SINCERITY
OF THE
ROMAN SATIRISTS

THE SINCERITY OF THE ROMAN SATIRISTS

BY

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CONTENTS

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"Facit indignatio versum."[1] "Difficile est saturam non scribere."[2] "Sum petulanti splene cachinno."[3]

"Hic stilus haud petet ultro,
Quemquam animantem et me veluti custodiet ensis
Vagina tectus."[4]

Very noble sentiments are expressed in these statements of the three great Roman satirists in justifying their choice of this field of literature. We might accept them in their entirety without suspicion or caution, or again we might assume an attitude of incredulity. Did Juvenal really rage within his heart at the vices of the world, or was he an embittered poet with singular rhetorical powers? Was Persius actually downcast at man's apparent lack of reason and morality, or was he simply voicing his preceptor's axioms? And finally, could Horace possibly justify his attacks on the grounds of self-defense, or was he laughing at man only to cut and wound all the more deeply?

To clarify these pertinent questions, we must inquire into what innate rights these Romans possessed to criticize their fellow-men. Perhaps they were superior in character, and alone without moral flaw in a period reeking with utterly rotten social conditions. Anyone of several motives, may have initiated their literary efforts. Conceit, guised as an apology for inferior ability, sheer delight in delineating vice and exposing its ugliness; or the converse, a pure moral passion burning violently

1) Juvenal, Sat.I, 79.
2) Ibid., 30.
3) Persius, Sat.I, 12.
4) Horace, Sat.II, 1, 39.

within them, may have been the dominating factors. It is for us then to evaluate whether they were suitably endowed by nature for so noble a mission, and if they really knew this world which they lashed, ridiculed, and sorrowed over, knew it well enough to be an impartial judge.

All these questions confront any verification of the sincerity of the Roman satirists, and even after detailed study it remains largely a matter of personal interpretation. It would, indeed, be very simple to make wide-sweeping statements; that Persius was sincere and serious in all that he advised; that Juvenal exaggerated to be effective; and that Horace was care-free and gay without any serious motive. But even with numerous examples to support such remarks, I would be overwhelmed by contradictory interpretations. Consequently, it is more prudent to venture an opinion only after minute investigation, and even then with limited scope.

CHAPTER I

The title of this paper spoke all inclusively of the Roman satirists but I have chosen for detailed consideration only three, although there were other outstanding representatives of this branch of literature. I have selected Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, for their satires alone exist in a sufficiently complete form to permit examination and criticism. As for the others, they have survived solely in abbreviated fragments and in annotations of other authors, and should one attempt a judgment based on these fragments alone, verses preserved for the most part to illustrate a specific idiosyncrasy, their fame would indeed suffer. Of the chosen three, however, the case is far different, for their poems have been so well retained that there are extant eighteen satires of Horace, six of Persius, and sixteen of Juvenal, certainly sufficient evidence of the authors' style and ability to allow impartial investigation.

These three satirists had one common bond--their debt to Lucilius, a predecessor of the second century B. C. whose chief claim to renown is that he "stamped satura forever with the character of invective."[1] And yet so different are their methods of attack, that one must look for contributory causes in their own personality and their historical background.

The time to be considered here embraces approximately two centuries, from 65 B. C. to 140 A. D., or the first centuries of the Empire. Horace, in the Augustan Age, had the advantage of living in the period of greatest prosperity of the Roman State,

1) Tiddy,p.212.

whereas Persius' life span coincided with the reigns of Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, probably the darkest period of Roman History. Juvenal wrote after Trajan came into power, wrote what had been suppressed during the rule of Domitian, and recorded what he had observed during those years. In short, the era which the satirists essayed to reprove, included the transition from civil strife to the absolute power of the emperor when Rome became the nucleus of all civilization.

A brief analysis is adequate to reveal the outstanding characteristics of the three poets. The first, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, was a man deeply devoted to his father, fortunate in his friendship with Maecenas, endowed with keen humor and common sense which enabled him to expose the world's folly; in short, a man who gave honor where it was due, and did not sneer at patriotism, modesty, and kindness. His purpose in writing satire was to single out individual offenders that he might more readily see his own faults; and his greatest wrath was aroused by the inference that he enjoyed wounding others without due cause.

Aulus Persius Flaccus, the second satirist, was a young man inspired with the highest ideals, with a character beyond reproach described thus: "Fuit morum lenissimorum verecundiae virginalis, formae pulchrae, pietatis erga matrem et sororem et amitam exemplo sufficientis."[1] Blindly devoted to his Stoic preceptor, Cornutus, yet decidedly limited in his knowledge of the world, he spent his short life preaching stern axioms to his

1) Persii Vita.

fellow-men. For such a serious purpose, his style of writing seems most unsuitable, with his involved, obscure language of itself tending to defeat his aims.

The last, Decimus Junius Juvenalis, was an old man of fiery temper, with unsurpassed skill in painting vivid pictures of stark realism, who spent the greater part of his life in declamation, and turned only in his later years to satire because, as he said, it was hard not to write when everyone was goading him to invective.[1] As a moralist, he was undoubtedly inferior to Persius, in that he was more apt to "expose vice than enjoin virtue;"[2] but, in fact, he professed no wish to please or instruct, but desired solely to give vent to his anger against vice and crime. As his ideal was that of old Roman "gravitas", the "narrow Republican ideal of a chaste, vigorous, and unluxurious life,"[3] the tone pervading his satires is one of deep reverence for the past, and a one-sided patriotism incapable of comprehending the value of progress and social change. His fury often carried him beyond the limits of reason, causing him to lose all sense of proportion and gradations, and in his exaggeration to make whole classes responsible for the folly of a few.

As for the society which was the object of their attacks, I believe its diverse factors can best be grouped into three topics: the social and economic situation, with the prevalence of unusual professions and the mania for luxury; the moral

1) Juvenal, Sat.I,30.
2) Bailey, p.307.
3) Butler, Chap.XII,p.299.

standard of the Empire with attention on religion and the schools of philosophy; and the political organization, with its inevitable influence on life and literature. In this way, I believe that every important problem of the satirists will be included, and with specific references from these authors, I shall present tangible proof for my conclusions as to their relative sincerity.

CHAPTER II

The majority of references to Roman nobles show a degeneration of the old sterling character of the Republic; yet in their very condemnation of the practices which were resorted to for money, the satirists also reveal the causes of their existence. The honorable professions, as we should call them, were not sufficiently lucrative to restore the lost fortune, and this was the dire situation in which many of the nobles found themselves, with their treasure chests emptied by confiscation and extravagance. Since Roman pride demanded that despite a depleted income, the outward privileges and duties of rank be respected, even in this sorry plight he was barred from business and trade because of the social stigma attached to them.

(1)

Turning then to the approved paths, what did he find? First law, an honorable profession, that is true, but sadly deficient in the one thing he needed--remuneration. Juvenal vividly expresses the incomes of lawyers whose "capacious bellows pant forth prodigious lies"[1] in this manner: "you may put on one side the fortunes of a hundred lawyers, on the other that of a single jockey of the Red,"[2] and he continues--"What fee will your voice bring in? A dried-up ham; a jar of sprats; some veteran onions which would serve as rations for a Moor, or five flagons of wine that has sailed down the Tiber."[3] Persius affirms the statement of lawyers' receiving their fees in kind,

1) Juvenal, Sat. VII, 111.
2) Ibid., 113.
3) Ibid., 118.

although he pictures them as receiving so much from their country clients that their well stocked pantries arouse envy.[1] The lawyer's only chance to earn a large fee and to obtain wealthy clients is to live in lavish display, and to spend beyond his means. "These gentlemen get profit out of this display, the purple or the violet robe brings practice to a lawyer; it pays him to live with a racket and an appearance beyond his means."[2] And so essential is this extravagance, that because of it "Pedo becomes bankrupt, and Matho fails."[3] Consequently Juvenal's advice to one who needs money: "Better go to Gaul or to Africa, that nursing mother of lawyers, if you would make a living by your tongue."[4] His indignation on this point, I feel sure, is genuine, for to one who judged, as he did, everything by standards of the past, this decline in the power of oratory must have seemed a real disaster. The hopelessness of the situation he expresses very well in one statement: "Why, no one would give Cicero himself two hundred pence nowadays, unless a huge ring was blazing on his finger."[5]

(2)

With this career closed to him because of its financial insecurity, the noble may turn to a second profession--teaching--likewise approved, but even worse in its pecuniary reward. Although, by the time of Juvenal, it has become one of the recognized careers for Romans, it has not completely lost the ill repute attached to it because of its early servile character. I

1) Persius, Sat.VII, 73.
2) Juvenal, Sat.VII, 135.
3) Ibid., 129.
4) Ibid., 147.
5) Ibid., 139.

believe that Juvenal's sympathy with the unappreciated schoolmaster is very real. He laments the unfair conditions of this life, for he is paid no respect;[1] He is supposed to know any question which he may be asked even at the street corner;[2] he is held responsible for his charge's moral development;[3] rarely can he get his pay unless he resorts to law courts,[4] and even then he will receive no more than the reward of a successful gladiator for one performance.[5]

Three statements of Juvenal convince me of his sincerity in this matter. The first shows the hard routine of the school to which the teacher must submit--the repetitions of the speeches and arguments which are continually being dinned into his ears--served up again and again, the cabbage, as he terms it, is the "death of the unhappy master"--"Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros."[6]

The second line concerns the payment of the fee, that nothing will cost a father less than a son. "Res nulla minoris constabit patri quam filius."[7] Extravagance in everything else seems to be his rule; six hundred thousand sesterces for his baths; more still for the colonnade; a great amount for a beautiful dining room and the countless slaves to serve dinner; but he begrudges the smallest fee to the teacher. It's a situation where all wish to know, but no one wishes to pay;[8] and any excuse is deemed sufficient to postpone payment, even the statement of the

1) Juvenal, Sat.VII,213.
2) Ibid., 230.
3) Ibid., 237.
4) Ibid., 228.
5) Ibid., 242.
6) Ibid., 153.
7) Ibid., 187.
8) Ibid., 157.

child that he has learned nothing.[1]

The last argument to prove Juvenal's true compassion, in my opinion, consists of some of the finest lines he has written, where he asks for Heaven's blessing on the former generations who knew how to respect an instructor of the mind:

> "Di maiorum umbris tenuem, et sine pondere, terram,
> Spirantesque crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver,
> Qui praeceptorem sancti valuere parentis
> Esse loco."[2]

"Grant, O Gods, that the earth may be soft and light upon the shades of our forefathers. May the sweet-scented crocus and a perpetual spring-time bloom over their ashes; who deemed that the teacher should hold the place of a revered parent!" He feels so strongly the injustice of their treatment that he advises the rhetoricians to leave their profession and "enter upon a different walk in life."[3]

(3)

Realizing that the teaching profession offers no solution to his dilemma, the bankrupt noble considers military life, but this has lost much of its glamour, for its necessary rigours and privations seem all the more severe against the background of comfort and luxury at home. As Lecky says: "The habits of inactivity which the Imperial policy had produced, led to a profound disinclination for military life."[4] Like the rest of society, the soldier, too, has degenerated, and no longer wins admiration

1) Juvenal, Sat.VII, 158.
2) Ibid., 207.
3) Ibid., 171.
4) Lecky, Chap.II, p.270.

and praise from his fellow-citizens. In fact, if we were to base our judgment of soldiers on Persius' remarks, we should have a low opinion of them, for they constitute the only class of society that can arouse any anger in him, and make him lose his temper, for they represent the group most opposed to his teachings.[1] He calls them a "Gens hircosa centurionum,"[2] and it is not difficult to understand his wrath, for they make fun of both philosophers and their studies. He ascribes their attitude to ignorance and coarseness, and later refers to them as "varicosus" or veiny, and "ingens", as if even their size exaggerated their crudeness. Here also they appear ignorant, and although Persius does not openly accuse them of being stupid, he more effectively allows one of them to speak and thus betray his lack of knowledge and understanding of philosophy. Of these remarks, Martha says: "Le language de Perse est toujours d'une singulière violence quand il répond aux lourdes facéties des centurions; il ne leur ménage pas les plus dures épithètes. A ces balourds brutaux, il se croit en droit de parler avec brutalité."[3]

While Persius was noticeably hostile to the whole group of soldiery, Juvenal's attitude is more perplexing; if, however, we could ascertain whether or not he was sent to Egypt ostensibly on a military commission, really as exile, we should be greatly facilitated in understanding his remarks on this subject. His references to it are practically confined to his last satire, in which he sets forth the privileges and advantages of a military

1) Tyrrell,Chap.VII, p.232.
2) Persius,Sat.III, 77.
3) Martha,p.139.

life. I believe the best way to interpret this satire is on the supposition that he did go into the army at a very advanced age, and that he was using his irony to foil his enemies, and to pretend that he was not suffering true exile, but that he should be considered fortunate to be a soldier. Some of the advantages he emphasizes are as follows: A man clad in the toga does not dare strike a soldier, or complain if he is abused;[1] the soldier has every advantage in a law suit for his case is tried before a military judge and under the rules of martial law;[2] even if the citizen is right, it will be hard to find any one to act as witness against a soldier, for the latter will be supported by all his comrades;[3] the soldier is not obliged to await the convenience of the public court officials, but his case must be brought up when he specifies;[4] the soldier becomes an object of flattery and adulation, for he can legally make a will while his father still lives.[5] Another reference by Juvenal to military life is in his statements of the unfairness of promotions, that an officer could advance through favoritism, and that an actor who had pleased the emperor had the privilege of appointing officers of the state.[6]

"It is Paris who appoints men to military commands; it is Paris who puts the golden ring around the poet's finger after six months of service."

The sole reference by Horace to soldiers is concerning an incident in his own life. He is being criticized, so he complains, for two things; one that he is an intimate friend of

1) Juvenal, Sat.XVI,8.
2) Ibid.,16.
3) Ibid.,20.
4) Ibid.,40.
5) Ibid.,50.
6) Juvenal, Sat.VII,92.

Maecenas, an accusation which he does not admit to be just, for he believes that he honestly won that place through his own character and ability; the second, however, is of a different sort, for he is criticized for having been a tribune in the army, and in this case he admits his incapacity for such a service. As he expresses this feeling--"Now to return to myself, whom all carp at--now, because I consort with you, Maecenas; but in other days, because as a tribune I had a Roman legion under my command. This case and that are different, for though perchance anyone may rightly grudge me the office, yet he should not grudge me your friendship as well."[1] I do not believe that any boastful intent should be read into his use of tribune as in command of a legion--for politically he could ill afford to attach significance to a battle in which he represented the opposition.

(4)

Last of all, the poor noble may enter the literary field, where he would be assured of social approval, but would have no hope of adequate emolument. In an age when there were no royalties to be paid, this was decidedly not the profession for a man not financially independent, for his only chance lay in the benevolence of a wealthy patron, who too often demanded of him undue subservience. Persius and Juvenal both emphatically decry this custom that made poets poison their verses with adulation to their "pocketbooks", and yet money was needed to support a

1) Horace, Sat. I, 6, 43.

poet's genius. For "how can unhappy Poverty sing songs in the Pierian Cave, and grasp the thyrsus when it is short of cash which the body has need of both by night and day? Where can genius find a place except in a heart stirred by song alone, that shuts out every thought but one?"[1] And without money, what avails glory--"What will ever so much glory bring unto Serranus, or to the starving Saleius, if it be glory only?"[2] Of the rich man who could help, Juvenal says that he has learned merely to admire verses,[3] but offer no aid. He has even taken a further precaution, for he now writes verses himself, and is so conceited about his ability that he admits he is inferior to Homer alone, and then solely "propter mille annos."[4]

The desired procedure was for the patron to present the poet in a "recitatio" or reading of his verses, but the situation devolved into two extremes: a dearth of recitations by the true poets; and a veritable mania of readings by incompetent scribblers. If the gifted poet can finally persuade the rich man to help him, he puts at your disposal a tumble-down house in some distant quarter.[5] He knows how to supply you with freedmen to sit at the end of the rows; but none of your great men will give you as much as you'll pay for the benches." As for the scribblers without genius, they are constantly imposing their verses on the public, and trying the patience of their hearers by recitations lasting throughout the whole day,[6] and persisting

1) Juvenal Sat.VII,59.
2) Ibid.,80.
3) Ibid.,30.
4) Ibid.,37.
5) Ibid.,39.
6) Juvenal Sat.I,4.

even during the hot summer months.[1] In order to exhibit their work and themselves to the best advantage, they had recourse to all kinds of theatrical affectation, and attached great importance to fine delivery and gesticulation. The pollution in the recitatio was not confined to the poet alone, but was evident also in the audience. Among his friends now appeared hired "claqueurs", freedmen placed strategically throughout the room to initiate the applause.[2] Approval was expressed in a very demonstrative manner--often with great din and confusion resulting, so that the very marble pillars quivered,[3] and the benches broke beneath the crowd.[4] A primary complaint of the city and a major cause of his wrath, is that he has been forced to listen to so many stupid readings on the same hackneyed subjects, that he is rising up in self-defense, and is having his turn at writing.[5]

One of Persius' best known "purple patches" is his portrait of the recitatio of his day, showing the affected manner of the poet, and the emotional reaction of the fallen nobles of Rome; a situation that produced real regret and sorrow in this youthful enthusiast:--

"Sicilicet haec populo, pexusque togaque recenti,
Et natalicia tandem cum sardonyche albus,
Sede leges celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur
Mobile conlueris, patranti fractus ocello.
Tunc, neque moro probo videas, neque voce serena,
Ingentis trepidare Titos; cum carmina lumbum
Intrant, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu."[6]

From such a reading the poet learns nothing truthful about the

1) Juvenal, Sat.III,9.
2) Juvenal, Sat.VII,43
3) Juvenal, Sat.I,12.
4) Juvenal, Sat.VII,86.
5) Juvenal, Sat.I,4.
6) Persius, Sat.I,15ff.

value of his verses, for the applause is by no means proportionate to ability, but always there is some sense of obligation or fear of offense in the listener's mind, to which he must answer in his approbation.[1] Persius, however, does not believe that the poet should appear immune to praise, but rather that he should have other goals, and realize that these words and compliments are shallow and empty. Of himself he admits--"I am the last man to be afraid of praise,--But I decline to admit that the final and supreme test of excellence is to be found in your "Euge et Belle'.--Just sift out this Belle'--and what does it not contain?"[2]

Horace had far less occasion to lament the recitatio, for his age was that during which this reading served a true purpose. He does, however, speak in disparaging language of the poets who read aloud in the baths and forum,[3] but he adds the reassurance that no one need fear his doing this, for he will recite solely to his friends, and then only when they urge him to do so. Another reference shows a poor wretch who could not pay his debt, and so was compelled by the creditor to listen to his verses;[4] a mild beginning to the sad character this practice assumed.

