons and ships hurry along, Burdens of captured ivory, Corinthian bronze. If Democritus were still here on earth, he’d smile, Watching the crowd, more than the play itself, As presenting a spectacle more worth seeing, Than some hybrid creature, the camelopard, Or a white elephant, catching their attention. As for the authors he’d think they were telling their tales To a deaf donkey. What voices could ever prevail And drown the din with which our theatres echo? You’d think the Garganian woods or Tuscan Sea roared: Amongst such noise the entertainment’s viewed, the works Of art, the foreign jewels with which the actor Drips, as he takes the stage to tumultuous applause. ‘Has he spoken yet?’ ‘Not a thing.’ ‘Then, why the fuss?’ ‘Oh, it’s his wool robe dyed violet in Tarentum.’ But lest you happen to think I give scant praise to those Who handle with skill what I refuse to consider, Well that poet seems to me a magi, who can walk The tightrope, who can wring my heart with nothings, Inflame it, calm it, fill it with illusory fears, Set me down in Thebes one moment, Athens another.

BkIIEpI:214-244 Be a patron of the poets

But come, give a moment’s care to those who trust themselves To the reader, rather than suffer the spectator’s Proud disdain, that is if you wish to fill with books Your gift worthy of Apollo, and spur our poets
To seek *Helicon*’s verdant slopes with greater zeal. Of course we poets frequently harm our own cause (Just as I’m axing my own vine) sending our books To you when you’re tired or anxious: when we’re hurt That a friend of ours has dared to criticise a verse: When we turn back to lines we’ve already read, unasked: When we moan that all our efforts go unnoticed, And our poetry, spun with such exquisite threads: While we live in hope that as soon as you hear that *we* Are composing verses, you’ll kindly send for us, Relieve our poverty, and command us to write. Still it’s worth while considering what kind of priests Virtue, tested at home and in war, should appoint, Since unworthy poets shouldn’t be given the task. *Choerilus*, who had his crude misbegotten verses To thank for the golden *Philips*, the royal coins, He received, more than pleased *Alexander* the Great: But often writers dim shining deeds with vile scrawls, As ink on the fingers will leaves its blots and stains. That same king, who paid so enormous a price for such Ridiculous poetry, issued an edict Forbidding anyone but *Apelles* to paint him, Anyone other than *Lysippus* to cast in bronze Brave Alexander’s artistic likeness. Yet if you Applied that judgement, so refined when viewing works Of art, to books and to those same gifts of the *Muses*, You’d swear he’d been born to *Boeotia*’s dull air.

*BkII*EpI:245-270 Though you are worthy of a greater poet
But your judgement’s not discredited by your beloved Virgil and Varius, nor by the gifts your poets Receive, that redound to your credit, while features Are expressed no more vividly by a bronze statue, Than the spirit and character of famous heroes By the poet’s work. Rather than my earthbound pieces I’d prefer to compose tales of great deeds, Describe the contours of land and river, forts built On mountains, and barbarous kingdoms, of the end Of all war, throughout the world, by your command, Of the iron bars that enclose Janus, guardian of peace, Of Rome, the terror of the Parthians, ruled by you, If I could do as much as I long to: but your greatness Admits of no lowly song, nor does my modesty Dare to attempt a task my powers cannot sustain. It’s a foolish zealousness that vexes those it loves, Above all when it commits itself to the art of verse: Men remember more quickly, with greater readiness, Things they deride, than those they approve and respect. I don’t want oppressive attention, nor to be shown Somewhere as a face moulded, more badly, in wax, Nor to be praised in ill-made verses, lest I’m forced To blush at the gift’s crudity, and then, deceased, In a closed box, be carried down, next to ‘my’ poet, To the street where they sell incense, perfumes, pepper, And whatever else is wrapped in redundant paper.
Florus, faithful friend of the great and good Tiberius,
What if by chance someone wanted to sell you a slave,
From Tibur or Gabii, and went to work on you
Like this: ‘Here’s a handsome lad, lovely from head to toe,
Eight thousand sesterces and it’s done, he’s yours,
Born in-house, quick to obey his master’s orders,
Trained in Greek letters, adaptable to any task,
Wet clay that can be moulded however you wish:
He’ll even sing as you drink, artlessly but sweetly.
Extravagant claims knock confidence, if a dealer
Who’s eager to push his wares overdoes them.
Nothing’s prickling me though: I’m poor but in funds.
You’ll not get an offer like this: no one will easily
See the like from me. He’s only skipped once, as they do,
And hid under the stairs fearing the strap on the wall.
Give me the cash, if that lapse of his don’t bother you’:
Let’s suppose he secured full price: you’ll have bought
Knowing the goods at fault: the condition as stated:
Will you sue him then, and accuse him on false grounds?
I said I was lazy when you were leaving, I said
I’m quite useless at such things, to stop you scolding
If never a letter of mine reached you in reply.
What was the point, if you still attack me, when I’m
In the right? And on top of that you even complain
That I lied, failing to send you the poems I promised!
One of Lucullus’ soldiers, with effort, had gathered some savings, but lost every penny one night, as he snored away, exhausted. Like a fierce wolf, enraged by self and foe alike, angrily baring his teeth, he single-handedly drove a royal garrison from a strongly defended, richly stocked site, it’s said. Now famous, he garnered rewards and honours, winning twenty thousand sesterces in cash as well. By chance, soon after, the general wanting to storm a fort, began by urging on this same man, with words guaranteed to have inspired a coward with courage: ‘Go, my fine lad, where virtue calls, and good luck, go where you’ll win great rewards for your work! What stops you?’ Peasant though he was, the crafty man replied: ‘He who’s lost his cash, he’ll go where you wish.’ I happened to be raised in Rome, and to be taught how much the anger of Achilles harmed the Greeks. A little more learning was added by kindly Athens, and so I was keen to distinguish crooked from straight, and to search for truth in the groves of Academe. But turbulent times snatched me from that sweet spot, the tide of civil war swept me a novice into that army that proved no match for Augustus Caesar’s strong grip. As soon as Philippi brought about my discharge, wings clipped, humbled, stripped of my father’s estate and farm, the courage of poverty drove me to making verse: but now I lack nothing, what amount of hemlock could ever be sufficient to purify my mind.
If I didn’t think dozing were better than scribbling verse?

**BkII EpII:56-86 There are so many obstacles to poetry**

The passing years steal one thing after another:
They’ve robbed me of fun, love, banquets, sport:
They’re trying to wrest my poems away: what next?
Everyone can’t love and like the same things, after all:
You enjoy lyric art, he delights in iambics,
Another Bion’s pieces with their biting wit.
It seems to me it’s quite like three guests who disagree,
Seeking wide variety for their varying tastes.
What to serve or not? You object to what he orders:
Your choice is sour and hateful to the other two.
Anyway, do you think I can write poems in Rome,
Among so many anxieties, so many duties?
One man begs me as sponsor, another to forget
Business and hear his works: he’s ill on the Quirinal,
He’s on the distant Aventine, I’ve to visit both:
You see how sweetly kind the distance. ‘True,
But the roads are quiet, nothing to stop you thinking.’
A fiery builder rushes past with mules and workmen,
A huge crane hoists a beam, and then a boulder,
Weeping funerals jostle with lumbering wagons,
A mad dog hares this way, a mud-spattered pig that:
Now go and meditate on some tuneful verse!
The whole choir of poets loves woods, and hates the city,
True followers of Bacchus, loving sleep and shade:
Do you want me to sing, and follow the poet’s
Secluded path, amongst this racket, night and day?
A genius, who’s chosen peaceful Athens for himself,
Devoted seven years to his studies, and grown old
With books and care, walks round often as not dumber
Than a statue, and makes people shake with laughter:
Am I, here, in the storms and breakers of the city,
Capable of weaving words to stir the music of the lyre?

BkIIEpII:87-125 Be your own harshest critic

Two friends at Rome, a lawyer and an orator,
Only ever heard mutual compliments spoken:
He a Gracchus to him, and he to him Mucius,
Does some lesser madness vex our tuneful poets?
I compose lyrics, he elegiacs. Wondrous to see,
Work engraved by the Nine Muses! First take note
With what pride, what self-importance, we gaze
Round the temple, left vacant for Roman poets!
And next, if you’ve time, follow, and hear from afar
What each brings, with what he weaves himself a crown.
We’re beaten about, trading blows we weary our foe,
Like ponderous Samnites duelling till lamps are lit.
I end up Alcaeus according to him: and he to me?
Who else but Callimachus? If he seems to want more
He’s Mimnermus, and swells at the name I’ve chosen.
I endured much to soothe the sensitive tribe of poets,
When I scribbled, bidding humbly for popular fame:
Now I’ve finished my task and recovered my wits
I can cheerfully stop my hollow ears when they recite.
Whoever writes bad verses is laughed at: and yet
They enjoy writing and treat themselves with respect,
More, if you’re silent, they happily praise what they’ve done.
But whoever wants to write a genuine poem,
Will adopt, with his pen, the role of a true critic:
Whichever of his words are lacking in clarity,
Insufficiently weighty, unworthy of respect,
He’ll dare to erase them, though they’ll go unwillingly,
And they’ll still float about in Vesta’s sanctuary:
So a good poet can unearth and bring to the light
For us, beautiful names, long hidden, for things,
Though once spoken by Cato, or by Cethegus,
And now buried by hideous neglect and dull age:
He’ll admit some new ones, that usage has fathered.
Powerful and clear, indeed like a crystal river,
He’ll pour out riches, and bless Latium with a wealth
Of language: he’ll prune excess, smooth the coarse
With healthy refinement, striking out what lacks worth,
Make it seem like play, and yet be tormented, now
Made to dance like a Satyr, now a plodding Cyclops.

BkIIEpII:126-154 Seeking truth is better than writing

I’d sooner be seen as a crazy and lazy writer,
While my faults please me, or at least escape me,
Than see sense, but snarl. There was a man in Argos,
No pleb, who thought he was watching fine tragic acting,
Alone in the empty theatre, applauding happily:
Who otherwise handled life’s duties perfectly
Well, a very good neighbour, a charming host,
Kind to his wife, one who forgave his slaves’ faults,
Didn’t go mad if the seal on a bottle was broken,
Was able to keep from a cliff or an open well.
When he was cured, with his relatives help and care
Expelling sickness and madness with pure hellebore, 
And had come to his senses he cried: ‘Ah, you’ve killed me, 
Friends, not saved me, since you’ve stolen my pleasure, 
And by force removed my mind’s dearest illusion.’ 
Of course it’s wise to see sense, and throw away toys, 
And leave those games to lads that are suited to that age, 
And not search out melodious words for the Latin lyre, 
But learn by heart the true life’s rhythm and metre. 
So, I say this to myself, and in silence repeat it: 
If no amount of clear water could quench your thirst, 
You’d see a doctor: well, the more you get the more 
You want, is there no one you dare confess that to? 
If you’d a wound that wasn’t soothed by the herbs and roots 
You were given, you’d stop being treated with herbs 
And roots that did no good: perhaps you’ve heard perverse 
Foolishness leaves the man to whom the gods give riches: 
If you’re no wiser then since you became wealthier, 
Why do you still employ the same counsellors?

BkIIEpII:155-179 We own nothing, Death takes all

And if possessions did have the power to make you wise, 
Made you crave less, and fear less, you’d still be ashamed, 
Yes, if even one man on earth was greedier than you! 
If what’s bought with scales and copper coin is yours, 
Ownership comes by use too, if you believe lawyers: 
Any land that feeds you is yours: Orbius’ steward 
When he harrows the field that will soon give you grain, 
Treats you like an owner. You give the money for grapes,
Poultry, eggs, a jar of wine: aren’t you buying that farm
Bit by bit, once purchased outright for three hundred
Thousand sesterces or it might be for even more?
What matter whether you paid for it just now or then?
The past buyer of land at Aricia or Veii
Has still bought the greens he’s eating whatever he thinks,
He’s bought the logs heating his kettle on a chill night:
Yet he calls it his, right up to where poplars planted
Fix the boundaries and stall neighbours’ quarrels: as if
Anything were ours, that in a moment of fleeting time,
Changes owners, by gift on request, by force or fee,
At last by death, passing into another’s hands.
Since then no one’s granted perpetual use, and heir
Follows heir just as one wave will follow another,
What use are barns, or estates? What use our
Lucanian pastures to those of Calabria,
If Orcus, unmoved by gold, reaps high and low?

BkII EpII: 180-216 Live as you ought, or give way to others

Jewels, ivory, marble, Etruscan figurines,
Pictures, silver plate, robes dyed Gaetulian purple:
Many there are who own, one who cares to own, none.
Why one man prefers playing, idling, oiling himself,
To Herod’s fine palm groves, while his rich brother
Works without cease, from dawn to evening shadow,
To tame his woodland tract with fire and metal,
The Genius only knows, companion controlling
Our natal stars, god of our human nature, mortal
With each life though, fickle in aspect, bright or dark.
Whatever I need, I’ll take and use from my modest Store, without fear of how my heir might judge me, Getting no more than he’s already had: yet also I’ll seek to find the line between frank and carefree Generosity, and waste, between thrift and meanness. It does matter whether you scatter lavishly, or While not unwilling to spend, not working for more, You’d rather snatch enjoyment of brief sweet hours As a schoolboy will on Minerva’s Holidays. Let my house be far from squalid poverty: and borne By vessel large or small, I’m borne still one and the same. Not driven by swelling sails, in following Northerlies: Nor yet spending my life among hostile Southerlies, In strength, wit, appearance, courage, rank, and riches, Still behind the first, but always in front of the last. You’re no miser: go on. Well? Has every other vice Fled with that one? Is you heart free of worthless Ambition? Free from horror, indignation at death? Do you laugh at dreams, miracles, magical terrors, Witches, ghosts in the night, and Thessalian portents? Do you mark birthdays with thanks? Forgive your friends? Are you mellower, and more decent, as old age nears? What good does it do to extract just a single thorn? If you don’t know how to live as you ought, give way To those who do. You’ve fed, and wined, and played enough: It’s time for you to leave: lest you drink too freely, And lovelier impudent youth hits you, and mocks you.

End of the Epistles
Ars Poetica – The Art of Poetry or Epistle to the Pisos

AP:1-37 On unity and harmony

If a painter had chosen to set a human head
On a horse’s neck, covered a melding of limbs,
Everywhere, with multi-coloured plumage, so
That what was a lovely woman, at the top,
Ended repulsively in the tail of a black fish:
Asked to a viewing, could you stifle laughter, my friends?
Believe me, a book would be like such a picture,
Dear Pisos, if it’s idle fancies were so conceived
That neither its head nor foot could be related
To a unified form. ‘But painters and poets
Have always shared the right to dare anything.’
I know it: I claim that licence, and grant it in turn:
But not so the wild and tame should ever mate,
Or snakes couple with birds, or lambs with tigers.
Weighty openings and grand declarations often
Have one or two purple patches tacked on, that gleam
Far and wide, when Diana’s grove and her altar,
The winding stream hastening through lovely fields,
Or the river Rhine, or the rainbow’s being described.
There’s no place for them here. Perhaps you know how
To draw a cypress tree: so what, if you’ve been given
Money to paint a sailor plunging from a shipwreck
In despair? It started out as a wine-jar: then why,
As the wheel turns round does it end up a pitcher?
In short let it be what you wish, but whole and natural.
Most poets (dear sir, and you sons worthy of your sire),
Are beguiled by accepted form. I try to be brief
And become obscure: aiming at smoothness I fail
In strength and spirit: claiming grandeur *he*’s turgid:
Too cautious, fearing the blast, *he* crawls on the ground:
But the man who wants to distort something unnaturally
Paints a dolphin among the trees, a boar in the waves.
Avoiding faults leads to error, if art is lacking.
The humblest craftsman, down by Aemilius’ School,
Who moulds finger-nails in bronze, imitates wavy hair,
Is unhappy with the result, because he’s unable
To create a whole. Now if I wished to cast something,
I’d no more wish to be him, than live with a crooked
Nose, though admired for my jet-black eyes and black hair.

**AP:38-72 The writer’s aims**

You who write, choose a subject that’s matched by
Your powers, consider deeply what your shoulders
Can and cannot bear. Whoever chooses rightly
Eloquence, and clear construction, won’t fail him.
Charm and excellence in construction, if I’m right,
Is to say here and now, what’s to be said here and now,
Retaining, and omitting, much, for the present.
Moreover as the author of the promised work,
Liking this, rejecting that, cautious and precise,
Weaving words together, you’ll speak most happily,
When skilled juxtaposition renews a common word.
If you need to indicate abstruse things by novel terms,
It’s your chance to invent ones the kilted Cethegi
Never heard: licence will be given you if wisely used:
Indeed, new-minted words will gain acceptance
That spring from the Greek fount, and are sparingly used. Why should Romans deny to Virgil and Varius What they allowed to Caecilius and Plautus? And why begrudge me adding a few if I can, When Cato’s and Ennius’ speech revealed new terms, Enriched our mother-tongue,? It’s been our right, ever Will be our right, to issue words that are fresh-stamped. As the forests shed their leaves, as the year declines, And the oldest fall, so perish those former generations Of words, while the latest, like infants, are born and thrive. We’re destined for death, we and ours: no matter if Neptune, harboured inshore, guards our ships from northerlies, A royal project, no matter if an old barren marsh, that knew The oar, feels the plough’s weight, and feeds the towns nearby, Or that a river which ruined crops has changed its course, And learnt better ways: our mortal works will vanish, The beauty and charm of speech no more like to live. Many words that are now unused will be rekindled, Many fade now well-regarded, if Usage wills it so, To whom the laws, rules, and control of language belong.

AP:73-118 What the tradition dictates

Homer’s shown the metre in which the deeds of captains And kings, and the sorrows of war, may be written. First, lament was captured in elegiac couplets, Then, expressions of thanks for prayers granted, too: Scholars dispute, though without final agreement, As to who first composed short elegies in this metre.
Anger armed Archilochus with his own iambus: His foot fitted both comic sock and tragic buskin, Suited to dialogue, able to overcome the noise Of the pit, and naturally appropriate to action. The Muse granted the lyre tales of gods, and their sons, Of the victor in boxing, the winning horse in the race, The sorrows of youth, and the freedoms of wine. How can I be called a poet if I ignore, or fail to observe, The established functions and styles in my work? Why from diffidence would I prefer not to know, Than to learn? Comedy can’t be played in tragic mode. Likewise Thyestes’ feast scorns being related In everyday terms suited to the comic sock. Let each thing keep to the proper place, allotted. Yet Comedy may sometimes elevate its voice, When an angry Chremes storms in swelling phrase: And often in tragedy, Peleus and Telephus, One exiled, one a beggar, lament in common prose, Eschewing bombast, and sesquipedalian words, When they want their moaning to touch the listener’s heart. It’s not enough for poems to have beauty: they must have Charm, leading their hearer’s heart wherever they wish. As the human face smiles at a smile, so it echoes Those who weep: if you want to move me to tears You must first grieve yourself: then Peleus or Telephus Your troubles might pain me: speak appropriately And I’ll laugh or fall asleep. Sad words suit a face Full of sorrow, threats fit the face full of anger, Jests suit the playful, serious speech the solemn. Nature first alters us within, to respond to each Situation: brings delight or goads us to anger,
Or weighs us to the ground, tormented by grief:  
Then, with tongue interpreting, shows heart’s emotion.  
If the speaker’s words don’t harmonise with his state,  
The Romans will bellow with laughter, knights and all.  
Much depends on whether a god or man is speaking,  
A mature old man, or one still flush with first youth,  
A powerful lady, or perhaps a diligent nurse,  
A wandering merchant, or tiller of fertile fields,  
Colchian or Assyrian, from Argos or Thebes.

**AP:119-152 Be consistent if you are original**

Either follow tradition, or invent consistently.  
If you happen to portray Achilles, honoured,  
Pen him as energetic, irascible, ruthless,  
Fierce, above the law, never downing weapons.  
Make Medea wild, untameable, Ino tearful,  
Ixion treacherous, Io wandering, Orestes sad.  
If you’re staging something untried, and dare  
To attempt fresh characters, keep them as first  
Introduced, from start to end self-consistent.  
It’s hard to make the universal specific:  
It’s better to weave a play from the poem of Troy,  
Than be first to offer something unknown, unsung.  
You’ll win private rights to public themes, if you  
Don’t keep slowly circling the broad beaten track,  
Or, pedantic translator, render them word for word,  
Or following an idea, leap like the goat into the well  
From which shame, or the work’s logic, denies escape.  
And don’t start like the old writer of epic cycles:  
‘Of Priam’s fate I’ll sing, and the greatest of Wars.’
What could he produce to match his opening promise? Mountains will labour: what’s born? A ridiculous mouse! How much better the man who doesn’t struggle, ineptly: ‘Tell me, Muse, of that man, who after the fall of Troy Had sight of the manners and cities of many peoples.’ He intends not smoke from flame, but light from smoke, So as then to reveal striking and marvellous things, Antiphates, Charybdis and Scylla, the Cyclops. He doesn’t start Diomede’s return from Troy with his Uncle Meleager’s death, or the War with two eggs: He always hastens the outcome, and snatches the reader Into the midst of the action, as if all were known, Leaves what he despairs of improving by handling, Yet so deceptive, in blending fact with fiction, The middle agrees with the start, the end with the middle.

**AP:153-188 On characterisation**

Hear now what I, and the public also, expect: If you want us to stay in our seats till the curtain Call, when the actor cries out ‘All applaud’, You’re to note the behaviour of every age-group, Give grace to the variation in character and years. The lad who can answer now, and set a firm foot To the ground, likes to play with his peers, loses but Quickly regains his temper, and alters with the hour. The beardless youth, free of tutors at last, delights In horse and hound, and the turf of the sunlit Campus, He’s wax malleable for sin, rude to his advisors, Slow in making provision, lavish with money, Spirited, passionate, and swift to change his whim.
Manhood’s years and thoughts, with altering interests, Seek wealth and friendship, devoted to preferment, Wary of doing what they may soon labour to change. Many troubles surround the aged man, because he Seeks savings, yet sadly won’t touch them, fears their use, And because in all he does he’s cold and timid, Dilatory, short on hope, sluggish, greedy for life, Surly, a moaner, given to praising the years when He was a boy, chiding and criticising the young. The advancing years bring many blessings with them, Many, departing, they take away. So lest we chance To assign youth’s part to age, or a boy’s to a man, Always adopt what suits and belongs to a given age. Events are either acted on stage, or reported. The mind is stirred less vividly by what’s heard Than by what the eyes reliably report, all that The spectator sees for himself. But don’t reveal On stage what should be hidden, keep things from sight That eloquence can soon relate to us directly: Folk shouldn’t see Medea slaughter her children, Impious Atreus mustn’t openly cook human flesh, Nor Procne turn into a bird, or Cadmus a snake. Any such scenes you show me, I disbelieve, and hate.

