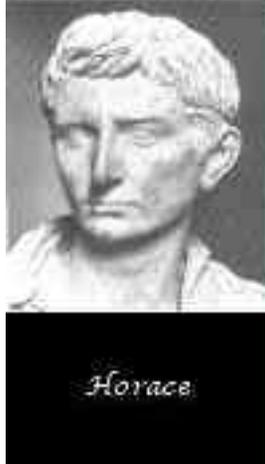


Horace

(Quintus Horatius Flaccus)



The Satires, Epistles, and Ars Poetica

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Contents

Satires: Book I Satire I - On Discontent.....	11
BkISatI:1-22 Everyone is discontented with their lot	11
BkISatI:23-60 All work to make themselves rich, but why?	12
BkISatI:61-91 The miseries of the wealthy.....	13
BkISatI:92-121 Set a limit to your desire for riches.....	14
Satires: Book I Satire II – On Extremism	16
BkISatII:1-22 When it comes to money men practise extremes.....	16
BkISatII:23-46 And in sexual matters some prefer adultery	17
BkISatII:47-63 While others avoid wives like the plague.	17
BkISatII:64-85 The sin’s the same, but wives are more trouble.....	18
BkISatII:86-110 Wives present endless obstacles.....	19
BkISatII:111-134 No married women for me!.....	20
Satires: Book I Satire III – On Tolerance.....	22
BkISatIII:1-24 Tigellius the Singer’s faults	22
BkISatIII:25-54 Where is our tolerance though?	23
BkISatIII:55-75 We denigrate people unjustly	24
BkISatIII:76-98 We should be fairer in our judgements ...	25
BkISatIII:99-119 All sins are not equal	25
BkISatIII:120-142 We should accept human imperfection	26
Satires: Book I Satire IV – A Defence of Satire.....	28
BkISatIV:1-25 Quality not Quantity in Satire please.....	28
BkISatIV:26-62 Is a Satirist truly a poet though?	29
BkISatIV:63-85 Maybe not, but why treat Satire with suspicion?	30

BkISatIV:86-106 After all, I'm not the malicious one.....	31
BkISatIV:107-143 My father taught me to be critical.....	31
Satires: Book I Satire V – Journey to Brundisium	34
BkISatV:1-33 Off to meet Maecenas, going to Brindisi ...	34
BkISatV:34-70 Onward to supper at Cocceius' villa	35
BkISatV:71-104 And so by stages to journey's end	36
Satires: Book I Satire VI – On Ambition	38
BkISatVI:1-44 Ancestry matters in public affairs.....	38
BkISatVI:45-64 Maecenas' discernment	39
BkISatVI:65-88 Horace's debt to his father.....	40
BkISatVI:89-109 His satisfaction with his fate.....	41
BkISatVI:110-131 The life of freedom.....	41
Satires: Book I Satire VII – A Battle of Wits.....	43
BkISatVII:1-35 'King' Rupilius Rex versus Persius.....	43
Satires: Book I Satire VIII – Priapus and the Witches	45
BkISatVIII:1-22 Priapus on the Esquiline	45
BkISatVIII:23-50 Witchcraft!.....	45
Satires: Book I Satire IX – A Nuisance	47
BkISatIX:1-34 No Escape!	47
BkISatIX:35-78 Saved by Apollo!.....	48
Satires: Book I Satire X – On Satire	50
BkISatX:1-30 The art of writing well	50
BkISatX:31-49 I decided to write Satire	51
BkISatX:50-71 Lucilius would prune his work today.....	51
BkISatX:72-92 We should write for the few not the many	52
Satires: Book II Satire I – On Satire Again.....	54
BkIISatI:1-23 Advise me what to write	54
BkIISatI:24-46 It's my delight to write: it's self-defence .	54
BkIISatI:47-86 I must use the weapons I have.....	55
Satires: Book II Satire II – The Simple Life	58

BkIISatII:1-22 Food tastes better when you're hungry	58
BkIISatII:23-52 Gourmet eating is ridiculous.....	58
BkIISatII:53-69 Simplicity doesn't mean meanness.....	60
BkIISatII:70-88 The virtues of the simple life	60
BkIISatII:89-111 The penalties of rich-living.....	61
BkIISatII:112-136 Make the best of what fate brings	62
Satires: Book II Satire III – On Human Folly	64
BkIISatIII:1-30 Criticism from Damasippus.....	64
BkIISatIII:31-63 Stertinius on the follies of the world	65
BkIISatIII:64-81 The madness of creditors.....	66
BkIISatIII:82-110 The madness of avarice	67
BkIISatIII:111-141 Men ignore everyday craziness	68
BkIISatIII:142-167 There's more than one kind of madness	69
BkIISatIII:168-186 Servius Oppidius against ambition	70
BkIISatIII:187-223 The desire for glory is a curse	71
BkIISatIII:224-246 Profligacy is also a madness.....	72
BkIISatIII:247-280 And love is another craziness	73
BkIISatIII:281-299 Stertinius' concluding words.....	74
BkIISatIII:300-326 Damasippus' concludes the argument	75
Satires: Book II Satire IV – The Art of Good Living.....	77
BkIISatIV:1-23 Catus on the Culinary Arts.....	77
BkIISatIV:24-39 There are subtle theories to master.....	77
BkIISatIV:40-69 Tricks of the trade	78
BkIISatIV:70-95 Towards the happy life!	79
Satires: Book II Satire V – Legacy Hunting	81
BkIISatV:1-22 Ulysses questions Tiresias.....	81
BkIISatV:23-44 The path to riches	81
BkIISatV:45-69 Will-hunting!.....	82
BkIISatV:70-88 Try every trick, but be careful!	83
BkIISatV:89-110 Be discrete even after inheriting.....	84

Satires: Book II Satire VI – Town versus Country	86
BkIISatVI:1-39 On the Sabine Farm.....	86
BkIISatVI:40-58 His relationship with Maecenas	87
BkIISatVI:59-76 The delights of the country	88
BkIISatVI:77-115 The country mouse and the town mouse	89
Satires: Book II Satire VII – Of Spiritual Freedom.....	91
BkIISatVII:1-20 Unstable characters suffer more.....	91
BkIISatVII:21-45 And Horace is one	91
BkIISatVII:46-67 Horace’s sexual follies.....	92
BkIISatVII:68-94 Which is the slave?	93
BkIISatVII:95-118 Horace almost routed!.....	94
Satires: Book II Satire VIII – A Dinner Party	96
BkIISatVIII:1-19 Nasidienus’ dinner-party	96
BkIISatVIII:20-41 The guests.....	96
BkIISatVIII:42-78 The trials of being a host	97
BkIISatVIII:79-95 The guests disperse!	99
Epistles: Book I Epistle I – Introduction – To Maecenas	100
BkIEpI:1-19 An end to verse	100
BkIEpI:20-40 Everyone can profit from philosophy.....	100
BkIEpI:41-69 Money or virtue?.....	101
BkIEpI:70-109 Be steadfast not changeable	102
Epistles: Book I Epistle II – Of Right Living – To Lollius Maximus	104
BkIEpII:1-31 The value of reading Homer	104
BkIEpII:32-54 <i>Sapere aude</i> : dare to be wise	105
BkIEpII:55-71 Limit your desires	106
Epistles: Book I Epistle III –Pursue Philosophy – To Julius Florius	107
BkIEpIII:1-36 To a friend campaigning with Tiberius ...	107