As for his own status, he was most fortunate in being included in the group about Maecenas; a position which assured him against social and financial solicitude, and enabled him to "look forth on a world of discontented and restless humanity"[5]

1) Persius Sat.I,54.
2) Ibid.,45.
3) Horace Sat.I, 4,73.
4) Horace Sat.I, 3,86.
5) Showerman,p.44.

and view their failings merrily"[1] He has nothing but the highest praise for his patron, and repeatedly expresses gratitude for his favors. Maecenas, a keen judge of character, did not prejudice his opinion by social rank or birth, for belonging to the equestrian rank, a state he retained despite his senatorial wealth, he did not esteem Horace any the less for his freedman father.[2] The latter's own words best interpret his patron's character--"I count it a great honor that I pleased you, who discern between fair and foul, not by a father's fame, but by blamelessness of life and heart."[3] As he continues, he explains the nature of Maecenas' group--"We don't live there on such terms as you think. No house is cleaner or more free from such intrigues than that. It never hurts me, I say, that one is richer or more learned than I. Each has his own place."[4]

This appreciation of Maecenas' power was not confined to his fortunate friends, but they were continually beset by the ambitious and envious, who wanted either to gain admittance to this circle, or to use Horace's position to further their own ends. They would ply him with questions even as he walked through the streets, as he says--"Whoever comes my way, asks my opinion. My good sir, you must know--you come so much closer to the gods. You haven't heard any news about the Dacians, have you?"[5] Or again, urging him to use his influence--"Have Maecenas put his seal to these papers.--You can if you will."[6] The persistent

1) Duff, Golden Age, Chap.III,p.514.
2) Horace,Sat.I,6, 1-6.
3) Horace,Sat.I,6, 63.
4) Horace,Sat.I,9,48.
5) Horace,Sat,II,6,51.
6) Ibid., 39.

stranger who tried to talk Horace into presenting him to his master, was only a typical by-stander, envious of another's good fortune.[1]

The fame of Maecenas endured through the years, and became a symbol of the ideal patron, as Juvenal so clearly shows when he presents this man in contrast to the current relation of client and patron. The man of literature has indeed been degraded to a low state, he says, when he must cater to an actor, and depend upon him for maintenance,[2] but why bother any more to pay court to the nobles, and why devote your life to study, for there are no more Maecenases. "Quis tibi Maecenas?"[3] "In those days genius met with its due reward; many then found profit in pale cheeks and in abjuring potations all through December.[4] "

(5)

That patronage should be sought by a poor man of genius, is a logical procedure; but that it should become a regular trade for the poor citizen, the fallen noble, or energetic freedman, is a bit unusual. Yet, in the Empire, such sollicitation was common, with the poor man trying to wheedle money and favors out of the rich who in turn was flattered at having so many parasites at his door. This practice offers definite proof of the distorted reasoning of the nobility who believed it degrading to work at an honest and honorable trade, but who did not hesitate to live as an object of charity at the price of their own self-respect. A complete

1) Horace, Sat. I, 9, 43.
2) Juvenal, Sat. VII, 90.
3) Ibid., 94.
4) Ibid., 96.

picture can be drawn of both parties in this arrangement: the rich man excluded from most honorable paths of ambition, surrounded by countless parasites, "at best a swarm of cringing, fawning, time-serving flatterers;"[1] the poor client, "living in habitual idleness, and looking upon abject servility as the normal road to fortune."[2]

Juvenal with his usual rhetorical ability presents the clients at the salutatio, the morning greeting to the master. In frequent verses he makes mention of the poor client getting out of bed at a very early hour, donning his toga, and then hurrying post-haste lest he give offense by being late. All these little attentions which he has paid to the rich man come in turn to his mind, as he receives humiliating treatment at the dinner. "Was it for this that I would so often leave my wife's side on a spring morning, and hurry up the chilly Esquiline when spring skies were rattling down the pitiless hail, and the rain was pouring in streams off my cloak?"[3] and in the same tone, "Now at last has Trebius got the reward for which he must needs cut short his sleep, and hurry with shoe-strings untied, fearing that the whole crowd of callers may already have gone their rounds at an hour when the stars are fading."[4] As usual, it's the poor man who loses, for he who really needs the dole has small chance in competition with even the praetor who "bids his lictor go at full speed lest his colleague be the first to salute the childless

1) Johnston, Chap.V,p.128.
2) Lecky, Chap.II,p.271.
3) Juvenal, Sat.V,76.
4) Ibid., 19.

ladies."[1] Wealth, to Juvenal, was the fundamental cause of moral decay, and wealth was the prevailing power at the salutatio, for it is not the man of rank or birth who is given preference, but rather the man of money, even though he be only a freedman. As for Persius' reaction to this practice, "There is not a hint of the plague of morning visits to grandees, of which Juvenal is full."[2]

The indolence of these people is well shown in Juvenal's explanation that their greatest ambition, their "summa votorum" is an invitation to the master's dinner. Yet, if this hope is fulfilled, they are treated with such humiliation and insolence that he asks: "Is a dinner worth all the insults with which you have to pay for it?"[3] Just as to the client, the dinner means the realization of his highest hopes, so to the patron it signifies full payment for all past services.[4] Juvenal describes the dinner in his best style, and draws startling comparisons in the different qualities of the food served: while to the client is brought wine of too poor a quality, for even wool to be soaked in it, the master drinks the oldest and best wine, one kind today, another tomorrow;[5] the poor man has set before him a shrunken crab, a "banquet fit for the dead," while the great man has before him a huge lobster garnished with asparagus, which looks down haughtily as it is carried aloft by the tall slave;[6] he besmears his fish with Venafran oil, but this pale cabbage which is brought to miserable you, will smell of a lamp."[7]

1) Juvenal, Sat.III, 126.
2) Simcox, Vol.II, Chap.II, p.84.
3) Juvenal, Sat.V, 9.
4) Ibid., 12.
5) Ibid., 24.
6) Ibid., 80.
7) Ibid., 86.

And as though the difference in food did not provide sufficient humiliation, the very cups are of inferior quality, for where "the cup in Virro's hands is richly crested with amber and rough with beryl; to you no gold is entrusted, or if it is, a watcher is posted over it to count the gems and keep an eye on your sharp finger-nails."[1] And once again the same contrast in the slaves, for "your food will be handed you by a Gaetulian groom, or the bony hand of a blackamoor whom you would rather not meet at midnight," but before the host stands the very "flos Asiae," flower of Asia, who cost a veritable fortune.[2] He ends this picture with a caustic reproach to the client for enduring and submitting to such disgraceful conduct. He says that the patron's object is to give pain, for nothing is so amusing as disappointed hunger.[3] And yet whoever would tolerate such a patron a second time, however destitute he may be, if he had any Roman pride in him?[4] And so "in treating you thus the great man shows his wisdom, for if you can endure such things, you deserve them."[5]

During the explanation of the dinner, nevertheless, Juvenal turns for a moment and lashes the patron, reminding him that they did not expect "lordly gifts of the days of Seneca and Piso, when the glory of living was deemed grander than titles and fasces. All we ask of you is that you should dine with us as a fellow-citizen."[6] The life of the client was very unstable, as would be expected since there was no strong personal tie, and

1) Juvenal, Sat.V,37.
2) Ibid., 52.
3) Ibid., 157.
4) Ibid., 163.
5) Ibid., 170.
6) Ibid., 108.

just as he could change masters whenever he felt that he could hope for a better result, so in turn the patron could dismiss him whenever he became irksome.[1] Juvenal testifies to this same statement that "nowhere is it so easy as at Rome to throw an old client over-board."[2]

Although most commentators are of the opinion that Juvenal personally experienced the life of a client, and is here speaking earnestly for the group of humble poor, yet I can not understand, if such is the case, why he brands the client as without backbone and Roman "virtus," as he does several times. I believe rather that his fury surpassed his reason, for this, one of the most conspicuous of the evil practices, was excellent material for a satirical tirade. This is one of the subjects on which he is most vehement at first, but entirely neglects in his later, more quiet mood.

Persius' reference to this condition is confined to one line--"You know how to present a shivering client with a thread-bare cloak."[3] With such a remark he dismisses the whole subject of client and patron, just as though he were saying that he knew the condition existed, but his messages of moral conduct were far more important and urgent. His own financial independence freed him from participating in any such debasing conduct.

1) Johnston, Chap.V, p.128.
2) Juvenal, Sat.III, 125.
3) Persius, Sat.I, 54.

(6)

This habit of flattery which had its origin naturally enough in the quest of a favor from a patron, outgrew its reasonable bounds and reached a climax in the attentions paid to a childless rich man by the legacy hunter. In fact, the custom became so common that there were practically established rules of conduct to guide the captator. Horace laughingly presents these suggestions to a man wishing to restore his fortune, offering it as the only alternative to starvation:[1] he is to send the wealthy orbus his choicest apples and whatever dainty may have been given him;[2] he must be blind to any blemish in the man's character and think only of the money;[3] a very good plan is to pose as the rich man's advocate in court, disregarding the fact that the citizen of a better name has a stronger case if he has a wife and a son at home.[4] Horace emphasizes the need of caution, for an over-display of eagerness would defeat his very purpose;[5] to avoid such a disaster it is often wise to feign interest in a man whose son is sickly, with the idea to be named second in the will, second to a son who will not live long.[6] A favorite freedman or woman may be used as the instrument of admittance to the great-man's heart, for any praise of them is in turn borne to the master.[7] He advises perseverance in this game: "Fish craftily in all waters for old men's wills, and though one or two shrewd ones escape your wiles after nibbling off the bait, do not give up hope or drop the art, though baffled."[8] If the captator is successful

1) Horace, Sat.II,5.
2) Ibid., 10.
3) Ibid., 15.
4) Ibid., 27.
5) Ibid., 88.
6) Ibid., 45.
7) Ibid., 70.
8) Ibid., ,23.

in his pursuit, and is given the will to read, he must be modest and push it from him, but, adds sly Horace, "so as by a side-glance to catch the contents of the second line of the first page."[1] Even after the rich man's death, the captator, if successful, must be shrewd, for he must prove to the critical world that he is worthy of this inheritance. Then must come his greatest act, for out of money that is now his own, he must arrange a lavish funeral and erect a grand tomb. A few tears are a great help also to convince men of his sincere grief, and in case there are coheirs, he has a chance to exercise his skill even further.[2] Horace's attitude towards this practice was obvious disapproval, and yet it must have been amusing to him to observe men living such a life of lies, especially since he was secure and far removed from such necessity. It is here that he shows his great belief in the power of ridicule, for the profession was anything but funny, and yet one must admit that this satire is fully as effective as a vigorous tirade.

Juvenal particulary emphasizes this evil in the influence it exerts against the bearing of children. He warns the client who wishes to be a great man that he must have "no little Aeneas playing about your halls, nor yet a little daughter; nothing will so endear you to your friend as a barren wife."[3] And in the same vein when he is trying to dissuade his friend Ursidius from marriage, he adds "He purposes to bring up a dear little heir, though he will thereby have to do without five turtles,

1) Horace, Sat.II,5,53.
2) Ibid., 99.
3) Juvenal, Sat.V, 138.

bearded mullets, and all the legacy-hunting delicacies of the meat market."[1]

When he mentions dainties for the will-hunter to buy and Aurelia to sell,[2] he shows clearly the lack of feeling for the client, for were the great man or woman more fond of money than food, he or she would not hesitate to sell personal gifts. He refers to one of the disadvantages of old age in this way--that the old man becomes so repulsive that not only his wife and children cannot endure him, but even the legacy-hunter turns away in disgust.[3] Despite his distaste for the current luxury, he says that he could more easily overlook the extravagance of a certain man's gift, if through its medium he should secure the first place on the will of some childless old man.[4]

Juvenal's most lengthy reference to this practice is in the twelfth satire, where he affirms that his interest in Catulus who was saved from shipwreck, is really that of a good friend and not one seeking a fortune.[5] If he were a captator, he'd be a fool to waste his time on this man for he's not orbus, and "no one would bestow even a sickly hen on so unprofitable a friend." If, however, he were rid of his children, but still retained his wealth, his portico would be plastered with tablets and some over eager captator would even sacrifice elephants to him if it were possible to obtain them. His passion would so overwhelm him that he'd offer a handsome slave to further his purpose. The

1) Juvenal, Sat.VI, 38.
2) Juvenal, Sat.V, 98.
3) Juvenal, Sat.X, 202.
4) Juvenal, Sat.IV, 15.
5) Juvenal, Sat.XII, 93.

man shows his true character when he becomes the sole heir, for rather than appearing ashamed of his foul deceit, he struts about and gloats over his thwarted rivals.[1]

I cannot believe that in this satire Juvenal is exposing vice simply because he enjoys doing so, but I think he truly detests a practice, so contrary to the ideas of "virtus Romana". To me it is a significant factor, that he repeatedly refers to this custom, and gives his longest account in a late satire, thereby showing that his feelings were not altered by increasing age and a more mellow view of life.

Persius, although he does not mention the word captatio, does in a single reference inform his readers that such a practice existed. Included in the prayers given under the breath, is that of the second heir who wishes "If only I could wipe out that ward of mine who stands next before me in succession--"[2] and attempts to justify himself by the argument that the boy is ill and would be more fortunate if he were dead.

(7)

Juvenal alone of the satirists exposes a baleful practice of the Empire, the system of espionage or delation. Yet his numerous references to this vicious custom offer convincing evidence that in his day it had reached great proportions, and that he was truly enraged at its existence. Horace, naturally enough, is silent on the matter, for this system did not flour-

1) Juvenal, Sat.XII, 125.
2) Persius, Sat.II, 12.

ish until the reign of Tiberius--too late for Horace's pen. Persius, to the contrary, lived at the time when it was gaining its greatest power; and his omission of this practice can be explained only by his disregard for the specific vices of men, and the concentration of his interest on abstract moral precepts.