**AP:189-219 On the gods, chorus and music**

No play should be longer or shorter than five acts, If you hope that, once seen, it’ll be requested, revived. And no god should intervene unless there’s a problem That needs that solution, nor should a fourth person speak. The Chorus should play an actor’s part, energetically,
And not sing between the acts unless it advances, 
And is also closely related to the plot. 
It should favour the good, and give friendly advice, 
Guide those who are angered, encourage those fearful 
Of sinning: praise the humble table’s food, sound laws 
And justice, and peace with her wide-open gates: 
It should hide secrets, and pray and entreat the gods 
That the proud lose their luck, and the wretched regain it. 
The flute, once, not bound with brass as now to rival 
The trumpet, but simple and slender with few stops, 
Was used to lead and support the Chorus, and to fill 
The not over-crowded benches with its breath, 
While the people gathered were few indeed, easily 
Counted, and honest, and innocent, and modest. 
Later when victory enlarged their territory, 
Ringed their cities with wider walls, when placating 
The Genius with daylight drinking went unpunished, 
Then tempo and melody possessed greater freedom. 
What taste could the illiterate show, freed from toil, 
Where country mingled with city, noble with base? 
The flute-player trailing his robe across the stage 
Added interest and movement to an ancient art: 
The range of the lyre, once so grave, was extended, 
And an urgent delivery brought it new eloquence, 
While the words, practical wisdom and prophecy, 
Was not out of line with the Delphic oracles.

AP:220-250 On style

The man who once competed for a lowly he-goat 
With tragic verse, soon stripped the wild Satyrs,
And tried coarse jests without loss of seriousness,  
Since only the attractions and charms of novelty  
Held the spectator, drunken and lawless, after the rites.  
But to gain acceptance for cheeky, raucous Satyrs  
You need to pass from serious mood to light,  
Without the gods or heroes you’ve brought on stage  
Whom we’ve just seen dressed in royal purple and gold,  
Appearing in dingy taverns with vulgar language,  
Or, scorning the ground, grasping at air and clouds.  
Tragedy, to whom spouting low verse is unworthy,  
Like a lady forced to dance at a festival,  
Will join the insolent Satyrs with no small shame.  
As a writer of Satyr plays, dear Pisos, I’d not  
Embrace only tame and simple verbs and nouns,  
Nor strain so hard to avoid the tragic style  
Davus might as well be speaking, to shameless  
Pythias who’s just milked Simo of a talent,  
As Silenus, guardian and servant of his god.  
I’ll pursue poetry made of what’s known, so anyone  
Could hope to do it, yet, trying it, sweat and toil  
In vain: such is order and juxtaposition’s power,  
Such may its beauty crown the commonplace.  
In my opinion, Fauns introduced from the woods  
Shouldn’t rattle out indiscreet erotic verses,  
Or filthy and shameless jokes, almost as if they  
Were born at the crossroads, or in the marketplace:  
Some take offence, men with horses, ancestry, wealth,  
Who don’t take kindly to, or grace with a crown,  
What the buyer of roasted nuts and chickpeas approves.
A long syllable after a short is called an iambus: A swift foot, therefore it ordered the name trimeter To be associated with iambics making six beats, First pair to last being alike. Not so long ago, Obliging and tolerant, it received the solid Spondee into the family inheritance, though not Kind enough to cede fourth place, or sixth, in its ranks. The iambus is rare in Accius’ noble trimeters, And it levels the shameful charge at the verses Ennius trundled ponderously onto the stage Of careless and hasty work, or ignorance of art. Not every critic can detect unmusical verse, So Roman poets have been granted unearned licence. Should I run wild then, and write freely? Or, reflecting That all will see my faults, play safe, still courting hope Of pardon? At best I’d dodge censure, yet earn No praise. As for yourselves, have Greek models In your hands at night, and in your hands each day. But your ancestors praised Plautus, metres and wit? Too accepting and foolish, then, their admiration Of both, if you and I can in any way distinguish Unpolished from witty speech, and can mark The correct measures with our ears and fingers.

**AP:275-294 Greeks and Romans**

Thespis, they say, discovered the Tragic Muse, An unknown form, presenting his plays from carts, Sung and acted by men, faces smeared with wine-lees.
Aeschylus, after him, introduced masks, fine robes,
Had a modest stage made of planks, and demanded
Sonorous speech, and the effort of wearing buskins.
Old Comedy came next, winning no little praise,
But its freedoms led to excess, to unruliness
Needing legal curb: the law was obeyed, the chorus,
Shamefully, fell silent, losing its rights of attack.
Our own poets have left nothing unexplored,
And have not won least honour by daring to leave
The paths of the Greeks and celebrate things at home,
Whether in Roman tragedies or domestic comedies.
And Latium would be no less supreme in letters
Than in courage and force of arms, if all her poets
Weren’t deterred by revision’s time and effort.
O scions of Numa, condemn that work that many
A day, and many erasures, have not corrected,
Improving it ten times over, smoothed to the touch.

**AP:295-332 How to be a good poet**

Because Democritus believed talent a greater
Blessing than poor old technique, and barred sane poets
From Helicon, a good few don’t care to trim their nails,
Or beards, haunting secluded spots, shunning the baths.
Surely a man will win the honour and name of poet
If only he doesn’t entrust Licinus the barber,
With a noddle that three Anticyras couldn’t affect!
Ah, fool that I am, taking purges for madness each spring!
Though no one composes better poetry: it’s really
Not worth it. Instead let me play the grindstone’s role,
That sharpens steel, but itself does none of the cutting:
Writing nothing myself, I’ll teach the office and function, Where to find resources, what feeds and forms the poet, What’s right, what’s not, where virtue and error lead. Wisdom’s the source and fount of excellent writing. The works of the Socratics provide you with content, And when content’s available words will quickly follow. Whoever knows what he owes his country and friends, What love is due to a parent, brother, or guest, What’s required of a senator or a judge in office, What’s the role of a general in war, he’ll certainly Know how to represent each character fittingly. I’d advise one taught by imitation to take life, And real behaviour, for his examples, and extract Living speech. Often a play with fine bits, good roles, Though without beauty, substance or art, amuses The public more, and holds their attention better, Than verses without content, melodious nonsense. The Muse gave the Greeks talent, rounded eloquence In their speech, they were only greedy for glory. Roman lads learn long division, and how to split A pound weight into a hundred parts. ‘Then, tell me Albinus’ son, if I take an ounce from five-twelfths Of a pound, what fraction’s left? You should know by now.’ ‘A third.’ ‘Good! You’ll look after your wealth.’ Add an ounce, What then?’ ‘A half.’ When this care for money, this rust Has stained the spirit, how can we hope to make poems Fit to be wiped with cedar-oil, stored in polished cypress?
Poets wish to benefit or to please, or to speak
What is both enjoyable and helpful to living.
When you give instruction, be brief, what’s quickly
Said the spirit grasps easily, faithfully retains:
Everything superfluous flows out of a full mind.
Fictions meant to amuse should be close to reality,
So your play shouldn’t ask for belief in whatever
It chooses: no living child from the Lamia’s full belly!
The ranks of our elders drive out what lacks virtue,
The Ramnes, the young knights, reject dry poetry:
Who can blend usefulness and sweetness wins every
Vote, at once delighting and teaching the reader.
That’s the book that earns the Sosii money, crosses
The seas, and wins its author fame throughout the ages.
There are faults of course that we willingly ignore:
The string doesn’t always sound as hand and mind wish,
You call for a bass and quite often a treble replies:
The arrow won’t always strike the mark it’s aimed at.
Yet where there are many beauties in a poem,
A few blots won’t offend me, those carelessly spilt,
Or that human frailty can scarcely help. So what?
As a copyist has no excuse if he always
Makes the same mistake, no matter how often he’s told,
As a harpist is mocked who always fluffs the one note:
So to me one who often errs is a Choerilus,
Whose one or two fine lines prompt startled smiles:
And yet I’m displeased too when great Homer nods,
Somnolence may steal over a long work it’s true.
Poetry’s like painting: there are pictures that attract
You more nearer to, and others from further away.
This needs the shadows, that to be seen in the light,
Not fearing the critic’s sharp eye: this pleased once,
That, though examined ten thousand times, still pleases.

**AP:366-407 No mediocrity: recall the tradition!**

O Piso’s eldest son, though accustomed to virtue,
By your father’s voice, and wise yourself, take this
Dictum to heart, the middling and just tolerable
Is only properly allowed in certain fields. A lawyer,
A mediocre pleader of causes, may fall short
Of Messalla’s eloquence, know less than Aulus
Cascellius, yet have value: but mediocrity
In poets, no man, god or bookseller will accept.
Just as a tuneless orchestra, a heavy perfume,
Or poppy-seeds in tart Sardinian honey offend
At a good dinner, the meal being fine without them:
So a poem, born and created to pleasure the spirit,
Sinks to the depths if it falls short of the heights.
He who knows nothing of sport shuns the Campus’ gear,
 Watches, if he’s unskilled with ball, hoop, or quoit,
Lest the ring of spectators burst out laughing freely:
Yet he who knows nothing of verse still dares to write.
Why not? He’s freeborn and free, his total wealth’s rated
As that of a knight, and he’s lacking in any defect.
You at least will say and do nothing without Minerva,
Such is your judgement and sense. Yet if you do ever
Scribble, let it enter Tarpa the critic’s ears,
Your father’s and my own, then put your manuscript
Away till the ninth year: you can always destroy
What you haven’t published: once out there’s no recall. While men still lived in the woods, Orpheus, the gods’ Sacred medium, prevented bloodshed and vile customs, Hence it’s said that he tamed tigers and raging lions. It’s said too that Amphion, who built Thebes’ citadel, Moved stones at the sound of his lyre, and set them Where he wished with its charmed entreaty. Once it was Wisdom to separate public and private, sacred And profane, to bar chance union, set marriage rights, Build towns, and inscribe the laws on pieces of wood. So divine bards and their poems achieved honour And fame. Following these, Homer was renowned, And Tyrtaeus whose verses inspired men’s hearts To battle in war: oracles were uttered in song, The right way of living was shown, and royal favour Wooed with Pierian measures, and tunes invented, To help on tedious work: in case you’re ashamed Of the Muse skilled with the lyre, or singing Apollo.

AP:408-437 Nature plus training: but see through flattery

Whether a praiseworthy poem is due to nature Or art is the question: I’ve never seen the benefit Of study lacking a wealth of talent, or of untrained Ability: each needs the other’s friendly assistance. He who’s eager to reach the course’s longed-for goal, Has done and suffered much as a lad, sweating, freezing, Abstaining from wine and women: the flautist who pipes At the Pythian Games, first learnt how: feared his master. Now it’s enough to say: ‘I compose marvellous poems:
Let the itch take the last: I’ll not be left behind,
Admitting I haven’t a clue about something I never learnt.’
Like an auctioneer drawing a crowd to the sale,
So a poet whose rich in land, with large investments,
Is bidding flatterers come to him, and profit.
If he can serve up a really fine dinner too,
Or go surety for a dodgy pauper, or save
A dismal lawsuit’s victim, I’d be amazed, if he,
The lucky man, could tell false friend from true.
You too, if you’ve given or mean to give someone
A gift, don’t induce him while filled with delight
To listen to your verse: he’ll cry: ‘Lovely! Fine! Grand!’
Now he’ll grow pale, now he’ll even force dew
From his fond eyes, leap, and strike the ground.
As those hired to mourn at funerals do and say
Almost more than those who are grieving deeply,
The hypocrite’s more ‘moved’ than the true admirer.
They say kings anxious to test someone, to see if
He’s worthy of friendship, urge on him many a glass,
Ply him with wine: so, if you should fashion verses,
Don’t be deceived by the fox’s hidden intent.

AP:438-476 Know your faults and keep your wits

If you ever read Quintilius anything, he’d say:
‘Oh do change this, and this.’ If, after two or three
Vain attempts, you could do no better, he’d order
Deletion: ‘return the ill-made verse to the anvil’.
If you chose to defend your fault rather than change it,
He’d spend not another word or useless effort
To stop you loving you, and yours, unrivalled, alone.
An honest, sensible man will condemn lifeless verse,
Fault the harsh, smear the inelegant with a black
Stroke of the pen, cut out pretentious adornment,
Force you to elucidate where it’s not clear enough,
Denounce the ambiguous phrase, mark amendments,
Be an Aristarchus: not say: ‘Why should I offend
A friend for a trifle?’ Such trifles lead to serious
Trouble, once he’s been laughed at, or badly received.
The sensible fear to touch, they flee, a crazy poet,
As when the evil itch, or jaundice, plagues someone,
Or fanatical delusions, or plain lunacy,
Diana’s curse: children rashly follow and tease him.
He, inspired, goes wandering off, spouting his verses,
And if like a fowler intent on blackbirds, he falls
Into a well, or a pit, however much he cries:
‘Help me, citizens!’ none will bother to pull him out.
If anyone did choose to help, and let down a rope,
I’d say: ‘Who knows if he didn’t do that on purpose,
And doesn’t want to be saved?’ and I’ll tell the tale
Of the Sicilian poet’s death, how Empedocles
Keen to be an immortal god, coolly leapt into
Burning Etna. Grant poets the power and right to kill
Themselves: who saves one, against his will, murders him.
It’s not his first time, nor, if he’s rescued will he
Become human now, and stop craving fame in death.
It’s not too clear why he keeps on making verses.
Has he desecrated ancestral ashes, disturbed
A sad spot struck by lightning, sacrilegiously? Yes,
He’s mad: like a bear, that’s broken the bars of its cage
The pest puts all to flight, learned or not, with reciting:
Whom he takes tight hold of, he grips, and reads to death,
A leech that never looses the skin, till gorged with blood.

End of the Ars Poetica
Index

Abratonum, Habratonum

*Artemisia Abrotonum*, or Southernwood, a wild plant whose common name in England is Lad’s Love, or Old Man (See Edward Thomas’ lovely poem, ‘Old Man’). It has a bitter taste and aromatic leaves. It was used for various medicinal purposes, including as an antidote to poison when taken with wine. (See Gerard’s Herbal of 1633: Chap 454.)

BkIIEpI:90-117 Its use required knowledge of the plant and the disease.

Academus

Plato established his school, the Academy, c385BC, in a park named after the ancient Athenian hero Academus, on the outskirts of Athens.

BkIIEpII:26-54 Horace studied in Athens, or at least studied the works of the Greeks.

Accius

Lucius Accius, the tragic poet (170-c85BC). He adapted many Greek tragedies for the Roman stage. His remaining fragments show a rhetorical style open to parody.

BkISatX:50-71 Criticised by Lucilius.

BkIIEpI:34-62 Considered by many to have a noble style.

AP:251-274 His failure to use pure iambic trimeters, with six iambic feet, in three pairs each called a *metrum*.

Achaeans
Achaea was a name for the Greek mainland, derived from a region in the northern Peloponnese. Hence the Achaeans for the name of the people who fought against Troy in Homer’s Iliad.

BkIEpII:1-31 They suffered for their leaders’ follies.
BkIIIEpI:1-33 They oiled themselves for wrestling. Horace perhaps uses the term in a derogatory sense also.

Achilles
The Greek hero of the Trojan War. The son of Peleus, king of Thessaly, and the sea-goddess Thetis (See Homer’s Iliad).
BkISatVII:1-35 He killed Hector.
BkIISatIII:187-223 Ajax was second only to Achilles as a warrior.
BkIEpII:1-31 The son of Peleus. He quarrelled with Agamemnon at Troy.
BkIIIEpII:26-54 The anger of Achilles, and his quarrel with Agamemnon, is the theme of the Iliad.
AP:119-152 In Book IX of the Iliad, Achilles is honoured. Horace suggests how he should be portrayed.

Actium
The promontory in Epirus site of the famous naval battle in the bay between Octavian (later Augustus Caesar) and Antony in 31BC. (It lies opposite the modern port of Préveza on the Gulf of Amvrakia.) Antony was defeated by Octavians’ admiral, Agrippa and the outcome led to Cleopatra’s downfall.
Aegean
The Aegean Sea between Greece and Asia Minor. **BkIEpXI:1-30** Bullatius crossed it to reach Asia.

Aemilius (Lepidus)
Lepidus Aemilius. **AP:1-37** His gladiatorial school, near which artists worked.

Aeneas
A Trojan prince, the son of Venus and Anchises, and the hero of Virgil’s *Aeneid*. From him the Roman race and the Caesars in particular descended, according to the myth elaborated by Virgil and others. **BkIISatV:45-69** The ancestor of Augustus.

Aeschylus
The Greek Tragic Dramatist (c525-456BC). He wrote over eighty plays of which seven survive including the Oresteia trilogy. He introduced a second actor, and innovations in costume and scenery. **BkIIIEpI:156-181** A model for Roman playwrights. **AP:275-294** His introduction of masks, fine robes, and the wooden stage, sonorous speech and the tragic buskin, or high-soled boot.

Aesopus
A famous actor and friend of Cicero (first half of the first century BC). **BkIISatIII:224-246** He left a forune to a spendthrift son. **BkIIIEpI:63-89** An actor of the ancient dramas.
Aetna, Etna
The volcanic mountain in Sicily. AP:438-476 Empedocles fabled to have leapt into the volcano.

Aetolia

Afranius
A writer (born c.150BC) of comedies with a Roman setting, known as *togatae* as distinct from the *palliatae* with a Greek setting such as Plautus and Terence produced. BkIIIEpI:34-62 Deemed to have received Menander’s mantle.

Africa

Agamemnon
The king of Mycenae, son of Atreus, brother of Menelaüs, husband of Clytaemnestra, father of Orestes, Iphigenia, and Electra. The leader of the Greek army in the Trojan War.
See Homer’s Iliad, and Aeschylus’ Oresteian tragedies. He sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia at Aulis.

BkIIISatIII:187-223 His sacrifice of his daughter to gain favourable winds.

BkIEpII:1-31 The son of Atreus. He quarrelled with Achilles at Troy.

Agave
A daughter of Cadmus, who married Echion, King of Thebes, and was the mother of Pentheus. A Maenad, she destroyed her son Pentheus, not recognising him in the madness of the sacred Bacchic mysteries.

BkIIISatIII:300-326 She tore Pentheus’ head from his shoulders and carried the head along with her in the Maenads’ mad rush.

Agrippa
Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa (64/63-12BC), son-in-law and friend of Octavian/Augustus, and aedile in 33BC when he used his wealth liberally in Octavian’s cause. As Augustus’ general and admiral he was largely responsible for his naval victories in the wars against Lucius Antonius, Sextus Pompeius and Mark Antony. He married Augustus’ daughter Julia in 21BC.

BkIIISatIII:168-186 His fame.

BkIEpVI:1-27 His fashionable Portico near the Pantheon opened in 25BC.

BkIEpXII:1-29 Iccius was his procurator in Sicily. He conquered the Cantabrians in 19BC.

Ajax
A hero of the Trojan War, the son of Telamon and grandson of Aeacus.  
BkIIISatIII:187-223 Defeated by Ulysses/Odysseus in his claim for Achilles’ arms, he decided to murder Agamemnon, Ulysses, and Menelaus. Minerva/Athene drove him mad and he slaughtered a flock of sheep instead. He then committed suicide, and Agamamenon and Menelaus ordered his body lie unburied.

Alban  
From the Alban Hills thirteen miles south-east of Rome.  
BkIISatIV:70-95 Grapes from there.  
BkIISatVIII:1-19 Alban wine.  
BkIEpVII:1-28 Their winter snow-cover.  
BkIIEpI:1-33 The Alban Mount, now Monte Cavo, an ancient sanctuary.

Albinovanus, see Celsus

Albinus  
Unknown. Possibly a money-lender.  
AP:295-332 His son.

Albius  
A man with expensive tastes. Possibly the father of Albius Tibullus the poet to whom Epistle I iv may be dedicated.  
BkISatIV:26-62 His taste for bronze-wares.  
BkISatIV:107-143 He has run through his inheritance.

Albucius  
Unknown. Mentioned by Lucilius.
Alcaeus
Poet of Lesbos, born c620BC. A major influence on Horace, both in Horace’s use of the Alcaic stanza and in his themes, including love, wine, death and politics. The other poet, probably Propertius is intended, dubs Horace, Alcaeus.

Alcinous
The king of the Phaeacians, and son of Nausithous, husband of Arete, and father of Nausicaa. He provided hospitality to Ulysses, the unknown stranger. The young men of his palace, noted for their looks, dancing etc (See Odyssey 7 and 8).

Alcon
A Greek slave. Acts as a wine-waitor.

Alexander the Great
Alexander III of Macedon (356-323BC) who between 334 and his death conquered most of the civilised world. He was a pupil of Aristotle. He defeated Darius III of Persia in 330 at the Issus, and conquered the Lebanon, Egypt and Babylon, moving on to Media and central Asia. He crossed the Indus and took the Punjab, but was forced by his army to turn back and died of sickness at Babylon. Choerilus was a court poet of his. His instructions regarding artistic likenesses of himself.
Alfenus
A barber. Sometimes identified with Alfenus Varus the jurist.
BkISatIII:120-142 Mentioned.

Allifae
A Samnian town known for its pottery.
BkIISatVIII:20-41 Its earthenware.

Alps
The highest European mountain chain running 800 miles in an arc through France, Switzerland, Italy and Austria, with Mont Blanc (15771 feet) near its western end. The Rivers Rhone, Rhine and Po rise there. The snowline varies between 8000 and 10000ft.
BkIIISatV:23-44 The place where Jupiter makes permanent snow fall.

Amphion
The musician, son of Jupiter and Antiope, and brother of Zethus the huntsman. They built the walls of Thebes together, but their different tastes led to a quarrel.
BkIEpXVIII:37-66 The story was told in Euripides’ Antiope, and Pacuvius’ Antiopa.
AP:366-407 The power of his lyre.

Ancus
Ancus Marcius the fourth King of Rome, from whom the Marcian clan claimed descent.
BkIEpVI:1-27 One of the famous dead.
Antenor
A Trojan prince.
BkIEpII:1-31 He proposed returning Helen to Greece to end the War (Iliad 7.347).

Anticyra
A town in Phocia on the gulf of Corinth.
BkIIISatIII:82-110 BkIIISatIII:142-167 Famous for its hellebore used to treat the mad by reducing black bile. The effects included convulsions and vomiting. Hellebore was a name given in ancient times to various poisonous plants. Gerard’s Herbal (1633: chap 378) mentions Dioscorides’ comments about the black hellebore of Anticyra, and identifies it with a plant Gerard calls astrantia nigra. There is a modern garden hellebore known as the Christmas Rose. AP:295-332 Three Anticyras couldn’t provided a sufficient dose to clear the poet’s madness.