Epistles: Book I Epistle IV – Carpe Diem – To Albius Tibullus.....	109
BkIEpIV:1-16 Imagine every hour is your last.....	109
Epistles: Book I Epistle V – A Dinner Invitation – To Torquatus	110
BkIEpV:1-31 An invitation to dinner	110
Epistles: Book I Epistle VI – Of Virtue – To Numicius..	112
BkIEpVI:1-27 <i>Nil admirari</i> : marvel at nothing	112
BkIEpVI:28-48 It it’s wealth makes you happy, work! ..	113
BkIEpVI:49-68 Pursue what you think brings happiness!	113
Epistles: Book I Epistle VII – A Reply – To Maecenas..	115
BkIEpVII:1-28 There’s my health to be considered	115
BkIEpVII:29-45 Ready to renounce it all	116
BkIEpVII:46-98 Volteius the auctioneer	116
Epistles: Book I Epistle VIII – Of Ill Health – To Celsus Albinovanus.....	119
BkIEpVIII:1-17 Discontent	119
Epistles: Book I Epistle IX – An Introduction – To Tiberius	120
BkIEpIX:1-13 A letter of introduction to Tiberius	120
Epistles: Book I Epistle X – Town versus Country – To Aristius Fuscus.....	121
BkIEpX:1-25 The delights of Nature.....	121
BkIEpX:26-50 Make much of little	122
Epistles: Book I Epistle XI – Of Peace of Mind – To Bullatius.....	123
BkIEpXI:1-30 Be happy wherever you are.....	123
Epistles: Book I Epistle XII – Of Discontent – To Iccius	125
BkIEpXII:1-29 An introduction and an exhortation	125

Epistles: Book I Epistle XIII – Poems for Augustus – To Vinius Asina	127
BkIEpXIII:1-19 Instructions to Vinius regarding his poems	127
Epistles: Book I Epistle XIV – To The Farm Bailiff.....	128
BkIEpXIV:1-30 Town versus country again	128
BkIEpXIV:31-44 Each envies the other.....	129
Epistles: Book I Epistle XV – Of the Cold Water Cure – To Vala.....	130
BkIEpXV:1-25 Delights of the cold-water cure!	130
BkIEpXV:26-46 I’m like Maenius.....	131
Epistles: Book I Epistle XVI – Of Wisdom – To Quinctius	132
BkIEpXVI:1-24 Are you really wise, Quinctius?	132
BkIEpXVI:25-45 Are you really as good as is said?	133
BkIEpXVI:46-79 The meaning of true goodness.....	133
Epistles: Book I Epistle XVII – Of Independence – To Scaeva.....	136
BkIEpXVII:1-32 Humble advice	136
Epistles: Book I Epistle XVIII – Advice on Patrons – To Lollius.....	139
BkIEpXVIII:1-36 Virtue is the mean between extremes	139
BkIEpXVIII:37-66 How to behave with your patron.....	140
BkIEpXVIII:67- 85 Plenty more advice	141
BkIEpXVIII:86-112 A warning and a prayer	142
Epistles: Book I Epistle XIX – Of his Works – To Maecenas	144
BkIEpXIX:1-20 On slavish imitation	144
BkIEpXIX:21-49 Horace has forged his own style.....	144
Epistles: Book I Epistle XX – Epilogue – To His Book .	146
BkIEpXX:1-28 On your way!.....	146

Epistles: Book II Epistle I – On Literature – To Augustus	148
.....	148
BkIIEpI:1-33 Introductory words to Augustus	148
BkIIEpI:34-62 Rome only loves the ancient poets	149
BkIIEpI:63-89 The ancients have their faults	150
BkIIEpI:90-117 The craze for writing	151
BkIIEpI:118-155 Poetry’s benefits and its history	152
BkIIEpI:156-181 The Latin drama.....	153
BkIIEpI:182-213 Ridiculous modern theatre	154
BkIIEpI:214-244 Be a patron of the poets	155
BkIIEpI:245-270 Though you are worthy of a greater poet	156
.....	156
Epistles: Book II Epistle II – Of the Poet’s Life – To Florus	158
.....	158
BkIIEpII:1-25 An answer to Florus’ complaints.....	158
BkIIEpII:26-54 I prefer dozing to writing!	159
BkIIEpII:56-86 There are so many obstacles to poetry...	160
BkIIEpII:87-125 Be your own harshest critic	161
BkIIEpII:126-154 Seeking truth is better than writing....	162
BkIIEpII:155-179 We own nothing, Death takes all.....	163
BkIIEpII:180-216 Live as you ought, or give way to others	164
.....	164
Ars Poetica – The Art of Poetry or Epistle to the Pisos ..	166
AP:1-37 On unity and harmony	166
AP:38-72 The writer’s aims	167
AP:73-118 What the tradition dictates.....	168
AP:119-152 Be consistent if you are original	170
AP:153-188 On characterisation.....	171
AP:189-219 On the gods, chorus and music	172
AP:220-250 On style	173
AP:251-274 On metre.....	175

AP:275-294 Greeks and Romans	175
AP:295-332 How to be a good poet.....	176
AP:333-365 Combine instruction with pleasure	178
AP:366-407 No mediocrity: recall the tradition!	179
AP:408-437 Nature plus training: but see through flattery	180
AP:438-476 Know your faults and keep your wits	181
Index	184

Satires: Book I Satire I - On Discontent

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.

BkISatI:23-60 All work to make themselves rich, but why?

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 [Naeivius](#)
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, You're 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, 'thriftly'. 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.

BkISatIII:76-98 We should be fairer in our judgements

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.

BkISatIII:99-119 All sins are not equal

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.

BkISatIV:26-62 Is a Satirist truly a poet though?

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, crammed 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 Maecenas 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 [Tullius](#) 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.

Satires: Book I Satire VII – A Battle of Wits

BkISatVII:1-35 ‘King’ Rupilius Rex versus Persius

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 [Pediatria](#), 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 [Pedi](#) 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.

Satires: Book II Satire I – On Satire Again

BkIISatI:1-23 Advise me what to write

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.'

BkIISatI: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.

BkIISatI: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:

Doesn'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

BkIISatII: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.

BkIISatII: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.

BkIISatII:53-69 Simplicity doesn't mean meanness

[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 [Naeivius](#) thoughtless in offering his guests
Greasy water: that's also a serious mistake.

BkIISatII:70-88 The virtues of the simple life

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 tithe
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?

BkIISatII: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

BkIISatIII: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.'

BkIISatIII: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.”

BkII SatIII: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.”

BkIISatIII:82-110 The madness of avarice

“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."

**BkIISatIII: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?"

BkIISatIII: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."

BkIISatIII:187-223 The desire for glory is a curse

“[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?"

BkIISatIII: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?"

BkIISatIII: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 [Sertorius](#) 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 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!

Satires: Book II Satire IV – The Art of Good Living

BkIISatIV:1-23 Catus on the Culinary Arts

[Catus](#), 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.’

BkIISatIV:24-39 There are subtle theories to master

‘[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.’

BkIISatIV: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 [Caius](#), 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.

Satires: Book II Satire V – Legacy Hunting

BkIISatV:1-22 Ulysses questions Tiresias

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.’

BkIISatV: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.'

BkIISatV: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!

