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NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

Two Seventeenth-Century Translations of Two Dark Roman Satires: John Knyvett's Juvenal 1 and J.H.'s *In Eutropium* 1

Stuart Gillespie

Though brought together here only for reasons of presentational convenience, the two verse translations transcribed below can be nicely compared and contrasted. The first is the work of a young man of college age, the second of a figure aged about sixty, but the two translators were probably born within twenty years of each other. One belongs among the very earliest English translators of his chosen author, Juvenal. The second is not only the first known English translator of his original, Claudian's *In Eutropium* (even in part), but remains to this day the sole English translator to attempt the verse in verse. Both adopt rhyming pentameters to translate hexameters, but the second also aims to limit the English to a similar number of lines as the Latin – a challenging combination of ambitions. Both decline paraphrase as a means of making intelligible material which is often far from self-explanatory outside its original Roman context. Their skills come into play as these pressures demand from the two translators various kinds of lexical, syntactical, and metrical ingenuity.

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JOHN KNYVETT'S TRANSLATION OF JUVENAL'S SATIRE I

'Your brother Thomas', writes Sir Thomas Browne to his other son Edward in 1680/1, 'when hee was at sea learned much of Horace, & all Juvenal in a manner without booke. Sr John Knyvett & Sr Philip Gawdie of Harling were so well versed in them, that they never came butt they would have 2 or 3 howers discourse with mee about them, and especially Sir John Knyvett, who translated divers Satyrs of Juvenal, which is now done by Sr Philip Stapleton, butt there is a great difference between the Latin & the English.'¹ Tom Browne the younger had himself received his father's epistolary commendations for keeping up his reading of Juvenal and other classics when 'at sea' in 1665–7. The conversations of which Browne senior speaks took place many years earlier – at a date, it would now appear, after his marriage (1637) and before the birth of his first child (1644). Sir Philip Gawdie was doubtless a member of the Gawdy family of Harling or Herling; the Knyvetts were also gentry of the Norfolk area native to Dorothy Mileham, Browne's wife, and to which Browne relocated on marrying her. Gawdy and Knyvett (or Knivett, or Knyvet, or Knevett) will have been young comrades, Browne an older man. It is Knyvett's youthful Juvenal translations, previously unknown apart from Browne's passing mention, that can now be in part retrieved. Whatever as a whole they amounted to, his version of Satire 1 is found, probably in autograph, in British Library MS Add. 19208, the source of the present transcription.

The manuscript volume, in a variety of hands and on a variety of papers bound together many years after being written upon, contains *inter alia* the household accounts of Sir Robert Kemp, Knyvett's dedicatee.² Kemp (*d.* 1647) became first baronet of Gissing, Norfolk, in 1642. Most of the other material dates to the late sixteenth century; Knyvett's work appears at the end (fols 70–84, rectos only used on 71–84) and carries the considerably later date of 1639 (fol. 84). It is signed (fol. 71), again on fol. 85': 'A manuscript presented to Sr Robt Kemp by John Knyvet Clerke'. The other side of this folio, which was previously a cover sheet, concurs: 'Ye 1st Satyre of Juvenal made English by John Knyvett'.

One of the factors lending the manuscript interest as illustrating how Juvenal was approached by readers and students is that this is

¹ 12 January 1680/1; *Works of Sir Thomas Browne*, edited by Geoffrey Keynes, 4 vols (London, 1964), IV, 179. Browne misremembers Sir Robert Stapylton's forename.

² The dedication is given below. This aspect of the ms has been addressed in G. R. Batho, *The Household Papers of Henry Percy, Ninth Earl of Northumberland (1564–1632)*, Camden Third Series, 93 (London, 1962).

not only a translation: it is an edition, comparable in its expository detail to some other seventeenth-century English texts of Juvenal, an exceptionally hard author for translators to make immediately intelligible. The Latin text is tackled one segment at a time. For each segment the Latin and the English are given, followed by Knyvett's explanatory notes keyed to the English rendering. These dwindle in extent as the text goes on, but are substantial: more than 100 words apiece is not unusual. They gloss matters of mythology, history, geography, and so on, sometimes in pedestrian fashion, as when explaining what a centaur is. In doing so they sift the notes in printed editions, as though comparing a range of authorities. Thus Knyvett begins a gloss: 'Farnaby upon this Place saith'. Thomas Farnaby's Juvenal would have been in its fourth edition by this date. 'Mars his Grove' (l. 2) is explained: 'there be divers Expositions upon these words but the fairest under favour is the History of Romulus & Rhemus, whom Rhea as some say a Harlot was delivered of in a wood so called in Luco Martio as Turnebus has it'. The mid-sixteenth-century work of Adrianus Turnebus was evidently still standard. As well as references to Latin scholarship, Knyvett lets us glimpse some of his personal tastes and literary preferences. At one point he advises the user (perhaps Kemp quite specifically) to 'read at Pleasure in Mr George Sands his peerles Relations, where yow may reap with easy investigation abundant satisfaction' regarding a hill in Sicily which was known as Vulcan's cave. Sandys' *Relation of a Journey* had appeared in 1615. Or he explains what he supposes Juvenal's allusion to a Roman called Cinnamus: 'once a Barbor, now growne an Inperious haughty harted fellow, rayseed from broomes, and dust, and watring Potts, as Mr Ben Johnson (of happie memory) speakes of such himself'.