Antiphates
The chief of the Laestrygonians, a cannibal race, who attacked Odysseus’ men.

Antonius, Marcus
Antony, the Roman general, and triumvir, who seized the inheritance at Julius Caesar’s death, despite his will, and who was defeated by Octavian at Mutina in Cisalpine Gaul, and Octavian’s naval commander, Vispanius Agrippa, at the naval battle of Actium in 31BC. Lover of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.
Fonteius Capito a close ally.

Antonius Musa
A freedman physician who cured Augustus of an illness in 23BC by a treatment involving cold baths and drinks. Horace is supposedly taking his advice.

Anxur
On the west coast of Italy sixty-five miles south of Rome. The old Volscian name for Tarracina. Horace travels from Rome to Brindisi (and possibly Tarentum) in 38 or 37 BC.

Anytus
The Athenian who laid capital charges against Socrates. Socrates, mentioned as a famous philosopher.

Apella
A Jewish freedman. There was a large Jewish population in Rome under Augustus, noted for their proselytising and superstitions.

Apelles
The painter of Cos and Ephesus (4th century BC) and court painter to Alexander the Great. He depicted Venus Aphrodite, rising from the waves, wringing the sea-water from her hair. He seems to have specialised in portraits and allegories, aiming at realistic representation. He also
painted Alexander as Zeus, and his style of portraiture was a major influence for two centuries.  
BkIIEpI:214-244 Court painter to Alexander.

Apollo  
Son of Jupiter and Latona (Leto), brother of Diana (Artemis), born on Delos. God of poetry, art, medicine, prophecy, and of the sun. (See the Apollo Belvedere, sculpted by Leochares? in the Vatican: the Piombino Apollo, Paris Louvre: the Tiber Apollo, Rome, National Museum of the Terme: the fountain sculpture by Tuby at Versailles – The Chariot of Apollo: and the sculpture by Girardon and Regnaudin at Versailles – Apollo Tended by the Nymphs – derived from the Apollo Belvedere, and once part of the now demolished Grotto of Thetis )  
BkISatIX:35-78 The patron of poets, so the god who saves Horace.  
BkIEpIII:1-36 BkIIEpI:214-244 BkIIEpII:87-125 The Palatine Library was established in 28BC by Augustus in the Temple of Apollo, as god of the arts, on the Palatine Hill.  
BkIEpXVI:46-79 Invoked as a god of the arts.  
AP:366-407 The god of music and song.  

Appia, Via  
The Appian Way from Rome to Capua and Brindisi. It was built by Appius Claudius Caecus in 312BC along with the accompanying aqueduct. The Forum Appi was also named for him.  
BkISatV:1-33 Horace travels from Rome to Brindisi (and possibly Tarentum) in 38 or 37 BC.
BkIEpVI:1-27 A fashionable place to be seen.
BkIEpXVIII:1-36 A route to Brundisium.

Appius
BkISatVI:1-44 Perhaps Appius Claudius Pulcher, censnor in 50BC.

Apulia
Puglia, a region of SE Italy on the Adriatic. It consists of lowlands in the north and south (the heel of Italy) and a hilly central area. Bari is the modern capital.
BkISatV:71-104 Horace travels through on his way to Brindisi.
BkIISatI:24-46 Venusia is in Apulia near its border with Lucania.

Aquarius
The constellation of the Water-Bearer, one of the original Babylonian star configurations, and one of the four fixed signs. In Greek myth it represents Ganymede, the shepherd boy carried off by Zeus, to become wine-bearer to the gods. BkISatI:23-60 The sun is in Aquarius in the winter (Jan-Feb)

Aquilo
The north wind. As a god he is Boreas.
BkIIEpII:180-216 Favourable northerly winds

Aquinum
The home town of Juvenal, in Latium on the Via Latina, about eighty miles south-east of Rome.
BkIEpX:26-50 A lichen found there produced a purple dye similar to be but inferior to Sidonian purple.

Arabia
The country.

Arbuscula
An actress, a *mima*, celebrated in Cicero’s time (Att. iv 15.6)
BkISatX:72-92 Her scorn for the groundlings.

Archias
A furniture maker.
BkIEpV:1-31 His small unpretentious couches

Archilochus
Archilochus of Paros a writer of abusive iambic verse (fl c.650BC).
BkIISatIII:1-30 Horace has taken his writings along with him.
BkIEpXIX:21-49 Horace used his iambic metre for the *Epodes*. Traditionally when Lycambe refused to allow his daughter Neobule to marry Archilochus, the poet wrote a savage poem accusing Lycambe or cheating and his daughters of immorality. The girls supposedly hanged themselves as a result of the public ignominy.
AP:73-118 A writer of early elegiacs lamenting friends lost at sea.
Arelius
Unknown. A wealthy man.
BkIISatVI:77-115 Mentioned.

Argos
The capital of the Argolis in the Peloponnese.
BkIISatIII:111-14 The region of Clytemnestra’s murder with Aegisthus of her husband Agamemnon, and of her son Orestes’ revenge. He killed both her and Aegisthus.
BkIIIEpII:126-154 The tale of a deluded inhabitant of Argos.
AP:73-118 The setting for the Oresteia of Aeschylus.

Aricia
About fifteen miles south-east of Rome. Famous for its worship of Diana, see Frazer’s ‘The Golden Bough’ Chapter I.
BkISatV:1-33 Horace travels from Rome to Brindisi (and possibly Tarentum) in 38 or 37 BC.
BkIIIEpII:155-179 Farmland there.

Aristarchus
The Homeric scholar of Alexandria in the 2nd century BC.
AP:438-476 The proverbial keen critic.

Aristippus
A pupil of Socrates and founder (c435-c356BC) of the Cyrenaic school of hedonistic philosophy. His school saw pleasure as the highest good and equated virtue with the rational pursuit of enjoyment.
An incident showing his supposed rationality.

Horace follows his precepts (sometimes!).

Horace uses the conversation between Aristippus and Diogenes the Cynic found in Diogenes Laertius (ii.8.68)

Aristius Fuscus
A friend of Horace. Possibly a schoolteacher.

They meet.

Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts.

This letter addressed to him.

Aristophanes
The Greek Comic Dramatist (c450-c385BC). Eleven of his plays survive. His plots were satirical fantasies on literature, social manners and Athenian involvement in war. He was unsuccessfully prosecuted by Cleon for his criticism.

Mentioned. A key dramatist of the Old Comedy.

Armenia
The province in Asia Minor.

Tiberius installed Tigranes on the throne unopposed in 20BC, though it was commemorated as a military victory.

Qintus Arrius.
He entertained thousands at an extravagant funeral feast for his father (Cicero, *In Vatin.* 30ff).

His sons were also extravagant.

Asia
The province of Asia, in Asia Minor.

*Tiberius* campaigned there.

Asina
See *Vinius.*

Assyria
The Assyrians dominated the area of modern Iraq in ancient times.

Examples of oriental types.

Atacinus, see *Varro*

Athens
The chief city of Attica, sacred to *Minerva* (Pallas Athene).

Horace quotes the example of an Athenian miser.

A city noted for its learning, where young Roman noblemen went to study. (Note Ovid’s visit there)

Attic girls carried *Ceres’* sacred emblems to Eleusis. Horace mocks the ultra-solemn ceremony of bringing in the wine at a dinner party.

A common location in Greek Comedy.
Horace studied there, or at least studied the works of the great Athenians.

Atreus
King of Mycenae, the son of Pelops, and the father of the Atridae, Agamemnon and Menelaüs.

The father of the Atridae.

The father of Menelaus.

He murdered the sons of his brother Thyestes and served their flesh to their father at a banquet.

Atta
A Roman writer (died 77BC). He composed togatae of which eleven survive in an archaic style. The name Atta was claimed to mean ‘with a lively step’. One play Matertera involved lists of flowers.

Horace suggests his plays were stumbling and heavy-footed!

Attalus
The name of a number of kings of Pergamum. Attalus III bequeathed his kingdom to Rome in 133BC. It included Pergamum, Apollonia and Ephesus.

Famous cities indicating Pergamum’s power.

Aufidius Lurco
Marcus Aufidius Lurco who according to Pliny (Natural History X 20.45) fattened peacocks for sale (c.67BC)

An epicure.
Aufidius Luscus
The chief official at Fundi, an aedile but with the airs of a praetor. He had once been a scriba, a clerk.

BkISatV:34-70 He wears the purple-fringed toga, a broad-striped tunic, and burning charcoal is carried in front of him in case of ceremonial sacrifice. Horace mocks his status.

Aufidus
A river in Apulia near Horace’s birthplace of Venusia. Now the Ofanto.

BkISatI:23-60

Augustus
Julius Caesar’s grand-nephew, whom he adopted and declared as his heir, Octavius Caesar (Octavian). (The honorary title Augustus was bestowed by the Senate 16th Jan 27BC). His wife was Livia.

BkISatIII:1-24 Mentioned.
BkIIISatI:1-23 Horace is advised to write about him.
BkIISatVI:40-58 After Actium, Octavian promised his soldiers land.

BkIEpIII:1-36 He was the step-father of Tiberius who conducted a campaign for him in the East, to place Tigranes on the Armenian throne which he did in 20BC.
BkIEpV:1-31 Augustus’ birthday was the 23rd September, one of the warmest months in Rome.
BkIEpXII:1-29 The successful campaigns in Spain, Armenia and Parthia of 20/19BC.

**Augustus.** Alternatively these Epistles are intended, of 20BC, when Augustus was in the East.

*BkIEpXVI:25-45* It was customary to flatter Augustus in this way. The verses are claimed to come from *Varius’ ‘Panegyric on Augustus.’*

*BkIIIEpI:1-33* This epistle, a defence of modern poetry, is addressed to Augustus. Suetonius claims that it was written because Augustus complained he had not been addressed previously.

*BkIIIEpII:26-54* His victory at *Philippi.*

**Aulis**
The Boeotian harbour where the Greek fleet massed prior to setting out for *Troy* and where Iphigenia was sacrificed. The area was a rich fishing-ground.

*BkIIISatIII:187-223* Iphigenia was sacrificed there to gain favourable winds.

**Aulus**
Son of *Oppidius.*

*BkIIISatIII:168-186* A potential spendthrift.

**Auster**
The south wind.

*BkIIISatII:23-52* Capable of causing food to spoil.

*BkIIIEpII:180-216* A hostile southerly.

**Aventine**
One of the Seven Hills of Rome. A mythical *Alban* king Aventinus gave his name to the hill from which he ruled.

*BkIIIEpII:56-86* Distant from the *Quirinal.*
Avidienus
An unknown miser.
BkIISatII:53-69 His mean style of living.

Bacchius
A famous gladiator, matched with Bithus. They eventually killed each other.
BkISatVII:1-35 Mentioned.

Bacchus
The god Dionysus, the ‘twice-born’, the god of the vine. The son of Jupiter and Semele. His worship was celebrated with orgiastic rites borrowed from Phrygia. His female followers were the Maenades. He carried the thrysus, a wand tipped with a pine-cone, the Maenads and Satyrs following him carrying ivy-twined fir branches as thyrsi. (See Caravaggio’s painting –Bacchus – Uffizi, Florence)
BkISatIII:1-24 ‘Io Bacche’ the chorus of a drinking song.
BkIIEpII:56-86 The choir of poets are his followers.

Baiae
The modern Baia, opposite Pozzuoli on the Bay of Pozzuoli, once the fashionable bathing place of the Romans owing its name, in legend, to Baios, the navigator of Ulysses. The Emperors built magnificent palaces there. Part now lies beneath the sea due to subsidence.
BkIISatIV:24-39 Its inferior mussels.
BkIEpI:70-109 Rich men built their seaside villas there.
BkIEpXV:1-25 Its hot sulphur baths were famous, and it was a spa town where Romans went for the cure.
Baius
Unknown.
**BkISatIV:107-143** His poverty, having run through an inheritance.

Balatro
Servilius Balatro a hanger-on to Maecenas.
**BkIISatVIII:20-41**  **BkIISatVIII:42-78**  **BkIISatVIII:79-95**
Present at a dinner party Horace hears of.

Balbinus
Unknown.
**BkISatIII:25-54** He is charmed by his lover’s defect.

Barium, Bari
The modern capital and a major port of Apulia. Noted in Horace’s time for its fishing industry.
**BkISatV:71-104** Horace travels through on his way to Brindisi.

Barrus (1)
Unknown.
**BkISatVI:1-44** A vain fop.

Barrus (2)
Unknown.
**BkISatVII:1-35** A foul-mouthed person.

Bellona
An Italian war goddess, the sister of Mars. Her followers were fanatics who indulged in self-mutilation. *BkIISatIII:187-223* The ambitious court this blood-stained goddess.

Beneventum
A Samnian town, now Benevento. *BkISatV:71-104* Horace travels through on his way to Brindisi.

Bestius

Bibulus
Lucius Calpurnius Bibulus, stepson of Brutus. He supported Antony after Philippi and served as a naval commander. He was Governor of Syria, dying there in 32BC. Horace may have met him as a student in Athens. *BkISatX:72-92* Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts.

Bion
A philosopher (c325-c255BC) of Athens, from Borysthenes in Scythia, north-west of the Black Sea, famous for his caustic wit. *BkIIIEpII:56-86* He developed the popular diatribe or sermon, the equivalent of Horace’s *Satires*, as the *Epodes* exemplify iambics, and the *Odes* lyric poetry.

Birrius
Unknown.
BkISatIV:63-85 Deemed guilty of theft.

Bithus
A famous gladiator, matched with Bacchius. They eventually killed each other.
BkISatVII:1-35 Mentioned.

Bithynia
The province in Asia Minor, on the south-west end of the Black Sea.
BkIEpVI:28-48 A centre for Black Sea trade.

Boeotia
A country in mid-Greece containing Thebes.
BkIIEpI:214-244 The Boeotians were proverbially dull, the Athenians sharp-witted, contrasted like the moist Boeotian lowlands and the clear skies of Attica.

Bolanus
Unknown.
BkISatIX:1-34 Renowned for a quick temper.

Brundisium, Brindisi
The famous port of Calabria, about 340 miles from Rome.
BkISatV:71-104 Horace’s destination.
BkIEpXVIII:1-36 A dispute over the best route there from Rome.

Brutus, Marcus Junius
Marcus Junius Brutus was one of the leaders of the conspiracy to assassinate Julius Caesar. He was propraetor of Macedonia, but after the formation of the Triumvirate of Octavian, Mark Antony and Lepidus, and the murder of Trebonius the proconsul of Asia he ruled that province also. BkISatVII:1-35 Judge in the case. An earlier Brutus drove out the Tarquins, Kings of Rome.

Bullatius
A friend of Horace. BkIEpXI:1-30 He is travelling in Asia Minor.

Butra
A friend of Horace and Torquatus. BkIEpV:1-31 To be invited to dinner.

Byzantium
The modern Constantinople. The ancient centre of the Black Sea tunny fishing trade. BkIISatIV:40-69 The brine-salt the imported fish were packed in, was highly prized.

Cadmus (1)
The public executioner. BkISatVI:1-44 Criminals were executed by being hurled from the Tarpeian Rock on the Capitol.

Cadmus (2)
The son of the Phoenician king Agenor who searched for his sister Europa stolen by Jupiter. The founder of Thebes. Cadmus and Harmonia his wife were turned into serpents.
There is a tradition that this happened in a cave on the coast of Dalmatia near Dubrovnik (Ragusa), (see Rebecca West ‘Black Lamb and Grey Falcon’ p251). It was ten miles north of an ancient Dalmatian Epidaurus (now Tsavtat) founded by Greek colonists.

**AP:153-188** The transformation of Cadmus not to be seen on stage.

Caecilius
The Roman comic poet, an older contemporary of *Terence*, he arrived in Rome as a prisoner from northern Italy, and died in 168BC. Fragments of his comedies survive. They were admired for their plots and emotional force.

**BkIIEpI:34-62** Considered a dignified poet.

**AP:38-72** An example of a great earlier writer who coined new words and phrases.

Caecuban
A fine Italian wine from Caecubum in Southern *Latium*.

**BkIISatVIII:1-19** Served for *Maecenas*.

Caelius
Unknown.

**BkISatIV:63-85** Deemed guilty of theft.

Caere
An ancient town in southern *Etruria*.

**BkIEpVI:49-68** According to Livy the citizens were disenfranchised as a punishment for rebellion against Rome in the 3rd century. Horace’s mention of *cera* refers to the
wax tablets on which the citizen lists were entered. (See also Gellius xvi.13)

Caesar, Julius
Gaius Julius Caesar, Roman General, Consul and Dictator from 49 to 44 BC when he was assassinated by Brutus, Cassius and the other conspirators. He married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, and had a daughter Julia. BkISatIX:1-34 His Gardens on the right bank of the Tiber left to the Roman people in his will.

Caesar, Augustus, see Augustus

Calabria
The relatively poor area in the heel of Italy. BkIEpVII:1-28 The pears might be expected to be hard and sour! BkIIIEpII:155-179 Pasture land there.

Callimachus
The Hellenistic poet of Cyrene (c305-240BC) who worked at Alexandria in Egypt. Aetia (Causes) was one of his main works. With Philetas of Cos he was a major influence on Propertius who calls himself the Roman Callimachus. Callimachus was held to be the greatest of the Greek elegists. BkISatII:86-110 Horace translates one of his epigrams (Anthologia Palatina xii. 102). Horace does not refer to Callimachus by name in the text.
Probably Propertius is intended, the elegiac writer who called himself ‘the Roman Callimachus’.

Calvus
Gaius Licinius Calvus, the orator and poet, friend of Catullus and Propertius and a member of the Alexandrian School. His works are lost. He wrote poems addressed to a girl he called Quintilia. His use of Greek words mingled with Latin for effect.

Camænae
The water-nymphs whose spring ran through the sacred grove outside the Porta Capena. They became identified with the Muses. Egeria was one of them. Mentioned.

Horace’s personal Muse. Poetic inspiration akin to drunkenness. The Muse of Tragedy.

Camillus, Marcus Furius
Camillus captured the Etruscan outpost of Veii around 396BC, and freed Rome from the Gauls, leading the Romans to victory after the Gallic invasion of 387-386. An example of Roman virtue.

Campania
The Italian coastal and inland region south-east of Latium and Rome, containing Naples.
Horace passed through on his journey to Brindisi, stopping by the Campanian Bridge at Sinuessa.

Its plain everyday pottery.

The dust blown from its fields by the northerlies.

Campus Martius
The great recreation ground of ancient Rome, the Field of Mars, just outside the ancient city to the north-west along the Tiber. Originally it was open pasture outside the city boundary (pomerium) in the bend of the Tiber south of the Pincian Hill and east of the Janiculum, used for army musters and political assemblies. It took its name from the altar of Mars located there. It was encroached on by public buildings later including the Portico of Octavia and the Theatre of Pompey, but still retained its function as a park and exercise ground. Horse races were conducted there on the Equirria.

Used for excercising and racing horses.

Ball games were played there including trigo, a game for three players.

An attractive part of ancient Rome.

Crowds would watch the sports and military exercises.

A place where young men went to enjoy themselves.

Canidia
A witch.
She carries out magical rites.

A poisoner.

Canis, see *Sirius*

**Cantabria**
The Cantabri were a tribe of Northern Spain.

They were defeated by *Agrippa* in 19BC. He had campaigned there previously. *Lollius* had been on the campaign.

**Canusium**
A town in Italy, in *Apulia*, where Greek and Latin were both spoken. The dry region suffered from lack of water. The population was part Greek, part *Oscan*.

Horace travels through on his way to *Brindisi*.

Their mixed language.

*Oppidius* a landowner there.

**Capito**, see *Fonteius*

**Capitolinus**, see *Petillius*

**Cappadocia**
The eastern region of *Asia* Minor. It was conquered by the Persians (584BC) but became an independent kingdom in the 3rd century BC. It had a poro-Roman ruling dynasty, became strategically important, and was a Roman Province by 17AD.
The king here is probably Ariobarzanes III (d.42BC) whose financial problems due to Roman exploitation are mentioned by Cicero. His successor was Archelaus.

Caprius
A satirist or informer.
He pursued those deemed guilty of theft.

Capua
The town in Campania. Horace passed through on his way to Brindisi.
On the road to Rome.

Carinae
A fashionable area on the southern tip of the Esquiline, about a quarter of a mile from the Forum. A good walk from the Forum for an elderly man.

Carthage
The Phoenician city in North Africa, allegedly founded by Dido of Tyre, a manifestation of the great Goddess. Under Hannibal the Carthaginians nearly defeated the Romans in Italy. The city was razed finally by Publius Scipio Africanus Minor in 146BC. Scipio took his name Africanus after the victory. The Punic Wars were the three wars between Rome and Carthage that gave Rome control of the
Mediterranean. The First War (264-241BC) saw Rome a naval power, victory at Mylae, and the driving of the Carthaginians from Sicily. The Second War (218-201) saw Hannibal checked in Italy after disastrous Roman losses at Saguntum in Spain, Trebia, Lake Trasimene and Cannae. Scipio Africanus eventually defeated Hannibal at Zama in North Africa, and Carthage became a Roman ally. The Third Punic War (149-146) caused by Roman fears of a Carthaginian resurgence saw Carthage destroyed, and its territory become the Roman province of Africa.

Casellius, Aulus
An eminent lawyer (born c.104BC), contemporary with Cicero but still alive in Augustus’ time. AP:366-407 His legal skills.

Cassius (1)
An unknown Etruscan poet, perhaps identical with Parmensis (2). BkISatX:50-71 His funeral pyre was reputed to have consisted of his own books.

Cassius (2)
An elegiac poet. He was part of the conspiracy to assassinate Julius Caesar, as was the better known Cassius Longinus. He fought on Antony’s side at Actium and was later executed on Octavian’s orders. BkIEpIV:1-16 His opuscula, pieces, probably elegies.

Castor (1)
The son of Tyndareus of Sparta and Leda, and twin brother of Pollux who was in fact fathered by Jupiter-Zeus. They were brothers of Helen. Castor was an expert horseman, Pollux a noted boxer. They came to be regarded as the protectors of sailors, and gave their names to the two major stars of the constellation Gemini, The Twins.

**BkIISatI:24-46** Castor’s skill with horses, Pollux’s at boxing.

**BkIIEpI:1-33** Deified.

Castor (2)
A gladiator.

**BkIEpXVIII:1-36** A dispute over his skill.

Catia
A noted adulteress.