Satires: Book II Satire VI – Town versus Country

BkIISatVI:1-39 On the Sabine Farm

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.

BkII SatVI: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.

BkII SatVI: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.

**BkIISatVI:77-115 The country mouse and the town
mouse**

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.'

BkIISatVII: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.’

BkIISatVII: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.'

BkIISatVIII: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

Epistles: Book I Epistle I – Introduction – To Maecenas

BkIEpI:1-19 An end to verse

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?

BkIEpI: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 [Baiae](#),'
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 Florus

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,
Unafraid 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.

Epistles: Book I Epistle V – A Dinner Invitation – To Torquatus

BkIEpV:1-31 An invitation to dinner

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 [Mimnermus](#) 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 gluttoned 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.

**Epistles: Book I Epistle VIII – Of Ill Health – To Celsus
Albinovanus**

BkIEpVIII:1-17 Discontent

[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.

Epistles: Book I Epistle IX – An Introduction – To Tiberius

BkIEpIX:1-13 A letter of introduction to Tiberius

[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.

**Epistles: Book I Epistle X – Town versus Country – To
Aristius Fuscus**

BkIEpX:1-25 The delights of Nature

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 [Aquinum](#)'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

BkIEpXII: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
[Sertorius](#)? 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.

BkIEpXIV: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
Enviest 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.

**Epistles: Book I Epistle XVI – Of Wisdom – To
Quinctius**

BkIEpXVI:1-24 Are you really wise, Quinctius?

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.

BkIEpXVI:25-45 Are you really as good as is said?

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.

Epistles: Book I Epistle XVII – Of Independence – To Scaeva

BkIEpXVII:1-32 Humble advice

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 crowd 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.

Epistles: Book I Epistle XVIII – Advice on Patrons – To Lollius

BkIEpXVIII:1-36 Virtue is the mean between extremes

[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](#)s.

BkII EpI: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.

BkIIIEpI: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 lispings, 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.

BkIIIEpI: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.

BkIIIEpI: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.

**BkIIEpI: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 zealotry 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.

Epistles: Book II Epistle II – Of the Poet’s Life – To Florus

BkIIEpII:1-25 An answer to Florus’ complaints

[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 pricking 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!

BkIIEpII:26-54 I prefer dozing to writing!

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?

BkIIIEpII: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?

BkIIIEpII: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](#).

BkIIIEpII: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?

BkIII EpII: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 adding
[Lucanian](#) pastures to those of [Calabria](#),
If [Orcus](#), unmoved by gold, reaps high and low?

**BkIIEpII:180-216 Live as you ought, or give way to
others**

Jewels, ivory, marble, [Etruscan](#) figurines,
Pictures, silver plate, robes dyed [Gaetolian](#) 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 your 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 inappropriately
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 [Diomedes](#)'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.

AP:251-274 On metre

A long syllable after a short is called an *iambus*:
A swift foot, therefore it ordered the name trimeter
To be associated with iambs 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?

AP:333-365 Combine instruction with pleasure

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 [Rannes](#), 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
[Casellius](#), 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 loses 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.)

[BkIIIEpI: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](#).

[BkIIIEpII: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](#).

[BkIIIEpI: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.

[BkIIEpI: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.

[BkIIEpII: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.

[BkIEpXVIII:37-66](#) Re-enacted in mock naval engagements.

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 fortune 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

The region in central Greece.

[BkIEpXVIII:37-66](#) The scene of the Calydonian boar hunt, hence a literary reference to the hero Meleager.

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.

[BkIIEpI:34-62](#) Deemed to have received [Menander](#)'s mantle.

Africa

The Roman Province of North Africa, *Africa Provincia*.

[BkIISatIII:82-110](#) Its imported corn, predominantly from Egypt.

[BkIISatIV:40-69](#) African snails prized by epicures.

[BkIISatVIII:79-95](#) Snakes from North Africa, Libya in particular.

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](#).

[BkIISatIII: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.

[BkIISatIII: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.

[BkIISatIII: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.

[BkIISatIII: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 Agamemnon 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.

[BkIIIepI: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](#).

[BkIISatI:47-86](#) [BkIISatII:53-69](#) Mentioned.

Alcaeus

Poet of [Lesbos](#), born c620BC.

[BkIEpXIX:21-49](#) A major influence on Horace, both in Horace's use of the Alcaic stanza and in his themes, including love, wine, death and politics.

[BkIIEpII:87-125](#) 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.

[BkIEpII:1-31](#) The young men of his palace, noted for their looks, dancing etc (See *Odyssey* 7 and 8).

Alcon

A Greek slave.

[BkIISatVIII:1-19](#) 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.

[BkIIEpI:214-244](#) [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.

[BkIISatV: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](#).

[BkIISatIII:82-110](#) [BkIISatIII: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.

[AP:119-152](#) See *Odyssey* Book X:103.

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.

[BkISatV:1-33](#) [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.

[BkIEpXV:1-25](#) 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.

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

Anytus

The Athenian who laid capital charges against [Socrates](#).

[BkIISatIV:1-23](#) Socrates, mentioned as a famous philosopher.

Apella

A Jewish freedman.

[BkISatV:71-104](#) 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, censor 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.

[BkIIIEpII: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.

[BkIEpVI:1-27](#) A source of spices, gifts of the earth.

[BkIEpVII:29-45](#) Its riches.

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 [Lycambes](#) refused to allow his daughter Neobule to marry Archilochus, the poet wrote a savage poem accusing Lycambes of 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.

Arellius

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.

[BkIIEpII: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.

[BkIIEpII: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.

[BkIISatIII:82-110](#) An incident showing his supposed rationality.

[BkIEpI:1-19](#) Horace follows his precepts (sometimes!).

[BkIEpXVII:1-32](#) 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.

[BkISatIX:35-78](#) They meet.

[BkISatX:72-92](#) Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts.

[BkIEpX:1-25](#) [BkIEpX:26-50](#) 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.

[BkISatIV:1-25](#) Mentioned. A key dramatist of the Old Comedy.

Armenia

The province in [Asia](#) Minor.

[BkIEpXII:1-29](#) [Tiberius](#) installed Tigranes on the throne unopposed in 20BC, though it was commemorated as a military victory.

Arrius

Quintus Arrius.

[BkIISatIII:82-110](#) He entertained thousands at an extravagant funeral feast for his father (Cicero, *In Vatin*.30ff).

[BkIISatIII:224-246](#) His sons were also extravagant.

Asia

The province of Asia, in Asia Minor.

[BkIEpIII:1-36](#) [Tiberius](#) campaigned there.

Asina

[BkIEpXIII:1-19](#) See [Vinius](#).

Assyria

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

[AP:73-118](#) Examples of oriental types.

Atacinus, see [Varro](#)

Athens

The chief city of Attica, sacred to [Minerva](#) (Pallas Athene).

[BkISatI:61-91](#) [Horace](#) quotes the example of an Athenian miser.

[BkIISatVII:1-20](#) [BkIIEpII:56-86](#) A city noted for its learning, where young Roman noblemen went to study. (Note Ovid's visit there)

[BkIISatVIII:1-19](#) Attic girls carried [Ceres](#)' sacred emblems to Eleusis. Horace mocks the ultra-solemn ceremony of bringing in the wine at a dinner party.

[BkIIEpI:182-213](#) A common location in Greek Comedy.