Knyvett's dedication, though conventional enough, hints at the scope of his intended readership:

To the worthy Favourer of honest Industry;
and good Endeavour (another Maecenas)
S^r Robert Kempe Knight:—:

If, noble Sir, upon this laboured book,
And true Translation of an Author Dark,
With quaint expressions you'll vouchsafe to look,
With generous eye, and grant of Love one spark:
So never weigh what lazy idle rook,
Or tetchy brain in me may (justly) mark:

'Tis only you I strive to please, and those
That understand, be it my verse, or prose.
Your faithful servant
Jo: Knyvett³

This is very much a private exercise. Knyvett's date of birth is not known, but since he matriculated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, on 2 March 1638/9,⁴ his Juvenal 1 (dated 1639, as we have seen) clearly belongs to his first year at college. The self-designation on his cover sheet, as a 'clerke', means (perhaps playfully) 'scholar'. Aptly enough considering his translating bent, he succeeded to the title of sixth Lord Berners in 1658.⁵ After Cambridge he went on to Gray's Inn, married in 1655, and died in 1673.

Juvenal was indeed often seen as an 'author dark' in early modern England. He had excited English writers' interest in late Elizabethan times, and Knyvett's exercise falls within the first years of English translation, which did not begin until 1617.⁶ Prior to 1639, printed English Juvenals amount to only five individual satires, handled by four different translators and belonging to the years 1617–34.⁷ The first complete version to be published, itself often awkward, is that by Stapylton to which Browne alludes; it was issued (with extensive notes and annotations, like Knyvett's) in 1644–7. Knyvett refers to previous editions of the Latin text, but there seem to be no indications that he used the sole previously printed translation of Satire 1, by John Biddle, 1634.⁸ Biddle's circumstances were similar to Knyvett's: his two Juvenal translations (appended to his *Virgil's Bucolicks Englished*) appeared in the year of his matriculation at Oxford, aged eighteen or nineteen.

³ *rook* simpleton. Text modernized to conform with main transcription below. A motto is appended with the date of writing: 'Non vna voluptas cuiq. July 17^o'. Compare Ovid, *Ars am.* 749 'curae sua cuique voluptas'.

⁴ *Alumni Cantabrigiensis*, unique identifier online edition KNVT638J.

⁵ G. E. Cokayne *et al.*, *The Complete Peerage*, 13 vols in 14 (1910–59), reprint 6 vols (Gloucester, 2000), II, 155. It was his predecessor John Bourchier, Second Baron Berners (c.1467–1533), who translated Froissart and other French history/romance material.

⁶ For the bibliography see Robert Cummings and Stuart Gillespie, 'Translations from Greek and Latin Classics 1550–1700: A Revised Bibliography', *Translation and Literature*, 18 (2009), 1–42 (p. 21). For the relationship of Elizabethan to classical satire see Colin Burrow, 'Roman Satire in the Sixteenth Century', in *The Cambridge Companion to Roman Satire*, edited by Kirk Freudenburg (Cambridge, 2005), pp. 243–60.

⁷ John Weever's abortive Satire 1 of 1600 is not a true translation. For a critical account of early English translations see William Kupersmith, *Roman Satirists in Seventeenth-Century England* (Lincoln, NE, 1985).

⁸ No doubt coincidentally, Barten Holiday's complete Juvenal, unpublished until 1673, was begun at about the same time as Knyvett's attempt on Satire 1. G. L. Broderson, 'Seventeenth-Century Translations of Juvenal', *The Phoenix*, 7 (1953), 57–76, surmised that Holyday 'started work on his version about 1638' (p. 68).

Stuart Gillespie/Two Dark Roman Satires

When Crispin, Nile's spawn, base Canopus' breed,
Pulls on his shoulders his loose Tyrian weed,
And cools his fingers with his summer's ring,
His winter gem seeming too heavy a thing –
'Tis hard from writing satires to refrain.
For who so meek, or of so dull a brain
To hold, when upstart Matho, law's abuser,
Along is borne? Then Regulus, th'accuser 30
Of his own best friends, hoping thereby to gain
What of the ancient Romans doth remain?
Him Massa fears; him Carus bribes; and to him
Latinus holds the door, lest he undo him.
When they supplant thee, who do best in dark,
And highest grow, who oftenest hit the mark;
Whose tracked way 'twixt a rich old madam's thighs
Is now the chief, and readiest way to rise:
The twelfth part Proculeius hath, Gillo eleven, - of the Inheritance:
Whose issue is best, to him the most is given. 40
Reward his blood lost, therefore he looks dead,
Like one that naked on a snake doth tread,
Or he that must at Lyon's altar plead.
Why should I tell how I with anger burn,
To see a cheated orphan forced to turn
For food a pathic, whilst his spoiler braves
The peopled streets with troops of following slaves?
When wasteful Marius falls, yet fears no shame,
But loves his money dearer than his name,
Maugre the gods? Being banished, now he keeps 50
His hour of eight to drink, whilst Affric weeps:
Shall I not think this worth learn'd Horace' vein?
Shall I not rip up this? Wouldst have me feign
Lies of Greek Diomed, or tell senseless tales
Of Hercules, and Minotaurus' walls,
Of Daedalus' flight, or of drowned Icarus' falls?
Whenas a ruffian, pandar to his make, .i. wife
Purloins that, which by law she cannot take,
He seeming drunk, looks to the housetop spar,
And loudly snores, lest he their sport should mar; 60

53 *rip up* 'open up', 'lay bare'. Compare line 200 below.

57–60 Juvenal describes a husband who takes money from his wife's lover directly when she is legally prevented from receiving an inheritance. When the lover visits the husband looks at the ceiling or feigns drunken sleep.