Juvenal's examples are certainly outspoken, and show clearly that the evil had permeated all groups of society. The poor fisherman who caught the enormous turbot dared not put it up for sale, for even the sea shores were spied upon by informers. And these inspectors of the seaweed could take action against him, stating that the fish had escaped from the emperor's ponds.[1] In his lament for literature, he deplores the starving poets who have been reduced to such extremities that they are willing to work at such dishonorable trades as an auctioneer or a baker, but even this is preferable "to say before a judge--'I saw' what you did not see."[2] Such false testimony, he adds, is more suited to knights of Asia, Bithynia, or Cappadocia, men who came to Rome as slaves and have risen to an equestrian position. Thus with a double coup, he strikes at delators and foreigners alike, and indeed although we can understand his wrath at the former, his opinion of the latter seems narrow and prejudiced. In the vivid delineation of the fall of Sejanus, a bystander's first question is this: "Who informed against him?"[3]; thus showing that it was such a common practice that it was the first thought in an accusation. And again the same picture shows two Romans who are

1) Juvenal, Sat.IV,48.
2) Juvenal, Sat.VII,13.
3) Juvenal, Sat.X,70.

eager to demonstrate their feelings towards the emperor against Sejanus, and so protect themselves with the testimony of slaves: "Let us rush headlong, and trample on Caesar's enemy, where he lies upon the bank. Aye, and let our slaves see us, that none bear witness against us, and drag their trembling master into court with a halter around his neck."[1]

Of course a man with such powers is feared, and his favor is sought; consequently, in arguing on the apparent futility of honesty, Juvenal says that to win favor, a man must be an accomplice and have in his grasp secrets that must never be disclosed--and thus: "The man whom Verres loves is the man who can impeach Verres at any moment that he chooses."[2]

One of the familiar sights of the city which moves Juvenal to indignation is the sight of a delator "one who has informed against his noble patron,"[3] for pretended friendship was a common means of gaining the incriminating knowledge, as also was the advice of the diviner who led women into intrigues in order to gain material for a case in court.[4]

(8)

With the senatorial group resorting to debased methods of filling their empty coffers; with the equestrian order striving to rise socially; the unoccupied field of smaller trades and commerce fell to the lot of the freedman, and he readily took advantage of this situation and turned one trade after another

1) Juvenal, Sat.X, 85.
2) Juvenal, Sat.III, 50.
3) Juvenal, Sat.I, 33.
4) Juvenal, Sat.VI, 552.

into profit for him. As the movement was very swift and far-spreading, there was true cause for alarm to the old conservative instincts. Juvenal's ideal of the "good old days" is revealed in his attitude toward these freedmen, for to him they are objects of unceasing contempt, equally as bad as the legacy-hunter or criminal. Dill suggests very good reasons for his attitude, "A literary and artistic spirit often living in a past golden age, and remotely detached from the movements going on around it, is prone to regard them with uneasy suspicion. It is also apt to fasten on the more grotesque and vulgar traits of any great popular movement, and to make it ridiculous."[1] He adds--"His feelings are a mixture of contempt, envy, and outraged taste; envy at their success, and disgust at their parade of it."

Martha does not believe that he is voicing his own feelings in this matter, but in his words: "Juvenal, comme toujours, n'est ici que l'echo bruyant de cette animadversion populaire."[2] I believe it is just one more case where his narrow minded conservatism does not permit him to acknowledge any benefits from a change from the old order. He regards them as aliens of servile birth who have become wealthy by thinking of nothing but gold, and such a triumph of mere money is a moral catastrophe. And indeed, in a city like Rome at this era, where everything had its price, the enormous wealth acquired by the freedmen secured them a passport to social success. It was also

1) Dill, Chap.III,p.103.
2) Martha, p.294.

to be expected that they had many gross faults: they were manumitted slaves; they were eager for money; many were vulgar and paraded their wealth; and many looked down with insolence on the less fortunate. Yet Dill says in their defense: "In their ranks was to be found, perhaps, the wholesomest moral tone in the society of the early Empire,"[1] and also, "That a class so despised and depressed should rise to control the trade of the Empire, shows that they were not unworthy of their destiny.[2]

Juvenal gives numerous references to the freedman, all alike in their slanderous tone. His friend Umbricius is leaving the city, for there's no place for him any longer, there's no room for "honest callings" by which he means literary pursuits. It's now a city of contractors for buildings, for river drainage; of auctioneers; of men who although once horn blowers in a traveling circus, now supply their own shows; of men, in short, who are willing to contract for anything for money.[3] The man who ventures out in a boat to bring wines from Crete is insane enough to merit a keeper, and is a much better actor than the rope artist in the theatre.[4] Particularly irksome is the fellow who was formerly his barber, but now "challenges with his wealth the whole nobility."[5]

He gives drastic examples of the power which is derived solely from their wealth. In the theatre they assert their authority,and demand that the true knights, who have lost their

1) Dill, Chap.II, p.72.
2) Dill, Chap.III, p.103.
3) Juvenal, Sat.III, 21ff.
4) Juvenal, Sat.XIV, 262ff.
5) Juvenal, Sat.I, 24.

financial status, move and give up their seats.[1] At the salutatio, the freedman takes first place, and will not give way even to the Praetor and the Tribunes with the remark: "I was here first--why should I be afraid or hesitate to keep my place? Though born on the Euphrates, yet I am the owner of five shops which bring me in four hundred thousand sesterces. What better thing does the Broad Purple bestow if a Corvinus herds sheep for daily wage in the Laurentian country, while I possess more property than either a Paleas or a Licinus? So let the Tribunes await their turn; let money carry the day."[2] This example alone, I believe, suffices to show Juvenal's feelings, and it is not hard to understand why his sense of propriety would be outraged by such a display of insolence and lack of appreciation of Roman dignitas.

Crispinus seems to exemplify to him, all that is vulgar and devoid of taste. To him this man appears as a "monstrum nulla virtute redemptum a vitiis"--a monster without one redeeming virtue.[3] He speaks of the spacious colonnades which tire out his horses, the large shady groves in which he drives, how many acres near the forum, how many palaces he has bought.[4] It's hard to believe that he paid six thousand sesterces for a mullet, for once was he not "succinctus patria quondam papyro?"[5] He is further described as "pars Niliacae plebis"--a gutter-snipe of the Nile--who wears a Tyrian cloak on his shoulder and displays a summer ring of gold.[6] He appears at the imperial council in the morning reeking of perfume, enough Juvenal says,

1) Juvenal, Sat.III, 153.
2) Juvenal, Sat.I, 102.
3) Juvenal, Sat.Iv, 2.
4) Ibid., 5.
5) Ibid., 24.
6) Ibid., 26.

to outscent two funerals.[1] It is interesting to note that the satirist does not attribute the success of these freedmen as a merited result of their hard work and perseverance, but they are merely puppets in Fortune's hands; "they are the kind that Fortune raises from the gutter to the mighty places of earth whenever she wishes to enjoy a laugh."[2]

This last statement of a laugh brings to mind Horace, but there seems to be no reference in his satires to freedmen, to show any sympathy for them or aversion to them. I can interpret this in only one way--that the movement had not acquired any significance in his life time, and consequently did not merit any comment. Persius' references to the freedman are more closely allied to his discussion of Stoic freedom, and consequently will be deferred until that topic.

(9)

Closely allied to Juvenal's attitude towards the freedman, is his opinion of the foreigner, for to him it is almost a crime to be the latter, and against them all he releases his full hatred in one statement: "Non possum ferre, Quirites, Graecam urbem."[3] I cannot endure, fellow Romans, a Rome of Greeks. Once again his great racial pride blinds him to any possible benefits to be derived from non-Romans in the city, and the hopeless situation he expresses--"Is it so utterly nothing that as a babe I drank in the air of the Aventine, and was nurtured on the Sabine

1) Juvenal, Sat.IV, 108.
2) Ibid., 39.
3) Juvenal, Sat.III, 60.

berry?"[1]

Yet he was by no means alone in voicing this opinion, for the Greek had always been an "under-dog" in Rome, and for more than six hundred years, "the Roman had borrowed his best culture, polish, and ideas from the Greek, and had sneered at him."[2] With the extending of the boundaries, however, the varied races became more closely intermingled, and Rome became the Mecca of every caste and creed. With this territorial expansion there went, too, a growth in the understanding and toleration of alien peoples; and Juvenal once again reveals his "Old Republic Ideals" in this attitude, for to him the foreigner should still be a slave and be allowed none of the privileges of a true Roman. He blames the effeminacy of his contemporaries on foreign influence, for the Syrian Orontes which poured into the Tiber has brought its lingo and its manners and its evil girls.[3] The country bumpkin has even been affected, for he now dresses in Greek clothes and adopts Greek habits.

One common purpose, says Juvenal, has brought them all to Rome, to "worm their way into the houses of the rich."[4] They are quick of wit, and of unbounded impudence, and are proficient in any art that is convenient to the occasion. "Who do you think that fellow to be? He has brought with him any character you please--

> Grammaticus rhetor geometres pictor aliptes
> Augur schoenobates medicus magus: omnia novit
> Graeculus esuriens."[5]

1) Juvenal, Sat.III, 84.
2) Dill, Chap.II, p.90.
3) Juvenal, Sat.III, 62.
4) Ibid., 72.
5) Ibid., 75.

Juvenal rails too at the Greek's prowess as an actor, for he can assume any emotion which will be most to his advantage. It's very easy to read into these lines envy at the superior skill of the Greek, who could with no difficulty replace the Roman as the great man's favorite. On this subject I agree with Dill: "It was his success as a courtier and accomplished flatterer of the great, which chiefly aroused the scornful hatred of Juvenal and his fellows."[1] And true it is that the satirist laments "We are not therefore equals: better is he who can always assume another's countenance,"[2] and "we, no doubt, can praise the same things that they do; but what they say is believed."[3] Is any further proof necessary of Juvenal's jealousy at an alien's success? He calls it indignation, but I would add indignation aroused by envy. To continue his contemptuous remarks, the Greeks are an "adulandi gens prudentissima;"[4] "divitibus gens acceptissima nostris;"[5] and "natio comoeda."[6] His morals are no better than his evil purposes and yet he is so clever and daring that one word in a patron's ear suffices to oust a Roman client of long standing.[7]

Juvenal passes all bounds of reason when he does not limit his tirades to the Greeks in Rome, but even lashes at earlier men of literature, in such terms as "the lying tales of Grecian history"[8] and "if Greece be true."[9] One of the aspects of the Golden Age of man also refered to the hated Greek, for

1) Dill,Chap.II,p.93.
2) Juvenal,Sat.III,104.
3) Ibid., 92.
4) Ibid., 86.
5) Ibid., 58.
6) Ibid., 100.
7) Ibid., 122.
8) Juvenal, Sat.X,174.
9) Juvenal,Sat.XIV,240.

"the rude soldier of those days had no taste for, or knowledge of, Greek art."[1] According to Martha, Juvenal is here again only the interpreter of all the grievances at Rome that began with the first appearance of the Greeks in the time of Cato. He continues "On rendait les Grecs responsables de tous les maux, sans se demander s'ils avaient apporté le vice ou s'ils l'avaient orné. Juvenal est trop Romain pour ne pas trouver que les Grecs ont tous les défauts."[2]

Although his attacks are chiefly against the Greeks, he does not omit other foreigners. I have already mentioned his reference to the overflow of the Orontes,[3] and the Oriental defilement of Rome as represented by Crispinus.[4] To him the Jew is the sordid victim of narrow and degrading superstition,[5] and whenever he refers to astrologers or soothsayers, they are always Armenians or Chaldeans.[6] But as it seems more suitable to discuss these last groups with the general topic of religion, I shall leave them until that time.

Persius attributes a similar attitude to the vulgar critic Bestius[7] who argues that all the current evils were introduced along with Greek philosophy--this new-fangled learning that was brought along with foreign articles. As he says--"It's always so; ever since this emasculated wisdom of ours entered the city along with dates and pepper, our haymakers have spoilt their porridge with thick oils." To Persius, this is mere idle talk

1) Juvenal, Sat.XI,100
2) Martha, p. 304.
3) Above, p. 33.
4) Above, p. 31.
5) Juvenal, Sat.XIV, 96.
6) Juvenal, Sat.VI, 553.
7) Persius, Sat.VI, 37.

which should have no effect on anyone.

As for Horace, he does not make many pointed references to Greeks or any other foreigners, but one verse acknowledges the ability of the Greek. On his journey to Brundisium, he had as companion Heliodorus the rhetorician, far most learned of all Greeks.[1] He speaks of the writers of the Old Comedy as true poets;[2] and in a later reference to them calls them "those great men"--who were worthy of imitation.[3] He, like Juvenal, assigns to the Jew great superstition and credulity--when he says "Apella, the Jew, may believe it, not I."[4] Once more, it seems to me, the priority of his generation, accounts for this leniency of criticism and his scant references.

(10)

Once again Juvenal cannot adapt his antiquated principles to a new situation, and once again he does not admit any concession to his beliefs. In short, if any one satire can justify the criticism often aimed against him that he is so carried away by his rhetorical powers that he loses all sense of proportion and fairness, I believe the sixth satire on women is that one. In his sweeping condemnation, he draws absurd comparisons and exposes all women, admitting no exceptions. I cannot place any credence in Bailey's theory[5] that he is avenging a personal grievance in this attack, nor can I believe that he

1) Horace, Sat.I,5,2.
2) Horace, Sat.I,4,1.
3) Horace, Sat.I,10,16.
4) Horace, Sat.I,5,100.
5) Bailey, p.281.

really thought all women were as bad as he pretends.

His expressed purpose in the sixth satire is to dissuade his friend Ursidius from marriage, and he reveals his opinion of women at onee.when he wonders why his friend is contemplating such a venture when so much rope is to be had, so many high windows are standing open, and the Aemilian bridge is near at hand.[1] Women, he says, are not consistent in this matter of love, for while to their husbands they feign a horror of the sea, they gladly embark on it at a lover's request.[2] How can Ursidius expect or hope for a different treatment, when even the emperors are thus abused?[3] Some women there are who gain attention only because of their money,[4] others for their beauty,[5] and since they realize that their favor will last only while these endure, they demand that their every wish be gratified. On the other hand, Juvenal adds, if she is beautiful, rich, and of high birth, she'll be unbearable, "who could bear a wife that has all these? I'd rather have a Venusian than you, Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, if with your virtues, you bring great haughtiness,"[6] In speaking thus of a noble Roman, he presents a very fine example of his own inconsistency, for he is destroying the very standards which he has set up, those of "virtus Romana" which no one represented more fully than did Cornelia.

At this point, he proves clearly that he is not going to allow the existence of a woman without faults. If she possesses unusual beauty, it is corrupted by a bad temper.[7] To

1) Juvenal, Sat.VI,30.
2) Ibid., 97.
3) Ibid., 115.
4) Ibid., 135.
5) Ibid., 142.
6) Ibid., 161.
7) Ibid., 179.

another it is far more important to be able to intersperse Greek throughout her conversation than to be skillful in her own Latin.[1] A man who is a good, honest husband, is even more a gullible victim, for she coerces him into including her lovers in his will.[2] He condemns the woman who loves music, and does not confine this interest to her own accomplishments, but extends it to include a favorite actor or dancer for whom she will intercede in her prayers.[3] Yet even she is better than the gossip who enjoys being with men and does not blush at their bold talk.[4] Along with those who administer love charms and poisons,[5] the satirist speaks of the woman of affected learning.[6] "The most intolerable of all is the woman who as soon as she has sat down to dinner, commends Vergil, pardons the dying Dido, and pits the poets against each other. The grammarians make way before her; the rhetoricians give in; the whole crowd is silenced. I hate a woman who is forever consulting and poring over the grammar of Palaemon, who observes all the rules and laws of language, who quotes from ancient poets that I never heard of, and corrects her unlettered female friends for slips of speech that no man need trouble about." There is no doubt that such a person is obnoxious, but I cannot see the justice of classing her as equally vile as the poisoner, murderer, or faithless wife.

His fury I believe is genuine against those who were so far removed from modesty and dignity that they entered athletics

1) Juvenal, Sat.VI, 185.
2) Ibid., 206.
3) Ibid., 378.
4) Juvenal, Sat.VI, 397.
5) Ibid., 132, 629.
6) Ibid., 434.

and assumed the habits of men.[1] "What modesty can an helmeted woman show, who deserts her sex and loves feats of strength?"[2] His disgust in this case is easy to understand, but it is not so, in the slur against the earnest devotee of an Eastern cult[3] who "in winter will go down to the river, break the ice, and plunge three times into the Tiber, and crawling out thence naked and shivering, she will creep with bleeding knees across the field of Tarquin the Proud."

It is characteristic of Juvenal that he attributes this vice in women to the banishment of poverty, labor, and industry, when riches, idleness, and luxury were introduced.[4] He asserts that there is nothing a woman does not allow herself to do; she thinks nothing base, when she has placed green gems around her neck, and fastened large pearls to her ears.[5] I do not contend that he created these characters out of a feverish imagination, for there is not the slightest doubt that an example of every group could be found; rather it is as Dill states: "Juvenal's Legend of Bad Women is full of realistic power, with an undoubted foundation of truth, but it is too vehement and sweeping in its censures to gain full credence."[6] Other writers have given sufficient evidence that good women were not rarities in this generation, and that these "freaks" of Juvenal were not in the majority.

Persius' attitude toward women offers a decided contrast, for he was known for his kindness and respect to the

1) Juvenal, Sat.VI, 245.
2) Ibid., 251.
3) Ibid., 520.
4) Ibid., 294.
5) Ibid., 457.
6) Dill., Chap.II,p.76.

women of his family.[1] It must be admitted, however, that the women in his life were only those of fine character, as Martha says:[2] "entouré de ces nobles femmes de sa famille auxquelles il est tendrement attaché."

Horace's references to women are widely scattered, and for the most part serve to illustrate another point with the consideration of the woman herself secondary in importance. A good example of this occurs in the satire based on the Stoic text that all save the wise are mad, for the mother of a sick child vows to place him in the Tiber if he is allowed to recover; and bound by fear and superstition, she will perform this vow even though it kill the child.[3] I do not believe that like Juvenal he was concerned with the woman as much as he was with the folly so common to all people. Consequently, any other lines dealing with women, I shall take the liberty to assign to the topic involved.