[BkIIEpII:26-54](#) 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](#).

[BkIISatIII:187-223](#) [BkIEpII:1-31](#) The father of the Atridae.

[BkIEpVII:29-45](#) The father of Menelaus.

[AP:153-188](#) 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.

[BkIIEpI:63-89](#) 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.

[BkIEpXI:1-30](#) 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)

[BkIISatIV:24-39](#) An epicure.

Aufidius Luscus

The chief official at [Fundi](#), an *aedile* but with the airs of a *praetor*. He had once been a scribe, 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.

[BkIISatI: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.

[BkIEpXIII:1-19](#) Horace oversees delivery of his books, probably the Odes Books I-III, published in 23BC, to

[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.'

[BkIIEpI: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.

[BkIIEpII: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.

[BkIISatIII:187-223](#) Iphigenia was sacrificed there to gain favourable winds.

Aulus

Son of [Oppidius](#).

[BkIISatIII:168-186](#) A potential spendthrift.

Auster

The south wind.

[BkIISatII:23-52](#) Capable of causing food to spoil.

[BkIIEpII: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.

[BkIIEpII: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 *thyrsus*, 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.

[BkIIIEpII: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

A reformed wastrel.

[BkIEpXV:26-46](#) A 'poacher turned gamekeeper'.

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.

[BkIEpXVII:33-62](#) A distant 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!

[BkIIEpII: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.

[BkIIEpII:87-125](#) 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.

[BkISatX:1-30](#) His use of Greek words mingled with Latin for effect.

Camenae

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.

[BkISatX:31-49](#) Mentioned.

[BkIEpI:1-19](#) Horace’s personal Muse.

[BkIEpXIX:1-20](#) Poetic inspiration akin to drunkenness.

[AP:275-294](#) 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.

[BkIEpI:41-69](#) An example of Roman virtue.

Campania

The Italian coastal and inland region south-east of [Latium](#) and [Rome](#), containing Naples.

[BkISatV:34-70](#) Horace passed through on his journey to [Brindisi](#), stopping by the Campanian Bridge at [Sinuessa](#).

[BkISatVI:110-131](#) [BkIISatIII:142-167](#) Its plain everyday pottery.

[BkIISatVIII:42-78](#) 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.

[BkISatI:61-91](#) Used for exercising and racing horses.

[BkISatVI:110-131](#) [BkIISatVI:40-58](#) [BkIEpVII:46-98](#) Ball games were played there including *trigo*, a game for three players.

[BkIEpXI:1-30](#) An attractive part of ancient Rome.

[BkIEpXVIII:37-66](#) [AP:366-407](#) Crowds would watch the sports and military exercises.

[AP:153-188](#) A place where young men went to enjoy themselves.

Canidia

A witch.

[BkISatVIII:23-50](#) She carries out magical rites.
[BkIISatI:47-86](#) [BkIISatVIII:79-95](#) A poisoner.

Canis, see [Sirius](#)

Cantabria

The Cantabri were a tribe of Northern Spain.

[BkIEpXII:1-29](#) [BkIEpXVIII:37-66](#) 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](#).

[BkISatV:71-104](#) Horace travels through on his way to [Brindisi](#).

[BkISatX:1-30](#) Their mixed language.

[BkIISatIII:168-186](#) [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 pro-Roman ruling dynasty, became strategically important, and was a Roman Province by 17AD.

[BkIEpVI:28-48](#) 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.

[BkISatIV:63-85](#) He pursued those deemed guilty of theft.

Capua

The town in [Campania](#).

[BkISatV:34-70](#) Horace passed through on his way to [Brindisi](#).

[BkIEpXI:1-30](#) 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](#).

[BkIEpVII:46-98](#) 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.

[BkIISatI:47-86](#) Scipio took his name Africanus after the victory.

[BkIIIEpI:156-181](#) 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.

[BkIIIEpII: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.

[BkIEpVIII:1-17](#) 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.

[BkIISatII:112-136](#) Goddess of the harvest.

[BkIISatVIII:1-19](#) Horace alludes to the festival in her honour.

Cerinthus

Unknown. Possibly a notorious adulterer.

[BkISatII:64-85](#) Mentioned, though the text is disputed.

Cervius (1)

An unknown informer.

[BkIISatI:47-86](#) Mentioned.

Cervius (2)

A neighbour.

[BkIISatVI:77-115](#) A teller of tales.

Cethegus

Marcus Cornelius Cethegus, consul in 204BC.

[BkIIIEpII: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.

[BkIIIEpI: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.

[AP:73-118](#) 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.

[BkISatIII:120-142](#) 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.

[BkIISatIII:31-63](#) The Stoic school met in the Painted Porch in Athens. Chrysippus considered the foolish and deluded as insane.

[BkIISatIII:281-299](#) He classed most men as mad.

[BkIEpII:1-31](#) A teacher of the good life.

[BkIIEpI:34-62](#) 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.

[BkIEpVI:28-48](#) A trading centre.

Cicirrus Messius

His name means 'game-cock'. He is an [Oscan](#) from Samnium and so ridiculed as a primitive, a [Cyclops](#).

[BkISatV:34-70](#) 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 Aea, 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 Aea, 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)

[BkIISatIV: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.

[BkIISatIII: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.

[BkIEpIII:1-36](#) He campaigned for Augustus on many fronts, here in [Asia](#) Minor to set Tigranes on the throne of [Armenia](#) in 20BC.

[BkIEpVIII:1-17](#) [Celsus](#) is on his staff.

[BkIEpIX:1-13](#) A letter of introduction to him, probably written in 20BC as Tiberius set out on his Eastern Campaign.

[BkIEpXII:1-29](#) His successful conclusion of the Armenian campaign.

[BkIIEpII:1-25](#) [Florus](#) was on his staff.

Clazomenae

A town in Asia Minor on the Bay of Smyrna.

[BkISatVII:1-35](#) [Persius](#)' home town.

Clusium

The modern Chiusi in [Etruria](#) about eighty-five miles northwest of Rome.

[BkIEpXV:1-25](#) Its cold water springs.

Cocceius

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

[BkISatV:1-33](#) Horace travels with him from [Rome](#) to [Brindisi](#) (and possibly Tarentum) in 38 or 37 BC.

[BkISatV:34-70](#) 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

An Ionian city on the [Lydian](#) coast.

[BkIEpXI:1-30](#) A famous port.

Coranus

A minor official who has become a public clerk, like Horace, and acquired wealth.

[BkIISatV: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.

[BkIIEpI: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](#) [BkIISatVIII: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.

[BkIISatIII: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.

[BkISatIII:120-142](#) Horace considers him absurd.

[BkISatIV:1-25](#) Made fun of again as a garrulous writer.

[BkIISatVII:21-45](#) 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.

[BkIEpXI:1-30](#) [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.)

[BkIEpXV:1-25](#) On the road to Baiae.

Cupiennius

Gaius Cupiennius Libo of Cumae, a favourite of [Augustus](#).

[BkISatII:23-46](#) [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.

[BkISatVIII: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](#) [BkIEpII: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.

[BkIISatVI:40-58](#) The Dacians sided with [Antony](#) prior to [Actium](#).

Dama

A slave name.

[BkISatVI:1-44](#) Mentioned.

[BkIISatV:89-110](#) An ironic name for a freed slave, and self-made man.