And when another, who hath idly spent
Both all his goods, and all his ancient rent,
In pampering jades unto the chariot manned,
Dares boldly for a Tribune's place to stand,
Even when his chariot o'er Flaminia glides;
For Fuscus like Automedon it guides,
Whilst Nero with his masculine mistress rides.
Shall I not volumes now in public fill
With vices taxèd by a satyr's quill; 70
Whenas a forger by his ring made wet,
With which he sealed shut forgèd deeds, shall get
So great a wealth, that he to all beholders,
Maecenas-like, dares ride upon men's shoulders?
Now comes to mind a great man's wife, who filled
A pois'ned cup of Falerne wine, which killed
Her thirsty husband. She more cunning grown
Than Nero's Locust, made her damn art known
To her silly neighbours, whom she taught (bad wives)
Boldly to rob their husbands of their lives; 80
Carrying their black corpse to the funeral pile
Unchecked, the people looking on the while.
Wouldst thou in Rome fain bear a lofty sail?
Dare deeds deserving exile, or a jail?
Poor virtue is starv'd, though praised; of all neglected;
Men only now are for their faults respected.
To them each owes his goat-carv'd silver bables,
His plate, his mansion houses, and his tables. .i. their best things:
Who, brib'd, obeyed her husband's lustful sire,
Made prostitute to quench his lewd desire? 90
Who wedded males? Who not twice seven years' age
An adulterer was, yet scap'd a satyr's rage?
These, spite of Nature, wrath in verse shall bite,
Through such as I, and Cluvienus write.
What sins have rag'd since old Deucalion's flood,
When on Parnassus' top his floating wood
Arriv'd, where he and Pyrrha did implore
Themis for aid, the drown'd world to restore,
By whose command they stones did backward fling,
And naked men, and maids did of them spring;

77 *Nero's Locust* Lucusta, a notorious poisoner under Nero.

86 A *bable* was 'an instrument consisting of a stick with a mass of lead fixed or suspended at one end, used for weighing' (*OED*).

Stuart Gillespie/Two Dark Roman Satires

Ev'n monster passions, acting what men list, 100
Are now the subject of a satirist,
As angers, pleasures, fears; but now abound
More dissolute crimes. For when were ever found
Such covetous gripes, or venturers at dice,
Who lose not bags, but whole chests in a trice?
The unthrift's grievèd steward tells him then:
"Sir, is't not madness, and unfit for men,
Above a thousand marks at once to lose,
And let your footman starve for want of clothes?"
Whose grandsire e're such granges hath set up? 110
Or did in private with seven dishes sup?
Yet gives his slender alms unto the poor
Even at the utmost threshold of his door;
And ere his almner gives, views well thy face,
Fearing to give to a wrong man in thy place,
And glorying, bids his steward call by name
The ancient Romans who expect the same.
Give to a Praetor – straight a Praetor calls,
Nay, give to a Tribune – out a Tribune bawls;
A libertine swears he's the better man, 120
First come, will first be serv'd, do what they can.
What though sometimes a Syrian slave I were –
Witness the windows in my grizzled ear –
Yet by five shops of ware I may dispend
A knight's revenue ev'n at each year's end.
What can a purple robe expect for more,
If great Corvinus now be grown so poor,
As being unable his Laurent fields to stock,
As forcèd now to feed another's flock?
Pallas, and the Licinii beggars be: 130
Regard my wealth; then, Tribunes, yield to me!
Let guilt prevail; let him tread honour down
Who lately came a sale-slave to the town.
Though baleful Money temple yet hath none,
Nor sacrificing altars built of stone,
As Victory, Virtue, Faith, Peace, each have one,
And so hath Concord, on whose towered crest
The chattering stork doth resalute her nest,
Yet hath her powerful majesty divine

104 *gripes* vultures.

In every breast plac'd her unhallowed shrine. 140
Now when these great men sum, at the year's end,
How much by begging they may more dispend,
How shall the clients live? Who thence do crave
For gowns, shoes, smoke, and bread a share to have?
But if a hundred quadrants doled are,
Then thron'd the couch-born grandees for a share,
Carrying for alms ev'n round about the town
Their great-bellied wives, though ready to lie down:
Where one grown cunning, for his absent wife 150
Desires a share, and cries, "Sir, on my life,
This is my Galla – Galla – alas, poor soul
She is not well: for God's sake, Sir, your dole!"
And on this fashion they the day do waste,
Seeking an alms. First to their patron haste,
Straight to the Court of Pleading, and from thence
Go view the brave triumphant monuments
Of Romans dead; where you'll the statue find
Of some Arabian, or Egyptian hind,
At whose good face to draw do not refuse, 160
Nor shame to put to a more homely use.
By this their wearied clients they defeat
Of their best hopes, which only was but meat,
Who home are gone, poor souls, on stalks to eat,
Whilst all alone the patron, at his board,
Devours the dainties seas and woods afford,
Stretching his pampered limbs on sumptuous bed,
For himself alone with costly coverings spread;
Yea, spends his ancient housegods at a feast,
Without one boldfaced fool to vent a jest. 170
Who can endure to see such sordid riot
As now doth reign, when for one's private diet
It is a custom a whole boar to dress,
Which is a beast might serve a dozen mess?
But yet swift vengeance haunts this glutton's throat,
For, fooling in the bath, without his coat,
Having his stomach gorg'd with the raw meat
Of unconcocted peacock lately eat,
Unlooked-for death doth steal upon his life,

158 *hind* rustic, boor.

177 *unconcocted* undigested.

And he intestate dies. The news is rife
At each man's board, yet not a tear is shed 180
By his friends, displeased that he no better sped.
Succeeding age cannot search out more crimes
Which are not ripe in these our latter times.
Then if that sin is grown now to the full,
Let's hoist up sail, and let no more at hull.
Perhaps you'll say "But where's the active brain
To write a subject of so high a strain?"
The ancient freedom used none to spare,
Which now but once to name not any dare;
Trench but on Tigilline now – your corpse must fry, 190
Paled on a burning stake, and flaming die,
Furrowing the sand, being dragged to butchery.
Seal up your lips if such a one you meet,
Lest some informer from the prince you greet;
Write of Aeneas, and of Turnus fierce,
And spare not Greek Achilles in thy verse.
There is no danger: thou mayst freely bite
Drowned Hylas, though the Herculean catamite.
But if, with weapon drawn, thy fiery pen
(Lucilius-like) rips up the sins of men 200
Whose blushing souls with guilt will straight grow cold,
And inly sweat to hear their baseness told –
Then grief and anger swell. Ere then, take heed,
And enter not the lists with winged speed,
For when the trumpet sounds to armed men
The dismal charge, too late's repentance then;
If so, their sins I'll hazard to display,
Whose urns are tombed in the Flaminian way.