(11)

A financial census of Rome at this era shows that poverty was almost universal, with the group of the wealthy very small in contrast to an impoverished aristocracy and an almost starving proletariat. This latter group was composed of a vast mob which depended for its daily sustenance on the state distribution of corn, the supplying of which was a duty of the magistrates, in

1) Above, p.4
2) Martha, p.123.
3) Horace,Sat.II,3,288.

fact, one of the first to which they attended, for by this means even the worst tyrant could be sure of popularity. According to Inge,[1] this custom did more than anything else to undermine the moral health of the community; and the attitude of the people living in absolute idleness was that this corn was donated not as a favor, but as a right.[2] And yet, universal as this dole was, it did not entirely exclude the class of beggars, for in Juvenal there are references to their existence and their customary stands. He names one man "a dire attendant from the bridge, worthy to beg at Aricinian axles, and throw kind kisses to the descending carriage."[3] In a second satire when he wonders at the humiliation suffered by a client, he asks if begging would not be preferable: "Is there no step vacant? Nowhere a bridge? And part of a rug? Is hunger so craving, when you might more honestly, there both tremble and gnaw the filth of dogs'-meat?"[4]

Juvenal seems to speak from the bottom of his heart, on the many occasions when he cries out against the treatment of the downtrodden poor at Rome. I do not believe that any one can doubt his sincerity in the lines that the saddest thing about poverty is that it makes men ridiculous:--

> "Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
> Quam quod ridiculos homines facit."[5]

For in this city where money is almost as potent as a god, a man's credibility and character are based on the amount of money in his treasure chest;[6] a ripped shoe or a torn tunic brands him

1) Inge, Chap.VI, p.150.
2) Lecky, Chap.II, p.263.
3) Juvenal, Sat.IV, 116.
4) Juvenal, Sat.V, 8.
5) Juvenal, Sat.III, 152.
6) Ibid., 143.

as a liar;[1] and even his word in court carries no weight.[2] His chances of rising from this state of poverty are very small, for he must continually plunge deeper into debt with outward show, because of a custom termed so aptly "ambitious poverty."[3]

In his enumeration of the evils of the crowded city, Juvenal dwells at great length on the lot of the poor man who is obliged to hire a garret, where he cannot sleep because of the noise in the narrow streets, and where he is in constant danger of being burned alive.[4] At this point he presents a striking example of poor Codrus who living high "under the rafters," lost his home in a fire. "Nothing had Codrus, who denies it, and yet all that nothing, poor wretch, he lost."[5] In this miserable state, he finds Rome a cold, unsympathetic city, for no one will offer him food or shelter. And now the contrast, to show the prestige of wealth, for a rich man also lost his home, but for him the city dons mourning, and he is showered with gifts so that he "replaces what he lost with more and better things, and with good reason incurs the suspicion of having set his own house on fire."[6]

The poor man finds the situation not at all improved when he ventures into the street, for there he is constantly in danger of being crushed by the rich man's litter[7] and the rumbling carts with their topheavy loads.[8] The night, too, proves that it's a city of two laws, one for the strong and one for the

1) Juvenal, Sat.III, 147.
2) Ibid., 144.
3) Ibid., 182.
4) Ibid., 200.
5) Ibid., 208.
6) Ibid., 212.
7) Ibid., 244.
8) Ibid., 257.

weak; for he will most likely be beset by a drunken madman who tries to provoke him into a fight. Either silence or a caustic reply evokes the same result, for he is one of those incapable of resting unless he has had a fight.[1] "Such is the liberty of a poor man," concludes Juvenal, "that beaten and bruised, he begs to be allowed to return home with a few teeth in his head."[2] And added to this demonstration of the futility of asserting one's rights, he shows the dinner table where the client has to hold his tongue, and cannot attempt a familiar conversation with his host, for "there are many things which men in a torn coat dare not say."[3]

These reasons are sufficient, I believe, to confirm my opinion that Juvenal was really sincere in his complaints for the poor, but I can offer further support in a statement from Tiddy:[4] "There peers out from his extravagant hatred of the rich, a genuine pity for the poor, a pity born of understanding and sympathy, perhaps of personal experience;" and Boissier agrees that he stands out as the spokesman for the oppressed:[5] "Juvenal parle pour eux; il s'est fait leur interprète et leur défenseur, il connaît toutes leurs misères, il est admirable de force et de verité quand il les décrit." Another criticism reveals the fact that he offers very little positive advice,[6] and as a matter of fact, this counsel can be summed up in one suggestion: leave Rome and go to the country where "you can buy an excellent house

1) Juvenal, Sat.III, 281.
2) Ibid., 299.
3) Juvenal, Sat.V, 130.
4) Tiddy, p.219.
5) Boissier, p. 316.
6) Tyrrell, Chap.VII, p.257.

for what you now pay in Rome to rent a dark garret for one year. And you will have there a little garden with a shallow well."[1]

I can find no references to the poor in the lives of Persius, and I believe that here as on previous questions, it is due to the concentration of his attention on Stoic principles which were primarily interesting to the upper stratum of society to the exclusion of the more humble.

Juvenal's attitude of compassion for the poor extends to include the slaves, toward whom he feels so much sympathy that he is called by some a definite fore-runner of Christianity. In his famous tirade against women, one complaint is their treatment of slaves, for when her husband prevents punishment as she demands, and argues that they should give the slave a hearing since a man's life is at stake, she retorts: "What! You call a slave a man, do you?"[2] A second incident in the same satire is concerned with the woman who gives vent to her ill temper by having the slaves beaten. Says the satirist, so common is this procedure, that "some women engage their executioners by the year."[3] Later he declaims against the father's treatment of his slaves, for the son will learn the same habits, and will not think that their bodies and souls are made of the same stuff as his own,[4] but will learn to delight in the clanking of chains and the sound of a flogging. Of his feelings toward these poor humans, Martha says: "Le poète, ordinairement si bon citoyen, oubliera

1) Juvenal, Sat.III, 225.
2) Juvenal, Sat.VI, 222.
3) Ibid., 480.
4) Juvenal, Sat.XIV, 16.

son patriotisme pour montrer aux Romains d'une manière frappant, combien sont injustes les préventions contre la race servile."[1] And yet his sentiment toward the lower groups of society is not undiluted sympathy, for there is intermingled a tinge of anger at their inactivity and subservience.

(12)

In an all inclusive statement, he portrays the inertia of the public, for it has cast off its cares, and "the people that once gave authority, fasces, legions, and all things, now meddles no more and longs eagerly for just two things--Bread and Games."[2] The distribution of the former has previously been discussed[3], and the same officials made it their duty to also supply the latter. It was decidedly to their personal advantage to divert the minds of the populace in this way, and to amuse the idle throng in the city. No real harm was caused by this extensive entertainment except that it fostered idleness, but to-day it raises the wonder that philosophers did not object to the practice from the humane point of view. When Juvenal does raise his voice in opposition, it's not the futility of shedding blood that is revolting to him, but rather the horror and shame that it's patrician blood. The noble who so debased himself as to participate in the arena added even more to his shame by exposing himself in the role of a retiarius, without the concealment of

1) Martha, p.329.
2) Juvenal, Sat.X, 77.
3) Above p.41

armor--he even "lifts up his bare face to the benches, for all to recognize from one end of the arena to the other."[1]

The universal popularity of this sport is repeatedly the object of the satirist's anger, that people wasted their time in such foolishness. His recommendation to the poor man to leave the city and buy a house in a smaller town is supplemented with the sneer--"if you can tear yourself away from the games of the Circus;"[2] and the same thought is included in the regrets of the dishonest man who fleeing from the city to avoid paying his debt, has only one misgiving--not shame at his act--but that "he must, for one season miss the Circensian Games."[3]

There is ample evidence to support the belief that the officials spared no expense to make these real spectacles, with not a single element of excitement missing, and with every kind of innovation and novelty introduced. Democritus would have burst his sides laughing had he seen the praetor, "the destroyer of horses,"[4] officiating at the games, "uplifted in his lofty car amid the dust of the circus, attired in the tunic of Jove, hitching an embroidered Tyrian toga onto his shoulders, and carrying a crown so big that no neck could bear the weight of it;"[5] and he is followed by hornblowers and dutiful clients, whose friendship he had secured by the dole in their pockets. The poet ventures the remark that all Rome today is in the Circus, with almost an apology--"If I may say so without offense to the vast unnumbered

1) Juvenal, Sat.VIII, 200.
2) Juvenal, Sat.III, 223.
3) Juvenal, Sat.XI, 52.
4) Ibid., 193.
5) Juvenal, Sat.X, 36.

mob."[1] So demonstrative is this mob in its reaction, that at Juvenal's house their roar and shouts reach him and inform him that the favorite Green has won, otherwise the whole city would be as downcast as in the days of old after a serious defeat.[2]

The fascination of the amphitheatre was so great that it caused the neglect of higher intellectual amusements. When, however, they did patronize the theatre, it was the drama full of profanity and indecency which held their attention, or else a favorite actor or dancer who drew them there. Juvenal's remark that a literary man would starve if he could not sell his play to an actor[3] is conclusive evidence of their power. The noble who turns to the stage for support draws out all his fury,[4] and yet the blame does not lie there alone, for the spectators themselves can not be forgiven who are brazen enough to sit and laugh at the antics of patricians.[5] He does not diminish the guilt of the noble but adds to it that of the highest official in his remark: "It's not very strange that a noble should act in a mime, when an emperor has taken to harp playing."[6]

That such a procedure seemed sad and degrading to Juvenal, is not hard to appreciate, for to him the patrician was the symbol of Roman grandeur, and "the collective sense of senatorial self-respect was too precious to the Roman patriot and moralist to be flung away for mere love of sport or in a fit of spurious artistic enthusiasm."[7] Martha maintains that

1) Juvenal, Sat.XI, 195.
2) Ibid., 197.
3) Juvenal, Sat.VII, 87.
4) Juvenal, Sat.VIII, 185.
5) Ibid., 188.
6) Ibid., 198.
7) Dill, Chap.II,p.74.

in this attack. "C'est la vieille Rome qui élève la voix pour défendre sa gloire."[1]

(13)

Time has proved that sudden acquisition of wealth is inevitably followed by extravagant expenditure, and Rome at this age was no exception. The long years of peace, the safety of the seas, and the freedom of trade encouraged importation into Rome, and a large percentage of this foreign trade devolved into a quest for rare delicacies of the table. This form of luxury was indeed an outstanding characteristic of the era, and culminated in "a wave of ostentation which reached its height in the one hundred years from the Battle of Actium to Vespasian."[2]

This extravagance of the dinner offered unlimited material for the satirists, and was adaptable to any method of attack. Consequently, we find it included in the topics of both Horace and Juvenal. The former, in his typical manner, affixes his comments on this subject to the broader one of the lack of reason, and argues that man would be happier with a simple fare. The pleasure of food, he maintains, is in the person himself, not in the costliness of the dishes, for a man who works hard does not insist on elaborately prepared foods.[3] As he says: "When you are thirsty and hungry, despise if you can, plain food."[4] Man so often guides his appetite by appearance, thus preferring the gorgeous peacock to the humble pullet, yet "Do you eat the

1) Martha, p. 288.
2) Dill, Chap.II, p.66.
3) Horace, Sat.II, 2, 38.
4) Ibid., 14.

feathers you so admire?"[1] It's simply a case of enjoying a dish because it's rare and hard to obtain. Not content, however, with merely exposing the evil of over-indulgence from the point of good-breeding, Horace shows the benefits to be obtained from a middle course in eating, for the latter assures good health;[2] it keeps the mind vigorous for its tasks whereas otherwise the "body drags down with itself the mind as well;" it gains an opportunity for increased celebration on festal days; and in the ever possible reverse of fortune, it makes man better equipped to endure his lot than one who is wont to pamper his body and mind.[3] He supports these positive arguments with proof from Ofellus' life,[4] for this man has thus restrained himself, and has lived well and happily.

A later satire[5] shows Horace's ridicule of the importance placed on the art of gastronomy that one should give a public lecture on the rules of preparing and serving foods; a few excerpts from these principles will suffice to prove that his mirth was not unfounded. "Give good heed to serve eggs of an oblong shape, for they have a better flavor and are whiter than the round;"[6] "Cabbage grown on dry lands is sweeter than from farms near the city;"[7] "New moons swell the slippery shellfish, but it is not every sea that yields the choicest kind;"[8] "It is a monstrous sin to spend three thousand on the fish market, and then to cramp those roving fishes in a narrow

1) Horace, Sat.II,2,27.
2) Ibid., 71.
3) Ibid., 108.
4) Ibid., 116.
5) Horace, Sat.II,4.
6) Ibid., 12.
7) Ibid., 15.
8) Ibid., 30.

dish,"[1] and a typical boast--"you will find that I was the first to serve this around the board with apples, as I was the first to serve up wine-lees and caviar, white pepper and black salt sifted onto dainty little dishes."[2] It arouses little wonder that Horace was amused by such stupidity, and that he took advantage of his opportunity to expose the foolish custom. He devotes his eighth satire entirely to this subject, where the host shows such a vulgar exhibition of erudition in the matter of foods that the guests cannot endure it, but run away leaving the dinner untasted.[3] It was the continued efforts of this man to keep attention centered on himself which was particularly revolting to those present--forced to listen to such a remark as, "First there was a wild boar. It was caught when a gentle south wind was blowing."[4] With two kinds of wine already served, he informs Maecenas that if he prefers others, he will be supplied from the wine cellar.[5] Later in the catalogue of the guests, one is spoken of as "Nomentanus, who was there to see that if anything perchance escaped our notice, he might point it out with his fore-finger;"[6] and another example: "After this he informed me that the honey apples were red because picked in the light of a waning moon."[7] The satirist does not deny that some of the dishes were real delicacies, and would have been most delicious, but even these were spoiled by the host who insisted on explaining "their laws and properties."[8]

1) Horace, Sat.II, 4, 76.
2) Ibid., 73.
3) Horace, Sat.II,8,93.
4) Ibid., 6.
5) Ibid., 15.
6) Ibid., 25.
7) Ibid., 31.
8) Ibid., 92.

Juvenal, as would be expected, allows his scorn to have full play against this same extravagance and luxury. He first exposes the stingy rich man who turning away a hungry client, proceeds to his own dinner, and "alone on his couch will be devouring the choicest products of wood and sea; for at a single one of their fine, large, and antique tables, they devour whole fortunes. What a huge gullet to have a whole boar served up to it!"[1] In the dinner to which the great man has invited the client, he takes particular pleasure in noting not only the lavish outlay spread before the former, but also the contrast to the meagre dishes placed before the humble guest.[2] If we consider him to be once again the supporter of the oppressed, we may be inclined to believe that he has exaggerated the expense of the one to make the opposite extreme seem even the more cruel. This same satire produces evidence of the extent of the quest for rarities, where the master is provided with a mullet "which Corsica sent, since all our sea is exhausted, and now has failed--while the appetite rages, the market, with assiduous nets, is searching thoroughly the neighboring seas."[3] And further proof: "To Virro a lamprey is given, the largest that came from the Sicilian Gulf: for while the south wind contains itself, while it rests, and in its prison dries its wet wings, the rash nets despise the middle of Charybdis."[4] And to show the rich man's selfishness and disregard for the poor, "Have thy corn to thyself, O Libya, unyoke your oxen, while you will send truffles,"[5]

1) Juvenal, Sat.I, 135.
2) Above p.20.
3) Juvenal, Sat.V, 92.
4) Ibid., 99.
5) Ibid., 118.

for what does it matter to him whether the corn supply is sufficient, if only he has the delicacies for his own table.

It is not just the food at these dinners which asserts his wealth, for the very dishes, the tables, and the manner of the slaves offer additional evidence. I have already mentioned his cups inlaid with gems, and the slave from Asia for whom he paid a stupendous amount.[1]

A ceremony frequently emphasized is that of the carver who has been most diligently instructed in his art, and employs lavish gesticulations in his work." Meanwhile, the carver, lest any indignation be wanting, you will behold dancing, and flourishing with a nimble knife, till he can finish all the dictates of his master; nor indeed is it a matter of the least concern, with what gesture hares, and with what a hen should be cut."[2] Juvenal opens up his full attack on the carving-school in a later satire, exposing its training with wooden knives, and full instructions on every dish from boars and antelopes to tall flamingoes.[3] It's such nonsense as this that aroused his indignation, for indeed it was a far cry from the Roman "gravitas" so dear to his heart.