[BkIISatVII:46-67](#) Horace disguises himself as Dama, a slave.

Damasippus

Junius Damasippus, an art and antiques dealer who appears in Cicero's Letters. (*Ad Att.* xii 29,33: *Ad fam.* vii. 23). A convert to Stoicism.

[BkIISatIII:1-30](#) He criticises Horace for his indolence.

[BkIISatIII:64-81](#) An example of one obsessed by business.

[BkIISatIII:300-326](#) Horace is defeated by Damasippus' long list of criticisms.

Davus (1)

A slave-character in Comedy.

[BkISatX:31-49](#) Mentioned.

[BkIISatV:89-110](#) His subservient stance.

[AP:220-250](#) A stock character in low comedy.

Davus (2)

One of [Horace](#)'s slaves.

[BkIISatVII:1-20](#) He is allowed to criticise his master.

[BkIISatVII:46-67](#) He questions who is the true slave.

[BkIISatVII:95-118](#) He finally exasperates Horace.

Decemvirs

The commission of ten men, for religious and public duties.

[BkIIIEpI: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.

[BkIIEpI: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.

Diomede

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.

[BkIEpXVIII:1-36](#) A dispute over his skills.

Dossenus

A stock character, a sly villain, in the Atellan Oscan farces. [BkIIIEpI:156-181](#) 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.)

[BkISatII:111-134](#) An ideal woman.

Electra

Orestes' loyal sister.

[BkIISatIII:111-14](#) 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*.

[BkIEpXII:1-29](#) A philosophical theorist.

[AP:438-476](#) 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*.

[BkISatIV:26-62](#) [AP:38-72](#) An example of a great poet.

[BkISatX:50-71](#) Criticised by [Lucilius](#).

[BkIEpXIX:1-20](#) He said of himself that he was only a poet when drunk.

[BkIIEpI:34-62](#) 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.

[AP:251-274](#) Horace does not rate his metric skill.

Epicharmus

Writer of [Sicilian](#) comedies, mythological burlesques, working in the first quarter of the fifth century BC.

[BkIIEpI:34-62](#) 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!

[BkIISatVI:1-39](#) Mournful because of the prior associations described 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.

[BkISatX:50-71](#) [Cassius](#) was an Etruscan.

[BkIISatII:23-52](#) The [Tiber](#) rises in Etruria.

[BkIISatIII:224-246](#) [BkIIEpI: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.

[BkIIEpI:182-213](#) The Tuscan Sea to the west and southwest of Italy. The modern Ligurian and Tyrrhenian Seas.

[BkIIEpII:180-216](#) 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.

[BkISatIV:1-25](#) Praised.

[BkIISatIII:1-30](#) 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’.

[BkIEpXVIII:1-36](#) 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.

[BkISatIII:76-98](#) Any cup touched by him would be sacred and antique and therefore precious.

Fabian

One of the thirty-five tribes of Roman citizens.

[BkIEpVI:49-68](#) 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.

[BkISatI:1-22](#) A chatterbox.

[BkISatII:111-134](#) Adultery causes painful consequences which even a Stoic would have to accept.

Fabricius

Lucius Fabricius, *curator viarum*.

[BkIISatIII:31-63](#) 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.

[BkIISatII:1-22](#) [BkIISatIV:24-39](#) The best of wines. See Macrobius, Saturn. vii 12, for a reference to the best mead made with [Hymettian](#) honey and Falernian wine.

[BkIISatIII:111-14](#) [BkIISatIV:1-23](#) [BkIISatIV:40-69](#)

[BkIISatVIII:1-19](#)

[BkIEpXIV:31-44](#) Falernian wine.

Fannius

A minor poet.

[BkISatIV:1-25](#) His extreme self-advertisement.

[BkISatX:72-92](#) A worthless critic and sponge on [Hermogenes](#).

Fauns

Demi-gods. Rural deities with horns and tails.

[BkIEpXIX:1-20](#) Members of [Bacchus](#)' crowd of followers.

[AP:220-250](#) 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.

[BkISatII:64-85](#) 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.

[BkIEpXVII:1-32](#) A quiet country town.

Feronia

An Italian Goddess, the consort of [Jupiter](#) at [Anxur](#).

[BkISatV:1-33](#) 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 Porphyry.

[BkIEpIII: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.

[BkIISatIII: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.

[BkIISatVII: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](#).

[BkIISatVIII: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.

[BkISatVIII:23-50](#) The witches appeared like Furies.

[BkIISatIII: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](#).

[BkISatX:31-49](#) His bombastic style is criticised.

[BkIISatV:23-44](#) 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.

[BkISatX:72-92](#) 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](#).

[BkIEpXI:1-30](#) Partly deserted, a ghost-town.

[BkIEpXV:1-25](#) Its cold countryside.

[BkIIEpI:1-33](#) [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)

[BkIIEpII:1-25](#) A trained house-slave from there.

Gaetolian

The Gaetuli were a people of North [Africa](#), hence African.

[BkIIEpII:180-216](#) A source of dyed cloth.

Galba

A member of the Sulpicii Galba family.

[BkISatII:23-46](#) 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 Thaumias 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 Aëlle, 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.

[BkIEpXVI:1-24](#) Its cool, pure waters.

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 Clytemnaestra, 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 Diomedes 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 Porphyry 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*.

[BkISatX:50-71](#) His works attracted a vast critical commentary.

[BkIEpII:1-31](#) Horace is re-reading the *Iliad*.

[BkIEpXIX:1-20](#) His praise of wine. (See *Iliad* vi. 261 etc)

[BkIIEpI:34-62](#) [Ennius](#) was considered a second Homer.

[AP:73-118](#) [AP:366-407](#) Master of the epic metre.

[AP:333-365](#) Even Homer sometimes nods.

Horace, Horatius

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the poet (65-8BC). 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 42BC. 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.

[BkISatVI:45-64](#) Horace was a tribune in [Brutus](#)' ill-fated army.

[BkISatVI:65-88](#) His tribute to his father.

[BkIISatVI:1-39](#) Horace describes his business life in Rome late in 31BC. 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.

[BkIEpXIV:1-30](#) He names himself in the text.

[BkIEpXX:1-28](#) He was born on the 8th December 65BC.

[BkIIIEpII:26-54](#) 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.

[BkIISatVIII:1-19](#) Acts as wine-bearer.

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).

[BkIIIEpI:1-33](#) Hercules killed this creature in his second labour.

Hymettus

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.

[BkIISatII:1-22](#) The best honey came from Hymettus. See Macrobius, Saturn. vii 12, for a reference to the best mead made with Hymettian honey and [Falernian](#) wine.

Hypsaea

A blind woman also named Plotia or Plautia.

[BkISatII:86-110](#) Noted for her blindness.

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 (*Januarius*). 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.

[BkIEpXX:1-28](#) The booksellers stalls in the Forum and Argiletum.

[BkIIEpI: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 worshipped as an incarnation of Isis (Hathor)

[AP:119-152](#) Horace suggests how she should be portrayed.

Italy

The country conquered by the Romans, and ruled from [Rome](#) its and their Capital.

[BkIEpXII:1-29](#) Its prosperity and power under [Augustus](#).

[BkIEpXVIII:37-66](#) Augustus added to Italy's military cudos.

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

Unknown. Possibly a freedman of the Julian House.
[BkISatVIII:23-50](#) Mentioned.