J.H.'S TRANSLATION OF CLAUDIAN'S *IN EUTROPIUM 1*

The first known English translations from Claudian are Leonard Digges' *Rape of Proserpine*, 1617, and several epigrams in Sir John Beaumont's *Bosworth-Field*, 1629. In the printed record Claudian's

190 *Trench* infringe, encroach (Tigellinus was an infamous favourite of Nero's).
198 Hylas, a favourite of Hercules, was drawn into a well by the Naiads.
200 *rips up* see line 53n.

longer satires do not receive the attentions of translators and imitators until a much later date, with *In Rufinum* being handled by William King in 1712, anonymously in 1730, then by Jabez Hughes in 1737. This showing makes Claudian the satirist appear to be a late acquisition, first tackled at a date when the only Latin texts remaining to be englished by translators were second- or third-division material. For this reason alone it seems worth recording the present translation of *In Eutropium*, Book 1, in a Bodleian manuscript (MS Rawl. poet. 154, fols 39–48) carrying the date ‘1664’. No other English translation of this poem is recorded until the nineteenth century.

No translator’s name is attached to this work, but, immediately following it, fol. 49^r carries in the same hand ‘A Translation of Cl: Claudian his Panegyrick upon the fourth Consulship of Honorius. By J.H. Esq. [another hand adds: ‘Ætatis suae 60’] Anno Domini 1665.’ This text is no more than a twenty-line fragment, but the style is unmistakably identical with that of the longer *In Eutropium* translation. Hence this heading appears to supply the *In Eutropium* translator’s initials and age (the two items having been written within a year or so of each other). The initials are perhaps too common to encourage speculation as to his identity. As for his purpose, is his work in some way politically resonant, as perhaps is meant to be suggested by the date (‘Anno: 1664’) given prominence alongside the title? Perhaps this question can be taken up by other scholars at some other time.

The 532 English pentameters correspond to 512 Latin hexameters, making the translation unusually condensed. Its crabbed, rebarbative style is somewhat reminiscent of the manner of Donne and certain other late sixteenth-century verse satirists. This would be consistent with a translator born in 1605 who might not have much developed his skills in later life; Donne, born in 1572, would have been at the height of his fame in the translator’s youth.

In this text spelling and punctuation are modernized, contractions expanded.

A Translation of Claudianus Claudian his first Book against Eutropius
Anno: 1664.

At Monstrous Births, which do the Mother fright;
Or, in wall’d Townes, Wolves howling in the night;
Or to hear Sheep, their Guides amazed, to speak;
Hard storms of Stones; or Blood from Clouds to break,
Making th’Air’s threat’ning Aspect red; to see

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Ponds turn'd to Blood; two Moons in Heav'n t'agree;
As many Suns – let the World cease t'admire.
Than Monsters all, an Eunuch-Consul's higher.
In public's shown, O Heaven and Earth's shame,
A Crone in Robes. Th' year bears a Woman's Name. 10
Disclose, ye Priests, the Sybil's mystic Lays,
Search quick Etruria into Lightning's rays.
To find this vast Crime, Augurs, Entrails view:
What strange things do the Gods portend? By a new
Channel shall Nilus our World leave in haste,
And mix with the Red Sea? Shall th'East lie waste
By barb'rous flames, Niphates forced again?
Shall Plague ensue? Or no return of Grain
Blast Farmo's hopes? What Victims can appease
Such Wrath? Whose Blood can such dire Altars please? 20
The State purge with the Consul, sacrifice
The Prodigy; what the Fates will shall rise
From this ill Sign, Eutropius' neck let pay.
Fortune, dost thus reign over us? What play
With Cruelty is this? How men's affairs
Thou madly actst? If thou the iv'ry Chairs
Wilt stain with servile Crimes, Rogues from Gaols loose
Consuls to be, and Robes of State to use,
Give's at least any Man. Slaves their Ranks have,
And some their Lustre. He's a less vile Slave 30
Who serves but one Lord. If thou canst count o're
The Ocean's waves, or Sands on Afric shore,
Then of Eutropius, Lords, thou mayst take tale.
How many Rights hath he, and Bills of sale
Chang'd, and his Names? How oft been stripped to see
Lest (though he, wary, doth the Doctor fee)
The buyer by some conceal'd Disease should lose;
Yet who him buy, repent, and straight expose
To sale as soon as bought. But when's old Trunk,
Deform'd before, all into wrinkles shrunk, 40
They as a Present strive him off to shift –
And on the Simple press this nasty Gift.
To all these Yokes his Neck he bowed, ne'er knew
Where to be fixt, an old Slave, yet still new.
Those bloody Pains, so oft his due, are borne

33 *tale* tally, account.