He places great stress on the presentation of a turbot to the emperor--an occasion of sufficient importance to demand the convening of his advisers. Of these one was unusually qualified for such a meeting, for he was the most experienced man on foods in that generation.[4] He could tell at the first bite whence an oyster had been obtained, and one glance would disclose

1) Above P.21.
2) Juvenal, Sat.V, 120.
3) Juvenal, Sat.XI, 136.
4) Juvenal, Sat.IV, 136.

to him the native shore of a sea-urchin. A second reference to the emperor concerns the satirist's wonder at what one can expect such a high official to eat, when the low character Crispinus can swallow so many sestertia, for he bought a mullet of six pounds and paid a sestertium for each pound.[1]

Juvenal also views this mania for luxury from another point, and compares this mad manner of living with the temperance and frugality of men of former ages. One sentence very adequately expresses his opinion: "Which of our grandfathers built such numbers of villas, or dined by himself off seven courses?"[2] He draws a very realistic picture of a typical Roman of the day living far beyond his means--"a man whose sole reason for living lies in his palate."[3] The more he is in debt, even with his house ready to fall, the more luxuriously does he dine. Nor is he content to eat native delicacies, but he ransacks all corners of the world for new dishes. Juvenal comments--"No cost ever stands in his way--the greater the price, the greater the pleasure."[4] And since this is his sole purpose in living, he converts any property or possessions into money with which to purchase these rarities. "They think nothing of pawning their plate, or breaking up the image of their mother"--and finally resort to the gladiatorial school.[5] He applies the philosophic axiom of "know thyself" to this sort of man who does not know his own financial limits: "Let a man take his own

1) Juvenal, Sat.IV,28.
2) Juvenal, Sat.I,94.
3) Juvenal, Sat.XI,11.
4) Ibid., 15.
5) Ibid., 17.

measure and have regard to it in things great and small, even in the buying of a fish."[1] To such a man death holds no terror, but it's rather old age which is more terrible, old age with insufficient money.[2] Using his pre-Empire standards once again, Juvenal compares this current lavishness with the food at his home, more like the Senate banquets in the days of old.[3] Men then were content with simple foods--such as today even a ditch-digger would spurn. And men who were conscientious citizens interested in the serious problems of the state had no time for such frivolity, and did not "deem it a matter of grave and serious concern what kind of tortoise shell was swimming in the waves of the Ocean to form a head-rest for our Troy-born grandees."[4] The same contrast was evident in the very tables and plate, for in those days simple native wood was used, but now "a rich man takes no pleasure in his dinner--his turbot and his venison have no taste, his unguents and roses no perfume--unless the broad slabs of his dinner table rest upon a ramping, gasping leopard of solid ivory. These are things that give good appetite and good digestion."[5] In contrast, Juvenal does not believe that his meats are spoiled because he does not have ivory handles to his knives, and has only an untrained native slave to carve, not the best pupil of the carving school. His slaves, who speak only Latin, will serve wine grown in their birthplace, and for entertainment there will be no clatter of castanets or dancing of Spanish Maidens.[6] It

1) Juvenal, Sat.XI, 35.
2) Ibid., 44.
3) Ibid., 77.
4) Ibid., 90.
5) Ibid., 120.
6) Ibid., 162.

was interesting to me that as an alternative he offered readings from Homer,[1] for this indeed seems strange when he has had so much that is unpleasant to say about the Greeks. This, I think, can be accounted for by an argument of Dill, concerning his anger against the Greek influence: "He is not waging war with that nobler Hellenism which had furnished models and inspiration to Augustan writers, but vented his rage on a degenerate Hellenism."[2] He certainly shows respect here for the Greek epic, for he classes it along with Vergil as being of such fine quality that "what does it signify with what voice such verses may be read?"[3]

All this wave of ostentation coupled with that of crime, Juvenal attributes to the invasion of the Greeks and other foreigners, for with them came in luxury and greed, and old Roman "virtus" was thrust aside. In his words: "More cruel than arms, luxury has invaded us, and avenges the conquered world. No crime is absent, or foul deed of lust, since Roman poverty was lost;"[4] and he continues, "Filthy money, foreign manners first brought in, and soft riches weakened the ages with base luxury."[5] I have already referred to his lament in the first satire that money had reached the status of a divinity, though as yet without any temple in her honor, and a very good illustration of this power shows the immediate change in the treatment of the client who, should he suddenly acquire an inheritance, would find himself literally smothered with attention.[6]

1) Juvenal, Sat.XI, 180.
2) Dill, Chap.II, p.88.
3) Juvenal, Sat.XI, 182.
4) Juvenal, Sat.VI, 291.
5) Ibid., 297.
6) Juvenal, Sat.V, 132.

I believe that his indignation on this point is true, for seeing the warped trend of life, he needs must affix it to some cause. It was not healthy to attribute any political reason to this degradation, and this sudden acquisition ofwealth and great influx of foreigners, to him such an "un-Roman" procedure, could not possibly have any influence other than evil. As was previously stated,[1] pursuit of money was immoral in his eyes, and naturally the mad frenzy of his generation could only disgust him. The situation was bad enough with the extravagance of the few who were wealthy, but was greatly aggravated by the large number of those who indulged in this ostentation when they did not possess adequate resources. Squandering of fortunes, promiscuous borrowing, and the conversion of all family heirlooms into cash, became common, so common, that the defaulter of a debt no longer felt any shame or embarrassment, but simply left the city for a while until the whole matter was forgotten. "In these days people think no more of absconding from the Forum than of flitting from the stuffy Subura to the Esquiline."[2] In fact, so rare is the reparation of a debt, and so seldom is an honest man seen, that he is likened to a portent from heaven or a freak of nature.[3] This same dishonesty and lack of reason was found among the women, and as would be expected, Juvenal does not neglect such an opportunity for once more flaying their character. Yet in the very process of exposing them and rating them as inferior to men, he makes a statement which later he contradicts, for he says that

1) Above p. 29.
2) Juvenal, Sat.XI, 46.
3) Juvenal, Sat.XIII, 60.

women, who are poor, pay no attention to this poverty and do not give a thought to what their pleasures are costing, just as though coins would bubble up as an unceasing fountain in their empty money chest.[1] But in his zeal to show the foolishness of women, he makes the remark that men are not so stupid for "men, on the other hand, do sometimes have an eye for utility," while later his arguments are so sweeping that he most forcefully eradicates the sometimes of this passage. Surely his subsequent statements concerning extravagance, can not apply to women alone.

(14)

Any further discussion of this problem of money leads inevitably to man's greed for it, and infringes on the topic of avarice as one of the demoralizing passions of man. Yet it seems more suitable to consider it at this point than to defer it to the later subject of morality, although it will be seen to be a vital part of each satirist's philosophy. It is indeed a quick step from Juvenal's views on the power of wealth to the means of its acquisition, and in one maxim he sums up the whole feeling of the age--a creed on every man's lips--one which he sneeringly says is worthy even of the gods--"No matter whence the money comes, but money you must have."[2] Thus, with no questions asked concerning the method, the expected result occurs. "No human passion has mingled more poison-bowls, none

1) Juvenal, Sat.VI, 357ff.
2) Juvenal, Sat.XIV, 207.

has more often wielded the murderous dagger, than the fierce craving for unbounded wealth. For the man who wants wealth must have it at once; what respect for laws, what fear, what sense of shame is to be found in a miser hurrying to be rich?"[1] He brings in a forceful argument on this point, in his admonition to the father on the training of his child--"The wealth which you think should be hunted for over land and sea, your son will acquire by a shorter road; greatcrimes demand no labor."[2] Such a man is typical of the age and is catalogued by the satirist as one of those men who "are so blinded and depraved that, instead of making fortunes for the sake of living, they live for their fortune's sake."[3]

And it's not alone the method of acquiring wealth which causes worry, for once obtained, it must be guarded. Says he, "Wealth is preserved by fears and troubles. It is misery to have the guardianship of a great fortune. The millionaire Licinus orders a troop of slaves to be on the watch all night with their fire buckets, but the nude Cynic fears no fire for his tub."[4] For once, the satirist has positive advice to offer--"If anyone should ask of me what measure of fortune is enough, I will tell him: as much as thirst, cold, and hunger demand."[5] In short, it's man's lack of wisdom and common sense which gives wealth its power--"Had we but wisdom, thou woulds't have no divinity, Oh Fortune; it is we that make thee into a goddess."[6] How closely this approaches Horace's doctrine of the golden mean will be realized in the following chapter in the discussion of the principles of philosophy.

1) Juvenal, Sat. XIV, 173.
2) Ibid., 222.
3) Juvenal, Sat. XII, 50.
4) Juvenal, Sat. XIV, 303.
5) Ibid., 316.
6) Ibid., 315.

CHAPTER III

In religious beliefs and moral standards, noticeable alterations appeared in the first centuries of the Empire, with a tendency to drift away from the old state religion, and turn to either Oriental cults or schools of philosophy. These two paths were at opposite extremes, with the former offering satisfaction to the emotions, while the latter emphasized the supremacy of reason and virtue. Of the various schools, the Stoic became the prevailing creed of educated Romans, for it was the one most suited to their nature and temperament, and while the finer qualities of character decayed and collapsed, the Stoic remained the same, the unchanged representative of the past. There is no doubt that there existed "a broad chasm between the Roman moralist and the Roman people with scarcely any point of contact between them;"[1] for the axioms which the philosopher so ardently expounded had little appeal to the ordinary citizen. The width of this "chasm" varied greatly in the case of the three satirists in question, depending on their beliefs, ideals, and method of presentation.

As I have already mentioned,[2] Persius was the only one of these who was devoted whole-heartedly to one school, and as Martha says, to explain his moral ideals in detail would be superfluous as they are simply the principles of Stoicism which everyone knows.[3] His method of attack was so involved and obscure, that I feel quite sure the ordinary man would have little interest in even becoming familiar with the advice contained

1) Lecky, Chap.II, p.291.
2) Above, p.4.
3) Martha, p.135.

therein. In this respect, I refer to Dryden's remark that "the exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen,"[1] for indeed no one without an education would be able to understand them.

Horace and Juvenal, on the other hand, subscribed to no school, but presented arguments based rather on commonsense and reasoning. In the case of the former, his satires are a medium of communication with the world, not to treat specific vices, but to reveal without bitterness the universal grosser stupidities that poison the sources of life.[2] In other words, since his subject is folly rather than vice, and since man does not change much through the ages, the words are not just for Rome, but are for the world. Yet despite his own statement that he turned from one school to the other, wherever his whim led him, his satires give definite evidence of a gradual changing from an Epicurean to a Stoic viewpoint. Of Juvenal, it can be said that again and again he voices Stoic precepts, but offers them not as such, but as principles on which was founded the Roman character of old. If such ideas coincided with the Stoics, to him it was merely an accidental occurrence; and yet it was only natural that he tended more toward Stoicism, for its practical teaching was more in harmony with his ideal of "virtus Romana." Simcox expresses the result in a very satisfactory manner in the statement that Horace and Juvenal both wanted to ridicule the Stoic, his manners and his teachings, and to be independent of his doctrine, but found themselves repeatedly endorsing his maxims almost against their will.[3] The latter contemptuously

1) Dryden p.84.
2) Showerman p.43.
3) Simcox, Chap.V, p.127.

disposes of the various schools with their contrasting theories by the statement that the Stoics differ from the Cynics by a tunic.[1] He also alludes to them as "Stoicidae," using the feminine form to show their character;[2] and later admitting that there is wisdom to be obtained from the philosophers' volumes, he adds the fundamental pillar of his own theory that those also are happy who have learned to bear misfortunes through experience.[3] Since the Stoic was the school predominant in the early Empire, and since Persius was admittedly its disciple, I shall use his arguments as a standard by which to judge the principles of the other two satirists.

(1)

Two lines in his satires sum up his high creed: the first of which stands as the text for the well-worn argument of self-examination and self-knowledge:

"Tecum habita; noris quam sit tibi curta supellex"[4]

He laments how little of living with oneself there is in the world in proportion to the great knowledge of others. He introduces the age-old fable of watching the wallet on the back of him before you, and not inquiring into your own.[5] This very man who does not "seek to get down into his own self" knows every detail of his neighbor's life and private business; and by his continued criticism of others brings not only the result that he neglects

1) Juvenal, Sat. XIII, 121.
2) Juvenal, Sat. II, 65.
3) Juvenal, Sat.XIII, 19.
4) Persius, Sat.IV, 52.
5) Ibid., 23.

his own improvement, but he lays himself open for abuse--in his words: "We keep smiting by turn, and by turns presenting our own legs to the arrow."[1] He rates the praise of friends as of no value, for one's own conscience should be his judge, with no need of an external arbiter.

The argument of self-examination was one of the Stoic maxims, and yet there are very definite references to it in Horace. He, too, accuses man of seeing another's faults, and of being blind to his own, and how very cleverly he expresses the point! "When you look over your own sins, your eyes are rheumy and daubed with ointment; why, when you view the failings of your friends, are you as keen of sight as an eagle?"[2] Again is found a precept of Persius in the result of this curiosity, for "they, too, in turn peer into your faults."[3] The wallet fable is included also in a later satire.[4] Horace's attitude is not entirely negative, for he suggests a remedy to man's neglect of self-knowledge: "Give yourself a shaking, and see whether nature, or haply some bad habit, has not at some time sown in you the seed of folly."[5]

True to his form, he at this point also includes himself in this criticism of his fellow-men, and allows his own character to be analyzed by Damasippus. Thus he is accused of trying to ape Maecenas, just as the frog tried to swell to the size of the calf.[6] He believes that his own weaknesses are only

1) Persius, Sat.IV, 42.
2) Horace, Sat.I, 3, 25.
3) Ibid., 28.
4) Horace, Sat.II, 3,298.
5) Horace, Sat.I, 3, 34.
6) Horace, Sat.II, 3,307.

slight, for due to his father's example and training, he has corrected and rid himself of the worst ones. As he says concerning his habit of observing faults in others, "'Tis a habit the best of fathers taught me, for, to enable me to steer clear of follies, he would brand them, one by one, by his examples;"[1] "Thanks to this training I am free from vices which bring disaster, though subject to lesser frailties such as you would excuse. Perhaps even from these much has been withdrawn by time's advance, candid friends, self-counsel."[2] Once again in a later satire, he allows himself to be rebuked by a slave, who reveals him to be inconsistent in his desires, either because he doesn't really believe what he's declaring or because he hasn't the will power to persevere.[3]

These arguments give clear evidence of Persius' borrowing from Horace, and also of the vast difference in their style; how much more stilted and cold are the arguments of the former, and how human and in every day language are those of Horace! I can not help feeling that sympathy was wholly alien to Persius' character, for he seems to drive men on with unflinching determination to become introverts with no allowances for the joys of friendship.

Juvenal's interpretation of this axiom of "Know thyself" has once before been discussed.[4] On that occasion he employed it primarily to emphasize the need of restraint in money spending, but he does not limit it entirely to that field,

1) Horace, Sat.I, 4, 105.
2) Ibid., 129.
3) Horace, Sat.II, 7, 23.
4) Above p.53.

for "it should be imprinted in the heart, and stored in the memory,"[1] in every decision and action of man. This Stoic precept, therefore, is supported by all three satirists, and I believe that all were truly serious in their recommendation for its use. Juvenal, to be sure, inserted it as a specific example against luxury, and Horace applied it emphatically to unfavorable criticisms about one's friends, yet I feel sure that each one earnestly believed in its application to the immediate problem.

(2)

Returning then to Persius' creed, of which the first topic was self-examination; the second is concerned with virtue and conscience.

"Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta,"[2]

This situation he presents as the worst possible torture to man--for one who had every opportunity of making his life an honorable thing, has drifted into the easier path, and now when it is too late, he sees the right, but it is out of his grasp forever. Men who follow their own desires, although these may be very diverse, all arrive at the same end, for they "lament that their days have been passed in grossness, and bemoan too late the life which they have left behind them.[3] To those who have to fear this in life, he offers the counsel to prevent the coming disease "Seek thence all of you, young men and old alike, a sure aim for your desires, and provisions for the sorrows of old age."[4] Such

1) Juvenal, Sat.XI, 28.
2) Persius, Sat.III, 38.
3) Persius, Sat.V, 60.
4) Ibid., 64.

people he cautions to learn the rules of the universe as established by nature and man, and in accordance with these guiding principles to arrange their life. It is at this point that he seizes upon the opportunity to enumerate Stoic maxims--for the student of philosophy must study to know the causes of things; what are our bodies and souls; for what purpose we are on earth; what place has been assigned to us, and what limit there should be to our desires and prayers.[1]

In order to strengthen this suggestion for the study of philosophy, he draws a very realistic portrait of two men; one physically ill, and the other with disorders of the mind. The former, recognizing that he is not well, sends for the physician who prescribes his treatment. The sick man, however, does not carry out this advice, and by his disregard causes his own death. Equally fatal, says Persius, is the part played by the other man who rejects and ridicules the principles of philosophy although he is afflicted by the diseases of covetousness, intemperance, fear, and anger.

The same topic, the power of conscience, is very effectively treated by Juvenal in his thirteenth satire, in which he weighs the torture of physical punishment against the greater anguish of a guilty conscience. To Calvinus who complains of a loss of money, and who demands punishment of the culprit, the satirist retorts: what is the value of such punishment, for the loss will not be repaired, and alone his thirst for vengeance will

1) Persius, Sat.III, 66.

be satisfied?[1] that it's only the ignorant to whom vengeance is sweeter than life. He continues in this vein that "vengeance is always the delight of a little, weak, and petty mind,"[2] and reverting to his former temper--the proof is that it's so common in women. Far more effective than any sort of corporal punishment administered by man, is the torture of the victim's inner voice, for throughout the remainder of his life, he will ever be tormented by the "consciousness of an evil deed which lashes him with unheard blows, his own soul ever shaking over him the unseen whip of torture."[3] It is not necessary to have actually perpetrated the crime, for even the meditation of it suffices to draw out all the fire of his own conscience. If, however, he has committed the felony, his life becomes so miserable from the twinges of this inner voice, that he would be more fortunate dead. The best of wines and food give him no pleasure; his sleep is disturbed by nightmares and dreams; and every lightning bolt seems aimed directly at him. "In committing a crime, they have courage enough and to spare; they only begin to feel what is right and wrong when it has been committed."[4] And is this not the very same precept of Persius--showing that once more Juvenal and the Stoic had much in common? As usual, each presents the matter in his own way, Persius voicing a general principle of righteousness, and Juvenal applying it to a specific occasion, but both,

1) Juvenal, Sat.XIII, 174.
2) Ibid., 190.
3) Ibid., 193.
4) Ibid., 237.

nevertheless, in accord as to the moral involved.