Iuno, Juno

The daughter of Rhea and Saturn, wife of [Jupiter](#), and the queen of the gods. A representation of the pre-Hellenic Great Goddess. (See the Metope of Temple E at Selinus – The Marriage of Hera and Zeus – Palermo, National Museum.)

[BkISatIII:1-24](#) A reference to the basket-bearers in religious processions.

Iuppiter, Jupiter, Jove

The sky-god, son of Saturn and Rhea, born on Mount Lycaeum 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](#) [BkIISatI:24-46](#) The all-powerful god of justice, identified with [Augustus](#).

[BkISatII:1-22](#) His name used as an exclamation of surprise.

[BkIISatIII: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.

[BkIEpXVII:33-62](#) Touching his throne is achieving an ultimate ambition.

[BkIEpXIX:21-49](#) Horace's poems said to be reserved for Jove's ear, perhaps an allusion to [Augustus](#).

[BkIIEpI:63-89](#) 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.

[AP:119-152](#) Horace suggests how he should be portrayed.

Kalends

The first day of each month.

[BkISatIII:76-98](#) The days on which payments fell due.

Labeo

Possibly Marcus Antistius Labeo, an amateur expert on law.

[BkISatIII:76-98](#) 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.

[BkISatX:1-30](#) His verse comedies.

Laelius

Gaius Laelius Sapiens a friend of [Scipio](#) and [Terence](#). He was respected for his sagacity and oratory.

[BkIISatI:47-86](#) Attacked by [Lucilius](#).

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 *Penates* 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.

[BkIISatVI: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.

[BkIIIEpI:156-181](#) The Romans adopted Greek models in literature.

[BkIIIEpII:87-125](#) [AP:275-294](#) The heartland of the Latin language.

Laurentum

The marshy district between Ardea and Ostia.

[BkIISatIV:40-69](#) The source of inferior wild boar.

Laverna

The goddess of thieves and imposters.

[BkIEpXVI:46-79](#) Secretly invoked by the devious man.

Lebedus

A small coastal town fifteen miles west of [Colophon](#).

[BkIEpXI: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.

[BkIEpX: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.

[BkIEpXX: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.

[BkIISatIII: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.

[BkIIEpI:34-62](#) [BkIIEpI: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.

[BkIEpII: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.

Longareus

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.

[BkIIIEpII:155-179](#) Pasture land there.

Lucilius

Gaius Lucilius, the friend of Cicero, and writer of satires (c180-102BC). 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](#).

[BkISatVIII:1-22](#) 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.

[BkISatIX:35-78](#) The target of men seeking advantage.

[BkISatX:72-92](#) Horace seeks his approval of his literary efforts.

[BkIISatIII:300-326](#) [Damasippus](#) accuses Horace of imitating whatever Maecenas does.

[BkIISatVI:1-39](#) As a public clerk Horace was often involved in Maecenas' business.

[BkIISatVI:40-58](#) 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.

[BkIISatVII:21-45](#) Horace rushes to accept his invitations.

[BkIISatVIII:1-19](#) [BkIISatVIII:20-41](#) Present at a dinner party Horace hears of.

[BkIEpI:1-19](#) The Epistles addressed to him, as are the Satires, Odes and Epodes.

[BkIEpVII:1-28](#) An apparent reproach to Horace for a lengthy stay in the country is answered.

[BkIEpXIX:1-20](#) This epistle addressed to him. He is described as learned, cultured.

Maecius

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)

[BkISatX:31-49](#) [AP:366-407](#) 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](#).

[BkIISatVI: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 [Diomedes](#).

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)

[BkIISatIII:1-30](#) Horace has taken his writings along.
[BkIIIEpI:34-62](#) [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.

[BkIISatIII:187-223](#) [Ajax](#) attempted to kill him.

Menenius

A madman.

[BkIISatIII:281-299](#) 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.

[BkIISatIII:1-30](#) A 'friend of Mercury' implies a deft trader and dealer, with a hint of being a thief.

[BkIISatIII:64-81](#) [BkIISatVI:1-39](#) The god of luck and propitious gifts.

Messalla

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.

[BkISatVI:1-44](#) The name mentioned, as an example of aristocratic status.

[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.

[BkIISatI:47-86](#) Attacked by [Lucilius](#).

Methymna

A town on the island of [Lesbos](#).

[BkIISatVIII:42-78](#) Famous for its wine.

Miletus

The southern Ionian city in [Asia](#) Minor.

[BkIEpXVII:1-32](#) Famous for its wool.

Milonius

Unknown.

[BkIISatI: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.

[BkIISatIV:24-39](#) A source of sea-urchins eaten in Rome.

Molossians

Inhabitants of Eastern Epirus.

[BkIISatVI:77-115](#) They bred famous hounds.

Moschus

A rhetorician from Pergamum. He was accused of poisoning, defended unsuccessfully, 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 lawyers 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.

[BkIISatVII:21-45](#) His sneer at Horace.

Munatius

Possibly a son of Lucius Munatius Plancus (see Horace's Odes i.7.9) consul in 42BC.

[BkIEpIII:1-36](#) A friend of Horace.

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.

[BkIEpIII:1-36](#) The Muse of [Pindar](#).

[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.

[BkIIIEpII:87-125](#) Extravagant compliment would attribute a fine work to the Muses themselves.

[AP:73-118](#) [AP:366-407](#) The inspirer of lyric poetry.

[AP:119-152](#) Horace quotes approximately from the opening of the *Odyssey*.

[AP:295-332](#) The Greek Muse.

Mutus

‘Mute’. An unknown landowner.

[BkIEpVI:1-27](#) A source of competitive envy.

Mytilene

The main city of the island of [Lesbos](#).

[BkIEpXI:1-30](#) A famous city.

Naevius (1)

A spendthrift.

[BkISatI:92-121](#) A type of prodigality.

[BkIISatII:53-69](#) 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.

[BkIIIEpI:34-62](#) A respected ancient writer.

Nasica

A fortune-hunter.

[BkIISatV:45-69](#) 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.

[BkIISatVIII:1-19](#) [BkIISatVIII:42-78](#) [BkIISatVIII:79-95](#) His dinner party.

Natta

Unknown.

[BkISatVI:110-131](#) His use of lamp-oil.

Neptune

God of the sea, brother of Pluto and [Jupiter](#).

[BkIEpXI:1-30](#) The sea, and its power.

[AP:38-72](#) 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.

[BkIISatIII:64-81](#) One who takes foolish risks on a debtor who will be unable to repay.

Nero, Tiberius [Claudius](#)

[BkIIEpII: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.

[BkIISatI:1-23](#) [BkIISatIII:168-186](#) A wastrel.

[BkIISatIII:224-246](#) Profligacy condemned by the [Stoics](#).

Nomentanus (2)

A hanger-on. Maybe identical with [Nomentanus \(1\)](#).

[BkIISatVIII:20-41](#) [BkIISatVIII: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.

[BkIISatII:1-22](#) His advice on plain living.

[BkIISatII:53-69](#) Plain living is not the same as meanness.

[BkIISatII: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.

[BkIIIEpI:63-89](#) Horace's teacher when a boy.

Orbius

A rich landowner.

[BkIIIEpII: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.

[BkIIIEpII:155-179](#) Death, the grim reaper.