First in his Cradle. From the Breasts he's torn
And Eunuch made; hath Pain as soon as Life.
Th'Armenian, skilful with unerring Knife
To soften Males, and to increase his hire
With that foul loss, hastens the fruitful Fire 50
From both its seats to drive, and at one slash
All hopes of Father and of Husband quash.
The Eunuch lies half dead, his Nerves thus cut,
His utmost Brain into a chillness put.
Shall we the Hand our foe that weakened, praise,
Or blame't, since fate such Ills from thence doth raise?
He'd better still been Man, by Shame he's stepped
To Greatness; him more Strength a Slave had kept.
Through all th'Assyrian Marts they now him hale,
And Fairs, by his Galatian guide, for sale, 60
He changed sundry houses; who can trace
So many Names? Till Ptolomy' in that place
A well-known Hostler, loathing his stale lust,
His Catamite on Arinthæus thrust
As given; nor ripe for sale, nor fit to keep.
How did he sigh? How at that parting weep?
Where's Ptolomy thy Faith? Dost thus requite
My Youth spent in thine Arms? Our joint-bed slight?
Our sleeps i'th' Manger oft? Must I thus lose
My promis'd Freedom? Wilt thou thus expose 70
Forlorn Eutropius? Are all Nights forgot?
Th'art cruel. Eunuchs, ah how hard's our lot!
Lost beauty in Women, children recompense:
'Stead of Wife's honour, 's Mother's reverence.
Lucina' us scorns. Love with our Beauty flies,
Its only Pledge. My Face's glory dies:
How shall I 'scape the lash? How please now aged,
Poor Wretch? This said, he straight himself engaged
I'th' nimble trade of Bawd, fit for his Mind
And Parts: expert 'gainst Chastity to find 80
All sorts of Snares, corrupt the faithful'st Guard,
Betray all Beds, through doors, though near, so barr'd.
He'd Danae from her brass Tower betray,
Feign his Lord's Tears in Love, win by delay
The Coy; with Gold the Covetous he plied,
With Sports the Wanton. None a Virgin's side
Passing, more gently touched, or in less time,

Her veil remov'd, whispered his secret Crime.
Love's thefts to plot most wary, or, if known made,
Th'abusèd Husband's Fury to evade. 90
So, by Youth's Flames enriched from either shore,
Corinthian Lais, her gray head no more
By Garlands graced, her wanton nightly Rout
Grown thin, few knockings at her gates without:
Though frightened with her glass's true reflex,
Yet bears up, hiring Younglings of her Sex.
Her long-lov'd Brothel, now old Bawd, surveys,
Keeps still her manners, though her Age decays.
Eutropius' Honour's hence; and where to save
Beds chaste is all the Virtue Eunuchs have; 100
Adulteries him raise. Yet when's Lord's Lust
Inflamed was crossed, endure the Scourge he must.
And though in vain he begs, old Service shows,
His Lord him on his Son-in-Law bestows
In Dower, or to attend the Bride. Thus He,
Who was to rule the East, and Consul be,
His Lady's hair doth comb, and naked stands,
With Silver Basin, till she' hath washed her hands.
With Peacock's plumes, when tired with scorching heat
She lay, this Senator the fire doth beat. 110
Now his old furrowed Cheeks, and shrivelled Hide
Hung loose, more wrinkled then a Grape full dried.
No Clod new ploughed so swarthy as his Face,
No sails with wind so trembling. Foul Lice trace
His woeful head, so that his Hair appears
With spaces, like to Corn with dwindled Ears
In droughted fields, or to a Bird half pill'd
Upon a tree, by frosts in Winter kill'd.
Those forehead Brands, and Visage so forlorn,
Sure wanton Fortune adds for future scorn 120
To robes of State. But when his paleish Shade,
All skin and bones, his Lords affrighted made,
His filthy Leanness troubled all it met,
Scared Children, loathed those at the Table set,
Scandalled his Mates, shunned as a Fatal thing,
When no more profit this dry Stump could bring.

114 *trace* travel, tread.

117 *pill'd* see *OED*, 'pill', *v.1*: (of an animal, tree, etc.) to lose an outer layer or covering (skin, bark, etc.); to become bare.

For, to make Beds, wood for the Kitchen fit,
He wanted strength. To his false heart commit
None would Gold, Robes, or Secrets (for who'd trust
A Bawd to guard a Bed?). They out him thrust 130
As a dead Corpse, or haunting Ghost. Thus freed
He's by Contempt. So doth the Shepherd feed
With milk his Dog chained up, while in the Night
He stoutly keeps the Flock, and can affright
The ravenous Wolves by watchful bark. But when,
Grown dull, his mangy Ears do hang, he then
Pulls off his Collar, so he Freedom wins.
Too much Contempt sometime's a bliss. All gins,
Expell'd by all, now freely he contrives
To pave Fate's way. O thou whose Power gives 140
Laws to the Heavens, what pleasure canst thou have
Thus to sway things below? A refuse Slave
Now Reigns, and whom no private house thought fit
To use, doth Ruler o're the Palace sit.
When first the Court this old She-Fox received,
Who sighed not? And to see th'oft-sold Truck grieved
Crept into sacred Service? Courtiers placed
In higher Rank did murmur as disgraced;
And long did scorn him as their Mate to own.
See whom in Roman Annals to make known 150
They seek, even Eunuchs blush at. But without
Notice he lay raked up i'th'obscure Rout,
Till he raised him from base Extraction brought,
To highest Honours, who with furies fraught,
Himself first ruined, then the Eastern State.
'Tis well provided for the Earth by Fate,
That Counsellors of Ill, should first it rue.
Thus He who taught Busiris to imbrue
His Altars with Guests' blood, Jove to appease,
That th' Famine of so many years might cease, 160
First stain'd those Altars which he did devise,
And fell his own invention's Sacrifice.
Perillus, thus, who that dire Torment found,
Through's brazen Bull to make Men's Griefs resound:

138 *gins* 'engines'; schemes, stratagems.

146 *Truck* traffic, merchandize.

152 *raked up* covered, buried; see *OED*, 'rake', *v.*¹ II.4b.