(3)

I briefly mentioned on the preceding page Persius' allusion to the disorders of the mind, man's inability to cope with various emotions and passions. This was an avowed principle of the Stoic and also one of the axioms about which he was greatly ridiculed. Only the wise man is free--all but the sage are slaves--however it may be stated, it still means that the man who has not learned by philosophy to control his emotions is consequently a slave to them and allows them to rule his life. The man who needs this guidance oftimes believes that he is in fine health: perhaps he is physically, but Persius applies a test to him and confronts him with these situations: "If you catch a glimpse of a coin in the mud, or if the pretty girl next door smiles sweetly at you, will your heart beat steadily? do you shiver when pale fear sets your bristles up; if a torch is applied to you, does your blood boil, and do your eyes flash with rage;[1] are you moderate in your desires, modest in your establishment, and kindly to your friends?[2]" Only when the answer to all these shows perfect control, can Persius admit that a man is free. The occasion of such remarks was the boasting of a newly made freedman that he at last possessed liberty. The satirist comes very near to joking when he says "Oh souls barren of truth, you who think that one twirl of a thumb can make a Roman citizen."[3] The Praetor has

1) Persius, Sat.III, 109.
2) Persius, Sat.V, 109.
3) Ibid., 75.

manumitted the slave, that is true, but it was not included in his power to endow the new man with a sense of duty and right use;[1] the praetor could not make him wise; only the wise are free; therefore he is not free. To the man's reply that he no longer has a master and can now do what he chooses, the philosopher adds this query: "Do you know no master but the one from whom the praetor's rod sets you free? If masters grow up within you, how are you any more free than before?"[2]

As for these internal masters, they are simply avarice, ambition, affection, superstition, and any other desires and hopes which influence man's behavior. The conflict of these passions among themselves, he depicts in a man who by nature is indolent.[3] He is stirred to action by Avarice which bids him sail the sea in search of rich cargoes and fortune. Just at the point of departure, he is confronted by Luxury who emphasizes the physical comfort he is leaving for the rigour of a voyage, and who sets forth the doctrine of live today, mindful of death, for the hour flies. He pursues the argument that even those who think themselves great are really slaves--consider the public magistrate--a slave to his ambition, for in order to win office and later fame he must carry out the pressing services demanded of him.[4] The lover, in turn, is bound by powerful chains, and is not to consider himself freed by one instance of refusal if he still wavers in his decision to leave, for it's repeated resistance to vice which constitutes true freedom.[5] And last of all Persius

1) Persius, Sat.V, 93.
2) Ibid., 125.
3) Ibid., 132ff.
4) Ibid., 176.
5) Ibid., 157.

shows the power of superstition[1] which inflicts in man fear, incredulity, and madness. Only when all these emotions are subdued by reason, will the Stoic admit that a man is free.

Turning once more to Horace, we find that this very point is the subject of one of his satires[2]--wherein he himself is accused by his slave Davus who because of the license of the Saturnalia has an opportunity to speak his mind. The slave argues that he is comparable or even superior to his master, using the same points of slavery to the passions. What could be any more Stoic than these lines: "Who then is free? The wise man who is lord over himself, whom neither poverty nor death, nor bonds affright, who bravely defies his passions, and scorns ambition, who in himself is a whole, smoothed and rounded, so that nothing from the outside can rest on his polished surface, and against whom Fortune in her onset is ever maimed."[3] It is easy to infer that Persius drew from Horace his idea of discussing the subject of true liberty in contrast with that conferred by the Praetor's rod, for the latter denies that it can ever bring freedom from base terror.[4] Davus in his accusations does not exempt himself--but argues that his master is guilty in proportion, proving him to be a slave to his passions in that he yields to love,[5] he obeys every whim of his appetite,[6] and he cannot drive away gnawing care.[7] I do not believe that in this satire Horace is ridiculing the Stoic, but in allowing the slave to accuse him,

1) Persius, Sat.V, 180.
2) Horace, Sat.II, 7.
3) Ibid., 83.
4) Ibid., 75.
5) Ibid., 46.
6) Ibid., 102.
7) Ibid., 111.

hopes to arouse all men without stimulating their anger.

The same theory is the text of an earlier satire[1]--with the Stoic contending that all save the wise are mad--mad because they are driven by the emotion of avarice, superstition, and ambition. This time Horace shows no sympathy with this ideal, but ridicules it heartily. The speaker, Damasippus, proclaims the broad statement that "Every man whom perverse folly, whom ignorance of the truth drives on in blindness, the Porch of Chrysippus and his flock pronounce insane.[2] The first is he who is "pale with sordid ambition or avarice;"[3] to whom wealth is supreme and automatically is accompanied by worth, repute, honor, things divine, and even wisdom.[4] The greedy hoarder of gold he compares to the man who collects and piles up harps though he has no interest in the muse;[5] and to one who lies on a bed of straw while rich coverlets are eaten by moths in his chests.[6] The general discontent of man, and the dissatisfaction with his lot in life, Horace ascribes to ambition, greed, and envy of another's fortune. He depicts the soldier, trader, lawyer, and farmer each jealous of his fellow-man;[7] and yet at the same time so inconsistent in his desires that he would not exchange places even if the gods should make it possible.[8] He keeps working and toiling in order, so he asserts, to acquire sufficient wealth to allow retirement in old age.[9] The purpose is sane enough, Horace admits, but the mad man does not abide by it, and will not

1) Horace, Sat.II, 3.
2) Ibid., 43.
3) Ibid., 77.
4) Ibid., 94.
5) Ibid., 104.
6) Ibid., 117.
7) Horace, Sat.I,1,4ff.
8) Ibid., 19.
9) Ibid., 31.

cease his frenzied pursuit while anyone else is richer.[1] And yet to his question as to what is the good of such wealth since it entails increased worry, these men retort "You cannot have enough; for you get your rating from what you have."[2] Man laughs at Tantalus always catching at a stream which disappears, but the satirist very fitly checks his laughter by the remark--"Change but the name, and the tale is told of you."[3] One of the saddest results of such striving after money is that man ruled by this love, loses his friends which to Horace is the most important thing of all.[4] In his advice to set bounds to this quest for wealth, he lays the foundation for subsequent satires on the theme of moderation and the middle course:

> "Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
> Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum."[5]

"There is a measure in all things. There are, in short, fixed bounds, beyond and short of which right can find no place."

Those ambitious for office are also mad, for they sacrifice their fortunes to obtain this empty glory and they foolishly put faith in the judgment of the people--who in Horace's opinion are most incapable of offering a decision--"the judge you know so well, who in folly often gives office to the unworthy, is stupidly enslaved to fame, and dazzled by titles of honor and waxen masks.[6] Since this judgment is faulty, man should all the more remain at his own level, for as he advances, he is more minutely questioned and criticized.[7] For example, when

1) Horace, Sat.I,1,40.
2) Ibid., 62.
3) Ibid., 69.
4) Ibid., 86.
5) Ibid., 106.
6) Horace, Sat.I,6,15.
7) Ibid., 24.

anyone assumes the garb of the senatorial order, "as soon as he is so crazy as to bind the black thongs half way up his leg, and to drop the broad stripe down his breast, at once he hears, "What fellow is this? What was his father?--So he who takes it upon himself to look after his fellow-citizens and the city, the empire and Italy and the temples of the gods, compels all the world to take an interest, and to ask who was his father?"[1]

In direct contrast to those who are never satisfied with their station in life, Horace again turns to himself.[2] He has no desire to change his status to acquire more wealth and more prestige, for it would of necessity add to his shoulders burdens to which he was not accustomed.[3] In the simple life he lives in far more comfort than the illustrious senator,[4] and with greater ease than if his grandfather, father, and uncle had all been quaestors.[5] And yet so potent is this force of ambition that "Vanity drags all, bound to her glittering car, the unknown no less than the well-known."[6]

He further points out the futility of ambition and the sad consequences of discontent with one's lot, in the fable of the town and the country mouse.[7] In proving that contentment is found in the simple ways of the country, not amid the pleasures and dangers of the town, he is disclosing an altered viewpoint, for the town mouse against whom the moral points is a decided Epicurean, who voices this theory of life: "Inasmuch as all creatures that live on earth have mortal souls, and for neither

1) Horace, Sat.I,6,34.
2) Horace, Sat.I,1,93.
3) Horace, Sat.I,6,98.
4) Ibid., 110.
5) Ibid., 130.
6) Ibid., 23.
7) Horace, Sat.II,6,79.

great nor small is there escape from death, therefore, while you may,live happy amid joys: live mindful ever of how brief your time is."[1] An interesting opinion of this fable is expressed by Simcox, that "the town mouse preaches Horace's philosophy of enjoyment; while the country mouse is frightened into his philosophy of prudence."[2] I believe that his story half humorously points out to man that the country mouse was wiser than he--for it had enough sense to return contented to its rightful lot.

Continuing Horace's classification of those who, according to the Stoics, are mad, he berates the lover when he cannot follow up his resolution to leave.[3] He exposes the prevalent adherence to silly superstitions[4] as exemplified in the mother who after praying for her child's recovery, sacrifices him to fulfill an insane vow, stricken as she is by fear of the gods. So universal does he believe this dissatisfaction to be, that he says: "Choose anyone from amid a crowd: he is suffering either from avarice or some wretched ambition."[5]

Juvenal's attitude on this question, already discussed on page 57 , bears the usual marks of his different interpretation. He emphasizes the wave of crime and lust that accompanies the quest for riches, and he is stirred to anger that man has become so depraved. Horace, on the other hand, is sorry for his fellow-men who make themselves miserable because of this false aim in life, and who waste their chances for true contentment in this mad search for material wealth.

1) Horace, Sat.II,6,93.
2) Simcox, Chap.III,p.295.
3) Horace, Sat.II,3,259.
4) Ibid., 281.
5) Horace, Sat.I,4,25.

In his tenth satire on the vanity of human wishes, Juvenal is exceptionally dramatic, and introduces one example after another to enforce his arguments. To show the dire results of too great power, his description of the downfall of Sejanus, "but lately second in the entire world,"[1] cannot be surpassed. And his parting question on this incident: "Would you rather choose to wear the bordered robe of the man now being dragged along the streets, or to be a magnate at Fidenae or Gabii? You admit, then, that Sejanus did not know what things were to be desired; for in coveting excessive honors, and seeking excessive wealth, he was but building up the many stories of a lofty tower whence the fall would be greater."[2]

And what is the value of glory in war? What end befell Hannibal--"for whom Africa was too small,"[3] and Alexander--who "chafes uneasily within the narrow limits of the world?"[4] To the former Juvenal says only--"Go on, thou madman, and race over the wintry Alps, that thou mayest be the delight of schoolboys and supply declaimers with a theme."[5] Everyone of these same lads prays for the fame of a Cicero or a Demosthenes,[6] and yet "it was eloquence that brought both orators to their death." Too great genius and too marked success were their downfall; how much better to be a less famed speaker for "never yet did futile pleader stain the rostra with his blood."[7]

Persius supports the Stoic theory that there is no

1) Juvenal, Sat.X,63.
2) Ibid., 99ff.
3) Ibid., 148.
4) Ibid., 169.
5) Ibid., 166.
6) Ibid., 114.
7) Ibid., 121.

medium between wisdom and folly; that even the slightest error brands war as a fool: so true is this that even "To put forth your finger is to sin."[1] It is absolutely impossible to mix the two, and so man must be entirely free from conflicting passions. This very precept leads to the next Stoic point that all crimes are equal, an idea which to Horace is the height of absurdity and which he exposes completely. He believes that such an idea is contrary to common sense, and presents in opposition to this statement a theory of the Epicureans: "feelings and customs rebel, and so does expedience herself, the mother, we may say, of justice and right."[2] Those whose creed is that all sins are much on a par, are at a loss when they come to face facts.[3] Reason, which the Stoic believes is the one and only guide for man, can never prove, says Horace, that "the sin is one and the same to cut young cabbages in a neighbor's garden and to steal by night the sacred emblems of the gods."[4] In this situation, there is no danger of insufficient punishment, for the smaller vices are dealt with a severity proper only to the great.

Equally absurd with the doctrine that all crimes are equal and deserve equal treatment, is the Stoic axiom that the wise man is skilled in all work and is a king among men.[5] Here Horace amuses himself extensively at the Stoics' expense for he pretends that he cannot understand how the wise man who has never made shoes is a cobbler.[6] In this respect the explanation lies in the fact that the "Stoics held that the truly wise man

1) Persius, Sat.V,119.
2) Horace, Sat.I,3,97.
3) Ibid., 96.
4) Ibid.,115.
5) Horace, Sat.III,132.
6) Ibid., 127.

or philosopher was perfect; he was therefore rich, as well as beautiful, accomplished, and a king among men."[1] Horace still prefers his own life with his friends who pardon his shortcomings, to that of the Stoic king jostled by the crowd and teased by the boys.[2]

(4)

The Stoic principle that a man's true worth is based on his character rather than his station or birth, is supported by all three satirists. Persius chides the idle young man for wasting his opportunities, relying on his "ancestral property"[3] and "his pride in his Tuscan stock, although he's the thousandth in the line"[4]; while all the time he's disporting himself in the manner of "an abandoned Natta, a man deadened by vice, whose heart is overlaid with brawn; and who has no sense of sin and no knowledge of what he's losing."[5] He likens this young man to moist, soft clay, which must be moulded at once, for despite the quality of the material, a jar which is poorly baked rings false when struck.[6]

Persius' standard for judgment is not the status of birth, but rather the youth's purpose in life. As he says "Quae tibi summa boni est? What is your notion of the highest good?"[7] If it's mere physical comfort and satisfaction, then he's no wiser than the old woman on the street hawking vege-

1) Loeb, note to I,3,124.
2) Horace, Sat.I,3,133.
3) Persius, Sat.III,24.
4) Ibid., 28.
5) Ibid., 31.
6) Ibid., 21.
7) Persius, Sat.IV, 17.

tables, in fact he's not even so wise, for she at least has sufficient sense to realize her proper station in life and remain there. He further pictures a young man who is confident of his ability to guide the state.[1] He seems to think that even before he has acquired the ordinary wisdom of years, he has sufficient sagacity, and good sense. Even if he is deficient in any one of these, he can easily hide it from the world by a bold, sleek outward appearance.

As would be expected from Persius, he offers to these young men who, he fears, lack any serious intent in life, the incentive of the study of philosophy and inquiry into the nature of man and the world.

Horace also advances this belief, for he too ascribes a man's value to his own worth and not to his inherited station. On this point, however, he shows his individuality, for he offers himself as an example of low birth; the son of a freedman, and not esteemed any the less because of it. His chief reference to this topic centers about Maecenas, who though of royal lineage, does not despise the lowly born.[2] He attributes the fact that he himself is well treated, to his own character which was trained by his father,[3] Allthis training had one purpose, not to fit him for a high social or political position, but rather to form him into a gentleman.[4]

Juvenal also supports the Stoic doctrine of virtue versus noble birth. In his eighth satire he makes the forceful

1) Persius, Sat.IV, 3.
2) Horace, Sat.I,6,1.
3) Ibid., 65.
4) Ibid., 85.

statement that: "Virtue is the one and only true nobility."[1] In fact, his initial verse in the satire reveals his opinion in the question:

"Stemmata quid faciunt?"

"What are pedigrees worth--what does it avail to be valued by a long descent, and to show the painted countenances of ancestors, and Aemilii standing in chariots"--if man's actions are debased and unworthy of this name? He intersperses throughout the satire very pointed and powerful comparisons--"'Tis miserable to rest on another's fame, lest the house fallen, by the pillars being taken away, should tumble into ruins."[2] He appeals to the popular fancy in his metaphor of the race horse which is praised not for its ancestry, but for its own accomplishments and victories; so too the price paid for it is based on its own worth.[3] Accordingly, says Juvenal, "in order that we may admire you, not yours, first show something that I may inscribe among your titles beside your honors."[4] "For who would call him noble, who is unworthy his race, and for an illustrious name only remarkable?"[5] The background of a noble birth does exert an influence, but it does not condone faults and overlook errors; rather it's the direct opposite, for it stands against you and makes your foul deeds all the more conspicuous.[6] The vices of the great are more blameable and more inexcusable in proportion to their rank. A striking example of this ideal he presents in his whole-hearted condemnation of Lateranus--who of consular rank--drives

1) Juvenal, Sat.VIII,21.
2) Ibid., 76.
3) Ibid., 56.
4) Ibid., 68.
5) Ibid., 30.
6) Ibid., 135.

his own chariot past the bones of his ancestors. It is night, to be sure, but the moon and stars see--and what's more, after his duties are discharged, he'll probably be bold enough to act this way in the daylight.[1] This accusation by Juvenal seems a bit over-drawn, for after all, the man was doing no more than indulge in a little pleasure, but again it's the satirist's rigid standard which has been shattered.