**BkISatII:86-110** Her shameless style of dress.

Catienus
An actor.

**BkIISatIII:31-63** See the entry for Fufius.

Catius
An epicure, possibly an Epicurean.

**BkIISatIV:1-23** His summary for Horace of a lecture on the culinary arts.

**BkIISatIV:70-95** Horace begs to attend the next lecture with him.

Cato, the Censor
Marcus Portius Cato (234-194BC), famed for his strict morality.  
BkISatII:23-46  His words to a young man leaving a brothel.  
BkIIEpII:87-125 AP:38-72  The Censor had the power to remove unworthy senators from the Senate. Horace treats Cato as a guardian of the ancient language.  

Cato, of Utica  
Marcus Portius Cato (95-46BC) great-grandson of Cato the Censor. A famous Stoic. He committed suicide at Utica, for moral reasons.  
BkIEpXIX:1-20  His austere manner and style.  

Catullus  
Gaius Valerius Catullus (c84-c54AD), the Roman lyric poet, friend of Calvus and Propertius. He wrote poems addressed to a girl he called Lesbia (most probably Clodia Metelli).  
BkISatX:1-30  His use of Greek words mingled with Latin for effect.  

Caudium  
A Samnite town at the head of the famous Samnite Forks.  
BkISatV:34-70  Horace passed through on his way to Brindisi.  

Celsus  
Albinovanus Celsus, secretary on Tiberius’ staff.  
BkIEpIII:1-36  A friend of Horace, on campaign with Tiberius.
This epistle addressed to him.

Ceres
The Corn Goddess. The daughter of Saturn and Rhea, and Jupiter’s sister. As Demeter she was represented in the sky by the constellation and zodiacal sign of Virgo, holding an ear of wheat, the star Spica. It contains the brightest quasar, 3C 273. (The constellation alternatively depicts Astraea.) The worship of her and her daughter Persephone, as the Mother and the Maiden, was central to the Eleusinian mysteries, where the ritual of the rebirth of the world from winter was enacted. Ceres was there a representation of the Great Goddess of Neolithic times, and her daughter her incarnation, in the underworld and on earth.

Goddess of the harvest.

Horace alludes to the festival in her honour.

Cerinthus
Unknown. Possibly a notorious adulterer.

Mentioned, though the text is disputed.

Cervius (1)
An unknown informer.

Mentioned.

Cervius (2)
A neighbour.

A teller of tales.

Cethegus
Marcus Cornelius Cethegus, consul in 204BC.  
**BkIIEpII:87-125** A famous orator of the old Republic.  
**AP:38-72** The Cethegi, the ancient family, who would have worn the *cinctus*, a loin-cloth or kilt rather than the *toga*.

Charybdis  
The whirlpool between Italy and Sicily in the Messenian straits. Charybdis was the voracious daughter of Mother Earth and **Neptune**, hurled into the sea, and thrice, daily, drawing in and spewing out a huge volume of water.  
**AP:119-152** See *Odyssey* Book XII:36 et al.

Chios  
The island in the north-eastern Aegean off the coast of Ionia. Famous for its wine.  
**BkIISatIII:111-14**  
**BkIISatVIII:42-78** Chian wine.  
**BkIEpXI:1-30** A famous island.

Choerilus  
An epic poet from Iasos in Caria, a court poet to **Alexander** the Great.  
**BkIIEpI:214-244** He was paid in gold for the (few) lines Alexander considered worthy.  
**AP:333-365** Horace’s example of a poet with a few golden lines amongst the dross.

Chremes  
The character of an old man in Comedy. He appears in the *Andria* and *Heauton* of **Terence**.  
**BkISatX:31-49** A typical character in Comedy.
A scene where he storms about in anger, using tragic tones.

Chrysippus
The Stoic philosopher of Soli in Cilicia (c280-207BC). He was regarded as the second founder of Stoicism, after Zeno. He was converted to Stoicism by Cleanthes and succeeded him as Head of the Stoic School. He was an apologist and logician.

The Sixth Stoic paradox according to Cicero is ‘solum sapientem esse divitem’. The truly wise man is perfect in all respects. Horace ridicules the concept.

The Stoic school met in the Painted Porch in Athens. Chrysippus considered the foolish and deluded as insane.

He classed most men as mad.

A teacher of the good life.

Chrysippus asked the logical riddle as to when a heap of beans piled on a table ceases to be a heap, as one removes a bean at a time.

Cibyra
A town in southern Phrygia, the centre of a conventus of twenty-five towns.

Cicirrus Messius
His name means ‘game-cock’. He is an Oscan from Samnium and so ridiculed as a primitive, a Cyclops.

He is ridiculed for his scars caused by removing warts, the Campanian disease.
Cicuta
A moneylender, and miser.
BkIISatIII:64-81 One who takes foolish risks on a debtor who will be unable to repay.
BkIISatIII:168-186 His miserliness.

Cinara
Horace’s ex-lover.
BkIEpVII:1-28 Her flight from him. Her name is mentioned in the Odes.
BkIEpXIV:31-44 He calls her greedy, for gifts.

Circe
The sea-nymph, daughter of Sol and Perse, and the granddaughter of Oceanus. (Kirke or Circe means a small falcon.) She was famed for her beauty and magic arts and lived on the ‘island’ of Aeaea, which is the promontory of Circeii. (Cape Circeo between Anzio and Gaeta, on the west coast of Italy, now part of the magnificent Parco Nazionale del Circeo extending to Capo Portiere in the north, and providing a reminder of the ancient Pontine Marshes before they were drained, rich in wildfowl and varied tree species.) Cicero mentions that Circe was worshipped religiously by the colonists at Circei. (‘On the Nature of the Gods’, Bk III 47) (See John Melhuish Strudwick’s painting – Circe and Scylla – Walker Art Gallery, Sudley, Merseyside, England: See Dosso Dossi’s painting - Circe and her Lovers in a Landscape- National gallery of Art, Washington).
BkIEpII:1-31 She seduced Ulysses and transformed Ulysses’ men into beasts (Odyssey 10.135).

Circeii
Circe the sea-nymph in the Odyssey, lived on the ‘island’ of Aeaea, which is the promontory of Circeii, Cape Circeo, between Anzio and Gaeta, on the west coast of Italy, about fifty miles south-east of Rome, and now part of the magnificent Parco Nazionale del Circeo extending to Capo Portiere in the north, and providing a reminder of the ancient Pontine Marshes before they were drained, rich in wildfowl and varied tree species. Cicero mentions that Circe was worshipped religiously by the colonists at Circei. (‘On the Nature of the Gods’, Bk III 47)

BkIIIsatIV:24-39 A source of oysters eaten in Rome.

Circus Maximus
The huge circus in Rome between the Palatine and Aventine Hills used for pageants races etc.

BkISatVI:110-131 The stalls in the outer wall were used by con-men and fortune tellers.

BkIIISatIII:168-186 A place to show off, for the famous.

Claudius
The Emperor, Tiberius Claudius Nero (42BC-37AD), the elder son of Livia, by her first husband. Augustus adopted the boy and appointed him as his successor after the early deaths of other candidates. He was also Augustus’s ‘stepson’ through his marriage to the elder Julia, Augustus’s daughter by Scribonia.
He campaigned for Augustus on many fronts, here in Asia Minor to set Tigranes on the throne of Armenia in 20BC.

Celsus is on his staff.

A letter of introduction to him, probably written in 20BC as Tiberius set out on his Eastern Campaign.

His successful conclusion of the Armenian campaign.

Florus was on his staff.

Clazomenae
A town in Asia Minor on the Bay of Smyrna.

Persius’ home town.

Clusium
The modern Chiusi in Etruria about eighty-five miles north-west of Rome.

Its cold water springs.

Lucius Cocceius Nerva. He negotiated the Treaty of Brundisium in 40BC that divided the world between the triumvirs, Antony, Octavian and Lepidus.

Horace travels with him from Rome to Brindisi (and possibly Tarentum) in 38 or 37 BC.

His villa at Caudium provides a staging post.

Colchis
A country in Asia, south east of the Black Sea. The destination of the Argonauts and home of Medea. AP:73-118 Noted for its fierce warriors.

Colophon

Coranus
A minor official who has become a public clerk, like Horace, and acquired wealth. BkIIISatV:45-69 He defeats the wiles of Nasica a fortune-hunter.

Corinth
The city on the Isthmus between Attica and the Argolis. Built on the hill of Acrocorinth, it and Ithome were ‘the horns of the Greek bull’, whoever held them held the Peloponnese. It was destroyed by the Roman general Mummius in 146BC and rebuilt by Julius Caesar in 44BC. BkIEpXVII:33-62 Horace adapts a Greek proverb regarding the cost of entertaining Lais and other courtesans at Corinth being beyond most men, to his own thoughts on the pursuit of virtue. BkIIIEpI:182-213 Famous for its bronze-work. After the destruction of the city, Romans searched for antique bronzes in the ruins.

Corvinus, see Messalla

Corycus
A mountain on the coast of Cilicia in Asia Minor to the north of Cyprus.  
**BkIISatIV:40-69** Its imported saffron.

**Cos**  
The Ionian Greek Island of Cos in the Aegean off the coast of ancient Caria, famous for its silks.  
**BkISatII:86-110** The semi-transparent silk dresses made from the silk.  
**BkIISatIV:24-39 BkISatVIII:1-19** Its white wine.

**Crantor**  
A leading philosopher (c340-275BC) of the Academy.  
**BkIEpII:1-31** A teacher of the good life.

**Craterus**  
A well known physician mentioned in Cicero’s letters.  
**BkISatIII:142-167** A type of the respected medical man.

**Cratinus**  
A Greek dramatist of the 5th Century BC.  
**BkISatIV:1-25** Mentioned as a dramatist of the Old Comedy.  
**BkIEpXIX:1-20** His reputation for drunkenness was enhanced by his own reference to himself in his play the Tankard.

**Crispinus**  
According to the scholiasts, an *aretalogus*, a speaker on Stoic virtue. He wrote verses.  
**BkISatI:92-121** A wordy writer.
Horace considers him absurd.
Made fun of again as a garrulous writer.
Even his doorkeeper acquires knowledge he passes on!

Croesus
The last king of Lydia (reigned c560-c546BC, died c546BC), famed for his wealth. He conquered the Greek cities on the coast of Asia Minor but was defeated by the Persian king Cyrus II, the Great, in 546. According to legend he was saved by Apollo from execution by Cyrus and became his counsellor.

Sardis was his royal capital city.

Cumae
The site of a famous oracle of Apollo, and its prophetess, the Sibyl. A legendary entrance to the underworld. Daedalus rested there after his flight from Crete, and built a temple to Apollo, before going on to Sicily, where he made the golden honeycomb, for the goddess at Eryx. An ancient Euboean colony on the sea coast of Campania it was just north of Baiae. (See Michael Ayrton’s drawings and paintings of the site.)
On the road to Baiae.

Cupiennius
Gaius Cupiennius Libo of Cumae, a favourite of Augustus.
Horace accuses him of adultery.

Curius
Marcus Curius Dentatus, consul 290BC, a hero of the Samnite and Pyrrhic Wars. 
**BkIEpI:41-69** An example of Roman virtue.

**Curtillus**
Unknown. A chef or gourmet.
**BkIISatVIII:42-78** Mentioned.

**Cyclops**
A race of giants living on the coast of **Sicily** of whom Polyphemus was one. They had a single eye in the centre of their foreheads. They forged **Jupiter**’s lightning-bolts. See Homer’s *Odyssey* Book IX et al.
**BkISatV:34-70  BkIIEpII:87-125** Their rustic shepherd’s dances, an object of ridicule to the sophisticated.
**AP:119-152** Polyphemus.

**Cynic**
Diogenes of Sinope (active early 3rd century BC) and his followers, the Cynics. They were unconventional and outspoken critics of accepted social values, deriving their attitudes from the teachings of Antisthenes, a pupil of **Socrates**, and moral philosopher. The name Cynic is from the Greek term for a dog, *kunos*, used as a derogatory nickname.
**BkIEpXVII:1-32** Horace contrasts Diogenes attitude to society with that of **Aristippus**. The Cynics wore a doubled cloak without an undergarment.

**Dacian**
Dacia was a region on the north-bank of the Danube.
The Dacians sided with Antony prior to Actium.

Dama
A slave name.

Damasippus

Davus (1)
A slave-character in Comedy.

Davus (2)
One of Horace’s slaves.
Decemvirs
The commission of ten men, for religious and public duties.  
**BkIIEpI:1-33** The Decemvirs drew up the Twelve Tables of the criminal code in 450BC.

Decius
Publius Decius Mus, first of his plebeian family to become a consul, sacrificed himself in the Latin War (Livy viii.9)  
**BkISatVI:1-44** His plebeian background.

Delphi
The site of the oracle of **Apollo** in Phocis, on the lower slopes of Parnassus overlooking the Pleistos valley. It continued as a shrine, diminishing in importance, until closed by Theodosius in 390AD.  
**AP:189-21** The obscure, oracular utterances of late and post-classical drama.

Demetrius (1)
A musician and trainer of actresses.  
**BkISatX:72-92** Horace has a low regard for his taste.

Demetrius (2)
A Greek slave.  
**BkIEpVII:46-98** A servant of **Philippus**.

Democritus
The Greek Eleatic philosopher (c460-370BC) born at Abdera in **Thrace**. He developed the first materialist theory of Nature. His atomism developed by Leucippus considered
all matter as a combination of elementary particles, the atoms, which in turn accounted for all material properties. He wrote also on cosmology, biology, perception and music. His ethical theory foreshadowed Epicureanism in valuing spiritual calm and balance. His works survive as fragments. Traditionally, he was called the laughing philosopher.

BkIEpXII:1-29 Fabled to be able to ‘leave’ the body and investigate the universe in spirit.

BkIIIEpI:182-213 The laughing philosopher himself would smile.

AP:295-332 Horace claims he thought talent preferable to technique.

Diana

Daughter of Jupiter and Latona (hence her epithet Latonia) and twin sister of Apollo. She was born on the island of Ortygia which is Delos (hence her epithet Ortygia). Goddess of the moon and the hunt. She carried a bow, quiver and arrows. She and her followers were virgins. She was worshipped as the triple goddess, as Hecate in the underworld, Luna the moon, in the heavens, and Diana the huntress on earth. (Skelton’s ‘Diana in the leaves green, Luna who so bright doth sheen, Persephone in hell’) Callisto is one of her followers. (See Luca Penni’s – Diana Huntress – Louvre, Paris, and Jean Goujon’s sculpture (attributed) – Diana of Anet – Louvre, Paris.) She was worshipped at the sacred grove and lake of Nemi in Aricia, as Diana Nemorensis, and the rites practised there are the starting point for Frazer’s ‘The Golden Bough’ (see Chapter I et seq.) She hid Hippolytus, and set him down at
Aricia (Nemi), as her consort Virbius. The Romans identified the original Sabine goddess Diana with the Greek Artemis and established her cult on the Aventine. Strabo mentions the connection of the cult of Aricia with the Tauric Chersonese (5.3.12, C.239)

AP:1-37 Her sacred grove and altar as a subject of poetry.
AP:438-476 Lunacy an effect of the moon, hence a curse of the moon-goddess.

Digentia, Licenza
The modern Licenza, in the Sabine country, a tributary of the Anio.
BkIEpXVIII:86-112 Horace drank from its stream.

Diomedes
The son of Tydeus king of Argos, a Greek hero in the war against Troy. See Homer’s Iliad. He founded Arpi in southern Italy (Iapygia).
BkISatV:71-104 Horace suggests he founded Canusium also.
BkISatVII:1-35 Glaucus presented him with armour to avoid fighting him. See Homer’s Iliad VI.
AP:119-152 Meleager was his uncle, and therefore of a previous generation.

Dionysius
A slave name.
BkISatVI:1-44 Mentioned.

Dolichos, Docilis
A gladiator.
A dispute over his skills.

Dossenus
A stock character, a sly villain, in the Atellan Oscan farces. Horace refers to Plautus’ use of low forms of humour, with a *double entendre* on Plautus’ own character.

Egeria
An Italian nymph, wife of Numa. Unconsoled at his death she was turned into a fountain, and its attendant streams (at Le Mole, by Nemi in Aricia). She was worshipped as a minor deity of childbirth at Aricia, and later in Rome. (Outside the Porta Capena: see Frazer’s ‘The Golden Bough’ Chapter I.)

An ideal woman.

Electra
Orestes’ loyal sister. Abused by Orestes in his madness.

Empedocles
The Greek philosopher (c490-430BC) of Acragas (Agrigentum) in Sicily. He modified the teachings of Pythagoras and opposed Parmenides’ view of reality as one and unchanging, with his doctrine that the four elements, earth, air, fire and water, make up the world, and that love and strife (attraction and antipathy, Horace’s ‘harmonious discord’) govern their distribution in a four-stage cycle. He wrote an important work *On Nature*.

A philosophical theorist.
Empedocles was fabled to have leapt into Etna, reflecting his affinity with the elements no doubt.

Ennius
The Roman epic poet (239-169BC) born at Rudiae in Calabria. Author of the *Annales*. 

An example of a great poet.

Criticised by Lucilius.

He said of himself that he was only a poet when drunk.

In the introduction to the *Annales*, He claimed to have fallen asleep on the Muses’ Mount and dreamed that Homer’s ghost expounded the theory of transmigration (as Pythagoras taught), and told him he possessed Homer’s soul. Horace says he no longer has to worry about the claim, as he is considered a second Homer. He was called *sapiens*, wise because of his philosophical poems, and *fortis*, brave, because he recounted in the *Annales* the *fortia facta patrum*, the brave deeds of our ancestors.

Horace does not rate his metric skill.

Epicharmus
Writer of Sicilian comedies, mythological burlesques, working in the first quarter of the fifth century BC.

An influence on Plautus.

Epicurus
The Greek philosopher (341-270BC), and founder of the Epicurean School. In 306BC he began teaching in a garden in Athens. His atomic philosophy was expounded by
Lucretius. He himself taught the virtues of friendship and citizenship, following the maxim: ‘Live unseen and unknown.’ His teachings on the value of the good life, and the pursuit of enjoyment in the sense of enjoyment of life through virtue and goodness, including temperate physical and aesthetic enjoyment, were later perverted to imply that he held hedonistic and immoral principles.

**BkIEpIV:1-16** Horace jokingly considers himself a follower of Epicurus in comparison with the Stoical and by all accounts melancholy Tibullus.

Epidaurus
A city in Argolis, sacred to Aesculapius. The pre-Greek god Maleas was later equated with Apollo, and he and his son Aesculapius were worshipped there. There were games in honour of the god every four years, and from 395BC a drama festival. The impressive ancient theatre has been restored and plays are performed there. From the end of the 5th century BC the cult of Asklepios spread widely through the ancient world reaching Athens in 420BC and Rome (as Aesculapius) in 293BC.

**BkISatIII:25-54** The snakes sacred to Aesculapius as god of medicine were reputed to have keen sight.

Esquiline
One of the Seven Hills of Rome, where Propertius had a house. Maecenas laid out his Gardens there on the site of an old cemetery.

**BkISatVIII:1-22** The setting for this satire. The cemetery lay outside the Agger, the Rampart or Mound of Servius, an embankment and ditch a mile long closing off the valley
between the Esquiline and the Quirinal, supposedly made by Servius Tullius and enlarged by Tarquin Superbus, that was part of the old Servian Wall system, and had been a burial place for criminals and paupers, where witches practised their rites among the graves. Horace plays on the formula intended to preserve ground as a grave, H.M.H.N.S. or Hoc monumentum heredes non sequetur... ‘this memorial is not to be passed down to the heirs’, those laid to rest there being unlikely to have much to leave them!

BkIIIsatVI:1-39 Mournful because of the prior associations decribed above.

Etruscan
Etruria was a region in Central Italy. Its people were the Etrurians or Etruscans. Hence Tuscany in modern Italy. BkISatVI:1-44 Maecenas’ family were Etruscan. Herodotus I.94 claims the Etruscans migrated from Lydia as a result of famine.

BkIIsatX:50-71 Cassius was an Etruscan.
BkIISatII:23-52 The Tiber rises in Etruria.
BkIIIsatIII:224-246 BkIEpI:245-270 Tuscan Street, the Vicus Tuscus, ran from the Forum to the Velabrum, and was perhaps named from the Tuscan workmen who lived there. The street had a variety of shops and Horace in BkII Epistle I puns on the name, as the street where tus, incense, is sold, and imagines himself, and by analogy Augustus, being carried down to the Forum, and the street where remaindered works are used as wrapping paper in the shops, in a coffin along with the works of the worthless admirer.
The Tuscan Sea to the west and south-west of Italy. The modern Ligurian and Tyrrhenian Seas.

Etruscan figurines.

Eupolis
The late 5th century BC Greek dramatist of the Old Comedy, a rival of Aristophanes. His comedies satirised contemporary politicians and socialites. Only fragments of his work survive.

Praised.

Horace has taken his writings along.

Eutrapelus
Publius Volumnius, a knight and friend of Mark Antony, Atticus and Cicero (See Ad fam. vii. 32, 33), given the nickname Eutrapelus, or ‘witty’.

His means of belittling his enemies.

Evander
The son of Carmentis, one of the Camenae, or prophetic nymphs. She first lived in Arcadia where she bore Evander, to Mercury. Evander founded Pallantium, and she came to Italy with him, where she changed the fifteen Greek letters of the alphabet he had brought with him into Roman letters. In reality perhaps an exiled Greek king of Arcadia who settled on the site of ancient Rome.

Any cup touched by him would be sacred and antique and therefore precious.

Fabian
One of the thirty-five tribes of Roman citizens.
A powerful citizen in a tribe in turn exerted influence beyond it.

Fabius
A Roman *eques*, who expounded Stoic philosophy. Horace uses him as an example of a windbag in argument, and possibly an adulterer.

A chatterbox.

Adultery causes painful consequences which even a Stoic would have to accept.

Fabricius
Lucius Farbicius, *curator viarum*.

In 62 BC he built the Fabrician Bridge connecting the Insula Tiberina with the *Campus Martius* on the left bank of the *Tiber*.

Falernian
The Falernus district in *Campania* produced a strong, highly-prized wine, Falernian.

The best of wines. See Macrobius, Saturn. vii 12, for a reference to the best mead made with *Hymettian* honey and Falernian wine.

Falernian wine.

Fannius
A minor poet.

His extreme self-advertisement.
A worthless critic and sponge on Hermogenes.

Fauns
Demi-gods. Rural deities with horns and tails.

Members of Bacchus’ crowd of followers.

Characters in the Satyr plays.