Stuart Gillespie/Two Dark Roman Satires

By Phalaris enforced by Pain to know,
And feel his Art, first made his Bull to low.
Who brought him forth, Eutropius first did spoil
Of his Estate, first from his native Soil
Him banished; herein only just, t'undo
His Maker. But this old half-Man, unto 170
The Pinnacle once rais'd of highest Power
Whither his Wishes, nor his Dreams could tower –
When, through the Fates' permission, ev'ry Law
And lives of Nobles under him he saw –
He, who for Freedom only had design'd,
Now apes his former Lords; his servile Mind
Swells high. Patrician Pris'ners fill the Gaols,
Meroe, Ethiopia, groan with exil'd shoals.
Burnt Lybia with their sad complaints doth ring,
High blood defiled Jove's Marmaric Spring. 180
Nothing's so cruel as an enthronèd Slave:
Strikes all, 'cause all he fears; 'gainst all doth rave
To be thought mighty. There's no fiercer Beast
Than Bondman's fury o're Freemen opprest.
He owns their sighs, profuse of Pains which late
He felt, like's Masters, whom he beats, doth hate.
Beside, no tie of Nature, care of Name,
Or Children Eunuchs move. All Beasts are tame
Towards their like; shares in loss, Minds fast hold;
He's not to Eunuchs mild. But's Lust on Gold 190
Did fouler burn, that still unmaimed he held;
Why cut the sinews, since no force can geld
This bloody Avarice? That hand, which before
To pick neglected Locks, or from the Store
Of Victuals pilfer used, the World outvies
In richer Rapines; what 'twixt Tigris lies
And Hæmus, under certain Rates, this great
Broker of Honours and Commands doth set.
For Asia this his Land, for Syria He
Sells his Wife's Jewels. That Man grieves to see 200
His Ancient Seat sold for Bithinia's charge.
The Table in his open Porch at large
Declares each Nation's price. Galatia so,
For so much Pontus, Lydia thus shall go,
So many thousands if thou'lt Lycia gain.
For Phrygia's Rule thou yet must further strain.

He brands all, his own fate to cheer; who sold
Seeks all to sell. Oft when his hand did hold
The Balance of a Province' doubtful sale
'Tween two Competitors, the heavier Scale 210
Still swayed his Judgment. O ye Gods, what shame
'Tis to see Nations sold, like Slaves, by name?
Yea, blush that this Slave, dead in Law, all those
Kingdoms and Cities holds at his dispose.
Did Cyrus from his throne great Crœsus throw,
That Herme and Pactole should t'an Eunuch flow?
Was Rome made Attalus his heir by Will,
Antiochus confined to Taurus Hill,
Did th'Isaures make Servilius' Triumph great,
Egypt Augustus', and Metellus' Crete, 220
T'increase Eutropius's gain? Cilicia's made
With Jewry and Sophene, t'augment his Trade
With Pompey's Triumphs, and Rome's martial deeds.
Why buildst such heaps of Gold? What Pledge succeeds
To such vast Wealth? Be given, or take a Wife,
Father nor Mother canst thou be: The Knife
This, Nature that, denies. Though India send
Her choicest Gems, Arabia' Odours spend,
Sera her Silk thee to enrich; so pressed
There's none which want, that would, to be released, 230
Estate and Person with Eutropius change.
Himself forgetting now, drunk with this strange
Increase of Wealth, he sports o're th'enslav'd Laws
And Men's affairs. Th'Eunuch's turned Judge. What cause
Have I t'admire him Consul? His Deeds are
All monstrous. What Record doth Pleas declare
Before a Woman? What Age or Land yet
Ere saw an Eunuch's Court? But to complete
His Shame of Impudence, Arms to defile
He' intends: heaps Prodigies on Monsters, while 240
His saucy frenzy thus itself outvied.
Mars blushed, cross Discord laughed, when they espied
This Amazonian Crone, shame of the East,
Her Arrows trim, in her spruce Quiver dressed,
And with the Getes when treating to and fro
As Judge of War and Peace. At this the foe

207 *brands* 'sets a mental mark of ownership upon' (*OED*).

Stuart Gillespie/Two Dark Roman Satires

Was glad, perceiving Men were scarce. The Fire,
Rapine, and Sword, to lay all waste conspire.
No trust in Walls: Sea only Safety yields;
Past Phasis' banks, from Cappadocian fields 250
They Women lead; Herds from their native stalls
Drink the chill Stream from Caucasus that falls.
For Scythian Woods they change Argæan grounds
Beyond Cimmerian fens, the Taurics' Bounds.
Syria's Youth serves. The Barb'rous Hands, too few,
Glutted with Spoils, with Blood themselves imbrue.
Yet he (for what can shame a softened Slave?
Or make him blush?) as Conqueror most brave
Returns with displayed Colours: Eunuch Bands 260
Of foot, like Troops him follow; thus commands
A Legion fit for Hellespont to own.
His Clients meet their Patron, and bow down
At his return; He hugs himself, and seeks
By feigned Puffs, as breathless, his loose Cheeks
To smooth: his Clothes bestrew'd with Dust, his face
Sallowed with Sun. By mournful Tone, and Phrase
Beyond Effeminate, his Wars doth show
With trembling Voice, and by his Sister vow
His fading Strength's for public Tasks too weak – 270
Must yield to Spite – Storms which from Envy break
Cannot support – and prays the foaming Waves
May him entomb. Heavens grant him what he craves.
His silly Tears, thus speaking, he wipes dry,
And between every word deep Sighs lets fly.
So th' withered Mother-in-Law trots, with intent
To visit her Son's Wife, and almost spent
With the long way, sits down, and Wine doth ask.
Foul Beast, why crowd'st thou into War's hard task?
And Pallas tempt'st in Blood? She' hath other Arts;
Webs more than Weapons do befit thy parts. 280
To know the Distaff, idle Girls to warn
To ply their Works, or her pure Wool for Yarn,
Bind on thy Mistress' rock. If sacred Rites
Thee please, for Mars, Cybele thee invites,
To hoarse Drums, Celenæn Raptures drest,
And Cymbals learn; with Pines to beat thy breast,
And thy remains of Man, with Phrygian blade
To slice away. Leave Arms to Men. What Trade