(5)

Persius' second satire deals with the time worn subject of the right and wrong objects of prayer, a topic subsequently treated by Juvenal. Persius singles out no individual offenders, as does the latter satirist, but sadly laments man's stupid ambitions. The invocations which he enumerates as common to his fellow-men are to a large extent common to any age, although the procedure of course differs. He bewails the insincerity of men's audible entreaties, for aloud they wish for a good character and a sound mind, the qualities which as good Romans they know they should ask for; but then follow their true desires, for under their breath, they pray for the death of an uncle, a sudden fortune, or the removal of an interfering heir.[2] Even babies are included in this routine, for fond parents and nurses caress them and ask for them the greatest things in life.[3] So evil does Persius believe these to be that he begs of Jupiter to reject such pleas even though every form of ritual is duly

1) Juvenal, Sat.VIII, 146.
2) Persius, Sat.II, 9.
3) Ibid., 31.

carried out.[1]

Men should not deem it sufficient to merely pray for righteous things, and not realize that they need to adjust their lives to assure the continuance of blessings once granted. Just as they are sure to pray for good health and strength, a very fine wish for every one, yet at practically the same moment, they are doing all in their power to defeat their own purpose, for in Persius' words--"your grand dishes and rich gravies forbid the gods to listen to you, and stay the hand of Jupiter."[2] In like manner, they ask for wealth and great herds, but sacrifice part of that very herd to bring the fulfillment of their wish.[3]

There is one phase of the current religion which Persius ridicules, and that is the bribing of the gods by gifts and sacrifices. Very cleverly is expressed his sentiment:

> "Aut quidnam est qua tu mercede deorum
> Emeris auriculas? Pulmone et lactibus unctis?"[4]

"And what is the price by which you have purchased a kindly hearing from the gods? Is it a dish of light and greasy entrails?" This buying of the gods' favors he explains by men's avarice, for they themselves are so completely ruled by greed for gold, that they assign the same rapacious nature to the divinities. In order to please the god nowadays, and win a favorable answer, men must place their offerings in a golden vessel, for crockery no longer has the necessary power.[5] This very attempt to impress the minds of the gods proves conclusively that men inwardly knew they were not searching for the right things, since a man who

1) Persius, Sat.II, 39.
2) Ibid., 41.
3) Ibid., 44.
4) Ibid., 30.
5) Ibid., 52.

asks for what is honorable, and who himself is of an upright character, does not need to resort to subterfuge. If he offers up with his prayers a noble heart, a pure mind, and an honorable soul, gifts which the great cannot draw from their treasure stores, with only a handful of meal, he can hope for the granting of his request.[1]

It is impossible to doubt Persius' sincerity in the closing verses of this second satire, for he pities his fellowmen as "souls bowed down to earth and void of all heavenly thoughts."[2]

"O curvae in terris animae et caelestium inanis."

He concludes with a statement full of power and serious meaning--that the offerings of the penitent in the temple should be not gold, but

"Compositum ius fasque animo sanctosque recessus
Mentes et incoctum generoso pectus honesto."[3]

In his satire upon futile wishes, Juvenal shatters all the ordinary dreams of man, and presents startling examples to prove his point. The most common wish is for wealth, not a moderate sum, but enough to surpass all others. Yet it was money which caused "Nero to have the great gardens of the over-wealthy Seneca put under guard," while "it is seldom that soldiers find their way into a garret."[4] He reveals how stupid is the request for a long life, for it entails the loss of faculties, the attack of diseases of every kind, and worst of all, a failing mind which cannot remember old friends, and devoted children. The man who

1) Persius, Sat.II, 73.
2) Ibid., 61.
3) Ibid., 73.
4) Juvenal, Sat.X, 15.

lives long sees calamities one after another befall his house, and he passes these longed for years in a world of sorrow and lamentation.[1] Nestor, the famous old man of the ages, should arouse envy as one who was so blessed, but instead he "asks of every friend why he has lived so long, what crime he has committed to deserve such length of days."[2] And other renowned men of old, how much happier they would have been to die earlier! Priam would have seen Troy still standing, not "everything in ruins and Asia perishing by fire and sword."[3] Marius would have been spared exile and prison, had he been fortunate enough to die during his triumph;[4] Pompey was low with a kind fever, but prayers restored him that he might be killed brutally.[5]

The loving mother, as in Persius, prays for beauty for her children; a vain wish which will bring her not happiness, but cares. "A handsome son keeps his parents in constant fear and misery, so rarely do modesty and good looks go together."[6] And furthermore, cautions Juvenal, if you are rejoicing in his beauty, think of the deadly perils that lie before him, for what will his fine character avail, and "What counsel do you think should be given him whom Caesar's wife is minded to wed?"[7] What choice has he, since he will of necessity sacrifice his life by incurring her wrath or that of the emperor?

After this all-destructive sermon, he does, however, leave one prop on which man may lean, in the form of advice about

1) Juvenal, Sat.X, 243.
2) Ibid., 246.
3) Ibid., 258.
4) Ibid., 276.
5) Ibid., 283.
6) Ibid., 295.
7) Ibid., 329.

the wisdom of the gods and the proper prayers. He sets forth definite Stoic principles when he urges:

"Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano."[1]

"Ask a mind, strong, and without fear of death; which can bear any troubles whatsoever; knows not to be angry, covets nothing, and which thinks the toils of Hercules better than luxury. Surely the only path to a quiet life lies open through virtue." There can be no argument that these are not Stoic ideas, there can be no doubt of Juvenal's seriousness in stating them. He would probably be the last person to admit their Stoic nature, but rather would declare them to be the principles of common sense. This satire definitely points to his later and more reflective manner, for he replaces his earlier fury with helpful advice to the needy.

(6)

His attitude toward Roman religion is one of incredulity, and he never tires of ridiculing the system of sacrifices, and of sneering at the acceptance of Eastern cults. He places no faith in mythology and jeers at the gods and current superstitions. Again he loses all sense of proportion, and as Dill says: "His scorn seems to fall quite as heavily on the innocent votary who was striving to appease a burdened conscience, as on one who made her superstition a screen for vice."[2] It is difficult to ascertain his real theory of religion and its place in man's life, for

1) Juvenal, Sat.X, 356ff.
2) Dill, Chap.II, p.83.

at one moment he brushes aside any divine powers in favor of Luck or Fortune while at the next, he advises his fellowmen to have faith in the gods for they alone know what is best. Is he in earnest when he says--"If you ask my advice, you'll leave it to the gods themselves to provide what is good for us, and what will be serviceable for our state; for in place of pleasing, they will give us what is best. Man is dearer to them than he is to himself."[1] If this is the case, how is one to interpret his attitude on the futile prayers of women: "Tell me now I pray, O Janus, thou most ancient of the gods, dost thou answer such as she? You have much time on your hands in heaven; so far as I can see, there is nothing for you gods to do."[2] A possible explanation is that the former example is from a later satire and shows the calming influence of old age, the more serious thoughts of a man drawing nearer to his death, while in the latter he is at the height of his fury in an especially indignant satire.

His whole tone toward mythology is one of criticism. He calls for inspiration upon the maidens of Pieria, a common practice among poets, but supplements his request with the slur they should reward him for calling them maids, as they must be really old women after their centuries of service.[3] No one, not even a young boy, is gullible enough to believe in an underground world, and "all those thousands crossing over in a single bark."[4] The guilty man swears of his innocence by Tarpeia, Hercules, and all the other people of fable,[5] and in the famous

1) Juvenal, Sat.X, 346.
2) Juvenal, Sat.VI, 393.
3) Juvenal, Sat.IV, 34.
4) Juvenal, Sat.II, 149.
5) Juvenal, Sat.XIII, 76.

sixth satire, he gives a passing quip at Jupiter and Mars.[1]

His irony is unremitting on the subject of sacrifices to the gods, and like Persius, he looks upon them as bribery. In his references to them he uses his favorite trick of derision--diminutives--and even in his serious advice on the proper objects of prayer, he must insert his dart. He suggests to man to ask for virtue and a healthy mind, so that he may have something to pray for and may "offer to the shrine entrails and the presaging sausage from a white porker."[2] I do not think that this one phrase detracts from the seriousness of the remaining lines, but it certainly very forcefully reminds the reader that the author is Juvenal and no other. He says also that profitless and pernicious are the prayers for which "it is right to load the knees of the gods with wax."[3] He chides Jupiter for not answering when he should, whether he's of marble or bronze. "Else why do I open my packet of holy incense, and place it on your blazing altar? Why offer slices of a calf's liver or the fat of a white pig? So far as I can see there's nothing to choose between your images and the statue of Vagellius."[4] Definite proof these lines offer of his sneering attitude toward sacrifices; yet how is one to account for his actions upon the safe return of Catullus when he himself goes through all the customary ritual of sacrifice in his thanks-giving?[5] He slaughters living victims, properly qualified for the rite; and he apologizes that they are not greater animals; he directs his slaves to hang up garlands,

1) Juvenal, Sat.VI, 59.
2) Juvenal, Sat.X, 354.
3) Ibid., 55.
4) Juvenal, Sat.XIII, 114.
5) Juvenal, Sat.XII, 1ff.

sprinkle meal, and prepare the altars;[1] he will return home and offer incense to his Lares in joy. The only apparent explanation for this contradiction lies in the fact that he is offering thanks for what has already occurred, while in the other cases the suppliant is trying to wheedle a favor out of the gods.

As in many other subjects, so too in religion, he harps back to the good old days, when religion, really had a meaning and when the deities had power. He recalls the innocence of the Golden Age before Saturn was dethroned by Jupiter, when the gods lived a simple life, and there was "no such mob of deities as there is today".[2] In that age there was no ruler of Hades and no punishment inflicted there. But the present contrast: "Are you ignorant of how the world laughs at your simplicity when you demand of any man that he believe some divinity is to be found in temples or altars red with blood?"[3] And in the same tone; "the majesty of the temples was nearer to help us; it was then that was heard through the entire city the midnight voice telling how the Gauls were advancing from the shores of the ocean--the gods taking on themselves the part of prophecy. Such were the warnings of Jupiter, such the care which he bestowed on the concerns of Latium, when he was made of clay and undefiled by gold."[4] He includes himself, and not intentionally as does Horace, when in his fervor for past ages he says--"Who ever sneered at the gods in the days of old? Who would have dared laugh at earthenware bowls or the black pots of Numa, or brittle plates

1) Juvenal, Sat.XII, 83ff.
2) Juvenal, Sat.XIII, 38ff.
3) Ibid., 35.
4) Juvenal, Sat.XI, 111.

made out of Vatican clay?"[1]

He ridicules the trust placed in sooth-sayers and astrologers, that they have almost unlimited power—for especially the women believe in them implicitly and fulfill their commands. These will foretell and promise anything the woman wants, a lover, an inheritance, or the death of a hated rival.[2] Juvenal says that it increases an astrologer's prestige if he has been in a prison camp and has barely escaped death. "Wealthy women will pay for answers from a Phrygian or Indian augur, well skilled in the stars and heavens; while Plebeian destinies are determined in the circus or on the ramparts."[3] He turns his ridicule to the Jews who, he said, worshipped no concrete deity, but some mysterious spirit in the heavens, and adds that they saw no difference between eating the flesh of swine and of man.[4] By this remark, he shows that along with the others of his day, he had noticed the peculiarities of this race, but had not exerted himself to explain it, which according to Martha, is very apt to be the case with a satirist who doesn't bother to understand what he detests.[5]

Simcox believes that "when Juvenal is serious and reverent, he speaks for the most part not of the gods, but of nature or the author of nature."[6] About this topic Juvenal says "Some think all things are subject to the chances of fortune, that the world has no governor to move it, but that nature rolls along the changes of day and year."[7] He presents this as

1) Juvenal, Sat.VI, 342.
2) Ibid., 548ff.
3) Ibid., 585.
4) Juvenal, Sat.XIV, 96.
5) Martha, p.317.
6) Simcox, Chap.V,p.124.
7) Juvenal, Sat.XIII, 86.

a reason why men dare lay their hands on an altar and swear a false oath. The Stoic idea of living according to nature, he expounds--"Never does nature say one thing and wisdom another."[1] The significance of fortune or luck is often included in his remarks, for it makes all the difference by what stars you are welcomed when you utter your first cry;[2] and he goes on to apply to the lucky man all the attributes of the Stoic "Sapiens": he is handsome and brave, he is wise and noble and high born, he is a great orator, and a good javelin man. If Fortune so wills, you will become a consul from a rhetor and vice versa. The Fates will give kingdoms to a slave and triumphs to a captive. Yet the fortunate man is rare.[3] Here he is obviously enjoying himself at the expense of the Stoic, and disregarding entirely the aspect of merit, he assigns all progress to luck. This attitude of chance played a very prominent role in his generation, where there was so intense an interest in games and wealth, and where men so suddenly and unexpectedly found their stations changed. I think Juvenal is not speaking his own mind, and is not serious when he suggests such theories, but is merely aping a man of the crowd who would reason in this manner.

(7)

There is one factor in man's life on which Horace alone of the three satirists places due emphasis--the importance of friendship. Yet I suppose this omission by the other two can

L) Juvenal, Sat.XIV, 321.
2) Juvenal, Sat.VII, 194.
3) Ibid., 201.

be explained: for Juvenal was so busy being angry at everyone, that he had no place in his writings for kindly tones toward a friend; and Persius, in his Stoic manner, would hardly stress a point that was one of the basic ideas of Epicureans, for they believed that friendliness was one of the sources of that happiness which all were seeking. Cornutus is the only one who draws any intense feeling out of Persius, and is the only one for whom he outwardly expresses any affection. The satirist's wish for genius and a hundred tongues is that he may utter praise of his preceptor and friend and "quantaque nostrae

Pars tua sit, Cornute, animae, tibi, dulcis amice,

Ostendisse juvat."[1] To Horace, this was a matter of vital importance, for he was essentially of an amicable nature and held his own friends in great esteem. One of his arguments against greed and the unending search for riches, is that the man who devotes all his attention and energy to this, does not receive the love of friends as he would otherwise.[2] On the subject of self-criticism, he suggests that one should judge a friend through the eyes of a lover or a father,[3] for in those cases a blemish becomes an individual charm. Instead "we turn virtues themselves upside down and want to soil a clean vessel."[4] Man expects a friend to judge him rather partially, showing preference to his good points, but how is that possible if he does not reciprocate?[5] In Horace's eyes, one of the most contemptible of acts is to backbite a friend, and he warns that any

1) Persius, Sat.V.
2) Horace, Sat.I,1,86.
3) Ibid., 38.
4) Ibid., 55.
5) Ibid., 69.

such person is a sure target for his satire.[1]

Again he resorts to a personal note, and repeatedly shows his own feelings on the journey to Brundisium.[2] He is overjoyed that on the next day he is to be joined by three of his friends "the whitest souls earth ever bore, to whom none can be more deeply attached than I."[3] In a more general statement he conveys the same idea--"Nothing, so long as I am in my senses, would match with the joy a friend may bring."[4] He writes in defense of his poetry that he cares not for the approval of the public, but only his friends.[5] "In their eyes I should like these verses, such as they are, to find favor, and I should be grieved if their pleasure were to fall short of my hopes."[6]

To me this attitude of Horace reveals his genuine nature, a man very human and natural, desiring to be liked in the world; not like Juvenal who doesn't seem to care who hates him, nor like Persius, who appears as a frozen mouthpiece for Stoicism, a true follower of the school in that he is incapable of any personal emotion.

(8)

The golden mean which Horace urges so vigorously, is supported also by Persius. So far does he depart from habitual Stoic austerity, that he recommends both enjoying what one has and using up one's crop--for there will be another.

1) Horace, Sat.I,1,81.
2) Horace, Sat.I,5.
3) Ibid., 40.
4) Ibid., 44.
5) Horace, Sat.I,10,81.
6) Ibid., 88.

"Messe tenus propria vive."[1]

Live up to your harvest is a maxim exemplified in his own life when he will not permit an heir's threats to force him into discomfort and deprivation. The inheritance, so runs the complaint, is being lessened by generosity to friends and by expenditures, and Persius is compelled to cry out--What! am I to starve, that you may later become fat? "Am I to have my holiday dinner off nettles and a smoked pig's cheek with his ear split through, in order that some day or other your young ne'er-do-well may regale himself on a goose's liver?"[2] In this advice for comfort, there is never the slightest hint of extravagance but always the restricting air of sensible expenditure. In this respect he introduces another personal note--of the procedure at his dinner--so contrary to Juvenal's subsequent plea for equal treatment--"I am neither grand enough to feed my freedmen upon turbots, nor yet epicure enough to distinguish the fine flavor of a hen thrush."[3]

Horace advises the guidance of the golden mean in every movement of life. He has already recommended it in the quest for wealth,[4] and now he applies it to the current fad for luxury, when he emphasizes that the opposite extreme is equally undesirable. "A mean style of living will differ from a simple one, for it will be idle for you to shun one fault, if you turn aside into another crooked path."[5] And that it's a universal practice--"In avoiding a vice, fools run into its opposite."[6] So frequently does he expound this rule of conduct that it has become one of the phrases most commonly associated with his theory of life.