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)

[BkIISatIII:111-14](#) He killed his mother in revenge for the murder of his father by her and her lover Aegisthus.

[AP:119-152](#) Horace suggests how he should be portrayed.

Origo

Unknown.

[BkISatII:47-63](#) [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.)

[AP:366-407](#) The power of his lyre to create law and order.

Oscans

A primitive people of Italy.

[BkISatV:34-70](#) [Messius](#) is an Oscan.

Osiris

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 proto-Christian values to Roman religion.

Pacideianus

A well-known gladiator.

[BkIISatVII: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.

[BkIIEpI: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](#).

[BkIEpIII:1-36](#) The Palatine Library was sited there in the Temple of [Apollo](#).

Pantilius

Unknown.

[BkISatX:72-92](#) A worthless critic.

Pantolabus

A parasite.

[BkISatVIII:1-22](#) Buried in a pauper's grave.

[BkIISatI:1-23](#) A parasite.

Paris

Prince of Troy, son of [Priam](#) and Hecuba, brother of [Hector](#). His theft of [Menelaüs](#)' wife [Helen](#) provoked the [Trojan](#) War.

[BkIEpII:1-31](#) 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.

[BkIEpXIX:21-49](#) [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.

[BkIISatI:1-23](#) [BkIEpXVIII:37-66](#) 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.

[BkIISatV:45-69](#) [BkIIEpI:245-270](#) The 'terror' of Parthia is Octavian, later Augustus, and also Rome itself.

[BkIIEpI:90-117](#) 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.

[BkISatVI:1-44](#) Mentioned as an example of aristocratic status.

Pausias

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

[BkIISatVII:95-118](#) Noted for his subtle technique and dubious subjects.

Pedum

An ancient town between [Tibur](#) and [Praeneste](#).

[BkIEpIV:1-16](#) [Tibullus](#) is staying there.

Pediatia

A derogatory feminine name given to an unknown man
Pediatus.

[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 Icarus 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.

[BkIISatIII: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 (*Trinummus* 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.

Petrinum

A mountain near [Sinuessa](#).

[BkIEpV:1-31](#) Mentioned.

Phaeacians

The people of the island of Scherie (modern Corfu) in the *Odyssey*. [Alcinous](#) was their king. They lived a rich, contented life.

[BkIEpXV:1-25](#) 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.

[BkIIEpII:26-54](#) 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.

[BkIEpVII:46-98](#) The tale of his patronage.

Philippus (2)

Gold coins with the portrait of Philip of Macedon which circulated freely throughout the Greek world.

[BkIIEpI:214-244](#) [Choerilus](#) was paid with them.

Philodemus

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

[BkISatII:111-134](#) 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](#).

[BkIEpXII:1-29](#) 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.

[BkIISatIII:247-280](#) [BkIISatIV:70-95](#) Its apples.

Pieria

Pieria in Thessaly was a haunt of the [Muses](#).

[AP:366-407](#) 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.

[BkIEpIII:1-36](#) Horace suggests he influenced [Titius](#), which may be a pseudonym for Varius.

Pisos, Pisones

A father and two sons. Possibly Lucius Calpurnius Piso, consul 15BC, his sons unknown: or Gnaeus Calpurnius Piso, who fought under [Brutus](#) at [Philippi](#), and had a son Gneius, consul in 7BC and another Lucius, consul in 1BC.

[AP:1-37](#) [AP:220-250](#) The *Ars Poetica* addressed to them.

[AP:366-407](#) The eldest son addressed.

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 Senectute* 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.

[BkIIIEpI:34-62](#) He modelled his style on [Epicharmus](#).

[BkIIIEpI: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)

[BkIISatIII: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](#).

[BkIIIEpI: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](#).

[BkIISatVIII: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 an *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.

[BkIISatVI:1-39](#) The praetor's tribunal was nearby.

Pylades

Orestes' loyal friend.

[BkIISatIII:111-14](#) Abused by [Orestes](#) in his madness.

Pyrria

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

[BkIEpXIII:1-19](#) A well-known example.

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,

[BkIISatIV:1-23](#) Mentioned as a famous philosopher.

[BkIISatVI:59-76](#) 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!

[BkIIEpI:34-62](#) [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.

[AP:408-437](#) The flautist at the Games.

Pythias

A slave-girl.

[AP:220-250](#) A character in low comedy.

Quinctius

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

[BkIEpXVI:1-24](#) This letter addressed to him.

Quinquatrus

The festival of [Minerva](#) from March 19th to 23rd.

[BkIIEpII:180-216](#) A school holiday.

Quintilius

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

[AP:438-476](#) His critical habits.

Quintus (1), see [Horace](#)

Quintus (2)

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!

Quirinal

One of the Seven Hills of Rome named for [Quirinus](#), the deified Romulus.

[BkIIIEpII:56-86](#) Distant from the [Aventine](#).

Quirinus

The deified [Romulus](#).

[BkISatX:31-49](#) 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.

[BkIEpVI:1-27](#) 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.

[AP:333-365](#) 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](#).

[BkIIIEpI:1-33](#) He was deified after his great deeds for the Roman people.

Roscius (1)

Unknown.

[BkIISatVI: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 hundred 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 Porphyry, 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.

[BkIISatVII:95-118](#) 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)

[BkISatIX:1-34](#) Sabine prophecy.

[BkIISatVII:95-118](#) 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](#).

[BkIEpVII:46-98](#) The Sabine region's fertile soil and fine skies.

[BkIEpXVI:46-79](#) Sabine wisdom is the judgement of the common man.

[BkIIEpI:1-33](#) Tullus Hostilius made a treaty with the Sabines in the mid seventh century.

Sabinus

A friend of Horace and [Torquatus](#).

[BkIEpV:1-31](#) To be invited to dinner.

Sagana

A witch.

[BkISatVIII:23-50](#) She carries out magical rites.

Salernum, Salerno

The modern Salerno, in [Campania](#), twenty-five miles northwest of Paestum.

[BkIEpXV:1-25](#) 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 sacrum of [Mars](#). Other colleges of dancing priests existed at [Tibur](#) and elsewhere in [Italy](#).

[BkIIEpI:63-89](#) Their 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)

[BkISatII:47-63](#) A chaser after freedwomen.

Samnites

An ancient people of central Italy.

[BkIISatI:24-46](#) Driven out of [Apulia](#) by the Romans.

[BkIIEpII:87-125](#) Heavily armed Samnite gladiators in the arena would engage in long, tiring, but fruitless contests till nightfall.

Samos

An island off the coast of Asia Minor opposite Ephesus, sacred to [Juno](#), and the birthplace of Pythagoras (at Pythagóron = 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.

[BkIEpXI:1-30](#) [Croesus](#)' capital.

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.

[BkISatV:34-70](#) 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.

[BkISatVI:45-64](#) 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.

[BkIISatIII:1-30](#) Horace has retreated from its distractions.

[BkIISatVII:1-20](#) 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 [Naeivius](#) in his epic on the [Punic](#) War, and illustrated by numerous inscriptions. Study of Greek literature caused it to be superseded by the hexameter and other metres.

[BkIIEpI:156-181](#) 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.

[BkIEpXIX:1-20](#) They are followers of [Bacchus](#)-Dionysus.

[BkIIEpII:87-125](#) Nimble dancers.

[AP:220-250](#) 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.

[BkIISatI:47-86](#) Mentioned.