Dost take t'imbroil the Court, and Discord sow
'Twixt those two pious Brothers? Madman, know: 290
If thou thinkst on thy former Arts, it were
Thy part t'unite. Eutropius yet the Year
For these feats claims; alone t'infect all climes
As General Army, Judge Bench, Consull Tymes.
Nothing's so foul that hath not been disclosed,
And by past times' long Tract in Act expos'd.
To'his Mother wedded, Oedipus is sung,
To'his Child Thyestes. From Jocasta sprung
Brother to her Husband, and from Pelope
Unto her self. Thebes' and Troy's ruin the 300
Sad Scene of Athens moans; Tereus doth take
A Lapwing's shape, Cadmus a dreadful Snake,
Scylla' her new Dog admires. The Fable doth
Fix this a Tree, Her on Wings mount, this cloth
With Scales, and Him into a River melt.
A Consul, Judge, or General that was gelt
The World ne're had. Man's Glory's Eunuch's Crime.
Hence to exceed the Mirth of Comic Rhyme
And Tragic Griefs, we may examples fetch:
How trim a sight it was to see him stretch 310
And load with's Gown his bloodless Limbs? But while
Gold Robes and Age him bow, he shows more vile.
The mock-man Ape thus, by a smiling Lad
Is led, before, in Gold and Satin clad,
His Buttocks and Back naked left, which puts
The Guests to Laughter; he yet right up struts
Most richly, thereby the more Antic sight.
On the polluted Rods the Court in white
Doth wait, amazed the Lictor for to see 320
More Noble then the Consul: who, to free
Others, ne're free himself, the Throne ascends,
And by Egyptian Dreams himself commends;
Tells how as Prophet he did Tyrants kill.
Revengeful Pallas sure in doubt stood still,
While gelt Tiresias, and Melampus weak,
Creep from Nile with what th'Oracle did speak.
Birds chatter 'gainst him, th' Year its Name affrights,
Janus with both his Mouths from's Sacred Rites
Forbids aloud an Eunuch. Less disgrace
'Twere, against Law to see the Consul's place 330

Stuart Gillespie/Two Dark Roman Satires

Fill'd by a Woman, for to that Sex bow
The soft Sabæans; Barb'ry scarce doth know
T'obey but under Queens – no Nation e're
An Eunuch's Sceptre hath been proved to bear.
To Pallas, Phœbe, Juno, Vesta', each day
Latona, Cybele, Ceres, mortals pray.
What Eunuch God doth Temple claim, or fires?
Some there are Priests, Phoebus some Breasts inspires,
Some sing at Delphos, the chaste Vestal serves
The Trojan Pallas, only her fire preserves; 340
Eunuchs, unworthy' of Rites, prophane still be.
A Woman's born t'increase Posterity,
Those made for Slaves; Hyppolite did die
By Hercules his Bow, the Grecians fly
Penthesilea's Axe, great Carthage crowned
With stately Towers; Babylon from ground
Built with its hundred Gates that make it proud
By Women's labour, are for Truths allow'd.
What brave Act done, War waged, or stately Tower
Have Eunuchs raised? Women by Nature's power 350
Created are, Those made by Man. Some say,
Lest her small Voice, and smooth face should betray
Her, feigning Man, Semiramis first made
Eunuchs like to her self; or by sharp Blade
The Parthian Luxury did prevent all show
Of Down upon the Chin, and found out how
To make Youth slower paced, and Venus serve,
While Art it long doth in its flower preserve.
When fame his Treason through the Towns first brought,
It vain, unlikely, and raised in Jest men thought. 360
As a light Rumour jeered it of strange things,
Like Crow with White, or Swan with Sable Wings.
One gravely said, "If we such monstrous Lies
Believe as this, then sure the Tortoise flies.
Vultures bear Horns, the Rivers upstream slide,
The Sun at Gades's rising,'s Beams doth hide
With the Armenians; the Sea fruits doth bear,
And Dolphins in the Woods their round Backs rear.
Men stick to Shellfish, and the vain things true
Of India, which Jews hangings painted show." 370
"Wonder not", saith another in smart jest,
"Since nothing small is in Eutropius' Breast,

He still things new and great with nimble Gust
Doth Love and Relish; no back blow distrust.
Him Cares watch day and night, by Suppliants' Cries
Soon moved, in great Heat softest, nought denies,
But freely, unasked, offers himself, doth Call
And all things gets, to be enjoyed by All.
His Hand gives All thou lov'st. In Common he
All Duties acts; his Strength loves bent to be. 380
He these Rewards takes for his Wit and Pains,
These Robes his dextrous Hand as Merit gains.
Clear Truth (now having th'Eastern Mischief spread
Through Nations, and in Rome assurance bred),
Shall we Eutropius with our Anger grace?
Or in Rome's Grief doth he deserve a place?"
This said, the Goddess through th' vast Sky doth haste
Her Course, and at one glide Po's Stream being past,
Comes to her Ruler's Camp. With Stilico,
His stately Son-in-Law, then answer to 390
The Germans, begging Peace, gave; and did awe
The Caucks stout, and yellow Sueves by Law.
Gave Kings to some, Leagues granted, some t'observe
By Hostage, lists some in his Wars to serve;
Our Ensigns the Sicambrian shaved attends.
Proud of her fostered Prince, Rome tears near spends
Of loyal Joy. The Cow thus prides through sense
Of her Bud's Horns, now grown the Herd's defence.
Thus th'Afric Lioness admires to see
Hir Whelp fright Stalls, and King of Beasts to be. 400
The Cloud dispelled, she great appears; and thus
T'Honorius spake: "At hand is shewn to us
What, while thou rul'st, I can; Tethys grows mild,
The Saxon tamed, Britain secured, the wild
Picts quelled; Franks prostrate and sad Sweves I see,
And Rhine made ours (Germanicus) by thee.
But what? Th'East, jarring, envies our Success,
And Treasons rising elsewhere on us press,
Lest we our Empire fix. The Treachery
Of Gildo' I pass, prais'd with so loud a Cry; 410
And the Moors trusting in strength of the East;
What famine and Distress had Rome oppressed

407 *jarring* clashing, being at strife.