Fausta
The daughter of Sulla, born in 86BC. She would have been about 47 years old at the time the Satires were written. Her name means lucky, or auspicious.

Her notorious adulterous affair with Villius.

Ferentinum
A quiet town in the Alban Region of Latium on the Via Latina, about forty-five miles south-east of Rome.

A quiet country town.

Feronia
An Italian Goddess, the consort of Jupiter at Anxur.

Horace travels from Rome to Brindisi (and possibly Tarentum) in 38 or 37 BC.

Fescennine
From the town of Fescennium in Etruria. Ribald songs were sung at country marriage and harvest feasts. They were the remnants of the earliest form of Italian dramatic verse, named from the town. There may alternatively be a connection with the fascinum a phallic life symbol carried
in procession to ward off the evil eye, and possibly derived from Greek ritual.  
**BkIIEpI:118-155** The development of Latin verse.

**Fidenae**  
An ancient town six miles north of Rome.  
**BkIEpXI:1-30** Partly deserted, a ghost-town.

**Flaccus, see Horace**  
**BkIISatI:1-23** Horace’s cognomen. The name means flap-eared!

**Flavius**  
Head of a school at **Venusia**.  
**BkISatVI:65-88** Horace’s father sent him to **Rome** instead.

**Florus**  
Julius Florus a friend of Horace and **Tiberius**, a student of oratory and writer of satires according to Porphyryion.  
**BkIIEpIII:1-36** The epistle addressed to him on campaign.  
**BkIIEpII:1-25** This epistle addressed to him.

**Fonteius Capito**  
Consul *suffectus* in 30BC. A close ally of Mark **Antony**.  
**BkISatV:1-33** Horace travels with him from **Rome** to **Brindisi** (and possibly Tarentum) in 38 or 37 BC.  
**BkISatV:34-70** He provides food at Formiae.

**Forum**  
The Roman Forum. The main thoroughfare. The marketplace. **Maecenas** as a magistrate had the right to set
up a court of justice there. It was the centre of early Rome and a notoriously licentious area later.

**BkISatVI:110-131** An area frequented by dubious characters.

**BkIISatV:23-44 BkIEpVII:46-98** A place where legal disputes were decided.

**BkIEpVI:1-27** The place where money is made, the trading centre.

**BkIEpVI:49-68** The central market.

**BkIEpVII:1-28** The business centre and its mundane affairs.

**BkIEpXIX:1-20** A place of sobriety.

**Forum Appi**
The Market of Appius at the head of the canal to **Feronia** through the Pomptine Marshes.

**BkISatV:1-33** Horace travels from **Rome** to **Brindisi** (and possibly Tarentum) in 38 or 37 BC.

**Fufidius**
Unknown.

**BkISatII:1-22** A rich and miserly loan-shark.

**Fufius**
An actor.

**BkIIISatIII:31-63** Playing the part of **Iliona**, he was so drunk that even the combined efforts of the audience failed to waken him. He was playing the sleeping heroine of **Pacuvius’** Ilione, and was supposed to be awakened by the ghost of her murdered son played by **Catienus**.
Fulvius
A well-known gladiator.
BkIIISatVII:95-118 A wall-sketch for advertising purposes involving him.

Fundanius
A friend of Horace.
BkISatX:31-49 A writer of comedies in the style of Terence.
BkIIISatVIII:1-19 He reports on a dinner-party he attended.

Fundi, Fondi
A town in Latium on the Appian Way.
BkISatV:34-70 Horace passed through on his journey to Brindisi.

Furies
The Furies, The Three Sisters, were Alecto, Tisiphone and Megaera, the daughters of Night and Uranus. They were the personified pangs of cruel conscience that pursued the guilty. (See Aeschylus – The Eumenides). Their abode was in Hades by the Styx.
BkIIISatVIII:23-50 The witches appeared like Furies.
BkIIISatIII:111-14 They maddened Orestes, and drove him on to take revenge for his father’s death.

Furius
Marcus Furius Bibaculus of Cremona, whom Quintilian classes with Horace and Catullus, as a writer of iambics. He wrote an epic on Caesar’s Gallic wars and an Aethiopia where Memnon was slain by Achilles.
His bombastic style is criticised. His verses are adapted by Horace. Furius is sarcastically substituted for Jupiter in the second extract (Quintilian viii.6.17)

Furnius
A friend of Horace, a famous orator. Consul in 17BC. Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts.

Fuscus, see Aristius

Gabii
An ancient town of Latium fifteen miles east of Rome on the way to Praeneste. Partly deserted, a ghost-town. Its cold countryside. Tarquinius Superbus made a treaty (late sixth century) with Gabii, written in archaic letters on bull’s hide. It was still in existence at the time of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, in the Augustan Age (Dion. Hal. iv. 58) A trained house-slave from there.

Gaetulian
The Gaetuli were a people of North Africa, hence African. A source of dyed cloth.

Galba
A member of the Sulpicii Galba family. An adulterer and lawyer.
Galli
The priests of Cybele who ritually castrated themselves. See Catullus ‘Attis’.
BkISatII:111-134 Horace quotes the Greek philosopher Philodemus a client of Lucius Calpurnius Piso who was attacked by Cicero in In Pisonem.

Gauls
The inhabitants of the region now roughly modern France.
BkIISatI:1-23 There were campaigns against the Gauls in 36,35 and 34BC and victories were celebrated in the triumph of 29BC.

Gallina, see Thrace

Gallonius
A glutton satirized by Lucilius. A rich auctioneer.
BkIISatII:23-52 He served a huge sturgeon for dinner.

Garganus
A mountainous promontory on the coast of north-east Apulia, now Monte di S. Angelo.
BkIIEpI:182-213 The wind roaring in its forests.

Gargilius
Unknown. Perhaps a character from Lucilius’ satires.
BkIEpVI:49-68 His idea of hunting!

Gargonius
Unknown.
BkISatII:23-46 BkISatIV:86-106 He smelt of goat.
Genius
The spiritual counterpart of every man that watches over him, worshipped especially on the birthday. The personal guardian spirit.

BkIEpI:70-109 The marriage bed was dedicated to the family Genius.
BkIIEpI:118-155 Offerings of flowers and wine made to the spirit to ask for long life.
BkIIEpII:180-216 The Genius being a man’s own guardian spirit partakes of the nature of his natal stars. It shares his fate and character and dies with him.
AP:189-21 Drinking became customary during the offerings to the spirit.

Glaucus
A Lycian hero in Homer’s Iliad VI.
BkISatVII:1-35 He presented Diomed with armour instead of fighting him.

Glycon
A famous athlete.
BkIEpI:20-40 His excellent physique.

Gnatia, Egnatia
An Apulian town on the Adriatic coast, devoid of springs.
BkISatV:71-104 Horace travels through on his way to Brindisi.

Gracchus
Tiberius (d.133BC) and Gaius (d. 122BC), the Gracchi, were both orators.

BkIIEpII:87-125 Gaius was the more famous orator, and is probably intended here.

Grosphus
A Roman knight living in Sicily where he owned a large estate. (See Odes II.16)
BkIEpXII:1-29 Horace provides this letter of introduction for him, to Iccius.

Hadria, Adriatic
The long arm of the Mediterranean between Italy and Greece.
BkIEpXVIII:37-66 Actium was fought on its Eastern shore.

Hagne
Unknown.
BkISatIII:25-54 Her lover Balbinus was charmed by her defect.

Harpy
The ‘snatchers’, Aellopus and Ocypete, the fair-haired, loathsome, winged daughters of Thaumas and the ocean nymph Electra, who snatch up criminals for punishment by the Furies. They lived in a cave in Cretan Dicte. They plagued Phineus of Salmydessus, the blind prophet, and were chased away by the winged sons of Boreas. An alternative myth has Phineus drive them away to the Strophades where Ovid has Aeneas meet the harpy Aëllo, and Virgil, Celaeno. They are foul-bellied birds with girls’
faces, and clawed hands, and their faces are pale with hunger. (See Virgil Aeneid III:190-220)
BkIISatII:23-52 Ravenously hungry creatures.

Hebrus
The river in Thrace down which Orpheus’ head was washed to the sea.
BkIEpIII:1-36 A Thracian river, but Horace also hints at literary activity.

Hecate
The daughter of the Titans Perses and Asterie, Latona’s sister. A Thracian goddess of witches, her name is a feminine form of Apollo’s title ‘the far-darter’. She was a lunar goddess, with shining Titans for parents. In Hades she was Prytania of the dead, or the Invincible Queen. She gave riches, wisdom, and victory, and presided over flocks and navigation. She had three bodies and three heads, those of a lioness, a bitch, and a mare. Her ancient power was to give to or withhold from mortals any gift. She was sometimes merged with the lunar aspect of Diana-Artemis, and presided over purifications and expiations. She was the goddess of enchantments and magic charms, and sent demons to earth to torture mortals. At night she appeared with her retinue of infernal dogs, haunting crossroads (as Trivia), tombs and the scenes of crimes. At crossroads her columns or statues had three faces – the Triple Hecates – and offerings were made at the full moon to propitiate her.
BkISatVIII:23-50 The witches call on her.
Hector
The Trojan hero, eldest son of Priam and Hecuba.
BkISatVII:1-35 Slain by Achilles. See Homer’s Iliad.

Helena, Helen
The daughter of Leda and Jupiter (Tyndareus was her putative father), sister of Clytemmaestra, and the Dioscuri. The wife of Menelaüs. She was taken, by Paris, to Troy, her adultery instigating the Trojan War.
BkISatIII:99-119 She was not the first woman to cause trouble.

Helicon
The mountain in Boeotia near the Gulf of Corinth where the Muses lived. The sacred springs of Helicon were Aganippe and Hippocrene, both giving poetic inspiration.
BkIIEpI:214-244 AP:295-332 The place of poetic inspiration.

Heliodorus
Unknown, but possibly a reference to Apollodorus a teacher in Rome.
BkISatV:1-33 Horace travelled with him from Rome on his journey to Brindisi (and possibly Tarentum) in 38 or 37 BC.

Hellas
Unknown.
BkIISatIII:247-280 A mistress murdered by her lover.

Hellespont
The straits that link the Propontis with the Aegean Sea. Named after Helle, and close to the site of Troy.

BkIEpIII:1-36 The towers at Sestos and Abydos (of Hero and Leander fame) were on either side of the straits. Horace again gives a literary hint.

Hercules
The Greek Hero. He was set in the sky as the constellation Hercules between Lyra and Corona Borealis. The son of Jupiter and Alcmena, the wife of Amphitryon. Jupiter predicted at his birth that a scion of Perseus would be born, greater than all other descendants. Juno delayed Hercules birth and hastened that of Eurystheus, grandson of Perseus, making Hercules subservient to him. Hercules was set twelve labours by Eurystheus at Juno’s instigation:

1. The killing of the Nemean lion.
2. The destruction of the Lernean Hydra.
3. The capture of the stag with golden antlers.
4. The capture of the Erymanthian Boar.
5. The cleansing of the stables of Augeas king of Elis.
6. The killing of the birds of the Stymphalian Lake in Arcadia.
7. The capture of the Cretan wild bull.
8. The capture of the mares of Diomede that ate human flesh.
9. The taking of the girdle of Hippolyte, Queen of the Amazons.
10. The killing of Geryon and the capture of his oxen.
11. The securing of the apples from the Garden of the Hesperides.
12. The bringing of the dog Cerberus from Hades to the upper world.

**BkIISatVI:1-39** Hercules was regarded as a god who brought good fortune, due to his connections with the founding of Rome. See Virgil’s *Aeneid.*

**BkIISatVII:68-94** By Hercules! A conventional oath.

**BkIEpI:1-19** The retired gladiator hangs up his weapons on the door of the Temple of Hercules, according to Porphyryion that at Fundi in Latium.

**BkIIEpI:1-33** He killed the Lernean Hydra but was brought to his death by the revenge of Nessus the Centaur whom he had killed, and who had envied him for his love of Deianira. Hercules was deified.

Hermogenes Tigellius
A musician. Not apparently the same person as Tigellius the Sardinian.

**BkISatIII:120-142 BkISatIX:1-34** Mentioned.

**BkISatIV:63-85 BkISatX:1-30** Mentioned satirically.

**BkISatX:72-92** Fannius sponges off him. Worthless as a critic.

Herod
Herod the Great, King of Judaea (reigned 39-34BC).

**BkIIEpII:180-216** He possessed famous groves of date-palms near Jericho.

Homer
The Greek epic poet, (fl. c. 8th century BC? born Chios or Smyrna?), supposed main author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey.*
His works attracted a vast critical commentary.

Horace is re-reading the *Iliad*.

His praise of wine. (See *Iliad* vi. 261 etc)

Ennius was considered a second Homer.

Master of the epic metre.

Even Homer sometimes nods.

Horace, Horatius
Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the poet (65-8 BC). He was born at Venusia in Apulia the son of a freedman, who had his son educated at Rome and Athens. Horace supported Brutus and fought at Philippi in 42 BC. On his return to Rome, after the defeat, his father was dead and his property confiscated, but he found work in the Treasury. Virgil introduced him to Maecenas in 38, who befriended him and granted him his beloved Sabine farm. After 30 Horace assisted Augustus and when Virgil died in 19, he celebrated Imperial affairs in his poetry. He refused to become Augustus’ private secretary and died a few months after Maecenas.

Horace was a tribune in Brutus’ ill-fated army.

His tribute to his father.

Horace describes his business life in Rome late in 31 BC. He was a member of the guild of clerks, the *scribae*, and had worked in the Treasury. He had been a member of the quaestor’s staff.

He names himself in the text.

He was born on the 8th December 65 BC.
After the defeat at Philippi, Horace who had fought on the side of Brutus, withdrew from the Republican cause, unlike Pompeius Varus and other friends who fought on under Sextus Pompeius. Horace’s family estate at Venusia was confiscated.

Hydaspes
An Indian slave, named from the River Hydaspes, now Djelun.

Hydra
The many-headed water-serpent, born of Typhon and Echidna, that lived at Lerna, near Argos. Its destruction was the Second Labour of Hercules (Heracles).

Hymentus
A mountain in Attica south of Athens. It was famous for its wild-flower pasture for bees (See Pausanias I 32 i.) and therefore its honey.

Hypsaea
A blind woman also named Plotia or Plautia.

Ianus, Janus
The Roman two-headed god of doorways and beginnings, equivalent to the Hindu elephant god Ganesh. The Janus mask is often depicted with one melancholy and one smiling face. The first month of the year in the Julian calendar was named for him, January (*Ianuarius*). His temple, said to have been built by Numa, stood in the Argiletum north of the Forum. It was opened in time of war, closed in peacetime.

*BkIISatIII:1-30 BkIEpI:41-69* Certain arches in the Forum took the name Janus and were the centre of the Roman banking business.

*BkIISatVI:1-39* Horace invokes him as the god of beginnings, and therefore of dawn in the country, and the commencement of this satire.

*BkIEpXVI:46-79* Invoked by the trader and merchant at the beginning of business undertakings.


*BkIEpI:245-270* In times of peace the iron gates of the Temple of Janus were closed. This happened three times in Augustus’ reign.

Iarbitas
A rhetorician.
*BkIEpXIX:1-20* His failed attempt to rival Timagenes.

Iccius
A friend of Horace, procurator of Agrippa’s estates in Sicily.
*BkIEpXII:1-29* This letter addressed to him.
Ides
The middle of the Roman month. The fifteenth of March, May, July and October. The thirteenth of the other months.  
**BkISatVI:65-88** School fees were paid on the Ides.

Ilerda, Lerida
A Spanish town on the River Ebro.  
**BkIEpXX:1-28** Provincial but a part of the extended Empire.

Ilia
Silvia, the daughter of Aeneas (Greek myth) or Numitor (Roman version), the Vestal who bore Romulus and Remus, to the god Mars. She and her sons were claimed as descendants through Aeneas, of Ilus, the founder of Troy.  
**BkISatII:111-134** An ideal woman.

Iliona, Ilione
The heroine of a play by Pacuvius.  
**BkIISatIII:31-63** See the entry for Fufius.

India
The Indian sub-continent.  
**BkIEpI:41-69** A source of trade.  
**BkIEpVI:1-27** A source of pearls and gemstones.

Ino
The daughter of Cadmus, wife of Athamas, and sister of Semele and Agave. She fostered the infant Bacchus. She incurred the hatred of Juno, and maddened by Tisiphone, and the death of her son Learchus, at the hand of his father,
she leapt into the sea, and was changed to the sea-goddess Leucothoë by Neptune, at Venus’ request. AP:119-152 Horace suggests how she should be portrayed.

Io
Daughter of Inachus a river-god of Argolis, she was chased and raped by Jupiter. Changed to a heifer by Jupiter and conceded as a gift to Juno, she was guarded by hundred-eyed Argus. After Mercury killed Argus, driven by Juno’s fury, Io reached the Nile, and was returned to human form. She was subsequently worshiped as an incarnation of Isis (Hathor) AP:119-152 Horace suggests how she should be portrayed.

Italy

Ithaca
The island home of Ulysses-Odysseus, off the coast of Greece, in the Ionian Sea (to the west of mainland Greece, traditionally accepted as the modern Thiaki). BkIISatV:1-22 The home Ulysses longs to return to. BkIEpVI:49-68 His crew disobeyed orders and slaughtered the Cattle of the Sun. BkIEpVII:29-45 Telemachus considered it unfit for horses.

Iulius

Iuno, Juno

Iupitter, Jupiter, Jove
The sky-god, son of Saturn and Rhea, born on Mount Lycauem in Arcadia and nurtured on Mount Ida in Crete. The oak was his sacred tree. His emblems of power were the sceptre and lightning-bolt. His wife and sister was Juno (Iuno). (See the sculpted bust (copy) by Brassides, the Jupiter of Otricoli, Vatican) BkISatI:1-22 BkIIISatI:24-46 The all-powerful god of justice, identified with Augustus. BkISatII:1-22 His name used as an exclamation of surprise. BkIIISatIII:281-299 Prayed to in sickness. His fast days, adhered to by the Jews, were on dies Iovis, the day corresponding to our Thursday. BkIEpI:70-109 The wise man is second only to Jove. BkIEpXII:1-29 BkIEpXVIII:86-112 Jove is the supreme power. BkIEpXVI:25-45 Rome and Augustus are under his protection.
Touching his throne is achieving an ultimate ambition.

Horace’s poems said to be reserved for Jove’s ear, perhaps an allusion to Augustus.

The ultimate judge.

Ixion
King of the Lapithae, father of Pirithoüs, and of the Centaurs. Punished in Hades for attempting to seduce Juno, he was fastened to a continually turning wheel.

Horace suggests how he should be portrayed.

Kalends
The first day of each month.

The days on which payments fell due.

Possibly Marcus Antistius Labeo, an amateur expert on law.

Noted for his crazy judgements.

Laberius
Decimus Laberius (c115-43BC), a Roman knight who wrote mimes, and was compelled to act in them by Julius Caesar. He revived archaisms, coined words and was often obscene. His work is lost.

His verse comedies.

Laelius
Gaiuls Laelius Sapiens a friend of Scipio and Terence. He was respected for his sagacity and oratory.
Laertiades, see Ulysses
BkIISatV:45-69 Ulysses was the son of Laertes of Ithaca, son of Arceisius.

Laevinus
Publius Valerius Laevinus. A descendant of Publius Valerius Publicola colleague of Brutus in the consulship of 509BC.
BkISatVI:1-44 Of high birth but poor character according to Horace.

Lamia (1)
A Greek witch that preyed on children, a vampire.
AP:333-365 An example of what not to show on stage.

Lamia (2)
Lucius Aelius Lamia, a friend of Horace. One of the Aelii Lamia, a distinguished family from Formiae in South Latium. Perhaps consul in 3AD. His brother was probably Quintus Aelius Lamia, commissioner of the mint around 20BC. (See Odes iii.17.i)
BkIEpXIV:1-30 He is grieving for his brother.

Lares
Beneficent spirits watching over the household, fields, public areas etc. They were the public gods of the crossroads, the Lares Compitales, or Praestites, enshrined in pairs, providing protection, deriving from Etruscan and Sabine deities, as the single family Lar provided household
protection. Each house had a Lararium where the image of the *Lar* was kept. The *Lar* is usually coupled with the *Poenates* the gods of the larder. The yearly festival of the public *Lares* was the *Compitalia*.

BkISatV:34-70 Sarmentus’ slave chain suggested as an offering to the Lares.

BkIISatIII:142-167 They protect a man from foolish excesses, and should be granted offerings to acknowledge their propitious powers.

BkIISatV:1-22 First fruits were offered to the Lar.

BkIIISatVI:59-76 Offerings were made to the Lar before the *mensa secunda* with its wine-drinking.

Latium
A country in Central Italy, containing *Rome*. The modern Lazio region. It originally designated the small area between the mouth of the *Tiber* and the *Alban* Hills. With the Roman conquest it was extended south-east to the Gulf of Gaeta, and west to the mountains of Abruzzo, forming the so-called *Latium novum* or *adiectum*.

BkIEpXIX:21-49 Horace is writing for its audience.

BkIIEpI:156-181 The Romans adopted Greek models in literature.


Laurentum
The marshy district between Ardea and Ostia.

BkIISatIV:40-69 The source of inferior wild boar.

Laverna
The goddess of thieves and imposers.  
*BkI E p XVI:46-79* Secretly invoked by the devious man.

**Lebedus**  
A small coastal town fifteen miles west of Colophon.  
*BkI E p XI:1-30* The point of the often misunderstood lines here is that Horace with heavy irony suggests Bullatius might as well go the whole hog and choose deserted Lebedus as a place to live. The vellem is an ironic ‘if I were you I’d choose’.

**Leo**  
The constellation and zodiacal sign of the Lion. It contains the star Regulus ‘the heart of the lion’, one of the four guardians of the heavens in Babylonian astronomy, which lies nearly on the ecliptic. (The others are Aldebaran in Taurus, Antares in Scorpius, and Fomalhaut ‘the Fish’s Eye’ in Piscis Austrinus. All four are at roughly ninety degrees to one another). The constellation represents the lion killed by Hercules as the first of his twelve labours.  
*BkI E p X:1-25* The sun is in Leo in August, and the sun’s rays therefore pierce it and prompt the lion to charge in rage.

**Lepidus**  
Quintus Aemilius Lepidus was elected consul in 21BC, as Lollius’ colleague after Augustus had refused the place left vacant.  
*BkI E p XX:1-28* Horace was born on the 8th December 65BC.
Lepos
A well-known male mime and dancer, supposedly admired by Augustus.
BkIISatVI:59-76 Mentioned.