1) Persius, Sat. VI, 25.
2) Ibid., 69.
3) Ibid., 23.
4) Above, p. 71.
5) Horace, Sat. II, 2, 53.
6) Horace, Sat. I, 2, 24.

CHAPTER IV

The political organization, of necessity exercised a tremendous influence on the subjects, for with the establishment of the Empire, there came into power one individual, who through his character and ability could be beneficial and conducive to prosperity, or else tyrannical and crushing all forms of activity. As the latter type was the more common in the Roman emperors, it naturally resulted that education changed, free speech was blotted out, all were humbled beneath the emperor and tried to insinuate themselves into his favor. It became, in fact, an art to be able to flatter the present master without uttering any compromising word on his probable successor, and the ruler's death opened the way for slander and abuse as no respect was deemed necessary to one's predecessor.

(1)

Recalling that Lucilius openly attacked his political enemies, and also that these satirists invaded every other field, at first one is amazed that they left this subject untouched; but a second thought forces the realization that the temper of the times did not permit any such procedure. Although Horace lived in the Augustan era, before restrictions on free thought had gained their full significance, yet he has very few references of a political nature. On the occasion of his journey to Brundisium with Maecenas, despite the purpose of the trip, he avoids any political gossip and disposes of the subject with the single remark: "Here Maecenas was to meet us, and noble Cocceius, envoys both on

business of import, and old hands at settling feuds between friends."[1] A second reference to the emperor is introduced into his argument for writing satire to the exclusion of other literary forms. Trebatius, with whom he is conversing, suggests that he would better "tell of the feats of Caesar, the unvanquished. Many a reward for your pains, you'll get."[2] To Horace's reply that he has the desire but not the ability for the epic style, the other adds: "But you might write of himself, at once just and valiant." This the poet plans to do, but only when the proper occasion arises, for an ill-timed gesture is worse than neglect since "Stroke the steed clumsily, and he kicks at every point on guard."

As for Persius, many attempts have been made to read into his lines definite references to the Emperor, but I cannot support such a conclusion. I agree rather with the opinion that he has avoided politics entirely although he had excellent occasions to assert his opinion.[3] For example, in the fourth satire, he opens with the topic of the qualifications for statesmanship, with the absurd supposition by the young man that because of his noble birth, he is so endowed; but in place of continuing his discussion to include the reigning Emperor, as would be expected, he turns onto another path--that of self-knowledge--and gives his verses completely a philosophic color.

One of the most poignant criticisms against Juvenal is his habit of attacking the dead and looking gloomily in retro-

1) Horace, Sat.I,5,27.
2) Horace, Sat.II,1,10ff.
3) Loeb text, Introduction p.XXIX.

spection while the tendency of the age was to look forward with new hope in the better emperors.[1] I cannot find any justification for this remark. since he stated his purpose in avoiding attacks on the living, to speak of "those whose ashes lie under the Flaminian and Latin Roads."[2] There is the additional inference that under the names of the past, he is lashing the vices of the present. His inspiration, I believe, was obtained during the years of Domitian's rule, and since he was barred from publishing his satires until the accession of Trajan, his indignation was naturally centered about the now dead emperor, and even with an improved ruler, society was probably not noticeably superior to the preceding generation. Juvenal's confused chronology greatly adds to the difficulty, for when he speaks of the emperor, one cannot determine precisely which one he is specifying.

The most striking example of this occurs in the seventh satire, where he laments the sad lot of the devotees of literature, but buoys up their spirits with the good news that the emperor is to be their patron, and stimulate them to activity.[3] "On Caesar alone hang all the hopes and prospects of the learned; he alone in these days of ours has cast a favoring glance upon the sorrowing muses." The poets can expect material support as well as inspiration, and need no longer work at shameful business."From this day forth no man who weaves the tuneful web of song and has bitten Apollo's laurel, will be compelled to endure toil unworthy of his craft. Your prince is looking around and goading you on,

1) Bailey, p.307.
2) Juvenal, Sat.I, 170.
3) Juvenal, Sat.VII, 1ff.

seeking objects for his favor."[1] There is no doubt that the emperor thus addressed has just succeeded to the throne that such hopes should be expressed in him, but there is no solution as to which Caesar is meant. Trajan or Hadrian, or even Domitian? Whichever it may be, it is Juvenal's sole instance of praise for or hope in the chief magistrate, with all other references of a disparaging nature.

The longest allusion to an emperor is found in the fourth satire, the tale of the turbot which merited a convocation of the privy councillors, a very clever portrayal of the mutual distrust felt by both the man in power and his advisors. "A council of magnates is summoned: men hated by the emperor, and on whose faces sat the pallor of that great and perilous friendship."[2] In his catalogue of these councillors, is emphasized Crispus' utilization of his intelligence to preserve his own life rather than to guide the state, for there was "no better advisor than he for the ruler of lands and seas and nations had he been free, under that scourge and plague to denounce cruelties and proffer honest counsels. But what can be more dangerous than the ear of a tyrant on whose caprice hangs the life of a friend who has come to talk of the rain or heat or showery spring weather? So Crispus never struck out against the torrent, nor was he one to speak freely the thoughts of his heart, and stake his life upon the truth. Thus it was that he lived through many winters--protected, even in that court, by weapons such as these."[3] This example of shrewdness, no doubt, includes in a few words many

1) Juvenal, Sat.VII, 17.
2) Juvenal, Sat.IV, 72.
3) Ibid., 83ff.

of the wiser men.

He concludes the account of the meeting with an ironical quip--that the council had been summoned just as though there were alarming news demanding a consultation--and yet "Would that he had rather given to follies such as these all those days of cruelty when he robbed the city of its nobles and choicest souls, with none to punish or avenge."[1] An additional slur is aimed at Domitian at the beginning of this same story, for it is announced that the episode occurred "when the last of the Flavii was flaying the half-dying world, and Rome was enslaved to a bald-headed Nero."[2] In the same satire is a striking illustration of the flattery commonly showered upon the emperor, and of his gullibility, in the few words of the fisherman's presentation speech, "The fish itself wanted to be caught."[3] What gross flattery, adds Juvenal, and yet the man's pride was aroused, for "there is nothing that divine majesty will not believe concerning itself when lauded to the skies." A rival councillor, Veiento, is not to be outdone, but must prove to his master that he too is loyal, by interpreting the fish as a good omen--of a great and glorious victory.[4]

Nero bears the brunt of another attack in the satire on the dignity required of patrician birth. "If free suffrage were granted to the people, who would be so abandoned as not to prefer Seneca to Nero;"[5] and recalling the latter's murders, poisons, singing on the stage, and writing an Epic, he adds "These were

1) Juvenal, Sat.IV, 150.
2) Ibid., 37.
3) Ibid., 69.
4) Ibid., 123.
5) Juvenal, Sat.VIII, 211ff.

the deeds, these the graces of our high-born prince, whose delight it was to prostitute himself by unseemly singing upon a foreign stage, and to earn a chaplet of Greek parsley."

Although Juvenal casts such spurious remarks on the character of the emperor, and although he praises the Republican heroes, nowhere does he suggest the removal of the present system and the restoration of the older form. His attitude Boissier explains very lucidly: "Il n'y a pas un seul passage chez lui qui permette d'affirmer avec certitude que c'était un républican."[1] He places no significance in Juvenal's repeated praise of the past, for "c'était l'usage alors. C'était donc plutôt en moraliste qu'en politique que Juvenal parle du passé, et il a l'air de regretter bien plus les vertus antiques que l'ancien gouvernment."[2] I agree with this opinion, for the satirist confines himself to the emperor's personal character, and does not refer to the system which he represented.

(2)

That the political system was deeply responsible for the change in literature cannot be denied, and yet it is a most significant fact that Persius who in such sorrow lamented its degradation, makes no acknowledgment of the basic cause--the restrictions on public liberty. In true Stoic fashion, he attributes it to the decay of morality, that Rome has lost all sense of what is good or bad in literature, just as it has lost

1) Boissier, p.324.
2) Ibid., 325.

this discretion in other matters. A lover of good literary form, he was deeply concerned at its mutilation, as he shows in his recurrent complaints in the first satire. The dominant purpose of the day is to produce something pompous and grandiloquent, and so "We shut ourselves up and write something grand--one in verse, one in prose--something that will take a vast amount of breath to pant out."[1] This current fad for writing verses is well revealed in his account of the "Romulidae saturi"[2] who ask "What has divine poetry to say? Whereupon some fellow with a purple mantle about his shoulders lisps out with a snuffle some insipid trash about a Phyllis or a Hypsipyle, or some other dolorous poetic theme;" and the same thought in the "love-ditties spouted by your grandees while digesting their dinners--all the stuff that is scribbled on couches of citron-wood."[3] And yet these would-be-poets do not confine their attempts to light verses, but "we now see heroics produced by men who have been used to trifle over Greek verses--men who have not art enough to describe a grove or commend the abundance of country life."[4]

In defense of the present literature, a friend argues with Persius: "But you will admit that grace and polish have been added to the uncouth measures of our sires:"[5] and he offers as proof examples which force Persius to call out in despair upon the shade of Vergil--"What is this but frothy inflated stuff, like an old bough smothered under its bloated bark!"[6] The cause

1) Persius, Sat.I,13.
2) Ibid., 31ff.
3) Ibid., 51.
4) Ibid., 69.
5) Ibid., 92.
6) Ibid., 96.

he assigns definitely to a debasement of character, as is substantiated by his question: "Would such things be written if one drop of our father's manhood were still alive in our veins?"[1] His admiration for the old masters is expressed in the hope that his readers may be "all ye who have caught the bold breath of Cratinus, ye who have grown pale over the blasts of Eupolis or of the Grand Old Man--whose ear has been cleansed and kindled by such strains."[2] Martha believes in his sincerity on this subject: "L'austère jeune homme accoutumé à de plus hautes pensées, pour qui la poésie est l'object d'un culte comme la philosophie, ne peut tolérer ces frivoles outrages à un art qui lui est si cher."[3]

Horace also had a true interest in literature, and anxiously questioned the proper form for satire. As he wrote very carefully, and did not exaggerate to gain force, his deepest criticism of Lucilius, whom he admitted to be his superior, was the lack of polish and care in his verses. He was indeed voicing his genuine feelings when he said of his predecessor: "Herein lay his fault: often in one hour, as though a great exploit, he would dictate two hundred lines while standing, as they say, on one foot."[4] He advises all who would write anything worth reading, often to turn their pens to erase,[5] as he believes Lucilius,too, would have done had he lived in that day.[6] He states his conviction that this earlier satirist based his verses on the Old Comedy, and it is about the latter that his literary argument

1) Persius, Sat.I, 103.
2) Ibid., 123.
3) Martha, p.145.
4) Horace, Sat.I,4,9.
5) Horace, Sat.I,10,72.
6) Ibid., 67.

revolves. His first reference to these writers calls them "true poets."[1]; while in almost the next breath, he questions whether it is or is not poetry, for "neither in diction nor in matter has it the fire and force of inspiration, and save that it differs from prose talk in its regular beat, it is mere prose."[2] He applies what he believes to be a test of poetry; to take from his own verses and those of Lucilius, the word order and the metre, and they would be simply prose, not like the cited lines from Ennius which were poetry in themselves.[3] For this reason, he excludes himself from the list of true poets, since it is not enough to simply round off a verse.[4] In a later satire, he reverts to this topic of the Old Comedy, this time speaking in its favor, as he justifies his use of ridicule: "Jesting often cuts hard knots more forcefully and effectively than gravity. Thereby the great men who wrote Old Comedy won success: therein we should imitate them."[5]

Horace appears as spokesman for the chief writers of the Augustan Era,[6] when he admits that every field of literature has its contemporary master with the exception of satire which is left for him, He speaks repeatedly of his esteem for Vergil, but makes no acknowledgment of the ability of Lucretius; his sole reference to Catullus is of a slurring nature; "The ape whose skill lies solely in droning Calvus and Catullus."[7] In accordance with both Persius and Juvenal, he is an advocate of purity of

1) Horace, Sat.I,4,1ff.
   Above p.36.
2) Ibid., 45.
3) Ibid., 56.
4) Ibid., 39.
5) Horace, Sat.I,10,14.
6) Ibid., 35ff.
7) Ibid., 19.

language, disparages the admixture of Greek,[1] and believes a poet should wish to be admired only in his select group of friends.[2]

Juvenal cannot be credited with a sincere interest in literature, for he shows no desire to investigate its forms, nor does he allow it any special pre-eminence in his "farrago." He sheds no tears over its artificial character, doubtless because he himself is one of the best exponents of that Silver Age style; he does not claim to be a poetically inspired, but is stimulated by anger against a world that is imposing on him; thus his poems are the result of an evil environment on a pessimistic nature, and his lament about literature is concentrated on the sad financial status of the poets. In his argument for support of these men of genius, he pays tribute to Horace and Vergil as belonging in this class,[3] and adds that they could not have produced their masterpieces had they not been unhampered by worries. Realizing that he turned to literature only late in life, one cannot be surprised that his interest in it is of a superficial nature, and that to him it amounts simply to a medium for "getting his word in"--in answer to his question "What? am I to be a listener only, all my days?"[4]

1) Horace, Sat.I,10,20ff.
2) Ibid., 73.
3) Juvenal, Sat.VII,55.
4) Juvenal, Sat.I,1.

CHAPTER V

My introductory statement was to the effect that a judgment upon the sincerity of these three satirists must be based upon individual examination of diverse topics. These range from literature to religion, from poverty to philosophy. Consequently, a wide-sweeping, dogmatic conclusion in terms of generalities cannot properly be advanced. It is perhaps far better to recapitulate and attempt to visualize in what respect the original questions which were propounded, have been capable of interpretation. By this interrogative procedure we may discern whether the primary assertions have been adequately investigated and suitably answered.

Ambiguity is the accusation which will be flung at me in my reply to the first question of the introduction--"Did Juvenal really rage within his heart at the vices of the world, or was he an embittered poet with singular rhetorical powers?"--for I shall answer both clauses in the affirmative. Yet this is a very possible conclusion, since I believe that his attack was inspired by wrath at the actual perpetration of a crime or social blunder, and then in expressing his anger, he called to his aid all his rhetorical training and ability, gave it full rein, and was carried away by his own fervor. I cannot support all his principles, for to me he appears a decided pessimist, the "embittered poet" of the question, who as such was most fortunate to have lived in a gloomy era, with ample satirical material available. His type can be found exemplified in any age--the older man who looks on the younger generation with a

disapproving eye, and who lacks the foresight to ferret out a single benefit in an innovation.

I do not for a moment question Persius' sincerity, for I believe that he was "actually downcast at man's apparent lack of reason and morality," but I do view critically the standards by which he judged, for in his undiluted acceptance of Stoic principles, he reveals the impetuosity of youth which so rarely remains intact with the increased wisdom of years. Had he lived to a more mature age, and had he experienced a fuller life, his perspective of the world doubtless would have been altered. He cannot rightly be accused of simply voicing his preceptor's axioms, of being the mouthpiece for Stoicism without any feelings in his heart, for the force of Cornutus' teaching which could enslave him to its word, must have struck profoundly into his own soul. That he was not a satirist by nature is clearly shown in the results of his writings, for the first satire alone is deserving of that name, since it is the only one in which he explicitly points to a current weakness. The others, sermons which could be preached to any age, are fitting reproaches by a man endowed with such fine morals. Boissier draws an accurate contrast between Persius and Juvenal when he says of the latter: "Ce moraliste n'est pas un sage qui discourt à loisir et froidement sur les conditions humains, c'est un homme qui a souffert de ces distinctions sociales et qui ne l'a pas oublié."[1]

My answer is negative to the question concerning Horace--

1) Boissier, p. 313.

"Could he justify his attacks on the grounds of self-defense?"--just as it is negative to the subsequent clause--"Did he laugh at man only to cut and wound all the more deeply?" I believe that in using laughter to expose man's folly, he realized the effect of ridicule, which is often more potent than a vicious attack: and in this respect his mirth was genuine. The multiple references to himself served most effectively to disarm his opponents, and prove that those faults which had not produced any very disastrous results in himself, would not cause the immediate collapse of society.

The final picture of these three satirists, consequently, centers about those qualities with which they are most commonly associated: Horace, the satirist of common sense, who sincerely believed in the power of humor; Persius, the Stoic, who was extremely honest but almost forbidding with his stern morals: and Juvenal, who began his attack with genuine indignation, but could not confine his fury within the limits of reason.

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