If Thine and Stilico's still waking Care
Did not from North the Southern dearth repair.
From Rome, at Tiber's mouth, do Navies lie,
Corn, 'stead of Cynips, Arar doth supply.
The German plough and Pyrene Steers toil still
For us, Spain's Corn our Barns t'amazement fill.
Our Citizens, content with foreign Grain,
By Lybia's revolt no hurt sustain. 420
Tabraca knows he had his due, so all
Who 'gainst thee fight with thine own Arms shall fall.
See, a new Mischief from those parts doth spring,
Which, though less Terror, yet more Shame will bring:
Consul Eutropius. 'Twill not be denied,
After our Court swell'd with Arsacian Pride,
And Parthia' our manners had depraved, we let
Eunuchs come in; o're Jewels only set,
And Wardrobes; to keep noise from Sacred Sleep –
Their War beyond a Bed did never creep. 430
Their sluggish Minds, not fear of Death, do hold
Them true. Let Tyrian Robes and Gems in Gold
Yet be their Charge, not for to Rule the State;
Such Power doth scorn Breasts so effeminate.
At Sea we ne're saw Helm by Eunuch held:
Are we so fit for Scorn? Shall great Rome, swell'd
With the World's freight, less then a Ship appear?
'Tis the East, sure, that's glad such things to bear.
Let them their Towns, by Women ruled still have:
Why would they brand like to a Common Slave 440
Fierce Italy? And with Night-shames infect
A People stayed? Let Latium stout reject
Such foreign Crimes, nor such disgrace permit
To pass the Alps; let it for ever sit
Where first it rose; let Halys write this Shame,
And loose Orontes, careless of its fame.
Thee by thy self and Triumphs all, O Rome
I adjure, let this to Tiber never come.
Nor Mars his field, which Curiis used to make,
And Fabiis unsought Consuls, pattern take 450
To suffrage Eunuchs; with th'Æmilii's, and
Rome's help Camillis shall Eutropius stand?
Thy power on Slaves enfranchised Brute now see:
Why didst thou slay thy Sons, and choose to be

Rather a Roman than sad father? Wast
For this Porsenna his Etrurians plac't
On Janicle, when Tiber Rome did save?
Shall Cocles' Bridge, and Mutius' fire this have
For their Reward? Was chaste Lucretia slain
And Clœlia's desperate swimming all in vain? 460
To save them for Eutropius were the Rods
Forced from the Tarquins? From th'Infernal Gods
Come all who in my Ivory Chairs have sate,
Spectators be of your Associate.
Devoted Decii, from your Urns break out,
Ye rough Torquaties, and the Soul so stout
Of poor Fabricius: if, Seranus, thou
The Elysian fallows of the Just doth plough,
Ye Scipios, and Luctatius, whose fame flies 470
By Carthage fall; thou fierce Marcellus rise
Sicilia's dread, the Claudian race, with th'old
Curiis, and thou, who scorndst to be inrold
'Mongst Cæsar's subjects, from thy little Grave,
Cato, arise, to be Eutropius' slave.
Ye troops of Brutes and Corvines from dark rest
Return; see Eunuchs in your Habits drest;
Uncertain Males the Roman Ensigns take,
Gowns which made Hannibal and Pyrrhus quake.
Disdaining fans, they to the Robes aspire,
They'll keep no more with Umbrell the Sun's fire 480
From Virgins' beauty, dare Rome's Axes sway.
From your Seraglios, base rout, come away.
Scorn by one Sex, not in the other found,
Freed from Lust's motions, and kept chaste by wound,
Two Ages mixt, 'tween Child and old Man knows
No man a third. Mock-fathers, fill the Rows,
Ye barren Senate, Nobles new, attend
Your Liege Eutropius: 'stead of Beds, ascend
Tribunals. Turn, learn Iv'ory Chairs to grace,
On Ladies' Chariots leave your Lackeying pace. 490
Not to recount the many Worthies wronged
These thousand Years, on Time's gray hairs are throng'd
How many blots? How many Ages shamed
With this one Crime? With Arintheus named
In Annals, will by's Master stand a Slave
Equal to his Lord in State? Still fatal have

Stuart Gillespie/Two Dark Roman Satires

Ptolomy's slaves been to the World; alas,
The Wretch I bear Photinus far doth pass:
He but one Consul slew, but this stains all.
If these as private move not, hear the call 500
Of th'Interest of Princes, and of me;
Observe the Brands this gives to Majesty.
This Dignity alone the Emperor bears
With Senators by turns. This Crime with years
Will grow. O thou, the fourth time Consul, save
For Pity, let not this Consulship have
So' unmanly a disgrace! O ne're expose
All my renowned Names in Books, and those
My Robes, wherewith what th'Ocean rounds I won,
In darkness to be drowned, and trampled on. 510
Under effeminate Conduct what success
Can be in War? What great increase can bless
Or Bed or field? What hopes of fruit can be
Under a barren Consul? But if we
Must Laws from Eunuchs take, to Men then give
Distaffs, 'gainst Nature's Order let them live
Loose and confused in Amazonian Rite.
Where am I? Stilico, doth shame to fight?
Thy Conquest stay? Knowst not, most Joy doth rise
From the fall of the basest Enemies? 520
The Pirates conquered did great Pompey raise;
From Slaves quelled, Crassus wore triumphant Bays.
Thou grantst, I know, thy Rouse, the East that, scared,
The Moors of Gildo spoiled. Why hast prepared
Arms? Neither Spears nor Darts bring to the field,
Their Backs, inured, to Whips but snapped will yield.
The Scythian Army, thus, who had been long
In foreign Wars, on th' Borders met by young
Slaves, who their Country entrance stopped; their Lords
Those armed Bands scattered with the sight of Cords. 530
Their wonted Dread the base Rout's aims did quash,
Their raised Swords dropped when they heard the Lash."

523 *Rouse* angry murmur, clamour (Lat. *fremitus*).