Scaeva (2)

Unknown. The name means awkward or *gauche*.

[BkIEpXVII:1-32](#) This letter addressed to him.

Scaurus

A cognomen associated with the Aemilii and Aurelii families.

[BkISatIII:25-54](#) A polite name meaning with swollen or twisted ankles.

Scetanus

Unknown.

[BkISatIV:107-143](#) His affair(s) with prostitutes.

Scipios

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

[BkIISatI:1-23](#) 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.

[BkIISatI:47-86](#) Attacked in verse by Lucilius.

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.

[BkIEpIX:1-13](#) A letter of introduction written for him.

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)

[BkISatX:72-92](#) 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.

[BkIISatVI:40-58](#) Here called Triquetra, three-cornered. [Octavian](#)'s veterans who fought at [Actium](#) hoped to be granted land there.

[BkIEpXII:1-29](#) [Agrippa](#)'s estates there.

[BkIIEpI:34-62](#) [Epicharmus](#) came from there.

[AP:438-476](#) [Empedocles](#) came from there.

Sidon

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

[BkIEpX:26-50](#) 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)

[AP:220-250](#) 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

An old man.

[AP:220-250](#) A character in low comedy.

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,

Raidne, Teles, and Thelxepeia.) (See Draper's painting – Ulysses and the Sirens – Ferens Art Gallery, Hull, England, and Gustave Moreau's watercolour in the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard)

[BkII Sat III:1-30](#) [BkI Ep II:1-31](#) 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 Icarus.

[BkI Sat VII:1-35](#) Mentioned.

[BkI Ep X:1-25](#) Associated with the 'dog-days' of mid-summer.

Sisenna

Unknown.

[BkI Sat VII:1-35](#) A foul-mouthed person.

Sisyphus (1)

A dwarf belonging to Marcus [Antonius](#).

[BkI Sat III:25-54](#) Mentioned.

Sisyphus (2)

The mythical founder of [Corinth](#).

[BkII Sat III:1-30](#) Corinth was famous for its bronzes. Sisyphus' footbath mentioned by [Aeschylus](#) would have been a rare antique.

Smyrna

The modern Izmir, in [Asia](#) Minor on the [Aegean](#).
[BkIEpXI:1-30](#) A famous trading port.

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.

[BkIIEpI:156-181](#) A model for Roman playwrights.

Sosii

Two brothers who ran a publishing firm.

[BkIEpXX:1-28](#) 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.
[AP:333-365](#) A potential best-seller for them.

Staberius

A miser.

[BkIISatIII:82-110](#) His will.

Stertinius

A [Stoic](#) philosopher.

[BkIISatIII:31-63](#) [Damasippus](#)' mentor. His words of wisdom.

[BkIISatIII:281-299](#) His concluding remarks.

[BkIEpXII:1-29](#) 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.

[BkIISatIII:31-63](#) [Chrysippus](#), a member of the school.

[BkIISatIII:142-167](#) [Stertinius](#) the speaker is a Stoic.

[BkIISatIII:300-326](#) [Damasippus](#) is addressed as a Stoic.

Suadela

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 Mithdrates, 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.

[BkIEpXVI:1-24](#) Its leafy tranquillity.

[BkIIIEpI: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.

[BkISatVI:1-44](#) Driven from Rome in the ‘Flight of the Kings’.

Taurus

Titus Statilius Taurus was consul for a second time in 26BC.

[BkIEpV:1-31](#) The wine was bottled in his consulship.

Teanum, Teano

Teanum Sidicinum, now Teano, inland in [Campania](#), about thirty miles north of [Baiae](#).

[BkIEpI:70-109](#) Rich men built villas there.

Telemachus

The son of [Ulysses](#) and [Penelope](#).

[BkIEpVII:29-45](#) 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.

[AP:73-118](#) An example of a tragic beggar.

Tellus

The Earth, worshipped as a deity.

[BkIIEpI:118-155](#) 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)

[BkIIIEpI:34-62](#) Noted for his refined artistic style.

[BkIIIEpI: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.

[BkIIEpI:156-181](#) A model for Roman playwrights.

[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.

[BkIEpIII:1-36](#) A border of the Empire.

[BkIEpXVI:1-24](#) The [Hebrus](#) its major river.

Thurii

A [Lucanian](#) town on the Tarentine Gulf.

[BkIISatVIII:20-41](#) [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.

[AP:73-118](#) 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.

[BkIISatI:1-23](#) Horace is advised to swim across it to help him sleep.

[BkIISatII:23-52](#) 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.

[BkIISatIII:281-299](#) Its riverbanks the scene of superstitious ritual.

[BkIEpXI:1-30](#) Its stream a nostalgic memory for a Roman.

Tiberius (1), see [Claudius](#)

Tiberius (2)

Son of [Oppidius](#).

[BkIISatIII:168-186](#) 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.

[BkIEpIV:1-16](#) 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.

[BkISatVI:89-109](#) A place of resort for wealthy Romans.

[BkIISatIV:70-95](#) Its apples from the famous orchards there.

[BkIEpVII:29-45](#) Free and easy compared with Rome.

[BkIEpVIII:1-17](#) An alternative to Rome.

[BkIIIEpII:1-25](#) A trained house-slave from there.

Tigellius

Unknown.

[BkISatII:1-22](#) A generous Sardinian singer who had died recently.

[BkISatIII:1-24](#) 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. [BkISatVI:1-44](#) 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](#)

[BkIEpIII:1-36](#) 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.

[BkIEpV:1-31](#) Horace makes play of ‘obeying orders’, and the wine’s location to point up the associations.

Trausius

Unknown.

[BkIISatII:89-111](#) 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.

[BkIISatI:1-23](#) Horace turns to him for advice.

[BkIISatI:47-86](#) He gives his legal opinion!

Trebonius

Unknown.

[BkISatIV:107-143](#) His reputation suffered from chasing a married woman.

Trivicum, Treviso

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 Clytemnestra. 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.

[BkIEpVI:1-27](#) The Tyrian purple dyes.

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

On the coast of North Africa near [Carthage](#).

[BkIEpXX:1-28](#) Provincial but part of the extended Empire.

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.

[BkIISatVIII:20-41](#) [BkIISatVIII: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 birthplace on the River Atax (Aude) in Gallia Narbonensis. 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.

[BkIISatIII:142-167](#) Its cheap wine.

[BkIIEpII:155-179](#) Farmland there.

Velabrum

The low ground between the Capitol and Palatine Hills.

[BkIISatIII: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.

[BkIEpXV:1-25](#) Horace seeks information about it.

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

The northernmost town of [Campania](#), now Venafro.

[BkIISatIV:40-69](#) [BkIISatVIII:42-78](#) Its prized olive oil.

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.

[BkIIIEpII:87-125](#) 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.

[BkISatIX:1-34](#) Horace is strolling there.

Vibidius

A hanger-on to [Maecenas](#).

[BkIISatVIII:20-41](#) [BkIISatVIII:79-95](#) Present at a dinner party Horace hears of.

Villius

Sextus Villius Annalis.

[BkISatII:64-85](#) 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.

[BkIEpXIII:1-19](#) 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.

[BkISatVIII: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. [BkIISatIII: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 led to a quarrel.

[BkIEpXVIII:37-66](#) The story was told in Euripides' *Antiope*, and Pacuvius' *Antiopa*.