Lesbos
The island in the eastern Aegean. Among its cities were Mytilene and Methymna. Famous as the home of Sappho the poetess, whose love of women gave rise to the term lesbian.
BkIEpXI:1-30 A famous island.

Liber, see Bacchus
BkISatIV:86-106 The god of wine, and ‘in vino veritas.’
BkIEpXIX:1-20 The god of wine.
BkIIEpI:1-33 Deified.

Libitina
An ancient Italian goddess sometimes identified with Proserpina. She presided over funerals. Funeral equipment was stored in her temple in Rome.
BkIISatVI:1-39 The autumn carries off the sick and weak.
BkIIEpI:34-62 Dead poets.

Libo
He set up a tribunal at the Puteal, or Libo’s Wall.
BkIISatVI:1-39 His wall (around a well) was the site of the Roman Exchange and bore his name.
BkIEpXIX:1-20 A place of sobriety (ironically appropriate being a well-head)
Libya
A desert region of North Africa.

BkIIISatIII:82-110 An incident there involving Aristippus.
BkIEpX:1-25 Numidian marble used for mosaics etc.

Licinus
A barber.
AP:295-332 Mentioned.

Livius
Livius Andronicus of Tarentum, earliest of Latin writers. He produced two plays a tragedy and a comedy in 240BC. He also translated the Odyssey. He died 204BC.
BkIIIEpI:34-62 BkIIIEpI:63-89 The earliest Roman writer.

Lollius (1)
Marcus Lollius consul in 21BC.
BkIEpXX:1-28 Later in the year Quintus Aemilius Lepidus was elected as Lollius’ colleague after Augustus had refused the place left vacant. Horace was born on the 8th December 65BC.

Lollius (2)
Probably a relative of Marcus Lollius, Maximus served under Augustus in the Cantabrian campaign in Spain in 26/25BC.
BkIIIEpII:1-31 The epistle is addressed to him. He is practising rhetoric in Rome.
BkIEpXVIII:1-36 This epistle also addressed to him, with advice on how to treat a patron.
Longarenus
Unknown.
BkISatII:64-85 A lover of Fausta.

Lucania
A district of lower Italy.
BkIISatI:24-46 Venusia is near its border.
BkIISatIII:224-246 BkIISatVIII:1-19 Good boar-hunting territory.
BkIEpXV:1-25 The girls of the region.
BkIIEpII:155-179 Pasture land there.

Lucilius
Gaius Lucilius, the friend of Cicero, and writer of satires (c180-102 BC). He was a wealthy knight from Suessa Aurunca on the borders of Campania and Latium. A large number of fragments of his work survive. He attacked prominent contemporaries by name, and so provided a Roman equivalent to Aristophanes and the Old Comedy. BkISatIV:1-25 Horace praises and also criticises him.
BkISatIV:26-62 An example of a great Satirist.
BkISatX:1-30 Horace’s criticism of his style.
BkISatX:50-71 Lucilius’ own criticism of others.
BkIISatI:1-23 He wrote about Scipio Africanus.
BkIISatI:24-46 Horace considers Lucilius a better man than himself.
BkIISatI:47-86 Lucilius’ satires were tolerated.

Lucrine Lake
The Lucrine Lake near Cumae on the coast of Campania.
BkIISatIV:24-39 Its large mussel, peloris.
Lucullus
Lucius Licinius Lucullus fought as a general in the war (74-67BC) against Mithridates king of Pontus, and was noted for his wealth, and luxurious style of living.
BkIEpVI:28-48 A story regarding his wealth.
BkIIEpII:26-54 A story regarding on of his soldiers (and with a financial slant.)

Lupus
Lucius Cornelius Lentulus Lupus, Consul in 156 BC. Censor in 147BC, and leader of the Senate from 130BC. An opponent of Scipio.
BkIISatI:47-86 Attacked by Lucilius.

Lycambes
The father of Neobule who was promised to Archilochus.
BkIEpXIX:21-49 He broke faith, and was pilloried by Archilochus in verse.

Lycia
A country in Asia Minor, south of Caria, bordering the Mediterranean.
BkISatVII:1-35 Glaucus was a Lycian.

Lydia
A country in Asia Minor, containing Ephesus, with its temple of Artemis-Diana, and Smyrna. Famous for its wealth.
BkISatVI:1-44 Maecenas’ ancestors were Etruscans and therefore of Lydian ancestry.
Lynceus
One of the Argonauts, the son of Aphareus and brother of Ida. He was also present at the Calydonian Boar Hunt.
BkISatII:86-110  BkIEpI:20-40 Famous for his keen (lynx-eyed) sight.

Lysippus
The famous Greek sculptor from Sicyon (fourth century BC.) He worked in bronze and was noted for portraiture, and a new system of proportion for naturalistic human figures.
BkIIIEpI:214-244 Court sculptor to Alexander the Great.

Maecenas
Gaius Maecenas (c70-8BC) diplomat, private citizen, patron of the arts, friend of Augustus. He was a knight from an old Etruscan house. Never a senator he nevertheless was a close advisor of Augustus for many years. His protégés included Virgil, Horace and Propertius.
BkISatI:1-22 Horace addresses him, as his patron.
BkISatIII:55-75 Their intimate friendship.
BkISatV:1-33 Horace travels with him from Rome to Brindisi (and possibly Tarentum) in 38 or 37 BC.
BkISatV:34-70 He enjoys some ‘sport’ at Capua, Horace playing on the double meanings!
BkISatVI:1-44 His ancestors were Lydians who settled in Tuscany.
BkISatVI:45-64 Horace claims his friendship, which causes envy in others. Horace was recommended to Maecenas by Virgil and Varus.
Maecenas laid out his *Horti*, Gardens which were one of Rome’s beauty spots, on the site of an old pauper cemetery outside the famous *Agger* or Mound of Servius on the north-east side of Rome.

The target of men seeking advantage. Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts.

Damasippus accuses Horace of imitating whatever Maecenas does.

As a public clerk Horace was often involved in Maecenas’ business.

The satire was written in about 31BC, four years after Maecenas had given Horace his *Sabine* farm, and seven years after the start of their friendship.

Horace rushes to accept his invitations.

Present at a dinner party Horace hears of.

The Epistles addressed to him, as are the Satires, Odes and Epodes.

An apparent reproach to Horace for a lengthy stay in the country is answered.

This epistle addressed to him. He is described as learned, cultured.

Spurius Maecius Tarpa, appointed by Pompey to select plays for the theatre. The scholiasts say the plays were judged in the Temple of the *Muses*. (He was known to Cicero: *Ad fam.* vii)

Mentioned.
Maenius
A spendthrift who figured in the satires of Lucilius.
BkISatIII:1-24 Mentioned.
BkIEpXV:26-46 Described.

Maia
The daughter of Atlas. A Pleiad, and mother of Mercury by Jupiter.
BkISatVI:1-39 The mother of Mercury.

Maltinus, Malchinus
Unknown
BkISatII:23-46 A sloppy dresser.

Mamurra
A notorious favourite of Julius Caesar, he hailed from his family’s town of Formiae. He was Caesar’s chief engineer in Gaul.
BkISatV:34-70 Horace passes through Formiae.

Mandela
The modern Cantalupo Bardella, a village on the hill, across the Digentia, two miles from Horace’s farm.
BkIEpXVIII:86-112 The village water supply was the Digentia.

Manes
The di manes were the good deities, a generic term for the gods of the lower world, and later for the shades of the dead who were regarded as divine.
BkIIIEpI:118-155 They are placated by poetry and song.
Marius
Unknown.
BkIISatIII:247-280 A lover who murdered his mistress.

Marsaeus
Unknown.
BkISatII:47-63 Lover of an actress whom he ruined himself for.

Marsyas
A Satyr of Phrygia who challenged Apollo to a contest in musical skill, and was flayed alive by the God when he was defeated. (An analogue for the method of making primitive flutes, Minerva’s invention, by extracting the core from the outer sheath) (See Perugino’s painting – Apollo and Marsyas – The Louvre, Paris)
BkISatVI:110-131 A statue of the Satyr stood in the Forum near the praetor’s tribunal showing him as a follower of Bacchus with a wine-skin over his left shoulder, his right arm raised and a pained expression on his face. The usurer Novius had his table nearby. Horace has fun with the appearance of their respective faces.

Massic
From the Mons Massicus in Campania.
BkIISatIV:40-69 Massic wine.

Matutinus, see Janus

Maximus, see Lollius
Medea
The daughter of Aeetes, king of Colchis and the Caucasian nymph Asterodeia. A famous sorceress. She conceived a passion for Jason and subsequently assisted and ultimately harmed him by witchcraft.
AP:119-152 Horace suggests how she should be portrayed. 
AP:153-188 She killed Glauce her rival, and then sacrificed her own sons, before fleeing to Athens where she married King Aegeus.

Meleager
King of Calydon, the son of Oeneus, and Althaea, daughter of Thestius.
AP:119-152 The uncle of Diomede.

Memnon
The Ethiopian son of Tithonus and Aurora fought for Troy in the Trojan War with Greece. He was killed by Achilles, but his mother Aurora begged Jupiter for funeral honours, and he created the warring flock of birds, the Memnonides, from his ashes.
BkISatX:31-49 A reference to Furius’ Aethiopia.

Mena, Menas
A name contracted from the Greek Menodorus. A freedman taking his name Volteius from his patron.
BkIEpVII:46-98 His tale.

Menander
The Greek Attic writer of New Comedy (342-c290BC)
Horace has taken his writings along.
"Afranius" compared to him.

Menelaus
The younger son of Atreus, brother of Agamemnon, hence called Atrides minor. Paris’ theft of his wife Helen instigated the Trojan War.
Ajax attempted to kill him.

Menenius
A madman.
Taken by Chrysippus as the type of the truly mad.

Mercury
The messenger god, Hermes, son of Jupiter and the Pleiad Maia, the daughter of Atlas. He was therefore called Atlantiades. His birthplace was Mount Cyllene, and he was therefore called Cyllenius. He had winged feet, and a winged cap, carried a scimitar, and had a magic wand, the caduceus, with twin snakes twined around it, that brought sleep and healing. The caduceus is the symbol of medicine. (See Botticelli’s painting Primavera.) Mercury was associated with trade, theft, communication, good luck, and profit.
A ‘friend of Mercury’ implies a deft trader and dealer, with a hint of being a thief.
The god of luck and propitious gifts.
A name associated with the aristocratic Valerian family. One famous Messalla was Marcus Valerius Messalla Corvinus (64BC-8AD) distinguished soldier, statesman and supporter of the arts, a patron of Ovid and Tibullus, Lygdaus, Valgius Rufus and Aemilius Macer. Sulpicia was his niece. He switched sides adroitly during the Civil Wars fighting for Octavian at Actium in 31. He celebrated a triumph as proconsul of Gaul in 27, was city prefect in 25, Rome’s first overseer of aqueducts in 11, and nine years later proposed the title *pater patriae*: Father of the Country for Augustus. Noted for public works he was with Paullus Fabius Maximus the most influential of Ovid’s patrons. The father of Messalinus and his younger brother Cotta.

The name mentioned, as an example of aristocratic status.

BkISatVI:1-44 His oratory in legal cases.

BkISatX:1-30 AP:366-407 His oratory in legal cases.

BkISatX:72-92 Horace seeks his approval of his and his brother’s literary efforts. The brother was Lucius Gellius Publicola, consul in 36BC.

Messius, see Cicirrhus

Metella
Perhaps Caecilia Metella the wife of Publius Cornelius Lentulus Spinther. She had an affair with Cicero’s son-in-law Dolabella.

BkIISatIII:224-246 She flaunted her wealth.

Metellus
Quintus Caecilius Metellus Macedonicus, Consul in 143BC. He was an opponent of Scipio, and led campaigns in Macedonia, Greece and Spain. 
**BkIIISatI:47-86** Attacked by Lucilius.

Methymna
A town on the island of Lesbos. 
**BkIIISatVIII:42-78** Famous for its wine.

Miletus
The southern Ionian city in Asia Minor. 
**BkIEpXVII:1-32** Famous for its wool.

Milonius
Unknown. 
**BkIIISatI:24-46** A heavy drinker who likes to dance when drunk.

Mimnermus
An elegiac poet (7th century BC) from Colophon. 
**BkIEpVI:49-68** Horace imitates the Greek original (translated ‘What is intimate love life or pleasure without golden Aphrodite? Let me die if I do not value, intimate love, bed, and tender gifts.’) 
**BkIIIEpII:87-125** He made the elegy a vehicle for love-poetry, and therefore Propertius is the likely reference. (See Propertius I.9.11 where he says that regarding love a line of Mimnermus carries more power than Homer)

Minerva
The Roman name for Athene the goddess of the mind and women’s arts (also a goddess of war and the goddess of boundaries – see the Stele of Athena, bas-relief, Athens, Acropolis Museum)

**BkIIEpII:180-216** Her festival the Quinquatrus.

**AP:366-407** To act without Minerva would be to act unintelligently.

**Minturnae**

A city of **Latium**, three miles from the sea, on the border of **Campania** it was the chief Tyrrhenian river-port of the Ausoni, becoming a Roman colony in 295BC, and on the **Appian** Way. (Near modern Minturno, and built amidst malarial marshes formed by the overflowing River Garigliano, the ancient Liris. Here the proscribed Marius, taken prisoner in 88BC, daunted the would-be assassin sent by Sulla.)

**BkIEpV:1-31** Wine from there.

**Minucius**

He gave his name to the **Via Minucia** from **Beneventum** to **Brundisium**.

**BkIEpXVIII:1-36** Possibly the route Horace took in Satire I.V, running north of the **Via Appia** from Beneventum through **Canusium** and **Barium**, and identical with the road later known as the **Via Traina**. It was shorter but rougher possibly than the **Via Appia**. Here there is a dispute as to which route is better.

**Misenum**
A promontory in Campania on the north-west end of the Bay of Naples.
BkIIISatIV:24-39 A source of sea-urchins eaten in Rome.

Molossians
Inhabitants of Eastern Epirus.
BkIIISatVI:77-115 They bred famous hounds.

Moschus
A rhetorician from Pergamum. He was accused of poisoning, defended unsuccessfullly, and exiled to Marseilles. Asinius Pollio was one of his lawyers.
BkIEpV:1-31 Torquatus was involved with defending his case.

Mucius
There were three distinguished laywers called Mucius Scaevola. Publius, consul in 133BC, Quintus, consul in 117BC, and the other Quintus, consul in 95BC.
BkIIIEpII:87-125 The first, Publius, was a contemporary of the Gracchi, and probably intended here.

Mulvius
A hanger-on to Horace.
BkIIISatVII:21-45 His sneer at Horace.

Munatius
Possibly a son of Lucius Munatius Plancus (see Horace’s Odes i.7.9) consul in 42BC.
Murena
Varro Murena, Maecenas’ brother-in-law. Consul in 23BC. Involved in a conspiracy with Fannius Caepio and executed in 22BC.
BkISatV:34-70 Horace stayed at Murena’s residence in Formiae on his way to Brindisi.

Musa, see Antonius

Muse
The nine Muses are the virgin daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne (Memory). They are the patronesses of the arts: Clio (History), Melpomene (Tragedy), Thalia (Comedy), Euterpe (Lyric Poetry), Terpsichore (Dance), Calliope (Epic Poetry), Erato (Love Poetry), Urania (Astronomy), and Polyhymnia (Sacred Song). Mount Helicon is hence called Virgineus. Their epithets are Aonides, and Thespiades.
BkIISatIII:82-110 BkIIEpI:214-244 The Muses are identified with music, poetry and the arts, and inspire the creator.
BkIISatVI:1-39 The Muse of satire, Horace’s Muse, is a prosaic one.
BkIEpVIII:1-17 Horace addresses his personal Muse.
BkIEpXIX:21-49 The Muse of Sappho.
BkIIEpI:1-33 The Roman people naively attributed all ancient writings to them.
BkIIEpI:118-155 The Muse inspired Horace’s Carmen Saeculare in 17BC.
Extravagant compliment would attribute a fine work to the Muses themselves. The inspirer of lyric poetry. Horace quotes approximately from the opening of the *Odyssey.* The Greek Muse.

Mutus

Mytilene
The main city of the island of Lesbos. A famous city.

Naevius (1)
A spendthrift. A type of prodigality. The same or perhaps another unknown character.

Naevius (2)
The Roman poet, active from about 240BC, died 199BC. He wrote tragedies and comedies, as well as an epic on the Punic War, *Bellum Punicum* (in Saturnian metre) which influenced the *Aeneid.* Only fragments of his works survive. A respected ancient writer.

Nasica
A fortune-hunter.
In debt to Coranus he marries his daughter to him, hoping to ultimately escape the debts by inheriting his wealth.

Nasidienus
Rufus Nasidienus, probably a purely fictional parvenu.

His dinner party.

Natta
Unknown.

His use of lamp-oil.

Neptune
God of the sea, brother of Pluto and Jupiter.

The sea, and its power.

Horace quotes examples of great projects involving water: the building of the Julian harbour on the coast of Campania whereby Agrippa connected Lake Avernus to Lake Lucrinus, and a canal was made between the Lucrine and the Tuscan sea, navigable to shipping (note Virgil: Georgics ii.161): the draining of the Pomptine marshes planned by Julius Caesar and executed by Augustus: the straightening of the Tiber to protect against flood-damage.

Nerius
A moneylender.

One who takes foolish risks on a debtor who will be unable to repay.
Nero, Tiberius **Claudius**

_BkII EpII:1-25_ Horace calls Tiberius both Nero and Claudius.

Nestor

King of Pylos, son of Neleus, long-lived, and famous for his wisdom.

_BkIEpII:1-31_ He tried to reconcile **Achilles** and **Agamemnon**, when they quarrelled at **Troy** (*Iliad* 1.247)

Nomentanus (1)
A spendthrift.

_BkISatI:92-121_ A type of prodigality.

_BkISatVIII:1-22_ Buried in a pauper’s grave.

_BkISatI:1-23 BkISatIII:168-186_ A wastrel.

_BkISatIII:224-246_ Profligacy condemned by the **Stoics**.

Nomentanus (2)
A hanger-on. Maybe identical with **Nomentanus (1)**.

_BkISatVIII:20-41 BkISatVIII:42-78_ Present at a dinner party Horace hears of.

Novius
Unknown.

_BkISatIII:1-24_ Criticised for his faults by **Maenius**.

_BkISatVI:1-44_ Example of a man risen from a humble background.

Numa

Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome (trad. 715-673BC). Having been instructed by **Pythagoras** (Ovid tells
the fable) he returned to Latium, ruled there, taught the arts of peace, and died. His wife was Egeria, the nymph.

BkIEpVI:1-27 One of the famous dead.
BkIIEpI:63-89 The Salii priesthood instituted by Numa.
AP:275-294 The Pisos claimed descent from him.

Numicius
An unknown friend of Horace.
BkIEpVI:1-27 This epistle addressed to him.

Octavius
Octavius Musa, poet, historian and friend of Horace.
BkISatX:72-92 Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts.

Ofellus
An Apulian peasant, a wise neighbour of Horace.
BkIIISatII:1-22 His advice on plain living.
BkIIISatII:53-69 Plain living is not the same as meanness.
BkIIISatII:112-136 His philosophy of acceptance. He had probably lost his farm for supporting the losing side at Philippi in 42BC, as Horace and Vergil lost theirs.

Olympia
The site of the pan-Hellenic Greek Games in Elis. An Olympiad was the period of five years covering successive Games at Olympia, celebrated every fifth year inclusive from 776BC, and therefore a useful measure of time.
BkIEpI:41-69 The winners were awarded the victor’s palm.

Opimius
A miser.
**BkIISatIII:142-167** His meanness even in extremis.

Oppidius
Unknown. From **Canusium**.
**BkIISatIII:168-186** His advice to his sons.

Orbilius
A native of **Beneventum** who set up a school there, and later in Rome from 63BC when he was fifty. He lived to be a hundred and was honoured with a statue in his home town.
**BkIIEpI:63-89** Horace’s teacher when a boy.

Orbius
A rich landowner.
**BkIIEpII:155-179**. Horace’s argument here is facetious as economics, but he is making the deeper point that in a transient world possession in a spiritual sense is an illusion, since all ownership is impermanent.

Orcus
The Underworld.
**BkIISatV:45-69** Going to Orcus is a synonym for dying.
**BkIIEpII:155-179** Death, the grim repaer.

Orestes
The son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, brother of Iphigenia and **Electra**. **Pylades** was his loyal friend. He avenged Agamemnon’s death. (See **Aeschylus**, the Oresteia)
He killed his mother in revenge for the murder of his father by her and her lover Aegisthus. Horace suggests how he should be portrayed.

Marsaeus was her lover.

Orpheus
The mythical musician of Thrace, son of Oeagrus and Calliope the Muse. His lyre, given to him by Apollo, and invented by Hermes-Mercury, is the constellation Lyra containing the star Vega. (See John William Waterhouse’s painting – Nymphs finding the head of Orpheus – Private Collection, and Gustave Moreau’s painting – Orpheus – in the Gustave Moreau Museum, Paris: See Peter Vischer the Younger’s Bronze relief – Orpheus and Eurydice – Museum für Kunst und Gewerbe, Hamburg: and the bas-relief – Hermes, Eurydice and Orpheus – a copy of a votive stele attributed to Callimachus or the school of Phidias, Naples, National Archaeological Museum: Note also Rilke’s - Sonnets to Orpheus – and his Poem - Orpheus, Eurydice and Hermes.) The power of his lyre to create law and order.

Osiris
A primitive people of Italy. Messius is an Oscan.
The Egyptian god, Ousir, identified with Dis and Bacchus-Dionysus. A nature god, the son of Geb and Nut, born in Thebes in Upper Egypt. His consort was Isis. The story is of his death initiated by his brother Set, and his resurrection thanks to Isis, Thoth, Anubis and Horus.

BkIEpXVII:33-62 Familiar in Rome through the cult of Isis which introduced more empathetic and compassionate protoChristian values to Roman religion.

Pacideianus
A well-known gladiator.
BkIIISatVII:95-118 A wall-sketch for advertising purposes involving him.

Pacuvius
The tragic poet (219-129BC), Ennius’ nephew. He wrote tragedies based on Greek models.
BkIIIEpI:34-62 Respected for his learning.

Paetus
A cognomen associated with the Aelii and Papirii families.
BkISatIII:25-54 A polite name meaning squint-eyed.

Palatine
The Palatine was the most important of Rome’s seven hills and traditionally the site of the earliest settlements adjacent to the Tiber, south-east of the Capitoline and north of the Aventine. It became a highly fashionable residential area, and Augustus lived there in a house that had belonged to the orator Quintus Hortensius. Other residents included Cicero and Mark Antony.
The Palatine Library was sited there in the Temple of Apollo.

Pantilius
Unknown.
A worthless critic.

Pantolabus
A parasite.
Buried in a pauper’s grave.
A parasite.

Paris
Prince of Troy, son of Priam and Hecuba, brother of Hector. His theft of Menelaüs’ wife Helen provoked the Trojan War.
He resisted the idea of returning Helen to Greece.

Paros
One of the Cyclades in the Southern Aegean. An island celebrated for its marble quarries.
Archilochus was born there. His poetic metre.

Parmensis, see Cassius

Parthians
The inhabitants of Persia (modern Iraq) and areas north-east of the Caspian Sea.
The eastern borders of the Empire, subdued with difficulty. The Parthians were noted for their archery and horsemanship. Octavian was in the east in 30BC and intended to lead a campaign to recover Crassus’ standards after his defeat in 53BC. They were recovered by negotiation in 20BC. Propertius is amusing on the subject.

The ‘terror’ of Parthia is Octavian, later Augustus, and also Rome itself.

The Parthians were proverbial liars.

Paulus
An aristocratic name associated with the Aemilian family. For example Lucius Aemilius Paulus, consul in 216 BC. His son was the conqueror of Perseus, and the younger Scipio Africanus was in turn his son.

Pausias
A Greek painter (4th Century BC) from Sicyon, a contemporary of Apelles.

Pedum
An ancient town between Tibur and Praeneste.

Pediatia
A derogatory feminine name given to an unknown man Pediusatus.  
**BkISatVIII:23-50** Mentioned.

Pedius Publicola  
Unknown.  
**BkISatX:1-30** An orator, possibly the son of Quintus Pedius consul in 43BC.

Peleus  
The son of Aeacus, king of Aegina. He killed his brother Phocus and fled to Trachin, where Ceyx gave him sanctuary.  
**AP:73-118** A famous tragic exile.

Pelides, see **Achilles**  
**BkIEpII:1-31** Achilles was the son of **Peleus**.

Penelope  
The wife of **Ulysses**, and daughter of Icarius and the Naiad Periboa.  
**BkIISatV:70-88 BkIEpII:1-31** She was wooed unsuccessfully by one hundred and eight Suitors during Ulysses’ twenty year absence, as recounted in **Homer**’s *Odyssey*. They lived in his palace, idly, and consumed his estate and resources.

Pentheus  
The son of Echion and Agave, the grandson of **Cadmus** through his mother. He was King of **Thebes**. **Tiresias** foretold his fate at the hands of the Maenads. He rejected
the worship of Bacchus-Dionysus and ordered the capture of the god. He interrogated Acoetes, the priest of Bacchus, who was in fact the god in disguise. The god subsequently had him torn to pieces by the Bacchantes.

BkIEpXVI:46-79 Horace paraphrases Euripides’ Bacchae (492-8). The disguised Bacchus defies Pentheus. Similarly the convinced Stoic is always free to choose death, which is the final chalk-line, linea, the goal at the end of the race-course. Another possible source is Pacuvius’ Pentheus of the 2nd century BC.

Perellius
A moneylender.

BkIIISatIII:64-81 One who takes foolish risks on a debtor who will be unable to repay.

Persius
A wealthy Graeco-Roman from Clazomenae.

BkISatVII:1-35 His dispute with Rex.

Petillius Capitolinus
Unknown. He was accused of stealing Jupiter’s gold crown from the Capitol. Plautus alludes to this (Trinummmus 83, Menaechmi 941). His cognomen of Capitolinus was unfortunate!

BkISatIV:86-106 An example of Maecenas’ defence of his friends.

BkISatX:1-30 His long and difficult case.

Petrinus
A mountain near Sinuessa.
Phaeacians
The people of the island of Scherie (modern Corfu) in the Odyssey. Alcinous was their king. They lived a rich, contented life.

Proverbially fat and healthy.

Philippi, Filibi
The site in eastern Macedonia of the battle, in 42BC, between the forces of Ocatavian and Antony, and those of Brutus and Cassius the conspirators who had murdered Julius Caesar.

After the defeat at Philippi, Horace who had fought on the side of Brutus, withdrew from the Republican cause, unlike Pompeius Varus and other friends who fought on under Sextus Pompeius. Horace’s family estate at Venusia was confiscated.

Philippus (1)
Lucius Marcius Philippus, consul in 91BC, a distinguished lawyer.

The tale of his patronage.

Philippus (2)
Gold coins with the portrait of Philip of Macedon which circulated freely throughout the Greek world.

Choerilus was paid with them.

Philodemus
The Greek Epicurean philosopher (c110-c37BC) of Gadara. He was a contemporary of Cicero.

His epigrams survive in the Greek Anthology, though not the one referred to here. He was a client of Lucius Calpurnius Piso who was attacked by Cicero in his *In Pisonem*.

Phraates
King of Parthia.

In 20BC, he returned the Roman standards captured from Crassus at Carrhae in 53BC. His son captured by his rival Tiridates five years previously was returned to him in exchange. The event was widely celebrated.

Picenum
A region of Italy on the Adriatic.

Its apples.

Pieria
Pieria in Thessaly was a haunt of the Muses.

Poetry inspired by the Muses.

Pindar
The lyric poet of Boeotian Thebes (after 442BC), who was famous for his odes, many celebrating the winning athletes at the Games. He was imitated by Rufus (possibly a reference to Lucius Varius) a poet in Ovid’s list of his lesser contemporaries.

Horace suggests he influenced Titius, which may be a pseudonym for Varius.
Pisos, Pisones

Pitholeon, Pitholaus
Usually identified with Pitholaus who wrote abusive epigrams. (Suetonius: Julius Caesar 75) BkISatX:1-30 His blend of Greek and Latin words.

Plato (1)
The Greek Attic poet, writer of Middle Comedy (active c425-390BC) BkIISatIII:1-30 Horace has taken his writings along.

Plato (2)
The Athenian philosopher (429-347BC). A disciple of Socrates he laid the foundations of later philosophy, teaching in the Academy in Athens, and articulating legal, moral, aesthetic and political thinking. He developed the theory of ideal Forms or concepts (Ideas). BkIISatII:70-88 Horace echoes Phaedo 83D, where Plato suggests that every pain is a nail, fixing the soul to the body. Also see Cicero De Senuctute 21.78 where the human spirit is seen as a part of the divine spirit imprisoned in the human body. BkIISatIV:1-23 Mentioned as a famous philosopher.
Plautus
The Roman comic poet, born in Umbria, died sometime after 184BC. He wrote over twenty popular comedies. 
BkIIEpI:34-62 He modelled his style on Epicharmus. 
BkIIEpI:156-181 Horace criticises his motives and populist style. 
AP:38-72 An example of a great earlier writer who coined new words and phrases. 
AP:153-188 The cantor probably stood near the flautist and sang the cantica of the play while the actor mimed. Plautus’ and Terence’s comedies all end with plaudite or an equivalent phrase. 
AP:251-274 Horace does not rate him for metre or wit. 

Plotius
Plotius Tucca edited the Aeneid with Varius after the death of Virgil, performing the role of literary executors. 
BkISatV:34-70 He joins the party at Sinuessa. 
BkISatX:72-92 Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts. 

Polemon
An Athenian libertine and fop (d.270BC) 
BkIIISatIII:247-280 He was converted by Xenocrates, after hearing him lecture on temperance when returning from a banquet. He eschewed his former lifestyle succeeding his master as head of the Academic school of philosophy in 314/3BC. 

Pollio
Gaius Asinius Pollio, statesman, orator, and tragic poet. He was Consul in 40BC, and fought a successful military campaign the year after. He was still active when Horace wrote. He also wrote speeches, criticism, letters, and a history of the Civil War.

**BkISatX:31-49** His epic style.

**BkISatX:72-92** Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts.

Pollux
The son of King **Tyndareus** of Sparta and Leda, and one of the twin Dioscuri, brother of **Castor**.

**BkIIEpI:1-33** Deified.

Pompeius Grosphus, see **Grosphus**

Pompilius, see **Numa**
Numa Pompilius was the second King of Rome. The Calpurnian clan to which the **Pisos** belonged claimed its descent from Numa.

**AP:275-294** Horace addresses the Piso brothers.

Pomponius
A character in a play.

**BkISatIV:26-62** Mentioned.

Porcius
A hanger-on of **Nasidienus**.

**BkIIISatVIII:20-41** Present at a dinner party Horace hears of.
Praeneste, Palestrina
The modern Palestrina, a hill resort, about twenty-three miles south east of Rome.  
**BkISatVII:1-35 Rex**’s home town.  
**BkIEpII:1-31** Horace writes from there.

Priam
The King of **Troy** at the time of the Trojan War, the son of Laomedon, husband of Hecuba, by whom he had many children, including **Hector**.  
**BkISatVII:1-35** Father of Hector.  
**BkIISatIII:187-223** King of Troy.  
**AP:119-152** The collections of post-Homeric epics were arranged in a cycle from the origins of the world to the end of the heroic age.

Priapus
The Pan of Mysia in Asia Minor venerated as Lampsacus, the God of gardens and vineyards. His phallic image was placed in orchards and gardens. He presided over the fecundity of fields, flocks, beehives, fishing and vineyards. He became part of the retinue of **Bacchus**.  
**BkISatVIII:1-22** His statue in the Gardens on the **Esquiline**.

Priscus
Unknown.  
**BkIISatVII:1-20** His changeable temperament.

Procne
The daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, married to Tereus, king of Thrace. Tereus raped and mutilated her
sister, and told Procne that Philomela was dead. Philomela communicated with her by means of a woven message, and she rescued her during the Bacchic rites. She murdered her son Itys and served the flesh to Tereus. Pursued by Tereus she turned into a nightingale. The bird’s call, mourning Itys, is said to be ‘Itu! Itu!’ which is something like the occasional ‘chooc, chooc’ among its wide range of notes. AP:153-188 Her turning into a bird not to be shown on stage.

Proserpina, Persephone
Proserpine, daughter of Ceres-Demeter. Ceres searches for her after she is abducted by Pluto-Dis. She is the co-ruler of the Underworld with Dis. BkIISatV:89-110 She calls Tiresias back to the land of shades.

Proteus
The sea-god who can shift his form. BkIISatIII:64-81 Slippery as a debtor who can’t pay. BkIEpI:70-109 Unstable as Proteus’ shifting faces.

Publicola, see Messalla

Publius
A first name (praenomen). BkIISatV:23-44 Horace makes the point that we all from vanity are influenced by hearing our first names used, a regular marketing ploy!

Pullus
A cognomen associated with the Fabii and Iunii families. 
[BkISatIII:25-54] A polite name meaning puny.

Pupius
A tragic poet and dramatist. 
[BkIEpI:41-69] Horace obviously had a low opinion of his works. Being a *equites* would under Roscian law merely allow a closer view of the things!

Puteal
*Libo*’s Wall. A *puteal* was a low wall round a well-head. The site in the Forum near the Arch of Fabius had been struck by lightning and was regarded as sacred. 
[BkIIISatVI:1-39] The praetor’s tribunal was nearby.

Pylades
Orestes’ loyal friend.  

Pyrria
Possibly a servant girl in a comedy by Titinius (active in the mid second century BC.) 

Pythagoras
The famous Greek philosopher of Samos, the Ionian island, who took up residence at Crotona in Italy. His school was later revived at Tarentum. He flourished in the second half of the 6th century BC. He famously taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, metempsychosis, 
Pythagoras prohibited the eating of beans, and the eating of animal flesh since animals might contain the transmigrated souls of our relatives. Horace here combines the two!

Ennius claimed in Pythagorean manner to possess the soul of Homer.

Pythia
The Pythian games were instituted at Delphi by Apollo. They were celebrated every four years.

The flautist at the Games.

Pythias
A slave-girl.

A character in low comedy.

Quinctius
A friend of Horace, possibly the Quinctius Hirpinus of Odes II.11.

This letter addressed to him.

Quinquatrus
The festival of Minerva from March 19th to 23rd.

A school holiday.

Quintilius
Quintilius Varus of Cremona (died 24/23BC), friend to Horace and Virgil.

His critical habits.

Quintus (1), see Horace
Quintus (2)
A first name (*praenomen*).

Horace makes the point that we all from vanity are influenced by hearing our first names used, a regular marketing ploy!

Quirinal
One of the Seven Hills of Rome named for Quirinus, the deified Romulus.

Distant from the Aventine.

Quirinus
The deified Romulus.

Appears to Horace in dream, as the divine representative of the Roman people.

Quiris
Derived from the Sabines, the people of Cures, extended to the Romans after the union with the Sabines. Hence a Roman citizen.

The citizens showering gifts on performers etc.

Ramnes
One of the three centuries of knights created by Romulus. The others were the Tities and Luceres.

The young aristocrats.

Rex
Rupilius Rex of Praeneste, who served in Africa under Attius Verus, became praetor under Julius Caesar, was later proscribed by the Triumvirs and joined Brutus in Asia. BkISatVII:1-35 His dispute with Persius.

Rhine, Rhenus
The River Rhine. AP:1-37 As a subject of poetry.

Rhodes, Rhodos
The island in the Aegean off the coast of Asia Minor. BkIEpXI:1-30 A famous island.

Rome
The City on the Tiber, capital of the Empire. Founded by Romulus in 753BC on the feast of Pales, the Palilia, April 21st. BkISatV:1-33 Horace travels from Rome to Brindisi (and possibly Tarentum) in 38 or 37 BC. BkISatVI:65-88 Horace was educated in Rome. BkIISatI:24-46 The Romans drove the Samnites out of Apulia. BkIISatVI:1-39 Horace describes his business life in the City.

Romulus
The son of Mars and Ilia, hence Iliades, the father of the Roman people (genitor). The mythical founder of Rome with his twin brother Remus. They were the children of Ilia/Rhea Silvia, daughter of Aeneas, or, in the more common tradition, of Numitor the deposed king of Alba.
Longa. Amulius, Numitor’s brother usurped his throne and made Ilia a Vestal Virgin, but she was visited by Mars himself. Thrown into the Tiber the twins cradle caught in a fig tree (the Ficus Ruminalis) and they were rescued by a she-wolf and fed by a woodpecker, creatures sacred to Mars. Brought up by peasants the twins built the first walled settlement on the Palatine. Romulus killed his brother for jumping over the wall. He reigned for forty years and then vanished, becoming the Roman god Quirinus.

BkIIEpI:1-33 He was deified after his great deeds for the Roman people.

Roscius (1)
Unknown.
BkIIISatVI:1-39 A business associate.

Roscius (2)
A popular actor and friend of Cicero, who played comedy. He died about 63BC.
BkIIIEpI:63-89 He acted ancient comedies.

Roscius (3)
Lucius Roscius Otho. The Roscian law passed in 67BC granted the equites, the knights the right to sit in the first fourteen rows of the theatre. To be a member of the equites required a minimum property of four hunred thousand sesterces.
BkIEpI:41-69 A sign of wealth.

Rostra
The orators’ platforms in the Forum.
BkIISatVI:40-58 A source of City news and rumour.

Rubi, Ruvo
A town about thirty miles from Canusium.
BkISatV:71-104 Horace travels through on his way to Brindisi.

Rufillus
Unknown.
BkISatII:23-46 BkISatIV:86-106 Perfumed his breath with lozenges.

Rufus (1), see Nasidienus
BkIISatVIII:42-78 A disaster at his dinner-party.

Rufus (2)
Probably Gaius Sempronius Rufus, mentioned in Cicero’s letters.
BkIISatII:23-52 According to Porphyrion, he set a fashion for eating storks, and was defeated for the praetorship, hence the ironic reference.

Ruso
A money-lender who wrote Histories.
BkISatIII:76-98 His debtors are tormented by being forced to listen to readings of his work!

Rutuba
A well-known gladiator.
A wall-sketch for advertising purposes involving him.

Sabines, Sabini
The Sabines, a people of Central Italy who merged with the people of Romulus. (See Giambologna’s sculpture – The Rape of the Sabines – Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence)

The Roman villa on the east slope of the Colle Rotondo (980 meters above sea level) in the Lucretili Mountains near the hilltown of Licenza has been identified with Horace’s Sabine Farm since the eighteenth century. The villa is located about 30 miles from the center of Rome in a lovely valley near Vicovaro, and Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli.

The Sabine region’s fertile soil and fine skies.

Sabine wisdom is the judgement of the common man.

Tullus Hostilius made a treaty with the Sabines in the mid seventh century.

Sabinus
A friend of Horace and Torquatus.

To be invited to dinner.

Sagana
A witch.

She carries out magical rites.

Salernum, Salerno
The modern Salerno, in Campania, twenty-five miles north-west of Paestum.

Horace seeks information about it.

Salii
The dancing priests. They carried a spear and a sacred shield (one of the ancilia said to have fallen from heaven in Numa’s reign). There were originally twelve Palatine Salii with a shrine on the Palatine Hill, twelve more were created by King Tullus Hostilius, the Colline, Agonalian or Agonensian Salii with a shrine on the Quirinal. They wore embroidered tunics, bronze belts, purple edged cloaks and high conical caps. They also had swords at their sides. The festival lasted thirty days of March, and the sacred shields were kept in the sacrarium of Mars. Other colleges of dancing priests existed at Tibur and elsewhere in Italy. Theyir archaic hymns were unintelligible to the priests by the time of Quintilian (Quint. 1.6.40)

Sallustius
Gaius Sallustius Crispus, grand-nephew of the historian Sallust. (See Odes ii.2)

A chaser after freedwomen.

Samnites
An ancient people of central Italy.

Driven out of Apulia by the Romans.

Heavily armed Samnite gladiators in the arena would engage in long, tiring, but fruitless contents till nightfall.
Samos
An island off the coast of Asia Minor opposite Ephesus, sacred to Juno, and the birthplace of Pythagoras (at Pythagórian = Tigáni). Samos was famous for its Heraion, the great sanctuary of the goddess Hera-Juno.
BkIEpXI:1-30 A famous island.

Sappho
The lyric poetess was born c. 618BC on Lesbos, where she spent her life apart from a short period in exile in Sicily. Known as the ‘Tenth Muse’, her intense erotic relationships with women led to the term Sapphic, or Lesbian.
BkIEpXIX:21-49 Her metre. Horace did adopt some of her stanza forms.

Sardis
The ancient capital of Lydia on the River Pactolus.

Sardinia
The Mediterranean island off Italy.
BkISatIII:1-24 Tigellius the singer was a Sardinian.
AP:366-407 Sardinian honey had a bitter taste.

Sarmentus
A freedman of Maecenas, employed in the Treasury. His name means a twig, suiting his physique. The scholiast on Juvenal, Sat v.3, suggest he was owned by Favonius, and bought by Maecenas, his ‘lady’ presumably being Favonius’ widow.
The chain referred to is his chain of slavery, and his leanness suggests slave’s rations of a pound or so of meal a day.

Saturium
The district in which wealthy Tarentum lay.

Having an estate there would indicate wealth and nobility. Lucilius may have had land there.

Saturnalia
The festival beginning on the 17th December (17-19th), noted for its freedom and licence. The festival marked the end of sowing, and the distinction between master and slave was suspended to mark the Golden Age of Saturn when all men were free.

Horace has retreated from its distractions.

Slaves are allowed freedom to speak on the Saturnalia.

Saturnian Measure
An ancient Italian metre, based on accent rather than quantity, used by Livius Andronicus and by Naevius in his epic on the Punic War, and illustrated by numerous inscriptions. Study of Greek literature caused it to be superceded by the hexameter and other metres.

The ancient form of Latin verse.

Satyrs
Demi-gods. Woodland deities of human form but with goats’ ears, tails, legs and budding horns. Sexually lustful.

They are followers of Bacchus-Dionysus.
Nimble dancers.

Tragedy or ‘goat-song’ derived as an offshoot of Greek Satyric drama where the singers dressed as Satyrs in goat-skins, as wild followers of Bacchus.

Scaeva (1)
A spendthrift who poisoned his mother.

Scaeva (2)
Unknown. The name means awkward or gauche.

Scaurus
A cognomen associated with the Aemilii and Aurelii families.

Scetanus
Unknown.

Scipios
The Scipio family. A Scipio or Scipiadas as Lucilius calls a member of the clan.

Scipio Aemilianus Africanus (c184-129BC) son of Lucius Aemilius Paulus was adopted by the son of Scipio Africanus the Elder. He conquered Carthage in 146BC and Numantia in Spain in 133BC. Lucilius accompanied him during his Spanish campaign.
Scylla
The daughter of Phorcys and the nymph Crataeis, remarkable for her beauty. Circe or Amphitrite, jealous of Neptune’s love for her changed her into a dog-like sea monster, ‘the Render’, with six heads and twelve feet. Each head had three rows of close-set teeth. Her cry was a muted yelping. She seized sailors and cracked their bones before slowly swallowing them. Her rock projects from the Calabrian coast near the village of Scilla, opposite Cape Peloro on Sicily. See Ernle Bradford ‘Ulysses Found’ Ch.20
AP:119-152 See Odyssey Book XII:36 et al.

Septicius
A friend of Horace and Torquatus.
BkIEpV:1-31 To be invited to dinner.

Septimius
The unknown friend of Odes II.6.

Servilius, see Balatro

Servius (1)
Probably the son of the lawyer Servius Sulpicius Rufus, a friend of Cicero.
(See also the writer of erotic verse mentioned in Ovid Tristia 2.441)
Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts.

Servius (2), see Oppidius

Sicily
The Mediterranean island, west of Italy. Called also Sicania, and Trinacris from its triangular shape.

Octavian’s veterans who fought at Actium hoped to be granted land there.

Agrippa’s estates there.

Epicharmus came from there.

Empedocles came from there.

Sidon
The city of the Phoenicians in the Lebanon. Home of Europa.

Associated with Tyre, the source of Tyrian purple dyed cloth.

Silenus
Silenus and his sons the Satyrs were originally primitive mountaineers of northern Greece who became stock comic characters in Attic drama. He was called an autochthon, or son of Pan by one of the nymphs. He was Bacchus’s tutor, portrayed usually as a drunken old man with an old pack-ass, who is unable to tell truth from lies. (See the copy of the sculpture attributed to Lysippus, ‘Silenus holding the infant Bacchus’ in the Vatican)

A character in the Satyr plays.
Silvanus
An ancient Italian god of forests, and open country. When untilled land was cultivated offerings were made to the god. BkIIEpI:118-155 Propitiated with milk.

Simo

Sinuessa
A town in Latium on the Appian Way, near the modern Mondragone. BkISatV:34-70 Horace passed through on his journey to Brindisi, meeting Virgil there. BkIEpV:1-31 Wine from near there. The battle of Trifanum with associations for Torquatus was fought nearby.

Siren
The daughters of Acheloüs, the Acheloïdes, companions of Proserpina, turned to woman-headed birds, or women with the legs of birds, and luring the sailors of passing ships with their sweet song. They searched for Proserpine on land, and were turned to birds so that they could search for her by sea. (There are various lists of their names, but Ernle Bradford suggests two triplets: Thelxinoë, the Enchantress; Aglaope, She of the Beautiful Face, and Peisinoë, the Seductress: and his preferred triplet Parthenope, the Virgin Face; Ligeia, the Bright Voice; and Leucosia, the White One – see ‘Ulysses Found’ Ch.17. Robert Graves in the index to the ‘The Greek Myths’ adds Aglaophonos, Molpe,

The archetypal seducers of men (Odyssey 12.39).

Sirius
Sirius the Dog-star is in the constellation of Canis Major near Orion, which rises in August and is associated with dry parching weather. Supposedly it represents the dog Maera, that discovered the body of Icarius.

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Sisenna
Unknown.

A foul-mouthed person.

Sisyphus (1)
A dwarf belonging to Marcus Antonius.

Sisyphus (2)
The mythical founder of Corinth.

Corinth was famous for its bronzes. Sisyphus’ footbath mentioned by Aeschylus would have been a rare antique.

Smyrna

Socrates
The Athenian Greek philosopher (c469-399BC), Plato’s teacher. An ethical philosopher with an emphasis on logic, and the ‘Socratic method’ of interrogation to reveal inconsistency. He was charged with atheism and corruption of the young and was condemned to die by drinking hemlock. See Plato’s Phaedo, Symposium etc.
AP:295-332 There was no Socratic School as such. Horace here means various moral philosophers. The Minor Socratic Schools, influenced to some lesser or greater degree by Socrates, include those of Euclid of Megara (not the mathematician), Phaedo of Elis, the Cynics including Antisthenes and Diogenes, the Cyrenaics including Aristippus, and the Atomists including Democritus of Abdera.

Sophocles
The Greek Tragic Dramatist (c496-406BC). He developed the more static drama of Aeschylus. Seven of his one hundred and twenty three plays survive, notably the Theban trilogy. He was a friend of Pericles and held several civil and administrative posts.

Sosii
Two brothers who ran a publishing firm.
Pumice was used for trimming book rolls and removing hair from the surface. Horace represents his book as a young slave-boy in an extended double-entendre. A potential best-seller for them.

Staberius
A miser.

Stertinius
A Stoic philosopher.

Damasippus’ mentor. His words of wisdom.

His concluding remarks.

An example of a Stoic philosopher.

Stoic
A member of the school of philosophy founded by Zeno of Citium at Athens about 300BC. They used the Stoa Poikile, the Painted Porch, built about 460BC, which was decorated with paintings by Polygnotus. One represented the Battle of Marathon. Stoics believed in a Universe controlled by Reason, that human souls were sparks of divine fire, and that the wise man lived in harmony with nature. Later Stoicism stressed active virtue and duty. Epictetus taught that all men were brothers.

Chrysippus, a member of the school.

the speaker is a Stoic.

is addressed as a Stoic.
Persuasion or Charm, personified.

**BkIEpVI:28-48** Those with money receive the powers of charm and persuasion too (Horace is being ironic)

Sulcius
A satirist or informer.
**BkISatIV:63-85** He pursued those deemed guilty of theft.

Sulla
Lucius Cornelius Sulla, the dictator (c138-78BC). An opponent of Marius and Cinna, he stormed Rome in 87 and forced them to flee. Outlawed on their return, he campaigned to defeat Mithridates, and in 83 invaded Italy and took Rome. Elected dictator, he butchered his opponents but retired in 79 after restoring the Senate’s constitutional powers.

**BkISatII:64-85** His notorious daughter, Fausta.

Surrentum, Sorrento
The city at the south end of the Bay of Naples, now Sorrento.

**BkIISatIV:40-69** A way to improve its cheap wine.

**BkIEpXVII:33-62** A distant destination.

Syrus (1)
A slave name.
**BkISatVI:1-44** Mentioned.

Syrus (2)
A gladiator.
**BkIISatVI:40-58** Mentioned.
Tanais
Unknown. Perhaps a freedman of Maecenas.
BkISatI:92-121 He represents one extreme of a polar opposite.

Tantalus
The king of Phrygia, son of Jupiter, father of Pelops and Niobe. He served his son Pelops to the gods at a banquet and was punished by eternal thirst in Hades.
BkISatI:61-91 A symbol of unattainable desire.

Tarentum
A wealthy city and old Greek colony in Calabria in Southern Italy, now Taranto.
BkISatVI:89-109 A place where the rich had landed estates.
BkIISatIV:24-39 Noted for its luxurious living. A source of the broad scallops eaten in Rome.
BkIEpVII:29-45 Peaceful compared with Rome.
BkIIEpI:182-213 A source of purple dyes.

Tarpa, see Maecius

Tarquinius
Tarquinius Superbus (the Proud) was the (possibly mythical) seventh and last King of Rome, and son of Lucius Tarquinius Priscus. He ruled according to Roman tradition from 534 to 510BC. He was finally expelled from the city.
Driven from Rome in the ‘Flight of the Kings’.

Taurus
Titus Statilius Taurus was consul for a second time in 26BC.
The wine was bottled in his consulship.

Teanum, Teano
Teanum Sidicinum, now Teano, inland in Campania, about thirty miles north of Baiae.
Rich men built villas there.

Telemachus
The son of Ulysses and Penelope.
He gave the equivalent of this answer to Menelaus in Homer’s Odyssey (iv 601).

Telephus
King of Mysia, son of Hercules and the nymph Auge. He was wounded and healed by the touch of Achilles’ spear at Troy, after begging Achilles to save him.
An example of a tragic beggar.

Tellus
The Earth, worshipped as a deity.
Sacrifices to her.

Terentius, Terence
Publius Terentius Afer (c195-c160BC) an ex-slave from North Africa, born in Carthage, who adapted the plays of
Menander and Apollodorus for the Roman stage, often blending material from different plays, in a sophisticated and realistic manner. Six plays are extant.

BkISatII:1-22 A reference to his play *Heauton Timorumenos*, or The Masochist, where the father Menedemus punishes himself with hard labour after treating his son Clinias harshly.

BkIISatII:70-88 The phrase *cena dubia*, a doubtful feast, one that confuses the diner with choice, became proverbial. Terence uses it in *Phormio* 342.

BkIEpXIX:21-49 The phrase *hinc illae lacrimae*, hence the tears, was used literally by Terence in his Andria (l. 125) where Pamphilus shed tears at the funeral of Chrysis. It became proverbial (See Cicero *Pro Cael.* 25.61)

BkIIEpI:34-62 Noted for his refined artistic style.

BkIIEpI:182-213 A proverbial saying: wasted labour is like *surdo fabellam narrare*, talking to the deaf. (See Terence’s *Heaut.*222). A Greek saying adds the ass or donkey.

Teucer
The son of Telamon and Hesione, half-brother of Ajax, cousin of Achilles. He founded Salamis in Cyprus, having been born on the Greek island of Salamis that was the scene of the naval battle against the Persians.

BkIISatIII:187-223 Ajax did not harm him in his madness.

Thebes
The city in Boeotia founded by Cadmus.

BkIISatV:70-88 The city from which Tiresias came.

BkIEpIII:1-36 The city from which Pindar came.
BkIEpXVI:46-79  Pentheus  was king there. The city was noted for its worship of Bacchus-Dionysus.  
BkIIEpI:182-213  A common location in Greek tragedy.  
AP:73-118  The setting for the Theban Trilogy of Sophocles.  
AP:366-407  Its walls were built magically by Amphion.

Theon  
The bite of Theon’s tooth was proverbial for slander, though the source is unknown.  
BkIEpXVIII:67-85  The danger of association.

Thespis  
The semi-legendary Greek poet (6th century BC). Traditionally he was the inventor of tragic theatre, winning a prize at Athens in c534BC. He introduced a single actor into the previously wholly choral scene, and introduced the wearing of linen masks.  
AP:275-294  Inventor of Tragic theatre.

Thessaly  
The region in northern Greece. Its old name was Haemonia.  
BkIIEpII:180-216  Famous for witchcraft.

Thrace  
The country bordering the Black Sea, Propontis and the northeastern Aegean.  
BkIISatVI:40-58  BkIEpXVIII:1-36  Noted for its fierce fighting-men. Here, a gladiator. The Thracian gladiators were armed with scimitars and round shields.
A border of the Empire.

The Hebrus its major river.

Thurii
A Lucanian town on the Tarentine Gulf.

Viscus, from there.

Thyestes
Son of Pelops. His two sons were cooked and served to him, by his brother Atreus, as a revenge during their feud. A subject for tragedy.

Tiber
The River Tiber on which Rome is situated, named after King Tiberinus who drowned there. Also called the Tevere in modern times. Noted for the yellow sands carried by the waters.

Horace is advised to swim across it to help him sleep.

Two bridges Pons Cestius and Pons Fabricius connected the island, the Insula Tiberina with the right and left banks. The main sewer discharged into the Tiber between the Aemilian and the Sublician Bridges.

Its riverbanks the scene of superstitious ritual.

Its stream a nostalgic memory for a Roman.

Tiberius (1), see Claudius

Tiberius (2)
Son of Oppidius.
A potential miser.

Tibullus
Albius Tibullus (c.54-19BC) the elegiac poet and friend of Ovid, whose patron was Messalla Corvinus. He accompanied Messalla on a campaign in Gaul in 31 for which Messalla celebrated a triumph in 27, the year Tibullus returned to Rome.

Horace addresses this epistle to Albius whom I take to be Tibullus.

Tibur, Tivoli
A small town on the Anio, in the Sabine hills, twenty miles northeast of Rome, the modern Tivoli.

A place of resort for wealthy Romans.

Its apples from the famous orchards there.

Free and easy compared with Rome.

An alternative to Rome.

A trained house-slave from there.

Tigellius
Unknown.

A generous Sardinian singer who had died recently.

Notorious for his inconsistencies.

Tillius
Possibly a brother of Tillius Cimber one of Julius Caesar’s assassins. Removed previously from the Senate by Caesar he later resumed his senatorial honours and became a military tribune and also a praetor.

Envied
for his status. The Senators wore the *laticlave* or broad stripe of purple on their tunics, and a peculiar shoe fastened by four black thongs round the legs.

**BkISatVI:89-109** A symbol of wealth and authority.

Timagenes
A rhetorician and historian from Alexandria. He travelled to Rome in 55BC. He knew *Augustus* but incurred displeasure by criticism of the Imperial family.

**BkIEpXIX:1-20** His witty and eloquent style of speaking.

Tiresias
The *Theban* sage who was blinded by *Juno*-Hera but given the power of prophecy by *Jupiter*-Zeus.

**BkIISatV:1-22** He was summoned by *Ulysses* in the Underworld (*Homer*: Odyssey Book XI) to answer his questions regarding his return to *Ithaca*.

Tisiphone
A Fury. The *Furies*, The Three Sisters, were Alecto, Tisiphone and Megaera, the daughters of Night and Uranus. They were the personified pangs of cruel conscience that pursued the guilty. (See Aeschylus – *The Eumenides*). Their abode was in Hades by the Styx.

**BkISatVIII:23-50** The witches call on her.

Titius
Possibly a pseudonym for the lyric poet *Varius* who wrote tragedies, such as *Thyestes* performed in 29BC after *Actium*
Horace suggests he studied Pindar and the Greek sources.

Torquatus
A friend of Horace, and descendant of Titus Manlius Torquatus who killed a Gaul in single combat, and after a battle at Trifanum in 340BC had his son executed for disobedience in the field. This gave rise to the phrase imperia Manlia for a severe order. Trifanum was fought near Sinuessa. The Torquatus concerned here might be Aulus who was said to have fought with Brutus and Cassius at Philippi.

Horace makes play of ‘obeying orders’, and the wine’s location to point up the associations.

Trausius
Unknown.

Poor and extravagant.

Trebatius
Gaius Trebatius Testa, a distinguished jurist, recommended to Caesar by Cicero as his legal advisor. He was respected by Augustus also. From Cicero’s letters to him (Ad fam VII: 6-22) we learn he was a good swimmer and a hard drinker.

Horace turns to him for advice.

He gives his legal opinion!

Trebonius
Unknown.
BkISatIV:107-143 His reputation suffered from chasing a married woman.

Trivicum, Trevico
A town in Apulia.
BkISatV:71-104 Horace travels through on his way to Brindisi.

Troy
Troy in Dardania, the famous city of the Troad in Asia Minor near the northern Aegean Sea and the entrance to the Hellespont. The scene of the Trojan War.
BkIISatIII:187-223 Agamemnon was the leader of the Greeks there.
BkIISatV:1-22 Ulysses was one of the main Greek heroes at Troy.
BkIEpII:1-31 AP:119-152 The story of the War is narrated in Homer’s Iliad.

Tullius
Servius Tullius, sixth king of Rome, said to have been the son of a female slave.
BkISatVI:1-44 His low birth.

Turbo
A gladiator of small stature.
BkIISatIII:300-326 Mentioned.

Turius
Unknown. A corrupt judge.
BkIISatI:47-86 Mentioned.
Tuscus, Etruscans, Tyrrheni, see Etruscus

Tyndaridae
The children of Tyndareus, King of Sparta. Castor, Pollux, Helen and Clytmenestra. His wife was Leda.
BkISatI:92-121 Probably a reference to Clytemnestra’s murder of her husband Agamemnon.
AP:119-152 Helen and the others were born from eggs laid by Leda after her rape by Jupiter.

Tyre
The city of the Phoenicians in the Lebanon, famed for its purple dyes used on clothing, obtained from the murex shell-fish.
BkIISatIV:70-95 Tyrian damask for upholstery.

Tyrtaeus
A Greek elegiac poet of the 7th century BC. Tradition has it that he was a lame Attic schoolmaster who composed marching songs and martial elegies for the Spartans.
AP:366-407 His poetry.

Ulysses
The Greek hero, son of Laërtes. See Homer’s Iliad and Odyssey.
BkIISatIII:187-223 Ajax attempted to kill him.
BkIISatV:1-22 Homer describes him as a ‘man of many resources’, cunning and subtle. Here Ulysses quizzes
Tiresias on how to return home wealthy, an ironic development of Odyssey XI.

**BkIEpII:1-31** An example of a man of clear mind, who avoided foolishness and so survived.

**BkIEpVI:49-68** His crew slaughtered the Cattle of the Sun instead of obeying orders to head for home. His homeland was Ithaca.

**BkIEpVII:29-45** His son Telemachus.

Ulubrae
A decaying town in the Pomptine marshes where the frogs were very noisy (Cicero, *Ad fam* vii.81).

**BkIEpXI:1-30** You would need a calm mind to stand the place!

Umbrian
Of the Umbri a tribe of Northern Italy. The Umbrian region is in central Italy.

**BkIISatIV:40-69** Umbria the source of the best tasting wild boar.

Umbrenus
The assignee of a farm. Probably a veteran rewarded after Philippi in 42 BC.

**BkIISatII:112-136** He was assigned the farm previously belonging to Ofellus.

Ummidius
A rich miser.

**BkISatI:92-121** Proverbial miserliness.
Utica

Vacuna
An ancient Sabine war-goddess. Popular etymology associated her name with the verb vacare, to be idle. BkIEpX:26-50 There was an temple of Vacuna near Horace’s farm.

Vala
A member of the Numonius Vala family, a friend of Horace. Quintus Numonius Vala was a prominent figure in Paestum (half way between Velia and Salernum) but may not be the Vala in question. BkIEpXV:1-25 This letter addressed to him.

Valerius
Publius Valerius Publicola colleague of Brutus in the consulship of 509BC. BkISatVI:1-44 Ancestor of Laevinus.

Valgius
Gaius Valgius Rufus, an elegiac poet. Consul in 12BC. BkISatX:72-92 Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts.

Varia, VicoVaro
A town on the Anio, now Vicovaro, a few miles south of Horace’s Sabine farm. BkIEpXIV:1-30 The neighbouring market town.
Varius
Lucius Varius, tragic and epic poet, edited the *Aeneid* with *Plotius* after the death of *Virgil*, performing the role of literary executors. He wrote tragedies, such as *Thyestes* performed in 29BC after *Actium*, and an epic *On Death*. Rufus, possibly synonymous with him, is given as a poet in Ovid’s list of his lesser contemporaries (*Ex Ponto* IV.16.28.)

BkISatV:34-70 He joins the party at *Sinuessa*.
BkISatV:71-104 And leaves it at *Canusium*.
BkISatVI:45-64 He had originally recommended Horace to *Maecenas*.
BkISatIX:1-34 A close friend.
BkISatX:31-49 His epic style.
BkISatX:72-92 Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts.

BkIIISatVIII:20-41  BkIIISatVIII:42-78 Present at a dinner party Horace hears of.
BkIIIEpI:245-270 He was favoured by *Augustus*.
AP:38-72 An example of a great modern writer entitled to coin new words and phrases.

Varro
Publius Terentius Varro called Atacinus from his birth-place on the River Atax (Aude) in Gallia Narbonenis. Born 82BC. He wrote the *Argonautica* after Apollonius and a number of elegies. He also wrote an epic on *Caesar*’s campaign of 58BC.

BkISatX:31-49 A writer of Satires according to Horace.
Varus
A cognomen associated with the Quintilii family.
BkISatIII:25-54 A polite name meaning knock-kneed or crooked.

Veianius
A gladiator.
BkIEpI:1-19 He retired to the country.

Veii
An old town in Etruria taken by Camillus, near Isola Farnese, about ten miles north-west of Rome.
BkIIISatIII:142-167 Its cheap wine.
BkIIEpII:155-179 Farmland there.

Velabrum
The low ground between the Capitol and Palatine Hills.
BkIIISatIII:224-246 A working-class area.

Velia
A Greek colony on the coast of Lucania about seventy miles south-east of Naples, founded in the middle of the sixth century BC. Also called Elea and associated with the Eleatic school of philosophy.

Veline Tribe
One of the thirty-five tribes of Roman citizens.
BkIEpVI:49-68 A powerful citizen in a tribe in turn exerted influence beyond it.
Venafrum, Venafro

Venucula
Venuculan grapes, a variety of grape mentioned by Columella (III.2.2) and Pliny (Natural History XIV.4.34) BkIISatIV:70-95 Suitable for preserving.

Venus
The Goddess of Love. The daughter of Jupiter and Dione. She is Aphrodite, born from the waves, an incarnation of Astarte, Goddess of the Phoenicians. The mother of Cupid by Mars. (See Botticelli’s painting – Venus and Mars – National Gallery, London) BkIEpVI:28-48 Those with money receive love too (Horace is being ironic)

Venusia
An old Samnite town in Apulia where Horace was born. BkIISatI:24-46 Near the border with Lucania.

Vergil, Virgil
Publius Vergilius Maro (70-19BC), the poet. Born at Mantua. He died of fever after returning from a voyage to Greece and was buried at Naples. His Aeneid asserted the Trojan origins of ancient Rome. His Eclogues and Georgics covered pastoral and agricultural subjects. BkISatV:34-70 He meets Horace and others at Sinuessa. BkISatVI:45-64 He had originally introduced Horace to Maecenas.
BkISatX:31-49 His Eclogues set a new plain but graceful and tender style in Latin pastoral verse.

BkISatX:72-92 Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts.

BkIIEpI:245-270 He was favoured by Augustus.

AP:38-72 An example of a great modern writer entitled to coin new words and phrases.

Vertumnus
An ancient Italian god, of the seasons and their produce. He was the god of the changing seasons, able to alter his appearance and shape, and also the god of buying and selling. His statue stood at the end of the Vicus Tuscus where it entered the Forum.

BkIISatVII:1-20 His many faces.

BkIEpXX:1-28 The booksellers stalls near his statue in the Forum.

Vesta
The daughter of Saturn, the Greek Hestia. The goddess of fire. The ‘shining one’. Every hearth had its Vesta, and she presided over the preparation of meals and was offered first food and drink. Her priestesses were the six Vestal Virgins. Her chief festival was the Vestalia in June. The Virgins took a strict vow of chastity and served for thirty years. They enjoyed enormous prestige, and were preceded by a lictor when in public. Breaking of their vow resulted in whipping and death. There were twenty recorded instances in eleven centuries.

BkISatIX:35-78 The Temple of Vesta.
Vesta’s sanctuary was the ultimate sacred space for the Romans, and referred back to the origins of Rome. It is therefore a place where Horace envisages obsolete words lingering, on the communal hearth, and round the sacred flame, until brought back to the light of day, the greater fire.

Via Sacra
The Sacred Way, the street in the Roman Forum leading to the Capitol. Triumphal processions took its route. The haunt of prostitutes and a source of cheap gifts from the shops there.

Horace is strolling there.

Vibidius
A hanger-on to Maecenas.

Present at a dinner party Horace hears of.

Villius
Sextus Villius Annalis.

His adulterous relationship with Sulla’s daughter, Fausta, was so notorious it gained him the nickname of ‘Sulla’s son-in-law.’

Vinius
Vinius Asina, or Asellus. There was a well-known strong man called Vinnius Valens, a centurion in Augustus’ Praetorian Guard and this might be a jest at his expense.

He or his father has the cognomen Asina, allowing a pun on the load-bearing ass, asinus.
Viscus
One of the two sons of the knight Vibius Viscus, a friend of Augustus.
BkISatIX:1-34 A friend of Horace.
BkISatX:72-92 Horace seeks his, and his brother’s, approval of his literary efforts.
BkIISatVIII:20-41 Present at a dinner party Horace hears of.

Visellius
Unknown.
BkISatI:92-121 His father-in-law represents one extreme of a polar opposite.

Volanerius
A parasite.
BkIISatVII:1-20 Gambling his main vice.

Vulcan
The blacksmith of the gods. Worshipped on Lemnos.
BkISatV:71-104 Manifested as fire.

Volteius Mena, see Mena

Voranus
A thief.
BkIISatVIII:23-50 Mentioned.

Xenocrates
The Greek philosopher (396-314 BC) who defended the philosophy of Plato against the criticism of Aristotle. As head of the Academy in the fourth century, Xenocrates held forth the quasi-Pythagorean view that the Platonic Forms, including even the individual human soul, are all numbers. BkIIISatIII:247-280 He converted Polemon to his philosophy.

Zethus
The huntsman, son of Jupiter and Antiope, and brother of Amphion the huntsman. They built the walls of Thebes together, but their different tastes left to a quarrel. BkIEpXVIII:37-66 The story was told in Euripides’ Antiope, and Pacuvius’ Antiopa.